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AND THE

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IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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An Epoch Making Editorial.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.*—FOREST AND STREAM, *Feb. 3, 1894.*

A Boston correspondent writes: "Estimated by the importance of the proposition, the attention it received and the progress already made toward its attainment, resulting from the attention attracted to it and the effort stimulated by it, we may fairly call the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank, as announced in your issue of Feb. 3, 1894, an epoch making editorial. Certainly it is the most lastingly influential single article that has ever appeared in sporting journalism in this country."

The article to which reference is made was the original publication of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank, that "The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons." In this first number of the new century, at the moment when we are all reviewing the past and laying plans for the future, reckoning up the achievements of past efforts and preparing for renewed endeavor, we reprint the Plank as a renewed declaration of principle. We print it as it was originally printed in 1894. The six years that have elapsed since then have brought no reason for modifying the views there expressed. Rather have they emphasized the necessity of adopting in general practice the system advocated. Now at the close of the century the game supply in respect to every important species is much less than it was in 1894, when the editorial was penned. There is to-day, even more than there was then, an urgent necessity of cutting off the destruction of our game for commercial purposes. The steady and progressive diminishing of the stock gives point to every argument then advanced for the abolition of the game market. The Plank proposed in 1894 may well be made the Plank in 1901.

We said in 1894 that the principle of the absolute prohibition of the sale of game might be adopted as a platform after the manner of the platform of a political party, which, while not always possible of immediate achievement, was something to aspire to, labor for and strive for, with confidence in the ultimate attainment of it.

The principle found much more immediate and much wider acceptance than the FOREST AND STREAM had anticipated or dared to hope for. Individuals, clubs and associations indorsed it and urged its adoption; and legislatures in different parts of the country approved it and acted upon it, incorporating it into the game laws. The results already achieved are important and wide reaching. State after State has adopted the principle of the Plank, in some instances without reservation, in others in part only; but the general tendency of game protective legislation of the day is in the direction of the absolute prohibition of the sale of game. The laws forbidding the export of game and its shipment to market are in line with the Plank.

The killing of certain species of game for sale is now prohibited in Alabama, California, Indiana, the Indian Territory, Iowa, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Wyoming.

The sale of game is prohibited at all times, with respect to certain specified species, in Alabama, Arizona, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Washington and Wyoming.

Prohibition of the export of game applying to certain species and having the effect of cutting off the market supply holds in the following States, all such laws having been enacted in the period subsequent to the FOREST AND STREAM'S publication in 1894 of its Platform Plank: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indian Territory, Kansas, Maryland (counties), Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Similar laws antedating 1894 prevail in Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Iowa and North Carolina.

From this review it will be seen that either in the direct prohibition of the sale of game, or in the limitation of export, the principle enunciated by us in 1894 is now at the beginning of the new century practically in universal application so far as the existence of statutes is concerned. There yet remains much to be done in the way of making these laws effective by insuring their enforcement.

In view of the history of the past six years, it may well be said, as our Boston correspondent has written, that the FOREST AND STREAM'S editorial of Feb. 3, 1894, was "epoch making."

QUAIL SHOOTING IN MISSISSIPPI.

THE excellent field scene which we present to our readers this week in a supplement to FOREST AND STREAM is a copy of a painting which was composed and executed with special reference to the pleasure and profit of our readers. It is beautiful in itself, therefore it is pleasurable. It portrays the subject with fidelity, therefore it is instructive and profitable. By referring to it one will readily perceive that it is a work of rare merit in every particular. It is from the masterly brush of Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus, whose practical knowledge, skill and fame as a sportsman are second only to his like properties as an artist.

Its title, "Quail Shooting in Mississippi," is a theme of interest to all sportsmen, whether they have, with dog and gun, roamed over the broad, picturesque plantations in quest of the elusive "partridge," as the quail is termed in that State, or whether they have learned of its bird wealth and hospitality as a matter of hearsay only. For is it not a land where field trials have flourished these many years since their inception; where the traditions of the competition, of conqueror and conquered, most abound; where in field work the dogs gallop merrily to and fro in front of the shooters as they ride, comfortably seated on the backs of horses or mules, a pleasing contrast to the more laborious and slower Northern manner of hunting afoot; where an open hand and open door ever greet the worthy stranger whichever point of the compass he deigns to face, and where the birds are so plentiful that the number of them taken is measured only by the pleasure or skill of the shooter? To him who has shot in Mississippi, it is a land of pleasant reminiscence as to the past, and a factor in the outing plans of the future; to other sportsmen its shooting advantages cause a longing to journey thitherward when their ships come in or when the cares of business shall permit.

The picture contains all that appeals to the fancy of the sportsman, whether it be associate or reminiscent. Does he delight in nature? The plantation fields stretch far away in the distance, marked at their boundaries by conglomerations of rails, weeds and brush, bearing corn, wheat, stubble, sorghum, sedge, weeds, grass, with stretches of woodland intervening here and there, all together forming an ideal habitat and food store for the game birds.

Does he delight in the most complete equipments? The picture portrays them. The dogs, types of the finest bred pointers and setters, are doing their respective parts in finished field form, while the costumes and guns of the shooters are of the most approved patterns. The method displayed by the latter in holding their guns with a view to the safety of each other and of the dogs, their complete observance of fairness in joint action, combined with a steady alertness for instantaneous shooting on the rise of the birds, are worthy of much more than passing notice.

The wire fence, relatively insignificant as a part of the picture, portends much of importance to the sportsman. It, on the one hand, is the bane of the shooter, since it is an obstruction to his purposes and his pleasure, besides being a menace to the life or limb of his dogs; on the other hand, it is an index of greater advance in agriculture and prosperity, being a connecting link between the methods of the old era and the new. It marks the evolution from purely slipshod methods to the more thorough. To the sportsman in his capacity as a citizen, the change brings much over which to rejoice; in his private capacity it brings something regrettable, inasmuch as the best shooting, abundance of birds and good cover mainly considered, is a correlation of the poorest farming.

The negro, with his slipshod methods of agriculture, is the ideal farmer of the sportsman. His ideas and methods are astonishingly primitive. He is rarely other than a tenant. The idea of making any improvements of a permanent nature on land which he does not own and which he never expects to own, or even which he does own, never enters his head. As a consequence, the widely set fences of his leasehold are always in a more or less tumble-down condition, with brush growing freely along them and in numerous other neglected or unused nooks and corners, while fallow fields are left to grow weeds or whatever other growth may spring up on them. Also, his methods are slow and dilatory. The pleasant season is long, therefore he gathers his crops late; the necessities of life are not importunate in his land of abundance, therefore he gathers his crops carelessly. The delay of days and weeks and the grain ungathered add generously to the food supply of the game birds, after the methods which obtained in the older era.

The wire fence! It marks a new era in agricultural interests in the South, and incidentally it marks a change in the life of the game birds and restricts the free roaming of the sportsman.

It takes up much less ground than did the old-fashioned worm fence. Unlike the latter, it affords no protection to the game birds. In many places in Mississippi and other Southern States where a few years ago the shooter could ride freely to and fro in any direction over plantations containing thousands of acres, the wire fence has come into greater and greater use with each passing year. Mammoth plantations then containing a few great fields loosely fenced are now plantations divided into many smaller fields firmly wire fenced.

Thus the wire fence in the picture marks a transitional stage. It affords no shelter for the birds as do the fences in the background. When the wooden fences rot, they are removed, the brush is cut away and the wire fence supplants them. Then the shelter of the birds is reduced accordingly, and the negro boy is used then mostly to take the horses back through gates and barways to intercept the shooter at some place ahead where he best can do so. And yet, despite wire fences and progress, there is much left of good sport on the typical Southern plantation so deftly portrayed in our supplement.

In Brooklyn last week Judge Gaynor reversed on the reargument of the case a decision imposing a penalty on a New York dealer for having brook trout in possession in the close season. The fish had been brought into the State from Massachusetts, and Judge Gaynor was governed by the recent decision of the Court of Appeals, which held that the law forbidding possession in close season does not apply to fish not taken in the State. As we pointed out the other day, if this Court of Appeals ruling shall prevail, the effect will be practically to open the market to both fish and game brought in from other States. But as the decision arrived at the other day by the Court of Appeals was a complete reversal of the Phelps-Racey case which has for years been an unchallenged precedent, there is reason to believe that this new ruling in turn may be reversed, and we shall see the principle enunciated in the Phelps-Racey case once more controlling.

An illustrated supplement, "Quail Shooting in Mississippi," accompanies this number.

A Platform Plank.

From "Forest and Stream," Feb. 3, 1894.

WE have just been celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the coming to this continent of men equipped with firearms. For four centuries, from the time of Christopher Columbus to that of Charles Delmonico, we have been killing and marketing game, destroying it as rapidly and as thoroughly as we knew how, and making no provision toward replacing the supply. The result of such a course is that for the most part the game has been blotted out from wide areas, and to-day, after four hundred years of wanton wastefulness, we are just beginning to ask one another how we may preserve the little that remains for ourselves and our children.

With all the discussion of the subject in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM from 1873 to 1894, there has been and is a general consensus of opinion that the markets are answerable for a larger proportion of game destruction than any other agency or all other agencies combined. The practical annihilation of one species of large game from the continent, and the sweeping off of other species from vast regions formerly populated by them, have not been brought about by the settlement of the country, but by unrelenting pursuit for commercial purposes. The work of the sportsman, who hunts for the sake of hunting, has had an effect so trivial that in comparison with that of the market hunter it need not be taken into consideration. The game paucity of to-day is due to the skin hunter, the meat killer, the market shooter.

From the beginning wild game has played an important part in the development of the country. It has supplied subsistence when there was no other food for the pioneer and the settler. Buffalo and elk and deer and grouse and quail and wild goose and wild duck have sustained the men who first cut into the edge of the unbroken forests of the continent, who blazed the trails westward, and, directed as mariners at sea by note of sun and stars, pushed their way across the billowing prairies. Many a halt would have been made by these advancing hosts had they been compelled to depend upon sutler trains, instead of foraging on the abundant game resources of the country as they took possession of it. For generations, then, it was right and proper and wise and profitable that game should be killed for food; that every edible creature clothed in feathers or in fur should be regarded as so much meat to be spitted or potted or panned.

But times have changed. Conditions are not what they were. Game still affords food for the dweller in the wilderness, for those who live on the outskirts; and for people in such situations venison is a cheaper commodity than beef. But for the vast and overwhelming multitude of the people of the continent game is no longer in any sense an essential factor of the food supply. It has become a luxury, it is so regarded, and it is sold at prices which make it such. With the exception perhaps of rabbits or hares, the supply of wild game as marketed is not such as to reduce the cost of living to persons of moderate means. The day of wild game as an economic factor in the food supply of the country has gone by. In these four hundred years we have so reduced the game and so improved and developed the other resources of the country that we can now supply food with the plow and reaper and the cattle ranges cheaper than it can be furnished with the rifle and the shotgun. In short, as a civilized people we are no longer in any degree dependent for our sustenance upon the resources and the methods of primitive man. No plea of necessity, of economy, of value as food, demands the marketing of game. If every market stall were to be swept of its game to-day, there would be no appreciable effect upon the food supply of the country.

Well, then, why not recognize this, and direct our efforts, in line with such a recognition, toward the utter abolition of the sale of game? Why should we not adopt as a plank in the sportsman's platform a declaration to this end—**That the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons?** To share and express the sentiment is one thing, to put it into execution is quite another. Perhaps the time is not ripe for such stringent measures. Yet this very rule of no game traffic holds in certain county laws in this State; and one of these days it will hold in every State, East and West, North and South. It may not be brought about in our day, but the present moment is none too soon to adopt the plank as a working principle and to work for it.

That which stands in the way of the present prohibition of the sale of game in the larger cities is the magnitude of the commercial interests involved. The traffic is one of large proportions, much capital is invested, and the business is not one which would readily be sacrificed. No one of these considerations, however, can withstand a campaign of education and the creation of a public sentiment which will surely follow when that education shall have taught the community the true place of wild game in the economy of the civilization of the present.

Absolute Prohibition of Game Traffic.

From "Forest and Stream," Feb. 10, 1894.

IN Great Britain and various other countries artificial game destruction is offset by artificial game production. Birds are bred by the million, to be killed by the million, marketed by the million, and replaced by the million. The system is that of a gigantic poultry farm. The supply is inexhaustible. Game in market is thus a legitimate article of traffic.

In America conditions are different. Here we are wholly dependent upon the natural increase, unaided by human agency, for the maintenance of the game supply. And the natural increase is by no manner of means adequate to withstand the augmented destruction. While the game stock has been growing less and less, the drain upon it has been growing greater and greater. Shooters who pursue it for sport have multiplied a thousand-fold; consumers ten thousand-fold. There is not to-day enough game for the two classes. One or the other must surrender its claim in favor of the other. The sportsman must yield to the game dealer or the game dealer must give way to the sportsman. Which shall it be?

Selfish and personal considerations aside, the answer is readily found. That interest must give way which is of least advantage to the community, and that one must be preserved which is of paramount public importance. This is to say that the game must be saved for the enjoyment and benefit of those who pursue it for the sake of the pursuit. A grouse which gives a man a holiday afield is worth more to the community than a grouse snared or shot for the market stalls. The game supply which makes possible the general indulgence in field sports is of incalculable advantage to individuals and the State; but a game supply which makes possible the traffic in game as a luxury has no such importance.

If this be granted, public policy demands that the traffic in game should be abolished. And if public policy demands this, the commercial interests involved, although of magnitude, are not to be considered.

This is advanced doctrine; it is radical; it goes to the root of the thing. But, as we have said, the time has come to take an advanced position. When a political party formulates its platform, it does not confine its declaration of principle to the advocacy of such measures alone as are susceptible of immediate attainment; but going further than this, it commits every man who marches under the party banner to the support of certain other principles, the struggle for the supremacy of which must be arduous and protracted, and the triumph in them long deferred. The planks of the party platform stand for the articles of party faith; they embody a declaration of "the things hoped for," and which may not be the achievement of one administration nor of a succession of administrations.

In like manner, when we suggest this declaration, **The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons** as a plank in the platform of that vast party of men scattered in hosts over this country, interested in preserving the game of the continent, the suggestion is made without any optimistic delusion that such a system could be effected at once. But we do hold that the principle of the absolute prohibition of traffic in wild game is the true one, that it is the only one which is adequate, and that it is the one to which sportsmen as a class should be committed, heartily, unreservedly, with determination, courage, steadfastness, patience and persistency. The campaign must be a long one; but will it not be a campaign for that which is wise, just, and of public advantage?

AN appeal which every member of the Order of Elks ought to hear and heed has just been sent out by the Colorado Springs Lodge. Members of this lodge who have recently returned from a trip through the northwestern part of Colorado, the region recognized as the rendezvous and feeding ground of probably the greater part of all the elks still left in the United States, reported that these splendid animals are now the objects of the relentless pursuit of men who hunt, not for sport or for meat to eat or sell, but for teeth out of which to make the ornaments worn by this widely extended society. In one case they heard of nineteen elk slain for their teeth alone, the best of which, even in the hunting country, are valued at $25 a pair. The members of the Colorado Springs Lodge have therefore not only resolved to abstain hereafter from wearing or trafficking in the teeth of elk, but they have earnestly requested all other lodges to take the same action. "It is the sense of this lodge," they say, "that loyal Elks everywhere should and will cooperate in this movement, so that it shall be quickly known to those unprincipled and unsportsmanlike individuals, who, for a paltry consideration and in defiance of the law, are hastening the destruction of this noble species, that no further profit will inure to them from so blameworthy a practice."—New York Times.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Frontier Days.

I.—The Eagle Creek Wolfers.

YEARS ago, in the buffalo days, three wolfers looking about for a likely place to pass the coming winter and ply their vocation, decided to locate near the mouth of Eagle Creek. This streamlet, as old-timers know, enters the Missouri River from the north about fifty miles below Fort Benton, Mont. It was then, and for that matter is to-day, one of the wildest and most picturesque places in the Northwest. Loading a Mackinaw boat with sufficient supplies for the winter, the three left Fort Benton one day early in September, and in due time, without much effort on their part, the swift current carried them to their destination. Just below the mouth of Eagle Creek, and on the south side of the river, was a narrow stretch of bottom land, and there they built a cabin of green cottonwood logs, roofing it with poles and a layer of dirt several feet thick. In one corner they constructed a broad fireplace of stones and clay, the chimney being built of the same material, and extending far enough above the roof to insure a good draft. All in all, it was a very comfortable shack.

Directly in front of the cabin was a narrow but dense growth of cottonwood and willow, which sheltered it from the north wind, and incidentally hid it from the sharp eyes of any prowling war party of Indians who might be passing up or down the valley. At least, that was what the wolfers hoped. Immediately behind it, the sage brush hills slanted upward at an acute angle to the foot of the frowning sandstone cliffs where ends the great plain lying between the Yellowstone and the Missouri. For many miles along this part of the river nature seems to have done her best to give us some idea of the mighty convulsions which ages ago shook this old world of ours. Here are the bad lands, red, yellow, black and ashy gray, silt of that ancient lake which was before the mountains rose; and, shot up through it, are thin volcanic dykes, which cooling, broke into immense rectangular blocks. One could imagine that some fabled giant piled them there; layer after layer they rest one above the other with the precision and definiteness of walls built by human hands, in places towering for hundreds of feet above the water's edge. Many of them stand at right angles to the course of the valley, where they catch the full force of the wind, and are so thin that one wonders they have not long since been blown down. Here and there the river has exposed old flows of lava, bent, doubled and twisted into all sorts of shapes. But most picturesque, most fascinating of all, are the glittering white sandstone cliffs which wind and weather have carved and cut into a thousand fantastic forms—castle and turret, Grecian columns and Turkish minaret, all are there, and often, in the distance, looms a white city of them of surpassing beauty. It is a strange, weird place.

After building the cabin, there was absolutely nothing for the wolfers to do but loaf around and wait for cold weather, when they could begin operations against the wolves. Of the three men, crusty Ben Underwood and careless, happy Jack Fenn were old-timers who had passed their lives on the plains. The third was the writer, then very much of a youth and tenderfoot, whom the others called the "Scribbler," because "he was always wastin' his time writing things that no Eastern newspaper fish would ever believe or print." They were good, faithful friends, Jack and Ben, and very kind to the Scribbler, albeit they loved to joke him. Peace to their shades; they have long since returned to Mother Earth.

For a long distance above and below the mouth of Eagle Creek there were but few places where the game could get down from the plains to the river, both rims of the valley being walled by cliffs. Here and there these had broken down, or terminated in a steep bare hill, and at intervals they were pierced by long deep cañons. At such places the buffalo, the antelope and deer had for centuries traveled up and down on their way to and from the river, and had worn trails many feet in depth, even in the comparatively hard sandstone. Of course, where the game traveled the wolves were also continually passing, and that was why the wolfers had located there. They felt that one or two poisoned baits on each thoroughfare would be worth many times that number promiscuously scattered about on the plains.

The Scribbler never tired of gazing at the immense herds of buffalo and other game which were continually passing in and out of the valley. Of course, there were many bands in sight at all times, but every morning a solid stream of buffalo could be seen pouring down over the rim of the valley by some narrow trail, and then spreading out like a fan as they hurried to the shore of the river. With them came band after band of antelope from the plains, and mule deer from the pine-clad slopes and buttes, where they made their homes; and often a bunch of bighorn, led by some wary old ram, plunged down the steep hills into the bottom. But the latter never tarried long; their thirst assuaged, they lost no time in returning to the cliffs and buttes near by. Then there were bears, numbers of them, especially the light colored grizzly, which Lewis and Clarke called the "white bear," and which they dreaded to encounter. Elk and whitetail deer were also abundant, especially further down the river, where they frequented the large timbered bottoms. And then the wolves! There seemed to be thousands and thousands of the great shaggy fellows. By day and by night their long-drawn, melancholy howls echoed and re-echoed through the valley and along the beetling cliffs. There was something indescribably sad in the cry of the wolf, something that made even the most lighthearted and careless of men pause and listen. Many persons could not bear the sound; yet to the true lover of nature it had a peculiar—if perhaps undefinable—charm. How the deep, clear, plaintive, minor strains of their voices used to grow and swell down in that lonely valley, as the shades of night drew on. Often a single old male, sitting on a commanding ridge or barren butte, would start it. Throwing back his head until the long, keen, muzzle pointed straight up to the

zenith, he shuts his eyes, and from his powerful throat, through parted black lips, offset by gleaming fangs, came the wail o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o; faint at first, then rising to a resonant crescendo, and finally dying away. And presently, perhaps from the far shore of the river, came the long-drawn answer; and before it was finished others took up the refrain; here two or three, there an old female and her nearly grown family of young; and then far up and far down the valley, and out along the frowning cliffs, others and still others joined in, until the still air trembled with the burden of their voices. Oh, never, never again shall we hear the like! The days of the buffalo and wolf have forever vanished; days when it was possible for the adventurous spirit to view nature as yet unsoiled by the ruthless cupidity of civilized man; days when her children, the wild creatures of forest and plains, and the still wilder redmen, were almost the sole inhabitants of a boundless domain.

Was there ever a hunter who failed to scrutinize each sandbar, mudhole and beaten path he chanced upon? The footprints there revealed are to him what the daily paper is to the business man. They tell him of the game about; of its abundance or scarcity, when it passed, and what course he should pursue in order to find or overtake it. The Scribbler, it is to be feared, was always more of a sandbar student than he was a hunter; even if game was in sight he never came upon one of these records of its going and coming but what, perforce, he must needs stop, lean upon his rifle and carefully look it over. Thus it happened that at different times and in different places he noticed the trail of an enormous grizzly that had a deformed foot; at least the imprint of the right hindfoot was nearly at right angles with the animal's course, the claw marks almost touching the line of impressions of the left feet. When he spoke about it to his comrades, both Ben and Jack said that they too had noticed the trail. By common consent the maker of the tracks was called the "splayfooted bear."

Ben had an ancient grudge against the grizzly tribe and never neglected an opportunity to slay one, often at no little risk to himself. Years before he had been severely hurt and permanently disfigured by one, and ever since, to use his own expression, he had "been trying to play even with 'em, gosh durn their picturs."

"You see this here crooked mug o' mine?" he once said. "Pretty lookin' jaw that is, set in sideways; an' them red an' blue scars acrost what's left o' my nose! Beautiful, aint they? D'ye reckon any woman 'ud marry such a face? No, sir, not even a Digger Indian squaw. Wal, I looked different once, an' I was goin' to marry as pretty a little woman back in the States as ever you set eyes on, but a measly old bear had to up and knock out my plans at the very last minnit. You see, 'twas this way. Me and Polly was poor; she lived with her widder mother on a little farm that was mortgaged for all 'twas wuth, an' I didn't have nothin' much but the clothes I stood in. But if I do say it, I was a willin' cuss, an' always glad to rustle. When me an' Polly agreed to get spliced, I says to her, says I, 'Polly, it 'pears to me that the fust thing to do is to pay off that mortgage, an' I'm goin' to do it. Just you wait a year, old gal, an' I'll make the riffle. Then we'll have a home of our own, an' be able to hold up our heads with the best of 'em.'

"I'd heard about there bein' lots of beaver out West, an' I'd made my mind up to go out and catch a lot of 'em. Polly cried an' took on, of course, an' when it came to the partin' I nearly give in, but I give her a kiss an run away as fast as I could, havin' promised to return in a year an' marry her whether I made any money or not. Came out here to the Rocky Mountains an' did first rate, barrin' bein' set afoot onct or twict by the Injuns. That fall I catched nigh onto a thousand dollars' worth of fur, an' the next spring I got as much more before the season was half over. I had enough to pay off the mortgage an' somethin' left, but I says to myself: 'I'll keep on so long as the fur is good; a thousand or so extry 'll come in handy to buy a team an' waggin, an' a few pretty dresses fer Polly.'

"One mornin' I was makin' the rounds of my traps, an' when I found a beaver I jest carried him back in the brush a piece an' skinned him. Well, I was busy takin' the hide off one, when I heard a little noise, an' turned around jest in time to git a swat acrost the arm, an' a biff in the face, from the paws of an old grizzly. It put me to sleep all right, an' when I came to I found my arm was broke, an' likewise my jaw. The bear had lit out with my beaver, which was all he wanted of me and mine. Of course, I was awful stiff an' sore, an' my eyes was nearly swelled shut, but somehow er another I made out to get to the house of a settler, who had just moved into them parts, an' there I staid fer many a week, suckin' milk an' soup through a goose quill, an' a nursin' my wounds."

"One day I was a-pokin' around, lookin' fer something er another, when I run acrost a bit of lookin' glass an' thought I'd see what that old bear had done to me anyhow. When I caught sight of myself I nearly fainted, an' I knew that 'twas all up with me, that Polly never would marry sech a horrible lookin' cuss. I felt awful bad. It took me a long time to figure out just what should be done, but the upshot of the business was that I packed up them beaver skins an' shipped 'em to Polly, an' got the rancher I was stoppin' with to write her that I was dead an' buried, killed by a grizzly. And that's why I do love to fill a b'ar's carcass full o' lead."

"But what became of Polly?" the Scribbler asked.

"Oh, Polly? She's all right. Some years after I see a feller from down in that country, an' he said she was married to a no account cuss, and had a house plumb full o' children. Come to think on it, I don't know but what things turned out fer the best after all. How in thunder could I ever have lived in a house chuck full o' young ones?"

October came, but still the leaves hung green upon the trees, and the heat of summer continued to make the days uncomfortably warm. But the hunters no longer loafed restlessly about the cabin, wishing for cold weather to set in that they might begin wolfing. They had found something to occupy their time; the death of old splayfoot had been decreed, and every day from dawn to dark was passed in quest of him. The bear was to blame.

One evening Ben shot a fat ram back in the breaks across the river, and carefully dressed it, for be it known that not even the "boss ribs" of a fat, dry buffalo cow was quite as good meat as that of a bighorn ram at that season of the year. The sun had set when Ben rowed back across the river to get his partners to help him carry his prize down to the boat and up to the cabin, but they went with him cheerfully, smacking their lips in anticipation of juicy steaks, cut an inch and a half thick and broiled rare, and fat ribs roasted brown before the open fire. It was a long and stiff climb up to the foot of the cliff where Ben said the animal lay, and in their hurry to reach the place before dark they were dripping with perspiration and gasping for breath by the time they got there. But lo, no ram was to be found; there were the head and entrails, mussed and dragged about, but the body had disappeared. There was still a faint, crimson glow in the west, and by its aid the hunters found a well known trail which explained matters; old splayfoot had carried off the carcass for his evening meal! It was amusing to witness Ben's rage; he stamped around and swore, calling on heaven and earth to witness that he would have the bear's life ere the set of another sun.

It was evening again. The sun had set in a halo of fleecy, crimson clouds. As the stars came out the wolves commenced their usual sad refrain, and the owls began again to repeat that answerless question they have been asking for untold ages. Primeval man, from the depths of his noisome cave, heard their asking, "Who-who-who?" and doubtless shuddered at the uncanny sound. During the day Jack and the Scribbler had been up on the cliffs after bighorn, and as the result of their efforts the red and white meat of a two-year-old ram graced the outside cabin wall. Before the fire hung a side of the ribs browned to a turn, and the hungry hunters were impatiently awaiting the return of their partner before placing it upon the table. True to his vow, Ben had started out long before sunrise that morning in quest of Splayfoot. It was quite dark when the clank, clank of the oars told of his approach, and presently he came in, hung up his rifle and wearily sat down without a word. Jack hurried to place the ribs, the coffee and beans upon the rude table, and the three whipped out their sheath knives and fell to.

It was quite evident that Ben had one of his "spells," as Jack called them, for he tore the meat savagely from the bones in great mouthfuls, and swallowed cup after cup of coffee in utter silence. When he got into one of his surly moods his partners had learned by experience to leave him alone, and let him thaw out by himself. This he finally did under the influence of the good supper they had prepared. "Fellers," he said, as he filled and lighted his pipe and stretched out lazily on his bunk, "Fellers, I missed him slick an' clean, at ten yards. Think on't! ten yards, and a standin' shot at that!"

"Maybe yer rifle sights are out of plumb," Jack suggested.

"No, they're all right; jest wait an' I'll gin you the facts. As soon as 'twas light enough to follow the ole thief's trail I picked it up, an' in the course of a mile or so come to where he had cached the sheep carcass; that is what was left on't. He had eat considerable an' kinder covered the rest with dirt, grass and sagebrush. As soon as I see it, I climb up on a rock shelf handy by an' sot down, feelin' sure thet the ole cuss 'd come prowlin' around after a while to git his breakfast. It was a first class place I had to lay for him; the shelf I was sittin' on might have been ten foot high, an' right at my back another one rose straight up for a consid'able ways. Well, the sun came up an' I kept my eyes peeled fer a sight o' the critter. They was lots o' buffalo feedin' around, an' antelope an' sich like, but nary b'ar. Some blacktail does an' fawns come a steppin' an' a prancin' along, stoppin' now an' then to nip off the top of a greasewood brush. They kept workin' their ears an' a sniffin' an' a lookin' back an' ahead, an' all around, but they never seen nor smelt me as they passed. Putty soon an ole bitch wolf an' her four pups—nigh about as big as she was—come a trottin' on ole Splayfoot's trail whar he had drug the meat, an' when they got to his cache they sniffed around an' begun to paw the dirt an' brush offen it. I got up an' shooed 'em off an' you'd oughter seen 'em light out. By and by a little piece o' rock dropped down on the shelf where I was sittin'. Sheep, thinks I; too bad I can't shoot one, but bear before the belly this mornin'. I twisted my head around an' looked up, an' danged if thar wan't a big ole grizzly lookin' down at me. I jest laid down kind o' slow like on my back, took a good sight fer his neck, let go ker-blim, an' then jumped an' run to git out o' the way of a ton er so o' bear I expected would be a fallin' down in about that place. But they wan't no ton fell, nor a pound, nor nothin'; nor was they any sound o' groanin' er scratchin' or cavortin' up on the cliff. So looked around, found a place whar I could git on top, an' scrambled up as fast's I could. Well, fellows, I could hardly believe my eyes when I see they was no bear there, nor no blood nor hair; nothin' but ole Splayfoot's tracks whar he had moseyed off over the hills. You bet I was mad! I had a notion to smash the ole gun, but when I see the sights was all right, I just cussed myself an' lit out on the ole bear's trail as fast as I could go. Course I lost it soon's he struck the grass an' sagebrush, but I kep' on huntin' down along the river for miles, an' then come back along the cliffs, but I never see him agin. But just you wait. I swar I'll never quit till I have his ole hide. What I can't git over is a missin' him this mornin'. I ain't no tenderfoot, I don't git excited; no, not even when the game is Injuns, t' say nothin' o' bear. How could I have done it?"

Jack and the Scribbler duly sympathized with Ben, little thinking that they also were about to join him in his quest for the bear. When they arose the next morning, they found that their prized fat sheep meat no longer adorned the cabin wall, and the tracks of old Splayfoot around explained the cause of its disappearance. "We've got to kill him," said Jack, as he reluctantly cut some slices from a slab of bacon for breakfast, "an' I for one propose to begin a reg'lar hunt for him this mornin'."

The Scribbler also signified his intention to make Splayfoot pay for his thieving with his blood. Litttle did any of the hunters dream how their quest for the cunning old grizzly was to end.

THE SCRIBBLER.

A Small Cook Book

For Our Club House.

Chapter I.

AND the FOREST AND STREAM is welcome to print it for other club houses, if it so desires.

If the food is not well cooked and properly served, the pleasure of the shooting or fishing trip is lessened. One will be hungry, and will enjoy any kind of cooking, the first day, but the second day it must be good. Cooking is not a high art in many rural localities, and yet a little attention to two or three details is all that is necessary in order to make it so.

The first thing to learn is to "get breakfast." Because you live in the country, dear lady, it may well be that your chief reliance is upon the hog for your pièce de resistance for this meal, if not indeed for the other two. Well and good. Pork is all right once in a while, since it is so much more readily obtained than any other meat. But do not often offer the man from the city pickled pork, or salt pork. Give him ham or bacon, well cured. He eats that kind of pork at home, and is fond of it—for breakfast. Cut it in thin slices and broil it. No, I take that back. Cut it and put it in the broiler and have it ready to broil when he sits down at the breakfast table. If you broil it five minutes before it is set before him, he will not eat it unless compelled to by hunger. And the same is true about the fried potatoes and eggs. Do not cook them until he sits down at the table. Boil your potatoes the night before and in the morning peel them and cut in slices and salt and pepper them well and lay them in a dish beside the waiting broiler and bacon. When you hear him at the table take a frying pan and put a teaspoonful of lard in it, and set it over a hot fire. Take off the stove lid so the lard will fairly smoke instantly. When it smokes, throw in the sliced potatoes. They will brown (such of them as are on the bottom) in a moment, and while this is taking place, seize the broiler and plunge that bacon in the hottest of the fire. Turn over the slices of potatoes once and let another batch of the slices brown. Now turn the bacon and make the other side of the slices of bacon sizzle. And fry the man an egg or two, or boil or poach them, at the same time as you fry the potatoes and broil the bacon. Now the man is going to have a good breakfast unless you spoil it in the serving. The thing is to get it to him the instant it comes from the fire, served in hot dishes with covers, so the things will stay hot until he can get at them. This kind of breakfast, if supplemented with good bread or rolls, good butter, and coffee, costing 35 cents per pound and made as hereinafter described, is what the city man likes. You will notice that where it differs from your accustomed method of cooking is in its being cooked in the one breath and eaten in the next. Give him a little of your excellent fruit along with the above. Oh, anything, so it is fruit. Dried apples is better than none at all. When he begins to look satiated, give him three hot griddle cakes, and he will be yours for life. About the coffee. Put three tablespoonfuls of ground coffee (freshly ground) in a coffee pot that is perfectly clean and dry inside. Now put the coffee pot on the stove just long enough to make the bottom of the pot hot. Lift the lid and smell in! Do you notice how fragrant that coffee begins to smell? You have performed the mystery of liberating the very last atom of fragrance from that coffee. Now pour two cups of bubbling boiling water on the three tablespoonfuls of coffee. Let it set five minutes on the back of the stove and then pour about two tablespoonfuls of cold water down the spout. If you do this you will be able to give the man two cups of good coffee, although one cup should satisfy him. Good coffee is sometimes made in other ways, but the other ways are not to be trusted.

I almost forgot to say that the first thing an epicure wants at a meal is a glass—a clean, shining glass of cold water. The next morning give him ham, or, better, beefsteak or chops, or broil him one of his quail. Do not be afraid to ask him for it, or if you are the lady at my club, help yourself from his string of birds—it is one of the rules of the club that game and fish taken on the club's preserves is subject to its fair contribution to the club house table.

In my next chapter I will tell you about dinner.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

The "Sportsman" and the "Sport."

WATERBURY, Conn., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 15th inst. your correspondent Dick Swiveller, under the heading, "Sportsman and Sporting Man," hits the nail on the head. Twenty-five years ago a sportsman was a thoroughbred gentleman, whose hobbies were shooting and fishing in a legitimate, gentlemanly way; who used fine guns, rods, and well-bred, well-broken dogs. No one ever thought of his being a gambler, roué, or tough—he was as much of a gentleman in the field as in the parlor. Nowadays he is considered a "sport" or "sporting man," which is generally understood by the public to mean a man who spends the most of his time shaking dice for drinks, going to ball games, horse races, and that most "noble" sport of all, prize fighting, and betting on them.

Thank goodness there are still plenty of the real, "sure enough" sportsmen left, who know enough to let the "sports" alone, but it always makes one tired to see the papers of the present day try to bring the "sportsman" down to the level of the gambler and loafer.

POINT.

The North Carolina Quail Supply.

HICKORY, N. C., Dec. 23.—The crop of quail is not as large this year in this State as usual, as far as I am able to judge from observation and report, and I found the same conditions in my short trip to South Carolina. The reason is that cotton is high, and also wheat, so much so that large fields are plowed up, the natural cover disturbed, and, too, the dry, hot summer may have had something to do with it. I hunt harder, range wider and work the dogs harder to get even fair results, and I hear the same story from others.

PINK EDGE.

Natural History.

A Panther in Western New York.

MEDINA, N. Y., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The editorial in your last issue concerning the fear of wild animals contains statements which are rather sweeping, conveying the idea that wild animals will always flee from the presence of man. There are many well-authenticated instances to the contrary.

Many of your readers will know of the old Lewiston road, so called, running from Batavia, Genesee county, this State, in a northwesterly direction to Lewiston, which is at the foot of the rapids in the Niagara River. Many of the roads in northern and western New York in an early day meandered in the direction of Lewiston because that was the great entrepot for all voyagers coming by the way of the St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal and Lake Ontario up on to the Great Lakes and the surrounding country, Lewiston being in an early day a place of considerable consequence. The State of New York dug a deep and wide ditch from the Tonawanda Creek to the Oak Orchard Creek for the purpose of taking the waters of the Tonawanda into the Oak Orchard and thence to Medina to feed the Erie Canal. This deep ditch was dug about the year 1822; it is known as the Canal or Oak Orchard Feeder. It was dug in the Tonawanda swamp along near the western borders of the town of Alabama, in the county of Genesee, down into the county of Orleans. This ditch crosses the Lewiston road at the very borders of the Tonawanda Swamp. In the years 1848, 1849 and 1850, on the northeast corner of the intersection of the Lewiston road with this canal feeder, the land had been cleared away; it was in early times covered with hemlock trees, and after the hemlock trees had been cut away it grew up into all kinds of bushes and briers. It was a great place for picking blackberries.

The writer was raised in the town of Alabama, Genesee county, N. Y., and in his youth learned to pick blackberries, and has picked a great many baskets and pails of blackberries on that ground. A man by the name of Hoag, working for my father, desired to have me pilot him to the blackberry ground. We all lived at Alabama Center, two miles and a half easterly from this canal feeder. I stayed with Hoag over night. I was then about ten or eleven years of age, and I think it was in the year 1848 that the circumstances I am about to relate occurred. We arose about 3 o'clock A. M., and footed it two miles and half to this blackberry ground. We arrived there before daylight, but I being familiar with the paths, we went along down into the bushes and among the trees quite a distance until it became light enough to commence to pick berries. Gradually we worked ourselves deeper and deeper into the forest, and I recollect very well coming to a spot where the tall blackberry bushes hung overloaded with great berries as big as the end of a man's finger. I looked to the tops of the trees and saw that the sun was rising, by the glinting of the rays among the branches of the trees. Just then Hoag, who had become separated from myself, spoke up in very sharp tones and said: "Stanley, come here; here is a wild animal!" I had a dog with me which was a fighting dog. I instantly hurried to the place where Hoag was—perhaps five or six rods away. I found Hoag standing under a hemlock tree with a space of perhaps 15 feet in diameter around that tree where there were no bushes. The bushes outside seemed to be a mass of tangled briers and other vegetation. There was some animal passing back and forth in front of Hoag and myself, not over 15 feet away, snarling and snapping his teeth as he crowded his way through the bushes. It circled backward and forward there perhaps ten minutes. Hoag took my knife, and cut an immense large club off of a green sapling. I recollect the expression that he made, for Hoag was a very nervy fellow. After the club was cut he said: "Now let him come!" I sicked the dog into the bushes; the dog went in; the animal made a lunge for the dog; the dog made one yell, and out of the bushes he came. I caught a glimpse of the animal, and determined at once that it was a panther; I had seen such in the traveling menageries of the country. Hoag said that he saw him several times, and that he knew that it was a panther. We stayed a few minutes; that animal moved backward and forward half around the circle, but kept out of our way and in the bushes. His snapping and snarling and crowding through the bushes were very plain to be heard. We started to get away from him. I remember well that I could hardly kick the dog away from my feet; he kept constantly in front of me; and yet that dog was the bully of Alabama Center, so far as dogs were concerned—it had whipped every dog in the vicinity—but it seemed to be frightened very badly. The dog went ahead first, and I next, and Hoag in the rear. We would stop every two or three rods and listen. We could hear the animal now and then as the dry limbs snapped under him. We went substantially in a direct line, nearly half a mile, and within about fifty rods of the outer edge of the woods. We could hear no more of him, and stopped, thinking that we would fill our baskets with berries.

Perhaps fifteen minutes had passed by, and Hoag had gone away from me about three or four rods, and I was on one side of an immense great log, around which the bushes grew in thick profusion. That animal made one spring, evidently; it struck within about 6 feet of me, right in the midst of those bushes, with an immense crash. I spoke loudly to Hoag, and we got together quickly, prepared for any attack that might be made. Just then a number of young men known as the Diviney boys, Kelly boys, Horning boys and Green boys, came into the woods and commenced to yell and halloo like so many wild Indians. Perhaps they had been yelling away for a minute or so, and then we could plainly hear that animal jump and run away in bounds. We could hear its feet strike pat, pat, pat, as it jumped along, fainter and fainter, the dry leaves and sticks cracking under its feet, until the sounds faded away in the distance. We went and met those young men, and told them what had occurred. A man by the name of Julius Green started with Hoag to hunt up the hemlock tree above spoken of. Perhaps they had worked for two hours to find it, and were unable to do so, and came back and found me. Hoag asked me if I thought I could find the tree. I told him I thought I could, and I led them back to the outer edge of the woods where I had entered, and I took up the trail there and moved from point to point as I had come into the woods, and perhaps went nearly three-quarters of a mile when I found the hemlock tree. The animal had been where we stood and had torn the earth up all about the tree and thrown it over the bushes, so that they were literally covered—it was light soil. It had torn the bark from the lower part of the hemlock tree, and had bit into the side of the tree, showing in a good many ways its great wrath and anger. The prints of its immense paws were all about on the fresh earth. It made no sign of its being about us then.

I recollect very well that this was Sunday. My good old mother, who is now living near Alabama Center at the ripe age of almost eighty-nine years, when I got home and told her my story, declined to whip me, as she would ordinarily have done for trespassing upon the Sabbath day; but her economical habits would not allow the berries to be thrown away, so she had me go and deliver them to another good old lady by the name of Morse, who said that she was very glad to get them, Sunday or no Sunday.

In after years, and in the summer of 1855, while reading law with Brown & Glowacki at Batavia, whose office was on the ground floor about three doors east of the old Eagle Hotel, one day a couple of men, Harlow and Carlow Reynolds by name, and who lived through the Tonawanda swamp on the Lewiston road and about

DALL'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

one mile from the feeder bridge as it crosses the Lewiston road above mentioned, drove up in front of the office where I was, and the door being open one of them said to me, "Come out here, Stanley, and see your panther." Of course, everybody around Alabama had heard of the panther story years before. I went out of the office on to the street, and there saw an immense panther or California lion, or whatever you may call it, lying in a one-horse wagon, with its nose against the front end board of the box, there being no hind end board, and stretching substantially the whole length of the wagon box; its tail, which was about 3½ feet long, was lying out of the hind end of the wagon. It was an immense animal. Reynolds' story was that on the night before they had gone on a cooning trip, and that their dogs had got on the track of something which they chased for quite a distance and treed. They followed the dogs to where the animal was treed, and with their axes chopped the tree down; that just as the tree was falling they saw between themselves and the sky an animal jump from the tree, which landed out on the ground some distance away, and the dogs took after it and treed it again. They followed it up until they came to the tree, and in looking up and getting it against the sky, so that they could see it, they discovered that it was a large animal of some kind. One of them stayed at the tree with the dogs and the other went perhaps a couple of miles away to his house and got a gun. He came back, and by the aid of a lantern fired at the animal, and luckily enough one of the bullets struck the animal in the head, so that it fell. As it came to the ground they saw that it was an immense animal. One of them struck it on the head with the sharp edge of the axe, which entered the brain and killed it. From there they brought it to Batavia, and of course the people of Batavia gathered about and saw it. Afterward that animal was stuffed and was exhibited by Harlow Reynolds for several years in the different county fairs at Brockport, Batavia, Lockport, Albion, and Medina and other places. He had a tent and charged 10 cents admission. Thousands and thousands of persons saw it. It was an immense panther, a great deal larger than any that I have ever seen in any menagerie. It was killed about one mile from the place where Hoag and myself had seen one a few years before. It was probably the same animal, only grown to much greater proportions. I never have had any doubt that if one person had been there under that hemlock tree instead of two and a dog that animal would have attacked that person. It certainly did not flee, but followed us until it had listened to the yelling of what anybody could understand was at least six or seven individuals, who were perhaps fifty rods away from it.

S. E. FILKINS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Obscure Instincts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in a letter signed E. P. A., in your issue of Dec. 8, on the subject of obscure instincts, especially as I had just been reading Darwin's book on the "Origin of Species." It occurred to me that the case mentioned could be explained without much violence to the theory of evolution. Your correspondent says the case is this: "The red-shouldered hawk usually rears but one brood of young each season. But if accident destroys the nest they will persist and raise a second or even a third brood, if necessary to bring one brood to maturity."

To my mind the statement suggests its own explanation—it is simply a case of the persistency of the procreative instinct. It may appear remarkable if we assume that the hawk is incapable of mating and nesting except at one season of the year, but I do not think we should assume anything of the sort. We are accustomed to birds mating in the spring, but I fancy this is a habit induced by climatic conditions. It is certain that young birds hatched in the early summer, when food is abundant, have the best if not the only chance of attaining sufficient size and strength either to migrate or endure the coming winter. And it is easy to understand that if some varieties of a species, or even some individuals of a variety, paired persistently in the spring their progeny inheriting the same propensity would rapidly supersede the progeny of birds which paired later in the season or at irregular times. A habit of this kind might easily become fixed in a few generations, solely by the "survival of the fittest." Yet at the same time, under special conditions, birds might mate at unusual times, just as occurs with domestic fowl. Left to themselves with abundant food only in the summer time, they mate in the early spring, but with proper care and protection hens will lay at other seasons.

It must be admitted that this hardly explains the case of the red-shouldered hawk rearing successive broods when the first are destroyed. I would suggest that this is due to the procreative instinct persisting until satisfied, and that it is not satisfied short of the raising of a brood to maturity. An analogous case occurs with many plants, notably annuals, such as the sweet pea. Sown in the spring this plant flowers in eight or ten weeks, and if the flowers are fertilized with pollen, as they are sure to be if the necessary insects are plentiful, the seed-pods set and develop rapidly. Left to itself the plant ceases to flower, and throws all its energy into maturing seed. Where this is done it dies—quite early in the season. If, however, the flowers are kept cut the plant goes on producing more until destroyed by frost. Every gardener knows this, and it is explained on the ground that the propensity of the plant is procreative—to mature its seed—and as often as this is thwarted it will put forth more flowers and try again. The seed setting of the plant corresponds to the laying of the eggs, so far as the cycle of life is concerned, and when a check occurs at this stage both plant and bird begin again. The procreative propensity is not satisfied short of the reasonably assured propagation of the species—in other words, until the offspring can shift for itself.

There is just another point raised by your correspondent—the failure of transmission of acquired characteristics or of mutilations, even when practical for many successive generations. As I understand it evolution only assumes the possible transmission of spontaneous individual variations, all of which presumably arise—no one knows why—before birth, and are an essential peculiarity of the individual. Between these and violent mutilations there is no parallel. Thus a Flathead Indian fathers a child of normal skull, because his peculiarity has been acquired after birth, and he has no power to transmit it. But let a papoose be born flat-headed and the peculiarity will stand a very good chance of transmission. Nature declines to accept innovations from the clumsy hand of man, nor can man often imitate the processes. As I write a narcissus bud in my window is ready to burst. If I attempted to open it, using every care and delicate tools, I should only spoil it. By leaving it alone it will open perfectly in due time. If we cannot imitate nature in so simple an operation as this, how can we expect to counterfeit her higher and subtler processes?

WM. Q. PHILLIPS.

CLINTON, Ont., Dec. 20.

English Woodcock.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is an item to deepen the mystery of Jay Beebe's English woodcock. About twenty years ago I was on a woodcock rampage on the hills back of Peter Cooper's place at Ringwood, N. J., during the fall flight, and one of the family—but at least twice as large as a legitimate member had any right to be—flushed very wild, and I thought it useless to make him wilder by shooting, but I marked his course and determined to have a shot at him if he rose again within a reasonable distance, but I could not get within 100 yards of him, and reluctantly gave up the chase. I never mentioned the incident except to an occasional sportsman, but it has remained an annoying puzzle with me ever since. If a European woodcock, how did he get here?

Many years ago I suggested, through FOREST AND STREAM, that one of the most desirable foreign birds to introduce into this country was the splendid European woodcock, and also suggested that if it was ever done they should be liberated in some place like the Dismal Swamp, where they would have a chance to "increase and multiply," but I do not know that the attempt was ever made.

A friend of mine once kept a native woodcock in confinement for some time, and every night he bored the earth full of holes in search of the worms that he was constantly supplied with, and I feel quite sure a success could be made of an attempt to bring over the foreign bird.

Various kinds of foreign game birds have been introduced from the remotest corners of the earth, while this most magnificent fellow has been utterly ignored. I sincerely hope that FOREST AND STREAM can stir up some wealthy sportsman to make the attempt.

DIDYMUS.

Homing Instinct of a Turtle.

IN a recent number of Science, Mr. C. L. Bristol prints some interesting observations on the homing instinct of a sea turtle in Bermuda, communicated to him by Miss Victoria Hayward, a resident of the island. To us who are familiar only with dry land, the incident seems very extraordinary, but we may perhaps imagine that it is no more difficult for a turtle to find its way back from a distant place to its old home in the sea than it would be for a cat or a dog to do the same thing on dry land, and this, of course, is something that is frequently done. Miss Hayward writes:

"My father caught a turtle in June that weighed 75 pounds. He placed it in a pond in the harbor of St. George. In August, on going to the pond, he found that some person had thrown a piece of iron weighing about 50 pounds into the pond, and it had broken a large hole in the turtle's back. It had been wounded apparently about a week, and was weak and seemingly dead. My father thought he had better kill it, but he changed his mind, and let it go alive into the harbor.

"In the latter part of October he and another man recaptured it in the same place where they had caught it before—about four miles from land, on the flats (reefs) that lie to the north of the islands. The back was nicely healed, and the turtle was altogether in excellent condition. You know that it requires no little knowledge of the art of navigation for a turtle to find the way from the southern side of St. George's Harbor through some one of the many little channels to its own special home on the north reefs—four miles out to sea."

Dall's Mountain Sheep.

THE four heads are specimens of Dall's mountain sheep killed in Alaska by Mr. Dall De Weese, of Cañon City, Colo., in the year 1897. They are beautifully mounted and adorn the walls of Mr. De Weese's den—a large and comfortable log house which he has built on his place near Cañon City. The ewe, which is the lowest of the four heads, was killed by accident when Mr. De Weese overshot one of the rams. He did not know of the existence of the lamb at this time, as it was hidden behind some rocks. When it appeared, it seemed to him more humane to shoot it than to leave it to starve to death or to be devoured by wolves. It may be questioned whether a similar group of the heads of Dall's sheep are to be found anywhere in the possession of one individual.

Elk for the Adirondacks.

WM. C. WHITNEY has made a formal offer to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of thirty elk from his preserves at Lenox, Mass., to be used for stocking purposes in the Adirondacks.

Three of the Commisioners—Mayor W. Austin Wadsworth, of Geneseo; Dewitt C. Middleton, of Watertown, and B. Frank Wood, of Jamaica—waited upon Mr. Whitney to learn the condition of his offer, and they ascertained that his gift was not hampered by any conditions whatever. Mr. Whitney offers to deliver the elk in the Adirondacks and turn them out in any locality that should be designated by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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Kaiser Wilhelm while out hunting discovered a huge rock, which he fancied for a monument to his grandfather. It weighed 100 tons; and having been suitably inscribed, has been set up as a monument.

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Jacob Brown and George Rowe, of Newberry, Mich., were looking for deer, and in the course of their hunting started a mink, which made for a swamp near by and took refuge in a hollow stump. In digging under one side of the stump in order to get at the mink, they struck stones which bore evidences of the handiwork of man. Becoming interested, they secured picks and spades and unearthed the stones.

As the result of their labors, three stone images were uncovered, also a large stone tablet. All four articles were cut from brown sandstone, the rock probably coming from the northeastward, where the pictured rocks, great cliffs of sandstone, worn by the wind and waves into fantastic forms, frown for many miles upon the blue water of the great lake. Of the three images, the largest is that of a man in a sitting posture, nearly life size. This statue is on a pedestal, formed from the same piece of stone. The second image, from point of size, is that of a woman, and is a trifle under three feet in height, while the third is the image of a child, and, like the man, is postured in a sitting attitude, and is about two feet high. All three of the images were found placed with faces toward the east, which may have been accidental, but more probably intentional, and points strongly toward sun worship on the part of the unknown race that carved and placed the statues in times so distant that even an approximate estimate of the period is impossible.

Near these figures was found a slab of brown stone, averaging six inches in thickness and 18x25 inches on each face. One side was smoothed as carefully as the coarse structure of the rocks had allowed, while upon the other face were engraved a series of inscriptions, each set in a square of approximately one and a half inches, there being 140 of these.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Game Bag and Gun.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XVII.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Continued from page* 507.]

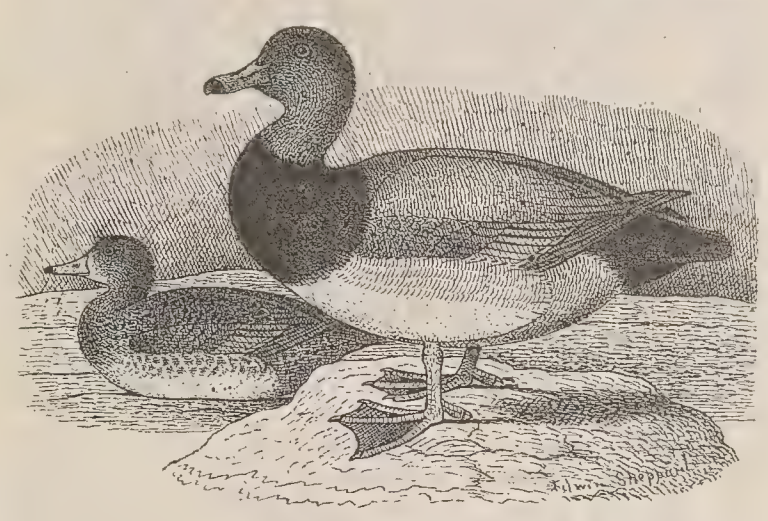
Redhead Duck.

Aythya americana (Eyt.).

IN general aspect like the canvasback, for which it is often mistaken. The adult male has the feathers of the head full and puffy. The head and neck are bright reddish-chestnut, often glossy with coppery reflections; the upper part of back, lower neck, breast and rump, and upper and under tail coverts, black. The back, shoulder feathers of the wing, sides and flanks, whitish, cross marked with black lines, slightly wider than in the canvasback, thus giving the whole plumage a darker tone. The speculum is pale bluish-gray, bordered with black above and tipped with white. The primaries are dusky, some of the inner quills being dark slaty-gray. The tail is dusky. The bill is pale blue, black at the tip, the eyes yellow, and the feet are bluish-gray. The abdomen is white.

The female is a plain brownish duck, almost white on the forehead, chin and sides of the head. The lower neck, sides and flanks are brown, as are the lower parts generally, but the lower tail-coverts are white. The speculum is as in the male.

Like the canvasback, the redhead is a bird of general distribution through North America. It is very common in migration on the Atlantic coast, as well as in the interior and on the Pacific coast. Mr. Ridgway found it common and evidently breeding at Sacramento, Cal., in June, 1867, as well as in Nevada, where he saw beautiful decoys made of its skins by the Piute Indians. It is said not to reach Alaska in summer, but is found breeding throughout the Hudson Bay country, east of the Rocky Mountains. Formerly it bred in great numbers in the



REDHEAD DUCK.

United States in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, but the continual persecution to which the redhead, with our other ducks, is subjected in spring has driven it from many of these ancient breeding grounds. There are some localities, however, in the middle West occupied by gunning clubs where spring shooting is not allowed, and here the redhead and some other varieties of ducks stop and breed, with the result that in the autumn the club members have shooting far better than they ever did when spring shooting prevailed. Birds that have been bred on the grounds are gentle and wonted, and act as decoys to their relatives migrating from the North, calling them down and giving them confidence that here, at least, is a place where they may be free from persecution.

In winter the redhead is found as far south as Mexico and southern Texas, but is more common further to the northward, and, indeed, goes but little south of the region where open water is found. It is abundant during the migrations on Long Island, but is not common on the New England coast. Each autumn and winter, however, redheads are shot in great numbers on Great South Bay, but are rarely or not at all on Long Island Sound. On the eastern shore of Virginia, in Chesapeake Bay, and on the sounds along the coasts of North and South Carolina, the redhead is very abundant, and it spends the winter in great numbers in these waters, leaving them only when, as usually happens once or twice each winter, it is driven further south by the occurrence of cold weather, which freezes the sounds. In such places, in all sorts of weather, they may be seen, high in air, trading, as it is termed; that is to say, flying long distances far above the water, as if examining the ground before they determined to alight. The great flocks of birds that do this trading are usually canvasbacks and redheads.

The redhead is said by Northern explorers to breed throughout the fur countries, and they have also been found breeding near Calais, Me. The nests are usually built close together, in colonies, generally near the water, and are somewhat more substantial than ducks' nests often are. The eggs are almost white, and are usually ten or twelve in number.

In many of its habits the redhead resembles the broadbill or blackhead. It comes up to decoys quite as gently as that bird, when it has once made up its mind to do so, and when about to alight the birds crowd close together, and thus offer the gunner an opportunity to kill several at a time. When only wounded, the redhead dives and skulks well, and is not always to be recovered. After diving and swimming a long way under water, it comes to the surface, and perhaps shows only a portion of the bill, swimming off so low against the wind that it is not likely to be detected.

The flesh of the redhead is excellent, and when it has been feeding on the same food it cannot be distinguished from that of the canvasback.

The redhead is a near relative of the European pochard, which it closely resembles, though easily distinguished on comparison.

This species is sometimes called the redheaded broadbill, redheaded raft duck, and, oddly enough, Washington canvasback.

Weights of Game.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM the weights of game are mentioned, and this prompts me to comment. The redhead ducks at 2 pounds 9 ounces for males in good condition would be less than our birds here, I believe, taken on an average through the season. When redheads first come in on our bay here, they would weigh about 2½ pounds average, but after being here a short time they will average close to 3 pounds, I believe. I have weighed my birds a great deal this fall, and I have killed redheads that weighed 3 pounds 7 ounces on several occasions, and at the same time I have killed undersized or young redheads that would weigh a scant 2½ pounds.

We get the flight directly after leaving the Canadian grounds, and I presume that the birds do not make more than one or two stops from the north to this point, the birds being thin when they get here.

I had the opportunity to weigh some canvasbacks, and there was a great variation in these birds when first here and after being here for a short time on their feeding grounds. I think the average canvasback's weight after being here for a while is very close to 3½ pounds. A great many weigh a good deal less and some quite a few ounces more.

Mallards are the same way as the other birds. I have killed mallards when coming into the ponds and sloughs in the evening flight, that were from 35 to 50 yards high, which would split open on contact with the water when shot, and this is no uncommon thing.

We shoot a duck which is called big bay bluebill, but which I think is a broadbill, that will average as heavy as the canvasbacks, and it is really too fat to eat when cooked, unless some of the fat is removed. These big ducks are not killed on the inner bay nor on the west shore, but we get them on the east shore and at Grass Island and Point Au Sauble. They are strictly deep-water birds, and very nice eating.

We have fine grounds and miles and miles of natural feed for the birds here. We had a flight of ducks in the first week in November that was as large as any single flight here for twenty years, but they did not stay more than a day. It was a grand sight to see these countless thousands of ducks working out over the open water. Redheads, bluebills, canvasbacks, whistlers and broadbills were the main flight. Our bay is now frozen over and the birds have gone south.

A. G. HOLMES.

Our Thanksgiving Turkey.

I PROMISED you when reporting on the fishing and chicken hunting to tell later how goose and duck shooting was in the valley during the flight. The weather was "agin us" during October and the first two weeks of November we were treated to one of those beautiful falls that make the Indian dream of the happy hunting grounds, when a cloudless sky, with the sun coming aslant through the haze, making one feel as though he was dreaming. And when the sportsmen of Missoula watched the sky they could see the V-shaped forms going lazily over, too far above to even hear their honk. The wise ones would say that a good snow storm on the mountains, followed by a cold snap, would bring the young fellows down to roost on our river bars and feed on our grain fields. But luck favored the goose rather than the hunter. However, on the 12th of November there seemed to be a change coming; a cloud was hanging on Mt. LoLo, the barometer of the Bitter Root Valley. On the 13th, the storm came, and a most severe one for the first three days. It snowed, and the snow was driven by high winds, the thermometer going down to 12 below zero. In the valley the snow reached a depth of 8 or 10 inches; and a still greater depth in the hills. Low thermometer and the wind continued until the 18th. Frequent telephone messages came from down the river, which is the winter pasturage for deer, which roam the mountains during the summer. The first hard storm brings them down to the river, then they go back and do not come down until the snow gets too deep to travel in.

Elmer Chapman and myself were planning a trip down there. Perry Steele, a lumberman, whose mill is 40 miles down river, was going down to his mill in the morning and gave us a very pressing invitation to go down. He said he could not insure us a deer, but could show us some. Perry is a prince of good fellows, and a few days spent at the camp would be an outing well spent, even without deer; and the chance of getting one which would serve for our Thanksgiving turkey helped to give our contemplated trip a bright hue. We were ready and off on a morning train, which was late, so we did not get down there until after dark. The weather was very cold.

We were up and breakfasted before daylight. Our host said he could not go out to hunt, but he would direct us, so we could not miss them. We were to take such a cañon pass, by so many draws, which would bring us to one of more prominence, and up this we could find them. I felt the same as when once in Minnesota, on asking an Indian for some venison, he replied, pointing to his canoe, "You take canoe, go down river past one river, look the other side see meadow, see deer eat grass, you get him." We did not take the Indian's advice, but we did Perry's. On reaching the draw described we began cautiously to work our way up. We had gone only a few hundred feet when I slipped and fell. On looking around there stood a fine blacktail doe looking at me. A hasty shot only made the deer jump into cover, having only knocked off a bunch of hair. We began to look for more and the whole side of the mountain seemed to be alive with deer; but we could not get a shot until they were fully 800 yards away. Chapman had the old style .40-65 Winchester, and could not reach. At the first shot from my .30-40 the deer turned, showing the lead was getting there. In turning they came over a bare point,

showing them to full view, although they looked no larger than jack rabbits. But the performance of those guns is marvelous. A well-directed shot at the deer's head caught him through the heart. Of course it was an accident, but you cannot have those accidents with an ordinary gun. This buck, when dressed, weighed 205 pounds. We got him down to a log road, hung him up, and not wishing to overdo ourselves the first day, returned to camp.

Perry had a box of good cigars for after supper, and a fund of reminiscenece where this or that deer had fallen, either before his gun or that of some companion. The crackling fire, the smell of burning pine and cold weather made me think of the old days in the Northern woods.

The following day we did not start so early, Chapman taking one ridge and I the other. He jumped a bunch of four, killing three. I saw one lone deer, and got it. We had enough, and were sure of not having to eat crow for Thanksgiving. We borrowed Perry's horse and "go-devil" to bring our game in, and it being still light we got a picture of them. The next morning we got a picture of them hung up, and feeling a little proud of our catch we could not refrain from getting in, Perry doing the peek-a-boo act. Perry took us down to the switch, where we got a parting picture of the grounds we had hunted over, wishing there would come a day when we could hunt those woods and hills again.

BERT STEVENS.

Talks to Boys.—VII.

By this time I fancy that you must be tired of carrying about an unloaded gun, and as you seem to have formed pretty good habits and to have become reasonably careful, we may as well now take some loaded shells and have a little target practice.

By this time you have used your gun so much that breaking it down and opening the breech does not trouble you at all, but has become a perfectly natural and commonplace operation. You are also so familiar with the safety catch that you involuntarily push it back, if for any reason it has slipped forward, and without being conscious that you do so, you watch this catch and always know just what its position is.

I do not care to have you fire too many shots at a time, but you may order from the gunsmith 100 shells loaded with 2½ drams of powder and ¾ ounce of No. 8 shot, and these will last us for some little time. When writing for the shells, ask the gunsmith to mark on the top wads of the shells the charge which they contain. Probably the shells will come to you with the wads marked in this form $\frac{3}{4}\frac{2\frac{1}{2}}{8}$. It is well that you should begin to shoot with a light charge, first, because your gun is light, and, second, because I do not wish to have the discharge of the gun jar you or startle you; and, indeed, for a gun of small caliber such as you are using, the charge that I have named is effective at any reasonable distance on any bird that you are likely to meet with.

You had better put thirty of these cartridges in your pocket, and we will go out into the lot behind the house and see how the gun shoots. Very likely before this your instructor sent to the city and purchased a dozen large shotgun targets. These are made of white or brown paper, on which is printed a bullseye 3 or 4 inches in diameter, and about this a circle 30 inches in diameter. Make two frames for backing for your targets. For one of these an old door will do, if there is one anywhere about the place; for the other, nail three or four short boards together to make a square frame about 4 feet each way. Carry these out to where you are to target your gun, and set them up on the ground in a position nearly vertical, supporting them from behind by long sticks for props. Fasten one of the targets flat against each, with a tack or a pin in each corner of the paper, and then retiring to a distance of about 30 yards, take up your gun and face one of the targets. Standing there in an easy position and with your eye fixed on the bullseye, throw up the gun to your shoulder three or four times and take sight at the bullseye. Very likely you will find that the gun comes up so that the sight is nearly or quite on the bullseye and only needs a little movement to cover it. After you have done this a few times break down your gun, load both barrels, throw the gun up to your shoulder and fire the right hand one at the target you were facing the instant that you catch sight on the black. Then instantly turn and fire the left barrel at the black of the second target, being sure that you have caught the sight before you pull the trigger. Now go to the target and see what sort of shots you have made. If you pulled at precisely the right moment, the pellets of shot in each target ought to be thicker in and about the bullseye than anywhere else. At a little distance from this center, the intervals between the pellets will grow wider, until at the edge of the paper there may be quite a little space about each. It will be well for you to take a soft lead pencil and draw a line through each shot hole in the paper. After you have done this, go back to your stand and again shoot at the bullseye, taking as little time as possible, and pulling just as soon as the sight is seen against the black. Another examination of the target will show you where you shot.

When you break down your gun to remove the discharged shells and replace them by others, see that the muzzle of the broken down gun points downward and that the barrels are neither horizontal nor directed upward. The reason for this is obvious. If the muzzle of the gun points downward, the loaded cartridges being heavy will slip readily into place, and if only one barrel has been discharged, the loaded cartridge in the other barrel will remain in place; while, if you have the barrels directed upward, the loaded cartridge is likely to slip out of the chamber and fall to the ground, or if it does not do this it may slip part way out and prevent closing the gun. I have more than once seen this very thing happen, when men who were duck shooting were trying to reload their guns in great haste.

I do not advise you to target your gun by shooting from a fixed rest, because to-day all guns are targeted by their makers, and usually have attached to them a certificate of their performance at 40 yards with certain specified charges of powder and shot; therefore you know beforehand what your gun has done, and so what it ought to do. It does not seem necessary, therefore, that you should waste time and ammunition in doing what has already been done by men very much more experienced and skillful than you are. What you are doing now is merely continuing and advancing in the work that you have been doing from the day you got your gun. You are learning to shoot quickly and to have the gun directly in your line of sight when it reaches your shoulder. It is to acquire this skill with arms, hands and head—to make all these organs work together—that you have been aiming with your empty gun at all sorts of things during the past few weeks, and for this that you have been snapping primers at a candle flame. This is merely carrying the practice a little further.

After you have fired the two barrels at the target, you may either change the target or pin over it a sheet of newspaper, tearing away the part which covers the bullseye and thus exposing the black for a point at which to aim. I should like to have you fire at least ten shots in this way, but about one thing I wish to caution you especially—see that when you throw up the gun to your shoulder the stock is pressed tight against it, but not so tight that your muscles are strained, or your freedom of movement in any way hampered. If it should not be held firmly, there will be a little recoil and jar which may affect you unpleasantly. I should be very sorry to have this happen early in your shooting, because if it did it might have a tendency to make you flinch when pulling the trigger, and this would be bad for your shooting and a very hard matter to overcome. It is unfortunate for a man to be afraid of his gun. However, in these days of nitro powder with perfectly loaded cartridges, there is not very much recoil to the gun and far less danger than formerly that a shooter will be punished by his gun "kicking." In old times, with black powder and heavy charges, it was quite different. I have sometimes had my shoulder black and blue after a day's duck shooting, and a friend who, in muzzleloading days, was shooting a heavy duck gun with a large charge of powder, stood up in the bow of the skiff to fire at a bird that had just sprung, and when he pulled the trigger and leaned forward to meet the expected recoil, the cap snapped, the gun failed to explode and he went head foremost overboard, in a most ungraceful dive.

After you have fired your ten shots I am going to ask you to fire ten more, standing with your back to the target and wheeling at the word given by your instructor, and then putting up your gun as quickly as possible and firing at the black spot. Do not fire until you have caught sight, and if for any reason you should fail to catch sight within a reasonable time, do not pull the trigger then, but again turn your back on the target, again face about and try to catch sight again. All this is intended to teach you to aim quickly; not necessarily because I want you always to shoot quickly, but because you should be able to shoot at an instant's warning, whenever it may be necessary for you to do so.

After you have fired the second ten shots I shall ask your instructor to give you a little wing practice. To do this he must have collected five or ten old tin cans, or as many potatoes or apples. Let him stand nearby at your left side and toss one of these objects up in the air so that it will move away from you at an angle of 45 degrees. Do you sight at it with your gun and see if you think you can hit it. After you have several times caught sight on this moving object, put two cartridges into your gun, and when the can is next thrown, if you catch sight properly, fire. Very likely you may not hit the can—or the apple or potato, whichever it may be—and if you do not do so, I think I can tell you why. You probably just caught sight on the can over the top of the muzzle, and when you pulled the trigger, checked the movement of the gun for the slightest fraction of time, and so shot over the can. You will have to try it again and again, and your instructor will no doubt have an idea, after you have fired two or three shots, where you are shooting, and will try to explain to you where you should hold your gun. The cans move slowly, but still they keep moving all the time, and in sighting at them it will be better for you to see the whole can over the sight; then when you pull the trigger the falling can will tumble into the midst of the load.

I should much prefer, however, to have you shoot at the object before it has reached its highest point; in other words, as quickly as you can, but by no means pull off your gun until you have taken sight at the object, and feel a reasonable confidence that you are to hit it. When you catch the sight, follow the object for a little distance and then raise your gun slightly so that you lose sight of the mark, and pull the trigger. If you keep this in mind, I am sure that you will in a short time find that there is no difficulty in hitting these easily tossed marks.

A few days' practice of this kind ought to help you along very rapidly in your ideas of shooting.

Now that you have gotten along as far as this, I think that if I were you I would try to get hold of Mr. Hammond's most excellent little boook called "Hitting vs. Missing." This is a story of a boy, who, a great many years ago, while he was out squirrel shooting with his old musket, saw a man shoot a grouse on the wing—the first bird that he had ever seen killed while flying. He was seized with an ambition to learn how to do what the man had done, and he patiently worked out for himself, without instruction and without help, the lesson of wing shooting, until he became one of the best shots in all New England. He tells you in this little book how he learned to shoot at crossing birds by firing his gun at stones skipped across the mill pond by boys, and how, in other ways, he succeeded in overcoming many of the difficulties that greatly puzzle the young shooter. When you read his experience, the matter of your instruction will be greatly amplified, provided you try to remember all that he says and to profit by the story of his discouragements and failures.

Now that you have begun to use ammunition, you must be more than ever careful about carrying your gun. You must go back now several weeks, to the time when you first began to walk about with your gun, and when you were constantly trying to remember not to point it in the direction of any living creature, and to keep its muzzle directed either up in the air or down to the ground. You must again begin to watch yourself, and to think always about how your gun is pointed.

By this time I think you have had practice enough in aiming your gun, so that it comes up with the sight pretty nearly on the object at which you are looking, and now, if you have been in the habit in the past of closing one eye when you looked along the barrel to catch sight, I recommend you to cease that practice and to depend on throwing the gun up into the line of sight, more than on catching the sight on the object at which you aim. Try this at first at the target. Load your gun, face the target, and remembering to keep both eyes open, throw up the gun and shoot. Probably you will find the center of your charge somewhere near the bullseye, and after shooting a few times, each time striving to correct the mistakes of the previous shots, you will see that with both eyes open you do about as well as if you used only one. A carpenter who is driving a nail, or a chopper whose axe falls in the same place every time as he chops a log, does not close one eye to take aim. He is so familiar with his tool and with the way in which it should be handled, that he strikes his mark unerringly. He has had so much practice in performing this operation that body and arms and eyes work together exactly as they should. With practice you can do the same with the shotgun, and shooting in this way you will be more quick and ready than if you closed one eye and felt about with the muzzle of the gun to get your sight just in the right place. If you inquire, you will find that most good shots to-day keep both eyes open when they fire the gun, and if they do so, it is good policy for you to follow their example.

The expert shot of the present day when about to fire throws his gun to his shoulder, looks at the bird well above the rib so as to see its direction and calculate its speed and the angle at which it is flying, and then dropping his head a little, looks along the barrel and moves its extremity so as to either cover the bird or to allow so much for its speed as his experience tells him is necessary. For the practiced shot, this, of course, takes but a very small space of time, and being a practiced shot and thoroughly familiar with his gun, he understands precisely how to hold it and how to move head, arms and hands so as to bring about the result which he desires.

W. G. DE GROOT.

A Bear Hunt on Leopard Bayou.

BY H. M. MAYO.

IT was a beautiful morning in late October, beautiful even for southern Louisiana where October days are the most beautiful of the long fall, winter being a brief period marked by few leaden skies and rainy intervals, with a delightful preponderance of summer like winds and blue, cloud flecked heavens.

The fifty-mile voyage from Morgan City to the woods of Leopard Bayou, the latter stream being but a few miles from where the mighty Atchafalaya pours into the Mexican Gulf, had been made the afternoon previous. The night had fallen suddenly and the top of the tent had been lost against the gray mosses which hung solemnly from the oaks at the camping place, and only the embers of the fire of dry waxwood broke the gloom of the thicket with a ruddy sparkle, which occasionally flashed into flame.

The winds had hushed and the dry crackle of the swaying roseau canes ceased almost as night's curtain fell upon the earth. No sound broke the silence save the low tones of our conversation and, now and then, the guttural croak of a heron in the marsh behind the fringe of palmettos and other growth along the bayou, and the faint splash made by a predatory otter or mink as either plunged into the dark waters where they disappeared amid the dense shadows of the other bank.

The Nimrod and I were out on one of our occasional hunts. This time we were out for bear, and after a hard day's work, having tugged at the oars for the fifty miles of the journey and completed camp, we were soon between comfortable blankets spread on palmetto leaves and softened with the curling Spanish moss. The glow of the fire had lapsed into grayness; the silence had become more intense, and tired bodies had induced sweet slumber, from which I was awakened by a gentle nudge and a whispered admonition to "get up."

Even a gilt edge sportsman will heave a deep sigh of regret because confronted with the inevitable withdrawing from a warm nest and a sudden immersion in an atmosphere but few degrees removed from frost. I confess to a preference for my bed under such circumstances, but as I caught the invigorating odor of newly made coffee and a glimpse of a brightly burning camp-fire, I hustled into my boots and was soon in the open, only to find a blue-black sky with a thousand and one stars blinking in the impenetrable pall, and the air damp and cold from the dew, which had bathed the leaves and canes. There was, too, a sharp scent of foliage, rank and vigorous—the pungent resin of the wax myrtle.

"Great Scott! Fred," I remonstrated, "it's yet night. What in the deuce do you mean by getting a fellow out of his blankets at this ungodly hour?" I felt imposed upon.

"There you go," came back the reply, disgustedly; "that baritone of yours will scare every bear this side of Hades into the marsh for good. It's four o'clock, you tenderfoot, and the bear family in this neck of the woods get up ahead of the proverbial lark. The 'critters' feed early, and the blamed things are too wary and the labor too arduous to risk an error. So shut up your noddle and have a cup of coffee."

I quieted my objections with the steaming cup of beverage, such as only the Nimrod can conjure from the delectable bean, and after a snack of cold meat and toast I felt a greater appreciation of what sport really was; and congratulated myself that I really had the instincts of a full blooded hunter. I was then ready for the next chapter; a chapter I expected to complete with a full grown specimen of *Ursus americanus*. The snack over, we buckled on our armor—that is the Nimrod did, taking his Winchester from its case and slipping a supply of cartridges into the chamber—and were then ready for the fray. It was to be a stillhunt, and on water.

Stepping carefully to the soft edge of the bayou, we pulled in the nose of the Joan, as the swift skiff of the Nimrod was called, and with extraordinary caution boarded the craft and with muffled oars felt our way into mid-stream and went slowly with the up-tide. The ex-

planation of our proceedings, this remarkable care, is found in the fact that the survivors of the Southern b ar feed during the fall months upon the acorns of the l ve oaks, continuing until the fruit is exhausted. The fav r-ite time for the acrid meal is in the early morning or late evening; the remainder of the day and night, sa e when the latter is made bright by a good-sized moon, is spent by the animals in damp retirement in the marsh. To reach the acorns the beasts must clamber into the tops of the great oaks, and not a tree along the Leopard but what bore the destructive signs of the animal's frequent sorties. Wary as a fox and as cunning as Reynard, the marsh bear is an extremely difficult quarry, and success in his capture means untiring vigilance, skill and patience on the part of the hunter. They are as quick as a squirrel, and it is a sight well worth witnessing to watch a big brute scent a possible enemy and scramble earthwards. So much for this.

The Joan floated on. Slowly across the marsh grew the light of the advancing morn. From the pale spot in the east, like a pat of powder on the cheek of an Egyptian damozel, there grew a rosy vacillating tint. Aurora was putting on the rouge. Then the sharp arrows began to spread, and nature to assume a tangible entity, adding to her charms as the moments flew. As I before remarked, it was a beautiful morning, and I gazed in silent admiration at the panorama which unfolded slowly. The tops of the feathery marsh canes grew yellow and golden, and the somber shadows of the woods changed their blacks to misty purples and deep chromes, while the more forward leaves took on a vivid contrast. The face of the stream gradually began to accurately mirror the heavy arches of the o'erhanging oak limbs. A specter like crane took flight from a water soaked root near the bank and winged clumsily over the interminable waste. There was the shrill clatter of a fisher bird and the sweet chirp of a redwing somewhere out of sight. Then silence and the light grew. A splash, as a bayou turtle fell into the stream from a bit of broken tree trunk, half submerged; then more silence, broken by the soft dip of the oars. Even these stopped as the Nimrod warningly held up his hand. I breathed with nature, deeply. I caught a faint clap, clap. It was rotund acorns dropping into the face of the stream.

"Don't move," whispered the Nimrod, as he nervously fingered his rifle; "there's a bear feeding somewhere." There was an ominous crack. A limb had broken and near at hand. Bruin was in evidence. The skiff gracefully turned a bend of the bayou. A sudden crash, a few heavy plunges among the crisp palmettos, and we both knew of a surety that at least one bear was safe.

"It's all right," whispered my companion, never violating the ethics of the hunt by risking an open note, "the old boys are out, and where there's one, why there are others. See? Keep the Joan mov ng and if I don't bring down a three hundred pounder before ten o'clock why I'll shoot quail on the ground in he future."

By this time the day had fully invad d the earth. The sun shone graciously across the ma sh and curving wood, making the verdant jungle glisten like a series of jewels in nature's diadem. The air was noisy with the twitter of birds and the breeze from the west wrinkled the brown waters of the famed Leopard Bayou.

On we went. Great tangled masses of broken and twisted twigs and limbs in the tops of the oaks marked the rapacity of the herbivorous bears. Circumstances had forced this condition, and Bruin gave up meat eating because a vegetable diet needed no snaring. Therefore he took most kindly to the acorns and kindred provender. The Joan had gradually narrowed the stream as she progressed, and my arms grew tired from pushing the light craft along, but save the evidences of recent occupation, not a bear had tumbled into sight, and I was just about to murmur a timorous objection to further exertion, when the Nimrod stealthily reached for his rifle, which he had permitted to slip against the thwart.

"'Sh," he whispered with a wonderfully pianissimo effect; "don't move; just look."

I looked. Fully two hundred yards ahead, away up in the top of an immense time scarred oak which reared its hoary crest near the bayou's edge, was a huge black body, looking for all the world like a gigantic tailless squirrel as the great paws reached upward for some tempting bunch of acorns blackening in the October sunlight. To me it was a most unusual sight. The idea of a bear foraging for breakfast where a diminutive coon would be compelled to hang on with both feet, even if expected, would prove exceedingly unusual and interesting, and the ponderous bulk swaying in the tall oak was a revelation.

I did not move a hair. The sharp snap of cracking twigs and the plunk-plunk of dropping acorns came to me sweet, over the stream as the Joan quietly reduced the distance. I might have imagined that a big bear in a tree would present an ungainly and grotesque appearance, but the sight then set before my eyes evidenced the contrary. Dexterously and quickly the brute drew the acorns easily into his capacious crimson maw, treading on timorous foothold of swaying branches with a confidence born of long experience as he did so.

Suddenly the bear's motion ceased. His muzzle pointed in our direction for an instant. We had been scented and seen. It was then ludicrous to witness the efforts of the beast to get out of sight. His magnificent bulk fairly shook with emotion as he essayed to clamber from a location he correctly surmised to be dangerous. His eyes sank back into his head in fear and a deep, hoarse growl issued from between the well worn ivories which fringed the dripping tongue. It all happened in an instant. No sooner did the Nimrod realize that the game was in absolute retreat than the deep roar of the "forty-five" started the echoes of the vicinity.

The pale smoke drifted slowly away. The bear gave a convulsive tremor, grasped a small limb for a moment, then pitched limply downward, falling heavily into the crutch of an immense limb, where he hung, silent and without motion.

My taste for blood was at once rampant. "He's ours." I shouted exultantly, as I gave the Joan a spasmodic jerk which sent her darting shoreward and toward the tree which contained the conquered Bruin. How my heart leaped in anxiety as the skiff neared the bank, to witness a gathering of the mighty muscles. "He is not dead," I thought, with a wild push at the oars. The nose of the boat touched the ooze of the bank. There was a despairing groan, and the next moment the black bulk in the crutch heaved forward, toppled, and in a twinkling had crashed among the palmettos and jack vines in the jungle.

The Nimrod lost his reserve. He grasped his rifle and was among the reeds and leaves of the Leopard underbrush. Tying the skiff I grasped a keen edged hunting hatchet and followed. We were hemmed in by an interlacing of barbed climbers, vines, palmettos and dense myrtle growth.

The whirr of a rattlesnake sounded sharp. Possibly twenty feet away the great beast tore with dying energy at the dead leaves and broken débris on the damp earth. Mingled with this was the swish of the horny leaves and the crackle of the canes as the bear agonizingly sought to reach the seclusion of the morass beyond the ridge or strip of jungle, and to these sounds were added the fearful snorts of the brute.

"Come on," cried the Nimrod, as he forced his lank proportions through the growth. "The old fellow may escape us after all and be into the marsh if we linger here."

It was well enough to say "come on," but the prospect of doing so speedily was dubious. Jungle at every step and a big bear lying in wait for us. Not so pleasant, but screwing my courage to the sticking point, I cut away with the hatchet and slowly hewed a path through the sappy obstacles. To the accompaniment of the bear's despairing sighs, which filled the echoes with a murderous sogginess, we made way, until after about twenty minutes' work we reached a clearing in the chill woods. This clearing was in the edge of the strip and surrounded by the everlasting palmettos and yellow marsh canes. In the clearing, black and bulky, and at full length, was the game. With all his great strength he could go no further, and the wide head, graying in spots, rested wearily among the rotted leaves. His sides filled and shrunk as he breathed heavily.

Hearing us at his very feet, Ursus reared his muzzle and attempted to resist the invaders. It was his last effort. His eyes glowed dimly, and the red tongue was incrusted with mould. The Winchester roared in the air with an ugly twang, and the head sank inert to the leaves. The great form convulsively stiffened as the muscles contracted for the finality. A mighty shudder ran through the bulk, and the beast was dead.

"Three hundred and fifty pounds, if he weighs an ounce," victoriously remarked the Nimrod, as he carelessly seated himself upon the prostrate monarch of Leopard Bayou. Truly, gazing at the bear, he looked as large as an ox, and his pelt was as curly as "nigeer wool." Maybe we didn't gloat, but we did, and had there been an observer in the wild surroundings save our two selves, he would have been regaled with a series of anecdotes told by the Nimrod as to "how he had done it before."

Our gloating ended and it became a question of getting the prize into the Joan, a weird proposition it seemed at first suggestion, but two hours' hard work and a small pulley solved the difficulty, and "Br'er Bear" was given the place of honor in the skiff. This done, the hollows of the forest soon echoed with the rapid dip of oars, as the Joan swiftly forged campward. Success engendered appetite, and when the tent hove in sight we heaved a sigh of almost absolute content. A fire soon crackled and hissed beneath the camp oak, and the mellow singing of the coffee pot made our hearts glad with its promise. The hour was at noon when camp was broken and the stuff cozily stowed away in the stern of the Joan.

The mosses amid the chrome foliage of the oak trees grew gray, and then slowly merged into the purple of the distance as the craft plunged her green nose into the bosom of the bayou, and then into the gulf warmed waves of the Lake of Belle Isle. The roseaus yellowed and yellowed and gave way to the wax myrtle and willow, and then the cypress. Steadily we rowed and rowed, through the fading day and into the crisp night, stopping at whiles to have a wee bite of meat and bread and a nip of the stuff which both inebriates and cheers. Arms ached and muscles stiffened with the exertion, and the way seemed long and never ending, but the incentive was with us, and we rowed on and on until midnight.

The Joan passed under the clanking irons of the great Southern Pacific bridge and Morgan City loomed friendly at our very noses. We were at home and the exciting jaunt into the wilds of the Leopard was at an end.

Stripped of his hide "Br'er Bear" tipped the beam at exactly three hundred and fifty pounds.

Two Successful Outings.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last summer, at your recommendation, I went to Mr. Dodds' Log Cabin Hotel, Newfoundland. I got twenty to thirty salmon, the largest 20 pounds. Later in the season I got at the same place three caribou, and the only complaint I had to make against the shooting was that it was too easy. I used a .30-30, and it took five shots apiece in the body to drop the first two caribou.

I am just now returned from an outing in New Brunswick, with Mr. Braithewaite, of Fredericton, for guide. I hit one moose and three caribou with a .45-70, and only got one caribou. Then I tried my .30-30 and lost two moose, both hit in the body. I then borrowed a double express, .45-110, and with the first shot brought down a very handsome moose, so that the trip ended as successfully as it had from the first been enjoyable. The country to which Mr. Braithewaite took me lies about the head waters of the Little Southwest Miramichi, and between them and the head waters of the Tobique, moose, caribou and partridge were very plenty, but deer were scarce.

DAVID E. WHEELER.

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Johnnie's First Moose.

From the Montr. al Christmas Gazette.

De cloud is hide de moon, but dere's plaintee light above—
Steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low;
Move de paddle leetle quicker, an' de ole canoe we'll shove
T'roo de water nice an' quiet,
For de place we're goin' try it
Is beyon' de silver birch dere,
You can see it lak' a church dere,
W'en we're passin' on de corner w're de lily flower grow.

Wasn't dat correc' w'at I'm tolin' you jus' now?
Steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low;
Never min', I'll watch behin' me—an' you can watch de bow,
An' you'll see a leetle clearer,
W'en canoe is comin' nearer—
Dere she is—now easy, easy,
For de win' is gettin' breezy,
An' we don't want not'ing smell us till de horn begin to blow

I remember long ago, w'en ma fader tak' me out—
Steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low;
Jus' de way I'm takin' you, sir—hello! was dat a shout?
Seems to me I t'ink I'm hearin'
Somet'in' stirrin' on de clearin'
W'ere it stan' de lumber shaintee;
If it's true, den you'll have plaintee
Work to do in half a minute, if de moose don't start to go!

An' now we're on de shore, let us hide de old canoe—
Steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low;
An' lie among de rushes, dat's bes' t'ing we can do,
For de old boy may be closer
Dan anybody know, sir;
An' look out you don't be shakin'
Or de bad shot you'll be makin'—
But I'm feelin' sam' way, too, me, w'en I was young also.

You ready for de call? Here goes for number wan—
Steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low;
Did you hear how nice I do it, an' how it travel on
Till it reach across de reever?
Dat'll geev' some moose de fever!
Wait, now, Johnnie; don't you worry,
No use bein' on de hurry,
But lissen for de answer; it'll come before you know.

For w'y you jomp lak' dat? W'at's matter wit' your ear?
Steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low;
Tak' your finger off de trigger; dat was only bird you hear;
Cant' you tell de pine tree crickin',
Or de boule frog w'en he's spikin'?
Don't you know de gray owl singin'
From de beeg moose w'en he's ringin'
Out hees challenge on de message your ole' gran'fader blow?

You're lucky boy to-night, wit' hunter man lak' me!
Steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low;
Can tole you all about it. H-s-s-h! dat's somet'ing now, I see!
Dere he's comin' t'roo de bushes,
So get down among de rushes.
Hear heem walk? I t'ink by t'onder
He mus' go near fourteen honder!
Dat's de feller I been watchin' all de evenin', I dunno.

I'll geev' anoder call!—jus' a leetle wan or two—
Steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low;
W'en he see dere's no wan waitin', I wonner w'at he'll do!
But look out, for he's comin'
Sa-pris-ti! ma heart is drummin'!
You can never get heem nearer,
An' de moon is shinin' clearer—
W'at a fine shot you'll be havin'! Now, Johnnie, let her go!

Bang! Bang! You got heem, sure! an' he'll never run away,
Nor feed among de lily on de shore of Wessonneau!
So dat's your first moose, Johnnie! Wal, remember all I say,
Doesn't matter w'at you're chasin',
Doesn't matter w'at you're facin,
Only watch de t'ing you're doin'—
If you don't ba gosh! you're ruin!
An' steady, Johnnie, steady; kip your head down low.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

A Christmas Turkey.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the Christmas time draws near and my wife warns me to be on the lookout for a large young gobbler for use on that day, memory flies back to the one we had on Christmas of 1890, and its unequaled flavor; and the longing that comes to break the chains of business and leave dull care behind becomes so strong that as a safety-valve I will tell you how I got my Christmas turkey that year; and how a friend and companion through his inexperience lost his and claimed mine. We were a hunting party of six Kansans, camped near the confluence of the Salt Fork and the Arkansas River, within the Ponca reservation of the Indian Territory.

Our party was armed with rifles and breech-loading shotguns, and we were after large game—deer and wild turkeys; and as we frequently would see and start flocks of wild turkeys out of the high grass, the rifles were left in camp the most of the time, and we depended almost entirely upon the shotguns. One afternoon, as two of the boys were upon a hillside, they came close to a small patch of hazel brush of about 8x12 yards, and up started a fine buck and a doe. Lowie H. fired his first barrel at the buck and dropped him and then fired the second barrel at the doe without visible result; and then he walked up to the buck without reloading his gun, and up jumped the buck and followed the doe out of sight over the hill in the tall grass. The most complete search could not find either again.

As Lowie insisted that the buck was badly wounded and would be found dead the next morning, when morning came we went together to the place where the buck had fallen and separated to try and find some trace of him. When I had climbed a long slope and was distant from my companion about one and a half miles, I heard two quick reports of his gun, and looking in his direction saw him running up a draw as fast as he could run; and

flying toward me came a large wild turkey, which dropped in the grass near a small black oak bush. Marking down to the stopping place of the turkey, I took one load of 000 out of my right barrel and put in a load of 4's and started after the turkey, which had concealed itself in the grass near the bush. There it stayed until I was within about 30 yards of it, when it ran out flapping its wings to rise in flight, and I gave it the load of No. 4's, which nearly knocked it over; but it straightened up and rose from the ground, and I then gave it the load of 000., which badly crippled its flying; but still it kept on the wing. I was running after it trying to insert another cartridge in the gun, which I finally accomplished, and stopped to shoot again, when the turkey came to the ground, and on approaching it I found I had a fine fat young gobbler of about 15 pounds. The tail part of the body was badly torn with the large shot, and when the bird was drawn it was found that a No. 4 had passed clear through the heart, and nearly through the body had passed several more No. 4's.

I gathered game and gun together over my shoulder, and went up the slope to its crest toward which I had seen Lowie running. Arriving there I called him several times before he answered, and he then came to me from the far side of the crest, and said, "Is that my turkey you have there?" My reply was, "No sir; this is mine. Where is yours?" He then stated that he had come upon a flock of three feeding under some persimmon trees in the draw, and that as they rose in the air he had dropped one dead upon the grass, and had broken the wing of another one, and had followed it trying to catch it, but could not. We went to the place where he had seen the turkey fall on the grass "dead," as he said, but could find no trace of it, although we hunted over about an acre of ground. When we had to give up the hunt, he looked so longingly at my turkey that I said, "Lowie, do you think this is your turkey?" "Well," said he, "I shot one and we can't find it, and I don't remember hearing you shoot." But on my insisting that he go with me to the bush, I pointed out where I had seen mine alight, and gone with me to where it fell, he gave up and said "Well this is the first time I ever hunted wild turkeys, but if I ever drop another turkey I'll pick it up, and I'll never run another one with a broken wing, for after it got started a little piece I don't believe a horse could have caught it."

While my persimmon fattened turkey was filled with the ripe-fruit of the persimmon tree on which it had been feeding, mixed with the small sweet chinquapin and white oak acorns, it was the most toothsome and delicate flavored game it was ever my lot to enjoy; and when I think of it I often regret that I did not insist that Lowie should go and see the place where my turkey died, for if he had seen it he could never have had any reason to even think I had "swiped" his turkey. W. R.

New Brunswick Moose.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—Some of the late moose hunting by prominent sportsmen has been done the past season under difficulties. Dr. G. A. McAleer, one of the best known of Worcester sportsmen, and W. T. Farley, a Boston hunter who gets his big game every year, are just out of the woods of Nova Scotia. They went after moose, and they got them, but they had a rather hard time, chiefly on account of the weather and the remarkably deep snow. They reached Annapolis by steamer without particular adventure, and were met by their principal guide, A. D. Thomas, with a team, and taken fifteen miles to Milford, where Mr. Thomas entertains sportsmen and summer boarders. The moose hunters found his place comfortable beyond their expectations. Milford is up toward the head waters of the Liverpool River, a stream that is becoming noted among Boston sportsmen for its trout and salmon fishing.

Their moose hunting camp was about fifteen miles further in, between Liverpool Lake and Frog Lake. Part of this distance was made by a team, with their camping traps, etc., on board, but the road proved to be a terribly rough one, even for a sled. Mr. Farley believes that there were rocks enough buried under the snow there to ballast all the rest of the world, and they are of all sizes, from cobblestones to boulders. Their feet found the most of these rocks, down through 2 feet of snow, or deeper, if you desire it. Not knowing where the rocks lay, they could not be avoided, and the wrenching their feet and legs got they will remember for a long time. They were glad to lie in camp and rest for the first day. The camp was pretty comfortable, formerly used by lumbermen. Their guides, Mr. Thomas, mentioned above, and Thomas Canning, of New Grafton, proved to be all that could be asked for. They hunted under difficulties for three days; such difficulties as finding the lake they wished to cross only partly frozen, and being obliged to go around through the deep snow. But they kept up their courage, for there were moose signs. The fourth day they were hunting on the divde between Frog Lake and Bear Lake. There were signs of moose, and big ones. The tracks were fresh, and the hunters and both guides were moving forward with great caution. Suddenly Mr. Farley saw what might be a big gray rock under the trees that were loaded down with snow. It moved. "Shoot!" whispered the guide. Mr. Farley did shoot. It was at a big moose lying down. It jumped up only to receive a volley of rifle bullets. It was quickly down. Another moose was up, and both hunters were shooting at him. Quickly he was down. A third one was up. The rifles were turned upon him in less time than it takes to tell it. This one fell also. In less than a minute thirteen shots had been fired, eleven of which were accounted for in the three dead moose—a big cow and two small bulls. The game laws of the Provinces permit of the killing of cow moose, though had Dr. McAleer and Mr. Farley known that it was a cow they first fired at, they would not have killed it. The moose were lying down in woods so thick and loaded with snow that antlers could not have been seen even if the big moose had carried them.

It took four days of the hardest of work with snowshoes and toboggan to get the hind quarters and hides to camp. The guides would haul the toboggan, wearing snowshoes, while the hunters pushed behind. The hunters believe in moose hunting as the king of sport. They are thoroughly pleased with that part of the country for the king of game animals, except possibly the $30 license which must be paid for the privilege. But in the reasonable prices of the guides, the entertainment they gave, their faithfulness and skill as moose hunters, the hunters feel that a part at least of the $60 they paid for licenses is accounted to them. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

What One Bullet Did.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 13.—I was down at St. Louis this week, and there met Mr. Horace Kephart, the authority on rifles and rifle shooting, who at the time I met him was just back from a good long trip down in Arkansas, where he put into practice a new one of his theories as to the rifle and how she is shot. He and a friend wandered out from camp the first morning after they struck their hunting ground—where, by the way, they were all complete strangers—and while they were still but a short way from the camp, they saw two nice deer standing in easy range. They fired almost at the same time, and each killed his deer, the bullet in each case striking the deer in the neck and ranging back, making a dead shot of it on the spot. They thought this was a good beginning, and went back to camp very happy; but though they hunted faithfully for two weeks after that, they never saw another deer. They had other game, however, to make things interesting, and took pleasure in exploring the vast wilderness of forest that lay about them. One of their party was afraid to go a hundred yards from camp, since he always got lost promptly as soon as he was out of sight of the tents. One morning he made bold to get half a mile from camp, and to make sure of getting back, he made arrow marks along the "lizard road" which he was traveling, so that he could retrace his footsteps without trouble. Mr. Kephart came across these signs, and at once divined their import, and in order to impress upon his friend's mind the great importance of having his directions under his hat instead of on the ground, he carefully reversed all the arrow marks and made them point the other way. The maker of the guide posts did not get back to camp till pretty near the next morning, and said then that he never had seen the roads so full of guide marks as he had that day.

On such a trip the question of camp outfit is a very important one, and this time Mr. Kephart says they solved the problem of what to take by each fellow's taking whatever he wanted to. One man had along a fine set of reloading tools for a 10-gauge shotgun, but no shells for it, and indeed no shotgun. This was a sample of the precautions taken to avoid being caught unprovided with all needful articles. Of course, some one might have strayed into camp and given this hunter a No. 10 shotgun down there in the woods with plenty of shells for it. What, under such circumstances, must have been the feelings of a man who found himself unprovided with the proper reloading outfit?

Another gentleman of the party had a rifle which was in use with shells that did not altogether fit it, and one evening was trying to extract from the chamber a shell which had a wrong or imperfect head. Bang! the rifle went up through the roof of the tent. Nothing so serious about this, if you get used to it, but here was the singular ill fortune of the victim of this accident. His coat was hanging on the line stretched above his head along the top of the tent as a drying line. The bullet cut exactly seven holes through the coat as it hung folded, missed a gold watch by only the fraction of an inch, cut a hole through the top of the tent and through the fly, although it was just rainy enough to make a dry tent very useful, and then completed its work by boring two neat holes through the stovepipe outside of the tent. All of which would seem a hard shot to duplicate without malice aforethought.

Phenomenal Game Year.

It has been a phenomenal game year for the West, there is no doubt of that, though just what the reason for it may be is something not easily determined. Our quail season for Illinois ended day before yesterday, and it was the best quail year Illinois has had within recollection, perhaps and very probably the best she ever had. How many birds were killed in grand total in this State it is impossible to guess, but there was hardly a party that came back unsuccessful. No one had a complaint to make or any excuses to offer. The season ends with thousands of birds left over. This is a good augur for next year, though it is not conclusive argument that the coming season will be as good as this, or half as good, for there are many factors entering into the game crop every year.

Indiana has yet a few days to run with her quail season, and the shooters of this season are making the very best of that fact. There is no talk of any falling off in the quail supply in that State, barring the fact that the birds are older now and harder to get.

Growth of the Preserve Idea.

The growth of the game preserve idea in the middle West is a very pronounced one. The last tendency in this direction seems to be in the direction of upland preserves. At first the duck shooters were the only ones who cared to attempt preserving any lands, and their early preserves were the easier because of the more worthless character of the marsh lands that they used, which were not of great value for agricultural purposes. Nowadays the better class shooters who can afford the luxury are turning toward preserves for quail and other upland birds. The notion of securing the shooting rights from owners of large bodies of land seems to be a popular one. I know of two enterprises on foot this winter, one of Chicago parties and one of Michigan men, for getting control of the shooting rights over some big tracts. The Chicago men have their agent down this week in Indiana looking over a certain big body of land, about 10,000 acres, upon which they will perhaps attempt to secure the rights. This is in a region very well known, and should the project go through, the lucky men will be very much to be congratulated. The Michigan men have in view a tract of about 25,000 acres, located in Mississippi, in what is thought to be a very good region for game of different species. It is very much to be hoped that both enterprises may go through successfully, for each such big body of land set aside for stocking purposes is a great benefit to the local supply of birds in the country round about. Give the public its cake and it will eat it, that is pretty well proved in the light of past experience. Regulate this cake business a little, and we all have something to eat for many a year to come. The preserve idea is not an American one, and it is not intrinsically a democratic one or even a good one. It is only a compromise, and a necessary one. We seem to have come, in this rapidly growing Western country, to a place where we are obliged to choose between two evils. No preserves, no game. Some preserves, some game. We can not always count upon as good open shooting as has been general this fall. Had the game crop been less, the establishment of many large land holdings devoted to the rearing and saving of game birds would have been no detriment to the average man who cannot own shooting rights, but to the contrary, a benefit. Neither upland birds nor water fowl can be strictly confined within the limits of a preserve.

Buffalo Meat for Christmas.

The following dispatch from Helena, Mont., to a Chicago daily paper shows that the buffalo is not altogether a failure in captivity. At the price of $800 a head the curly cattle would appear to be good property to have in the family, though it seems a pity that any of these animals should be marketed under any circumstances, even for the President's holiday, until their numbers shall be far greater than they are to-day. The dispatch does not state the present numbers of the Allard herd, reading as below:

"Helena, Mont., Dec. 20.—President McKinley will have for his Christmas dinner a buffalo roast. Several weeks ago a local butcher purchased ten of the animals from the Allard herd in the western part of the State. They cost $800 each when they were unloaded at the slaughter house here. They were killed and dressed last week, and to-day the butcher wired the President asking him if he would accept a roast. The President replied that he would, and this evening the butcher expressed him a choice one. The meat is being sold here at $1 per pound. Some of the animals after they were slaughtered and dressed were shipped to butchers in the large cities East. The herd from which they came is the only one in the State."

Fake Taxidermy.

I was over at the shop of W. C. Kaempfer, the Chicago taxidermist, this week, and while there had additional evidence as to the accuracy of the old saying that there are tricks in all trades except our own. Mr. Kaempfer tells me that there is a certain class of persons who are subject to the record disease in the purchasing of specimens, and these persons are sometimes victimized by unscrupulous dealers in this line of trade, as in many other lines. The other day a big grizzly bear rug, belonging to a Chicago gentleman, was brought in for remounting. Its owner bought it some time ago out at Salt Lake, and paid $250 for it. It was thought to be a fine specimen of the grizzly hide, measuring up into enormous figures. Mr. Kaempfer said that when it was unrolled it covered the whole floor, and he thought it was the biggest hide he had ever seen. When he ripped the cloth off the face of the hide, however, he discovered that the hide had been increased in apparent size by letting in patches cut from other hides. This increased the length and breadth of the skin very much. The head was stretched out and mounted very big. There had been several cubits added to the stature of this bear, and the whole thing had been done so cleverly that it could scarcely have been detected except by an examination of the inner side of the hide. The bear had been well skinned and so had the customer.

Out in Davenport, Iowa, there is a man by name of Dr. Palmer, who has started in to make a big collection of horns and antlers. Not long ago he heard of a phenomenal set of elk antlers, somewhere down in Texas. The measurements were such that he felt he had to have the horns, no matter what the cost. The cost was $800, and they were sent forthwith. It so happened that in shipping the horns were sprung a little bit, and, somewhat wonderful to relate, the main shaft of one of the antlers, the beam running up above the brow points, showed a fissure, slanting diagonally across it for some distance. Close examination showed that these antlers had been increased over a foot and a half in size, by the artistic letting in of a section from another horn. The job was excellently done, though the workmen could afford to do it excellently, at the price. There is some comfort in saying that the purchaser in this case got his money back.

It is said that the committee on measurement of heads and horns at one of the sportsmen's expositions in New York discovered a moose head which had had the frontal bone sawed and wedged apart a couple of inches or so in the mounting. This is a very simple way of making a record specimen. An inch or two does not seem very much, but it is a good deal on the end of one's nose, as the proverb says, and it is a good deal in so close a matter as the measuring of rival specimens.

The Sportsmen's Show at Chicago.

So Chicago is to have a sportsmen's exposition. This matter has earlier been announced in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. Within the past week the organization of the International Forest, Fish and Game Association has opened its offices and taken up the active work of getting together the exhibits and of carrying out the enormous detail connected with the successful completion of such an enterprise. The sportsmen's show is no experiment in the East, and it cannot be called an experiment in the West. The success of this exposition is a certainty here in Chicago, for Chicago is notoriously a good "show town," and it is notoriously full of persons who have interest in outdoor matters.

The organization which will carry on this exposition is a combination of some of the best gentlemen and most thorough going sportsmen of Chicago. The full list of officers and directors is as follows: James H. Eckels, President; F. C. Donald, First Vice-President; Richard E. Follett, Second Vice-President and General Manager; John R. Hoagland, Secretary; Harold F. McCormick, Treasurer. Directors—James H. Eckels, F. C. Donald, A. A. Sprague, George A. Thorne,

Walter H. Dupee, C. E. Perkins, C. H. Mathiessen, William Nash, Frank Mathiessen, Harold F. McCormick, J. H. Moore, Wm. G. Hibbard, Charles Counselman, John J. Mitchell, John B. Murphy, Thomas Murdock, Stewart Spalding, Richard E. Follett.

The president. Mr. Eckels, Ex-Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, is a young man, but a big man. He has been a student of finances all his life, but has never believed that business matters ought to be the sole concern of any man. He is the president of a great bank, but he takes his big game hunts in the Rocky Mountains and enjoys them as much as a boy would. Mr. F. C. Donald, a thorough-going sportsman, is one of the most prominent railroad men Chicago has ever produced. As Chairman of the Central Traffic Association, he has made an enviable record. Mr. Follett, General Manager, is a sportsman of wide experience, not only in the woods, but in the business management of just such enterprises. The McCormick family have always been outdoor people, ranchmen and riders. Mr. Harold McCormick is well chosen for a place on the officers' list. Mr. Geo. A. Thorne is of the firm of Montgomery Ward & Co. He is a big game hunter, an athlete and a mountain climber. He has ascended the Jungfrau of the Alps, and others of the more perilous peaks, and it is his custom to carry home his guides and take care of them tenderly. Walt Dupee is yet another well known Chicago sportsman, and the list of directors could not be better.

The show will be held Feb. 9 to 24. There will be water polo, basket ball, swimming races, high diving, and all sorts of popular features. The exhibits of wild animals and wild men will be the largest ever assembled. Among the rare animals which are promised this show are live mountain sheep, live mountain goats and live ouananiche. A half dozen specimens of the latter fish are now waiting in perfect order in the cold Detroit River, over in Michigan. There will be very fine displays of wildfowl, and of the pheasants which are coming into notice as future game birds of this country. All in all this exposition promises to be a great success, and the people of Chicago will enjoy it.

On the Treatment of a Field Dog.

Books have been written on the best ways of handling, breaking, training and treating hunting dogs. My friend, Warren Powell, of Powellville, has not yet written his book on this subject, but methinks it should prove an interesting one when issued. The funny part of it is that he always has a splendid field dog about him, and has broken some of the best ones ever known in that part of a very practical sort of shooting country. Old Put, the big pointer of which I wrote last winter as one of our dogs on our hunt down there, was in his time a grand specimen of an all-round dog. He would point deer, run and help kill a wolf, point minks, rabbits, quail or anything else, never chased a rabbit, never mangled a dead bird, was a fine retriever from water, and to cap the climax was one of the best rat dogs you ever saw. He was an old-time meat dog, and his better on chickens or quail was never seen. To-day Put is eleven years old and weighs about 70 pounds. He is so full of rheumatism that it would be cruel y to let him hunt, but he howls to be let out when the procession starts. He is the very type of a hard headed dog, yet Mr. Powell says that he never whipped him in his life, even for running rabbits, which latter is instinct with any dog. He was just taught as a puppy that he must stop when told to do so.

Mr. Powell's present incumbent is a fine pointer bitch called Dorothy, and Mr. Powell has been doing his very best for two years to spoil this bitch, and is still unsuccessful. He knows that he ought not to shoot rabbits over her, but he says he just naturally can't help shooting a rabbit once in a while when he sees it run. The following scene we found to be not infrequent. Dorothy is discovered pointing very earnestly in a cornfield; tail moving a lit le bit, but a very interested look on her face. To her speaks Mr. Powell: "Dolly, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; you really ought. Where is it?"

Dorothy looks properly repentant, but does not break the point. Mr. Powell goes up to her and admonishes her. "Dolly, I have often told you that you have nothing to do with fur. It is not noble. You are a bird dog, I want you to remember. Dolly, you will break my heart." At this he pushes around in the grass a little with his foot, and the rabbit runs. Bang! and it is a dead rabbit.

"Come here, Dolly, this moment," Mr. Powell then says, and Dorothy comes in very repentant, humbly crawling. "Don't you know I can't help shooting rabbits when you point 'em Dolly?" says her owner. "Never let me see you do this again." Great flourish of a twig broken from a tree, which Dolly knows perfectly will never touch her hide. The same thing half a dozen times or so during the day. And yet, and this I can say of my own knowledge, Dolly is one bird dog out of thousands in her excellence, and one could ask no better to kill a bag over. She never breaks in on her points, is always going better at dark than at daybreak, and is one of the merriest and most eagerly snappy of dogs in working out a trail and getting to her points. How it came about I cannot say, but she is no example of corporal punishment in dog training.

At night we came home very late—11 o'clock or so, and likely later—after a long day afield and a long part of the night spent in coon hunting. Everybody has gone to bed. Mr. Powell goes out into the kitchen, puts his hunting boots on a chair so they will dry out well, tears off a part of the nearest towel to clean the guns. "By Jove," he says with sudden recollection, "we've got to feed the dog. Now what can I get to feed her?" Combination of the ice box is lost, but we prowl all through the pantry, the buttery and the closets of all sorts and descriptions. A roll of beef suet is found and some bread, fresh baked. The suet and a loaf or so of bread vanishes. "By Jove," comes again from this marauder, "here's what they were doing with that suet. Here's four jars of mincemeat already put up. You reckon mincemeat is good in a semi-canned state for a valuable field dog?" His question I was forced to decide in the negative, because I knew what would turn out if we left that mincemeat alone. It would be mince pies, and mighty good ones, to-morrow. Mr. Powell was reluctant to shut Dolly off from this opportunity, "It's the chance of her life to get a square feed," he insisted. All of which, I submit, goes to prove that when Mr. Powell's book on dog training does come out, it is apt to show certain departures from the time honored methods of our fathers.

As to Dorothy herself, we gave her a good hard working out one day this week when we were out after the quail. It was cold and rainy and muddy, but we found some birds nonetheless. Mr. Harner, Mr. Powell's shooting companion at Powellville, made the third of the party, and I misdoubt killed more than a third of the birds. He had along one of old Put's sons, a grand big pointer that he called Rock, and a better meat dog one would need go a long way to find. He was as staunch as a rock, surely, and when he pointed we knew he had meat every time. His great trouble is that he is too staunch. He is one of the sort that will stand pointing even if you go home and leave him, so when we lost him we simply went to work to hunt him up, for nearly always he would be found to have a point. Once Dorothy got a nice bevy point on some running birds, and we fired a half-dozen shots at them as they went up, but still no Rock appeared. We went just over the ridge, and found him pointing hard and fast on a single, which we killed for him. Almost any dog under the circumstances would have broken his point and gone to the guns with shooting so close to him. With two such dogs it went pretty hard with the quail that shoot, and we put about three dozen in the pockets without any special difficulty so far as the dogs were concerned, though some of the high ones, twisting back overhead into the timber, cut out the work for the guns pretty hard. It was all in all one of the prettiest little shoots I have had for a long time, and as an instance of physical exercise proved most valuable. I can commend Mr. Powell to any one who thinks he can walk, or who thinks that he ought to train down a little. We started at 7:30 in the morning, on foot, and walked out from town, and we walked all day. We had our lunches in our pockets, each man his own package in his own pocket. We did not stop to sit down all day, and ate lunch on the gallop, so to speak, without tea, coffee or water. Mr. Powell regretted very much that he had an apple in his hand just the time one bevy got up in front of us, so he only got one bird at the rise. We had supper at dark at a kindly farmer's place, and an hour after dark in came a troop of a half-dozen more hunters, with a coon dog locally famous in Powellville. It seemed that the programme included a little hunt by night. The rain that had been falling all day was now steady and considerably wet, but out we all went and took our medicine like little men. The only thing that saved us from hunting till daylight was the fact that the rain was so hard it was impossible for the hound to run a trail, though he opened once or twice. Some of us sat down on logs a few times, while the dog was trying to strike a trail, but I don't remember that I saw Mr. Powell sit down that night, and I know he did not all day, not even in crossing a fence. He is always fit. If you hunt with him you've got to get fit too or you pass out of the game. Yet what a blessing to a city man such a good hard tramp is. In the South it is customary to ride horseback when quail hunting, and in the West a great many go out with a wagon and team. All this is not in it with a square heel-and-toe from dawn to dusk on your own feet. We had a splendid time, and we bagged the biggest and heaviest lot of quail I ever saw. Mr. Harner and Mr. Powell weighed two of the birds they had killed, and they weighed an even pound between them. They were surely good flyers.

It was always my personal belief that good quail shooting with good dogs and good companions is about the pleasantest sport we have in America. As much depends on the dogs and friends as upon the supply of the birds. On our little hunt at Powellville all the requisites were present. Beside that, I learned some things about training and feeding the hunting dog, which till that time had been outside my ken. All I can say is that the system works, and produces good bird dogs, though I should consider mincemeat a bit expansive as feed.

There are always odd little incidents coming up in a day afield, and we had our share on this day. Once we marked down a bevy at the edge of some woods. We kicked one bird out of a brush pile in a ditch, and Mr. Powell killed it. At about the same time a rabbit ran out of the same brush pile. The dogs were reproved for nosing after a rabbit, and we went away. Ten minutes later we came back, and the dogs pointed there again. We kicked around again, and a bird went out, and I killed it. An instant later a second bird went out, and Mr. Harner killed it. Old Rock ran to retrieve the last bird, and it was seen that he had yet another bird already in his mouth. He had caught it in the brush pile just as the others went out. The bird was full grown and strong. We thought four singles out of three shots was pretty good for a record of one brush pile.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Mt. Vernon Deer.

IT appears that the slaying of the Mt. Vernon deer, of which an account was recently given, never actually took place, and that the story had its origin in the fertile brain of a newspaper reporter. Two boys who were out shooting caught a glimpse of some animal which they did not recognize, and after talking it over wondered whether it could have been a deer. When they returned to Mt. Vernon they continued to talk it over, and presently the local newspaper announced that they had seen a deer, while the Associated Press reporter went him more than one better and told of two deer seen, one of which had been killed.

Old Fish and Game Laws.

OAKMONT, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If Mr. Carlos L. Smith will look up Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," he will find that Natty Bumppo was put in the stocks for killing a deer out of season, and, as I remember, the date was early in the eighteen hundreds. Cooper was very exact in most matters, and would not have made a game law in force earlier than he had found it had been.

W. WADE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Maine Game Law.

WHAT changes there will be made in the Maine fish and game laws this winter is much in doubt. The Legislature assembles Jan. 1, and the game law matter will be one of the most important. The semi-annual report of the Commissioners is out. In itself the reports is highly congratulatory and self-assuring. The code of game laws is already almost perfect. The Commissioners recommend a few minor changes of little importance; otherwise the laws should stand as they are. The September license law is almost perfect ,and should stand. It has caused no forest fires; has prevented many, on the contrary. The Commissioners still admit their inability to enforce the game laws when they again assert that fewer deer are killed under the September license law than would be killed without it. They do not refer to the slaughter of deer that has been going on by guides and everybody in Maine that can shoot, and sending the game to Boston for sale by anybody that will take charge of it. Will anything be done to stop this shipment? The Commissioners' report mentions accidental shooting, and says that there have been ten cases of such shooting during the past open game season. Regrets are expressed, but no remedies are suggested.

The report suggests that registered guides are universally in favor of the September license law; that from many replies received from these guides it appears that no forest fires have resulted from the law. Why should not the guides favor such a law? Why should they admit that forest fires have resulted from it? The law is a source of extra employment to them, and can they be expected to testify against it? I have a letter before me from a gentleman in Maine who is thoroughly acquainted with several of the best hunting and fishing sections in that State. The letter says that the Fish and Game Commissioners' report does not express the sentiment of those most interested in the game of the State, such men as have a right to be heard. The true sentiment is against the September license law, and this sentiment is bound to be heard at Augusta, unless the influence of the Commission is strong enough to shut off all sentiment or opinion outside of their own. There is danger that such may be the case, since Commissioner Carleton is himeslf a member of the coming Legislature. Editor Brackett, of the North Woods, is also a member of the House, a man who has given great energy to blowing for the Rangeley fish and game region for many years. Such men ought to have the best interests of the fish and game in Maine at heart and ought to be willing to see if the September license law is not a dangerous one, and one most ridicuously abused. Then the matter of indiscriminate shipment of deer, and even moose, to Boston by both citizens and guides, through pseudo sportsmen, should be thoroughly gone over.

Neither should the tremendous slaughter of fish at the Rangeleys and in other waters last season be lightly brushed aside and buried under a mass of figures concerning restocking with landlocked salmon. The trout of the Rangeley waters, the finest in the world, are gone if they continue to be drawn upon as they were last year. The Commissioners may answer that more trout and salmon were taken at the Rangeleys last year than ever before, but will they please take into consideration that there were more fishermen after them, and will they please note the great improvements in deadly tackle that have been introduced within a few years? If they will make inquiry, they will find that the record of trout taken at the Upper Dam, strictly on the fly, was smaller last year than for many years.

SPECIAL.

They Pay Fines on Long Island.

GAME protective matters on Long Island seem to be looking up, and certainly they are now receiving more attention than for a long time before. Commissioner B. F. Wood resides there, and he has an extremely energetic assistant and co-worker in Game Protector John E. Overton.

Two weeks ago there appeared in FOREST AND STREAM an account of a deer killed near East Hampton, L. I. The animal was reported to have swum over to Gardiner's Island, and, exhausted by its long struggle with the waves, to have crawled out on the beach, where it was clubbed to death by one of the inhabitants of the small settlement of Springs, not far west of Napeague Beach. The notice of this occurrence came to Commissioner Wood's eye, and before long Mr. Overton was on his way to East Hampton to investigate the case. After a good deal of difficulty and delay he succeeded in finding the man who had slain the deer at Springs, and took him before Justice Sherrill, who fined him $15, or in default of payment of the fine, sentenced him to jail for fifteen days. Like most breakers of the game law, the offender pleaded ignorance of the statute, and the justice was inclined to be lenient on the ground that the amount named was about all the man could raise, and a heavier fine would result in his going to jail.

Mr. Overton's energy in following up all cases that come to his notice is making for him a name among those people on Long Island who break the law, as well as among those who wish to see the game protected. He has made many arrests, and has secured a large number of convictions. Besides this, he has investigated many cases reported to him in which, for various reasons, no action could be taken. His arrest of the Mayor and Chief of Police of West Hoboken for shooting ducks from a sailboat was noted in FOREST AND STREAM a number of weeks ago.

About the middle of December the following item appeared in the New York Times:

"EASTPORT, L. I.—William H. Hallock killed an eagle near this place yesterday. It was flying at the time, and his first shot simply broke its wing. After falling to the ground it made a hard fight, and the hunter had to dodge behind a tree while he reloaded his gun. Afterward he emptied both chambers into the bird and killed it. It is a splendid specimen, measuring more than 7 feet from tip to tip. Hallock will have it mounted by a taxidermist." Before the slayer of the eagle had time to make up his mind what he would really do with the eagle, Game Protector Overton had arrested him, brought him before a

justice and had him fined. Soon after this he received a letter from a prominent citizen of Suffolk county, who spends his winters at Garden City, which reads as follows:

CENTER MORICHES, L. I.—John E. Overton, Esq. Dear Sir—In the name of every lover of birds I want to thank you for your action in bringing the party at Eastport to book for shooting the eagle. You are the first game protector we have had who protected anything, so far as I know.

Birds of that nature are rare, and a beautiful sight to any one who may see them, and their destruction is a piece of wanton and utter selfishness. You are entitled to the thanks of the community.

Yours gratefully,

NICOLL FLOYD.

Game Protector Overton is, as Mr. Floyd observes, entitled to the thanks of the community, but to more than their thanks. He is entitled to their hearty support and assistance, and every one interested in the protection of birds and mammals and in the carrying out of laws governing these matters should be willing and glad to give Mr. Overton all the help that he can in punishing lawbreakers and awakening a better game protective sentiment in the community.

Ossining Gun Club.

SING SING, N. Y., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It will be of interest to your readers to know that a step has been taken in this locality—even if in a small way—toward the protection of Westchester county game. We have organized the Ossining Gun Club, and now have a membership of sixty-seven, which is pretty good for a prison-ridden town of this sort. This "prison-ridden" is used advisedly. The New York press can't rub it in much longer, however, for a mass meeting of good citizens here last week forever separated this fair little burg from its 2,000 unwelcome neighbors "in durance vile." We will be soon known as Ossining-on-Hudson. What I started to say was: We have co-operated with the farmers in the vicinity to the extent of 2,000 acres, we posting the lands and they keeping all but club members off. This property in years gone by has been the best game land in the county. We propose to restock it with quail and shut down on all shooting for three years. At the end of that time, if the system works all right, we will have first-class shooting. Just pass that Plank of yours about selling game and a lot of these lazy old pot-shooters in this vicinity will hang up their muskets and work their 'tater patches. All through the game season the meat stores here are stocked with partridges, quail and woodcock. CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Spawning of Landlocked Salmon.

THIS evening a trainman on the Delaware & Hudson R. R. between Albany and Lake George told me that on Dec. 6 he saw five fish in Lake George in the shallow water 20 feet from the shore in front of the Fort William Henry Hotel. His story, in brief, was that the fish were on light colored gravel, they were in size what he would estimate to be 5 or 6 pounds each, and from his description of their movements they were spawning fish, and the light colored gravel was a spawning bed which they had prepared. The fish were silvery in appearance, and he concluded that they were lake trout. His attention was called to the fish by another man, who, in walking along a path in front of the hotel somewhat elevated above the water, had noticed the light spot in the water and investigated, to find it as described above—a spawning bed. My own conclusions are that it was the spawning bed of landlocked salmon and not of lake trout, and for this reason: E. L. Marks, an experienced man, has been employed this fall by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to investigate the spawning of lake trout in this lake. He netted the lake from its head to a distance fifteen miles down toward its outlet, and remained until the lake trout were through spawning, and left about the middle of November. All the lake trout were found spawning on rocky ledges or shoals where it was almost impossible to work even a gill net and not destroy it from being hung up in the large boulders. Landlocked salmon have been planted for six years in a stream entering the lake very near to the place where the five fish were seen on Dec. 6, and it is more than likely that the five fish were salmon that could not put into the brook, and so prepared a bed near its mouth in the lake itself. While it is late for salmon to be spawning, all fish have been late in spawning this fall—whitefish, brook trout, brown trout and lake trout. Lake trout spawn at night, and do not spawn in such places as these fish were seen, and landlocked salmon do. Last year the salmon were seen in the brook at spawning time, and it is probable that they were there again this year, but the five fish were, I think, the overflow from the brook for some reason, and salmon, instead of lake trout, as the trainman supposed.

For a number of years I hesitated about planting landlocked salmon in Lake George for the reason that the inlet streams are so small that big salmon cannot get into them to spawn, as a rule, in the fall, and it was only when I found at Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, the same conditions existing, and that they had been overcome by netting the fish at the mouth of one of the streams and penning them until the spawn was taken, that I made application to the United States Fish Commission for the fish, and the first lot was planted in 1895.

Fish Ponds.

The following letter is a sample, and a fair sample, of letters that I receive every little while. It is dated at Union Stock Yards, New York city, and reads: "I am the owner of property on Long Island and have a pond thereon where I would like to raise fish. Will you advise me where I can obtain the same, or if I can purchase them of the State, as I shall be more than satisfied to pay for them."

The kind of fish is not mentioned, and plain "fish" is such a broad term that I cannot even guess the kind of fish desired for the pond. Of course, the State does not, cannot, sell fish. While I am always very glad to advise any one so far as I can about stocking waters with fish, I must know the kind of fish and something about the character of the water before I can even try to give advice.

From the fact that the pond is on Long Island I might assume that the fish desired were trout, but I find from reading a great many letters in the course of a year that a man who is not familiar with species is quite apt to divide all fishes into two classes—trout and fish. The average man not particularly versed in fishes will say trout if he means trout, and all other fishes are plain "fish."

Private Parks.

The section of the fish and game law which provides for the laying out of private parks for the propagation and protection of fish, game and birds reads in part as follows: "Waters stocked with fish by the State at any time after April 17, 1896, shall not be laid out in any such park. If waters in any such park are hereafter stocked by the State with the consent of the owners, the provisions of this article shall no longer apply thereto."

Last year some gentlemen in the Adirondacks made application to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission for fish to be planted in what they declared in the application to be public waters. The fish were furnished and planted.

A few days ago the same gentlemen wrote to the Commission stating the number of fish that they had received and planted, and said that as they desired to include the lake in a private park they would like a bill for the fish and that they would remit the amount by return mail after they were informed of it. The Commission could only quote the law and inform the gentlemen that no bill could be sent, as the State was not permitted to sell trout or any other fish that were reared at the expense of the State, and there the matter rests for the present.

North American Association.

Mr. Chas. H. Wilson, one of the committee of the North American Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, called to see me, and from him I learn that several clubs in northern New York and elsewhere are taking an active interest in the coming meeting of the Association, and have made suggestions regarding a uniform law in the territory contiguous to the border line. I have made but one suggestion to Mr. Wilson, and it is one that I expect will meet with opposition when it is presented in convention, if not in committee. It is that the St. Lawrence River should have a black bass law operative in American and Canadian waters that will protect black bass until July 1 of each year. If the "game fish of the people," as the black bass has been called, is to prolong its existence as such for generations to come, it must have the protection of the law during the breeding season and during the time the parent bass are guarding their young. It is my belief that the opposition to extending the close season to include the entire month of June instead of nine days or fifteen days, as the case may be, comes almost entirely from hotel keepers and not from sportsmen.

At a luncheon given to the New York Fish Commissioners and delegates from several St. Lawrence River towns by Mr. Boldt at his cottage on one of the islands in the St. Lawrence, it was frankly admitted that the law was made to open June 10 to accommodate visiting anglers. The luncheon was given, as I now recall the date, June 19. Anyway, several days had passed since the season had opened, and during the discussion the president of the Anglers' Association said that bass he had taken that day had not spawned. One or two nights before I examined a number of black bass exhibited to the Commissioners, and the females were apparently not within two weeks of spawning. The black bass, perhaps more than any of the so-called game fishes, requires protection during the spawning season because it cannot be handled and its eggs taken as the eggs of trout and other fish are taken. The black bass is the only one of the game fish that broods or watches over its young for a time after they are hatched. The sunfish and bullhead watches over its young, but they are not with the elect when game fishes are considered.

New York State no longer distributes black bass, because the law does not protect them (there are some shallow waters where the black bass, either the large or small mouth, may spawn before June 15, and I mention this so I will not have to be reminded of it), and it is certainly unjust to take them from one lake where the sentiment is such that the fish abound and plant them in other waters where the sentiment and practice has reduced their numbers to that degree that restocking is necessary.

The moment a bill is introduced to extend the close season, those who are interested in some particular pond, where, perhaps, the water warms early and the bass spawn early, at once opposes it because of that pond. The greatest score of black bass I ever knew of in Eastern waters fly-fishing was made as the bass were coming on to the shoals to spawn, and it was made by a Fish Commissioner of one of the Eastern States, and made in the open season, of course, though the law is now changed. The greatest good to the greatest number demands a black bass law which does not open until July 1. A. N. CHENEY.

Trout and Fly.

Do trout ever jump out of the water in order to take a fly on the surface when they come down again? I have never seen an English trout do it, though I have seen them on the Avon, below Amesbury, jump 6 or 8 inches out of the water at flies. In the long stretch of dead water below the mill I have often watched the trout sailing along close to the bank under the bushes, following the caperers hovering and darting about backward and forward in short flights just over the surface, and every now and then a trout would leap out at them. But our American friends tell stories of trout which come up out of the water with a graceful curve and snap a fly off the surface as they go in again. I confess I never believed this, but from my experience last autumn on the little sheet of water at Broadwater, near Worthing, I am half inclined to believe that rainbows at times do something very like it. The water—a shallow artificial pond of an acre or two—is crystal clear spring water, and every day in September, about sundown, there was a big rise of the Little Marryat, a wee light buff colored dun. When this came on the rainbows were leaping all over the surface. I had to cast a long line, as the fish saw one so easily, but I could see my little oiled fly floating easily enough, and on several occasions it seemed to me that one of the jumping fish came down on it, and when I struck I found I had hooked a rainbow fairly in the mouth. Convinced I am not, for I cannot suppose a fish sees as clearly out of water as it does in it; but I am not so skeptical as I was, all the same.—R. B. Marston in London Fishing Gazette.

An Industrious Fisherman.

SPENCER, Dec. 4.—Julius C. Butler, night watchman at the Boston & Albany freight yard in Spencer, has a fish story to tell that he believes will make all others that have appeared in many months go to cover. Mr. Butler is an enthusiastic fisherman, and after he gets the sleep necessary every day, takes his rod and line and goes to some resort where experience has taught him fish flourish. He is out in all seasons of the year suitable for fishing, and says he wants to stake his season's record against the best.

As in all other things, Mr. Butler is methodical in his fishing habits, and after each trip marks down the number caught and the kind. He has kept his report of his fishing excursions since April 21, and last night showed the tables to a reporter for the Telegram. As a general rule he chooses Podunk Pond, in Brookfield, for his fishing grounds because, he says, he has found that day in and day out it is the best location for miles around in this vicinity.

On April 21, Mr. Butler was at Podunk and brought home as the result of the day's fishing 18 perch and a dace. On April 29 he was out again and this time the catch was 29 perch and 7 pickerel. On May 3 he got 34 perch, 5 pickerel and a pout, and two days later the string was made up of 35 perch and 18 pickerel. On the 10th he got 20 perch and 9 pickerel, and on the 12th 50 perch and 2 pickerel. May 17, the number was 20 perch, 15 pickerel and 15 pout; and on the 24th it was 15 perch, 4 pickerel and 2 white perch. He began fishing for the month of June on the second day and had big luck, getting 27 perch, 13 pickerel, 5 white perch and 8 pout. June 7 he got 26 perch, 14 pickerel and 1 pout, and a week later had the smallest day of the season, with a perch and a pickerel to show, but on that day it rained so hard he had to give up the sport.

Good luck returned in two days, when he captured 36 perch, 16 pickerel and 11 white perch. June 21 his catch was 21 perch, 12 white perch and a pout. For June 28 he had 7 perch, 18 pickerel and 21 white perch when he quit for the day. July 6 was another small day, luck only calling up 6 perch and 10 white perch. Things were better on July 10, with 46 perch and 2 dace, and the 17th brought in 39 perch and a pickerel. His next outing netted only 13 perch and on the last day of the month he went out for better luck and got a meal bag full of pout, in number over 400.

In August Mr. Butler did his first fishing on the 8th, and had 57 perch and a dace for the trip. He kept away from the pond a week then and when he went at it again got one of his best messes of fish. He captured 111 white perch. On the 27th he got 157 perch, and on Sept. 3, 120 perch and a pickerel. He did not go out again till the 20th, when he got 186 perch and a pickerel, and a few days after got 91 perch, 2 bass and a pair of pickerel. During the month of October he went out for fish six times, and on the first day got 85 perch and 5 pickerel. On the second trip of the month he caught 106 perch and 4 pickerel, and on the third attempt, 134 perch and 4 pickerel. For the rest of October his catches aggregated 339 perch and 6 pickerel. On Nov. 3 he caught 72 perch and an even dozen of pickerel, and on Nov. 7, 29 perch.

Mr. Butler figures his total catch as close to 2,800, and the average catch for a trip as 80 fish. He does not believe there are any fishermen in the county who can better this for home pond fishing, and if he is mistaken, he says he would like to know.

[The instruction to be drawn from this record of industry appears to be that there's mighty little chance in those parts for fishing folks who have to work by day.]

Wanton Trout Killing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following article appeared in the New York Sunday Tribune, Dec. 23, 1900:

"The members of the United States Geological Survey party, who recently went over the Lewis and Clarke timber lands in Montana, found time to do some hunting and fishing. At one point, on the south fork of the Flathead River, about one hundred miles north of Helena, Sartell Prentice, who is a clerk in the office of the General Superintendent of the New York Central Railroad, and R. H. Chapman, of Washington, stopped to cast for trout and caught sixty-eight fine specimens in two hours, some of them weighing more than 3 pounds. 'We were just a little too far from home,' said Mr. Prentice, 'to send the fish to friends, but did the next best thing, made a picture of what was left, after the cooks had finished their work, and sent the pictures on to show that there's pretty good fishing in Montana.'"

The above article is accompanied by a photograph, showing a long string of trout, about fifty in number, hanging from a line, with a tent and woods in the background.

Even without the frank confession contained in the last paragraph, the presumption would be very strong that

these parties had been guilty of wanton slaughter of game fish. Sixty-eight trout, "some of them weighing over 3 pounds," would certainly be about as many as sixty-eight men would use for food before the fish spoiled, and there is no indication that the party in this case was a large one. The statement that the picture represents "what was left after the cooks had finished their work" seems to remove all doubt about the matter.

Those who fish and shoot merely for the sake of killing—who are willing to pull out a lot of fish which they know they cannot use and leave them to spoil—belong in the class with poisoners, dynamiters, spawning-bed fishermen and stream netters. Will Messrs. Prentice and Chapman show cause why they should not be included in this class?

SPORTSMAN.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 14.—New Orleans, La.—Louisiana Kennel Club's annual show. A. E. Shaw, Sec'y.

Jan. 14-19.—Pontiac, Mich.—Pontiac Poultry and Pet Stock Exhibition's dog show. Daniel Thomas, Sec'y.

Jan. 23-26.—Chicago.—Chicago Pet Dog Club's annual show. Mrs. J. T. Buhrer, Sec'y.

Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—Coronado, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials. Albert Beltz, Sec'y.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

February (First Week).—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Championship Field Trial Association's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

The Wellman Fox.

FROM time to time out of mind the fox has been referred to as the personification of all that is wily and cunning. How much this is deserved only those who have seen and hunted him in his native haunts can understand.

It is no doubt exciting and pleasurable to follow the hounds across country on a cool autumn day, but this can scarcely be called fox hunting, as in this case the fox is regarded simply as a means to an end, and is generally brought to the field in a bag.

But if the hunter seeks his red coated game with shotgun and one or two well-tried hounds, and by matching his soundness of wind and reason against Reynard's endurance and cunning either brings him down or sees him escape by some well-executed trick, then it is that he sees to the full all the cleverness that an old and experienced fox will develop in order to throw off his pursuers.

In my room I have two rugs, each made from the skin of six foxes, and over the fireplace stands a superb mounted specimen, which was locally known as the Wellman fox. He was much larger than an ordinary fox, measuring 18 inches at the shoulder and 4 feet 4 inches from tip to tip; and of how my brother, Tom, and I hunted him and finally brought him low, this story will deal.

The sight of these trophies brings to mind long, still days spent in the deep woods in the late autumn, when the dead leaves rustle under foot and the hazy air is laden with their faint, aromatic perfume; and days on the hills in the depth of winter, when the keen, frosty air sets the blood to tingling, and makes the very act of living a delight.

Three miles to the southward of my home is a stretch of rough, hilly country extending southward six miles to the Uradella River and culminating in a small mountain named Tassel Hill. This section is very thinly settled, and among the barren hills and thickly wooded valleys live many foxes, chief among which, by reason of his superior size and cunning, once lived the Wellman fox (Wellman being the name of the owner of the land on which the fox was most generally seen).

Tom and I own two fox hounds, named respectively Pilot and Napoleon. Keen scented, deep chested and strong, they are capable of running many hours at full speed, and are able to unravel most of the twists and turns of their fleet-footed prey.

Our first passage at arms with the Wellman fox was one cold November morning two years ago. A light fall of snow the night before made an ideal day for fox hunting, as the snow holds the scent and a fox can be seen at a greater distance than on bare ground.

Calling the dogs from their snug kennel, whence they came forth yawning and shivering, but aroused into new life at the sight of the guns, and almost too eager for the hunt to gobble their breakfast of johnnycake, we set out for Tassel, the dogs leaping about us and uttering short, impatient barks, as if urging us to hasten our steps.

We reached and climbed the first ridge of hills in the course of an hour, and were traversing a narrow plain that lay between us and the next height, when the dogs stopped short, and after sniffing the air for a moment started up wind at full speed toward a clump of evergreens growing in a small pocket in the hillside.

As they disappeared under the snow-covered branches they burst into full cry, and the Wellman fox broke cover and darted up the hillside. He was out of gun shot, so we could only stand and watch the chase. No time for tricks now. The dogs were pressing him close, and before two minutes had elapsed pursued and pursuers had vanished over a hilltop half a mile away, and only the clamor of the dogs borne back on the breeze showed the direction of the chase. After listening a few moments, we found that the fox was turning neither to the right nor the left, but was running straight for the river, the fierce outcry of the dogs showing that they were still close behind.

Tassel Hill lay half a mile away, and we ran toward it and up its thinly wooded sides in a long, swinging "dog trot" that is as easy as walking to one who is accustomed to it. When we reached the top, somewhat breathless from our long climb, we could at first see no sign of the chase. We both carried small but powerful telescopes and with these carefully scanned the distant horizon; and finally caught a glimpse of the hounds disappearing into a valley three miles to the southward.

There was nothing to do now but to wait with what patience we could summon till the fox returned, and on a cold day this is by no means a pleasant thing to do. There was no help for it, however, and seeking a sheltered spot we whiled the time away talking about other hunts and speculating on the possible outcome of this one. Three long hours passed before down the breeze came a faint o-o-ough, and hurrying to the highest point, we caught sight of the fox coming along as lightly and swiftly as a thistledown blown by the wind. He was then about a mile away, and half that distance ahead of the hounds, and as he was coming straight toward us we could not tell whether he would pass over the hill or along the eastern side. So Tom ran down to the foot of the hill in hopes to get a shot at him if he passed that way, while I remained where I was. I soon saw that the fox was not coming my way, so I slipped behind some evergreens which grew on the eastern slope, and bending low made my way to a projecting ledge, from where I knew I could see Tom. Reaching the point, I threw myself flat and crept to the edge and peeped over.

Tom was crouching behind a stump with his gun at his shoulder, and evidently ready for the fox, who was coming straight toward him, and was then less than thirty rods away. Eager to see the shot, I drew myself forward a little, when my elbow dislodged a fragment of rock, which went bounding and rattling down the face of the cliff. Startled at the sound, the fox whirled sharply to the right, and slipping under a worm fence near by was lost to view behind the brushwood that fringed it. As he disappeared, Tom ran to the fence and climbed to the top rail, where he stood for a moment, then raised his gun to fire. The sudden motion made him lose his balance, and to save himself from a fall he leaped toward the ground on the further side. And then I, who was watching him, saw a strange thing. Apparently in mid-air he stopped, swayed, then threw up his arms wildly and pitched heavily to the ground, his gun escaping from his grasp and exploding as it struck. Thinking that I knew what had caused his downfall, I hurried across the intervening space, and on reaching the fence found my conjecture correct. A barbed wire was stretched from corner to corner, and he had landed squarely on this, when the spring of the wire had thrown him headlong. He had risen when I reached him and was trying to rub himself in several places at once, while he vowed vengeance on the fox, and said that as he lay on the ground partially stunned the fox had come up the fence to within a few yards of him, stopped, and, as he solemnly asserted, grinned broadly and then struck off across the fields. The dogs had passed by in the meantime and were now some distance away. We decided after a short consultation to cross over to a valley about a mile to the east and station ourselves there in hopes that when the fox turned back toward the river he would pass that way.

But now the wind, which had held in the northwest all day, veered suddenly into the south, and a driving storm of mist and rain came on, which quickly drenched us. And as it blew directly from us toward the point where we expected the fox to appear, we were forced to give up the chase, and shouldering our guns we plodded along toward home.

Before we reached it, however, the increasing violence of the storm forced us to look for shelter, and Tom proposed that we stop at the house of Uncle Jack Wells, an old farmer who lived near by. Uncle Jack had been a mighty hunter in his youth, and when his rheumatism would allow him, still enjoyed a day with dog and gun.

He greeted us heartily as we entered, and made room for us by the glowing fire, while plump Aunt Mary bustled about, suggesting dry clothes and hot drinks, and finally setting a pan of crisp ginger cookies on a chair between us, urging us "to pitch in and fill up." Knowing Aunt Mary's cookies by experience, we waited for no second invitation, and while we munched we recounted our adventures to Uncle Jack.

"You'll never get that fox, boys," he chuckled. "I've tried for him dozens of times, and never came much nearer to him than you did, and lots of other fellows with as good dogs as yourn has tried to get him, but he always gets away."

"If he hadn't skipped out when that rock fell I think I would have killed him," remarked Tom.

"Don't you ever believe it, my boy," retorted Uncle Jack. "Ef he couldn't hev got out of it any other way he would hev dodged the charge of shot. Why, I remember——" and he recounted some of his hunting experiences, in the midst of which he was interrupted by a scratching at the door and a chorus of impatient howls. "Let yer dogs in, boys. I would not keep my worst enemy out of doors on a day like this," said Uncle Jack. So Tom opened the door and both dogs came in with a rush and made straight for the pan of cookies, which I caught up just in time to save from an assault.

Uncle Jack's story and the storm came to an end at the same time, and we departed for home, which we reached just in time for supper, to which, in spite of our feast on Aunt Mary's cookies, we managed to do considerable execution.

Farm work put a stop to our hunting for some time, and it was not till early in December that we were at liberty to go again. Then we made several trips to Tassel and were rewarded by the capture of several foxes, one of which ran into a woodchuck hole as soon as started and was ignominiously dug out and slain with a shovel.

But the Wellman fox seemed to have deserted his old haunts, as we saw no sign of him. There was but little snow that year till Christmas Day, when the skies presented us with about 6 inches of soft snow. There was no wind the next morning and we were astir early, and this time held the dogs in leash, meaning not to slip them till we found a good track. Leading, or rather being led by, the dogs, we were soon climbing the hills, and quickly found the first track, which we decided not to let the dogs follow, as it led away from the hills down toward the open country. The dogs, however, were of a different mind, and we had to drag them away by main force, while they filled the air with their howls of indignant protest.

Climbing a rail fence some half-mile further on, we saw another track on a slope a few yards away, so I sat on the top rail and held the dogs while Tom went forward to examine it, whereupon the dogs promptly jerked me head foremost from my perch in a frantic effort to follow him.

After a careful examination of the trail, Tom announced that he believed it to be the Wellman fox on account of the size of the prints, which were so much larger than those of an ordinary fox. Bringing the dogs up to the trail, we released them, and they set off with a chorus of deep bays, overrunning the trail at a point where the fox had made a sharp turn. But they soon picked it up again and disappeared in a nearby wood. We hastened to place ourselves in favorable positions, and listened for that furious outburst which would announce that Reynard had roused himself from his sleep behind some sheltering stump or stone pile and was flying for his life. Soon the welcome sound came echoing through the still air, setting the heart to throbbing faster and causing us to thrill with excitement. Several times the fox circled through the woods, and the music of the dogs grew louder or died away, as they followed on the track.

Presently the fox broke cover, and came along the edge of the wood. Though he could not see us, he was suspicious that something was wrong, for he cast frequent glances in our direction and would not come within gunshot. Coming to a rail fence, he sprang upon it and ran along the top rail as nimbly as a squirrel. Some distance above where the fox mounted it the rail fence was intersected by one made of boards nailed to posts. When the fox reached this fence he sprang upon the top board and proceeded along this narrow highway, waving his heavy tail from side to side just as a rope walker does his balancing pole. For some rods he proceeded in this manner, apparently undisturbed by the outcry of the hounds, which had almost reached the rail fence. Suddenly he came to a point where the top board was replaced by a barbed wire. I half expected him to walk this also, but he evidently had no liking for such a thorny path, for crouching on the last post, he gave a mighty spring and hurled himself through the air, landing at least 20 feet from the fence, and slipping into a gully was lost to view.

Thinking that such cleverness deserved some reward, we did not help the dogs, but watched to see how they would unravel this tangle. On coming to the fence, they crawled through and started across the next field, still in full cry. A few moments sufficed to show them their mistake, and they commenced casting about in wide circles in search of the missing trail. After a few moments of this fruitless work, old Pilot, who had had much experience in the ways of foxes, ran to the fence, climbed to the top and in a moment a joyous bay called Napoleon to his side, and together they raced up the fence, stopping every few moments to sniff at the rail. They soon passed the board fence, and not until they were some distance above it did they seem sure that the fence bore no scent of thir elusive prey.

Back they went to the starting point and worked up the fence more slowly than before, and this time they found where he had left the fence, and then the circling tactics were renewed, with the result that Napoleon discovered that the board fence had served as a passageway. Being assured of this fact, they set off at full speed and passed the point where the fox had made his leap. After they discovered this they seemed completely puzzled, and ran up and down the fence several times; finally they began circling, and at last struck the track and set off after Reynard, who had gained a couple of miles by this clever maneuver.

The dogs passed over Tassel Hill and down the other side, but just as their voices were growing faint in the distance they suddenly ceased and then we knew that the fox had played another trick on them.

We climbed Tassel and could see the dogs running aimlessly up and down in a road that lay a mile to the westward. They gave tongue once in a while, but in a baffled howl, rather than their usual deep bay.

We followed their track down to the road, where we lost it, as teams had been passing along and the dogs had run in every direction in their effort to pick up the trail. We waited for an hour or more, then gave it up and started for home, the dogs following dejectedly.

Our way lay by Uncle Jack's, and as we passed by he came out of the barn and hailed us: "I heard yer dogs up on Tassel ez I was comin' from Waterville," he said. "Where's yer fox?"

"We didn't get him," replied I; "he was playing tricks on the dogs all the morning, and finally threw them off entirely on the road below Tassel."

The old man appeared greatly amused at my reply, and when Tom asked him if he had seen the fox, he said: "I was comin' along the road by Tassel when I first heard the dogs, and just then that big fox that you hev b'en chasin' so much jumped out into the road just ahead of the horse and ran along the road a few yards ahead. I yelled at him and tried to get him to turn out, but 'twa'n't no use—the cunning varmint knew that I hadn't no gun, and he kept on that way for half a mile or more, then turned off into a patch of woods. Oh, I guess that old fox has a considerable time to live yet, boys!" he concluded with a chuckle.

Uncle Jack's friendly taunts aroused in us a determination to capture that fox before we shot at another, and it began to look as if the Tassel Hill foxes had taken on a new lease of life, as far as we were concerned, for day after day, as the weather permitted, we slipped the hounds on the trail of the Wellman fox. Some days we never saw him at all, and on others we might see him sitting on some distant hillside watching the dogs unravel some bewildering network of tracks he had woven for them in the valley below, until finally we were almost ready to believe that he bore a charmed life.

New Year's Day was ushered in by a furious storm, and for a week after the weather was too cold and stormy to venture out, and when we did go we saw no sign of the Wellman fox, and concluded that he must have deserted his old haunts for good.

One night in early February I was awakened by the full moon shining in at my window and casting over the earth a white radiance almost equal to the light of day. As I marked this I thought that it might be possible to hunt foxes by moonlight—something I had never thought of doing. Inasmuch as the moon was now near to set-

ting. I decided not to attempt it that night, but the next evening at about 9 o'clock I set out with Napoleon, not saying angthing to Tom of my intentions.

I reached Tassel in the course of an hour, and setting the dog free, I crouched in a fence corner and waited to see what would be the result.

The naked trees near by cast strange fantastic shadows that showed inky black against the pure whiteness of the snow, and no sound could be heard but the distant bark of a dog and the sharp crack of trees split by the frost.

I looked at my watch every few minutes, each time thinking that it must have stopped, and altogether I never passed a longer hour than that which elapsed before I heard Napoleon's bay ringing out beyond Tassel. I could tell by his voice that he was running close to the fox, and as he seemed to be coming in my direction I made ready to fire.

Nearer and nearer he came, till he was almost opposite, and I peered eagerly in every direction, trying to make out the form of the fleeing fox, but saw nothing of him, and the dog also passed unseen. Somewhat puzzled at this, I walked forward, and saw that they had gone by in a deep gully, which I had not seen, as from where I stood the ground appeared perfectly level.

Much disgusted at this, I climbed a small hill near by and resolved to wait there in hopes that the fox would come within gun shot.

For some time he circled in the adjacent fields, while I strained my eyes over the white expanse in a vain effort to detect his form.

At last on a hillside some distance away I saw a moving speck, which I concluded must be the fox. It came on toward me, and when it was about 50 yards away I took a steady aim and fired. Instantly there was a shrill yelp, and my fox resolved itself into a small shepherd dog, which fled wildly back in the direction from which he had come.

Uttering a fervent prayer that his owner would not appear to investigate, I ran over to the woods and paused at the edge to listen.

The fox had evidently taken fright at the sound of the gun, as the dog was now a long distance from me. I listened for some time, and finally he swung around in a direction that would bring him between me and home. I determined to try to head the fox off, and if not successful to give up the chase. I started off and had not gone far before Napoleon lost the trail, and I reflected that my moonlight hunt had not ended very well.

I was crossing the plain at the foot of the first range of hills, when suddenly the hound's voice echoed out fiercely right ahead, and the fox shot around the shoulder of a hill with the dog not a rod behind and straining every muscle to overtake him, and they were coimng straight for me.

Trusting that the light color of my hunting clothes had rendered me unseen, I threw myself flat, and pushing the snow up in front of me lay without lifting my head till they were almost upon me, then I rose to my knees and discharged both barrels at the fox, less than 20 yards away. The recoil knocked me flat again, but when I rose I saw that the fox was down in the snow, though he was keeping the dog at bay. I ran toward him, and as I came close I saw this was none other than the Wellman fox. Though badly wounded, he kept his front to the dog, who in some fear of his long, sharp teeth danced excitedly about him, trying to get him at a disadvantage.

I struck at him with the butt of the gun, and he turned with a snarl and seized the stock with his teeth. This gave Napoleon his chance. He sprang in and in a few moments the Wellman fox was dead and our long chase was over.

CARLOS S. HEAD.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 12-13.—Aurora, Ill.—Bennett's target tournament.

Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.

Jan. 16.—Trenton, N. J.—Second contest of the series between teams of the Trenton Shooting Association and Freehold Gun Club, on the grounds of the former.

Jan. 17.—Baltimore, Md.—Ten-men team contest—Baltimore Shooting Association vs. Keystone Shooting League.

Feb. 6-7.—Cincinnati.—Cincinnati Gun Club's sparrow tournament. Chas. F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Jan. 8.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Welch (holder)-Elliott match for the Dupont trophy.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Comp'etely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 146 Broadway, New York.

On Friday of last week Capt. A. W. Money was most cowardly and brutally assaulted in his office at 318 Broadway by Mr. George S. McAlpin, of New York. Both are members of the Carteret Gun Club, of Garden City, L. I. From reliable witnesses we are informed that in company with Dr. F. C. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., who was present in the interest of peace, Mr. McAlpin obtained an audience with Capt. Money in his private office, and brought up the matter of handicapping in some important cup events of the Carteret Gun Club's shoots. After a short conversation, and without any preliminary warning, he assaulted Capt. Money, who was sitting in his chair, striking him below the eye, breaking his cheek bone. It came so suddenly that Dr. Wilson had not time to interfere. The blow was heard in the outer office, and was described as sounding like the breaking of a chair snapping under a heavy weight. The sound was not considered of any special importance, as no one dreamed that an assault was in progress. Mr. Fred Quimby entered Capt. Money's office soon after the blow was struck, and held Mr. McAlpin, who was intent on further violence. In about a half hour Capt. Money's eye was swollen to an alarming degree, and on the advice of his friends he sought medical aid, and had the injury dressed. The doctors pronounced it severe. Legal proceedings will be instituted against the offender. The assault had its origin in a matter which Mr. McAlpin construed as reflecting on his honor. In an important cup event, in which he had two wins, he was both a contestant and a handicapper—positions which jointly were, on their face, improper. Several contestants were set back, while Mr. McAlpin's mark remained unchanged. Capt. Money wrote a letter to the secretary of the Carteret Gun Club, calling attention to the matter, and the harm it might do as a precedent in club matters. We are informed that Mr. McAlpin was removed from the handicap committee. This he considered sufficient ground for an assault.

The programme of the Hamilton Gun Club's tournament, fixed to take place on Jan. 15 to 18, contains the information that $1,200 in prizes is guaranteed, and that no one is barred. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys in both the live-bird and target events, excepting the 10-bird race ($100 guaranteed), which has four moneys, high guns. A handicap will govern in the target competition. Two Canadians and one American will do the handicapping. Upward of 3,000 birds will be on hand. The traps will be ready on Monday afternoon, the 14th inst., for practice. Targets, 2 cents. The management announces that it has given a bond to the Customs Department of the Government, guaranteeing to the American shooters free entry of their guns, on shipment to Hart & Lyne, Customs Brokers, John street South, Hamilton, Can. Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, will assist the management of the tournament. The secretary, Mr. H. Graham, will gladly give all necessary information to inquirers in respect to the tournament. On the first day there is a 20-live-bird event, $15 entrance, including birds, and five at 20 targets, $2 each, handicaps 16 to 22yds. On the second and third days respectively there is one event at 10 live birds and five 20-target events. The fourth day has one event at 10 live birds, $7, birds included, surplus added; high guns. All sweeps and miss-and-outs are subject to the handicaps.

The Dupont calendar for 1901, issued by the Messrs. E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., has an elegance of idea and portrayal which make it delightful in its theme and pleasing in its artistic features. The main picture depicts a group of sportsmen in a baggage car, with their pointers and setters, guns and general paraphernalia, en route to the shooting grounds. At the bottom is a picture of a setter and pointer on a point, while the machine military guns are depicted in smaller spaces on the sides. The excellence of it will appear when it is mentioned that Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus is the artist. The excellence of the work will be apparent on reference to the cut published in our advertising columns.

A New Haven, Conn., daily publishes the following: "Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), fresh from a successful hunting trip in the Rockies, has arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria with his wife to spend the holidays here with a daughter who is attending a private school. 'We are going to have the greatest sportsmen's organization in the world in Wyoming,' said Col. Cody yesterday. 'It is the Cody Club, organized only three weeks ago, but with a membership already of fifty-five, and applications enough to fill the limit of 100. George T. Beck, son of former Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is president. Our list of members includes the names of the best-known huntsmen in America.'"

The calendar of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. for 1901 bears a portrayal of two scenes, quite distinct in character, both the work of the well-known artist, Mr. A. B. Frost. The first is of the plains, entitled "Fresh Meat for the Outfit." In the foreground is adead antelope, by which is standing a plainsman, rifle in hand, his horse, caparisoned in cowboy style, standing staunchly close by, while a horseman is galloping in from the distance. The other is a scene of a more advanced civilization. It portrays a rabbit hunt—dog in full chase, the man drawing a deadly aim on the rabbit, while the boy stands keenly expectant.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., have prepared for free distribution a booklet containing information or rare value. The methods of working out the different systems of dividing the moneys at tournaments, the Jack Rabbit system, the Equitable system, the Rose system, high guns and class shooting are minutely explained. It also contains trapshooting rules for targets and live birds, and a list of the loads used by several famous shooters. It is gotten up in a most artistic manner, and is a valuable addition to the reference works of every shooter.

The half-tone cut of the U. M. C. calendar for 1901, published in our advertising columns, will give an accurate idea of its excellence. The boy, apparently arrayed in the hunting costume of his father and equipped with his father's gun and ammunition, having had success in his quest, as shown by the dead birds on his shoulder, is in that state of ecstatic delight which comes only to normal, wholesome boys, under similar circumstances.

In a contest for the H. C. Hirschy B. R. live-bird trophy between Messrs. French and Morrison, on the grounds of the Intercity Shooting Park, Dec. 19, each killed 25 straight at 30yds. There also was a side bet of $10, loser to pay for the birds. In the shoot-off at 5 birds, French had his first 2 dead out, and withdrew, Morrison continuing and killing his 5 straight.

The article on pigeon shooting, published elsewhere in our columns, should be carefully read and remembered by all trapshooters, as it is an exponent both of the attitude of the S. P. C. A. and the legal status of the sport in New York. It will be noted that a club need not necessarily be incorporated to meet the legal requirements.

In a two-men team shoot on Thursday of last week at Plainfield, N. J., 20 birds per man, three teams contested, with results as follows: Newark team—Wm. Hassenger and H. C. Koegel, 37. Whitehouse team—J. W. Kuerels and A. Emmons, 32. Plainfield team—J. H. Lindsay and J. F. Reed, 31. Mr. T. H. Keller acted as referee.

At Watson's Park, Chicago, the Chicago Gun Club holds its third shoot on Jan. 5, the first Saturday. The following clubs hold their first shoots for 1901 as follows: Audubon Gun Club, third Tuesday, Jan. 15; Garden City Gun Club, second Saturday, Jan. 12; Chicago Club's fourth shoot, Jan. 19, the third Saturday.

The first of the series of three contests between teams of the Baltimore Shooting Association and Keystone Shooting League took place at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Thursday of last week, nine men to a team, and resulted in a victory for Baltimore by a score of 198 to 189. Each man shot at 25 birds.

The Barker trophy, a solid gold watch, was contested for on the Carteret Gun Club's grounds on Saturday of last week. Messrs. H. Money D. Bradley, R. A. Welch and L. Duryea tied on the first 15 birds. They again tied on 15. In the miss-and-out to determine this tie, Mr. Duryea won.

In the contest for the Spalding trophy on the grounds of the Denver, Colo., Club, Dec. 20, Mr. R. A. Creek against a field of seven was victor, breaking 91 targets out of 100. Four other contestants, Garrett, Shemwell, Arnold and Shultz, were each but 1 target less in their scores.

"Hood," one of the most expert of Baltimore shooters, won the cup which was the trophy of the star event, shot on Christmas Day, on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. He scored 19 out of 20 live birds, tieing thereby with Hawkins, and winning in the shoot-off.

Mr. W. P. Brown, manager of the Intercity Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn., announces that there will be an open shoot at the park about the first week in April next; one day at targets and one day at live birds. The dates will be announced definitely later.

In a contest, Dec. 17, between teams of the Minneapolis and St. Paul clubs, at Intercity Shooting Park, for the H. C. Hirschy trophy (targets), five men to a team, 20 targets per man, the Minneapolis team was victor by a score of 86 to 73.

In the shoot for the Christmas Day Cup, on the Crescent Athletic Club's grounds, C. Kenyon, Jr., won with a score of 47 out of 50, with a handicap of 9 added. The December cup was won finally last Saturday by Dr. J. J. Keyes.

Tuesday of next week at Interstate Park will be a day of special interest in shooting circles, for on that Day Messrs. Welch and Elliott contest for the Dupont trophy, the latter being the challenger.

Capt. A. W. Money, on the grounds of the Country Club of Lakewood, N. J., Dec. 25, won the Gould trophy, standing at the 30yd. mark.

In the Interstate Park Handicap at 25 live birds on Dec. 26 Messrs. Van Allen and Morfey killed 25 straight, from the 30yd. mark.

The annual meeting of the Garden City Gun Club will be held at the Sherman House, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8 P. M., sharp.

BERNARD WATERS.

Death of Jacob Pentz.

AFTER an illness of many months, Jacob Pentz died at his home in New Brighton, Staten Island, on Dec. 24. About three years ago he complained of stomach trouble, although there were no external evidences of the disease at that time. During the past year he became gradually emaciated, and a few months ago the doctors diagnosed his ailment as cancer of the stomach. The growth was so far advanced that death was declared to be inevitable within a few months. Notwithstanding this disheartening prognosis, Uncle Jake—a soubriquet which gratified him much, and which was much used by his personal friends—kept him in harness bravely till the encroachments of the disease so sapped his strength that he was forced to take to his bed.

No sportsman was better known than was Jacob Pentz. All departments of sport pertaining to dog and gun, journalistic, advisory, competitive, etc., received his attention. Years ago he officiated as judge of setters and pointers at the W. K. C. show, but in later years he devoted himself almost exclusively to the interest of trapshooting, in respect to which he was conceded to be of the highest authority. He officiated innumerable times as referee in matches and club shoots. His opinions and rulings were treated as authoritative. He was a member of the Handicap Committee of the Grand American Handicap, and was by common consent conceded to be its chairman. As a writer he had a graceful, fluent style, and was equally forceful in descriptive writing, in discussion, or in the intricacies of technical writing.

Until his last illness he had a life free from illness, and had nearly reached the three score and ten allotted to man, being about sixty-eight years old at the time of his death.

Columbus Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 26.—Here are scores of the Columbus Gun Club shoots on Thanksgiving and Christmas. On Thanksgiving the weather was perfect, with a slight wind blowing across the traps, making the birds fast. Anderson and Dering shot at 200 picked birds taken from a coop of over 400 choice birds. The match started at 8:30 A. M., in order that the boys might partake of their Thanksgiving turkey. The feature of the day was the beautiful retrieving done by H. O. Anderson's red Irish setter Jack, which alone retrieved over 300 birds, making some beautiful retrieves of winged birds:

One hundred birds per man, 30yds. rise, American Association rules:

H O Anderson	112*1022*1222212022110011—19	
	2120*1002222222212121112—21	
	2212*0121102221022111221—22	
	1212212020222222222212021—22	—84
G V Dering	12121110222012*2122122200—20	
	1221222*222*11121221221*2—22	
	1221222122222111122021212—24	
	1111111111212121212112211—25	—91
P D Durant	0000200102010200220201100—10	
	10000*1020002002000002020— 7	
	22010102020**21w	
O M Dering	111121121211011w	

On Christmas there was a wind blowing directly across the traps from the left, making it hard to stop the birds within bounds. The club had for a visitor the Hon. G. A. Buckstaff, ex-Speaker of the Assembly and a member of the Oshkosh Gun Club:

G A Buckstaff	220120200211202*01202*220—15	
	2021000221221221002201122—17	
	0221100112	— 7—39
G V Dering	200022111*212111111*22212—20	
	1212121222222021221221122—24	
	1212111111221122221212212 2—25	—69
H O Anderson	202*2202122211112210221*2—20	
	211112*222221022202221112—22	
	212212121022**02222222222—21	—63
E Berdol	200222122100222*w	
O M Dering	1100211111011111111011w	
Wm Kilian	012021*002220w	

CREMO, Sec'y.

Experts on Guns and Shooting.

"EXPERTS on Guns and Shooting," by G. T. Teasdale-Buckell, is the title of a new work which is replete with valuable information to those who shoot or contemplate shooting. It treats of the evolution of shooting during the century, of shooting schools, the formation of guns, two eyes in shooting, sights and ribs to guns, style, stocks, try guns, choke bores and cylinders, pigeon shooting, game shooting, heat of gun barrels and the effects on them of various powders, cap-testing, patterns, etc. It can be obtained of the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

The following on try guns will give the reader an idea of the author's thoroughness of treatment:

When Mr. W. P. Jones, of Birmingham, first introduced the try gun for firing, we were very doubtful whether it would prove of real use or not. Later on we observed that every gunmaker almost was doing all he could to acquire the right to the use of one. Our faith in our own judgment was shaken when nearly all the gunmakers declared for the new tool. We have never reverted to our old faith entirely, in spite of the fact that now the gunmakers are beginning to slacken in their love for their bantling. The fact is that a good many gunmakers overrated the use, as a measure, of the new instrument, and have thus become disgusted merely because they asked it to do too much. What was the mistake they made? They had been in the habit of asking a customer to put up an adjustable but non-firing gun at the eye of the measurer, and they judged the bend and cast-off necessary, and gradually altered the adjustment to meet what they saw.

The firing gun could find this mechanical line no better than the sham adjustable gun. But what it could do was to tell the gunmaker what happened between the alignment of the gun and the shot leaving the muzzle—that is, what muscular movements had influenced the direction of the gun. There is quite a large variety of nervous muscular movements that may take place in this short space of time, any one of which is enough to move the gun off the alignment. The most common of all is a sympathetic impulse between the trigger finger of the right hand and the holding or left hand. When this takes place down goes the gun, and a low shot is the result.

This fault in its mildest phase only affects still or straightaway shots, for when there is any swing on the gun there is obviously little chance of the gun moving in a contrary direction. This is only as much as to say that the muscles cannot make two opposite movements at the same time. Where can the try shooting gun go wrong here? It discovers that at a stationary target the shooter is low. The cure is to straighten the stock, and the cross shots of the shooting schools are of such mechanical character—every shot exactly like the other—that to put up and shoot a certain distance in front is a habit learned in a few shots. Swing does not enter into it, and there is in consequence no check on the mistake made by the try gun at the still target.

I know that some gunmakers will not admit that it is a mistake to correct a muscular movement by means of bend of stock; but of them we would ask: What happens in game shooting, when there is any swing on, to a man whose gun is set to shoot a couple of feet or so over his game, and who has to rely upon the drop of his left arm to get his game into the killing circle of the shot? When there is much swing there is obviously no involuntary drop of the barrels; momentum prevents, whatever the muscles may do. Here, then, instead of correcting a fault, the try gun has perpetuated it, and added to the difficulty by making the cure only applicable to some kinds of shots and not to others. We are reminded at this stage of the absurd fashion in vogue of having various bends for various shooting. Thus, a straight gun for pigeon shooting, a crooked (according to Capt. Money) one for clay birds, and perhaps another for game. We have no hesitation, all the same, in saying that a man who cannot shoot all sorts of shots with one bend in not properly fitted.

Yet had the information given by the try gun in the above instance been properly used it would have been the making of the shooter. There is nothing much easier to cure than this sympathetic movement between the right first finger and the left hand. The stock in trade necessary for it is merely a batch of cartridges three parts of which have got dummy caps in and cannot be exploded.

This is an improvement on the late Sir Henry Halford's methods of teaching a man what he is doing. Sir Henry loaded the gun for the pupil, and occasionally put in no cartridge when one was expected, and at other times put in a cartridge when an empty gun was expected. By this means the pupil had not to be told, but he saw for himself, how he pulled down his weapon with the pull of the trigger, and he could discover for himself the reason of it. He also saw that when he thought there was no cartridge in the gun he could snap it off in a manner to make bullseyes; for this very good reason he made them when he did not expect to fire.

With ordinary cartridges it requires some sort of an assistant to deceive the pupil. With dummy caps intermixed with a lot of cartridges otherwise exactly like the dummies there is no need for an assistant or a teacher, and it is wonderful what a great lot of fairly good shots will find themselves dropping the gun with pull of the trigger. Probably their gunmakers have already given them a compromise—that is, a gun that shoots when held still slightly over the mark, but not enough over to make them miss fast-crossing game altogether, in consequence of swing. Of course, this compromise results in shooting slightly under going-away game and slightly over crossing game; but that is not good shooting and does not effect clean work.

It has been attempted to explain how a temporary fault in the shooter may be established as a permanent defect by a too great reliance upon the try gun. Although this sympathy of the two hands with each other is about the most common fault in shooting, and accounts for the inability to hit the plate in the center of many a fairly good shot at game, it is by no means the only defect that the try gun has been set to cure. Defects in eyesight are very common, and it is very strange that, in spite of Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey to the contrary, with whom we cannot agree on this occasion, it is not only possible but a frequent occurrence to find men shooting from the right shoulder who align the game, the foresight and the left eye, some entirely, others partially. Those who do it, it is true, as he says, cannot align the rib with the left eye; it is mechanically impossible. What they do is to align the rib to the right eye, but they put the bead on the object between it and the left eye. This is even easier to a man who does not align his rib at all, and there are many shooters who do not, and whose guns are so straight that they could not accomplish the task if they would. The firing try gun is not superior here, because the throwing up of the gun at an object is all that a gunmaker desires to see in order to suggest a cure. The cure can be of different kinds: (1) a treatment of the eyes; (2) an amount of cast-off that shall bring the rib at the false breech opposite to the left eye; (3) shooting from the left shoulder; (4) shutting the left eye.

But there is a middle way between aiming with the right eye and aiming with the left. There are, for instance, gunners who with both eyes open are influenced by the left eye to pull the muzzle over toward the left, and yet in reality do not put the bead on to the spot with either eye, although they think that they do so. Here, again, the try gun has tampered with the defect and encouraged it to continue. Cast-off has been given to counteract mechanically the optical defect. Soon the shooter gets used to the greater cast-off, and the bead once more finds itself somewhere between the line of the two eyes, and as Mr. H. Harriss says, a deformed gun is the result; no permanent object has been gained. It is perfectly true that aiming is not all a question of sight; the touch has a great deal to do with it, and if it were possible to deceive the touch it might also be possible to cure erroneous aiming by cast-off and cast-on. It is possible to do so for a short period, but the senses soon find out—perhaps not during measurement at the shooting school, but afterward, when the new gun has been built. Mr. Watts does not use a try gun. Mr. Purdey believes that the responsibility of a try gun would involve the constant alteration of stocks to meet the daily changes in the men themselves. Cures by deceiving the eyesight and the touch by radical changes cannot be more than temporary in their effects. To all such as are troubled with defective vision we might, without fear of laying down the law, say that the gunmaker is not the doctor wanted, and that the oculist and the optician are the first necessity. After their assistance a man will generally find himself able to align a gun with the eye that he wishes to align it.

It is true that neither the one nor the other will be able to give a man both long and short sight with the aiming eye. As we get older our sight alters, and we can no longer see as perfectly at three different distances as we used to do. For instance, if we feel that the highest form of accurate shooting is only to be attained in the way that Mr. Froome shoots a rifle—that is with both eyes open, with perfect definition of the rear and the fore sight and the object with the right eye, the oculist can assist if he is not asked to do too much. A rifle-like aim is an absolute cure for the intereference of the left eye, and nobody can say it is impossible to take it quickly enough after seeing some of the crack shots put in double bullseyes to a single run of the deer at Bisley. The proper thing to ask from the oculist is not that you may see the three distances with equal clearness with the aiming eye—that cannot be done with defective vision with anything less elaborate than the telescope—but a single eyeglass is generally enough to make definition good at the false breech and the foresight. Then the shooter may trust to the left eye to place the alignment on the mark; especially safely if the left eye is unable to see the foresight; not so safely if it can see it, and still less safely if it can see it with exact definition. Mr. Gilbert's two-eyed sights might be useful to such eyes as these, but the oculist will probably succeed without them; if not, the india rubber thumb stall will be all that is required to prevent the left eye seeing the foresight. The unsuspected ability to align the sights with one eye and to place that alignment upon the mark with the other is common to everybody. Our view, then, is that no bad shooting consequent on defect in eyesight should be attempted to be cured by the measurements of the try gun. The only thing against the oculist's assistance is that by radical treatment of the eyes by means of glasses it will perhaps happen that the means of judging distances of the game will be impaired. That is serious when it happens; we do not think there is any means of making one eye judge distance as well as two, and if there is a defect in one eye the same rule applies—only to a less extent.

There is a fallacy that aiming in the sense of aligning the rib spoils time. It may be so when the shooter has to struggle with his gun for the alignment, but not if the gun fits him. A gun is supposed to fit a man's shoulder. Really, it is much more important that it should fit his face. One day, not so very long ago, we were watching a most excellent gunmaker shoot, and he explained to us that at certain angles his gun always hit his face unpleasantly. Could there be anything more condemnatory of the fit of that gun? We know of nothing. A few shots in rapid succession at that particular angle would unnerve him for the rest of the day.

There are nervous habits that are much more readily detected by the assistance of the try gun than without it. Provided a man aims correctly always at the gunmaker's eye, he will probably do so at the mark, and yet he will often miss all the same. Some nervous trick, possibly a tightening of the grip when pulling the trigger, interferes with the direction of the shot. The tightening of the grip always affects the alignment. Perhaps the shot always goes into the same place to right, left, high or below the mark. The cure is improperly given in bend or cast-off if so, and although the try gun has found the mistake the adjustment of stock will not cure it permanently. The cure, if it is not to be of the nervous habit itself, ought to be in the lie of the rib—that is, the barrels should be set to shoot at a point where the rib does not aim—thus untrue to alignment of the rib. This is the only possible way of deceiving the touch and the eye permanently, for both will accomodate themselves to cast and bend of stock in a very short time. The same cure is not so applicable to defects of vision, because there are limits to the variation of the line of the rib as compared with the barrels.

Still, a try gun is of use, for few men put up a gun in the same way when they are not going to fire it at the gunmaker's eye as they do in actual shooting. But even the try gun is liable to the same error. The great thing seems to be to try a shooter at snap shots, whereas nine-tenths of the game he will afterward shoot at will not require snap shots. It is certain that a gun which does not suit, say at driving grouse, may do admirably for such shots as rabbits give. Neglect of getting the head down, as usual, for alignment influences the direction, and it would do so equally if the shooter were unconscious of ever aligning at any time. Snap shots, such as those at rabbits crossing rides, are comparatively easy, and we do not think that a shooter educated upon them, and with a gun built on lines indicated by such education, will ever be quite satisfied when the only difficulties to overcome are pace and allowance. To allow accurately you must align correctly, and this is so whether you align at empty space in front of your game, or whether, having aligned the game, you jerk or swing the gun in front. True alignment is in either case absolutely necessary, whereas in snap shooting you do not get the head down to align.

We think that the greatest use of the try gun after all is that it can be set under direction of the shooter to his own bend, and with it thus adjusted he can at any time have practice at the shooting schools and find out whether he is making the correct allowances. But in order to do this it is essential that he should have time to see his game, that the game should come at all sorts of paces, from extremely fast to slow, and that the attendant should be able to tell him exactly where he has placed every shot with respect to the game.

The State Law re Pigeon Shooting.

THE following, in the matter of pigeon shooting, as governed by the laws of the State of New York, is taken from Our Animal Friends, the organ of the S. P. C. A.:

Pigeon Shooting Allowed by Law.

"We cannot too strongly express our feeling on that subject, but when we are asked to put a stop to pigeon shooting in the State of New York and the adjactent State of New Jersey we are compelled reluctantly to confess that we are absolutely powerless. The law permits pigeon shooting under certain restrictions. We have no power whatever to prohibit what the law expressly allows. All that we can do is to endeavor to see that the humane restrictions which the law prescribes are strictly obeyed; and that we have done and are now doing, to the full extent of our ability. It is desirable on all accounts that the facts should be known, and we shall now proceed to state the facts precisely as they are. The general law of the State of New York for the prevention of cruelty to animals is this:

"'A person who overdrives, overloads, tortures, or cruelly beats, or unjustifiably injures, maims, mutilates, or kills any animal, whether wild or tame, and whether belonging to himself or to another, or deprives any animal of necessary sustenance, food, or drink, or neglects or refuses to furnish it such sustenance or drink, or causes, procures, or permits any animal to be overdriven, overloaded, tortured, cruelly beaten, or unjustifiably injured, maimed, mutilated, or killed, or to be deprived of necessary food or drink, or who willfully sets on foot, instigates, engages in, or in any way furthers any act of cruelty to any animal, or any act tending to produce such cruelty, is guilty of a misdemeanor.'

"Beyond all question this law was intended to prohibit pigeon shooting. Mr. Henry Bergh repeatedly interfered to prevent pigeon shoots on the ground that they were illegal. In 1874, however, he was sued for damages in the City Court for interfering with this sport, and the court held that the shooting of pigeons thrown from traps was an offense against the statute. Thus the general law against cruelty to animals was declared by a judicial decision to apply to pigeon shooting. It is only fair to give the reasons which were urged, and which are still urged, in opposition of this decision. They were briefly these: (1) that pigeons are an article of human food; (2) that to become so they must be killed; (3) that killing by gunshot is no more cruel that the usual method; and (4) that unless slaughtering of other animals for human food is an offense against the law, the shooting of pigeons, which are always sold for the same purpose, cannot be illegal. It was argued on the other side that many of the pigeons were not killed outright, but were wounded more or less severely and escaped to perish miserably afterward. The answer was that the gunners shot to kill, and that the suffering of wounded pigeons was in every case contrary to their intention, so that no criminal intent of cruelty could in any case be proved against them.

The Act of 1875.

"On the meeting of the Legislature of the State of New York in 1875 an act was passed by which pigeon shooting was expressly excepted from the prohibitions of the general act; and all that could be done for the protection of the birds was to confine the sport to 'sportsmen's clubs or incorporated societies,' with a provision that wounded birds should be immediately put out of their pain. The act was in the following words:

"'None of the provisions of law heretofore enacted for the prevention of cruelty to animals within this State shall be construed to prohibit or interfere with the shooting by members of sportsmen's clubs or incorporated societies, of pigeons. Provided: that in each case as soon as they can be captured or taken after being shot such pigeons, if living, shall be immediately killed.'

Lack of Power Limits Responsibility.

"From the terms of this curiously worded law, our readers will see the limitations within which the power of our society is restricted in the protection of pigeons. Again and again we have successfully interfered to prevent pigeon shooting by persons who are not 'members of sportsmen's clubs or incorporated societies'; and notwithstanding the vagueness of the proviso that wounded birds shall be killed 'as soon as they can be captured or taken,' we have repeatedly interefered when it was apparent that no proper care was taken to fulfill the manifest purpose of the law in that particular. There, however, our power ends, and where there is no power there can be no responsibility. Any one of our correspondents, however, earnestly or indignantly he may object to the sport of pigeon shooting, and however urgently he may insist that it should be stopped, has just as much power to stop it, and just as much responsibility for its continuance, as the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Beyond the two particulars to which we have referred, every individual citizen has the same power as the society, which is just no power at all; and he is just as responsible, or, in other words, he is not responsible.

Appeal to Sportsmen's Clubs.

"What, then, can be done to mitigate whatever cruelty there may be connected with pigeon shooting? Again and again an effort has been made to secure an amendment of the law. Every effort of that kind has been abortive. We must, therefore, endeavor to do the best that is possible under the law as it now stands, and the best that is possible can be most surely secured with the assistance and co-operation of the incorporated clubs to whom alone the privilege of pigeon shooting is allowed by law. No opposition has ever been made by those clubs, and none can be expected from them, to the rigid restriction of the privilege of pigeon shooting to their own organizations. For the spirit of American law is utterly opposed to special privileges of all kinds; and the only ground upon which the sportsmen's clubs can expect to retain the privilege which the law allows to them alone must be founded on some good reason, or the privilege itself will not stand. The only solid ground of reason on which it can be maintained is the reasonable belief that incorporated clubs of genuine sportsmen will see to it that the humane provision for the immediate killing of wounded birds shall be effectually observed. In some clubs it is observed. The grounds are surrounded by a high fence, beyond which it can rarely happen that a bird which is at all seriously wounded can ever go; and retrievers are employed to gather in any that may fall within the inclosure, so that they may be immediately dispatched if they are not already dead. To provide such safeguards against the infliction of needless suffering upon their innocent victims is the very least that any club of genuine sportsmen will desire to do, and so much at least they must expect to do, or they cannot hope to retain the special and exceptional privilege which they now enjoy under the law. We appeal, then, in their own interest, and also in the interest of humanity, to every sportsmen's club in the State of New York—and also in the State of New Jersey, where the law is practically the same—to justify the Legislature is presuming that the proviso which the law itself imposes will be loyally and effectually observed.

"And then we wish that sportsmen would give up pigeon shooting. We must frankly say to them that we should compel them to give it up if we had the power to do so; also that we shall do our best endeavor to enforce the proviso with which the law accompanies their special privilege; and then, again, we appeal to them to make such arrangements as to obviate the necessity of interference."

IN NEW JERSEY.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—The Forester Gun Club held another one of its big shoots on Christmas Day. The club of late has had a big success, and everybody seems pleased with the good programme which it gets up. The programme for Christmas was one event at live birds, and thirteen events at targets, thrown Sergeant system; eight events for sweepstakes and five events handicap for poultry (three turkeys and two chickens). The grounds have been put in condition for live-bird shooting, and we expect in the near future to have an all-day shoot at same. The day was all that could be asked for, and the entire shoot was one without a balk. The shoot started at 9:30 A. M., sharp (live birds), and stopped when they could hardly see the small empires.

First event, live birds, 25yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, birds cost 40 cents a pair, three moneys; open to all. There were eleven entries. Shooting began at 9:30 and lasted until noon:

Sinnock	01212222—7	Parker	01202201—5
Ferguson	21121212—8	D Fleming	10120120—5
Meir	11121211—8	Backus	00222210—5
Wm Smith	12222022—7	Foster	020*2222—5
Hayes	22022222—7	Tigh	22002*02—4
J J Fleming	12111*11—7	C Smith	20002110—4
Stanton	221**0*1—4	A R Strader	20222 —4
Weller	11012021—6	R H Strader	0)022 —3

Handicap for turkeys and chickens, 10 targets each event; optional sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Hayes	8	7	8	6	8	8	9	Winans	8		3	8	4	3	
J Fleming	9	7	8	9	9		7	Stanton					5		
A Strader	5	5	6	5	5	7	7	C Smith					8		9
R Strader	8	2	5	8	9	4	5	Murphy							7
D Fleming	3	3	6	7	5	8	8	Foster							5
Tigh		8	9	7	8	4	5	Parker							2
Terrell			7	10		7	8								

Event No. 9, 15 targets; turkey won by Sinnock; handicap in parentheses: Sinnock (2) 13, A. R. Strader (3) 13, C. Smith (4) 12, Winans (5) 10, Hayes (2) 12, R. Strader (3) 11, Whitehead (2) 12, Carter (5) 9, D. Fleming (4) 9, J. J. Fleming (2) 11, Terrell (3) 10, Ayres (4) 8, Foster (6) 6, Weller (2) 7, Tigh (2) 6. Shoot-off, handicap cut in half: Sinnock (1) 10, A. R. Strader (1) 8, C. Smith (2) 6, Winans (2) 5.

Event No. 10, 10 targets, same conditions; turkey won by C. Smith. After qualifying twice with Tigh shot a miss-and-out and won: C. Smith (4) 8, Tigh (4) 8, Whitehead (3) 9, Weller (3) 7, Stanton (5) 7, A. R. Strader (4) 6, J. J. Fleming (4) 9, D. Fleming (3) 6, R. Strader (4) 5, Sinnock (0) 8, Terrell (4) 4. Shoot-off, same as in former event: C. Smith (2) 8, Tigh (2) 8, Whitehead (1) 10, Stanton (2) 7, Weller (1) 8, A. R. Strader (2) 7, J. J. Fleming (2) 6. Second shoot-off, same conditions: C. Smith (1) 10, Tigh (1) 9, Whitehead (0) 9.

Event No. 11, same conditions as former event; won by Whitehead after qualifying twice, with Ayres in a miss-and-out: Whitehead (2) 9, Ayres (4) 10, J. J. Fleming (2) 8, Weller (3) 7, Tigh (4) 7, Stanton (5) 5, Sinnock (0) 10, C. Smith (2) 10, D. Fleming (3) 6, A. R. Strader (2) 7, Terrell (2) 7, Foster (6) 2, R. Strader (2) 2. Shoot-off, same as former: Whitehead (1) 10, Ayres (2) 8, Stanton (2) 7, J. J. Fleming (1) 8, Sinnock (0) 9, Weller (1) 7, Tigh (2) 6, C. Smith (1) 6.

Event No. 12; chicken won by J. J. Fleming after qualifying twice with Whitehead and Stanton; finally won in miss-and-out. 10 targets: J. J. Fleming (4) 8, Whitehead (3) 8, Stanton (5) 8, Tigh (4) 7, D. Fleming (4) 7, Sinnock (0) 9. Shoot-off, same as former events: J. J. Fleming (2) 9, Whitehead (1) 9, Stanton (2) 10, D. Fleming (2) 7, Tigh (2) 5. Shoot-off: J. J. Fleming (1) 8, Whitehead (0) 9, Stanton (1) 6.

Event No. 13; chicken won by J. J. Fleming; 15 targets, same conditions as former events: J. J. Fleming (4) 7, Stanton (5) 9, D. Fleming (4) 6, Tigh (5) 6, Murphy (3) 7. Shoot-off: J. J. Fleming (2) 7, Stanton (2) 7, D. Fleming (2) 7, Tigh (2) 4, Murphy (1) 7. Shoot-off: J. J. Fleming (1) 10, Stanton (1) 8, D. Fleming (1) 3.

JOHN J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Armonk Rod and Gun Club.

ARMONK, N. Y., Dec. 21.—The annual turkey shooting tournament held Dec. 22 was a pronounced success. The turkey prize given by the club was, as usual, the feature of the day.

Event No. 6 was a very interesting one. A bet of $10 was posted between Thomas Ward and A. Betti, which Betti captured, also a fine turkey.

Among the competitors were L. Platt, Thomas Ward, G. Menzie and A. Bettie. Lunch was served at 2 o'clock, by the members of the club. Events 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 were turkey prizes added by the club. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Z Flewelling	9	14	8	15	7	12	8	13	9	12	10	11
A Betti	8	13	10	14	8	15	8	14	10	13	9	14
S Carpenter	8	12	9	14	8	13	10	15	7	12	8	13
L Platt	7	12	8	12	7	12	7	12	8	12	9	15
G Menzie	6	10	7	11	7	11	8	12	8	11	8	11
T Ward	8	12	8	13	7	14	6	11	8	12	8	13
J Reed	9	11	9	12	8	13	9	11	8	12	10	15
R Quimby	6	10	7	12	6	10	7	12	7	10	7	10
K Flewelling	6	9	7	10	7	9	6	10	6	10	6	9
R Sniffen	5	10	7	9	6	10	8	11	6	9	6	10
J Lovett	6	9	5	6	5	9	5	..	..	..	5	7
R Wall	5	8	6	7	6	8	6	..	7	9	6	8
H T Wayne	5	7	4	6	6	9	7	..	6	9	7	10

H. T. WAYNE, Sec'y.

At St. Louis.

CHAS. SPENCER and H. C. Griesedick shot a challenge 25-bird match for the Mermod live-bird trophy at Dupont Park, Dec. 15. The day was favorable and the birds a mixed lot, with a few very fast ones, which succeeded in getting away. Griesedick killed 20 of the 25 shot at and won the match by 1 bird, and was at once challenged by Dr. W. S. Spencer. The latter match will be shot before the new year.

F. C. RIEDL.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 29.—There was a novel introduction in the way of handicapping in the club event, all the shooters standing at 30yds., with dead birds or no birds in place of misses to the weaker shooters. The scores show that the scratch man was too close, as he was the only one to kill straight:

Ten birds, all at 30yds., with misses as kills:

C A Lockwood, 1 miss.....1220*210w
C M Lincoln, 1 miss.....2210222220— 8
T W Morfey, scratch.....2222222222—10
W F Sykes, 1 no bird.....2222222110— 9
F H Chapman, 1 miss.....2222122020— 8
Brooks, 1 miss.....1111200110*— 6
W Hopkins, 1 miss as no bird.....0001211222— 7

Six events at 5 birds each:

Lockwood, 28..	4	3	5	5	3	4	Chapman, 27...	4	5	..	5	3	4
Lincoln, 28....	3	3	2	5	3	..	Brooks, 28.....	4	5	3	5	5	4
Sykes, 29.....	4	5	5	2	..	..	Hopkins, 29....	5	5	5	4	..	..

Interstate Park Handicap.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 26.—The Interstate Park Handicap, at 25 birds, $10 entrance, $5 in gold added, was a tie between Van Allen and Morfey, each ending with a straight score from the 30yd. mark, to-day. There was a cross wind. The scores follow:

Morfey, 30.....2212222212122212222122222—25
Vandergrift, 28.....20*22222*2122*222202222*2—19
Fanning, 30.....2212222222*11*12*21211222—22
Van Allen, 30.....2222222222222222222222222—25
Capt Money, 29.....010100212110220*1w
Hopkins, 29.....1111112212120121221222122—24

Miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

Morfey, 30.....22122222
Vandergrift, 28.....21222222
Fanning, 30.....2111210
Van Allen, 30.....2220
J B Hopkins, 29.....10
Capt Money, 29.....1120
Wm Hopkins, 28.....11121222

Trap at Interstate Park.

Dec. 25.—There were a number of events shot at Interstate Park, L. I., to-day. In two matches, 5 birds each, between Messrs. C. A. Lockwood, and C. W. Rodman, each won one and lost one, a single bird making the difference each time, each killing 9 out of 10. Most of the events were at live birds. The scores, each event at 5 birds:

C A Lockwood, 29.....	5	5	4	4	5	2	..	5	4	..	3	4	4	..
T H Chapman, 27.....	2	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hendricks, 27.....	2	2	2	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
May, 28.....	5	3	3	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barker, 30.....	2	3	4	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	4	3
C H Lincoln, 29.....	..	5	5	3	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	3	4	4	..
C W Rodman, 30.....	..	..	5	4	5	2	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	..
W Losee, 29.....	..	..	4	4	5	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G H Piercy, 30.....	..	..	..	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
R Rodman, 30.....	..	..	..	3	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
J P Kay, 29.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	5	5	3	5	..	..
Daly, 30.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	4	5

Dec. 26.—Two 10-bird events, $5 entrance, were shot to-day, as follows:

S H Vandergrift, 28.....2202220212— 8 2222222022— 9
T W Morfey, 30.....22020w 1201221221— 9
J S Fanning, 30.....*211121120— 8 1110122111— 9
S M Van Allen, 30.....2222222222—10 *2200w
Capt Money, 29.....021222102w 1222222222—10
J P Hopkins, 29.....2112121220— 9 1021211110— 8

Interstate Park Handicap.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 19.—The Interstate Park Handicap was the main event to-day, in which Morfey was high man with 24, 1 lost dead out. Fanning and Van Allen were but 1 bird behind.

Following are the scores made in the different events:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Morfey, 30.....	2202222212— 9	1221211122—10
Fanning, 30.....	2222122221—10	21212121**— 8
Van Allen, 30.....	2222222222—10	2222222222—10
Cornell, 27	2222020122— 8	2211*12121— 9
Ramapo, 27	2000012201— 5	.....

Interstate Park Handicap, 25 birds:

Morfey, 30.....2212121211212112122*21212—24
Fanning, 30 .....2121122*2222112121112201—23
Van Allen, 30.....2222222222222202*222222—23
Ramapo, 27 .....2011203121222201200002212—17

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Chicago Garfield's Turkey Shoot.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day at our Christmas pigeon turkey shoot. The club gave ten fine turkeys to be shot for in 5-live-pigeon events—that is to say, 5-bird events. No shoot-off. High guns to draw for the turkey in each event. No member eligible to win more than one turkey. Shooting began at 10 o'clock and continued until darkness put a stop to it. We only succeeded in running off seven turkey events, and the scores show who was lucky in the draw in each case. Twenty-five contestants took part in the various events during the day. Everything passed off without friction, not a single thing arising to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Barnard, 30.....	22121—5†	00122—3	02021—3	.....
Kehl, 26.....	0*102—2	10*10—2	.....	.....
Nusly, 28.....	112*—4	22122—5†	00212—3	01101—3
T W Eaton, 30.....	12*21—4	1*222—4	12121—5†	220*2—3
Dr Meek, 31.....	10111—4	12111—5	.....	1121*—4
Palmer, 31.....	12111—5	02101—3	22110—4	.....
J Wolff, 29.....	1211*—4	.....	.....	.....
C J Wolff, 26.....	20*20—2	11012—4	.....	.....
Dorman, 28.....	22211—5	1021*—3	.....	.....
Thomas, 27.....	022*1 3	00112—3	20000—1	00010—1
E Eaton, 27.....	....	1222)—4	10211—4	11112—5
Jones, 28.....	....	02021—3	21220—4	20*12—3
Morris, 28.....	....	10022—3	20100—2	22112—5
Hicks, 31.....	....	.....	10211—4	11222—5†
Worder, 27.....	....	....	01*11—3	11111—5
Bradley, 30.	....	....	11101—4	21101—4
Pollard, 27.....	....	.....	.....	12112—5
E Worder, 27.....	....	.....	.....	2*110—3
Gardner, 27.....	....	.....	.....	22*12—4

†Turkey winners.

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Barnard	....	.....	22*11—5
Kehl	....	.....	0*022—5
Nusly	....	.....	11112—5
T Saton	....	.....	11112—
Palmer	....	.....	11121—5
J Wolff	....	.....	2*221—4
C J Wolff.....	....	.....	12222—5
Dr Meek.....	....	.....	11121—5†
J Hess.....	....	.....	11111—5
Nusly, 28.....	10211—5	11120—4	.....
Thomas, 27.....	10*21—2	00112—3	.....
Hicks, 31.....	11021—4	01111—4	.....
Bradley, 30.....	11201—4	10122—4	.....
Pollard, 27.....	12212—5†	10120—3	.....
Morris, 28.....	00022—2	10220 —3	.....
J Gardner, 27.....	01*0*—1	20111—4	.....
McGowan, 28.....	11222—5	01122—4†	.....
Keck, 28.....	1120*—3	2100*—2	.....
W McHie, 28.....	21221—5	02011—3	.....
S McHie, 29.....	22112—5	10121—4	.....
Bowers, 29.....	01112—4	01112—4	.....
Dr Meek	11012—4	11011—4	.....

†Turkey winners.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Haverhill's Christmas Shoot.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—Our club, with a few visitors, spent a very enjoyable day at the traps on Christmas. The weather was warm and pleasant, with very little wind, and the flight of the targets was as good as the most chronic kicker could wish, and in consequence some very creditable scores were made, more especially those of the "has-beens" and "the would-like-to-bes." No sweeps were shot. Everybody stood at the kindergarten distance—16yds.—and were in it simply for the love of the sport.

The summary follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	Av.
Lockwood ..	8	8	4	8	9	7	8	7	7	10	8	8	9	9	9	9	12	.800
Follansbee..	..	7	8	5	10	9	8	8	8	10	5	5	9	9	9	..	..	.780
Spofford	7	8	6	8	10	7	9	10	8	8	9	8	6	8	..	..	..	.800
Allen	7	8	4	7	8	6	6	7	8	8	9	6	7	7	8	7	11	.708
Grieves	5	6	4	8	6	6	4	6	4	8	6	5	9	..	..	..	..	.592
Lovering ...	7	9	4	9	8	3	10	9	..	9	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	.763
Cole	3	5	3	4	4	6	5	7	5	3	5	8	6	6	..	..	..	.500
Webster	7	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	.822
Short	8	5	7	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.680
Brooks	4	3	3	8	8	4	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.537
Tuck	9	7	6	8	8	8	9	9	7	10	10	9	10	10	6	..	..	.840
Miller	5	7	10	9	9	6	4	9	8	7	8	10	9	9	9	..	..	.793
Tozier	9	9	7	9	7	7	8	8	6	9	10	6	9	8	9	..	10	.787
Childs	8	7	5	9	9	4	6	6	6	5	7	7	8	8	7	..	..	.680
Graffam	8	10	5	7	10	5	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.711
Sprague	7	1	6	6	7	8	8	8	2	5	3	8	8	..	..	..	..	.592
George	..	10	8	10	9	8	10	10	8	8	9	5	9	8	8	..	12	.851
King	..	8	2	4	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.560
Ingham	..	..	4	9	6	8	8	7	7	4	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	.680
Griggs	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	8	8	..	..	.783
Charles	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.700
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	8	10	9	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	.800
Hatch	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	2	0	2	..	..	..	..	4	8	.306
Bowen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	9	9	5	9	13	.786
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	7	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	.683
Howard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	.400

Events 1, 4, 7, 10, 13 and 17, regular angles; events 2, 5, 8, 11, 14 and 16, unknown angles; events 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, reversed angles.

SECRETARY.

Kansas City Tournament.

First Day, Wednesday, Dec. 26.

No. 1, 7 birds, $5 entrance, high guns:

Gottlieb .....1012122—6
C Cockrell.....0222201—5
F Cockrell.....2122220—6
Wright .....2202221—6
L & R Tramp.....1121112—7
Hearne .....2020000—2
Berkey .....2202220—5
Crosby .....2222222 —7

Crosby and Tramp divided $33.20.

No. 2, 7 birds, $5 entrance, two moneys: Crosby 7, Gottlieb 7, C. Cockrell 7, F. Cockrell 7, Bramhall 6, L. & R. Tramp 6, W. Allen 6, Wright 5, Smith 4, Berkey 3. The 7s got $5.40; the 6s $4.80.

Practice shoot: L. & R. Tramp 12 straight, Crosby 7 straight, Gottlieb 7 straight, Parry 6 out of 7, W. S. Allen 6 out of 7, Bramhall 6 out of 7, Beach 6 out of 7.

Miss-and-out, $1 entrance: Wright 3, Scott 3, Brahmall 4, Allen 0, Hill 0, C. Cockrell 5, Norton 8, F. Cockrell 8, W. Allen 4, Smith 3, Jim Elliott 2, Berkey 8, Crosby 3, Harne 6. Norton, Cockrell and Berkey won.

Second Day, Thursday, Dec. 27.

No. 1, miss-and-out, $1 entrance, birds extra: Budd 7, Cockrell 9, Norton 6, Crosby 9, Elliott 7, Tramp 9.

No. 2, 7 birds, $5 entrance, two moneys: Budd 7, Norton 7, O'Brien 7, Tramp 7, Dunn 6, Cockrell 6, Ludlow 2.

No. 3, 10 birds, $7.50 entrance, three moneys:

Stevens .....2022220201— 7
Norton .....0201210220— 6
O'Brien .....02222110**— 6
Budd .....2222222222—10
Crosby .....0222022222— 8
Elliott .....0111011111— 8
Berkey .....1022222002— 7
Wiggins .....2122111112—10
Cockrell .....1222111110— 9
Dunn .....0010102102— 5

No. 4, 7 birds, $5 entrance, two moneys: Elliott 7, Smith 6, Stevens 6, Crosby 6, Budd 6, Norton 6, O'Brien 6, Berkey 6, Tramp 6, Hairgrover 5. The eight men who skipped 1 bird each shot off the tie—something unusual at the present shooting game. After a spirited contest it was finally divided between the venerable Mr. Charley Budd and the veteran L. & R. Tramp.

No. 5, miss-and-out, $2 entrance: Smith 2, Crosby 6, Budd 6, Stevens 7, Norton 7, Laidlaw 3.

No. 6, miss-and-out, $2 entrance: Smith 0, Budd 5, Laidlaw 1, Norton 5, Stevens 0, Crosby 5.

No. 7, miss-and-out, $2 entrance: Stevens 2, Norton 8, O'Brien 3, Crosby 12, Budd 3, Laidlaw 11, Cockrell 10.

Third Day, Friday, Dec. 28.

No. 1, miss-and-out, $1 entrance: Budd 2, Norton 9, Cockrell 6, J. Elliott 2, Stevens 9, Dunn 2, O'Brien 8, Crosby 6, R. S. Elliott 9, Tramp 9.

No. 2, miss-and-out, $2 entrance: Elliott 8, Budd 5, R. Elliott 5, Crosby 8, Stevens 2, Norton 8, Dunn 5, Cockrell 6.

No. 3, 10 birds, $7.50 entrance, three moneys:

Budd .....2222211021— 9
Norton .....2112222121—10
Cockrell .....2201*02212— 8
Stevens .....2112200222— 8
Elliott .....2222122112—10
Hickman .....1212022221— 9
Dunn .....2022021212— 8
Tramp .....2122212110— 9
Crosby .....2222222222—10
O'Brien .....1212212222—10

No. 4, 15 birds, $10 entrance, four moneys:

Cockrell .....022120122211021—12
Budd .....122212122222102—14
Norton .....222212212022221—14
Hickman .....2222222021121112—14
Crosby .....222222222222222—15
Wiggins .....211112000221222—12
O'Brien .....2122111221121011—14
Stevens .....222222222222222—15
Berkey .....2222102022222222—13
S Smith.....212222001020222—11

No. 5, 7 birds, $5 entrance, two moneys: J. S. Smith 5, Elliott 7, Crosby 7, Norton 5, Cockrell 5, Perry 4, Dunn 6, Hickman 5, Berkey 5, O'Brien 6, Budd 7, Stevens 2, Tramp 6.

Monte Carlo Pigeon Shooting.

PIGEON shooting begins at Monte Carlo on Monday, the 17th inst., and will extend over forty-six days, or six days more than last year, with a total of about £3,000 added money, exclusive of one or two pieces of plate and medals. During the first nine days there will be competitions for prizes of £20 only, but on Jan. 7 a start will be made with the £40 prizes, to be shot for three times a week up to Monday, Jan. 21, when the International meeting begins. The first event in this series is the Grande Poule d'Essai, to be shot for on Monday, Jan. 21, this having £120 added money and being shot for at 26 meters. The Prix d'Ouverture, which used to precede the Grand Prix du Casino, has been dropped, and the Grand Prix itself has very wisely been allowed three days (Thursday, the 24th, to Saturday, the 26th), as it has nearly always been impossible to complete it in two. The conditions of this prize remain unchanged, but instead of being immediately followed by the Prix de Monte Carlo Handicap and the Prix de Consolation, the latter has been discontinued, while the Prix de Monte Carlo, with £160 instead of £120 added, will not be shot for until Friday, Feb. 1, being preceded by two £40 sweepstakes earlier in the week. In the first week of February there will be the Prix des Dahlias (£80) on the 4th; the Prix des Œillets (£40) on the 6th, and the Prix de Monaco (£100) on the 8th, while on Monday and Tuesday, the 11th and 12th, the Triennial Champion Prize of £400 will be shot for. Count Voss was the winner of this in 1898, the five previous victors being Signor Mainette Ghido, 1895; Signor Creste Galette, 1892; Mr. Walter Blake, 1889, Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell, 1886, and M. Lafond, 1883. After the championship contest—25 birds at 27 meters—there will still be twenty prizes, thirteen of £20 and seven of £40, to be shot for, this bringing the season up to March 30, when it will close with the Prix de Clôture, a handicap with £200 added, as against £400 last year. The superintendence of the shooting is left, as it has been since M. Blondin's regretted death, to Baron de Boissieu.—London Field.

Crosby—Elliott Contest for Cast Iron Medal.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 27.—The contest for the Cast Iron medal to-day, between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and W. R. Crosby, the latter the challenger, resulted in a victory for the former. The weather was unfavorable. There was a head wind and good birds. The scores:

W R Crosby.....2222202122222222222222222—24
2222122*222222202*2222*20—20
1222222222222222222222222—25
222222*22222222222220*12—22—91

J A R Elliott.....2212222221122112221121112—25
11*1122211111122111121l2—24
2222*02122311211121211121—23
3111922211212121222*212232—24—96

Elliott Diamond Medals.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 23.—The monthly shoots for the Elliott diamond medals, representing the local championship at both live birds and targets, have had a good effect in increasing interest in sport over the traps during the past year. At the final monthly shoot, which took place yesterday at Washington Park, there were about twenty-five contestants. The competition was decidedly spirited, as it was the last opportunity to get in for the final shoot-off for absolute possession of the trophies of 1900.

Under the conditions, the winners of the trophies at the twelve monthly shoots (former winners always being barred) will meet on Wednesday next, the opening day of Bob Elliott's holiday tournament, to shoot off for the championship medals. Both are handicap shoots. The live-bird event is at 25 birds, regulation rules, excepting distance handicap, which sends the shooter back 1yd. after each kill of 5 straight. The target race is at 50 birds, with a dead bird handicap.

The live-bird shoot yesterday was a hot one, and resulted in four ties on straight scores, Newt Beach, J. M. Curtice, George Stockwell and Tom Norton, all shooting in perfect form. The latter, however, was not eligible to win, as he had not participated in the five monthly shoots required to secure a place. In the shoot-off between Beach, Curtice and Stockwell for a place, in the finals, the former won, killing 5 more straight. Beach's persistency during the year for a chance in the general shoot-off has been one of the features of the year's work at the traps, as yesterday was the fourth time that he has been in the monthly shoot-off.

G Stockwell .....1112111212222211211111211—25
W S Allen.....222222*2122*2111222221221—23
J B Porter.....2102212212122222022022222—22
Jesse Porter .....2021*21200*0*11101**11011—14
F N Cockrill.....*2121*1121012121l2*020110—18
C Cockrill.....11*1111221222*2222222211—23
W A Smith.....*122111211*20*2l012121*11—19
N Beach .....1221111111211121111222112—25
T Hern .....0*2122012121211l222121211—22
F M Berkey.....220*111222212212*110211*2—20
Ed Hickman .....2222221111212122211222*222—24
G Rickmers .....1121211112112202212121212—24
T Norton .....2222222221212212221122122—25
J M Curtice.....2222222222222222222222222—25
A Holmes .....1211012111010212222*101101—19
Reno 2212222222*2002w
Dr J P Jackson.....2201112021120*11111210111—20
S S Millett.....22102210001w
C E Wright.....1211111211111111121*11120—23
C C Herman.....2121021112222221122*22222—23
W M Herman.....21112221*0122211122*22222—22
W M Hill.....20w
F J Smith.....0101222211w
Dr Planck .....022022220*21*2011201211122—18

The monthly scores for the year follow:

W S Allen.....	25	..	20	21	24	23	22	..	23	24	..	23
J B Porter	23	24	25	22	23	..	..	..	21	..	..	22
T J Hern.....	22	19	24	20	..	..	23	22	..	20	21	22
W A Smith.....	..	..	..	..	24	24	..	23	..	..	22	23	19
P Francke	..	..	..	..	..	25	21	21	22	20	..	24	..
J T Vaughn.....	..	..	..	20	..	..	25	14	21	..	21	24	..
J W Bramhall.....	21	23	22	21	21	23	25	25	22	23	22	..
Dr F M Planck.....	18	21	21	..	22	23	19	25	24	..	20	18
C Gottlieb.....	22	18	..	22	22	23	..	..	24	23	22	..
A E Thomas.....	23	..	..	23	..	..	24	21	..	25	22	..
T Turner	..	22	20	23	..	23	23	..	..	21	23	..
N Beach	21	24	22	23	24	24	..	23	25	..	23	25
F N Cockrill.....	21	21	20	21	23	21	..	24	..	24	19	18
W N Howe.....	20	20	20	22	22	23	22	21	..	..	..	..
G Stockwell	..	20	23	24	23	20	22	23	21	24	..	25
J J Rooney.....	24	22	19	22	20	..	..	..	22	..	..	..
W M Herman.....	..	23	20	24	21	23	..	..	24	22	22	22
F J Smith.....	23	18	17	23	19	21	20	23	24	..	..	..
C Wright.....	21	21	19	23	19	..	..	23	24	..	22	23
A C Holmes.....	15	21	17	..	21	21	..	..	..	22	..	19
R Overly	18	..	..	21	20	19	..	..	..	..	22	..
F A Fernkas.....	24	17	22	20	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
F M Berkey.....	..	19	21	18	17	..	..	23	23	23	23	20
C B Cockrill.....	..	..	23	24	22	24	23	..	24	..	..	23
S S Millett.....	17	..	..	22	..	21	23	24	22	..	22	..
A F Rickmers.....	..	..	23	..	..	22	23	24	24	21	22	24
J M Curtice.....	..	..	..	..	23	20	24	23	23	22	..	25
Ed Hickman.....	18	..	..	..	24	..	23	24	22	24	21	24
J P Jackson.....	..	..	..	21	..	22	23	23	23	22	..	20
R S Elliott.....	..	..	20	..	..	..	23	24	21	19	24	..
C C Herman.....	23	..	..	21	..	..	23	23	..	23	..	22
F Hodges.....	..	..	..	..	23	22	21	..	22	..	21	..
A H Gregory.....	..	23	..	22	22	..	..	..	23	19	..	..

JAMES WHITFIELD.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

DR. SPENCER defeated Henry Griesedick for the Mermod trophy, at live birds, at the Dupont Park range, St. Louis, Christmas Day. The birds were a rather mixed lot, with some very fast ones, and the air was filled with flying snow, making the shooting difficult. Griesedick defended the trophy at 33yds., and had rather the hard end of the draw on birds. Spencer shot at 28yds., and killed his birds nicely and in good time. The score:

Griesedick .....2201*2021*02112**22222221—18
Spencer .....2222222222022222222*2202—22

Heilman won the montly live-bird medal shoot of the Peoria Gun Club, on the 23d inst., making the only straight score. The wind was blowing hard at the time, and owing to the weather conditions, attendance was small.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, one of the new Indians, announces to the rest of the tribe that he expects to move over and "mix it" a little more with the boys next season, having plowed up the ground pretty well through the East the past season. We will all be glad to see him back on the old standing ground.

Mr. A. B. Daniels states that interest in shooting has been more general than ever in and about Denver during the present fall and winter. The sportsmen there are planning for a big circuit shoot during the coming year.

Brewer Defeats Dickson.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Match shot Monday, Dec. 24, between Capt. Jack Brewer and H. Dickson, of Newburgh. Terms: 100 birds, $200 a side, American Association rules, 30yds. rise, loser to pay for birds. The birds were an exceptionally fast lot, and some very good kills were made. At the 77th round Mr. Dickson withdrew, for he could not hold the fast pace that Capt. Jack was shooting:

Brewer .....2222222022222212222222*22—23
2220212222222222222222221—24
2222222212222211222212221—25—72

Dickson .....2222202220212212221122121—23
2222022*0022122222202*0002—16
222*120***1*01110*0102211—14
0w — 0—53

GEO. C. LEBOHNER.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

Final shoot of Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club for the year 1900: The rain prevented the marksmen from shooting all they desired, but a large number of members were present and good scores made at the final shoot of the year for the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club at Harbor View yesterday. Geo. W. Hoadley, who won the "booby" prize last December, to-day won "chief" and made two 41s in succession with the pistol, which gave him a good margin on Becker and Dr. Twist for the all comers' pistol medal. He also won the pistol and rifle class medals. Young went after Daiss and gained 8 points on his first score with revolver. This put Daiss on his mettle, and he made 41, 46, and 47, consecutive shooting. This Young could not overcome, as the range closed at 3 o'clock. The rain in the morning prevented targets being opened until 11 o'clock, which also shortened time for scores. Dorrell was sick and could not come.

Young gained 1 point on Becker in the military, but Becker regained it later, which, with his 20 points handicap, placed him on safe ground. Becker's shooting with his load in the short-barreled .30-30 Winchester carbine is worthy of note.

Hoadley's Stevens pistol was pitted, but he cleaned each shot.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN MISSISSIPPI.

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Capt. Kuhnle's .22 rim-fire shooting is probably entitled to a record under the conditions.

Corp. Wuerschmidt won the "booby" prize, which consisted of a huge diamond (?) mounted on engraved leather, and presented by George Mannel, our own artist.

We are proud of our Kindergarten. At last they are talking English at the Bund meetings. F. O. Young resigned as delegate to the Bund recently, and Dr. H. W. Hunsaker was appointed in his place, from the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club. When it was announced at the last meeting of Bund that Young had resigned, one of Young's friends (?) jumped to his feet and exclaimed, with great vehemence, "Dot's goot! Dot's goot!" Still we live and hope to shoot another day."

The scores in the various events were as follows:

Twist revolver medal: C. M. Daiss 41, 46, 47, 52, 53; F. O. Young 43, 48, 53.

Pistol medals: Geo. Hoadley 41, 41, 48, 63, 64, 63; Dr. J. F. Twist 50, 54, 74, 76, 66, 71, 74, 66.

Rifle medal, .22 and .25cal.: Capt. Fred Kuhnle 19, 19, 21, 22, 22, 23, 25; Dr. J. F. Twist 19, 24, 24, 24, 31.

Military and repeating rifle medals, Creedmoor count: F. O. Young 48, 45, 45; P. Becker 45.

At 3 o'clock the team match was called, with Capt. Fred Kuhnle and P. Becker. This match calls for 5 shots with rifle and 5 shots with pistol. The member making the best score is crowned chief for the ensuing year. This honor was won by George W. Hoadley. Capt. Becker's team won, with a total of 680, against Capt. Kuhnle's 610. Scores of teams:

Capt. P. Becker 88, F. O. Young 67, E. Hovey 82, G. W. Hoadley 66, Dr. J. F. Twist 95, Dr. H. W. Hunsaker 77, E. A. Allen 76, F. W. Page 129; total 680.

Capt. F. Kuhnle 88, A. H. Pape 72, C. M. Daiss 69, G. Mannel 120, Mrs. G. Mannel 99, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 100, F. S. Washburn 94, Corp. Wuerschmidt 168; total 610.

The annual banquet was held in the evening, and the yearly medals and prizes were awarded as follows:

Class medals, open to members only, one score per month, best five win:

Rifle, experts:

F O Young	48	49	53	56	58	264
A H Pape	49	51	54	55	56	265

Sharpshooters:

C M Daiss	53	55	67	75	76	326

Marksmen:

G W Hoadley	65	75	88	103	106	437

Pistol, experts:

F O Young	32	44	45	47	48	217
G M Barley	39	47	48	48	57	239

Young's score of 217 ties the club record.

Sharpshooters:

G W Hoadley	41	59	61	64	69	294

Marksmen:

F Hassmann	56	59	71	78	82	346

All comers' and members' re-entry matches, 10 best scores, rifle medal:

F O Young	38	41	42	43	43	44	44	45	47	47	434

Members' rifle medal (experts barred):

G Mannel	50	51	67	69	69	69	71	66	67		648
C M Daiss	56	60	66	67	67	67	64	68	71	64	650

All comers' pistol medal (presented by Wm. Glindemann):

F O Young	39	40	40	40	41	41	44	44	45	46	420

Members' pistol medal, experts barred (presented by George Mannel):

G W Hoadley	41	41	43	45	48	49	52	53	54	57	483
Dr J F Twist	50	59	54	54	55	55	55	55	54	54	532

Dr. J. F. Twist's all comers' revolver medal:

C M Daiss	41	42	43	46	46	46	46	47	48	49	454
F O Young	37	43	46	46	48	51	51	51	51	51	475

Both men beat the revolver record for 10 best scores, which was 503.

Members' revolver medal (experts barred):

P Becker	47	51	54	58	60	60	61	62	63	64	580

All comers' military and repeating rifle medal (Creedmoor count):

F O Young	48	48	48	48	47	47	47	47	47	47	474
A H Pape	48	47	47	47	47	46	46	46	46	45	465
P Becker	48	47	46	46	46	45	45	45	45	45	458

Young gave Becker 20 points handicap and forfeits the medal to Becker by 4 points.

All comers' .22 and .25 rifle medal (presented by F. O. Young):

Capt F Kuhnle	16	17	17	17	18	18	19	19	19	20	180

Capt. Kuhnle beat the club record 11 points.

Members' .22 and .25 rifle, medal, experts barred (presented by A. B. Dorrell):

Dr J F Twist	18	19	21	22	23	23	24	24	24	24	223
P Becker	19	22	22	23	24	24	25	25	25	26	235
Mrs C Waltham	20	22	24	24	26	26	29	27	27	29	256

Capt. Fred Kuhnle presented a 5 o'clock tea set to the lady making the most shots in the (inch) ring. It was won by Mrs. C. F. Waltham with 69.

The diploma for best all-round shooting was won by F. O. Young, who tied the record with 408 points, two scores with each weapon—revolver, 37, 43; pistol, 39, 40, 22; rifle, 20, 21; rifle, 38, 41; military, 64, 65.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Elite Schuetzen Corps, of Brooklyn.

AT the regular shoot of the Elite Schuetzen Corps, Captain, Geb. Kraus, held on Dec. 21, at Louis G. Mertz's shooting gallery, corner Broadway and Jefferson street, the following scores were made: C. W. Horney 243, L. Zoellner 242, J. Kaufmann 240, I. Martin 238, Zimmermann 238, C. Kaufmann 232, J. Zimmermann 230, F. A. Schlitz, M.D., 229, Spangenberg 216, L. G. Mertz 202.

CHARLES K. HOERNING, S. M.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

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Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

New York C. C.

THE annual election took place Dec. 13, and the following were elected: Pres., Calvin Tompkins; Capt., R. W. Spier; Sec'y, Woolsey Carmalt; Purser, H. H. Smythe; Trustees, D. D. Allerton, R. W. Spier, Louis B. Jennings; Auditing Committee, W. B. Houghton, Louis B. Jennings.

Map of Territory between CONNECTICUT LAKES and KENNEBAGO LAKE.
June 1900.
E.O.C.

Route of Trip shown by Dotted line -----

From the Connecticut Lakes to Lake Kennebago.

THE Connecticut lakes had always had the charm of being in the wilderness, far from civilization, and as the Rangeleys had also been in that mysterious somewhere it was deemed wise to spend the short time allowed for a vacation in the territory situated between the two above localities. This trip was found to be practicable after numerous correspondences and consulting maps, but no person was found who had made the trip.

The trip commenced at Lowell, Mass., June 2, 1900. A train was taken to Boston, and on the Eastern Division to Portland, arriving there on time at 12:05 P. M. After dinner in the dining room, and a smoke, the 1 o'clock train was taken on the Maine Central for West Stewartstown, N. H. This is one of the pleasantest rides that can be imagined, as the scenery is ever changing. Sebago Lake, but a few miles from Portland, is a beautiful sheet of water, and from all accounts furnishes excellent fishing. Through the Crawford Notch are to be had some of the grandest views that one can wish for. Snow had left most of the mountains, but on Mt. Washington were still to be seen large patches of white, which were the silent reminders of the bleak winter nights, when thinking of the summer camps, in a warm room, is almost as pleasant as the camps themselves. Just before Crawford's is reached, the steep falls on the other side of the notch glisten like so many jewels. Soon after leaving the White Mountains the train follows the Connecticut River, crossing it the last time at West Stewartstown, which was reached about 7 P. M. The night is usually spent at the West Stewartstown Hotel, but as that had been burning since morning, and was a mass of ruins, a carriage was taken to the Canaan House, just across the river in Vermont. Canada forms the northern limit of Canaan, and in fact the water used on the hotel table comes from a hill in Canada, but a few rods north of the hotel.

There had been a heavy rain all day, and it ended in a disagreeable drizzle, so the evening had to be spent under shelter. "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," given by Boston talent, was extensively advertised for that evening, so with about fifty enthusiasts one act was endured, but one was sufficient to satisfy all the dramatic cravings of the early evening. Canaan and West Stewartstown are lighted by electricity generated by water power, and this, taken together with a hotel heated by steam, gives it quite a citified appearance. About 9 o'clock Sunday morning, in company with Mr. E. M. Bateman, scaler for the Connecticut River Lumber Co.—and by the way, all northern New Hampshire is owned by that company—one of the finest rides was had up the valley of the river to the First Connecticut Lake, and although the elevation increases a thousand feet or more in the eighteen-mile drive, still there is scarcely a hill that a horse cannot easily trot over, and the road is kept in first-class repair. The river itself is grand, and at one place the falls are so abrupt, and occur so frequently, that even the rivermen cannot run the river in their bateaus, but must be carried around by teams. Log jams occur among these rapids, and over half a million feet of logs are destroyed annually by the dynamite used to break up the jams. The Connecticut lakes are used as a reservoir to serve in dry weather, when more water is needed to float the logs over the various rapids. The rain of Saturday had raised the water in the lakes 18 inches, and all the brooks seemed like miniature rivers. At the First Lake there is a modern hotel, with accommodations for fifty guests. In the fishing season this hotel is used as a stopping place before proceeding to Second Lake, where the fisherman is more certain to get a good catch. After dinner at the First Lake House, an eight-mile drive over fair roads brings one to the Second Lake House or Idlewild. Between Canaan and the First Lake numerous houses are scattered along the road, besides the village of Pittsburg, but a short way from the First Lake the houses disappear, and with the exception of the camps at the Second and Third lakes there are no signs of man, and with only the vast forest stretching northward. The fishing in the Second Lake consists principally of lake trout, locally known as lunge, and square-tailed or brook trout. While sitting on the piazza that evening two fellows brought in eight lunge that weighed 27 pounds. Monday, June 4, was spent fishing on Second Lake, and the only luck that can be had is by "plug fishing"—that is, fishing from an anchored boat with live bait. Some trolling is done, but it is rather the exception; seven lunge, four of which weighed 18½ pounds, and two cusk were the result of the day's sport. It is quite unusual to catch cusk in the day time, as they are extremely logy, and bite ordinarily at night only. Owing to the limits of the two weeks allotted to this vacation trip, the Third Lake could not be visited, but this Lake affords excellent fly and bait fishing for brook trout only.

On Tuesday, June 5, was experienced for the first time the feeling of being in the primeval forest, where no one had been for a number of years. In company with a guide, James O. Reynolds, the trip for Parmachenee was begun at 5 A. M. The first mile was across the lake. The morning was unusually cold, as there had been a hard frost during the night, but, thanks due to that coldness, not a fly or mosquito was seen that day. There used to be a trail to the head of Parmachenee Lake, but since that lake has become private grounds the trail has been abandoned, so with no trail and nothing but a general direction to guide him, Jim landed at the lower end of Parmachenee Lake at just the point he expected to be at 10:40 A. M. Two stops had been made on the trip—one at the height of land between the Connecticut and Magalloway rivers, and the other at Hamel's logging camp, about four miles from Parmachenee. Here there were two Frenchment, who were keeping the camp

during the summer, and they very kindly walked to Parmachenee and took the 40-pound pack that Jim had carried since early morning. A few miles west of Hamel's Camp a spotted trail was found which led directly to the camp and which proved of great assistance, as it showed us that we were nearing our destination, and also for a tree which had been cut and used for a bridge over the little Magalloway River. A fine view was had of a doe licking salt at one of the deserted camps, and she stayed in sight in the open for a number of minutes. Lunch was eaten at the landing on Parmachenee Lake, and soon after the trip was renewed for the Magalloway River. A guide had already been engaged to be at the Scow Landing on that afternoon, so he was waiting at the Forks Camp, which is about a mile and a half above the Scow Landing. This point was reached at just 1 P. M., after an eight-hour tramp, with less than an hour for resting. The gait that was kept must have been over two miles an hour, so it is fair to presume that from Second Connecticut Lake to the Scow Landing on the Magalloway River must be in the vicinity of twenty miles.

Parmachenee Lake and thousands of acres of land around it are controlled by the Parmachenee Club, which has a membership of about sixty sportsmen from various parts of the country. These members and their guests come as far as Colebrook, N. H., by train, where the night is spent.

The next day the stage is taken for Errol through the Dixville Notch, and up the valley of the Magalloway River to the head of Aziscoos Falls, which lie in the settlement of Wilson's Mills. Here the club steamer meets them and carries them about twelve miles to Meadow Camp, arriving there in the early evening. This camp is owned by the club, but the public can be accommodated here.

After a night at the camp, canoes or boats, with guides, are taken the next day for the Forks Camp, or if the water is very low, only as far as the Scow Landing, one and a half miles below. Here the buckboard is met and taken about five miles to the shore of Parmachenee Lake, and after a short row or paddle Camp Caribou, on an island, is reached, on which is located the main camp and base of supplies for those members who wish to spend their time in some of the numerous camps in the vicinity of the lake, and owned by the club. Thus, after arriving at Colebrook, which may be a day or two's journey, it takes two days more to reach the camp at Lake Parmachenee. At the Forks Camp is a convenient building, but as it was locked a log shanty at the Scow Landing used as a store house was taken for a shelter that night. It had no door, and was thoroughly ventilated, but with a mattress of about 6 inches of fir balsam boughs and a long walk just finished nothing more was needed, and as soon as the evening twilight began three men lay down on nature's own bed and very soon were sleeping as one can sleep only when the fragrance of the woods lulls him to dreamland. Just before retiring a young rabbit came hopping along and jumped into the cabin, but it was useless to try to catch him, as he went out through an opening in the logs. After a refreshing night's sleep breakfast was had at half-past 4, so that Jim might get an early start back to the Connecticut Lake.

As soon as he left, the trip was continued down to Upper Metallock, where a few small trout were caught, but the river was exceptionally high for that time of the year, and the fish bit very poorly. Dinner was had at Meadow Camp, where the night was also spent, four miles below Upper Metallock, and after dinner a few more trout and a smelt 10¼ inches long, a record-breaker, were taken from Metallock. At this season of the year when the water is still high in the river, great advantage is taken of the "cut-offs," which are channels cut across bends, so that the logs have a straighter course to follow and are much less liable to cause trouble by jamming.

The next morning the trip was continued down the river with a short visit at a camp on Lower Metallock, and at the Narrows, eight miles below Meadow Camp, fishing was again enjoyed.

Two other parties were already there, and one of them carried away over 15 pounds of trout, while we caught ten trout, the largest weighing 2½ pounds.

From the Narrows to the dam at Aziscoos Falls is about seven miles. Here the canoe was left, and the luggage was carried to the hotel at Wilson's Mills, about five miles, where supper was had. After supper a team was taken for Errol, and the night spent at Will Allen's.

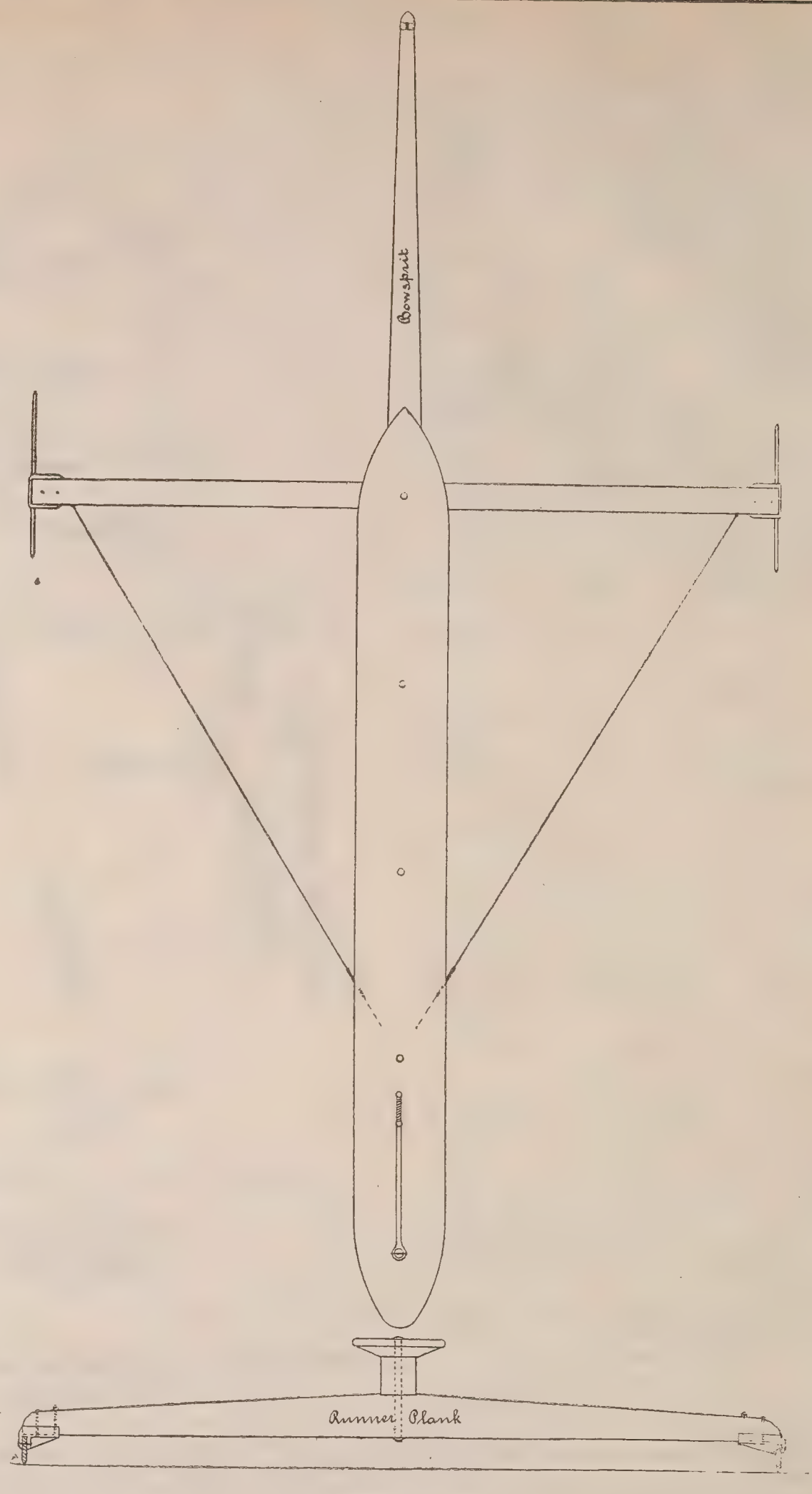
The trip down the river from Wilson's Mills was abandoned, owing to the logs being in the river at Errol, and also the inability to get a canoe. Side trips up the Swift and Dead Diamond rivers would have well repaid the trouble, besides giving good fishing in their upper waters.

The morning of June 8 started in with rain, but as the trip had to be continued, a canoe was taken up the river and out into Umbagog Lake, where the steamer was met and taken to Sunday Cove. Between here and Middle Dam is a decidedly second-rate buckboard road about five miles long. On this road odd views of Rapid River are had, and at this time logs were still coming down, and in fact just as Middle Dam was reached the last of the logs were sluiced through.

Middle Dam is located at the outlet of the Lower Richardson Lake, and the accommodations consist of the hoetl Anglers' Retreat and a few log cabins. Of course the pool below the dam is one of its chief attractions, but fine fishing is had in the Lake, and also in Pond-in-the-River, about half a mile below the dam, and being a part of Rapid River, which has widened out, so that a small lake is formed.

After dinner the services of a guide were secured—the last guide was left at Wilson's Mills, as he was not familiar with the Rangeley system, and it might not be out of place to say here that guides of one section are noticeably jealous of those of other sections, and unless one had been in the different parts of the same regions he might be led to believe that outside of ten or twenty miles, according to the guide's knowledge of the country, there was absolutely no game.

It had been the intention at the outset to cruise in a canoe from Parmachenee Lake to Rangeley, and to carry a tent for shelter at night, but, as was shown afterward, this method of tenting, as the guides call it, is very seldom used, as camps are scattered all through the region.



A CHEAP ICE-BOAT.

At Middle Dam but one tent was available, and this was at Dyke's Camp, about two miles below the landing at South Arm. On the way down to South Arm one 3-pound salmon and one 3½-pound trout were caught, and on cleaning the trout full-sized spawn was found with the embryonic spawn just forming. This is quite an unusual occurrence, and the guide had seen it occur but once before. The carry from South Arm to Dyke's Camp is over the regular stage route from Andover. The camp was the neatest and fitted up the most conveniently of any camp met on the trip. The hand of a woman was evident everywhere, from the scalloped paper on the shelves to the well-swept floor.

After a night's sleep and a good breakfast, the return to the South Arm was made with the tent; and against a hard west wind, blowing directly down the Arm, it took four hours to row the four miles to Middle Dam, which was reached in time for a late dinner. The guide suggested a side trip to B Pond, in which by law no fishing is allowed except with the fly, and any sportsman fond of fly-fishing as it ought to be, should not fail to spend a day or more on this small sheet of water. B Pond is reached from Middle Dam by walking a short way to Pond-in-the-River, rowing to the head of the rapids in Rapid River, and a good trail from here leads directly to the pond. In the pond is an island, on which is a house owned at one time by the late Gov. Russell of Massachusetts. The trout are fighters, and will run from 1 to 3 pounds in weight. There is a camp here run in connection with the Middle Dam House.

The trout rose well that afternoon, and a double of 2 pounds and 1½ pounds was landed, but the next morning was too clear and still, so few rises were gotten. As another party was due that night, we left at noon for Middle Dam, and with the tenting outfit started for the Narrows, and camped near the burial spot of the wife of the famous Indian chief Metallock. A tent was hardly necessary, as the night was warm and dry, and this was the only night it was used.

In trolling the next morning from the Narrows to Upper Dam, but one small trout was struck. The usual flotilla of boats was moving from the lake up to the pool near the dam, and back, but it was an off day and but few catches were made. The steamer was taken for Bemis, where a rowboat was again hired, and we trolled to Haines' Landing, with but one strike, and failed to land him. The road from Haines' Landing to Rangeley is much better than the average country road and about one and one-half miles in length. Rangeley Lake is the only lake in the Rangeley system whose waters have not been dammed up for rafting purposes, and its shores lined with live trees are in great contrast to the dead stumps which stand as tombstones around the other lakes.

After a six-mile sail on the steamer, at the other end of the lake is Rangeley village, quite an enterprising town, with a number of stores, which contain everything in the sporting line, both for hunting and fishing. The Rangeley Lake Hotel is of course the center of sporting life in the town, but later in the season, when the fishing ceases, it changes into a regular summer hotel, with its "piazza sports," as the guides call them.

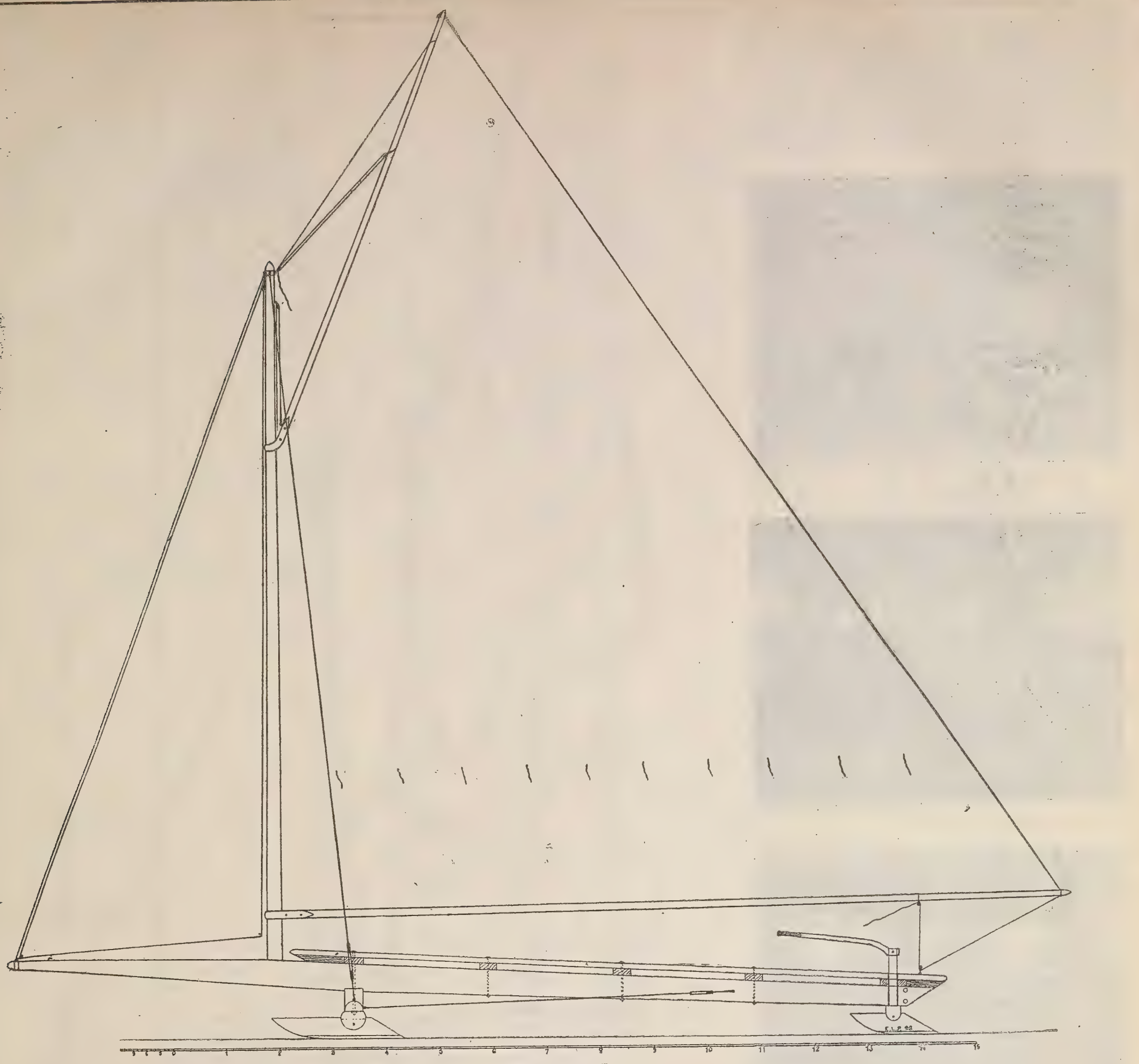
Acting again on the guide's suggestion, we decided to try our luck at Kennebago Lake, and accordingly the next morning set out afoot for the nine-mile walk to the Lake. The stage was just leaving the post office as we started, and arrived half an hour later than we did at the Lake. Loon Lake, about half-way out, has been recently stocked with salmon, and is yielding some remarkable catches, which goes to show that salmon must develop rapidly in these Rangeley waters.

At Kennebago we were given a camp at the lower end of the Lake and spent the next two days fishing the lake and Kennebago stream, with fair success.

Thursday noon farewells were said to Kennebago, and the homeward trip was commenced—part of the way to Rangeley in the buckboard and part on horseback.

Friday morning at 6:10 A. M. the narrow gauge carried a very unwilling passenger to Farmington, and delivered him to the Maine Central, which in turn at Portland shifted the responsibility to the Boston & Maine, which delivered him safely at his home. Of the two weeks spent on the trip there were but two rainy days—one on Umbagog Lake in the steamer and in the buckboard to Middle Dam, and the last day at Kennebago.

The trolling season was near its end, and the fly-fishing had hardly begun, so what catches were made were considered good.



A CHEAP ICE-BOAT.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Cheap Ice-Boat.

THE yachting season in most parts of the country being comparatively short, yachtsmen are naturally ready to take up any substitute during the winter months. Interest in ice boating has increased during the last few years, and as we have had many requests for a design of an ice boat that combines simple construction and small expense, we publish one this week that has been tried and found satisfactory. She will no doubt interest all boat sailers, whether yachtsmen or canoeists, who contemplate taking up the sport.

The excitement of ice boating is only equaled by its uncertainty. Except in specially favored locations an ice boat when wanted at all is wanted in a hurry, and being cumbrous and unwieldy things to house and care for, it is likely to suffer from neglect and abuse in the long intervals of disuse. The accompanying drawings show an ice boat of very simple and inexpensive construction which is very satisfactory as a sailer and yet can be taken apart or put together in a few minutes.

There are many localities where a small ice boat of this sort kept always ready to be put together would furnish a great deal of sport, the construction being only a little more difficult or expensive than the many crude makeshifts which are thrown together in a hurry wherever a clear field of ice presents itself, and which, when the sailing is over, are left to fall to pieces on the shore.

The dimensions are as follows:

Runner plank	10ft.
Keel	17ft. 4 in.
Main plank	12ft. 3½in.
Mast—	
Heel to hounds	12ft. 9½in.
Diameter at heel	3¼in.
Boom	14ft. 9 in.
Gaff	8ft. 8 in.
Mainsail—	
Hoist	8ft. 7 in.
Leech	20ft.
Area	135 sq. ft.
Jib—	
Luff	13ft. 3 in.
Hoist	12ft.
Foot	4ft. 6 in.
Area	27 sq. ft.
Total sail area	162 sq. ft.
Total weight about	200lbs.

The keel is a stick of dry white pine 6x6in. tapered to 4x4in. at the after end, and from the mast forward chamfered and then rounded to a diameter of 2in. at the band. The runner plank is also of white pine 4in. wide, 7in. deep at the middle and tapering to 3½in. at each end. One bolt of ½in. diameter connects it with the keel; at each end is a casting of iron with a socket on top, into which the end of the plank fits, being secured by two bolts, one an eye bolt and one a plain machine bolt ⅜in. tapped into the casting. On top of the keel is a plank of white pine 15in. wide and 1in. thick, stiffened beneath by chocks of 1½in. pine. The plank is bolted through the keel, as shown. The rudder stock is a composition of iron casting, or oak may be used, being cheaper. It is slotted for the runner, which is held by a ⅜in. bolt, the hole in the runner being ½in. All runners are of cast iron ¾in. thick and 4½in. wide, the two main runners being 2ft. 6in. long and the rudder 1ft. 8in. long. The boom is 1¾in. in diameter and the gaff 1½in. The sails are of 6½oz. single-bighted cotton, costing $12. The jib stay shrouds and side stays are of ¼in. galvanized iron wire rope, all set up with turnbuckles and shackles. The plank will hold three persons, the weight being so distributed that there is little strain on the boat. The cost of the whole construction, including sails and rigging, is under $45, the castings for runners, chocks and rudder stock, with the necessary fittings, costing about $12.

Interlake Yachting Association.

A MOST enthusiastic and harmonious session of the Interlake Yachting Association was held to-day in Toledo for the purpose of arranging the time and place of the regatta for 1901, and for the transaction of such other business as might be presented. The representatives of the various organizations included: W. R. Huntington and I. N. Richardson, Cleveland Y. C.; W. D. Moebs, Detroit Y. C.; J. B. Rathbone, Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen; George T. Bliss, Erie Y. C.; F. B. Rawson, Sandusky Y. C.; M. B. Vorce, Lakewood Yachting Association, Cleveland; R. D. Potter, Toledo Yachting Association; F. B. Kruse, Maumee River Y. C., Toledo; F. B. Pritchard, Up-River Y. C., Toledo, and William Haas, Put-in-Bay Y. C. In addition to the gentlemen named, who were the regularly accredited delegates to the meeting, there were present a number of the leading yachtsmen from the various cities of the Association, with a very liberal sprinkling of Toledoans.

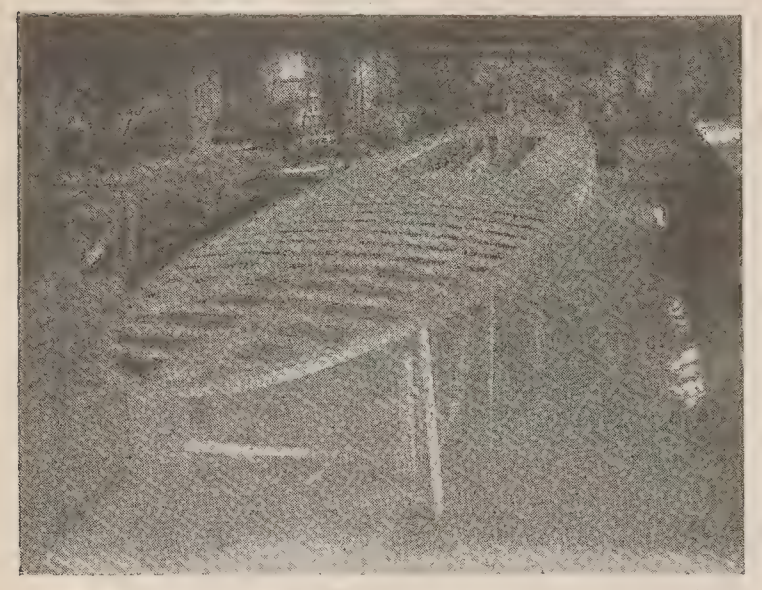
Prior to the business session, an elaborate course dinner was served at the Boody, at which about fifty of the visitors and their hosts were seated. Ex-Com. S. O. Richardson, of Toledo, formerly Commodore of the Interlake Association, presided, and very happy after-dinner talks were made by Ex-Com. Anderson, of Sandusky; Ex-Com. Bliss, of Erie; Com. Huntington, of the Cleveland Y. C., Cleveland; Com. Dexter, of Detroit; Com. Richardson, of the Lakewood Y. C., of Cleveland, and Com. Haas, of Put-in-Bay. The general spirit of the remarks was that it was time to "get together," brushing aside all prior differences, and make the forthcoming regatta the most successful in the history of the Association.

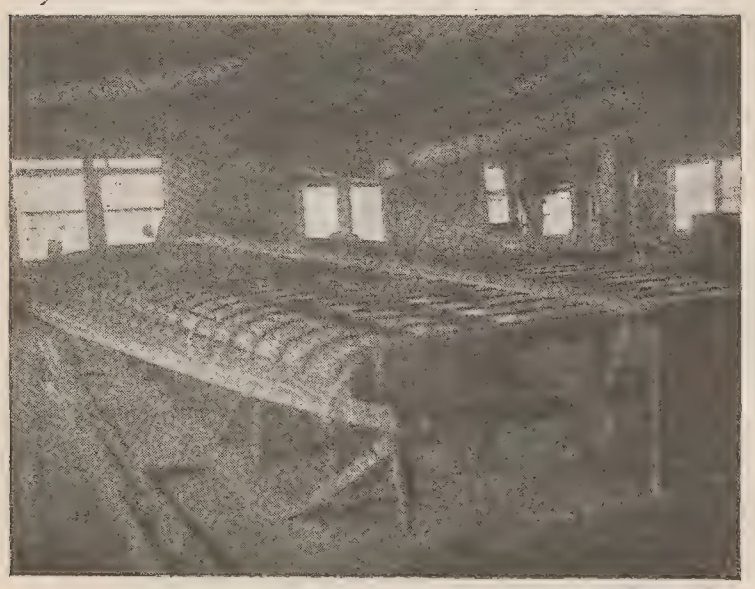
Arrangements for the regatta were perfected this evening at a business meeting held in the rooms of the Toledo Yachting Association, Com. Huntington, of the Interlake Association, presiding, and Mr. W. F. Seitz acting as secretary. The Maumee and Up-River clubs were admitted to membership, and the resignation of the West End Y. C., of Detroit, previously tendered, was accepted without comment. E. W. Ryder, of Detroit, and S. O. Richardson, of Toledo, were chosen as delegates to future meetings of the Yacht Racing Union.

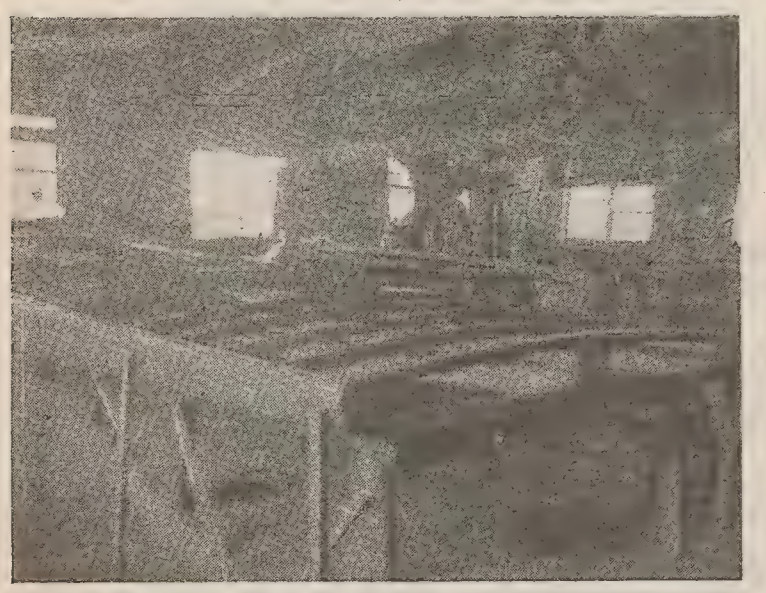
When the question of the location of the coming regatta was under consideration, invitations were tendered from Erie, Sandusky and Put-in-Bay. The latter was seconded by Manager McCreary, of Hotel Victory, who made some very definite as well as satisfactory promises of co-operation. On a vote of the delegates, Put-in-Bay crossed the finish line an easy winner.

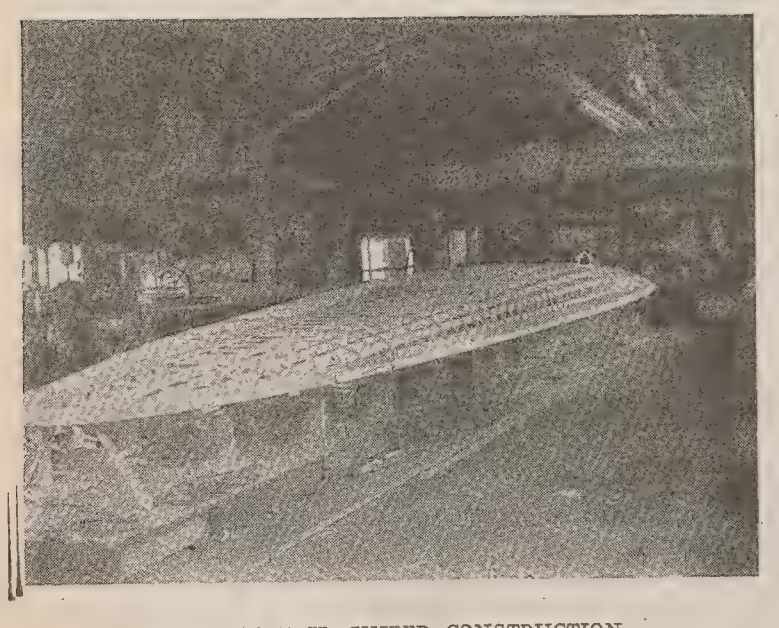
The details of the regatta were placed in the hands of a committee consisting of Messrs. George F. Anderson, of Sandusky, chairman; John B. Rathbone, of Detroit; John

Barth, of Cleveland; Fred B. Pritchard and Jack McKenzie, of Toledo. This committee met immediately after the adjournment of the session and decided to hold the regatta from July 15 to 19, both dates inclusive. It is understood that the Put-in-Bay meet is so scheduled as to avoid any conflict with prospective regattas at Buffalo, Erie and Chicago. The annual ball of the Association will probably be held at Hotel Victory on the evening of July 16, that date being subject to further conference with









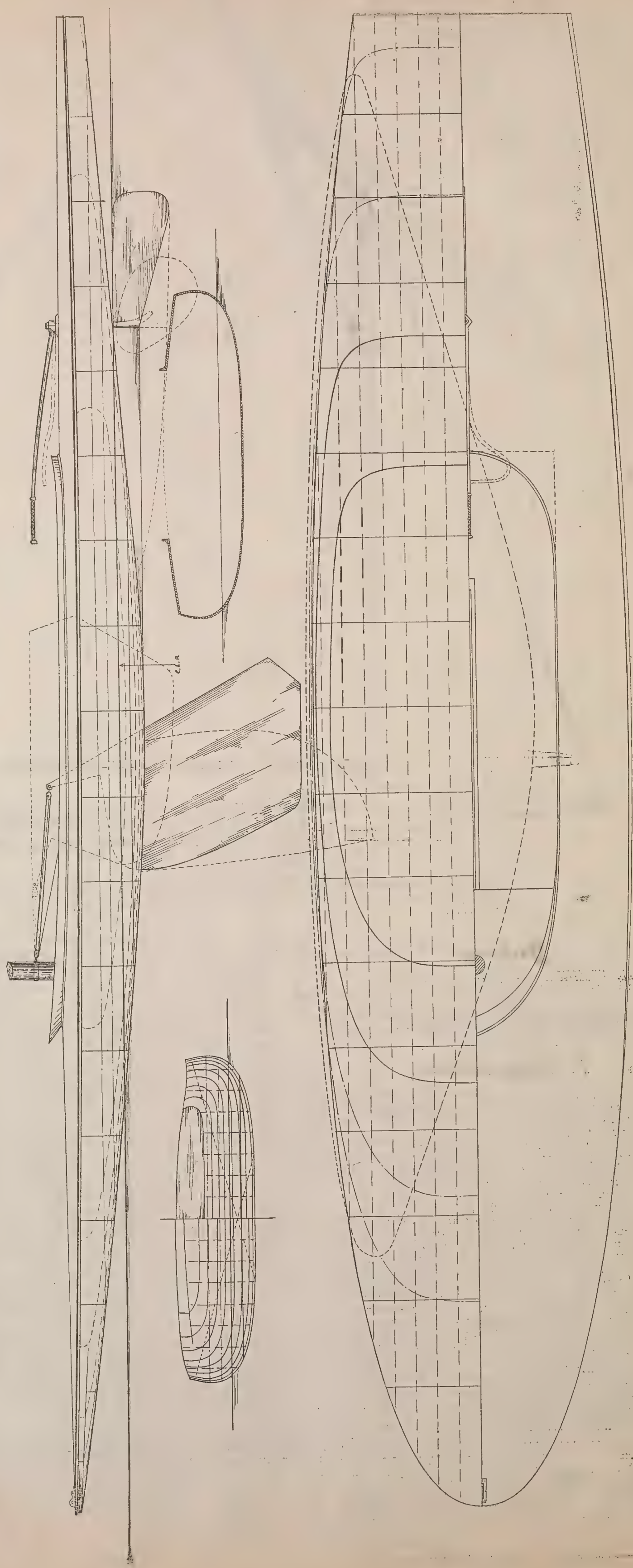
BALD EAGLE, II. UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

Manager McCreary. The social features of the regatta will be under the direction of a reception committee, including John L. Dexter, of Detroit, chairman; Frank R. Frey, of Toledo, and M. B. Vorce, of Cleveland. Com. Dexter made an excellent reputation for himself last year in a similar capacity, and all the gentlemen concerned in the management of the meet are determined to make it the best of the series.

It is generally believed among the yachting men who expressed an opinion on the subject to-night, that the members of the Association who have withdrawn have done so under a misapprehension, and that when matters are more fully understood they will reconsider their recent action and again unite with their former comrades in promoting this most delightful recreation on the waters of Lake Erie.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 22.



BALD EAGLE II.—DESIGNED BY A. C. BOWER AND FRED W. MARTIN.

BALD EAGLE II.—SAIL PLAN.

Bald Eagle II.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Fred W. Martin we publish the plans of Bald Eagle II. in this issue. She was launched too late to take part in the Lake Geneva meet in August, and will now be out of class in 1902, due to the new rules in measurement, and the abandonment of L.W.L. as a factor in measurement, which will, of course, develop a far different boat. Bald Eagle II. will be privileged to sail next season with the L.W.L. limit craft, but will be handicapped by the scantling rule, so we think the coming season will see some close racing between the old-time "feather weights" with L.W.L. as a factor in measurement (virtually the Seawanhaka rule) and the new unlimited L.W.L. craft with the heavier frame and hull generally, the plank being limited to ½in. thick under the new conditions.

This craft was designed jointly by Mr. A. C. Bower and Mr. Fred W. Martin, and was built in Mr. Bower's shop at Waukegan, Ill. The four accompanying pictures show the vessel under process of construction. She has an oak frame 5-16 and 5-8in., spaced 4½in. to centers, and is planked with best quality of native cedar 5-16in. thick, and is all brass screw fastened. Her decks are laid in two thicknesses of cedar ⅛in. thick, laid diagonally and covered on top with best quality of union silk, finished with oil and shellac and marine varnish. As will be seen by the interior photographs of the boat taken inside the shop, she is bridged and braced in the best possible manner with the least possible weight. Everything in the interior being of cedar, the result is the lightest construction consistent with the necessary strength.

None but those acquainted with this type of racing machine know the strains that they must endure in racing trim, with four or five men hung out to windward; hence the elaborate system of bracing and bridging shown by the photographs, and one will know how nicely this must be applied when a vessel of the length, beam and depth of this craft can be gotten down to 800lbs., as is Bald Eagle II. This, of course, is the weight of the hull proper without the centerboard and rudder, canvas or rigging, spars, etc., all these latter weighing about as much as the hull; the spars, however, are very light, being hollow, and an idea can be formed of their lightness when the mast weighs, without its metal fittings, only 38lbs. Her centerboard and rudder are of the best quality of saw steel, and the size and shape as shown by the dotted lines on the drawings for deep water, and the full lines for shallow water and the weedy bottom, the skag being a necessity on some of the Western inland lakes, owing to the large quantities of grass encountered.

As will be seen, the vessel is far from a scow, as most of the modern Western craft have been of late years, and we think from her appearance and lines that she will not be far behind the new long waterline craft the coming season, which likely will see the last of the limited waterline 20-footers.

Since she has been completed she has had no opportunity to get a line on her speed outside of her own lake port (Fox Lake Y. C.), but she has easily shown a clean pair of heels to such boats as she has come in contact with, and many of the latter are well known fast sailers and have a known record, which the speed of this craft can easily be determined by, she having with ease beaten them on each and every point of sailing.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
	Over all	35ft.
	L.W.L.	17ft. 6in.
Beam—		
	Extreme	7ft. 8in.
	L.W.L.	7ft. 4in.
Draft—		
	Hull	6in.
	Centerboard down	4ft. 3in.
Area Sails—		
	Mainsail	385 sq. ft.
	Staysail	93 sq. ft.
	Total	478 sq. ft.

Mr. M. Hubbe has placed a contract with T. S. Marvel & Co., of Newburgh, N. Y., to build a steel house-boat for Mr. Pierre Lorillard, which will take the place of the Caiman, burned in Florida last spring. The new boat has two decks, and her accommodation will be as large and complete as Caiman. She is 126ft. long, 22ft. beam, 8½ft. deep and draws 2½ft. of water. The power is furnished by two 25-horse-power Murray and Tregurtha gasoline engine motors. The boat is to be completed next July.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The matter of a skipper for the Lawson boat seems to be the paramount issue at the present time. All kinds of rumors are afloat as to who will be the man or the men. As the matter stands now, it looks as though Capt. Hank Haff would be at the wheel of the Boston boat next season. It was stated to your correspondent Thursday that Capt. Haff and Mr. Lawson would hold a consultation the next day, after which the matter would be settled.

It is known that there has been some question in regard to Capt. Watson being on board the yacht, and it is also known that Capt. Haff was sent for by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. Several conferences have been held at Mr. Crowninshield's office and at Mr. Lawson's office, and from what can be learned at the present time, Capt. Haff has been selected to command the new yacht.

It has been suggested that it might be possible that both Capt. Watson and Capt. Haff would be found on the Lawson boat, but it does not seem reasonable. If both were on the boat, one would have to take a subordinate position, and while they are fast friends now, such a proceeding would be calculated to bring about a break in that friendship. None of the yachtsmen who have been spoken to about this matter have favored the idea. They are all of the opinion that the boat will make a better showing with only one captain than she would with two, even though those two were the finest in the land.

The possibility of a second aspirant for Cup defender honors does not seem to be as great as when first exploited. If Mr. Hanley has a possible syndicate in view, he should make his assertions good by naming some responsible party who has signified his intentions to join it. This he has not done, and a diligent search among Boston yachtsmen, who might possibly be connected with such a scheme, has resulted in finding none who have anything to do with it.

Mr. Hanley said recently that a certain New York man, who had plenty of funds, had become interested in the matter, and had asked for all particulars in regard to the plans, construction, cost and minor details. Mr. Hanley says that he thinks that this man's interest in the boat at this time is a favorable omen. However that may be, it is said almost in the same breath that the syndicate is taking form. If the syndicate is taking form in Massachusetts, there does not seem to be any good reason why Mr. Hanley should claim that the New York man's interest was of vital importance.

It may be that Mr. Hanley has a syndicate on foot, and it might be that such syndicate is taking form, but it would be of more advantage to Mr. Hanley and would also be more likely to insure further interest in the boat, if he would give some definite statement as to what his prospects are. When a person says that a syndicate is possible for the construction of a Cup defender, it is usual to make good in some manner, and Boston people are now quite skeptical in regard to Mr. Hanley's possible yacht.

There is not a yachtsman around Boston who would not like to see a centerboard Cup defender built. Both Mr. Lawson and Mr. Crowninshield are anxious to see one, and Mr. Lawson has signified his willingness to subscribe money toward it. Centerboard advocates are thick in this district, but those who are most enthusiastic are unfortunately the ones who have not sufficient ready money to form a syndicate. There are also those who would like to see the boat built, who have the ready cash, who think there is a chance for a centerboard, but whose love for the development of the sport is not great enough to cause them to put any money in what they think is a possibility.

The Lawson boat will be set up next week at Lawley's. The building in which the new mould loft is to be located is about finished. The floor of the mould loft is all laid and there is nothing to prevent commencement of the work. Wilson & Silsby are at work on the sails. The light sails will be turned out as soon as possible, and the working sails will be started as soon as the perfected sail plan is ready.

Two more additions have been heard from for the 25ft. restricted class of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association. One of these is for Walter Burgess. She will be a yawl, 28.6 on the waterline. Mr. Burgess has made several experiments in yawls before, but has never attempted to build a boat of this type, which would be an out-and-out racer. His Jeannette was the first one turned out in 1899. She was a good boat in very heavy weather, but she was too much of the brute type to do much under ordinary circumstances.

At the beginning of the past season he brought the yawl Clarette to City Point from Nillson's Yard, Baltimore. She was a likely looking craft, designed for the 21ft. restricted class. But Mr. Burgess was not evidently satisfied with her, and she was early sold to B. D. Amsden and her name changed to Coquette. It was afterward developed that Mr. Burgess was having a schooner built for the 25ft. class from designs by Small, who turned out Bud and Katydid. This schooner, which could be changed to a yawl, did not amount to anything as a racer.

This time Mr. Burgess is going to go to the limit of his class to produce speed. The new yacht is designed by his nephew, W. Starling Burgess, and will be built at Embree's, Quincy Point. She is already partly in frame. She will have great overhangs, being nearly 47ft. over all. She will be about 9.6 beam, and will draw 6½ft. of water. She will be single planked with mahogany and will carry the limit of sail which her class allows. Mr. Burgess is a brother of Edward Burgess, who designed Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer. He has spent his life on the water, and if there is any go in his new yawl he is sure to get it out of her.

The other 25-footer is from designs of Isaac B. Mills, and will be built by Smith, of Quincy Point. Her dimensions have not been obtained, but it is said that she will be a keel boat. She is for W. D. Turner. Both Mr. Burgess and Mr. Turner are members of the Boston Y. C., Mr. Burgess being Vice-Commodore.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, will hold its annual meeting at Parker's Jan. 9. The following officers will be elected for the coming year: Com., J. O. Shaw, Jr.; Vice-Com., D. C. Percival, Jr.; Rear-Com., Butler Ames; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas., J. B. Rhodes; Meas., C. B. Stebbins; Executive Committee, Frank E. Peabody and W. H. Rothwell; Regatta Committee, G. W. Mansfield, W. W. Keith, D. H. Follett, Frank Brewster and G. H. Mayo; Membership Committee, D. W. Lane, H. S. Goodwin, F. Estabrook and C. D. Wainwright; House Committee, C. W. Foss.

Frisbee, of Salem, is at work altering the overhangs of the side-wheel steam yacht Turtle, owned by Arthur Amory, of the Manchester Y. C.

The recent fire at Fenton's shops, Manchester, totally destroyed the Y. R. A. 25-footer which was nearly completed from lines by B. B. Crowninshield for F. G. Macomber, of the Corinthian Y. C. This boat was an improved Flirt, and those who have seen her lines have said that there was every prospect for her taking honors from last year's champion. Khalifa, owned by R. A. Tucker, of the Manchester Y. C., was almost totally destroyed. Several other yachts were badly damaged, and a lot of spars in the shop were destroyed. Fenton says that he is going ahead to build a new shop, and that he will at once resume the work of building the Macomber boat.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

International Signals.

A NEW and enlarged edition of the international code of signals has just been issued under the authority of the Board of Trade. The work contains a complete exposition of the new code of signals which will come into use on Jan. 1, 1901. Yacht owners should take note that during next year the two codes, the old and the new, will be used concurrently, and vessels using the new code will signify the same by hoisting the code pennant, red and white vertical stripes, with the fly of the flag tied to the halyards, and having above it a black ball, or shape resembling a ball. From Jan. 1, 1902, the new code will be used exclusively, and its distinguishing sign thenceforward will be the code pennant, hoisted in the ordinary way. It therefore behooves the owners of all vessels making use of sea signals, as well as all yacht club committees, to become possessed of the additional flags required for the new code, and to make themselves acquainted with the working of the new system of signaling as set forth in the International Code of Signals for all Nations.

No new principle has been introduced in revising the code, but the signals have been increased in number and brought up to date. The international code was first published in 1857 by a committee appointed by the Board of Trade; it was the outcome of the Marryat code, which was then in general use, and included the first eighteen consonants of the alphabet as code flags, the distinguishing pennant bringing the number up to nineteen. Without the use of the pennant it was possible to make no fewer than 78,660 permutations, and this by employing no individual flag more than once in the same hoist. Of this total 73,440 permutations were obtained by four-flag signals. The old code was adopted by France in 1864, and subsequently by thirteen other maritime nations. After thirty years' use it was generally admitted that the international signal book did not meet the requirements of modern times; and in 1887 a committee was appointed to bring it up to date. The Board of Trade committee which undertook the work consisted of Sir Digby Murray, Admiral Sir Leopold M'Clintock, Sir George Nares, Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, Colonel Hozier, Capt. C. P. Wilson and Capt. Bowden-Smith. The last named retired from the committee when he attained the rank of Admiral, while Mr. Thomas Gray and Mr. Swanston, who were both chairmen of the committee in their time, died before the stupendous task was completed.

The first valuable suggestion appears to have been brought forward by the French Government, which proposed including two extra flags, X and Z, in the code, with a view to increasing the number of two and three flag signals and decreasing the four-flag hoists, for to reduce the four-flag signals in favor of a smaller number of flags in each hoist naturally meant greater speed in signaling and less risk of error. The proposal of the French Government was adopted, but when it was found that it meant practically rewriting the whole of the code the committee decided to add not only the flags X and Z, but others representing vowels. The net result of the negotiations is that, after thirteen years' continuous work, the number of flags in the code has been increased from eighteen to twenty-six, irrespective of the code pennant. Although the addition of eight flags may seem a trifling matter in itself, the vast nature of the work will be realized when it is said that the increase has enabled as many as 375,076 signals to be made, no flag being used more than once in the same hoist, while the old four-flag signals have practically been superseded by three-flag hoists. The old code contained only 306 two-flag signals. These have been increased to 650 in the new book, and the three-flag signals are now 15,600, as against 4,896 in the old code.

While Part I. of the new code book contains, primarily, the instructions how to signal, including alphabetical spelling and numerical signals, two-flag, three-flag, and four-flag signals, with a general vocabulary, Part II. is devoted to three distinct systems of distance signaling, (1) by cones, balls and drums; (2) by balls, square flags, pennants and whefts; (3) by the fixed coast semaphore. Of these three systems the first is entirely new, and is regarded as likely to prove extremely useful in vessels of small tonnage. The necessary apparatus, consisting as it does of two cones; three balls and one drum, has the advantage of being simple, inexpensive and durable. The Morse code of signaling by light and sound, and also by flag waving, a system chiefly used at present for naval and military purposes, is now included in the international code. The work is carefully compiled, and represents the outcome of sound practical experience; it will, of course, involve a certain amount of study on the part of those for whose use it is intended, but it is arranged with every regard to simplicity. The earlier pages are, as hitherto, devoted to illustrations of British and foreign flags, followed by the quarantine and code flags. The meanings of the latter, when taken singly, are explained, and it is interesting to note that in future S, when hoisted alone, will be the international signal signifying "I require a pilot." Formerly the French used the blue-peter as the pilot flag, but they have now agreed to adopt the letter S; henceforth, therefore, the blue-peter when hoisted alone will have the sole meaning that the vessel is about to sail.—Field.

Dust on Shipboard.

Attempts to Solve the Mystery of Its Origin All Fail.

A "DUSTY" ocean highway sounds almost incredible. Yet those who are familiar with sailing vessels know that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed down in the morning, and how little work of any kind be done during the day, nevertheless if the decks are not swept at nightfall an enormous quantity of dust will quickly collect.

Of course on the modern liner the burning of hundreds of tons of coal every twenty-four hours and the myriads of footfalls daily would account for a considerable accumulation of dust, but on a "wind-jammer," manned with a dozen hands or less, no such dust-producing agencies are at work. And yet the records of sailing ships show that they collect more sea dust than does a steamer, which is probably accounted for by the fact that while the dust-laden smoke blows clear of the steamer, the large area of canvas spread by the sailer acts as a dust collector.

To quote an instance in support of this contention, we may mention that no less than twenty-four and a half barrels of fine dust were swept from the decks of an American sailing ship during a ninety-seven days' voyage from New York to San Francisco. The captain of this vessel, a man of scientific tastes, made careful observations on the mystery of sea dust, but beyond the wear and tear of the sails and rigging, a quite negligible factor, he could assign absolutely no perceptible cause for the formation of dust on board his ship.

It has been asserted that the dust which falls on the decks of vessels emanates from the interstellar spaces. This sounds both scientific and plausible, but it is at variance with certain known facts. Bits of leather, cork, wood and vegetable fiber are almost always present in sea dust.—London Shipping World.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

William M. Tebo, owner of the extensive ship yard, yacht depot and steam dredging plant at the foot of Twenty-third street, Brooklyn, died on Tuesday from a complication of diseases at his home at Crooke avenue and St. Paul's place, Flatbush, in his seventy-second year. He had never recovered from an attack of paralysis from which he suffered seven years ago. He was born in Beauharnois, in the Province of Quebec. In early life he came to this country and was engaged as an architect and dredger in the upper part of New York State. He settled in Brooklyn in 1854, and began work as a dredger. He secured several big contracts, including the dredging work for the abutments of the Brooklyn Bridge. In 1885 he established his big depot at the foot of Twenty-third street.

To the yacht depot he added coal pockets and had powerful tugs for sea and coast towing. This yacht depot is known all over the world, and many craft of prominence have been built, docked or repaired there. For the past five years the active management of Mr. Teboe's business has been conducted by former Postmaster Andrew T. Sullivan. Mr. Tebo contributed to numerous Brooklyn charities.—N. Y. Sun.

J. S. Smith, of Bayonne, N. J., is building an 85ft. over all sloop yacht for Mr. J. H. Thompson, of this city.

Mr. William H. Rightmire has purchased from Mrs. C. E. Low, of Bayshore, L. I., the sloop Natalie.

The New York Athletic Club has a splendidly equipped yachting department at Travers Island. A force of men under Superintendent Andrew Larsen are employed the year round making repairs on and caring for members' yachts. In addition to three large houses, the club has just completed a building 75. by 45ft, in which most of the club launches are to be stored this winter. Among the boats laid up at this yard are the ketch Paladin; auxiliary yawl Kathleen; yawls Caroh, Themis and Sahib; knockabouts Dipper, Perchance and Thelga; cutters Io, Mopsa, Xara, Marjorie, Pelican, Kit and Portia; sloops Trochilus, Vision, Loafer, Icarus, Venture, Chin-Chin, Saria and Santuzza; catboats Onita, Sylvia and Narrioch; launches Amorita, Surprise, Dolly, Dixie, Trochilus, Estli and Indian. Mayhew Bronson's auxiliary sloop Trochilus is being changed to a yawl from plans by Capt. Larsen.

At a recent meeting of the Knickerbocker Y. C. the following officers were elected for the year: Com., S. H. Mason; Vice-Com., Louis H. Zocker; Rear-Com., Edward F. Glover; Treas., George H. Cooper; Sec'y, J. O. Sinkinson; Meas., John G. Money; Fleet Surgeon, J. B. Palmer; Directors, F. E. Barnes, F. Stephenson, Rodman Sands, Charles Schlesinger and Thomas Wilson, Jr.

The Entertainment Committee of the Harlem Y. C. has been earnestly preparing for the future social functions of the club. The club house has been renovated, and is ready for the second monthly reception. The club's seventh annual ball will be held on Feb. 7. The committee hopes to make it the most successful social affair in the history of the organization.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

STOCKTON, Md., Jan. 6, 1901.—Thanks to last year's advertisement, my house was full to Jan. 1, and as I could not accommodate any more, an advertisement at that time was useless. Now I wish to fill my spring months, and inclose you an advertisement for that part of the year. O. D. FOULKS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE COLORADO SYSTEM.

WE print a suggestive communication from Mr. D. C. Beaman, of Denver, in exposition of the Colorado system which permits the sale of imported game and game from preserves, while at the same time forbidding traffic in Colorado's native wild game. The law provides for an elaborate system of certificates, permits and labels; and it is manifest that the actual operation of the plan and the measure of safeguarding it gives the native stock must depend upon how honestly and watchfully it is administered. Mr. Beaman testifies that the operation of the law has been entirely satisfactory to all concerned and has afforded almost perfect protection to Colorado game and fish taken in the open field.

Massachusetts has had some experience quite in line with that of Colorado with respect to the sale of brook trout artificially propagated in trout ponds for the market. It will be recalled that a few years ago the trout breeders of that State made a sturdy fight to wrest from the Legislature permission to market their cultivated fish in February and March, which months are in the close season for wild brook trout; and this they have been doing. In response to our inquiry as to the effect of this system upon the wild trout supply and fishing for market, Capt. J. W. Collins, chairman of the Fish Commission, tells us that while it would be difficult to arrive at a definite and satisfactory conclusion regarding the effect on the sale of wild trout, without making an inquiry such as has not been attempted by the Commission, it is, however, the opinion of those who have given some attention to this matter that the general effect of the law is to decrease the demand for trout, and especially for wild trout. Cultivated trout sell for from 25 cents to 35 cents per pound during February and March, and consequently they have a material influence upon the prices for wild trout after the first of April. Formerly, at the opening of the season, wild trout sold for $1 per pound or thereabouts; and even at the present time dealers offer about 25 cents per pound more for wild trout than for those artificially reared. It is not probable that any wild trout are sold before the first of April. The low price in February and March would not be an inducement to parties to catch wild trout for sale in those months. It is also believed by some that the lack of the wild trout flavor in the cultivated trout sold before April has a tendency to prejudice some people against eating trout, and therefore, to decrease the demand for wild trout, as already indicated, especially on the part of those who might fear they would get artificially raised fish even when paying the price for wild trout.

Manifestly, however, the case of a species of fish whose supply can be kept up artificially, and where the open market is provided in response to a demand for an outlet for the artificial supply, is very different from the case of wild fish or wild game, which under open-market conditions will rapidly be depleted. While it may be possible to keep the market filled with cultivated trout, it is not possible, at this time, to supply the game market with venison and quail and other birds from preserves. There are no preserves to draw any adequate supply from. An open game market, in this year 1901, generally throughout the United States would mean a market stocked with wild game. If that wild game does not come from the open fields of the State in which the market is situated, it must come from the open fields of other States. But under existing laws, the legitimate sources of supply in States where non-export laws do not obtain are so restricted that they would not begin to stock the markets. We have come to a point in this country to-day where there is not any considerable amount of game capable of meeting the Colorado proviso of being "lawfully imported," if we concede that as a condition precedent to lawful importation into one State it must have been lawfully exported from another State. In any discussion, then, of open-market systems like that of Colorado we must eliminate as a possible factor game imported from other States. This leaves for the market supply the game bred in preserves. At the present time the amount of game bred in preserves is so insignificant that it, too, may be disregarded as a factor in the problem; although the time may come when the high prices paid for game as a luxury may stimulate the infant industry of raising venison and pheasants for market, to such an extent that it will be worth while providing an outlet for the supply.

Until that time shall have come, it will be a safe plan to forbid the sale of game at all seasons.

MICHIGAN WARDENS.

There never was a time in Michigan when there was as much interest in game protection as there seems to be now. The tracking snow coming just at the time of the deer season, which had not occurred before for years, enabled sportsmen to kill an enormous quantity of deer. This has alarmed the people of the State, and they are pretty nearly unanimous in asking for a law that will allow the killing of but two deer by each sportsman taking out a license or a permit to shoot, and that will absolutely protect does. The Michigan game warden system is a failure so far as the local wardens are concerned, for they are dependent upon the county boards of supervisors for salary, and nine counties out of ten will not fix a salary that would even pay a man's expenses. There are a few counties that have voted $40 or $50 a month, but that is all. The plan now under consideration is to remodel the warden system, and to divide the State into districts, with a warden for each district, who shall receive his pay direct from the State. The entire abolishment of spring shooting will be demanded. The limit on brook trout will be increased from six to seven inches in length, and possibly a limit on the number of fish or birds that can be taken in one day, or fish from any one stream, will be insisted upon. An effort will also be made to close a certain portion of the Big Manistee to all fishing, for the breeding and perpetuating of the Michigan grayling. This portion of the stream is not a trout stream, and there are very few trout in it; it is strictly a natural grayling stream, on which the logging is a thing of the past so that the grayling really should increase if protected. Unless some such expedient of providing a protected breeding ground shall be adopted for the grayling the species is doomed to extinction in Michigan waters.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

IN his message Governor Odell, of New York, recommends many retrenchments and the reductions of various commissions in order to secure economy. Among other things, he recommends that the Forest Preserve Board and Fish and Game Commission should be combined, so that one commission of three members should take the place of the present two commissions. He points out that the salaries and office expenses of the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission together with the expenses of publishing reports last year amounted to $82,875, and this was exclusive of the maintenance of hatcheries and legal expenses. The salaries and office expenses of the Forest Preserve Board amounted to $14,000, and there was an additional expenditure of $12,000 for counsel. The legal work of the department, says the Governor, should be performed by the Attorney-General. The combination and reduction as recommended by Governor Odell would amount to a saving of probably $35,000.

The recommendation is excellent, so far as it goes. Entirely too much money is put into salaries and the publication of expensive reports, while insufficient funds are found for the pay of game protectors and the actual work the commissions are charged with doing. But the change should be more radical and further reaching than any simple combination of the Forest Preserve Board and the Fish and Game Commission. The duties of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission are quite distinct from those of the Forest Preserve Board; instead of combining the two, the better plan would be to abolish altogether the Forest, Fish and Game Commission as a commission, and to put in its place a State fishculturist, a State game protector, and a shellfish commissioner, provided the surveying of oyster lands and the other duties belonging to the shellfish office cannot be done by the public lands department. The State fishculturist could do independently all that is now done by the State fishculturist under a board of five commissioners; and the State game protector could do independently all that is now done by him under direction of a board of five commissioners. The two officers should be entirely independent of one another and of control by any board of commissioners; they should be free and untrammeled in their work, and it would be possible to hold them individually responsible for the performance of their duties. If the Legislature is desirous of retrenchment, it can here retrench much more radically than by a combination of the two commissions, and it can provide a much more efficient and satisfactory system by giving us the independent game protector and fishculturist.

SNAP SHOTS.

Ohio's list of game birds has recently been enriched by the addition of two new species, "Japanese turkeys" and "snow birds." The Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, prompted by the laudable desire to identify these new species and to catalogue them scientifically, recently conducted an examination into certain cold storage vaults, said to harbor the turkeys and snow birds, and with the aid of search warrants they secured a number of the birds quite sufficient for identification. After careful scrutiny, the Cuvier experts made oath that the terms "Japanese turkey" and "snow bird" were nothing in the world more than new-fangled names for a bird already well known in this country as Virginia partridge, quail or Bob White. As a rule, the Cuviers are glad to identify, without charge, any bird specimens submitted to them; but in this case the dealers who had the birds in possession were by certain provisions of the Ohio law required to pay severally $25, $50, and $100 for their instruction in how to name game birds in close season.

The second chapter of "Reminiscences," by Rowland E. Robinson, printed to-day, will be followed by a third. These were the last things written by Mr. Robinson—the pleasant memories, near life's close, of the care-free days of youth. The January number of the Atlantic Monthly contains a sketch of Mr. Robinson, by Mrs. Julia R. C. Dorr. It is an appreciation of the creator of Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovel and the other characters which have taken their secure place in the literature of New England, and there is with it a description of the Robinson home, which readers of the Danvis stories will be glad to have.

Mr. Willard G. Van Name makes the excellent suggestion that when offenders against the game laws are punished, the officials and interested individuals should take pains to have the facts fully reported in the local press, to the end that the public may be instructed in the matter of game protection. It is a practicable and very profitable plan. The average offender, who has been made to pay a fine for shooting out of season, naturally wants to hush up the affair and to avoid publicity. But publicity is just what is essential, if the enforcement of the law in individual cases is to be of instruction to the public.

We have frequently urged the enlistment of the local paper as a most serviceable adjunct to the right protection of fish and game. There is no other such power as the home paper in a cause like this; and it is an agency which should be cultivated.

Twenty-nine buffalo were counted by scouts last winter and there were possibly ten more in the Park not seen. This is the census of the buffalo made by Capt. Geo. M. Goode, Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. This is an almost hopeless remnant, yet Capt. Goode is of opinion that with the establishment of new scouting stations the stock may yet be preserved and that it will increase.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Reminiscences.—II.

AT one time in Jim's fatherless boyhood he was quartered with a benevolent old uncle and aunt who, though as poor as himself and hard pinched to provide for a large flock of their own, always had bit and sup and shelter for the poor orphan. Sometimes he spent a few days with some of his other relatives, of whom he had an unlimited circle, all on the same unvarying level of shiftlessness and poverty. He had been staying a week with one of them, when, having in some way become possessed of a couple of charges of powder and shot, he borrowed a cousin's old flintlock musket and set forth early one bright October morning on a grand hunt. The larder was low, and the hour was before the family's irregular breakfast time, so that he found but a scant lining of remnants for his stomach, yet he carried a light heart and there was a prospect of many apple orchards in his route.

There were upland and lowland from which to make choice of hunting ground, and the chance of getting shots at flocks of duck with his limited stock of ammunition made him soon decide in favor of them against the few shots he might have at single partridges or gray squirrels, for all the frequent orchards and clear water of the hillside springs.

So he turned his back on the hills and followed one stream in all its windings through the half-swampy woods to the marshes by the lake, crept stealthily up to every known duck hole, as the stagnant, dead creeks are called, which are old channels that in some way have become choked and abandoned by the stream. Being hidden from the main stream when grown up with all manner of water plants, they were favorite resorts of wood duck and teal. All the way to the lake on one side of the stream and all the way back on the other, Jim hunted faithfully; but to his sad disappointment he found nothing to expend a charge on, until he came to a pair of green-winged teal, sitting on a sand spit in the stream, and as it was near the end of his return trip, he thought two teal in hand worth more than a possible chance of a flock. Taking careful aim he swept the sand spit bare of life, gathered in his game and improved the last opportunity of a draught from the tepid stream, though he knew it would only increase his thirst, and set forth across dry, flat fields for the head waters of the Slang, where he thought the unaccountable flocks might have congregated.

He had not reckoned without his host, for when he came in sight of the objective place he saw several dark, moving bodies dotting the sheen of the distant water, and nearer approach revealed the logs of driftwood all crowded with sleeping wood ducks.

His parched throat and his collapsed stomach were forgotten, and he at once began a long roundabout advance to the cover of a low-branched oak. He reached it, his shins sore with bruises and his palms smarting with thistles, but he counted such discomforts nothing since he had not alarmed the game of which there was so much that he suffered an embarrassment of riches. Every open patch of water and duckweed among the sedges was filled with bunches of wood ducks and teal feeding on various water plants and fallen wild rice, while here and there a few big black ducks lorded it over their smaller brethren, and every log held a rank of full-fed dozing wood ducks. One of these logs lying in slightly quartering range from Jim's hiding place, seemed to offer the surest target, and with a heart quaiking with dread of a misfire, he took careful aim and pulled the trigger.

Flint, steel and priming faithfully performed their appointed parts, and Jim's heart was fluttering in a commotion little short of that into which the ducks were thrown. Some of them threshed the water in a flurried attempt to rise; others jostled each other in the air above; some tumbled out of the thick of them, wounded to death, and struggled feebly among their dead companions.

He saw at a glance that there were enough to satisfy him, and when he gathered them, ten in all, he was puffed up with pride at the thought of showing them to his uncle's family. He was glad to remember, too, that they ate wild ducks, while his cousin's people did not, being rather fastidious, eating mud turtles, but drawing the line on wild ducks. They would be glad of the feathers, however, and so he could contribute something to the comfort of both. Thinking of his two homes made him remember how hungry he was, and made him crave the frugal fare of either. The uncle's little gray house being nearer—indeed, its roof was in sight across the broad, flat fields—he chose it, and made his weary way toward it. Weary enough it was, with the October sun blazing down with midsummer fervor, the musket and the precious string of ducks, swaying and wobbling in spite of any adjustment, growing heavier at every step. His lusty youthful appetite gnawed savagely at his empty stomach, to which nothing had gone since early morning save a few bunches of sour frost grapes and tepid water that had only increased his thirst. His chosen route had led him away from apples and springs. If he could but have the run of Aunt Amy's garden, it seemed as if a raw turnip or carrot would satisfy him, or that he could almost eat one of the new fashioned tomatoes a few people were learning to like.

Aunt Amy was the neighborhood nurse and doctor for the people of her class, and cultivated medicinal herbs to supply her *materia medica* with what she could not find in fields and woods. The animal kingdom also was called on to contribute a small but important share. Having assisted many mortals into the world, she felt in duty bound to help them keep a foothold in it, in spite of all its sin and sorrow and toil and poverty. In battling with that subtlest foe of infancy, the croup, one of her most trusted weapons was skunk's oil, and as she could not raise skunks like hoarhound, nor gather it in the fields like lobelia, she depended on her son, Pat, and his little dog Ring, to supply that want. Pat's method of hunting was simple and successful. Armed with a club and attended by Ring, a brisk little prick-eared, bob-tailed, brindled and ring-necked dog of no breed, he would go ranging the open fields of a moonlight night until Ring began yelping, when Pat would hasten to him, often guided more by smell than hearing, and find Ring baying the skunk. The race had been to the swift, but the battle was not to the strong, for Pat rushed in, shouting and swearing to fit the occasion, and ended the fray with a single blow of his club.

Now Pat had been out on such an expedition the night before with a like successful issue. The quarry was unusually fat, and its passing was attended by far less than the usual demonstrations. Aunt Amy tried out the oil at once before the open fire. When that was done the meat looked and smelled so nice that Judy, the oldest daughter, would hear to nothing but keeping it to feed Ring, being sure he would not recognize it in its present state. So she quartered it neatly and set it on the low roof of the hen house to cool.

When Jim came plodding across the field in the rear, the tempting pan of meat was the first and most interesting object that his hungry eyes dwelt upon. When he came near enough for a close inspection, he could not guess what it was. It could scarcely be pig or lamb, for whence were such luxuries come to his uncle's frugal board, unless some wholesale accident of broken legs had befallen the farmhouse litters or flocks? It looked and smelled good enough for either, and when he tasted a bit by the aid of his jackknife he was content to remain in doubt as to kind or source, if he might but get his fill of it. This he proceeded to do with such celerity as threatened the speedy reduction of the visible contents of the pan to a beggarly array of bones.

Judy came outdoors for an armful of wood, and, very naturally, casting an eye to the experimental dog meat, was astonished to see Jim making way with it. After a gasp of surprise, she shouted back in a voice that could be heard half a mile off:

"Oh, good land's sake alive, maw, Jim's eatin' up all Ring's skunk meat."

Jim dropped the thigh bone he was gnawing with great relish, his hunger suddenly appeased, as Aunt Amy waddled to the door, calling out in her drawling, motherly voice, heard above Judy's yells of laughter: "Never he mind Jeems, he may eat all the skunks the' be if he's a min' tu! Naow come right in here an' git some cold b'iled cabbage and 'tater, poor dear child!"

Jim was too tired of hearing of it ever to adopt skunk's meat as a regular article of food, but he always declared that he would not hesitate long between that and starvation or even sharp hunger. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

"A Winter's Ride."

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our visitors to New Hampshire, from the cities, are usually summer birds of passage, who enjoy the forests and streams in their flush of foliage and fullness of flow, and many of them have no idea of the transitory beauty which is occasionally pictured by a wintry storm. Such a picture I saw some three weeks ago, and wished that I had been gifted with the artist's skill and furnished with his pencil, to transfer it to canvas. The occasion was this: I had received a letter on Saturday asking me to come over to Concord on Monday to make some engineering measurements for the Land & Water Power Company, and I accordingly started across the State Monday afternoon. A cloudy morning had brought rain at noon, and this changed to snow, as I took the train at 3 P. M.. By the time I reached the "height of land" at the foot of Sunapee Lake it was very dark, and the lake was undistinguishable in the whirl of snowflakes. As we sped rapidly down the long descent on the other slope toward the Merrimac Valley nothing was to be seen except the occasional lights at a small way station, and when we reached Concord we had outrun the snow, and it was raining hard. The rain continued all the evening, and the pavements of the main street glittered in the electric lights from the hotel and street lamps as I looked out while smoking my cigar after supper.

In the evening my friend who had sent for me came in to say that an accident to the machinery in the afternoon had precluded all possibility of making the desired experiments, and there was nothing to do but to come home in the morning and wait for repairs.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning the snow had crossed the hills and reached Concord and was falling fast.

I went down to the station at the usual hour and found that the down train from Claremont, on which I was to return, had not got in, and when it did come it was fairly plastered with snow. I took my seat in the smoker and we started back, rather behind time, but with a smooth track, which the down train had cleared, and were soon making good time. Here my picture began to develop. When the road was built all the low lands in the Contoocook Valley were covered with a heavy growth of pine, and one section of them has always been known as the Old Mast Yard, the pines on it having been especially reserved in the old colonial days for the use of the Royal Navy. Here the pine has all been cut, and the ground is growing up with a crop of white birch and scrub oak.

The long, slender birch saplings, loaded with the damp snow, were bending toward the ground in all sorts of graceful curves, one actually startling by an unexpected swish against the car window as we sped by, and the stiffer oaks were all drooping their branches. It was not, however, until we reached the foothills of the backbone of the State that the full beauty appeared. Here we struck the region of spruces, hemlocks and firs, and every tree was a picture of itself. Each branch, fairly loaded with the damp, clinging snow, drooped like a great plume of white ostrich feather, the northerly side of every tree was covered with a thick poultice of damp snow, while the leeward sides were bare and brown, giving a contrast to the picture.

All the old boulders along the track were coated in the same way on the windward side, but bare and black to leeward, and as we climbed up steep slopes and curves along Sunapee Mountain, we looked down on to a snow-white forest of treetops. The summit cut at Newbury was bare of snow on the north side, but loaded with huge dripping icicles, which contrasted with the rocks, and Sunapee Lake was a smooth white plain. Every telegraph wire was as big as a broomstick, and where two hung near together, the coats had united into a roll as large as a man's arm. The deserted boat landing was festooned with drooping snowdrifts from every eave and cornice, and not a sign of life was anywhere visible. The storm here began to slack, and when we reached the Connecticut River, was practically over, but the picture of it will long remain in my memory.

In discussing the subject of accidental shooting by mistake for deer, much is said about the color of clothing. Why not revert to first principles—to the good old days of "Merrie England" and Robin Hood—and adopt "Lincoln green"? It will certainly not be mistaken for a deer's coat, and will be as good a concealment among the evergreens as any shade of brown or tan color. I had a jacket made of green cloth some twenty years ago, which has now gone the way of all garments, and I shall probably never need another, but it seems to me that such a colored coat would save many mistakes.

A Happy New Year to all readers and correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM, and long life to the paper itself. The Christmas Number was an immense one. VON W.

In Frontier Days.—II.

The Escape of Longhair.

THE wolfers were unhappy. Several weeks had elapsed since they vowed to make old Splayfoot, the grizzly, pay for his thieving with his life, but still the sly old brute roamed the valley unharmed. Their hunters' pride had received a serious blow, and all three had become quite ill-tempered over the situation. The Scribbler during the early days of the hunt had discovered the bear digging into an ant hill, and had emptied the magazine of his Henry rifle at him, with no effect except to make the old fellow run for the hills at his utmost speed. It will be remembered that Ben had missed a standing shot at its head and neck, but that did not prevent him from saying cutting things about the youth's markmanship, and Jack, returning every evening from a long and fruitless hunt, never failed to give his opinion of hunters whose gun muzzles wabbled like a quaking asp leaf in the wind. Nearly every day during this time one or another of the men, and sometimes all three, had found fresh signs of Splayfoot, so they knew he had not left the country. He seemed to be at home on both sides of the river, swimming back and forth as he pleased, and evidently he was a great traveler, for as far as they had been up and down the stream they had found his tracks along the sand bars. Latterly, despairing of finding him by the ordinary methods of still-hunting, the hunters had killed and left in likely places a few head of antelope and deer and a buffalo or two for bait; but the result had been only a few meals for the wolves and coyotes. Other bears had been seen, several had been killed, but as for Splayfoot the only tangible thing about him was his tracks. No doubt all three of the hunters wished they had not been so rash with their vows. Had any one of them proposed to call the hunt off, the others would have readily agreed to it. But there was the rub; none wished to be the first to show the white feather, so the hunt was kept up with dogged persistence.

One evening the Scribbler was watching the sun gild the towering dykes and cliffs as it went down in a blaze of crimson glory. The game of all kinds had mostly been to water, and now singly in little groups and in bands was leaving the river and grazing slowly up the slopes of the valley. Suddenly a bunch of buffalo on the opposite shore of the river stampeded, raced up the steep bank and disappeared in the cloud of dust their sharp hoofs raised. The cause of their fright was soon evident, for a moment later a lone man stepped out where they had been and looked around. "Indians at last," said the Scribbler to himself; but a glance through the telescope proved that he was wrong—the stranger was a white man. The Scribbler hurried down to the cabin to notify his partners, and a moment later they all started out in the boat to interview him. As soon as the traveler saw them he stopped, and leaning on his rifle, awaited their approach. He was about as wild and odd looking a specimen of humanity as the Scribbler ever ran across, and during a long life on the frontier he has seen some pretty queer ones. The stranger's hair and beard had apparently not been cut for a very long time, and hung far down on his shoulders and bosom in fluffy, wavy, well-combed masses; both were a golden, glistening yellow. He was very tall, more than 6 feet, very lean and slender, and his buckskin shirt and trousers fitted him as gracefully as a gunny sack would a bean pole; his footwear was a pair of huge shapeless deer shank moccasins. But his clothing, his face and hands were absolutely clean, something quite unusual in a country where soap was seldom considered a necessity; even his dingy old hat looked as if it had been freshly scoured.

"Hi, stranger," Ben called out, resting on the oars; "what's the best word an' where ye bound?"

"Bound anywhere," the traveler replied; "anywhere to git away from the Injuns an' find some terbacker. Got any?"

"Sure!"

The stranger bounded into the stream and waded out toward the approaching boat. "For God's sake," he exclaimed, "give us a chaw quick!"

Ben handed him his plug, and standing there waist deep in the water he bit off a large chunk of it, shut his eyes and breathed a deep sigh of ecstatic relief. "Who'd 'a' thought it?" he said, presently, waving the plug in the air and then returning it to Ben with a courtly bow. "Who'd 'a' thought it? A minnit ago sufferin' torments an' now transported to the seventh heaven o' earthly bliss, as the preacher says. Stranger, I thank ye."

All hands returned to the cabin, and the wolfers set a lot of food before the newcomer. He ate ravenously. When he had finished and had been supplied with a plug of tobacco, Jack suggested that he should tell something of his adventures. "You spoke of getting away from the Injuns," he said. "Have they been botherin' of you?"

"They have," the stranger replied. "He who boasteth his pride shall have a fall, as the preacher says, an' me, Longhair, fer twenty years a wanderer over these here plains an' mountains of the West, I'm the feller. I bragged that the Injuns couldn't git the best o' me, an' they've sot me plumb afoot."

"I come up to the Yellowstone from Green River this spring, but they was too many Crows a-trappin' an' a-prowlin' roun' thar, so I jest packed up ag'in an' lit out fer the Missouri. 'Bout twenty mile below here I found a place what suited me—chock full o' beaver, all kinds o' game in the bottom, nary a sign o' Injuns, nor nothin' 'cept a steamboat travelin' up or down onct in a while. Right here, I says, ole Longhair makes his home, an' I went to work an' put up a cabin out o' green logs, an' built a corral 'longside it to put my stock in o' nights. I had four head—three pack mules an' a rattlin' good saddle horse. It didn't take me long to build the outfit, an' I moved in. Safe again, I says. Injuns can't burn me out, logs is too green, an' anyway, I'm inside, here's a lot o' port holes to shoot through, an' I'd like to see 'em git the stock out o' that corral.

"Wal, seein' as they wa'n't no trappin' to be done until cold weather, I built me a go-devil and worked hard all summer snakin' out firewood fer the steamboats, but the water has been so low that mighty few of 'em ever got above Cow Island, so I didn't sell much, jest about enough to pay fer my winter's grub 'n' a case o' ca'tridges. Them steamboat fellers knows how to charge. Thirty dollars fer a sack o' flour, by gosh.

"T'other mornin' I was prowlin' 'round on the hills, an' the first thing I knowed an Injun popped up on a ridge 'bout half a mile off; they was twenty-five or thirty on 'em—a war party afoot. They see me as quick as I did them, and scattered out to try and surround me. But I'm consid'able on the run myself and I just flew down into the bottom, drew my stock into the corral and then into the cabin I went 'n' fastened the door and waited fer 'em to come up. They didn't come though, no closter 'n the timber, about 200 yards off. I seen 'em sneakin' along the edge of it, an' give 'em a couple o' shots fer luck, but they didn't shoot back. Wal, I kept walkin' from one wall o' the cabin to another all day, a-peekin' out o' my port holes, but couldn't see anything more of 'em. I knowed well enough, though, that they was down in the timber, or under the river bank, whar I went to git water. That's what worried me—water. Both buckets was empty, and after my run I was dryer 'n a fish, 'n' I dasn't go after any. I had a little vinegar, 'bout a cupful, 'n' I took a swaller o' that onct in a while, but 'twan't no good.

"A little after dark 'n' jest afore the moon raised, the scoundrels opened fire, an' the way the bullets plunked into the logs was a caution. I fired back fast as I could, now from one wall, 'n' now from another, aimin' at the flash o' their guns, and pretty soon the moon came up 'n' 'twas so light they sneaked back 'n' quit shootin'. They'd killed two o' my mules, but nary a bullet come in the cabin. Wal, you bet I didn't sleep none. I kept a-watchin' out all night 'n' expected they'd sure make another rush toward mornin', but they didn't. As soon as it got daylight I seen a smoke down in the timber. Gittin' some breakfast, be ye? says I. Well, seein' that's the case, I'll take chances 'n' try 'n' git some water. I was so dry my throat was crackin' 'n' my tongue was all swelled up. It was about thirty yards to the river where I had a trail down the bank. Mebby they's some on 'em layin' fer me down there, I sez. If they be, they'll pot me sure, 'n' I kind o' wilted, 'n' sot down fer a while. Thinkin' over the risk, somehow or another I didn't seem to be so thirsty as I was a while back. But by 'n' by the cravin' come on ag'in worse'n ever, 'n' I got up 'n' tore 'round that cabin like a wild man, 'n' a-sufferin' the tortures o' the damned, ez the preacher said. Water or die, I says after a while, 'n' I grabbed my gun 'n' throwed open the door. They was nothin' in sight, so I picked up a bucket an' started out. I hadn't got away from the cabin three steps when I see somethin' flash in the sage brush 'n' grass on the edge o' the bank. 'Sun shinin' on a gun bar'l,' I says; 'git back fer yer life,' an' I got. But afore I could run in 'n' shut the door, they was three shots fired, 'n' three bullets come ker plunk into the cabin wall. Discretion is the best part o' valor, as the preacher says, says I. I ain't a bit thirsty, gol dum ye!

"'Yes I be,' I says, after a while. 'What's the use o' lyin'? I be thirsty; my God, I'm thirsty,' 'n' I commenced tearin' aroun' the cabin ag'in. The vinegar was all drunk up. I hunted aroun' an' found some pain killer. I tasted on't an' smashed the bottle ag'in the fireplace. How I got through that day without goin' plumb crazy is more 'n I can account for.

"Night come. I'd made up my mind what to do—what I had to do. I filled two belts with cartridges an' put 'em on; then I set the whole case, about 1,400 of 'em, in the back end o' the fireplace, 'n' piled wood on top an' in front of 'em ready to light. I pulled off my shoes, tied my hat on good, stuck a match to the shavin's in the fireplace, 'n' then grabbin' my gun 'n' with my heart in my throat, I pulled the door open an' lit out fer the river, quarterin' down like below my water trail. Say, you oughter heard the guns pop, flash here, flash there, bing, bang all around; but nary a bullet struck me. I got to the bank all right and dove off head first, stayin' under jest as long as I could hold my breath. When I come up I slung my gun on to my back with this here piece o' rawhide I'd put on, 'n' lit out fer the other shore, swimmin' mighty low 'n' slow, so as not to make any ripple in the water. The Injuns never seen me after I jumped; they run along the bank hollerin' 'n' a-jabberin' an' a-shootin', but by the time I struck the other side they'd give up the hunt, 'n' from the light o' my fire streamin' out o' the cabin door, I could see 'em pilin' in there to rob the place. I was cold 'n' shiverin', an' wanted to run 'n' git warm, but they was a little trap over acrost I wanted to see sprung. so I stood an' waited. 'They're eatin' my sugar now,' I sez, 'n' my 'lasses, 'n' jest havin' a terrible fine time. I wonder if that case o' ca'tridges ain't ever goin' to go off? It did. A big streak o' fire shot up through the chimbley 'n' out the door, 'n' then ker blim she went, 'n' then all was dark. Man! how them Injuns did yell fer a minit, 'n' holler 'n' howl, 'n' I jest yelled back 'n' haw-hawed 'n' cussed 'em, 'n' then I lit out 's fast as I could in my bare feet up the river. When mornin' come I killed a deer ,'n' while I was roastin some o' the ribs I made these here shank moccasins; then I got along better. Wal, that's my story. If the Injuns did run me out, I bet I sent some on 'em to the happy huntin' ground."

"Longhair," Ben exclaimed, "you're all right! That was the slickest trick I ever heard of. You sure must 'a' killed a lot of 'em."

"I expect I did," he replied. "Ef I am afoot an' busted, I believe I played even on 'em."

"Never mind about bein' broke," Ben continued. "Here's lots o' grub 'n' ca'tridges 'n' strychnine, 'n' they's lots o' wolves prowlin' round jest achin' to be poisoned. Yer a rustler all right, 'n' so fur as I'm consarned yer can go in whacks on the hull business."

"Sure," Jack exclaimed, thumping the table.

"Certainly you are welcome," echoed the Scribbler.

"Fellers," said Longhair, rising and shaking hands solemnly all around, and there was a tremor in his voice, "Fellers, all I kin say is, yer white. Old Longhair will do his best. The preacher said they was a silver linin' to every cloud, 'n' by gosh he didn't tell no lie."

The wolfers laughed at his quaint expression, and presently they all turned in in good spirits.

"Well," queried the Scribbler next morning, "what is the programme for to-day? Another hunt for Splayfoot?"

"Splayfoot?" Longhair asked. "Who's he?"

"He's a bear," Ben replied, "a dod gasted, cripple-footed, low down bear that we've been tryin' to kill fer a month or more. But he 'pears to be smarter 'n we are. If it wan't that he swiped 'n' eat our sheep meat, 'n' that we've foun' his tracks sunk deep in the sand 'n' mud, I'd swear he ain't no b'ar at all, nothin' but a phantom, a ha'nt, a shadder as ye might say, fer I had a fair 'n' square shot at him at 30 feet 'n' missed, never teched hide or hair, 'n' Scrib, here, emptied his hull magazine at him; result, nothin'."

"Is his right hind foot flopped around sideways?" Longhair asked.

"It is; the track of it reaches clear across to the tracks of his left feet."

"It's him!" Longhair said. "It's him sure; he was hangin' aroun' my place off 'n' on all summer, 'n' swiped my good meat several times, but I never got to see nothin' more of him than his tracks."

"Wal," Ben concluded, "ye can amuse yerself by huntin' fer him ag'in; ye've got to learn the country 'n' the trails about here anyhow, 'n' while yer pokin' aroun' just keep yer eye peeled fer him."

It was another blank day, as usual, so far as Splayfoot was concerned. In fact, none of the wolfers found any fresh signs of him, and it was thought he had left the vicinity for a time, and perhaps for good and all.

"Boys," said Ben, after the supper dishes had been washed and the wolfers sat in front of the fireplace lazily smoking. "Boys, I've been thinkin' all day about the close call Longhair here had. Now suppose a war party was to sneak in an' surround us, how long do you think we would last if they stayed with it? We've only got one bucket, an' half the time that's empty; consequence is, sooner or later we'd have to make a break, an' right there we'd git our lights put out. Here's thick brush right in front o' the door fer 'em to lay in, an' a nice hill just back o' the cabin for 'em to cache behind, an' we wouldn't stand no show at all."

"That's right," Jack allowed. "If they come an' just laid low fer a few days, they'd soon carry off our top knots. Oh, well, we've got to take chances."

"Yes, take chances an' trust to luck, as the preacher said," Longhair commented.

"Here we be," Ben continued, "just naturally surrounded by Injuns, Assinnaboines, Gros Ventres an' Crees north of us; Yanktonais an' other Sioux to the east, Cheyennes an' Crows on the south, an' the cussed Piegans to the west. It's the biggest wonder in the world some on 'em ain't tackled us a'ready; sooner or later they will, an' I believe I've got a scheme to beat 'em. We can dig a small tunnel from the river to come out right in this here cabin. It's only 31 yards. I stepped it to-day, an' that's nothin' fer old miners like us. Now then, what do you all say?"

The others thought it an excellent plan, and the next morning all went to work with a will. There was only one shovel and one pick in the camp, but they were kept going steadily turn about. Jack built a barrow to transport the dirt, making the wheel of a cut of cottonwood log bound with rawhide, and the body of a buffalo hide laced to the handles. Work was commenced near the edge of the water in the face of the high cut bank, and as the earth was wheeled out and dumped it was carried down stream by the deep, swift current. A progress of 15 feet was made the first day, but thereafter the work went more slowly. In two weeks, however, the barrow was completed, and the exit at the river was concealed by a pile of beaver cuttings and drift wood which the wolfers gathered with their boat. In the cabin the entrance to the tunnel was directly under the table. Some short sticks and grass, covered with a thin layer of dirt, effectually concealed it.

While the work was in progress one or another of the wolfers had been out on the hills each day to look for Indian sign since the arrival of Longhair, and with his narrow escape in mind, they had become more cautious. At sunset especially, the movement of the game was closely observed. So long as the herds grazed or wandered quietly about, there was nothing to fear, for in those days a war party could not have traveled half a mile in that country without alarming several bands of buffalo or antelope or deer, which would have gone scampering away in all directions. They were the wolfers' barometer of safety and danger. Splayfoot had evidently left the country, Jack claiming that Longhair's appearance had scared him out.

"The chances is," that worthy said, "that he's hangin' around my cabin down the river feastin' on Injun meat. We'll have to go down thar some day an' find out what did really happen when that case o' cartridges busted."

THE SCRIBBLER.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

The Country of the Horse.

ON a vacant lot near my house in the city of Washington a rough-haired pony is pastured this winter, every mild day, and as I pass him he is a recurrent joy to me, because he looks so much like a Rocky Mountain cayuse. He picks aimlessly at the long dry grass, or stands, a fraudulent counterfeit of misery, as he looks at me through the tangled forelock which covers his mournful eyes. Well do I know that appealing gaze. Have I not seen it in the eyes of every rascally pack horse in British Columbia, the land where horses work one day a week and stuff themselves the other six! The fatter and lazier the horse, the more tearful and woe-begone the eye. It is worth going there to see them. As you journey through the valleys, between the stupendous peaks, it looks as if there were twenty horses to every log house, and a few dozen thrown in for good measure, in every creek bottom where the bunch grass grows rank. To whom do they belong? Like the log huts, the mournful and over fed cayuses are the property, not of white men, but of the Indians, who live, perhaps, the easiest lives of any people in North America. In the great valley of the Frazer for instance, there are uncounted miles of horse feed on the hills, and uncounted myriads of salmon run up the Green Mountain rivers. There is a little gold in the river banks, and Mrs. Siwash and her daughter can wash out gold enough to pay for a calico gown any summer day. Not enough money in it to tempt a white man. There are richer fields for him. But the British Columbia Indian, simple and easy-going, finds a living almost as readily as do the horses that find pasturage everywhere, and like him take no thought of the morrow.

Of course some of those horses get roped in, and make assiduous all summer journeys to Peace River, laden with flour bags and whiskey, toiling up and down the dizzy mountain paths, week in and out, to the sound of a tinkling bell. Others go on hunting trips, and snort with futile indignation when compelled to transport deceased wild animals. But even these unfortunates revel in weeks and months of leisure, and chew the grass of idleness, unimpressed by scenery whose appalling magnitude makes tourists gasp.

Speaking of scenery and mountain trails, a New York paper had a story Sunday, in words and figures following:

> Theodore Roosevelt is about to face a test of his bravery more trying than San Juan Hill. After retiring from his present office he will go next month to hunt bear and mountain lion in the Little Book Cliff mesa in Colorado. The trail by which this mesa is approached is considered by old hunters to offer the greatest test of nerve in Colorado. Many of those who try it are carried back fainting. The hunter has to ride along a path of crumbling rock 2 feet wide, with a precipe 2,500 feet deep at his side.
>
> Here Governor Roosevelt will have to pass, with no cheering regiment and none of the pomp of war to encourage him, and only the calmest and coolest kind of courage will sustain him.
>
> A momentary failure of the nerves will leave him a shapeless thing at the bottom of an abyss 2,500 feet deep. Those who know it, hold this a trial of courage compared to which ordinary warfare is child's play.
>
> The old hands are making bets among themselves as to whether the renowned and ferocious "Teddy" will pass over the trail without attempting to "crawl."

Now, wouldn't that give you the croup? All men who have hunted in the mountains know about those trails, where "a single misstep," etc. There are only about a million such places in the West, all alike, with slight variations. I suppose the average horse trail on the side of a cañon, anywhere from Patagonia to the Yukon, is about two feet in the clear, and if the cayuse should go crazy and walk off the side, it would make no practical difference whether the fall was twenty-five feet or twenty-five hundred feet, if there were rocks at the bottom. But after some experience on horseback in that country you learn that the passenger cayuse is as safe as the Chemical Bank of New York City. When you are on level ground, among bushes, your horse may try to scrape you off by rubbing up against the saplings; but where the way is narrow and the view precipitous, the rough-haired little mountain horse is, from purely selfish motives, a model of conservatism and prudence, asking of you only that you sit steady. And Theodore Roosevelt knows the breed. For all the danger of that Colorado trail, would to God I might ride it every day.

As for the little horse that is my neighbor, in the vacant city lot, I wonder what he would think if he could be transported to British Columbia, and be ridden by some moon-faced Indian girl in a calico frock, sitting astride like a little man? Or, the next day, to be turned up a steep trail, with an Indian hunter's luggage on his back? Or the Indian himself, and a rusty rifle, model of 1873, under the Indian's right leg? All this in the shadow of the glorious mountains. Happy the horse, or the man, whose daily companions are the mountains, and the Indians. There are worse things than Indian girls, and rifles model 1873.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

A Small Cook Book

For Our Club House.

Chapter II.—Dinner.

THE man who is coming in to dinner to-night has been chained to business in the city until he lost his appetite, and to-day he has tramped twenty miles and found it again. So you good heartedly set to work to get him up a good dinner, and spoil the whole thing by giving him too many things—meat, chicken, potatoes, turnips, beans, apple pie, preserves, hot biscuit, tomatoes, mixed pickles and so on, *ad infinitum*. He really wants but half of these. Give him a broiled beefsteak, a baked potato, some tomatoes, a cup of coffee and some dessert and a little cheese. Broil the steak over a clear, hot fire. The secret of broiling a beefsteak is to make it very hot at first, so as to bake it into a crust outside and thus retain the juices of the meat. A good way to cook the tomatoes is as follows: Put them in a flat baking dish along with some lumps of butter, salt and pepper, and about a teaspoonful of sugar, together with a layer of fine bread crumbs over the top with a few more lumps of butter. Bake in a hot oven until the bread crumbs are browned, and even blackened at the edges. Serve in the pan as it comes out of the oven. A word about bread. Most country folks bake bread too little. They stop when the crust is a light brown. It is sure to be better if baked to a dark brown

on the bottom and a pronounced black on top. I would tell you how to make hot biscuit, but I do not know how myself. I can make good ones, it is true, but there is a lady who lives at St. Clair, Mo., who makes the best in the world. They are a cross between soda biscuit and rolls, both yeast and soda being used in the "mix," but she tried to tell me how it was done once and it didn't work, so I shall have to go back there and watch her do it before I can tell you about them. In my next chapter I will tell you how to roast a duck, stuff a turkey and fry a chicken (I went to Baltimore to find out about the chicken business). GEORGE KENNEDY.

The Fowler's Dream.

I AM sitting burning incense at the shrine of Nick O'Teen,
In a polished brier censer, with a smooth and glossy sheen,
And a fire crackles brightly on a bed of glowing coals,
Throwing fitful fleeting shadows, like a dance of tortured souls.
O'er the sturdy, rough-hewn studding of the shooting lodge's walls,
To the sound of dismal howling as the Night Wind blows in squalls.

In the hollows 'tween the studding rows of guns on dress parade,
Mutely stand at stiff "attention," silhoutted in the shade.
And the roaring, restless Ocean plays a drowsy lot of tunes
As it's combers crash in thunder in their battle 'gainst the dunes.

* * * * * * * * *

Spiral shafts of smoke ascending from the ample chimney place
Take on form and fact and feature till they seem to fill the space.
And I see before me standing, quite unharmed amid the flame,
That delightful feathered fellow, most esteemed of all the game.
Yes, a canvasback confronts me, but, O! wonder and amaze,
His proportions are enormous as he stalks before the blaze!

For he waddles from the chimney and he towers full six feet,
And his strong gray wing restrains me, when I seek to fly my seat.
Then a troop of others follow—brave lieutenants of his race—
Till their serried ranks are filling ev'ry corner, nook and space;
Then the Captain turns upon me, and with speech distinct and clear
Tells my doom with cruel calmness, while the ranks all echo
"Hear!"

"Listen well, O luckless fowler, while I read your sentence thus:
"'Many years you've shot our brothers, you'll now furnish sport for us!
With your predatory habits, you've gone deeply in our debt,
And you must admit in fairness eye for eye is good law yet.'"

Then the ranks were quickly broken, and each canvas seized a gun,
On the glowing embers stacked them, watched them burning, one by one,
Till the Captain: "Ammunition, that is needed now, my braves!
Ere we send our man-bird flying high in air o'er stormy waves."

Soon with wings and feet propelling, cartridge cases there were brought,
And to pile them on the embers they with quick precision wrought.
When the shells were piled to suit them and ere they began to pop,
I was forced, tho' most unwilling, then and there to squat on top!

O'er my head the yawning chimney pointed straight up at the moon,
And I knew the jolt was coming—coming strong and coming soon.
I could hear the Captain murmur, "Mark! incomers, overhead"——
With a din that was infernal and a lurid flash of red,
I went shooting from the chimney, to'ard the moon I 'gan to soar,
And for this one fact was grateful—that the chimney 's not choke-bore.

I went sailing swiftly upward, till at last it seemed to me
I was turning and was falling—falling swiftly to the sea.;
Whirling downward, plunging seaward, with a speed as swift as light——

* * * * * * * * *

Well now, bless me, I've been dozing, and my pipe is out—good-night.

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS (Culpepper).

BOLSA CHICA CLUB, Dec. 17.

The Thief River Country.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In describing the Thief River country in your Christmas Number, Charles Hallock makes some minor errors which I would like to correct. St. Hillaire is not, as he says, the terminus of the railroad in that direction. Thief River Falls has been the terminus of the Great Northern R. R. in that direction for the past eight years. From there Red Lake River is navigable to Red Lake, fifty miles away in a straight line and ninety-seven by river. There are several small steamboats that ply between Thief River Falls and all points on Red Lake, and several miles up some of its tributaries on the east side. This is the only feasible route to Red Lake and the wilderness that surrounds it. I have made the trip several times by canoe before steamboats came in fashion.

Thief River Falls is one of the best towns in the whole Northwest for one to strike when in search of sports afield. Charles Robeck, of the Ogamah Hotel, will make one feel at home while in town, and there is good game country in any direction he may chance to stray. A new field for muskallonge fishing is Red Lake and some of its tributaries, especially Big Tamarack, east of the North Lake. A number of them were taken last year (1900), and there are said to be great shoals of them in and near the mouth of Tamarack River. No accurate weights were taken, but estimates ran all the way from 40 to 70 pounds. I saw one that would measure 12 inches through the body from back to brisket. It was taken by Mrs. Hans L. Hanson, of Thief River Falls.

Mud Lake is not ten miles long, but only about four at its greatest extent, and more than two at its least. I have drawn my canoe up and gone into camp on every island in it, and in every grove that borders it. It is seldom that a wagon can be driven to its shores on account of surrounding marshes. It is thirty miles north of St. Hillaire, and Thief Lake is ten miles north of it, making it forty, and not fifteen, miles from St. Hilliare.

I have canoed over every rod of river or creek that was big enough to float a canoe, and know the country very well. In fact, the Thief River country is the place that charms when others all fail, and is credited with many of the red letter days of my field experience.

Heavy floods in the Thief River country made shooting impossible in the fall of 1900, so that it is likely there will be great things in the way of game and fish next year, and getting after it through the swamp and tangle will furnish the recreation pined for. E. P. JAQUES.

ELMO, Kan., Dec. 24.

Natural History.

Caribou Weights.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A short time ago one of your correspondents asked whether some of your readers could tell him the weight of a caribou he had killed, as to which he could give them no information other than the measurements of the tanned hide. I do not think he will get many answers to such a request, for I do not know just how one would go about estimating the weight of an animal from such data. While an animal is alive the skin is not at the same tension over different parts of the body, and while it may be possible to get at the creature's weight approximately, say by the old rule of multiplying the square of the girth in feet by five times the length in inches and dividing by 21, this cannot be done with the stretched and tanned hide, the measurements of which would not give correct ideas of the length and girth. The term length as used here means the distance from between the ears to the root of the tail. Caribou stags killed, as I suppose the one your correspondent wrote about was, in the fall or rutting season have their necks swollen or puffed out to abnormal dimensions. I killed one some years ago which stood 4½ feet high at the withers, the girth of the body back of the shoulders being 4 feet 10 inches, while that of the neck at its base was 51 inches. As it lay on the ground, Richard LeBœuf, the guide, and I estimated its weight by sight as 400 to 450 pounds. After measuring it and applying the above mentioned rule, I got 364 pounds as a result. This stag was killed in northern Newfoundland during the last week of October, 1891, and was one of five specimens now in the possession of the National Museum, this one, with two others, being exhibited as a group at the Chicago Exposition. The horns carry only twenty-six points, but are very even and handsome. The spread is 34 inches, length of the main beam 41 inches, that of the secondary beam 25 inches and of the brow antler 17 inches.

I applied the rule to two moose killed within a few hours of each other, one of which stood 6 feet 10 inches and the other 6 feet 8½ inches, and obtained 1,205 pounds as the weight of one and 743 as that of the other. This seems like a large difference in weight between two animals so nearly alike in height, but I have no doubt that the animals would have weighed these amounts if put upon the scales. I am speaking now of gross weight and comparing them in my mind, as they lay, with cattle, the weight of which one estimates as they stand. The first one was a very old bull with a girth of 7 feet 10 inches and a length of 83 inches, and the other somewhat younger and of a very different shape, tall but short bodied, with a girth of only 6 feet 3¾ inches, and longer legs in proportion. When the moose group was being prepared for the National Museum, to which I contributed three specimens, I walked into the taxidermist's room one day and saw there a template prepared for the setting up of a cow moose, of which I had given them the dimensions, and at once told Mr. Palmer that it was entirely too small, but he assured me that it was just as the taxidermist-in-chief had directed him to make it. At the same time I saw the horns and hide of a bull moose which the Museum had just bought from somebody in Maine, and which they told me would stand 7 feet high; that they had a system there by which they could measure a hide and get the correct height and other dimensions of the animal to which it belonged. I went to the pickle tub where the hide was, examined the hoofs and told Mr. Palmer the moose would not stand 7 feet high, and I doubted whether it would be as large as the cow he was about to set up. As it turned out, he had to rebuild the template, which was a foot too short and 6 inches too low for the cow, which stood 6 feet 4 inches high and was 7 feet 3 inches long, and the 7-foot high bull came down 6 or 8 inches in height, and when it was set up had to be put on a little mound to give it a sufficiently commanding appearance.

In my opinion, the only safe way to get at the weight of an animal is to put it on the scales, and to get at the dimensions, they should be taken before the animal is skinned. CECIL CLAY.

The New Orang Outang at the Zoo.

WHAT is the "missing link"? Or, rather, is there a "missing link"? Scientists say there is, and I suppose they must be right. Yet, as one who is not a scientist, it has often seemed to me that for all practical purposes of connection there are links, and links enough. This probably seemed to me more conclusive than ever before during a recent visit to the zoo in Bronx Park. There I came upon a "link" which I am certain would satisfy any one but a scientist.

Let the reader please imagine a creature with pretty nearly all the outward characteristics of a man. It is true the body is covered with hair (of a reddish brown) and that the features—especially the mouth—are more or less grotesque, but the human resemblance is unmistakably there. And then the expression: nothing more human-like could possibly be.

It was after gazing at this exhibition, which is named orang-outang (or *Simia satyrus*), and has but recently been transported from his native wilds of Borneo, that I felt satisfied, in my own mind at least, that the "missing link" is a myth. "Here is link enough!" quoth I.

Twice have I seen the Bornean gentleman. I say gentleman, for, judging by his blasé or bored expression, I should imagine that he was of high caste among his tribe. Indeed, he may have been an earl or something of that sort. To contend that the conferring of titles does not prevail among monkeys is, I think, a great error. The further back we go in history, the more numerous and grandiose we will find titles to have been, so that it is only natural to assume that the custom had its origin in the jungle. For my own part, I believe that when the simian dialect comes to be understood (as it undoubtedly will, according to Prof. Garner), the truth of this will be amply demonstrated. And then? Well, then—but the theme is too harrowing to pursue.

To return to my lord in the cage. The first time I saw him he was huddled up in a corner half-covered with straw. His hands were crossed over his head, and his expression, as I have said, was bored—bored in the extreme. He had landed but a few days before, and it might be argued from this that he was only tired. But I know the difference very well between a tired and a bored expression, and I say his lordship was bored. Well, he certainly had good cause. Instead of beautiful spreading palm trees all about him and a carpet of moss, variegated with tropical plants and flowers, there was an iron-barred cage and a carpet of straw. He had lost his freedom—been exiled—and for what? Simply to be stared at, ridiculed or made fun of. Even while I stood there watching him, along comes a great, coarse man, smelling strongly of liquor, and breaks into a guffaw:

"Well, if that ain't a case!" he cries. "Hello, Mike!"

Then comes along a boy with a couple of companions, and cries:

"Wouldn't that jar you!" And all laugh in chorus.

Again comes along an old lady, who cries:

"Oh, my!—oh, my! Oh, dear!—oh, dear! And they say we are descended from them things! Faugh!" and makes faces expressive of the most intense disgust.

And again an old gentleman with spectacles, who looks like a scientist, puts in an appearance and peers through the cage and tries to coax the occupant forward, to examine his occiput, or mesial crest, or something, I suppose. Failing in this, he calls the keeper and speaks a few words in his ear. The keeper then puts an arm through the bars of the cage and shakes the straw and yells in very unceremonious fashion, but in vain, as I was glad to see. The occupant wouldn't budge.

And so it went. Now, I ask, in all fairness, was not this enough to bore a newly arrived stranger? It bored him, but it did not make him mad, which convinced me that he was of superior caste. Had he been a mean plebeian orang-outang he would have jumped up and torn around that cage and bellowed and beaten his breast and foamed at the mouth and created the very dickens generally. It should be noted, however, that in addition to looking bored, he occasionally raised his head and uttered a sort of groan, as if to emphasize his feelings in regard to his environment, and his visitors in particular.

The second time I saw him he occupied identically the same position, but his expression of boredom had, as I was grieved to see, deepened into melancholy. His hair, too, was more dishevelled, and he wore a general air of one profoundly discouraged, or to whom life had become indifferent. I made no doubt that he had realized the full extent of his cruel and irrevocable fate. He no longer paid the slightest attention to his visitors—seemed to be quite deaf to their jibes and laughter—but with a far-away look in his eyes, remained motionless in his corner. I pulled out a pencil and pocketbook to make a sketch of him, but when I came to that upper lip, an uncontrollable laugh escaped me; then I felt ashamed of myself—felt as if I were taking advantage of helplessness—making a mock of misery—and I put up my pencil and pocketbook. A young lady who stood near by and who had been regarding my occupation out of the corner of her eye now turned her face toward me and smiled a grateful smile, seeming to understand the situation thoroughly. Oh, the wonderful sympathy of woman!

By and by feeding time arrived, and there was a tremendous to-do among the Bornean gentleman's neighbors, but he showed not the slightest interest. Nay, even when the keeper appeared before his cage with his meal, some bananas, to wit, he did not stir. The bananas were thrown in, and he then put out a languid hand, took one and ate it; then another, and another, till they were all gone. After this he lay for a considerable time licking his fingers (which may be the height of fashion in Borneo, as it is certainly not unfashionable in regions less remote), and then lapsed into his old listlessness. Before leaving, I inquired if he was sick. No; he was not sick; simply bored and sad—that was all.

However, happily monkeys, as well as men, have a way of adapting themselves to new conditions, or reconciling themselves to their fate, be it never so hard or disagreeable; and it is therefore quite possible that the next time I visit Bronx Park I shall behold the distinguished Bornean gentleman's equanimity restored. I am sure I hope so, at any rate, for he is a wonder.

FRANK MOONAN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.

No Panthers in Maine.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to raise the question whether the true North American panther has ever been killed or seen in the State of Maine. My own belief is that it has not been. I know that the papers of Maine often contain thrilling accounts of people being pursued by panthers, of their blood-curdling cries having been heard, their long, tawny bodies and waving tails having been fairly seen and fully identified, etc., yet I have reason to think that in every instance where the supposed panther was really seen or heard the real animal was nothing nearer to the panther than the well known Canada lynx or the equally well known wildcat or bobcat. Why the panther should not occur in Maine I have no idea. I have the impression that the animal has been killed in Vermont, and even within recent years, and I believe that that most scrupulously exact writer, Rowland E. Robinson, described in one of his more recent stories, published in FOREST AND STREAM, the shooting of one in Vermont.

If there is an authentic record of one having been killed in Maine I should much like to hear of it. Is the skin of one killed there anywhere preserved?

Mr. Manly Hardy, the well known naturalist, and for fifty or more years past the most extensive fur buyer—as I suppose—east of the Rocky Mountains, at any rate of New England and a large portion of the adjoining Provinces, tells me that he has never handled the skin of a panther killed in Maine.

The nearest I can come to what seems an authentic account of panthers in Maine is the testimony of my old guide and valued friend, T. W. Billings, of Brownville. Mr. Billings has more than once told me of the occur-

rence. He was when a young man hunting and trapping in the extreme northern part of Maine, and one day—from a hill which commanded a view of the frozen surface of a lake—he saw two large animals, which he unhesitatingly took to be panthers, come out upon the ice and play. He described their lithe movements and their leaping over one another, and I think he spoke of their waving tails—though on this point I cannot now be sure. Billings took to hunting and trapping at a very early age, and rapidly acquired the skill for which he was noted, and I should suppose that at the time mentioned he must have been entirely familiar with both the Canada lynx (or, as he would have called it, the *lucivee*) and the bobcat. I remember well his description of their great size and strength, and his frank confession that he was quite willing to observe them at a safe distance, and to pursue his hunting in another direction.

But if even a very few of the modern Maine panther stories are true, some one must at some time, have killed one of the animals, and we shall have the skin in evidence. We know how the recent stories of wolves in Maine "peter out," and either turn out to be altogether myths or the animal proves to be a yellow dog. There is big game in Maine "for sure," but I am inclined to think it does not now include the wolf and that it never included the panther. Still I should be interested to find myself proved or mistaken.

Just here, also, I would like some one to tell me what animal was meant by the "leurxsus" or "Indian devil." Till recent years I supposed it must be the panther—but now suppose it must be either the *lucivee* or the bobcat.

C. H. AMES.

No one is more familiar with the wild animals of Maine than Mr. Manley Hardy, the veteran woodsman and traveler of Brewer, Me. We have no authenic information as to the occurrence of the panther in Maine—though newspaper tales of its presence abound—and application to Mr. Hardy draws from him the following characteristic note:

In answer to whether the panther (*Felis concolor*), more commonly called catamount, occurs in Maine, I will say that though my father and myself were buyers of fur for more than seventy-five years, neither of us ever saw the skin of one of these animals taken either in Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Canada East. I have handled nearly or quite half a million dollars' worth of fur taken in the above places, but have yet to hear of a single skin being taken. The same is true of the wolverene or carcarjou, commonly called Indian devil, or lunksoos.

I have read scores of stories of both being taken, but unfortunately they either have no skins or else they get lost on their way to market. It is but fair to say that I have had several reliable hunters tell me of seeing tracks of what they believed to be catamounts, and one who is well acquainted with animals has told me of wounding what he supposed to be one, but up to date I have never known of any positive proof of the animal ever being in Maine. I have had dozens of men minutely describe catamounts they had seen, but from their descriptions I feel sure that what they saw were either Canada lynx or wildcats. It has been for many years a common thing in lumber and hunting camps to try to frighten tenderfeet with terrible stories of catamounts, ding-mauls, side-winders and other ferocious animals they were likely to meet. I remember in the spring of 1861 that as I traveled on foot over a hundred miles from Katahdin Iron Works to the head waters of the St. John I met many crews coming out who usually had frightful stories to tell me of the walruses and the danger I ran of meeting them. While it is possible there may have been catamounts in Maine, I should judge that the chances of meeting a walrus in our woods was about as great as seeing one of them.

MANLY HARDY.

Forest and Stream and Nature.

THE Popular Educator, Boston, Mass., has this to say of FOREST AND STREAM as a journal devoted to the interests of sportsmen and nature students:

We wish to call attention of teachers of nature study and other persons interested in nature and bird and game preservation to this publication, which weekly brings with it a breath of nature as fresh as the breeze that rustles the leaves along the mountain path. It is full of natural history that is reliable and almost every week there is a refreshing article on fish and fishing, referring to the habits of fishes, by one of America's best known writers, Hon. A. N. Cheney, the New York State Fishculturist. A large number of correspondents from various parts of the world give the reader a correct idea of the habits and haunts of most kinds of animals and plants. This is a present living knowledge of a kind that is not to be obtained from books.

The descriptions of animal life in Alaska and Mexico as well as in our own country would be a great aid in teaching both geography and nature study in the most effective manner.

The pictures published are generally from photographs from life, and animals are depicted in their characteristic attitudes in such a way as to justify their careful study.

The Wide, Wide World.

A decided curiosity is issued by the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM in the shape of a 12x8 inch reproduction of a large sheet of used stamps, which have been cut from letters comprising "the FOREST AND STREAM'S mail during 1899." The sheet shows the postmarks of almost every known country, and for that reason it is likely to be kept and studied. The reverse of the sheet is an argument to accompany the reproduction—a bid for advertising of goods that are in demand abroad. There is also published a reproduction of a postal card sent from India to a New York address where the paper was published twenty-two years ago, which proves that even after that length of time a back number was being read.—Printer's Ink.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XVIII.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Continued from page 5.*]

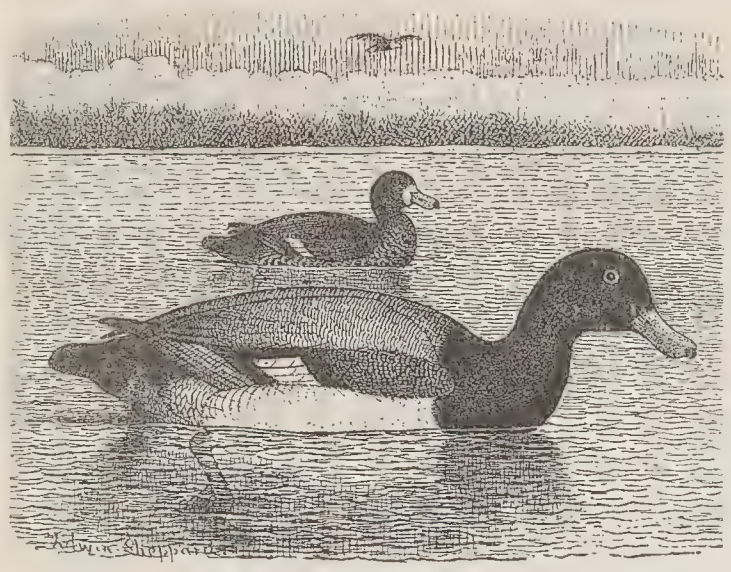
Broadbill.

Aythya marila nearctica (Stejn.).

The adult male has the head, neck and fore part of breast and of back, black; the feathers of the head and neck with a greenish gloss; rump, primaries and tail, brownish-black; the speculum, or wing mark, white; middle of back and sides, white, cross lined with black and white. The under surface of the body is white, marked on the lower belly with narrow blackish cross lines and black beneath the tail. The bill is broad, pale bluish-lead color, with a black nail; the eyes yellow; the legs and feet gray; the length, 18 to 20 inches.

The female has the front of head, immediately around the base of the bill, white. Those parts which in the male are black are in the female brown. The back is much darker, faintly marked with zigzag white lines. The bill is darker.

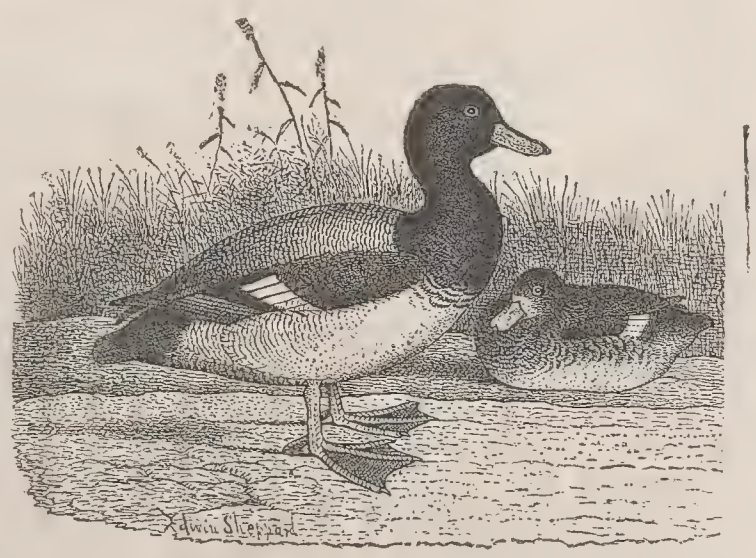
Many widely different opinions are expressed as to the value of the broadbill as food, and those who de-



BROADBILL.

bate this question are both right and both wrong. In other words, the flesh of the broadbill, as of most other ducks, is sometimes good and sometimes bad, depending on the food which it eats. Along the New England coast, where to a great extent it feeds on shellfish and other animal matter, the broadbill is not a delicate bird, but further south, where its food is largely vegetable, and where its name is changed to blackhead and bluebill, it is a most excellent fowl. In the interior, too, it lives chiefly on vegetable matter. There it is known as the scaup duck, bluebill, raft duck, big fowl duck, and is eagerly sought after. However, the tendency of this bird appears to be toward the sea coast. It is abundant in California, where many are killed, but it does not seem to go as far south as its relative, the little blackhead, and winters on the New England and New York coasts and in New Jersey, being, in my experience, rather rare as far south as Virginia and North Carolina, where the little blackhead is very abundant.

The broadbill is a species of wide range, being found throughout North America, as far south as Central America, and also in northern portions of Europe and Asia. It formerly bred in some numbers on the Northern prairies, and I have found its nests in North Dakota and Montana, though some of these may have been those of the next species. Dr. Dall found it breeding in Alaska, and it is supposed to breed generally through northern North America, in the British possessions. The nest of the broadbill is usually placed close to the water; it is



LITTLE BLACKHEAD.

little more than a depression in the ground, among the grass, lined perhaps with a few spears of bright grass and with down from the bird's breast. The number of eggs is six or eight; they are grayish-white in color, and when the mother leaves them are usually covered by the down.

The broadbill is abundant in Long Island Sound and on the Great South Bay, where it is shot in great numbers from batteries. It reaches our coasts late in October, and is usually found associated together in considerable bodies, which, however, are likely to break up into small flocks in rough and stormy weather.

Little Blackhead.

Aythya affinis (Eyt.).

Exactly similar in color to the broadbill, but smaller. The gloss on the neck is likely to be bluish or purplish instead of greenish. The length of this species is about 16 inches, as against 18 or 20 in the preceding.

These two species were long regarded as the same, and, indeed, as yet there seems to be no definite character to separate them, except that of size. On the New England coast, during the migrations, the two are often found associated together, and this is true to a less extent further to the southward. At the same time, the difference between them is well recognized by ornithologists and by gunners generally, and is expressed in the common names applied to this species, which Mr. Trumbull and others give. Some of these are little broadbill, little blackhead, little bluebill, river broadbill, creek blackhead, river bluebill, little bluebill, marsh bluebill, mud bluebill, mud broadbill and fresh-water broadbill.

Notwithstanding the fact that most of the little blackheads are readily to be identified by their size, there is considerable variation in the species and sometimes these birds almost equal the broadbill in their measurements. It is stated that the adult males can be easily identified, no matter what their measurements may show, by the metallic gloss of the head feathers, these being always green in the broadbill and blue or purple in the little broadbill. This metallic gloss, therefore, would seem to be considered by some naturalists a specific character.

This is one of the most abundant birds of the Southern sea coast, being found, in winter, from New England south to Florida, and even beyond that, to the West Indies and Central America. It is found, indeed, over the whole of North America, and, while breeding chiefly north of the United States, it yet is found in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana.

Owing to its similarity to the greater broadbill, it is not always easy to determine just what the range of this species is. Some Alaska explorers give it as breeding in that country, while others declare that of the many broadbills seen by them none belong to this species. However, east of the Rocky Mountains the nests have been found throughout British America, usually placed in swamps or near lakes, very simple in construction and lined with down.

The little blackhead is one of the swiftest flyers and most expert divers of all our ducks, and the task of retrieving one that has been wounded, unless one is provided with a good dog, is not always an easy one. This species is quite as much an adept at skulking and hiding as its larger relative, and, on the whole, is very well able to take care of itself. The flesh is usually very delicate, yet the very reverse of this may be true in localities where it has had an opportunity to feed largely on shellfish.

Blackheads seem to be equally at home in shoal water and in deep; they can dive as well as the canvasback, and yet they are quite willing to puddle about through the edge of the marsh and to pick up a livelihood in company with the fresh-water ducks.

A Flock of Wild Geese.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The weather was so fine one Sunday afternoon in November that two of us were tempted to take a walk over ground long familiar to both as the scene of sports followed with ardor in boyhood. Perhaps the region could scarcely be regarded as overpoweringly impressive, but as we had long ago found it good enough for fishing, shooting, skating, rambling, etc., the land about the western Wide Waters on the Erie Canal is not without attractions for men who dearly enjoyed the place as boys, and wander out that way at intervals to look over the old grounds and renew their youth.

The stroll proved to be of more than common interest, and furnished ample reward for the effort. We had not been on our feet ten minutes when the sight of a trim miniature yacht on the canal attracted attention and gave rise to a question whether Cup defenders that cost a sackful of money afford their owners proportionate pleasure to the toy that a boy can whittle out with his jackknife. The little craft came across the canal on the starboard tack with every inch of canvas drawing, and ran on the rocks, from which she was floated and returned to her owned with helm set aport.

At the Wide Waters the sight presented was a study. The children of Calvin might find much in it to condemn, but the present spectators were of a tolerant cast and had none of their sensibilities wounded by the spectacle of about three score and ten patient anglers sitting on the banks of the pond fishing for whatever St. Peter would send them. A glance at the bait in every case showed that carp were what the fishers expected, for it was seen that an ample supply of parboiled potatoes was the main reliance to lure the fish to his fate. And that it was a successful lure was attested by the strings of captives to be seen at every fishing station. One man, whose spouse was in his company to enjoy his good luck, had taken a fair sized wall-eyed pike, and word of the event had been passed along the whole line. When I first cast a line in the Wide Waters there were no carp in it, but now they abound, and are sought for from the day the ice melts in the spring until the snow flies in the fall.

After enjoying the scene where so many satisfied brothers of the angle were absorbed in their favorite pastime, we crossed into the fields on the east and had the satisfaction of finding some mushrooms of the kind that do not assist man to shuffle off this mortal coil against his will. In the field where the mushrooms were waiting to be picked we met with two youths, who confided to us the fact that they were searching for field mice, which, they said, make very interesting pets.

Across the railroad from the mushroom field is a piece of woods, the remainder of what was some years ago my favorite shooting ground. It must be a good many years since any game bird has tarried there, but in our teens it was a very likely spot in which to get a shot, and I have found there pigeons, woodcock, quail, grouse, hares and squirrels. How I envied the late Robert Walker one

day. It was the closing day of the season, when I and another boy were entering the wood, as he came out with his two splendid pointers and his game bag full of quail—for game bags were carried in those days. This was the woods where one day as I was out for pigeons, before the opening of the woodcock season, I came on a moist spot and saw three full grown woodcock probing the earth and walking about as if on dress parade. I left them undisturbed, but would now give a reasonable sum for a photograph of the scene. A stream, now no longer visible, ran through the woods in those days, and along its course the woodcock were to be found. A fringe of brush is nearly all that is left to mark the lines of Merchant's Woods. Cement walks have invaded the old ground, but the brush, as if contesting the right of man to intrude on the domain of nature, has overgrown the walks, and extends above one's head. I was making my way through it when a sound struck me that was not less agreeable than surprising. It came from the north and overhead. The source was not at first visible, but its character could not be mistaken, and I had just time to push through the bushes and reach open ground as a flock of Canada geese, chattering most melodiously, passed overhead, extending in a line from east to west. I chanced to have a glass with me, and it brought the great birds so close that their colors were distinguishable. I succeeded in counting fifty of them before they bunched, leaving a few unreckoned. I hope that they reached Chesapeake Bay or Currituck Sound without accident.

E. R.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 29.

The National Park.

CAPT. GEO. W. GOODE, Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, has submitted to the Secretary of the Interior his report for the year ending Sept. 24, 1900. The record shows that 8,928 visitors were in the Park in the season of 1900. Of above, 4,424 were camping parties, and the others were carried by the several transportation and licensed camp companies. Capt. Goode reports:

"The establishing of snowshoe cabins throughout the Park was an excellent step; they are most effective as a means of protection during the winter, the scouts being enabled to cover practically the entire reservation and penetrate to localities which would otherwise be inaccessible at a time when poachers are at work.

"The civilian scouts do excellent work, and are indispensable to a satisfactory administration of affairs, as regards the protection of the game, etc. Their work, in conjunction with that of the local magistrate, has been, I believe, the salvation of the game up to the present time. These men know the country, and are trained woodsmen in all seasons, whereas the soldier, as a rule, is replaced before he has time to become proficient in such duties.

Besides the work of the scouts and soldiers from Fort Yellowstone, making the round of snowshoe cabins during the winter, the instructions for the detachments at the permanent stations require frequent scouting trips within their districts, so that the entire area of the reservation is under fairly effective surveillance during the hunting season and winter; without an increase in the number of scouts, however, it is impossible to prevent poaching.

"The past season has been remarkably dry, nothing like it being known in the Park, and as a consequence the danger from fire was excessive.

"Beginning on the first day of duty at the stations (July 22), my patrols were called upon to extinguish small fires frequently during the season in all parts of the Park where camping parties were found. Only three of the fires threatened to be of serious proportions:

"One on the Soda Butte road, six miles west of Yanceys, Sept. 2, was set through the carelessness of a teamster, and was extinguished by the men from Soda Butte station before it reached the timber.

"One on the grade in Gardiner Cañon (east fork), about three miles from Fort Yellowstone, Sept. 3, presumably started from a cigar or cigarette thrown down by a party passing over the road in a wagon, was held in check by detachment from the post assisted by twenty roadmen from the force employed by Capt. Chittenden, Corps of Engineers. This fire was kept under control for about ten hours, and extinguished by rainfall the following night.

"The most serious fire during the season was reported July 29, west of the Thumb, apparently near Shoshone Lake. My troop was not yet established in its new quarters when every available man was sent, as rapidly as possible, to the scene of this fire, where Lieut. Amos joined them Aug. 1, and for about a month, with the assistance of men from the road crews furnished by Capt. Chittenden, Corps of Engineers, the fire was held under partial control—depending always upon the condition of wind and the character of the timber growth—until timely rain and snow, Aug. 24, extinguished what remained.

"This fire at one time threatened the destruction of the timber in the Park and the interruption of tourist travel. The high winds for several days were unprecedented, and the small force available for work seemed helpless to make any impression."

"In comparing the conditions which existed at the time the first military superintendent began his administration of affairs in the Park with those at the present time, the one change which stands out most noticeably is the presence of a local magistrate having jurisdiction within the reservation.

"I was on duty with Capt. Moses Harris, First Cavalry, during the season of 1887, and know how much the need of such an institution as a local court was felt at that time. The Government is fortunate in having as its representative in this department a man so well qualified as the present commissioner."

"I have the assurance of the scouts, who have seen the game at all seasons, that, with the exception of the bison (American buffalo), all varieties, including antelope, bear, beaver, coyotes, deer, elk, moose, sheep, and mountain lions, are increasing, notwithstanding that the antelope range in winter over the north boundary and the elk in the fall over the south boundary, where many of them are killed.

"Owing to scarcity of feed the antelope will almost certainly wander in large numbers across the northern boundary into the Yellowstone Valley, where their chances of getting back into the Park again are very few. It is for this reason, and because of keeping stock out of the Park, that the fence across this part of the boundary is so necessary.

"Twenty-nine head of buffalo were counted by scouts last winter, and there were possibly ten more in the Park that were not seen.

"Unless stations are located near the two southern corners of the reservation and the force of scouts increased the buffalo will be exterminated in a few years. With that addition to the facilities for protection they can be preserved and will increase.

"The trout in Willow Creek and Glen Creek, although apparently as numerous as ever, are so small as to indicate the advisability of prohibiting fishing in those streams during the next season. Otherwise there is no change in the conditions, the other streams throughout the Park being full of fish of good size, notwithstanding the large number taken out every season.

"But two casualties during the season within the Park limits were brought to my notice: The scalding of a camper at Fountain Basin, which was not reported to me, but which on inquiry I found to be the result of carelessness on the part of the injured man, and which did not, I believe, result seriously, and the disappearance from the Fountain Hotel of a tourist by the name of R. L. Piper, July 31. It is my belief that Mr. Piper when he arrived at the Fountain Hotel was in a partially demented and irresponsible condition, and that he wandered away from the hotel, fell in with some camping outfit, and got out of the Park."

Recommendations.

"A knowledge of the Park, extending through a number of years, and a most sincere interest in its preservation and welfare, prompt me to make the following recommendations for your consideration:

"(1) The appropriation of $10,000, to be expended in the proper quartering of soldiers at the stations throughout the Park.

"(2) That new stations be built (1) near southwest corner of Park, on Bechler River; (2) where southern boundary crosses Snake River (present Snake River station to be abandoned); (3) at southeast corner, on Thorofare Creek; (4) on the Gallatin River or Fan Creek, near northwest corner, (5) and at the town of Gardiner, Mont.

"(3) That never less than two troops of cavalry be stationed within the reservation for its protection.

"(4) That the number of permanent scouts be increased to ten, with suitable quarters for same at Fort Yellowstone and Lower Geyser Basin, in order that the Acting Superintendent may divide the entire reservation into districts, to be constantly patrolled by them, after the manner of game wardens.

"(5) That no individual nor business concern be allowed to cut hay within the limits of the National Park.

"(6) That it shall be a violation of Park regulations to use any location within the Park as a range for stock, and that no stock shall be allowed within the limits of the Park which is not at all times under such control that it cannot stray away from its owners.

"(7) That it shall be necessary to give suitable bond in order to obtain a license to personally conduct camping parties through the Park; that the number of such licenses be limited to ten, the number of passenger wagons in each case being limited to five.

"(8) That, in accordance with the terms of its lease, the Yellowstone Park Association be required to furnish transportation exclusively for its guests throughout the Park.

"(9) That registered guides be required to sign an agreement, which, while they are in the National Park, places upon them the obligation to enforce the regulations and protect the interests of the Government.

"(10) That the introduction of liquor of any kind into the Park, except as provided for under authority of the Interior or War Departments, shall be prohibited by Park regulations.

"(11) That all money appropriated for the purpose of improvement and protection, and for any other purpose, within the National Park, be extended under the direction of the Acting Superintendent, and that all work in connection therewith shall be under his supervision and control.

"(12) That a suitable fence be built inclosing the entire reservation along the official boundaries thereof, and that the Interior Department secure the enactment of laws for its protection and maintenance."

The Sale of Game.

The Legality and Wisdom of the Prohibition of the Sale of Foreign Game and Fish as a Protection to Domestic Game and Fish.

DENVER, Colo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the Buffalo Fish Company case brings up afresh the question as to how far a game law can and ought to prohibit the possession and sale of game and fish lawfully taken in another State or country and imported into one having game protective laws.

This case decides that a provision making the possession of such game unlawful is an unauthorized interference with interstate commerce and hence invalid.

It has been asserted again and again by ardent game protectors that domestic game could only be protected by an absolute prohibition on the sale of game regardless of the place where taken.

This idea is based on the theory that so long as foreign game is allowed to be sold it will be impossible to distinguish or to prevent domestic game from being sold as and along with the foreign.

This assertion has gone substantially unchallenged for years, having been accepted without much question because few have cared to give the subject sufficient consideration to ascertain if no other or better plan could be devised, and also because the taking of game and fish has been treated merely as the outcome of sport rather than as a means to accomplish a more important object; namely, a food supply.

Especially is this true as to fish in the large cities where it is so important that no law that absolutely prohibits can or ought to be passed or enforced.

The idea of prohibiting the importation and sale of foreign game (fish included) as a means of protecting that of domestic origin is erroneous in theory and fact, as it is shown in the Buffalo case, where it is stated that if we were desirous of preserving our own timber we would naturally encourage the importation and sale of that from other countries. This argument is logically unanswerable and is applicable to game and fish.

This question is of such importance that it should be disposed of on broader grounds than the one mentioned, for so long as thousands of tons of fish are daily required for food in the large cities, the courts will always view the question from the standpoint of food and commerce rather than from that of mere sport.

I take the broad ground that not only should lawfully taken foreign game and fish be subject to sale and use at all times of year, but that domestic game and fish from private legally established parks and lakes should also be subject to such sale and use. This will encourage private propagation and to that extent lessen the demand for that taken in the open field, which we are trying to protect. This is so just and obvious that it requires no argument in its support.

The safe thing, then, is for all game protectors to take a similar view and endeavor to work out game protection on sensible lines in harmony with the incontrovertible fact that so long as game and fish exist people will have them. In so saying, I do not abate a whit from the position that domestic game and fish taken in the open field should not at any time be the subject of sale.

The game laws of Colorado recognize these facts. The main provisions are:

1. The prohibition of sale of foreign game or fish (of the kind protected in Colorado) otherwise than in the original package number and condition as imported, until the importer has procured from the game commissioner a certificate (issued upon proof of the fact) that the same were lawfully imported; the certificate remaining in force thirty days, and which is as follows:

STATE OF COLORADO.
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH.
Importation Certificate.

No..... Denver, ..., 189..

This certifies that Mr ....., of ....., having satisfied me that the following game and fish, to wit: .... were lawfully imported, is entitled to sell the same as provided by law. This authorizes possession, transportation within this State, storage and sale for thirty days after date.

....., Commissioner.

This certificate must be kept publicly exposed with the game.

2. In case of sale of any portion of the importation the importer must make and give to the purchaser an invoice as follows:

STATE OF COLORADO.
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH.
Importer's Invoice.

....., 189..

Sold this day by ....., of ....., Colorado, to ....., of ....., Colorado, the following game and fish, to wit: ....., imported and sold under (importation certificate or storage permit) No....., bearing date ....., 189... This authorizes possession, transportation within this State, storage and sale for thirty days after the date last above.

....., Importer.

3. In case of a redisposition by the purchaser of the whole of his purchase he merely indorses the invoice. If of a part only, he makes and indorses a copy of the invoice.

4. If either the importer or any purchaser has not disposed of the game within the thirty days he can procure from the Commissioner a storage permit as follows:

STATE OF COLORADO.
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH.
Importation Storage Permit.

No..... Denver, ..., 189..

This certifies that the following game and fish, to wit: ..... held by ..... under importation certificate No....., may be held in possession, transported within this State, stored and sold until the ..... day of ....., 189..

....., Commissioner.

This recognizes the right to import and sell in the original package and thus avoids the conflict with interstate commerce as maintained in the Buffalo fish case and the Leisy liquor case. Numerous decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States hold that when the packages are once broken for retail purposes they become subject to State control.

As game is generally imported in large quantities and packages and sold in small quantities, the right to import and sell in unbroken packages is for all practical purposes a barren one, so that the result is that the importer has to procure a certificate in every case in order to retail to his various customers.

The fee for each certificate and permit is $1.00.

5. Private game preserves and lakes are licensed and can sell game and fish of all kinds at all times, by attaching thereto an invoice as follows:

STATE OF COLORADO.
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH.
Private Parks and Lakes—Invoice.

Name of Park or Lake .....Class A.
No. of License, ... Date, ...189..
Kind and number of game and fish, ...
Weight of same ..... lbs. Name of consignee, ...
Address of consignee, ...
This authorizes transportation within this State, possession and sale for thirty days after date if attached to article.

....., Proprietor.
By ....., Agent.

This must also be kept exposed with the game and fish in the market, and in case of resale copies are given and indorsed as in case of that imported.

The proprietor is also required to mail to the Commissioner a copy of every invoice sent out by him.

Thus the Game Department has a complete record of all transactions which involve the marketing of game and fish, and the enforcement of the law is rendered easy, as every article of game and fish not having exposed with it the evidence of its legal possession is contraband and subject to seizure without further proof.

The operation of this law has been entirely satisfactory to all concerned and has afforded almost perfect protection to Colorado game and fish taken in the open field. Certainly much greater than has heretofore been afforded by arbitrary and unreasonable prohibition against sales of any kind.

Of course, I only give the law in general terms, but I recommend to game protectors that they procure complete copies of it and proceed upon the lines indicated, in order that game legislation may hereafter proceed on solid ground and avoid the continual conflicts and defeats in the courts.

I am aware that I am running counter to long established notions, and will provoke many and loud objections, but it is to this that we must all come at last and the sooner we do so the better it will be.

D. C. BEAMAN.

A Goose Shooting Episode.

My uncle took a match from his pocket and began to light his pipe. The north wind was howling outside, and the kitchen fire was being worked to its fullest capacity. Dockey had moved his chair into the gloom behind the stove, and had been invisible for the hour or more during which my uncle held forth on the happenings of the day.

From time immemorial Dockey had occupied the position of overseer of shooting gear, and as might be expected, was a rather important personage during the frequent trips my uncle made to Tracadie Bay on the north shore of Prince Edward Island.

On this particular occasion, my brother Geoff, then a young chap of seventeen, was of the party, and at the moment our yarn begins was busily engaged in trying to make a 4-foot stick of birch fit snugly in a 3-foot stove. Dockey had kept a respectful silence while "Mister Arthur" was speaking, but now seizing the opportunity afforded by my uncle pausing to light his pipe, broke in with, "Master Geoff over there don't say much, but he did a purty slick piece of work this evenin' after you left, Mister Arthur."

"Oh, he did eh! Well, Geoff, what did you do?"

Geoff modestly replied that he had bagged five geese out of six, but that he did not think it was anything to brag about.

"The devil you did," exclaimed my uncle, striking another match. "I thought that the fly was over when I went up to the house. But now that I come to think of it, you had quite a load of birds when you came in. Let us have the yarn, my boy."

But Geoff seemed to think that Dockey could tell it better, and so the latter was induced to come forth from behind the stove to where he could be seen and heard. Like the "Mr. Silas Wegg" of Dickens, Dockey was the happy possessor of a throat which was "mellered" by the judicious use of stimulants, and my uncle, noticing his wistful glances at a bottle which stood on the table near by, poured out a stiff glass and passed it over. The "mellering" process was soon completed, and after a brief period of violent expectoration and coughing Dockey began:

"Well, Mister Arthur, it was this way. You remember you went up to the house early, leavin' the big 8-bore in your box, tellin' me to fetch her up when I came. When we made that last sink, we put the boxes so nigh each other that they were almost touchin'. Master Geoff had his 10-gauge Parker with him in his box, but he could lay his hand on Boliver just by reachin' over to where she lay in your box.

"Well, I set up in the bush for half an hour, maybe, wishing to heaven that the boy would begin to feel the cold and call out for me to come and take in the 'coys. I could hear geese away up to wind'ard in the Big Channel, but thought that they were settled there for the night. I kept my eyes on Master Geoff's head, which I could just see over the edge of the box, so that I could run down to him whenever he showed signs of getting tired like. Just as I was making up my mind to go and tell him that he might as well quit for the day, I heard the greatest racket up the wind. Somethin' had scared the geese out of the channel, and the whole bloom'n' raft of 'em were comin' our way. Surely, I says to myself, a bunch that size will never come near the spit, for I know the habits of the beggars purty well by this time. But, by the Lord Harry, they kept a-comin' and a-comin', till I thought for certain that the whole blessed lot were going to pass right over the point. Master Geoff was layin' mighty low now, and the sand looked as bare as the back of Donald Ronald's big pig. The 'coys were standin' up to their breasts in water, for the tide was raisin', and we had not moved in the back line since the last sink. Old Callaghan was floppin' his wings and pickin' at the new goose Bollum sent you from Egmont Bay, and every now and ag'in lettin' a devil of a screech out of him just to show how wicked he was.

"Well, as I was sayin', the big flock came nearer and nearer, till it looked as if Master Geoff would get a fine shot, but all of a sudden when they got within a couple of hundred yards of where he was, they seemed to change their minds, turned off to the east'ard and plumped down in the old mussel bed. 'There goes the chance of the day,' says I, for there must have been 500 birds in the flock. Then I sets down on the log once more and begins to feel the cold ag'in, now that the excitement was over, but keepin' my eye on the geese all the same.

"Somethin' seemed to strike that old rascal Callaghan, for he suddenly stopped worryin' the new goose and began to call like the devil himself. The gander at the end of the line also thought it time to turn up, and he did his best to crack his windpipe too. After a little I sees six geese leave the flock out on the mussel bed and commence to swim in toward the point, no doubt kinder curious to see what all the noise was about. They swam on till they got into shoal water, about a hundred yards from the boxes. Then they guessed they'd gone far enough, and they took to feedin' on the eel grass. By this time all the 'coys were talkin', and no goose that flies could have kept away from them. So after quite a lot of turnin' round and lookin' this way and that, my bold six started to wade in. 'Why in the deuce don't the boy fire?' says I, when they were almost alongside the 'coys; but never a budge from Master Geoff. I was shiverin' and shakin' like a leaf, whether with cold or nervousness I can't say. And I guess I swore some. Well, sir, I'll be everlastingly dinged if those six geese didn't wade right in and begin to fool with the 'coys, and I'll bet Callaghan soaked some of 'em good and hard. You know what a cross brute he is. But after a bit the geese findin' Callaghan hard to get along with and thinkin' everything was O. K. on shore, walked right up on the sand and began to do up their back feathers. 'Now we'll hear from Master Geoff,' says I; but no sign did he make until three of the visitors reached out their necks together for the same piece of weed. Quick as a flash the 10-bore shouts, and those three geese never knew what they were up against. Took the heads off them as clean as a whistle. The other three got under way in a hurry, but the second barrel of the 10 was right there, and one more goose lay on his back with his feet wavin' in the air. Master Geoff then reached for Boliver in the other box and ripped the tail feathers out of one of the pair that was left, but he didn't fall short, as he should have done. The last barrel of the 8 drops him as dead as a mackerel though, and so when I gets down to the sinks, there were five big honkers ready for me to gather in. And would you believe it, Mister Arthur, that there boy was as cool as you would be yourself under them conditions, and maybe a little cooler than I have seen you sometimes, meanin' no offense, sir, I'm sure."

Dockey's throat seeming to need "mellering" again, the special was called into requisition once more, and after my brother had beeen congratulated by my uncle for doing so well, the stove was filled with wood and the trio sought their much needed repose.

H. A. BAYFIELD, B. A. Sc.

English Woodcock in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is nothing very mysterious in the occasional occurrence of the European woodcock in the Eastern United States. It happens for the same reasons that some other European birds, as the European widgeon and green-winged teal occasionally stray to this side of the ocean. The woodcock occurs in Northern Europe in latitudes where the distance across to the American continent is comparatively small, and it is not difficult to conceive that birds which have been blown out to sea by storms should sometimes reach the wrong continent, perhaps alighting for a little rest on some floating object, or even on a vessel. Those who have crossed the ocean in the spring or fall, when the birds are migrating, cannot have failed to notice how common it is for land birds of various kinds to visit vessels even when long distances from any land, and to follow the vessel for hours, or even days, occasionally alighting on the rigging or even on the decks. Many of these birds are doubtless hopelessly lost and perish somewhere at sea, but with favorable winds many no doubt reach land again, but probably not where they intended to go.

My purpose in writing is to comment on the suggestion of Didymus that the European woodcock be introduced into this country. Because a bird like a pheasant, or like the English sparrow, can be successfully introduced, it does not follow that others can. Birds of stationary habits can be introduced anywhere where proper natural surroundings, food and protection are available, and whether the introduction is successful or not depends entirely on the conditions in that particular locality.

With a migratory bird this is not the case. I am quite willing to admit that the Dismal Swamp and hundreds of other places in the United States are probably as well suited to the European woodcock as to the American species, and that the living birds could be successfully transported across the ocean if they could be obtained. Having accomplished these preliminaries and liberated the birds in the Dismal Swamp or other suitable place, the real difficulties would begin. If the birds were liberated in the early spring, which would probably be the best time, a part of them would probably remain about the Swamp during the following summer and might breed. In the fall they would disappear, and that is the last that would be seen of them. Their migratory instincts would cause them to wander off to the South when autumn came, even if the scarcity of food during the winter did not compel them to do so, and the country being different from that to which they had been accustomed, or, what is of more importance, different from what past generations of European woodcocks have been accustomed to, they would proceed to get lost, and if they survived the winter would be just as likely to turn up in South America or in California in the spring, as at the Dismal Swamp, where they passed the preceding summer. The scattered individuals would probably never run across another of their own species, and would never breed. And how can a migratory bird be protected from being shot? No matter how carefully protected it may be where it is liberated, when the season comes for it to move on, it will do so, and being something curious and unusual, will be relentlessly pursued by hunters wherever it goes.

If a truly migratory bird has ever been successfully introduced from one country to another, I would be glad to know of it. Success in acclimatizing birds has always been, as far as I know, in inverse ratio to the development of the migratory instinct in the species. The quail is a bird of fairly stationary habits, but even the small degree to which the migratory nature is developed in that species has made a great deal of trouble for those who have stocked game preserves with it. Whether this tendency to migrate is due to instinct, experience or reasoning on the part of the bird, or to all three, has nothing to do with the case. It exists in the case of nine-tenths or more of the birds inhabiting temperate latitudes, and must be reckoned with in our attempts to introduce species.

The nearest approach to the introduction of a migratory bird which occurs to me is the case of the European starling in America. This species, which will probably prove to be a great pest, has unfortunately secured a foothold in the Eastern States. Yet in this bird the development of the migratory habit has not reached a high degree, and they probably do not move until scarcity of food makes it necessary. The birds of this species which have become established in America do not appear to migrate at all, but stay in the same vicinity all the year. So this bird cannot be called an exception to my statement that attempts to introduce migratory birds will be failures.

To make some reasonable effort to protect our own woodcock would meet with much more success. It is, I suppose, on the whole, the most prized of all our game birds, certainly the most prized of any of the smaller kinds of game birds. Yet in many places it may be shot all summer, and even where protected by law at that time most of them are killed during the summer months. The gunners know that the birds are migratory, and that those which have bred in a place or have stayed about during the summer will move south early in the fall, and they do not give them the chance to move. In the South I have heard of their being slaughtered at night during the migrations with the aid of jacklights. If this practice has been discontinued it is only because of the growing scarcity of the bird making it no longer remunerative.

The legislatures of the different States should appoint committees or commissions to confer with those of other States and secure concerted action for the protection of migratory birds. It is high time that the sale of woodcock should be prohibited in every State in the Union, and the fine for violations should be a heavy one.

Since I have got started on the subject, I would like to make a suggestion that if adopted all over the country would do a great deal toward discouraging violations of the game laws. If the game commissioners, game protective societies or individuals who are interested in the matter would take pains that in every case where a man is arrested and fined for the violation of the game laws the widest possible publicity should be given to the case, many people would think twice before committing a violation. It would help enforcement in two ways, first by warning people and making them realize that the game law is not a dead letter, and, second, the disagreeable notoriety which would result from figuring in a case of that kind would be dreaded by many people more than the insignificant fines which are unfortunately the rule in many parts of the country when a man is convicted of violating a game law.

So when such a case occurs, those whose duty it is to enforce the laws, or those who wish to have them enforced, should take care that the local papers publish a full account of it and use large type for the heading. A great deal can be done for game protection through the daily newspaper, but as it does not often happen that the editor is interested in or familiar with the subject, those who are interested should see that the papers are supplied with information about game law cases.

WILLARD G. VAN NAME.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Jan. 8.

Talks to Boys.—VIII.

IN my last talk I told you how the expert shot acted when he was trying to kill a bird, either an actual bird or one of the clay targets that are commonly thrown from the trap to give men practice in shooting. I said that the practiced shot knows precisely how to hold his gun and how to move his head, body and arms so as to attain the result which he wishes to reach. It is true that different men acquire skill in shooting with very different degrees of ease. Some men—and boys—pick up the different operations and acquire skill very much more readily than others. But the important things to be remembered if you wish to acquire this skill, are that you must practice using the gun, must keenly notice everything that happens and must remember from day to day what you have done in your shooting. Each shot that a man fires should teach him something; he ought to know where each charge of shot goes. If his gun barrels are in the line of sight, he will know whether the bird at which he is firing, is before or behind the load of shot, above it or below. If he misses he will then understand why, and he ought to be able to reason out how he came to miss. Therefore, the most important thing that a boy can do who is learning to shoot is to try to be sure that whenever he shoots he is looking along the barrels of his gun. If this is kept continually in mind and practiced, the rest is likely to come easily. You should aim your gun at the bird just as a carpenter aims his hammer at a nail head, and with almost the same certainty of hitting. The eyes are looking at the bird, and if the shooter is in such good practice that he throws the barrels of his gun into the line of his sight, a very slight movement one way or the other should direct those barrels straight at the point necessary to hit the bird. This, of course, does not mean that he will kill the bird that he shoots at. He has still a great deal to learn about straightaway shots, quartering shots and cross shots, things which puzzle many a gunner who has grown gray headed in the service. But if he can learn to throw his barrels into the line of sight, he will have made strides toward perfection in shooting which will carry him beyond where many old men stand to-day.

The importance of practice in all sorts of matters with the gun cannot be overestimated. You should not only practice shooting, but also every other act that you have occasion to perform with the gun. Do all these things over and over again, for the oftener you do them the more naturally and so the more easily they will be done. Did you ever think that pretty nearly all the commonest operations which we perform were at first very difficult to us and that they all had to be learned, and became easy merely through practice? If you and I wish to pick up a pencil or a cartridge shell lying on the table before us, we do it; but did you ever see a little baby lying on the floor and trying to pick up some object that had attracted its attention? It may grasp at it half a dozen times before it is able to put its hand on it. Consider the difficulty that a baby finds in learning to walk; how easily it loses its balance during the first year or two after it gets on its feet. If a small child be given a hammer and told to hit the nail's head, it may strike at it a number of times before touching it. In the same way a boy or man who has never played ball will make absurdly awkward work of using a bat.

After you have had some practice in shooting at tin cans and potatoes tossed in the air, you will find that they are not very difficult to hit. There is really a good deal of knack in shooting at such things, and if you take plenty of time and arrange to catch them just as they are turning in the air, or just as they are beginning to fall, you will soon consider yourself a very good shot at marks of this kind. When you reach this point, your instructor will very likely move you along to something which is more difficult. He will perhaps throw the potatoes from behind you as hard as he can, at first high up in the air, so that you can shoot at them against the sky, and after a time, as you become more expert at marks thrown in that way, he will throw them close to the ground, straigh away and quartering, and will throw them as hard as he can. You will find that it will take you some time to get to a point where you can hit such marks, and when you can fairly hit seven out of ten thrown in that fashion I shall think that you shoot quite well enough to go out into the field.

If you live in a place where there is a trapshooting club, or if your father has a trap for clay pigeons, you can arrange to have frequent practice at these targets, and this, if you can arrange for it, will materially help you in your shooting. It will teach you quickness, readiness in the

use of the second barrel, and general handiness with the gun. But you must not for a moment imagine that shooting clay pigeons is anything like shooting birds in the field.

If now your gun was given you for a Christmas present, you have a long time to wait before it is possible for you to use it on birds. I think it very likely that this long delay will seem very hard for you to bear, but from my point of view it is rather good for you. For, if you have practiced all these things that I have recommended, you have certainly reached a point where you are entirely familiar with your gun; where you have trained yourself to use it like a common sense man and not like a harum-scarum boy, and you have acquired so much skill in shooting it that it is altogether probable that when you go out, perhaps in the last days of August for the rail, you will render a very good account of yourself. You may not do this on the first day, for it is quite possible that the sight of actual birds getting up before you, may throw you quite off your balance; you may become excited and may waste a great deal of ammunition. If you have some old-time shover who has been working at this during the rail season for twenty-five or thirty years, he will very likely be greatly disgusted with your bad work and make it still worse by sadly informing you after every shot that you "Never tetched him." If you find yourself getting into a nervous condition of mind, I recommend to you the plan that Mr. Hammond speaks of in his excellent little book on shooting, with which to steady yourself. Take the cartridges out of your gun, and when a bird gets up, cover him precisely as if you were going to shoot, and when you have him covered, and not before, pull the trigger. Do this three or four times, and it is quite probable that your nerves will steady themselves, and that then you can put cartridges in your gun and shoot with a reasonable hope of bringing down your birds in good style. Still, not very much can be hoped for the first day that you go out, but the second day I shall expect to have you do much better, and shall hope to hear a good report of your doings. Remember that in rail shooting there is always abundant time. Some men if armed with a repeating gun could fire several shots at a rail before he gets out of range, and you have every opportunity to put up your gun, deliberately cover the bird and kill him. Indeed, if you do not take pains to be slow about shooting, you will kill many of your birds so close to the gun that they will be unfit to bring on the table, being cut all to pieces with shot and the flesh filled with feathers.

But assuming that the shooting season is still a long way off, you must continue your practice at flying targets in a variety of ways. After you have become able to hit potatoes when they are flying pretty fast and in all sorts of directions, it will be well for you to have some practice on doubles, letting your instructor toss two potatoes in the air at once, and trying for them with the right and the left barrel, and then getting him to throw two at a time in various directions, or at least two as nearly together as possible. It may be that your instructor will get a little tired of this active exercise, but since by this time you have learned enough about a gun to be trusted with it, it is almost certain that you can get some one of your friends and companions to go out with you, and, by letting him use the gun a part of the time, can get him to throw for you when you are shooting just as you throw for him when he is shooting. This will be good practice for you, too, in another way, since it will be your duty to watch this companion and see that he is holding his gun properly, that he never points it in any direction where it can do harm, that he stands as he ought and does not discharge his gun until his eye is running along the barrels. Indeed, you and he, as you talk over the various incidents of the shooting, may each get new ideas, and so the practice will benefit both.

All the practice that you have had, of course, has been open shooting of the plainest possible kind. This is, as it should be, because you must learn how to make simple shots before trying those that are difficult. But after you have had enough practice to feel reasonably confident about such shots as I have spoken of, let your companion stand behind you, throw a potato as hard as he can in any direction that he pleases, so that it will pass somewhere within the range of your sight. He may throw it directly to the front over your head, or quartering to either side, or perhaps way off to your right or to your left. You will have to watch the whole half of the circle, see the mark and shoot at it before it gets out of range. At first you will find this difficult, for it may call for more quickness than you have, but if I were you, I would not fire until you believe that you are going to hit the mark. Throw up your gun when you see the object and try to catch it before it is out of range, but if you cannot do so, do not shoot. Very likely you will find this the most discouraging thing that you have done yet, and if it seems quite hopeless to you, why then you may go back to the easier shots at which you were successful, and by making them regain your confidence. Then try again these hard shots, concerning which you have no warning whatever. I think that after a little while you will succeed in making them. Another test of quickness is to walk along through the field with your companion walking behind you, and to have him throw a potato in any direction that he pleases, making, just as he throws it, some sound which represents the whirring of a bird's wings as it rises. It is your business then to discover in what direction the mark is flying and to hit it before it gets away. Perhaps your father will think this practice of yours is rather expensive, for I am sure that by this time you must have used up several bushels of potatoes, but if they have taught you the lessons that I hope they have, the learning has not been very costly.

I have warned you not to shoot too quickly, for instead of your beginning to shoot quickly and afterward learning to aim at the mark, I want you first to learn to aim at the mark, and afterward to learn to shoot quickly. Keep it always in your mind, therefore, not to fire too quickly, but remember also that you cannot too quickly be ready to fire. In almost all upland shooting, and especially in all shooting in cover, which includes much of the quail shooting, and the sharp-tail grouse shooting, and all the shooting at ruffed grouse and woodcock, the great majority of your birds will rise within 15 or 20 yards of your feet, and unless you give them time to get a little further away you will very likely cut them up very badly in killing them. Although there are some sections where the cover is very thick, and this does not apply, yet on the whole, nineteen times out of twenty, you will have abundant time to shoot, and even may have to wait for your birds, but the twentieth time the bird will be gone in the twinkling of an eye; it will appear and disappear, and if you are not "as quick as a wink" in your shooting, you will lose it. It is for that reason that I wish you to devote your practice chiefly to catching sight on any object quickly. When you can do that, you are already a good shot, and that is what you are trying to become, and the reason that you are listening to these talks. W. G. DE GROOT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

End of the Northern Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 29.—The shooters in this part of the world are putting up their guns for the season. Of course, the impression is that since the season is closing here it is closing everywhere, though really there is no such thing as an absolute season in a country so large as this. In the South the shooters are now having the cream of their year's sport, both in upland shooting and in wildfowl shooting. The Indiana law on quail is out next Monday, and after that there will be the customary migration of Northern shooters to the Southern fields, —a migration which grows annually greater in its numbers.

In fact, the edge of the shooting appetite is taken off inside the first thirty days, so far as most Northern city shooters are concerned. The average city man is too busy to go shooting very often. The usual thing with him is to get perhaps one trip in the season, and to make plans for a half dozen more, which never come off. Thus the recently formed Jasper County Club, of this city, which had some very good grounds preserved, near Wheatland, Ind., can only show a total of ten days' actual shooting done this fall by the combined membership of the club. Naturally the birds were not very much cut down in that neighborhood.

Bill Haskell is back this week from a voyage of exploration in Indiana, where he has been prospecting for grounds for another preserve that is held in view by some sportsmen of this city. Mr. Haskell and a local companion killed thirty-three quail and a number of rabbits. They found a piece of land which might, under certain circumstances, be desirable for a club property.

Very fair bags of quail have been the rule up to the end of the season in this State and Indiana, though there has not been very much shooting for the last ten days by Chicago shooters. The crop of quail goes over in very good shape indeed. Unless we have a distinct change in our weather this will be an ideal winter for quail. Up till this time it has been more like fall than winter, with no snow and no bad storms. We will be apt to have something different from this before spring, but it is to be hoped that the splendid stock of quail now established in these two States will not be cut down by climatic causes. There are a good many prairie chickens along the Kankakee bottoms this winter, and there is every hope that these birds will rather increase than diminish. It is all a question of observance of the law. In very large tracts of these two sister States there is a country yet wild enough to carry a good stock of game under any sort of reasonable shooting.

The ducks have not yet left this country, some mallards still hanging along the open water wherever it can be found. Four flocks of geese are reported by Mr. Haskell as seen this week in his exploring trip.

So far as the local shooting is concerned it is now put near up to molly cottontail. We cannot go snowshoeing around here, for we have no snow. A pack of beagles is a good thing to have in the family right now.

Just south of the city, in the sand hills at the foot of Lake Michigan, there are a good many rabbits this year. A farmer near there has also located five wolves, two old ones and three young ones, within a few miles of New Buffalo. Mr. Perkins, of this city, has a tract of four and a half miles of lake frontage near there, his land running back into the sand hills. He has also three or four good fox hounds, and the scheme at this time is to wait for a good tracking snow, whereupon the farmer is to wire Mr. Perkins, the latter is to tell me, and we are to go down there and have a wolf chase. We know the swamp where the wolves are hiding, and if everything should turn out well we may get a wolf story, and maybe a wolf skin. Something ought to be done in the way of bounty to keep these animals from devastating Chicago.

Speed of Wildfowl.

A correspondent states that he had referred to him the old question as to the relative speed of wildfowl. He decided that as between mallard and teal the question was a draw. He was perhaps right. The teal is swifter on an inshoot, or a dropping angle, but on a steady overhead flight it is perhaps no faster than the larger bird. The wild goose flies much faster than it seems to. It is popularly supposed that the canvasback is the fastest of all wildfowl. It is stated that recently a gentleman who was flying a series of kites, found that he could tell something about the flights of ducks crossing his kite lines. He thought they averaged forty-five miles an hour. It has always been thought that twice that many miles an hour is not too much to credit to the wild duck, and I should think the latter figure much more accurate than the former. I once printed in these columns the test made at Grass Lake, Ill., by a party of my friends. From the place where they were situated in their boat it was just a mile to a certain bridge where some shooters were stationed. A bunch of ducks crossing the bridge would be fired at, and the men in the boat would take the time of the puff of smoke. Then they would take the time of the same flock of ducks when they passed over the boat. In this way, if memory serve me, they figured that the ducks were making something like 80 or 90 miles an hour.

Some Montana Bear Stories.

Mr. G. H. Macdougall, of Butte, Mont., is good enough to liven up matters with a bear story or so from his neck of woods. It makes me rather unhappy to read bear stories, since I have never yet found that grizzly which I lost many years ago. I presume it is the next best thing to read about other fellows who have found their bears. Mr. Macdougall goes on to say:

"I have a bear story for you which I think is a peach. To appreciate it, you should know the actor. It is so perfectly characteristic of him. Let me introduce to you my particular friend, Henry, commonly known as 'Milwaukee.' His nickname gives a clue to his charatcer. He is a typical crazy Dutchman, bubbling over with high spirits and good nature, a most lovable duck, but decidedly short on prudence, or common sense, or whatever you like to call it.

"Henry was hunting deer, and got some too, for he is a good shot and has the patience of Job, though I would not like to be within a mile of him when he begins shooting, for I am sure he shoots at everything that moves. However, there he was, in the mountains about fifty miles from here, coming home alone after a hard day's tramp. When about two miles from the little mining camp where he was staying, and when very tired, he noticed some fresh dirt piled up against some ledges of rock projecting from the hillside. One might have supposed he would understand that fresh dirt does not grow of its own accord on a wild mountain side, but the only thing that occured to Henry was that it was a nice, dry place to sit down and take a rest. He sat down accordingly, and as he sat, noticed some animal poke its head out of a small hole in the dirt. Thinking it was probably a groundhog, he threw down his rifle without getting up, and shot at it. It retreated into the hole with shrieks and howls fit to raise the dead, and out of the same hole, throwing the dirt in all directions, came a she bear, simply boiling with rage. Henry shot at her, hitting her a glancing blow along the skull, which only knocked her silly for a second and made her madder than ever. Except on the fresh dirt, ice and snow made the hillside slippery, as it had been thawing, so our bold Henry had to stand his ground whether or no, and so, though scared to death, he shot again, and by good luck hit her between the eyes and finished her. After a few breaths which nearly burst his belt, it occurred to the bright mind of our friend that there might be another cub in the hole, and with an ingenuity nearly allied to genius, he poked his leg down in the hole to feel around for more bear. He got a wipe across the shin that stripped it of legging, trouser leg, drawer leg and hide, and made him withdraw it 'some sudden.' It was followed out by a yearling cub the size of a good, big dog, which Henry immediately killed with one shot. Net result, three bears, a sore shin, and a Dutchman divided between so much delight and so much scare that he was unable to move on for half an hour. Lucky for him that the 'Dear little cherub that sits up aloft' was attending strictly to business that day, I think."

"Relating this story to a mutual friend the other day, he capped it with another. This fellow is 'good Injun,' one of the best amateur mountaineers I ever met. He was hunting one evening just about sundown, when he saw between him and the sun on the sky line of a ridge, a big silver-tip. He was bothered by the sun in his eyes, but managed to hit the bear in the rump. Bear made a bee line for him, grunting every jump. Hunter stood partly behind a tree and pumped lead for his life, hitting the bear several times, but not hard enough to stop him. When only two or three jumps separated them, the hunter shot again and grabbed his knife, expecting to have a personal encounter in approved Daniel Boone style. But the bear, bewildered by its wounds, ran right by him, not six feet away, stumbled over a small declivity, and kept a going into some brush. When the blood got back to my friend's face, and his heart out of his throat, he grew suddenly bold (reaction, I suppose), and felt like following the bear and finishing the argument. But he had another think coming, which was that he didn't want to follow a silver-tip into cover so near dark, or perhaps any other old time for that matter, so he thankfully struck out for camp. He and his chums looked for the bear next day, but never got him. This fellow is as game as a chicken, and might have won out if it came to grips, but he thinks he will never be any nearer death until it actually comes, than he was that evening."

Meat Dogs.

The same writer adds some feeling words about meat dogs that are not meat dogs. The plum idiot dog that can run is something which has been seen by others besides Mr. Macdougall, who says:

"That old 'meat dog' pointer of mine picked up a coyote bait a year or two ago, so I am 'afoot' again. Ill health has prevented my getting out for a hunt since, but I am looking for one of the old sort to take his place, as I am all right again. The last time I hunted old Sam, I had to break him all over again, and a nice job it was, though he surprised the party with his fine work after I had him in subjection. I don't like to hunt one of those rebels, no matter how good they are, but if a fellow happens to get one, a good stout club is the only argument that will be listened to. I prefer one easier to handle, though, for I hate to have to beat a dog. The best dog I ever owned, or ever saw, for that matter, was one out of Davidson's Doll, one of the original Llewellyn cross, by a dog of his of unfashionable breeding, probably one of the old English breeds. This bitch, who died about 1882, could actually talk, and it didn't need a club to keep her in order either. She did her own hunting, and, what is more, found the birds. I used to shack along on a clever pony anywhere she showed an inclination to go, and the hardest work I did was to look for her a little if she didn't show up for ten minutes or so, and I always got all the birds I wanted in two or three hours. They don't make them that way now. The last Llewellyn I tried to break ranged to beat the band, but was a plum idiot. When I left him behind after my last trip with him, he took up with a sheep herder, and that was about his gait."

Shot a Horse for a Deer.

The man behind the gun continues to do all sorts of fool things. It is nothing unusual to read these days of a man who accidentally shoots his friend, or some of his own family. There are, however, some distinguishing features to the story of the man who rode with a friend out into the woods to hunt deer, and then killed

the horse which had drawn the vehicle, so setting both himself and his friend afoot. This really happened this fall, and as the friend who lost the horse was some sore about it, the matter got into the courts. It is the history of the lawsuit which now comes to hand in the following cutting from a Duluth newspaper, which is sent down by a friend from that city:

"The case of S. C. Confer against J. J. Frey, in which the plaintiff seeks to recover $250, the alleged value of a driving horse shot by Frey in mistake for a deer, was on trial in municipal court yesterday. Mr. Frey and Dr. Confer went out deer hunting together early in November. They drove behind the doctor's sorrel horse. When they reached what was believed to be a favorable point for deer, the horse was tied to a tree, and both men went into the woods, taking different directions. Shortly afterwards Frey having become mixed in his directions, caught a glimpse of what he thought was a deer and fired, and to his dismay discovered that he had killed Confer's horse. The two men had to walk home, a distance of several miles."

Sale of Game in Minnesota.

In the annual report of Agent Beutner, of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission, the recommendation is made that the sale of all game be prohibited in that State. Mr. Beutner also recommends that the spring shooting law be amended, that a non-resident license of not less than $15 be fixed by law, that game wardens be put on salary, and that market fishermen take out licenses. These recommendations are fairly in line with the late developments of the protective idea in the West. It may be plainly seen that the whole trend in the Mississippi Valley is toward non-resident shooting licenses. Indiana is going to make a strong pull for a $10 license this session of the Legislature. The probability is that Michigan would in that case pass a similar law. It is only a question of time before Minnesota has this clause in her law.

Agent Beutner says that in two years he has distributed 4,611,000 trout fry, 43,300 bass, 69,100 croppies and 31,400,000 pike. He wants a car for this work, and also wants the State to purchase instead of leasing grounds for its hatchery. The present site of the Minnesota hatchery is a very beautiful one, but it is only rented by the State.

Carp.

It is one of the boasts of the Illinois Fish Commission that it has successfully introduced carp into the waters of this State. The meed of thanks due the Commission for this enterprise can only be surpassed by that which would be cheerfully tendered them by the people of this State if they could devise some means of getting these carp out, and leaving this country just the way it was before these fish were put in. The old Maksawba Club marsh on the Kankakee River has had its wild rice all eaten off by these fish. Up at Fox Lake, in this State, property owners this fall raised a fund to attempt to destroy the carp in that chain of waters, which were once suitable for fishing and summer resort purposes. In one week deputies seined out 30,000 pounds of these fish. They are said to have taken one which wieghed 56 pounds. All this trouble and expense might have been unnecessary, just as it will probably be futile. These fish cannot be seined out completely, and the few left in will soon multiply again. There is no nuisance, after the English sparrow, which is worse than the German carp. There are a good many of us who are not quite ready to take the purely commercial attitude that because some few people will eat these fish the rest of us ought to stand for the raising of them at the expense of all the original attractiveness of our streams. It is up to the Illinois State Fish Commission to make itself popular by explaining, not how to cook a carp, but how to kill it, in the quickest possible way. We ought to have a law permitting the spearing of these fish, and there ought to be a bounty put on them were it not for the sole fact that such a bounty would break this State. They are an unqualified nuisance, and no amount of explanation in regard to their virtues will disabuse the average outdoor man of this belief.

Dead and Down.

The mills of the Government are still grinding at Washington over the proposal of Capt. Mercer, Minnesota Indian agent, to sell some more of the dead and down timber belonging to the people over whom he has charge. There is the usual amount of heavy rumbling and jarring of the Government machinery. The lumbermen are coy. Secretary Hitchcock is non-committal. Indian agent Merecer is explanatory, and the Indians are silent. In spite of all this the result is easy to foresee. All the timber on those reservations is going to be dead and down. So far as the Indians are concerned, they constitute but a trifling obstacle in the scheme. Before long the Indians will also be dead and down.

Efforts are making to purchase the Indian lands in Red Lake County, Minn., with a view to throwing them open to settlement. The sale of the White Earth reservation is still going on. It is the intention to purchase 48,000 acres of the lower Brule Indians in South Dakota. The Indians are willing to sell it at $1.25 an acre. They get about that much for the splendid pine of the Northern Minnesota reservations. That is to say, they think they will get it. Really, under the workings of our white man's justice, they get their dollar and a quarter, but it costs three dollars and a quarter to get it to them. You can figure it out yourself. The Indian is always in debt, and he will be, until he is dead and down.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

To Surmount the Difficulty.

"AND if your party came suddenly to a stream," said the story teller, "too deep for your horse to wade over, too wide for it to jump over and too swiftly flowing for it to swim over, what would you do?"

"Why, that's easy," said one of the party; "we'd sit down and think it over."—Yonkers Statesman.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Cunning.

IF any one wants an illustration of the way in which animals grow wise in the ways of the hunter, they ought to come out to this country and try a hunt after some of the bull elk that hang around here. Usually a bull elk is not remarkably cunning, and the elk that stay back in the mountains are still rather simple.

They use all the tricks that the sharpest buck deer or bull moose in Maine ever thought of, and in addition have invented a lot of brand new schemes of their own that are just suited to this country. When one remembers that only a few years ago these elk were just as stupid as the balance of their tribe, one wonders where they picked up all this knowledge. Such things as making a loop down wind before lying down for the day, watching their back track and things of that kind, are only a very small part of their plans to escape being killed. The intelligence which they display in picking out places in which to bed down for the day is remarkable. I put in a couple of weeks this fall trailing around after some bulls that stay pretty close to the house, and in spite of all I could do I never even saw a hair of one of them. Their beds were always in a place where they could either see, hear or smell anything approaching them long before they can be seen themselves. Time after time I put in hours trying to get a sight of one of these old fellows, but with always the same result.

After loop after loop, down wind, after crawling for hundreds of yards at a time in snow a foot deep, and moving as silently as possible, I would find the bed just vacated. And if I waited until dusk before trying to close in, I always found that the cunning brute had, on getting up and commencing to feed, gone up wind into the thickest cover he could find, where it was absolutely impossible to get within sight without making noise enough to spoil the stalk.

I guess the trouble is that the game is learning new tricks faster than us fellows who learned to hunt when the game was tame can figure out new ways of hunting.

At any rate, I used to think that I could hunt, but when I chase around among a lot of elk for a couple of weeks and only get one fool calf that did not have any better sense than to stick its head out of the clump of spruce behind which the rest of the bunch were calmly watching me, I rather think that something is wrong with my woodcraft.

Civilization is spoiling the game, just as it is spoiling the Indian, the cowpuncher and, in fact, the whole West. And there is no other place to go, so I guess we might as well get civilized and be done with it.

WELLS, Wyo. WM. WELLS.

A December Afternoon.

IT was cold—the thermometer stood at zero, although it was high noon, but the sun shone brilliantly and there was no wind. The air was dry and bracing, every breath of it full of life and energy to those who breathed it. Two old friends stood on the top of a hill that overlooked a level bottom two miles long and a mile wide, bounded on one side by the wooded hills along the river. Through the bottom ran several little streams, bordered by plum thickets, and the banks of the river were bordered with a wide fringe of undergrowth. There were bushes, too, along the old rail fences that divided the bottom into fields. The fields were covered with corn stalks and weedy stubble, with here and there patches of high grass, while here and there were clumps of cottonwood trees, the ground under them crowded with weeds high as the head of a man. I said there were two friends; there were four. Two of them were four-footed, and named respectively Sinner and Flora, but they were none the less friends on that account. After a few minutes looking over the ground and deciding the course to take, these four went down the hill and swept out into the fields, the dogs full of life, going at full gallop, and the two men walking briskly, for the air was sharp and demanded lively walking to keep warm. The dogs were going too fast for careful work, but it was useless to try to get them into moderation till they had warmed themselves and flushed a covey or two of quail. Flora went sailing down an old fence fringed with bushes, and all at once fetched up so suddenly that she turned end for end and stood headed in the opposite direction.

"There they are," said E., "and I'll bet they are bunched in a sunny fence corner. I saw a famous covey along that fence the other day. Must have been twenty of them. If it's the same lot and nobody been into 'em, we will have fun with them sure."

One each side of the fence, the two men approached, moving very slowly as they neared the dog. I don't know why they went so slowly, but that's the way they always do it. Presently E. said, "I see them all huddled together in the fence corner opposite the dog. 'Bout half a bushel of 'em. It's the big covey all right."

"Well, let's put 'em up," said H. "It's too cold to stand here long."

So they took a few steps more and out came the birds, and the air was full of them. It looked as if a shotgun fired into the "brown of them" was sure to kill a half-dozen at least, but these fellows shot three times and got but two. H. did not shoot but once, because he is great on scattered birds, and always is very careful about marking them down. They went 80 to 100 yards along the fence and pitched into the weeds and bushes.

"That's a layout for us," said E. "Couldn't have it any better if it was done to order."

The dogs were kept in and the procession moved along the fence with the dogs a rod or two in advance.

"Must be getting about there," said E., and a moment later out went one from behind him and started across to the nearest clump of cottonwoods. E. turned quickly, steadied himself an instant, and fired. The bird folded its wings and dropped into the weeds. Flora was on the other side of the fence and made a dash to get over, flushing another bird which was a fair shot for H., but instead of shooting it he proceeded to explain to Flora that she was old enough to know better and would consequently be held responsible for such lapses from plain duty. In fact, H. gave her a goodly dose of benevolent assimilation, applied outwardly by means of an elm switch, and at the same time he told her that the sooner she got that wire edge off the better it would be for all concerned. While all this was going on, Sinner stood solid on a bird less than two rods away. Sinner was an old veteran and seldom got rattled about anything.

"I marked that bird all right," said E. "Saw him go down between the two right hand trees of the cottonwood grove."

H. now stepped to where Sinner was pointing, telling E. to look out as it would be sure to dart through the bushes right to him, which it did, but just as E. pulled his trigger the bird turned and darted through the bushes again, so E. missed, but as it came in sight of H. a few rods down the fence, he got it. Just then a dozen or more got up and hied themselves away, some to the cottonwoods and some further along the fence. Another covey rose and joined the stragglers, going down the fence. The shooters followed along the fence and when they got among them there were flushes and misses and kills in such rapid succession that they hardly knew where they were at; but by the time the birds were all up, they had bagged six. Most of those that got away went to the cottonwoods, so the shooters followed them. Here the shooting was difficult, for the trees were close together and the branches were low enough to almost meet the tops of the high weeds, but as they had now "got down to business" and knew they had to do it about right if they got any birds, they did better shooting than they did in the open, and after thoroughly beating out the ground they got several more into the bag.

"Where will we go next?" asked H.

"Reckon we better go down Painter Creek," said E.

There was a bad tangle of grass, weeds, hazel brush and plum thickets with weedy corn along the edges, and there were quail in the weeds; the dogs found a trail of a covey that ran ahead of them and the men followed the dogs for a hundred yards, expecting a rise every moment. At last E. said, "The tension is getting too strong for me. Let's rush them." So they took a few rapid steps and the air was full of quail. They rose, widely scattered, so they did not interfere with each other, and the result was two doubles, but only three were bagged, the dogs failing to find the other one. The escaping birds went into the tangle of brush, weeds and grass along the creek, and the dogs and men tramped and threshed the place all over, but the birds lay so close that not half of them were put up, though several more were bagged.

The sun was now sinking out of sight, and the cold was nipping at ears and noses, so the shooters got into the road and started on a lively walk for home. As they passed the cottonwood grove the scattered birds they had left there were calling to each other. "Some of the folks that write for the papers speak of the quail calling Bob White as they go home from quail shooting," said E. "That always spoils the story for me, for anybody who knows anything about quail knows that Bob White is their love call, and is never used except in the mating season."

"I guess all the hunting that kind of man ever does is done hunting for a place where he can get quail on toast. Ouch, but my ears are cold!" said H.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last week it was reported in the local papers that two deer had been seen near Chepachet, and that about every gun, old and new, in western Rhode Island had been put in condition for shooting. Perhaps the would-be deer slayers are not aware that deer are protected by law, and that venison in Rhode Island may prove to be very expensive. A deer is not a bird, but one of the Commissioners of Birds has thought it proper to call attention to Chapter 723 passed by the Rhode Island Legislature for the protection of deer, Feb. 9, 1900: "Section 1. Whoever before the first day of Febraury, A. D. 1905, takes or kills a deer, except his own tame deer kept on his own grounds, shall be fined not exceeding $500." The Commissioner also explained that in Massachusetts deer are protected at all times, the penalty for killing one being $100. The Connecticut deer cannot be shot legally until 1903.

In the inaugural message of Gov. William Gregory to the General Assembly of Rhode Island, he called attention to the following matters:

Protection of Birds.

"The State is to be congratulated on the devoted and intelligent consideration to the interests of bird life which is being given by the Commissioners created at the last January session, and provided with ample power to enforce the laws. The Commissioners report that public interest has awakened to a more general regard for the bird laws than ever before. The work of education is economic as well as humane, since our birds are necessary for the preservation of the crops, which is accomplished through the constant warfare they wage against worms and insects. Confronted by the circumstance that within fifteen years past bird life in our State has diminished 65 per cent., that to save certain crops poisons are resorted to where nature formerly worked through the birds, the Commissioners are seeking diligently to retrieve the disaster. The open season for killing game birds has been shortened, and it is trusted that with the co-operation of sportsmen and marketmen and an educated public sentiment progress may continue to be made without advising the last resort of a close season for two or three years.

Inland Fisheries.

"From their headquarters, at Wickford, the Commission has been unusually active during the year. Definite and valuable information relative to the habits, food, enemies and rate of growth of the scallop has been secured, the series of experiments on the life and habits of the clam have been successfully continued and encouraging results are reported from the efforts to devise a practical method of lobster culture. The appropriation made last year enabled the Commission to build and equip a floating laboratory and to possess a small naphtha launch."

Roger Larkin recently shot a cat owl, at South Kingstown, which measured 3 feet 8 inches from tip to tip.

W. H. M.

The Maine Game Law.

BOSTON, Jan. 7.—The Massachusetts Legislature has assembled, but I cannot learn that any important changes in the fish and game laws are contemplated, and the marketmen are not yet mentioning any changes. The Maine Legislature came together Jan. 1, but the Committee on Fisheries and Game has not yet been announced. Naturally Commissioner Carleton, Chairman of the Board of Fisheries and Game, will be tendered the chairmanship of that committee, since he is a member of the House. J. W. Brackett, of "The Maine Woods," will also be on the committee, without doubt. It now looks as though no important changes in the existing fish and game laws of that State would be made. Commissioner Stanley is of the opinion that the laws are mainly well enough as they are. He says that the Commission believes that no more deer have been destroyed under the September license law than would have been illegally killed without it; that the law has brought in $3,900 for licenses. The Commission does not believe that any forest fires have resulted from this law, and this money has been used for fish and game protection. He does not believe that deer have decreased in Maine; that they have simply changed their location, for better feeding grounds, or for some other reason. He is very reasonable and conscientious concerning his position; says that the Commission has taken great pains in investigating the subject of a decrease in the deer supply. Secretary Farrington's annual report says that the State has received for the year $2,109 for guide registration, $2,035 for fines for violations of fish and game laws and for game seized and sold, $50 for taxidermists' licenses, $535 for camp proprietors' licenses, $3,900 for September shooting licenses and licenses for shipping of game without the owner accompanying it; a total of $8,429 The Commission has expended $17,834 for operation of fish hatcheries and traveling expenses of the Commission, $533 for clerk hire, $295 for attorneys' fees, $725 for specimens for the State Museum, and $13,464 for the services of wardens; total, $32,851. He recommends that the Legislature authorize a larger amount expended for fish. He recommends that the Maine Fish and Game Association shall urge upon the Legislature adding $10,000 to the fish and game fund, to be used for the better protection and propagation of fish and game. He very sensibly urges that the guides be held to stricter account to the State for their doings. He is aware that many come to Maine to kill moose and deer for market, and he suggests that the guides have aided in this market hunting. He is right, and he would be doubly sure of his position had he been where he could have watched the Boston markets the past open season on big game in Maine.

The Vermont Legislature, recently adjourned, made no important changes in the fish and game laws of that State. A few special enactments concerning fishing in certain waters were made. SPECIAL.

New Hampshire Forests.

GOV. JORDAN, of New Hampshire, comes from Coos county and appreciates the forestry situation. In his message to the Legislature, he says:

"My lifelong residence in the north country has filled me with a love for our beautiful hills which the passage of the years has only made the stronger; and I cannot look with unconcern upon the devastation which is being wrought upon them. In my judgment, the time has come to take positive and effective steps to assure to our State for future generations those magnificent gems of mountain scenery which have won for our commonwealth the unique title of 'The Switzerland of America.' The most immediately effective method of securing the essential benefits of forest preservation is for the State, by exercise of its power of eminent domain, to take to itself once more the ownership of its most desirable forest lands. Yet we must bear in mind the fact that these lands cannot be taken from their owners except for an adequate compensation. The lumber interests are great, and the greater they are, under present methods of operation, the worse it is for the State. The number of lumber plants is 831; capital, $12,329,843; total wages, $2,519,609; average number employees, 8,932; value of annual product, $10 907,438.

"But there is still another method of securing the main features of forest preservation which may commend itself to your minds as equally effective, and which is not open to objection on the ground of expense. It lies in the restriction of the operations of private land owners in respect to the manner in which they shall utilize the forest product. Such an intervention I believe to be a proper function of the State through the exercise of its power of sovereign police, which is co-extensive with public health, morals, social order and property rights. I commend this phase of the subject to your earnest attention, indulging the hope that your wisdom will guide to the proper action. For myself, I consider no consideration paramount to that of putting an end to the existing conditions which obtain in our forest properties. The time is ripe for New Hampshire to act. Air, water and forests are the richest of the natural resources of man. We should take good care that the first be not vitiated, the next polluted, nor the last destroyed."

Weights of Game.

GRAVESEND BEACH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a boy near fourteen years of age. My grandfather made me a present of a subscription for three years of your paper. Two years have expired. I have read of several men sending you the weights of partridges they have shot. I was hunting rabbits last week at Coram, Long Island. As a partridge took wing, I shot at him and killed him. They say he is a very fine one, and when weighed at the grocery store at my home, weighed 25 ounces.

CLARENCE H. BATEMAN.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The New York Fish Commission.

From Governor Odell's Message.

THE preservation of the forests, especially as a protection to the water supply of the State, has been one that has received proper attention from the Legislature, and is of the greatest importance. The same care has also been extended to the protection of the fish and game interests and the shellfish culture along our coasts. The steps taken toward this end have undoubtedly resulted in great benefit.

It seems to me, however, that two boards, one charged with the purchase of lands and the other with their protection, must necessarily duplicate each other's work to a considerable degree, and that a consolidation would result in a large saving. The Forest Preserve Board is composed almost entirely of officials elected by the people, and the Fish and Game Commission appointees of the Governor. The law governing the work of the Forest Preserve Board could be amended so as to permit the selection of a member by the Governor, by and with the consent of the Senate, who with the two State officers now designated should constitute the Forest Preserve Board, and the powers and duties of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission could be transferred to the Board as thus constituted. The importance of this suggestion is realized perhaps more fully by placing before you the appropriation made for these boards last year. There was appropriated by the last Legislature for the salaries and office expenses of the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission the sum of $82,875. This includes the expenses of printing and publication of reports, salaries of Commissioners and employees and other expenses incidental to the maintenance of such a department, but not the maintenance of hatcheries and legal expenses. Aside from the sum of $250,000 appropriated for the purchase of lands and expenses of the Forest Preserve Board, there were expended for other salaries and office expenses over $14 000, and paid for additional counsel about $12,000. The legal work of this department should be performed by the Attorney-General.

The saving of expenses which would undoubtedly follow consolidation, amounting probably to $35,000, is certainly enough to warrant careful consideration upon the part of the Legislature, and such legislation as will lead to this result is recommended.

Public and Private Waters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the reply of F. A. C. in your issue of Dec. 15 to my article relating to public fish in private waters.

I am inclined to think that people generally, including your correspondent, are apt to be mistaken as to the rights of riparian owners and as to the rights of the public in the waters of streams which are essentially private, and I may in the near future call further attention to the laws of this State and the decisions of our courts on these points.

I desire, however, to correct at the present time what seems to me to be a manifest error in the communication from F. A. C., and that is in regard to his classification of rivers and streams.

In his article he states that water courses, not including ponds and lakes, may be loosely divided into three important classes: 1. Those in which the tide ebbs and flows. 2. Navigable rivers and streams. 3. Streams not navigable.

As to the first, he is correct, and that includes but one stream in this State—the Hudson River up to the city of Troy.

His second classification, "Navigable rivers and streams," strictly speaking, would include but few streams, and all of them too short for serious consideration.

Outside of the Hudson River the rivers and streams of this State should be classified as follows:

First. Those which are navigable, and that includes, as the word "navigable" implies, streams "which may be navigated or passed in ships or vessels" (Webster).

Second. Streams not navigable with boats, but which are subject to certain easements or privileges acquired by user. This includes all those streams or parts of streams which for years have been owned in fee by the riparian owners, subject to the easement or right of certain persons to float or drive logs down the streams when the waters permit, either to saw mills located below or for the purpose of forming into rafts for shipping them to market.

In these streams the public has no right, and the easements are confined to those owning or occupying lands on or adjacent to the streams through which alone their logs or lumber can be driven. There are but few of these streams now remaining in this State, at least outside of the North Woods, and the noted streams rising in or flowing from the lower water shed of the State of New York have never been subject to this easement except in two or three cases, and then to a very limited extent, and if this classification is correct, then the third class, "streams which are not navigable or subject to an easement or right by user," will include most of the streams in the State of New York.

I quite agree with F. A. C. as to the right which a person has in the public highway, when he says that no person has "the right to dig bait by the roadside without the consent of him who owns to the middle of the road"—that would be trespass; but no person claiming the right to use the highway would have the right to distribute along or in it snakes and skunks, for that would pollute it and injure the value of the adjacent lands, and the same rule applies to streams which belong to the riparian owners, subject to easements or rights acquired by user. No person floating down a stream of this kind on a raft of logs has the right to take a fish which might be in the waters flowing over the lands of the riparian owner, for that would be trespass, nor to deposit in these waters bigmouthed black bass or carp, for that would pollute them and injure the value of the adjacent land, and the same rule applies to the public, which is simply an aggregation of individuals. But after all, this side discussion, in which we differ on some points, does not settle the principal question which I raised in my communication, and that was, What do the Commissioners mean by public and what by private waters? They can easily define what they mean by these terms, but so far as I have been able to find out, they have never done so.

I have written this article with great hesitancy, fearing that I might be regarded as not being in sympathy with the good work which has been and is being done in this State. But then there has been bad work, fearfully bad work, done in the past also, for which neither the present Commissioners nor Mr. A. N. Cheney are in any way responsible.

Some years ago the supervisors of this county appointed a committee on fish, which continued for three years, and of which the writer was chairman. We carefully ascertained the nature of every considerable pond and stream in the county and restocked many of them with the fish natural to them, and never permitted any waters to be stocked with fish which might destroy or be injurious to the native fish, and in this we respected the rights of riparian owners. On the other side of the Hudson River the fish have never been furnished to a committee, but direct from the State on individual application, and it has resulted in a wholesale destruction of private streams and waters, including scores of miles of the finest trout streams of the lower water shed of this State.

Perhaps it may be as well right here and now to go to the bottom of this whole business of stocking the waters of this State with fish.

In the latter part of the fifties I was interested with a friend in the propagation of brook trout, and he succeeded, as I remember, before Mr. Seth Green engaged in it, but he had the State behind him, and the result was that for a time the small concerns did not as a rule find the hatching of trout profitable.

Since then I have kept in pretty close touch with what has been done toward the stocking of the waters of this State, and, in fact, of all of our States and of Canada.

The interest created by the success of Seth Green was followed by an interest in legislation, but as any one will see who will take the trouble to look over our old game and fish laws, running back say thirty years or more, there has never been any effort made to protect or increase our common food fishes, and by these I mean suckers, yellow perch, pickerel and other fishes commonly found in our small ponds and ordinary streams, and yet these fish have in the past furnished not only sport but food to thousands of the people living in the country districts. Their rights and interests, however, have never been consulted, but our legislation has been mostly in favor of individuals and clubs, and the owners of preserves who have practically controlled in their own interest nearly all the legislation of this State.

In 1894 the Senate Committee on Fish and Game visited the principal parts of this State with a view to suggesting amendments to the law, and at my suggestion they endeavored to ascertain what had been done toward the propagation or protection of common food fishes.

The universal answer was, nothing, coupled in many instances with the statement that private waters and streams had been largely destroyed because the State, without the consent of the riparian owners, had stocked these waters with destructive kinds of fish.

The owners of the thousands of miles of private streams in this State cannot combine for their protection, and the result is that these streams as they bought them and have the right to own them have been forever destroyed.

Some six years ago I was before the Senate Committee on Fish and Game and said to them substantially, "Gentlemen, there has never been any legislation in this State looking to the protection or increase of our common food fish such as suckers, pickerel, perch, sunfish, etc., which abound naturally in all of our ponds and streams, and which are prized for sport and food by thousands of our farmers and their laboring men, and they get just as much sport in taking them on an off day, or after the day's work is over, as the accomplished angler does in taking trout or salmon with the fly, to say nothing of the amount of food which they furnish for the farmer's table, and I beg you to consider the rights and comfort of this great body of our citizens, and at least protect the private waters owned by them from injury or destruction by the introduction of other fish under the pretense of stocking public waters without the knowledge or consent of the owners."

I also called their attention particularly to the fact that the whitefish industry in Lake Ontario had in the past yielded an annual income claimed to be over $200 000, yet this fish had been practically destroyed, and that no effort had been made to replenish this lake with this most magnificent food fish.

To show how far I was then correct in my statement, I refer to the following extract from a most exhaustive article read by Mr. Frank N. Clark, of Northville, Mich., at the meeting of the American Fisheries Society held in July last at Wood's Holl, entitled "Methods and Results in Connection with the Propagation of Commercial Fishes for the Great Lakes," and in which he says, referring to this State, "Fewer whitefish fry have been planted in Lake Ontario than in any other of the great lakes; the value of its commercial fisheries suffers proportionately. The whitefish fishermen have practically abandoned the lake."

In 1889 I visited Fort Niagara at the head of Lake Ontario, stopping at the hotel on the Canadian side, and we had cisco only, the landlord informing us that the whitefish had practically disappeared from the lake years before, and that he had ceased trying to get them.

Some years ago a movement was started in Rochester for the purpose of protecting and restoring our food fish, but why should it be necessary for private individuals to

combine for this purpose when this should have been regarded by our Fish Commissioners as their first and highest duty?

The question naturally arises, why have our Fish Commissioners been so diligent in the past in stocking the waters of this State which are essentially private and in many, if not indeed most cases, to their permanent injury, while so little has been done for Lake Ontario that it is as barren of whitefish to-day as it was twenty or more years ago?

Let me give a few figures which I happen to have at hand. In the year 1895 there were planted in all the waters of this State, including Lake Ontario, by our Commissioners, 24,080,000 whitefish.

In the year 1896 there were planted by them in all the waters of this State 11,250,000 whitefish, of which 6,500,000 were placed in Lake Ontario, hardly enough to bear up against the attack of their natural enemies, while in that year our Commissioners had an appropriation of $157,524.59.

I do not happen to have the returns for 1897-8 and 1899 but the whitefish planted this year in all the waters of this State amount to 40,175,000.

Mr. Clark informs us that during the five years, 1895 to 1899, inclusive, the United States Commission placed in the waters of Lake Erie alone 443,677,000 whitefish fry, an average of nearly 89,000,000 a year, and that the commercial value of the whitefish industry is greater than that of any of the lakes, Lake Michigan being next, and yet in Lake Michigan there were 4,000,000 pounds taken in 1897, which at 10 cents a pound would yield $400 000.

What has been done in the other great lakes could and should have been done in Lake Ontario.

If our former Commissioners had done their duty by this lake the whitefish would have been taken for many years past by the ton, as they have been in all the other great lakes, as the result of restocking, and the commercial value of these fish would have amounted annually to several hundred thousand dollars, a very handsome offset to the yearly appropriations made by our State.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 31.

ANGLING NOTES.

Mr. Harmsworth.

MR. ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH, of London, proprietor of the Daily Mail and about thirty other newspapers and periodicals in Great Britain, is on a visit to this country, and one of the great dealy newspapers in New York city was turned over to him to be issued for one day in the manner and style that would exemplify his idea of what the modern daily newspaper should be. A Troy, N. Y., newspaper, the Budget, in speaking editorially of Mr. Harmsworth's efforts to improve the make-up of the daily newspaper, said that the American people should appreciate what he had done for journalism, even if they did not adopt his suggestions, and proposed that he be invited to go fishing as the best relaxation that could be offered to a busy man on a vacation, and intimated that we had in this country some superior fishing.

Apparently this was a shot in the dark, and the writer did not know that Mr. Harmsworth was an enthusiastic angler. He had scarcely landed from the Teutonic when he wrote to FOREST AND STREAM to ask about the fishing, and on a previous visit to this country he visited Florida for tarpon fishing, and later wrote of his experience in the columns of this paper, praising the fishing as something superior to the fishing of any other country. Since that time Mr. Harmsworth has visited India and Siberia for the fishing, and speaks in glowing terms of the fishing in India, strange as it may seem, saying it would be a fine fishing country except for the discomfort from the heat. Mr. Harmsworth will visit Florida for tarpon fishing on this visit—in fact, that was one of the objects of his visit at this time.

The Leaping Ouananiche.

Mr. Louis Rhead announces an exhibition of his pictures of the fighting ouananiche at the gallery of Frederick Keppel & Co., 20 East Sixteenth street, New York city, from Jan. 10 to 29, inclusive. The pictures are in oil, water color and pen, including a number of life studies of the fish on birch bark, and I would advise those who can do so to accept the invitation to view the pictures. The artist has prepared a unique catalogue, numbered and signed, from which one learns that there are in the exhibition three pictures on birch bark, nine in oil, eight in water color and two pen drawings. I presume that there will also be on exhibition Mr. Rhead's etching of Izaak Walton, which he did from the Houseman portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington. The artist says "a few words" in his catalogue which are very pleasant reading about the fishing and guides and canoes at Lake St. John. His tribute to his Canadian guides I believe to be well deserved from my experience on the same waters: "While not so picturesque as the Indian, he is less gloomy and glum, and he knows his business well, and, what is more agreeable, he is more respectful and less 'knowing' than some other guides of different places. His movements are easy and quiet, and he is always at hand when required."

Fishculture in New York.

At the meeting of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission in Albany on Jan. 1, the State Fishculturist reported to the Commission in regard to the number of eggs taken this season up to the time of the meeting, as follows:

"The season for taking brook and brown trout and whitefish and frost fish eggs was practically closed the first of the year, and from the stock fish in the State ponds the Commission secured 4,010,800 brook trout eggs, 2,328,000 brown trout eggs, an increase over last year of 1,391,900. From whitefish in State waters and from eggs secured from the United States Fish Commission, a total of 42,538,000 whitefish eggs were laid down in the different hatcheries, an increase of 5,027,000 over last year. Frost fish secured from State waters furnished 8,560,750, an increase over last year of 1,758,750, or a total increase of the species mentioned over last year of 8,977,650 eggs. There is no mention made of rainbow trout eggs, as the season for taking these eggs has just opened.

"The Commission has also secured 4,176,000 lake trout eggs, and while the tomcod work is not nearly completed, 34,525,000 eggs have already been secured.

"The total number of eggs taken thus far this season amounts to 101,315,622.

"During the past month there was distributed, from the different hatcheries, of fingerling and adult trout, 121,982."

The report recommended that one of the State hatcheries be abandoned, as it was so situated that it was not profitable to maintain it, and that another hatchery should be moved to obtain a better water supply, for at present the hatchery in question cannot carry stock fish, nor can it rear fingerling fish, as the water gets too warm for any of the salmon family early in the summer, and all fish hatched must be planted as fry or carried elsewhere to be reared. It is not an easy matter to move a hatchery, but this one can be moved and placed on a new foundation where there is an abundance of spring water, and where rearing ponds can be constructed. During the month of December the Commission distributed 121,982 fingerling and adult trout from the different hatching stations. The adult trout, consisting of several hundreds of breeding fish, with which the hatcheries were overstocked, as new blood is brought in every year as the older fish make way for younger ones.

A. N. CHENEY.

A Joke of the Vintage of 1835.

"I say, Jack, are there any fish in this pond?"

"There may be; but I should think they were werry small, 'cause there was no water in this here pond afore that rain yesterday."

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 14.—New Orleans, La.—Louisiana Kennel Club's annual show. A. E. Shaw, Sec'y.

Jan. 14-19.—Pontiac, Mich.—Pontiac Poultry and Pet Stock Exhibition's dog show. Daniel Thomas, Sec'y.

Jan. 23-26.—Chicago.—Chicago Pet Dog Club's annual show. Mrs. J. T. Buhrer, Sec'y.

Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—Coronado, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials. Albert Beltz, Sec'y.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

February (First Week).—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Championship Field Trial Association's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XI.—Backing.

(*Continued from Vol. LV., page 473.*)

LET us now consider the dog more specifically as a member of a pack and the intelligent team work which such membership imposes. He much prefers to work with one of his own kind. The joint efforts of a number are far more certain to result in success than are the efforts of the lone individual. Whether wild or domestic, they much prefer to hunt with each other. Wolves take distinct parts in the struggle to effect a capture. One or two may make a sham attack on a cow while others seize and kill her momentarily unguarded calf. Coyotes have been known to station themselves with excellent judgment in such manner and places that as one or more of their number pursued the fleeing antelope it passed by the others in turn, and each in turn took up the pursuit and relieved the pursuer, so that the antelope was pitted against a relay of wolves.

The greyhound when pursuing animals as swift or swifted than itself, invariably learns to run cunning if he is permitted to have even a moderate continuous experience. In running cunning, when two or more are pursuing together, one dashes forward at full speed to press the fleeing jack rabbit, antelope, etc., while his fellow is running less swiftly behind. The purpose of the leading hound is to press the prey to a turn from its course. If he succeeds, instantly his fellow dashes forward at top speed across the angle thus formed, heading the prey off if possible, and in any event getting closer up to it. He then takes up the running, while his fellow behind watches alertly for the next turn, and when it comes he cuts across the corner. Sometimes the hindmost dog without losing speed will rear high up so that he may see over the leading dog, and thereby note what the prey is doing.

Every time that a turn is made, the prey runs on two sides of a triangle, while the hindmost dog runs on but one. This is a sufficient advantage in favor of the dogs to insure their final success. After the hindmost dog can cut in ahead of their prey, there then is a dog in front and one in the rear of it, and it is in a perilous situation. The backing dog may be said to be backing cunning, for it is analogous in its purposes to the running cunning of the greyhound. Either act is but one of many similar ones.

The country dog, be he cur or otherwise, has some neighboring dog with which he is on friendly terms, and which he seeks as company on his prowling expeditions through the woods and fields. In time the self-hunters learn all the strategy essential to success. If they approach a brush pile which gives good promise of a rabbit, do they go up to it together? That is not their procedure after they become educated. One advances to the pile to start the rabbit while the other in manner similar to that of the barking dog takes a strategic position to seize it when it springs from cover, or failing to do so, that he may turn it to his fellow with a good chance of capture.

All the acts of dogs when hunting together have a direct bearing to the common purpose, at is refers directly to their own interests—that is to say, the capture. Their knowledge and skill come from intelligence and experience. That the acts are sometimes learned very quickly proves none the less that they are the result of intelligence and experience. In no other manner could they be acquired.

Backing has a direct reference to the capture of the prey, and is conclusively proven by the well-known fact that an intelligent dog, even when most thoroughly trained, will refuse to back a dog which within his observation false points a few times. He observes that the false pointing dog is unreliable, and that as there is nothing to the point to be pursued or captured, so there is no use in preparing to seize or pursue. This denotes that the act refers to himself and not a man with a gun.

In practical field work the only material advantage of backing is that it prevents interference with the pointing dog, although it has the further value of being pleasing to the eye as a spectacular act. The backing dog is taught to suppress his inclination to interfere, and is forced to take a subordinate part.

In such instances, as a man shoots alone and owns but one dog, it is not of the slightest importance whether his dog will point or not. But when dogs are hunted together, it is of importance that they be made steady to back, or if they will not back, then that they be taught to drop promptly to order.

A dog which, refusing to back, either presses ahead to steal the point or flush the birds, will thoroughly spoil more sport than all other causes combined. Some dogs, otherwise very good, behave very badly when working with a dog which refuses to back. Under such conditions they misbehave generally; they will not submit to have their points stolen; they then willfully go ahead and flush to prevent any points being made at all, or work so resentfully and jealously that the standard of the work is ragged and poor. Therefore, when a dog is pointing no other dog should be permitted to interfere with him.

Backing well and staunchly, while not indispensable, is an accomplishment which puts a needed and useful finish to the work of dogs in company with their fellows, and besides being pleasing to the eye, it adds to the pleasure and ease of the shooter in handling them, and thus to the success of the gun.

Until the dog has learned the purposes of pointing, he shows no inclination to back. Thus puppies which are raised alone have no knowledge of what the act of pointing means, though they very quickly learn it on proper opportunity. In teaching the puppy staunchness to the back, it is best to have an old, reliable dog to do the pointing. The point being made, the puppy's attention is attracted to it, with as little noise and fuss as possible. With an exaggerated caution of movement and manner, the trainer endeavors to impress on him the gravity and importance of the event. After he observes that birds are to the point, he will acquire an enthusiastic interest in it on his own account.

Commonly the puppy's first efforts will be spirited attempts to flush. They are the natural acts of ignorant puppies.

After several lessons, when the pointing dog engages the interest of the puppy, and the latter is well in hand, the trainer walks forward to flush. If the puppy attempts to follow, he is taken back to the spot whence he started and cautioned. The trainer acts slowly, patiently and quietly if he acts aright. The portentous manner will not fail to impress the puppy as he notes it in conjunction with the point.

Dogs are exceedingly imitative. This the trainer may readily observe by assuming a crouchy, stealthy manner in an open field, as if he were stalking some prey. The dog will likely imitate his actions. However, it is not wise in this manner to deceive a dog, as it tends to impair his confidence in the deceiver.

Whenever he attempts to press forward when on back he must be cautioned or be taken back to the point whence he started. This impresses on him that he is not to go forward when his fellow is pointing. The cord and peg may be applied usefully to keep him in place if he is difficult to manage.

After the birds are flushed and a kill is made, the puppy will gain a comprehension of the purposes of the acts. Some puppies learn to back quickly; with others to teach the act it may be necessary to repeat the lessons through many days or weeks.

Even after weeks of teaching, a puppy may seem to have no interest in backing, yet some day when he comes suddenly and unexpectedly on his bracemate pointing, he may astonish and gratify his trainer by pointing instantaneously and well. The trainer may devise ways to run him on sight of the pointing dog when he does not suspect a point, arranging, however, to be in a position to interpose if he attempts to steal the point or flush.

Pointers as a rule are much more easily taught to point and back than are setters. Some dogs are so deferential that they will play to take the backing position the moment that they see their fellow making game, while others will steal the point on opportunity, or back and draw alternately till the point is stolen or the birds are flushed.

It is a branch of training in which the trainer must use infinite tact and patience. Nothing is gained by hurry. Punishment will deter the pupil from running in on a pointing dog, and to that extent it is of value, but it does not teach him how to back. It may, however, teach him to blink.

By persistent attempts to enforce the act of backing there will be but few cases which will result in failure. On the other hand, half-hearted and fitful attempts will result in many failures. Persistency, common sense, patience and tact in applying methods and affording opportunities are essential factors in this branch as they are in all others.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Westminster Kennel Club's Premium List.

THE premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club's forthcoming show, Feb. 19 to 22, is on the liberal scale which has obtained with the club in years past. The list of valuable trophies, cash prizes and medals for all breeds, in their enumeration, take up a number of pages of the premium list. The Westminster Kennel Club heads the list with a special prize of $20 for the best team of four of any breed entered and owned by one exhibitor, provided that at least two teams, the property of different owners, compete. Entries close Monday, Feb. 4. The prizes run chiefly as follows: Puppies and novice classes, $10, $5 and medal; limit and open classes, $15, $10 and $5. The premium lists can be obtained of Mr. James Mortimer, Secretary and Superintendent, 1001 Townsend Building, New York.

Points and Flushes.

The judges for the Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual dog show are as follows: St. Bernards, mastiffs, bloodhounds and deerhounds, Mr. Arthur Trickett, Kansas City, Mo.; Great Danes, Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, Newburgh, N. Y.; Russian wolfhounds, Mr. Edward L. Kraus, Slatington, Pa.; greyhounds, Dalmatians, bull terriers, Airedale, Skye and Bedlington terriers, Mr. T. S. Bellin, Minneapolis, Minn.; fox hounds, sporting spaniels and collies, Mr. Harry Jarrett, Chestnut Hill, Pa.; pointers, Mr. George Jarvis, New York; setters, Mr. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, Pa.; old English sheep dogs, basset hounds, black and tan terriers, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, pugs, Pomeranians, toy spaniels and miscellaneous classes, Mr. R. F. Mayhew, Clifton, S. I.; poodles, Mr. H. G. Trevor, Southampton, L. I.; bull dogs, H. C. Beadleston, New York; Boston terriers, Mr. J. F. Holt, Faneuil, Mass.; French bull dogs, Mr. John R. Buchan, New York; dachshunde, Mr. Joseph Graefle, New York; fox terriers, Mr. G. M. Carnochan, Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Irish terriers, Mr. O. H. Donner, Rye, N. Y.; Scottish terriers, Mr. J. Steele MacKenzie, North Bend, O.; Welsh terriers, Mr. J. W. Mitchell, New York.

Spratts Dog and Bird Portrait calendar for 1901 contains portraits of typical dogs and fowls, besides giving valuable information as to the foods and medicines which they manufacture. For one, address Spratts Patent (America) Limited, 450-456 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Brigand.

WHEN the knockabout first came into popular favor a few years ago, it did not carry any bowsprit, and the jib stay ran directly to the stem head. After experimenting both by the designers and sailors of these boats, it was found that they generally handled better to have the jib set further outboard on a short bowsprit, which also gave a better opportunity for getting the anchor aboard without bruising the boat's topsides, and also gave a place to stow the anchor without taking it on deck. In Brigand, whose plans appear this week, it was found that she handled so well in all weathers with the jib set on the stem head that no change was ever made in her original rig, as shown in the drawings.

Brigand was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, of the George Lawley & Son Corp., in 1898, and has proven herself an excellent all-round cruiser with a very fair turn of speed. She has 5ft. 10½in. head room in her cabin, and her excellent accommodations for a boat of 25ft. waterline and her compact rig make her an ideal small cruiser, as well as a boat in which two or three amateurs could go comfortably along the coast in most any weather.

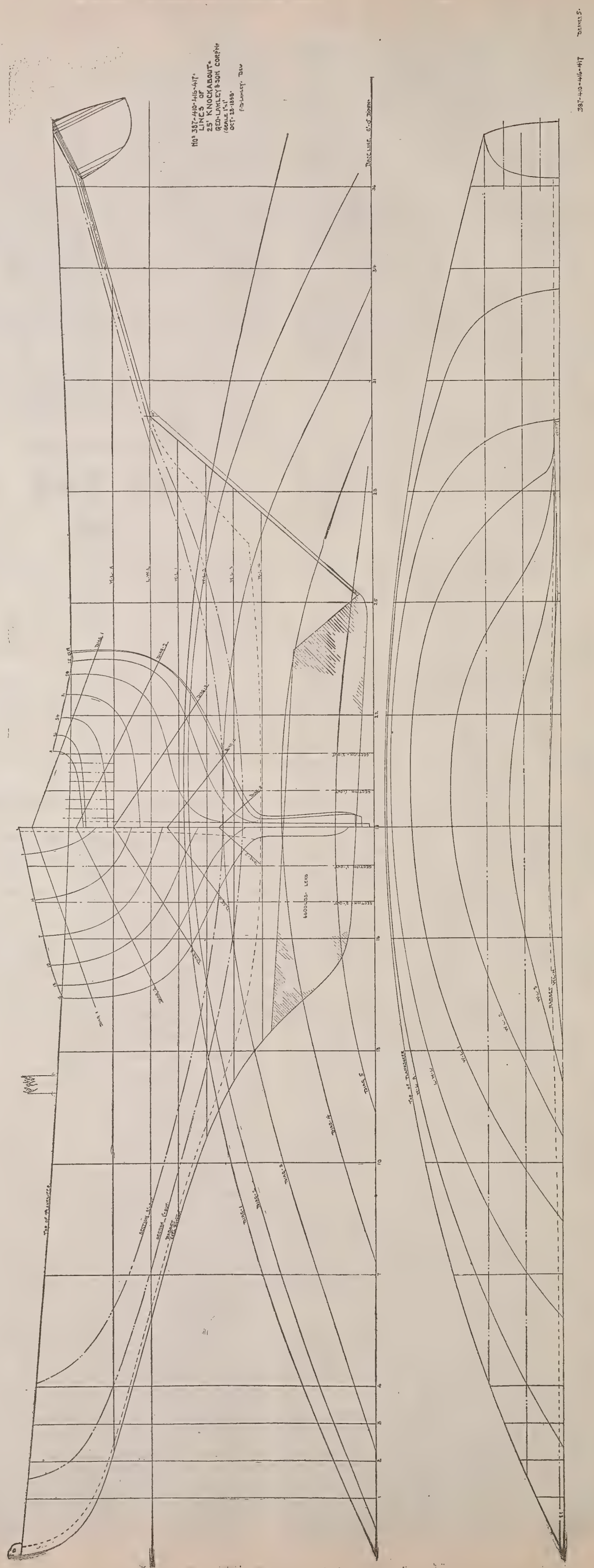
Her dimensions are as follows:

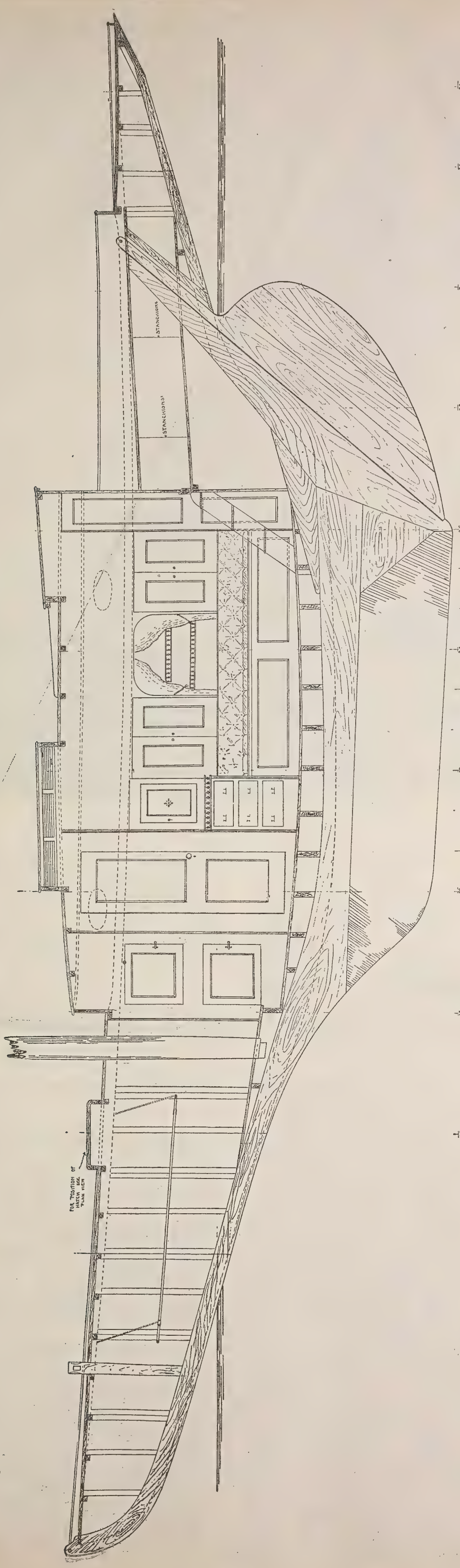
Length—	
Over all	38ft. 9in.
Waterline	24ft. 9in.
Overhang—	
Bow	6ft. 4in.
Aft	7ft. 8in.
Beam—	
Extreme	9ft. 6in.
Freeboard—	
Least	2ft. 3in.
Stern	2ft. 9in.
Bow	3ft. 4in.
Draft	5ft. 9in.
Total sail area	814 sq. ft.

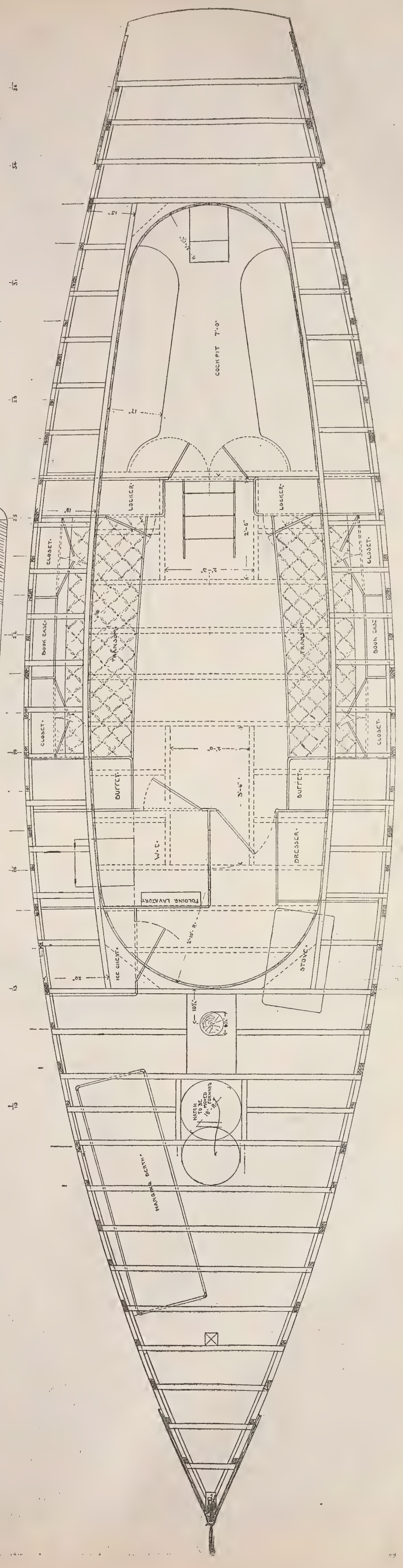
Her frames are of oak, every third one being sawed, the two between being steam bent; the planking is of 1⅛in. yellow pine. Cabin rail plank sheer and wheel are of mahogany.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

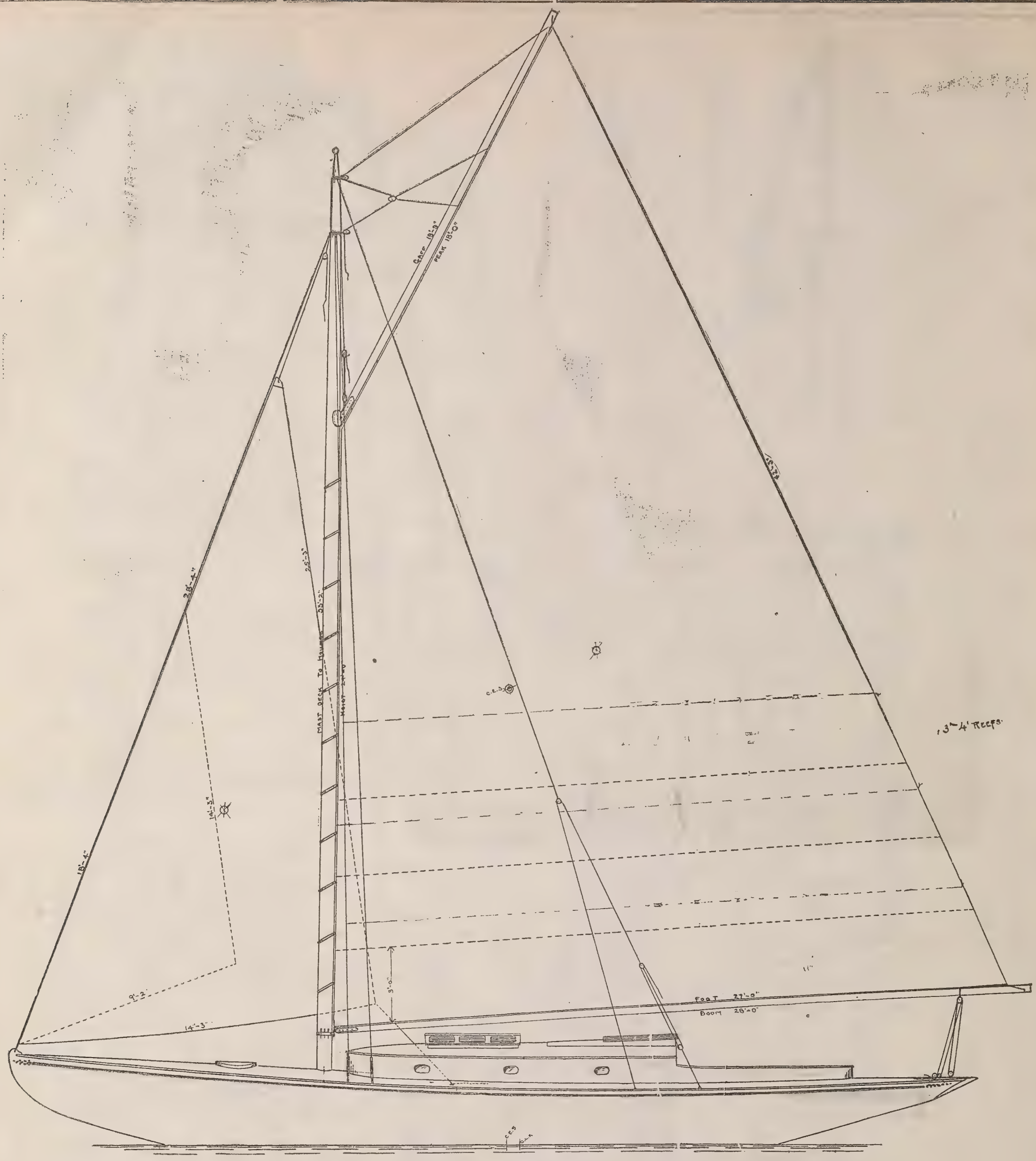
A SUFFICIENT number of the members of the Yachtsmen's Club have joined the class of lectures on navigation to insure the success of the course. The lectures will be given by Capt. Howard Patterson, principal of the New York Nautical College. They are to be six in number, and will begin with the rudiments of domestic navigation, the subjects being dealt with in a practical common sense way, and illustrated by special drawings and blackboard designs. The first of the course was delivered Monday night, Jan. 7, at the club rooms, 47 West Forty-third street, as follows: History of the mariner's compass, replete with stories concerning its discovery, its evolution, theory of terrestrial magnetism, the instrument dealt with from its mechanical standpoint, novel and interesting experiments by the aid of artificial magnets, illustrating the phenomena of polarity, etc., and the compass dealt with from the navigator's point of view.







BRIGAND—CABIN AND CONSTRUCTION PLANS.



BRIGAND—SAIL PLAN.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 6.—The work of laying down the Crowninshield Cup defender is still going on in the new mould loft at Lawley's. This work is taking longer than was at first expected, as there are so many details, but it is thought that it will be finished by the middle of the week. In a short time the lines of the boat will be given to the public.

At the Atlantic Works active preparations are being made for building the boat. A shed is being erected at the foot of the yard, in which the yacht will be built. It is 150ft. long and 36ft. wide at its widest part. It is 32ft. high. The walls of the shed are laid somewhat in the form of the boat, and their sides have a distinct tumblehome. The work of raising this shed will consume not more than a week. There will be about forty windows, which will be placed in the sides of the building as far up as possible. It was not considered best to place these windows in the roof, because of danger of leaks.

It is in about the same location where other yachts have been built by this company. It is at the right of the yard close to the wall, the ground sloping gradually, until it is lost in the water of a pretty little bight, which will be an ideal spot for sliding the boat overboard. A space has been excavated for the keel, which accounts for the small height of the building. There is another advantage in this too. As there is little work to be done on the keel after it is once laid, the room it takes up in a shop is very much wanted for other purposes. With the present arrangement the platers and riveters will be much closer to their work than they otherwise would be.

None of the material for the new boat has yet arrived, so far as can be ascertained, but it is expected very soon. The lead will be shipped directly to the Atlantic Works, as will be the bronez plating and the nickel steel angles for the frames. The spars will be made at Lawley's. There will be two sets of spars, one of steel and the other of Oregon pine. It is likely that the steel spars will be the ones to be used, but the others will be provided in case of an emergency. Lawley has some of the men in his employ who worked on the steel spars for Columbia.

Wilson & Silsby are busy on the sails for the new boat. They have nearly completed the light sails, and the heavier ones will be started very soon. Crowninshield sent this firm the blue prints of the completed sail plans last Thursday. Mr. Crowninshield says that the Boston boat will not have an extremely large sail plan. In none of his other productions has he ran to immense sail spread, but prefers rather to get speed from the form of the boat.

Mr. Lawson made the statement last week that he had offered Capt. Nate Watson a position on the new boat, to act in conjunction with Capt. Haff. This position Capt. Watson is quite willing to accept if he can be released by Mr. Skinner. Capt. Watson will act with Capt. Haff, but Capt. Haff will be the man in charge of the boat. Capt. Watson will not in any sense be mate of the vessel. His position is rather an honorary one, due to his immense ability as a racing skipper. Up to last week Mr. Skinner had not been asked to release Capt. Watson, but it is thought that the request has since been made by Mr. Crowninshield. Mr. Skinner is said to have before expressed his willingness to help the Boston boat. He is a great personal friend of Mr. Crowninshield, and for this reason it is thought that he will not hesitate in giving him the help of his skipper.

There seems to be a movement on foot to build the Hanley 90-footer, and it has been stated that a syndicate would be formed. It is to be hoped that this boat will be built, and once for all the question of superiority between the keel and the centerboard boat decided. There are many, though, in Boston who have not the slightest idea now that the Hanley boat will be turned out for the coming races. If she is to be turned out, it will be necessary for the syndicate, or the alleged syndicate, to get started as quickly as possible.

As usual, at the opening of the year there come rumors from disgruntled clubs of withdrawal from the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association. This time it comes from the South Boston Y. C. There was a movement of the same kind started a few years ago, but it was defeated. This time the objectors seem to have organized their forces and will try hard to cause the withdrawal of the club.

It is to be lamented that people who are constantly objecting to the Association, and who are always talking of withdrawing, cannot, or will not, look further ahead than the present moment. The trouble is that these clubs do not take the individual interest in the Association which they should. They do not take the means to present their ideas to the Association in a legislative manner, but sit quietly until rules are made and then use up the balance of the time complaining.

It has been distinctly shown from time to time that an association for the equalization of interclub racing is absolutely necessary. Associations have been broken up before, but new ones have invariably started when the absolute need of them has been shown. There must be such an association for the racing men, if not of clubs, then of individuals. If an association is perfected entirely of individuals, it may well be questioned what

BRIGAND—DESIGNED BY GEO. LAWLEY & SON CORP.
Photograph by Jackson, Marblehead.

interest there will be left in yacht racing in the clubs. The racing men will flock to the association and the clubs will be put in the background.

At its recent annual meeting, the South Boston Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Simon Goldsmith; Vice-Com., A. S. Dole; Rear-Com., A. L. Whittemore; Sec'y, W. H. French; Treas., Thomas Christian; Meas., F. H. Borden; Trustees for three years, Arthur Fuller and J. C. Merry; Regatta Committee, Charles Nordwell, F. A. Coupal, V. B. Johnson, E. J. McKee and G. W. Lane; House Committee, J. T. Ball, M. J. Lee, Maurice Levengston, D. M. Comar and W. J. O'Brien.

At the annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C. the following officers were elected for the year: Com., J. E. Doherty; Vice-Com., F. E. Grainger; Rear-Com., Hiram Patterson; Meas., J. R. Young; Sec'y, James Perry; Treas., A. E. Justice; Trustees, J. E. Doherty, A. E. Justice and C. J. Rushton.

At the annual meeting of the Revere Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., A. B. Thompson; Vice-Com., S. E. Lawrence; Sec'y, J. J. Connor; Treas., J. S. Dalzell; Fleet Capt., W. L. Greene; Regatta Committee, W. L. Greene, H. B. Pray, C. H. Vanderslice, Thomas Wynne and T. S. Young; Directors, Dr. J. H. Strong and C. O. Frost.

Kiley's Marine Agency has sold the following yachts: The cruising 26ft. cat Quissett to H. A. Holcomb, of New Bedford, and the 42ft. cabin naphtha launch Fairlie to Edward Bronson, of Pawtucket.

John and Sam Small have started in business as yacht designers, and already have quite a number of orders, among which are a 40ft. cruising yawl for Southern waters, a 21ft. yawl for F. B. Rawson, of Sandusky; a 21ft. auxiliary yawl, a 26.6ft. cruising yawl and a 21ft. knockabout.

Brown, of North Haven, is building a 35-footer for J. Murray Forbes, of Boston; a 21ft. raceabout for C. F. Ames, of Rochester, and a 21ft. raceabout for George and Harry Shattuck, of Boston. All these are from designs by Crowninshield.

The big lead keel for the 85ft. schooner for H. T. Sloane was successfully run at Lawley's Saturday. It weighs 55 tons. Lawley is at work laying down the Canadian cup defender designed by Crowninshield, and expects to have her set up this week.

Graves, of Marblehead, has nearly completed the 16-footer designed by Crowninshield for A. D. Irving.

Howland, at Monument Beach, is building an 18-footer for a member of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., and a 39ft. auxiliary yawl for De Ver H. Warner, both of Crowninshield design.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The auxiliary schooner Genesee, owned by James Sibley Watson, N. Y. Y. C., is now nearly rigged and the latter part of January will leave port for a foreign cruise. The Mediterranean and Black Sea will be visited. The yacht will be absent nearly a year. Capt. Shelldrake is in command.

Banshee.

THE Yachting World gives the following interesting description of Col. H. L. B. McCalmont's new steam yacht Banshee, which was built last year by Ramage & Ferguson at Leith. She is about 900 tons measurement, and her dimensions are: 229ft. 6in. on the waterline, 29ft. 6in. extreme beam and 18ft. 6in. depth. Banshee will have a sea-going speed of fourteen knots. Col. McCalmont was formerly owner of the steam yacht Giralda, which was sold to the Spanish Government during the recent war between Spain and the United States:

"In appearance the Banshee is altogether different from the usual yacht, being in design similar to a Government cruiser, inasmuch as she is fitted with a round stem, with owner's coat of arms on the fore side, and relieved on each side with an appropriate carved trail. The stern is very handsome, being a perfect elliptic, relieved with rope moulding and finished in handsome carved trail of rose, shamrock and thistle design. The vessel is plated up to a height of about 7ft. 6in. above the main deck stringer for about 100ft. of her length. She also has a raised forecastle deck about 50ft. long, and abaft the plated-up portion a raised quarter deck about 30ft. long.

"The propelling machinery consists of two independent sets of inverted direct-acting surface-condensing engines of the triple-expansion type, capable of developing 1,800 indicated horse-power, and steam is supplied by two steel cylindrical tubular boilers, each 15ft. 6in. in diameter by 11ft. long, constructed to work at a pressure of 180lbs. per square inch, each with a separate funnel.

"Two small pole masts, with a short yard on each, and helm signaling apparatus on the mainmast, as used in Her Majesty's Navy, together with the two funnels, all contribute to make the appearance of the yacht very similar to a Government cruiser. Most comfortable accommodation is provided for a full complement of officers and crew, numbering about fifty-five all told, the crew of thirty hands being berthed forward in a forecastle having over 8ft. of clear height. Beneath these quarters are lavatories for the crew's use, a carpenter's shop, storerooms, etc. A spacious wardroom for the use of the chief officers, together with cabins for commander, chief officer, surgeon, etc., with pantry, bathroom and the necessary offices, are on the main deck in the fore end of the plated-up portion. Over the main boilers is a spacious gallery, with separate cooking ranges for owner's and crew's use, also main pantry, mess rooms for engineers and stewards, etc.

"On the main deck also are two large staterooms for guests, each with separate bath and dressing room. The main gangway entrances, one on each side of the vessel, are abaft the main funnel, and a special feature is a handsome vestibule amidships, opening off the gangway entrances, with ornamental fireplace and cozy corners. A corridor amidships, extending aft from the vestibule, leads to the dining room, which is about 18ft. long, and in width equal to the full breadth of the yacht, being finely fitted in dark brown oak, and with dome skylight over, glazed with stained glass.

"Abaft the dining room is another vestibule, and here on starboard side is the owner's private cabin, while on the opposite side of the vessel is owner's bath and dressing room, etc. Descending, a staircase aft leads to the women's boudoir of most recherché design, superbly fitted in satinwood of matchless quality. From the after vestibule mentioned a staircase leads out on to the quarter deck, while another staircase at fore end leads to the spacious staterooms below, four in number, and a room for women's maids, all fitted in choice hardwoods. On the promenade deck, and arranged between the main funnels, is a drawing room and smoking room, both fitted in satinwood and walnut respectively, each with dome skylight over, glazed with stained glass; also a chart room fitted in teak, and replete with every convenience and requirement for the navigation of the ship.

"The ventilation throughout the vessel is perfect, four large electric fans being fitted in the engine room to exhaust air from all staterooms and officers' rooms below the main deck. The yacht is also fitted with hot-water heating throughout. The Banshee is electrically lighted, the total number of lights being very nearly 300, exclusive of two powerful searchlights. For supplying current she has two generating plants and two batteries of storage cells, each plant being a duplicate of the other. She is also fitted with a fresh-water distiller of double distillation pattern, and evaporator.

"A powerful steam windlass and warping capstan is fitted on the forecastle deck; also steam warping capstan aft, and steam steering gear placed over the rudder head and worked from the bridge by means of controlling wires. The armament comprises four Hotchkiss quick-firing guns, with automatic mountings, and steel shields with attachments for each gun; also twenty-four magazine rifles, twelve army revolvers and twenty-four cutlasses. The Banshee has a bunker capacity of about 250 tons, and carries fully 5,000 gallons of fresh water.

What Modern Sailors Fear.

Not Winds and Seas, but an Explosion Which Sends the Ship to the Bottom.

"BOILER explosions are the terror of the seafaring man," said an old-time deep-water captain, speaking of the frightful disaster at the carbolineum works. "Such a thing is bad enough on dry land, but imagine a catastrophe of that kind at sea! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it means the absolute wiping out of the craft itself and every soul on board.

"The average landsman would be greatly shocked in looking over the maritime records to see how many vessels disappear each year and leave absolutely no clue to their fate. They run well up to the hundred mark, and such a mystery is not to be explained away by storms. A Chinese typhoon may swoop down like lightning out of a clear sky and tear a ship to pieces, but some floating wreckage is sure to tell the tale. A boiler explosion, on the contrary, will blow a hole as big as a railroad tunnel right through the center of the hull, and the stricken vessel simply goes down like a shot. There is no time to unfasten a boat from the davits or cut loose a spar.

"In the opinion of seamen, that is the story of at least 90 per cent. of the ships that leave port and are never heard of again. Luckily the modern system of marine boiler inspection is extremely strict and thorough, but it is impossible to absolutely prevent carelessness and fraud, and often enough, no doubt, the fault lies with the engineer.

"There is an old story of a drunken Scotchman who mistook the thermometer for the steam gauge and 'cussed out' the stokers because he couldn't get the pressure above 80. That yarn will hardly hold water, but I've seen cases almost as bad. I am glad to say, however, that during the past ten years there has been a steady diminution of the nuuber of vessels which 'mysteriously disappear.' That is due, beyond all question, to the increased stringency of boiler inspection and the greater strictness of examinations before a science is issued to engineers. Nevertheless there is still considerable room for improvement in both branches."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Seesaw Tale of the Sea.

THE Burgermeister Petersen, in yesterday from Shields, had mighty pleasant weather a-plowing ocean fields until she reached Nantucket Shoals on Monday morning last, when from a sunless sky there came a marvel of a blast. The Petersen's an oil tank, and when she's westward bound she carries water ballast to keep shipshape and sound. Her skipper's no teetotaler, like many a German salt, and the ballast that he carried was partly made of malt. The Petersen had steered a course near polar latitudes, and met old Papa Neptune in the mildest kinds of moods. Down in the lane of liners he was playing ugly pranks that he never thinks of trying on the greasy German tanks. The skipper saw a cloudlet gather near Nantucket Isle and noted that the course it steered might hit him in a while. It turned to a tornado, with his glass he so made out, and now and then dipped in the sea and formed a waterspout. And then it bounded skyward on a weird and circular tear, a perfect whirling dervish of the circumambient air.

In vain the skipper cried "Heave to!" and the mate exclaimed "Avast!" The corkscrew squall it struck the ship and sprung the jiggermast. The skipper clung fast to the rail and railed against the fates; his hair was twisted off his head, as likewise was the mate's. The squall dipped down the funnel and drew the fires out, and grabbed two ventilator hoods and whirled them up the spout; and then it pirouet ed east, its business end aglare with furnace coals and other things and lots of sizzling hair. The skipper and the cabin boy, likewise the oil tank's mates, are cruising now for wigs to hide their squall-denuded pates.—New York Sun.

The 70-footer Rainbow, owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt, arrived at City Island a few days ago, after being partially rebuilt at the Herreshoffs', and has been hauled out at Hawkins' yard.

A Tale of the Sea.

A Fine Yarn Spun by a Small-Boat Sailor.

CAPT. BARNES LAWRENCE, captain of the port, has received extracts from the log book of Peter Johannsen, who, it may be remembered, recently made a successful voyage from Gibraltar to Charlotte Harbor, United States, in an open boat, Lotta, being accompanied only by his son. In going through the straits difficulty was experienced in keeping the boat from swamping, owing to heavy seas. On Aug. 30, at 6:30 P. M., when about thirty miles nor'-nor'-east of the Island of Grand Canary, while busy arranging the sailing gear, Johannsen noticed a strange man suddenly grasp the tiller, and on looking round found four men on board. While changing clothes, which had become wet with the sea water, two of the men became very affectionate to his son, helping him on with his dry clothes, etc., and speaking in a strange language. The third person sat down on the aft thwart in front of Johannsen. He seemed about fifty-five years of age, tall and muscular, with iron-gray hair. He was dressed in a white canvas cap, without peak, and had an iron foot on his left leg and dark worsted trousers, while over his shoulders and chest he wore a Moorish garment. The strangers shouted to people in the distance, but Johannsen could not discern any craft.

The boat being hove to, all laid down for the night, the visitors utilizing the forward end of the boat for sleeping accommodation. On awakening in the morning Johannsen found his friend of the iron foot sitting astride of the bowsprit scanning the horizon. Falling asleep again, the two travelers awoke just after sunrise. On getting up, it was found the mysterious strangers had disappeared as quietly as they came. The weather having moderated, and after a cup of cocoa, sail was made with all speed possible. However, about 5 P. M. on the 31st the strangers made a second appearance. Two of them kept swinging the jib from starboard to port for some fifteen minutes, as if a signal to some one astern. No craft or boat was seen following. At dusk they left. The usual entries as to weather follow in the log, but nothing more eventful happened. On Oct. 18 the Florida coast was sighted, and Pine Island was reached on Oct. 21.

Johannsen and his son suffered no ailments on the voyage except sunburn. On arrival 10 pounds of biscuits, 20 gallons of water and 34 ounces of preserved meat remained of the stores, but the personal effects had suffered much from sea water. The instruments of navigation escaped damage. Thus ends a sea romance exciting enough for the lover of the sensational. Doubtless the men were smugglers, or something akin, who had swum from their craft under cover of the night, and, finding no cargo or valuable booty on the Lotta, eventually returned to their vessel, kept purposely at a safe distance to prevent identification.—Gibraltar Correspondence of the London Telegraph.

Mermaid.

MR. ANSON PHELPS STOKES' cruising sloop Mermaid, designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, is nearing completion at Woods' yard, City Island. The hull has been given its final coat of black paint, and the interior fittings are nearly finished. The boat will be completed in a few days, when she will proceed south for a cruise in the West Indies. The dimensions of the yacht are: Length over all, 66ft. 4in.; length on the waterline, 44ft.; forward overhang, 10ft. 6in.; after overhang, 11ft. 10in.; extreme beam, 15ft.; least freeboard, 3ft. 5in.; freeboard at the stem, 5ft. 3in.; freeboard at the stern, 3ft. 11in.; draft, without the centerboard, 5ft. 6in.; with the board down, 10ft.; sail area, 2,100 sq. ft.; outside ballast, 12 tons.

The centerboard is below the cabin floor. The mast is stepped well aft, and with the small rig the yacht should be easily handled. She carries a pole mast. The frames are of oak, the planking yellow pine below the waterline, and the topsides are of cedar. The garboards, sheer stakes and desk beams are of oak and the deck white pine. Below deck the fittings are of butternut and the cockpit and deck are of mahogany. Aft, below deck, is the saloon, fitted with sofas, swinging table, sideboard and lockers. Forward, on the starboard side, is a toilet room, and forward again is the owner's stateroom. On the port side is another stateroom, and forward of this is a pantry, storeroom. Then comes the galley. On the starboard side, opposite the galley, is another stateroom, and then comes the forecastle.

The 51-Foot Class.

THE 51ft. class will be strengthened by two new boats next season in addition to Altair, Shark, Syce, Sistae and Hussar II. There will be a new boat for Mr. J. Roger Maxwell, to be designed and built by the Herreshoffs, and another for Mr. Edward Kelly, now building at Huntington's yard, from his own design. Altair and Shark will be strengthened and repaired, while Hussar II. will undergo radical changes, which it is hoped will improve her speed on windward work.

The Kelly boat will be an enlarged Rochelle. She is 75ft. over all, 44ft. on the waterline, about 15ft. beam and her extreme draft is 10ft. 6in. The hull will draw about 20in. Area of the lower working sails is 2,678 sq. ft., and the sail area with working jib and main topsails will be 3,094 sq. ft. There is a low cabin house aft and a good sized cockpit. She will carry a short bowsprit, and will be steered with a tiller. Her spars will be hollow.

Ice Yachting.

THE annual meeting of the South Shrewsbury Ice Boat and Yacht Club was held on Jan. 3, with the following result: Com., Benjamin P. Morris; Vice-Com., Charles P. Irwin; Sec'y, A. W. Cubberley; Treas., J. J. Manolt; Meas., E. E. Taber; Regatta Committee, J. J. Manolt, D. G. Edwards, George A. Lippincott; Board of Trustees, W. A. Zaman, E. E. Taber, E. W. Price, J. J. Manolt and A. W. Cubberley. The club has arranged for a series of races. Mayor Morris, the new Commodore, is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and the go between the North Shrewsbury flyers for the championship is one of the scheduled events.

Ice yachting in New Jersey has begun, and the South Shrewsbury Ice Yacht Club has a score of boats on the ice at Branchport, N. J. The Leroy won the championship for first-class yachts recently. Edwin E. Tabers is her owner. Bert Cubberley's Leota was second, finishing a minute behind the Leroy. W. A. Seaman's Harold was third. The Harold won the championship for fourth-class boats.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Lakewood Yacht Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, was incorporated on Dec. 21, by Messrs. G. O. Campbell, Myron B. Verck, J. H. Burrows, Arthur J. Phelps, S. H. Lucas and L. R. Miller. Capital stock $5,000.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Yacht Club, of Philadelphia, will be held at the Hotel Bellevue, Broad and Walnut streets, on Saturday, Jan. 12, at 6:30 o'clock. The officers and standing committees of the club will submit their reports for the past year, and an election for the officers and standing committees of the club for the current year will be held. In accordance with Article XII., Section 5, of the by-laws, the trustees have announced the following nominations for the various positions to be filled: Trustees to serve for three years, George H. Frazier, George C. Carson; Commodore, Alexander Van Rensselaer, steam yacht May; Vice-Commodore, Robert J. W. Koons, schooner Priscilla; Rear-Commodore, E. Walter Clark, Jr., sloop Cherokee; Secretary, Addison F. Bancroft; Treasurer, George E. Kirkpatrick; Measurer, Albert C. Wood; Race Committee, Addison F. Bancroft, Harvey J. Mitchell, Kern Dodge; Committee on Admissions, Charles H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselaer, G. Herbert Millett, Frank H. Rosengarten, Brereton Pratt. The annual subscription club dinner will be given at the Hotel Bellevue, at 7:30 o'clock, upon the adjournment of the annual meeting.

The members of the Morrisania Yacht Club, whose headquarters are at Cassanova, at their annual meeting last week elected the following officers: Commodore, George J. Oakes; Vice-Commodore, George Stelz; Rear-Commodore, Fred Daum; Fleet Captain, Charles Loocke; Financial Secretary, T. F. Dooley; Recording Secretary, Arthur Haire; Treasurer, George Charleton; Measurer, Wade Hixon; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Schroder; Steward, Ernest Kiel. Board of Directors, G. Ollweiler, L. Jackson, W. Hanson, T. Deckert, J. Schmit; Auditor, C. E. Miller, Jr.; House Committee, G. Charleton, G. Stelz, J. Schroder, W. Horlocher, F. Starke; Regatta Committee, J. H. Curtis, W. Hixon, J. W. Steffens, L. Englert, H. Bartro; Mooring Committee, C. Staudenbaur, F. Zumbuehl, C. Hendrichs, F. Kaiser, R. C. Johnson.

The annual meeting of the Horseshoe Harbor Club will be held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, on Monday evening, Jan. 14, at 8:30 oclock. The following gentlemen have been nominated as officers for the season of 1901: Commodore, E. C. Griffen; Vice-Commodore, E. S. Ballou; Treasurer, Lester H. Riley; Secretary, Harold S. Hayward; Trustee, A. V. Smith. Supper will be served.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

"T. Griffin, who was for many years mate with the William O'Neill, on the Irex and the Iverna," says the Yachting World, Dec. 13, "will occupy a similar position on the New America Cup challenger."

The Lighthouse Board announces that on or about Jan. 10 to a fixed white light will be established on the southerly end of the breakwater at the westerly side of the mouth of the Patchogue River, northerly side of the easterly part of Great South Bay, Long Island. Its focal plane will be fifteen feet above mean high water, and the light will be shown from a white shelf on a black post with white top and black ladder.

Henry E. Doremus died on Dec. 27 from typhoid fever. He was thirty-nine years old, and was well known among yachtsmen, being one of the founders of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club in Greenwich, Conn., in 1889, and was its first commodore. Ever since its organization he was a member of the Board of Trustees of the club.

Buchanan Winthrop died suddenly after an operation for appendicitis on Dec. 25. He was a member of the New York Y. C.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have placed an order with Samuel Ayers & Son, Nyack, N. Y., for a houseboat. She is for Mr. Joseph M. MacDonough, of the N. Y. Y. C., former owner of the 46ft. cutter Jessica. The boat will be 100ft. over all, 23ft. beam and will draw 6ft.; her engines will propel her at a speed of eight knots an hour. There will be eight staterooms, and her appointments will be most complete.

Yachtsmen of Greenwich, Stamford and Port Chester are circulating a petition with the view of asking the Government to make a harbor of refuge at Greenwich, by connecting and extending a breakwater from Great and Little Captains Islands.

A contract for a new twin screw steel steam yacht has been placed by Mr. Leonard Lewisohn, of this city, with the Gas Engine and Power Co. and of Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated, of Morris Heights. The vessel will be constructed of steel throughout. The dimensions are: Length over all, 155ft.; length on waterline, 130ft.; beam, 18ft.; depth, 10ft.; draft, 7ft. 6in. The yacht will be flush deck, schooner rigged with pole masts. There will be a deck house forward, constructed of mahogany, which will be used as a dining room, and in the after end a butler's pantry will be arranged. Immediately following the forward deck house and raised above it, will be an officer's bridge, from which the yacht will be steered. There will also be an after deck house. In the forward part of this house will be two large cabinets, arranged for music and a marine library; between these cabinets will be fitted a piano, with electrical attachment. Aft of the owner's quarters will be two double staterooms for guests, with a passage way between them. Each will be fitted with a large berth, with drawers, dressing case, mirrors, hooks, etc. The vessel will have steam steering gear and a steam windlass; it will be steam heated throughout, and arranged with electric call buttons in the different compartments. The guaranteed speed is 18 miles an hour, and the yacht will be ready for delivery on May 1.

A few weeks ago Mr. H. C. Baxter's steam yacht Neckan, while hauled out at Rockland, Maine, for the winter, took fire and before the flames could be extinguished the forward part of the boat was destroyed. Then the after part fell from the ways into the water. That portion of the boat was raised and her boiler and machinery were found to be in fair condition. Mr. Baxter has decided to rebuild, and will do so at once, hoping to have the yacht ready to go into commission about April 15.

At the Jacob yard, City Island, the plans of a new keel yawl for Mr. John Hyslop, the official measurer of the N. Y. Y. C., have been received. The boat is from designs of Mr. Hyslop, and the dimensions are 47ft. 6in. over all, 33ft. 7in. waterline, 10ft. 7in. beam and 6ft. 7in. draft. There will be 13,000 pounds of lead on the keel, and her interior plan and fittings will be similar to the yawl Audax, one of Mr. Hyslop's earlier boats, plans of which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM.

The steam yacht Enterprise, owned by Mr. Frank B. Perrin, N. Y. Y. C., left Baltimore Jan. 3 for the West Indies, calling at Virginia ports.

Among the well known yachts laid up in the Greenport Basin and Construction Co. are Vigilant, Isolde, Katrina, Atlantic, Free Lance, Altair, Willada, Nirvana and Dilemma; also many smaller ones.

Charles Wilson and George Butler, two of the crew of Mr. A. Schermerhorn's steam yacht Free Lance, were asphyxiated on the night of Dec. 31 by gas escaping from the fire room of the yacht. The yacht was in her winter quarters at Greenpoint, L. I.

The steam yacht Arcturus, owned by Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, N. Y. Y. C., left Southampton, England, for the Mediterranean, and her owner was to join her at Marseilles.

Manning's Yacht Agency has sold for Mr. J. Fred Ackerman his sloop yacht Pocahontas to Mr. John C. Sharp, Jr., of Taunton, Mass. The same agency has sold for Mr. W. L. Crow his sloop yacht Ariadne to Mr. F. J. Tuthill.

The Rhode Island Y. C. is to have a one design class of 18-footers; some ten boats have already been contracted for. They will be designed by Mr. Fred. S. Nock, of Providence, R. I., and will be built by the Holmes Shipbuilding Co., of Mystic, Conn.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Race boat Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.:

Atlantic Division—John R. Brophy.
Western Division—Charles Catlin, Franklin S. Catlin and W. P. Forbush, all of Chicago, Ill.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

38.

"About the year 1550," says Mr. Brand (an early writer of a history of Newcastle), "the very marvelous event related by Bourne and others, concerning Mr. Anderson's ring dropping by accident over the bridge as he was fingering it, is said to have happened, and this very identical ring was brought back again some time after in a fish bought at Newcastle Market by a servant of the above gentleman, and most unexpectedly restored to its owner. Bourne tells us that the gentleman from whose finger the ring fell was Mayor of Newcastle. He adds, 'On the inside of the ring, just under the signet, is the picture of a salmon, in commemoration of the fish and the transaction; on the one side is the letter F, and on the other the letter A, in commemoration of the person; calling it at the same time a curiosity so great that not only the whole kingdom cannot show the like of it, but the whole world beside.' 'This ring,' says Brand 'is at present (A. D. 1783) in the possession of Mr. Edward Anderson, merchant.'"

39.

Some of the reminiscences of the old settlers of Mil-

waukee are very curious, to say the least. One of these has recently come to light. A veteran states that he was informed by Otis Hubbard, long since dead, who was one of the very oldest residents of Milwaukee, that in 1836 a gentleman came from the East to take up his residence here who subsequently became honorably prominent as the president of a bank and of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company. He debarked in the bay, as there was no pier in those days, and the river could not be entered. He was placed in the yawl of the steamer, and while passing to the shore he accidentally dropped his spectacles into the water, and the aforesaid Hubbard avers that in the course of the next spring a sturgeon was caught near the north point and across the nose of that sturgeon was found the identical pair of spectacles. Such a story as this ought to be supported by a large number of affidavits.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club elected the following officers for the year 1901: President, George Mannel; Vice-President, A. H. Pape; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, Fred O. Young; Financial Secretary, C. M. Daiss; Treasurer, A. J. Brannigan; Range Masters, Geo. W. Hoadley and A. B. Dorrell; Trustees, G. M. Barley, F. S. Washburn and E. A. Allen.

Programme adopted is divided into: Class medals, open to members only, 10-shot scores, 10 cents each, entries unlimited; each member can win a medal or bar with pistol and one with rifle and a Columbia head piece, to which the bars are to be attached. Each member is classified—an expert, a sharpshooter, or marksman—and each class has a gold, silver and bronze bar or medal, one of which he can win on his best 10 scores made during the year; he must take the bar in the class above him if his average reaches it. Rifle, average to win: Experts—Gold, 42; silver, 50; bronze, 55. Sharpshooters—Gold, 60; silver, 70; bronze, 75. Marksmen—Gold, 80; silver, 90; bronze, 95. Pistol, average to win: Experts—Gold, 35; silver, 40; bronze, 45. Sharpshooters—Gold, 50; silver, 55; bronze, 60. Marksmen—Gold, 65; silver, 70; bronze, 75. Point off one place in the above figures for the ring average in inches; annex a cipher for the number of points, Columbia target, which is used in all matches.

All comers' re-entry matches, 25 cents; best 10 scores to win. Rifle, 3-shot match; pistol, 3-shot match; military and repeating rifle, 10-shot match; .22 and .25cal., 10-shot match at 50yds. Revolver, 10-shot match. In these matches 8 cents per score goes back to flags (1's) each month equally, rifle and military in common, first three shots to count for flags, and 8 cents per score is divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. prizes in each match at end of the year. The revolver and pistol on same plan. The .22 and .25 rifles count flags and prizes same, but it is a distinct match. Many prizes have already been donated to these matches, and we expect many more from our friends, to whom credit will be given. Any donor can place his prize if he desires, since he may prefer some weapon's advancement.

The winners of the Peters ammunition for the last six months were: G. Mannel won the powder (from which experts were barred) three months, P. A. Becker one, Daiss one, and Dr. Trask one. Their .22 cartridges were won in the pistol match by Young five months, Becker three, Hoadley two, Daiss one and Mrs. Mannel one. .22 and .25 rifle, won by Capt. Kuhnle six months, Dr. Twist four, Becker one, Mrs. Waltham one. This club extends its thanks to its donors, and the press, and wishes its friends and enemies a happy New Year.

Practice shooting was indulged in Dec. 23. F. O. Young beat his record with revolver (S. & W., which he has had recut), using King's powder, placing 48 out of 50 shots in the 8 (inch) ring, and no cleaning or blowing into the revolver, the ammunition being crimped for service use. Scores, practice match:

Revolver, 50yds.:

										Rings.	Creedmoor.
F O Young.....	3	4	4	2	7	7	3	3	8	5—46	50
	4	3	10	1	6	5	4	4	2	7—46	49
	2	4	2	3	7	7	4	3	7	3—42	50
	3	6	6	4	5	4	2	5	12	4—51	49
	2	3	2	8	3	8	5	4	5	8—48	50
										233	248
P A Becker	4	4	7	2	6	6	7	4	6	8—48	50
J R Trégo.....	2	3	4	4	9	4	5	6	12	13—62	47
F W Page.....	6	6	2	5	13	14	14	11	4	5—80	46
Dr Twist (pistol)...	3	3	3	12	3	5	3	3	8	2—45	

This was Mr. Page's first attempt at the target with revolver. He had a new Colt's service. Trego had a new .44 S. & W.

Dec. 30 found many pistol cranks at the range. Mr. Trego brought Mr. C. W. Seaward and Mr. Paul, of the Mergenthaler Linotype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Dorrell did some fine work with his new .22 center fire, using regular factory 45gr. Winchester bullet. I have received questions about this combination, and will describe it, as it does fine work at 200yds. He made a group that counted 36 at 200yds, first trial off-hand. The rifle is a .22 single shot, 16in. twist, Winchester. We chambered it for the center fire 10gr. shell, which is filled to within ¼in. of the top. The bullet is seated about 1in. ahead of shell. L. & R. powder is used.

Practice match: A. B. Dorrell, .22 rifle, 15; F. O. Young, .22 rifle, 17, 23; F. O. Young, revolver, 46, 51; P. A. Becker, revolver, 49, 59; C. W. Seaward, revolver, 56; *F. O. Young, pistol, 52, 49, 45, 43, 49, 38, 47, 45; Dr. J. F. Twist, pistol, 47, 51; F. S. Washburn, 50; G. W. Hoadley, 50, 61, 63.

*Peters .22 short cartridges.

F. O. YOUNG.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Dec. 23. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with a score of 92. A very strong wind from 3 to 6 o'clock blew all day, much to the discomfiture of those engaged:

Gindele	9	8	9	10	10	9	9	9	10	9—92
	10	8	10	7	10	10	9	7	6	10—87
	9	8	9	7	9	7	10	7	9	9—84
Nestler	9	9	9	10	8	10	8	9	10	9—91
	8	8	9	8	8	9	8	5	10	10—83
	9	9	10	10	8	8	7	6	7	8—82
Lux	9	8	7	10	7	9	7	10	10	9—86
	8	9	4	9	10	6	9	10	10	6—81
	8	7	8	9	10	8	6	6	7	7—76
Payne	8	7	8	6	10	9	10	7	9	10—84
	6	7	10	8	8	9	8	9	10	7—82
	10	9	8	8	7	7	8	9	7	7—80
Bruns	9	10	7	10	10	7	8	9	5	9—84
	9	8	9	10	6	6	6	8	8	8—78
	5	7	10	8	8	8	10	7	8	7—78
Strickmeier	10	10	7	10	9	5	9	10	9	6—85
	8	7	7	8	9	8	9	8	10	9—83
	10	7	8	9	6	7	9	8	8	7—79
Jonscher	9	7	8	10	10	8	9	8	10	5—84
	9	8	6	8	8	9	7	6	10	8—79
	7	10	7	7	7	7	8	6	9	7—75
Trounstine	7	8	7	9	8	9	8	7	8	10—81
	7	8	6	10	5	9	9	8	7	6—75
	7	8	7	8	7	9	6	9	7	5—73
Uckotter	9	7	9	8	9	10	6	9	8	7—82
	7	7	8	6	6	7	5	10	7	10—74
..	9	5	8	10	8	9	5	8	4	5—71
Roberts	6	9	7	8	8	9	10	8	9	8—80
	10	8	8	10	7	6	7	8	8	5—77
	9	6	7	4	8	10	9	7	9	4—73
Drube	9	8	8	4	7	9	5	7	9	7—73
	4	9	6	7	9	8	6	7	10	7—73
	4	10	9	7	9	8	5	5	9	7—73
Topf	5	8	6	8	7	9	4	9	7	6—69
	6	6	7	6	7	8	10	7	5	5—67
	6	9	6	10	3	3	4	9	2	4—61

Rifle at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 27.—The various rifle clubs hereabouts are now closing up their annual shoots. The Golden Gate Club wound up their medal contests last Sunday with a banquet. Among their guests were many prominent riflemen. The coveted prize of the year was won by D. W. McLaughlin. It is a trophy of $100 in value, presented by F. H. Bushnell for the best 10-shot scores of the year, eight scores per month allowed. Mr. McLaughlin made the fine total in his 100 shots of 2313 rings, 25-ring target. Mr. Mason was second with 2303. Mr. Gorman won first prizes with both pistol and revolver. Next year will be a great one among marksmen here, on account of the festival in July of the National Schuetzen Bund. ROEEL.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 12-13.—Aurora, Ill.—Bennett's target tournament.

Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.

Jan. 16.—Trenton, N. J.—Second contest of the series between teams of the Trenton Shooting Association and Freehold Gun Club, on the grounds of the former.

Jan. 17.—Baltimore, Md.—Ten-men team contest—Baltimore Shooting Association vs. Keystone Shooting League.

Feb. 6-7.—Cincinnati.—Cincinnati Gun Club's sparrow tournament. Chas. F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Feb. 18-23.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club; four days targets, two days live pigeons; $1,000 added. C. E. De Long, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Washington's Birthday live bird and target shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual midwinter target tournament the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

At the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Riverton Gun Club, held on Jan. 5, officers were elected as follows: President, J. Hazeltine Carstairs; Vice-President, H. Yale Dolan; Secretary and Treasurer, R. F. Harned; Board of Directors, George A. Shoemaker, William R. Ellison, Carlton M. Moody, Jacob T. Alburger, S. B. Stenson. Forty members were present. The growth of the club has been continuous financially since its beginning in 1873, when it was a small rifle club, with leased grounds. At present it has twenty-eight acres, two shooting boxes, a club house and roomy pigeon lofts. About 40,000 birds were shot during the year, which were dressed and shipped to the Boston and New York markets.

A neat handbook, issued by the Chicago Gun Club, contains articles of incorporation, the club's constitution and by-laws, and shows the list of officers for 1901 to be as follows: President, Dr. C. E. Morton; Vice-President, J. L. Jones; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. C. W. Carson; Directors, Chas. Antoine and W. H. Cornwell. Article XX. reads as follows: "To encourage ladies to shoot, the club will trap targets for them free of charge." As to the target shooting, Article XXI. provides: "Target shooting to begin the first Saturday in April and to continue every Saturday until the last Saturday in October, inclusive."

The Oriental Powder Mills, Portland, Me., have issued a booklet, which is artistic and instructive. The full-page illustrations, showing different buildings and scenes of the company's property, are remarkable for the interesting features which they present, and their technical excellence. There are ten of them all told. The booklet also gives a list of the company's branch offices and agencies, a description of the properties of the powders which it manufactures, with illustrations of the sizes of grain, etc.

Under date of Dec. 28 Mr. C. C. De Long, secretary of the Hot Springs, Ark., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "Please announce in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that the fourth annual national tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club will be held at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 18 to 23. There will be four days at targets and two days at live pigeons, and $1,000 added money. Address all communications to R. E. Price, manager."

The next shoot of the Hudson Gun Club will take place on Jan. 19. All shooters are welcome.

At Manayunk, Pa., on Jan. 5, the Gladwyne defeated the Roxboro shooters, in a ten-men team contest, by 27 targets. Each man shot at 25 targets, known angles. The scores were: Gladwyne—Haley 23, Cascaden 23, T. Barker 21, Booth 20, J. Barker 20, Fryer 18, Corman 17, Chadwick 16, Pyott 16, W. Barker 13; total 187. Roxboro—Wilde 20, Kinder 20, Hayes 18, Wein 18, Ruth 16, Burns 16, Murphy 16, C. Jones 12, Willard 12, Light Kep 12; total 160.

A new gun club has been formed on Stated Island. Its title is the Richmond Gun Club, and its membership is composed of the best shots of Richmond county. The officers are: President, George Bechtel; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred W. Schoverling. In a match at 35 birds recently the scores were: A. A. Schoverling 23, F. Schoverling 25, G. Bechtel 19, F. Pommer 16, John Schoen 12, Dr. Albrecht 11.

At Gloucester City, Pa., on Jan. 3, Mr. James McQuaid, of that city, defeated Samuel Wimley, of Camden, in a match at 25 live birds, on the grounds of the Wimley Gun Club. We are informed that the purse was $100. The conditions were Rhode Island rules, 21yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, 25 birds each. The scores were McQuaid 25, Wimley 19.

Mr. John S. Wright, the manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, is now making preparations for a ten-men team shoot, 25 live birds per man, between shooters of New York and New Jersey, to take place some time during the latter part of this month, probably the 29th inst. He has begun correspondence with some of the leading shooters at interest with a view to further the purpose mentioned.

Recently, at Holyoke, Mass., we are informed by the club's secretary, a gun club was organized with a membership of twenty-five. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, M. H. Whitcomb; Secretary, J. R. Blamey; Treasurer, George Crosby.

Mr. Joe Bourke, brother of Mr. E Bourke, of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, leaves on Thursday of this week for a two years' sojourn in the gold fields of Alaska. He has some excellent prospects in that frigid land of wealth, the result of his efforts in his prior trip.

In the final contest for the Elliott diamond medals at Kansas City, Dec. 26, Chris Gottlieb killed 25 straight and won. They represented the championship at both live birds and targets. Roy Overly won the target championship with a score of 46 out of 50.

At a meeting of the Cartaret Gun Club, held in the latter part of last month, a resolution was passed to take effect on Jan. 15, in substance, that any member of that club who shoots on grounds where professionals shoot, shall be asked for his resignation.

On Jan. 5, at Philadelphia, the Wayne Gun Club defeated the Highland Shooting Association in the final contest of a series of three, ten men on a side, 25 targets per man, magautrap, by a score of 165 to 143.

In the match for the Dupont trophy at Interstate Park on Tuesday of this week between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, challenger, and R. A. Welch, 100 live birds each, the former won by a score of 97 to 88.

The fourth shoot of the second series of the Interstate Park Handicap will take place on Wednesday of this week, on the arrival of the 12:20 train from New York.

Thursday of this week is set for the trial of Mr. George S. McAlpin for his assault on Capt. A. W. Money, the particulars of which were given in our last issue.

The match at 100 live birds, $100 a side, between Messrs. L. T. Duryea and J. A. R. Elliott, at Interstate Park, Jan. 5, was won by the former, by a score of 94 to 87.

Shooting has sprung into pleasing activity about Philadelphia since the winter months set in, and the signs indicate that it is on for a permanent stay.

Mr. H. H. Valentine, of Albany, N. Y., writes us that the annual midwinter target tournament of the Forester Gun Club will be held on Feb. 22.

At Ashland, Pa., on Jan. 1, Mr. Wm. Long, of Locustdale, defeated Mr. Samuel Boyer in a pigeon shoot at 15 birds, by a score of 9 to 8.

BERNARD WATERS.

Elliott vs. Welch for Dupont Trophy.

INTERSTATE PARK, Jan. 8.—A large crowd of notables was present to witness the great match for the Dupont trophy between Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, the challenger, and Mr. R. A. Welch, the holder, both men having been in the public eye for some time of late as experts of rare deeds with the scatter gun. The conditions were 100 birds each at 30yds. rise. The birds came from Carteret, and were not noticeably superior. They averaged fairly good as a whole, with an occasional corker and an occasional easy bird. It is true that against such performers it was difficult for an average good bird to get hard. The match began at 1:24 and ended at 2:33, thus consuming one hour and nine minutes. Had not Elliott's gun broke down in the 54th round, it would have been finished in some minutes less.

Mr. H. P. Collins, of Baltimore, acted efficiently in the capacity of referee.

Elliott maintained his time more uniformly from start to finish, and was centering his birds as a whole better than Welch, though the latter was shooting well, excepting for a certain slowness with his second on the fastest birds which were not cut down with his first. Elliott's two birds, his 12th and 35th, were hard hit. As to the draw of the birds, hard, easy and average, the luck was about even.

Welch started with a miss, but ended well with 23 in the first 25, 1 behind Elliott. At the 50th round Elliott had gained another bird, with a score of 48, and from that on to the finish he steadily drew away. The light was clear and good, the weather cool and no wind—an ideal day for good scores.

R A Welch.....	*21222222122220122222222 1—23
	21122122*221122122222221*2—23
	*11122222221021222 2*21212—22
	222*21012021110222220112 2—20—88
J A R Elliott.....	22222221222*2222222121112—24
	222112212*122212212221112—24
	12222222222222222022112212—25
	12122221222121221222111 2—25—97

Forest Gun Club.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., Jan. 3.—Please insert scores of the New Year's Day shoot of the Forest Gun Club. This club is one year old, has a magautrap, and is building a new club house:

W J Thurton, 30.....	*211201212122*2012121—17
Wilson, 30	*21221*112102110021 12—16
S E Thurton, 29.....	11111100112122121211 0—18
Theall, 29	1*22*12*2111121112212—18
J Thurton, 28	21121211010100022100 0—12
F Herroder, 28.....	12002222200021102 0*01—12
G J Herroder, 28.....	02212112200110102211 0—15
Henning, 28.....	20 0110211010022111110—14
B Caterson, 27.....	01022210122222221120 2—17
H Caterson	00110111002021120011—13
Fallon, 26.....	22*00010200222221001—12
Gernon, 25	21101012101001200111 0—13
Gunther, 25	20020012222211211000 1—14
Davis, 25	22012220211121220000 —14
Oakley, 26	111221*12011202222020—16

THOS. W. FALLON, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Baldwin, L. I.

Baldwin, L. I.—At Mr. G. A. Barker's private live-bird shoot on Jan 1, 30yds. boundary, 30yds. rise, scores were made as follows:

G B Mecker	122210221122112121222212221—24
Dr T D Carson	12121212212121222212221222—25
C M Donnelly	11222212202122222122122212—24
J Burke	2202212212220222222012220—21
G A Barker	112222*222212202221222212—24
D S Benton	10102122221222122012021220—20
E A Chartrand	12221222121112201220122122—23
J Miller	12122212222101112221112220—23

Hell Gate Gun Club

Brooklyn, L. 1., Jan. 3.—The shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, held to-day, at Dexter Park, resulted in scores as follows:

Breit, 28	02201—3	0112111—6	01*1—2
Siemens, 28	00012—2	1101110—5	2002—2
Lang, 28	10222—4	2202012—5	2111—4
Brennan, 28	10020—2	0011122—5	2001—2
Albert, 28	00110—2	1200221—5	....
Voss, 30	0102—2	2210222—6	1101—3
Brown, 30	20002—2	0022200—3	....
Webber	....	2202*10—4	....
Doelnck, 30	....	2202202—5	....
Messerschmitt, 28	....	101*00—2	1201—3
Kendell	....	.....	2120—3
Ficken	....	.....	0212—3

Race between Messrs. Breit and Messerschmitt, each standing at 28yds.; Col. J. H. Voss referee:

Geo R Breit	01211020022120002212001 22—16
A Messerschmitt	00*00*2000101000000*200*22— 6

Interstate Park Handicap.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 2.—The shoot-off of the first series brought out four contestants, all 30yd. men. Of these, "Daniels" and Fanning tied on 24. The third shoot of the second series brought out a strong lot of shooters, and their competition was remarkably close, two killing straight, with two more in the 24 place. The scores:

Daniels, 30	22222211121212222201121122—24
H Money, 30	2221212221102122121220W
Fanning, 30	12212221112111122221211—24
Van Allen, 30	2222*222202224W

Interstate Park Handicap, third shoot, second series:

Daniels, 30	22111222221*122211111222212—24
Morley, 30	12122222222220222222222*210—22
H Money, 30	22221112111221221222222222—25
Fanning, 30	11211212*2221222222210212—23
Van Allen, 30	22222022202222222222222222—25
E C Grimth, 29	22222222212222222212*2111—24
J B Hopkins, 29	22222222221222222222212*2111—24

Several miss-and-outs also were shot.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club had for the main event a 20-bird contest, $10 entrance. Several 5-bird events also were shot. The scores follow:

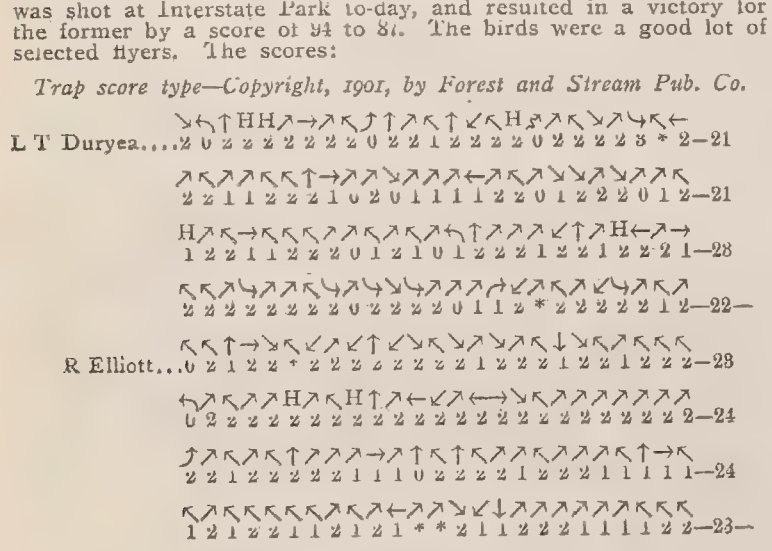
Dailey, 30	22222220222222202222—18
Miller, 29	22221121201222022202—17
Thompson, 29	21222121211122211220—19
Packard, 28	22222200122222002220—15
Williams, 28	21222222022202221202—17
Demarest, 30	20222222222220222222222—18
Piercy, 29	01222221222221221222211—19
Griffiths, 30	20112122021020122210—15
Tracy, 29	01011120112010112101—14
Losee, 28	11100021211220111110—15
Brooks, 30	11*2110211201*101*2—13
Hendrickson, 28	12200200 2*2000102110—10
May, 28	02112220200112101*00—11
Keller, 29	22222202222202222220—17
Annie Oakley, 27	12*21212020w
C A Lockwood, 28	02112210011111220112—16
T H Chapman, 28	22222211012201222222 0—17
J A Bennett, 29	222102220w
D C Bennett, 28	22w
Frost, 27	122w

Several 5-bird events followed; money divided.

Elliott vs. Duryea.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 5.—The match between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and L. T. Duryea, 100 live birds each, $100 a side, was shot at Interstate Park to-day, and resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 94 to 87. The birds were a good lot of selected flyers. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 5.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its club shoot to-day, the conditions being 20 birds, handicap distance, and extra bird allowance in the way of misses as no birds or kills. Of the sixteen contestants, two scored the limit, Annie Oakley with an allowance of 3 misses, and T. W. Morley, scratch. The scores follow:

Lincoln, 3 misses, 28yds.	11221202222022222222—18
Jay Hayseed, 2 misses, 28	21212220012*222210022—16
Annie Oakley, 3 misses, 27	21221112221212112212—20
Jack, 2 misses, 29	22212222212222*21*2—18
Fessenden, 2 misses, 29	22122221*22202222222—18
W F Sykes, 2 misses, 29	21221202222*2110222—17
J A Bennett, 3 misses, 28	22211222102221022*20—16
Capt Jack, birds, 32	2221021212*022*21111—16
Lockwood, 3 misses, 28	12111111122001212011—17
W Losee, 3 misses, 28	12111122201120022 10*—15
A E Hendrickson, birds, 29	20220*02012022022102—12
G H Piercy, 1 no bird, 29	11110202*2100w
T R Chapman, 2 misses, 29	22211102212022220102—16
H Kryn, 2 misses, 28	12121100210101 2*1202—14
Norton, 1 miss, 29	100w
Morfey, scratch, 30	22222222222222222220—20

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Jan. 7.—The weather was better than one could expect. Although the contingent of shooters was small, it did not interfere with the guests who came to the beach to greet Joe Bourke and Mrs. Kunda and wish them a farewell on their departure for the Alaskan gold fields. They leave on Thursday of this week for another two years:

Other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	15	20	25	20	10
Dr Bill	15	17	18	14	18	18	19	..
A A Schoverling	13	12	16	8	14	22	18	..
J Jones	13	10	12	13	12	17	..	..
S Charles	12	13	14	10	14	..	..	8
T P McKenna	8	8	8	4	9	..	..	..
B Mull	..	13	14	6	17	..	..	6
J Falco	..	8	12	8	8	..	..	..
J Norris	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Ed Bourke	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 5.—In the contest for the January cup Mr. H. M. Brigham scored the first win in a good field of shooters. Several other events of interest evoked keen competition. The scores:

January cup, 25 targets, expert; 25 targets, magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert.— Hdcp.	Total.	—Magautrap.— Hdcp.	Total.	Grand Total.
H M Brigham	2	23	2	25	48
Dr J J Keyes	7	25	5	22	47
L C Hopkins	7	21	6	23	44
C H Chapman	12	22	10	23	45
F B Stephenson	4	18	3	25	43
W W Marshall	6	16	5	25	41
J N Borland	9	16	8	24	40
C A Sykes	3	19	3	20	39
C Kenyon, Jr.	4	18	4	20	38
C G Kasmus	6	18	5	20	38
W G McConville	11	21	w		

Shoot for Panel, 15 targets, expert traps: F. B. Stephenson (2) 14, W. W. Marshall (4) 13, H. M. Brigham (1) 13, C. H. Chapman (7) 12, Dr. J. J. Keyes (4) 12, H. B. Vanderveer (4) 10, W. G. McConville (7) 10, J. N. Borland (6) 10, C. G. Kasmus (4) 9, D. C. Hopkins (4) 9, C. Kenyon, Jr., (2) 8.

Shoot for Stein trophy, 15 targets, magautrap: F. B. Stephenson (2) 15, H. B. Vanderveer (4) 15, C. H. Chapman (6) 15, H. M. Brigham (1) 14, Dr. J. J. Keyes (3) 14, J. N. Borland (5) 13, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, C. Kenyon, Jr. (2) 10, W. G. McConville (5) 10, C. G. Kasmus (3) 10.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Chapman 15, Vanderveer, 15, Stephenson 13.

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, expert traps: F. B. Stephenson (2) 15, C. Kenyon, Jr. (2) 14, W. W. Marshall (4) 14, Dr. J. J. Keyes (4) 14, W. G. McConville (7) 14, H. M. Brigham (1) 13, C. A. Sykes (2) 11.

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, magautrap: F. B. Stephenson (2) 15, Dr. J. J. Keyes (3) 14, H. M. Brigham (1) 13, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, W. G. McConville (5) 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	15	10	Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	15	10
Marshall ...	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	McConville..	..	..	10	3	2	6	..
Brigham ...	8	13	11	9	7	10	8	Stephenson..	..	..	13	8	..	11	10

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 5.—The Chicago Gun Club is engaged in its regular club shoot this afternoon, and it is having good stiff winter weather, to give interest to the occasion. Since the field shooting has now come quite to an end in this vicinity, it is thought that the club shoots will be better attended from now on.

The Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, holds its annual meeting to-night at the Sherman House, due report of which will follow.

The five-bird shoots of Garfield Gun Club, reduced to the trophy basis, continue to be spirited five-bird sweeps, and help to shake things up in these dull days.

Universal Gun Club, of Chicago, has its grounds at Archer avenue and Forty-sixth street, and proposes a series of interesting club shoots for this winter.

There will be a meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at the Sherman House this evening, and plans will be taken up for the coming tournament next spring.

Geo. Roll has been hitting a pretty good gait of late, and his record at Watson's midwinter tournament and in the sweeps following since that time would seem to indicate that he would be a hard proposition in a 100-bird race right now. In his last four contests he killed 59 out of 60 birds shot at, which is big shooting for this time of year at Watson's.

On New Year's Day, at Springfield, Ill., J. T. Hall, of Loami, won from Guy Burnside the challenge trophy cup of the Illinois Gun Club, killing 25 birds straight to Burnside's 23. Hall won best average in Class A of the Springfield Gun Club, highest scores in five shoots. Richardson won in Class B, and Charles Shuck, Jr., in Class C.

Accident to Mrs. Shaw.

Jan. 6.—What might have been a very serious accident, but which under the circumstances may be called a lucky accident, since its results are so much better than might have been expected, occurred yesterday afternoon to Mrs. Shaw, wife of Dr. Siremba Shaw, in course of the contests at Garfield Club grounds. Mrs. Shaw was on the point of firing at her fourth bird in a sweep, but when the gun was discharged it burst, the metal tearing apart between her left hand and her face, and the rib blowing entirely free from the gun and falling at a distance of several yards from the score. How she escaped a terrible injury is one of those mysteries which so often show when a gun bursts in a shooter's hands without any bad injury to the shooter. No solution is offered at this time for the problem of the accident. It just happened. There is the customary talk of an overload, and of a defect in the metal of the barrel, but the real cause is not known, and indeed it seems to deserve a secondary place, in view of the fortunate escape of one of our most popular lady shooters. Mrs. Shaw is a well-known character at the traps here and elsewhere, and has shot in several of the large out-of-town tournaments with some success, as well as having attained skill in field shooting. She was naturally much frightened by the accident, but will hardly give up the sport of the gun on this account.

State Sportsmen's Directory Meet.

The directory meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at the Great Northern Hotel yesterday was largely of routine nature, but the interest evinced augurs well for the success of the meet next May in Springfield. President Jas. R. B. Van Cleave and Secretary Chas. T. Stickles came up to the meet from Springfield, and President Van Cleave presided. He says that his city will make this a red hot tournament. Capt. Smith, of Springfield, also came, and from Chicago the official delegation included Col. Felton, E. S. Rice, C. P. Richards, Oswald Von Lengerke, Dow B. Lewis and Tom Hicks. Harvey Sconce was there from Sidell, and Mr. P. Connors from Peoria. The interest in the yearly shoot is going to be widespread over the central and lower portions of the State, as well as Chicago. A committee of promotion and publicity was appointed, composed of Messrs. Felton, Hicks, Bingham, Amberg, Lewis, Loveday and Leffingwell, all good men and true, who shoot with the best Chicago clubs.

The date chosen for the shoot is the third week of May, or May 21-25, and the programmes will be out in ample time for everybody to read and refer to his private executive committee. It will be a full and attractive programme, including the capital contest for the old Board of Trade badge, for the Dupont trophy and for the more recent prize known as the Governor's cup, at 25 live birds, open to lady shooters from any State. The donors of the L. C. Smith cup, indicative of the target championship, are to be asked to modify the governing conditions. The Rose system of division will be used in one day's shooting.

The present Game Commissioner, H. W. Loveday, was indorsed for the Association's candidate for the oncoming term of office. Significant action was taken in a resolution for a $1 gun license for all shooters, for the creation of a game protecting fund, and in one coming out for the abolition of spring shooting all over the State. The latter is a consummation devoutly to be wished. It has long been held an impossibility to pass such a measure in Illinois, but times have been changing very rapidly in Western protective matters.

On review, this bids fair to be an interesting year in the history of the parent organization of Illinois shooting interests, and there is reason to believe that the annual tournament will be a good and modern one, up to date in all particulars. There will be a large number of clubs enrolled before next May.

Chicago Gun Club.

The unlucky number of thirteen took part in the regular club shoot of the Chicago Gun Club at Watson's yesterday, but this did not serve to prevent anybody from having a good time, and it did not keep W. D. Stannard from winning the trophy from scratch with 15 straight kills on good, hard ones. Lem Willard was second with the wind up, and Drs. Carson and Miller divided third. Rose system governed in the money. A light wind blew from the score to the right.

Garden City Annual Meet.

The regular annual meeting of the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, was held last evening at the Sherman House, and the customary routine business was transacted. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. H. Amberg; Secretary-Treasurer, Henry Levi; Directors, Jos. B. Barto, W. B. Leffingwell, C. C. Hess, F. H. Lord and J. M. Gillespie.

It was decided to hold twelve contests during the coming year, the date to be the second Saturday of each month. Watson's Park will be the meeting place. There will be two medals—one for high average on the season's series, one for the man with the best seven scores under the handicap. The handicap committee will be J. H. Amberg, F. H. Lord and John Watson. Garden City Club is in good shape, and it holds some of the best men and best shooters of Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Jan. 5.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the seventh trophy shoot of the season. Dorman carried off the honors of the day, being the only one to go straight in the main event. The birds were a fairly good lot, making excellent time when once started, but were a little slow about taking wing. An unpleasant accident, which narrowly escaped being a serious one, occurred when Mrs. Dr. Shaw went to the score to shoot her fourth bird. Her gun, a high grade ejector, exploded, throwing the whole rib fully 20yds. away, and tearing a great hole in the side of the right barrel, but very fortunately she escaped injury entirely:

Seventh Trophy Shoot.		No. 2.	No. 3.
T W Eaton, 30	*22112121 2— 9	010221—4	121*12—5
Ed Eaton, 28	1110020**0— 4	110102—4	.....
Barnard, 30	2122101122— 9	202212—5	221222—6
Dr Shaw, 31	21112*1111— 9	001122—4	.....
Dr Meek, 31	11211212 1*— 9	121112—6	111211—6
Dorman, 30	2122122122—10	110112—5	212212—6
Delano, 27	22*2222122— 9	*1*002—2	1022*0—3
McDonald, 28	1110121121— 9	112100—4	111021—5
Kehl, 27	0**0121221— 6	101000—2	.....
Dr Mathews, 29	1220221011— 8	211121—6	.....
L Wolff, 27	2012002201— 6	.....	.....
Gardner, 29	*12001022 0— 5	.....	.....
Mrs Shaw, 26	.....	0101w	.....

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

G. D. B. Bonbright, of Colorado Springs, Colo., vs. O. Von Lengerke.

Watson's Park, Chicago, Jan. 4.—During the first match the wind blew quite strongly from the southwest, but changed during the second match to the southeast, and not so strong. The birds were a specially selected lot.

First match:

G D B Bonbright	22000120222122220201*1222—18
	22220*0022020 0*0202202201—13
	02220*2002210212220012*22—16
	*1*120102*02*0222*0220222—14—61
O Von Lengerke	22022220222220220220220*22—18
	22222022222222202220222222—22
	0202*2222202222222002222—19
	22220120222222220020222222—20—79

Second match:

G D B Bonbright	22220221222002200222*0221—18
	0*2202211221011111211*11—20
	21212**1*21*2121111102111—20
	11112121112122221211102110—23—81
O Von Lengerke	22222220202222012222111102—21
	12122211101111111*111111—24
	112*2121111121010111211—22
	111*212111*11111211101111—22—89

Ten-bird match:

Bonbright	221*122112—9	Von Lengerke	1111*1*112—8

Jan. 1.—Fourth shoot of Watson's 15-bird handicap, $4.50 entrance, three moneys. Geo. Roll won high average, killing 59 out of a possible 60. The day was clear; ground covered with snow; wind from right to left, incoming across the traps, and not strong. The birds were good; shooting hard on account of the bright sun on the snow:

Amberg, 29	2220222122112 21—14	Creyk, 28	1*1120120022122—11
Gillis, 28	11112111*221120—13	E Smith, 28	21002101010 0w
Smith, 28	01222210112122 2—13	Martin, 30	2222022202120*2—11
Myrick, 28	22010*002210102— 8	Roll, 30	2222222222222111—15
Day, 28	111110*20011001— 9		

Twelve-bird match, two moneys:

Myrick	212112010111—10	Stenson	2*01221210*2— 8
Creyk	22111022121 0—10	Peters	101*0111*022— 7
Wilson	200220210201— 7		

Seven birds, $3 entrance, two moneys:

Jones	0102210—4	Al Smith	0212222—6
Roll	0222122—6	Barto	2*22112—6
Martin	2101212—6	Day	1111222—7
Gillis	2112012—6	Ed Smith	100w
Comley	2222111—7		

Two events, 7 birds each, $3 entrance:

Amberg	2202222—6	1112121—7
Gillis	1121122—7	2211211—7
A Smith	001*101—3	1110122—6
Roll	2112212—7	2212211—7
Martin	2022202—5	2112212—7
Jones	2020012—4	2021220—5
Comley	1110111—6	102111*—5
Day	*111122—6	122111*—6
Ed Smith	1110000—3	.....
Myrick	0122120—5	.....
Creyk	0122220—5	2200222—5

Chicago Gun Club.

Jan. 5.—Medal shoot:

L C Willard	11211*112121222—14—0—14
Wm Todd	202200200201222— 9—1—10
Sundermeier	22220202010200— 7—2— 9
W D Stannard	22122222222222222—15—1—15
Milliken	211222020*10122—11—3—14
Mitchell	020212011202121—11—2—13
Mack	20101020*200020— 6—3— 9
Dr Carson	*0222212*222221—12—1—13
Mrs Carson	00*2120*02001*2— 6—3— 9
Dr Miller	0121221122220 02—12—1—13
J L Jones	0*011*1*1020100— 6—2— 8
J P Bowles	10000210200*121— 7—3—10
A A Walters	*202000*20220*1— 6—3— 9

Twenty birds per man:

L Willard	22201212112011221210—17
O'Brien	*21*1222121102112111—17
Dr Keele	*00111122210211111110—15
Wilson	2212222*2212**122222—17

Practice:

Stannard	22221*—5	Willard	1210211001 12—7
Dr Carson	110011—4	Bowles	100102211w
Mrs Carson	100001—2	Walters	121222011w
Dr Miller	111010—4		

RAVELRIGG.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Jan. 1.—There was a strong attendance of shooters at the New Year's contests of the Keystone Shooting League to-day, among the lot being several new comers. Shooting continued till darkness interposed. The main event was the New Year's Handicap at 20 birds, handicaps 28 to 30yds., 50yds. boundary, $10 entrance, three moneys, Rose system. Van Loon and Hobbs killed straight. Mr. Pach withdrew in the 10th round, with a clean score. He did not have a recoil pad and could not stand the punishment of his gun. The score:

Vandegrift, 30	11220211121111011221—18
McCoy, 30	*222*2222221222222222—18
Arnold, 28	22222212122122201*10—17
Snyder, 29	12121222120111102211—18
Schimmel, 30	20222222222222202022—17
Walters, 30	222222*122222*0w
Van Loon, 29	22211122222222222222—20
Pack, 28	1112121222w
Anderson, 29	22222222222*22222200—17
Painter, 28	11211111122112222021—19
Fitzgerald, 28	22211101*10101111121—16
Landis, 30	2*1222202111112*1011—16

Hobbs, 30 .....2222222222222222222—20
Felix, 29 .....1122120222022202222—17
Foster, 28 .....1202110210122101111 2—16
W T Smith, 28 .....0100112 22*12221101*2—14

Jan. 5.—In the championship match to-day Messrs. H. M. Van Loon, J. R. Painter, H. Henry and J. W. Budd were the best performers in the events of the Keystone Shooting League at Holmesburg Junction. The two former killed their 10 birds straight. The championship match was at 10 birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, $2.50 sweepstake. The scores:

Vandegrift	2120112022— 8	Fitzgerald	101010w
Budd	2122220122— 9	Miller	*101*21020— 5
Hobbs	02*2222122— 8	Hauff	2120202212— 8
McCoy	*220222022— 7	Ross	222222020?— 8
Painter	2212121121—10	Prickett	10*2020221— 6
Henry	1111211110— 9	Albury	1122222022— 9
Van Loon	1122212222—10	Geikler	2222022222— 9
Brewer	00112221*2— 7		

Tie shoot, 3 birds:
Van Loon .....12 Painter 0*2

Club Handicap, 10 birds, handicap rise, sweepstake, entrance $2.50. Messrs. J. W. Budd and H. Henry made straight scores, with a number of other shooters huddled close up:

Budd, 30	2212222212—10	Painter, 28	2222220112— 9
Vandegrift, 30	2212202121— 9	Miller, 28	2200001122— 6
Hobbs, 30	2201222222— 9	Albury, 29	1111200122— 8
Fitzgerald, 30	0221*01022— 6	Prickett, 29	20102211*2— 7
McCoy, 30	2221222220— 9	Ross, 29	2202222222— 9
Henry, 30	2111121121—10	Geikler, 29	2220222020— 7
Brewer, 30	1112212202— 9	Van Loon, 30	2112121012— 9

The Carteret Gun Club's New Ruling.

THE recent ruling of the board of governors of the Carteret Gun Club, which, on its face, bears evidence that it was intended solely for the government of its own members, has evoked a great deal of discussion in the daily press and among many individual shooters, particularly among those of New York and vicinity, on the assumption by them that it was an attempt to define what constitutes professionalism as it relates to shooting interests at large. As the Carteret Gun Club has never, so far as we know, made any attempt to legislate for shooters at large, and, moreover, as it is not a philanthropic institution, it is a much more reasonable assumption that the ruling was promulgated solely in the furtherance of its own interests.

The view of some shooters, namely, that the ruling was illegal even as a club measure, inasmuch as, the club being a coporate body, such ruling would arbitrarily deprive members of their property rights, is untenable in view of a clause in Article IV. of the club's constitution, as follows: "Any member acting contrary to the provisions of the constitution and by-laws, or in violation of the rules of the Association, or in any way which may tend to the destruction or injury of its property, or contrary to or neglecting his duty as an officer or member of the Association, or whose conduct in or out of the Association shall, in the opinion of the governors, be considered unbecoming a gentleman, or in any way calculated to injure the character or interests of the Association, may be expelled; and shall thereupon forfeit to the Association all property, claims and benefits, to which he would have been entitled as a member."

It will be noted that the constitution of the club provides that the board of governors may take cognizance of the doings of a member in his capacity as such, and also may take cognizance of the doings of a member in his personal capacity, whenever they adversely affect the club's interests—that is to say, "Any member * * * whose conduct in or out of the Association shall, in the opinion of the board of governors, be considered unbecoming a gentleman," etc.

As to the powers of the board of governors, they are defined in Article III., as follows: "The governors shall have entire charge of the affairs of the club, and shall fill any vacancy occurring in their number, for the unexpired term of the governor whose place is to be filled." It is thus self-evident that the board did not exceed the powers vested in it when it made the ruling under consideration, which, in substance, is that any member of the club competing against a professional or on grounds where professionals compete would be asked for his resignation. According to the opinion of the board of governors, a professional is one who is employed by any gun or shell making industry or sporting goods concern, or one who has ever accepted a gun or shells from any manufacturer or dealer.

This, while weak and lame as a definition of a professional, is forceful as a protective measure. In matters of finance, no one ever accused the Carteret Gun Club of inefficiency.

It is to the club's financial interests that the club members shoot as much as possible on the club's own grounds. From them the club derives its revenue. It makes a profit on the pigeons which are shot, and it has a rake-off of 10 per cent. on all matches and sweepstakes. As the shooting entrance fees are high—from the point of view, at least of the average shooter—the 10 per cent. rake-off is of itself a liberal source of revenue.

But some of the club's greatest shooters, both in respect to skill and the amount of shooting done, have been shooting a good bit on other grounds during some months past, notably Messrs. R. A. Welch, L. T. Duryea, D. I. Bradley, Capt. A. W. Money and his son, Mr. Harold Money—sportsmen who, besides shooting on grounds other than those of the Carteret Gun Club, have been winning the lion's share of the prizes at the Carteret Gun Club's shoots.

However, the ruling, from any point of view other than financial, is an unreasonable restriction, since it practically closes the door to the club members, so far as the greatest shooting events of the country are concerned. The ruling bars them from the Grand American Handicap and other similar grand national open events where honors are to be gained by the shooter who is ambitious to achieve national fame by meeting the best shooters which the land can produce.

There is but one event fostered by the Carteret Gun Club which assumes to confer honors broader than the borders of the club grounds, namely, the amateur championship, which, though not so indicated by its title, is a limited championship, the competition in it being confined to the members of a certain few clubs. It therefore is a championship of those clubs, and nothing more.

The Sun of Jan. 6 says:

"By persons outside of the charmed circle of trapshooters the new rule is looked upon as a travesty, and it is thought that if the Carteret Club is really desirous of establishing an amateur standard its first move should be to insist on the first principle of amateurism and eliminate money prizes from its club competitions. James E. Sullivan, secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, said:

"'The definition is the most ridiculous that I have ever read. In view of the fact that the members of the Carteret Gun Club are allowed to shoot for money, it looks to me as if they were "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." in drawing such a fine distinction. This is especially noticeable in the clauses which are intended to debar men who receive a present from manufacturers, and put a wholesale embargo on those employed by sporting goods concerns. The root of the matter is the competition for money. There are many men alleged to be amateurs who win more money prizes than their actual expenses during the year, and thus derive an income from their proficiency with the gun. This could be obviated by the shooting clubs coming out as a body and insisting that amateurs should be those who compete only for trophies. This, I know, is a revolution that would not be appreciated by many of the trapshooters, but it would clearly show the difference between those who indulge in the sport for gain and those who compete for glory alone.

"'The argument has been put forward that trapshooters are subject to great expense in the matter of shells, and would, therefore, be actually out of pocket by their competitions unless reimbursed by money prizes. This is true of many sports—yachting, for instance, which is a much more expensive pastime than shooting. Yet yachtsmen are content to foot the bills for the sake of the trophies that reward their successful efforts. The question of the cost of shells could easily be provided for, however, as a percentage of the entrance money could be set aside to pay for the shells without violating any amateur principle. It is a good thing that the matter has come up, as it may lead to a satisfactory settlement of the amateur question by trapshooters.'"

The trapshooting world of America is without any authoritative ruling as to what constitutes a professional. Although it has long since needed a central governing body, and FOREST AND STREAM many years ago called attention to the need, it has gone on without it. As a result, professionals and amateurs have shot together, with very little heed of what was professional or what was amateur. Their purpose seemed to be alike—that is, to win money. There are few shooters, indeed, of any note who have not at some time or other shot for money in open tournaments, or shot with professionals, or accepted some ammunition or guns, or shot where gate money was charged, etc.

However, in respect to shooters at large, it is not at all likely, in view of what may have evoked the ruling in question, that it will impinge much one way or the other in drawing the line on professionalism.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 31.—The target shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, held to-day, resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	25	10
L H Shorty	13	11	14	12	18	11	13	23	10
C F Dudley	15	13	13	12	21	13	13	22	..
A A Duke	10	8	10	12	16	12	9	19	8
H Bock	12	9	12	10	19	12	14	16	7
J P Kay	..	11	12	5	17	12	7	14	..
S Brown	..	11	4	10	..	6	7	..	8

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Ass't Sec'y.

Shooting at Roselle.

Roselle, N. J., Jan. 1.—At Olympia Inn a 35-bird event was shot to-day. The birds were a little above the average, with just enough wind to make the shooting interesting. There were but few sitters. It was a nice, clean shoot. Mr. Wm. McCloud did his utmost to give us a good time, and succeeded. The scores follow:

A F Compson, 30 .....02110*2212010101012111111111211222 01—27
W J Simpson, 30 .....0122222222221210120221222211222222—32
G D W Smith, 28 .....211112*2212211212220212 02w
G A Pope, 26 .....2221102222211001222022 2*10211021120—27
J D Berdan, 28 .....2111110211211101211212101220210111 2—30

J. D. BERDAN.

Cannibal Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 1.—Our shooting grounds are at the Trenton Driving Park. We have three traps, electric pull, and are fitted up nicely for beginners. In the club shoot, to qualify for a place in the medal shoot, 15 targets, the scores in the gold medal contest were: Brook 5, Ruelins 9, Mickel 9, W. Taylor 10, Vialko, 13, and won the gold medal; J. L. Kafes 7, Webber 5, Lutes 5, Heil 6.

Silver medal: Brook 8, Ruelins 7, Mickel 8, W. Taylor 7, Kafes 5, Webber 7, Lutes 4, Heil 9, and won the silver medal.

In the handicap turkey shoot, 15 targets, unknown angles, handicaps in parentheses, the scores were: Lutes (4) 16, Hillman (5) 15, Carnall (4) 11, Ruelins (4) 8, Cap (2) 14, Mickel (4) 16, Wilson (5) 13, Max (7) 11, Brook (3) 10, Heil (4) 13, Dansbury (5) 8. In the shoot-off the scores were: Lutes (2) 13, Hillman (3) 13, Mickel (2) 12. Hillman bought Lutes' chance.

The second turkey shoot, a handicap at 15 targets, resulted as follows: Lutes (4) 15, T. Hillman (4) 11, Carnall (4) 12, Wilson (3) 7, Brook (3) 15, Ruelins (4) 11, Mickel (3) 13, Dansbury (5) 13, Cap (2) 12, Max (6) 10. Lutes bought Brook's chance.

Turkey shoot, same conditions as above; Cap won: Hillman (4) 10, Cap (3) 16, Carnall (5) 10, Max (7) 12, Stead (7) 12, Hughes (5) 12, Lutes (4) 7, Hillman (4) 8.

H. P. MINSCHWANER.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 22.—The following scores were made in ten 10-target events to-day on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club:

Geoffrey	5	7	8	8	9	9	10	8	7	9
Terrill	7	8	5	7	8	..	..	..	9	8
Stanton	8	9	8	7	9	9	10	8	6	7
Aff	3	5	6	4	6	5	6	3	6	5
W M Smith	9	8	9	8	7	10	8	9	10	8

Newark, N. J., Jan. 1.—Nos. 1 to 6 were sweepstakes; No. 7 to 10 were the L. C. Smith gun shoots and two turkeys; No. 7 was the handicap allowance; No. 8 was the score; Nos. 9 and 10 were the ties; No. 10 was miss-and-out. Geoffroy won the gun, Dudley and Schortemeier a turkey each. No. 11 were the allowances, No. 12 the scores, No. 13 the ties. No. 15 were allowances, No. 16 the scores, and the ties drew for the turkeys. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	10		25				25			25
J Fleming	..	10	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	..	..	25
Dawson	4	7	..	6	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	22
W Smith	3	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sinnock	0	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	21
Waller	4	10	9	6	15	10	10	10	10	16	..	..	..	6	25
Whitehead	2	9	..	3	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	25
Tighe	2	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	24
Engle	2	10	9	2	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pattern	3	10	10	3	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Aff	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	25	19	..	..
Schortemeier	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	25	25	3	25
Dudley	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	22	..	3	25
Jones	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	..	..	..
Nagle	13	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Terrill	3	10	8	4	15	10	10	10	10	18	..	..	..	7	25
Kitching	..	..	..	3	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harrington	..	..	..	3	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	25
Dukes	..	..	..	2	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	23
Feigenspan	..	..	..	0	14	..	..	..	..	..	0	23	..	..	..
Colquitt	..	..	..	2	15	9	..	..	..	..	3	13	..	3	25
D Fleming	..	..	..	4	15	10	10	10	10	13	7	21	..	7	25
Geoffroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	23	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	23	..	..	..
C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	21
Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	25
Nagle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	25
Budd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	24
Stanton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	25
Dawson						6	7	6	..	..	..	9	25	22	..
W Smith						8	6	8	10	12	..	7	24	..	..
Cummings						7	7	5	12	14	5	13	15	..	..
Pattern						7	5	..	..	17	..	7	19	..	..
Waller						4	5	7	15	17	..	6	25	25	9
Dudley						7	..	10	18	18	9	3	25	25	19
Foster						4	6	4	7	..	5	..	..	..	..
Whitehead						..	7	6	..	..	6	5	20	25	13
Nagle						..	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Fleming						..	6	5	17	..	..	5	23	..	..
Terrill						..	8	7	..	..	..	7	25	25	11
Sinnock						..	..	10	12	..	9	3	20	..	..
Tighe						..	..	8	14	11	7	6	25	24	..
Jones						..	..	8	15	11	4	7	24	..	..
Engle						..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schortemeier						..	..	8	19	18	9	3	25	25	14
Dukes						..	..	..	14	17	8	4	23	..	..
Colquitt						..	..	..	18	17	9	3	25	25	6
Kitching						..	..	..	8	12	..	..	..	..	..
Aff						..	..	..	10	11	7	10	19	..	..
Harrington						..	..	..	..	13	7	4	25	25	9
Feigenspan						..	..	..	..	16	9	0	16	..	..
Geoffroy						..	..	..	..	16	9	4	25	25	20
C Smith						..	..	..	..	18	7	8	25	21	..
D Fleming						..	..	..	..	..	..	7	20	-	
Terrill						..	..	..	..	..	..	7	25	w	..
Stanton						..	..	..	..	..	..	7	24	..	..
Wilson						..	..	..	..	..	..	4	25	w	..
Budd						..	..	..	..	..	..	3	22	24	..
Hughes						..	..	..	..	..	..	9	25	15	..
Le Roy						..	..	..	..	..	..	5	23	..	..
Nagle						..	..	..	..	..	..	9	25	12	..
Babbage						..	..	..	..	..	..	9	24	..	..
Seymour						..	..	..	..	..	..	10	21	..	..

Singac and Little Falls.

Singac, N. J., Jan. 1.—On the Singac Hotel grounds a match was shot to-day at 15 birds, $10 a side, 50yds. boundary, between Bunn and Rhodes, and Klotze and Weaver. The birds were first class. The boys were sorrowful over Uncle Jake's death, and over the assault on Capt. Money.

The birds were not enough in number, so we had to cut the shoot short. Mr. Wm. Dutcher was referee and scorer. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Bunn, 28 .....↗↗↖↖↗↗↘↗→↙↗→↖↖↗ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2—14
Rhodes .....↘↗↙↗→↘↗↑↗↗↗→↗←↗ 2 1 0 1 1 0 2 0 0 1 0 1 2 0 2— 9—28
Klotze .....↘↘H↗H↗↖↗↠→T↘→→↖ 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 1 0 1 2 0 2—11
Weaver .....↶↗↘↖↖↗↗→↗→↗↑↗H↗ 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 2 2— 8—19

Seven birds, $5:

Hopper, 30	0220*00—2	Bunn, 28	2012210—5
Wright, 30	1202222—6	Weaver, 26	2**0020—2
Klotze, 28	0*12202—4	Kersey, 28	1000*00—1
Kayhart, 28	*211120—5	Morgan, 28	2*22022—5
Smith, 28	2012020—4		

One-dollar miss-and-out:

Wright, 31	0 22	Smith, 28	20 ..
Hopper 29	0 0	Kayhart	10 20
Klotze, 28	22 0	Hopper	0
Van Winkle, 28	12 22		

Dec. 25.—Match at 15 birds, $10 a man, five traps, 50yds. boundary:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Bunn .....↑↗↑↖↗↖↗↑↖↘↑↑→↑↑ 0 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 0 2—10
Klotze .....H↖↖↘↗↑↖↓↟↑↖↖↖↗↗ 1 0 2 1 1 0 1 2 0 0 0 2 * 0 2— 8
Kayhart .....↑↑↑↖↖↗↓↑↗↖↑↘↙→↙ 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 0 0 1 0 2—11—29
Connors .....↖↻↻↖↑↖↗T↖↗↗↘↖↖← 2 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 1—11
Luddy .....↖↑↖↖↑↑↗↘↗↰↓↖↖↗↑ 0 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 0 2 0 0 2 2— 8
Dehart .....↑↑↑↗H↑→↰↰↖←↖↖↗↘ 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 0 2 0—10—29

Five birds, $3:

A Doty, 30	22222—5	Connors, 28	11211—5
Wright, 30	02020—2	Johnson, 28	21202—4
Klotze, 28	21000—2		

Ten birds, $7.50:

A Doty, 30	22222*2222—9	Johnson, 28	220*20*22*—5
Wright, 30	*222222222—9		

One-dollar miss-and-out:

A Doty, 30	2222—4	Klotze, 28	1220—3
Johnson, 28	2220—3	Wright, 28	20 —1

A large holiday crowd was present. The birds were first class. There was plenty of excitement over match.

Applegate vs. Von Lengerke.

Freneau, N. J., Jan. 4.—In a match at 50 birds each, shot to-day at this place between Messrs. J. Applegate and Carl Von Lengerke, the former won. Mr. Von Lengerke has been suffering from a severe attack of la grippe, which seriously affected his eyesight for some days, enforcing the use of colored glasses part of the time. No doubt the attack impaired his shooting ability for the time being. The birds were excellent, and a large crowd was present. The scores:

J Applegate .....11111111110110011111010111—20
01100110011101111111 —15—35
C Von Lengerke .....11111111101100.000111010—16
11111011111110100001 0 —14—30

Riverton Gun Club.

Riverton, N. J., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Riverton Gun Club, on its grounds at Taylor's Station, was well attended. The main event was at 30 birds, for a beautiful cup presented by Dr. Karsner. It was a handicap event. Six men, all at the back mark, 30yds., tied on straight scores. In the shoot-off Yale Dolan won. Shooting began at 11:30 and lasted until dark. After the main event there were several sweepstakes.

Thirty birds, handicap, $10 entrance: Dolan (30) 30, Agnew (26) 30, Upson (27½) 30, Davis (28) 30, Stevenson (26) 30, Darby (28) 30, Cortright (25½) 30, Harned (26) 29, Pleasanton (26) 29, Chandler (26) 29, Whittaker (26) 28, Godschalk (27) 27, Karsner (28) 27, Wagner (29½) 27, Dorrance (26) 25.

Shoot-off: Dolan 14, Agnew 12, Upson 7, Darby 6, Cortright 5, Davis 5, Stevenson 5.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa.—The New Year shoot of the South End Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., on its grounds, was a success. In all, thirty-one shooters from the city took part in the events. All the clubs in the city were well represented, and the South End Club members were out in force. The day was just a delightful one for target shooting. Shooting began at 10 A. M. and continued until dark. John Matz, of the South End Club, was the high average man with 85 per cent., closely followed by Saylor, of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, with 82 per cent. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Matz	9	7	8	9	10	8	7	9	10	..	..
Saylor	9	8	9	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yost	8	7	8	9	8	8	9	5	8	10	19
Walters	9	5	7	7	7	9	6	..	..	..	..
Eshelman	7	9	7	8	8	5	7	6	..	..	..
Gerhart	5	8	5	8	7	7	4	8	7	10	22
Gill	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ernst	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Wm Miller	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
R Snyder	5	6	5	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
Fahr	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	6	7	6	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Laird	6	6	6	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..
Ball	7	8	6	6	8	5	5	5	7	4	..
Geo Miller	7	10	4	1	4	7	5	6	7	..	14
Williams	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Thomas	6	4	7	6	7	7	3	4	..	..	..
Ennis	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Snyder	3	6	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Berg	4	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miles	5	7	4	1	8	6	5	5	..	..	..
Eisenhoner	6	3	5	3	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
Matthias	5	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murdock	5	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weiser	3	4	2	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Texter	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ziegler	3	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	3	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bitler	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shultz	3	5	4	5	6	2	2	2	2	..	..
J Miller	4	3	1	3	4	2	..	..	..	..	..

Fegleysville, Pa., Jan. 1.—A target and live bird shoot was held here to-day, the scores made being very good. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	5	Targets:	10	10	10	5
Geist	9	8	7	5	Trumbauer	10	7	7	5
Smith	8	7	8	5	Eames	10	..	..	..

No. 1 was at live birds; Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were target events.

Reading, Pa., Dec. 26.—The Neversink Gun Club, of this city, held a target shoot on the Neversink Flats, near the city. The scores were, each man shooting at 10 targets: W. Wonzke 5, Hoch 8, J. Kilpatrick 7, Qunter 3, Sallade 6, A. Wonzke 6, Herman 3, Faeger 5, Bright 8, Goodman 6, Pfleger 5, Clark, 0, Hannahoe 4, Border 3, Goodhart 6.

Dec. 22.—The annual live-bird championship shoot of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day on the shooting grounds at Stoney Creek, and was won by Albert Yeager, who killed 12 out of his 15 birds. Chick, Dietrich, Osborn, Sparley and Fair tied for second place with 11 each to their credit; Shultz and Shell with 10 scored tied for third place. For second prize there were 200 hand-loaded shells, donated by the club, while 100 of the same kind of shells were offered for third prize. As the supply of birds became exhausted, the ties could not be shot off, so it was decided to divide the shells. The birds were a fast lot of old country birds, and better birds were never trapped in this vicinity. Arthur Fink, of Reading, officiated as referee, while Chas. Brown, the club's official scorer, and Irwin Seaman had charge of the score. The score follows:

Mt. Penn Gun Club's live-bird championship, for the club's live-bird championship medal; 15 birds per man, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Hurlingham rules to govern:

Yeager	222201112102112*—12	Saylor	102*02002212200— 8
Dietrich	102021202012222—11	Strohecker	220020001*22012— 8
Osborn	210111022111020—11	Gerhard	022021202*00220— 8
Sparley	222020121012102—11	Rhoads	022200112000021— 8
Fair	220122012012202—11	Hunsberger	01*11001120*001— 7
Shultz	210110102201202—10	Lawrence	020212100010100— 7
Shell	10001*122110111—10	Moser	021000200001111— 7
Homan	0201012*2101101— 9	Fritz	00*0*0*0*000*00— 0
Remsen	222200022221*00— 9		

DUSTER.

Elliott Holiday Shoot.

AS FOREST AND STREAM went to press on Monday, one day earlier than usual, last week, the report of the Saturday shoot could not reach you in time for the last issue. I now call your attention to it, as it was an important event, and especially since all shooters might find it to their interest to look well into the handicap used, which is known at Kansas City as the Riley handicap. It is not hard to understand, being one in which the shooter handicaps himself after the starting point. If he kills 5 birds straight at any given point he then moves back 1yd., etc.

Saturday, Last Day, Dec. 29.

It was expected that a large number of shooters would put in their appearance and enter for this handicap shoot. The morning opened up bright, with plenty of southwest wind and a prospect of such birds as no one could make a straight score. Yet the shooters were all tardy in getting out, and did not seem anxious to unpack their guns.

The park manager, R. S. Elliott, was feeling very confident that "no straight" goes to-day. He was delighted with the wind behind the birds, and no one knew so well as he that 500 of his very best birds had been cooped. Just to show the confidence that Bob has in his birds, traps and grounds, and by way of an inducement he made an announcement on Friday evening that to any lucky shooter who would kill 25 straight he would present a $5 hat.

The morning was passing away without a gun being fired. What few were present were telling what they had done in days gone by, and Elliott, while disappointed at the tardy shooters, mentioned that a big crowd would come out about noon. They could see that they "were up against another man's game," and finally some one proposed a $1 miss-and-out. Robert agreed, and seven entries were made. Stevens, Crosby, Norton and Tramp Irwin made clean scores of 9 each, and said Robert was willing to call this little preliminary off and start the big shoot. Mr. Cockrell, in the mean time, fell down on the second bird, and that genial fellow, Budd, followed suit. Then Jim Elliott, known the world over as a shooter, stubbed his toe on the very first bird. Mr. Dunn grassed one, and then the next one was "over the fence and out." The score:

Stephens	222222222—9	Elliott	0
Cockrell	20	Norton	222222221—9
Budd	10	Dunn	10
Crosby	222222222—9	Tramp Irwin	112111111—9

Riley Handicap Scores.

J A R Elliott, 30	12212	22111	11122	21222	22212—25
Budd, 29	22221	22221	22222	22022	22222—24
Crosby, 30	22222	2222*	22220	22222	22222—23
Norton, 28	22201	11212	22111	11222	22222—24
F Cockrell, 27	21122	21222	02222	2220*	11021—21
C Cockrell, 28	22111	21211	12121	21222	02222—24
L & R Tramp, 28	22211	22212	21111	12222	22121—25
Stephens, 28	22222	22001	11000w		
Beach, 28	21210	11221	11220	212*1	02111—21
Herman, 28	22111	2*221	21122	022*2	2*1 —21
Allen, 29	22212	11221	21212	22*22	02220—22
O'Brien, 27	22221	22212	22222	22222	22222—25
Curtice, 29	2*222	22202	22222	22222	22222—23
Smith, 26	2222*	1*221	2221*	2*102	*2202—18

You will understand where each contestant started by figures following immediately after the names, and by dividing the scores into strings of 5 it will no doubt interest all to see the movements of the shooters, and also see just where they finished, as we take it that this Riley handicap is new to all save the Kansas City shooters, it not having been adopted by any other club that I know of.

It was at 11:30 when the now "Daddy of all of them," J. A. R. Elliott, stood up at the 30yd. mark and said, "Ready," grassing his first bird with one barrel, and the great race was on. Then Budd, Crosby, Norton and Cockrell did likewise, and when the first string had been shot by this squad of five, and only one bird had been missed, the shooters began to think a straight possible. The second squad did not have any of the crackerjacks in it, yet only Mr. Beach had the misfortune to lose a bird.

As the business men of the city could not get out until about 2 P. M., these two squads shot up to the 15-bird mark and then went to lunch.

If Mr. Elliott had any inward feelings as to getting the worst of the hat bargain he did not look it, and offered then, with four men straight—his brother Jim being one of them—to wager $25 that a straight would not be made. Your correspondent, with his eagle eye ever open, detected the boys changing the birds in the pit, and really I thought the hats were off, so far as these shooters being able to wear one on Bob. Please note that starting on the 16th bird J. A. R. would be at the 33yd. limit, Budd at 32, Cockrell and the L. & R. Tramp at 31, with the last three going back 1yd. should they make another straight.

After lunch Allen, O'Brien, Curtice and Smith entered and shot up. This brought Mr. O'Brien, a new shooter from Kansas, into prominence as a candidate for a hat.

Then the race for the finish was begun, and closed with the 20th bird being in the "game sack"—as Fred Gilbert calls them—to the credit of Elliott, Cockrell, Tramp and O'Brien, Budd only of the possible having gone amiss on a bird that walked quartering in and then sprang, and swinging, evaded his big loads, as sent from both barrels. The three left had 5 more to shoot, Elliott at 33, Tramp at 32, and O'Brien at 31, and they were not slow in telling the manager something about the size of their old hats, etc. It is nothing unusual for successful people to be elated, and the last two named were inclined to remark that should Jim go out straight and they should tie the "professional" they would require one full-size larger than usual.

Strange as it may look on paper, these three men were as well distributed as to positions as they could be—Elliott first, Tramp seventh, O'Brien twelfth—one in each squad.

Champion Jim drew some screamers—at least 3 of his 5 needed the full contents of the second barrel to get them down in the boundary, yet they fell one after another as their turn came, until the last one was an easy incomer, and the hat was on Robert, but to be on Jim, so soon as he could get to the city.

The next interest was of course on Tramp, the oldest shooter on the grounds, who took his first lessons in Kansas more than twenty-five years ago. As it was known that he had shot in several handicaps in the last few years and never made a straight, most of the knowing ones had doubts about any more hats being necessary; but this time was the exception, and at the end of this squad, another hat was the proper thing. Tramp made some long kills on fast birds; his 24th escaped the first and went away fast to the right quarter, to be saved by the second. Then came the last, which, lucky for him, was an incomer, and he centered it with the first barrel. He had the satisfaction of being warmly congratulated by his many old friends present.

Two hats being won, it was up to Mr. O'Brien, and that gentleman went on killing bird after bird as his turn came around and then pumping another barrel into them just to make them lay quiet and not give the dog any trouble, which, by the way, was getting very tired and worn out. I never met this gentleman before, and he says that, while he is a good target shot, he has faced live-bird traps but a few times. Let me tell you he has the right stuff in him to make a pigeon shooter. Get rattled? Not much, and Bob Elliott just took that pencil of his and says, "I take my hat off to you, Mr. O'Brfien, and here's an order for a hat that you will not be ashamed to remove from your head when you meet the belles of the Sunflower State."

I must not forget the 24-men, for they struggled hard and shot well. Had it not been for their "bad half hour," they would be wearing Elliott hats. Budd, Norton and Cockrell would each give a $5 hat, I fancy, to shoot at that one bird again. They were not so far behind in cash, as the money was divided on the Rose system.

In the 23-hole you will find Billy Crosby. You all know that two of the unkillable kind came to his draw, else he would not be hatless. Please look at his score and note that, starting at 30yds., he shot his last 20 birds from the 31yd. line, and was at the finish 1yd. ahead of Tramp Irwin and on the same line with O'Brien, who started at the 27yds. line.

Mr. Curtice, a Kansas City man, being well used to this sliding handicap, shot a fine race, losing but two, his 2d and his 9th. This enabled him to shoot his first 15 all from the 29yd. line; then he went straight, finishing at the 31yd. mark.

Walter Allen had a "hard luck" story, killing 17 straight, then losing 3 before the end came. He is one of the best shots in the West, as look at his starting point—the same as Budd's. Then there are Herman and Cockrell; each lost 3 out of his last 8, while Smith lost 5 out of his last 11. Then Beach, a very good shot, a 28yd. man, lost 3 out of his last 11, while Mr. Stephens, after killing 7 straight, lost 4 out of his next 7 and withdrew.

Please consider that these three last named gentlemen, save Stephens, have been shooting these 25-bird-handicp races here every month for a year, and are well used to the grounds and the towering birds, and yet lost. This will enable the reader to have a fair conception of what this prince of good fellows, Bob Elliott, was doing in the way of trapping selected birds.

Mr. Elliott was, I think, disappointed that so few home shooters came out, yet he now sees that holidays and closing the old year and beginning a new one is not the most suitable time for a shoot, and will select some time in next January for his midwinter shoot.

The chances are that a new park will have been selected by that time, one in which there will not be so many climbing birds, and possibly faster ones.

The boys think that a new hat would look well next year, and will no doubt all return here whenever Robert sends them an invitation.

Miss-and-Outs.

As there was a little daylight remaining a couple of miss-and-outs were shot. The scores herewith appended will show that among the good scores made Tramp Irwin stands at the head, having killed all 52 straight, for the day:

Event No. 3, $2 miss-and-out, birds extra:

Planck	22110	Berkley	222220
Curtice	2222222—7	Beach	1111110—6
Crosby	2222222—7	Tramp	1212111—7

Event No. 4, $2 miss-and-out, birds extra:

Berkley	22222222222—11	Tramp	11211111111—11
Allen	210	Beach	11112221112—11
Crosby	0	Curtice	12222220
Smith	22220	Cockrell	220
Norton	21110	O'Brien	20
Stephens	21112222221—11	Smith	110

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 29.—The Bob Elliott holiday shooting tournament opened at Washington Park, Wednesday, and continued throughout the week, closing to-day with a 25-bird sweepstakes. The feature of the opening day was the final shoot for the Elliott diamond medals, representing the local championships at both live birds and inanimate targets. The interest in the "mud pie" race was completely overshadowed by the wingshot contest, Kansas City being essentially a live-bird town. There were twelve contestants in the live-bird race, a 25-bird event, the winners of the respective monthly shoots during 1900 meeting to shoot off for absolute possession of the trophies. Chris Gottlieb won the shoot-off, being the only one to kill his 25 straight, and his excellent work was all the more creditable from the fact that he had a heavy handicap to overcome. He started in the race at 30yds., and after grassing 5 straight dropped back a yard. Still killing his birds, he was sent back another yard, after the 10th bird. The third block of 5 he killed from the 32yd. mark, and the last 10 birds from the 33yd. mark, the outside limit. Jim Porter and Tom Hearn were his nearest competitors, with 23 each. The scores:

W S Allen, 30	22222022220222202112222*—21
J B Porter, 30	22122221220212212202222—23
T J Hearn, 27	*22212202122222222222222—23
W A Smith, 29	20221100212201102121w
J F Vaughn, 26	22211220212222212222**22202—21
P Francke, 27	21111022*222111*1211*2*22—20
J W Bramhall, 29	2020222222220w
Dr F M Planck, 28	2221212*22212202100*10102—18
A E Thomas, 28	202222220212222*w
C Gottlieb, 30	21212222212211222211222221—25
T Turner, 27	121112*12111220022112221l—22
N Beach, 28	*21111011121211111020w

The race for the target championship was close and spirited, Roy Overly winning out after a hot finish, with Newt Beach, Dr. F. M. Planck and W. N. Hill. Overly scored 46 out of 50 with the aid of his handicap, while the other three named scored 45.

The target scores: Roy Overly 46, C. B. Cockrell 39, F. N. Cockrell 38, A. Holmes 41, W. N. Hill 45, Ed Hickman 44, S. S. Millett 40, L. W. Scott 41, C. Wright 42, N. Beach 45, Dr. F. M. Planck 45.

Elliott vs. Crosby.

On Thursday, J. A. R. Elliott successfully defended the Cast Iron medal against William R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., winning the match by a score of 96 to 91. W. V. Rieger acted as referee and James Whitfield as scorer. The day was cold and raw, and the birds a particularly fast lot, not over two or three being "no-birded," and they had been injured in the traps. The wind was blowing stiffly northeast, which was toward the score, and the incomers had to be centered to keep them from being carried out over the boundary. Elliott was suffering from a crippled knee, but he shot a hard race, centering his birds generally with the first barrel. Crosby, on the other hand, did not appear in good form, and did considerable slobbering. Crosby was the first to miss, losing his 6th bird, which he overshot with both barrels. He settled down for a run of 26, after that, and as Elliott had lost his 28th dead out of bounds, honors were easy at that stage. Crosby lost his 33d dead out, and lost 4 more before the half was reached. Elliott was shooting steady, and at the 50th round had a lead of 5 birds, and the match was practically ended, except for the cheers at the end. Each killed 47 out of the last 50. There was no apparent advantage in the drawing of the birds, and both made some remarkably long kills with the second barrel. Crosby used his L. C. Smith gun, 7-13, and his loads were 48grs. E C powder in Leader shells in both barrels, with 1¼oz. of No. 7½ shot in the first barrel and No. 7 in the second. Elliott shot his Winchester repeating gun, 7¾lbs., and his loads were 45grs. of Hazard Blue Ribbon, with 1¼oz. No. 7 shot in Leader shells. The race was shot in an hour and eight minutes—pretty rapid trapping for a 200-bird event.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE PARK, Staten Island, Jan. 1.—Four events were shot at targets, Sergeant system, in the shoot of the Richmond Gun Club, held to-day. In the live-bird match, the birds were slow. Mr. A. A. Schoverling was referee and trap puller.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	25
G Bechtel	9	5	7	16	L Albrecht	..	..	2	13
J Schoen	4	3	0	6	W Anselm	..	..	2	4
F Schoverling	9	6	8	18	C Fach	..	..	1	1
A A Schoverling	9	7	9	20	O Albrecht	..	..	..	4
J Keppler	..	..	9	14	J Barth	..	..	..	10

Match at 40 live birds, 28yds. rise; Jos. Keppler, of Puck, vs. Geo. Bechtel, N. Y. A. C.:

J Keppler	1111221111022111120111111111111111111110111—37
G Bechtel	0021212101110122121221110012111101111112—33

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Capt. R. G. C.

Ossining Gun Club.

SING SING, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was most successful in every way. The members, as well as a number of outside shooters, supported the shoot very liberally. During the day 74 live birds and 2,000 clays were trapped.

The best shooting was done by I. Tallman. The light was bad and the grounds hard, but he managed to get his last 40 straight.

Event No. 2 at live birds was cut down, as there were not enough birds to fill out the whole entry. Some of the shooters who had entered for birds only very kindly withdrew on the 4th bird to allow those who entered in the sweep to finish their scores. The birds were a fast lot. There were but 3 sitters in the 74.

Live birds:

F Larkin, Jr	11120—4	.....	Hall	21001—3	.....
I Washburn	01001—2	00102—2	Condit	22202—4	.....
A Betti	011*0—2	11111—5	Hyatt	22010—3	.....
E Garnsey	....	10102—3	C Raymond	.....	12222—5
W Clark	0100w	.....	S Macbeth	.....	0000w
R Kromer, Jr.	....	02022—3	C Blandford	.....	11212—5

Twenty-three events of 10 clays each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Hall	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tallman	8	8	9	10	..	9	9	8	10	..	8	..
M Hyatt	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Condit	10	8	7	8	7	9	8	8	..	..	..	..
W Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Blandford	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coleman	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
F Larkin, Jr	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Washburn	..	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E D Garnsey	..	..	..	8	..	6	8	..	7	4	6	6
J T Washburn	..	7	6	7	7	8	5	..	..	..	..	..
E N Garnsey	..	..	..	5	..	3	3	..	5	5	5	4
F Valentine	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Betti	..	..	..	7	4	4	10	7	8	..	7	..
Tonolla	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Carpenter	..	..	..	9	9	10	8	10	..	..	..	..
Keller, Jr	..	..	..	5	2	3	2	..	..	2	6	1
D Brandreth	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	5	..	..	..	8
N Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Atchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
G B Hubbell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..

Events:	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
R Kromer, Jr.	..	..	2	3	3	..	..	4	5	3	3
Tallman	..	9	9	10	..	10	10	10	..	..	..
Condit	..	5	8	..	9	9	9	..	..	..	..
W Fisher	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..
W Clark	3	9	4	3	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	7
C Washburn	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	1	..	..	1
C D Garnsey	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
J T Washburn	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	10	..	7	9
E N Garnsey	2	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Valentine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Tonolla	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..
J Carpenter	..	6	8	..	8	8	8	..	..	..	..
Keller, Jr	4	..	..	3	..	..	5	3	..	3	..
C Rutledge	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..
D Brandreth	3	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N Tuttle	..	..	2	..	..	..	4	3	..	5	..
Atchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..
C Wynants	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	4	..
W H Hyland	..	..	..	..	8	9	7	..	..	..	..
B Appleby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	3
Miss Hyland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	6
J Wynants	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	3	..
A Rohr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
G H Tompkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
W Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6
S Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. C.

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 7.—Tuesday, Jan. 1, found a large crowd of shooters from the surrounding towns of Lancaster, Reading, Steelton, Chambersburg and Lebanon to take advantage of the popular annual New Year's holiday live-bird shoot of the Association. Having increased yearly, it became necessary this year to run two sets of traps and commence shortly after noon and continue until dark.

Conway, of this city, surprised them all by scoring 19 straight after losing his first bird. A strong wind was blowing, and the birds of first-class quality. The shooting was difficult for the "old ones." All seemed highly pleased at the comfort furnished by the local club, whose grounds are one of the best equipped in the central part of the State, and all were made to feel at home while here. A number of shooters were detained in the city and failed to take part on account of the State Legislature organizing on this same date.

Twenty live birds, $10, Rose system, four moneys:

J M Runk, 29	22021000022201222120—13
Bollman, 29	00100110000w
Fielies, 28	10222221022022221022—16
J, 29	20112210212022120212—16
Conway, 27	01121222221121222122—19
Dinger, 27	12112122002022220122—16
Kreuger, 29	02222221102222122222—18
Wilson, 29	22222222102222*22*2—17
Drabstadt, 27	01102110122020022101—13
Charles, 27	22201222122101222220*—16
Shisler, 28	10201220202102122122—15
Stoner, 29	22022020202222222222—16
Hoover, 28	01011110220120220002—12
Doehne, 28	02120021102022202221—14
Hoerner, 27	01120022102220212022—14
Byers, 28	11222022221202222022—17
Stevenson, 27	10012220210102221222—15
Hoffman, 28	11121110022110122l2—16
Reiker, 29	01001221221020122211—15
Dunkel, 28	21222010111012111110—16
Seaboldt, 27	11211211100202120121—16

Wayne vs. Highland.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 5.—The Wayne Gun Club defeated the Highland Shooting Association in the third and final contest of a series by a score of 165 to 143. The conditions were 25 targets each man, magautrap. A cold, stiff wind that blew across the range made it difficult for big scoring. The Wayne team won by 22 targets. The scores:

Wayne—Johnson 22, Myers 20, Smith 20, George 17, McMichael 17, Wayne 17, Morris 14, Dalton 14, Green 13, Bender 11; total 165.

Highland—Everett 18, Miller 17, Laurent 16, Meehan 15, Ferstch 14, Loetz 14, Burn 14, Dreakley 13, Wentz 12, Shaffer 10; total 143.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Vartray Ginger Ale,

which is a Buffalo, N. Y., product, enjoys the distinction of having carried off the honors at Paris against all competition. The achievement is a notable one, for it puts at the front an American ginger ale as superior to the much-vaunted imported article. See advertisement elsewhere.

The Andrew B. Hendryx Co. Catalogue.

Messrs. Andrew B. Hendryx & Co. send us their handsome catalogue of Fishing Tackle, and advise us that it will be sent free on request to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM.

The Robin Hood Powder Co., Swanton, Vt., has issued a booklet, whose title is "Powder Facts," in which is set forth in an instructive manner the advantages of their powder and the proper loads of it for the different gauges of guns. For a copy address the secretary, Mr. Edwin H. Richardson, Swanton, Vt.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

THE recommendation of Governor Odell for a reduction of the commissions for the care of the forests and of fish and game has been put into effect in a measure introduced by Assemblyman Allds, which amends the present law and substitutes for the existing boards of five commissioners for forests, fish and game and three commissioners of the forest preserve a single board of three members, which shall be made up thus: "The Forest, Fish and Game Commission shall consist of three members, to be appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Two of such members shall be appointed from the Commisisoners of the Land Office and may be removed by the Governor at his pleasure. The third member of such Commission shall be appointed for a term to expire on the 31st day of December, 1903; a successor to such member thereafter appointed shall hold his office for a term of three years, beginning on the first day of January of the year in which he is appointed. Within twenty days after the amendment of this section takes effect, the Governor shall appoint a Forest, Fish and Game Commission as herein provided, and upon the appointment and qualification of the members of such commission the terms of the members of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission and of the Forest Preserve Board then in office shall expire."

The member who is not a Commissioner of the Land Office the bill provides shall be the shellfish commissioner; and as a matter of fact, we understand the meaning of the bill to be that the shellfish commissioner shall be the practical executive man of the commission. His salary is to be fixed at $5,000 a year, the other members to serve without compensation. All the commissioners are to receive their actual expenses. The measure further abolishes the present forest preserve board and provides that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission as newly organized shall constitute the Forest Preserve Board, and shall have all the powers conferred and perform the duties imposed by law upon that board.

Such a change as here contemplated would be directly for the benefit of the interests involved. It is of common knowledge that the fish commission of five members was brought into being as a political job. There is no good reason for such a board. As a matter of fact, the work of the commission could be done by one man, or as we have repeatedly urged, the entire commission could be abolished with profit and the work be intrusted to the practical executive heads, the State fishculturist and the State game protector, who now actually perform the duties of the commission. It is improbable, however, that the Legislature would consent to the adoption of such a system, notwithstanding that it is the practical and business-like way to accomplish the ends sought. Unquestionably the most efficient force of game protectors would be one made up of officers appointed directly by the chief game protector and responsible directly to him for the performance of their duties. The reason such a system could not be put in force, however, is that for political considerations the Legislature would probably not intrust the appointments to a chief game protector. So with the State fishculturist. A competent person filling this position could do everything with respect to the choice of species of fish for propagation and the waters to put them into, and the practical work of fishculture and fish planting independently of the advice or direction or control of a commission or commissioners over him. He likewise would be much more competent than a commission to select his employees and retain or dismiss them according to their efficiency. Barring the possibility, however, of adoption of such a simple and business-like system, we shall welcome the reduction of the commission to the form proposed in Mr. Allds' bill.

TIPS.

IN the swirl of changes which has marked the progress of outdoor interests during the past few years, the relations between sportsman and landowner, in so far as they concern rights and privileges, have been subjected to radical readjustments. Of all these, none has been greater than that caused by the advent of the man with a tip. The simple custom of gratuitous feeing has been fraught with results never contemplated nor foreseen by the man with a generous, open hand.

In the days often referred to as the old days, but days of a few years ago only, in many districts the landowner looked upon the sportsman as a kind of novel visitor, between whom and himself there existed no question of bargaining. If the sportsman chose to shoot over his land without even asking for the privilege, the landowner, as a general proposition, did not consider that thereby his rights were in the least invaded. It was not causing him any material loss, nor even inconvenience, and, if the self-invited guest would but exercise care in replacing gates and fences, or not to shoot near his cattle, he asked no more. The shooter was as welcome to shoot birds on his land without price as he was to drink from the water of his well free.

But the change of time brought a constant and growing prosperity. With the general accumulation of wealth there has been evolved a large leisure class, whose members from the customs of their life have been habituated to the giving of gratuities. It is a part of life in the great cities. The waiter in the hotel, if he is not tipped after serving a patron, is prone to serve him but ill thereafter till the tip is forthcoming. Similarly, at every turn in the great cities, the person of means is confronted with the necessity of giving a tip. He comes in time to consider it a matter of course, and attaches no special importance to it.

But the tip in the country has been instrumental in changing what was free as a matter of courtesy to what is now a business proposition as a matter of right. If a landowner had a particularly good game section within his possessions and received $10 or $20 from an appreciative shooter for the privilege of shooting thereon, or a substantial sum to prohibit all other shooters from its privileges, the surrounding landowners in a similar manner were not slow to grasp the idea of revenue from their land in return for its hunting privileges. Thence came the assertion of the rights of ownership as against the sportsman who sought sport after the old free manner. Once unhindered, he at length found himself a trespasser.

The sportsman with the tip has effected a profound change in the customs of every class which caters to his needs—guides, boatmen, hotel servants, drivers, etc.—till at length the sportsman without a tip has many difficulties to encounter in consequence. Without silver pieces to distribute freely, he finds that the old-time freedom and service are unattainable.

Of course there are a few sections here and there where the virtue of the tip has not yet become establishd, but its establishment therein is only a question of time.

There is no question that any one has a right to be as munificently generous as he chooses, and there is also no question that superior and zealous service should merit and receive extra reward, but the lavish and inconsiderate bestowal of rewards, regardless of merit, has no direct benefits to the giver, and makes life incomparably more difficult for the poorer brethren who may chance to follow in his footsteps when seeking sport or recreation.

The rewards given to guides as gratuities are often so large that the person of limited means or less lavish expenditure finds himself regarded as niggardly because he fails to equal with his gifts the gifts of those employers who have preceded him.

Mr. J. Russell Reed, the new president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has long been actively identified with the work of the Association, and has been one of the most intelligent, able and efficient workers for the fish and game interests of Massachusetts. Under his administration the Association's affairs, we may be confident, will be admirably promoted, and the society will maintain its very enviable record of achievement.

SNAP SHOTS.

Pennsylvania is taking hold of the forest preserve idea. Dr. J. S. Rothrock, president of the Forestry Board, writes in another column of the acquisition of a Pike county tract of 26 000 acres, which will be held as a State preserve of the forest, the fish and the game, and of another territory of 60 000 acres on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. We quote also from Governor Stone's message paragraphs reviewing what has been done already in this field, and giving assurance that further action in the same direction will be seconded by the executive. That Governor Stone has popular support in his forestry recommendations is indicated by the action of the Pennsylvania Conference in the Interests of Public Health, Wild Game and Forestry, which has adopted a resolution declaring their belief that "the thousands of citizens who are in the membership of the organizations represented in this conference from every county of this commonwealth, will cordially approve of the recommendations of Governor Stone and unite with him in the endeavor to secure for the State the benefits which his liberal policy promises."

It is not often that we have the privilege of publishing so careful, well considered and matured discussion of the game interests of a State as the one printed to-day from the pen of Mr. D. C. Beaman, of Colorado. It is comprehensive in scope and the discussion of the several topics is so thorough as to show that the facts printed have been carefully gathered and the observances based upon them are the product of mature reflection. It is a game study worth studying, and it should have a careful reading. The conditions prevailing in Colorado are in large measure the conditions which hold over the Rocky Mountain region. Like causes have produced like effects. Deer, elk and antelope have vanished from large areas where in the past, within the years which are not yet counted remote, they swarmed in astonishing numbers. The problem of how the remnant shall be saved is immediate and pressing. Mr. Beaman finds the solution of the problem is the hunting license, the shortening of the season and a rigid enforcement of the law.

The tenacity of the humbler species of wild animals and the wonderful way in which they persist in the face of civilization is illustrated in some facts recently brought out by the Norwich Bulletin, which has discovered that a fur dealer in Danielson, Conn., during the season makes weekly shipments amounting to $200 and $300 worth of mink, fox, raccoon, skunk and muskrat skins. And he has been in the business since the Civil War, as his father, a noted hunter and trapper, was in it for years before him. There are men and boys in the back districts all through New England who find profit in their traps from November to March. And this reminds us that we have in manuscript a story of youthful adventure in trapping, written by Mr. Wm. H. Avis, of which we shall begin publication next week.

The interests of forestry and fish and game protection have a growing recognition among the topics which the Governors of States consider deserving of attention in their messages. We have already noted the stands taken by the Governors of New York and New Hampshire. To-day we quote a paragraph from the message of Governor McLean, of Connecticut, who shows an intelligent appreciation of the economic aspect of protection when he says that "a brook well stocked with trout, or a cover well stocked with partridge or quail, will in the near future bring a larger proportionate profit to its owner than any other investment."

Among the things which are crowded out of our pages this week are the annual reports of President Alex. Starbuck, of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, and Secretary H. H. Kimball, of the Massachusetts Association. They will be given in the next issue.

The second annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association will be held in Montreal on Jan. 30. We look for substantial results from this organization, which should have cordial support.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Tulimanu.

EVERY race has its tradition, merely history wherein reliable particulars are lacking, of its own killer of things and possessor of the craft to interchange the jungle hail of "good hunting." It may be a Nimrod, that mighty hunter before the Lord; it may be the more delicately sculptured Diane Chasseresse. Whatever be the name that this tradition carries in the several lands, it is always a dim recollection of some one who had learned woodcraft in all woodland ways. Tulimanu is the Samoan expression of the same recollection of the mighty hunter on the mountains. This paper is the attempt to rehabilitate out of fragmentary stories the personality of Tulimanu, the great hunter of Samoan legend.

When first I heard the word it was applied to me by the king as interjected comment in some narrative of my search for shootable game in the bush back from Apia. It was a new word to me, and I made a mental note to look it up as soon as I got home. It was scarcely etiquette to ask the king what he meant by the term. In fact, the only way such a question could be asked in Samoan is in literal translation "what's its name?" and that doesn't exactly seem to be the right way to speak to kings. One may be all sorts of a fellow citizen and a profound hater of all things monarchical, yet a king so long as he behaves himself does seem entitled to the lugs that kings have become accustomed to put on. I am sure I never let Malietoa feel that I thought any the less of him for being a king, and I treated him accordingly.

But at home I found that I was relying on a very poor authority when I took up the dictionary in order to find out the meaning of the word "Tulimanu." That blessed old dictionary, compiled by some enthusiastic missionary, gave but the single meaning of "a corner of a house." That was absurd, for at the least two reasons, each decidedly valid. Samoan houses are all oval, and you could march around one all day without finding the first vestige of a corner. In the second place the king, who was the most courteous of mortals, would never dream of calling me a house corner. That was a common experience with that dictionary as a help to the comprehension of the Samoan language; it either did not give the word at all or it gave some nonsensical meaning that could not be stretched to cover the emergency. Before I put the dictionary back on its shelf I must set down its bright particular gem. In the English half of the vocabulary was this entry in its proper place, in alphabetical order: "Blush, ———" No one who knows the Samoans at all can be surprised at the blank set against the word. Island morals will need a great improvement before the first blush shall struggle to suffuse the Samoan cheek, and after all it is problematical if any blush could make itself apparent through the prevailing coffee color of the South Sea complexion. This, of course, is merely by the way and interjectional, just to show how little valuable the enthusiastic missionary's dictionary is. But there was Talolo, well-spring of daily delight and source of information which might be accepted for fact if I could get it corroborated—he surely would be able to act as my better dictionary.

"Talolo e!" I asked, when next my juvenile companion found occasion to pay me a visit on my spacious veranda, "what did the king mean when he called me 'tulimanu' the other day?"

"He said you were a devil-girl," was the prompt answer of the young gentleman, whose conversation was always breezy, and the frankness of whose most simple statements was refreshing.

"Moi, the boy is right," said Tonga, who sat sewing on a mat near me, it being her main task in life to keep one or two frocks ahead of the ravages of the native laundry methods. "Tulimanu is a devil." Then she sang out to Tanoa to bring her a burning billet, and toasted the tobacco and duly wrapped it in the dry banana leaf and lighted it at the coal and passed the cigarettes among the three of them.

"Why should the 'banana eater' call you a devil-girl?" Talolo asked with hot displeasure. Being a rebel the lad was not willing to call Malietoa King, even in ordinary conversation, and "banana eater" was the least abusive of his nicknames for his sovereign. "Why should you come here to Samoa and make him king when we want Mata'afa? Now he calls you a devil-girl, and won't you send for a man-of-war and have his head chopped off?"

"Moi," said Tonga, in acquiescence, and a cloud of smoke from her cigarette, for Tonga was out and out a rebel, and had been in many a battle.

Tanoa, however, slid unostentatiously away from the group. Not that he was excessively loyal—I never gave him credit for strong opinions on any subject. But he held a position of trust and emolument under the Government of the United States, as captain of the Consular rowboat, and had probably received from his superior officer instructions not to talk politics and to support the administration. For my own part I felt some of the force of the same sentiment, and made haste to sidetrack the discussion of the heartrending tangle of Samoan politics.

"You explain it to me, Tonga, for surely the king did not intend to call me a devil."

"Yes, he did," said saucy Talolo; "if Mata'afa had been the king he would never have called you a devil-girl; he's a high chief, and knows all the words of compliment and courtesy. Oh, Tamaita'i, do tell your husband to bring back Mata'afa and make him king, and chop the 'banana eater's' head off."

Here was politics, and with a vengeance.

"Be quiet, Talolo, so that Tonga may speak. How should you know what Mata'afa would do? He is a high chief, and you are not yet tattooed." That was a thing that the boy never liked to be reminded of, and to scold him with that as a clincher never failed to reduce him to abject humility. Talolo was very close to the age when he should be tattooed, and for his own part he felt that the important and painful operation should have been done some time since. Any mention, therefore, of the fact that he was still in the baby class was particularly galling.

"Go on, Tonga," I continued, after squelching the boy, "tell me what tulimanu means. Does it mean the devil, or what?"

"Yes, Tamaita'i, it means the devil his name. All like same Nifoloa devil, The-One-With-Long-Teeth. All like same Ulufanuasese'e devil. The-One-Who-Coasts-On-Tree-tops, you hear him sliding in the still night when there is no wind, and then you suddenly hear a swoosh back in the bush. All like same Nafanua and Fe'e and Fa'aananafi, all devil, all aitu. Tulimanu devil too, aitu, and he lives back of Mount Vaea, on the Ala Sopo trail over the Tuasivi."

"But what does the word itself mean?" I asked.

"It means Run-after-Birds," replied Tonga.

Then at last I found out what the king meant when he called me Tulimanu. It was really intended for a compliment. But what with the omissions of the missionary dictionary and the heat of Talolo's political opinions, I was a sufficiently long time in finding out that the king had done no more than apply to me the Samoan equivalent of Nimrod. But it was longer before I was able to get together any more information about the Samoan Nimrod. The younger Samoans, with their abundant education at school, are rather losing precise information about the aitu of their land, former gods, but now devils. Few knew as much about Tulimanu as Tonga had told me, apparently none knew more. At last it resolves itself down to an exploration of the remotest cupboards in the memory of old Lauta, the ancient chief of Vaiala, and probably the oldest man in Samoa. It was never easy to get him to tell a straight story of matters relating to his life as a heathen, and this consistent unreadiness was, in this case, still further complicated by the fact that his family had a blood feud with the family which numbered Tulimanu among its ancestors.

But there was one thing that gave me a wrenching power on any story that Lauta might have tucked away in his memory—I could break it loose and wind it up to the surface for inspection. That lay in the fact that Lauta and I had financial dealings with one another; in fact I was his banker for varying sums. As the security for my loans was articles of wear, I suppose I might as well call myself a pawnbroker. That has to be in any money dealings with Samoans—they would borrow without limit, and never repay unless they deposit some valuable possession as collateral for the debts which they incur.

The only thing to be found in any Samoan house which has been found to be a valid security and which they will really work to reclaim is the ancestral fine mat; accordingly it is the only safe pledge for money loaned. These mats are remarkably fine pieces of hand weaving, as dainty as damask, and each one represents months and years of careful work. They seldom vary in size by more than a few inches one way or the other from four yards square, and when it is at all possible to buy one, a price of $50 is about the lowest that can be made for even the newest. When such a mat has entered upon its career, in connection with the marriages of the chiefs and high-born maidens, it is well nigh impossible to purchase it at any price. The older a mat is, and the longer its history of successive wedding ceremonies, the more it is valued. Each mat has a name, its history is chanted when it is displayed before the admiring populace on the village green, songs are written about it in the most extravagant metaphors, and the highest chiefs do not disdain to pay it the most exaggerated forms of respect. From this short account it will be seen that in Samoan life the fine mat is a very large factor, and that a mat with a name and a history may well serve as security for rather considerable sums.

Nobody knows how old Lauta really is, for he, of course, has no means of establishing his personal chronology. The first clue is his statement that when he was already a grown man and invested with the chiefship of Vaiala and the title of Le Patu, which goes with it, he came as a deck passenger from Pango Pango to Upolu on the "first man-of-war." As the Samoans have lost all remembrance of their discovery in the last century by Bougainville, who introduced the archipelago to geography as the Navigator Islands, this first man-of-war refers to the vessels of the United States Exploring Expedition under Wilkes in 1839. If Lauta were a grown man at that time, he must now be somewhere in the neighborhood of ninety years. However that may be, he does not look it, but it is not by any means impossible, for it was only in December last that the last survivor of that great expedition died, in the person of Charles Erskine, of Roxbury, Mass., for a score of years a seaman in the navy. But looks afford small clue to the age of any islander; they are for the most part aged men at forty years, and dead beore fifty, and no amount of survival after the half-century mark seems to bring any further traces of age. Physically the old man showed no sign of feebleness, except for the fact that he could not walk with ease, and that was not a mark of age, but was due to the fact that the elephantiasis had made his left leg as big around as a keg. Mentally he was as chipper and hearty an old boy as could be imagined, and the political harangues, an hour or more in length, that he frequently felt impelled to deliver at the gate of our compound, showed no lack of energy.

Considering his advanced age one would have thought that Lauta would have outgrown the spendthrift habits of youth, and would have settled down to prudent economy. Such, however, was not the case. The old chief was always broke, and always trying to negotiate a loan; and as we, according to his way of thinking, had at our disposal the whole of the boundless resources of the United States, he felt that we should supply his various needs. His first touch was for $100 on the security of a ground and chattel mortgage of a village up the coast. To be sure the village was in the rebel country, and Lauta had no slightest vestige of authority over it any way, but to be found out in a little trick of that nature did not in the least disturb the old man. After much palaver we established things on a business basis; he might borrow sums of $5 at a time, for one month, only by depositing for each loan a genuinely old fine mat. If, at the expiration of that month, he did not come to time with the money, the mat and all its traditions should pass irrevocably to me. I must say that the old chief did live up to this arrangement, much to my regret, for some of the mats which were left in my custody I should have been glad to own at almost any price.

While I was pursuing my investigations, with small result, into the history of Tulimanu, there came a crisis in the finances of old Lauta. I had on pledge a mat that may have been centuries old. Its legend was that it had been woven in the ninth heaven of all, and had been floated down for the wedding of some great hero ages ago. It was venerated by all Samoans. Even King Malietoa, when I took it from the safe to show it to him, lifted one corner reverently to his head and said, "Take it away, for it dazzles my eyes," and that is about the highest thing that can be said of any fine mat. The day was at hand when the $5 was to be paid or this treasure of a mat pass into my ownership. Perhaps the village women had not done well in the laundry business; perhaps there had been no cruiser in port, with sailors ready to hire ponies for wild gallops along the beach. At any rate the money market was absolutely flat in Vaiala; the old chief did not have the money, and came to beg an extension of time. It was within my rights to foreclose, but it did seem hard to acquire such a mat for so little and I gave up my chance to own the woven history, and granted an extension on condition that Lauta should tell me the story of the Samoan Nimrod. The ancient chief agreed. My boys prepared his bowl of kava, and his titles and degress were duly called when the first shellful was carried to him to drink. Then seated on a mat in a shady corner of the veranda, with his fly flapper hung over his shoulder, except when he needed emphasis, and used it to switch his back, Lauta told the old tale of Tulimanu, and he was probably the only man left in Samoa who could tell it.

"It's all changed now, Tamaita'i," he began, after a pause to carry his memory back to the old times. "It's all so different. Now Samoans work to get money that they may eat the food that comes in the ships from your distant islands, the salmon and the 'pisupo' (pea soup is the generic name for tinned beef), and the biscuits that come in big tins. But before the Papalangi came Samoans were content without working. They found all their food in the sea and in the bush. When I was a boy we used to make parties and go back into the bush to net pigeons for days at a time. That has all been forgotten; these Samoans know not how to sweep the net in the daybreak to catch the pigeons. All have forgotten except myself, and I do not remember much, for I have not handled a pigeon net since I was a very young man. Even then Samoans were not such hunters as they used to be, many generations ago, when they lived together in the bush before the great battle when they drove their enemies away from the shore. Ever since that battle our homes have been along the shore, and only a few villages still remain in the bush. You have been to one such, Tanungamanono, so near to Apia that you can walk to it without fatigue. The wagon road goes by it now, but that has only been within a very few years. In old times the only way to reach it was by the Ala Sopo, from the mouth of the Vaisingano, through the former grove of fragrant pandanus which gave the river its name. Then all the people who followed that path over the Tuasivi from the other side, from Safata and Siumu, stopped at Tanungamanono to rest themselves, and to tell and hear the news before they came down to Apia. The change in the road is so recent that men yet young remember it. Well, Tulimanu, our last great Samoan hunter, was the chief of Tanungamanono in the ancient times, his name So'oalo. How long ago he lived I cannot tell you—we never have learned to count by years after your fashion, and we know only by generations. Some time you ask Fono up there in that town. He is wise in those things, and is of the family of So'oalo. He can tell you just how many generations ago he lived. I think it must have been ten. And So'oalo is buried on the highest crest of Vaea, where runs the westward boundary of the Vaimaunga district. They buried him high in the bush because he was such a hunter, and they made his grave on the boundary line because he belonged partly to Faleata, and each district wanted his 'mana,' the supernatural power that great men leave behind them after they are dead. And you have been at his 'ti'a,' his pigeon netting platform on the Ala Sopo, half way to the Tuasivi; it was there that you stood when you shot your first pigeon. That is why we call you Tulimanu; it is because you stood on his Ti'a when you shot that pigeon, and his 'mana' entered into you makes you a good hunter. We Samoans know how such things are, we may be foolish in Papalangi ways, but we are wise in the ways of our own bush; it is because the spirit of Tulimanu has entered into you that you can kill the birds and hook the fish; that spirit makes you Tulimanu yourself.

"So'oalo was not a born hunter. Until he came to the age when it was right for him to be tattooed, he seems to have been in no way different from the other boys of his village. Nor did he slowly learn the ways of the bush and thus become a hunter through experience as I did myself, as all others have done except you two, you who are Tulimanu because the 'mana' of the old Tulimanu entered into you when you shot your first pigeon on So'oalo's ti'a, and So'oalo, who became in one night Tulimanu, the chief of hunters, because in that one night there entered into him the magic of Pe'a and Fe'e, the bat and the cuttlefish gods. They were heathen gods, you know, and no longer do we pay any attention to them, except when things are going very bad with us, and even then we do not let the missionaries hear of it. How did the might of these two gods enter into the chief? That is what I shall tell you, for that is all there is to the story of Tulimanu. All that I can tell to you is what the fathers have told to their children ever since the time when So'oalo wandered over our Upolu mountains, but how the 'mana' enters into a man I cannot tell you, for that is a mystery and a strange thing.

"One morning, in the circle of house chiefs, when the kava had been made and all the cups carried in due order, So'oalo said, 'I go,' and there was none to ask him whither he went, for his was the highest rank of any chief in the circle of chiefs. So without knowing whither he went, they replied, ''Tis well.' And So'oalo left the house, and with him went his tulafale or talking man, with the staff and the fly flapper pertaining to his office, for it is right that where a chief goes there also shall go his tulafale, else would there be shame on the face of the

chief should he meet another chief and there be none by to make the speeches that should never be forborne when two chiefs are meeting on the way. These two crossed the village green and went south along the Ala Sopo, and the chiefs in the circle said to one another, 'Who goes up the mountain comes down the mountain; perhaps he crosses over to Safata or Siumu.' But others laid by the coir sennit that they were braiding, and leaned upon their hands, as they looked out from the house and watched the disappearing figures, and just before they were lost to sight among the trees it was seen that So'oalo and his companion turned aside into the path which crosses the valley of the Vaisingano, at the cascade of Papaloloa, the long rocks. Then the wachers said, one to another, 'Afimusasa'e! The fire burns in the East; there's many a rich marriage to be made before he reaches Lufilufi on that path.'

"But it was not a courting trip the chief had gone on that day, although after the 'mana' had come to him he made many marriages, and brought many fine mats to Tanungamanono. Where he went and how he passed the night the chiefs and people learned the next morning, when he returned to his house and the circle of chiefs. Young girls brought him basins of clear water that he might cleanse himself of the stains of his travel. The women brought in food on mats, something from the sea and something from the land, as our ancient laws prescribe. Then the kava was chewed and mixed in the dark bowl, with its deep violet stain, and the kava-caller called the cup of So'oalo. But when the girl carried the cocoanut shell cup to him, the chief refused to take it, and the girl carried it back to the bowl to have more kava put in it. Still the chief put out no hand to drain the cup, and the girl brought it back again to the bowl, and this continued until the shell was brimming, but the chief would not take it. Then the kava-caller called the cup with more dignified words, 'Fetch forth the cup of So'oalo, the bone of Manono and the grave of the fleet!' Now that is the highest heaven language that any chief can have in that town, yet the chief refused the cup.

"Then the chief's own tulafale, he who had gone with him on the journey, and had been with him through the night, left the house and stood upon the town green with his staff in hand. Thus standing, he shoutel aloud, 'Sao! Sao! Sao!' and all the people gathered to hear the proclamation. When the shell had been filled afresh the tulafale called the cup for his chief, and this is how he called it: 'Fetch forth the kava of Tulimanu, and its name is the supernatural power of the bat and the cuttlefish.' Then the chief took the shell, poured out a little behind him for the god to drink, then drank himself. Thus So'oalo became Tulimanu.

"There was still more for the tulafale to declare, while the cups of kava were sent around the circle of chiefs. He told how they went to the stone house of the cuttlefish god back in the mountains, the Fale o le Fe'e or Falepouma'a. And he told how the Fe'e gave to So'oalo his 'mana' and the power over things of the sea. Then he told how they went thence when the night was half gone to the summit of the great waterfall, the Afutapu or Forbidden Cataract, and there the Pe'a gave to So'oalo the magic of the bat and the power over all birds and other creatures. But it is not well to talk of these things, for you never know when you are angering the old gods. And it is not necessary to talk about how this was done, for you know already; you have the 'mana' yourself, the 'mana' that Tulimanu gave you on his own ti'a when you stood upon it to kill your first pigeon. So that is why you have power over the living things of the sea and the living things of the bush—it is because Tulimanu gave you the 'mana' that the Fe'e and the Pe'a gave him so many generations ago."

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

A January Afternoon.

OUT of doors: A foot or more of snow covered the face of the earth. The drifts were piled in the roads till their tops were even with the tops of the fences, and big drifts were piled at the lee sides of the buildings. Every sheltered nook and corner was piled full of it. A gale of bitter, cutting wind kept the air so full of flying snow that it was not possible to see a big barn 60 yards from the house. So violent was the wind that it was scarcely possible to stand against it, and it blew the flour-like snow right through one's clothing and left it to melt against the skin. So thick were the clouds overhead and so full the air of flying snow, that the mid-afternoon was gray twilight.

In the house: A cozily furnished family sitting room of ample size, warmed to cozy temperature by the big "air tight" stove, on one side of which lay a sleek, well-fed pointer, and behind it lay the shaggy-haired, big-boned old black setter. On the walls were pictures descriptive of sports with gun and rod; over the mantel behind the stove were two finely mounted buck heads, across which lay an old-fashioned full stock muzzleloading rifle—"grandfather's old rifle," that in its day had been the death of many a fine gobbler—several deer and squirrels galore. On the center table a peck basket full of apples, big belleflowers, with glossy, greenish-yellow skins, with a rosy blush on the side that had been turned to the sun; golden russets dressed in modest brown that hid the honest worth of richness within; Jonathans in livery of the deepest red, and there were winesaps, white pippins, yellow pippins, sweet pippins and flat shaped yellow Andersons, favorite pears, too. On the mantel was a glass pitcher holding a gallon of cider, which was just sharp enough to scratch the throat of him who drank it. A ten-year-old boy had a big stick of stovewood upended between his knees, on one side of him a basket of hickory nuts, which he was cracking on the end of the stick between his knees, and tossing the cracked nuts into a basket on his other side about as fast as the two middle-aged men who sat in the comfortable old rocking chairs could eat them. These two were old cronies who had spent many a day together, and the two dogs that were lying by the stove had been their constant and faithful partners on a great many of their trips afield. It was natural that the two should talk about things pertaining to field sports. One of them was telling some experiences with ruffed grouse in the Black Hills, and when he had finished the story the boy stopped cracking nuts and said, "Uncle Mahlon, tell me about that trip you and grandpa made to the reservoir. I've never heard all of that story yet."

"Well," said Uncle Mahlon, "wait till I drink about two glasses of cider to cut the hicker nut grease out of my throat, and I will tell about it."

After drinking a glass of the cider he said, "If Gran'ther Hill was drinking this cider he would be polite enough to say it was mighty good cider for the time of year, but I imagine it is not near hard enough to suit his taste. That trip to the reservoir was a good while ago, before you were born, but I remember it pretty well yet. One glorious October your grandpa and I hitched old Sorrel Top to the little spring wagon and struck out. We got an early start, and by noon had got to where we thought we could find some sort of game for dinner, so we drove into the edge of the woods, and having unhitched the horse and fed it, we struck out after game, and your grandpa scared up a pheasant which he killed, and we went back to the wagon and built a fire and broiled the pheasant on the ends of long sticks and made coffee, and with our other stuff had the best dinner we ever ate. Then we lay down in the warm sun, just too lazy and contented to do anything else, and both went sound asleep, and maybe wouldn't have waked up the whole afternoon if some hogs had not come nosing round and got into trouble with the dogs. That evening we got to Fort Recovery and stayed at the hotel.

"At noon the next day we only stopped long enough to feed the horse and eat a cold lunch, then drove till 3 o'clock. The horse seemed to be getting tired and the woods looked pretty good for rabbits, so we tied the horse and struck out into the woods. We had not gone far when your grandpa in trying to step over a log, fell sprawling, and almost fell on top of a pheasant. I was so interested in the sprawling and scrambling motions he made that I did not shoot at the pheasant, but he somehow or other got the gun to his shoulder and while lying flat on his stomach shot at the bird, then got on his knees and watched the bird fly away. A little after it had gone out of my sight he said, 'I've marked him all right.' He always could beat everybody marking birds. We went after the bird, and when we were about 50 yards from the tree by which he had marked it, we heard a fluttering in the dry leaves, and rushing over there found the bird kicking its last. It would be too long a story to tell about each bird we killed that afternoon, but we and the dogs worked like beavers till sundown and brought in eighteen pheasants, and I got about two-thirds of them, for it didn't seem to be your grandpa's day for pheasants. I was mightily tickled over it, for he most always socked it to me a little when we went after quail, and I had a new Parker gun and now I felt that I had a gun that I just couldn't miss swith.

"There was a house near where we had left the wagon, so when we got back your grandpa took the horse and got permission to put it in the stable, and I set to work making a lean-to to shelter us over night. How do I make a lean-to? I found a big dry log with two trees standing about 6 feet from the log and about 8 feet apart. I cut a pole long enough to reach from one tree to the other. Then I cut two saplings 8 feet long with forks on their upper ends, leaned them against the trees and put the pole in the forks. Then I cut other poles and leaned them against pole that reached from one tree to the other, letting the other ends of the poles rest on the ground so they slanted like the rafters of a house. Over these poles I spread a big piece of canvas we had brought along, and it was big enough for the ends to hang down and close the ends of the lean-to. The top edge was tied to the cross pole and heavy pieces of wood laid on the canvas where the edges flattened out on the ground. By the time your grandpa got back the lean-to was almost done, and he went right at a couple of the pheasants to get them ready for cooking. He was the greatest fellow you ever saw to dress game. He can do it the quickest and cleanest I ever saw it done."

"I know that," said the youngster. "I've seen him dress many a squirrel and quail."

"He was an all-round good man about the camp every way. Wasn't a lazy bone in him, either in the field or round camp. That's why I liked to have him along. Some fellows are so worthless around camp that it's a nuisance to have them in sight, and they are not in sight in more than one camp with me. Well, we built a fire against the big log and prepared and ate a fine supper of broiled pheasant, bread and butter and coffee. My! but it was good and we ate a lot of it—ate a whole bird apiece. We also dressed a couple of big rabbits and broiled them a little for the dogs.

"After supper we brushed a lot of dry leaves into the lean-to for our bed and made good beds for the dogs in the same way. We spread blankets over the leaves and took the wagon cushions for pillows. After everything was ready, we took some birds to the house and gave them to the people who lived there, and they invited us to stay over night with them, but we preferred our snug camp. Then they insisted that we have breakfast with them, and we accepted, but wished we hadn't, for the pheasants were not cooked to our liking, and it wasn't like a breakfast in camp anyway.

"After breakfast we struck out for more pheasants and got several more. (Just wait, sonny, till I get another glass of that cider.) About 10 o'clock we hitched up and drove the rest of the way to the reservoir, getting there before noon. What is the reservoir? Well, in the first place, it was a great big piece of woods, many of the trees very large ones, and there were tens of thousands of them. The Beaver River ran through those woods, and its banks were very low. To furnish water for a canal, a dam was built across the river, and for several miles across the low ground on either side of the river. The ground is so nearly all the same level that when the water was held back by the dam it covered 17,000 acres of the woods with water. It is said to be the largest artificial lake in the world. The standing water killed all the trees, and after a few years most of them rotted off even with the top of the water, and becoming soaked, sank to the bottom. At the time we were there, the dam was somewhat out of repair, so the water was about 4 feet lower than usual, leaving the tops of the stumps about 4 feet above the water, and there were still hundreds of the big dead trees standing. Queer looking place? I should say so. Can't describe it. It is dreariness, desolation and death. When darkness begins to fall and a mist rises from the water and the trees that are standing look like giant ghosts, and the big owls perch on them as they do every night, and hoot, its an eerie, uncanny place.

"We stayed there only a few days, and one mallard and one pheasant was all the game we got. On the way home we stopped and hunted half a day in the woods where we killed so many pheasants, but not a bird could we find. Guess they must all have been in the trees that day. In the afternoon it began to rain, and the rest of the way was slow, muddy, wet, cold and miserable. Now let's have some more cider."

O. H. HAMPTON.

In Frontier Days.—III.

The Demise of Splayfoot.

WINTER set in in a few days after the wolfers had finished their tunnel. One morning when they awoke they found a little pile of snow in the fireplace which had sifted down the chimney during the night, and when the door was opened they saw that a real blizzard was on. The bitterly cold wind was from the east, and the snow was falling so fast that the opposite shore of the river was invisible. They were delighted at the change; their days of enforced idleness were over; from that time until spring they would be busy poisoning and skinning wolves.

Very early the day after the storm they started out to kill and poison some baits, Jack and Ben going to the west, Longhair and the Scribbler quartering up the hills to the east of the cabin. It was very cold; a thin, sparkling feather of frost hung in the air, and great clouds of fog arose from the narrow black line of open water in the channel of the river. The storm and intense cold had driven unusual numbers of game in from the plains. The bottoms and slopes of the valley were fairly black with buffalo, checkered with the light forms of the antelope, which were also there in thousands. A band of mule deer, alarmed by the approach of the two men, suddenly rushed out of a low coulée and then stopped to gaze foolishly about. But they were safe; even the big buck with the massive set of antlers was too small for a good bait, and in those days his kind were seldom killed for food.

Whatever may be the case elsewhere, the mule deer of the upper Missouri subsist almost entirely upon the slender terminal shoots and leaves of the greasewood brush; one always finds the paunch distended with it. Is it this diet of dry, bitter wood which makes their meat so dark and coarse, their fat so hard that when cooked and hot it instantly congeals and sticks to one's mouth? Their flesh is certainly not to be compared to that of the other ruminants which subsist chiefly upon grass. So little did the wolfers think of them that they never shot one; buffalo meat was their preference, varied occasionally by a feast of fat bighorn or antelope or white-tail deer.

About half a mile from the cabin a well traveled game trail entered the valley from the plains through a break in the prevailing cliffs. As Longhair and the Scribbler approached the place, a small herd of buffalo was just coming through on their way into the valley. They kept on until they were directly opposite the two hunters, a coulée about 200 yards wide intervening between them. "Paste that big cow in the lead, Scrib," said Longhair, "an' be sure to hit her so she'll drop right there on the trail; we don't want no baits down in the coulées."

The Scribbler refused the shot. "You are a better marksman than I am," he replied; "shoot her yourself."

Longhair brought his gun to his shoulder and fired with the ease and celerity of the professional hunter. The crack of the rifle sounded very faint in the cold, thin air. Thud! went the bullet against its mark, and down dropped the cow in her tracks, shot through the shoulder and heart, as was afterward ascertained. Is the .45-70, the .50-110, the .30-30 powerful enough for bear, for moose for elk? modern sportsmen are continually asking. Powerful fiddlesticks! What weapon was it that practically exterminated the buffalo, and so decimated the ranks of the grizzly tribe? 'Twas the Henry rifle with its 28 grains of powder and 200 of lead. It was a deadly thing in the hands of those old-time hunters.

When Longhair fired the herd lost no time in scampering back up the trail. The hunters made their way over to the fallen cow, turned her on her back, propping up the body by turning the head sharply around against a foreshoulder, and then removed the entrails. A large amount of blood remained in the cavity, and they quickly poured two bottles of strychnine into it, thoroughly mixing it with the rapidly congealing fluid and smearing the whole inside. The contents of another bottle was sprinkled into deep gashes cut in the body and upon the heart and organs lying beside it. Before they had half finished several interested spectators arrived. A couple of magpies were the first to come, and they were so bold that they fluttered about the men, chattering and scolding almost within arm's reach. Next came a kit fox sniffing the air and picking up his ears and alternately advancing and retreating in the trail just above. Poor creatures! they fell victims to the deadly poison before the wolfers passed out of sight of the bait.

The next trail entering the valley was three miles further on. There also a buffalo was killed and poisoned, and the two swung down the ridge to the river. Here were more buffalo, and the Scribbler shot one, which tumbled over the steep bank onto a sand bar at the water's edge. In winter the wolves traveled up and down stream a great deal on the ice, and although the snow had fallen but a couple of nights before, they already had a well-beaten trail near each shore. It was a sort of boulevard, a strolling place, where they met of nights to practice their weird and melancholy chorus. It was an ideal place for a bait, that sandbar beside their well-beaten road, and Longhair surveyed the carcass of the buffalo with great satisfaction. "Them two up on the hills is all right," he said, "but here's where we make the biggest killin'. There, we've poisoned it to rights. Come on; le's go home."

Tired of tramping through the deep snow, they chose the easier route homeward over the ice, following the wolf road. On their way they saw where a buffalo had walked out on the ice to get a drink from the open water in the channel, but there was no returning track, and the broken ice at the edge of the narrow opening explained the reason—it had crashed through the thin sheet and drowned. A great many of them lost their lives in that way every winter.

Arrived at camp, Longhair and the Scribbler found that their partners had preceded them and had supper ready. How warm and cozy the cabin was after the long tramp in the cold and snow! How cheerful the ruddy glow from the fireplace illuminating every detail of the rude interior. And how they did relish that meal of boiled ribs, beans and bread!

Jack and Ben had put out four baits, and on their way home had found three wolves lying dead around the carcass of the first buffalo they had killed. As they were not frozen, they skinned them and brought in the pelts. It was a good beginning, and proved one most important point—that their strychnine was good.

The next morning the river was found to have frozen solid, so all hands crossed over and put out some baits on that side and up Eagle Creek. The succeeding day the baits first put out were examined, and sixty-three wolves were found, to say nothing of coyotes and kit foxes, which were of no value in those days. Around every bait the snow was strewn with the long-haired animals. Some had died with their heads on the carcass; a few had got away several hundred yards before falling; the majority lay within a circle of 50 yards. Some were very dark colored; some a light gray; a few as white as the snow they lay upon. "We're sure in luck," Ben said that evening. "Le's see: five times sixty-three—three hunderd an' fifteen dollars' worth o' pelts in two days, baits acrost the river not counted. If we could keep that lick up all winter we'd come out millionaires next spring."

"The Lord tempers the wind to a sheared sheep, as the preacher says," Longhair remarked. "Looks as if I was goin' to make enough ter buy some more pack mules 'n' a saddle hoss 'n' a new outfit o' stuff."

And now the days passed quickly, one much like another. When it was pleasant the wolfers wandered around among their baits, noting with great satisfaction the increasing number of wolves lying about them. When it was very cold or stormy they remained in their comfortable cabin, happy and contented. Nothing worried them. As the season advanced, a less and less number of wolves fell victims to the deadly baits, perhaps because the greater part of those in the vicinity had already partaken of the poisoned meat; or because the survivors had become educated and were wary of the food so temptingly offered them. One would naturally think that at sight of a number of his kindred lying stiff and stark about a bait, any sensible wolf would become panic stricken and immediately strike out for other regions. Unfortunately for the wolfers, there were but two or three chinooks during the winter, and they were of such short duration that the frozen animals never thawed out so they could be skinned. After January no more baits were poisoned, for it was evident that when warm weather did set in many of the pelts would decay before they could be removed. In fact, there were already more dead wolves than could be cared for.

"Le's take a spin down to my shack," said Longhair one morning in March.

Every one was in favor of the proposition, and after breakfast they strapped a few blankets and some eatables on their backs and started down the river on the ice. The sun shone brightly, the still air was just below freezing point, and the hills and bottoms were nearly bare of snow, the effects of a recent chinook. It was evident that spring was at hand. Even the game realized it, for everywhere along the bottoms and hills they stood lazily sunning themselves, or lay among the sage brush asleep. The buffalo had long since lost the beautiful dark brown luster of their coats, and were now a dingy, yellowish white. There were thousands and thousands of them in the valley that day, and apparently as many antelope. The coats of the latter, too, had been bleached by the brilliant rays of the winter sun. Bands of bighorn, thirty and forty in a bunch, were frequently seen on the nearby buttes, and occasionally a bunch of them, down close to the edge of the river, took fright at the approach of the travelers and bounded away up the hill, where from a safe distance they gazed curiously at the men, stamping the ground with their front feet as is their custom when alarmed. On and on, hour after hour, the wolfers trudged at a live pace, and on either side of them, at every step, some kind of game—buffalo or antelope, sheep or deer, elk or wolves—was in sight.

"There's where my shack is," exclaimed Longhair along in the afternoon, pointing to a gap in the south side of the valley.

"That's where Arrow Creek comes in," said Ben. "You sure picked out a bad place to camp; worlds o' game here, of course, but it's a reg'ler runway fer war parties travelin' back an' forth atween the Yellowstone an' the north; don't see how you made out to stop here as long as you did."

Arrived at the mouth of the creek, the first thing the wolfers saw was some moccasin tracks on the sandbar, and up in the timber bordering the river they found them again in a snow drift. They were evidently not more than a week old.

"Gran'pa's coat buttons!" exclaimed Longhair. "I'm glad I wa'n't here when these fish come along. What's that the preacher says? A poor man fer childern an' a fool fer luck."

"Therefore, being lucky, you're a fool," the Scribbler added.

"I never said I wa'n't," Longhair replied. "I've been a fool all my days, an' will be, world without end, as the preacher says. Some day I'll tell yer all about it."

The hills and flat were carefully looked over before the men left the shelter of the cottonwood grove and approached the shack, which was at the lower end of the bottom. Here also there were moccasin tracks in the drift before the doorway, but the makers of them had not crossed the threshold. The Indian is a superstitious creature, afraid of ghosts and spirits, afraid even of his own shadow. And there on the cabin floor in plain sight through the open dooor lay a fleshless human skull. Evidently Longhair's little trap had been the death of at least one paint-daubed warrior. The wolfers passed inside; the interior looked as if a tornado had broken loose there. The rocks and baked mud of the fireplace were scattered promiscuously over the floor; the logs and roof in the vicinity of the explosion had been forced out, and the whole corner was about ready to fall apart. The floor was littered with flour, beans and rice, evidently spilled out by the survivors in order to get sacks in which to stow provisions as they wanted. At least no sugar, coffee or bacon was found, and the molasses keg was empty. Among the debris were a number of gnawed human bones and parts of Indian clothing, and in one corner another skull was found, which pleased Longhair immensely. "I'll call it square right here," he said. "Two Injuns for four head of stock an' the outfit ain't bad pay."

It was not a fit place to camp; there was a disgusting oder of decayed flesh in the place, so the men went back to the timber, built a small fire and prepared their evening meal. They turned in early, and at daylight next morning were well on their way home, where they arrived in due time, pleased to have learned the result of Longhair's little scheme.

A few days after their tramp to Arrow Creek a chinook set in, and they were soon busy removing the hides from the poisoned wolves, and pegging them out on the ground to dry. It was hard work, and a greasy, disagreeable job, but they kept steadily at it, begrudging even the time required to eat their midday lunch. It was their harvest time; every well-haired and well-cured hide, they knew, was worth a five-dollar bill. No wonder they worked with tireless energy. One evening it was Longhair's turn to cook supper. "Grub pile," he yelled, as he poured out the tea, and the tired men wearily filed in and sat down at the table.

"Well," Ben began, but he never finished the sentence. There was an eruption of earth, sticks and grass under their feet, and with a loud woof! woof! woof! a huge grizzly shot out of the entrance to the tunnel, overturned the table with its load of food and dishes and sent the men sprawling in every direction. Exactly what they did in the next few seconds none of them was ever afterward able to tell. There seemed to be a general mix up of bear, men and furniture. There is no denying that they were panic stricken, too badly scared to yell or swear. Without stopping, the bear flew around and around the room like a whirlwind, woof, woofing, and knocking things out of his way. The bunks were in two tiers, and Ben and the Scribbler found themselves in an upper one looking down with distended eyes and open mouths at the bear careening around. Longhair and Jack had managed to get out the door, and just as they crossed the threshold the bear had struck it and knocked it shut.

"My God, Ben!" the Scribbler gasped, "what are we going to do?"

"Hey, Longhair! Jack! open the door an' let the cuss out," Ben yelled.

There was no answer, and the two looked at each other in dismay. The bear meantime had stopped in its wild and frenzied course and was standing near the opposite wall, swaying from one foot to another and dismally wailing. All of the rifles were over in a corner beyond him and out of reach.

"He's just as bad scart as we be," said Ben. "Le's throw some blankets at him an' set him goin' ag'in. Mebbe he'll dive back into the tunnel if he ever sees the hole."

"No, no," the other demurred; "more likely he'll take a notion to tear down the bunks or pull us out of them."

"He ain't seen us; he ain't looked up once. Now then, when I throw this, yell for all yer worth."

The blanket fell over the bear's head and shoulders, and with an angry, terrified roar he struck at it with his forepaws, at the same time backing to get out from under it, and to the watchers' surprise and delight he suddenly fell into the mouth of the tunnel and disappeared. The two men sprang to the floor, grabbed their rifles and were out of the door in no time, where they beheld Longhair and Jack perched on the roof of the cabin. "Git yer guns an' watch here," Ben shouted; "Scrib an' me'll go to the river end o' the tunnel; the bear's gone back into it."

They ran through the narrow strip of timber to the edge of the bank; the beaver cuttings and drift wood which had concealed the tunnel's end were scattered in every direction; there was no bear in sight. "He ain't come out," said Ben, "an' to git out he's got to back up the hull way, fer the tunnel's too narrow fer him to turn round in. We'll git him pretty soon."

But they didn't. Just then a shot rang out over at the cabin, followed by Longhair's triumphant yell. "Come back," he cried, "I got him."

Sure enough he had; the bear had stuck his head up out of the tunnel and then fallen back with a bullet through his brain. The wolfers gathered about the narrow entrance and looked in; there he lay at the bottom, stone dead. It was no small task to get him out, but with levers and ropes and pries they finally had him up on the cabin floor. "Look here, fellers," Jack suddenly exclaimed, lifting up a hind leg. "I'm darned if we hain't got ole Splayfoot at last."

Yes, 'twas him; there was no mistaking that foot, bent inward from the ankle, the result of an old fracture of the joint. "Well, well!" said Ben, "I never expected to see him ag'in. Jest think of it, we've follered him a thousan' mile off 'n' on, 'n' then got him right in the house at last. But, man! he wound things up in a blaze o' excitement. I dunno when I been so flustered as I was when he kinder blowed up through the tunnel."

"All things comes to the feller what waits, as the preacher said," Longhair put in. "Well, le's drag the old cuss out 'n' skin him."

The next morning the wolfers inspected their tunnel. Why old Splayfoot had undertaken to explore it was a mystery, but why he had bolted up into the cabin was plain to be seen; almost at the end the roof had caved in, completely filling the cut, and as he could not turn around he had been forced to go on. It took the men a whole day to wheel out the dirt and prop up the roof, and then the entrance at the river was carried over as before. However, they luckily had no occasion to use it that year; so long as they remained there no war party ever came near the place.

* * * * * *

One day in April the long expected and long looked for smoke of a steamer was discovered far down the river, and the wolfers hurried to get their belongings out on the bank, ready to put aboard. The result of their season's work made a goodly showing; there were 900 prime wolf skins, twenty in a bunch, pressed, baled and bound with rawhide thongs. There were also some bear hides, including Splayfoot's, and a few beaver pelts which Jack had caught at odd times in the river near by. It seemed to the impatient men as if the steamer would never arrive, but finally she came puffing slowly along against the swift current, and in answer to a rifle shot swung in to the bank. The gang plank was lowered, the hawser made fast to a tree, and as the deck hands ran out to carry on their pelts and things, the wolfers stepped aboard, the cynosure of all eyes. There were many passengers, including a number of women, come to try their fortunes in the boundless West, and they crowded around the new arrivals and began to ask all sorts of questions. Ben and Jack and the Scribbler fled from them, but Longhair was in his element, and the lies he told those pilgrims were monumental. "Are the buffalo very fierce animals?" one thin, consumptive looking man was heard to ask.

"You bet they be," Longhair replied. "They rush at a feller on sight an' eat him up if they catch him. They don't like white men much, though. They live mostly on Injuns."

"What do you hunters eat mostly?" a woman asked.

"Meat."

"What? No vegetables? No green things of any kind?"

"Well, we eat grass in the spring when it's young an' tender like; we bile it an' put on vinegar, an' it goes fust rate."

The tenderfeet believed everything he said.

Fort Benton was sighted the evening of the second day after the wolfers went aboard. The steamer whistles blew, a cannon at the old adobe fort boomed a salute to the first boat of the season, and all the people of the town thronged to the levee to see her come in. There were merchants and soldiers, gamblers, saloon keepers and hurdy gurdy girls, traders and trappers, miners from the Rocky Mountains, bull whackers, mule skinners and Indians, a motley crowd. The wolfers were vociferously greeted by their friends, their hands nearly shaken off. "Come on," they cried, "and bring your friend. What's his name? Longhair? Come on, Longhair, the town's yours."

THE SCRIBBLER.

A Small Cook Book

For Our Club House.

Chapter III.—Ducks, Turkeys and Chickens.

To cook a duck, put him in a baking pan having a tight cover, with a half-inch of water in the pan. Break two sticks of celery in two and lay over his bosom. These are all the flowers needed at the funeral of a duck. Cover him up tight and bake or roast him, whichever it may be called, in a hot oven, and it is sinful to leave him to get overdone.

The turkey is a hard bird to spoil, but he must be well stuffed. If you have oysters for the stuffing, there is nothing better. If not, break up a small loaf of bread into good sized crumbs, salt and pepper them well, put them in a skillet with a lump of butter and brown them, after which add a sprig of sage crumbled up fine, and a double handful of raisins. Stuff the turkey with this in preference to the wet, soggy concoctions sometimes used.

To fry a chicken, clean and dry it and cut into halves or quarters, dependent upon its size. Rub the pieces in flour and then rub more flour in the pieces. Put a few slices of breakfast bacon (which means smoked bacon) in a frying pan and fry the grease out of them. Add some lard to the bacon fat so as to have enough to cover the bottom of the pan well. Salt this and pepper it well while it is hot, and when it is smoking hot put in the chicken. When it is browned and cooked through, proceed in one of the following ways:

Transfer the chicken to a baking dish.

Pour off all the grease but the "settlings," and add a little water to the settlings in the frying pan. Bring it to a sizzle, pour it over the chicken in the baking dish, cover the dish and set it in the oven or on the stove to steam for a moment or two. This makes fried chicken tender. Flavoring the hot grease makes it taste good. Of course every woman thinks she can fry a chicken as well as the next one, but let her try this kind on her men folks once and take their verdict.

The other way is the true Maryland style, and involves more trouble. First of all, make some cornmeal mush and let it get cold and hard, cut into slices and fry to a dark brown. When the chicken is taken from the frying pan it is placed on a hot platter and put in a warm place while you make the gravy. Pour off all the fat but about a tablespoonful, being careful to not pour off any of the settlings. Put into the pan a tablespoonful of flour, and, with the pan on the stove, mix it with the fat. Pour into this a sufficient quantity of cream—about a pint will do—salt and pepper it and stir it while it boils for five minutes. (The flour must be cooked, else it will be only so much starch.) Pour over the chicken, garnish with the fried mush, and if there are any complaints refer them to me.

There are, of course, many other things to eat, and many other ways of preparing even the few things mentioned above, but these suggestions will suffice to make successful cookery for members of hunting and fishing clubs, and they are also recommended to keepers of hotels where sportsmen stop. One more word in closing. Do not give your guests any one thing too often. Change the bill of fare each meal. Chicken is good one day, it is endurable the next and intolerable the third day. Variety is the spice of cookery.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

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Natural History.

North Carolina Wolves.

LITTLETON, N. C., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In several numbers of FOREST AND STREAM recently there has been mention of wolves in eastern North Carolina. I have just returned from a quail shooting trip to that section, and at the same time a visit to my parents. Added to the pleasure of seeing them, I had fine sport on birds, which are plentiful, but find the thickest places for cover I ever saw when a covey is flushed. There are so many peanuts for food and stacks of shelter that snows can have but little effect upon them. Woodcock and turkeys are plentiful there, and rarely ever hunted. With a properly trained dog I think I could kill a turkey every day.

Of particular interest to me was a captive she wolf which my brother, Mr. G. C. Picot, had kept chained for several months at his country store. During this time she passed through a period of œstruation. My brother made a great many ineffectual efforts to breed her to various kinds of dogs. In his efforts he was warmly seconded by her wolfship, who made every show of solicitation. Her actions were just like those of a female dog under like condition. But the only effect these advances had upon every dog was to make, from the end of his tail to the back of his head, "each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The first scent of the wolf caused the dog's tail to draw tightly between his legs, and there he kept it until he was removed to a distance, when he would sit on his haunches and say, "Boof! boof, boof!" just as dogs do when they catch the smell and sight of the peregrinating Italian and his dancing bear. A very conceited bull terrier was offered, and his vanity received a crushing blow. His courage was no better than that of curs of low degree. He whined piteously to be removed from her presence. Really it was the smell of the wolf that so terrified the dogs. The Delaware Park superintendent, after scoffing the idea of wolves being caught in North Carolina, bought one from Mr. Abbott at a good, stiff price, and has it on exhibition with other wild animals peculiar to North Carolina and Virginia. Delaware Park belongs to the Seaboard Air Line Road, is about forty-five miles from Portsmouth, Va., south, and is used as a picnic and pleasure ground for excursions. I could furnish you a kodak of the wolf if it would be of any interest to you or your readers. It will be a most difficult matter to exterminate these wolves, on account of the inaccessibility and large size of the forest in which they are hidden.

L. J. PICOT.

The Fear of Wild Animals.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have always been impressed with the erroneous ideas of the great mass of people in regard to the danger of contact with wild animals of this country, at one time making mention of it in FOREST AND STREAM, and speaking particularly of the fear of panthers. All of the old-time hunters with whom I have talked had a mortal dread of them.

I was much pleased with the editorial of a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM on that subject, since it expressed so exactly what my own experience and investigations have proven to be correct, and I was just writing a few lines to express my appreciation of that article, which was well worth preserving, when along came an article from S. E. Filkins, which called for some moderation of the editorial.

I haven't a doubt about every word of Mr. Filkins' being true concerning the New York panther, since it is just in keeping with the "critter's" way of doing things.

That they will follow a person for miles either in daytime or at night is a certainty, and no doubt that is what gives them a bad name. That they make suspicious demonstrations and "hair raising" noises is also true, but the only proof we can accept that they will actually attack a man is to learn of some known instance of the kind, and I have never yet known of such, and have never heard of it except in stories which originated in the mind of some writer, which are disgusting to all who are familiar with wild animal life.

Two instances of adventure with these creatures came under my observation while living in the Rocky Mountains, which bear out my belief. My near neighbor, Cooke Rhea, a noted hunter, at one time wounded one and it went into a sort of cave under a large rock. Being a man who knew no fear, he went in after it. After being in some little time, objects began to be discernible in the dark, and he saw the panther but a few feet from him. He fired at its head and succeeded only in breaking its jaw. Rather than attack him even then, when wounded and crowded as far as it could go, it slunk back into the corner and was shot to death without showing sign of fight.

Another one came to an outbuilding at Mountain Home Road Ranch, on the Medicine Bow Range, after some meat which was hanging there. It was discovered and attacked and killed with a pitchfork in the absence of a gun, and no one received a scratch. These are facts.

An uncle of mine, an old-time hunter, went off on an extended hunt once to be gone over night. When quite a distance from home his dog came to him and he allowed him to follow. That night when his fire had burned low he was aroused by his dog jumping over him and chasing some animal. After it got some distance away it began its unearthly screaming, and then he knew it was a "painter." Of course, he believed until the day he died that his dog saved his life that night, while I firmly believe that had his dog not been along he would never have known there was a panther near him. With their size, wonderful strength and agility, they would certainly be the most dangerous of North American animals if they were inclined that way, and we would have a long list of people killed by them, for no man could live two minutes in combat with one. Who can tell of an instance of a man being attacked by one? Let us hear of it, for nothing else can convince us.

When I read the editorial referred to, I wished so much that all my Eastern friends could have read something of the kind before I returned from the West, as it might have saved me the annoyance of replying to many foolish questions such as "Did you ever have any fights with wild animals?" "Weren't you afraid to be in the woods alone?" etc. I do believe there is less of intelligence and knowledge among otherwise intelligent people on this subject than any other that could be mentioned.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Eider Ducks on Toronto Bay.

TORONTO, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 15 mention was made of an eider duck having been killed near Toledo on Lake Erie, evidently a rare visitor in that locality. While I can hardly say they are common near Toronto, there is generally one or two taken every year. This year, however, there has been an unusual number about the bay, fifteen or twenty having been killed in the harbor.

The eider ducks that come this way seem to have less fear of man than the ordinary domestic fowl, consequently they afford an easy mark for the first man or boy with a shotgun that happens to see them, so that perhaps it is a good thing for the future of the species that so few of them visit the Great Lakes.

JNO. TOWNSON.

The Starling in America.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While discussing a proposal made by Didymus to introduce the English woodcock in America, Mr. Van Name, in your issue of this date, refers to the "European starling" and says that it "will probably prove to be a great pest." Will Mr. Van Name enlighten one who wishes to know what bad habits he considers the starling to possess?

EDWARD BANKS.

Stray Blackbird.

BARRE, Vt.—I have noticed several times recently a blackbird among a flock of English sparrows. It flies, eats and lives as one of them. From size, color, etc., I should say it is what is called the cow bird, or cow blackbird. Is it not a singular incident that this bird should be wintering so far north? We now have 18 inches of snow, and are having about zero weather.

B. A. EASTMAN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Last Year's Calendar.

WEATHER assorted,
Snow storms imported,
A gale that cavorted
Through forest and stream.

Then wonders of bloom,
White orchards in June,
A wealth of perfume,
For forest and stream.

Dust and humidity,
Heat like torridity,
A lack of frigidity,
In forest and stream.

Weather assorted,
Game laws distorted,
Fishing reported,
In FOREST AND STREAM.

F. L. W.

The Story of a Steer.

DURING a recent trip on a small sternwheel Puget Sound steamer I chanced to drop into the smoking room for my after dinner smoke. The atmosphere was heavily laden and gave forth the diversified odors common to these boats. It was occupied by a picturesque crowd of swarthy lumbermen, picked up at the various lumber camps along the route, rough miners and prospectors from Alaska and Washington, sleepy moon-eyed Celestials en route for Seattle, Siwash Indians from the salmon fisheries, here and there a drummer and traveling poker player, and a motley assembly in general. I have found by experience that among such an assortment of human nature I would be liable to pick up something of interest, so I seated myself as near a window as possible and listened to the conversation. Ere long stories concerning the immense amount of game formerly found in the Puget Sound country became the topic of the conversation. Some quite startling yarns were spun, and finally an old chap, unkempt and unshaven, and who had evidently occupied his clothes both day and night for a long period, fixed his glittering eye, like the Ancient Mariner, upon the crowd, and thus he spoke:

"'Pears to me you fellers hain't never seen no geese wuth speakin' on 'longside what I seen in this yer country 'fore now. I come from Indiany 'long in '70, and pitched down on the Swinnowish Flats. Talk 'bout geese—a man them days had to jest yell ter hear hisself 'bove the tarnal honkin'. Fust I hired out for $35 a month just to rustle them geese off the grain, for every fall they nigh eat up 'most all ther' crop. Had a rifle and ca'tridges throwed in and plenty grub, too. Wall, after follerin' this some weeks, I see ther' was big money killin of 'em, if I cud git plenty on 'em to one shot. I see they paid no 'tention to cattle browsin' 'round, so I got an ole steddy, long-legged steer and trained him up. I humped up under his belly and mighty soon got him trained so I could work right outer them geese after circlin' round fer a spell. I rigged up a big single gun holdin' nigh half-pound er shot, and fixed a sling fer ther' ole gun 'twixt the steer's front legs. When I gut nigh enuf I faced the steer bow on and let her rip inter 'em, and fust time I let her off she punched me back 'mong that steer's hind legs and mussed me up bad. I uster be in ther' navy onct, so I rigged a runnin' britchin' for that gun, and that took off ther' kick."

"How many did ye ever git to one shot, ole man?" queried a lumberman.

"Best I ever done was eighty-four with both berrils," the old chap modestly replied.

"You jest said you had a single gun, pard."

"Wall, what if I did? Hain't any you fellers ever busted inter a mess er birds. You can't never kill half what yer ort ter, and 'most likedly only skin down a few scatterin ones on the aiges. I found that out, and gut a good double barrel and had her bored out, so I recken she spread her shot nigh 20 foot, and used to rip both on her berrils off to once. After follerin' them geese some time, I see they gut mighty uneasy, 'cept when that steer kept browsin', so I set to work and gut that steer to keep his head down, and when ther' wa'n't no feed at all the old cuss would slobber his mouth over the ground just like he was feedin', and as he drawed up to the geese I could hear him sort ur chuckle inside when he squared 'round fur me ter shoot. Wall, I jest laid out thousands er them geese, but arter awhile I hed to quit."

"How's that, now, when you done so well?" was the next query, and I thought I detected a sly twinkle in the old man's eye as he replied:

"Wall, I'll tell ye. 'Long towards spring one or them fellers from Vanco'ver came down with one or them smell dogs huntin' snipe, and I recken that ere steer seen that dog work, for one day arter rippin' in good rakin' fire, that cussed steer broke shot 'spite all I cud do and run in to retrieve them geese and tramped me nigh ter death, an' I never could break him on it, and 'sides that, them Swinnowish geese grew so dog-gone cunnin' that when they seen a steer swoopin 'long with six legs a-workin' they riz up and lit out plum for Califony."

CAZADOR.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Abolish the Game Markets.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial anent the FOREST AND STREAM Plank in the sportsman's platform, in your issue of the 5th inst., is encouraging reading for all advocates of this Plank.

The widespread interest in game protection, reaching as it does to all sections of our country, has been fostered by the sportsmen's press. Game and fish butchers are being held up to public scorn, and other legitimate ways are adopted to crystallize public opinion on the subject of the protection and preservation of our game, fish and song birds.

No greater proof is wanted of the power of the press than the immense work along this line and its result during the last decade.

But the press cannot do it all. While much has been accomplished, much remains to be done. Even with present safeguards our game is doomed to extinction unless the marketing of game is absolutely forbidden and the laws rigidly enforced.

To this end sportsmen everywhere should organize and labor till this is accomplished. Organize, organize. Every State should contain a sportsmen's association with a large membership. More can be accomplished by organized effort in one year than can be done by desultory, intermittent, individual effort in ten. An association of 2,000 members, united as one man for a purpose, is a great power. One of 10,000 becomes almost irresistible. Therefore, organize.

Every owner of a gun—and his name is legion—should at once unite with his State association, and if there is no State association, issue a call for the formation of one. Then rush the work all along the line till the closing of the game markets is an accomplished fact.

Now a word as to game markets. The statutes of Ohio read as follows, Sec. 6964: "Whoever shall at any time catch or kill any quail, etc., for the purpose of conveying same beyond the limits of this State, or for sale in the markets of this State, or shall transport or have in possession with intent to procure the transportation beyond the limits of this State, or for sale in the markets of this State, any quail, etc., shall be fined as provided in Sec. 6968."

On the face of it this is a good law. It is fairly well enforced, and its enforcement has resulted in a moderate increase in the game of the State.

But while the markets are unable to furnish game, its sale goes right along without fear of the law or its penalties. Scarcely a hotel of prominence in the State but has furnished its guests with quantities of game. Restaurants everywhere not only furnish their patrons with such game as ducks, squirrels, quail, grouse and rabbits, but sell them to any one who will pay the price.

The law should be changed so as to include hotels and restaurants. The object of the Ohio law is to prohibit the sale of game. It does not do so. It could be made to do so most effectually by adding a clause to Sec. 6964 defining the term "market."

There is plenty of work cut out for our sportsmen, especially those living in Ohio, and it cannot be commenced too soon. A new Legislature is to be elected this year, and we must see to it as far as we can that only those candidates are returned to the Legislature who are favorably inclined toward game protection and a prohibitory game market.

Then abolish spring and summer shooting, confine the season to the glorious days of autumn and this generation of sportsmen will not have lived in vain.

GEO. F. TITUS.

OHIO.

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American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XIX.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Continued from page* 25.]

Ring-Neck Duck, Tufted Duck.

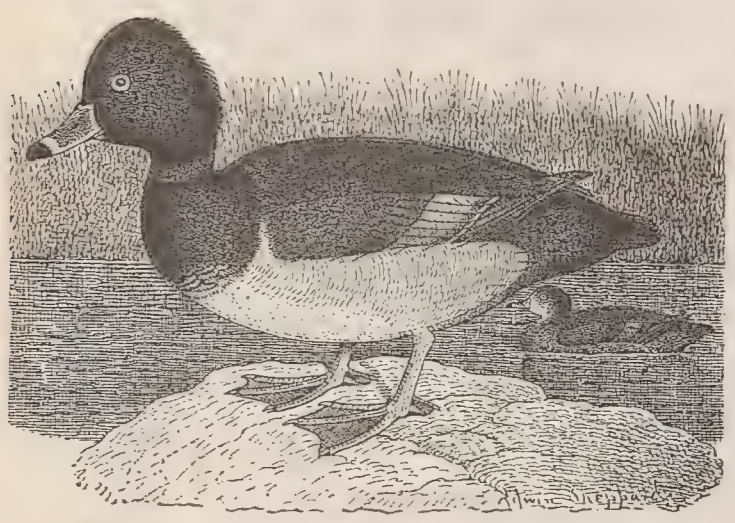
Aythya collaris (Donov.).

THE adult male has back of head and crown loose and puffy, at times showing almost as a crest. The head, neck, breast, upper parts and under tail-coverts, black; the head sometimes glossed with purple and the back with greenish. There is a more or less distinct chestnut or reddish brown collar around the middle of the neck, and a white spot upon the chin. This speculum is bluish gray; sides of body waved with white and blackish lines. The under parts are white. The bill is dark grayish blue, with a black tip, and a very pale (in life nearly white) band across it, near the tip; the eyes are yellow.

The female does not show the neck ring, and the bill is less plainly marked. The black of the male changes to brown in the female. The fore part of head, all about the base of the bill, is nearly white. The lower parts of the body are white, sometimes marked with brown or brownish gray, growing darker toward the tail. The length is 16 to 18 inches.

The female of the ring-neck duck is very similar to that of the redhead, but the former is darker, except about the bill, where the pale markings are much paler, often almost white. The difference in the bills is characteristic, that of the female ring-neck being much the shorter and broader.

The ring-neck duck is by no means so abundant as many of our other species, and is quite commonly con-



RING-NECK DUCK.

fused with the little blackhead, which it closely resembles in habits. In fact, as a rule, gunners do not distinguish between the tufted duck and the little blackhead, and when counting up their score at the end of the day always refer to this species as a blackhead. Its common names indicate this confusion. It is called ring-neck scaup, ring-neck blackhead, marsh bluebill, bastard broadbill, ring-billed blackhead, ring-billed shuffler, and sometimes it is called creek redhead, because of its resemblance to that species. I have also heard boatmen, who had happened to notice the red collar about the bird's neck, call it a hybrid between a blackhead and a redhead.

The ring-neck duck is found sparingly throughout almost the whole of North America. Its chief breeding grounds are north of the United States, but it probably used to breed also in suitable localities on the plains, and its nests have been taken near Calais, in Maine, as well as in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Its nest is built usually in thick cover, close to the water, and is a neater structure than most ducks' nests. The eggs are usually of a grayish ivory white, and number from eight to ten. This species is occasionally taken on the California coast, and also on that of New England, but it is nowhere common. Even in the South, in that paradise of ducks—Currituck, Core and Albemarle sounds—these birds are few in number.

They decoy well and are easily killed when they come up to the stools, although very swift flyers.

It is said that this bird is more abundant on our inland waters than on the sea coast. Even there, however, it can never be called an abundant species. Its flesh, under favorable circumstances, is excellent eating, and if it were more abundant it would be one of the most desirable of our fowl.

The Golden-Eye, Whistler.

Glaucionetta clangula (Bonap.).

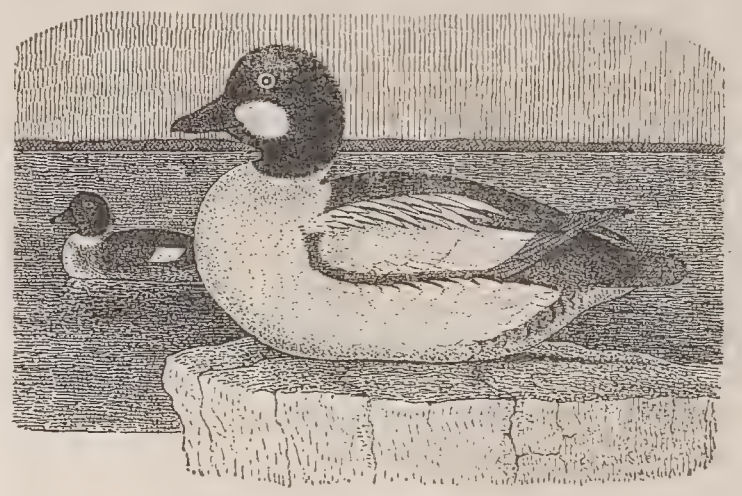
The adult male has the head somewhat puffy, but the feathers longer on the back of the head, forming more or less of a crest. The head and upper part of the neck are dark glossy green, with purple reflections and a roundish and sometimes oval white spot just back of the bill and below the eye. The lower neck, fore back, scapulars and wing coverts, with the secondaries and most of the under parts, pure white; the back, long scapulars, and the base of the secondaries, black. The long feathers of the wings and their coverts are blackish. The tail is ashy gray; the bill black; eye yellow; legs and feet yellowish red. The total length is about 20 inches.

The female has the head and upper part of the neck brown. There is a white ring about the lower neck, and the upper breast is gray. The back is blackish brown. The white on the wing is chiefly confined to the secondaries. The under parts are white; the tail is dark brown; bill sometimes yellowish, but more often brownish; legs and feet as in the male.

The American golden-eye has been separated by naturalists from the bird of Europe and called a variety, on no better ground than that it is slightly larger than the Old World form. Naturalists are not agreed on this point, and sportsmen are not greatly interested in such fine distinctions.

The golden-eye is a bird of wider distribution, breeding throughout the northern parts of the Northern Hemisphere and in summer pursuing its migrations as far south as the Southern United States and even beyond to Cuba. It is a bird familiar to all sportsmen, but from the standpoint of the epicure it is not highly regarded. It has been found breeding as far north as Alaska, and undoubtedly is scattered in summer, in moderate numbers, all over the British possessions. It breeds in Maine and also in Massachusetts, but probably not south of that. I have found the golden-eye common, in summer, in the high Rocky Mountains, not far south of the parallel of 49 degrees, but am unable to say whether it was this or the next species.

The golden-eye is one of the few tree breeding ducks,



AMERICA GOLDEN-EYE.

choosing for this purpose some hollow limb or broken-off stump in which to lay its eggs; these are pale grayish green in color and are said to be from six to eight.

Concerning the breeding habits of this species, the veteran naturalist, Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, said in FOREST AND STREAM:

"Fifty years ago we used to have six different tree ducks breeding on our river: Barrow's golden-eye and the bufflehead *(albeola)* rare, but the common golden-eye, the American merganser, hooded merganser and wood duck abundant. About fifty years ago pickerel were put into our waters, which soon put an end to most of our wild ducks breeding, as the pickerel ate up all the chick ducks except in the few lakes or ponds that were free from pickerel. Near to Calais are several ponds and lakes that are free from those fish, and the tree ducks bring their young to those lakes for safety.

"I was at the Kendrick Lake, and a lad that lived near by was with me. A duck (whistler) came flying low toward us, when the lad threw up his hat with a shout, when the old duck dropped a young one that fell near us that was at least ten days old. The old one went for it so quickly I almost lost it, but I got it and put it in my pocket for a specimen. We were near the lake, and the old duck also, when we saw she had four others in the water. The boy says if we keep quiet she will go away and bring others, or if she is afraid of us very much she will take those across the lake or to the other lake. They were getting near to some water grass, when the old duck made a flutter, caught one and went across the lake; it was hardly two minutes before she returned and took another.

"I don't think she took them by her mouth, and the one she dropped, if it had been in her mouth we should have seen it. Mr. Eastman, father of the lad, said they often took their young from one lake or river to another if they thought them in danger, and said he had seen them bring the young from the nest to the water and then in their bills, but, to go any distance, or if they are any size, carry them pressed to the body by the feet, and the boys often by a shout made them drop their young. They brought me several different kinds afterward, wood duck, whistlers and hooded mergansers, but no young of the large merganser."

The whistler, as it is frequently called, although resorting to the fresh waters during the breeding season, is much at home on the salt water in autumn and winter. It is an expert diver and feeds largely on shellfish, and when it can obtain them, on small minnows. On the other hand, it readily eats grain and frequents the wild rice fields of the interior and the fresh marshes of the coast, and when it has lived on grain for some time its flesh is very good eating. The name whistler, so commonly applied to it along the seacoast, is given because of the quivering, whistling noise made by the wings while the bird is flying, which is often recognizable long before the bird itself can be seen. Other names for this species are golden-eye, from its yellow iris; conjuring and spirit duck, from the rapidity with which it dives; brass-eye and brass-eyed whistler, whistle-wing, merry-wing, great-head, bull-head, iron-head, cob-head and cub-head.

While the whistler is one of our most beautiful ducks, it is not highly regarded by those who have an opportunity to kill better fowl, and like the little dipper and ruddy duck and the mergansers, it is often allowed to pass over the decoys without being shot at. It is not a bird that decoys readily, and as a rule offers little sport; but at many points in New England and Canada, where betters ducks are rare, its pursuit offers some reward to the gunners.

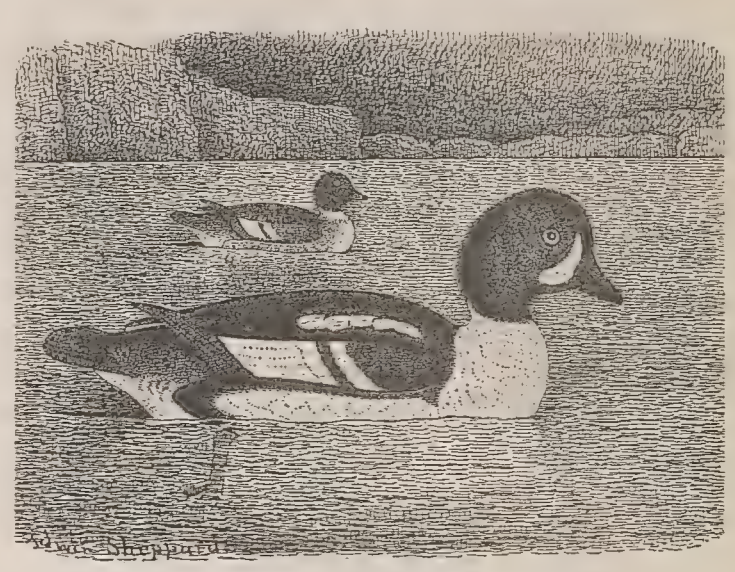
Barrow's Golden-Eye.

Glaucionetta islandica (Gmel.).

Adult male extremely similar to the golden-eye, but larger and with the head and upper neck bluish black, with purplish reflections instead of greenish, with the spot at the base of the bill and in front of the eye, triangular or crescent-shaped, and with very much less white on the wing, this usually being confined to two long bars with a short bar between them.

The female is much as in the ordinary whistler. The collar about her neck is narrower than in the whistler; the white on the wing is less and is crossed by a black bar. The grayish on the breast, sides and flank is wider in this species than in the whistler.

Barrow's golden-eye is much less common than the ordinary whistler. Like that species, it is a Northern bird, but it appears to be much less abundant in Europe than even in this country. I have frequently seen golden-eyes breeding in the lakes in the high Rocky Mountains, which were probably of this species, but I was never so fortunate as to have any of them in the hand. Like the whistler, Barrow's golden-eye breeds in trees, laying eight to ten eggs, grayish-green in color. Mr. C. W. Shepherd found this duck breeding in Iceland, where, in the absence of trees, it built its nest in holes in the cracks and crevices of the lava. Barrow's golden-eye has been found in Alaska, on the Yukon River, and at Sitka, and specimens have been taken at other points in the North. Mr. Boardman believes that this species breeds in the woods of Calais, Me., though as yet their nests have not been discovered. Mr. Nelson states that this species is a winter resident on Lake Michigan, and is proabbly found generally through the interior wherever there is open water. A number of specimens have been taken on the coast of Massachusetts. Dr. Elliot has found it quite abundant on the St. Lawrence River, near Ogdensburgh, and has frequently killed it there over decoys. He says: "The bird would fly up and down the river, doubtless coming from and going to Lake Erie, stopping occasionally in the coves to feed and floating down with the current for a considerable distance, when they would rise and fly up stream again. My decoys were always placed in some cove or bend of the stream where the current was least strong, for I noticed the birds rarely settled on the water where it was running swiftly. This duck decoys readily in such situations, and will come right in, and if permitted settle among the wooden counterfeits. They sit lightly upon the water and rise at once without effort or much splashing. The flight is very rapid, and is accompanied with the same whistling of the wings so noticeable in the common golden-eye. In stormy weather this bird keeps close



BARROW'S GOLDEN-EYE.

to the banks, seeking shelter from the winds. It dives as expertly as its relative, and frequently remains under water for a considerable time. The flesh of those killed upon the river was tender and of good flavor, fish evidently not having figured much as an article of their diet."

Another Long Island Conviction.

MANORVILLE, Jan. 9.—Gilbert W. Raynor, chairman of the Town Board of Audit, president of the Manorville Gun Club, deacon in the church, and ex-Justice of the Peace, was arrested here on Saturday last by Game Protector John E. Overton for shooting quail out of the season, and brought before Justice E. W. Lane. Mr. Raynor asked for time in which to procure counsel, and said he would want the trial by jury, so the request was granted and the trial set down for 11 o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Raynor appeared somewhat late, and said he was not ready for trial as he had no counsel, but Mr. Overton stating that he had no counsel either, but was ready with his witnesses, the Justice proceeded to hear the case. Mr. George V. Hutton swore he saw Mr. Raynor shoot into a flock of quail at a point not far from the Manor depot, and saw one quail drop. Mr. R. L. Wells testified to hearing the report of a gun about the time mentioned by Mr. Hutton. Mr. Raynor refused to testify, but stated that he was out with his gun and dog upon the afternoon in question and in conversation outside admitted that his dog pointed a flock of quail, as sworn to by Mr. Hutton, but claims that he didn't shoot, but only raised the birds to count them. Justice Lane found him guilty and imposed a penalty of $25 or twenty-five days in jail. Mr. Raynor left his check, but declared he would appeal. Those who wish to see the law obeyed are commending both the Justice and Protector Overton for pushing this case and showing that the law is intended to apply to people of all stations in life, regardless of wealth and influence. There were witnesses present ready to testify that this was not Mr. Raynor's first offense against the game law.—Brooklyn Eagle.

North American Fish and Game Association.

QUEBEC, Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am instructed by the Honorable S. N. Parent, president of the North American Fish and Game Association, to call a meeting of the said Association, which meeting will be held in Montreal, in the Government offices, St. Gabriel street, on Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 10 A. M., and at which you are respectfully invited to attend.

L. Z. JONCAS, Secretary.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly give publicity through the columns of your paper the inclosed notice of the annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association?

I would like to add a cordial personal invitation to all interested in these matters, especially regarding the harmonizing of fish and game laws, as between the States and Provinces, to be present at that meeting.

C. H. WILSON,
Vice-President for New York.

Colorado's Big Game and Its Future.

BY D. C. BEAMAN.

I HAVE been requested to furnish something on this question.

A portion of what I shall say has been anticipated by newspaper publication, but there were some errors in dates, etc., and as its restatement is essential to the completeness of this paper, I shall have to ask the forbearance of any who have already read it for its repetition here.

Unless there is a speedy and radical change in protective measures there is no future for the big game of this State.

A retrospect of thirty years will astonish those who have not given the subject close attention.

As is well known, the deer and elk thirty years ago existed in great numbers east of the Continental Divide. Now they are practically exterminated in that portion of the State, except in North Park.

The region known as the Gunnison country, which comprises the Cochetopa hills, the Elk and West Elk mountains, an area of about 4,000 square miles, was, twenty years ago, full of elk, deer and antelope. No one knows how many hundred thousand of them there were in that region, as it was only necessary to go a few miles from the town of Gunnison to get good hunting.

Now they are so scarce that no one thinks of going there to hunt, and for several years Gunnison hunters have been going to Routt and Rio Blanco counties for their big game.

Further north in the Huntsman's hills, on the Muddy and Divide creeks, the Grand and Battlement mesas, an area also of about 4,000 square miles, twelve years ago deer and elk were abundant. They are now scarcer there even than in the Gunnison region.

The White River Plateau, the Flat Top Mountains, the Trappers Lake and Williams Fork Basins—a vast natural garden of parks, groves and lakes of 1,800 square miles—was a game paradise fifteen years ago, and deer or elk were always in sight along the Trappers Lake trail, and in the Williams Fork Basin I have seen bands of elk numbering from 50 to 200, and deer were too plenty for good sport. I have not seen a deer or elk from that trail for more than three years, while the deer and elk have disappeared from the Williams Fork Basin, and I doubt if there is left in that whole region 5 per cent. of those there in 1885.

From a camp on the White River, twelve miles below Trappers Lake, in October, 1889, I have seen 300 deer pass in sight along the hill trails between daylight and sunrise on their way to their winter range. None can be seen there now.

There are, of course, a few deer left in the more inaccessible portions of these regions, but as hunting grounds they are no longer considered.

The deer of these regions which have not been killed have been gradually crowded north, until their summer range is in a region bounded by the Medicine Bow Range, the Wyoming line, the White River and the Eleventh Auxiliary Guide Meridian, a total area of about 5,000 square miles, but taking into account the portions from which they are excluded by the settlements and natural conditions, their actual summer range is probably little more than half that.

In October, usually about the first full moon, they begin their migration to the lower regions westward. A few stop in the low hills and valleys of the streams, but the majority drift before the snow to a narrow strip west of the Twelfth Guide Meridian, north of the Grand River and south of Wyoming, some going over into Utah. Their present winter range in Colorado, excluding settlements, etc., is probably less than 400 square miles, and with 1,000 hunters after them (more than two to the square mile) it will be seen how small a chance the deer have to escape destruction.

The Destruction of Deer and Elk.

The destruction is traceable to several sources. There are probably 1,000 people residing in and near the game regions of the Grand, White and Bear rivers and their tributaries who kill from three to ten deer every year, some of them having little other meat the year round. They begin the killing in the spring and kill one occasionally during the summer. In the fall they kill and hang them up, or corn them like beef for winter supply. In the elk region elk are killed by them mostly after the season closes. Ninety per cent. of these residents pay no attention whatever to game laws, and never will until they are generally otherwise enforced and it becomes dangerous to violate them.

They themselves will not deny this, except when talking for publication, and not always then, as one of them in a recent letter to a Denver paper says, "You will never find a settler in the game region who kills any more than he has use for, and only when he needs the meat." There was some excuse for this when beef was scarce, but there is none now, except that the law is generally violated by others.

More than all others, if there are any degrees in interest, are these residents interested in game preservation, that they may have it at hand for all future time as a luxury, instead of heedlessly using it for daily consumption while it lasts, with the certain consequence that it will soon be beyond reach by them even as a luxury.

A conservative estimate of the deer thus killed annually for several years past is 6,000, and no doubt largely exceeds the number killed by all others.

No considerable effort is made to enforce the law against residents. Indeed, it is almost useless to try it and expect conviction.

In some cases the juries stubbornly refuse to convict where the evidence is conclusive. I doubt if they would do so except on a plea of guilty, and may be not then.

In other cases county commissioners have refused to allow fees to witnesses for the prosecution, and district attorneys refused to prosecute.

This sort of a spirit and prejudice against the game law is still too prevalent, when a resident is concerned. The non-resident does not have it always so easy.

Next in order probably come the Indians and market-hunters, who perhaps kill another 2,000.

Then come the tourists and other hunters. Some of these fail even to get one deer each, while an equal number probably exceed the legal limit. While hunters of this class do not kill so many as the residents, they perhaps waste a greater proportion.

One camp of six men near the camp where I was this fall, killed only eight deer, but they did not bring into camp the forequarters of a single one of them. They were non-residents—men of means—and a game warden could have got enough out of their fines to pay his salary and expenses for three months.

But I never saw a game warden in the mountains in the hunting season. I would be as much surprised to see one as I would to see a buffalo.

The tourist and city hunter falls back on the excuse that the residents also violate the law, and thus the excuses go round in a circle and few are disposed to obey the law when others violate it with impunity.

Probably a high estimate of the number killed yearly by the tourists and city hunters would be 1,000, prior to this season, when possibly it was some in excess of that.

These estimates refer only to northwest Colorado and have been arrived at by a tolerably general observation and diligent inquiry wherever information was available.

These estimates are all doubtless low enough, but the total of 9,000 is sufficiently appalling, and as it will, if there is no change in the means of protection, be much greater for the next year or two, it is apparent that no increase in the game will keep pace with such destruction, and that long before posterity gets action the game will be gone.

The Killing of Does.

Not content with the opportunity to kill bucks for more than two months each year, the game destroyers are clamoring for the legal right to kill does also, on the silly pretense that the large number of does seen without fawns indicates a scarcity of bucks.

It is true that bucks as well as does are scarcer now than formerly, and it is also true that what bucks there are are more wary than formerly, made so by being hunted more. Instead of following close on the migratory bands of does as in former years they hang back, the older ones until compelled by the deepening snows to brave the army of meat hunters which they know await them in their winter range. This wariness has increased from year to year, until it has worked a permanent change in their migration habits where there is much hunting, and those who judge of their number by the number herding with the does, judge superficially.

During the summer season one will report seeing does only, while another will see numerous bucks. In fact this year there have been an unusual number of phenomenally large buck heads brought in.

None of these reports amounts to anything in the way of comparison.

These conditions originate from the natural separation of the sexes prevailing during most of the year.

This separation has become more marked as the bucks grow more wary. During the summer and fall seasons before migration begins does only will be found in one section or one mountain, while on another, but a few miles away, there will be bucks only, and in most cases the old bucks will be found in a secluded region, with a few or no young bucks with them.

The fawnless does are not always barren does. The fawn from the day of its birth has to run the gauntlet of a score of enemies, among them the wolf, the coyote, the wildcat, the lynx, the mountain lion and the eagle, and the wonder is that any escape. No doubt 25 per cent. of the fawns born are thus destroyed before they are three weeks old. A doe whose fawn lives but a few days cannot be distinguished from a barren one, and no one can with certainty tell a barren doe until she is dead, and much of this cry of barren does is mere speculation, and most of it comes from those who kill them anyhow, but prefer to have the law sanction it.

It has been stated that formerly does usually had two fawns, whereas now they seldom have more than one. This is a natural result of being more frequently disturbed in the breeding season.

A very general observation, with careful and extended inquiries from guides and others, shows that the proportion of bucks to does this year is about 25 per cent., certainly not less than 20.

The deer are like the sheep in respect to procreation, and when we consider that one buck deer is good for the service of 50 to 100 does, the cry of a scarcity of bucks for procreative purposes is absurd.

Maine is the only State having an open season on does, so far as I know. Complaints have been made this year by correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM that deer are growing scarce there, and the Game Commissioner of that State says the closing of the season on does is being agitated.

The time may come for an open season on does in Colorado, but it is not yet.

The Elk.

The extermination of the elk is nearly accomplished, but it has been little, if any, accelerated by the short and late open season of the present law.

Elk were killed under the old law (having no open season), regardless of sex or age, and have been rapidly decreasing, and it was on that account that it was desired by many that those who were law-abiding should have the same chance as those who were not.

Complaint has been made that the present open season (Oct. 25 to Nov. 5) is so late that the snow is deep where they are, and they are hard to get at, and suggestions have been made to change it to September.

There are several objections to such a change. The rutting season is in September, and the killing of bulls at that time would mean the cutting off of the heads and leaving the carcasses to rot, or if by chance the meat should be fit to eat, the weather is too warm to save and consume such great carcasses.

The present open season gives the bulls about a month to recuperate flesh during a time when the food is good, and it was made late for that reason and that they might be difficult to get at and thus give them a better chance to escape the hunter.

Any change in the season except to make it shorter or later, or close it altogether, would be a great mistake.

The closing of it without absolute enforcement would simply mean the shutting out of law-abiding hunters without materially delaying their fast approaching doom.

Without perfect enforcement of the law they will be gone in less than three years.

The Mountain Sheep.

The mountain sheep have probably slightly increased in the last ten years. This is not so much due to there being no open season as to the fact that prior to that time the mountains were full of prospectors whose avocation took them into the higher ranges where the sheep were within easy reach, and many were killed by them.

The inaccessibility of their haunts has protected them from the ordinary hunter, and for this reason they have not decreased like other game, although some are killed every year by those who live near them and some by other hunters.

A short open season was provided in the draft of the present law, on the theory that the horns being the main object, the killing would be confined mostly to the large rams, leaving the younger ones, which would propagate more vigorous progeny, and as there is a surplus of rams it would not materially, if at all, interfere with their increase, also that the law-abiding hunter would then have some interest in preventing the killing out of season, while without an open season he has no chance, and is more or less indifferent.

Objection was made to it, however, and it was stricken out.

The principal question is, Shall the lawless be permitted to continue killing them while the other people are shut out?

The Antelope.

Except during the past three years, antelope have been less hunted than formerly. The scarcity of deer and the long travel required to reach them in the last three years has sent out many antelope hunters, and they are becoming scarcer.

The Remedy.

The original draft of the present game law was well adapted to conditions then existing, and would have averted the crisis then obviously and rapidly approaching, and which is now upon us.

The Legislature, however, eliminated or changed many of its best features, so that it has been to a great extent a failure so far as the preservation of the big game is concerned.

If these features can be restored by the coming Legislature, and the most vigorous enforcement inaugurated, there is still hope. Otherwise there is no future for our big game, and the sportsmen of the State must soon quit hunting or go elsewhere to do it.

A discouraging feature of the situation is that those most interested manifest the least concern.

These are the residents of the game regions and the hunter of limited means. When the game in their immediate localities is gone their hunting is over.

The hunter of means has a much less personal interest. The vast game regions of the Northwest Territories are open to him, and the expense of reaching them is to him unimportant.

If the residents of the game regions would abide by and aid in the strict enforcement of the law, the battle would be half won.

The other half must be won by such increase in protective measures as will keep pace with the great improvement in guns and ammunition and the enormous increase in hunters, the latter having increased in the last few years nearly or quite 100 per cent.

It is an unquestioned fact that some of the Eastern States have, by a rigid enforcement of game laws, so increased their game that they are already strong bidders against Colorado for hunting tourists, while British Columbia and Alaska are attracting Colorado hunters.

Notwithstanding the complaint as to the lack of enforcement of our game laws, it is nevertheless a fact that they are as well enforced as our other State laws. The latter are daily violated in the presence of officers, with few real efforts at enforcement.

Game laws should, however, be enforced much more strictly for the reason that the failure as to other laws still leaves sufficient people alive to do business, while the failure as to game laws means the annihilation of the game.

The Federal Government spends ten times more for forest protection in Colorado than the State does to protect its game.

Game Preserves.

The project of a national game preserve, to include the summer and winter ranges of the deer, has been talked of.

This question was threshed out in 1891, when meetings were held in Denver favoring it, and in Meeker opposing it.

The White River cattlemen were unanimous in opposition to it, because they feared that their cattle would be excluded. There is no reason why the presence of cattle in a game preserve should be objected to. Indeed, their presence and that of the range riders would be of great advantage in keeping down fires and keeping out lawless hunters.

But the cattlemen were jealous of any restrictions upon the freedom of the range, and the whole scheme was knocked out by the kick of the White River steer.

It is likely that a renewal of the effort would meet with the same opposition.

The more limited State scheme, aiming to constitute the winter range of the deer a sort of a refuge for them, will meet the opposition from the residents there, on the same grounds, and on the additional ground that they depend on getting their game after it goes down. They have never been willing to go as far for their game as those do who reside out of the game regions.

It was this demand that lengthened the open season of the present law to Nov. 5.

This scheme for protecting the deer in a definite area, comprising their winter range, and without reference to date, is a good one theoretically, but practically the failure to enforce a law of this kind would be the same as one having reference to dates alone.

It will also be found that in the attempt to pass any law looking solely to the welfare of the game, the bal-

ance of power sufficient to defeat it has always been held by those actuated by selfish motives. If it shall prove to be otherwise now, I shall be surprised.

Akin to a State preserve, and the next best thing after efficient laws for general protection, rigorously enforced, is the establishment of private parks under the present law. Under a former law numerous private parks containing deer and elk were established. They therefore had a legal standing, and acquired vested rights which cannot now be taken away by legislation, and any effort to do so is simply an idle dream; but the law then placed them under no restrictions, nor had they any clearly defined rights. The present law supplies this deficiency, and also requires the payment of a license fee and the surrender to the State of 10 per cent. of the natural increase.

Some opposition has been manifested to these parks. It comes chiefly from a failure to realize that all the game captured and confined in these parks, or likely ever to be, does not equal the number killed in one week of a season in the field, and so far as lessening the number open to public hunting cuts no figure.

Besides, unless a most radical and altogether improbable change in game protection is speedily brought about, the only elk and deer in the State will be those in the private parks.

The private propagation of game and fish should be encouraged in Colorado, as it is elsewhere; and as it is open to all, there is no well founded objection to it.

I have been accused of being personally interested in private parks and lakes. If it is of any importance, I have not now, nor never had, any interest, direct or indirect, present or prospective, in any private park or lake, but favor them because I believe they are beneficial in every respect and represent progressive ideas.

The Indians.

As regularly as the incursions of the Indians occur some impulsive but uninformed individual bobs up with the statement that by the Ute treaty the Indians have a right to hunt in Colorado.

The terms of the treaty with the Bannocks in Wyoming were similar to those in the Ute treaty, but the Supreme Court of the United States decided in 1896 in the case of teh Bannock Indian, Racehorse, that such right could only be exercised in conformity with the game laws of the State.

A former judge advocate of the Department of the Colorado held, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1897 instructed the agent at White Rocks agency, that this decision was applicable to the Ute treaty and directed him to so inform the Indians. The alleged treaty hunting rights of these Indians, therefore, have no existence.

As a member of the commission appointed by the Governor to investigate the killing of the Indians by the game wardens in 1897, I visited the Indian camps and scene of the conflict on the Snake River, and also interviewed the Indians and the agent at the White Rocks agency. This investigation showed that the Indians did not kill deer for the hides alone, but saved the meat as well.

It also showed that no effort was made by the agent to keep the Indians out of Colorado at any time, although fully advised that they had no treaty rights paramount to the game laws; that passes had been given them to go to Colorado without making entry of names or destination on the stub of the pass book, as was usual in other cases, and that the Indian police instead of trying to prevent their hunting here, connived at it, although able to prevent it, as shown by their ability to run them back promptly when specially ordered to do so.

The Indians, however, never pretended to refrain from killing does and fawns. None of them claimed anything by virtue of the treaty, as they had been advised of the Commissioner's instructions in that respect. Snake Pete, a leader in the conflict of 1897, testified before us that none of the deer he had killed were branded, and that he thought he had a right to kill them for that reason.

It is perfectly apparent that the entire Indian management, from the Board of Indian Commissioners down to the Indian police, are in sympathy with these raids, and will never do anything to prevent them until the State authorities make it expensive or dangerous. They will defend and excuse the Indians at all times. The conflict of 1897 was also investigated by E. B. Reynolds, special agent of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and his report fully agreed with ours in all respects, and that the Indians were the first aggressors and fired the first shot, yet the Board in its next annual report wholly ignored their agent's report, and stated in reference to the conflict: "Investigations by army officers seem to prove clearly that the white men were the real aggressors, and that the Indians suffered rather than committed outrage."

As there was no investigation made by army officers other than to interview the two wounded squaws while they were having their wounds dressed, the animus is apparent.

When the Board itself will thus falsify the facts, what can be expected from the subordinates?

It is useless to continue the time-worn practice of waiting until word comes that the Indians are on the hunting ground. It is a sure thing that they will be there every year, if not prevented. Nor is anything accomplished by driving them out when they have got all the game they want.

The matter should be taken up in the early fall with the Interior Department and the agents, and they given to understand that serious consequences will ensue if they are allowed to come. If they do come, a few of the leaders should be arrested and jailed, and their ponies and outfits sold to pay the costs. That will settle it for that year, but it will require constant vigilance as long as the Department and the agents fail to make honest efforts at prevention.

Formerly they raided Wyoming in the same way, but I learn that the passage of a hunting license law there has kept them out since, they thinking they will be made to pay, although they care nothing for other provisions of the law.

The stopping of the Indian raids would go far toward inclining the residents of the game regions to a strict observance of the law on their part, for it is their usual claim, not without merit, that there is no reason for prohibiting the whites from doing what the Indians are permitted to do.

The recent raid by the Commissioner on the Indian and Mormon game butchers shows what can be done, but spasmodic efforts are of no permanent good. The game butchers will all be back on the hunting ground next year, if they were not there by the time the wardens got home.

Sale of Game.

The markets of Denver are and have been for months full of feathered game of all kinds. Some big game has also been in the market, most or all of it imported. Inquiry at the Game Commissioner's office shows that the principal dealers comply with the law so far as procuring importation certificates is concerned, but few or none of them comply with the law requiring them to publicly expose such certificate in connection with the game, that all may see that the law is not being violated. As it is, observers suppose that the law is being openly violated in the sale. This serves to bring both the law and its administration into disrepute and encourage others to disregard the law in other particulars.

It is as much a violation of the law to expose foreign game for sale without the certificate being publicly exposed with it, as it is to do so without having a certificate.

Where the revenue laws of the United States require liquor dealers and others to keep exposed to view their evidence of compliance with the law, it is done, or some one suffers, and that is the difference in the way State and Federal laws are enforced.

The game laws will never be obeyed in the country so long as they are openly violated on Market and Sixteenth streets in Denver.

The conditions to which I have referred have about discouraged those who are earnest advocates of game protection, and I for one have about concluded that if the coming Legislature fails to realize the situation and enact the laws necessary to meet it, I will join that numerous and happy throng whose constitution and by-laws are comprised in a single line, "Look out for yourself and let posterity go to the devil."

The Hunting License.

The most efficient revenue producer, and at the same time the greatest assistant to the enforcement of a game law, is the hunting license.

This feature was stricken out of the present law by the Legislature, not because they thought it bad, but because some of their constituents were bitterly opposed to anything which would more effectually restrict their operations or tax them directly for game protection.

Objections have been made to this feature. Most of them arise from a misconception of the license provisions, and their purpose. It is not a gun license, nor applicable to the hunting of any game not protected by the act.

One objection made is that a license to hunt is an importation of English methods and foreign to American ideas. The objection is prompted by selfish motives or lack of information, rather than patriotism. The mere fact that a thing is of English origin cannot make it *per se* objectionable. Usefulness and not origin is the test of desirability, and licenses are as essentially American as anything we have, and are required in professions and business callings without number. The right to kill game is no higher than the right to keep a saloon or drive an express wagon or a hack, and without these licenses the revenue of the city of Denver would be insufficient to support its government. The purpose of all licenses is twofold, viz., to produce revenue and to enable the governmental authorities to control and regulate the business, and they are especially adapted to an effective administration of game laws.

It being fundamental law that the game and fish in a State belong to the State, the same as its land, timber, etc., and held in trust for all the people, the State has a right and it is its duty to enact regulations in relation to its acquisition, as no one person has a right to appropriate either, *ad libitum*. Hence, the State, when disposing of its land by lease or sale, rightfully exacts from those who desire to acquire it some compensation for the special privileges thus obtained. This is fair to those obtaining the privileges as well as to those who do not care to have them, and yet have an interest therein as citizens of the State.

The same principle is applicable to the game, for if left to the unrestrained desire of the few, they alone will be benefited, and that temporarily only, as it would soon be gone.

There has been a general prejudice against all game laws, but it is disappearing, and the importance of game and fish as a food supply is now being more and more realized. This opposition is selfish and short sighted.

A widespread but altogether erroneous idea has prevailed that game laws are for the benefit of the rich. If the game would last without protection, no laws would be needed. But as it will not, its protection is more in the interest of the poor man than the rich. The only remedy left the average man is the protection and preservation of game in every locality where it exists, that he may have it within reach, and he above all others should not object to paying a nominal sum for a license, the principal purpose of which is to restrain and identify the lawless hunter rather than to burden the legitimate one.

Under the license feature, those who receive the most benefit from the game will contribute most to the cost of protection. Every hunter of protected game must procure a license having coupons, one of which must be attached to every game quadruped killed. By this means every animal is identified with and traceable to the person who killed it, and every animal without a coupon attached is contraband.

Thus the legitimate hunter is fully protected, while the detection of the lawless one is rendered easy.

The hunting license proceeds on the theory that those who hunt should pay all or a large share of the cost of preserving the game. This is the true theory. As it has been and is now to a large degree, the cost is borne by the general taxpayers, 90 per cent. of whom do not hunt, and 50 per cent. of whom derive little or no direct benefit from game protection.

Fifteen States now require hunting licenses, the fee varying from 25 cents to $50. Most of these license laws were passed within two years and since the question was agitated in Colorado, and the license feature is now universally regarded as the most perfect method of game protection ever devised.

In some of these States a license is exacted for non-residents only. The constitutionality of this discrimination against citizens of other States is still an open question. In any event, it is in a sense unfair, and in this State will not produce the necessary revenue. A uniform fee for a State license, regardless of residence, with a much less fee for a county license, will be, in my opinion, much better. Most non-residents and city hunters will take out the State license, while residents of the game regions will need only a county license, and as the law now requires an export fee, the non-resident will not object to paying the extra fee for taking home what he kills, and thus he will in fact pay more for his hunting privilege than the resident.

In no State where the license feature has been adopted is there any movement for its repeal. In some of them the license revenue amounts to $28,000 per annum. It places the cost where it belongs, and wherever it exists, as to residents as well as non-residents, it pays the entire expense of a strict enforcement of the law.

There is, however, I find, a very general opinion favoring a non-resident fee greater than that for a resident, and if such is the conclusion, I recommend three grades.

1. Non-resident, good all over the State..... $25.00
2. Resident, good all over the State..... 5.00
3. Resident, good only in the county where the licensee resides..... 1.00

A great many resident hunters will take the State license, that will enable them to hunt in all the counties, while most residents of the game regions will take only a county license, and this is all the advantage they ought to ask.

Taxidermist Licenses.

This was also a feature of the present law, which was stricken out by the Legislature because it was new and untried.

As the taxidermists reap more clear profit from the killing of game than any other class, and are therefore quite as much interested in continuing its existence, they ought to be willing to contribute a small amount in that direction.

The law should provide for an examination of their stock and the tagging of specimens, and thus prevent the hide and horn hunter from passing through their hands his illegal acquisitions, as he can now do without the slightest danger of detection.

All professional taxidermists should be licensed. The fee should be small, but sufficient to keep the business in responsible hands and protect them and their patrons in their lawful possessions only.

Of course some of them will kick, but it is impossible to enact laws that touch no one.

Guide Licenses.

This was also a feature of the present law, but was eliminated by the Legislature.

I found the best professional guides to be in favor of it as a protection against those who pretended to be guides, but get lost in the mountains and do an injury to the guide business.

The guides should be made ex officio deputy game wardens and their licenses subject to revocation for "overlooking" violations of the law.

License should be required only in case of a professional, not from a person, who, being one of a party, acts temporarily as a guide.

The guide license is in vogue in several States, and has been found to be a great assistance in enforcement of the game laws.

Forest Rangers as Game Wardens.

The present law confers on Government forest rangers the powers of game wardens, but they have never exercised them. Great assistance could be rendered by them if the Interior Department could be induced to instruct them to enforce the game laws in connection with their other duties, and it would be entirely germane to forest protection, as the more restrictions there are on lawless hunting, the less likely it is that forest fires will be set.

These rangers ride daily among the hunters' camps, while well authenticated instances of game wardens having been seen in such places are extremely rare.

During the present season some of them have been reported as making political speeches, just at the time when the greatest game slaughter was going on.

Probably this may be excused on the ground that the politicians were provided with funds for their purposes while the game department was not.

A Game Commission.

Game commissions controlling the administration of the laws have always proved more efficient than single-handed control.

These should be composed of men able and willing to serve without pay or with very small pay, and so divided in politics and serve for such a length of time as to remove that element from the administration of the law.

A bill to that effect was introduced in the last Legislature along with the game law, but it was crowded out by the prize fight law, the horse tail docking law and other similar acts for the advancement of civilization and the public welfare.

Although, as I have stated, the best revenue and protective features of the present law, as drafted, were eliminated by the Legislature, it has nevertheless produced in two years more revenue than all previous game laws.

The following are the receipts from May 1, 1899, to Nov. 30, 1900, from the various sources named:

Park and lake licenses	$1,195
Private preserve licenses	325
Importation certificates	188
Transportation permits	638
Storage permits	22
Seining permits	37
Scientific permits	9
Capture permits	10
Fines and seized game	197
	$2,621

Nearly sufficient to pay the salaries of the Commissioner and chief clerk for one year.

It is plain to be seen that if the license features had been left in the law, some $15 000 or $20,000 more would have been realized—amply sufficient to have enabled the Commissioner to enforce the law as it ought to have been enforced.

And it must be remembered that no Commissioner ever has or ever can enforce the law as it should be without more funds than have ever yet been furnished, and my criticisms must be considered with that in view.

On the other hand, I have attended game conventions and belonged to sportsmen's associations without number for the last thirty-five years, and the furthest we ever got toward game protection was to pass some good resolutions and adjourn to a trap shoot or some other kind of a scrap.

You are up against it now.

The Open Deer Season.

It has been suggested that August and September should be cut off the open deer season, but this would be of no substantial advantage. The great bulk of the killing is later, and during the last two or three weeks of the present open season, while the deer are in or on their way to the winter range, when the fusillade resembles the skirmish line of an army, and it is a hunt for meat rather than sport.

The increase in the number of people who take part in these annual meat hunts renders it absolutely necessary to shut it off entirely. The deer now remaining will not stand the drain. The number limit for each person should not exceed one, and if restricted to one to the camp or family, so much the better.

Many of the residents of the game regions say they are ready for an absolute closing of the deer and elk season for at least two years. But will they all agree to and abide by it? I think not.

Besides this, a two years' close of the season would leave only bird hunters to pay license fees, and the fund would be insufficient to enforce the law, with the result that the law-abiding hunters would be shut out, while the lawless ones would go on killing just the same and no benefit would come of it.

Residents of Piceance Creek who were in Denver last week say that the deer wintering there are less by 50 per cent. than last year, and that there were hunters then in camp there killing them.

I am therefore emphatically opposed to any change of season or limit, unless it is accompanied by a provision for ample funds and a rigorous enforcement against everybody alike.

In conclusion, I want to emphasize what I believe to be the only remedy.

1. The immediate passage of laws requiring the licenses mentioned, especially that for hunting, as the only available means to raise funds for enforcement.

2. The cutting off of October and November from the open season on deer.

3. An enforcement of the law as searching and vigorous as that by Federal officers after moonshine whisky, or more so, if possible.

The conditions are alarming, and the remedy must be heroic, and every person interested must make some sacrifices, as no half-hearted measures or those which favor one class at the expense of others will meet the emergency.

If we can have changes in seasons, etc., with ample funds and strict enforcement, as indicated, there is hope for the future, but without these, no change in seasons will stay the fast approaching end of the big game of Colorado.

When that day of misfortune comes and it is too late to retrieve the error, the citizens of the State will regret the failure to adopt and enforce progressive and enlightend laws for its protction.

The Rhode Island Ducking Season.

PAWTUXET, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new law governing duck shooting in Rhode Island is decidely unpopular with all who live on or near the shores of Narragansett Bay and enjoy an occasional day with the ducks; and no wonder, as a more absurd and unjust law could not well be imagined. This seems all the more strange when we consider that both adjoining States, and in fact all of the States bordering on the Atlantic seaboard, have good sensible laws governing this sport. Sea fowl shooting should not be confounded with inland duck shooting, as the habits of fresh water ducks and of sea fowl are entirely dissimilar. The latter do not breed here, and are simply winter visitors, or birds of passage, breeding in the far north and really needing no protection, except perhaps in the manner of pursuit which is accorded them in most of the States bordering on tide water. This, however, is more for the protection of the gunners than for the ducks, and consists of prohibiting chasing them with sail boats, launches, etc., and, in some States, even row boats, shooting into bedded fowl with a rifle and, in short, disturbing them in any way on their feeding grounds, as this tends to drive them out of the bays, where they may be legitimately shot over decoys, the only way of having much success with them. Now the injustice of the present law, which is now in operation for the first time, is in having the close season begin just about the time these fowl put in their appearance in the bay, as they are practically kept out all through the fall by the fleet of steam launches and sail boats. When these are hauled up for the winter the birds come back again, and very fair shooting may be had through February and March over decoys. About the only kinds of ducks shot here in any numbers by decoying are the scaup or broadbill and the golden-eye or whistler, the former being the more plentiful and affording better sport.

As the Legislature is now in session, an effort will be made to have this law repealed or changed to conform with those of the adjoining States, which enjoy excellent laws on sea fowl shooting. By the way, what a pity it is that the game laws, as well as the duck laws, cannot be made uniform in at least the three States of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

W. H. SHELDON.

Ontario Deer.

THE deer hunting season in the Province of Ontario is considerably shorter in duration than any other of the localities where deer are found in abundance, the close season being from Nov. 16 until Oct. 31 of the year following, allowing only fifteen days for the hunter to enjoy this grand sport. The Grand Trunk Railway system have given this matter considerable attention, and the districts reached by their railway are the finest hunting grounds in the Dominion of Canada. Through their courtesy we are permitted to give some information which will be of interest to sportsmen.

The returns are not quite all in, but those to date show 88 licenses were isssued to non-residents and 4,200 to residents of the Province of Ontario; also 105 moose licenses, making a total of 4,393; but the probabilities are that at least 5,000 licenses were issued. The hunters during the 1900 season have not been quite as successful as those that went up into these districts in previous years, which was accounted for by reason of the bad weather that was experienced during the last open season and does not mean that there is a diminution of deer, as they are increasing in numbers each successive year, owing to the very stringent regulations which the Government enforces.

The open season for the shooting of moose was opened in 1900 for the first time in five years, and is now closed for three years. There were taken out during the open season by the express companies alone 1,621 deer, weighing in the aggregate 176.312 pounds. Chief Game Warden Tinsley states that not less than 5,000 deer were taken out of the northern country during the open season, as the number carried by the express scompanies (large as it may be) cannot be taken as a criterion of the total number killed, as those killed by the settlers are not shipped, and a large number of hunters from towns and villages adjacent to the hunting grounds have the deer killed by them taken to their respective homes by teams and other conveyances.

There is one clause in the deer hunting regulations which should be eliminated by the Ontario Government, and that is allowing the killing of deer in the water. This is considered a brutal way of hunting by any true sportsman, and by cutting this clause out it will not only be a means of still further protecting deer, but will be recognized as an important addition to the game laws by every true lover of the sport. There has been considerable talk in connection with extending the open season, but it is to be hoped that the Ontario Government will not countenance any such suggestion at the present time, as the present open season protects the deer from promiscuous slaughter and obviates the likelihood of their depletion.—Montreal Gazette, Jan. 9, 1901.

Talks to Boys.—IX.

Now, boys, we have been talking for a good while about shooting. You have had a good deal of practice with your new gun, and have gotten ahead in learning how to use it much faster than I supposed you would. Certainly, much faster than I did when I began to shoot. In a few weeks you have learned a great many of the principles of shooting; you have been advised what not to do and what to do, and you have tried to put this advice into practice.

Of all the men and boys who use shotguns, not many are first-class shots. Many of them have very little time to practice, many others who get a good deal of practice seem to derive no particular benefit from their practice, and this, in most cases, is only another way of saying that they are careless, heedless and unobservant, that they do not endeavor to correct the errors of to-day by exercising greater care to-morrow. It is a splendid thing to be a good shot. It gives a man very great satisfaction to be able to shoot steadily, to make few misses and now and then to make a long, quick or in any way difficult shot which neither he nor his companions thought could be successful. There is very great pleasure in this—pleasure for yourself and for your companion—and I hope that you may have a great deal of this pleasure.

But besides carrying yourself in the field so that you can go through the day's work with safety to yourself and your companion, and besides shooting so well that you have little or nothing to regret in the way of lost opportunities, or lost birds, there is something else about which you need advice which will have a very decided influence on the pleasure which you and your companions are to have from the outings that you make during shooting season.

I have already suggested to you that a pretty important part of the character of any boy or man is made up of his consideration for other people. I take it for granted, of course, that you have been well brought up and have learned by this time that you are not the most important person in the world. You have probably been taught, by your parents, good manners, which, after all, consist of nothing more than thoughtfulness and consideration for the feelings and the rights of other people. A boy, when he gets into the field, enthusiastic about his gun, eager to take advantage of every chance to shoot that comes to him, excited by the working of the dog, and made more or less nervous by the unexpected getting up of birds, may at first be excused if he forgets himself to some extent and is disposed to shoot everything in sight, but he may be sure that excuses, or the reasons given above, will not long continue to be made for him. He must remember that it is quite certain that his companion is just as anxoius to shoot and to take advantage of every opportunity as he is, and yet they both know that it is a waste of ammunition and a cause of dissatisfaction to each if both shoot at the same bird. Each one, therefore, must learn to keep himself in hand, to exercise self-control and to follow out certain fixed and well-known rules which the sportsmen of bygone generations have formulated and put into practice, so that now they are universally accepted.

One of the first of these is that birds getting up in certain positions with relation to two or more shooters in the field belong to one man or the other, according to the point at which they leave the ground and the direction in which they fly. If you and your companion are walking through the stubble 40 yards apart, and a bird gets up close to him, he is the person to whom belongs the first chance to shoot. If it flies toward you or in front of you, give him abundant time to shoot before you aim at the bird. If it gets up just in front of him and flies straight away from him, do not you fire at it until he has shot both barrels. If it gets up in front of him and flies quartering away from him and so nearly straight away from you, but off to his side, do not shoot at it under any circumstances. Never shoot across your companion's face. This is a rule to which there is no exception. If birds get up midway between you and fly straight to the front, either of you may shoot at them, yet I advise you to hold your fire and give your companion the chance to shoot at least once, before you discharge your gun; yet, of course, you must not wait too long. You may occasionally lose a bird in this way, but by acting as I have suggested you will be teaching yourself a good lesson in self-control, and in very many cases your chance of getting the bird will be better than that of your companion, who, if he is less well taught than you, and extremely eager to kill, will be very likely to shoot too quickly and miss, while your more deliberate shot, discharged after his gun is empty, will be likely to be successful. To shoot too quickly at a bird that gets up between you and flies to the front is to shoot across your companion's face, and this, as I have said, you must never do.

If the birds get up near you, you may shoot as quickly as you please if they fly to the front or turn away from your companion and toward your side, but where there is time I advise you always to be deliberate, and if you understand your gun as well as by this time I hope you do, you will find that there is nothing lost by waiting.

Of course, waiting may be impossible if you are in thick brush, since a little time would enable the bird to pass out of sight; but when there is time, I am anxious that you should always take it.

If you find your companion so eager to get the shots that he makes himself disagreeable to you, it will be well for you to speak to him about this—pleasantly and not at all in the way of fault finding—and to suggest an understanding by which the rules that I am giving you shall be carried out by each. This you can properly enough do if you yourself have not offended as he has done, but if you have been too eager as he has been, a remonstrance will not come with a very good grace from you. If, however, you have followed the rules I have suggested, very likely a little quiet talk with him and an explanation of what is customary among sportsmen in shooting will be pleasantly received by him and remembered. If, however, he persists in trying to get more than his share of the shots, and is not willing to emulate the courtesy that you practice, it will be well for you to gradually give up shooting with him, and either get some other companion or go alone. There is much more pleasure to be had in a day's shooting when two good fellows are together than when there is no one to talk to, but I should certainly not advise you to continue to shoot with a disagreeable companion.

If you have a dog, and are working him, I hope that you will do it quietly. After you and your dog come to understand each other he will work for you just as well with very little talking to, and only a few blasts of the whistle, as he would if you were to shout at him all the time, and a dog that has become accustomed to being called to and scolded continually, after a while gets so that he pays no attention to the shouting. Therefore, you get no better service from your dog than if you were quiet with him, and at the same time you make yourself a nuisance to your companions in the field. If your dog is already broken, as he probably is, it will be well for you to take him out before the season opens without a gun and to teach him to work fairly close to you, and to turn, in quartering his ground, at a blast of the whistle, accompanied by a wave of the hand. He is anxious to do what you wish to have him do, but until he understands what your words and whistles and gestures mean, he cannot do as you want him to. Try then, by patient perseverance, to explain to him what is required of him, and when you use him in the field do it without any noise or fuss. You will find, after you have worked with him for two or three years, and each has come to thoroughly understand the other, that it will hardly be necessary for you to speak to him more than a few times all through the day, for he will comprehend just what your wishes are, and the two of you will work together like a well-ordered machine.

During your shooting, much of which, if you are a resident of the Eastern States, will be in a country abounding in brush and swamps, you and your dog will often have to push your way through undergrowth so thick that it will be almost impossible for you to shoot, and where the mud is so deep that walking is slow, hard work. Often you and your companion will come to a little swamp, where, in order to secure the best results, it will be desirable for one of you to stand on the outside, so as to shoot the birds which rise to go away, while one must go into the thicket and work with the dog to start the birds. Now, of course, going through such a tangle is laborious work; the gunner can see but a short distance ahead of him, and much of the time he is so tied up in brambles, vines and alders that it would be a very difficult matter for him to shoot, even if he could see a bird.

Nevertheless, if you and your companion come to such a place, where it is necessary for one to go into the brush, I advise you to offer to do it. In fact, if you are watching the dog, you must do so.

But on general principles it is better in a shooting excursion, or, indeed, in almost any outdoor pursuit, that you should show yourself willing to do more than your share of the work, and there is nothing that looks worse, or that has a worse effect on the energy and go of a man or boy when out shooting, than to hang back and wait for some one else to volunteer to do the disagreeable and the difficult things. Moreover, although to shoot in such a situation is sometimes impossible and usually difficult, it is nevertheless the fact that it is about the best practice that any one can have, and if you should ever happen to have an old cock partridge get up in front of you as you are crawling on hands and knees through some particularly dense thicket, and suddenly twisting around should fire at his disappearing form, and then hear his body strike the ground and his wings drum on the soft soil in his death struggle, I venture to say that you will feel more satisfaction at this shot than you would over twenty

made in the open, and will long remember, with satisfaction, the fact that you sacrificed something of your comfort to go into the bushes after that wary old bird.

When you are old enough to go duck shooting, and perhaps to take your place beside a companion in the ducking blind, I wish you to take with you there the same habits that you have, I trust, practiced in the field. Try always to remember that you have a companion, and that his rights and privileges are just as great as yours. You would feel injured and angry if he tried to take shots that you thought belonged to you, and you may be sure that he will hold the same views concerning the shots that he thinks belong to him. It is far better that you should miss a few chances than that you should lead your friend to think that you were taking more than belonged to you.

In the blind the gunner can usually see at least half the circle of the horizon without having his view interrupted by trees, reeds or any natural objects. The birds come up in plain sight, deliberately, and, as a rule, there can be no question as to who is entitled to the first shot, if it is a single bird, nor as to which birds should be shot at by each gun if there is a flock. If you sit to the right as you face the decoys, and the birds come from the right, the first bird will obviously be yours. But if they continue to come from the right, singly, you will do well to make an arrangement with your comrade by which you two shall take alternate shots. If a pair of birds come up from the right, the first one belongs to your companion, and you should kill the second. If three come, your companion should take the first, you should take the second and the third belongs to whichever one can kill it. Of four birds coming up, the two leading ones should be killed by your companion and the two last ones by you. If birds come in directly from the front in bunches, it is enough to say that your companion should shoot at those on his side and you at those on your side.

Between two good fellows, each of whom has a regard for the other and a respect for fair play, there is not likely to occur any opportunity in the blind for dissatisfaction, much less for dispute. Rarely, of course, a man or boy may forget himself, or a pair of birds may steal up, and if he does not see them until they are going away he may forget and shoot across his companion's face, but if he is guilty of a slip of this kind he will certainly, if he is the right kind of a fellow, apologize for it and will remember his mistake and not soon repeat it

One thing I want to have you remember about the ducking blind—your quarters there are limited, often your footing is uncertain. Perhaps you are heavily clad, wearing rubber boots and a long ulster that comes down to your heels; very likely each of you has two guns. All these things expose you more or less to accident. Sometimes a man twisting about suddenly to shoot at a swift flying bird puts his foot in a muskrat hole and falls down, or at least comes very near it. You must remember, therefore, what, of course, has already been dinned into your ears so many times, to be especially careful about the way in which you hold your gun. Keep the muzzle well up in the air, or else pointed out over the water. Very likely behind you may sit your boatman, and somewhere near the edge of the blind your retriever, and the accidental discharge of a gun under these circumstances, even though it may do no harm, startles everybody and makes each man more or less uncomfortable all through the day. I hope that such an accident will not occur to you, but it is not very many years ago since a friend, who was just about to put down his gun, discharged it by accident and frightened everybody in the neighborhood. Fortunately, the muzzle of the gun was pointed over the water so that the charge, after blowing a hole through the front of the blind, passed out over the decoys quite harmlessly. My companion, who was an old gunner, was very much mortified over what he had done, and the boatmen who were with us were obviously nervous and uneasy all the rest of the day.

There are many other little points about your conduct toward your companion in the field, concerning which your own good feeling can tell you as much as I could, if I were to write a column about them. You should carry about with you when shooting the same good manners that you employ if you were in a situation where you felt called upon to be on your best behavior. You are anxious to become a good sportsman, and the test of good sportsmanship is consideration for others. You will not shoot at a bird in close season, because of your respect of the law, and because the act is one you would condemn in another person. You will not trespass on posted land, because if you owned land and for any reason were trying to preserve the shooting on it, you would not like to have other people trespass there. You are polite and courteous in your intercourse with your companions because you wish and expect them to be courteous and polite to you, and you are willing sometimes to restrain your own eagerness to kill a bird because you think it may give another more pleasure to have the shot than it would you.

Of course, all men and boys get excited sometimes and do things that are thoughtless and even selfish. You are not expected to be perfect any more than other people are, but it is well for you always while you are in the field to think about your companion and his feelings, and try to some extent to put yourself in his place. You will find that your good manners and your forgetfulness of self will react on him, and will breed in him the same thoughtfulness and consideration for you that you are manifesting toward him, and when two boys or two men who act on this principle go out together they are very sure to have a good time, whether they get many birds or not.

Sometimes you may notice that your companion, if he has not had good training, is careless about his gun; he may carry it in a fashion which you will think dangerous to yourself or the dog, or to himself, and as I have already suggested, you may find it necessary to caution him about this and to ask him to mend his ways. If, however, such necessity should arise, you must use great tact and judgment in speaking to him about it. Very likely he may imagine that he knows just as much about shooting as you do, and may resent any criticism on your part. It will be well for you, therefore, when you speak to him about this to tell him frankly that you are afraid to have the gun pointed at you or at the dog, and to give him to understand that you will be more comfortable if he keeps the muzzle of his gun pointed up in the air. You may, if you please, quote to him the example of older men known to both of you, and may especially instance what your instructor has said to you on this subject. But all this you must do in a pleasant manner, not as if you were criticizing or finding fault with him, but rather in the way of discussing general principles. He, of course, has no desire to make you feel uncomfortable, and while he may possibly laugh at your fears, do not let this trouble you, if only you can carry your point and induce him to hold his gun as it ought to be held. After you and he have grown a good deal older, you will find that the men who have had most experience with guns are those who are the most afraid of them, and who have the least patience with persons who are careless in the way in which they handle them.

In your shooting you may occasionally shoot with men who are ignorant of the rules that I have just explained to you. Often, these men will commit what you and I would consider gross breaches of good manners in the field, but it frequently happens that they do these things merely because they are ignorant and have never been taught. Such people, if spoken to in the right way, will very often accept suggestions good naturedly, and even gratefully. They do not intend to be selfish or boorish, but they know no better. A few words of plain, pleasant speaking, clearly setting forth what some of the best known rules of field etiquette are, will often cause them to cease to offend, but if they do not stop after such a warning, or a second reminder, you should leave them and go off to shoot by yourself.

W. G. DE GROOT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Big Indiana Preserve.

Jan. 5.—Reference has already been made to a number of Chicago game preserve ideas of a minor sort, and I have mentioned the enterprise of certain of our more prominent sportsmen here who have for some time been figuring on securing a big tract of land on the Kankakee bottoms, thus forming, although at a late date in the history of that country, another one of those important shooting clubs which have taken over large bodies of the best shooting country along the historic Kankakee. I have not felt at liberty before this time to give details regarding this last matter, but it is now sufficiently forward to be safe, hence I take this opportunity of making exclusive mention of the news in this column.

The gentlemen concerned in this matter are Hon. Hempstead Washburne, ex-Mayor of Chicago; Mr. J. V. Clarke, president of the Hibernian Bank; Mr. Harry Clarke, of the same institution; Mr. Charles S. Dennis, manufacturers' agent; Mr. W. L. Wells, head of the art department of Chicago Tribune; Mr. Eddie Pope, Mr. W. P. Haskell, Mr. Graham H. Harris, president of the School Board; Mr. C. E. Lewis, of the Washburne-Lewis Investment Company; Mr. R. B. Organ, of the County Board of Commissioners, and a number of friends of these gentlemen, probably to the number of twenty-five or thirty in all, the names of the additional members being not yet determined. The tract in question is the largest continuous body of land available for such purposes anywhere within reach of Chicago. Every shooter who knows anything about the Kankakee will know this land, which is known as the John Brown tract. It extends from near Shelby, Ind., on the Monon Railroad, north and northeast for about six miles along the Kankakee River. The western line of this tract cuts the end of Fuller's Island, which is in the center of the best open snipe country left on the Kankakee River. It includes the mottes known as Skunk Island, Ridge Island and a dozen smaller and unnamed islands. The northern line of the tract runs clear to the edge of the hills, which bound the marsh on the north a mile or so from Fuller's Island. On this tract there is nearly two miles of wild rice, and out into the bottoms from the timber there are fine smartweed, slough and grass flats.

The whole tract, if taken over, will deprive the shooting public of Chicago of one of its most popular duck and snipe grounds. The best snipe and plover shooting open to the man who does not belong to a club is in this same Fuller Island region. The grass flats on the John Brown tract are known as famous pintail grounds in the spring. There is no better mallard shooting anywhere on the Kankakee to-day than there is in the timbered region which is included in the John Brown tract. This is the old shooting ground of the Diana Club, which was fully described in these columns some years ago. The tract is opposite the marsh of the old De Golyer Club, whose grounds were bought out by Nelson Morris as a cattle range.

Another Good Decision.

There is accumulating in the West a long list of strong decisions supporting the proposition that the State has under its police powers a right to control at all times the possession of game within its borders. The Supreme Court of Indiana, in the case of William H. Smith against the State, has handed down a strong opinion which is in line with the above doctrine. Smith had some quail in possession during close season. He claimed that he had bought them legally in the open season and had them in his ice box since. He was found guilty in the lower court and appealed. Judge Hadley confirmed the decision of the lower court and pointed out that the State had the right under its police powers to protect its game. He said that the State could impose such condiions as the Legislature saw fit as to the time and manner of taking game and of keeping the same.

This same principle of law—and it is one which is sufficiently well established in the West—could, under the law of Illinois, break open and empty every one of these big Chicago warehouses which will be full of illegal game after the closing of the season. We have never had any movement in this city of sufficient strength to practically uphold this doctrine of the police power of the State. There would seem to be no difficulty, except in making the original seizure.

Seizures Under the Lacey Law.

The Lacey act continues to do good work in this city. During the week Warden Loveday, with his deputies, Clark and Edenborough, have made some heavy seizures of game under the provisions of the Lacey act, and their hauls of two or three days have amounted to over 4,000 pounds of game. Everybody knows how good the quail shooting is down in the Indian Nations, or how good it used to be. Its future may be guessed from the fact that this week there were over 150 dozen quail seized in one lot which came from the Indian Territory addressed to Boston. The transfer here in Chicago was fatal to the interests of the shipper. He will lose his game, and it is much to be hoped that he will eventually lose his calling.

Illinois Sooners.

Mr. E. K. Stedman, writing from Mt. Carroll, Ill., reports a little poetic justice which overtook a couple of the citizens of that community, as follows:

"Last week George N. Machen and Joseph Boothby were fined $25 and costs each for killing ducks out of season. They committed the act about six hours before the law was out—went camping the day before so as to be on the ground on the opening day. They could not withstand the temptation, and opened up on the previous evening, with the result aforesaid. The worst feature of the affair is due to the fact that both men are among the county's best citizens and have always been considered sportsmen of the right sort; while the informers were fellows below the average moral status, and suspicioned game violators from the time they were born."

Late Velvet.

Mr. John W. Carpenter, of Whitman, Neb., writes regarding some of his own experiences with deer which carried the velvet on the horns until the beginning of winter time, his letter reading as follows:

"I was very much interested in a letter in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM from Wm. Wells, of Wells, Wyo., telling about a buck he shot on Nov. 20 that had not shed or rubbed the velvet off his horns. My two brothers and myself were out on a deer hunt Dec. 24, 1885, on the south side of Dismal River, in Nebraska, and we found where three deer had crossed the road, and tracked them about five miles. We found them in a plum thicket and shot one apiece. The one I shot had a very large set of horns, and there was not a particle of the velvet rubbed off. The deer had a large wart on his side, hanging by a cord or string, and the string was about 2 inches long. The deer was as fat a deer as I ever shot or saw at that time of the year. The deer were all black-tailed bucks. The deer I shot was the first and last one I ever heard of or saw with the velvet on that time of the year until I saw Mr. Wells' letter in FOREST AND STREAM.

"I was telling some hunters from the East about the deer not shedding the velvet, and they told me it was a fish story. I am glad Mr. Wells wrote about his deer. I am going to send the letter to those sportsmen and let them see I am not the only hunter that ever killed a buck with the velvet on his horns in the winter time."

A Good Ending for the Year.

Mr. S. B. Dow, of Knoxville, Tenn., must certainly be one of the sort of men who can fall into the water and come up with diamonds hanging to him. He could hardly tell a better story made to order than his own experience of a lucky double, which he gives as below:

"I want to tell you of a good double I made—the last two shots I fired in 1900. It was Friday after Christmas, out near the Cincinnati Southern Railway, at a place called Rocky Creek.

"A party of four of us had hunted all the day before and up to noon of Friday without a shot. We had jumped several deer and seen a small gang of wild turkeys, but no meat to take home. While eating our lunch on Friday I said, 'Boys, I am going back to Knoxville "skunked." It has never happened to me before, and I hate it like sixty, but it is no use—luck is against us.' One said, 'Let's try it another day.' I told them they could, but I had promised my wife that I would be back home Friday night, and in an hour I was going to the station (two and a half miles distant) and board that 4 o'clock train for Knoxville. We agreed to hunt out an hour down to a place where I was to leave them for the railroad.

"I was going along a branch that led down to a swamp not far away, and between it and myself was a stretch of sage grass and briers, and while passing through this up jumped a deer and went bounding down the hill. It was a fairly good angling shot. I fired the left barrel, and he fell with a charge of buckshot through his heart. The right was loaded with No. 4 chilled. As I went to the deer at the edge of the swamp, it proved to be a young buck, and while standing over him I saw a wild turkey flying over the trees. My old Parker was equal to the occasion, and a deader turkey never hit the ground. It was a gobbler, and exactly 4 feet from point of tail to end of bill, and weighed 15 pounds. I caught the train and got home that night with venison and turkey. The others remained there over Saturday, but came home empty handed."

Politics in the Park.

The future of the Minnesota National Park is going to be one largely of politics. Luckily, the resolution for the joint commission has passed the Senate. There will soon be appointed for the Senate a successor for Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota. At one time the name of Thomas Shevlin was up for this position. Mr. Shevlin is well known as the hero of the split train in the Congressional trip over a year ago to the Minnesota reservations. He pretended to be a friend of the park at that time, but he was not, is not now and never will be any such friend, and it is a good thing that his protestations are distinctly understood for what they are worth. Mr. Shevlin will hardly attain the office of Senator of the United States, which is much more apt to go to his friend, Thomas Lowry, of Minneapolis. The election of the latter would practically be the same as that of Mr. Shevlin, so far as the interests of the park are concerned. He would probably do all he could to prevent a park of any considerable size ever being established. Mr. Evans is still another candidate for this honor, though his attitude in regard to the park is not known. The real center of affairs, however, will not rest with the Senate, but with the House, and as has been already pointed out, Judge Page Morris, Representative of the Sixth District of Minnesota, is the

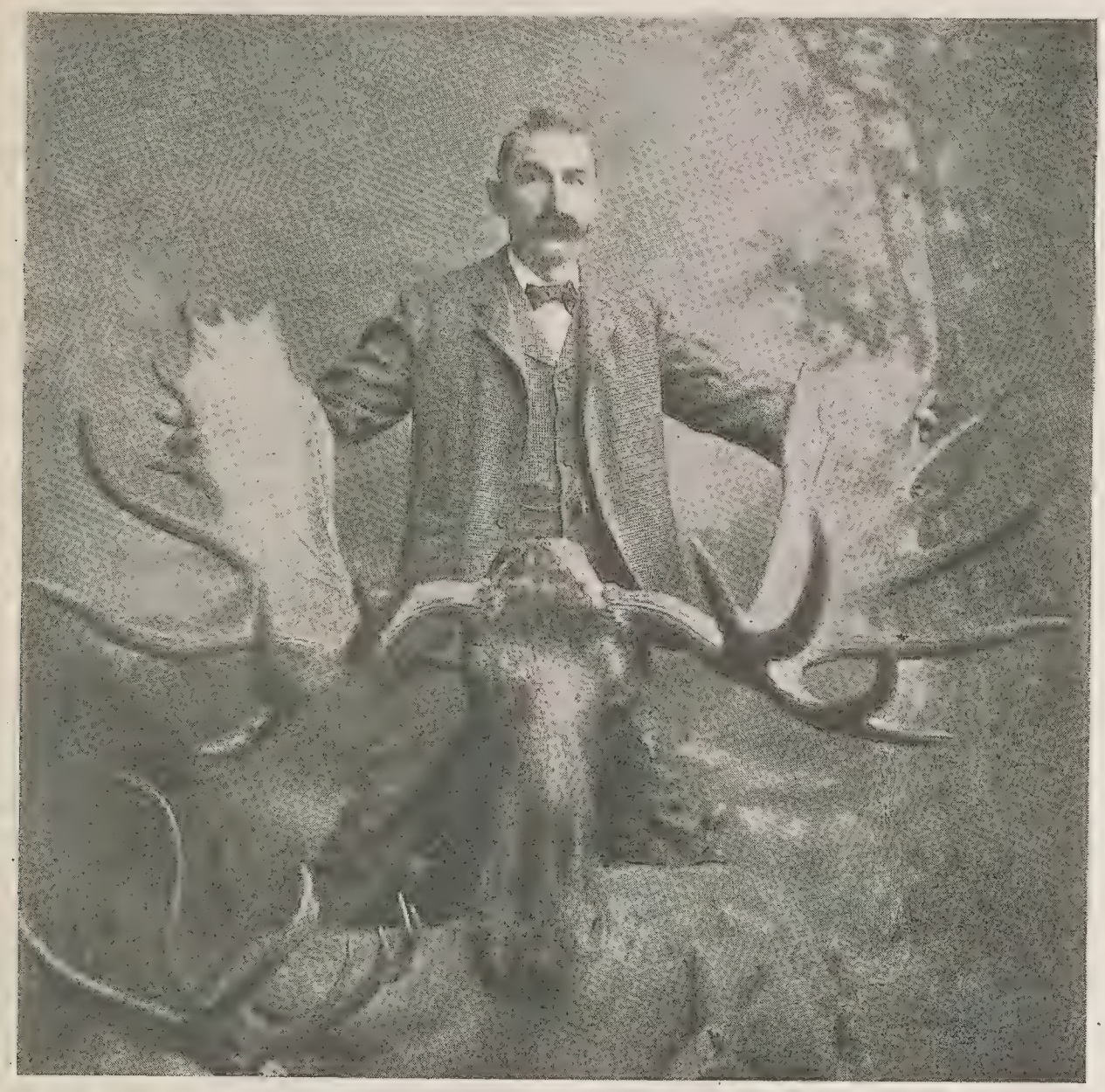
man who can make or break the park movement at once. The most sanguine friends of the park seem to believe that there will be something of a reservation made of the pine lands, though perhaps this may be only of the tracts joining the lakes and streams.

Poygan Gun Club, of Chicago.

The Poygan Gun Club, of Chicago, whose large preserve is located on Poygan Lake, of Wisconsin, held its election of officers this week and re-elected for their third term the following board of officers: President, Arthur Humphrey; Vice-President, George A. Kersten; Secretary and Treasurer, F. F. Homan. The Board of Directors, also re-elected, consists of Arthur Humphrey, R. R. Clark and R. W. Patton.

Sportsmen's Show Changes Dates.

There has been some discussion as to the best time for holding the Sportsmen's Exposition in this city, and the matter will probably be determined this evening. It is the general belief that the date will be set forward to Feb. 27 and two weeks following. The Santa Fé Railroad wishes to put in a 75-foot reproduction in model form of the Grand Cañon, and this work will take so much time and be so desirable as an attraction that the management of the exposition has felt like making every concession in its power to secure it. Mr. H. G. Maratta, the well-known Chicago artist, will have this model in charge. The Southern Railroad wants also to put in a big exhibit, and it needs time to get its stuff in. The date will not go later than March 15, and the show bids fair to be a great success in every way.



A NEW BRUNSWICK TROPHY.

Fighting Moose in Minnesota.

Under date of Jan. 4 there comes from Cass Lake, Minn., a wild story of a mad moose which came into the village of Farriss, bent on war. It killed three dogs and two cows, wounded one man severely, and broke through the window of the only store in the town, smashing up a couple of show cases and in general starting a rough house. The residents at last killed the animal, and in its body were found twenty-three bullets. Surely a pretty good moose and a pretty good story.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Pennsylvania Game Sale Case.

WILLIAM D. EDSON and Joseph S. McColloch, trading as Edson Brothers, dealers in game, of Philadelphia and Harrisburg, were held in $500 bail last Wednesday in default of the payment of $1,375, imposed for violation of the game laws. Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, representing the State Game Commission, testified that in the middle of December last he had seen seven deer, twenty-four quail, two turkeys and one woodcock exposed for sale at Edson Brothers' establishment in Harrisburg.

This game was said to have been killed in Western States and sent into Pennsylvania for sale. The law says it is unlawful to purchase or expose game for sale contrary to the game laws of Pennsylvania. The penalty imposed is $100 for each deer, $25 for each quail, $50 for each turkey and $25 for each woodcock. This netted a fine on the charge brought against Edson Brothers of $1,375. They refused to pay it, taking an appeal from the magistrate's decision.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Pennsylvania Forest Preserve.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have your request of the 3d inst. for information concerning proposed hunting park in Pike county, Pa. The newspaper rumor to which you allude is only part of a much larger truth. It is true that the State has acquired about 26,000 acres in that location and proposes to make of it a preserve for forestry purposes. We shall, of course, allow lawful hunting and fishing on this ground. But on the other hand we propose to punish all hunting and fishing which is done out of season, or in an unlawful manner. Under such protection the game there will, no doubt, increase. What is true of the Pike county reservation is also true of the Hopkins reservation on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where we have about 60,000 acres. It is hoped also that these State lands will be utilized as summer outing grounds, where tired men, and women, too, may gain fresh strength for their life work. But the main object of the State reservation is, as I have said, for forestry purposes, and we hope in the near future that our public acreage will be greatly increased.

There are certain newspaper rumors in circulation that there has been a clash in Pike county between the "State and the private clubs." I beg to say there is nothing whatever in this. We have no designs on the rights of any one, but we will see, however, that all law-abiding citizens shall have the full benefit of the public lands.

J. T. ROTHROCK.

The State has acquired considerable bodies of land in Elk, Lycoming, Clearfield, Clinton, Centre and Pike counties, amounting in the aggregate to this date to 97,962 acres and 20 perches. The purchase of various other tracts has been authorized, which, if the titles prove satisfactory, will increase the acreage owned by the State to something over 113,000 acres. The cost to the State of the 97,962 acres and 20 perches already acquired is at an average of about $1.35 per acre. Some of this land has increased in value since its purchase by the State and could now be sold at an advance.

The purpose in acquiring these lands is to preserve and increase our forests. Forests exert a great influence on the streams and climate and tend to preserve the health of the community. Their rehabilitation in Pennsylvania, if only to part of their former extent, will be productive of the greatest good. It is the purpose of the present administration to purchase more lands in various sections of the State under the several acts of Assembly wherever they can be purchased cheaply. The investment is a good one, and should the State acquire a large acreage of wild lands it cannot under any circumstances be a mistake. The land will increase in value through the rapid growth of timber, and, while there will be destruction in part by fire, yet the average value will largely increase. These public lands will become the people's parks, open to them at all times for hunting, fishing and camping, and the people in turn will become the guardians and protectors of the forests. Already they are quite popular in the vicinities where purchases have been made.

There should be additional legislation relating to the forest reservations. As the purchase of large tracts in any one county withdraws those lands from taxation, it is thought that separate tracts scattered about over the State in various places would be productive of better results. Too large bodies of land should not be purchased in one county to the exclusion of others. If the purchases were distributed more evenly over those counties where forest lands still exist, the reduction of local taxation by such purchases would be trivial.

In a very few years the State will receive a large revenue from the sale of matured timber and timber that has been destroyed by insects, fire and wind storm.

I would respectively recommend the passage of an act of Assembly that would place the purchase and supervision of these lands under one management, and authorize that management to sell mature timber and timber destroyed by fire, wind storm and insects; to lease coal and oil rights on royalty and pay the proceeds into the treasury of the commonwealth; and that more stringent laws should be passed for the protection of these forests from fire. The management should also have the power, under certain circumstances, to appoint forest wardens with limited compensation; and authority should be given for the purchase of lands under a limited price wherever in the judgment of the management it would be best for forest reservation so to do. All taxation, local and for all other purposes, should cease upon these lands the moment the title vests in the State.

A New Brunswick Moose Head.

I LEFT New York on Oct. 8 and arrived on the hunting grounds, Blue Mountain Lake, New Brunswick, on Oct. 11, having with me C. Barker, my guide, and Allen Trafton, cook. We did not hunt the first day, as we were all too tired from packing in; but simply canoed round the lake looking for fresh signs of game. The next day we started our hunt. We found plenty of fresh moose and caribou prints, but saw no game. This continued for a few days, and in the meantime we set some mink and otter traps.

The night of Oct. 16 we had a fall of 6 inches of snow, and on the morning of the 17th, full of determination to get a moose, we started. It was an elegant day for hunting. After tramping for about seven miles over the mountains, we came across footprints of two bull moose. The guide, C. Barker (who is a first-class one), turned to me and said: "Look out and be careful. These two fellows are quite handy." We tracked them for at least a mile, when finally the guide came to a sudden stop, and as he did we noticed two black objects in the distance. They were lying down about 20 yards apart. We looked at the two so as to see which one had the largest set of horns. The one to our right we could scarcely see, as we were in a bad position, while the one to our left was in better view in more open growth. Finally the beast moved its head, which looked like a root of a tree moving about, whereupon the guide said, "Be careful and steady and take good aim." I did as I was told. The first ball was well landed; the beast attempted to rise, and I gave him another shot. He was then in a half-standing position, when a third shot reached him. He still attempted to get away, when the fourth ball reached him, and he came down and rolled over on his side. He was my moose.

You can imagine my feelings in getting a moose after five years of hunting in Maine, Wyoming, Idaho and New Brunswick.

This ended our hunt for the day. On examining the moose, we found the spread to measure 60 inches. The horns had thirty points. This head is a record breaker from New Brunswick in two years.

The next day we continued our hunt, and after hunting several more days we came upon a caribou, which was dropped with two shots. It was a good speciman. We also ran across a bear, but did not get him. The Province of New Brunswick is a good place for big game.

The moose and caribou heads can be seen, together with many other trophies of my collection from different States, at 409 East 107th street, New York city. Brother sportsmen are invited.

GEO. A. REEBOR.

Maine Game Interests.

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—At the meeting of the Maine Fish and Game Association, on Tuesday, at the State House, Augusta, Senator Mcfarlane declared that the game laws are openly violated by hunters who have "a pull" with the commissioners or wardens. He cited the instance of the killing of a moose in close season by a man who after the deed was heard to say "I have a pull. No one would dare arrest or fine me."

Mr. Mcfarlane admitted that this was a direct libel upon the commissioners, but declared that it was only one instance out of many. Naturally his words created a profound sensation. He also declared that the guides are fruitful source of game law violations and ought to be better regulated and controlled, not by the Commission, but by the Governor. He was followed by Commissioner C. E. Oak, who indignantly denied that any man had "a pull" with either commissioners or wardens. He dared anybody to produce a man who would openly dare show that he had "a pull." Mr. Mcfarlane threatens to introduce a bill to take the care and control of the wardens and guides entirely out of the hands of the commissioners, and put them in charge of the Governor and Council. He says that the commissioners are fallible along with the rest of human nature; that they have too much power, too much to attend to.

The proposition to increase the guide license fee from $1 to $5, or even $10, by the more radical, is meeting with some bitter opposition from the guides themselves. A guide, who was in Boston last week, says that the guides themselves will go to Augusta and oppose such a measure. He says that putting the fee higher than $1 would do nothing toward insuring a better class of guides, since no would-be guide is so low that he could not procure $5, or even $10, to pay for a license, and when he had obtained the license he could easily get even with the State by taking still another deer to sell to hunters or send by them to the Boston markets.

SPECIAL.

The Cuvier Club.

THE Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, held its thirtieth annual meeting on Jan. 5. The election of officers resulted as follows: Alex. Starbuck, President; James W. Doherty, First Vice-President; Henry Hanna, Second Vice-President; P. E. Roach, Third Vice-President; E. G. Webster, James W. Doherty and John T. Rouse, Trustees, to serve three years. This will make President Starbuck's sixth successive term as the head of the organization.

Successful Outings.

CALIFORNIA, Jan. 8.—In its varied gleanings, FOREST AND STREAM unavoidably collects peculiar sentiments. The correspondent who contributes the item "Two Successful Outings" to the journal of Jan. 5 must be an amateur sportsman of very indifferent attainments, or there are no contrasts in life.

According to his subscribed testimony he went to Newfoundland on his successful outing No. 1 and killed three caribou, having to put "five shots apiece into the bodies" of the first two.

In successful outing No. 2, in New Brunswick, with a guide, he shot three moose and three caribou, securing one moose and one caribou.

Now it seems to me that this is about as unsuccessful a showing as a man should make public or be permitted to contribute to FOREST AND STREAM.

Who writes the headlines?

There is a sermon behind such successes, but I am not patient enough to attempt it. Of course the performance is not a new one, and it is a pity it is not. Cannot some real sportsman devote a few hours to the topic?

RANSACKER.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some o the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

40.

John Roberts, the fish dealer, received a channel catfish yesterday evening from Hickman, Ky., weighing 114 pounds. The monster measured 14 inches across the head and came alive and kicking. Roberts called in many customers to see the monster, and proceeded to skin, dissect, etc., in the presence of Mr. Sterling Neblett, of the Chronicle, Stickacre and others. The reporter will give the facts as told him by Mr. Neblett, who never wabbles, even in a fish story, and we will swear to anything Sterling Neblett says, also Stickacre, who was brought up by Sterling in the Greenwood prayer meeting, and can't tell a lie. Says Neblett: "I saw him cut the fish open, take out the entrails and open the masticating sack, from which was taken a piece of candle, a bunch of six keys, and a rag carefully rolled up and securely tied, in which was found two $20 gold pieces, two $5 gold pieces and $5.50 in silver, making $55.50, and I tell you, sir, I never would have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes."—The Savannah News.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

One Morning.

THE fishing was rank; in fact there seemed to be no trout in the lakes, and the experts with rod and reel who had made the summer pilgrimage to the Mastigouche were filled with disgust and doubts of there being any trout in the famous waters of the club. It was the last of August and hot—just an ideal time for camping, and though the midday sun was too warm for comfort, the nights were chilly enough to call for blankets. More for the enjoyment of an excursion than for the hope of any change of luck, our party, taking tents and supplies for two days, made the trip of about ten miles from the club house to a group of three small lakes, where we arrived quite late in the afternoon and pitched camp.

By the time we had the tents up and camp in good shape it was time for the evening meal and those delightful two hours of loafing around the camp-fire before turning in on the spruce bough beds. The guides had cut a beautiful supply of fire wood, and when our fire had become a bed of glowing coals we piled on the big logs and getting under the blankets were soon in the land of dreams. From the shack of the guides and from the tents came volleys of snores and from the great northwest came a fullgrown frost. Shortly after midnight we were cold enough to appreciate the comforts of a warm day and spent the rest of the night in feeding the fire and getting an occasional forty winks between its frequent demands.

At last the morning came, and while the guides were preparing breakfast we made a dash for the lake for the morning ablution. A heavy fog hung over the water and the temperature of the water was so much higher than that of the air that it really felt like a warm bath. That phenomenon, however, received little notice. More interesting things than fogs and warm water were in sight. The frost had chilled the flies so that they were on the water in swarms and the trout were taking breakfast just as fast as they could jump. It looked as if there was a rising fish in every square foot of the whole lake, and out in the fog beyond our range of vision we could hear the splash of what seemed countless thousands of them. We thought we were in for a day of great sport, hurried through our breakfast and as soon as possible were out in the canoes.

But what a disappointment! We had had our breakfast and so had the fish. The fog had disappeared before the rising sun, the flies warmed up to new life, and fishing for that morning, at least, had settled down to the normal conditions. Nothing in the way of fly or bait would tempt them.

Perhaps some older and wiser angler can explain why it is that at irregular periods the brook trout stops feeding. Not once or twice, but many times the writer has known this to happen, and during these seasons of fasting the fish grow thin and have the appearance of being starved. To the trout fisherman the contents of the stomach of the fish is always a guide to the bait. During these periods of non-feeding, however, there is no guide, for they are found to be empty, except for small quantities of vegetable matter. Then suddenly the conditions change and for a day or two they appear to be ravenous and fill up with anything in the way of food and then settle down again into deep water and another period of starvation. The strange part of it is the fact that these fastings seem to occur when insect food is plentiful, and, so far as we can see, all conditions are favorable for indulging in meals at all hours.

Then, again, what trout fisherman has failed to notice that often when the fish are rising freely to the flies and the sport is all that one could desire, it will stop as suddenly as if an alarm had been sounded and no amount of skill will tempt them? It is the uncertainty that makes the angling art the more fascinating and teaches how little we really know of the philosophy of these inhabitants of the water. What trout fisherman has failed to note that often the greatest skill is required to tempt the fish when they are absolutely void of food? And, on the other hand, how often do we find them dashing at the bait and when landed discover them to be so filled that there is no room inside for another mouthful? One old Indian who was one of the best guides we ever had, and who was regarded as quite an oracle by all who knew him, summed up the subject about as follows when he was asked what luck might be expected for the day: "No can tell; may be so catch lot; may be so no have bite; try hard any way; plenty fish, but no tell about catch 'em."

The laws of men are doing much toward preserving the species, but it is a blessed thing for the anglers of coming generations that kind Providence has established laws of nature, of which we know but little, whereby the trout are somewhat defended against the temptations of bait which are constantly placed before them.

B.

ANGLING NOTES.

Oldest Active Angler.

My friend Mr. Archibald Mitchell sends me a leaflet which describes the "oldest active Scotch angler," and also gives a portrait of the man. "George Thomson, working joiner, of Lovers Lane, Cupar, was born at Nuthill, Falkland, in April, 1807, and is thus in his ninety-fourth year."

Mr. Mitchell says: "The inclosed, which will tell its own story, has just been received from an old angling friend of mine, who is President of the Cupar Eden Angling Club, and thought it might interest you, for I am not sure but Mr. Thomson may be the oldest active angler in the world. At any event, I do not know of one who is nearly as old as he. Had Mr. Habersham been still alive, he would have been at least ten years younger than this man. Do you know of an angler who goes fishing in his ninety-fourth year?" Indeed I do not, but I wish there was a company that insured a man's life to that degree of certainty that he would live to be active and fond of fishing when he arrived at ninety-four, and I would take out a policy to-night. That would be the one thing that would tempt a man to live to the age of ninety-four—that he could call himself an "active angler" and enjoy angling, but I suppose really if an angler lives to be ninety-four and retains any of his senses he would enjoy angling as a matter of course.

Mr. Mitchell writes: "This sketch of Thomson's life is interesting to me, because I had my first experience of angling on the Eden, and know all the places mentioned in the sketch. I hope he may round out the century and still be able to fish, but it is doubtful, as he has now lived far beyond the usual limit of human life."

The picture of Mr. Thomson shows a rugged old man with bright eyes and a strong face and a head crowned with white hair, and if one can judge from a picture, he seems good for six years more of angling.

One paragraph of the sketch I must quote: "From the far-off day when he 'bocht a ha'penny wand frae Blind Danvid at the Hedging Close' and helped the other urchins of the town to denude the tail of any passing gray horse to make lines, George Thomson has ever been a persistent, enthusiastic and successful angler. Up to the close of this season, he has plied the gentle art with success, and even now he says he is looking forward to the time when the hedges bud and the swallow returns, so that he may resume his loved craft. All will re-echo the hope of this 'hero of a thousand fights'—with trout—that his hundredth birthday will find him, rod in hand, on the banks of the Eden."

Spawning of Rainbow Trout.

The rainbow trout is called a spring spawning trout, as indeed it is on the Pacific coast, where it is native, but since it has been transplanted to Atlantic coast waters its spawning season has been of an earlier date as the years passed, until now it may be called a winter spawning fish in New York. When the rainbow was first introduced into New York State, a special season was provided for it by law, but now no distinction is made in the season when it can be taken legally. A few days ago I was at the Pleasant Valley hatchery of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission in Steuben county, and while there rainbow trout eggs were taken for the first time this season, and the date was Dec. 10, or eight days earlier than ever before known at this hatchery. On Long Island it is common to take rainbow trout eggs in January, but never so early as in December. At Pleasant Valley brown trout eggs were taken on Dec. 11, and quite a number of native brook trout had not spawned on that date. On Dec. 12 I was at Cold Spring Harbor, on Long Island, and on that date the men at the State hatchery were taking eggs from brook trout, and the brown trout had finished spawning. This evening I opened the Manual of Fish-culture published by the United States Fish Commission, and this is what is said of the spawning of the rainbow trout at the Wytheville, Va., station of the U. S. Fish Commission: "In the ponds at Wytheville the spawning fish may be found any time after the first of November; the season is well started by Nov. 15, and generally closes about March 1. December and January are the best months. In California the season extends from the first of February to May, and in Colorado begins early in May and continues until July." It has been said, I think, that in California the rainbow trout spawns in each month of the year somewhere, depending upon the elevation at which it is found, which means that in waters of different temperatures the fish has different spawning seasons. One of the objections urged against the rainbow trout in the East was that it was a spring spawning fish, and consequently it was soft of flesh at the season when the native brook trout season opened. No longer is it true to say the rainbow is a spring spawning fish in Eastern waters.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another year has rolled round—an exceedingly active and important one for the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The sportsmen of the State have taken hold of the game question in such a manner and put in such an amount of work before the last Legislature that a law prohibiting the sale of game birds is now on the statute books, and the occupation of the market-hunter is gone. The State Commission, with Capt. Collins at its head, has shown its fitness to live—no longer are complaints of the violation of fish and game laws ignored or pigeon holed, as in the old days, but strong, active measures are taken to see that the laws are properly enforced. All this, and more, were matters for congratulation among the members of the Association at their annual meeting at the Copley Square Hotel last evening, at which there was a good attendance. President Wiggin was in the chair, and after dinner a good amount of business was transacted. Messrs. Herbert Merriam, I. S. Adams, A. H. Whipple, George Nichols, John C. Clark, Jr., and Dr. D. S. Woodworth were elected to membership, and applications from forty-two gentlemen were received and referred to be acted upon at the next meeting. The report of Treasurer Kimball showed a balance to the new year of $429.81, and that the invested fund amounts to $2,180.11. Mr. Kimball also presented his report as Secretary, dwelling at some length upon the movement that led up to the crowning mark of the year—the enactment of the new game law, before referred to. The election of officers followed, resulting in the unanimous choice of the following gentlemen to serve for the current year:

President, James Russell Reed; Vice-Presidents, George W. Wiggin, Horace T. Rockwell, William S. Hinman, Dr. Heber Bishop, Dr. A. R. Brown, Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, Benjamin C. Clark, Robert S. Gray, Edward J. Brown, Dr. George H. Payne, Dr. B. V. Howe, A. W. Robinson, A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; C. H. Moulton, of Waltham; A. C. Sylvester, of North Attleboro; Dr. J. T. Herrick, of Springfield; Dr. D. S. Woodworth, of Fitchburg, Secretary and Treasurer, Henry H. Kimball: Librarian, Dr. E. W. Branigan; Executive Committee, J. N. Roberts, Charles Stewart, C. G. Gibson, Dr. Eben C. Norton, W. C. Prescott, George H. Moore, C. M. Bryant, Rollin Jones, William B. Smart, A. C. Risteen, N. Le Roy, Loring Crocker; Membership Committee, Thomas H. Hall, Waldron B. Hastings, Richard V. Joyce; Fund Committee, George W. Wiggin, William S. Hinman, Adelbert D. Thayer.

President Reed on taking the chair thanked the members for the compliment paid him, and promised his best efforts to promote the objects of the Association. The health of Mr. Daniel T. Curtis, one of the charter members, was drank with all the honors, and he briefly responded. Mr. Curtis reached the age of eighty-six years on that day, and he is still quite active, and rarely misses a meeting of the Association.

A committee was authorized to make arrangements for the annual banquet—always a very important affair—and then there was a little bouquet-throwing by ex-Presidents Clark and Rockwell—entirely deserved—to ex-President Wiggin, in the form of a vote of thanks for his services as President. Mr. Wiggin is a pretty busy man in his law business, but he has always found time to devote to the best interests of the Association.

Dr. Peckham, Bird Commissioner of Rhode Island, spoke of the havoc made among game birds by the pot-hunter, and complimented the Association upon the splendid work it had done in the direction of proper protection. Capt. Collins, the efficient chairman of the State Commission, always a welcome guest at our board, declared that the good results of the recent legislation were already apparent, and that it was true beyond question that game birds were on the increase in the State. There was still much to be done, however, and he felt sure the State Board would receive the hearty support of all true sportsmen throughout the commonwealth. Ex-President Clark spoke of the recent death of ex-Governor Wolcott, who always took a lively interest in the objects of the Association, and one of whose last official acts was the appointment of Capt. Collins to the State Board. In conclusion, let me say that in Mr. Reed the Association has a President who is a sportsman in the best sense—he uses both rod and gun, and uses them well. He is a lawyer in active practice, and has served as counsel for the Association for many years. He is a worthy successor to such men as Benj. C. Clark, Horace T. Rockwell and George W. Wiggin. The old Association enters upon another year with satisfaction for its labors of the past and great hope for the future.

WM. B. SMART.

Trout Jump at Flies.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 8.—In answer to Mr. R. B. Marston, in London Fishing Gazette, let me relate: In fishing a trout stream in northern Michigan I was using a cast of a Parmachenee-belle and a brown-hackle. I was wading down stream, and I came to a place where a tree had fallen into the stream, and after several casts I noticed some small trout following my flies. I cast again, and while my flies were 5 or 6 inches from the water a small trout 4 or 5 inches long jumped clear out of the water, grabbed my Parmachenee-belle and immediately dove with it in its mouth. I believe the same trout did the same thing several times while I was fishing there. These were brook trout, and they were not jumping except when they jumped at my flies. They were so small that I did not take any from that place. I have fished in that same stream every summer for five years, and this was my only experience of this kind.

THE FLY.

Governor McLean on Fish and Game.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Governor George P. McLean, of Connecticut, is a noted sportsman, and his hunting proclivities were attested in his inaugural message delivered to the General Assembly yesterday by the following passages:

"I believe it very bad economy to permit the extermination of the trout and game birds from our brooks and woodlands. A brook well stocked with trout or a cover well stocked with partridge or quail will in the near future bring a larger proportionate profit to its owner than any other investment. A step in the right direction was taken by your immediate predecessors, but the law lacks means for its enforcement. The slow torture and strangulation of the partridge should not only be prohibited, it should be stopped by detection and punishment as other forms of torture and cruelty are stopped. Many States of the Union have found it necessary to prohibit the sale of game entirely for a term of years. Certainly no man should be allowed to enter the premises of another for the purpose of taking trout or game found thereon, without the written consent of such owner. Non-residents coming into Connecticut to shoot or fish should pay a license fee. The law protecting deer should be extended and ample provision made for its enforcement. An intelligent treatment of this subject would add greatly to the value of many of our remote farms and preserve one of nature's greatest blessings." E. H. F.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 14.—New Orleans, La.—Louisiana Kennel Club's annual show. A. E. Shaw, Sec'y.

Jan. 14-19.—Pontiac, Mich.—Pontiac Poultry and Pet Stock Exhibition's dog show. Daniel Thomas, Sec'y.

Jan. 23-26.—Chicago.—Chicago Pet Dog Club's annual show. Mrs. J. T. Buhrer, Sec'y.

Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—Coronado, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials. Albert Beltz, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

February (First Week).—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Championship Field Trial Association's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

The Innocent Dies for the Guilty.

WARRENTON, Va., Jan. 5.—I was unfortunate enough on Monday last, the last day of our season here, to lose my most valuable dog while hunting, from poison gotten upon some place where it had been put out to kill sheep killing dogs. I regret that this is only a too common practice here, notwithstanding, in my opinion, it is against the law, and it is certainly hard, as in my case, without notice and without going upon lands where hunting is prohibited, to have a dog upon which time and money have been spent, a good hunter, a most excellent watch dog and a pet of the family, killed in this way.

Unfortunately I have been unable so far to ascertain exactly where the poison was obtained. I had taken the precaution to have my dog listed for taxation, as provided by our law, thus making her personal property, and could I ascertain where the poison was gotten I think the party in question would have enough of putting out poison in this manner before I got through with him.

Wishing FOREST AND STREAM a prosperous New Year, as I know its readers will have a happy one while reading it, I am, very truly, C. M. WHITE.

The Philadelphia Dog Show Association.

THE annual meeting of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association was held in their offices on the 7th inst. The reports of the various committees and the officers were read and placed on file. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, Clement B. Newbold; Vice-Presidents, Edward Moore Robinson, Alexander Van Rensselaer and Louis A. Biddle; Secretary, Marcel A. Viti; Treasurer, S. Boyd Carrigan; Board of Governors, the above named officers and Messrs. Reginald K. Shober, D. Murray Bohlem, Francis E. Bond, Mitchell Harrison, Jay B. Lippincott, C. Leland Harrison, Sidney W. Keith and Geo. R. Packard.

It was decided to hold the third annual show in the latter part of November of this year.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. James Mortimer writes us that Mr. G. M. Carnochan, Riverdale, N. Y., will judge fox terriers, and Mr. A. J. Purinton, Palmer, Mass., will judge beagles. The judges of the other classes were published in FOREST AND STREAM of last week.

The Alabama Field Trials, owing to scarcity of entries, have been declared off for this season.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

THE Entertainment Committee of the Yachtsmen's Club announces an important change in the ararngements for the Wednesday evening "talks." A class in knots and rigging under the tuition of John F. Byno will commence on Wednesday, Jan. 16, and be continued on alternate Wednesdays until finished. The corrected programme for January and February, therefore, is:

Jan. 16, class in knots and rigging; Jan. 23, "Cruising Yachts, Their Design and Construction," by Clinton H. Crane; Jan. 30, class in knots and rigging; Feb. 6, "Steam Yachts, Their Design and Construction," by Henry J. Gielow; Feb. 13, class in knots and rigging; Feb. 20, "Racing Yachts, Their Design and Construction," by William Gardner; Feb. 27, class in knots and rigging.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

To Mr. George L. Watson, the famous yacht designer, has been alloted the difficult task of rectifying the glaring mistakes made by Sir William White and his assistants in designing the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. Probably no naval architect is more widely known or has had such extensive experience as Sir William White, the chief constructor of the British Navy. After successfully designing the greater number of the recent ships in the navy, he made such grave errors in the planning of the royal yacht as to necessitate his removal from office. He is held responsible for lack of proper attention to the details of the design of the yacht, the unfortunate record of which dates from the time of her launching, when she nearly capsized. After radical changes and alterations were made, she was found to be quite as unseaworthy as when she was first launched. Sir William White endeavors to excuse himself by saying that impossible requirements were exacted regarding the interior arrangement of the vessel, but after some $3,000,000 have been spent, the British Admiralty do not feel disposed to consider this plea. The yacht is so much of a failure that it is a question whether it lies within the power of even so able a man as Mr. George L. Watson to remedy the mistakes made and to produce the original plan to make her the finest and most seaworthy yacht in the world. She was designed solely for the use of Queen Victoria and her family, and it is said that the Queen's prejudice is so strong against the boat that no matter what alteration might be made, it is very doubtful if she would ever go on board her.

The New York Herald's European edition publishes the following article in regard to the royal yacht:

The story of the new royal yacht, which remains a theme of much talk among yachting men and ship designers, is the subject of a long letter in the Pall Mall Gazette, written by William Allan, of Sunderland. He enumerates the various failures and alterations which the yacht has undergone, and says:

"The story of this yacht, which is unique in the annals of naval architecture, reads somewhat as follows: A yacht for Her Majesty that would eclipse all examples of modern yachtdom in luxurious comfort and seagoing qualities was determined to be built. Money was voted by the House of Commons without demur. The design and arrangements were left in the hands of the Admiralty officials, who, being designers of battleships, cruisers, gunboats, etc., were naturally deemed competent to design such a small affair as a yacht.

"The vessel was duly built from these designs in Pembroke dockyard, and was launched in the presence of royalty. Her machinery was fitted on board in the dock, but on letting water into the dock to float her out, she, much to the amazement and consternation of all around, almost tumbled over. Had she not been in the dock at the time, she would have done so with terrible loss of life. After a great deal of labor and ballasting she was ultimately got upright.

"The usual official inquiry followed. After being ballasted with hundreds of tons of pig iron, it was arranged to finish her in Portsmouth dockyard. She steamed around to Portsmouth very slowly, as it was found that she was inclined to show her keel. The report on this run was duly worded, in the usual phraseology, 'highly satisfactory.'

"She was docked at Portsmouth and has been in dock ever since, fully six months. Then began a series of wonderfully unscientific operations upon the poor cripple, to wit., cutting down the masts, funnels, forecastle, cabins, staterooms, window frames, dead packing the decks, etc., making the vessel look like a battered wreck. Then followed the fitting in of fixed iron ballast between the frames. Then it was found that the non-inflammable woodwork would not take on paint or be suitable for the valuable upholstery fittings, and so on.

"Yacht designing experts were called in at last, who, by all reports, confirm what was long ago told the Admiralty representatives in the Commons, namely, that she is, for want of a better term, a botch.

"The reason for this failure is not far to seek. The vessel speaks the cause. Any one, even an apprentice ship draftsman, on looking at her in the dock would have seen that she had no middle body in her and was too fine for top weights. This fining of her lines has been her ruin.

"This has been done apparently without due calculation of the weights to get a high speed ship at small indicated horse-power. Hence the center of gravity is too high, rendering her cranky.

"It will be admitted that such slipshod work as has been exhibited in this vessel would have been expected only from an amateur, but, coming as an Admiralty design, and having no doubt the approval of admirals and captains on the Board, one is staggered at this result.

"Hence the question naturally arises, Are the battleships and cruisers of the English Navy stable? With the heeling over recently of Her Majesty's ship Resolution, an object lesson is provided which ought to be seriously considered. With bunkers and tanks empty, can these vessels remain upright? While under these common conditions to what angle can they be heeled over without capsizing?

"If stability is to be sacrificed to speed which with the present machinery can never be attained or maintained after the trial trip farce is over, then the British fleet is indeed in a deplorable condition, and the sooner the nation is made aware of this fact the better for its ultimate safety.

"The cost to the country of this new royal yacht will be enormous, as much as, if not more than, that of a first-class battleship.

"Why all this extravagant expenditure has been allowed to go on since the launching of the vessel, last May, it is difficult to understand upless it is on the ground that the Admiralty creed is, when we make a blunder we don't admit it, but endeavor to retrieve errors of all kinds, whatever the cost. On such a basis alone can such scandalous waste of public money be accounted for.

"Who is to blame? An answer is required. A full investigation is urgently needed and will be demanded, into the true condition of the British Navy and Admiralty management.

"Nothing less should satisfy the country. Then will it be known who are the men that have given the world the materials for this discreditable story of the new royal yacht."

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 13.—Everything is now in readiness for starting work on the construction of the Boston cup defender. The laying down has been completed, and the scrive board will be taken to the Atlantic Works, Monday. It is expected that some of the lead for the keel is now on the way to Boston, but this material is not needed in a hurry, on account of the peculiar manner in which the keel will be constructed. It can be put into the hollow trough at any time before the yacht takes the water.

The shed at the Atlantic Works has been completed, and is now ready for occupancy by the new 90-footer. It is a very fine affair, for a temporary one, and will have every convenience for the workmen. Light is obtained from thirty-nine windows, placed in the sides and the ends. It is situated close to the rolling mill, so that no time will be lost in transferring the plates and the frames when finished to the yacht. B. B. Crowninshield went to New York Friday, but it is not known that it was in connection with the new boat.

There is now little doubt that the alleged centerboard syndicate will prove a fizzle. Some of the men who were most prominently mentioned in connection with it have drawn out, and it is not expected that the others will carry on the work. As a matter of fact, there has not been one dollar put up so far to insure the building of the boat, and it is not thought that there will be any of these necessary articles produced.

It is greatly lamented in this district that the boat will not be built, and that is the way the matter looks at present. There are many advocates of the centerboard type about here who are very anxious to see the principles of such a design thoroughly tried out in a 90-footer. It is thought that some of these men would have formed a syndicate if it were not for the fact that they had received the impression that a syndicate had already been formed. It may be possible that these men will yet put up sufficient money to insure the building of the boat, but it is considered extremely doubtful.

Wilson & Silsby are hard at work on the sails. They were offered the use of the big sail loft at the Charlestown Navy Yard, but as the larger sails could not be spread there, Mr. Wilson thought that he would perhaps be as well off in his own shop. Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Crowninshield were very much pleased at the manner in which the navy officials treated them. They were offered every assistance which might be obtained at the Charlestown yard. It is quite likely that the bolt ropes for the sails will be made there. The rope which is made at this yard is the finest produced in the country, the material of which it is made costing more than the finished article turned out by private concerns.,

Wilson & Silsby have probably the largest private sail loft in the country. It is 122ft. long and 40ft. wide. But even with this large floor space the big jib topsail, ballooner, spinaker and mainsail for the new boat cannot be spread. It may be wondered how the sails can be made accurately, when they cannot be entirely spread out, but they are all made from a certain design which cannot be departed from, and the result is that every cloth in the sail has its proper draft and conforms to the idea of the designer.

The sails for the Navahoe, Colonia, Jubilee and Pilgrim were made in the old sail loft, which was only 22 by 75ft. The sailmakers had no idea of the appearance of the larger sails until they were hoisted on the boats. That sails can be made in this manner, having the right flow and draft, seems nothing short of marvelous, but they are made accurately. Wilson & Silsby sails are the finest in this country, and probably in the world.

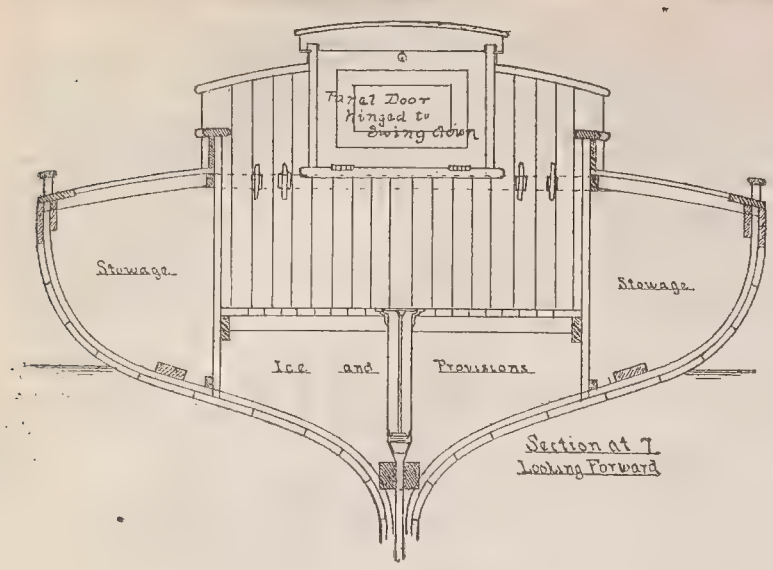
Arthur Binney has been at work on a number of designs during the winter. He has had his usual number of steamers and this year he has turned out another fisherman. Mr. Binney has designed several fishing vessels for Capt. Sylvester Whalen, which have been very successful, both in regard to speed and in carrying capacity.

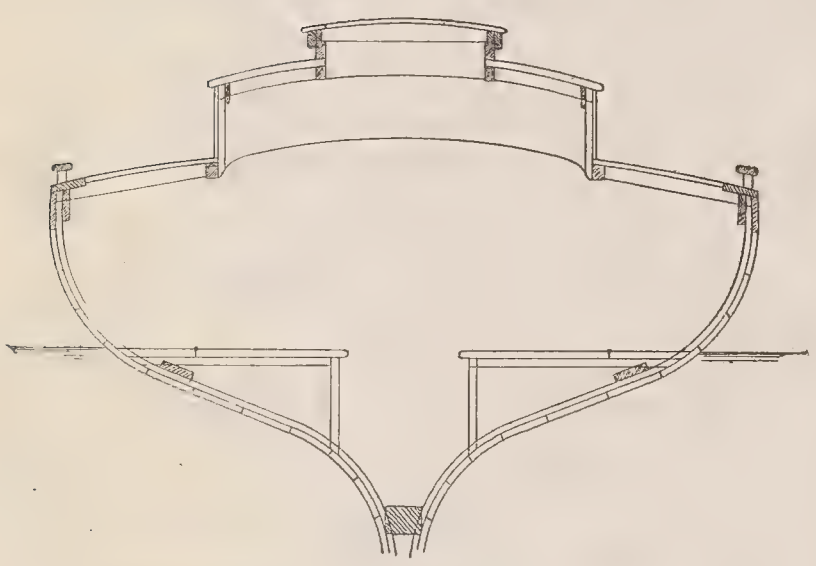
The fisherman which he has turned out this year is for B. F. Philips & Co. and is being built by Story, of Essex. She will be 98ft. on the waterline and 126ft. over all. She will have a long overhang forward, but which could hardly be called a spoon bow. It is very sharp and somewhat rounded up to the stemhead. There will be great depth under the forefoot, which Mr. Binney considers necessary on account of the vessel laying to so much.

He has a 36ft. gasoline launch for the Canaveral Club, of Titusville, Fla. This will be a stern-wheeler and will draw but 8in. of water. She will be used for fishing and shooting. He also has a twin-screw gasoline launch, 66ft. long, for George Hills, which is being built by Rush Bros., of East Boothbay. He also has orders for two 86ft. steam yachts, one of which will be built by Geo. Lawley. These will be very roomy boats, and will make admirable cruisers. They are expected to make 12 knots. Besides these he has a 70ft. schooner, a 55ft. schooner, a 36ft. cutter, two 22-footers, and a 17-footer.

The wooden keel for the Illinois, the Chicago defender of the Canada's cup, has been smoother up at Lawley's. The lead keel will be run this week. In the shop the Silsby 35-footer is about completed, as is the King 35-footer. The Curtis 35ft. schooner is all planked and her deck is being laid. The keel for the Sloane 85ft. schooner will be set up this week. The lead keel which was run for this schooner last week was about the slickest piece of casting that was ever turned out. There was not a bubble anywhere in it and the fuzz of the rough wood planking was plainly indented on its sides.

Kiley's Marine Agency has sold the 47ft. cabin naphtha launch Thoro to Jerome D. Aspinwall, of New York, and the 63ft. schooner Fairmount to Rockland parties.





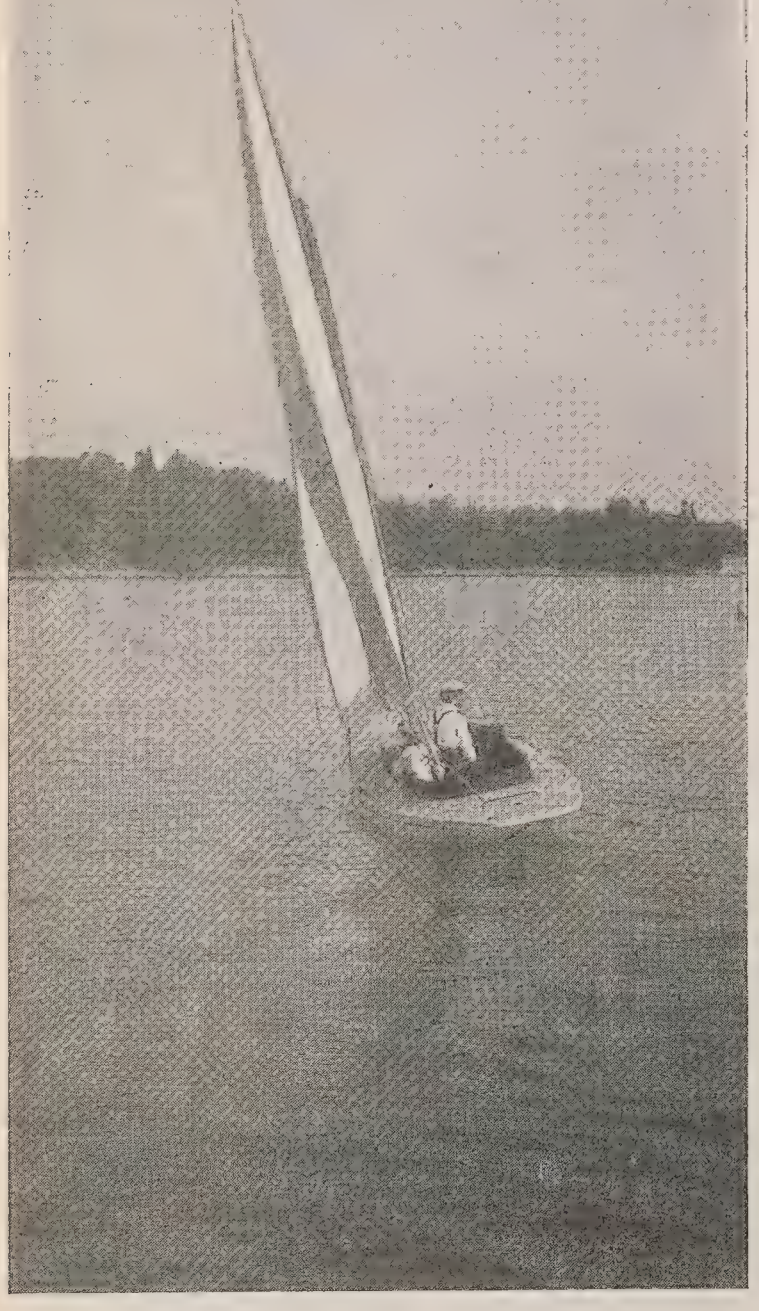
C. LARK—SECTIONS.

Kiley has an order to build a 40ft. gasoline launch for a member of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

A smoke talk will be held at the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. Monday evening. Congressman Henry F. Naphen will deliver an address on Webster and Burke, a subject to which he has given much time and research.

MacConnel Bros. have sold the following yachts: The 21-footer Usona, to Dr. C. P. Curley, of Provincetown; knockabout Amelia, to B. E. Newhall, of Danvers; sloop Athla, to Dr. F. A. Gardner, of Washington; cutter Adeline, to Shepard & Orr, of Chelsea; cat Magic, to Chester Field, of Boston, and cat Gwendoline, to Myron L. Crowe, of Dorchester.

The following officers have been elected by the Old Colony Y. C.; Com., H. E. Jepson; Vice-Com., Louis Ostermeyer; Rear-Com., H. E. Jackson; Sec'y, M. Edmonds; Treas., H. L. Woodward; Meas., C. H. Conant; Board of Directors, J. Anthony, R. W. Davenport and F. Doane; Regatta Committee, E. W. Powers, C. Doane and A. H. Pike.



C. LARK.
Designed by C. A. Macey.

C. LARK—SAIL PLAN.

The following officers have been elected by the Beverly Y. C.: Com., George C. Stickney; Vice-Com., Stephen J. Connelly; Rec. Sec'y, William J. Starr; Fin. Sec'y, William D. Sweetman; Treas., Dr. E. B. Dudley.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

C. Lark.

IN designing Pickle in 1897, Mr. C. A. Macey, of Rochester, N. Y., met with such success he was encouraged to turn out another boat of about the same size. C. Lark, the plans of which appear this week, is Mr. Macey's second attempt, and was designed for Dr. George E. Clark, of Skaneetales, N. Y., who built her himself, but the design was also used by Mr. James W. Commerford, of Toronto, Canada, who built a boat from the plans, but made the error of cutting down her sail area to 320 sq. ft., consequently she did not make a particularly good showing in a light breeze. C. Lark has proven herself fast in light and heavy weather, and is easily handled by one man, as all halliards and sheets lead aft to the cockpit. Her best point of sailing is to windward in a breeze. She is very quick in stays and balances perfectly under the rig shown in the drawings, carrying her helm about an inch a-weather when close hauled. Her construction is very simple, as is shown by the dotted lines on the plans. She is oak framed, has one sawed frame at each station shown on the sheer plan, and two bent ribs between; she is planked with cedar ¾in. thick, and is copper fastened. Her rig is of the sliding gunther type, as was used on Pickle, and proved very satisfactory.

The result of some of her racing last season is given in the following account furnished by her designer: On Aug. 14 she sailed a six-mile triangular race. There were eight starters. The boats were handicapped at the start, according to measurement, the smallest boat starting first and the largest boat last, the object being to bring all the boats together at the finish. She got away third, five larger boats following. The course gave one leg with the wind on the quarter and two legs of windward work. The wind was light and fluky. On the last leg the first time around when C. Lark was leading, she ran into a soft spot and a breeze astern brought up the other boats, putting all eight in a bunch and practically giving all of the boats an even start. For the second round, however, lay it to wind, boat, handling, as you will, she crossed the finish line first, about five minutes to the good. The next race she sailed in was on Aug. 28. There were only three starters. The wind was light again, and gave C. Lark two sides of the triangle off the wind (a condition favoring the other boats) and one leg of windward work. Spinakers being barred, she had to do her racing on one side of the triangle. However, she finished with nine seconds to her credit. The third and last of her season's races was sailed on Sept. 4, this time with four starters, C. Lark starting third. There was a whole sail breeze blowing two sides of the triangle off the wind again, and one leg dead to windward again. C. Lark finished first about five minutes ahead, thus winning second prize for the series of races. A good showing, considering that she was not rigged in time for the first race of the series, and broke down in the second and went into several other races without a trained crew, also had a bad setting mainsail, which has been replaced by the sailmakers since the races.

C. Lark's dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	25ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	14ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	5ft. 6in.
Aft	6ft.
Beam—	
Greatest	6ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	5ft. 6in.

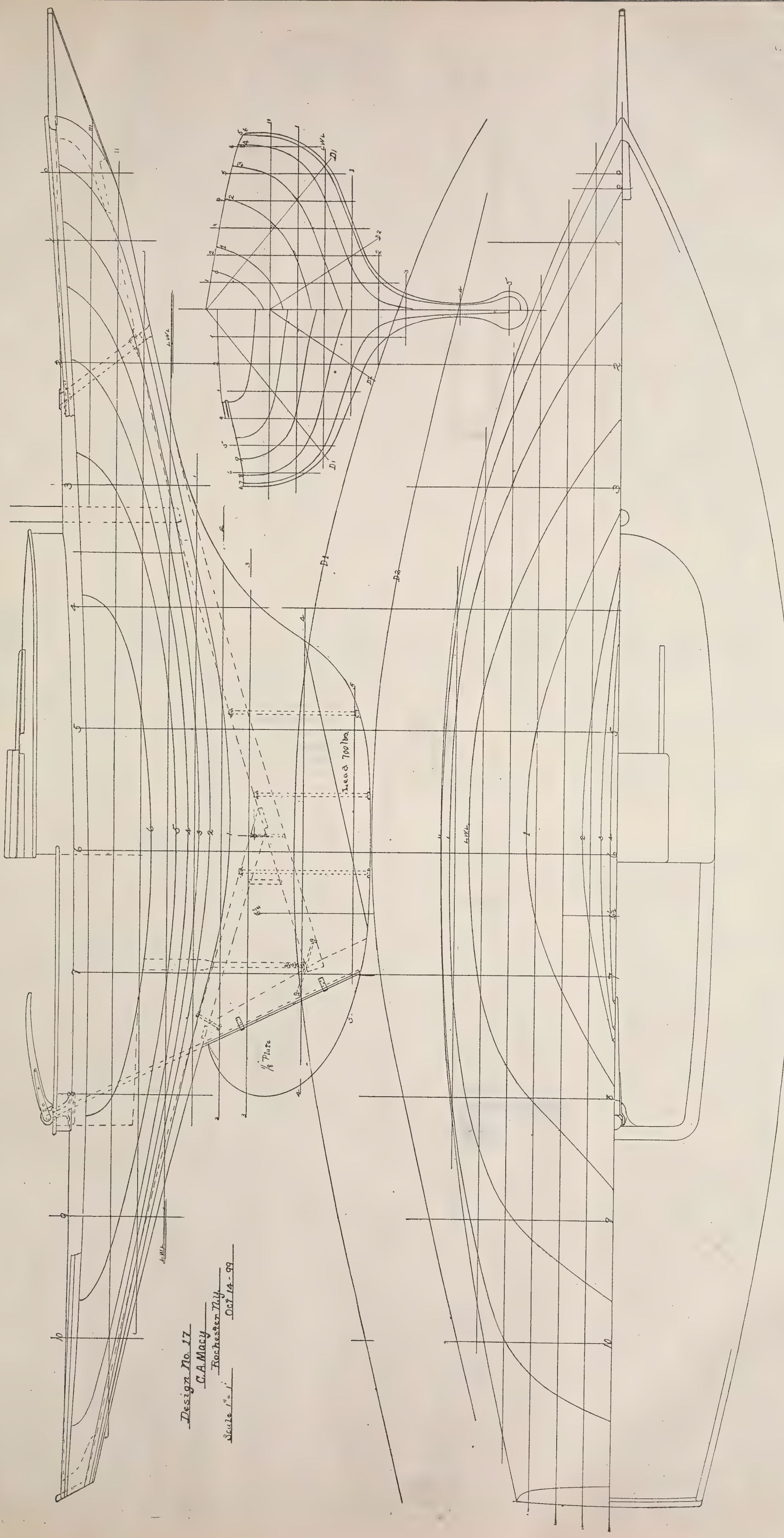
C. LARK.
Designed by C. A. Macey.

Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 2in.
Aft	2ft.
Least	1ft. 6in.
Draft	3ft. 9in.
Sail area—	
Mainsail	301 sq. ft.
Jib	77 sq. ft.
Total sail area	378 sq. ft.
Ballast outside	700lbs.
Displacement	1,900lbs.

C. Lark's cabin is quite small, but still in case of being caught out over night or during bad weather it affords ample protection for two or three persons.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5.
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.



C. LARK—DESIGNED BY C. A. MACEY FOR DR. GEORGE E. CLARK.

A Canadian Ice Yacht.

TORONTO BAY, a clear expanse of fresh water frozen for several months of the year, offers excellent facilities for ice yachting, and though the boats are much smaller than those of the Hudson and Shrewsbury, and racing is not such a feature, ice yachting is very popular and much sailing is done. Many of the yachts are kept on hire and also used regularly to carry passengers between the city and the island, a mile away. They are of simple construction and far less expensive than the Hudson River craft, costing only about $100.

The yacht here illustrated, through the kindness of Mr. J. Ackroyd, one of the principal builders, is a good representative of the class. The construction is so clearly shown in the drawing that but little explanation is needed. The runner plank is of white pine, 2in. thick and 16in. wide, the upper members of the truss being two oak strips, each 2x4in. These are sprung over two pieces of 2in. oak, one on each side of the center of the runner plank. The truss is fastened together with ½in. bolts, as shown, the ends of the oak strips butting against pieces of 1¼in. oak bolted to each end of the runner plank, the same bolts, or lag screws, running down into the runner block. This is of oak, 5x5in., with a groove cut in the lower side, ½in. wide and 2½in. deep to receive the runner.

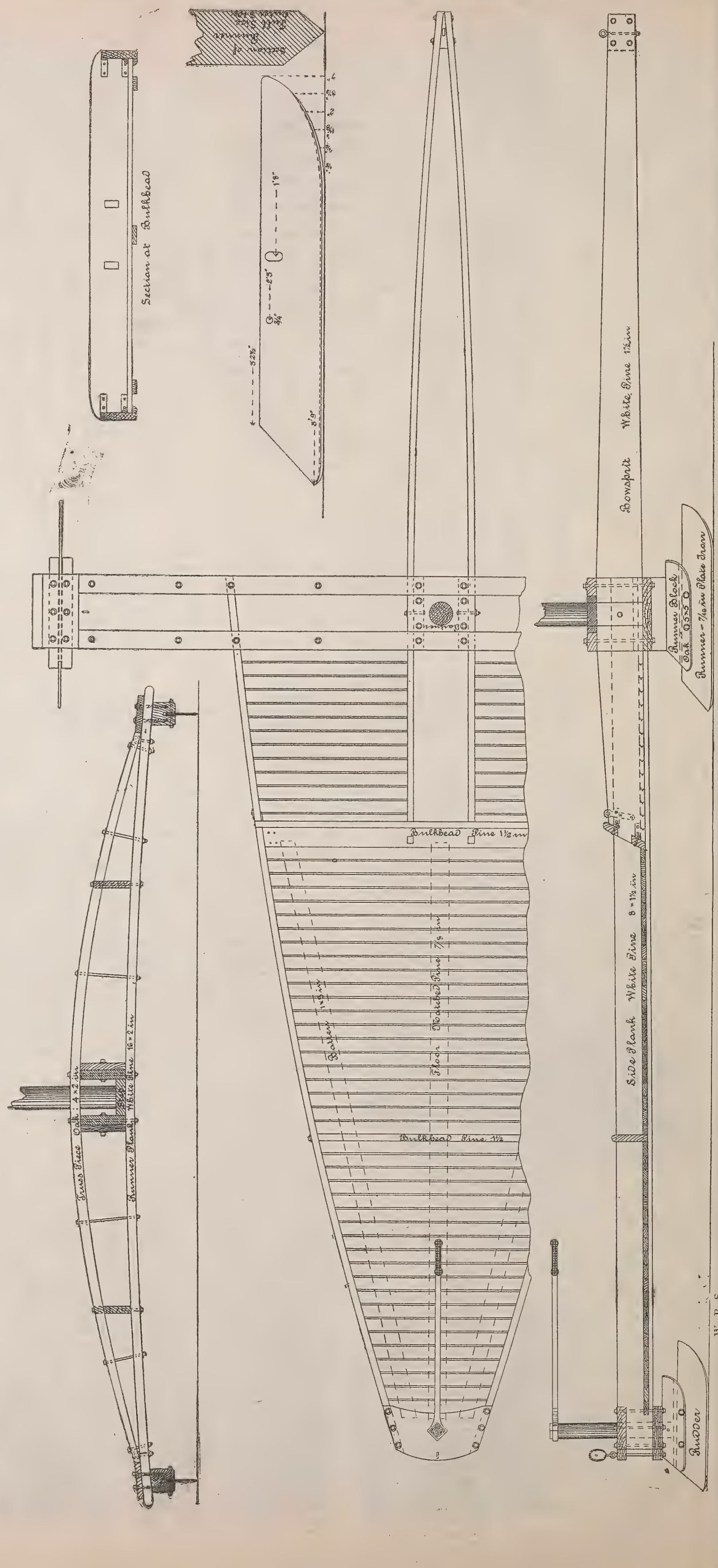
The mast rests on the runner plank, in a 2in. oak step bolted to plank, and the space at the top between the two oak strips is filled in with a similar partner piece through which the mast passes. The body of the yacht is made of two side planks, each 1½in. white pine 8in. wide, united at the after ends by two stern pieces of 2in. oak, through which the rudder stock works. The side planks are sprung to a curve and the forward ends are bolted into the truss of the runner plank. The floor extends the whole length of the body, and is of ⅞in. white pine, battened in sections and removable. It rests on strips screwed to the inside of each plank on lower edge. There are two transverse planks or bulkheads between the side planks, the forward one raking forward at an angle. These bulkheads are secured by lag screws through the side planks and also by iron knees, two to each end.

The bowsprit is of 1½in. white pine, the two planks being bolted together at the fore ends, while the after ends are tenoned into mortises in the forward bulkhead. The planks of the bowsprit pass outside the two oak uprights of the runner plank, and are secured by one bolt through each plank and upright.

The rudder stock is tenoned into the rudder block, the tiller being of oak or iron. The runners are of boiler plate, beveled as shown, the rudder, of course, having the same bevel on each side. They are hung on two ⅝in. bolts through runner block, the forward hole in runner being oblong, to admit of free play.

The yachts are all lateen rigged, with sails of 6oz. duck, double bighted. The boom and yard are each made of two spruce poles with their butts spliced at the center of the spar, the splice being wrapped with hoop iron for its full length.

Ice yachts are also much used on Burlington Bay, at Hamilton, thirty miles from Toronto, also lateen rigged, but with sheer legs in place of mast. The dimensions of the present boat may readily be reduced to one-half or one-third, making a still cheaper craft.



Yacht Club Notes.

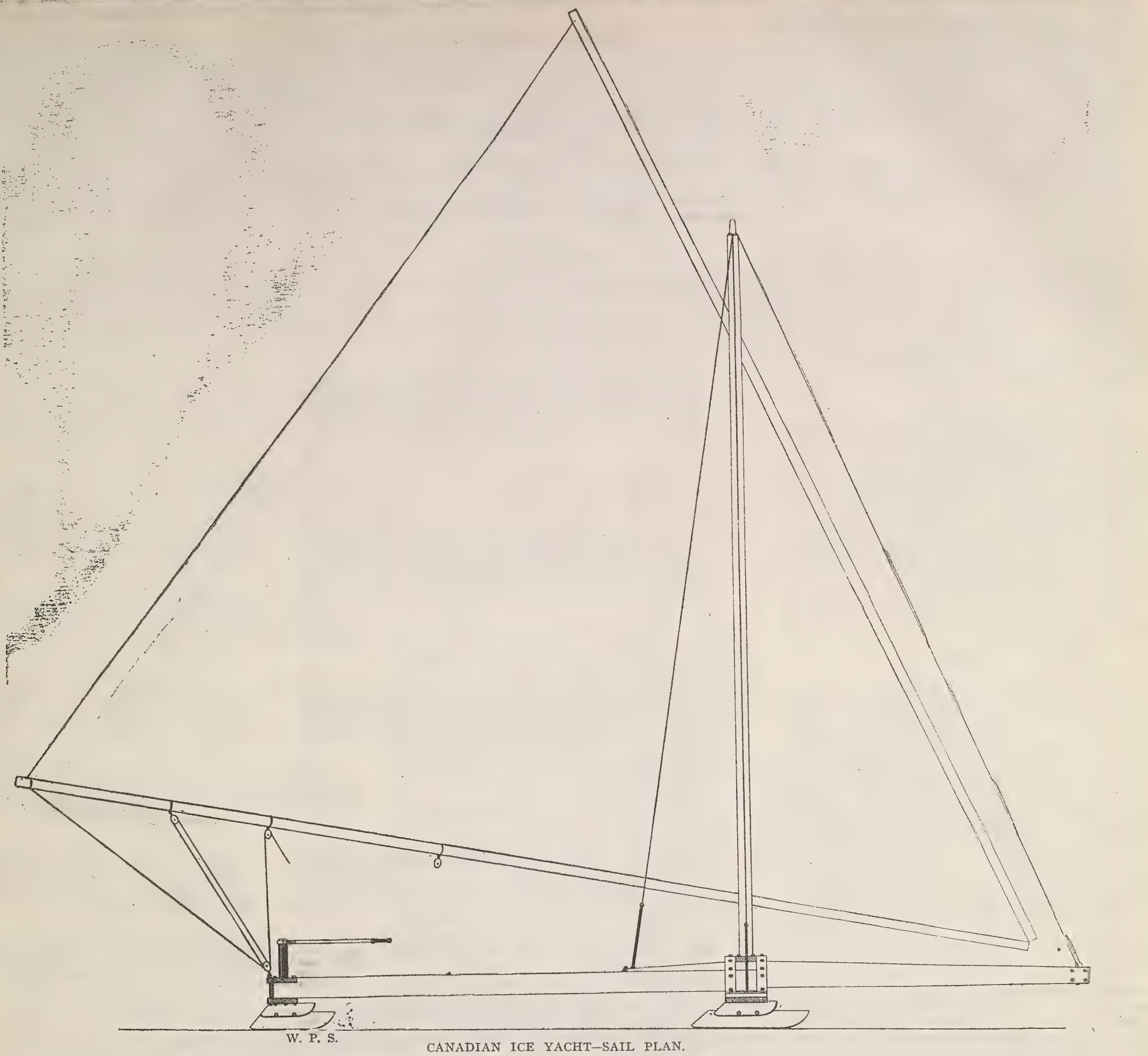
The annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was held at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, on Jan. 9. The usual reports were made, which showed that the club wis in a first-class condition in every way. The prizes won by yachtsmen in last season's regattas were exhibited and given to the successful yachtsmen. They formed a very handsome collection. Com. Charles T. Wills, who has held office for six years, retired last night. The club thanked him for his services and made him a trustee.

Resolutions were adopted of condolence with the family of the late Henry E. Doremus, who was the first commodore of the club and one of the charter members.

The following officers were elected: Com., Frank Tilford; Vice-Com., Alfred Peats; Rear-Com., George F. Dominick; Sec'y, Charles W. Kirby; Treas., Richard Outwater; Trustees (term expiring 1904), Charles T. Wills and L. R. Alberger; Regatta Committee, Frank Bowne Jones, Charles F. Kirby, Charles P. Tower, F. C. Henderson and Charles E. Simms; Delegates to the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, Frank Bowne Jones, Charles F. Kirby and Charles E. Simms.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Jan. 8 at Sherry's. The chief business of the evening was to listen to the reports of the officers and committees and all of these, particularly those of the Secretary, Treasurer and Race Committee were particularly pleasing. They showed that the club had just completed the best season of its existence. There were fewer resignations last year than ever before, the financial condition is good and there never was so much good racing as there was at Oyster Bay last summer. The result of the election was as follows: Trustees (to form the class of 1904 in place of that of 1901, whose term of office expired), Percy Chubb, Henry Clark Rouse and Wm. J. Matheson; Com., Arthur Curtiss James; Vice-Com., Colgate Hoyt; Rear-Com., Henry C. Eno; Sec'y, Allen E. Whitman; Treas., Frank S. Hastings; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, H. Holbrook Curtis, M. D.; Fleet Chaplain, W. Montague Geer, D. D.; Race Committee, Charles W. Wetmore, Walter C. Kerr, Charles A. Sherman, Clinton H. Crane and Johnston de Forest; Committee on Lectures and Entertainments, Jacob Wendell, Jr., Nelson B. Burr and Elijah Woodward; Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and H. M. Crane; Law Committee, Alfred Ely and Wilmot T. Cox.

At the annual meeting of the Williamsburg Y. C. the following officers were elected for the present year: Com., John Fennell; Vice-Com., E. V. Rosemond; Rear-Com., John New; Sec'y, Henry Schmieder; Cor. Sec'y, William E. Long; Treas., Adolph Kling; Meas., Joseph Northup;



W. P. S.

CANADIAN ICE YACHT—SAIL PLAN.

Steward, A. J. Brush; Sergeant-at-Arms, Pierce Hamburger; Board of Trustees, F. W. Smedley, William E. Kills, James Schuessele; John Lanes, Jr., Robert Jones; Regatta Committee, Adolph Kling, Henry Schmieder, Joseph Newburg; Fleet Capt., Thomas Airey; Chaplain, F. W. Smedley.

* * *

Members of the Columbia Y. C. held their monthly meeting at the club house on Jan. 4. The club determined to hold its annual regatta as usual on the Fourth of July. In addition to this, it seemed advisable to hold a second regatta later in the season, about Aug. 17. The fact that the races for the Canada cup will be held in Chicago shortly before this gives assurance that many outside boats will be on hand to compete and it is expected that the affair will take on something of an international character. It is not believed that the August races will detract from those of July 4. At that date last year as many as 112 boats were entered.

In addition to the regatta question, the club came to an important decision in regard to building a new harbor. A measure was passed to the effect that a new pier or breakwater should be built out into the harbor 150ft. east and another pier the same distance north and south.

It is expected that next summer will witness a great awakening of interest in yachting matters about Chicago, and Columbia Y. C. members are hopeful of securing their share in the same. Among the names of those who were admitted to membership last night were E. C. Berriman, E. J. Lampert and H. S. Boutell.

The election of officers of the club will be held next March. A nominating committee was appointed last evening consisting of Henry Davis, Edward T. Balcom and H. M. Heller.

The Columbia Y. C. will have a number of new craft in her fleet next summer. Among these will be a 46ft. cutter, Margaret, purchased by Mr. Fulford from N. Fred Avery, of Grand Rapids, Mich. She will be used as a cruiser. Mona, 30-footer, has been sold by Carlisle & Noble to R. C. Rittenhouse. New swallows will be sailed by C. O. Andrews, D. Winship and W. M. Bruce.

The cruising sloop Mermaid, which was built at Wood's Yard, City Island, from designs of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, was launched on Jan. 5. A trial of the yacht was made as far as Execution Light and return. The boat worked splendidly in the strong breeze that was blowing at the time.

The Larchmont One-Design Class.

THE promoters of the one-design class of 25-footers for the Larchmont Y. C. deserve credit for bringing the matter to a successful issue. The difficulties of establishing one-design boats are known only to those who have made attempts to organize these classes. In strictly one-design boats every one should be alike in detail, and a design that will meet with the approval of a sufficient number of men to warrant the success of the idea is a most difficult one to secure.

The object of the class is to get an able and fast boat at a moderate cost, with large accommodations for both day sailing and cruising, with beam sufficient to enable them to sail with less angle of heel than the narrow, deep boats, and of such draft as would permit them to enter any harbor on the Sound, and at the same time a boat in which racing can be had with the knowledge that she will not be outbuilt next year by a yachtsman who is willing to spend more money and secure lighter construction.

Some eight of these boats have already been ordered, and five of them are being built at Clinton, Conn., by Wyckoff Brothers & Taylor. It is hoped that two more boats will be ordered by the time the first five are completed, so that a second lot of five boats may be set up as soon as the first lot are out of the shop. The boats are designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and the plans show a handsome, deep centerboard boat with good freeboard and well balanced overhangs. The cabin house is comparatively narrow, giving ample deck room on each side. A good sized cockpit 8ft. long and 7ft. wide makes them comfortable boats for day sailing, and their commodious cabins give sufficient accommodation for two or three to live comfortably on board while cruising. The cabin floor is 9ft. long and 4ft. wide, and is unobstructed, as the centerboard houses under the cabin floor. On each side are transom berths 3ft. wide and 6ft. 6in. long. Forward on the port side is the lavatory with closet and folding wash basin. On the starboard side opposite is a buffet and lockers; the galley is next forward with stove, dish lockers, etc.; the ice chest is under the cockpit floor; the forecastle with a gas pipe berth gives accommodation for one paid hand. The cabin house is 13ft. long and 6ft. wide, and gives 5ft. 2in. headroom under beams. There is about 3½ tons of lead ballast outside. The rig consists of a jib and mainsail, having a total area of about 1,100 sq. ft., which is large but not excessive. The mast is stepped well aft, and a short bowsprit will be carried.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	40ft. 7in.
Waterline	25ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	7ft.
Aft	8ft. 7in.
Beam—	
Extreme	10ft. 6in.
Draft—	
Board up	4ft. 6in.
Board down	8ft. 4in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	3ft.
Taffrail	2ft. 4in.
Least	2ft.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	858 sq. ft.
Jib	245 sq. ft.
Total sail area	1,103 sq. ft.

The boats will be built in the most thorough manner, and sufficiently strong to withstand any strain that may be put upon them in several years of hard service. The cost of each boat fully rigged and painted and with a complete outfit on board, will be $2,200. They will be ready for delivery on May 1.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Christmas number of the Yachtsman that we have just received is even more attractive than any of its previous special numbers. It is filled with splendid articles and illustrations, the pictures of Valkyrie III. and Britannia, Mimosa and Sybarita being remarkably good. A photograph taken on board the steam yacht Niagara while crossing the Atlantic is one of the liveliest pieces of marine photography we have ever seen. Aside from these full-page illustrated supplements, the number is filled with smaller but equally interesting pictures on yachting subjects. "Yachting Par Excellence," a story of a cruise of 12,000 miles on an English clipper ship, is most entertaining, and another sketch, "Yachting on Windemere," gives a most comprehensive account of the sport in that vicrinity. Among the other articles are the following: "Salt Water and Sunshine," "In the Archipelago," "How We Saved the Annie Burpee," "A Corner in Pigs," "Fair Rosamond," "On the Hamble River," "A Few Famous Matches," "Frustrated," "Mimine's Cruise." "On the Saguenay River." All of these are attractively

illustrated. Plans of a 12-ton auxiliary cruising yawl, designed by Linton Hope, is a very interesting little boat with large accommodation.

Lewis Morris Rutherford died at Davos Platz, Switzerland, on Jan. 5. He was forty-one years of age. Mr. Rutherford was a member of the New York Y. C.

Gen. Brooke Postly died of heart disease on Jan. 4. He was eighty-four years old, and was a member of the Larchmont and New York yacht clubs.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox have prepared a design for a steam yacht 180ft. long for Mr. J. G. Cassat, of the N. Y. Y. C., and the boat will be built at Chester, Pa. This firm also has orders for two boats for the 30ft. class, four 36ft. centerboarders for Philadelphia yachtsmen and a boat for the 43ft. class. One of the boats for the 30ft. class is for Mr. Otto Lohrke, of Shelter Island. This boat will try conclusions with Oiseau, Empronzi and Alerion. Her dimensions are 42ft. 6in. over all, 25ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam and will draw about 6ft. She will have hollow spars.

George W. Maytham, of Buffalo, the owner of the yacht Echota, formerly the Hamilton, was awarded a verdict of $200 and costs against the Detroit Y. C. by Justice Stein recently. Maytham sued the yacht club for the $200 prize money which he claimed his yacht, Echota, had won in the last sweepstakes race of the yacht club. The justice held that the instruction to the skippers of the different yachts did not abrogate the rules, and that the officials of the yacht club had no right to postpone the race. The race was sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, which provided that when the race was not finished within the time limit the prizes shall be awarded according to the result of the first round, and the Detroit committee ignored this altogether, ordering the race to be sailed again when it had really been won by Echota.—Philadelphia Item.

A number of new yachts will be seen on Jamaica Bay next season. At Francis' shipyard, Holland Station, two knockabouts are being built. O. L. Schwencke, of Flatbush, a member of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., is having a knockabout, 25ft. over all and 20ft. on the waterline, built. She will also have a small motor and will be used for cruising purposes. Another is being built for the Merrill brothers, members of the Atlantic Y. C. The boat will be 28ft. over all and 18ft. on the waterline. At Broad Channel, Charles Roehr, of Brooklyn, a member of the Bayswater Y. C., is building an 18ft. knockabout of his own design. The boat is being constructed of very light material, and when finished will not weigh much over 300lbs. The big schooner yacht, Florida, which went ashore during a storm last November, has had new side planking put on and been thoroughly overhauled. She is owned by F. Reid, of Brooklyn, and is registered in the Atlantic Y. C. At the Rockaway Motor Company's works things are very brisk and a score or more naphtha launches are being built.

The steam yacht purchased abroad by Mr. John H. Hanan, N. Y. Y. C., to take the place of the Sagamore, recently sold by him to a Philadelphia yachtsman, is the Consuelo. Of this yacht and the sale, the cowes correspondent of the Yachtsman, Jan. 3, says:

"The Consuelo, steam yacht, has just been sold to an American gentleman, through the agency of Messrs. Borthwick, of Glasgow. The Consuelo is a fine screw schooner of 546 tons. She was built in 1887 by Gourley Brothers & Co., of Dundee, and was formerly known as the Taurus. Last year she was taken by Sir R. Williams-Bulkeley, Bart., in part payment for the composite auxiliary yacht Vagus, which he sold to the Earl of Crawford.

"The Consuelo is on the slip at Mr. G. Marvin's, where she was hauled up for survey. A crew was shipped this week, and fitting out has commenced. The yacht will be skippered by an American captain."

In regard to the trial boats for Shamrock II., the following article from the foreign correspondence of the Boston Herald is of interest: Now that the holidays are over and work on the America Cup challenger resumed, interest in everything relating to yachting has been rekindled. The Prince of Wales' new yacht will be in the trial races, and the latter will far exceed any ever run in the United States since the Puritan raced against a fleet off Sandy Hook. Shamrock II. will sail in company with five yachts, and, if she is beaten, Britishers will insist that the fastest boat be selected and sent across.

Big yachts which have been on the sale list for over a year have been bought recently, and the best skippers available have been engaged for them, and Bob Wringe will sail Shamrock I. and Edward Sycamore Shamrock II. It is a strange coincidence that both Wringe and Sycamore should be Brightlingsea men, and Bobby served as mate under Sycamore.

Kenneth Clark, owner of the 65 rater Khama, has just purchased the Distant Shore, and will fit her out for the trial races. Archie Hogarth will be captain.

Another good bit of news is that James Coats, owner of the schooner Glennifer, is negotiating through Watson for the purchase of Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie III. The sale is quite assured, so the challenger of 1895 will be in the circuit. Capt. Robert Duncan will be the skipper. Sybarita, too, will be in the trial races, so Shamrock II. should be well tried out before crossing the western ocean.

The trial races will practically all be run in the Solent, as this is convenient for the Prince of Wales. There will be some racing, however, on the Clyde, and possibly at Bangor and Kingston, en route to Cowes. The Queen will offer cups to be raced for on the Clyde and Solent.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.

Jan. 16.—Trenton, N. J.—Second contest of the series between teams of the Trenton Shooting Association and Freehold Gun Club, on the grounds of the former.

Jan. 17.—Baltimore, Md.—Ten-men team contest—Baltimore Shooting Association vs. Keystone Shooting League.

Jan. 29.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Open live-bird handicap shoot of the Parkway Gun Club.

Feb. 6-7.—Cincinnati.—Cincinnati Gun Club's sparrow tournament. Chas. F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Feb. 15-16.—New Orleans, La.—First annual Mardi Gras tournament of the City Park Gun Club, under the auspices of the Peters Cartridge Co. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y, Denegree Building.

Feb. 18-23.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club; four days targets, two days live pigeons; $1,000 added. C. E. De Long, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Washington's Birthday live bird and target shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual midwinter target tournament the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Feb. 22-23.—Colorado Springs, Colo.—Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association's thirteenth tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club.

March 2.—New York.—Two-week Roof Garden tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

July 23.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Jan. 22.—Interstate Park.—All-day anniversary shoot of Medicus Gun Club; $75 trophies; 20 live birds, $25 sweep.

Jan. 29.—Interstate Park.—John S. Wright's live-bird handicap shoot.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The anniversary all-day live-bird shoot of the Medicus Gun Club, to take place at Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 22, has five events on its programme, one at 5 birds, $3; one at 7 birds, $5; one at 3 pairs; the anniversary handicap at 15 birds, three prizes, and the fifth event at 20 birds, $25 entrance, three moneys, high guns. The programme further states that: "Please remember that all matches of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club are open to all comers, and any sportsman is requested to compete for the prizes on same conditions as members of club. The first prize in our anniversary shoot is a pair of game pieces, mounted in heavy 6in. oak frame, inclosed in oval glass, background hand-painted. The ladies say these are very handsome. This pair was made as part of a collection for the Paris Exposition, but arrived too late for shipment. One is a specimen of California quail; the other is a fine specimen of English gray snipe; second prize, black bear's head mounted on heavy oak shield; third prize, handsome mallard duck mounted on oak shield."

Messrs. R. O. Heikes and John J. Hallowell, under date of Jan. 12, write us as follows: "We are going to have a shoot at Dayton, O., the last of this month. The programme is as follows: Five 15-target events and five 20-target events each day, with $5 added to each event, and one 25-target event, with $10 added. A hot lunch will be served on the grounds each day, and plenty of fire and shelter will be furnished for the comfort of visiting shooters. The Phillips House will be headquarters, and the programme will be the same for three days, with a handsome silver pitcher for first prize and $10, $6 and $4 respectively for the second, third and fourth high guns. We expect to have an old-time shoot, with a chance for any one who can shoot a little bit and a good time for all."

The second contest between ten-men teams of the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Keystone Shooting League evokes much interest. It is to take place at Baltimore on Jan. 17. The following contestants of the Keystones have been notified to take the 8:32 A. M. train from Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, on that day: H. Henry, I. W. Budd, F. B. McCoy, F. W. Van Loon, W. N. Peck, J. Vandergrift, H. B. Fisher, H. L. Landis, W. J. Davis, W. W. Wagner and J. A. Anderson. The first contest, Dec. 27 last, resulted in a victory for Baltimore by a score of 198 to 189. Each contestant shot at 25 birds.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway has issued a calendar for 1901 which is distinctly artistic in its effect. A heavy cardboard, 5¾in. by 7¼in., makes a neat framework for the centerpiece, which is a reproduction in miniature, by color photography, from the original of Taggart's painting entitled "After a Long Silence." The aged mother, gravely eager, is reading a letter from the absent son or daughter to the aged father, who, bad to ear, is intently listening to the contents. Address A. J. Smith, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cleveland, O.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club announces a shoot at Rockaway Park, L. I., on Jan. 21, at targets, the latter thrown at 1½ cents.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, informs us that programmes of the Grand American Handicap at live birds will be ready for distribution on Feb. 20, and that entries for this great national event will be received by Edward Banks, Secretary-Treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York. It will thus be noted that the direct preliminaries for the great contest are begun, and the large number of shooters who know how they missed that bird, or those birds, at that trap, or those traps, will have an opportunity to try again.

There will be a special meeting of the Governing Shooting Committee at room 820 No. 320 Broadway on Jan. 24 to receive the report of the Committee on Constitution and By-laws, and transact other pertinent business. At a meeting held Jan. 10 the resignation of Mr. W. F. Sykes was accepted with regret. He could not spare the time from his business affairs which the business of the committee exacted. Col. J. H. Voss was elected president of the committee.

Mr. John W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs, Colo., under date of Jan. 9, writes us as follows: "Kindly announce in your columns that the Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association will hold its thirteenth tournament at Colorado Springs, Feb. 22 and 23, under the auspices of Colorado Springs Gun Club. There will be $500 in cash added in addition to merchandise prizes. We expect to have the programme out about Feb. 1. For any information desired address John W. Garrett, Captain."

The Boston Gun Club, of Wellington, Mass., announces a prize handicap series, commencing Jan. 16 and ending on April 24, on Wednesday of each week. The list of prizes numbers ten, all useful articles. "Conditions: Entrance free, open to all shooters. Distance handicap, aggregate of the six best scores out of the fifteen to count. Score each day to consist of 30 unknown. Practice afforded before and after match. All shooting from magautrap. Targets 1½ cents each."

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, under date of Jan. 14, writes us as follows: "At a meeting of the Jeannette Gun Club, of New York, Jan. 11, F. H. Ehlen was elected President; F. H. Kastens, Vice-President; C. N. Brunie, Treasurer; W. P. Rottman, Secretary. On the Shooting Committee were appointed L. H. Schortemeier, Chairman; Kid Peters and John Hainhorst. It was decided to join the N. Y. S. A. P. F. and G., and enter a team in the contest for the Dean Richmond trophy."

The secretary, Mr. W. Glenn Dietz, informs us that the Country Gun Club, of Myerstown, Pa., met and elected the following officers for one year. President, J. Risser; Vice-President, Frank Long; Secretary, W. Glenn Dietz; Treasurer, Robert Shanaman. He adds: "During the past year very little shooting was done, but we expect to do more in the coming years."

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., announces trap shoots for Feb. 12 and 22, live-bird sweepstakes in the morning, handicaps for merchandise in the afternoon, with a free lunch intervening. It also announces April 12 and 13 as the dates for its second annual two-day tournament at targets. John J. Fleming, 21 Waverly place, Newark, is the secretary.

The Parkway Gun Club, of Brooklyn, has arranged to hold an open live-bird handicap shoot at Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, Jan. 29, commencing at 10 o'clock. The main event will be at 15 live birds, $6 entrance, birds extra, commencing at 1:30 o'clock. It will be governed by class shooting, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Mr. John S. Wright, the able manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces a live-bird shoot at Interstate Park on Jan. 29. The porgramme will be announced later, but it probably will consist of events at 5, 7 and 10 live birds, $3, $5 and $7 respectively, with handicap allowances of distances and misses as no birds and kills. Shooting will begin at 10:30.

The trial of Mr. G. S. McAlpin, for assaulting Capt. A. W. Money recently, was adjourned on Thursday of last week to Feb. 18, to enable the defendant to have Dr. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., present as a witness, Mr. McAlpin being placed under bonds to appear at the time set.

The Cleveland Gun Club, Cleveland, O., held an election of officers Jan. 8, with results as follows: President, F. G. Hogen; Vice-President, C. H. Stanley; Treasurer, S. C. Payne; Recording Secretary, A. M. Allyn; Financial Secretary, F. H. Wallace; Captain, F. C. Wheal.

On Saturday of last week Mr. E. J. Clark, known to fame also as an expert basket ball player, killed 10 birds straight alone in the club event of the Flushing, L. I., Gun Club, in a field of twenty contestants. The club contemplates holding a tournament on Lincoln's Birthday.

The Board of Governors of the Keystone Shooting League has posted a rule which denies the privilege of the club grounds to visitors unless accompanied by a member or provided with a visitor's card, which may be obtained of the members.

At Interstate Park, L. I., on New Year's Day, some shooter by mistake took Mr. Griffith's gun barrels instead of his own. He can exchange barrels and rectify the mistake by calling at room 820 No. 320 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Percy S. Benedict, secretary of the City Park Gun Club, Denegre Building, New Orleans, La., announces his club's first annual Mardi Gras tournament Feb. 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Peters Cartridge Co.

In the mention of the match between Messrs. L. T. Duryea and J. A. R. Elliott, the former was erroneously credited with the win in "Drivers and Twisters" last week. The scores were: Mr. Elliott 94, Mr. Duryea 87.

Mr. Eugene Doenick, secretary of the Hell Gate Gun Club, writes us that the annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets for 1901 will be held at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, on July 23.

The Milwaukee Sentinel of Jan. 1 has the following bit of news gathered fresh with the dew upon it: "H. D. Bates, of St. Thomas, Ont., won the Grand American Handicap at live birds."

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott now has a string of trophies on his chatelaine which excites the admiration of connoisseurs in trophies, and which are doubly interesting from their associations.

Mr. C. F. Kramlich, corresponding secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, informs us that the State shoot will take place on May 14 to 17.

The tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association will be held, as formerly, on the roof of Madison Square Garden, commencing March 2.

In a practice shoot at Interstate Park last week Mr. Ansley H. Fox, we are informed, killed 129 live birds out of 130 shot at.

The Auburn Gun Club, Auburn, Me., announces May 30 as the date for its annual shoot.

BERNARD WATERS.

Standard Sizes of Chambers and Cartridges.

THE importance of correct relation in size between the chamber of a gun and the cartridge to fit it is obvious. The best gunmakers have always taken especial care to work to a series of chamber dimensions best suited to the cartridges in ordinary use, and cartridge makers have likewise done their best to work to sizes that will give in practice a minimum of split cases and bad extractions. But neither gunmaker nor cartridge maker has had the guidance of a series of standard dimensions jointly recognized by each. Both therefore have had to base their calculations upon a process of averaging existing practice, with the result that complications have arisen when full gauge cartridges have been fired in exceptionally small chambers, and, conversely, when small cartridges have been fired from guns of large chambers. We need not here detail the difficulties with which all manufacturers have had to contend in harmonizing gun chambers and cartridges under conditions in which each was standardized with only partial reference to the other. In fact, the necessity for correct relation between the two is so apparent that it would be idle to dwell upon the evils arising when the required conditions are unfulfilled.

It is only during the past six years that the industry of gunmaking, through an organized association, has been in a position to deal with the question of standard-sized chambers, and to secure the recognition of such sizes by the ammunition manufacturers. Early in the history of the Armourers' Club the question of chamber sizes was brought into prominence.

The Armourers' Club in June of 1895 passed a resolution inviting "Messrs. Eley, Kynoch and Joyce to meet a committee of the Armourers' Club to try and establish standard maximum and minimum sizes of the leading sporting shells." The conference then decided upon was held on Jan. 29, 1896, and besides various members of the Armourers' Club there were present Gen. Arbuthnot and Mr. Robert Fryer, of Messrs. Kynoch; Mr. J. C. Irvine, of Messrs. Eley, and Mr. P. Newton, of Messrs. Joyce. At this meeting careful consideration was given to the points at issue, and although no definite sizes were put forward or adopted, the ball was set rolling, and the principle of joint action was confirmed. All this occurred in the days of the Armourers' Club, of which Mr. H. A. Thorn was the hon. secretary, and among his more active colleagues were Mr. Henry Holland, Mr. E. Harrison, Mr John Rigby and Mr. A. H. Gale.

These particulars are interesting as showing the genesis of the movement. Subsequently the Armourers' Club became the Gunmakers' Association, and the question of standards was for the time lost sight of until again brought into prominence by Mr. T. W. Webley. This well-known gunmaker constructed on his own initiative a complete set of maximum and minimum gun chamber and cartridge gauges, and his figures received the careful attention of the leading gun and cartridge makers. But a difficulty arose which for the time being checked further developments. Mr. Webley's specifications included the maximum and minimum sizes of both gun chambers and cartridges, and in several cases the opinion was expressed that while it was right that the minimum chamber should be determined in its relation with the maximum cartridge the sizes should not be extended to include maximum chambers and minimum cartridges. The fixing of the latter sizes was considered to be the private business of the gunmaker and the cartridge maker. Having specified the point of contact, as it were, between the gun chamber and the cartridge, the other sizes become a question of manufacturing "latitude." Obviously, the closer a gun is chambered to the minimum sizes the less likelihood is there of split cases in firing, but whether the allowable difference or latitude should be fixed at .002in. or .005in. was recognized as mainly a matter of quality of manufacture, controlled in turn by price. The ammunition manufacturers likewise did not wish to be tied down on the one hand to an impossible degree of accuracy, while on the other hand they had no wish to adopt a wider margin of error than was necessary to cover the unavoidable divergencies of manufacture. We can best illustrate this point in reference to the paper tubes of ordinary sporting cases. These tubes are as a rule manufactured accurately to diameter within a margin of difference of about .005in. Storage in a damp warehouse or the use of overlarge wads would readily cause an excess of deviation beyond the above margin. If, therefore, the cartridge manufacturers had bound themselves to any particular latitude they would have opened the door for endless disputes, arising from the unintelligent treatment of cartridges which would satisfy the required conditions.

At this stage the Gunmakers' Association took the matter in hand, and under its auspices joint conferences were held last May and last October, at which the ammunition manufacturers already named were represented, while a delegate of the Birmingham and Provincial Gunmakers' Association attended on behalf of another important section of the gun trade. In the course of the discussion it was decided to reduce the question at issue to the simplest possible basis. It was recognized that all that gunmakers required was a standard minimum chamber, and its official recognition by the ammunition manufacturers, the term recognition implying an undertaking that cartridges should work satisfactorily in guns chambered within working limits of specified sizes. This at once put the matter on a sound basis of common sense. The gunmaker who chambers his guns properly is in a position, without knowing anything about minimum cartridge sizes, to insist on cartridegs that shall do their work efficiently. The cartridge maker, knowing the minimum size of the standard gun chamber, is in a position to determine for himself the manufacturing latitudes which will insure a satisfactory cartridge. Being thus in possession of the information he requires from outside, the ammunition manufacturer is left with a free hand to take what measures he thinks suitable for turning out the best cartridge he is capable of producing. Having once clearly defined what sizes were to be determined, the comparatively simple task of fixing upon definite dimensions was all that remained.

In order to set the minds of sportsmen at rest, we may at once point out that the new sizes are very little different from the average values which have hitherto been in use by the trade. In the course of the proceedings each representative present stated the sizes to which he had been in the habit of working. If one manufacturer found that any particular dimension he had hitherto followed was in disagreement with those adopted by the majority of his confrères he waved his point, and the result of this averaging process was that the sizes ultimately approved did not differ materially from those previously in use by the best makers. For instance, it has been pointed out that the 12-bore minimum chamber sizes are, with one exception, in all respects similar to those put forward by Mr. Webley two years ago, the sole difference being a divergence of .001in. in one of the measurements. It is thus important to note that the newly adopted sizes will not render existing guns obsolete. In fact, the only guns that will be rendered obsolete are those which were already proved to be over size in the chamber by their liability to split the cases fired in them.

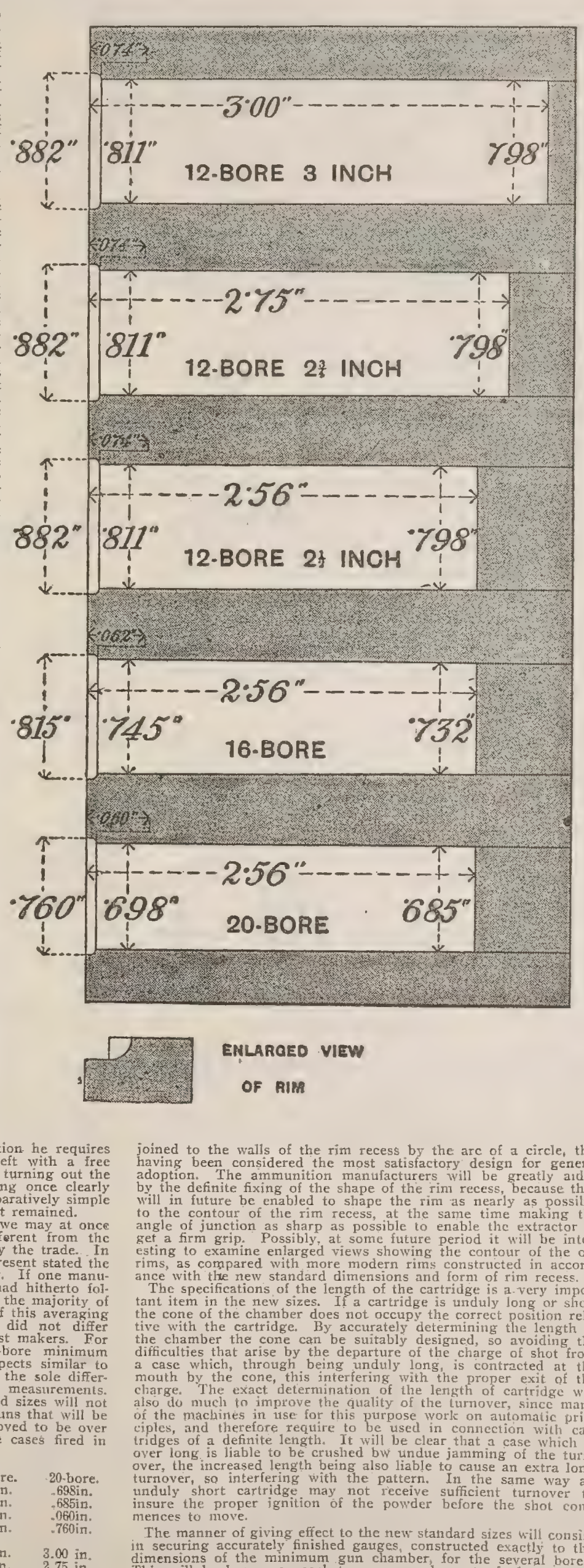
Minimum Gun Chamber Sizes.

	12-bore.	16-bore.	20-bore.
Size under rim	.811in.	.745in.	.698in.
Front end of chamber	.798in.	.732in.	.685in.
Depth of rim recess	.074in.	.062in.	.060in.
Diameter of rim	.882in.	.815in.	.760in.
Lengths.			
For 3in. cases	3.00 in.	3.00 in.	3.00 in.
For 2¾in. cases	2.75 in.	2.75 in.	2.75 in.
For 2½in. cases	2.56 in.	2.56 in.	2.56 in.

Turning now to the sizes adopted for 12, 16 and 20 bore cartridges, as shown in the accompanying diagram and table, we may offer a few general remarks concerning them. In the first place, it will be noticed that the walls of the chamber consist of a regular cone, the old principle which was recommended some years ago by Messrs. Kynoch, of making the rear portion of the chamber with parallel walls, being now definitely abandoned. The amount of taper in the walls of the chamber, represented by the difference between the diameters at the front and rear ends, works out at .013in. for every cartridge. It was agreed that with the taper the withdrawal of the empty shell after firing in the process of extraction would give the case sufficient clearance to insure easy ejection. The taper of .013in. in the whole length of the cartridge applies equally to all sizes, so that 2½in., 2¾in. and 3in. cartridges vary somewhat in the taper of the walls, the diminution of diameter being spread over a greater length in the longer chambers.

The dimensions of the rim have received the most careful attention, the depth of the rim recess having been the first point considered. In the case of the 12-bore this remains much as before. The 16-bore has been increased somewhat, so that it now stands at .062in. The 20-bore rim has, however, been very largely modified. Curiously enough, the rims of the old 20-bore cartridges were entirely out of proportion with those of other cartridges, their extreme smallness giving manufacturers of weapons of this bore considerable trouble in their efforts to secure reliable extraction. The depth of rim recess is now .060, and the value of the change is to be appreciated by examining specimen cartridges manufactured by Messrs. Eley Brothers to the new sizes side by side with those previously issued.

It would be safe to say that no one will benefit so largely from the standardization of cartridge and chamber sizes as users of 20-bore guns. Besides the depth of the rim recess, its diameter has a great influence upon the efficiency of ejectors. The elevation of the rim above the walls of the cartridge may be judged by the difference between the diameter under rim and the diameter of the rim. In the case of the 12-bore this difference amounts to .071in., which represents the elevation of rim above and below. Dividing this by 2 we obtain .0355in. as the upstanding height of the rim. That of the 16-bore is .035in., and of the 20-bore .031in. The form of the rim recess is shown in the enlarged view at the bottom of the diagram. It will be seen that the walls of the chamber are joined to the walls of the rim recess by the arc of a circle, this having been considered the most satisfactory design for general adoption. The ammunition manufacturers will be greatly aided by the definite fixing of the shape of the rim recess, because they will in future be enabled to shape the rim as nearly as possible to the contour of the rim recess, at the same time making the angle of junction as sharp as possible to enable the extractor to get a firm grip. Possibly, at some future period it will be interesting to examine enlarged views showing the contour of the old rims, as compared with more modern rims constructed in accordance with the new standard dimensions and form of rim recess.



The specifications of the length of the cartridge is a very important item in the new sizes. If a cartridge is unduly long or short the cone of the chamber does not occupy the correct position relative with the cartridge. By accurately determining the length of the chamber the cone can be suitably designed, so avoiding the difficulties that arise by the departure of the charge of shot from a case which, through being unduly long, is contracted at the mouth by the cone, this interfering with the proper exit of the charge. The exact determination of the length of cartridge will also do much to improve the quality of the turnover, since many of the machines in use for this purpose work on automatic principles, and therefore require to be used in connection with cartridges of a definite length. It will be clear that a case which is over long is liable to be crushed bw undue jamming of the turnover, the increased length being also liable to cause an extra long turnover, so interfering with the pattern. In the same way an unduly short cartridge may not receive sufficient turnover to insure the proper ignition of the powder before the shot commences to move.

The manner of giving effect to the new standard sizes will consist in securing accurately finished gauges, constructed exactly to the dimensions of the minimum gun chamber, for the several bores. This will be known as socket gauges, and a set of plug gauges will also be manufactured to correspond with the same dimensions. The plug gauge will serve to test the chambers of guns, while the socket gauge will act as a cartridge gauge. It is clear that every loaded cartridge which properly enters the socket gauge will also enter a gun chambered according to the new sizes. In this way manufacturers of ammunition, gunmakers, and others who load cartridges, will be able to test every single cartridge before it leaves their factory, in order to insure that it shall properly enter any gun chambered in accordance with the new sizes. There are a number of other gauges that will be required in actual manufacturing operations, but these do not come within the scope of this article.

As a matter of general interest, it may be mentioned that, in nearly all cases where complaint is made respecting split cases or bad ejection, the first test is one to determine whether the gun chamber is of accurate gauge, and the same with the cartridge. If one or the other is found to be in fault, the trouble may generally be ascribed to this circumstance. Should a batch of cartridges at any time be found not to enter the chamber of a gun without force, and the chamber be nevertheless of correct dimensions, the cartridge would be obviously over size. If it were then proved that the cartridges were true to gauge on leaving the maker's hands, it would then be clear that the tubes must have changed their dimensions since being issued, probably owing to storage in an unsuitable place. Difficulties of this kind, which have hitherto given so much trouble both to the user and the manufacturer, will in a measure disappear when the new sizes are introduced in practice, and when they do arise there will be less trouble than formerly in locating them.—London Field.

Richmond Pigeon Club.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 9.—The Richmond Pigeon Club made its bow to the public this afternoon at the baseball park in lovely weather. Every one had a good time except the pigeons. This club, organized recently, will hold monthly shoots, the chief event being a 20-bird handicap, the highest aggregate at the end of the season (after the April meeting) being awarded a gold medal.

Shooters killing their first or second 10 birds straight are penalized 1yd., the limit being 30yds. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

	1 1 5 2 5 5 4 5 3 3 3 5 1 4 4 2 1 1 2 1 2	
Buckner, 28	2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1	—18
	4 1 1 1 3 1 2 3 1 3 4 3 2 3 2 1 2 1 4 5	
Wood, 28	2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 2	—18
	1 4 5 1 4 1 3 2 3 4 1 1 2 2 5 2 2 3 5 3	
Colquitt, 29	0 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2	—18
	3 2 3 4 4 5 1 4 4 3 5 5 5 3 5 5 3 2 3 5	
Stearns, 30	0 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 * 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	—16
	3 3 1 2 1 4 2 5 4 3 5 5 5 5 1 5 5 3 4 3	
Harrison, 28	2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 0	—18
	5 5 3 5 5 2 2 3 5 2 1 5 4 4 4 5 1 3 4 4	
Signor, 28	2 2 0 0 1 2 * 1 0 2 2 0 * 0 2 1 0 2 0 1	—11
	1 3 3 5 2 1 2 1 3 2 1 1 1 4 1 2 4 4 4 5	
Vaughan, 28	1 0 0 2 2 * 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 1	—15
	3 2 4 2 2 4 1 1 4 3 3 3 4 5 4 3 1 4 4 3 1	
Boyd, 28	0 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 *	—15
	3 1 3 4 1 5 1 4 2 5 5 2 2 3 3 5 3 3 4 3 1	
Hammond, 30	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2	—16

Moline Gun Club.

MOLINE, Ill., Jan 1.—The Moline Gun Club ushered the old year out and the new one in by having a two days' tournament. The weather was much against us, and kept many away who had intended coming, and those who were present did not enjoy the cold, biting wind and the snow which fell on the first day.

The zero weather was warmed up a little by the sun, which shone on the second day, yet the reflection on the snow was very trying on weak or old eyes. Some good scores were made on live birds, but not on targets. The electric pull was almost constantly out of order, and proves that it seldom works well in very cold weather. On this account part of the target programme was abandoned.

The live birds were an excellent lot, many of them getting away to all appearances unhurt. The gentlemen who furnished them said they had been fed on cinders and were shotproof. It seemed to require more lead to bag these pigeons than any that I have seen this year, save perhaps some of John Watson's which he furnished during his December tournament.

There was a good attendance of local shooters, and Geneseo sent over a small delegation. Dr. Stone came from West Liberty, while Tom Laflin and Sperry, of Rock Island, put in their appearance and shot into first money more than once, Laflin winning first day and Sperry getting almost all in sight on the second day.

The head men of this club are the two Dunn boys and C. Stephens, of the Moline Plow Company. They are all O.K. when it comes to running a shoot. They had up a good tent, a good stove and a lunch man with hot coffee and plenty to eat. The attendance was in fact larger than the late tournament at Kansas City, and the local and country boys proved to be shooters and stayers. None of the regular attendants of shoots, such as Budd, Gilbert, etc., were present, but the L. & R. Tramp came early and stayed late, and claimed that the weather was against him, and he did not shoot quite up to his usual form.

The grounds used were not the best, sloping too much and facing the south. This accounts for a loss of pigeons, as the shooter would aim over them.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	15	10	Targets:	10	15	10
Seiber	7	10	8	Dunn	9	7	8
J A Miller	6	11	8	McCaughey	8	9	8
McBroom	6	8	7	Wiggins	6	9	5
Teller	6	9	9	Cropper	..	5	..
F E Miller	6	5	6	Stone	..	..	7
Mason	4	7	..	Westby	..	..	4
Stephens	8	11	5				

Pigeons.—Event No. 1, 7 live birds, $3.50 entrance: Van Patten (27) 4, Van Woutengren (27) 6, Seiber (27) 5, McBroom (29), 1, F. E. Miller (27) 7, J. O. Miller (28) 6, Zeller (27) 5, Cropper (28) 6, Laflin (29) 6, Stephens (28) 5, Tramp (30) 7, McCaughey (27) 5, Decker (27) 5, Soule (28) 4.

Event No. 2, 10 birds, $3 entrance: J. O. Miller 9, Seiber 8, Van Patten 8, Van Woutengren 4, Soule 8, McBroom 9, Zeller 7, McCaughey 8, Tramp 9, Laflin 9, F. E. Miller 8, Stone 6, Warner 4, Cropper 9, Stephens 6, Decker 9, Westby 7.

Event No. 3, 12 birds, $7.50 entrance:

Laflin	111111221122—12	Miller	011111011121—10
Van Patten	0101100w	Cropper	121212000210— 8
Tramp	210112212220—10	Stephens	012012112211—10
Warner	2100100w	Monroe	0012020w
Stone	0001110w	J O Miller	012111111012—10
Seiber	221022011122—10	McBroom	212112121220—11

Second Day, Targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	15	20	Targets:	10	10	10	15	20
Foley	10	8	10	14	17	Stephens	9	9	7	18	13
Sperry	8	9	8	12	18	Grafton	6	..	..	..	..
Herr	9	8	8	12	10	Wilber	..	6	3	..	..
J O Miller	8	9	8	11	16	Nance	..	..	..	12	14
McCaughey	8	9	10	12	18	Dunn	..	..	..	12	..
Zeller	7	..	7	10	10	Parker	..	..	..	9	..
Humphrey	5	7	4	..	..	Shaffer	..	..	..	..	14
Tramp	10	..	..	..	..	Seiber	..	..	..	..	17

Second Day, Pigeons.

Event No. 1, 10 birds, $5 entrance: Laflin 5, Dunn 5, Sperry 8, Stone 3, Herr 7, Foley 10, Wellburn 9, J. Miller 9, Parker 8, Cook 6, Tramp 9, Stevens 7, Zeller 9, Crowall 6, McC. 8.

Event No. 2, 7 birds, $3.50 entrance: Foley 7, Parker 2, Stephens 6, Sperry 5, Shoffer 6, J. O. Miller 5, Zeller 7, Wilber 6, Herr 3, Laflin 6, Nance 3, Seiber 4, Stone 6, Decker 5, Tramp 7.

Event No. 3, 15 birds, $10 entrance:

Parker	002220202011210— 9	Herr	112102112211201—13
Stephens	221222202211110—13	Foley	212020002111011—10
Sperry	212121111121222—15	Welles	1002122012w
Seiber	111220212210111—13	Coot	101110212122111—13
Stone	011221200112102—11	Wilber	222022222120100—11
Laflin	212111220210211—13	Westby	222011220211020—11
Nance	122221221112210—14		

Event No. 4, 7 live birds, high guns, entrance $5: Tramp 7, Stephens 5, Parker 6, Herr 6, Sperry 7, Nance 6, Foley 6, Stone 5, Seiber 6.

MOLINE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 9.—The programme that had been arranged for to-day's shoot was knocked into a cocked hat by the breaking down of our magautrap and the loss of over two hours' time before the break was found. The five-trap bottom was put into commission, but the boys prefer the magazine, and would not get down to work until it was in shape to use. Besides the badge contest, a private match at 25 birds, between Messrs. Widmann and Comp, and the final contest for the Walsrode cup was on the cards. On account of the late hour when we got started, the boys were rushed out to shoot their 25 targets in rather undignified haste, and those who had a chance to tie on 25 were sent out to shoot their handicap allowance. Four men made that score—Messrs. Cole, Comp, Mickel and Jaques—and they will shoot off the tie on the 16th, the date of the second team race with Freehold, on our grounds.

Harrison and Cole tied for the gold badge, and Mickel and Coates for the silver one, and agreed to let the score of the first 10 targets in the cup handicap decide who was to hold them, with the result that Cole and Mickel won in the order named.

The Widmann-Comp match was also called off until the 16th. Besides the team race, a number of merchandise events will be arranged:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	10	15	15	10	Targets:	15	10	15	15	10
Thomas	9	..	..	11	7	Hughs	9	..	..	..	8
Harrison	12	8	14	..	..	Applegate	7	..	..	6	3
Jaques	12	..	12	..	7	Worthington	8	..	..	9	..
Farlee	12	8	13	..	..	Ginnely	6	..	..	7	..
Comp	12	4	12	..	..	Widmann	14	..	12	..	..
Cole	11	8	14	..	..	Borden	11	..	9	..	..
Coates	9	..	..	13	6	Petitt	..	..	..	..	3
Lutes	6	4	..	11	..	Ellis	..	..	..	..	4
Mickel	8	7	..	13	..						

No. 1 was for place. Those breaking 10 or more shot for the gold badge; less than 10 shot for the silver badge. No. 3 was for the gold badge, No. 4 for the silver badge.

Walsrode cup handicap:

Widmann, 3.....0101010011111111101111111—19
Thomas, 4.....1111101011011111101111111—21
Farlee, 4.....1110101101101111101111111—21
Jaques, 5.....1111110111101101011111111—22
Cole, 5.....1011111111111111111111110—23
Harrison, 5.....1101111101110100111111111—20
Barwis, 5.....1010001101110011010110010—14
Mickel, 6.....1111110111111111011111111—23
Lutes, 6.....1111001011010111001111111—18
Borden, 6.....0111100101110011010110101—16
Comp, 6.....1111111111011101111111110—22
Hughs, 6.....1100101011111000111110000—13
Applegate, 8.....1110000100000000100000000— 5
Worthington, 9.....1010111010111011010101111—18
Ginnely, 9.....0010000100111011100010111—12

Those who had a chance for the 25 shot their handicap, as follows:

Mickel	11	Cole	110
Thomas	10	Harrison	1110
Farlee	1110	Comp	01101
Jaques	01110	Worthington	110

Ties on 25 will be shot next Wednesday.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 14.—There was a high, cold wind, making difficult shooting. The next shoot will be held on Jan. 28:

At the annual meeting held to-day officers were elected for 1901 as follows: Henry Bock, President; W. Wilder, Vice-President; Thomas Kelly, Financial Secretary; Jas. Hughes, Recording Secretary; Fred Altz, Treasurer; L. H. Schortemeier, Captain; J. Doran, Sergeant-at-Arms.

There will be three prizes presented by the club to be shot for (handicap) for the first six months—January to July, 1901—beginning next shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
C F Dudley	6	8	10	10	11	12	11	14	10
S Brown	5	4	8	8	10	9	9	6	6
A A Schoverling	5	5	12	9	8	12	13	11	13
Geo Hughes	7	4	8	6	8	9	11	5	9
H Bock	9	7	11	10	11	11	10	13	11
H Hansman	..	..	11	9	12	11	10	10	12
L H Schortemeier	9	7	12	13	13	13	..	..	..
Geo Hughes	5	5	8	11	10	9	7	..	..
H Fee	6	4	8	12	10	..	..	..	..
F Altz	5	4	5	8	10	..	..	..	..
J J Fleming	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Dr Jones	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Ass't Sec'y.

Forester Gun Club

Newark, N. J., Jan. 12.—There were but five members present to face the traps. A gale blew on their backs from the west. At our regular monthly shoot of Jan. 12 the shooting was a hard game, as the targets flew like partridges, some towering and others dipping. Eleven events, sweepstakes, money divided by the Equitable system, were shot.

On Jan. 8 our annual meeting was held and the following officers elected: Chas. Smith, President; E. G. Koenig, Vice-President; J. J. Fleming, Secretary; G. Backus, Treasurer, and H. E. Winans, Manager.

Our second annual two-day tournament at targets will be held April 12-13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
D Fleming	7	5	7	8	8	7	6	8	7	7	8
Weller	8	6	7	9	3	8	4	9	3	8	7
J J Fleming	7	9	8	8	7	8	9	8	9	9	9
Mihlon	..	3	8	5	8	5	8	4	3	5	6
Winans	..	5	5	3	4	3	5	..	..	..	..

JOHN J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 12.—In the club prize event of the New Utrecht Gun Club, held at Interstate Park to-day, the 28 and 29yd. men were allowed one miss as a kill. In the shoot-off Bennett won:

Sykes, 29.....1122211210— 9
S B Jay, 28.....1121201212— 9
Chapman, 28.....2222222222—10
Morfey, 30.....0222202222— 8
Jack, 28.....2222222222—10
Bennett, 28.....2211222212—10
A A Hegeman, 29.2122221111—10
Gaughen, 29.....2222222220— 9
Ray, 28.....1212222222—10
Lincoln, 28.....1120112202— 8
J M Thompson, 29.1012121221— 9

Event at 7 birds:

*S B Jay, 28.....2122222—7
*A A Hegeman, 28....2221112—7
*Jack, 28.....2220w
**Bennett, 28.....1222201—6
*Gaughen, 29.....2222212—7
*Ray, 29.....2022222—6
**Chapman, 28.....2202222—6
*Lincoln, 28.....2212222—7

*One miss allowed as no bird. **One miss allowed as a kill.
Shoot-off: Jay 2, Hegeman 7, Gaughen 8, Lincoln 2.
Several other 7-bird events were shot.

Trap at Interstate Park

Jan. 8.—After the Elliott-Welch match was concluded a 20-bird sweep was arranged, and a large part of the visitors remained to witness this contest. There were sixteen competitors, many of them well known to fame. Of the number, but one went through without mishap, and he was Mr. G. D. B. Bonbright, of Colorado Springs. The scores follow:

J G Knowlton, 28.....22022222220222222012—17
W H Sanders, 28.....22222220202222222222—18
Thompson, 28.....21011112121221221121—19
B H Norton, 28.....22222202*22221222001—16
Harris, 28.....22020020010221102000—10
Lentilhon, 28.....20112112121020220022—15
C Daly, 30.....22222222220220222020—16
Steffens, 30.....22220222222222002222—17
S M Van Allen, 30.....22222022222222222222—19
J S Fanning, 30.....12220202212222221212—18
A Doty, 30.....*22222200222201222222—16
Miss Hyland, 25.....220220*000w
A H Fox, 30.....22222212222121220222—19
Bonbright, 28.....22222222211222112222—20
A V Carman, 28.....12200221212 2*0012222—15
Packard, 28.....02220212212221221222—18

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 12.—In the shoot for the January cup Messrs. F. B. Stephenson and C. H. Chapman tied on 49. The conditions governing the January cup were: 25 targets, expert traps; 25 targets, magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert.—		—Magautrap.—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
F B Stephenson	4	24	3	25	49
C H Chapman	12	25	10	24	49
C A Sykes	3	21	3	22	43
Dr J J Keyes	7	19	5	23	42
H M Brigham	2	20	2	21	41
W W Marshall	6	18	5	16	34
J O Graham	9	21	8	13	34
H B Vanderveer	7	18	6	13	31
G G Stephenson, Sr.	10	17	8	10	27

Two events—one at 25 targets, the other at 15, for a stein—afforded interesting competition. The score, expert traps: C. H. Chapman (10) 25, Dr. J. J. Keyes (7) 25, H. M. Brigham (2) 20, W. W. Marshall (6) 19, F. B. Stephenson (4) 19, J. O. Graham (9) 19, H. B. Vanderveer (7) 17.

Shoot-off, 15 targets, magautrap: C. H. Chapman 14, Dr. Keyes 14.

Shoot-off, 15 targets, expert traps: Dr. Keyes 15, C. H. Chapman 12.

Shoot for Stein trophy, 15 targets, magautrap: F. B. Stephenson (2) 15, C. H. Chapman (6) 14, Dr. J. J. Keyes (3) 14, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, J. O. Graham (5) 12, H. M. Brigham (1) 11, H. B. Vanderveer (4) 11.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Jan. 12.—A high wind prevailed in the weekly shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day, and consequently good scores were difficult. Miss May Hunsinger (Little Hawk Eye) was a visitor. In the club handicap I. W. Budd alone scored straight. For the day's shooting C. E. Geikler divided the honors with Budd for the best average. In practice Geikler killed 11 straight. This run he followed by straight scores in two 5-bird events, killing 8 out of 10 in the club handicap at 10 birds.

Budd, 30.....2222222122—10
Fels, 28.....1022212212— 9
Van Loon, 29.....0022211111— 8
Anderson, 30.....220*211220— 7
Albert, 28.....0000102120— 4
Prickett, 30.....02*11*0112— 7
Painter, 28.....1212201222— 9
Albury, 30.....1022121111— 9
Hobbs, 30.....2220222222— 9
Brewer, 30.....2101222122— 9
Schenck, 27.....1200202102— 6
Geikler, 29.....222*222022— 8
Russell, 30.....10120*0122— 6
Stevenson, 30.....0222022121— 8
Hawk Eye, 30.....021*220110— 6

Points won up to date: Henry 104, Van Loon 98, Vandergrift 90, Brewer 88, Budd 78, McCoy 74, Geikler 70, Hobbs 66, Darby 44, W. N. Stevenson 30, Davis 30, Landis 20, Ridge 20, Sanford 18, Painter 18, Fees 14, Fitzgerald 14, Russell 12, Leedom 10, Whitaker 10, Smith 10, Hothersoll 6, H. B. Stevenson 6, Anderson 6, Bucknell 6, Wynn 6, Knowles 4, Cartledy 4, Hauff 4.

Sweepstake events.—Five birds, 30yds., $2 entrance: Geikler 5, Brewer 4, Budd 4, Painter 4, Anderson 4, Van Loon 4, Fees 3, Hawk Eye 3, Albert 2.

Five birds, 30yds. rise, $2 entrance: Budd 5, Brewer 5, Geikler 5, Van Loon 4, Albert 4, Fees 4, Albury 4, Painter 3, Prickett 3, Hobbs 1.

Jan. 7.—An important function of the Keystone Shooting League took place to-day at Holmesburg Junction, it being the annual meeting, team shoot and banquet of the organization. Messrs. H. Henry and J. Brewer were the captains. The conditions were 7 birds per man, 30yds. rise, the losing teams to pay for the banquet, Capt. Henry's men, who lost by 4 birds, gaining that pleasure. Some of the good shots on Henry's team were very erratic, Landis and Painter each losing 3 birds.

Another team match under the same conditions for a purse was shot. Brewer's team again won.

The annual meeting followed the supper. The secretary-treasurer's report showed the league to be in a healthy financial condition. Twenty-seven thousand birds were trapped last year. The officers elected were: W. H. Pack, President; Charles H. Fitzgerald, Vice-President; George E. Pack, Secretary-Treasurer; F. M. Van Loon, Field Captain; Howard Ridge, Assistant; George M. Young, Scorer; W. N. Stevenson, J. A. Ross and H. L. David, Board of Governors.

The scores follow:

	First Match.	Second Match.
Brewer	2120122—6	0011202—4
Budd	2222222—7	2121222—7
Ridge	2222222—7	2100222—5
Sanford	2202222—6	1222022—6
Thurman	2*02221—5	2022012—5
Fees	0120222—5	1222222—7
Van Loon	1220210—5	2111210—6
Hobbs	2222222—7	2222222—7
	48	47

	First Match.	Second Match.
Henry	2121121—7	0122220—5
Scott	1211222—7	1112212—7
Anderson	2222222—7	2222222—7
Painter	2010012—4	0210220—4
Hothersall	2211102—6	0110122—5
Wynn	0001122—4	2221022—6
Landis	20*22*2—4	2221200—5
Morris	2220022—5	2222220—6
	44	45

Florists' Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 8.—The regular monthly shoot of the Florists' Gun Club was held to-day on the grounds of the Frankford Gun Club, at Summerdale, on the Reading R. R., near Frankford. Concerning these grounds, a local paper states as follows:

"These grounds are nicely located, and when complete will be one of the most perfect target shooting resorts in this vicinity. A set of five expert traps is now in place, and ground has been broken for a magautrap. Back of the club house is a dense wood, which will furnish ample shade for the shooters during the hot summer days. The Florists are looking for a new shooting grounds, as public improvement will soon compel them to abandon their grounds at Wissinoming. Several clubs have offered the use of their grounds, and they will give each one a trial before deciding."

In the club contest each man shot at 25 targets, known angles, and 25 unknown, the handicap being added to the score. Fifty was the maximum limit that could be scored:

	K.	U.	H.	T'l.		K.	U.	H.	T'l.
Coleman	22	23	9	54	Webster	13	11	17	41
Dorp	19	16	16	51	Johnson	18	22	..	40
Burton	20	17	14	51	Mrs Park	18	21	..	39
Anderson	20	24	5	49	Harris	12	11	14	37
Clark	15	13	20	48	Redifer	21	16	..	37
Massey	14	15	18	47	Sheeler	12	8	15	35
Cartledge	17	18	11	46	George	20	15	..	35
Smith	13	17	15	45	Westcott	12	5	17	34
McKaraher	16	10	18	44	Myers	18	14	..	32
Park	16	15	13	44	Budd	12	12	..	24
Barrett	16	16	11	43	Fritsch	11	10	..	21
Whitaker	12	12	19	43	McKeen	9	8	..	17
Parsons	18	13	11	42					

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., Jan. 10.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day, in the shoot of the Catchpole Gun Club. Messrs. Knapp and Knox, of Auburn, N. Y., were present and participated in the breaking of targets:

Wadsworth .....1111110111011111111010110—20
1111111111111111111111111—25
10111111111001 —11—56
Knapp .....1111111111011011101111111—22
1111101111111101111111111—23
11111101111110 —12—57
Knox .....1111111001110111111111111—22
011101110101101 —10—32
Fowler .....0110011111101111111111011—20
011011101101010 — 9—29
Fitch .....0011011101 — 6

E. A. W., Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garden City Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Ill., Jan 12.—The shoot of the Garden City Gun Club, held to-day at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., was well attended. The figures after the contestants' names indicate extra birds to shoot at:

Alabaster, 1.....121121212112112 —15
Gillis, 1.....1102212101221111 —14
Leffingwell, 1.....10121122*21121111 —14
Rub, 3.....0222212200220210 12—13
Rust, 3.....12121*21211111111 —15
Odell, 1.....1222220222211112 —15
Tramp, 1.....2201021121011121 —13
Willard, 0.....20221121*122221 —13
Smith, 2.....0000100012211201 0 —w
M E White, 1.....1*20212221011011 —12
Todd, 1.....2220212122111222 —15
Wells, 1.....1111111111110100 —13
Oliphant, 3.....2221221212012022 00—14
Levi, 3.....1021*2222222222*21—15
Young, 2.....02221201*02021122 —12
A Kleinman, 0.....2*1222212112112 —14
Amberg, 1.....2222220222222121 —15
Comley, 1.....2*10*12210100w
Long, 3.....2022212020001222 02—12
Barto, 1.....2212121121102*222 —14
Roll, 0.....2211122112112222 —15
Nusley, 2.....1010202112210120 1 —12
Day, 2.....02112220*200200w

At Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The following scores were made at Dupont Park, St. Louis, New Year's Day, for the Dupont Park medal, which is a handsome and valuable diamond watch charm, donated by the management of the park. The crowd of shooters was very enthusiastic, the birds were good, the weather ideal, and the event was a most enjoyable one:

Bond, 28.....1121211112—10
Johnston, 28.....221221*221— 9
Mrs Cabanne, 26...2122222101— 9
Nason, 29.....2111112122—10
Spicer, 28.....2222122012— 9
Prendergast, 31....220222212*— 8
Collins, 30.....1110222122— 9
Mermod, 31.....1211212011— 9
Taylor, 30.....2221222221—10
Grayson, 27.....0201211101— 7
L D Cabanne, 29.2211121212—10
C G Spencer, 31..2220222222— 9
Dr Clark, 29.....11*0012221— 7
W B Willis, 30.....0222022222— 8
Wintrick, 30.....0201200002— 4
W E Fields, 28....0021200221— 6
A A Schwarz, 28...1212111222—10
Dr Smith, 31.....0222222200— 7
F Turk, 28.....2220122201— 8
Reichert, 29.....2212211121—10
Heiligenstein, 30..1222011202— 8
Dr Spencer, 30....0122222022— 8
Nold, 29.....2022222220— 8
Sandberg, 29.....2022212200— 7
Craig, 29.....2222221102— 9
Kenyon, 28.....1102222110— 8
Dodge, 28.....2111222222—10

Dr. Bond, a new man at the traps, won the shoot-off, killing 7 more birds straight.

After the above event Ed Prendergast and Alex Mermod shot a 25-bird race for the Mermod championship medal. The birds in this match were first class, and Prendergast's work was faultless, while Mermod was in the poorest form he has ever displayed in a match. Prendergast stood at 31yds., Mermod at 33. The scores were:

Mermod .....2212200121102210100221120—18
Prendergast .....1121121222222221222222222—25

Trap at Fremont, O.

FREMONT, O., Jan. 8.—Please find scores made at our shoot Tuesday. Although we are a local organization, and can't make clean scores yet, we enjoy the sport just the same. A feature of the shooting was that nine of the eleven shooters shot Ballistite powder, being well pleased with results:

Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	10	10	Broke.
A Lambright	9	11	13	7	11	8	7	65
Ballistite	13	12	19	12	12	8	10	86
A Cheney	12	12	15	10	9	7	7	72
H Onwake	11	9	13	9	11	9	8	70
R Morrison	10	11	14	9	12	7	6	72
M Breneman	9	8	12	7	6	8	9	70
J Shaw	10	9	15	11	10	8	7	70
S Craus	9	10	16	12	8	7	9	71
J Chilcote	10	10	14	9	7	6	8	64
T Good	9	7	12	11	8	9	8	64
F E Bell	10	12	14	10	10	7	8	71

A. CHENEY, Sec'y.

New York German Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The below being probably of interest to you and your readers I would inform you that:

The New York German Gun Club held its annual meeting Jan. 7, at the Garden Hotel, Twenty-seventh street and Madison avenue. The following officers were elected: J. F. Wellbrock, President; Hy. Meyer, Vice-President; J. Schlicht, Secretary; J. P. Dannefelser, Treasurer; Peter Garms, Captain.

Handicap Committee, J. P. Dannefelser, Chairman; Peter Garms, Dr. G. V. Hudson, Hy. Meyer and A. Neumann.

Distribution of the annual prizes took place after the election. The following were the prize winners: J. P. Dannefelser, first prize; J. F. Wellbrock, second prize; J. Schlicht and Dr. Hudson, third and fourth prizes, and the rest in the following order: H. W. Mesloh, W. S. Maisenholder, P. Garms, F. Kronsberg, A. Neumann, H. Nobel, A. H. Sievers, M. Detzen and E. K. Blaisdell.

J. P. DANNEFELSER, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Twentieth Century Train, New York and Florida Limited.

On Jan. 14 was inaugurated the magnificent New York and Florida Limited train via Pennsylvania R. R. and Southern Ry. In the four past seasons the Southern Ry., to meet the constantly increasing demand, have put on an extra high class mid-winter service between the North and Florida points.

Each season has seen the luxurious Florida Limited with all the improvements and comforts that the most fastidious traveler could demand. This season the Florida Limited train begins the twentieth century as the most magnificent and luxurious train in the world.

It is composed of steam-heated and electric-lighted Pullman compartment cars, drawing room, sleeping, library, dining and observation cars.

The New York and Florida Limited leaves New York 12:40 noon daily, except Sunday, and runs solid from New York to St. Augustine, also carrying a Pullman drawing room, sleeping car New York to Aiken and Augusta. Direct connections are made for Augusta, Aiken, Brunswick, Thomasville and points on the east and west coasts of Florida.

For further information, call on or address Southern Railway, New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.—*Adv.*

The Hay Burner Route.

Mr. O. D. Seavey, of the Magnolia Springs Hotel, Magnolia Springs, Fla., is sending out to his friends an annual pass over the Hay Burner Route, of which he is Pooh Bah. The yardage of the road is:

St. John's River Division.....500 yards.
Live Oak Division.....700 yards.
Culinary Division..... 50 yards.

Total yardage.....1,250 yards.

And it is all under one management. Florida tourists who have ridden over the route once will joy to go it again.

For Flower Lovers.

Messrs. J. M. Thorburn & Co., of No. 36 Cortlandt street, New York, send us their century catalogue, being the hundredth successive annual issue; and it is a beauty. There are numerous exquisite half-tone engravings of vegetables and flowers, and the flower photos are, some of them, worthy of being cut out and framed. The catalogue, with its pictures, is a joy to flower lovers. It will be sent free on request by the Messrs. Thorburn.—*Adv.*

A Good Chance to buy into a sporting club will be found in the advertising columns of this issue.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1901.

VOL. LVI.—No. 4. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

GEORGE A. BOARDMAN.

THE death of Mr. Boardman, recorded in another column, removes from the list of FOREST AND STREAM'S subscribers, contributors and readers one of the very oldest. Mr. Boardman was for a large part of his life an active business man, but like many of those who work hardest in the world's business, he made time to pursue what was his pleasure as energetically as he did his business. For more than fifty years he had been a naturalist, and had done work with and aided some of the most eminent of the naturalists of this country. Audubon, Agassiz, Baird, Downs and others were among the men with whom Mr. Boardman was associated, to whom he freely gave of the interesting facts that he had collected, and among whom to some extent he distributed the collections which he had made.

Notwithstanding this generosity, he was able to gather together a very large museum which, as might be supposed, represented with singular completeness the fauna of eastern Maine. Mr. Boardman was thus naturally one of the first authorities on the fauna of the extreme Northeastern United States, and it was to him that application was first made for information on that subject.

Besides his fondness for nature, he was a keen sportsman, and above all, an enthusiastic salmon angler, and very many of the older and better known anglers of the Eastern United States used to visit him and fish with him.

Mr. Boardman was, it is believed, the second subscriber on the list of FOREST AND STREAM when it was started in 1873, and from that time to this he had taken it without a break.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE print in another column an opinion from a member of the bar of this State that the meaning of the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the case of The People vs. Buffalo Fish Company cannot be interpreted as a reversal of the ruling in the Phelps-Racey case that it is competent for the State to forbid the possession in close season of game killed outside of the State.

This same point came up in Chicago the other day in a suit brought by the Audubon Society against a bird dealer for having in possession in his shop live mockingbirds, cardinal grosbeaks and other song birds, which, as he set for defense, had been brought from Louisiana. But Justice Everett found for the prosecution, holding that the Illinois law applied to any wild bird in possession without reference to the source of its capture.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is extremely happy in its choice of a secretary for the current year. The re-election of Mr. Henry H. Kimball means that the work of the Association will be prosecuted in an efficient manner. Mr. Kimball has been highly successful in promoting the special interests of game and fish protection with which the Association and the Central Committee are concerned; and his success has been due to an earnest and devoted personal service. We print elsewhere Secretary Kimball's report of the undertakings and accomplishments of the year.

As an earnest of the practical accomplishment of the purpose of the recently organized association for restoring moose to the Adirondacks, Assemblyman Price has introduced a bill which empowers the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to "acquire by gift, purchase or capture a sufficient number of wild moose to stock the Adirondack region," and to care for, herd and yard the moose temporarily and liberate them when and where it may be most conducive to the game's probable subsistence and increase. And to insure the protection of the moose, the bill adds to the fine of $100 a further penalty of imprisonment for a term of not less than three nor more than six months. The bill carries an appropriation of $5,000 for the purchase of moose.

This present moose restoring enterprise has grown out of the personal activity and persevering work of Mr. Harry V. Radford, who has succeeded not only in enlisting the support and co-operation of a large number of well-known sportsmen, but has also awakened an interest among the Adirondack guides and residents. The Brown's Tract Guides at their meeting last week indorsed the project of restocking the woods, and it is reasonable to assume that their attitude is that of the Adirondack guides in general. It is manifest that to acquire the parent stock of moose by gift or purchase is the simplest part of the undertaking; that which it would be more difficult to secure, in default of a supporting public sentiment, would be protection for the game after its putting out. If the Adirondack people will give the moose a chance to live, increase and multiply, we shall once more see the wilderness inhabited by its noblest native game.

The letter from Capt. Kelly about the barking deer of Mindanao, Philippine Islands, published in another column, will convey real news to many. Capt. Kelly commands a garrison at Dapitan, Mindanao, and some time ago came into possession of the little deer which is commonly tethered on the grass near his quarters. As is well known, the cry of the muntjacks is a sharp bark, but any such vocal effort from a deer seems strange to one who is familiar only with our American forms. Capt. Kelly has written to the Adjutant-General, requesting authority to ship the deer to the Washington Zoo, and it is understood that the necessary authority will be given. Evidently, however, such an animal could not endure the outdoor climate even of Washington, and would have to be caged during the winter.

As a measure of safety in the woods a correspondent recommends doing away with high-power rifles in the woods and taking up again the smooth bore of a more primitive stage of hunting. Such a plan probably would effect also a very material reduction in the number of big-game hunters, for the perfection of firearms—the hunting made easy—is one of the factors that has crowded the forests with deer shooters. To make it harder to get a deer would be to keep at home many a sportsman who is now attracted by the simplicity of the thing.

That appeal to Vice-President-elect Roosevelt to use his influence to secure a Federal law protecting wildfowl is chiefly interesting as an expression of the very common and perhaps universal conviction among sportsmen that it would be of the highest advantage if Congress could legislate for migratory game. There is much of reason in the view that the wild geese and the wild ducks which pass from State to State might be considered as being within national control, just as the local game which passes from one person's land to that of another is under the control of the State; but we question very seriously that such a view would stand the test of judicial examination. After all, as the authors of the petition to Mr. Roosevelt themselves concede, the chief trouble with our wildfowl protection is not in the existence of conflicting laws, but in the lax manner in which the laws are enforced.

We have always considered that sea gulls come under the protection of that clause of the New York game law which relates to wild birds other than those for which a close season is provided, and hence that they might not be killed at any season; but it now develops that Chief Game Protector Pond classes the sea gulls as "web-footed wildfowl," and therefore construes the statute as giving them protection only in the close season for ducks and geese. It would not be difficult to show from the use of the term "web-footed wildfowl" in the law that its intent is to include game birds only, for the further restrictions as to modes of hunting and as to sale and possession clearly have to do only with what is game. Moreover, the terms "wildfowl," "wild-fowler" and "wild-fowling" have in common usage a universal application to game water fowl and their pursuit. No one would think of a gull plumage hunter as a wild-fowler. We opine, however, that Protector Pond is governed by a consideration of the strict interpretation of the words of the statute, and is of opinion that under this phraseology an action for gull killing would not lie. Under these circumstances the law should be amended in such manner as clearly and definitely to forbid the killing of sea gulls.

A five-years' close season for antelope is proposed in Montana. The chief purpose of the measure is the protection of the antelope of the Yellowstone National Park. In the winter, when the snows drive the antelope down on to the Gardiner flats, the game strays out of the Park into Montana, and a certain number of animals are killed for food by the people of the town of Gardiner. Under present conditions, such killing, if confined to the Montana open season, is perfectly lawful, for when once the game has left the Park bounds it is no longer subject to the Park law. In view, however, of the lessening number of the Park antelope, the superintendents in charge have with good reason exerted all their influence to discourage the killing of the game when it has thus strayed beyond their jurisdiction. They have held that the Montana people near the Park line should give the game immunity; but they have been powerless to secure this under the present law. A five-years' close time would solve the difficulty, and for the sake of the National Park antelope we trust that the Montana Legislature will adopt the expedient. As for the antelope in other parts of the State, the conditions now prevailing will probably hold good, close time or no close time. The antelope that are killed are taken as a rule by settlers for food, and the settler who kills for a meat supply gets his venison without any particular regard for whatever law exists.

For one more season by the law of 1897 deer hounding will be prohibited in the Adirondacks. In expressing the conviction that the non-hounding law should be reenacted and hounding forbidden permanently, Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff gives voice to the opinion commonly held by those who are conversant with the conditions prevailing in the North Woods, and who are sincerely concerned to see the stock of deer maintained. And as Mr. Woodruff points out, the deer are not the only big game we must now consider as belonging, or about to belong, to the Adirondack forests, for the moose is to be added, and the elk, too, may be given a place. Considering the future of the North Woods, then, the hounds should be kept out. The State may well adopt for the care and possession of its game the measures which owners of private preserves have proved to be so profitable. If it is to the advantage of Mr. Litchfield and other owners of game preserves to keep the dogs out absolutely and permanently, it certainly is for the advantage of the people to do the same with their deer. That part of Mr. Woodruff's letter which gives his experience in feeding the deer in winter is interesting and instructive.

It is gratifying to learn that the New York Association for the Protection of Game is prepared to take active steps to urge before Congress the enlargement of the Yellowstone National Park, so as to take in the forest reserve on the south and east. Every new recruit willing to do battle for this good cause is warmly welcomed by the friends of the Park, and the influence of the New York Association is great and will be of much assistance. We have long urged the importance of the extension of the Park as stated, and hope that the time is not distant when the change will be made. Older readers will remember the long fight made by FOREST AND STREAM to preserve the integrity of the Park and to insure its better protection; a fight which culminated in the year 1894 in the passage by Congress of the bill introduced by Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, which has proved quite as effective in practice as its friends had hoped it would.

Charles Plath, an expert gunsmith and long a dealer in fishing tackle in this city, died Jan. 13 in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Mr. Plath was born in Germany, and taking part in the uprising of 1848, was obliged to flee. He come to New York in May, 1849. Very soon after his arrival he was employed as foreman by Hall, then a noted rifle maker of New York, whose factory turned out great numbers of "Kentucky" rifles, which were then in great demand on the Western frontier. In 1852 Mr. Plath began business on his own account, manufacturing guns and rifles for the trade, which then included such leading firms as Blunt & Simms, Schuyler, and Herman Boker. This business he continued up to and during the Civil War, but after its close, on account of cheaper labor, the introduction of machinery into country factories and for other reasons, gun making became unprofitable in New York, and Mr. Plath embarked in the general sporting goods business. In 1884 his son became a partner in the business, and the firm of Charles Plath & Son, dealers in fishing tackle, has continued up to the present time.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Reminiscences.—III.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

THE boy's first real fur trapping is usually for the muskrat, an animal whose fur always has cash value negotiable at the country store, the tin peddler's cart, or with the itinerant fur buyer and so available for the purchase of ammunition, fishing tackle, jack-knives and tickets to the menagerie.

Almost every farm has its swamp, ditch or beaver meadow brook to harbor a small stock of game, too paltry to invite the rivalry of the professional trapper who plies his craft in the great streams and marshes. The muskrat has little of the wariness and cunning in regard to the trap for which his greater relative, the beaver, is famous; and the young trapper having gained the mere mechanical mastery of the steel trap, is fairly well outfitted to essay the capture of this animal in such places as he is likely to find it.

My soul was first fired with the ambition by the discovery of a smooth-worn place in a bog with a few chips of grass root and a few lumps of muskrat sign lying upon it. Going a little further I found other places bearing similar traces of muskrat visitation, and in my ignorance doubted not that each was made by a different individual, and began at once to compute my prospective wealth. It was a new hunting ground to me that I was exploring, a great ditch cut some years before for the drainage of a broad beaver meadow, quite outside the limits of my accustomed range, and if heard of, it was never as an abode of muskrats. I hardly dared to hope that it was as unknown in this respect to every one as it had been to me an hour before. Yet there was no sign of it; certainly there was no present occupant. My first thought was to secure my discovery by pre-emption, but to do this I must have more traps than had served me in my previous small operations. The two or three that I owned, with twice as many that could be borrowed of neighbors, made but a sorry muster. I remember one, which, a curiosity then, would be a rare one now, with spring and bedpiece all in one that could only be set in such few places as fitted it. But antiquities and curiosities were of small account to me then beside anything that would catch a muskrat, and I lent a willing ear to any deceitful tongue that cared to fool me with pretended wisdom.

When old Sim, most famous of liars, beguiled me with tales of his marvelous success with the box trap, I spent hours and sound pine boards in the manufacture of traps that neither the yellowest of carrots nor the sweetest of Tallman sweets would lure a muskrat to enter, and I only got rid of the bait by eating it myself.

When my traps were all set in what had seemed the best places, others appeared better, and they must needs be changed, until the first setting was not likely to be accomplished, but for the warning of the lengthening shadows along the mountain road through which I must pass to reach home. This was not formidable in the full light of day, but of a different aspect when viewed in the shadows of night. So I finished with more haste than care, yet found the wood road growing gloomy and got a great fright before I reached the other end of it. A boy could not help thinking of the panther that the professional berry pickers used to hear with regular recurrence when the huckleberries began to ripen, nor to wonder if the beast did not occasionally haunt our mountain at other seasons. At any rate, I was thinking of it, and that a beast of prey was likely to be very hungry at this time of year, and trying to revive my courage with the thought of the charge of BB shot in my fowlingpiece while I trod very quick and light on the dry leaves.

Just then my toe caught on a dead sapling that lay across the path, there was a sudden rustle of leaves and snapping of twigs 10 feet to one side, a shrill quavering cry in the same direction, not recognized then as the familiar voice of the screech owl, more than the threshing of the leaves by the sapling top was as the noise of an inanimate object. Then I got to my legs and that gave me strength and I fled from there, turning neither to the right nor left. I hammered my rapid resounding way along the woodland road, nor slackened pace nor cast a lingering look behind until well out into the open pasture and in sight of the homestead roof.

On sober second thought, my adventure seemed hardly worth relating next day.

When I traveled the mountain road the day after it was cheery with the singing of birds, and my thoughts were far enough from brooding on savage beasts, for they were busy filling my traps with smaller but more desirable game. Would there be a muskrat in more than every trap, I wondered, yet without a fear that the number could be less with the traps in such a choice pick of sure places.

Thus hopefully I drew near the first, not disappointed, for there at the bottom of the clear shallow water lay a drowned muskrat, a mouthful of uprooted sedge in the set jaws, the flat scaly tail curved to the shape of a scimiter. For all my having been so sure of it, my heart choked me with a great surge of exultation when I loosened the tally stick, and drawing my first victim to the surface, was fully assured of possession. My hand was not strong enough to ease the jaws from this foot, and I had to take trap, prey and all to hard ground where I could press down the spring with my foot.

There on my hands and knees I gloated to my heart's content over my prize, which was growing handsomer every minute as the fur dried. Resetting the trap with great care, I proceeded to examine the others, almost prepared now to find without surprise a rat in every one. However, it was not a great disappointment that the next was found undisturbed, but when another was come to in the same condition, it began to look as if something was wrong, and especially so when I came to the very last one without finding another so much as sprung. This turn of luck gave my hopes a sudden collapse, but the weight of the one in hand, the heavier for the difficulty of keeping a hold on the slippery tail, and the philosophical consideration that this was my first attempt, gave me a good deal of comfort. I remember that my intention of investing all the proceeds of my fur sales in a lot of new traps was abandoned. The need of them did not appear so great now that half a dozen caught but one muskrat a night, though perhaps it was really greater.

The skinning of this rat was an undertaking that involved much study and careful work. I had never seen it done, and only knew that the skin was "cased"—that is, not opened along the belly—and was then stretched on a bow of tough, elastic wood. I began confidently at the tail, where I had seen the skinning of other animals begun, and leaving it unopened elsewhere, I succeeded in stripping it off over the head without damage. Then I made a critical search for a proper stick, which I found at last in a slender hickory sprout, on which the pelt was drawn tightly with the flesh side out and fastened by two upward cuts through the lower edge into the wood, into which the edge of the skin was drawn by its own elasticity. I was very proud of accomplishing this successfully, for it was according to rule. But not so of the general appearance of the entire result, which was far enough from conforming to the models I had seen. Instead of a neatly rounded bow of snowshoe shape, it resembled more an awkwardly formed letter V with widespread ends. This was due to the manner of skinning, which, as I learned later, should have begun at the head.

It was fortunate that in the pride of my heart I showed my handiwork next morning to a tin peddler, who informed me that my fur was unsalable by reason of the fashion of handling. Now the same objection is made to what was then demanded, and the muskrat skin, to find favor in the eyes of the modern buyer, must be stripped off from the rear and stretched on a thin oval-shaped piece of board, widest at the butts.

The next day I tramped across the mountain and the length of the beaver meadow with the same poor tangible result—namely, one muskrat. All the other traps were apparently undisturbed, until it became evident even to my unsuspicious soul that I was assisted by an invisible partner. Invisible he remained, and his self-appropriated share unknown, though I had my suspicions. At last I grew tired of a partnership in which I had no voice and got so small a share of the profits, and I knew not what portion of the stock I might be left with at the end, so I took up the traps and departed, thankful to get away without the loss of one.

For all the vexatious interruptions and the small array of fur to show for all my pains, what happy days were those spent in my first fur trapping, the leisurely morning tramps, through the budding, blossoming woods, chickadees bearing me roadside company, jays creating senseless panic overhead as I advanced, and the cock grouse drumming to his nesting mate. Then there was the tramp along the brook, always expecting to find a catch in every next trap until the last was reached, gaping as serenely as I left it the day before. The whole course of the line of traps only once in one day gave me more than the one trophy to bear away. That was when hearing the puppy-like whine of a muskrat a few yards before me, I squatted in ambush among the dry sedge and presently saw the head of a swimming rat appear from behind a tussock. I fired at sight, and he dived as quickly without perceptibly increasing the commotion caused by the shower of shot. Reviling myself for my supposed blunder, the common one of overshooting, I watched closely for an under-wake leading to the nearest burrow. I began reloading in nervous haste, my fingers all thumbs, finding everything on top and nothing at hand, spilling ammunition right and left as I loaded with eyes on the brook. But the smooth surface continued, and when my gun was reloaded I went to seek some consoling excuse for the miss in the place I had aimed at, which, by the way, is something I never knew a boy, nor many men, omit when the opportunity offered. In such a case a shot mark in range or a tuft of hair, a feather, or a drop of blood, affords a healing balm to the mortified spirit. I found the tussock cut by shot in direct range, and was wondering how the game escaped, when I saw the tail of a muskrat pointing upward just beneath the surface, and then made out the body—all quite motionless. More puzzled than ever, I laid hold of the tail carefully and gave a smart pull, when, to my great amazement, the dead muskrat arose to the surface with a mouthful of uprooted sedge. This was my first acquaintance of a not uncommon trick that has saved me more than one muskrat that would otherwise have been given up for lost.

At last my traps were all taken up and tied together by the rings, the tally sticks were left in their places to fool my self-constituted partner on our fruitless round of the trapping ground, and slinging my burden over my shoulder, I started homeward on a roundabout tour of exploration. First down stream to the low, grassy embankment, recognized by few who see it now as marking the beaver's log-built dam. Few understood then what an important part its builders played in the history of the country. They were fought for to the death by savage tribes long before the advent of white men—the prize most hotly contested and most adroitly intrigued for by the English, Dutch and French in their struggle for supremacy. Indian hunter and free white trapper braved all hardships and perils in their untiring search for the last colony of beavers, and vied with each other in the skill that outwitted the cunning prey and wrought final extinction. When the peaceable settlers came to make a home where the axe had never cleared a rod, the rank wild herbage of the broad beaver meadow furnished abundant winter fodder.

Precious little I knew of all these things, only that there were yet free trappers in the far West, and dreamed enchanting day dreams of being one myself when I got to be a man; and all things are become possible to every boy. There was room enough yet beyond the Mississippi, as I knew by the map of North America that I studied most of all in my school atlas, for not far west of a great river a vast expanse of yellow was designated "unexplored region," and another thickly dotted to represent sand, "The Great American Desert." But my fancy traveled far beyond these to the grand forests and clear, swift rivers of Oregon, attracted partly by the better defined green block on the map, but more by the narrative of Lewis and Clark's expedition and Irving's delightful stories of Astoria and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures," which had been the charm of the past winter's evenings.

When I came to the hemlock woods through which the brook wound for sixty rods, it was easy to imagine myself walking in the perpetual shade of the giant firs and cedars beside the roaring Oregon, albeit I could step across it wherever I pleased, and its roaring was as gentle as Bottom's. The minnows that began to appear in flashing schools were salmon, and my two muskrats represented my morning's catch of beaver. My smooth bore easily became the long-barreled rifle of the mountain man; my cowhide boots, noiseless moccasins, and my sheep's gray garments his fringed buckskin leggings and hunting shirt.

I chose a pleasant spot where I might guard against surprise by the Indians of whom the forest, no doubt, were full.

I knew how the pelts ought to be taken off, ripped from chin to brisket and then the head carefully.

To do this without cutting the skin, and do it quickly, was the only difficulty. It was a knack to be acquired only by experience, and I was not a little puzzled how it was to be gained by skinning no more than one or two rats a day, and almost wished, as one of my friends did when vexed with his own awkwardness in skinning a fox, "By thunder! I wish I could shoot foxes enough to remember how to skin 'em, or else not shoot any." But neither of us gave up trapping or fox hunting for that reason.

When at last the first muskrat was flayed, I pitched the carcass to some little distance from me down the brook, wondering as the smooth, slender, scaly tail slid from my hand whether it might not furnish as choice a dainty as the beaver's is said to. It would certainly be scant and hard to get, which I used to think were my grandmother's reasons for recommending a chicken's neck to us children as "the sweetest part of the crittur, my dears."

It was so near noon that I was loth to wait fire making and cooking for the small results such a morsel would bring a boy's appetite and so postponed the experiment until a more favorable chance. But it has never quite come, and to this day I do not know the taste of a muskrat's tail. Not so the flesh, which I have eaten and found so excellent as to warrant our Indian's preference of it to hares and squirrels. Its name and tail cause an unjust prejudice against it among us.

As I plied my knife, the woods far and near were stirred by many sounds soft and low, or discordant and harsh; chickadees, friendliest of wood folk, lisping their usual and best known call, or too briefly piping the less familiar love note, the sweetest of the songs of earliest spring; the nuthatches' thin trumpet, one unknown and unseen bird continually whistling a single, sharp, clear call for a dog that never came; a scornful squirrel, snickering and jeering at me, head downward, rattling the bark with the nervous twitching of his claws. Far away down the brook a band of bluejays, their discordant voices softened by distance, were berating some real or suspected enemy, supported by a legation of their black relatives. All furnished good stuff for the imagination to make into signals of spying Indians. Then the clamor of the jays drew nearer, there was a loud splash in the brook and a number of frightened minnows came scurrying along pools and shallows, some leaping clear of the water in their haste.

The cause of the little fishes' fright now appeared; a weasel-shaped animal of twice the size and darker color than that bloodthirsty raider of poultry houses came along the bank carrying a large minnow in his mouth. I should have recognized it at once as a mink if it had not been for the color, which was not black as a mink, but brown and not of the darkest at that. I reached slowly and cautiously for my gun with what is always a boy's first thought; to shoot every strange wild beast or bird at sight. Luckily, mine could not be carried out at once, and the delay gave time for a lesson in natural history that was later of value. Before I got my gun in hand the newcomer on the scene came to the freshly skinned muskrat lying directly in his path, and it immediately became an object of the greatest interest to him. He stopped short with a backward start of surprise. Then he began an examination of his discovery, craning his long neck till his forelegs looked as if set in the middle of the body. Becoming satisfied of its nature, he drew nearer to it, dropped the fish from his mouth, as, I supposed, for better examination by the finer sense of smell. But after a little dibble of the carcass with his nose, he seized it by the neck and began dragging it, by the way he came, so easily, though it must have been twice his own weight, that I wondered at his strength.

The jays discovered me, and evidently thought me more dangerous than the previous object of their attention, for they flocked overhead with a louder outburst of discord, noticed at once by the mink, which discovered its cause, let go his burden and retreated a yard or two with evident reluctance, for he returned in a moment, all the while with his eyes upon me, until as he was about to lay hold of his prize, I fired. At the report the jays fled in terror. The lifting veil disclosed the last flash of blue plumage disappearing in the mist of budding leaves from behind the cloud of smoke that now hid my mark.

Christmas at L'Aurore, 1900.

THIS invitation was sent out by Mr. Edgar Magness from his hunting lodge L'Aurore on Lookout Mountain, in Alabama:

Another fair Christmas has come to L'Aurore.
Its pine-tree bells are ringing;
The mistletoe bough hangs over the door,
The pine fire now is singing.

Come up, if you will, my welcome is wide,
Break again on a bachelor's dreaming;
We'll merrily glide in the Christmas-tide
Which over my mountain is streaming.

Walk in my mountain path, I then will see
Within each footprint gleaming,
The wind-blown stars of anemone
And bluets faintly beaming.

Come, then, to me, the way is clear,
With each steep step a wider view is found;
Your smile grows brighter to me every year;
Then pass it, with my teacups, all around.

EDGAR MAGNESS.

A Month on Millinockett.

IT has been said that I have lately returned from a successful hunting trip in Maine. If spending a month camping on Millinockett Lake in a comfortable log camp commanding a grand view of Mt. Katahdin, and having plenty of game and fish killed by your friends, is a successful hunting trip, I have, with an accent on the success.

Many times have I been to the same region and the same camp, and each year it is more enjoyable.

This year we started from Boston three strong, including the Man from Pennsylvania. The excitement began as soon as we boarded the Pullman. It was a car composed entirely of compartments; the train was crowded (as trains leaving Boston always are), and the ticket agent had sold uppers and lowers promiscuously to men and women who had never seen each other before, and in the same compartment. Even a Parisian would have been startled by such indecency as this. It was doubly aggravating, as we had wired two days ahead for our berths and found people on the train with much better accommodations than ours, and who had bought their tickets that day.

We landed in Bangor early on the morning of Sept. 1. Here we had breakfast, and I proceeded to nearly go on the back of my head, slipping on the frost-covered platform. So much for the Maine summer climate.

The Bangor & Aroostok Railroad takes us seventy-five miles north to one of the gateways to the wilderness—Norcross. Here we are met by our old guide, John O. Hale, of Medway. He stands 6 feet 4 inches in his stockings, and a better guide never reached any altitude. He has everything ready, so that all we have to do is to put on our old togs, leave our store clothes in our trunks at the Norcross House and proceed up the lakes on the good ship Gypsie, Capt. Higgins.

The Man from Pennsylvania was at once struck by the amount of water and the number of rocks. For they do not have much use for water in Pennsylvania, and apparently have very few rocks.

The first lake is North Twin, then Pemadumcook and Ambajijis. By this time a newcomer's jaws are usually a little twisted trying to masticate Maine names. But they soon have a chance to twist themselves in other ways, for we now come to the Millinockett carry, where we land from the steamer in canoes, being met by Gene Hale, John's son, who is to be our other guide. The carry is a smooth one for Maine and hardly one-fourth of a mile long. But all carries have a reputation which they have to live up to. It seems a second nature to them. However, we are soon across, minus a little enthusiasm perhaps, but it immediately returns as we enter Millinockett in the Rushton rowboats, Pemadumcook and Pockwaklums.

This beautiful lake of many islands is about seven miles long and four wide. It is full of rocks, islands and loons. John Hale's camp, Millinockett Lodge, is on the south shore of the lake, about two miles from the carry. It is a peculiarly favored spot for a camp. The whole Katahdin range lies across the lake to the north, the camp being placed so that it faces directly at the mountain. Nesowadnehunk is on one side and Turner on the other, with Katahdin towering above them in the middle, the most beautiful mountain east of the Rockies. The first thing you put your foot on is a fine sand beach a hundred yards long. John keeps his camp in apple pie order. No wood pile nor dump heap in front of the entrance. No garden of tin cans nor empty bottles. The camp is 30 feet long inside with the main entrance in the center and a broad piazza running the whole length. About 200 yards back of the camp are two crystal springs, the water in them having a temperature in midsummer of 42 degrees Fahrenheit.

The camp is provided with cots, and all bedding, table crockery, napkins, tablecloths, etc. In fact, it is thoroughly equipped in every way. In the living room there is a large window in each end, the one facing the lake having a window seat and many cushions. Several rocking chairs, a large open Franklin stove, mounted heads, etc., serve to complete our comfort and the attractiveness of the camp. To the rear, past the springs, two paths lead to the Nesowadnehunk tote road, joining it at different points.

Why do so many sports and campers go up the West Branch? They go struggling up, wearying themselves on carries, because they think it is further in. Why be so far in when just as much game, if not more, is to be had around Millinockett? Abol, Togue and the Big Logan are all easily reached from the lake. They think it is too near Norcross. But the game does not mind being near Norcross. What they want to avoid is people, and they don't care if it is on North Twin or Nesowadnehunk. Take a trip any day during the season from Millinockett up the West Branch. You leave the lake inhabited only by wild things and you find the river lined with camps and crowded with canoes. Where does the wildness come in as compared with Millinockett? I have seen sixty deer and several moose in less than five days, and never left the lake. It is nearer the railway, but it is off the beaten track.

The Doctor and Chase joined us in a few days, and the cannonading commenced. The Doctor is a convert, having always considered deer shooting brutal till he saw one in the wild. Now he says that "Every wild animal's death is a tragedy, so the sooner and quicker it takes place the better." Chase did not have to be converted.

The Man from Pennsylvania is busy hunting, showing John how they cook in his State, and discussing the merits of springs. John spends his spare time fixing the sights on his new .30-40 Winchester and lashing Old Reliable with a 1-inch rope to a piazza post, because he says it roars and thrashes when it sees the new gun. The Pennsylvanian ought to be paid for the fish he catches. It gives the locality a reputation. Pickerel, white perch and trout all seem to be fond of him. They love to get on his hook. Why is it that fish are so devoted to some people? I'm one of those unfortunates whom they refuse to associate with. P., the Judge, and I start to-day to shoot a deer. We have started several times before, but were too modest to talk much about it. We are not afraid of the game wardens, for we have nearly a bushel of $6 licenses. Well, we are off in the Pemadumcook with a canoe in tow. We head for Big Mud Brook, with the Man from Pennsylvania at the tiller, Gene Hale rowing and the rest of us shivering. It is a good four miles to the mouth of the brook, where we anchor the boat and proceed in the canoe. Gene and I handle the paddles, and the others fail to keep warm in the bottom of the canoe. It is a dreary hole, Mud Brook, and well named. The Doctor disagrees with me in this, and thinks it a lovely stream, and that there is no mud. Gene sees a deer as we go up stream, but apart from that, sheldrakes seem to be the only game. It continues to rain and grow colder. About three miles from its mouth is the head of navigation. There is an old lumber camp here, where we intend having lunch. But the Judge is particular and does not like the looks of it, so we eat in the rain. Lunch over, we start for home. As we proceed down stream we realize that it is raining, that we are very cold and it is six miles home. Conversation lags considerably. Even the Judge fails to keep it going. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that just as we come in sight of the Pemadumcook Gene sees a deer. Instantly we are warm. Never thought of being cold. The game is in a cove about 300 yards to the left, so we proceed in that direction. The Man from Pennsylvania remarks that he cannot shoot through me. I blur his aim. There are two deer now, and they have come down to the beach to drink. Gene turns the canoe broadside some 200 yards from the beach; there is the sharp report of a .30-40 from center of the boat—the Man from Pennsylvania has got his deer. The other one runs a little way into the bushes, but I can see the rear end of him. Awful moment! I would not miss that deer for a farm in the presence of that Pennsylvanian. I raise the Lee navy rifle to my shoulder and fire. Again that little gun has stood me true, for the deer limps a little way and lies down. So the fun that was stored up in the Pennsylvanian's heart at my expense has to remain there. We go ashore, P. puts a bullet through the neck of the wounded deer and Gene goes for the rowboat. The first deer is dead, its back being broken. Both are bucks. We load them into the canoe and start for home. It rains, and how cold we are when we reach camp again. John comes down with a compassionate look on his face, for he sees no game. Presently his eyes stand out like two peeled potatoes, and he changes the subject. The Man from Pennsylvania and the Judge leave us to-day. They go back to their native State, having grown fat and lusty, and with many tales to startle the Pennsylvania Dutchmen.

The next day the "sports" arrive. Three of them, all bloodthirsty and new to the business. They consist of Ale, Cuba and Telephone.

Chase immediately starts in to tell them all about it. They can get deer without thinking long before he has exhausted his resources. The Doctor looks on and smiles wisely, for he has just come in with his deer.

In the evening Chase tells us of his first moose. He and John went to the cave west of the camp and there they saw five or six deer, one of them a big buck. Chase gets his eye on him at last; the muzzle of his gun makes curves in the air as he whispers to John, "Better not shoot, had I? Isn't that a moose?"

We discuss on the subject of Maine game laws. We "sports" consider ourselves very much wronged, and so do the guides. We spend much money in the State, and all the laws seem directed against us. The Game Commissioners and lumbermen seem to be the only ones satisfied—the Commissioners because they made the laws, and the lumbermen because they pay no attention to them. The wardens avoid a lumber camp as they would a plague. It is not healthy ground for wardens. I know of one case where the lumbermen from a camp caught through the ice two bushels of trout from a couple of trout ponds one Sunday. Why are all the game laws leveled against outsiders?

Several of us went on a Jim Crow hunting trip today, and much to the surprise of John and ourselves, returned successful. Maine guides have not much use for Jim Crows. They get less game, cause more fires and general disturbance and need more help than any one that goes to the State. A Jim Crow is one that goes it alone. Paddles his own canoe, as it were. Chase is going to personally conduct a party to Togue Pond to-morrow. Ale and Telephone are going with Gene for guide, but he simply goes to do the cooking, etc. The responsibility entirely lies with Chase. Togue Pond, probably the most beautiful sheet of water in the State, lies between Millinockett and Katahdin. Opposite the camp at the Club House the trail starts, running past the Trout Ponds, and occupies about four miles in distance, or ten of fatigue. It is a very rough trail and a difficult one to follow. Chase has stated that he can go directly to Togue Pond without losing the trail once. He tried and lost it before he had gone forty rods. But he caught a togue and is happy.

While they were at Togue the Doctor, Chase and I, with John, went to camp over night at Mud Brook. As we were changing from rowboat to canoe John began to gaze at a big black stump. The Doctor laughingly asked him if he took it for a moose. "Well, we seen a moose stand just like that before." And then it moved, a big bull, and behind it a cow. It is curious how moose appear only when you are making the most noise and least expect them. The Doctor and Chase left us to-day. I don't see how we are going to know how to do things now that Chase is gone. He shot a loon before he left.

The clouds begin to darken on my horizon. Ale is determined to climb Katahdin. Telephone and Cuba were to go with him, but they are backing out. Telephone is not well, and Cuba shot a deer one day and has had the doe fever ever since. John's cow has been a godsend to all these invalids.

The "bean hole" is always a place of interest at Millinockett Lodge. No one knows the true virtues of baked beans that has not tasted them baked in the ground Maine style. It is an interesting operation to see them going in, and doubly so coming out. We stand around holding our breath for fear they are a failure.

Well, my fate is settled. The man with doe fever has not recovered, so I must tackle Katahdin. I have been there before and know what it is. Ale has climbed Mt. Washington two or three times and thinks he is going to have a picnic. We will see what we will see.

We are off this morning for that old pile of rocks. Crossing the carry, we proceed up the West Branch of the Penobscot from the head of Ambajijis Lake. Gene goes with us. At Ambajijis carry there is a team, but we are traveling light, so we lug our stuff across. Above the carry the lovely West Branch begins to show its beauties. It would be hard to find a prettier river anywhere. We paddle along between banks covered to the water's edge with birch, fir, spruce, pine and maple. Here and there an open meadow appears, the river narrows and then widens into almost a lake. The carries come every two or three miles. At every turn in the river Katahdin comes nearer and nearer, and the slide up which the trail goes looks steeper and steeper. Toward evening we come to the end of the water part of the trip, and camp at night opposite the mouth of Abol Stream. Ale remarks that "The carries do get a little monotonous after a while." We turn in early, so as to be fresh in the morning. Breakfast over, we paddle across stream, haul out the canoe and start on the five-mile tramp to the foot of the slide. It is a pretty walk through the woods, mostly up hill, but once in a while down a pitch and over a mountain brook. There is one redeeming feature about climbing Katahdin—good cold water at intervals all the way, even near the summit.

I insisted upon a rest of fifteen minutes at the foot, having had some experience in this matter before. There are several good rules to follow in mountain climbing. Always rest before you get tired. Rest often, but not long at a time. Leave the whisky alone. We start up that heart-breaking slide. It is a very discouraging piece of territory. Loose sand, gravel, stones and rocks, all combine to make your feet go the wrong way. The man who had been up Mt. Washington three times started out at an awful pace. I did not say anything myself, as I had committed the same error when I first tackled the job, but I did a lot of thinking and wondered if it was because he had no idea of what was before him or that I had run up against a holy terror in the mountain business. He got way ahead, he and Gene. I had to crane my neck to look at them. It went along thus for some little time, when upon struggling to the top of a very steep pitch I found Ale waiting for me. He evidently thought it unkind to leave me so far behind. It was generous of him, and I appreciated it. He even went so far as to cause me to wait for him several times before we gained the plateau.

The view was opening up in a wonderful way. Lake after lake appeared, till it looked more water than land—North and South Twin, Pemadumcook, Ambajijis, Millinockett, the Jo Merry lakes, Nahmakanta, Rainbow, Chesuncook, Moosehead and a hunderd other lakes and ponds. It is said that you can see 200 from the summit. Some one remarked that it looks as if a mirror had been broken over the landscape. On climbing Katahdin for the first time you imagine when you reach the top of the slide it will be smooth sailing. How disappointed you are when you get there. A mass of great square edged rocks thrown on top of each other in a terrible way. It is evidently too steep to slide. It would not know which way to go, and neither does the poor benighted who is on his journey up. One has to tackle it parrot fashion and hang on by the teeth.

But all troubles are over at last, and we find ourselves on the plateau—a great level tract which stretches away to the east in a gradual slope to the summit. Trees have long since decided that lower altitudes are more enjoyable. It is grass, low shrubs, moss, lichens and rocks. The latter seem to be the principal crop.

In the center of the pleateau is a fine cold spring. Where it springs from on the top of a mountain is a question often asked and never answered. But it is there and has cooled many a weary throat. After resting a bit we started for the summit. If our legs were not constantly threatening to strike for overtime it would not be so bad. The highest point is reached and we are repaid. A more magnificent view I have never seen from any mountain. We look directly down into the great basin—an amphitheater with almost perpendicular walls 3,000 feet high and a tiny black lake at the bottom. Many other lakes have come into view, notably Katahdin Lake and Nesowadnehunk. To the south the Togue ponds seem almost at our feet, and beyond the Millinockett looks like a great silver tray. The camp can be plainly see without a glass.

At this time of the year the coloring of the mountain is superb. It defies description. It is clad with birches which are a rich old gold, gradually fading away to green as they grow lower and lower on the mountain side. Dark streaks of pine, hemlock and spruce make the whole look like a gigantic Persian rug. We climb over to the southern peak. The ridge is about a yard wide and is composed of tilting granite rocks. It tumbles off perpendicularly into the basin on one side and almost as steep on the other. One year when the Doctor went across he did it on his hands and knees, remarking, "I look neither to the right nor to the left."

Gaining this peak, we are at the end of our climb. The Saw Tooth lies below us, being the eastern spur of the mountain. I have seen people with courage enough to tackle it. We need what little we have left to take us to the river. Descending is in some ways more difficult than coming up. You have to be much more careful not to fall. Your feet fly out in the most ungentlemanly manner, causing you to sit on very uncomfortable spots. My camera insisted on swinging around and acting as a cushion. It was not of the pneumatic variety.

But at last we reach the river, weary and worn and sad. Ale decided that Mt. Washington is not in the same class with Katahdin, and I have decided for the third time never to go up again.

Getting an early start in the morning, we return to Millinockett, considering ourselves heroes. There is one thing more. Something very serious has happened at Millinockett. I do not know if it ever will recover. Sunday has been introduced by the Judge. It is not known quite what the idea was, but it was strongly insisted on. Sunday never got in so far before, and it did not seem to enjoy camping out. It is said that at times it reaches Norcross if the weather is favorable, but I have never seen any signs of it there. Possibly this will be its last visit to Millinockett. Let us hope so. The fatal day has come. Back to the noise and bustle of the great metropolis—cable cars and telephones. We see the last of John at Norcross, all having sworn to return next year.

POCKWAKEMUS.

John Gomez.

IT was in 1884 that I first met old John. I had been making a canoe cruise through the Ten Thousand Islands, and the time was about the first week in April. I was camped at Cape Roman, where I met an old fisherman. He landed at my camp one morning, where we had a short conversation. I do not remember what we talked about, nor does it matter. But I do distinctly remember that I looked my visitor over with a great deal of interest. A short, stocky built man, his clothing consisting of trousers and shirt, supplemented by an old cap that had a decided air of being home made. Short, curly hair, quite gray, and the brightest, clearest eye I had ever seen, a soft pleasant voice with a peculiar foreign accent and somewhat broken by the loss of his teeth. As he talked with me, he looked me in the face with a frankness that was refreshing, after noting the shifty eyes of the most of the men I had met in that section. He stopped but a few minutes. When asking for tobacco to fill his pipe, he stepped in his boat and pulled away.

The next day it set in to rain, and for two weeks there was more rain than sun. About the end of that time I had worked up to Palm Hammak, well in among the islands. It had been raining quite heavily. I was somewhat wet and considerably depressed, when turning round a little point I saw a skiff anchored near the shore. Smoke was curling up from a sand box on the stern, and standing knee-deep in the water alongside was my Cape Roman fisherman. He saw me as quickly as I saw him, and swinging an old black coffee pot, he yelled, "Coffee! Coffee!" I paddled alongside, and was soon sipping hot coffee, black as ink and strong enough to float a bullet. The fisherman was old John Gomez, and that was the beginning of an acquaintance of which I was and am still rather more than proud.

Old John was very reticent at first, but after several years' acquaintance he opened out quite freely. He has told me many very interesting stories of his adventures, telling them in such a modest way that they always carried conviction in the telling. Some of these stories I have already told to FOREST AND STREAM readers. I may tell some more when the mood takes me. I have missed no opportunity to learn all I could of his past life from others, and although parts of his life would not sound well in a Sunday school book, still I believe he was in the main truthful and honest. That his was an eventful life no one can question; would it could be faithfully written. His was a fitting end to such a life. Able to live alone, he was certainly able to die alone. May the sand rest lightly on him.

S. D. KENDALL.

A Word About Forest and Stream.

OAKLAND, Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been many a long day since I have thus headed a letter; but as I sat by a bright, coal fire in the grate and alternately watched the flames shoot upward and their the rain as it came pouring steadily down upon the roofs of the adjacent houses, the spirit moved me to commune with those old friends of mine that, although never seen in the flesh, and known only through your columns, would still be hailed as old and long tried friends, should fate ever bring them more nearly within my ken.

From where I sit writing I can hear the guns of the hunters, who even in this inclement weather are harassing the ducks in the bay that makes up between Oakland and the Alameda shore; and it brings vividly to mind many an exciting day's sport I have enjoyed in that most fascinating pursuit ere old age had stiffened my joints and made the attractions of a cozy, comfortable fireside superior to duck hunting in a storm. Indeed, as others have written before me, the lust for blood grows weaker with the approach of age, and I confess that I now take as much pleasure in going down on to the Eighth street bridge, which spans the estuary a couple of blocks from my residence, and watching the canvasbacks, pintails, widgeons, cranes, etc., there, where, protected by the strong arm of the law, they paddle and wade about in perfect security not a stone's throw away, as I ever did in seeing a pile of their blood-stained carcasses lying in the bottom of my hunting boat.

More than a quarter of a century ago, when in Mason Valley, Nev., I began sending a fugitive letter now and then to the FOREST AND STREAM; and to the best of my recollections not a week has passed since then when it has failed to arrive at my door direct from the hand of the publishers, or that its contents did not assuage the galling of the chains of business.

Only an hour ago I was looking over some of the old files of the dear old journal, and came upon an illustrated page that aroused old-time memories of the most tender and affecting character. In the center stood an upright bear carrying over his shoulder long stalked floral offerings of the wilderness, and underneath the well-known signature of Awahsoose, while running around it in a border, forming wreath, were the written signatures of grand old Nessmuk, J. A. Henshall, Elliot Coues, Al Fresco, Corp. Lot Warfield, Podgers, Kingfisher, Jacobstaff, and a host of others who were weekly contributors in those days, but many of whom have since laid down forever the gun, the paddle, and the pen, and crossed over the shadowy range to those Elysian Fields of the blest, where I have faith to believe they gathered to greet Mather and Robinson, who so quickly followed them.

We are all, I think, inclined to sigh for the good old days gone long years ago, and to judge the present through old prejudices; but few of us would hesitate to say that the FOREST AND STREAM has steadily improved, and that its course has been constantly upward, both in its mechanical and mental attributes. It was always an advocate of the highest form of sport, but of late years it seems to me to have laid more stress than ever before upon that noblest theme of all—the preservation of the surviving remnants of our once glorious heritage. Even the Singing Mouse, thorough sportsman that he is, never fails to sound with trumpet tones the alarm of useless slaughter or to stay as far as in him lies the westward moving tide of our fast vanishing game.

No doubt the bright galaxy of writers that now adorns your pages will be as tendely remembered twenty-five years hence as are those of whom I have written; but it seems to me that with some of the later ones there is a skepticism apparent that was, to say the least, less obstrusive in those days. This was most forcibly illustrated at the time you invited your readers to give any evidence they could regarding the power of a weasel to follow a trail by scent. In reply, several of your correspondents (myself included) sent accounts of incidents that it was understood came under their personal observation, bearing directly upon the subject. How authentic the other accounts were I, of course, have no means of knowing, but of my own article I can only say that, in my case, the incident occurred exactly as it was described; and I saw no grounds for doubting the veracity of the others, but I noticed that a later writer seemed inclined to view the circling of a half-grown rabbit in its flight as a rehash of an oldtime fable, evidently forgetting that there is a vast difference between a half-grown cottontail and a 10-pound jack rabbit. But I am getting old and irritable; so, with a long life to FOREST AND STREAM, I close.

Yours, as of old, FORKED DEER.

George A. Boardman.

From the Calais, Me., Times, Jan. 18.

IT is with profound grief that the Times records the decease of this eminent citizen. Mr. Boardman passed peacefully into pleasant dreams, at his home on Lafayette street, last Friday morning. In our sense of personal sorrow which the event brings, all readers will share. His weekly articles contributed to this paper during the past five years on scientific, ethical, educational and political subjects would fill a volume. His last article was published in the issue of Dec. 20, on the subject of "Wars of the Century." He was also a contributor to other papers and magazines, especially the FOREST AND STREAM, for many years and until two weeks before his death, and the constant demand for his writings attested their merit and the interest they aroused.

It will require more than a single article to portray Mr. Boardman's life, work and qualities, all of which were of a kind to induce respect, confidence and friendship. His life was in the daylight, and he was esteemed

GEORGE A. BOARDMAN.
From FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 5, 1899.

of all acquaintances. At an outing of prominent citizens, three years ago, it was decided by a unanimous vote that George A. Boardman, of all men who had resided in the St. Croix Valley, had best enjoyed the blessings and fruition of human life. Successful in business, fortunate in family relations, contented in his studies, broad and keen in intellect, varied in accomplishments, stainless in character, observant of affairs, with ample wealth, he was passing his declining years with a happiness that befited a naturalist, Christian and noble man. He was the last of the aggregation of great business men of the last generation who won fortune from the lumbering industry here.

Mr. Boardman was born in Newburyport,, Mass., Feb. 5, 1818, his ancestors coming from Yorkshire, England, and settling in Newburyport, May 10, 1637. He came to Calais with his parents in 1828, and left school to go to work at the age of 13, and at 21 was a partner with Hon. William Todd. He conducted the largest lumber business on the St. Croix River until 1871, when he retired from active business to enjoy the fruit of his labor in travel and in pursuit of his favorite study. He had been a noted naturalist and an authority on ornithology for nearly fifty years. His private museum comprised the finest collection of mounted birds in New England, if not on the continent.

He had studied the fauna of Maine as no other field naturalist has ever done, and passed twenty winters in Florida and other southern lands in pursuit of his favorite studies. He was a life member of the Natural History Societies of Boston, Mass., and London, England, a lifelong friend of Profs. Baird and Coues, of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington; Dr. Brewer, of Boston, Charles Hallock, of New York. Among his other scientific and literary friends were: Rev. Dr. Bethune, the eminent theologian; Senator Geo. F. Edmunds; Walter Brackett, the celebrated painter of fishes; Rev. James Smith, of Philadelphia; Prof. Bailey, of Fredericton, N. B.; Dr. Leith Adams, Judge Ritchie, of New Brunswick; Henry Ward Beecher, and scores of other eminent personages.

Readers of the Times will remember the beautiful tribute which Mr. Boardman wrote in memory on his friend James Murchie, whose death occurred last May. One paragraph of that fine obituary aptly applies to the writer's own life: "There was manifested none of the decrepitude or petulance of old age. When last I saw him, his face was sunshiny, for his 86 years had always been maturing goodness. The length of his life is neither magical nor mysterious, when we consider certain habits and dispositions which he possessed. He lived simply and loved simplicity, he was unostentatious, industrious, frugal and democratic. Temperate in all things, he was a latter day Puritan, an improvement on the old Puritan in that it adds cheer to a loyal devotion to the right. His great age was beautiful simply because his youth had been so; his October was the natural result of his May. His latter days had a magnificent maturity because in his younger days he had always sought that which was good. He was like one of those glorious maples that we see in October, that nature crowns as the resplendent monarch of the surrounding forest."

Natural History.

Midwinter Bird Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The usual routine of midwinter bird life in this locality appears unchanged. I have not had opportunity for special jaunts among the thickets, and so cannot speak positively as to their denizens, but there is no doubt in my mind that such a visit would reveal most of my oldtime friends, whose retiring habits keep them away from the beaten track of the casual observer.

The call of the meadowlark, with its curious ventriloquial effect, comes floating up on every puff of air that fans your face when you pass among the meadows and fields—a charming little musical voice, full of reminiscence.

Along the roadside a quick eye will catch a glint of white feathers far ahead, as a party of juncos, disturbed by the ringing puck! puck! of horse hoofs on frozen ground, flick away in jerky flight among the nanny bushes. A number of hawks seem resident this winter, sparrow and hen hawks being quite in evidence.

One still, clear morning a few weeks ago, while passing over the road that skirts the West Meadows, just back of Gravesend Bay, I was admiring the bold outlines of the cedars that still guard the sandy ridge of its further shore, and thinking of the boys that used to gather hawks in that same old grove when the flight was on in late September. Even as I looked there was flapping of broad vans, and a huge hen hawk launched into flight from the midst of the cedars. The day was so perfectly still that the bird seemed as though he might be the ghost of one of my old victims. He sailed silently overhead, so close that I saw the gentle flutter of the fluffy plumage along his sides, and as he glared down upon me I realized from his savage expression that he must have identified me as the slayer of his great-great-great-grandsire long ago, which, indeed, was not at all unlikely.

I have long been curious as to where our winter birds obtained their supply during hard, frosty weather, in the absence of snow. In the case of our redhead woodpeckers, the mystery is solved. Time and again I see them chipping the ice in the drinking trough, swallowing the sparkling bits as they hammer them off. It is amusing to see the English sparrow glean after them. I've seen these sparrows eat snow when thirsty, but how our other winter residents quench thirst in winter when snow is a rarity and hard the rule, is beyond me.

Several "Canada specials" of geese went by on the "Air Line" last autumn, and other wildfowl traffic was fairly good. It is rather early yet to figure on spring business, but I assume the returns will be satisfactory. In a month or two D. V. I will further advise you.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

A Sleeping Buck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since I came to this country to spend a couple of years I have been a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM. In a recent number I read a story of a sleeping doe. Perhaps your readers may be interested to hear of a sleeping buck.

A couple of years ago I had a cousin, Senfft, at my home in Silesia, on the opening of the season for buck shooting, viz., May 1. We had been driving through the woods for several hours, my cousin missing two bucks, and had turned back, when suddenly my cousin stepped out of the carriage. Supposing he had seen a deer, I drove on a couple of hundred yards before I drew up. This is done to make the deer believe that with the retreating carriage all danger for him vanishes. I then turned round to observe my cousin. He was standing behind a tree on the spot where he had left me, and was acting strangely. He would raise rifle to shoulder, but instead of the expected report, I saw him lower it and raise his field glasses to his eyes. After he had gone through these performances several times I saw him step cautiously into the woods. A few moments later I heard him shout for me for all he was worth; and mingled with his voice came another strange noise I had never heard before. I hastened to the spot with my double-barreled rifle and found my cousin holding a buck by his horns, both yelling at the tops of their voices; but it was impossible to say whether the buck danced round the man or the man round the buck (a buck of the deer species most generally met in Germany

will only weigh about 45 pounds). My cousin shouted to me to shoot the buck, and as the place where this happened was within a short distance of where Senfft missed a buck an hour or two ago, I tried to do so, thinking that this was a buck he had wounded earlier in the morning. But I found I had a hard task before me, because I was afraid of hitting my cousin, for man and beast were jumping around in a lively manner. At last I succeeded in putting my rifle on the shoulder of the buck, and drew the trigger. But in this second the buck must have moved; and instead of shooting him through the heart the ball only broke his leg. On hearing the report, my cousin, only too glad to get rid of his task, let go. The buck thereupon made off on his three legs as if he had four, when the second ball from my rifle brought him down.

I should almost have liked to miss him, to have been able to study Senfft losing his coveted prize after holding it so long.

We found on going up to the buck that he only had my two bullets—the one that had broken his leg and the one that had brought him down—and that the buck had been perfectly sound before.

My cousin then explained things. He had seen the buck sitting under a tree and stepped out of the carriage to shoot it. But when he raised his rifle, the posture of the buck gave him the impression that it must be a dead one. He therefore stepped up to it and grasped one of the horns to raise the head, to better inspect them, when, to his surprise, up jumped the buck. My cousin having the luck to grasp his other horn, held on to him.

This is the most extraordinary occurrence with a sleeping deer that ever occurred to me, though I have had several experiences with deer at home, which have led me to the conviction that you will once in a while run across a deaf one. E. G. V. S.

The Barking Deer of the Philippines

DAPITAN, Mindanao, P. I., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have something curious to tell you about that black deer of mine, concerning which I have already written you. As I stated in a former letter, he is a yearling past, very dark, with a coarse coat for this climate, black tail with white tip, and his horns grow straight up from head on a line with his nose, as may be seen in the photograph I sent you. Lately he has shed his horns.

I remember reading once, from the manuscript of a friend in New York, a story, in which the baying of a pack of invisible hounds ever followed the fleeing deer, but I little thought the conceit would be brought forcibly to mind in later years.

One night about two months ago I was aroused by the savage baying of a dog trying to get into the inclosure where the deer is kept at night. I rushed down there revolver in hand, picturing to myself the agony the deer might be in penned up as it was. There are dogs here trained especially to hunt deer, and as the town is full of masterless curs of high and low degree, I was not surprised that some of them should come around at night.

Well, I wore myself out trying to find that dog. A short time afterward he appeared again earlier in the evening, in full cry, that filled the house and could be heard a quarter of a mile away. On this occasion an interesting whist game was broken up, and each vied with the other to get a shot at the intruder. The inclosure where the deer was is a room by itself, under the quarters occupied by the officers, and has a rather frail partition separating it from another room open from the outside, and from this point a powerful animal might dig his way in to the deer. The barking and baying seemed to proceed from this partition. It being a moonlight night, two of the party stationed themselves at the windows commanding the premises, while I went down to this outside room, with a candle in one hand and my revolver in the other.

No dog.

The next day I had a hole cut in the floor near and above this partition, and the next night that the sounds appeared, I stationed myself at the opening ready to shoot at the sound, if unable to distinguish any form. It seemed to proceed from the inclosure where the deer was. Is it possible, I thought, that that dog could have gotten in at the high window and was even now attacking the deer? I rushed around to the stairway with a candle, but the deer stood there quietly looking at me. I retired puzzled.

This howling occurred two or three times a month. One night a corporal, our interpreter, who sleeps in the building, went to the stairway and listened. Next morning he said, "Captain, is it possible that a deer can bark like a dog?" I thought not, but I interviewed the president of the town on the subject, who said at once that it was the deer, that it was a common thing for the bucks to bark like a dog, and he added that at times they make such a noise in the mountains that one cannot sleep in their neighborhood. He said that they barked at all seasons, but most at running time and at the full of the moon.

A few nights ago the deer set up his nocturnal roaring and I went with a light and sat down on the steps and saw him in the act. Being so close there was a false note in it, but a few yards away it seemed most like the deep mouthed bay of a hound. While he is barking or baying he stands and stamps with one foot. It continued at intervals for fifteen or twenty minutes, and as I said before was loud and could be heard a quarter of a mile. I thought I knew a little bit about deer, having hunted them many years and killed hundreds of them, but this particular breed is a curiosity. He is a handsome animal like a blacktailed buck, with small ears and shapely head, and when I shake a banana at him, comes running with a whimpering cry to take it form my hand.

LUTHER S. KELLY,
Captain 40th Infantry.

[Just what this curious deer may be is not certain, but very likely it belongs to the genus *Elaphodes*, which is allied to the muntjac of India, but has unbranched antlers.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Strange Birds.

COL. W. COLTMAN, a neighbor of mine, in the fall of 1858 shot in the White Oak swamps, near Snow Hill, Md., a gigantic woodcock. This bird was more than twice the size of any woodcock ever seen here before or since, and had a few white feathers in its wing. It lay to the dogs like an ordinary bird, flew quite swiftly and made a loud whistling noise. The Colonel took his bird to Snow Hill and showed it to many interested in such things, then he sold it to a Mr. John Maddox, of New York city, who was staying there at the time. This gentleman called it a European woodcock. This, I think, was before the time of introducing new species here, and must have blown across in a storm to Newfoundland, and then drifted down the coast. The strange part is the white feathers in the wing.

The first week in December, 1900, Mr. Laurent and Mr. Livezey, of Mt. Airy, Pa., were shooting quail here. The dogs pointed and a rail bird flushed. Mr. Livezey shot and killed it, and on picking it up found a bird he had never seen before. He gave the bird to Mr. Laurent, who is connected with the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. He said the bird was new to him, but looked more like a corn crake than anything he had ever seen here. The bird was carefully laid away and taken home in the flesh. On examination at the Academy it was found to be the real European corn crake, of which but two specimens have been taken in the United States before this one. The Eastern Shore is a wonderful place. If you cannot find all you want here, you are indeed hard to please. O. D. FOULKS.

STOCKTON, Md

The English Sparrow.

SAYRE, Pa.—The vociferous community of English sparrows which tenants the interior of the new passenger equipment paint shop at this place affords a convincing illustration of the bird's power of resistance to the ordinary methods of warfare waged against it. Every ventilator attached to this mammoth paint shop has been equipped with fine wire screens, and all the tracks entering the shop have been closely fitted with leather fenders attached to the doors, with a view of excluding the pugilistic Britons, but thus far all efforts in this direction have proved unavailing.

The mottled aliens quarrel and fight and forage impudently, and multiply surprisingly. Occasionally a bird falls to the floor overcome by the poisonous paint and varnish fumes, or intoxicated with the penetrating turpentine perfume, but on the whole the birds exhibit an amazing vitality. They swarm through the vast network of girders and roof supports in joyful estate, creating a deafening clamor, at certain hours of the day, defying alike the ingenuity of man and the unwholesome conditions of their environment.

As furnishing an example of contented existence under the most adverse circumstances the English sparrow has been and continues to be pre-eminently successful. This characteristic at least entitles him to some respect.

M. CHILL.

The Cat Came Back.

SAYRE, Pa.—The homing instinct of cats was lately illustrated in the case of an ebony-coated Tabby that for some time made its home in and about the stock room connected with the big passenger car paint shop of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Assistant Foreman John Brainard having a desire to make Tabby a member of his household carried the animal home one night, a distance of over a mile, and covering a journey across a great tangle of railroad tracks and often between a congestion of locomotives, freight cars and rolling equipment unsurpassed in variety and extent probably along the entire Lehigh system outside of New York and Buffalo.

Evidently, however, the black cat was alert and sharply observant, for two days thereafter its melodious voice fell softly upon the air in the vicinity of the stock room. Investigation disclosed the satin-furred feline perched high aloft upon the roof of the paint shop, a lookout point gained only by climbing an iron fire escape and general utility ladder equipped with widely separated rungs.

Removed from its exalted perch, the cat mewed contentedly, tied itself into a hard knot athwart a varnish can and slept the sleep of a thoroughbred Bohemian.

M. CHILL.

Mr. Boardman.

THE death of our old friend and correspondent, Mr. George A. Boardman, which took place last week, will cause pain to an unusual number of readers of the Natural History Department of FOREST AND STREAM. One of the last letters written by him was a kindly response to an inquiry from this office as to whether he knew of a single authentic instance of the taking of the panther in Maine. His reply was in the negative, and he added, "I have for fifty years been looking after the skull of a panther that was killed in this part of the State for my museum and have not been able to get one"; and then he added, "I have been much pleased with your cuts of the ducks in FOREST AND STREAM. They are first class."

Warning to Mountain Climbers.

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—A special committee of the Appalachia Mountain Club, which has been investigating the death last summer of Father Bill Curtis and Allan Ormsbee in White Mountains, finds that there was no carelessness, but says the time is a proper one to teach certain lessons. The warning which the committee issues says:

Provide adequate clothing. Then if experienced and strong, turn back rather than face such a storm. If inexperienced, do not let bright skies and an open pathway lure you to where you may need resources not at hand, and do not go alone. Hold together. Watch, to foresee the conditions ahead of you. Do not exhaust yourself by wasteful hurry and needless continuousness of severe effort. Keep courage; resist the fatal desire to lie down —New York Evening Post.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

For Smooth Bores and Safety.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During a recent trip in the South, I happened to take up your issue of Dec. 22, and read what your Maine correspondent said about the great number of very interesting shooting accidents which are constantly occurring in the Northern woods. They are not confined to the Northern woods, however, for they occur in the Northwest and wherever modern rifles are used in a forest country.

I have been in the Maine woods myself and heard a great deal about these accidents, and I have seen in a way how it is that they occur so easily. The great numbers of them are appalling, and I sometimes think that the statistics are exaggerated. But even allowing for the exaggeration, there are far too many of them, and it seems to me that everybody interested in sport should do his utmost to devise means for preventing them.

Your Maine correspondent suggests several remedies. He would have a law passed making accidental shooting a criminal offense. This, I think, would hardly meet the case. It would be contrary to the general principle of law that it is the criminal intent which makes a crime. It would hardly be proper under our system of jurisprudence to punish a man by fine and imprisonment for doing what he never intended to do. A man may be punished under our law for killing a person by gross carelessness, or for doing an act in itself unlawful which unexpectedly results in killing some one. But I do not think that we have ever made mere accidents punishable as criminal offenses. I do not think that the thought that there was such a law on the statute book would make people any more careful or make accidents fewer. You cannot by a few printed words alter human nature in the matter of carelessness, and these shooting accidents arise, I think, out of certain circumstances as much as out of carelessness.

Nor do I think that your correspondent's suggestion that all sportsmen be compelled to adopt a certain color of dress which would make them absolutely distinct in the woods and prevent any possibility of their being mistaken for a deer would obviate the difficulty. It would really be most ridiculous and would show that our sport had degenerated sadly, if we should try to adopt such an extraordinary rule as a safety costume. I do not know any color that could be adopted except white; and that might perhaps be the most dangerous of all, for a great many of these tenderfeet who do the reckless shooting have heard that there are at times white deer found in the woods, and they are enthusiastic for a shot at one.

It seems to me that the great difficulty arises, or the preventable part of the difficulty arises, from the condition to which the modern rifle has been developed. I have hitherto used one of the old Winchester .44's. In fact, I have had one for twenty years and more, and it would be described now-a-days as a very low power rifle. Recently, in order to be up with the times, I purchased a modern rifle, one of those deadly little .30-30's. It is really a most wonderful instrument, and in my use of it in the Maine woods I have been lost in admiration at the triumph of mechanical skill which it represents. I saw, of course, while in the woods, the rifles used by other sportsmen, many of them .30-40's, and more powerful than mine. They are nearly always magazine rifles and the way in which young fellows and ministers of the gospel, not to mention ladies, pump bullets out of them at every object they see and at every glimpse of brown or gray color in the woods is frightful to contemplate.

There are whole classes of accidents which I think are due almost entirely to the extraordinary power of these modern rifles. For example, that class of accidents in which a man suddenly finds himself struck by a bullet or is found lying dead in the woods, and no report of a gun is heard, nor any means of knowing why he was hit, is, I think, in every case, due to the random pumping of bullets from these terrible weapons which carry far beyond the sound of the explosion. There is another class of accidents which come from the extraordinary accuracy of these rifles at long range. I have been using rifles all my life; but the accuracy of these new instruments at a great distance when used even by an inferior marksman astonishes me. A tenderfoot who sees something moving along the edge of the lake or sees brown or gray color through the leaves and blazes away at it is very likely to hit it. If he finds afterward that he has shot a woman or a guide or a friend, he is, of course, very sorry.

The rifles have, in fact, become too good. They are so good that the element of sport is eliminaated. Shooting with them has become merely a mechanical pumping out of lead. Having been brought up to use a shotgun for quail shooting or duck shooting and similar sports, I can see no sport whatever in shooting moose with one of these modern rifles, and there is scarcely any sport in deer shooting with them. There is not much sport under the best of circumstances in moose shooting as compared with the beautiful skill required in quail or snipe shooting, and there is only a little real sport under the best of circumstances in deer shooting. Of course the wild romantic life one leads in the woods when in pursuit of moose or deer is the most delightful of all things. I have nothing at all to say against that. I enjoy it more than words can describe. And fishing is still a true sport. God be prasied that mechanical ingenuity cannot destroy that pleasure.

But in order to save life and to reduce the pursuit of big game in forest countries to its proper limits, I make bold to suggest that we abolish by statute the use of the rifle altogether and go back to smooth bores.

Years ago in the Maine woods, say before the times of the Civil War, moose and deer were often hunted with smooth bores. The famous hunters who went out to

Africa during the first half of the nineteenth century used smooth bores for shooting big game. They shot elephants with ten bores and eight bores. Sir Samuel Baker was, I believe, the man who first introduced rifles into these African sports.

An ordinary smooth bore, firing a bullet, has very little accuracy beyond sixty yards. But I would be willing to go a little further and allow the use of those paradox smooth bores which have been invented of recent years and which are accurate, they tell me, up to 100 yards. If everybody else will do the same, I am perfectly willing to go into the Maine woods and take my chances with a smooth bore; and I think in a forest country any man ought to be entirely content with the game he can kill inside of 100 yards. A great deal of shooting in forest countries is done at night with a jack, in spite of the law against it. In this sort of shooting, which is at very close range, a smooth bore is just as effective as a rifle and rather more so.

I think a law forbidding the use of rifles in the large game counties of Maine and New York could be very easily enforced. No man should be allowed to start on a camping tour with a rifle or to carry one under any circumstances. If he has a rifle with him, it should be taken away from him and kept by some official until he returns from his trip and is ready to go home again, and then it should be returned to him. I believe this system would tend to the increase of game. Not so many would be shot and we should all enjoy what is to me, and I think to every one, the great pleasure of being in the presence of large quantities of wild animals which are difficult to secure.

There would, of course, still be certain classes of accidents, the same accidents which occur with shotguns. These can never be eliminated. They are the necessary accompaniments of dangerous weapons and human carelessness. But I think several classes of accidents which are numerous and distressing and shock everybody when they occur, would be entirely eliminated.

SYDNEY G. FISHER.

Spring Shooting.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose an article I have published in the Watertown Times in relation to spring shooting. The sportsmen of Jefferson county are making a determined effort to stop spring shooting of wild fowl in this county, and I believe we shall succeed. If the sportsmen of this Stat would use the local newspapers, and let the public know their wishes in the matter of better game protection, I think it would go a long awy toward creating a public sentiment in our favor, and unless we have the people with us our laws cannot be enforced.

W. H. TALLETT,
President Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association.

There is a growing public sentiment in favor of more stringent game laws and their more rigid enforcement. Nearly every State in the Union has a law forbidding the export of game, and last winter the Lacey bill, making it possible to enforce these laws, was passed by Congress and signed by President McKinley. The sale of game is forbidden at any time in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Vermont, Oregon, Iowa and South Carolina. The spring shooting of wild fowl is forbidden in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Vermont, Rhode Island, Utah, Idaho and Washington. Michigan forbids the killing of mallard, black duck, wood duck and teal in the spring. The great State of New York, which should stand in the front rank of this grand movement toward better protection for game birds, is a long way in the rear. Why? For the simple reason that the sportsmen, the men who believe in these things, are not united. These men who shoot and snare our birds for the market, these men who kill and drive from our waters the wild fowl that should be permitted to remain and breed here—these men are comparatively few in number. The time is coming, brother sportsmen, when one of two things must happen: Shooting for the market and the spring shooting of game birds must cease or our game birds will be exterminated. There is only one way to stop the market-shooter, and that is to forbid the sale of game at any time of the year, and there is only one way to stop the spring shooter, and that is to prohibit spring shooting.

It ought not to be necessary to have to pass such laws, and for the true sportsman it is not, but there are a few men in every community who for the few cents they receive, or for the mere pleasure of killing, will kill any bird or animal, at any time of the year, unless it is protected by law. The sportsmen of this State have been trying for years to secure the passage of a law prohibiting the spring shooting of wild fowl, and year after year have met defeat at the hands of Oswego county, whose members go to Albany pledged to oppose any bill of this nature, and if I am rightly informed one man controls the action of these members, and that one does his spring shooting in Jefferson county. Last spring a bill was introduced covering Jefferson county. You all know what happened to it.

It might be interesting to you to know how the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and Michigan were induced to pass such a law. Three years ago the Horicon Club, composed of members in Chicago and Wisconsin, which owned a game preserve in Wisconsin, stopped the spring shooting of wild fowl on their preserve. Not only did the mallard, black duck, wood duck and teal stay there and nest, but the bluebill, canvasback and redhead, ducks that were supposed to breed in the far North, stayed and reared their young and on the opening day the birds were there in thousands, and instead of having to wait for the cold weather to drive them down from the North the members of this club had good shooting from Sept. 1 to the end of the season. The result of this experiment was the stopping of spring shooting Jan. 1 in four States, and this winter the sportsmen of Illinois are trying to pass the same law. I wonder what would have happened in this State in a year or two if our law had passed last winter? Is there another county in the State better situated for a game preserve? The St. Lawrence River on the north, with no spring shooting on the Canadian side, closes Dec. 15, our lake front with its bays and feeding grounds from Cape Vincent to Big Sandy, and the little lakes, ponds and creeks scattered through the interior. Suppose that instead of driving those birds into Canada in the spring we should sow wild rice in our shallow bays, and it will grow on any soft mud bottom in from one inch to eight feet of water. Suppose you owned a game preserve, not a big one such as Jefferson county would be, but a little one, and that next spring a few pairs of ducks should come and want to stay and nest there, you'd get your gun and go out and kill all you could and dirve the rest of them over in your neighbor's preserve, wouldn't you? Of course you would, and next fall you'd kick because he asked you to pay him twenty-five dollars if you wanted to come over and get a mess. I don't suppose there is any use of trying to make a game preserve of this county; the boys don't want it, and we'll have to go on shooting mud hens and wait till our neighbor's preserve freezes over and try and get a few as they fly over, but I would like to try it for, say, three years.

W. H. TALLETT,
President Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new Board of Government of the Massachuse ts Fish and Game Association within less than a week of their election have got right down to business. At the call of President Reed twenty members of the Board met at the Copley Square Hotel last Monday evening, and after a full and free interchange of opinion, the following committees were made up and agreed upon:

On Publication—Arthur W. Robinson, Edward W. Branigan, Henry H. Kimball, A. C. Risteen N. Le Roy.

On Enforcement of the Laws—W. S. Hinman, B. N. Howe, Charles M. Bryant, William B. Smart, Charles Stewart, Dr. M. H. Richardson, George H. Moore.

On Legislation—J. Russell Reed, B. C. Clark, Horace T. Rockwell, George H. Payne, A. B. F. Kinney, Rollin Jones, Loring Crocker, George W. Wiggin, C. H. Moulton.

On Finance—W. B. Hastings, J. N. Roberts, R. N. Joyce, A. T. Thayer.

On Entertainments—Heber Bishop, Thomas Hall, E. J. Brown, W. S. Hinman, A. R. Brown, E. W. Branigan.

Counsel—James E. Young.

A discussion ensued upon various matters that were proper subjects for legislation, notably the lobster law. Col. Rockwell said there would no doubt be an effort made to repeal the present 10½-inch law and urged that every effort be made to prevent such action. It was of the utmost importance to keep the laws of this State and Maine identical as to the size of the lobster, as they now are, and it was voted to support the State Commission in their efforts to keep the present law or something better. President Reed called attention to the shooting of gulls and terns, and it was voted to have presented a bill to the Legislature to prohibit the killing of these birds at any time. The subject of taking clams from the Charles River Flats, whose waters are more or less polluted by sewage, was brought up by President Reed and Dr. Maurice H. Richardson. The eminent surgeon gave a very interesting talk upon the habits of shell fish, and this and other matters were left to the Committee on Legislation, which committee will doubtless have considerable business on hand during the present session of the Legislature.

WM. B. SMART.

The Legislative Campaign of 1900 and Events Which Led Up to It.

Mr. President and Members of the Association:

The annual meeting of our Association is an occasion of more than ordinary interest to all our members and a fitting time for those on whom you have placed the responsibilities of official positions to give an account of their stewardship.

Mr. President, the year 1900 will ever be a memorable one in the history of the State Association. As you all know, the crowning achievement of the year is the passage of the new bird law, which was secured by the united efforts of the sportsmen and lovers of birds in our State. Another important enactment in which we were interested is the Fishway law. For a full understanding of the means by which these salutary measures were carried through, it is necessary to revert to events which transpired prior to the opening of the campaign of 1900. I trust a brief outline of occurrences leading up to the final result will be of sufficient interest to command your attention for a few minutes.

To commence at the beginning: The keynote of the movement was struck at the annual banquet of the Association held on Feb. 8, 1898, by Mr. Stevenson, of Pittsfield. I quote from the report of the meeting printed in the Boston Herald of Feb. 9, as follows: "Mr. J. M. Stevenson, of the Legislature, responded for the State and assured the members that Legislators were far more in accord with the hopes of the true sportsman than was generally supposed, the difficulty of promoting suitable legislation lying largely in the great divergence of views among the sportsmen themselves." This declaration, coming as it did from a brother sportsman who had been a member of the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game for two years, produced a profound impression, and was the subject of discussion at the next meeting of the Board of Management, on March 16 following, when on motion of ex-President Samuels the Board voted—"That the Secretary correspond with officers of the various fish and game and farmers' clubs of the State and invite them to meet us yearly in convention to discuss changes in game laws, etc."

During the following months till late autumn the Secretary sought in various ways to obtain a list of the different clubs and their officers. The only list of game associations and gun clubs available was one published many years before, and it is not strange under the circumstances that the seventy or more invitations sent out brought together only about a dozen representative delegates, who met with our officers in the afternoon of Nov. 16, 1898.

In opening the meeting President Rockwell stated that the Association had no plan or scheme that it desired to carry out, but had called the conference for an interchange of views, in the hope that united action might result in the advancement of the fish and game interests of the State.

Prof. William H. Niles assured those present that one thousand members of the Appalachian Mountain Club were a unit in favor of the purposes and work of the Association. Mr. George H. Mackey spoke for the Ornithologists' Union; George H. Palmer, Esq., for the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League; Mr. William B. Phinney for the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association; Dr. C. H. Raymond for the Rehoboth Farmers' Club, and several others for their respective organizations. Mr. C. C. Peck, of North Attleboro, presented a carefully prepared paper, in which he urged the great need of more efficient wardens and more vigorous efforts in the care of fish and game.

The sentiment of all the speakers was strongly in favor of stringent restrictions on the sale of game and a rigid enforcement of game laws. The discussion was continued after the dinner by several speakers, but no definite action was taken at that time. While the meeting was not large in numbers, it was characterized by great earnestness on the part of the speakers, all of whom expressed a desire to co-operate in any plans that might be formed calculated to improve the existing conditions.

I have gone somewhat into details with reference to this convention, for two reasons. First: Because it was the beginning of a movement by us that has resulted in arousing widespread interest throughout the State, and the consequent improvement in game laws. Second: Because it was the first conference of clubs interested in fish and game ever held in the State of Massachusetts, and the credit of inaugurating the movement is due our Association.

To resume. At a meeting of the Board of Management, on Dec. 1, it was moved that the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association extend its thanks to all the clubs and associations represented in the convention of Nov. 16, and hopes the occasion may be made an annual one in which every association in the State may be represented. This was voted, and the Secretary was instructed to communicate the same to the various clubs.

The next event I will mention is the announcement in the newspapers in March following that the Association was prepared to distribute fifty dozen quail, which brought many applications, some of which came from officers of clubs.

At a meeting of the Association, on May 19, it was voted that posters of the game laws, suitably framed, be put in the post offices and railroad stations of the Commonwealth, the expense to be defrayed from the sinking fund. Later the Secretary was uthorized by the Committee on Publications to carry out this vote of the Association. He was able to secure from Washington the sanction of the Post Office Department and the assistance of the General Superintendent, Mr. W. E. Chamberlain, of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., in performing this work.

This was followed by the receipt of hundreds of letters from various parts of the State, evincing a surprising interest in the community at large, and was the means of adding several to the list of clubs. Then followed the preparation of suitable blanks for obtaining statistical information concerning each of the clubs, and in my efforts in this direction I desire to mention the great assistance received from our Vice-President, Mr. William S. Hinman.

All the work which I have gone over in this brief manner led up to the convention held in Boston on Dec. 14, 1899, in which more than eighty delegates, representing about sixty different associations, clubs and societies, participaated. Among those present were representatives of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, Massachusetts Board of Education, Massachusetts Board of Trade, Massachusetts Rifle Association, New England Agricultural Society, Middlesex South Agricultural Society, Hampshire Agricultural Society, several farmers' clubs, besides numerous fish and game associations, the Megantic Fish and Game Club, many gun clubs, etc.

The committee appointed in the afternoon reported in the evening the following recommendations, viz.:

1. That each association choose one delegate to serve upon a Central Committee, with full power to act in securing legislation, etc.
2. That the open season on rabbits, squirrels, woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail commence Oct. 1 and end Dec. 1.
3. That the sale of game birds be prohibited.
4. That suitable fishways be provided for food fish to reach their spawning bed.
5. That this committee use means to secure funds needed to bring these measures before the Legislature and secure their passage.

In accordance with the first recommendation, each association and club was invited to send a delegate as a member of the Central Committee, and the delegates met on Jan. 4, 1900, when the following Executive Committee was chosen: Chairman, A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester; Sec'y-Treas., H. H. Kimball, Boston; George H. Palmer, North Bedford; Herman S. Fay, Marlborough; Dr. J. T. Herrick, Springfield; William B. Phinney, Lynn; John S. Bleakie, Falmouth; H. A. Estabrook, Fitchburg; J. E. Tweedy, North Attleboro; Jos. H. Wood, Pittsfield; Herbert E. Tuck, Haverhill; Henry Hanson, Fall River.

This committee met on Jan. 10, to lay out its work. As appears upon our records, at the annual meeting of the Association, on Jan. 10, 1900, the following preamble and resolution were adopted, viz.:

Wheas, It has become known to this Association that the game birds and animals of this Commonwealth have become, year after year, more and more scarce, and it is notorious that, unless some further protective legislation can be speedily had, the time is not far distant when they will become exterminated; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Association call upon our Senators and Representatives, and we do hereby call on them, to pass more restrictive laws for the greater protection of our game birds before it is too late and game of the State becomes exterminated.

The Secretary was instructed to mail a copy of the above to all members of the House and Senate.

By this means the legislators were early notified of our opinions and wishes.

The details with reference to what followed in the long and arduous struggle at the State House you have already heard from Representative Harry D. Hunt, of

North Attleboro, and I will not rehearse them. Suffice it to say, the Committee did the work assigned to it, and should receive the warmest gratitude, not only of our members, but of all lovers of birds.

The self denial of the clubs in the western counties in surrendering early fall shooting, and of those in the southerly sections in giving up their favorite month of December, entitles them to hearty commendation. The "divergence of views" alluded to by Mr. Stevenson in 1898 were no longer in evidence, but all stood shoulder to shoulder for the greatest good of the greatest number. To mention all those who lent their influence and actively engaged in securing this legislation would require too much time, but the names of Representatives Hunt and Morse (now Senator Morse) and Senators Wm. Tolman and Howard K. Sanderson deserve special recognition for their zealous efforts in behalf of the bill.

To the Fish and Game Commissioners for their cordial indorsement of the measure we would make our acknowledgments.

To the press of the State, also, for its enlightened presentation of the principles involved in the bill, and to the FOREST AND STREAM, not only for keeping its readers informed from the beginning to the end of the various movements in which we were engaged, but for its very able editorials in favor of the bill.

To Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of New York, who in one of his lectures at the Lowell Institute (in Boston) on birds last winter spoke with emphasis of the good work of the protective sportsmen's associations in their efforts to save game birds, expressing the wish that the song and insectivorous birds had friends who were equally zealous in their defense.

In closing I may say the bird law was the outcome of an enlightened public sentiment which has been created by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

All Sorts.

ELMO, Kan., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last winter, through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM, I brought to the notice of a startled (?) public the horned rabbit of Kansas. Yesterday, while out hunting, I shot two more specimens, and I was intending to forward one to you, but the idea that the horns were the outcome of disease took possession of me, and after examining one closely they became absolutely repulsive, and I threw them into a hedge, and FOREST AND STREAM is out a horned rabbit. One of the rabbits had six horns on its head, the horns closely resembling the horn of a young buck antelope when the horn is about an inch long. I should like to know more of them, but the revulsion against handling them is too strong.

In this week's FOREST AND STREAM I notice something about the Carteret Gun Club expelling members for competing with professionals or on grounds where professionals shoot. Now, I have seen reports of Carteret Club shoots, off and on, ever since I can remember, and none of them have left any impression on my mind. But when I see a closely printed column report of some tournament written by Hough, Waters or some other graphic writer who understands the ins and outs, haps and happenings of the game, and in which the names Elliott, Gilbert, Budd, Parmelee and Marshall appear, I always read the whole of it; and I have not read "David Harum" yet either, and am some shy on Shakespeare. These are the men who make the game interesting, and without whom the name of Carteret would never have been heard. If some of them go into the gun and ammunition business, so much the better, as it is only through the employment of the best talent that machines are perfected. Let the race go to the swift and the battle to the strong. See that everything is on the square and then—hands off. Let every individual be the sole judge of whom he is able and whom he is not able to compete with. This constant warfare on the best performers is like breaking one leg of a jack rabbit in order to let the hounds catch it. Improve your hounds is the better way, and is a more drawing card with the average onlooker.

Another thing that keeps irritating me is the immense amount of nonsencical talk about game protection. Game laws have been passed in such idiotic profusion that all respect for them is a thing of the past, yet the howl still goes up for more. Half a dozen States are threatening non-resident license laws. I suppose the profit accruing to wardens for State licenses is quite large; it must be, for already there is such a thing as reduced rates where competition is sharp, but what does the sportsman gain? The effect of the law has always been to debar the law-abiding and throw everything into the hands of the lawless. I have always thought that a law something like that of Colorado would do some good, only I want all game sold under a revenue stamp, the same as tobacco, and the money to go for the propagation and protection of game and fish. This would instil the idea of value, and wanton destruction would be less, especially if it were made a penitentiary offense to take game out of season. However, if other cranks will agree to drop their idiosyncrasy I will promise not to say another word about this fad of mine. E. P. JAQUES.

Sailing of Ducks in Great South Bay.

EAST QUOGUE, Long Island.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The FOREST AND STREAM said the other day that the ducks in Great South Bay as soon as disturbed go to sea. I am not surprised that they do just as soon as a battery is rigged out. I have seen from two to three boats from one battery sail, sail, sail, until the ducks had to resort to one of two things—go to sea or to some other bay. When I used a battery I would take the large boat and anchor her out of the way, and then wait for the ducks to come back. There was no trouble about ducks going to sea then, and I am quite positive I made larger bags by not sailing the ducks than the batteries do now by continually sailing them from one place to another. Point and bar shooting was decidedly good this last fall, and many New York sportsmen who came down here did well and went home happy. E. A. JACKSON.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XX.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

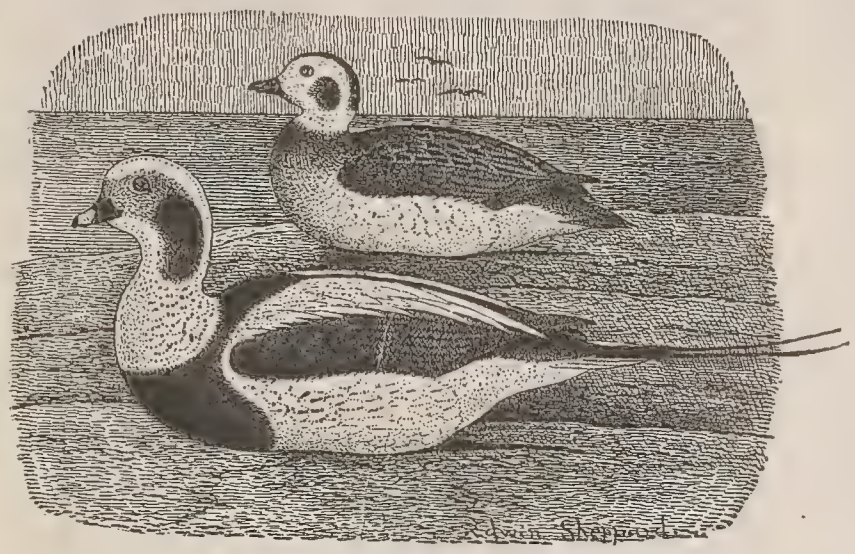
[*Continued from page 46.*]

Bufflehead Duck.

Charitonetta albeola (Linn.).

THE adult male with head and upper neck black. From behind and below the eye a very broad white band or patch extends backward to the ends of the feathers. The black of head and upper neck is brilliant with metallic reflections of green and purple. The feathers of head are long and loose, giving it a puffy appearance, and they can be raised so as to make the head seem very large. The back is black, fading to ashy on the upper tail-coverts. The tail is gray, with whitish edges. The lower neck, entire under parts, greater wing coverts, outer scapulars and some secondaries, white. The quill feathers of the wing are gray, the bill is lead color, the eyes brown and the feet flesh color or lavender.

The head of the female lacks the extreme puffiness of the male's. She is generally a dark lead color, or slaty, very much paler below, has a white patch on the side of the head behind and below the eye, and a white wing patch formed by the outer webs of the secondaries. The bill is dark lead color and the feet and legs grayish-blue.



LONG-TAILED DUCK.

The male bufflehead is one of the most beautiful and active of North American ducks and is also one of the most abundant, especially along the seacoast. It is confined to North America and is scattered over most of the continent, from the extreme North to Mexico. It is said not to be common in Alaska, but sometimes to occur on the Aleutian Islands, and Dr. Stejneger found it in winter also about the Commander Islands, on the Asiatic side of the Pacific. The bufflehead breeds throughout much of British America, nesting in hollows in trees, and its nests have been found on the Yukon River, as well as in many other localities in the North. Mr. Boardman believes that it breeds near Calais, Me., and young birds, still unable to fly, are said to have been killed at Pewaukee Lake, in Wisconsin.

The butterball is an extremely restless and busy bird, and in the dull times of the duck shooting, when the weather is still and no birds are flying, it is very likely to dart over the gunner's decoys and startle him by its unexpected presence. However, the butterball is so small, and also so swift of flight, and so expert in diving, that not very many of them are killed. They are by no means shy and often come readily to the decoys, among which they alight, feed and after swimming about for a short time, will fly off again. The dipper flies very rapidly, quite equaling in this respect the blackhead, which is known for its speed on the wing. Usually it alights without checking itself at all and strikes the water with a splash, sliding along the surface for some little distance. Dr. Elliot's remarks on the diving of this species are well worth repeating. He says: "As a diver the butterball takes rank among the most expert of our ducks, disappearing so quickly, and apparently with so little exertion, that it is almost impossible to shoot it when sitting on the water. When alarmed, with a sudden flip up of its tail and a scattering of a few drops of water, it vanishes beneath the surface, appearing almost immediately at no great distance from where it went under, and either dives again at once or takes wing, which it does easily and without any fuss. Sometimes half a dozen of these birds will gather together in a sheltered piece of water and be very busy feeding. A few will dive with a sudden jerk, as if drawn beneath the surface by an invisible string, and the others will quietly swim about as if on the watch. The first that went under water having returned to the surface, the others dive, and so it goes on for a long time. Occasionally all will disappear, and then the first one to rise seems much disconcerted at not finding any one on watch and acts as if he were saying to himself that if he had only known their unprotected state, he would never have gone under."

Dr. Elliot states also that the flesh of this duck is very palatable and is excellent when broiled. In this species, as in others, the food regulates the excellence of the flesh.

Mr. Gurdon Trumbull gives among the names for this very well-known species the buffalo-headed duck, little brown duck, spirit duck, conjuring duck, dipper, robin dipper, dapper and dopper, die-dipper marionette, butterball, butterduck and butterbox, diver, woolhead, Scotch duck, Scotchman, Scotch dipper and Scotch teal.

Old Squaw, Long-Tailed Duck.

Clangula hyemalis (Linn.).

Male, in winter, with broad strip running from the base of the bill, back, including eye, to about the ear, pale gray; at the ear darkening to black, which fades again to pale gray on the side of the neck; top and back of head, throat and lower sides of head and upper neck, all about, white; breast, back, upper tail-coverts, wing and long feathers of tail, black, the outer sides of the tail fading to white. The secondaries are reddish-brown; scapulars, pearl-gray; under parts, white.

In the male, in summer, the pale gray line running back from the bill, including the eye and parts of cheek, are as in winter, but the remaining parts of head, neck, breast and upper parts generally are deep brown or even black. The feathers on the foreback and the scapulars are margined with tan. The other upper parts are black, or blackish-brown, with some grayish on the secondaries. The four middle tail feathers are black; the breast and part of the belly are dark brown, and the rest of the under parts white. The bill is black, crossed by a bar of orange, and the feet are black

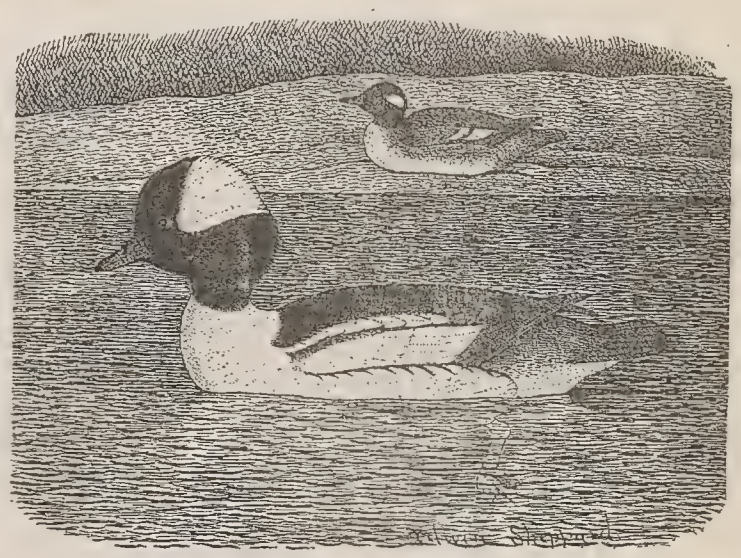
The female, in winter, has the head, neck and lower parts white, marked with dusky on forehead and crown, as well as on the ears, chin and throat. The upper parts are brown, many of the feathers being bordered with grayish. In summer the head and neck are more gray and the general plumage darker.

The old squaw, as it is commonly called on the New England coast, is one of the commonest of our winter birds, and is found on both coasts of America, as well as of the Old World. It is a beautiful bird, active, noisy and hardy, going little further south than it is obliged to to procure food, although occasionally it extends its migrations as far as Florida and California. In Europe it is sometimes found, in winter, in the Mediterranean Sea.

The old squaw breeds in the Arctic regions and has been found in Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland and northern Alaska, as well as in Hudson's Bay. It commonly associates, even on the breeding grounds, in great flocks; and I have seen them in Alaska in June and July, hundreds together. They commonly breed on the waters of fresh-water pools, making their nests under low bushes, or among coarse grass, close to the water. The eggs are given as being only five to seven in number. The nest is made of grass and weeds and is invariably lined with down, which is of fine quality, apparently not much inferior to that of the eider duck.

On their return from the North the old squaws do not reach the New England coast until the weather has grown quite cold, long after the different varieties of scoters have come and established themselves in their winter home. Here they congregate throughout the winter in vast numbers, associating with the scoters and the eiders and yet often keeping very much by themselves. The old squaw is one of the most expert of divers and it used to be stated—and may be believed—that in old times it could not be shot on the water with a flint-lock gun. Even now it frequently dives so rapidly as to apparently escape the shot, and instances are given of where a bird, shot at when flying low over the water, has dived from the wing and escaped uninjured.

The common name of this species refers to its noisy habit. It is continually talking while on the water, and the flocks when flying frequently utter their musical cry. In almost all localities the bird takes its name from this call, which is difficult of imitation. Perhaps the Canadian syllables Caccá-wee imitate the note as well as anything that has been attempted. South south southerly is supposed to represent it, but hardly does so. The old squaw is remarkable for the rapidity and the irregularity of its flight. A flock starting low over the water, to go in some direction, will zigzag hither and



BUFFLE-HEADED DUCK.

thither, constantly uttering their mellow cry and reminding one, in their swift and darting flight, of the flocks of wild pigeons which used to be seen in the olden times.

Beautiful and active bird though it be, the old squaw is unfit for use on the table. It is always fishy, and no treatment with which I am acquainted will render its flesh palatable. It feeds chiefly on shellfish, and its flesh tells the story.

In the spring, when the birds are preparing to take their flight to the North, they prepare themselves for their long journey by extended flights, as the local gunners call it, "trying their wings." Late in the afternoon they rise from the water in great flocks and, circling high in the air, fly about for hours, performing many beautiful evolutions. The migrations are usually performed by night and perhaps at no very great height above the ground. At all events, I recall that some years ago, in a New England village near the Sound, the weather-vane one morning in April was observed to be missing from one of the churches. A search revealed it lying on the ground near the building, bent and broken, and not far from it was the body of a male old squaw, which had flown against the vane with such force as to break off the iron pivot on which it swung.

Tennessee Quail.

HENDERSON, Tenn.—Quail and other small game were never known to be so plentiful here as this year; thirty-five and forty quail are no unusual bag for an afternoon's hunt. P.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Proposed Western Game Laws.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 12.—It is too early in the game yet to tell what will come out of the variegated game bills which are making the usual grist in the early days of the legislatures of Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and other Western States. There will probably be some change in the Illinois law, but it is not anticipated that these changes will be very startling. President Van Cleave, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, wishes to lead the energies of that Association partly into protective lines. as well as trapshooting matters. The resolution for the abolishment of spring shooting in our Illinois law is a good thing, and were it passed it would be glory enough for the administration that suggested it, and a still greater glory for the Legislature which passed it; but the chances are that this measure cannot be carried as yet in Illinois. Neither is it likely that a one-dollar gun tax can be passed in this State.

Indiana proposes to do all sorts of things. The news this week of another wealthy club of sportsmen going in on the Kankakee Marsh excited great interest at Crown Point, Ind., whose citizens have always shot on this part of the Kankakee Marsh, and all sorts of wild telegrams emanated from that vicinity. It was stated in general principles that something would have to be done to keep the rich sportsmen out of Indiana. One proposed measure is that Indiana establish a close season on quail for five years. It is not in the least likely that this law will be passed. There may be some minor changes in the Indiana law, and the most probable of these is a non-resident license, which seems to be the thing in Western States at present.

The State of Minnesota, which for a long time was credited with having the best game law in the United States, is showing signs of not letting well enough alone, and it is reported there will be a certain amount of tinkering in the Legislature. The most radical measure suggested in Minnesota comes in the rumor that there will be a strong movement made to absolutely stop all shooting in that State for five years. In its extreme form this measure is to stop both resident and non-resident shooting, but there is a rumor that it will be modified by cutting off only non-residents altogether. It is stated that this movement is undertaken on account of the heavy market-shooting which has been going on in that State durnig the past year. So drastic a measure as this it would be a hard thing to get through, yet if it did carry it would have a good effect, for the result would be that shipments of game could not be made, there would be no loop holes available, and the men who were not allowed to shoot would not allow others to shoot for the market. The result would be the greatest educative measure as to the growing FOREST AND STREAM Plank that was ever enacted in the West. It is not to be believed, however, that this measure will carry. In fact, all these matters can be commented upon with greater wisdom a few months from now.

Weights of Quail.

Mr. J. W. Turner, of Springfield, S. D., writes interestingly on the subject of the weights of the Bob White quail, remarking: "The last three or four issues of FOREST AND STREAM have contained items in regard to the weight of quail in different localities. After reading them all, I feel that Dakota quail are not so slow, either on the wing or in weight. Myself and two friends were out one day last week for three hours' shooting and brought home thirty birds. I weighed eighteen of them, with the following result: Two 8 ounces each, three 7¾ ounces each, five 7½ ounces each, five 6¾ ounces each, three 6 ounces each.

"Quail have never been so plenty as they are year. Early in the fall there were three bunches within a stone's throw of my home for several weeks. So far this winter we have had practically no snow, consequently the quail have fared wonderfully well, likewise the hunter."

These Dakota corn-fed birds are whales in their way and much larger than the average of the Southern birds, as I believe. Yet it was from southern Illinois that this very fall I heard a quail story which at least ties this one from Dakota. My friend, Warren Powell, of Christian county, Ill., told me that he and a friend weighed two quail which they got on one of their hunts this fall, and the two weighed just an even pound. I don't know how the weights would hold out, but it always seemed to me that the quail over in Canada, not far from the Lake St. Clair region, in Ontario, were the biggest ones I ever saw. I never weighed any of those birds, but would be glad to hear from Mr. Wells or some other old shooter of that vicinity.

Little Bat Is Shot.

Little Bat, otherwise Baptiste Garnier, a well-known Western character, hunter and army scout, is probably dead at Crawford, Neb. He was shot, with probable fatal results, in a saloon row by James D. Haguewood this week.

All About the Doughbird.

Mr. E. K. Stedman, of Mt. Carrol, Ill., writes to ask a question regarding a game bird which in these days does not cut so very much of a figure in Western shooting matters, though not long ago it was one of the recognized sporting attractions in certain parts of the West, notably Kansas and Nebraska. He writes as below:

"By way of preface. In our little community hereabouts whenever a question arises as to anything in the least degree connected with sportsmen and sportsmanship they always pick yours truly out as judge. It sometimes requires a great deal of research and inventive ingenuity to find answer to all their queries, and in the present case they have 'stumped' me.

"They—and so do I—wish to know what sort of an animal a 'dough bird' is—not its latin name, but hasn't it got some other common title such as we can put our hands on and not have to get a dictionary to find the pronunciation of?

"They are quoted in the markets as game birds, and list at from $4 to $4.50 per dozen. Kindly enlighten us poor mortals in such a way that we can hereafter speak of them as next door neighbors—or at least as if we were on speaking terms with the family."

The dough bird, or doe bird, is the New England name for the Esquimaux curlew. It formerly mingled with the golden plover flight in the West. It is rather larger than the latter bird, with a mottled back, showing the splotched brown snipe and plover markings. It has the longish bill of the curlew family, down curved at the point. It is perhaps in these days more common in the coast flight of the East than in the West. Mr. Ezra Howard, of Edgar, Neb., about two or three years ago asked me to come out and shoot dough birds with him. I wish he would tell us something about the bird as he has seen it in his part of the country. It is said that this bird is found in countless numbers in the summer time in Labrador. It breeds in the barren grounds of the Arctic Circle, and spends its winters in South America, notably the Argentine Republic. It goes in the same flight with the upland plover and golden plover. It grows very fat in the summer time, like the plover. It is a shy bird, and is best approached by a horse and wagon, as one hunts the upland plover. Sometimes one may have good flight shooting at dough birds. I have never heard of decoys being used in shooting them, but there is no doubt that they could be used successfully, as the bird decoys readily to the whistle. A description of the bird says that the bill is short and slender and a little curved. The back is brownish black in color, and the tail distinctly barred. The feet are greenish black. There is much variation in the tone of the color, though there is a general sameness in different specimens. A hundred different specimens examined showed a considerable divergence. There are dusky streaks in some cases and sometimes stripes and little arrow heads in the arrangement of the colors. The bird may be popularly described as a sort of composite of the golden plover and the upland plover. When it alights it folds its wings and peaks them over the back exactly like the upland plover. It flies in battalions like the golden plover. My friend, William Werner, formerly chef at Kinsley's restaurant, in this city, once served me a couple of dough birds roasted in an eathenware dish. They were a dream. I hope Mr. Howard will not forget to tell us something more about this bird.

Hopes for the Minnesota Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 15.—At this writing the matters pertaining to the Minnesota National Park have attained the most satisfactory shape yet reached since the Congressional deadlock on this question first began. The thorough agitation of the matter by the Minnesota friends of the park and by newspapers in different portions of the country has shown members of the House at Washington that the public is impatient and does not fancy too long a delay before reaching a decision, in one way or the other, upon the question of the Northwestern pine. Secretary Hitchcock has for a long time been anxious to have the Nelson law modified, and he earlier proposed to have a conference with the representatives from Minnesota before taking up the matter with Congress. At the same time Secretary Hitchcock will insist upon taking up this proposition for a national park. This much we knew some days ago, but at that time it was left to that conference between Secretary Hitchcock and the Minnesota representatives to decide whether there was to be any legislative action on these matters during the present session.

Much better than the above is the news which comes from Washington, under date of Jan. 14, which goes to the Minnesota journals in the following form:

"Those interested in the Minnesota park project are not to be defeated by mere objection if plans now formulated can be put into effect. Senator Quarles, of Wisconsin, a member of the Senate Indian Committee, will offer an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill which will permit an investigation by a joint commission into the feasibility of the establishment of a park on the Minnesota reservation.

"The amendment was prepared by Minnesotans who have been agitating the park project. It provides for an investigation and report by a joint commission as to what Indian reservations or parts of reservations are better fitted for the purpose of forestry or park purposes than for agriculture. The sum of $5,000 is made available for the expenses of the joint commission, which is to be composed of three members from the House and a like number of Senators. Reference is made to the Chippewa reservation. While the Senate committee passed unanimously the original park resolution, some objection will probably be offered to the amendment, as the committee has adopted the policy of excluding from the bill any new legislation. Objection may be made to the amendment on this score, but Senator Quarles said to-day he expected to have no difficulty in having it acted upon favorably. Representative Morris has not indicated what he purposes doing about the park resolution."

Senator Quarles has always been a very good friend to the park, and there are many other very good friends in the House. While there is nothing sure until the act is passed, it may safely be said that the prospects for the Minnesota Park are better than could have been hoped in view of the recent attitude of certain enemies of the enterprise. It is not unreasonable to entertain a hope that the park will be established.

Protest at the Proposed Tonty Club.

Mention was made this week, in these columns, of the new club which it is proposed to establish on the John Brown tract, near Shelby, Ind. When this matter was first made public, during the week last past, telegrams of a most indignant nature came up from Crown Point, Ind., protesting at this occupation of Indiana shooting grounds by a Chicago shooting trust. In telegrams sent to the New York newspapers, Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, whose name was mentioned as a member of the new club, was stigmatized as a monopolist and an oppressor. It is true that the John Brown tract has long been a favorite hunting ground of the Crown Point sportsmen; and there is, of course, much sympathy to be expressed with the shooters who would thus be kept out of their old and favorite ground. Yet this seems to be the tendency of the times, and there is very little use in combating it. Moreover, this club, established in one of the most lawless parts of the Kankakee country, so far as shooting is concerned, will have a very wholesome effect, and it will be a practical preserve for the wild game, where now there is no preserve at all. The gentlemen who propose to establish this club are not ogres or oppressors, but a very decent set of sportsmen, with very little selfish blood in their veins. Mayor Harrison has not yet stated positively that he will join the club. The Crown Point bombardment is therefore a trifle premature, so far as he is concerned. Mr. John Brown, owner of the tract, is expected in town at an early date to complete the arrangements regarding the leases.

Mallards Coming Up.

Day before yesterday we struck a cold wave here in Chicago, and perhaps this has checked the ambition of the wild fowl, but up to that time the ducks were beginning to come in along the waters of this region. It has been a very open and mild winter, and the mallards have not yet left the open streams of this State, but have wintered there. A great many more have been scattered over the country from here to Texas, and this week, up to the present cold snap, these birds were actually beginning to work north again, in a country of timbered streams and adjacent cornfields, an environment of which the mallard is particularly fond

Favorable Winter for Game.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 19.—It is still trying hard to be winter, but making a miserable failure of it. Up to this date this has been the most favorable winter for small game in the last fifteen years. All over the State reports come of large bevies of quail, and they all seem to be in a perfect condition, with all the feed they want. From a friend at Mt. Carroll, Ill., 127 miles west of here, I hear of two farmers who claim in all ten bevies of quail which they know of on less than 200 acres of land, and they are all large, full bevies. The farmers are taking good care of these birds. Should conditions such as these obtain all over the State, we will have a grand head of game for next year. These birds can take care of themselves pretty fairly well. Thus, my informant above, Mr. Steadman, says that two of his friends who in trap shoots are good for eight or nine birds out of ten, this fall went quail shooting and shot 200 times at quail. They killed just thirty-six quail between them with the 200 shells. Bob White is certainly an amiable game bird, and if the netters and ground-sweaters would give him half a show he would continue to have fun with the sportsmen for several generations yet. It seems sure that we will have another good year of quail shooting in this section.

A good many of our streams in Illinois are not frozen over. A few ducks—mallards—are reported killed this week on the Mississippi west of here. A warm thaw any time within the next two weeks would in all likelihood bring up a heavy flight from the south.

Deer Hunters' Convention.

There is on foot at Benton Harbor, Mich., a movement to hold a deer hunters' convention within the near future. Special railroad rates have been arranged, and the promoters of the enterprise believe they will have 300 men present. The object is in the nature of a sportsmen's convention, called for the purpose of discussing the questions of the rapidly diminishing deer supply and the best way of preserving same. Suggestions for improvements on the present law will be made, probably in the form of resolutions. It is understood that this convention will favor the raising of the non-resident deer license from $25 to $30, thus making it equal to the non-resident license adopted by the State of Wisconsin.

All these movements are praiseworthy, but it is to be hoped that this particular movement will not be kept too strictly in line with the sportsmen's convention of the past. It will not do the men of Michigan any good to pass a set of resolutions. It will not save twenty of their deer next year, if they raise their license to $30 and then let it go at that. They have got a good enough law now if they would only enforce it. So has Wisconsin, and so has Illinois. There is a strange mental quality possessed by the American citizen and not shared by the men of any other nationality, by which he rests content with the making of a law and stops this side of its enforcement. The weak side of all our Western game laws is the executive side. Personally I used to take off my coat and holler as loud as anybody in these conventions, but I have seen so many of them amount to nothing in practical results that I must admit I have left no longer very much respect for the town, State, national or international convention which is customarily willing to content itself by the mere passing of gaudy resolutions. If the men of Michigan shall get together and raise some money, and shall expend that money in the practical enforcement of the law they already have, then they may expect to save some of their deer. If they shall search their game markets for illegal venison, then we may expect to see the demand for their deer discontinue. If they shall watch the lumber camps which are now reported to be purchasers of summer deer, and if they shall not merely content themselves with making faces at these lumber camps, but shall go after them and punish them under the law, then we may expect to see fewer deer killed by Indians and woods loafers. If they shall discountenance as illegal and ungentlemanly among their friends the taking of a rifle into the woods on a summer fishing trip, then we may expect to see fewer deer killed by men who call themselves sportsmen. The convention is all right if it does not disband at the time of its adjournment.

Apropos of this same matter is the suggestion made to me to-day by a prominent sportsman of Chicago, that a new organization be effected here for the purpose of looking after the executive side of our Illinois law, more especially as regards the enforcement of the law in the game markets of this city. Without doubt much illegal game comes to this market, but it is to be questioned whether a purely amateur association would not repeat history and content itself with "unanimously resolving." I don't know, but am afraid such would be the case.

Yet on the whole it is to be said that the game laws in the West are improving; that their enforcement is becoming easier. Perhaps it is because our game is getting so scarce that it has reached the point of value. We are

going to have the usual line of changes offered for the game laws. One can hardly care what the dates for our game seasons are. I should like to see this game market shut up, but if it is to be left open at all, then it would seem self-evident that what we need in Illinois is not any new or different law, but a sterner and sturdier enforcement, of almost any kind of law than we have ever seen in all the weak efforts at game protection in this Western country. What we need is not more theories, not more new dates, not more new schemes, but more money and more men to enforce the laws which we already have. We can protect our game just as soon as we get ready to do so and say that it must be done. But we will never do this by tinkering with dates and schemes.

White Moose Killed.

A report comes from Minnesota that an Indian last month killed near Grand Rapids, in that State, a moose which was almost completely white. This is the first instance of an albino moose of which I ever heard. It is generally understood that a white deer or a white moose is regarded with superstitious awe by the Indians. The story goes that the hunter who killed this moose has been tried by his people and sentenced to very severe punishment for bringing bad luck on the tribe.

The Sportsmen's Show.

Mr. H. G. Maratta, the well-known Chicago artist, started this week for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to make studies for the purpose of putting up a big model of this cañon on the main floor of the sportsmen's exposition which is to be held in Chicago this coming month. Mr. Maratta has already made a small model of the cañon, and it gives the best idea of that tremendous spectacle which has ever been offered in artistic form.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railroad will put up a hunter's cabin at the exposition. Another well-known Chicago artist, Mr. W. L. Wells, will have charge of the designs for this exhibit. It is Mr. Wells who suggested to the management the idea of a flying flock of wild geese. There will be two dozen geese mounted and suspended in the air in a realistic way, as though they were just in to the marsh. The latter will also be shown in vivid realism.

There promises to be a very good railroad representation at the show, and on lines altogether unique and distinct from earlier enterprises of a similar nature. Indeed the show seems to be moving in most satisfactory fashion throughout.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Possession in Close Season.

The People vs. Buffalo Fishing Company.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed several articles in FOREST AND STREAM with reference to the case of People vs. Buffalo Fishing Company (164 N. Y., 93), recently decided by the Court of Appeals of this State.

These articles convey the impression that the Court of Appeals, in the case cited, has held that the prohibitions contained in certain sections of the Fishery, Game and Forest Law (repealed in 1900 by the Forest, Fish and Game Law) against the possession of fish and game during the close season, were invalid as in conflict with the Federal Constitution, as applied to fish and game lawfully taken outside the State and imported into the State during the close season. The court did not so hold. Judge O'Brien wrote the prevailing opinion in that case, placing his decision upon two grounds: First, that the act in question does not by its terms prohibit the "possession" of fish and game lawfully taken outside the State and imported during the close season. To quote his words with reference to the statute, "What it means, and all it means, is to forbid any person to catch, kill or be possessed of the fish described from waters of this State. The word 'possession' obviously refers to those fish the catching or killing of which is prohibited—that is to say, fish in the waters of this State, and not those procured in a foreign country." As a second ground, he states that even though the statute were intended to prohibit the possession of fish and game during the close season without regard to where or how possession might be obtained, then, in his opinion, it would be invalid as in conflict with the Federal Constitution.

Judge Gray wrote a dissenting opinion, holding that the statute applied to fish and game caught and killed outside the State, as well as that killed or taken within the State, and held further that the statute was not in conflict with the Federal Constitution. Judges Martin and Haight concurred with Judge Gray in his dissenting opinion. Chief Judge Parker and Judge Landon concurred with Judge O'Brien in the prevailing opinion. Judge Warner, the only other judge sitting, also concurred with Judge O'Brien, but only on the ground first stated by him—that is, that the sections were not intended to apply to foreign fish and game.

It follows that this case simply holds that it was not the intent of the Fisheries, Forest and Game Law to prohibit during the close season possession of fish and game lawfully caught or killed outside of the State and imported during the close season.

Phelps vs. Racey (60 N. Y., 10) is still authority that a statute which expressly forbids the having in possession of game during the close season, regardless of where, when or how obtained, is valid.

The trouble was in the wording of the old Fisheries, Game and Forest Law, and as the wording of the present Fish and Game Law is practically the same, it should be amended so as to expressly apply to fish and game imported into the State during the close season, and when so amended the act will be valid under the decision of the Court of Appeals in Phelps vs. Racey.

WILLARD S. REED.

CORNING, N. Y., Jan. 18.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Adirondack Deer.

THE following letter from Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff was read at the meeting of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association at Boonville, in the Adirondacks, on Jan. 16:

ALBANY, Jan. 9.—Mr. A. M. Church, Secretary Brown's Tract Guides' Association, Boonville, N. Y.: My Dear Sir—I take pleasure in replying to your request for information regarding the feeding of deer in the winter, with which I have had some experience, and am agreeable to your suggestion to present my views on this and the other questions associated with it to your Association at its meeting to-morrow.

As you know, I have been for four years engaged as President of the Forest Preserve Board in the work of purchasing for the State lands in the Adirondacks and Catskills. For $1,950,000 this Board has acquired 400,000 acres of land in the Adirondacks alone, and recovered about 90,000 acres which had been lost to the State by previous improper cancellations of the State's title. The lands thus purchased and acquired by the reinstatement of the State's title, through the operation of the Forest Preserve Board, are worth twice what they have cost the State. In 1883, when a law was enacted prohibiting the further sale of land owned by the State in the Adirondacks, the State possessed 700,000 acres. During the following thirteen years these holdings were increased to 825,000 acres, until in 1896 a 75,000-acre tract was purchased from W. Seward Webb, as the settlement in a suit brought by him against the State for damages incident to the damming of the Beaver River for reservoir purposes. Therefore, the State owned 900,000 acres in the North Woods when we took up this work under the provisions of the Forest Preserve Board act in the spring of 1897. Since then this acreage has been increased just 50 per cent., and to-day the State is in undisputed possession of about one-half of the Adirondack Park, the park embracing practically all the forest lands in the Adirondack region. In my opinion, it is unfortunate that, owing to the constitutional prohibition of the cutting of timber on State lands, the matured trees throughout this well-timbered forest territory cannot be marketed, instead of going to waste and retarding, as they do, the younger growth. The soft merchantable timber, or evergreens, on the State lands, which will soon die of old age, could to-day be sold for a sum sufficient to furnish the State with means to acquire the title to all the lands owned in the Adirondacks by corporations and individuals for lumbering purposes, provided they were granted a proper and reasonable reservation as to the large timber on their property at the time of its purchase. Not only would this course result in the acquisition of the land not at present owned by the State, but it would furnish employment to a vast number of our people and supply to the ninety-eight pulp and paper mills in this State raw material, which is decreasing in quantity at a rate which threatens the impairment of this great industry, in which the State of New York leads all the other States of the Union. And what is of greater importance to your Association, this plan would prevent the further cutting of hardwood, which has now assumed large proportions in certain localities, for the manufacture of wood alcohol and cooperage stock, and which is subjecting large areas of the Adirondacks to the danger of being stripped as clean as a desert. Thus would the next generation find a forest preserved to them by us as grand and beautiful as the one which the generation preceding us enjoyed, but neglected to preserve for us, even when it could be purchased for one-tenth of its present value.

It was not my intention to devote so much of this letter to forest preservation, but it is the foundation of the whole structure which your Association and many of us are trying to maintain and develop. The question of providing for the wild deer, concerning which you particularly ask for information, is of little consequence unless we have adequate game laws rigidly enforced. I believe that hounding must be permanently prohibited. Only one year of its prohibition remains under the act of 1897, which prohibited it for five years. The movement to stock the North Woods with moose, which has now been energetically started, and the offer of Mr. William C. Whitney and others to supply elk, if nothing else were wanted, indicate the absolute necessity of putting an end to hounding. Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, who has an inclosed preserve of 8,000 acres on Big Tupper Lake, told me the other day that his game keepers had not found a dead deer within his inclosure, while they were frequently found outside in its vicinity. The deer in his park have never been artificially fed. Therefore, as the amount of natural food, the temperature, depth of snow and other conditions are the same outside as inside, he has come to the conclusion that the reason why the deer die in the vicinity of his park is because when overheated they are driven into cold water by hounds, inducing physical conditions that enfeeble them and render them unable to sustain the hardships of a cold, prolonged winter.

As compared with the stalking of deer, hounding is unsportsmanlike. The hunter by the latter method is not dependent on his own skill or exertions, but upon the dog and the man that rows the boat. This does not, of course, apply to runway shooting in the woods or on narrow, shallow streams, of which comparatively little is done when shooting in the water is so much easier and more certain. To surely prevent the use of hounds in hunting deer, it should be provided in the law that no hounds or dogs capable of running a deer to water can be kept within the North Woods. Of course a reasonable period of time should be allowed those who now possess them to take them out and dispose of them.

The question is asked, "How many deer do you estimate there are in the woods?" The Adirondack Park comprises about 5,000 square miles. I presume I have asked a hundred guides and sportsmen in the last few years how many deer they thought there were to a square mile on the average, and I do not remember that I have heard one place it at less than ten. This would indicate at least 50,000 deer. Of course there are many regions where there are very few, but there are other portions where I know, from my own observation, that there are many times ten deer in every square mile. Some idea of the number may be gathered from the fact that there were shipped out of the Adirondacks by railroad during the past season 1,204 carcasses. In addition to these, a large number were taken to the surrounding towns by wagons. I think the guides who are members of your Association will bear me out in the belief that not more than one deer is shipped by rail out of every five killed. If this is so, the number killed during the past season must have been in the neighborhood of 6,000. Notwithstanding this large number, which has been about the same for five years past, they have certainly increased steadily in most localities.

Many of the members of your Association will remember the time when they were quite scarce as the result of being slaughtered for the market and destroyed by wolves and panthers. It may be of interest to you to know that there were shipped out of the Maine woods this fall 4,500 deer and 200 bull moose, and the accessible hunting territory in Maine is only about one-half larger than that of the Adirondacks. Hounding is prohibited, as you know, in the State of Maine, where the deer have increased in such proportions that the number shipped out this year is nearly three times as many as five or six years ago. If Mr. Litchfield's theory is correct (that the deer die from diseases induced by hounding), it will not be long after its prohibition before it will be a very easy matter for a man to get the two deer allowed by law in a season by the much more satisfactory and sportsmanlike methods of still-hunting. How much more salutary it is to tramp leisurely along a trail in the early autumn on the lookout for this noble game, or through the unbroken forest after the first snowfall has rendered tracking possible, than to sit on a watch point, nearly frozen to death, waiting for a hound to drive the hunted animal into the water, giving the guide an opportunity to get warm by rowing while the sportsman (?) continues to shiver so he can hardly shoot the poor animal even when the boat is almost on its back! And surely "floating" in the damp air is far from furnishing that recuperation for which most of us seek the seclusion and health-giving atmosphere of the North Woods, to say nothing of the fact that in "floating" for every deer brought down a considerable number of wounded ones escape and die a lingering death in the forest.

To enforce laws against hounding, floating, killing deer and taking fish out of season there must be an adequate number of protectors. The number designated in the bill introduced last winter by Senator Malby was thirty-five. This number would provide one for about every 40,000 acres of State land in the Adirondacks, or one to every section of eight miles square. If a protector were located at the center of such a section he would be within four miles of his limits in all directions and within eight miles of the protectors in charge of the adjoining sections. It would be impracticable to carry out this plan on the basis of such an exact and equal division of territory, and I have only thus used precise measurements for the purposes of illustration. If this general scheme is carried out, as I sincerely hope it will be in the immediate future, these protectors or guards should be entrusted with the responsibility not only of fish and game protection, but also of preventing forest fires and the stealing of timber. The State suffers great and constant loss from the present lack of adequate protection to its property. The fires of a year ago last autumn cost $32,000 for labor alone to extinguish them.

Protection such as I advocate would prevent destructive fires, for it would be the duty of the protectors to keep track of all fishermen, hunters, tourists and camping parties on their sections, and, as you well know, camp-fires which are left burning, and which have heretofore been responsible for so much destruction, gain headway very slowly at first. In the fall of 1899, when the State suffered so much, there were no fires on the lands owned by big lumber companies and private individuals, because they were promptly discovered and put out. In the consideration of this question of an adequate force of protectors, it has been suggested that some allotted area would be without protection while the protector was absent conveying one whom he had arrested to a police justice, or while giving testimony in the prosecution of the case.

In my judgment this phase of the question may be eliminated from consideration, because there will be no violation of forest, fish or game laws under the deterring influence due to the fear of almost certain arrest, when it is known that a protector is within sound of a rifle shot or the bay of a hound. When the illegal hunting and fishing carried on by the lawless residents of the forest region is prevented, then and not till then will the lawbreaking cease which is so common among those well-meaning frequenters of the Adirondacks who fish and hunt out of season and use dogs and "jacks," "because everybody else does." It is hardly to be expected that one will refrain from violating the law when every night as he lies in his camp he hears the discharge of shotguns in the direction of streams famous for night hunting, and listens attentively every morning to the music of the hounds as they give tongue among the hills, beyond which lies a lake whose shores he knows are being watched by eager hunters. It is evident that the efficiency of any such plan must depend very largely on the qualifications of the persons selected to serve as protectors. They must be selected solely for their knowledge of woodcraft and their acquaintance with all the methods and tricks of the hunters and fishermen. They must be just such men as compose the Brown's Tract Guides' Association and other associations of Adirondack guides.

I had almost forgotten, in the interest aroused in the consideration of other questions, to reply to the last paragraph of your letter, in which you say, "I have been very much interested in the problem of feeding deer in winter and would like to bring the subject before the meeting on the 10th instant," and asking for my experience and the privilege of presenting it to your Association. During the months of March and April of last year, when, as you will all remember, the snow was nearly 4 feet deep on the level, and when the deer were in poor condition as the result of an unusually severe, protracted winter, I kept four men constantly employed in feeding deer in the vicinity of my camp. We tried hay, oats and almost every kind of food given to domestic animals. This food they would not eat, but we soon discovered that they would eat the buds and twigs of the maple and other hardwoods;

also the tips of most of the evergreen species, when the branches of these trees were cut off and thus placed within their reach. It is not necessary to cut down trees for this purpose and thus spoil good timber, as the deer feed only on the tender buds and smallest twigs. In fact, after a yard had been found and a few branches cut near by, the deer would come around as soon as they heard the sound of the axe. They are partial to the maple, as the sap in that species is sweeter than in the birch or beech, and in the soft maples the sap starts earlier than any other kind of trees. It is at this very time of the year, when the sap is starting, that the deer are in the poorest condition and in greatest need of the assistance we are able to render them by providing them with some kind of browse.

I fully realize, as the result of an experience in the North Woods, covering a period of twenty years, with many of the best guides in that region, that I have in this letter merely set forth what the members of Brown's Tract Guides' Association know as well or better than I do. Your inquiries have led me to submit these matters as I view them, and if the presentation of them to the meeting of your Association adds anything to the interest of the occasion, I will be greatly pleased.

Very sincerely yours,

TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF.

Work of the Cuviers

IN his report to the Cuvier Club for the year that has just closed, President Alex. Starbuck says:

We are reliably informed from various quarters where the song and game birds were wont to thrive, that they are rapidly diminishing. This is attributable, as regards the game birds, in a measure, to the non-export laws of the different States, in connection with the Lacey Federal act, passed by the last Congress, which is also sweepingly prohibitive. You have only to turn to the prices in our principal game markets during the open season to realize this important fact. Quail were then worth nearly $3 a dozen, mallard duck $4.50 to $5, canvasback $9 to $10, prairie chickens $5.50 to $6, and in New York prices were still higher, fine canvasback ducks, for instance, selling at $2.50 to $3 a pair. We only mention this as an instance that the game laws, and particularly the non-export laws, are beginning to have a wholesome effect.

We unquestionably desire a law which should prevent the spring shooting of fowl, and one that should place a penalty of $25 for each illegal bird, and no more, and confiscation of same; and still another that will give the deputy warden a reasonable salary, in addition to the fines and costs he now receives. This would, doubtless, result in more efficient service. Then let the concession or unities of the game laws be accomplished in the Middle States, and it would be some balm for the fiasco of our past Legislature.

We, however, blush for our State game laws, which are really nothing more than a travesty, if not a downright burlesque, and which we have to endure for the present year before they can be repealed. In many instances the laws conflict. As per example of idiotic legislation, I will here state that the Mongolian pheasants are protected until Nov. 15, 1900, but Section 6964 makes it a misdemeanor to have one in possession until Nov. 10, 1903. You can now kill these birds, but you must not pick them up until three years hence.

Doves are entirely without protection, though Section 6964 makes it a fine of $25 to have one in possession between Dec. 15 and July 4. As to the section relating to season for killing duck, an investigation as to its intent was made by the Attorney-General of the State, who decided that the word "or" was a clerical error, although the member who presented the bill stated that the paragraph containing the significant "or" was made for the protection of the ducks, and that it meant just what it signified. But, nevertheless, the Attorney-General's decision stood, and now you can have your salmi of wild duck without fear of fracturing the law as interpreted, and the sportsmen can also decimate them to their hearts' content, as they have been doing the past season.

Our Fish and Game Commissioners have loyally performed the duties of their office. Mr. L. H. Reutinger, Secretary and Chief Warden, informs us that the year 1900 has been a very successful one with the Commission in point of distribution of Mongolian and English ringnecked pheasants, as well as the planting of fish in public streams. There were distributed more than 2,200 birds and about 360 settings of eggs, and, as near as possible, they were divided equally in the eighty-eight counties of the State. Since the Commission has begun the experiment of propagating the Mongolian and English ringnecked pheasants it has distributed 6,400 of these birds and 1,121 settings of eggs. Reports from every section of the State indicate a very large increase in the propagation of the birds, and I think they are receiving reasonable protection from everybody—by the farmer especially.

In the distribution of fish this year there were planted about 300,000 marble catfish, 25,000 croppies and 80,000 large and small-mouthed black bass. Part of these fish were yearlings and the balance fingerlings.

The new ponds at London, as well as the pheasantry, are located together, and are a decided success. The ponds are equal to anything of their kind in the United States. The Commission feels proud of what it has accomplished during the past year, and if it were not for the unsatisfactory laws and stinted appropriation by the Legislature it might have largely increased this number, but there are so many loopholes for the violators to crawl through that it is very difficult to convict. The Chief Game Warden, Mr. L. H. Reutinger, has been a very earnest and efficient official, and deserves well of the public, as also does the Commission.

It is saddening to realize what our naturalists tell us relative to the depopulation of the bird kingdom. They state that at least 50 per cent. of our song and insectivorous birds and 75 per cent. of our game birds have been destroyed by an army of hunters, vandals, market shooters and thoughtless boys, and if more efficient measures are not soon taken to stop this indiscriminate slaughter they will, to a feather, be destroyed, and this fact I have frequently enunciated.

The Deputy Game Warden's report detailed at length the difficulties experienced in making arrests and securing convictions, and gave a detailed report of cases tried. The total number of offenders arrested was thirty-seven, of whom twenty-five were convicted and fined and two were committed to prison. The total fines were classified as follows: Fishing law, $355; game law, $420. In addition to this, the Warden captured 336 feet of seine, 30 feet of trammel net and several guns, pistols and other paraphernalia used by the nocturnal poacher.

Brown's Tract Guides' Association.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Jan. 17.—The annual meeting of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association was held at Boonville Wednesday evening, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Richard Crego; Vice-President, J. E. Ball; Secretary and Treasurer, A. M. Church; Executive Committee, H. D. Grant, D. H. Smith, George Goodsel, C. M. Barrett, Garry Riggs, Ira H. Parsons and D. F. Sperry. The Secretary's report shows 331 members. The receipts for the year were $810.07 and the expenses $393.73, leaving a balance in the treasury of $416.34. A letter from Lieut.-Gov. Timothy Woodruff was read.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, An association has been organized for the purpose of restoring wild moose to the Adirondacks, and for the proper protection of them after having been so restored or introduced; therefore, be it resolved, that the Brown's Tract Guides' Association heartily indorse the principles and objects of said Association and hereby request the Legislature of the State of New York to make a suitable appropriation for the restoration of wild moose in the Adirondacks.

Whereas, During the past few seasons several persons, mistaken for deer, have been killed; therefore, be it resolved, that there shall be no open season for the killing of men in the State of New York.

Resolved, That this Association condemn buoy or anchor fishing, and respectfully request the Legislature to pass a law prohibiting fishing at buoys or anchors in waters inhabited by trout within the forest preserve.

Whereas, The present law does not define at what age a young deer ceases to be a fawn; therefore, be it resolved that this Association recommend the passage of a law defining in its game laws the meaning of the word fawn. And that no deer shall be killed until it is upward of one year of age.

Resolved, That this Association recommend that the close season for wild deer shall be from Nov. 1 to Aug. 31, both inclusive.

Resolved, That this Association recommend that the game laws provide that no hound or dog capable of running deer to water can be kept or brought within the forest preserve.

Whereas, in the past the game laws of the State have not been properly enforced within the forest preserve; therefore, be it resolved that this Association recommend that the number of game protectors in the forest preserve be largely increased, and that the inefficient ones now on the force be removed, and that capable men be appointed in their place and stead.

Resolved, That this Association heartily indorse the candidacy of John E. Ball for the appointment of State Game Protector for the Herkimer district.

Whereas, The question of lumbering State lands within the forest preserve is now being discussed; and, whereas, in our judgment, this not only means the destruction of the forest, but also the cutting off of the present water supply of the State; therefore, be it resolved that this Association most strenuously protest against lumbering or cutting the timber from said lands.

A banquet was then held, after which the meeting adjourned.

S. A. M.

About a Bird-Hound.

THE WHEATLANDS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being a devoted admirer of dogs all my life, I was much struck with a new breed I lately found in the columns of the New York World. In the inclosed you will find that the reporter speaks of a "bird-hound" and again of this same "hound" retrieving a snipe.

William Kohles risked his life yesterday in the most dangerous eddy in Jamaica Bay to save his dog, and was nearly drowned when rescued. Although he was unconscious when taken from the water, he still retained a firm grip on the dog, the animal being also unconscious.

It was fifteen minutes after the rescue that man and dog regained consciousness.

Kohles has a summer home at Bayswater, and visited the place yesterday for a day's shooting. He had his pet bird hound with him. The dog started a snipe from a marsh beside the eddy, where the tide was running with a strength that stirred several whirlpools into existence.

The snipe flew out over the eddy, and Kohles fired, the bird dropping dead into the water about 20 feet from shore. The hound gamely leaped in to retrieve the bird.

The animal was caught in a whirlpool and was drawn beneath the surface. As he was sinking he turned his nose toward his master and set up a plaintive howl that was plainly a call for help.

Kohles tossed aside his gun, took off his coat and jumped into the water. He was soon over his head, but struck out for the spot where his dog had sunk. He poised himself and dived, searching for his dog. He found the animal near the bottom, seized it by the neck and dragged it toward the surface. He arose with the hound tightly clutched by the nape of the neck. But, encumbered as he was, he was unable to swim out of the whirlpool, and he and the dog were whirled round in it until both sank.

A fisherman had seen their plight, and reached the spot where they sank in time to locate them. Then he got a boathook into Kohle's clothes and brought him to the surface.

Kohles, now unconscious, was still clutching the dog, which gave no sign of life. The fisherman dragged both into the boat and took them to shore. He and other men worked over Kohles, and were almost in despair before the man regained consciousness.

The fisherman who saved the man and dog left without leaving his name. Kohles and the hound were driven home, the animal licking the hand of his master.

Now as I am away out of the world in the Eastern Sho', will you kindly tell me whether the "bird-hound" is a new breed that you Greater New Yorkers have introduced, and whether the said bird-hounds are superior to the Chesapeakes? (of which I have long been a breeder), for if so, I would like to secure a gross or so for stock purposes.

Another thing I note in the story, and that is the dangerous whirlpools that seem to lie in wait for the shooting fraternity in the vicinity of Greater New York. Can it be possible that the celebrated maelstrom which is conceded to have disappeared from the coast of Norway has popped up in Jamaica Bay? Seriously, is it not amusing often to read the reports in the great dailies about yachting and the other sports of the field, bird-hounding included?

SINK-BOAT.

Death of a New Brunswick Guide.

BART W. REID, of St. Almo, N. B., died at Victoria Hospital, Fredericton, Jan. 11, of appendicitis. He was one of the best guides at Geo. E. Armstrong's camps, where he has guided for the last three years. He was a first-class hunter and a good companion and was honorable, generous and kind. Everybody that knew him liked him. He was well known by a great many American sportsmen. It seems particularly sad that a life so full of promise should end at such an early age. J. E. A.

An Appeal to Theodore Roosevelt.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please find inclosed copy of resolution adopted in our last general meeting, and which was sent to our Hon. Vice-President this week:

To His Excellency Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President-elect of the United States.

Dear Sir: The Wisconsin Game Protective Association, an organization of hunters and true sportsmen, organized for the protection of game, adopted a resolution at its last general meeting, which we herewith respectfully submit to your Execellency:

"Whereas, The Wisconsin Game Protective Association observes with alarm the rapid decrease of our wild game, especially of birds; and

"Whereas, This rapid depletion is due in a large measure to the persistent violation of our game laws, and in the lax enforcement of the same, the appointed game wardens generally not being hunters, and poorly qualified to perform their duties, and therefore having no interest in the protection of game; and

"Whereas, The worst of all is the great difference of law in the different States for the protection of migratory birds; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the Wisconsin Game Protective Association begs and requests our Hon. Vice-President-elect, Theodore Roosevelt, as a great game protector and true sportsman, to cause such bills to be proposed to our Congress for the purpose of securing a Federal uniform (United States) law for the protection of our migrating birds, and asks His Excellency respectfuly to use his utmost influence for the passage of such a law."

Hoping this very important matter will have your approval, and your Excellency will kindly take action in this affair, and propose a bill to our Congress as expressed in the above resolution, we have the honor to remain, dear sir,

JOSEPH FISHER, President.
GUST. STEPPAN, Vice-President.
VAL. RAETH, Secretary.

To be successful in protecting game and singing birds we must have a uniform (United States) law for migratory birds, as these birds are at one hour in one State and the next in another. One State protects the ducks from the first of January, and in the other State the law allows the killing to the first of May.

The States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and North Dakota protect water fowl after these birds have left these States in the fall, and the laws of the Southern States, where they go and remain all winter, allow the slaughtering of these birds until May, or do not protect them at all. These birds are really the property of the entire country and not of a single State, so far as they are not stationary or local birds, and therefore Uncle Sam must take a hand in this business and put a stop to the slaughter of our migratory game and singing birds, as he has successfully done about the transporting of dead bodies or skins of these birds through the Lacey bill.

Every hunter or true sportsman, every friend of nature or lover of our feathered friends, should do his utmost to secure a Federal law through our Congress for the protection of our migratory game and singing birds.

VAL. RAETH.

New York Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE fifty-seventh annual meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game was held at the Union Club on Jan. 14, 1901. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt; Vice-President, Alfred Wagstaff; Treasurer and Counsel, Thomas N. Cuthbert; Secretary, Robert B. Lawrence; Executive Committee, Charles E. Whitehead, Simon J. Drake, Henry Steers; Committee on Admissions, Charles E. Whitehead, William Carpender, Alfred Wagstaff, Richard Pancoast, Robert B. Lawrence.

A communication having been received by the counsel of the Association from the proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria, requesting information as to the law governing the serving of foreign game to guests, the following resolution was offered by Mr. John S. Wise and carried unanimously, viz.:

"Resolved, That the counsel of this Association shlal reply to the communication of the proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria, that while the Court of Appeals has recently indicated that under the laws of this State and of the United States, in existence when the case then considered arose, foreign game may be brought into this State, even in the close season, said decision was rendered on a case arising before the passage by Congress of a law, known as the Lacey law, that in the opinion of this Association the Lacey law makes the State laws of New York effectual against the importation of foreign game during the close season; and that this Association will so contend and will prosecute all importers of foreign game in the close season until a decision holding that it is wrong has been rendered by a court of last resort."

The subject of the preservation of large game in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone National Park being brought up for discussion, a resolution was adopted "That Mr. A. A. Anderson be appointed a committee of one to go to Washington and advocate the enactment of a law for the extension of the Yellowstone National Park to include the adjacent timber reserve on the east and south."

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, President.

The Massachusetts Season.

DANVERS, Mass., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is winter half gone, and up to the 10th no snow; now we have not more than 3 inches. The game has had the very finest weather to live in, with lots of feed. So far north we cannot feel like crowing much, as I have seen snow 4 feet deep on April 1; but everything so far so good. Lots of partridges and quail left over. I hear of them far and near. Fox hunting (or fox shooting, I should say) is about a thing of the past around here. I know of only one being killed this fall by the half-dozen hunters who hound them. Haven't heard of any pickerel.

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Megantic Club Dinner.

BOSTON, Jan. 21.—The annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Association is to be held at Hotel Brunswick next Saturday evening. Preparations are being completed on a more elaborate scale than ever, and that is saying a good deal to those acquainted with the dinners of the Association. Premier Parent, of Quebec, is to be an honored guest. Other distinguished gentlemen who have promised to be there will include Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, of New York; Capt. J. W. Collins, chairman of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission; Chaplain Crawford, U. S. N.; J. Russell Reed, President of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association; Leroy T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, and Speaker Myers, of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. These gentlemen may be regarded as the leaders in fish and game protection, both in New England and Canada, and their presence at the dinner will add the best of influence to the annual social gathering of what has become the leading fish and game association of this part of the country, both in point of numbers and the character of the merchants, business and professional men that constitute it. Several of the club members, notably Dr. Heber Bishop and Dr. George A. McAleer, will tell of experiences in the forests and along the trout and salmon waters.

A gentleman just out from the Maine lumber woods tells of 18 or 20 inches of snow that fell late in November, with little or none following till a few days ago, when the volume of winter covering was increased to 2½ or 3 feet. During all this time he says that the deer have roved around easily and kept in good condition. He has been surprised to note how closely they have kept to the lumbering operations in many sections. The lumbermen say that they visit their works every night, nibbling for spears of hay, and particularly for salt. His idea is that the lumbermen are not troubling these deer; that the feeling in regard to close time is much better than formerly. Still, he says that the wardens are visiting the lumber regions, making unexpected calls at the camps, where they will ask for a peep into the larder, and will look well to the waste heaps where refuse food is thrown.

SPECIAL.

Have You Voted?

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the winter meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, a resolution was passed unanimously that a bill be introduced at Albany prohibiting the spring shooting of wildfowl, and that the Law Committee of the League be instructed to go to Albany and urge the passage of the bill. There is no question that the members of this committee will do all in their power and work hard for the passage of his bill, but what does a Senator or Assemblyman from Oswego, Onondaga or any other county care for a member of a law committee from Canandaigua county? He doesn't vote in his county, and every pot-hunter, hotel keeper and person in his county who is likely to lose a dollar has written him, opposing the bill, and every one of these fellows has a vote, and it is votes that Mr. Senator and Mr. Assemblyman need in their business. But just so soon as you can convince him that you have more votes in his particular county than the other fellows have, just so soon will you get his active support, and not before. Write him today. Ask your friends to write him. Get in every vote you can this winter; get more than the other fellow and you are sure to win. Don't be afraid to use the local newspaper; present your argument in a clear, forcible manner; convince the public that you are right and the other fellow wrong, and when you ask them to sign a petition you will find them willing to help you. We can stop spring shooting of wildfowl in this State. We can stop the sale of game in this State. But you'll have to vote, and vote often.

The polls are now open. Vote.

W. H. TALLETT, President J. C. S. A.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

The Boston Game Market.

BOSTON, Dec. 18.—No particular fish and game measures are yet proposed in the Massachusetts Legislature, but it is well known that the marketmen are chafing under the quail and grouse prohibitory law, passed last winter, and the friends of fish and game protection are keeping close watch. The Lacey bill is giving the marketmen a good deal of trouble in this city. It is certain that hardly more than one-tenth of the usual flood of game is being received here, and the Lacey act is believed to be the cause of the lack of supply. The receivers of game complain of seizures of quail and grouse en route here, and I notice that the FOREST AND STREAM has records of game stopped at Chicago and other points that was started for Boston. Very little Maine venison is coming here this winter so far, but I have seen one or two lots of saddles that have come through since the close season in that State began. The receivers are aware that they are liable, or at least that the game is liable to seizure under the Lacey act. But they hope that they will not be troubled. They may be hoping in vain, however, and some of the express companies may be asked to explain.

SPECIAL.

The Toothsome Muskrat.

BETHLEHEM, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find a newspaper clipping which may be of interest to your readers. I had some muskrats prepared last fall for a small company of friends, but none of the party can say that they are as palatable as terrapin. None of my party knew what they were eating, and pronounced them good, and were under the impression that they were rabbits, although several remarked that the bones were too small.

M. C. LUCHENBACH.

The report from the Baltimore Sun says: A "muskrat supper" is the latest gastronomic innovation at the University Club, famed for such wrinkles.

Periodically an informal supper is held at the club, at which some one or more culinary curiosities form the chief articles of diet, and last night the muskrat occupied the place of honor at such a supper.

The lowly muskrat as an article of diet was suggested by Prof. Powhatan Clarke, but it was noted that some urgent business prevented his attendance at the banquet. Nevertheless, under the skillful manipulation of the club steward, John A. Biddle, the muskrat was declared by those present to be a most toothsome delicacy, almost, if not quite, equal to Maryland's famous bird, the diamond-back terrapin, and much superior to the swifter, not to say more beautiful, rabbit.

The festive board at last night's repast was ornamented with whole muskrats, enveloped in hard aspic jelly, with tail rampant, with fish in mouth and with tusk and whiskers in plain view. As a spur to the appetite these were declared a success.

Steward Biddle had the famous animal prepared in three styles—the Maryland or Eastern Shore style, in which he is stewed in his own gravy; and broiled whole, like a chicken, and in the New Jersey style, in which he is roasted whole.

Some Weights of Game.

QUAIL in Warren county, N. J., will average, when full grown, 6¾ to 7 ounces. On Dec. 13 I killed three birds within two miles of Phillipsburg that weighed 20 ounces, one cock tipping the scales at 7½ ounces.

C. E. VOUGH.

BAYVILLE, N. J.—Last season I weighed 102 quail. Their total weight was 718¼ ounces on postal scales. The smallest weighed 5¼ ounces, the largest 8½ ounces (a hen).

Two cock woodcock weighed 7 ounces and 8¼ ounces.

Of three grouse, two males weighed 24 and 28¾ ounces, one female 22½ ounces.

There are lots of birds left. I believe that every flock of quail that I know of has at least seven birds in them, and a great many are full flocks of eighteen or twenty birds.

HERB.

An Experience.

SOME four years ago I had an Irish setter—the best retriever but one I ever saw. I was hunting quail and made a double out of a covey. Dash brought me one bird, then the other, both apparently dead as the old door nail we tell of. Put them in my coat and went on. Got another shot, let both barrels go and made a clean miss. Suddenly I heard the flutter of a quail, and with the flutter came a quail from my coat and flew straight away and before I could reload was gone. I imagine I was a sight while the quail was flying off. I had told my partner a few moments before I had five quail—then true. When I told him this true story—and I will take oath to its being such—he only laughed. That quail was probably stunned, came to life, and, like the plucky little cuss he was, got out and away. Next!

W. C. JAGER.

The Balling of Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Do you know if a load of shot ever balls? I killed a quail, and all that was left of him was a leg and part of his breast; he was at least 20 yards away.

To-day I shot another. He was in the woods, and was, I should judge, 30 yards off. I had a factory load of 3 drams black powder and 1⅛ ounces No. 8 shot. When I picked him up his back and head were missing, his body was completely riddled and the wad that had been next to the powder was driven into his stomach cavity.

HERB.

[Shot are sometimes balled by the concussion of a heavy powder charge, and sometimes are fused by the heat of the powder.]

A Montana Hermit.

THE stir that is being made over the death of Cadet Booz, alleged to be from injuries received by hazing at West Point, revives interest in the case of John W. Maynard, a former cadet at that institution, who lived the life of a recluse in the Northwest for many years, and finally died in his lonely cabin near Great Falls, Mont. Maynard went by the name of Missouri Jess, and told nobody in the Northwest his real name or the story of his past life. He lived by the sale of furs secured by trapping and trading with the Indians, with whom he was on terms of friendship. After his death a back room in the cabin in which he lived was opened. This room, which had been kept secret, was lighted by a large lamp which hung from the ceiling. The furnishings were quite luxurious and showed taste and refinement. The walls were lined with shelves, on which rare volumes rested. There were works on art, literature and science. The presence of well-used Latin and Greek volumes indicated that the owner had been a scholar, and works of the leading learned authors of modern and ancient times showed that he had enjoyed, in his silent life, the company of great men in the works that they had written. In a box of letters were found several which revealed the man's real name and the reason for his retirement from civilization.

He had been a cadet at West Point, and had participated in a hazing affair which resulted in the death of a fellow cadet. Maynard had been engaged to marry the sister of the dead boy. After the occurrence, she had broken off the engagement, denouncing her lover as a murderer. He at once resigned from the army and went into the then unbroken wilderness of Montana, to end his days in solitude.—Buffalo Express.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Log of a Bicycle Fishing Trip.—I.

Through the Mountains of Virginia and West Virginia. Edited from the Diary of Mr. George N. Beall by the Commodore, F. R. Webb.

FROSTBURG, Md., Nov. 18.—*My Dear Commodore:* I inclose herewith my little diary of my last summer's bicycle fishing trip to the Greenbrier, thinking that it may interest you. Read the same, and picture to yourself the good time I had. I went from Frostburg, through Romney, Petersburg, etc., to Franklin; thence to Hightown, where I struck the old Parkersburg pike, thence to Travelers' Repose, where I turned off up the river to Van Buren Arbogast's. I fished for trout in the Greenbrier, with a little bass fishing below the forks thrown in. Coming back I went across the mountains to Sinnett's, on the Thorn, where I had some trout fishing. Thence I crossed over the mountains to the South Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac—queer way they have of naming the rivers in these parts!—along down which I worked my way until I reached Romney and civilization again. I was out thirty days—the last week only being spent among relatives. The expenses for the three weeks footed up the sum of $11.25. How's that for an inexpensive trip? The only feature of the trip that I did not like was the fact that I was entirely alone. A congenial companion would have wonderfully improved the trip. Leaving that item out I can truly say that the trip was one of the most enjoyable ones I have ever taken. I find the bicycle to be entirely practicable for such a trip, in all kinds of weather. An outfit for roughing it can easily be carried, and a moderate jog trot can be paced very comfortably. Next year, if we could arrange to take such another outing together, I know you would enjoy it. You could meet me at Hightown, or ata Franklin via Harrisonburg. The wagon trip to the mountains isn't in it if only one could have two or three in the party. Very truly yours,

GEORGE N. BEALL.

It was 6:30 in the morning when I wheeled out of Frostburg on my way to the mountains for my annual fish. My destination was Arbogast's, on the upper waters of the Greenbrier River in West Virginia, and my route lay through Romney and Petersburg to Franklin; thence to Hightown, where I would reach the old Staunton Parkersburg pike, which I expected to follow over the Alleghany Mountains for Travelers' Repose, a somewhat pretentious and very comfortable mountain hostelry of the old school—now rapidly passing out of existence and seldom met with outside of these mountain regions—nestling at the foot of the western slope of the great mountain range, on the banks of the Greenbrier. Here my route led me off the pike, and along a rudimentary, very rocky and sandy and generally more or less unrideable two and a half miles of road to Arbogast's, where I expected to remain a week fishing for trout, with a little bass fishing thrown in on the side, in the broad river below the junction of the two forks, some six or seven miles below Arbogast's.

I carried my personal plunder in a leather traveling case in the frame of my machine, and a carrier on the handle bar, while a rod case strapped on the bar of my frame contained two rods.

I had a beautiful morning's run, which carried me to the second crossing of Patterson's Creek, about ten miles above Frankfort. I forded the creek with my machine under my arm, after which I mounted and hustled along lively for shelter from an impending thunder storm, which I soon found in the shape of a wayside barn, where, curled up on the seat of an old buggy, I enjoyed a refreshing nap of half an hour, lulled by the patter of the rain on the roof.

The storm over, I was soon under way again. Surmounting the brow of a hill I let go all hold, and turned my machine wide open for a glorious coast down a straight, hard, slaty hill, a straight-away stretch of flat road at the bottom giving me assurance of a safe landing. It was undoubtedly a glorious coast, but with a most inglorious wind up at the bottom, for when I reached the flat stretch it was like planting a foot in a new-laid huckleberry pie. Oh, how the mud flew! while consternation seized upon my soul. Down went the brake, thoughtlessly, in a frantic attempt to check my flight. My wheel immediately "slewed" all over the road, and we went to pieces in a jiffy. I picked myself ruefully out of the mud, to find myself plastered from head to foot, while my wheel escaped with a slightly sprung rim. After this little mishap I moved on more cautiously, and with frequent rests on account of the intense heat, and finally wheeled into Moorefield at 7:30 in the evening, after a day's run of fifty-eight miles. A streak of a thunder storm made very bad going of the last four miles, and my come in was almost a walk in. I had a good warm greeting at the hotel, and a good warm supper made quite a new man of me.

I left Moorfield at 7:30 next morning, and arrived at Franklin, forty-two miles distant, at 8 P. M. The ride through the gap to Petersburg was a royal one, as the road was in fine shape and the mountain scenery both beautiful and imposing. The heat, even in these high latitudes, was almost unbearable from Petersburg on toward Franklin, and sandy stretches of road along the river bottoms made the wayside springs seem few and far between. I loitered lazily along the road, hunting the shade as industriously as possible, until 6 o'clock, after which time the remainder of the day's mileage was

quickly disposed of. The Virginia House, in Franklin, a typical Southern home, looked cool and inviting; and Mrs. Haup, in a warm, motherly way, bade me welcome. I had a good supper and a short stroll around the village streets and along the river bank, after which I was ready for bed. Alum water applied to the blisters on my hands gave instant relief.

The next morning was cloudy, with every prospect of rain, but I put out in spite of the unpromising appearance of the weather. I found it so much cooler than yesterday that wheeling was easy and pleasant work. Twelve miles out I dismounted to swap yarns with a camp of Franklinites, among whom I found an old acquaintance, Hugh Boogs by name, who speedily helped me to make new ones. They were fishing, and incidentally enjoying the heat destroying effects of a case of export beer on ice, qualified with a little whisky, brandy, etc., on the side, after the manner of all true fishermen. I tarried awhile with them, then proceeded on my way, after making a full hand at their dinner table, and assisting in pulling a few corks. A steady pull up the long divide to the old Parkersburg pike took the entire afternoon, and brought me to the old tollgate in Hightown, where I was to spend the night. I telephoned friends in Staunton, sixty miles away over the mountains from here. This little hamlet derives its name from the fact that it is the highest settlement in Virginia—its elevation being 2,800 feet.

The next day was Sunday, but I kept right on. I had nothing in the world to do but lay around and wait until Monday, and I hardly cared to do that. I had an easy run before me as far as mileage was concerned, but the immense mountains towering up before me, which had to be crossed, were well calculated to eat up time and shoe leather. For a mile or so up Hevener's Mountain I chatted pleasantly with Mr. D. Yeager, of Travelers' Repose, who was on his way home with a wagon load of goods, bought 'way east in Staunton, seventy miles from Travelers' Repose. The old Parkersburg pike was surveyed and built by Crozet, Napoleon Bonaparte's Chief of Engineers, and is one of the finest pieces of engineering on the American continent; and a trip over its entire length from Staunton, in the valley, to Parkersburg, clear across the entire Appalachian system of mountains on the Ohio River, will amply repay the adventurous bicyclist who is not afraid of considerable mountain climbing—most of which, of course, on foot. It is so well graded that the rise to the tops of these towering mountains is made with less effort than is required to surmount many of the hills of an ordinary country road. The only thing to prevent the wheelman from riding to the tops of all these mountains is the great length of the grades—owing to the thousands of feet to be surmounted most of these ascents are from three to five miles long. This day's trip was right over the backbone of the great central chain of the Alleghanies, and consisted in slowly walking up the grades, riding around the mountain spurs and wild spins down the long, long western slopes, with the machine well in hand. There is fifteen miles of alternate climbing, riding and coasting to be had in crossing this great central range—the Alleghany Mountain, as it is locally known The historic top of Alleghany, and the site of the Confederate Gen. Johnston's winter camp, was reached at 11:30. A battle was founght here on the mountain top. The Federal forces endeavored to dislodge Johnston, but were repulsed. Service was being held in the little old weather-beaten church on top of the mountain, and scattered around were vehicles of all shapes, sizes and descriptions. I had to exercise great caution to avoid a stampede among the horses, or "beasts," as they are termed in mountain parlance—the sight of my unfamiliar combination was too much for their nerves. Finally dismounting, I led my steel steed through the gauntlet of hoofs, keeping up a running string of "Whoa, now!" "Yea!" "Steady there!" etc. Some stragglers outside the church crowded around to see my wheel and to ask the usual round of questions. On the very highest point of the mountain, and in plain sight on either side of the pike, lie scattered the remains of Gen. Edward Johnston's winter camp—the old earthworks still doing business at the old stand. Heaps of stones and sunken hollows mark the site of the hundreds of cabins and hovels that years and years ago dotted the hillsides on the mountain top and afforded shelter to the Confederate hosts who wintered on this bleak, exposed height.

On around the turn, around the vast shoulder of the mountain, and the nine-mile descent into the Greenbrier Valley was begun; the long, down-mountain spin made my brake hand weary, and frequent stops were made to cool off the bearings and rest the tires. Finally, on around the last turn of the road, and I shot out into the sunshine, and on a long stretch of gentle slope let go of the brake and rolled gently up in front of the old mountain hostelry, Travelers' Repose. The genial old landlord, Mr. Peter Yeager, gave me a welcome and a half-hour's chat, after which I got under way for the final two and a half miles of my journey. Here I took leave of the old pike and worked my way along a rocky, sandy, little used road, up the river to Mr. Van Buren Arbogast's—my destination. High spring freshets had washed out the river road more or less, all the way up, consequently most of the distance up was made on foot. I received a hearty welcome from Mr. Arbogast and his family, and sat down to a good hot supper, to which I did ample justice, for I was a hungry lad that evening, sure! An after-supper stroll with my cigar, to have a look at the familiar river, and I turned in, to dream of the morrow's sport.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Trout on Tap.

IN the days when the only means of rapid communication with Eastport, Me., was by steamboat for Portland and St. John, N. B., Bert Bean, a commercial traveler from Boston, paid a visit to Campobello Island, which belongs to New Brunswick, though only a short distance down the harbor. Bean had a little money, and liking the island, he bought a tract of land on top of the hill. His purchase contained about 100 acres, in the middle of which was a small pond in a hollow about 200 feet above tidewater, which washed the shore less than seventy-five rods away. As the pond was fed by springs, Bean had it stocked with trout, which were caught in brooks on the mainland and brought over in pails. Then he went away for four years. On his return the pond was swarming with fine trout. Though the place had been fished by expert anglers, they had never met with any luck, because there were so many caddice worms and other insects in the water that the fish had no need for taking the hook.

Bean consulted a lawyer and found that as his pond contained less than ten acres, it was his to hold and protect against all comers. He waited a few years longer and sent down a crew of men, who bored a hole from the shore through the bank facing the ocean, inserting a water main in the opening. When he had put a turn tap in the pipe so far inside the hill that it would not freeze in winter, he was ready to supply fish to order. Orders were taken in Boston and other large places for as many trout as he could furnish. Then Bean came to Campobello, turned the stop cock, drew off the water and picked up his fish as easily as he could kindlings. He always left enough to stock the pond with young fry, after which he closed the faucet and allowed the springs to fill the pond for the growing of more trout.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Albino Fish.

THE Marine Biological Association has come into possession of one of the most interesting fish specimens caught round our coasts for some time past. It is an albino hake, which was taken in a trawl off Milford, and is entirely destitute of the usual pigmentation both on the external surface of the body and on the inner linings of the buccal cavity and gill covers. The specimen is of considerable scientific value for its bearing upon the problem of natural selection in the coloration of fishes. Although quite healthy and of normal length, it is in a very lean condition, its girth being 11 per cent. and its weight 23 per cent. below the normal. This is due to the check placed upon its catching powers by its conspicuous whiteness. The hake is a predaceous and nocturnal fish, and depends upon its dusky, inconspicuous appearance for success in catching its active prey, while a white hake would be easily avoided. Albinism in fish is of exceedingly rare occurrence.—Westminster Gazette.

The Fish Were All Used.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While your criticisms are severe in regard to the quantity of fish that were caught by my companion and myself and the letter of Sportsman was justified by the reports, as given with the published photographs, I desire to correct the impression existing that the fish were wasted. All were carefully packed in moss and were carried on our pack mules until the last one was eaten, and with five hungry men in the outfit they lasted about three days, but we did not want fish again for the rest of the trip.

SARTELL PRENTICE.

[Mr. Prentice refers to a note in our issue of Jan. 5, relative to a reported catch of sixty-eight large trout by members of a surveying party in Montana. The writer of the communication assumed that in part the fish were wasted. This statement by Mr. Prentice, however, is such as to justify the fishing.]

Maine Fish Hatching.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—Senator Mcfarlane, of Maine, has introduced a resolution calling upon the Commission to furnish the Legislature with the cost of hatching and distributing fish for a number of years back. He wants the Legislature to know just how much both fry and fingerlings are costing the State. He will attempt to convince the Legislature that the cost of fish propagation as now managed is too great and that he believes, with others, that it would be far cheaper for the State to encourage private hatcheries, buying the fish hatched at a fixed price. If few fish were hatched, the State would have little to pay. If a great many were hatched, as the Senate is reported to believe there would be, then the State would reap the benefit of abundant restocking at a reasonable cost.

SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 23-26.—Chicago.—Chicago Pet Dog Club's annual show. Mrs. J. T. Buhrer, Sec'y.
Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.
March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

February (First Week).—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Championship Field Trial Association's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Fox-Hunting Reminiscences.

THE story of the Wellman Fox, which was so delightfully told by Carlos S. Head in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 5, calls up many very pleasant memories of days spent in pursuit of this crafty little animal. I will freely confess that the pursuit of larger game has not destroyed my relish for fox hunting, fox hunting with a good gun, a good dog, and a good companion or two, and minus the anise seed bag, and all the other frills which are inseparable from the fashionable sport called fox hunting.

I think I was about ten years old when I had an experience which implanted the love of fox hunting so deeply and so thoroughly within me that it will probably abide with me while life lasts. I was standing upon the piazza of my home one December morning, away back in 1858, I think it was, when the mellow, flutelike voices of three hounds in full cry were wafted to my ears upon the frosty air. Looking in the direction of the sound I was struck speechless, breathless, paralyzed in fact, by the sight of a fox not over 20 rods distant, running across the fields with that airy, graceful motion which is characteristic of this animal.

One of my older brothers owned at the time an old-fashioned singel-barreled English fowling piece. It was quite a remarkable gun in many respects, but I will mention but one of its many peculiarities. Its barrel was octagon, and fully 5 feet long, yet so light was the fine metal of which it was made, and the whole arm was so nicely balanced, that, young as I then was, I could hold and fire it without artificial rest.

The fox disappeared from view about the time I regained control of my faculties, and to seize the old gun and rush pell-mell over fences and through ditches to where the track of the fox showed in the fresh snow was the work of a moment. It was the first fox I had ever seen, and I was laboring under such excitement that I could not have stopped long enough to formulate any plan for its capture, even had I known enough to do so. All I thought about was chasing and catching it, and chase it I did.

I don't believe I ever ran a mile in less time than I ran one then. I remember that I was scrambling up over a high rail fence when a great black streak shot past me in the air, without touching the fence, across a small field, and into a woods, before I fairly realized that it was a hound in pursuit of the fox. I will say here, this hound was owned by Calvin Metcalf, a veteran fox hunter, and I shall have more to say about this hound. Well, as I sat on top of that fence I began to feel as though I had lost my job, for it was evident to me that that dog could outrun me. While I sat thinking the matter over, two more hounds passed me in full cry. This discouraged me completely. But the ardor of the chase was still strong within me, and so I decided to take a wide circle on my return home, hoping that by so doing I would find some sort of game. This took me around to the other side of the woods through which the chase had gone, and here I came upon the fresh tracks of another fox. Running, too. Evidently started from his lair by the racket the dogs made when passing near to it. Once more I started on the trail, but this time I went more cautiously. My surplus enthusiasm had been worked off, and I could think and reason. Down through valleys, up over hills, through woods and alder thickets I stuck to that track until it led me into a woods which was quite near to my home. This woods had a thick undergrowth of hemlock, maple, birch and other small growths, and here the trail zigzagged about so that it was very difficult to follow it. Gradually a very peculiar sensation began to creep over me. I have often experienced it since when stalking game—a sort of presentiment or intuition that the game is near. With bated breath and noiseless steps I crept forward.

In the district school where my young ideas were taught how to shoot, there was a text book used, known as Sanders' Third Reader.

Among many other things which I had learned from it was a very interesting little story about a boy who had two chickens which were stolen by a fox. The boy's Uncle Rufus undertook to kill the crafty robber, and started off on what the boy at first thought were little dog tracks. Soon the hunter managed to get quite near the fox, when he squeaked like a hurt mouse, the fox trotted back around a fallen tree-top, the hunter fired and the old fox fell dead.

While I crept forward on the trail this story occurred to me, and boy like, I thought I would try Uncle Rufus' ruse on the fox I was following. No sooner had I given the first faint squeak than it was answered by the Wah-wah-wah of the fox, and so close to me that I came near fainting. As it was, I sank limply into the snow, hoping and praying that that fox would go anywhere except toward me, yet dimly conscious that it would be a terrible disgrace to let it escape if it gave me a chance to kill it. This thought nerved me for a supreme effort, and pulling back the hammer of the gun I swung the long barrel around until it pointed in the direction of the sound I had heard. It seems to me even yet that fate had decreed beforehand that I should kill that fox, for no sooner had I got the barrel of the gun leveled than, pop, up came the head and shoulders of the fox above a little hillock, not more than two rods distant and directly in line with the barrel of my gun, and then he very obligingly stopped and looked in every direction except toward me, as if he were purposely waiting for me to kill him. With my last strength I pulled the trigger, and the old gun did the rest.

I have killed over a hundred foxes since that day, but never a larger or finer one. My! but didn't I feel big? Washington's overcoat did not contain cloth enough to make a vest for an individual of the size I felt myself to be as I strutted to the house with that fox on my shoulder.

I could fill a good-sized volume with incidents from my own experience to illustrate the subtle cunning of the fox. However, I will relate but a single episode, which must serve as a specimen brick. About the year 1885 there lived a fox that sorely puzzled the hunters and hounds of Gansevoort and vicinity. Many times was this fox run with our best hounds and always with the same result. At a certain spot it would seem to vanish, and the most careful investigation would always fail to discover the way it did it. Some of the baffled hunters asserted that the fox had wings and that when it had run until there was no more fun in running it would start from this particular spot and sail off into another township. One of these hunters finally registered a vow that he would unravel the mystery if it took all the remainder of his life. Three times did he essay the feat and three times did he go home a sadder and no wiser man. The fourth time it chanced that a fresh snow covered the ground, which photographed every jump of the dog and fox. The hunter reached the point where the fox usually did its vanishing act almost as soon as his hound reached it, and at once tied up the dog to prevent him from tracking around in the snow. There was a large field, and north of this field there was a large woods. A fence separated the woods from the field. The center third of this fence was made of posts and boards. The two end thirds were built of rails. The hunter took the trail of the fox and dog, and soon found where the fox had jumped up on the outer end of one of the rail fences.

The snow on the top rail plainly showed the footprints of the fox until it reached the point where the rail fence

joined on to the board fence. There was no snow on the edge of the boards and so the hunter passed along the board fence until he came to where it joined on to the other piece of rail fence, looking carefully all the while to see whether the fox had jumped off of the board fence into the snow. It had not done this, and when he reached the rail fence he found that there were no fox tracks in the snow which lay on top of the rails. He next made two circuits around the entire fence, the first about 10 rods from it, the next time about 20 rods from it, but could find no place where the fox had gone out of the circles thus described. Then he subjected the board fence and its immediate surroundings to a careful scrutiny, but could find nothing which threw any light upon the mystery. He paused at last near the center of the board fence, utterly dumfounded, and admitted to himself that the problem was too much for him. While he stood thus his eye chanced to fall upon a beech tree which stood 3 or 4 feet from the board fence, and which leaned at an angle of 45 degrees from the perpendicular. About 8 feet from the ground the bough of a small hemlock lay across the body of the beech, and it occurred to our hunter to see what that bough covered. Aha, a hole. Things were beginning to assume an interesting aspect. A moment sufficed to cut a slim sapling and run it up in the cavity he had discovered, when he found the entire trunk of the tree was hollow.

After punching vigorously up and down in the cavity, he plugged the hole and started for the nearest house for an axe with which to fell the tree. When he had got a few rods from the tree he stopped and looked back, his gaze ranging upward, and there lying flat upon a large limb he saw the fox, motionless, but intently watching him. His punching with the sapling had made it so uncomfortable for Reynard that it had crawled out of another hole at the top of the cavity, in the center of the main crotch, or upper end of the trunk, and consequently invisible from the ground. The great mystery was solved at last.

Among the many good fox hounds which have been owned in this section during the last 50 years there were two or three which became especially famous. One of these famous dogs was bred and trained by a noted fox hunter by the name of Ira Wilson. She was quite a small dog and bore the plebeian name of Sally. Her namer, however, was all there was about her that was plebeian. Every inch and pound of her make-up counted, and she was game to the backbone. Throughout her long and checkered career she acquired a knowledge which enabled her to promptly trump any trick which a fox could play. She died before I was old enough to be trusted afield with a gun, and my knowledge of her was gained chiefly from listening to her exploits as narrated by her master. He was a loquacious and versatile story teller, and the charm which he would impart to a fox story would hold me spellbound for an entire evening, listening in open-mouthed and sleepless-eyed ecstasy to his vivid word pictures until I was driven to bed by my kind-hearted but somewhat strict mother.

Many of his stories are still fresh in my memory, and I will relate one which will show one of the many superior characteristics of the dog Sally.

Near the village of Ft. Edward there lived a fox hunter by the name of Thompson. One winter he had a lot of trouble with a big dog fox. This fox whipped his hound at the close of a long race, and thereafter every time he started this fox it would run a few minutes and then turn around and drive the dog back.

He told his grievances to Wilson, and as trouble of this sort was just what Sally was always looking after it was decided that she should have a piece of it. The first favorable day the hunters started early in the morning to try conclusions between the fox and Sally. She soon had him on the go, for his lurking places were well known and his big feet always gave him away.

The hunters purposely chose the southern end of some high ground, known as Reublins Ridge, from which nearly all of the surrounding country for the distance of nearly a mile could be plainly seen, for a vantage ground from which to watch operations.

As luck would have it, the fox came into their view only about 30 rods away, ran out from the woods into the field a few rods, stopped, turned around and bristled, in blissful ignorance of the character of the dog he was challenging to the combat.

The clear ringing voice of Sally came nearer and still nearer, until she burst from the woods and ran to within 3 or 4 rods of the fox, when she saw him. With one long scream of anger, or delight—who can tell which?—she fairly flew over the ground which separated her from the fox. It must have dawned upon that fox about that time that he had a different dog to deal with, for while Sally was in the air in a terrific leap which would have landed her upon him, his nerve failed him, and he ingloriously fled the field. And then our hunters saw a race which made them almost forget to breathe. Before Sally could check her momentum the fox gained a lead of 8 or 10 rods. Steadily did she cut this lead down until they reached the road to the south, half a mile away, when her nose almost touched the tail of the fox at every jump. Here the hard-pressed fox dodged under a passing sleigh, scooted out from the opposite side, and again gained a lead of 8 or 10 rods. The race now led through a farmyard, scattering sheep and poultry in fright, then swerved to the east, across another road and a level meadow to the foot of the Cary ridge. A stone wall ran along between the meadow and the foot of the ridge. There was a hay barn on top of the ridge, and the fox was evidently trying to reach and slip under this barn. All the way across the meadow daylight did not show between the end of the fox's tail and the point of Sally's nose. When the fox reached the stone wall he paused the smallest fraction of an instant to gather energy for the leap. Fatal pause. At its end Sally had him by his neck and his doom was sealed.

Another famous hound, and undoubtedly the greatest of all those that were ever owned in this section, was the Metcalf dog, Tiger, briefly alluded to in connection with my first fox hunt. At that time he was scarcely more than a puppy. In fact, it was one of the first, if not the very first, race that he ever ran. In color he was black. In build he showed that he had received an infusion of greyhound blood from some of his ancestry. When fully matured he stood about 28 inches at the shoulder, perfect in form, with muscles hard and tough as steel. In addition to his great power in body and limb, he had a remarkably fine intelligence which enabled him to amass an almost incredible amount of dog knowledge. During the many years that he retained his faculties unimpaired any ordinary fox which he got after had three alternatives presented to it: i. e., 1st, to be shot; 2d, to be caught by its pursuer; 3d, to run to earth; and it would have to choose the third alternative and act very quickly if it escaped the second one.

This dog also possessed a scent so keen that he could wind his quarry at astonishingly great distances. Often he would be going along quietly with those who had him in charge, when he would suddenly sniff the air, and then shoot into the wind like an arrow from the bowstring until he reached some distant woods or brushy hollow, and then it would be Yip-yap, Ki-hi, dash, dodge and scurry, until the fox was either shot, caught or lay panting in some friendly hole in the ground. On an average, half of the foxes started by this hound were caught by him. Most of the others were either shot or they would manage to dodge into a hole in time to save their skins. In the whole of his long career this dog never found but one fox which could stay on top of the ground ahead of him on good running for more than 15 minutes, and that one held him even for three hours. And what a race it was. Who will ever know the number of miles covered by it? Those who are best qualified to hazard a guess have held their peace, rather than be laughed at. It was run on the Argyle hills and the flats between them and the Hudson River, in Washington county, N. Y. A deep snow lay on the ground, but a hard, firm crust had formed which would almost bear the weight of a horse. An inch of light snow lay on the crust, which enabled the hound to run on a breast-high scent. The white expanse of snow covered fields, the firm foothold on the hard crust and the bracing air of a January morning acted like wine on the spirits of the hunters, and as for Tige, he was ready for anything, and like Micawber, was only "waiting for something to turn up." The something which turned up that morning was a big dark-red fox, and away went fox and dog out of sight and hearing before a man who stuttered could have said scat. And away went the hunters on the trail, confident that they would find a little heap of snow within the first 3 or 4 miles, from which they could dig the defunct fox (Tige always gave his victims decent burial), for they felt sure that the fox did not live which could keep out of Tige's jaws for a greater distance on such running. But they went the 4 miles and found no place where Tige had started another graveyard.

But, hark! Far away in the distance, but coming nearer with the speed of a lightning express train, they heard the Yi-eek, Yi-eek, Yi-eek of Tige's voice, which told them that he was running on a warm scent, and not by sight. The next instant they saw a red streak shoot along a nearby hillside and disappear, followed the next moment by a black streak. Streak is the only word I can find in my vocabulary which will be likely to convey a correct idea of the tremendous speed of this hound.

Back again went the hunters to near the starting place, and again the red streak, followed by the black streak, came into view, and disappeared like phantoms. And so on for three full hours did this terrific contest of muscle against muscle, endurance against endurance and wind against wind continue without lessening in any degree. However, when the fox was last seen alive his drooping brush and protruding tongue showed that he was rapidly nearing the end of his last race; and they found him, nicely covered with the white shroud which Tige had industriously collected and spread over him, covered except the pads and black stockings of his feet and legs, which protruded through the top of the little mound of snow in which he lay as though they were still trying to shield him in death, as they ever had in life before that fatal day.

And they found Tige sliding about on the crust, first on one side, then on the other, rolling and kicking his foot in the air in the exuberance of his inexhaustible strength and vitality, and fit as a fiddle to start in another race of the same sort without a moment's delay.

I have enjoyed a few very pleasant fox hunts with Calvin Metcalf, who is a gentleman of the old school, of the sort that now, alas! are too rarely met with. And I have enjoyed a great many with his son Eugene, who is a true scion from the parent stem.

During these hunts I have often heard them express a desire to possess another hound like Tige, but I think they will never see his like again. Nature does not often produce a dog like him. And it may be that,

> "Nature, satisfied, hath destroyed the mold
> Wherein his perfect shape was formed."

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, Jan 9.

Points and Flushes.

A long list of additional special prizes have been added to the prize list of the Westminster Kennel Club. The premium list is one of rare value, and worthy of the attention of all bench show competitors. Address Mr. James Mortimer, superintendent, 1001 Townsend Building, 1123 Broadway, New York.

Ducks Near San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Dr. Trask and Mr. Young went duck hunting. They bagged two dozen, which is a good limit. Young shot five with his pistol at about 90 yards, four of which were wounded and escaping the gun. He got the crippled ones at the second shot each time and the well one at the first shot.

More ducks could have been shot, but the dog would not retrieve at first until the Doctor taught him with a duck shot on the land. Some men would have thrashed him, but the Doctor took the intelligent method, and just as soon as Jack found out what his master wanted he did his part perfectly. An effort will be made to protect the ducks from overshooting by placing the limit at twenty-four ducks to a gun.

FRED O. YOUNG.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

THE varying reports regarding the possibility of a centerboard boat built for the trial races are most confusing. During the past few years the typical centerboard boat has been seen only in the smaller classes. The majority of designers have bent their best energies toward developing keel boats from the smallest to the largest classes, and this type of boat has reached a point of perfection that great skill and years of careful study only can produce; on the other hand, there have been a few men who have continued to produce successful centerboard boats, but as many were designers of the old school, the moment they got beyond the small classes it was found that they had overstepped themselves, as was shown by the performances of the centerboard boats in the 51ft. class. The question of type (keel versus centerboard) is a serious one, and if a centerboard boat is to be produced so that any definite conclusions may be drawn as to their relative merits, she should have the advantages of the best design, lightest construction and superior workmanship, such as is being put into the new keel boats.

THE Hanley Construction Company, of Quincy, signed a contract to build a yacht for the Chicago Y. C. to defend the Canada cup in the races the coming summer. The Hanley boat is to be one of many to compete in the trial spins. She will be a 30ft. centerboard and a true type of Genessee, which took the Canada cup two years ago when she sailed under the colors of the Rochester Y. C. Work will commence on the boat about Feb. 1. She will be launched about May 1 and proceed under her own sail to New York, where she will be loaded on a steamer for Chicago.

THE work of laying down the Seawanhaka cup defender, Illinois, has been completed at Lawley's, and workmen are engaged in getting out the wooden keel. It is expected that she will be set up at once, and will be in frame and ribbanded off by the first of next week. This cup defender is a production of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, and will be owned by Messrs. George M. Pynchon, Benjamin Carpenter and F. J. Dunn, of the Chicago Y. C.

DENNY BROTHERS, of Dumbarton, have at last formally announced that they are building Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger for the America Cup, Shamrock II. Up to the present time little progress has been made on the new boat, but the work will now be pushed forward rapidly. The keel was run while Denny's yard was closed on New Year's Day. Since then a score of the side frames have been set up to port and starboard. All work on the yacht is done at night. Everything, even the waste and scraps of metal, is locked up in a shed and sealed before the yard is opened for the day workmen. Ninety-five tons of lead were melted for the keel. The finished block weighs within a few pounds of ninety tons.

EDWARD SYCAMORE, the captain of the new challenger for the America Cup, has arrived in London from Glasgow. Heretofore he has refused to be interviewed, but he has at last talked with a representative of the Associated Press, to whom he said:

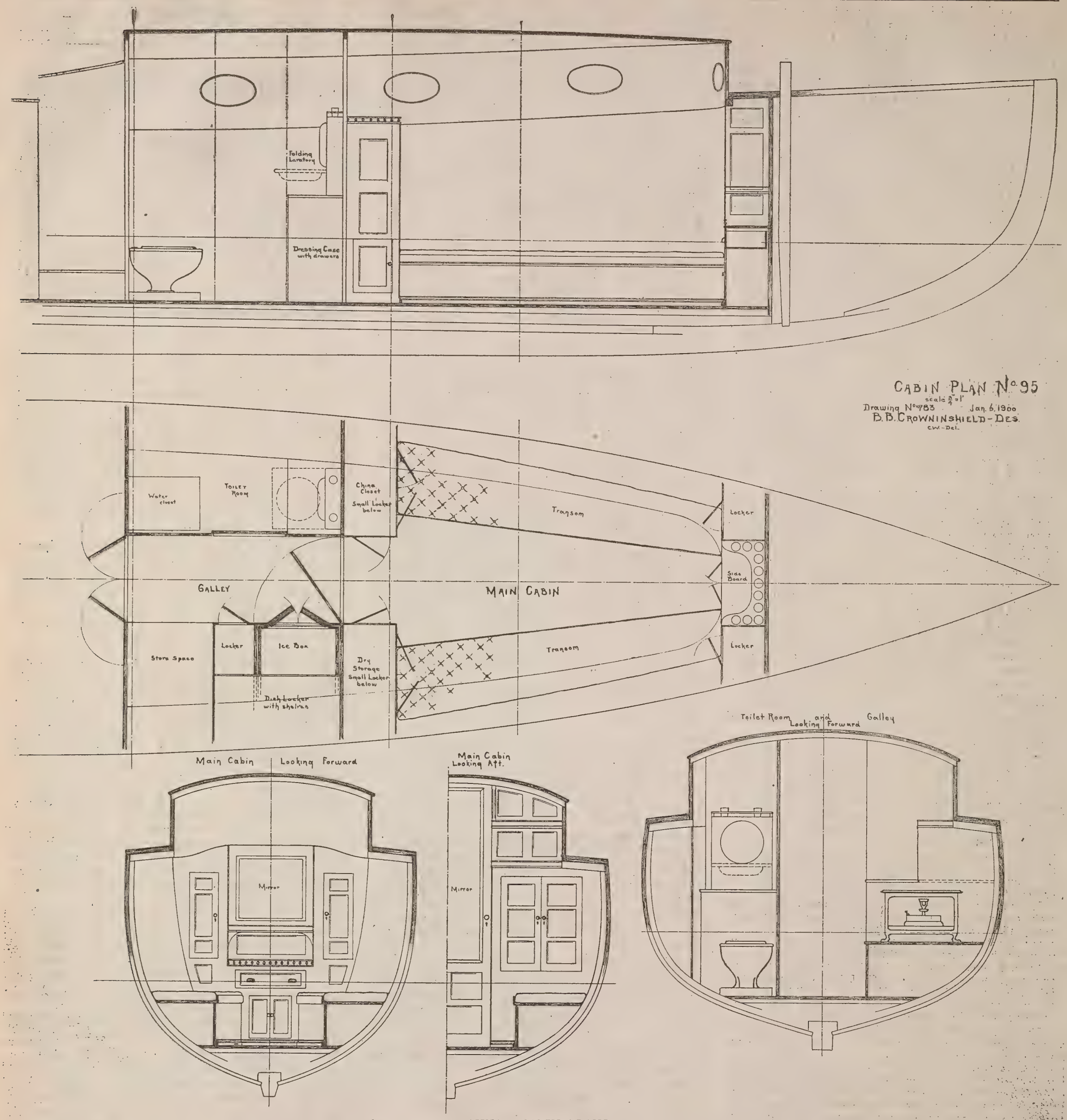
"It seems to me that magnificent opportunities for sport have been thrown away by the practice of taking a challenger to the other side and using her there only for the purpose of sailing the number of races necessary to decide the ownership of the America Cup. These boats, of course, have been built with the object of bringing back the Cup, and that must always remain their principal work. Shamrock II. will cross for that object, and nothing will be allowed to interfere with that. When the races shall have been decided, however, I should like her to be sailed in a few races against the pick of the American fleet for whatever prizes may be offered.

"The Cup contest is sailed under conditions calculated to give the fairest possible test. Still, it is conceivable that these very conditions might tell heavily against one or the other of the boats. I think it would be satisfactory to the owner and the designer of the defeated boat and good for sport to have a trial or two at open racing. If we are fortunate enough to win the Cup we would be glad if our opponents had an opportunity for revenge under other conditions. If unfortunate enough to be beaten, we would prefer an opportunity to try at something else instead of the certainty of returning empty handed."

In view of Sir Thomas Lipton's promise to take the Erin, and possibly Shamrock II., to some of the principal American yachting centers, the challenger is likely to be seen on more courses than that at Sandy Hook this fall.

Danger for Launch Owners.

THE attention of our readers is called to a bill introduced in Congress on Dec. 14, 1900, and which has been referred to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries. On Dec. 4, 1895, Senator Perkins, of California, presented a bill to the Senate providing that vessels using for their motive power naphtha, gas or fluid should carry licensed engineers and pilots, and have their hulls and machinery examined as if they were steam vessels. This bill met with the greatest opposition everywhere, not only from the builders of launches, but also by their owners, and the Committee on Commerce at once changed it in such a manner that vessels under fifteen tons were exempt. On March 2, 1896, the Senate passed the bill, but when it reached the House of Representatives the public opposition proved so great that no action was taken until Jan. 11, 1897, when the bill was finally passed. It would have been impossible to get this bill through had not the change been made. The bill now offered by Representative Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, has for its ultimate end to bring all pleasure power



ANNA—CABIN PLANS.

boats propelled by electricity, gas, fluid or naphtha under the same laws that govern steam vessels. It does not seem possible that Mr. Grosvenor understands the situation, and we do not believe the original act of March 2, 1896, will be amended. However, it is always the unexpected that happens, and we therefore urge every one of our readers to make this a personal matter and to protest against this offensive and dangerous action. Every yacht club and boat owner in the country should write to their Congressmen at Washington immediately and enter a formal remonstrance. It is a matter of record that as a general thing legislation has been unfavorable to yachting interests in the past. The sport has now become national as well as international, and supports some of the greatest industries in the country. Millions of dollars are now invested in small power-driven craft alone, and the passage of this unnecessary and absurd law might deal a death blow to some of the largest establishments in the United States. The idea of compelling the owner of a launch of small tonnage to carry a pilot and an engineer is too ridiculous for serious consideration.

The steamer Mount Morris, built at Athens, N. Y., last year, will be the tender for the Belmont-Stillman syndicate boat. The vessel is 137ft. long, 28ft. 8in. beam, and 8ft. 5in. deep. She is of 400 tons burden, and is of sufficient size to contain the living quarters for the crew and also the extra spars, sails, etc., which the racer will have to move from place to place in the summer. Alterations will be made in her interior as soon as she is turned over to Mr. Duncan.

Anna.

By permission of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield we publish this week the plans of the cabin launch Anna. She was designed for Mr. J. B. Cornwall, of Rochester, N. Y., who speaks very highly of the seaworthiness and speed of the boat. She was launched in August, 1900, and on her maiden trip went to the Thousand Islands and back. She crossed Lake Ontario in a very heavy blow, and her excellent performances under these trying conditions were most gratifying to both her owner and designer. The power for the boat was furnished by an 18 H. P. 3 cylinder engine made by the Rochester Gas Engine Company, of Rochester, N. Y., and has given perfect satisfaction in every way. The cabin is well arranged, as may be seen from the drawings, and every bit of available space has been utilized. The cockpit, engine room and cabin are all finished in mahogany.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	43ft.	8 in.
L.W.L.	38ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward		6½in.
Aft	5ft.	1½in.
Beam—		
Deck	8ft.	5½in.
L.W.L.	8ft.	2 in.
Freeboard—		
Stem	3ft.	10½in.
Taffrail	2ft.	10¼in.
Least	2ft.	6 in.
Draft—		
Hull	2ft.	9½in.
To rabbet	2ft.	5½in.
Propeller	3ft.	5½in.
Displacement	19,860.00lbs.	
Pounds per inch at L.W.L.	1,125.92	

Her keel is of oak 8x8in. All her ribs are steam bent. Stem and stern posts are also steam bent. She carries 1,800lbs. of outside lead ballast.

A New Boat for the 25ft. Class.

Last season Rochelle had everything in the 25ft. class pretty much her own way, and the news that there is to be an addition to the class is most welcome, particularly as she is to be a centerboard boat.

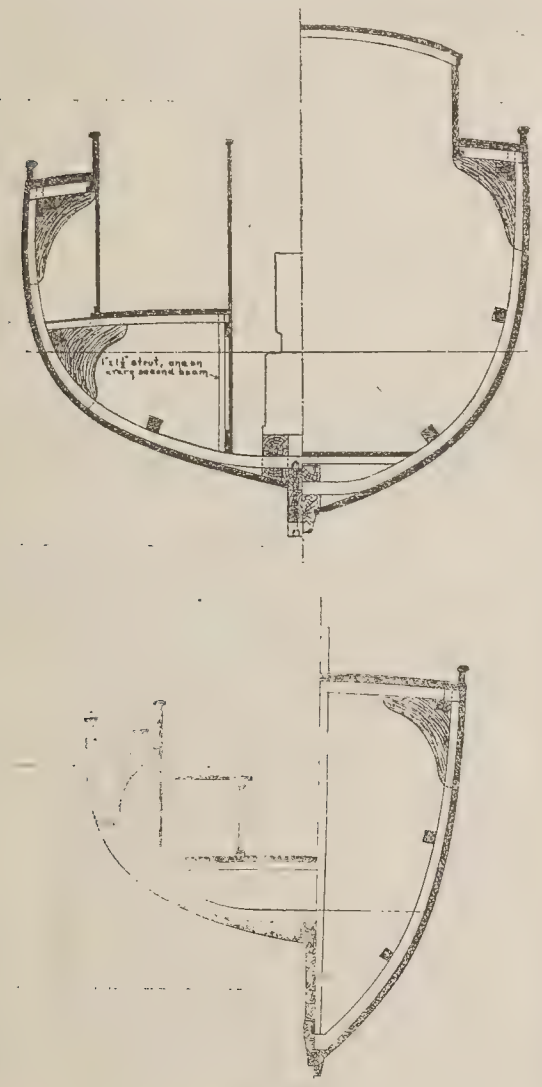
The newcomer will be from a design made by Mr. Charles D. Mower, and is for a gentleman well known in yachting circles, but whose name is withheld for the present. Mr. Mower has had wide experience in designing and sailing centerboard boats, and he is well known as the designer of Vitesse, Duchess and Heiress, all very successful boats. These boats are of a type that Mr. Mower has done much toward developing, and his new production will contain many ideas that he brought out originally in Vitesse. The new boat is a very shippy looking craft, her long overhangs adding much to her appearance, as they are particularly well balanced. The cabin house is low, being only 12in. high, and is 9ft. long, giving 4ft. headroom under beams. The cockpit is 8ft. long and is watertight; the deck is carried in to make the

cockpit seats. To strengthen the boat amidships, two deck beams run across the boat at the after end of the cabin. She will steer with a tiller, and the rudder will be hung on the deadwood. The centerboard is of wood, and will be weighted with 300lbs. of lead. There will be 1,000lbs. of outside lead ballast, which will make the boat practically non-capsizable. There will be some inside ballast for trimming. She will carry a jib and mainsail rig, and will be fitted with hollow spars and a short bowsprit. All blocks and cleats will be of metal, and her halliards will be of wire.

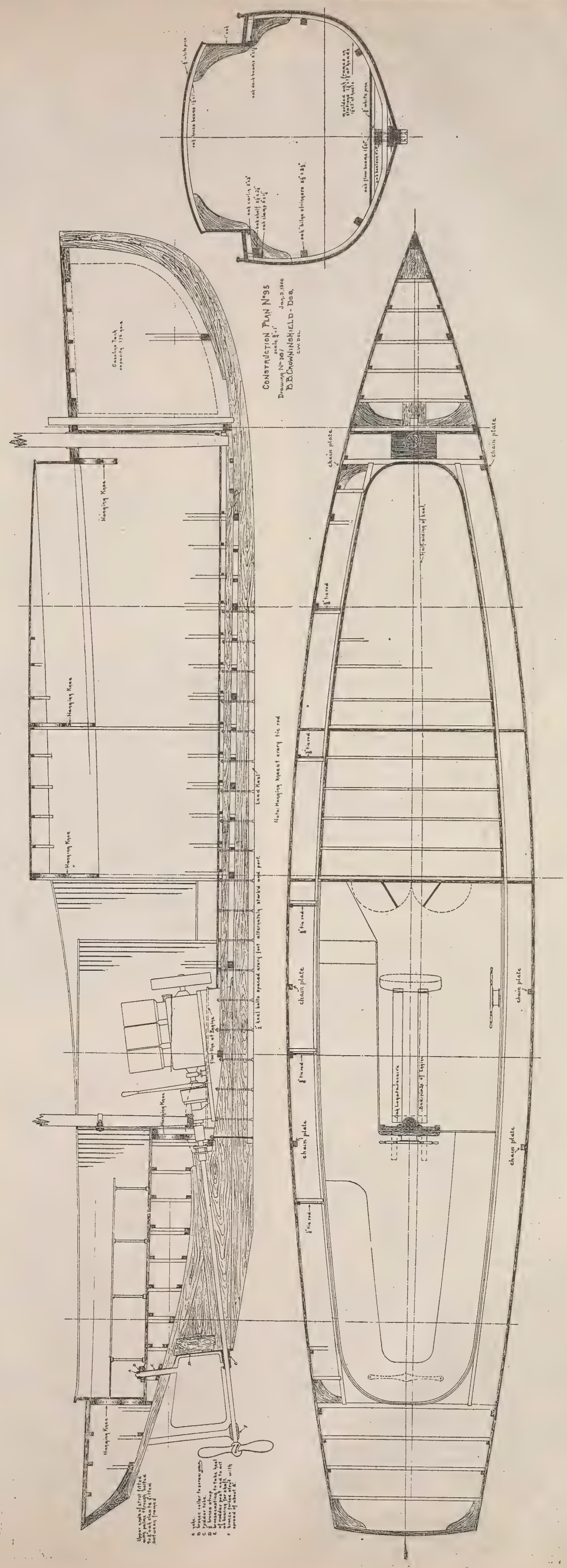
Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	37ft. 7in.
L.W.L.	20ft. 3in.
Overhang—	
Forward	8ft.
Aft	9ft. 4in.
Beam—	
Extreme	9ft. 5in.
L.W.L.	8ft. 8in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	2ft. 9in.
Taffrail	2ft.
Least	1ft. 8in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	1ft. 3in.
Extreme	2ft. 1in.
Board down	6ft.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	670 sq. ft.
Jib	150 sq. ft.
Total sail area	820 sq. ft.

The boat is built in accordance with the cabin and scantling restrictions for the 25ft. class of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. Her frames are of oak, steam bent, 1¼x1½in. and spaced 9in. on centers. The planking is of cedar ⅞in. thick, and she will be copper fastened throughout. Her deck beams are of spruce 1x1½in. and spaced 10in. on centers. The deck planking is of pine, ¾in. thick. The deck and the top of the cabin house are to be covered with canvas. Her topsides will be painted black with a gold stripe, and the bottom will be painted a light green.



ANNA—SECTIONS.



ANNA—CONSTRUCTION PLANS.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—Capt. Haff and Capt. Watson have for the past two days been in consultation with B. B. Crowninshield and Adrian Wilson, in regard to the cut of some of the light sails for the Boston Cup defender. An argument over the cut of the jib topsail took up nearly the whole of Friday morning. It was decided to change the cut of the club topsail. Capt. Haff said that the club of the club topsail on Volunteer extended 23ft. beyond her topmast head. The topsail which Crowninshield had designed for the Boston boat was not quite so lofty, but the designer saw that he could carry a few feet more without difficulty, so it was agreed that the topsail would be enlarged. Like Volunteer's, the club will extend 23ft. beyond the topmast head.

Saturday afternoon the two captains and B. B. Crowninshield visited Lawley's and looked over the plant. They inspected the new mould loft and had a look at the hollow spar which is being turned out for the boom of the Boston boat. While there, Capt. Haff made a great find for second mate in Frank J. Miller. Mr. Miller is considered one of the best light sail men on large yachts in the country. Although a native of Bremen, he has for several years been a citizen of the United States. He was with Capt. Haff in Volunteer and later in Defender. He has sailed on Marguerite, Lasca, Yampa, Constellation and many of the larger yachts in this country. He brought Astrild around from New York last fall and cleared her out for hauling out. His brother, Lem Miller, was on board Defender and afterward on Columbia in 1899.

Capt. Haff says that he has selected several men for his crew, but that no articles have been signed yet. He will probably go to Deer Isle within a few days to get some of

the men who have been with him on former boats. The Deer Isle men are fond of him, and there is no doubt that he can get as many hands as he wants.

Last week the big stick from which the hollow boom will be made was towed over from Pigeon's Basin and afterward placed in the west shop at Lawley's. It is of Oregon pine, and is a beautiful piece of wood. After it had been squared, it was blocked at the middle and shores were put under each end. It took nearly two days to saw through it. The two halves have been lowered and now rest upon blocks. The work of cutting out the heart is now going on and will probably be finished some time during the week.

It is not expected that this spar will be finished up before the last of May or the first of June. Wooden spars are only to be kept for spare ones, to be used in case of accident or if the steel spars should prove in any way a failure. The stick, in the rough, measured a trifle over 111ft. It is expected that about 3ft. will be taken from this, leaving the spar about 108ft. long. Mr. Lawley expec s that the spar will season very evenly, and is much pleased with its general appearance, though the wood is now perfectly green.

The keel is to be cast in three sections, the bottom, the sternpost and the forward part of the keel running up to the forefoot. The pattern for the bottom of the hollow trough has been made and was last week shipped to the Victor Metal & Casting Company, at East Braintree. It has the appearance of a small skiff or a canoe with a decided tumble-home to the topsides. It has moulds placed much in the same position as in yachts. The patterns of the sternpost and the forward part of the keel are now being turned out and will be shipped to East Braintree early in the week. It is expected that all the parts of the outline of the keel will be finished about the same time, in ten days or two weeks.

The steel bulbed angle bars arrived at the Atlantic Works last week. With the exception of a few bars, all of the metal for the frames has arrived. In the two weeks that it will take to turn out the parts for the keel, many of these angle bars can be turned into shape, and upon the arrival of the parts from East Braintree, the construction of the boat should proceed rapidly. The steel bolts which will be used in the construction have been sent to the Atlantic Works.

The keel of the Pynchon syndicate defender for the Canada cup has been set up at Lawley's. By this time the moulds should be all in place and ribbanded off. There is a generous block of lead on the keel. The filling of the keel is hard pine and the keelson is oak. Hanley says that he has an order from a Chicago syndicate to build a centerboard defender for the Canada cup. This will be welcome news to Mr. Pynchon, who has been desirous of having another trial horse built besides Illinois.

There is considerable doubt whether the members of the Annisquam Y. C. will build 18ft. knockabouts or keel 21-footers. They would like to take up the 18ft. knockabout class, but there are many members who desire a larger boat with a greater sail spread, in which they can compete more generally in the races. One of the members has been talking boat with designer Crowninshield. He has inspected the plans and model of Sumner H. Foster's new Y. R. A. 21-footer. If he should build a 21-footer, it is likely that she would conform to the restrictions of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., and he expects that two more boats for the same class will follow.

The completed list of the officers and committees of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. for 1901 is as follows: Com., E. P. Boggs; Vice-Com., E. P. Boynton; Rear-Com., J. L. Sturtevant; Sec'y, Wm. Avery Cary; Treas., John L. Amory; Regatta Committee, Louis M. Clark, W. E. Sherriffs, L. B. Flint, H. N. Nute and John L. Amory. The Executive Committee is composed of the three flag officers, the Secretary and the Treasurer and J. R. Hooper, H. J. Thayer, J. W. Dutton and E. D. Ver Plank. The Membership Committee is composed of the same officers ex officio and Chas. Hayden, H. S. Potter, J. A. Barby, Jr., and Paul F. Folsom. The House Committee will be appointed by the Executive Committee. No fleet captain has yet been appointed, but it is expected that the Commodore will reappoint H. J. Thayer.

Kiley's Marine Agency has sold the 40ft. cabin naphtha launch Pet to Edwin Junkins, of Providence, and a 21ft. launch to Frederick Dutton, of Boston.

The schooner Marguerite has been sold to Prescott Hall Butler, of the New York Y. C. Capt. George Barry will probably remain in charge of her.

On Monday evening the annual ball of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. will be held at Paul Revere Hall.

The 50ft. steamer which was designed by T. F. Poekel, of Lawley's, for use in Southern waters, has taken form rapidly. It was expected that she would be all ready to ship to New York Sunday night, from which place she will be carried south on the deck of a steamer.

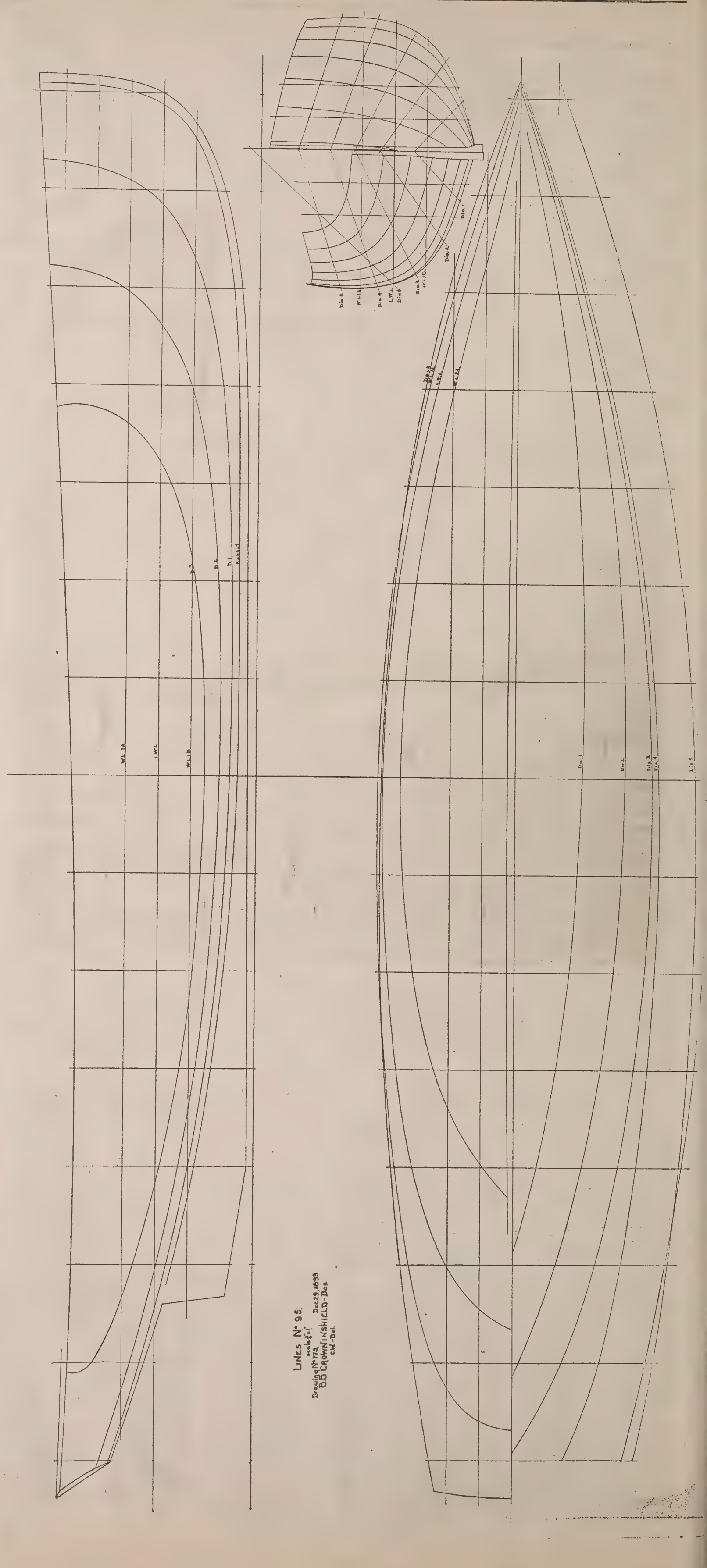
JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

THE annual meeting of the Yachtsmen's Club will be held on Feb. 12. The Nominating Committee, Frank Bowne Jones, Charles P. Tower and E. M. MacLellan, has prepared the following ticket: Pres., David Banks; Vice-Pres., Fred M. Hoyt; Sec'y, Edward M. MacLellan; Treas., Philip G. Sanford; Trustees, Class of 1903, Clendenin Eckert; Class of 1904, Hazen L. Hoyt and Charles T. Pierce. John F. Byno, who died last week, had agreed to give a course of lectures on "Knots and Splices." These will now be given by Herman White, who was foreman for Mr. Byno. On Wednesday evening Clinton H. Crane will lecture on "Cruising Yachts: Their Design and Construction." Henry J. Gielow will lecture on Feb. 6 on the "Steam Yacht," and on Feb. 20 William Gardner will lecture on "Racing Yachts." The lectures on "Knots and Rigging" are every other Wednesday, the first having been delivered on last Wednesday.

Twenty members have been elected during the last ten days. The latest proposals are Henry F. Lippitt, N. Y. Y. C.; Charles Lane Poor, Shelter Island Y. C., and Winfield L. Tucker, Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

The steam yacht Shemara, owned by Mr. A. L. Barbour, N. Y. Y. C., arrived at Miami, Fla., on Jan. 21.

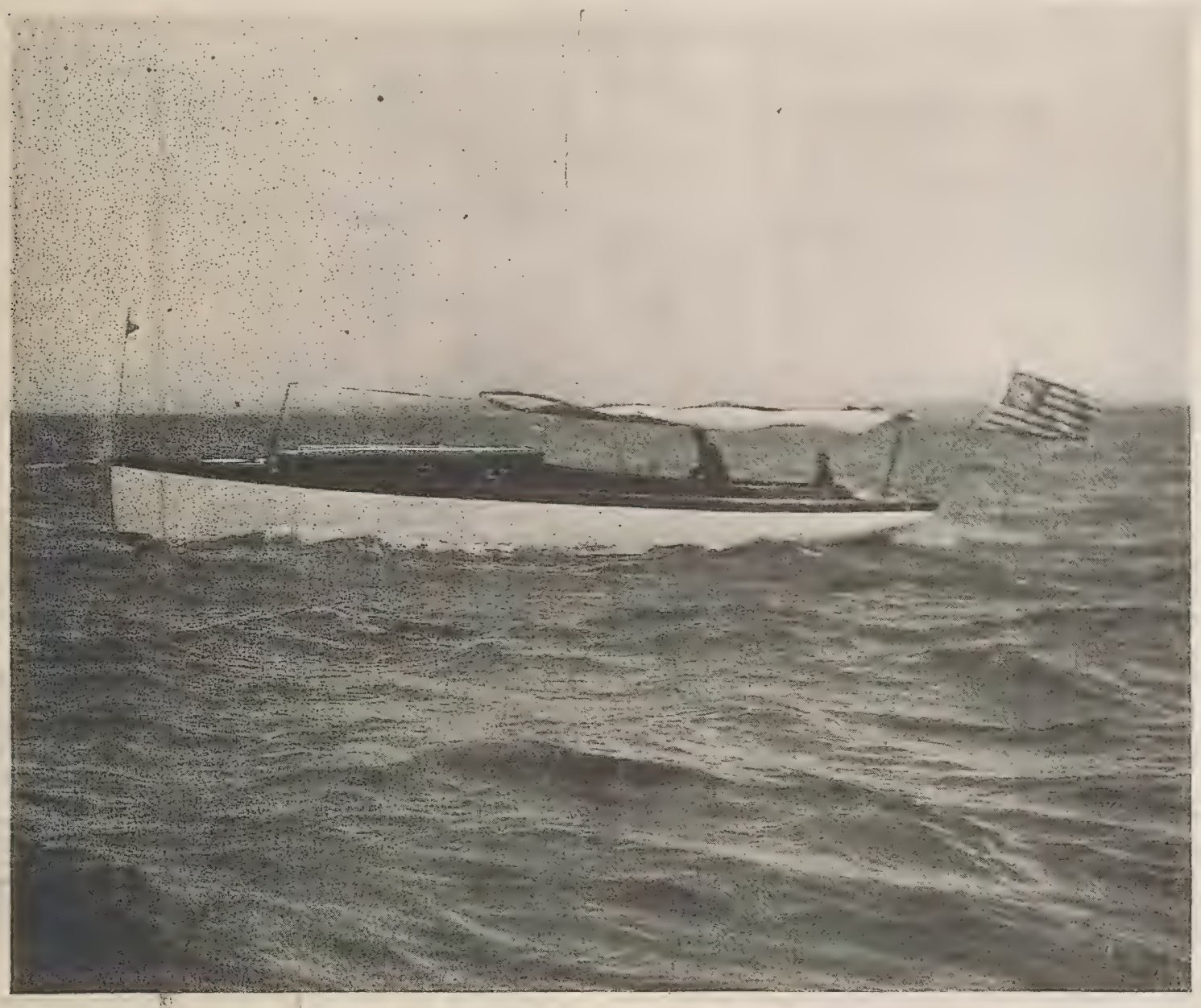


The New Home of the N. Y. Y. C.

AT eight bells on the morning of Jan. 19 the burgee was hoisted aloft on the new home of the N. Y. Y. C. and the building was formally opened to its members, the old house at 67 Madison avenue being permanently closed at midnight the preceding day. The new club house is located on the north side of West Forty-fourth street between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

After over two years of careful study and attention, Mr. Whitney Warren, the architect, has completed his work on what is conceded to be the finest yacht club house in the world. Mr. Warren has had entire charge of the building from the laying of the foundations to the designing of the linen and china, and the result is that the work is perfectly harmonious throughout.

The exterior of the building is modern French Renaissance, and conveys even to the unpracticed eye the purpose for which the building has been constructed. Although the height of the building is really six stories, the effect is that of a low structure, as the three top stories are set back some distance, making a sort of terrace, which is fitted up for the use of members on hot summer nights. This terrace will be made most attractive with palms and shrubbery, and along an arbor built at the bottom of the fifth story will be trained vines that will be allowed to run to the top of the building. The material used on the façade is Caen stone imported from Normandy, a sort of cream colored limestone which is easily worked when first quarried, but hardens rapidly with age. The first, second and third stories are marked with appropriate and striking



ANNA——Designed by B. B. Crowninshield for J. B. Cornwall.

ornamentation. The prominent feature of the front of the building is the three large windows which light the model room. They have immense circular panes above, and below are made to resemble the sterns of old Dutch vessels, the effect being very unique.

On entering the building, the visitor finds himself in a large apartment, two stories high, floored with marble, the staircase being directly opposite the entrance leading to the next floor through two marble columns which support the ceiling. The balustrade on the stairs and the landing is a conventionalized design carved in Caen stone, representing waves curling over and breaking, with sea growths entwined through it. On the east wall, hanging above the stone wainscoting, is a large tapestry portraying the defeat of the Spanish Armada. On the south and west walls are hung paintings of former Commodores J. Pierpont Morgan, E. A. Stevens, J. C. Stevens and George F. Schuyler. On the right of the stairs is the office, and on the left the entrance to the bar. A short flight of stairs lead from the left side of the hall into the grill room, which is 68ft. long by 30ft. wide, and is made to represent the "'tween decks" of an old ship. The room is most effective, and the work accurate, as it was executed under the supervision of a ship's carpenter, the deck beams, knees, timbers and planking all showing fastened with treenails, rivets and bolts. Although the deck is crowned, it was found to be impracticable to give the floor the contour of the sheer, so the idea was given up, but the effect is gained by means of corrugated glass placed in the doors and windows. The room is lighted by wrought iron lanterns hanging from overhead and others sunk in the planking to give the effect of portholes. The woodwork is of unfinished oak and the tables, chairs and seats that run around the sides of the room are of the same material. In the center of the west wall is a huge fireplace with a large copper hood where the grill room cooking will be done. On the walls are hung many valuable prints of the older yachts. At the south end of this room is the back board from the gig of the old schooner Gimcrack, the first flag ship of the club, aboard which the club was organized. At the north end of the grill room is the entrance to the billiard room, which is 45ft. long and 28ft. wide, and is wainscoted in quartered oak, and above this the walls are covered with sea green burlap, the hangings being of red. The room accommodates four tables. A sort of companionway leads from the east side of the billiard room to the glass domed palm room, which is 25ft. in diameter; it can also be reached from the landing at the head of the main stairway.

A large electric elevator, around which winds the staircase, leads to the next floor. Here the model room is located; it is 96ft. long, 45ft. wide and 26ft. high, with a balcony running around the east, west and north sides; this room is finished in oak, and the balcony is supported by colored and gilded dolphins. On the west wall is the fireplace, an immense affair of stone weighing over forty tons. Hanging in front of the fireplace is the model of an old sloop-of-war, on which the club places great value. On the left of the fireplace is a large Flemish oak chest inlaid with coats of arms which was presented by one of the club members. The ceiling is formed by three large panels, the center one of cathedral glass, and helps materially to light the room. On the walls are hung the many valuable models, and on the backs of the settles and on the tables will be placed the full-rigged models, which are now on the way back from the Paris Exposition. The effect of the model room viewed from any point is magnificent and impressive. Opening from the model room balcony on the east side is the mezzanine floor, by means of which the card room, 35x28ft., is reached. The entire front of the third floor is given up to the library and chart room. The library is 46ft. long and 32ft. wide. The books are well arranged, and each division is marked with the subject of the books it contains. The chart room, which adjoins the library, is 34ft. long and 28ft. wide. Both of these rooms are finished in natural oak with red hangings and furnishings. Owing to the large size of the prominent rooms, it was necessary to have the rugs made, and it took over a year to weave them. On this floor are the rooms of the secretary, treasurer, superintendent and several private dining rooms. The latter rooms are finished in mahogany, and the walls are a deep blue with gold decorations. The fourth floor contains one square room, from which large French windows open on the terrace. There are also a number of private rooms on this floor. The upper floors contain private rooms for the members, while the servants are on the top floor. In the basement are dressing rooms and baths, also the locker rooms. The kitchen, store room, ice house, wine rooms, pantries and waiters' dressing rooms are also here. The west side of the cellar is taken up with the boiler and machinery; under the sidewalk is a coal vault capable of holding 500 tons. The heating apparatus is so regulated that an even temperature may be had throughout the building.

The ground occupied by the club house is 75ft. wide and 100ft. deep. It was the generous gift of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and cost $148,000. The building itself cost $350,000 to erect, and only the club house committee know the expense of the furnishings.

Secretary Oddie submitted the following statistics for the consideration of the club on the eve of taking possession of the new club house:

The club house in the Elysian Fields was moved into July 15, 1845.

The first club book was published in 1846, when the club had 122 members and 12 yachts.

In 1853 there were 159 members enrolled and 14 yachts.

In 1861 there were 488 members and 25 schooners and 22 sloops. Two of these schooners were offered to the Government and accepted.

On June 10, 1868, the club occupied the N. H. Wolfe cottage, Clifton, S. I. It then had 278 members, 228 schooners, 13 sloops and 1 steamer.

In 1869 there were 383 members on the roll, 29 schooners, 20 sloops and 4 steamers.

In 1871 the club moved to the southwest corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-seventh street, where there were 452 members on the books, 37 schooners, 14 sloops and 8 steamers.

On May 1, 1884, the club moved to No. 67 Madison avenue. It had then 390 members, 50 schooners, 23 sloops, 35 steamers and 6 launches.

There are now 1,495 members on the club's roll and 80 schooners, 119 sloops, cutters and yawls, 174 steamers, 3 naphtha and 19 other launches in its fleet.

New Home of the Chicago Y. C.

WHEN the Canadian yachtsmen come to compete for the Canada cup in August they will be entertained in the beautiful new home of the Chicago Y. C. The proposition to build a new house had been discussed many months before it was finally decided to build, and when the ball was fairly started rolling at one of the smokers of the club, it was kept going until enough had been subscribed to make the erection of the house a certainty. It is to cost between $17,000 and $20,000 and will be located opposite Monroe street just outside the park breakwater. Work upon the substructure will begin immediately, and the construction will be pushed to an early conclusion. The exterior will be of half timber and rough cast construction, so as to be best adapted to smoky atmosphere of the water front. A broad dock will be placed on the east front, and access to the building will be by a bridge connecting with the park breakwater. The interior will be finished in hardwood. The principal rooms will be on the main floor, and consist of an entrance hall, flanked on one side by the superintendent's desk and private office, and on the other side by the women's parlor and cloak room, and leading to a reception room 28x30ft. On the south side of the reception room is the living room, 35x40ft., with broad verandas on the south and east sides. The dining room, 24x40ft., will be on the north of the reception room, with kitchen and pantries adjoining it upon the west. The reception room is extended to take in the porch, this portion of the veranda being inclosed in glass, so that it may be used in inclement weather. There is nearly 200ft. of porch in the main floor level, with which the main rooms communicate by French windows extending to the floor. This arrangement will give great elasticity, allowing a great crowd to be cared for upon occasion, at the same time giving rooms of a size small enough to be comfortably furnished for use by the smaller number of members ordinarily in attendance. Oarsmen of the club will have their shells in the lower story, convenient to the water. Also, on this floor will be lockers, servants' dining room, store rooms, toilets and shower rooms. Servants' quarters will be in the attic, where there also will be committee rooms and bedrooms for use of members.

Yacht Club Notes.

The annual meeting of the American Y. C. was held on Jan. 15, and the following officers were elected: Com., Henry W. Eaton; Vice-Com., William H. Browning; Rear-Com., George W. Quintard; Sec'y, H. de B. Parsons; Treas., William Porter Allen; Fleet Surgeon, Samuel B. Lyon, M. D.; Measurer and Consulting Engineer, George W. Magee, U. S. N.; Trustees, Class of 1904, William H. Parsons, John Murray Mitchel land William Porter Allen.

* * *

At the annual meeting for the election of officers of the Keystone Y. C., held at the club house at Tacony, these officers were chosen: Com., Robert W. Brown; Vice-Com., Thomas McKane, Jr.; Sec'y, Samuel Y. Dingee; Treas., Frank Fisher; Board of Directors, Samuel Y. Dingee, Thomas McKane, Sr., John Hirst, Jas. Ayers, Alois J. Muller.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

John F. Byno, well known as a yacht rigger, died on Jan. 17. He was born in 1840 at Cape Cod, and his early life was spent in Boston, where he helped to rig many of the best pilot boats of that port. For thirty-three years he was with Francis Low & Co., and then came to New York to manage the business of ex-Congressman Philip B. Low, with whom he served ten years. He then started in business for himself, and was successful. The last yacht he rigged was Genesee, built from designs by A. Cary Smith for J. S. Watson. He also had charge of rigging the yachts Lasca, Colonia and Corsair.

* * *

Mr. C. L. Eckert, of New York, has purchased the 60ft. sloop Thistle from Mr. J. F. Fordham through the agency of Messrs. Huntington & Seaman. Mr. Eckert is to change her rig to that of a yawl.

* * *

Mr. William P. Kirk, of Toms River, N. J., has commenced work on a sloop yacht for Mr. Allan Pinkerton, which is to be completed by May 15. She is designed by Mr. H. J. Gielow. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 41ft.; length of waterline, 26ft. 9in.; beam, 11ft. 7in., and 3ft. draft. Her keel, stem and deadwood will be of oak and she will be planked with cedar. Her joiner work will be finished in natural wood. The cabin is large and is fitted with transoms so that four persons may have sleeping accommodations if necessary. There will be a galley, ice box, fresh water tanks, etc.

* * *

The steel steam yacht Alvina, built for Mr. Charles J. Fletcher, of Providence, R. I., was launched Jan. 19 from the yards of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company. The Alvina will cost about $250,000. She is a twin screw yacht designed by Mr. A. S. Cheeseborough, of Bristol, R. I. Her dimensions are 215ft. over all, 20ft. 8in. beam and 11ft. 6in. draft. The yacht will be schooner rigged. Alvina is intended for long voyages, and the contract speed is fourteen miles an hour. Next summer she will be taken to Europe. She will be elaborately furnished; besides the five staterooms, there will be a large cabin. Electric-light and ice-making plants will be among her equipment.

* * *

Manning's yacht agency has sold for Mr. Ackerman the sloop yacht Pocahontas to Mr. John C. Sharp, of Taunton, Mass.

Capt. Chas. Belmont, commander of the steam yacht Saranac, owned by Mr. J. M. Quintard, was run down and instantly killed on the night of Jan. 18 by a trolley car in Brooklyn. Capt. Belmont was well known among yachtsmen along the Atlantic coast. He was fifty-five years old, and had been an officer on the yachts of a number of well-known yachtsmen of this city and elsewhere. He was at one time first officer of John Jacob Astor's steam yacht Nourmahal. About thirty years ago Capt. Belmont crossed the ocean in the schooner yacht Faustina, being one of the first to make the trip in such a craft.

Capt. Rhoades, of the Herreshoff defender, has chosen for his chief officer Mr. C. B. Howell, of Port Jefferson, L. I. Capt. Howell has been identified with yachting since 1878. He acted as Capt. Rhoades' mate on Defender in 1899.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

International Palma Match.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed invitation has been sent to the proper representatives of the following countries: England, France, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Denmark, Japan, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, Canada, Mexico, Argentine Republic, Brazil, Norway and Holland.

ALBERT S. JONES,
Sec'y National Rifle Ass'n of America.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the National Rifle Association of America, held in New York on Dec. 22, 1900, it was "Resolved, That the National Rifle Association of America hold an international rifle shooting competition in the month of September, 1901, on the range of the National Guard of the State of New Jersey, U. S. A., located at Sea Girt, and that the Centennial trophy "Palma," emblematic of the word's championship, the gift of the citizens of the United States, be again put up for competition, along with such other prizes as the committee of arrangements may decide, and that the secretary be authorized to send invitations, in the name of the Association, to the riflemen of all countries where rifle shooting is prominent, to send a team to participate in the said tournament."

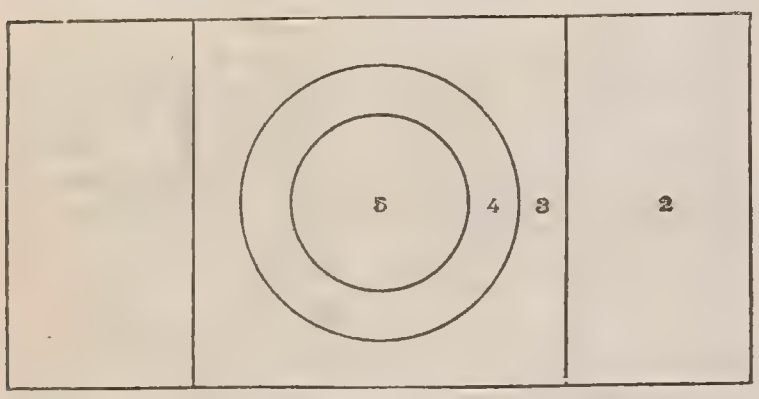
In conformity with the above resolution, I have the honor to extend the invitation herewith, and state that it would afford the National Rifle Association of America, as well as the riflemen of the United States, great pleasure to welcome to this country a teams of representative riflemen from .....

Visiting teams will be supplied, without cost by the military authorities of the State of New Jersey, with tentage, blankets and camp equipage.

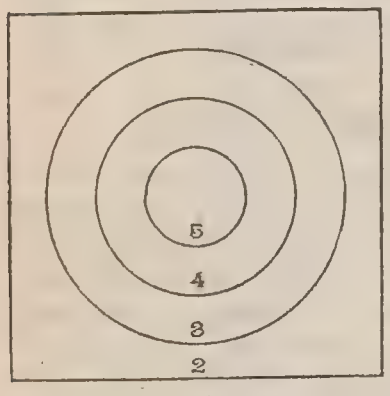
The Sea Girt rifle range is located on the New Jersey coast, midway between New York and Philadelphia. Express trains from either place, which run with great frequency, make the journey in ninety minutes. The city of Buffalo, State of New York, U. S. A., where the Pan-American Exposition will be held, is only a twelve-hour journey from Sea Girt. Visting riflemen could therefore visit the Exposition either before or after the tournament.

The Centennial Trophy Palma Match—Value of Trophy, $1,500.—For the championship of the world. The conditions are: Teams of eight men; 15 shots each at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards (731.52, 822.96 and 914.40 meters).

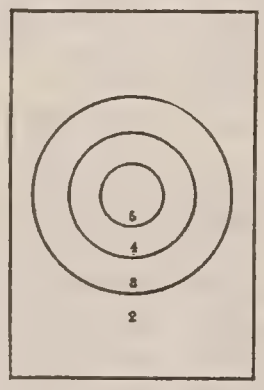
The Hilton Trophy Match—Value of Trophy, $3,000.—The conditions are: Teams of twelve men; 7 shots each at 200, 500 and 600 yards (182.88, 457.20 and 548.94 meters).



First Class.



Second Class.



Third Class.

In addition to the above are matches for regimental, battalion and company, teams with the rifle, and for troop and squadron teams with the carbine and revolver, as well as matches for club teams shooting with sporting rifles.

There will also be special prizes for best average and high scores in the world's championship match.

Rifles and Ammunition.—All teams must shoot with the national military arm of the country which they represent, without any alteration of any kind.

The ammunition must be standard, in original packages, as issued by the Government for troops in the field.

Positions allowed are: At 200 yards (182.88 meters), standing; 300 yards (274.32 meters), kneeling or sitting; 500 and 600 yards (457.20 and 548.94 meters), prone, with head toward the target; 800, 900 and 1,000 yards (731.52, 822.96 and 914.40 meters), any position.

Targets.—The targets to be used in the world's championship match and the dimensions and count on same are as follows:

Third-class target, 4 by 6 feet (3.65 by 5.48 meters); 200 and 300 yards (182.88 and 274.32 meters). Bullseye, 8 inches (0.20 meter) in diameter; center, 20 inches (0.50 meter) in diameter; inner, 32 inches (0.81 meter) in diameter; outer, remainder of target.

Second class target, 6 feet (5.48 meters) square; 500 and 600 yards (457.20 and 548.94 meters). Bullseye, 22 inches (0.55 meter) in diameter; center, 36 inches (0.91 meter) in diameter; inner, 48 inches (1.21 meters) in diameter); outer, remainder of target.

First class target, 12 by 6 feet (10.96 by 5.48 meters); 800, 900 and 1,000 yards (731.52, 822.96 and 914.40 meters). Bullseye, 3 feet (0.91 meter) in diameter; center, 4¼ feet (1.32 meters) in diameter); inner, 6 feet (5.48 meters) square; outer, remainder of target.

A complete programme of events will be sent later.

Hoping to have the pleasure of welcoming to the United States a team of sharpshooters, I remain, respectfully

Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Sec'y N. R. A. of A.,
Care Adjutant-General, State of New Jersey, Trenton, N. J., U.S.A.

Executive Committee: Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt, U. S. Army; Brig.-Gen. George W. Wingate; Brig.-Gen. George H. Harries, Commanding District of Columbia National Guard; Brig.-Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, State of New Jersey; Brig.-Gen. John S. Saunders, Adjutant-General, State of Maryland; Col. James M. Rice, Illinois National Guard; Lieut. Albert S. Jones, New Jersey National Guard; Nathan Spering, Esq., President Philadelphia Rifle Association.

Jan. 10, 1901.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Jan. 6. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the good score of 88. Weather cool and cloudy, thermometer 54, wind 3 o'clock quarter:

Strickmeier	10	9	7	8	8	9	9	9	10	9—88
	8	10	6	9	10	9	8	8	9	8—85
	10	7	8	9	8	6	10	7	8	8—81
Gindele	10	7	9	8	10	8	9	10	7	8—86
	9	10	9	7	9	9	7	6	10	10—86
	10	8	10	7	6	7	9	8	9	8—82
Payne	7	9	10	7	10	6	8	9	10	7—83
	7	9	10	6	6	10	9	9	7	7—80
	8	8	10	7	6	7	9	8	8	8—79
Nestler	8	7	10	8	9	9	9	9	6	9—84
	7	8	7	8	5	7	10	8	10	9—79
	6	6	10	7	7	6	7	10	8	9—76
Lux	10	8	7	8	8	9	9	9	4	7—79
	6	6	7	6	10	10	7	7	9	9—77
	8	9	8	7	8	7	5	5	10	7—75
Jonscher	9	10	7	9	9	7	10	4	6	7—78
	5	9	9	8	8	7	7	8	8	8—77
	4	3	5	10	7	10	9	6	10	8—72
Topf	9	8	7	6	4	10	10	5	9	9—77
	7	6	10	9	6	10	7	4	6	7—72
	7	5	5	4	5	10	7	10	10	8—71
Roberts	10	10	9	9	8	5	6	8	6	8—79
	6	8	6	9	6	7	7	5	8	8—70
	7	7	5	9	10	7	8	4	5	6—68
Drube	6	5	7	8	8	9	8	10	6	6—73
	7	7	7	10	7	4	7	8	7	7—71
	6	4	9	10	6	9	5	4	8	8—69
Weinheimer	8	8	10	6	6	5	6	8	7	6—70
	6	10	7	10	4	7	6	7	7	6—70
	9	5	6	8	6	5	10	5	7	9—70

The great national rifle shooting tournament, known as the Third Bundes Schuetzenfest, will be held in San Francisco, Cal., July 14 to 23. The ranges are at Shell Mound Park, situated on the Bay Shore, near San Francisco, with ample train service to this famous resort of pleasure seekers.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 29.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Open live-bird handicap shoot of the Parkway Gun Club.

Jan. 30-Feb. 1.—Dayton, O.—R. O. Heikes' target tournament; added money.

Feb. 6-7.—Cincinnati.—Cincinnati Gun Club's sparrow tournament. Chas. F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Feb. 15-16.—New Orleans, La.—First annual Mardi Gras tournament of the City Park Gun Club, under the auspices of the Peters Cartridge Co. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y, Denegree Building.

Feb. 18-23.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club; four days targets, two days live pigeons; $1,000 added. C. E. De Long, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Washington's Birthday live bird and target shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual midwinter target tournament the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Feb. 22-23.—Colorado Springs, Colo.—Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association's thirteenth tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club.

March 2.—New York.—Two-week Roof Garden tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y.

March 18-19.—Ashville, N. C.—The Peters Cartridge Company's two days' target tournament.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

July 23.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Jan. 29.—Interstate Park.—John S. Wright's live-bird handicap shoot.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds.

May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—Interstate Association's target tournament.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Rolla O. Heikes tournament, Jan. 30, 31 and Feb. 1, at Dayton O., provides a like programme for each day, namely, eleven events, of which five are at 15 targets, five at 20 targets, and one at 25 targets. The entrance is based upon 10 cents per target. Five dollars are added to each event, excepting the sixth, at 25 targets, which has $10 added. To the first high gun of the entire programme the prize is a silver pitcher; to second, $10; to third, $6; to fourth, $4. Mr. J. J. U. M. C. Hallowell will be in charge of the cashier's office. Mr. H. M. Altick will have charge of the traps. The programme presents further information as follows: "Shoot will start promptly at 9 A. M. at the grounds of the Buckeye Gun Club, to reach which take a red car, in front of Phillips House, for Fairview Park. Cars run every seven minutes. Headquarters for shooters, the Phillips House. One set Sergeant system, one magautrap. No handicap. Nobody barred, except for using black powder or 10-gauge guns. Interstate rules to govern. Target loads for sale at the cashier's office. A first-class hot dinner served on the grounds each day. Fifteen-target events, 40, 30, 20 and 10. Twenty and twenty-five target events, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10. Traps will be in order, and grounds open for practice, Tuesday, Jan. 29. Plenty of shelter and heat for any kind of weather. Contestants making 90 per cent. or more the first or second day will be charged $2 extra entrance for the succeeding day, which will form a purse to be divided equally among the men shooting through the entire programme who have on neither the first nor second days averaged 90 per cent. or more."

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was attacked by the prevalent la grippe soon after his match with Mr. R. A. Welch, Jan. 8, and was confined indoors several days thereafter. On Wednesday of last week he was a visitor in the gun colony, but was still weak, though nicely convalescing. In conversation with him on the topic of the Brewer challenges, concerning the importance of which a part of the daily press of New York had most exaggerated opinions, he justly stated that from his position in the trapshooting world there was no reason why he should seek a match with Mr. Brewer. If the latter desired a match with him the proper procedure was to challenge him directly. However, he had no objection to a match with Mr. Brewer, and would authorize the following proposition to Mr. Brewer, namely, to shoot three 100-live-bird matches, 30yds. rise, $500 each, $1,000 on the total scores of the three matches, winner to take all, loser to pay all, in the third or fourth week of March, on some grounds of modern complete equipment. The foregoing was said in a quiet, resolute manner, which was entirely devoid of the theatrical press agent style which has been so conspicuous in Mr. Brewer's challenge generalities.

To Chicago belongs the honor of discovering a new and effective handicap, which, upon further trial, may establish the much-to-be-desired condition wherein every man shoots alike. The Chicago American of Jan. 11 states: "Mayor Carter H. Harrison, handicapped by an arm sore from vaccination, managed to finish a close second at the prize shoot of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association yesterday, held at the club park at Palos Springs. He punctured a target with a rifle at 200yds. accurately enough to score 232 points out of a possible 250. John Broekman got the first and honor prize."

Mr. John S. Wright announces the programme for his live-bird shoot on Jan. 29, at Interstate Park, Queens. There will be four events, at 5, 7, 10 and 15 live birds, $3, $5, $7 and $10 entrance, birds included. Class shooting will govern the division of the moneys. Each event will be a handicap. There will be misses as no birds and kills in addition to the distance handicap, in the 10 and 15 bird events. Mr. Wright will have a full staff of expert assistants. He intends to make the shoot pleasant and interesting to his friends.

At Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., on Friday of this week, beginning at 11 o'clock, Messrs. "Job Lot" and C. Steffens have arranged to shoot a match at 100 live birds each for $400, some of Mr. "Job Lot's" friends picking him out and backing him to meet Mr. Steffens. Both men are good shots, and the race, therefore, will be of special interest. On the same day Messrs. G. E. Loeble, at 28yds., and C. Steffens, at 30yds., both of the Jeannette Gun Club, shoot a race at 50 live birds each, for $100.

There was a good attendance of the Riverton Gun Club members at Riverton, N. J., on Saturday of last week, notwithstanding that the weather was blusteringly wintry. The northwest gale, sweeping across the grounds, carried the birds before it with astonishing rapidity, notwithstanding which several straight scores were made. There is a rumor that this week there will be a couple of interesting matches shot on the Riverton Gun Club's grounds.

The energetic manager of the Interstate Association, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, announces that the second annual Grand American Handicap target tournament of the Interstate Association will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., on July 23 to 26, inclusive, and that thereto will be added $1,000 in money. Also that on June 19 to 21, at Cleveland, O., an Interstate Association tournament will be held under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

The second contest of the series, between teams of the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, at Baltimore, Md., on Thursday of last week, sixteen men to a team, resulted in a victory by the latter, the scores being 283 to 274. They now are a tie, the Keystone League having won the first contest by 9 birds. The grounds of the Riverton Gun Club were talked of for the final shoot.

On the grounds of the Forester Gun Club, Newark, N. J., Feb. 22, Messrs. Wheeler and Fleming have arranged to shoot a match at 10 live birds each for a stake, commencing at 9 o'clock. For the afternoon of March 9 Mr. Fleming has arranged to shoot a match with Mr. C. Smith, at 50 targets, for a $10 stake. Mr. Fleming is the secretary of the Forester Gun Club.

The team match at live birds between trapshooters of New York and New Jersey is making progress. Messrs. Banks and Feigenspan are in active correspondence on the subject, and there is every probability that the match will be arranged to take place in the latter part of February next. The number of men, birds, etc., are still under consideration.

Entries to the Grand American Handicap are taking action to a certain extent, even at this early date, and the signs of the times indicate that it will be a great contest this year, as in the years of the past. The preliminaries are being arranged with that deftness, thoroughness and quickness so peculiar to this great organization.

On Tuesday of this week Messrs. R. A. Welch and Harold Money shot their second match on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, Garden City, L. I., for $500 a side. Mr. Welch won, the score being 88 to 83. In their prior match, they tied on 89. The conditions are unusually difficult, the boundary being 30yds.

The main event of the Parkway Gun Club's tournament, to be held at Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, Jan. 29, commencing at 10 o'clock, is at 15 birds, $6 entrance, birds extra. The sweepstakes are open to all shooters.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Under date of Jan. 17 Mr. J. H. McKibben, secretary of the Peters Cartridge Company, Cincinnati, O., writes us as follows: "March 18 and 19, Asheville, N. C., two days' target tournament by the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, O. Maj. E. P. McKissick, Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, N. C."

On Saturday of last week Mr. Justus Von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, started on a trip for North Carolina, to take a well-earned outing in that game-favored section. He will dally with the festive quail bird after it is duly identified by the well-bred smell-dog.

The second race of the series between the Trenton Shooting Association and the Freehold Gun Club, fixed to take place on the grounds of the former last week, did not take place, owing to the absence of the Freehold team, caused by illness and accident.

The fourth intercity ten-men team shoot between Kansas City and Omaha was won by the former at Kansas City, on Friday and Saturday of last week, by the score of 433 to 440. It was a close race. Each contestant shot at 50 birds.

Mr. Chas. L. Davis, of Warm Springs, Ga., informs us that "the Southern Interstate tournament will be held at Warm Springs, Ga., June 17 to 20; two days at targets, and two days at live birds." Mr. Davis will be the manager of it.

In the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club on Wednesday of last week, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., Messrs. Landcake and Sands killed their 10 birds straight in the club event. There were thirty-nine contestants in this event.

The Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co., of Cleveland, O., offers to the public a simple yet useful gun cleaner, specially devised for taking the lead or fouling out of either 12 or 10 gauge guns, or for oiling them.

Next week in the West the main shoots begin with R. O. Heikes' tournament, followed the succeeding weeks respectively by Cincinnati, O.; Indianapolis, Ind., and Hot Springs, Ark.

Mr. W. F. Duncan, secretary of the Soo Gun Club, Sioux City, Ia., informs us that his club will hold its seventh annual amateur tournament on June 11 to 13.

In the eighth trophy event of the Garfield Gun Club's shoot, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 19, Dr. Shaw, at 31yds., was the only one to kill his 10 birds straight.

The Interstate Park Handicap takes place on Wednesday of this week, commencing on the arrival of the 12:20 train from New York.

The Interstate Association's tournament at Memphis, Tenn., will be held on May 8 and 10.

The next shoot of the Oceanic Gun Club will be held on Feb. 4 at Rockaway Park, L. I.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan 16.—There was a large attendance at the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club, held to-day at Dexter Park, L. I. Messrs. Landcake and Sands were the only contestants who killed their 10 straight in the club event. Mr. "Johnnie Jones" acted as scorer. The scores:

E O Weiss, 28.....20*1021202— 6
J P Kay, 28.....2021122022— 8
Dr O'Connell, 30...0212202222— 8
Wm Joerger, 28....1221102220— 8
G E Greiff, 30.....2002222002— 6
Dr G Hudson, 28..2212110202— 8
A Schoverling, 28.20022020*0— 4
B F Amend, 30....0222212222— 9
R Regan, 28.....2220022222— 8
O W T, 28.....122220*202— 7
C W Billings, 28...0121101200— 7
J J Pillion, 28.....0000221010— 4
Landcake, 28.....1111121122—10
Kall, 25.....2122211012— 9
Williams, 28.....2202222002— 7
M Daab, 28.....2*222*0222— 7
Dr W Wood, 30...22*2022022— 7
E J Clark, 30.....222022201*— 7
A Duncort, 25.....2201222*21— 8
Warfield, 28.....0201201112— 7

T Short, 28.....211*1*1221— 8
H Anderson, 25....0212220200— 6
H Quinn, 28.....1011220022— 7
C H Cone, 28.....202**00222— 5
W A Sands, 30.....2222222222—10
J H Moore, 28.....1102120110— 7
G Breitt, 30.....222011*021— 7
E J Roberts, 28....2010202012— 6
Dr Stillman, 30....212122222*— 9
Dr Casey, 30.....0222222222— 9
D Wohrman, 27...2210222112— 9
Hillmer, 25.....1011221000— 6
Ratgen, 25.....1200222121— 8
Woeful, 28.....2211110221— 9
Dr Grohl, 25.....0002010222— 5
Dr O'Donoghue, 28.02220000*2— 4
Dr Miller, 28.....022220122*— 7
W G Amend, 28...102221*200— 6
Hillers, 28.....0210*1122*— 6

Five birds:
Miller .....10222—4 22220—4
Casey .....20022—3 22222—5
Breitt .....10002—2 2210 —3
O'Connell .....22221—5 22222—5

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Jan. 17.—The live-bird handicap of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club, held to-day, was well attended. Messrs. Ira McKane and H. Montanus tied on straight scores, and in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, the former won in the second round. The scores:

Jas Voorhies, 26.....1101221—6
R Smith, 25.....2010002—3
J J Pillion, 28.....2221220—6
D J Heffner, 25.....2222002—5
W Van Pelt, 27.....*122221—6
A Soeller, 23.....0102220—4
F Lundy, 25.....00*1121—4
H Koch, 26.....0211222—6
W Lundy, 23.....0120122—5
H Kronika, 26.....2112011—6

H Montanus, 26.....2222122—7
M Rauscher, 25.....1220220—5
P Schweickert, 23.....1002000—2
E Heffner, 26.....2021202—5
Phil Suss, 28.....1012012—5
L E Allen, 25.....1012210—5
I McKane, 28.....2222222—7
Dr Roof, 31.....211112*—6
D Sloan, 28.....2112222—7

Shoot-off for badge:
H Montanus, 26.....10 I McKane, 28.....22

Trap at Dexter Park.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 11.—At Dexter Park, Brooklyn, the shooters encountered an all-day rain in respect to weather. Scores were made as follows:

Twenty-five birds:
Breitt, 28.....1*22220022002102120121000—15
Steffens, 28.....2122*221122*1221122112222—23

The following were also shot. No. 1 was 7 birds; No. 2, 5 birds; No. 3, 7 birds:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dietzel, 28	2*21222—6	22120—4	2211200—5
Steffens, 28	12*0220—4	11102—4	2201121—6
Breitt, 28	0011122—5	00102—2	00101*2—3
Albert, 28	21021*2—5	.....	1202210—5
Lang, 28	0011121—5	.....	1011211—6
Kay, 28	2222220—6	21222—5	2202222—6
Voss, 30	1001212—5	11221—5	2021122—6

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 19.—Notwithstanding that to-day was the stormiest for a while and most wintry of this season, there was a good attendance at the shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day. A handicap by distance and misses and no birds as kills were given the contestants. No. 1 was the club event. No. 3 was at 7 birds, $10. Several miss-and-outs were shot. The scores:

No. 1:
T Chapman, 28, A..2202202222— 8
S Jay, 28, B.....222220*022— 7
Jack, 28, B.....222222222*— 9
C Lincoln, 28, B...2222202*22— 8
J Bennett, 28, A...2212212202— 9
J Gaughen, 29, B..2222222222—10
Greenway, 28.....20011**221— 6

No. 2:
T Chapman, 28, B.....2222222—7
S Jay, 28, C.....222220w
C Lincoln, 28, C.....2122220—6
*D C Bennett, 29, C..121*1

No. 3:
T Chapman, 28, B.....22202*2—5
S Jay, 28, C.....02*2212—5
C Lincoln, 28, C.....2222222—7
Jack, 28, C.....2220022—5
J Bennett, 28, B.....2222022—6
J Gaughen, 29, C.....2222222—7
D Bennett, 29, C.....1021200—4
Ramapo, 28, B.....220222*—5
Pat Ray, 29, C.....2222220—5

A denotes handicap allowance of one miss as no bird and one miss as a kill. B denotes one miss as a kill. C one miss as no bird. *For birds only.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Jan. 21.—The weather was fine and clear, with a light wind. The next shoot will be held on Feb. 4. In a match at 25 targets between Messrs. E. F. Bourke and J. Stoney the former won by a score of 17 to 15. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	20	20	10	25	20
Dr Bill	18	14	18	8	22	16
S Charles	16	13	14	..	..	..
O N T	13	17	15	9	20	19
B Mull	9	11	8	9	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	20	20	10	25	20
J Stoney	15	15	10	..	..	..
C Karl	..	5	7	..	..	
O Keim	..	13	15	..	..	..
J Jones	..	..	16	..	19	13

JOHNNIE JONES.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 18.—At Dexter Park to-day the following scores were made in the Jeannette Gun Club's shoot:

Club event:
F Ehlen, 25.....2210120100— 6
J Kroeger, 28.....220*022000— 4
Job Lott, 30.....2122212120— 9
C Steffens, 30.....2210222122— 9
G Leoble, 28.....2221221*22— 9
Kid Peters, 28.....2211212102— 9
J Hainhorst, 28....02210111*2— 7
W Rottman, 28.....0222200022— 6
C Meyer, 28.....1112211011— 9
C Bohling, 25.....2012221220— 8
N Brunie, 28.....1121112012— 9
W Rolphs, 28.....2221010011— 7
C Meyerderks, 25..0001221110— 6
J Mohrmann, 28....2211111211—10

Match at 15 live birds:
C Steffens....2220222020000022— 9
G Leoble.....2001021220122222—11

Sweepstakes:	1	2	3
Steffens	4	..	..
Leoble	5	..	3
Lot	5	4	..
Peters	2	5	..
Kroeger	3	..	4
Hainhorst	2	..	3
Mohrmann	..	4	..
Brunie	..	4	..
Steffens	..	4	..

Sweepstakes:	1	2	3
Meyerderks	..	2	..
J Bohling	..	3	..
Rottman	..	4	..
C Bohling	..	..	3
Rolphs	..	..	2
Ehlen	..	..	5
G Meyer	..	..	1
C Meyer	..	..	4

Baltimore vs. Philadelphia.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 17.—The second of the team series of live-bird contests between teams of the Baltimore Shooting Association and Keystone Shooting League was held to-day on the grounds of the former. There were sixteen men on a side, although the conditions as originally contemplated were for ten men on a side. There were nine men on a side in the first match, and Baltimore won it by 9 birds. Two sets of traps were used, which expedited the shooting satisfactorily. Snow and a 12 o'clock wind were weather conditions encountered by the shooters. Eight men from each club were formed into a squad, each man shooting at 10 birds on each set of traps.

There was an optional $10 sweepstake, and twenty of the contestants engaged in it, a * indicating such sweepstake contestant. This made a purse of $200, which was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The conditions were: Teams of sixteen men, 20 birds each man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, the losing team paying for the birds. The scores:

Baltimore Shooting Association.

A H Fox.....12222*22222212*22222—18
*L German .....22122021222212122212—19
J W Hawkins.....212222*22221222222222—19
S E Baughman.....22222222222222012222—19
E W Burk.....22112211222222222*212—19
G H Gent.....12022202222220222222—17
*R Bond .....11*11022111222110221—17
E E Burns.....1022022222*222201200—14
H P Collins.....222220*02222222222—17
*J R Malone.....21112202212112111221—19
J L Reifsnider.....0211212*2222122220*1—16
*W H Burnham.....22221221222222222*22—19
W J Edell.....12022022202120111110—15
A R Middleton.....11111*22020122220210—15
*W E Marshall.....00202222221101210221—15
*W Hood .....20200222212201121122—16—274

Keystone Shooting League.

*H Henry.....12101112222110122212—18
*J Vandergrift .....21211122222112212220—19
*H Bucknell .....22222202222222222222—19
*J R Anderson.....22222222222222222*2—19
*W W Wagner.....22212022202228*120222—16
W M Pack.....22222022022222222222—18
*Dr Darby.....22221021222112221202—18
*H L Landis.....12121212120120211112—18
*F B McCoy.....22222020202222202222—16
W H Wolstencroft.....02012102222222122222—17
*F M Hobbs.....00222220222222221222—17
*J R Painter.....20201122222221121211—18
*H B Fisher.....21221*2*201222202221—16
*W J Davis.....2112*212110102111222—17
*F W Van Loon.....12112222122022222221—19
*I W Budd.....0*2222121212222222222—18—283

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 16.—While fine weather did not grace the opening day of the Boston Gun Club's annual spring series it did not prevent ten devotees of trapshooting who were present from having a thoroughly enjoyable time. Many were the regrets at the loss of the club's lady shooter, who has since the last shoot departed for other regions, but we hope still to have the pleasure of her presence on our platform once or twice during the series.

Much interest centered in the prize match, and honors were even between Baker and Spencer, they leading, having ground to dust 25 apiece. Leroy was not much outdone, being second with 23, others trailing along in the rear with very different results. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Baker, 17	8	7	8	7	10	8	8	8	..	7	..	..
Leroy, 21	7	8	9	8	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Witham, 16	6	2	5	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Manitoba, 16	5	3	4	7	5	8	5	7	6	6	7	..
Barry, 16	4	6	6	7	5	6	5	8	3	7	..	..
Poor, 16	3	0	0	2	3	3	1	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	5	4	5	4	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Richards, 16	..	..	..	..	4	6	5	9	8	4	6	7	9
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	5	8	6	8	8	4	9	7	..
Samuels, 16	..	..	..	..	3	2	4	6	7	5	..	..	6

Event No. 9, 5 pairs; No. 12, 15 unknown; all others, 10 unknown.

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown angles; distance handicap:

Baker, 17.....101111101111011111001111111111—25
Spencer, 18.....11111111011111011101111010101111—25
Leroy, 21.....11111011111110101111111110101100—23
Richards, 16.....10011111001110100100111100101l—18
Barry, 16.....00001111111011100111101101001O—18
Manitoba, 16.....01010110001111101011010110000011—16
Horace, 18 .....01111010001000101001101110011l—16
Witham, 16.....00110100110000011010010110001O—12
Poor, 16.....00000000001010000000001101000— 5

Ossining Gun Club.

SING SING, N. Y., Jan. 19.—Only five shooters braved the 60-mile-an-hour northwest gale, with the thermometer at just 3 above zero, to-day at the regular weekly shoot. The club house faces toward the north, and the wind, laden with snow, got in its fine work. Rev. E. D. Garnsey, of Chappaqua, one of the club members, a crack shot, always shooting in the old style of gun below elbow, showed that he was of "sterner stuff" than most of the cloth by riding seven miles across country in the teeth of the gale. It was noticed that the shooters holding their guns to shoulder were handicapped seriously. In the case of I. T. Washburn, who on a calm day averages 85 per cent., the fact was most noticeable. Washburn's gun froze up after the first string, which in a measure accounts for his poor showing in the second and third.

E. D. Garnsey shot at 75, broke 46; C. G. Blandford shot at 40, broke 26; I. T. Washburn shot at 50, broke 14; Winfield Smith shot at 10, broke 4; Frank Valentine shot at 10, broke 8.

C. G. B., Captain O. G. Club.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 16.—The members were on hand early to-day in anticipation of viewing the second race of the Freehold-Trenton Shooting Association series, but the out-of-town team failed to put in an appearance. Assistant Secretary Ellis telephoned that, owing to the illness of his father, and that another member of the team had fallen from his bicycle and sprained his wrist, it would be impossible for them to keep their engagement. This caused some disappointment as well as personal inconvenience to some of our people, as a full attendance had been requested in order to do honor to the visitors, and some of the boys dropped other matters and came down with guns and shell cases in response to the urgent summons. After some grumbling, they got started on the balance of the programme and shot until darkness put a stop to it; in fact, the ties in the merchandise event were shot under very trying conditions, as it was so dark that the targets could not be seen until they had climbed above the sky line, and well broken targets only could be counted.

Hall won the watch from Williams in this event, and certainly earned the honor. Comp ran away from the bunch in the final tie shoot-off for the Walsrode cup, lost the match race with Widmann. Billy lost his first bird and then ran 24 straight, a magnificent finish. His wife presented him with a son earlier in the day, and this no doubt caused his excellent form. His first child, a girl, was also born on a day that we had a shoot, and Billy is beginning to feel superstitious.

The weather in the early part of the afternoon was clear and bright, but later clouded up and threatened rain.

At the business meeting three new propositions for membership were acted upon. This makes a total of nine new members admitted during the past three months. The indications are bright for a good season.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	*7	*8	*9	*10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	10	..	25	10	10	10
Harrison	14	13	9	8	7	8	3—17	.....	.....	.....
Jaques	13	..	10	..	..	..	.....	.....	2—8	1—5
J R Taylor	13	11	8	9	..	9	.....	.....	.....	.....
James	13	..	8	..	..	..	.....	.....	.....	.....
Farlie	12	..	13	..	..	..	.....	.....	.....	.....
Jenkins	12	..	8	..	..	..	.....	.....	.....	.....
Widmann	12	10	11	..	..	..	3—20	.....	.....	.....
Henry	11	..	..	8	..	..	.....	.....	.....	.....
Mickel	11	10	11	..	10	11	.....	.....	3—8	1—8
Comp	11	14	12	6	..	..	.....	.....	3—8	1—10
Cole	11	11	13	11	..	..	3—21	.....	2—9	1—5
Dall	10	12	11	8	..	..	.....	.....	.....	.....
Thropp	10	9	..	8	7	8	6—16	.....	.....	.....
Lutes	10	6	11	6	..	12	.....	.....	.....	.....
Thomas	10	12	..	11	..	8	3—20	.....	.....	.....
Williams	9	13	10	..	..	10	5—20	2—5	.....	.....
Corson	8	6	9	10	..	9	4—9	.....	.....	.....
Maddock	5	..	3	1	5	14	10—10	.....	.....	.....
Kirby	..	9	..	..	..	..	.....	.....	.....	.....
Emmons	..	8	5	6	..	6	5—18	.....	.....	.....
H Cole	..	7	..	..	..	..	.....	.....	.....	.....
Miller	..	4	6	..	..	..	.....	.....	.....	.....
Hall	..	..	7	..	..	..	8—21	4—5	.....	.....
Brouse	..	..	7	7	..	7	5—8	.....	.....	.....

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6, sweepstakes; No. 5, match; No. 7, merchandise; No. 9, postponed ties for the Walsrode cup; No. 10, tie shoot-off. The * indicates handicaps.

GEO. N. THOMAS, Sec'y.

As in a Looking Glass,

WE have received the following from one who is cognizant of the subject, treated as follows:

While Brewer has been talking of shooting anybody in the world three matches for good large sums of money, he seems to be scarcely anxious to shoot a series of races with Jim Elliott. Shortly after the first of the year—that is, on Jan. 4—Brewer's backer, who is a Mr. W. J. Alden, of New York, wrote Elliott the following postal:

"If you will call at above address I will arrange three matches with you, to be shot after the 15th, with Brewer."

Elliott was taken with the grip after his match with Welch on the 8th inst., and did not reply to Mr. Alden's postal until a few days ago, when he wrote that if Mr. Alden wished to make matches between Brewer and himself he (Elliott) would be glad to meet Mr. Alden at the office of the W. R. A. Co., 312 Broadway, on any day and at any hour that would suit. A little more correspondence between the two decided upon 2:30 P. M. Jan. 22, as the day and hour for the meeting. The parties came together punctually, but Brewer would not shoot anywhere but on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club at Newark. Mr. Elliott naturally wished to have the matches shot at Interstate Park. Elliott's proposition was as follows:

"Three matches, to be shot Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during the last week in March, 100 birds each match, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary; each match to be for $500 a side, with $500 or more on the total score made in the three matches; loser to pay for the birds and winner to take all."

Elliott has allowed Mr. Alden and Brewer until Feb. 1 in which to accept this offer.

In this connection it may be mentioned that on Saturday last, the 19th inst., Elliott met with an accident. A man running against him in a crowd at the corner of Fulton street and Broadway, Elliott, in endeavoring to ward him off, put out his right hand, and had the thumb on that hand doubled back out of joint, with the result that he is now carrying his hand in bandages, badly swollen and out of business for two or three weeks to come.

In connection with the discussion between Elliott and Brewer as to where the match should be shot, Brewer said that he wanted to be sure that the birds were strictly first class; he was then assured by a representative of the Interstate Park Association that he would be permitted to furnish the birds for each match, provided it was publicly announced that the birds were supplied by Brewer. He then said that the system of trapping the birds from a pit made good birds poorer when they came out of the dark into the light. He was then assured that there would be no objection to the birds being trapped from the score instead of from underground, thus knocking out two of his objections to shooting at Interstate Park. Thus it would seem that Mr. Brewer was seeking how not to make a match instead of how to make a match.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 19.—A powerful winter wind was in evidence to-day, blowing from right to left across the traps. There was, nevertheless a large attendance of shooters. Birds, though hard hit, were not infrequently swept over the boundary by the gale; and this explains why no straight score was made in the semi-monthly contest for the championship challenge trophy. F. W. Van Loon was the holder. There were nineteen challengers. The conditions were 10 birds per man, 30yds. rise, sweepstake, entrance $2.50. I. W. Budd and F. McCoy were first, with 9. C. E. Geikler lost 4 birds dead out of bounds. The shoot-off of the tie was at 3 birds per man. Budd won by killing straight, while McCoy lost his second. The scores:
were first, with straight scores. The scores:

H Henry.....010*122222— 7
I W Budd.....2122202212— 9
J Anderson .....0220222220— 7
F W Van Loon...2202201122— 8
Dr G D B Darby..22202*0201— 6
J R Painter.....2*21100021— 6
J Brewer .....2102201222— 8
J Vandergrift.....2200112121— 8
A Baltz .....0002212022— 6
F McCoy .....2220222222— 9

F M Hobbs.....2022000000— 3
C E Geikler.....*222**2*22— 6
W Fees .....20*0121*22— 6
O S Prickett.....1*12100202— 6
H Cashmore .....2222200*20— 6
F R Alburg.....1112202201— 8
E J Russell.....1122100002— 6
G Hauff .....*212100210— 6
W Best .....1002120200— 6
W H Davis.....1121200201— 7

The second event was the Keystone weekly club handicap, 10 birds, handicap rise, $2.50 entrance. The event was not concluded until dark, and was only finished then by compelling all those with 3 misses to drop out. J. R. Painter and J. Brewer were first with straight scores. The score:

Henry, 30.....1122220122— 9
McCoy, 30.....22222*2020— 7
Vandergrift, 30.....12*0222111— 8
Hobbs, 30.....2*22200w
Van Loon, 29.....1120222100— 7
Darby, 29.....1112222120— 9
Davis, 29.....2121101122— 9
Painter, 28.....2211212111—10
Brewer, 29.....2222222222—10

Fees, 28.....112202**21— 7
Anderson, 30.....2202222*02— 7
Fitzgerald, 30.....0102120w
Russell, 29.....2220w
Cashmore, 30.....2222202222— 9
Geikler, 28.....222220020w
Hauff, 28.....100110w
Baltz, 28.....2112120200— 7

WESTERN TRAPS.

Match of Wishininne Club Members.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 19.—Altogether the warmest thing in Chicago trap matters for this coming week is the bloody internecine war that has sprung up among certain members of the Wishininne Club, whose doings have from time to time appeared in these columns. No one seems to know just where the trouble started, but in a few days—this thing has been brewing for a month—it had attained a definite form. It might have been Bill Haskell who was guilty of the first challenge, and it might have been Charlie Dennis who first hotly resented any aspersions upon his skill with the pigeon gun. At any rate, the last few noon hours at the Wishininne Club have been spent in consistent arguments as to the shooting of everybody who meets there for lunch, not excluding Mayor Harrison and ex-Mayor Washburne. Simmered down to brass tacks, there will be a race shot at Watson's on next Tuesday—unless somebody backs out—between C. S. Dennis and W. L. Wells on one side and J. V. Clarke and Bill Haskell on the other. Mr. Clarke is a prominent banker in this city, and was this week elected president of the Chicago Clearing House, so he should have no difficulty in raising the requisite stakes, large as they are. But he has failed to cover all the money offered by the opposing faction and their friends. As much as $4 or $5 is up now. It is all for the price of the birds, 25 birds a corner, and I do reckon this will be the most fun ever happened at Watson's. Bill Haskell has bet $25 against $5 that his side wins, and has laid odds of $50 to $1 that he will not be low man of the four. Mr. Clarke has bet Mr. Dennis $5 that he will kill more with his first barrel than Mr. Dennis, and another $5 that he will kill more with both barrels. There is mony up that Billy Wells, the artist man, will be high gun, and as much up that every other fellow will be high gun. There has been very little eating done at the Wishininne meets of late, nor does there promise to be any until this feverish state of mind shall have disappeared, which may only be after the battle is fought out to the bitter end. The race will be shot as early as possible on Tuesday morning, before anybody else gets out to the grounds, this being in deference to Mr. Haskell's wish, as he is liable to feel badly if he falls into last place. At last news to-day the odds were fluctuating very rapidly and the talk getting hotter and hotter all the time. The race really will be a hard-fought one, and it is a toss-up which side will win. Wells is picked for high score, and he should beat Clarke a bird or so. Between Dennis and Haskell it is a near thing. Haskell thought for a minute he might kill 23, but the wagers persuaded him otherwise very soon. Then he said 22, but changed his mind, and at last failed to connect with a bet that he would not kill 17, and that he would not get enough to make a pint of soup. Similar propositions were floating about at a late hour this afternoon. We shall see what we shall see.

Amberg—Healy.

Another warm race will in all likelihood be shot at Watson's on the same day, between J. H. Amberg and J. M. Healy, of this city. This race is at 50 birds per man, for the price of the birds and a corned beef and cabbage dinner, the latter being expressly stipulated as part of the conditions. As in the above-mentioned race, this is a near thing on form, and it is hard to pick a winner. This race will be shot after lunch, at Watson's, and will go to fill out a good day at the park.

Crescent Club Sparrow Shoot.

Crescent Gun Club, of Chicago, will hold a two days' sparrow tournament at the grounds at Forty-seventh street and California avenue, Jan. 26 and 27. A handsome gold medal is offered in the State championship sparrow event, at 25 sparrows, $5. There will be five events daily, and a good programme is offered, with 1,000 sparrows guaranteed on hand ready for trapping. Birds to be trapped at 10 cents, five traps, one man up, 25yds. rise. Added money to the F. S. Boyden medal championship shoot.

Kentucky Gun Club Would Shoot Chicago.

Mr. Emile Pragoff, of Louisville, Ky., is in town this week for a few days, and he intimates that a team shoot could be very easily arranged, so far as the Southern end of it is concerned, between a ten-men team of the Kentucky Gun Club of his city and a team of ten men from any one Chicago gun club. This is not offered as any challenge or bluff, but just as a feeler and in perfectly good faith and good feeling. The Louisville boys would want a return race of course, and should have it, and herein lies the greatest difficulty about concluding terms. The Chicago club men all would be glad to shoot the visitors here, especially if they happened to come up at about the time of the sportsmen's show in late February, but they do not know about going to Kentucky. The members of the Chicago Gun Club are the ones to whom the proposition was first made. The Louisville men would have several good men, such as the Pragoffs, Harry Lyons, etc., and it would be no walkover for a team from any one club of this city, for the Kentucky contingent can keep on picking out pretty good ones from their list. It is to be hoped that this event will be arranged.

Two Other Team Races Off.

There was some hope of a team race between ten Milwaukee men and ten of this city, the Cream City men to come from the National Gun Club, and the Chicago team from the Garden City Club. This arrangement was open to modification in case the race took a tendency to an intercity shoot. There seems, however, to have been a considerable misunderstanding on the part of the Milwaukee boys, and Mr. Bush, of Milwaukee, who is in town to-day, says they do not ratify any challenge as coming from them, and says that perhaps the matter arose out of some misunderstood talk of a personal nature. Mr. J. H. Amberg, who had details in charge here, to-day thought that there was not likely to be any race between the two towns, though there may something turn up suddenly later on.

There was also some talk of a race with a St. Louis team, to be held at Chicago this winter, but nothing worth calling a certainty develops as yet regarding that. So, with three very good city team proposals before us, we are in the attitude of not securing any one of the three, which is too bad, as the game here could stand a little stirring up of the right sort.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Jan. 19.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the eighth trophy shoot of the season. Dr. Shaw carried off the honors of the day, being the only one to go straight in the main event. A strong S.W. wind blew directly across the traps, and the birds were an extremely fast lot, taken as a whole—as fast a lot of birds as I have seen trapped in many a day. Several visitors favored us with their presence, among whom were Dr. Kelly, of Winnipeg, Man., a genial gentleman and an excellent shot; also Mr. and Mrs. Wachsuruth, both of whom participated in one event. The attendance was only fair for our club:

	Trophy Event.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Delano, 27	202*000120— 4	100011—3	012000—2
McDonald, 28	1112122120— 9	022020—3	201112—5
Dorman, 28	*11*21*102— 6	222222—6	212220—5
A McGowan, 27	2110221002— 7	*12101—4	221212—6
Dr Meek, 31	2211010212— 8	211112—6	.....
Palmer, 31	*02112*021— 6	221122—6	211220—5
Dr Shaw, 31	2222222222—10	*11122—5	.....
T W Eaton, 30	02*1*21111— 7	101120—4	2210*1—4
Barnard, 30	122*210002— 6	211112—6	12*120—4
Von Lengerke, 31	2222222220— 9	222222—6	222222—6
Dr Mathews, 29	1110*11222— 8	.....	.....
Nusly, 28	0101120211— 7	.....	110210—4
Keck, 28	2111*02012— 7	022002—3	.....
Kehl, 26	0010022002— 4	.....	.....
Marshall, 28	1011**10*2— 5	.....	121202—5
Ellis, 30	.....	0*21*2—3	.....
Dr Huff, 29	.....	*21011—4	102110—4
Dr Keele, 30	.....	212222—6	211020—4
Mr Wachsuruth, 28	.....	.....	102*02—3
Mrs Wachsuruth, 25	.....	.....	101000—2

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Jan. 19.—The scores made by Chicago Gun Club contestants at Watson's Park to-day are appended:

F P Stannard, 29	2002200021*121— 9
W F De Wolf, 28	222201201000022— 7
E M Steck, 30	2002022221222220—11
Dr. Carson, 30	2210122222202221—13
Dr Miller, 30	111221122222102—14
R Balmer, 27	02*2101*1202121—10
Mack, 28	211*01*0*101202— 8

Six birds, $2, two moneys:

Dr Carson	221111—6	Dr Miller	211111—6
Steck	220212—5	Mack	21*002—3
Jones	02*210—3	Stannard	222122—6

Practice event:

Steck	1111121211020222010	Jones	011111
Miller	0211120122122201O2	Balmer	021200101
Carson	021202	Stannard	122
De Wolf	10*220001		

RAVELRIGG.

Audubon Gun Club.

Chicago, Jan. 15.—At Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, to-day, the live-bird shoot of the Audubon Gun Club resulted as follows:

Von Lengerke	222222222222202—14	Ellis	102222111101212—13
C Wilcox	2*00w	Col Felton	1112*1011112011—12
H Odell	22*211121222201—13	Oliphant	1021012112*1011—11
Wells	122222111211111—15	Myrick	0*0220022200100— 6
Palmer	12221111*211222—14	Jones	0100*1010211222— 9
Amberg	2212212122222212—15	Weber	111102212221002—12

Practice:

Felton	21211	Wilcox	22
Myrick	222*1210212012112211	Wells	2
Odell	11111*2112021111*211	Amberg	122
Palmer	11210112022*11020111	Oliphant	120

Jan. 17.—Practice:

J Jones 200121001120*2*2*00222111201100211101021210210101l—32

Kansas City vs. Omaha.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 19.—The fourth intercity shoot between Omaha and Kansas City wing shots took place at Washington Park yesterday and to-day, and resulted in a decisive victory for the Nebraskans by a general team score of 440 to 433.

The conditions were the same that prevailed in former shoots—ten men to a team at 50 birds to each man.

Charlie W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., was mutually agreed on as referee, and James Whitfield, of Kansas City, scorer.

The weather was ideal for the sport, being clear and cool, and the birds as a whole were fast to wing and rapid and strong in flight. The birds Friday were probably a shade faster than those during the last day, but not a half-dozen birds were "no-birded" out of the 1,000 trapped in the team race. This probably accounts for the poor showing made by some of the steadiest shots, notably Dick Linderman, of Nebraska, who scored only 38. Walter Allen, Bramhall, Kelly and W. W. Herman, of Kansas City, all shot in bad form, and Tom Norton did not do much better. The shooting generally was not nearly up to the standard set at Omaha about six weeks ago, when Kansas City won by a score of 455 to 451, but some of the shooters claim that the birds in the race here the past two days were considerably faster than those trapped at Omaha.

James B. Porter and Frank Beard were the first pair up, and the Kansas City man beat his opponent 3 birds on a score of 46 to 43. Will Herman and George H. Watson next met, and the latter, although a green shooter, trimmed Herman by 4 birds, placing Omaha 1 in the lead. Gus Rickmers and "Plumber" Read were next to the score, and the Dutchman put it on his Omaha rival by 1 bird. This was a very interesting match and the score of 45 to 44 admitted excellent, considering the quality of the birds.

R. Kelly, of Kansas City, next met W. Townsend, and the little fellow from Omaha made Kelly look like a selling plater, beating him by a score of 47 to 39, which put Omaha 8 birds in the lead.

Walter Allen and Frank Crabill were the next two, and again the Omaha man was victor, defeating Allen 43 to 41. Both shot in poor form, Allen getting off badly, and Crabill finishing weak.

With the score in favor of Omaha by 10 birds at the half-pole, J. W. Bramhall and Dan Bray, "the iceman," locked horns, but Bramhall was clearly out of form, suffering from a severe cold which had settled in his eyes, and Bray added 6 more to Omaha's lead, beating Bramhall 46 to 40. This put Omaha 16 birds to the good, and shooting closed for the day.

The match was resumed to-day with "Cook" Herman and Dick Linderman as opponents, and as Herman was in great form and Linderman slower than an ice wagon, the Kansas City man cut down the Omaha lead an even 10 birds on a score of 48 to 38. This set the visitors guessing, although they were still 6 to the good, and it looked like a forlorn hope.

Tom Norton and Jim Smead next faced the traps, and Smead beat the Peters representative by 4 birds on a score of 47 to 43, giving Omaha 10 birds the best of the race.

Chris Gottlieb and George Loomis were next called, and "Slob," as Gottlieb is familiarly known, beat his man in the hardest fought race of the match by a score of 49 to 48, which cut the Omaha lead down to 9 birds. Gottlieb also made the high run of the shoot, killing 48 straight.

With 9 birds to the good, Omaha presented "Old Buffalo Hump" Frank Parmelee, who was pitted against Jim Elliott's brother Dave, and there was a heap of speculation on the result, which ended in a victory for Dave Elliott by a score of 46 to 44, which cut the Omaha's lead down to 7 birds.

Each team won five of the individual races. To-night the visiting sportsmen were entertained at a luncheon and "smoker" at Herman's restaurant, and it was after midnight before the party adjourned.

Speeches were made by Judge McCauley and Carskadon, Attorney-General Boyle, Major Julian, Chris Gottlieb, Frank S. Parmelee, Mr. McDonald, and others, and the sportsmen separated with the utmost good fellowship prevailing.

There was not a single jar or unpleasant incident to mar the two days' sport, and such gatherings do much to advance the interest in trapshooting and bring big-hearted sportsmen closer together.

The scores, as especially prepared for the FOREST AND STREAM, were as follows, and give a better idea of the merits of the contestants than columns of introductory remarks could do:

F Beard, Omaha	10122212*22222122*2222012—21 21212221202*0222222122121—22—43
J B Porter, Kansas City	221221222222*122122221221*—23 221122221*2222212221222220—23—46
W W Herman, Kansas City	*120202200101021222*1022—16 11212*1211*220220222221l0—20—36
Geo. Watson, Omaha	2222122*2220210222222O222—21 122222**22220*20202222222—19—40
J C Read, Omaha	22*222222222*210222222122—22 22211*2220122222122222*2—22—44
A F Rickmers, Kansas City	2221112012121222202102122—22 2221212211111222l0*221222—23—45
R Kelley, Kansas City	112221211l1*110221*222112—22 00120020210222021222202222—17—39
W D Townsend, Omaha	2211222222212101222122212—24 2222202122222222211222022—23—47
F Crabill, Omaha	22222202222221222222222202—23 2021222120222002222222220—20—43
W S Allen, Kansas City	222102220*2201*2212*20202—17 2221122222201222222121222—24—41
J W Bramhall, Kansas City	1222122222000122222*21222—21 2202222*2220222222222*1002—19—40
D Bray, Omaha	22*122122*2122022221221222—22 2221222222222222222*1221—24—46
Dick Linderman, Omaha	20*22222222020222121212112*—20 22*22222222*22*0*01122210—18—38
C C Herman, Kansas City	21222222222212212212222122—25 11221122222*12122212l*1122—23—48
Tom Norton, Kansas City	02222222*22222222022222*22—21 21201221*2220222222222222—22—43
Jim Smead, Omaha	*22202222212222222222222222—23 22222222222022211211122222—24—47
Geo Loomis, Omaha	22222*22222222222222222222—24 22222222222222222*212222—24—48
Chris Gottlieb, Kansas City	22212222222222222222222212—25 2522222222222122222222202—24—49
Dave Elliott, Kansas City	222222102*111122111222112—23 212*11122122121221221211*—23—46
Frank Parmelee, Omaha	22*22222222200222222222222—22 22222222222222*2220022222—22—44

Recapitulation:

Kansas City.		Omaha.	
Porter	46	Beard	43
Herman	36	Watson	40
Rickmers	45	Read	44
Kelley	39	Townsend	47
Allen	41	Crabill	43
Bramhall	40	Bray	46
Herman	48	Linderman	38
Norton	43	Smead	47
Gottlieb	49	Loomis	48
Elliott	46—433	Parmelee	44—440

The Genesis of the Donation.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was a time when we could get together a good amount of "added money" as an attraction at trap tournaments by selling advertising space in programmes at so much per page to the manufacturers of guns, powders, shells, etc. The last few years it has been a hard matter to sell enough pages to those people to pay for printing the programmes, let alone gathering together any "added money." Don't you think the manufacturers ought to help us out, and make up the "added money" to draw a crowd to every tournament? There is some argument on this point, and we want you to give us the benefit of your opinion. Yours truly,

AN EX-SECRETARY.

The above embodies so much of general interest that we will answer it at some length.

The manufacture of sportsmen's supplies is governed by the same laws of trade which govern other business. Business usage prescribes that, if one desires to own the goods of another, he may do so by purchase or trade, buyer and seller agreeing. This however, does not apply to matters of charity. It is therefore self-evident, if the foregoing is admitted, that clubs and individuals have no claims whatever on that material evolution of modern trapshooting art, obtained by various processes, called euphemistically "a donation."

From time immemorial, however, the donation—from the other fellow—has been popular, and eagerly promoted among all races and classes of men. The profound appreciation of the other fellow's donation seems to be a phase of human nature which changes not with the passing of the years, nor with the mutations of matter. If one is personally asked to donate, the virtue of the donation then seems to have quite a different significance. The arguments made so sweetly by a donee seem to lose much force if the donee is expected to become the donor.

Sancho Panza, the simple-wise squire of the renowned Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, on occasion sagely remarked that mankind was divided into two classes, namely, the "Haves" and the "Have Nots." It is not to be understood by his utterance that one class had nothing and the other had everything, but rather that every one desired to have something or other which he or she did not possess, yet which was possessed by others.

It is a peculiarity of the "Have Nots" that they have always been prolific with advice and commendation, seemingly unselfish, which they gratuitously have conveyed to the "Haves," the trend of which is that if they, the "Haves," would loosely detach some or all of their belongings in such a manner and free of cost, to the end that said belongings would directly become the property of the "Have Nots," the "Haves," in some deeply occult manner which was not to be investigated too curiously, would thereby be fulfilling a simple duty incurred no one knows how, besides thereby further performing an act which in some vague manner would redound to the eternal glory, prosperity and happiness of the "Haves," concerning which no one knows why, on the premises set forth.

More specifically, the present attitude of the powder, shot, sportsmen's goods and ammunition manufacturers, etc., in respect to the matter of donations, was brought about by an abuse of their generosity. It is a consequence of a long series of antecedent causes, embodying the principle of the "donation," a term which was supposed to signify a voluntary contribution, but which in reality siginfied a more or less informally organized system of getting the manufacturers' goods. Of course, there were clubs and associations which did not seek to obtain donations at all, or who, seeking them, did so in good faith, and in a reasonable manner. Of these we do not treat.

The abuse of the donation grew to such a degree that it became an intolerable evil. From giving voluntarily and sometimes lavishly, all branches of trade were drummed up systematically. So solicitous were many managers of trap tournaments for the prosperity of the manufacturers that they expended money freely for printed circulars or circulars printed in imitation of typewritten copy, etc., therein earnestly calling the attention of manufacturers and dealers to the advantages derived from an advertisement in the programme at $10 or $25 or $50 per page, or from donating a gun, keg of powder, bag of shot, shoes, clothing, fishing tackle—anything, in fact, which had a value; and also of the valuable good will to be derived therefrom by the donor. It was never shown just how an advertisement would pay the advertiser, when published in a few copies of a programme, nor how any particular good will or lasting benefit could be conferred on the donors by the donees. Every shooter uses such ammunition as best suits his own personal interests, so that when a tournament was over it is quite safe to assume that the goods having been delivered, all thought concerning them by the donees ended with that circumstance, and the world moved on as theretofore. Every mail was burdened with letters, each with its special plausible plea, asking for the "donation." Some would go so far as to intimate that, in case of a refusal, their influence and support would be thrown in favor of trade rivals. To secure the local advertising the threat of a boycott, more or less veiled, also was not uncommon. Herein lies a nice point of ethics. It is a crime to forcibly abstract money directly from a man's pocket, but actively and maliciously to take steps to check or stop money from going into his pocket in a legitimate manner is different. The trade rivalries were utilized. A, a manufacturer, was shown that B, a rival manufacturer, had taken a page of advertising; therefore if A did not take another page, he was in deadly peril of great loss. The wholesale raiding resulted in driving manufacturers into a defensive alliance. They combined and shut their doors on the abuse. The powder manufacturers, two or three years ago, entered into an agreement to stop donations entirely. This included advertising in programmes.

The manufacturer has a right to conduct his business in his own manner. He has a right, therefore, to advertise as he chooses. Because he manufacturers ammunition it is not a consequence that he is running a charitable or educational institution. The shoemaker hardly considers that he should give a box of shoes to the managers of a picnic because shoes are worn at picnics; so of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. No doubt the manufacturer is free to give to any organization he pleases, but such is not discrimination against any other organization, for every one has a right to do as he pleases with his own. This applies to the donor as well as the donee.

A trapshooting tournament, precedents to the contrary notwithstanding, should be self-supporting. The pride of the individual as it exists against begging should be the same pride when he is one of a group, and the sum total of all the pride of the group against begging should be the sum total of the pride of all its members. When something is solicited, it ceases to be a "donation."

In respect to "added money," derived from donations, no organization has any cause whatever for a complaint or grievance if any manufacturer refuses a request to donate.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Florida.

TWO-WEEKS' TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The first Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the season to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington by special train on Feb. 5.

Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington, $48; Pittsburg, $53, and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information, apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent at 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; B. Courlaender, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; Colin Studds, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.; or to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

There is a substantial trend toward the best guns by purchasers. Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales inform us that they have sold more of their $375 grade Daly guns in December and January than ever before in the same length of time.

A Memphis, Tenn., business man writes: "I am unable to state how much pleasure your paper gives me, and aside from articles contained therein, believe I read every 'ad.'"

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE BOY AND THE DOG.

THERE is no more entertaining column in the average daily newspaper than that in which the editor gives his readers a free forum in which to air their views on all conceivable subjects, from the mast-heading of a city hall flag on the occasion of a Queen's demise to the best expedient for solving the dog problem. The dog problem in town, it need not be said, is for those who like dogs to maintain their dogs and live in amity with their neighbors who detest dogs. In congested centers of population the dog is not infrequently an occasion of bitterness and back-biting between very respectable citizens who otherwise would be disposed to keep the peace.

In the country, where folks live under less restraint and without the vexatious friction of the town, the youngster who joys in the possession of a pet—blue-blood or mongrel—knows none of this heartburning which for his city cousin diminishes in some degree the satisfaction found in owning a dog. There is no truer friendship than that of the boy and the dog. There are no happier days to which the grown man may look back with a tender regret for their passing than the days spent in the old home fields with the faithful four-footed companion of youth. Confidence between boy and dog was perfect. The dog perhaps was not a thoroughbred and had come into the world minus a pedigree, but the boy accepted him for what he was, and in the blessed ingenuousness of youth may even have found an occasion of added pride in the dog in some characteristic which he now knows was highly to the animal's discredit as determined by the bench show standards.

And as for the dog, on his part too he took the boy for what he was, asking of him no more than that he should condescend to make of himself a demigod for unstinted confidence, affection and worship.

If the scientists would devise a way to represent the care free happiness of boyhood days in some equivalent of foot pounds, the amount of it justly accredited to the companionship of boy and dog would be expressed in many tons.

THE SUNDAY SHOOTER.

OF the two hundred and odd arrests for violation of the fish and game laws in Massachusetts last year, more than one-quarter were for unlawful shooting on Sunday, and yet the reports of the deputy game wardens show that there was much less Sunday hunting during that period than in any other recent year. This decrease has been due in large measure to the activity of the wardens, paid and unpaid, who have given special attention to the Sunday shooter. One deputy, for instance, writes, "Although ordinarily a regular church-goer, I have since my appointment been roaming the mountains endeavoring to promote a better observance of the Lord's day and at the same time to do something for the preservation of the game." Our consideration of the Massachusetts law against Sunday shooting has to do with its bearing on the preservation of the game, and not with any "promotion of a better observance of the Lord's day." With Sunday hunting as a religious or moral question we have nothing to do. We may safely leave that for others who are charged with the consideration of such subjects, and we are all the more free to do this, now that Representative MacCartney, the Unitarian clergyman who represents Rockland in the Massachusetts Legislature, has introduced in the House a bill to repeal the law which forbids shooting on Sunday. We may leave the clergymen to settle among themselves the rights and wrongs of Sunday hunting; but certainly all friends and supporters of game protection in Massachusetts will oppose opening the day to the Sunday gunner.

As a rule in Massachusetts, as in all densely populated regions, the Sunday gunner is an unmitigated nuisance. He is a type of foreign extraction, and has a foreign way of regarding everything that flies or creeps or crawls as legitimate game for his gun. In fact, as a rule he does not hunt true game, but pots the song birds and pursues them on territory where he has no right to be. He is a trespasser, an invader of private property, and the Massachusetts farmer or other land owner ought not to be compelled to be on the alert to chase Sunday shooters off his fields. When we take into account the annoyance Sunday hunting creates and the innocent bird slaughter it involves, we are astonished at the action of Representative MacCartney. If the desired repeal is in behalf of the wildfowl gunners, the purpose could be better attained by the adoption of an amendment proposed the same day by Representative Gardner, to permit the taking of fish and the shooting of water fowl and marsh game birds on Sunday. But even this would not be a desirable change. The granting of one day of immunity to the game in the fields, on the marsh and on the waters is wise and profitable from a game preservation point of view. Certainly this step to open Sunday shooting will not have the support of the officials and the associations who are most closely concerned with Massachusetts game protection and most active in its promotion.

OUR ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENTS.

WE give to-day the last of a series of four illustration supplements. The subjects as printed are as follows:

Nov. 3.—IN THE FENCE CORNER. By Wilfred P. Davison.

Dec. 1.—WHEN FOOD GROWS SCARCE. By Wilfred P. Davison.

Jan. 5.—QUAIL SHOOTING IN MISSISSIPPI. By Edm. H. Osthaus.

Feb. 2.—IN BOYHOOD DAYS. By Wilfred P. Davison.

These pictures of outdoor life many a reader has been good enough to tell us have given much satisfaction, and have been looked for as a very welcome feature of FOREST AND STREAM. Others are in preparation, the subjects and dates of publication to be announced later.

SALMON RIVERS.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires: "Please inform me where I can obtain salmon fishing next summer at moderate cost and with a certainty of success. American rivers of the Atlantic coast."

The latter part of the question is more easily answered than the first. Salmon are apt to rise well to the fly when the weather and water conditions are favorable on almost any of the Atlantic coast streams during the run. It is usually necessary to make more or less study of a stream in order to know when the run occurs, in which parts of the stream the salmon stop to rest and which flies are most attractive. There is free fishing on the Penobscot, St. Croix and Denny's rivers in Maine; in some of the Nova Scotia streams, and in nearly all of the Newfoundland streams. The salmon fishing on the Penobscot River is confined practically to the pool at Bangor, and the pool is crowded with fishermen. The short series of pools on the St. Croix River at Calais furnish very good fishing, but the fishing is almost in the city, and one does not have the outing that adds to the charm of such royal sport. The Denny's River fishing has recently been ruined by a saw mill at the head of tide water. Almost all of the larger Nova Scotia streams furnish free salmon fishing, but as at Bangor, the pools are apt to be so crowded with fishermen that there is unpleasant interference. In Cape Breton and in Prince Edward Island the fishing is free, but the streams are for the most part so small that salmon do not run up to spawn until the breeding season is close at hand.

The Newfoundland streams at present afford the best free salmon fishing, and a large number of the rivers of both the east and west coasts abound in salmon. If Newfoundland becomes a Canadian possession there will probably be no free fishing, and no salmon rivers to be bought, as the Canadian Government is cognizant of the value of such properties, and its policy is to lease rather than to sell. A number of Canadian salmon rivers are offered for lease annually at a moderate rental, say from $200 to $500 for the season, but these rivers are so inaccessible that the whole cost of the trip is apt to amount to a considerable sum—more than would be called moderate by the average fisherman. The rentals of the Canadian rivers that furnish good salmon fishing and that are easily reached often amount to several thousands of dollars annually, and one can have fishing at moderate cost only through invitation from some lessee.

NEW YORK'S FISH AND GAME INTERESTS.

THE report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York State, portions of which will be found elsewhere in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM, is a notable document. It is highly gratifying and most unusual on account of the positive ground that it takes and the admirable recommendations that it makes to the Legislature. Among the recommendations are:

That the Constitution shall be so amended as to provide for the practice of forestry on State lands and the sale of dead, dying or mature timber under proper safeguards.

That authority be given to the Commission to set aside certain portions of the State lands as game refuges, and absolutely to prohibit the killing of wild animals on these refuges.

That the anti-hounding law be permanently extended, and that no dogs of any breed which will pursue deer be allowed in the woods at any time.

That the killing of does be prohibited at all times.

That spring duck shooting be forbidden.

To these is added an urgent plea for the better protection of the streams of the State from pollution. As the Commission well says, this is a matter of vital importance, and not to be dismissed as having to do merely with the lives of some fishes, the pleasure of some anglers or the dividend of some pulp mills. It has to do with the water which we drink and which we use in all our industries. It is a strong appeal for real action on the part of the Legislature to protect the people at large.

It were too much to hope that all the good things recommended in this report should at once come to pass, yet it is certainly most encouraging to find that the Commission realizes that the forests of the State should be so used as to produce an income and that for advice and assistance in this matter they have gone to the best man in the country. The recommendations as to game refuges and as to closing streams to public fishing for a brief period are highly commendable, nor will there be much difference of opinion with regard to the wisdom of permanently prohibiting the killing of does and the forbidding of spring shooting.

SNAP SHOTS.

At the meeting of the Adirondack Guides' Association last week the honorary president, Dr. Kendall, celebrated in well chosen words the high character of these men of the North Woods as the trusted guardians of those who are committed to their care. The record in this respect held by the Adirondack guides is a credit to American manhood. Some of us can remember how a few years ago, when a so-called North Woods guide was guilty of a gross betrayal of his trust, the true guides of the region indignantly denied that the man was of their guild or deserved the title of Adirondack guide, and they proved their case, much to their own satisfaction and to that of all others who rejoiced to see the woodsmen relieved of a stigma.

We give elsewhere some extracts from the report of the Massachusetts Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game. Under the able management of Chairman Collins and his associates, the game and fish interests of Massachusetts have assumed an importance in the public estimation not heretofore accorded them. The work of stocking the waters and protecting them when stocked and of increasing and conserving the game supply in the covers has been put on a business basis. Massachusetts affords an admirable example of what any State may do to defend and promote its native resources, if once the task be given into the charge of competent and earnest and diligent trustees.

A bill has been introduced in the Maine Legislature providing for a thousand-dollar fine for shooting a human being in the woods. We have had much speculation from time to time as to what the effect of a statute against mistaking man for beast would amount to; now let us trust that Maine will actually put the plan to a test.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Passing of "Satan."

Hiram Meeks threw away the stick on which he had been whittling, closed his jack-knife with a snap and rose slowly to his feet.

"By Godfrey, I'll do it ef hit takes a leg," he declared aloud, in the tones of a man who after long deliberation has settled some question of weighty import in his mind.

It was apt to prove a cause for deep regret—this decision of his—since it involved an act of no less temerity, or even folly, than the purchase of a certain four-footed beast known far and near as "that mule o' Saunders'." Hiram had been debating the question with himself for two whole days, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. In a measure Sam Hawkins was to blame for this state of affairs, for it was he who had informed Hiram that the mule could be "bought for a song." Some people can never resist the temptation of a bargain. Hiram shared in the general feeling of distrust in which this creature of ill repute was held by the entire community; on the other hand, he was greatly in need of another beast of burden on his farm, as his entire live stock consisted of a solitary bay mare of uncertain age, whose days of usefulness were on the wane. The mule in question was without doubt of a superior breed physically as well as mentally, although greatly deficient in amiability; but Hiram was under the impression that this latter undesirable trait of character was due to a lack of proper training. Therefore, after considering all sides of the question, he had come to the conclusion that if Saunders were willing to part with the mule at a sufficiently low figure, he himself would assume the grave responsibility of ownership.

He was the possessor of a small fortune amounting to forty dollars—the savings of years—and with this sum he hoped to complete the purchase. A good mule was worth considerably more than this amount, but if Sam Hawkins had told the truth Saunders did not expect to sell his mule for anywhere near its full value. Well, it would do no possible harm to investigate the matter, so Hiram removed his treasure from its secret hiding place and set out on his visit to Saunders.

It was early in December. The air was fresh and invigorating, and Hiram covered ground rapidly with his long, swinging stride. As he drew near the abode of Saunders he looked about for some sign of that individual. The sound of a voice coming from the direction of the barnyard reached his ears, and he approached the fence and peered over. The voice was Saunders'. He was seated on an overturned water trough in his favorite attitude, and addressing his remarks to the only other occupant of the yard—his notorious black mule.

The mule was hitched to the stable door by a heavy rope that encircled his neck, and he seemed greatly depressed in spirit. Though well acquainted with this fickle-minded creature, Hiram had never before seen him in such a melancholy mood, and his curiosity was aroused as to the cause of his dejection. He therefore interrupted Saunders' invective against mules (for such seemed to be the tenor of his remarks) with an:

"Howdy, Eb! What 'pears t' be the trouble?"

Saunders turned his head without otherwise disturbing himself.

"Howdy, Hi," he responded. "Ther' ent no trouble t' speak on. I was jest a-tellin' Satan a few idees 'baout his doggon self an' his hull doggon relations."

"Who all's Satan?" Hiram inquired, puzzled at the name.

"That air mule thar," Saunders answered, indicating the black mule with a nod. "Ever sence he made all that fussin' with them Wright county folks I've called him Satan. 'Twant my idee. 'Twas Sam Hawkins'. Sam's up on religion, y' know, an' he sez I orter call him Satan, so I done it. Hit seems t' suit him fust rate."

"What's he been doin' naow that y' got him all tied up?" Hiram asked.

"Nuthin special," said Saunders. "I've licked him till I'm tired an' he don't seem t' give a cuss; but when he's hitched that away with a slipknot raound his neck an' I preach at him, he don't seem t' feel so doggon gay like. Hit sorter takes the sperits out o' him. But whar you all baound fer?"

"Oh, I was jest passin' 'long this way," Hiram replied, evading the question, "an' I thought I'd stop an' see how you all was gittin' on."

"Better come in an' sit daown awhile," Saunders suggested.

"Don't care ef I do," said Hiram.

He entered the barnyard and, seating himself beside his friend, waited for a favorable opportunity to open negotiations. As Saunders' mind was filled with nothing but thoughts of the mule, Hiram was not kept long in suspense.

"Say, do y' know that mule ent brayed onct sence he's bin hitched that away?" the old man remarked. "He used t' keep it up 'baout all night, an' I got so used t' hearin' him I can't sleep good sence he quit. Funny, ent it?"

"Hit air that," Hiram assented. "That mule's made a heap o' trouble fer you all, ent he?"

"Heaps an' heaps," Saunders made answer, casting his eyes severely on the subject of the conversation.

"Say, Eb," Hiram drawled after a moment's meditation, "what'll you all take fer the mule? What's yore lowest figgers?"

"Meanin' Satan?" Saunders asked in amazement.

"Meanin' Satan, to be sure," said Hiram.

"Be y' jokin' or in arnest?"

"Solemn arnest."

"What in blazes do you all want t' buy sech a devul uv a critter fer?" Saunders asked with increasing wonderment. "I don't 'low t' cheat no friend o' mine that away, Hi. That air mule's a mean, onery cuss, that's what he is, an' he knows hit by this time. I was figgerin' t' sell him over in Wright county."

"Waal, what'll y' take fer him?" Hiram persisted.

"I'd sell him doggon cheap," Saunders declared. "I'd sell him fer thirty-five dollars."

"Waal then," said Hiram, "seein' as I'm rich I'll take yore offer. ef you'll let me hev a try at him fust. I'll ride him over hum an' see what he's good fer."

"You all must be crazy," Saunders exclaimed. "Why, he'd throw yuh afore you'd got t' the end o' my forty."

"I'll risk it," Hiram rejoined. "Jest hitch him up. I never seen the mule or hoss I couldn't manage."

"Waal, 'tent any o' my funeral," Saunders remarked, yielding the point, and forthwith he proceeded to saddle and bridle Satan.

Now, whether the mule divined the situation and decided to adopt politic measures for the occasion, thus reinstating himself in his master's good graces, or whether his proud spirit had at last been broken and he himself brought to a proper realization of the futility of continuing further in his unprofitable course of opposition to authority, will never be known. Certain it is that he yielded himself with sublime meekness into Saunders' hands, nor did he give evidence of ill-temper or a disposition to rebel, by so much as the laying back of an ear. Hiram mounted him without need of the customary persuasive arguments, and rode away in perfect security on his journey. Satan was a good roadster, when he was minded so to be, and he now settled down into the swift, easy gait which he employed for his owner's benefit only on rare occasions. Saunders' astonishment knew no bounds.

"An' jest t' think that preachin' at him done the bizness," he reflected aloud, as Hiram and the mule disappeared from view. It was the only satisfactory explanation that occurred to him that would in any way account for the miraculous change in Satan's disposition.

Hiram expected to be absent two or three days. During that interval Saunders had ample time for reflection, and the more he thought about the matter the more reluctant did he become to part with the black mule. To begin with, he had owned Satan a good while and had grown attached to him in a way, for the strange animal furnished almost the only diversion in his life of wearisome monotony. Existence on the lonely, half cultived farm of forty acres would indeed be well nigh hopeless without the presence of the erratic, unruly Satan. He was always so very much in evidence. Moreover, and most important of all, thirty-five dollars was a ridiculously low price to pay for a mule. No, it could not be thought of. Surely Hiram would see it in that light, too. At any rate, if he wished to purchase Satan he would have to pay considerably more than thirty-five dollars, either in cash or trade. Having come to this decision Saunders anxiously awaited his friend's return.

Hiram appeared on the third day, and Saunders went forth to meet him. The old man made no secret of his anxiety regarding the mule's behavior.

"He's gentle as a lamb. I don't want no better actin' critter in mine," Hiram reported as they unsaddled the docile creature and turned him loose in the barnyard.

"Glad y' think so, cause hit shows I've larnt a new way t' break mules," said Saunders, and led the way to the house where they could talk things over at their ease. They seated themselves in front of the big fireplace and lit their pipes. Hiram opened negotiations.

"Ef hit's all the same t' you," he announced, "I'm ready t' pay you all that thirty-five dollars, an' ride the mule home to-day."

"Waal," Saunders drawled in reply, "I reck'n we'd better talk some fust. Y' see when I offered Satan fer sech a ludickerous figger I was mad at him; bein' as I've cooled daown consid'able sence, my price is gone up accordin', an' I reck'n hit'll take more'n thirty-five to buy him this evenin'."

Hiram was unfeignedly surprised.

"Why, I jest 'baout reck'nd the sale was made," he remonstrated. "Y' beant goin' back on your word, be yuh, Eb?"

"'Tent goin' back. Hit's only lookin' at the thing fair an' square like," Saunders replied in self defense. "You all knows that air mule's wuth more'n thirty-five dollars, Hi."

"Waal, I ent sayin' but what he is wuth more," Hiram admitted. "I got all o' my fortune 'long an' I'm game, so how'll forty even do?"

"Forty, an' what t' boot?" asked Saunders.

"T' boot?" Hiram exclaimed. "Not a dern cent, by Godfrey Simpson Daniels."

"Then, hi ganny, I reck'n Satan stays whar he is," Saunders declared with decision.

Hiram puffed away at his pipe in silence for a few moments, thinking deeply.

"I tell yuh what I'll do," he finally announced. "I'll give forty an' the old bay mare."

Saunders considered the proposition a while.

"Haow old be the mare?" he asked.

"Hard tellin," Hiram replied. "She's old nuff t' be stiddy. She ent no colt, but she ent got nuthin' onusual the matter with her."

"Waal, you all bring the mare over," said Saunders, "an' let me hev a look at her, an' then we'll talk tradin'."

"All right," Hiram acquisced. "I'll ride 'er over tomorrow mawnin'—I'd better be startin' fer hum naow, I reck'n. Waal, s'long. You'll like the mare. She's a doggon stiddy critter, she is."

"Stiddiness has its p'ints," Saunders remarked, as he ushered his friend to the door. "Reck'n Satan 'll be all right till mawnin' without hitchin'. Waal, s'long."

"S'long," Hiram responded, and started away down the road.

"S'long," Saunders called back a second time, and re-entered the house and set about preparing his simple evening meal.

The next morning, shortly after breakfast time, Hiram rode up to Saunders' cabin a-straddle the back of the aged mare. Most of the Douglas county horses were built on lines peculiar to that section of the country, and this particular mare was no exception to the rule. Hiram discovered his friend seated on the big boulder beside the road, just opposite the barnyard gate, and greeted him with a cheerful, "Howdy, Eb!"

Saunders was in a dejected mood and responded in a half-hearted manner to Hiram's salutation.

"Waal, has Satan bin behavin' like an angel?" the visitor facetiously inquired, as he swung himself off the mare's back.

The old man sighed deeply.

"That's haow he's bin behavin'," he responded, indicating with a jerk of his thumb a gap in the fence and some broken boards that lay scattered over the ground. The words and the gesture spoke volumes.

"Y' don't mean ——," Hiram began and paused, letting his gaze travel from Saunders to the remains of what had once been the barnyard gate, and then back to Saunders again.

Saunders nodded his head. "He's skunt aount again," was the only information he vouchsafed to give.

"Waal, I swan! Who'd a-thunk it!" Hiram exclaimed, and then slowly seated himself on the boulder beside his friend. His next move was the natural one, under the circumstances, and hardly unexpected. He produced a dark brown bottle from his hip pocket, extracted the cork with his teeth and passed the flask over to Saunders. They each took a long pull in turn, which apparently had the desired effect of relieving the tension of their feelings.

"What you all goin' t' do 'baout it?" Hiram asked.

"Ther' ent no use doin' nuthin'," Saunders replied. "We'll hev t' wait till the dern cuss makes up his mind t' come back."

"Mebbe you'd take less'n forty an' the mare naow?" Hiram ventured, after a moment's silence.

"Ef you all wants that air limb o' Satan arter this," the old man answered with decision, "you kin name yore own price, ef hit ent onreas'nble."

"How does twenty an' the mare strike you?"

"Make 'er twenty-five an' hit's a go."

"Hiram deliberated. "All right," he finally agreed, "she's a go, an' I'll clinch the bargin with a fiver." So saying he drew forth a greasy leather purse and counted out five silver dollars into Saunders' outstretched hand.

"I'll ride over to-morrer an' git the mule ef he's back then," Hiram answered as he rose to take his leave. "I kin manage him all right. Hit seems like he had it in fer you all."

"Hit suttenly do," Saunders assented in resigned tones.

Hiram departed, leaving Saunders seated on the boulder wrapt in the contemplation of the vacant barnyard.

The day passed without event and with no signs of the vagrant mule. When Hiram arrived on the scene the next morning he found Saunders in anything but a happy frame of mind. The two men discussed the situation anew, but without coming to any satisfactory conclusion. Hiram was about to take his leave when a small boy, mounted on a scraggy looking pony, drew rein in front of the house.

"Does Eb Saunders live yere?" he called out.

"That's me, son," Saunders answered, coming forward. "What's wanted?"

"Pap sez fer you all t' come an' git yore doggon ole mule," the boy replied. "He's bin tearin' 'raound awful, an' pap sez fer you t' bring a couple o' dollars 'long fer damages what the mule done afore pap got him shet up in the barn."

"What's yore dad's name, son?" Saunders inquired.

"Bill White," the boy informed him. "We live in Wright county. You all was at our haouse onct afore lookin' fer yore mule the time that man thar," pointing at Hiram, "an' another man sot on pap while you was a-huntin' fer the mule."

"All right," said Saunders, with resignation. "Tell yore dad I'll come arter the mule an' settle everything."

The boy wheeled his pony about and cantered away without further words. The men gazed at each other blankly. Here was a new complication to be dealt with.

"I reck'n," said Hiram, "I'd better go 'long, too, in case o' trouble with that man White. He mought git reckless."

"He suttenly mought," Saunders admitted. "I'd be right glad o' yore company, Hi," and they made ready for the journey.

During Satan's brief sojourn on the Wright county man's farm he had made life interesting for every living thing on the place, and Saunders considered himself lucky in escaping with only two dollars damages to pay. The two men never forgot the ride back from Wright county. The mule disputed each step of the way, and balked at every turn in the road. With each new development of his many sided character his value as a domestic animal decreased, and by the time he was safely housed in his own rightful quarters his owner, in despair, had agreed to part with him for fifteen dollars and the bay mare.

As it was late in the day when they returned, Hiram decided to spend the night with Saunders and take possession of the mule the next day. To avoid a repetition of such an experience as they had just passed through, they resorted to the method Saunders had formerly employed, and hitched the mule securely with a slip knot about his neck. They then administered the well-deserved chastisement and left him to meditate upon his sins.

It will never be known what bitter thoughts entered Satan's mind that night. It will never be known what feelings of rage and despair surged through his breast. He had tried and failed. He had resorted to strategy and had feigned meekness to gain his ends, but all to no avail. He had allowed himself to be ridden without a single protest by one of those great hulking man creatures, a stranger at that. He had humbled his pride and had behaved himself as any ordinary Douglas county plug might have done, and all for what? Why, merely for a brief moment's independence—the transitory joy of creating confusion and disorder in another man creature's barnyard, only to be driven into a prison at the points of a pitchfork. Those two-legged animals called men never did fight fair. Here was this rope about his neck. If he attempted to pull away and break it, it only choked him. That rope! Ugh! How it galled one's spirit as well as one's flesh! He would not submit any longer. Liberty or death! One or the other should be his portion. He would be free.

And then a tragedy occurred out there in the darkness behind the walls of the black mule's prison house. Whether, in his efforts to break loose, he accidentally threw himself, or whether, realizing that escape was impossible, he deliberately hanged himself, will always remain one of the secrets of the dead. They found him in the morning. He was free at last. The rope that was to have insured his safe keeping had proved the cause

of his undoing. The coroner's jury of two rendered a verdict of "Death from hangin' by a hitchin' rope. He done it on purpose."

They interred him in a remote corner of the woods, and Saunders' eyes were moist as they turned away from the newly made grave that marked the black mule's final resting place.

Hiram mounted his old bay mare in silence and rode thoughtfully homeward; Saunders shut himself up in his lonely cabin and composed an epitaph. He fastened together some pieces of board from the broken barnyard gate, and with infinite pains burned the letters and words of the epitaph thereon.

The next day the grave of "that mule o' Saunders'" was marked by a wooden headboard on which were written these lines:

HERE LiZE SATiN
THE MENEST AN BiGEST
MULE iN DUGLAS CONTY
HE HUNG HiSEF AN DUN
ME OWT UV 40$ AN A BAY
MARE.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Notes from the Trail.

On the morning of Oct. 1 we left the Valley of the Rio Aras at Santo Tomas, Chihuahua, and started boldly westward into the Sierra de Jesus Maria, bound for the Rio Mayo and Sinaloa. We left civilization behind us; for exactly three weeks we saw no track of wagon or cart or anything wider than a burro trail, and during those three weeks we traveled each day as much as our mules could stand.

The first day after leaving Santo Tomas was passed without seeing either Mexican or Indian, but about 10 o'clock of the second day we came to a beautiful little valley on the Rio Verdi. A few stone houses marked the site of the village of Carriaziachic, and from the caves on the mountain side curled smoke. The Verdi, which wandered leisurely among the cornfields, was fairly well sprinkled with pintals, gadwells and teal, and it took but a short time to shoot enough for several meals. Then we noticed, for the first time, that all the people whom we had seen working in the field when we entered the valley had mysteriously disappeared. All our hammering at the house doors brought no response. We were literally in a deserted village. Half a mile further on we surprised a family out of doors. Instantly the man sank out of sight, while the woman and boy hastily gathered together their goats and drove them up the mountain side into a cave back of their dwelling. We pursued, and when the woman found that we were not Mexicans, and were perfectly harmless, the animals were allowed to come out and graze, and the paterfamilias came from the cornfield where he had concealed himself. Except for his dilapidated hat he was absolutely devoid of clothing. He could talk a few words of Spanish, and a trifling present made him very communicative. The village Carriaziachic is the most northern town of the Tarahumaria, the descendants of the ancient cave dwellers. Some live in stone houses, but the majority stay with the ancestral habitations. They are afraid of strangers, especially of Mexicans, who are wont to swoop down upon them as the Turk is said to do upon the poor Armenian. Corn is their only agricultural product. For everything else they depend upon fishing and hunting. They claim the headwaters of the Yaqui, Mayo, Fuerte and Sinaloa rivers and their territory extends southward into the mountains of Durango. The old man reported the country as being great for deer, and in watching for one I became so interested in a natural history lesson that I forgot to take advantage of an excellent opportunity.

It came about in this way: On the top of a hill near by, surrounded by heavy timber, was a bare spot, an acre or two in extent. It was so marked by tracks and fresh signs, and we had seen so many white flags disappear unceremoniously in the underbrush, that I concluded that this was a good place to conceal myself for an hour and let the procession pass on. On the bare ground, about thirty yards from where I sat, was curled a large rattler enjoying a sun bath. There was a rustling in the bushes opposite, and a spring fawn came in sight. It did not see me, but it saw the snake; stopped a moment trembling, then sprang with all four feet upon the reptile, bounding safely to quite a distance beyond, where it turned and surveyed the damage that it had done. The snake writhed, that was all. Its back was broken, and it was too badly cut up to be capable of much harm. The fawn approached slowly, sniffed of its victim, and once more leaped upon it, this time bounding backward instead of forward. Five times it repeated the operation and then it stalked off with a self-satisfied air, while I entirely forgot that my business was to secure fresh meat.

During the remainder of that week we rambled among the mountain tops, amid pines and where the scenery was similar to that of the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado. At noon, Saturday, Oct. 6, we were 7,900 feet above sea level. Then we commenced to drop through a steep and narrow cañon. The pines disappeared, and the perpendicular walls, that towered to the very skies, were draped with adiantum, nothalaena and other delicate ferns, with giant creepers and with gorgeous festoons of red and yellow flowers. At 4 o'clock we reached the mining camp of Jesus Maria, elevation 5,600 feet, where an orange grove, figs and citron in the market place and a temperature resembling that of Tophet assured us that we were nearing the tierra caliente. The next day's climatic changes were yet more noticeable, for after climbing to an altitude of 7,200 feet, we made camp at night on one of the tributaries of the Mayo, only 1,700 feet above the sea level, and feasted on a fruit that I suppose to be a species of guava. Down the river we made our way for ten days, piloted by an Indian guide. Mexicans were as scarce as Americans, and Wara-wari huts thatched with palm leaves were the only habitations.

The scenery along the Rio Mayo, where it breaks through the main chain of the Sierra Madre, is grand beyond description. At times the walls rise perpendicularly from the raging torrent to a height of thousands of feet, and again, where the river widens into a peaceful stream, the hills recede more gradually from either bank and from water's edge to mountain top exhibit the characteristic flora of the tropics, warm temperature and temperate zones.

The Mayo abounds in fish, large catfish and a smaller fish, about a foot in length, that very much resembles the eastern dace. Owing to recent rains the waters were high and muddy, but grasshoppers were a fairly good bait, and a monster crawfish (eight to ten inches long) which our guide procured for us proved to be a line beyond compare.

At length we tired of the river. In fording our packs had been soaked enough times to satisfy us, and our tents were beginning to mildew; so, about thirty miles north of Alamos, Sonora, we left the Mayo and the mountains and commenced to journey through a rolling, bushy country—hot and dusty. It seemed like a chaparral waste. The change in flora and fauna was sudden and marked. Our diet now consists of rabbits and partridge (*Cullipepla elegans,* Less.). Evidently the latter have never been hunted, for they are too easy for right good sport.

One of the most interesting birds in this region is Audubon's caracara (*Polyborus cheriway,* Jacq.). Like the partridge it has no fear of man. It is usually found in pairs or in flocks and a pair will perch on a giant cactus and sit and survey us while we ride underneath, near enough to touch them with an ordinary fly-rod. The caracara is an adept at hunting. He always stalks his prey. I wondered for a long time why I saw so many pairs walking along the ground, peering into the dense underbrush, and why I always found partridges near them. The caracara locates a brood of young birds, and alights some distance from them, then steals closer and closer, and finally pounces upon the victim with a spring wherein the feet rather than the wings furnish the motive power.

Just at sundown, last evening, while crossing a low range of hills some twenty miles south of Fuerte, Sinaloa, a flight of parrots, entirely new to us, made a most deafening clatter. They proved to be the white fronted parrot (*Amazona albifrons,* Sparrem.). We found them at least three degrees north of Mazatlan, which is given in Ridgway as their northern limit. I ruined two skins this morning, and then concluded that if I should stop work long enough to write to FOREST AND STREAM, I might have better luck with my third. By the way the shadows are lengthening, it is time to recommence operations.

SHOSHONE.

HILLS OF SINALOA, Oct. 28,

Welsh Indians.

IT is a curious fact that among our grandfathers there was a general belief that in the far West was a tribe of Indians of Welsh descent who still used the Welsh language in greater or less purity. These Indians were believed to be descendants of the companions of Madoc, who is said to have discovered the coast of America and formed settlements here in the year 1170. This belief was founded upon the evidence of several individuals who had been among those savages and heard them use the Welsh language. Faith, in these days, demands a more vigorous demonstration of facts than in former times. Travelers' tales at second or third hand were then considered good enough for all purposes. There was no disputing anything that appeared in a book.

The most circumstantial account of the Welsh-speaking Indians that we have come across is in a little book, now very rare, "Journal of a Two Months' Tour," by the Rev. Charles Beatty, London, 1768. Mr. Beatty was a Presbyterian minister who had been sent out by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia in the year 1766 to examine into the religious state and needs of the people on the frontier. He says that when he was in the western part of Pennsylvania he met with one Benjamin Sutton, who had been taken captive by the Indians, and had lived many years among them in different parts of the country. He stated that when he was with the Choctaw Nation on the Mississippi he went to an Indian town a very considerable distance from New Orleans, where he fell in with a tribe of Indians who spoke the Welsh language. He said that he saw a book among them which he supposed was a Welsh Bible, of which they took the greatest care, though they were not able to read it. He said further that he had heard them speak Welsh to one Lewis, a Welshman, a captive there.

Another man, who had lived among the Indians from his youth, also informed Mr. Beatty that he had been among Indians on the west side of the Mississippi who spoke the Welsh language; while the Indian interpreter who accompanied the reverend gentleman on his mission also assured him that he had been among Indians who spoke Welsh, and in proof of it he gave some words which he said were Welsh. Mr. Beatty further remarks that there were other traditions current in his day of certain captives who had been among Welsh-speaking Indians, one a Welsh clergyman who had been captured while traveling "through the back parts of the country." This gentleman, while earnestly praying in his native language in view of a speedy death to which he had been condemned, was understood by the savages standing around him, who instantly reversed the sentence of death; "and thus this happy circumstance was the means of saving his life." They then showed him a book, which he found to be a Bible, but which they could not read. "He stayed among them some time, and endeavored to instruct them in the Christian religion. He at length proposed to go back to his own country and return to them with some other teachers, who would be able to instruct them in their own language, to which proposal they consenting, he accordingly set out from thence, and arrived in Britain with full intention to return to them with some of his countrymen, in order to teach these Indians Christianity. But I was acquainted that not long after his arrival he was taken sick and died, which put an end to his scheme."

But Mr. Beatty is not the only authority in point for the fact of Welsh-speaking natives in America. In a book, "Primitive Ages," by the Rev. Theophilus Evans, a Welsh minister, translated by Rev. George Roberts, and published in Ebensburg, Pa., in 1834, we find assurance of the same fact. He states that the Rev. Morgan Jones, of Tredegar, in Monmouthshire, while traveling through the wilderness of America, in the year 1660, was taken prisoner by the Indians. Possibly it is the same incident related by Mr. Beatty. He was discovered to be a Welshman in the same manner as related by the latter; whereupon the chief approached him and addressing him in the Welsh language assured him that his life should be spared. He was treated by the Indians with the greatest kindness. He remained among them four months, preaching the gospel to them in the Welsh tongue three times a week. Mr. Evans, who seems to have been thoroughly familiar with the ancient history and traditions of his native country, says that many of Madoc's companions remained in America and married women of the country; and that they had kept themselves apart from the other tribes and preserved their native tongue.

To all this the query arises, What degree of truth is in these traditions? It would seem to be quite improbable that statements made with such particularity by different individuals had no foundation in fact; at the same time the other question occurs, What became of these Welsh-speaking Indians, that they have not been discovered by modern travelers?

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Mrs. Mark Piper's Gardens.

THE Pipers are a large family, and they are a family that pride themselves greatly on their personality. Perhaps it is not so much the Pipers themseves as it is their wives, but particularly Mrs. Mark Piper. Two years ago she insisted on buying a strip of land on Grand River, where her husband goes to fish for muskalonge.

Mrs. David Piper demurred, and Mrs. John said that it was a crazy thing to do. Mrs. Mark named her place "The Gardens." "Gardens of what?" asked Mrs. John. "Come over and see," answered Mrs. Mark, pleasantly.

It was not until Mrs. Mark had owned the place two summers that Mrs. John and Mrs. David decided to drive over and call on the eccentric sister-in-law.

"I knew you always thought it a foolish thing for me to do," said Mrs. Mark, after she had made her guests welcome, "but I always thought that I wanted a garden. I was not quite sure about it. When Mr. Barber said I could have this land and the old school house with it for three hundred dollars, I just said I would take it. Really it was nothing when you think how much the boys spend when they go off on a fishing trip."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. John, "but you have no company here at all. Seems to me you must find it dismal."

"It is only during the children's vacation. I would not have the heart to be dismal anywhere with them, and here they are so occupied that I am never in a worry about them."

"What do they do?" asked Mrs. John.

Mrs. Mark laughed as she replied: "Well, Johnny is head gardener, Martha is housekeeper, and Bruce takes care of the live stock."

"And pray what do you do yourself?" queried Mrs. David.

"Keep the books, make the children take their work seriously and pay them seventy-five cents a week and their board."

"And you have the temerity to call this a vacation!" exclaimed Mrs. David.

"Come outside and see the gardens," was the gracious answer. "You see we have just as litttle inside the house as we can, so that we are not crowded at all, and it simplifies the work for Martha. Of course I wipe the dishes, and help her, but she thinks she has all the responsibility. It is her especial pride to have the meals on time, and we get very hungry working in the gardens all the morning." As they went out the door and off the wide porch that faced the east, they stepped upon a graveled path that wound among some flowering bushes and led to the river bank.

"John built that porch when he was over last summer fishing," continued Mrs. Mark, laughing.

"You surely don't mean my John!" exclaimed Mrs. John.

"To be sure. What other John?"

"He never thinks he can mend a door knob at home."

"Well, I didn't ask him. The first thing I knew there was a load of stuff here, and John was bossing Mark around like a head carpenter." I don't think, myself, that it is quite plumb," she said, as she looked dubiously at the floor; "higher on one end than at the other. John says if we will get stones together for a foundation he will lay it this fall, and that will straighten it."

It is useless to attempt to convey to the reader the charm of Mrs. Mark's gardens. Things had grown for her as the might have done for a trained gardener—flowers and vegetables.

"It is all very beautiful," exclaimed Mrs. David, "but seems to me it is lacking in system."

"Yes, I think it is, but it interests the children more than if the gardens were laid out regularly as Mr. Barber said I should do when I begged him to plow around the bushes and to make separate beds for things in level spots along the bank. Don't you see how pretty the lettuce is against that bank of moss? I like the flowers tucked away in unexpected places. I would have them in masses. You see the gardens are mostly along the river. It is pleasanter for the children. Up near the road is meadow, and Mr. Barber takes care of that. Really it costs us so little to live here, and there are so many things we do not buy that we would if we stayed in town, that Mark is beginning to count it all as a great economy, and he has about stopped laughing at me about it."

"It is pretty, any way," said Mrs. John, with real feeling, "and I do think it has been shabby in me not to have looked at the matter from your point of view. Really I did not know how."

"The children have a boat, and there is a small island just around the bend of the river. They play Robinson Crusoe, and they have a cave in the gardens where I understand a great many things are concealed, some gold and a few bags of diamonds. Then they fish. Johnny caught a ten-pound muscalonge last week. Last year he caught turtles and shipped a barrel of them to Pittsburg. They learn a great deal more than they would

under other conditions. They are learning to get along with each other, and I think that means a great deal to them."

When Mrs. John went home that afternoon she said to her husband, "Why did you not tell me about Harriet's gardens?"

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose I thought you knew." FLORENCE L. WRIGHT.

Hawaiian Wild Turkeys.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the accession of new territory our country has gained considerable hunting ground and an amount of very desirable game. The following is an extract from a letter written by my brother, who is living in Honolulu:

Well, I have killed my first wild turkey, and will have to tell you about it. One of my workmen by the name of Durant wished me to go hunting with him. We took a train at 3 P. M., and rode out into the country about thirty-five miles, landing at a native's house, where there were lots of women and children and no end of dogs.

A big sign on the house told us that hunting was forbidden, but Durant held the key to the owner's heart and we were welcomed. After sitting down to a big table loaded with boiled hog and poi, we watched the natives who finished their feast with a glorious drunk on a liquor made from honey.

We were given the only bed, but sleep was out of the question; the natives do not quarrel when drunk, but keep up an infernal din. About 3 A. M. we were called to breakfast (hog and poi again), and at 5 we got off with our guns and lunch, and started for the mountains. Five miles of up-hill work. We soon heard the turkeys gobbling on all sides, and hens cackling. My partner went off on his well-known hunting ground, and I went for the nearest gobbler, which took me up a cañon with almost perpendicular walls of rock on either side. On my way up I saw three wild hogs that would weigh as many hundred pounds each. They were black fellows, but I wasn't hunting dogs. I drew nearer to the gobbling, which seemed close at hand as I got to the end of the gulch. Presently I saw two big turkeys walking up a steep slope about a hundred yards away. Oh! for a rifle—and only a shotgun loaded with No. 6. The "bush" was awful thick, and full of thorns; just such stuff as the wild gooseberry of Washington. The ravine was not over thirty yards wide, and I began to think I was sure of a shot as the walls went up plumb for a thousand feet, and I thought they must surely come out by me. All I feared was being tangled up in thorns so I could not shoot. The bush was so thick that it was impossible to get along, so I climbed up about fifty or sixty feet and then carefully followed along a ledge inch by inch.

The turkeys kept gobbling all the time and climbing higher. Finally I got where I thought I had them sure within thirty yards. I knew there were at least three birds, and I sat down for a minute to catch my breath, as I had been climbing furiously. Everything was quiet. I got my gun all ready (a six-shot repeater) and stuck my heel into the ground and stood up, expecting to see turkeys flying in every direction. You can imagine my surprise and disappointment at seeing nothing; while I was rubbing my eyes and trying to collect my senses I suddenly heard a loud gobble right over my head. Perhaps I didn't look up quick, but I think I did, and you can picture my chagrin when I tell you that square over my head, on a pinnacle of rock, stood two big gobblers. They were eighty yards above me, and one was strutting and gobbling incessantly, while the other was peering down at me. I sat about ten minutes and watched them. Still higher, on the other side of the cañon, I saw three goats. One of them looked as big as a cow, standing right on top of the mountain like a statue. I could hear a kid bleating, but could not see it. With a good rifle I could have knocked the big buck over. Well, I was helpless—the turkeys were too smart for me, and they knew it. There they stood as if laughing at me. Knowing if I tried to climb higher (which seemed doubtful to accomplish) the turkeys would spread their wings and sail away. I suddenly turned my gun loose at them just as they were in full strut. The feathers flew, and some of them came drifting down by me; the birds disappeared and so did the goats. However, I saw the turkeys again on a "hog back," and they saw me about the same time and went sailing away for a mile.

On my way out I found a cave with a good trail leading into it, but, as it smelt of hogs strongly, and as I hadn't lost any wild boars, I did not investigate it very closely.

I had heard Durant shoot several times, and when I got out on the ridge I saw him on the opposite one, with a turkey over his shoulder, that was almost as big as himself (it weighed twenty pounds). I was feeling rather blue, but was glad he had one.

We ate our lunch and started again. Everywhere we could hear turkeys gobbling, and cocks crowing, hens cackling, just like a farmyard, but always just a little ahead. In our vicinity it was quietness. Farther on the brush was alive with fowl—always just ahead when we would get there after incredible toil over rocks and through "lantanna," a kind of prickly shrub, in flower, and full of fruit all the year round, which every wild thing lives upon.

With a good dog now we could have shot *Gallas bankiva,* var. *domesticus.* I saw one rooster fly out of a tree. He looked like a big black game dunghill fowl, nor could he fly any better, but when I got to where I saw him alight he was not to be found, though it was all open there; he might have run a half mile while I was going a hundred yards. You can imagine how I felt; turkeys everywhere just out of reach. I saw twenty-one all told, but try as we would they would get on to "hog's backs" three or four hundred feet up and wait until we were almost within gunshot, then while we were holding on to some cliff and trying to get a little nearer, they would sail away down the valley, one after the other. Finally, when I was almost discouraged, and it was time to start for the train, while I was crawling through a thicket on my hands and knees, I suddenly heard almost under my nose "Quit! quit! quit!" and saw a turkey making its way through the bushes as fast as its legs would carry it. It could not fly because there was no chance to spread its wings. Thunder! how I struggled to get my gun to point somewhere near it. The bird's instinct to go up helped me to keep it in sight, as it dodged this way and that through the brush. Finally I got the muzzle of my old gun pointed at its neck, and let her go. Mrs. Turkey never took another step or even a kick, though not shot in the body. I was not so excited but my aim was good, even if I had not fired a gun for two years. I grabbed my turkey and struggled out of the brush, and with enormous strides went down the valley to join my partner.

I felt completely satisfied; we had just time to catch the train, with our turkeys in a gunnysack, ourselves dirty, torn and bleeding from a thousand scratches, but happy as when we were boys and I used to shoot little dappers down by the big rock when you would drive them in for me. We got home all right. The turkey was fine.

The Island of Molokai is one of the greatest game spots on the globe, alive with deer, cattle, goats, hogs, dogs, turkeys, peafowl, mongolian pheasants, quail and dunghill fowl of all kinds, all escaped and gone wild, reverted back to nature. They are as wild now as originally. An acquaintance of mine was there two weeks and brought home twenty hides of deer (Japanese spotted); said he could have killed a hundred. There was a bounty on them awhile ago, and still is on hogs. I am going over there before I leave the Islands.

HONOLULU. PHILIP SAVARY.

It would seem from the above letter that our island possessions are natural game preserves, and the game is not likely to find its way to the "dumping grounds" of our large cities. I have no doubt that these conditions would obtain in Puerto Rico and Cuba and in our southern country, if it were not for natural enemies. Save the dog, and probably cats, the Hawaiian Islands are not infested with game destroying mammals. My brother does not mention any birds of prey in a list of the birds he has seen, and in such cover as he describes they would work but little harm. With care to exclude undesirable species, there is a great field for sport.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

Just One Afternoon.

SUNDAY afternoon, not long ago, after a hearty dinner, I took my FOREST AND STREAM and, seated in an easy chair with feet stretched out toward the fire, prepared to enjoy an hour with others, like myself, chained to business. My good wife was here, there and everywhere for a while and then settled down in a chair by my side, and was soon apparently engrossed with the Ladies' Home Journal, but I notice she does not seem to make much headway, and looking up I am greeted with "Jack, you are the slowest reader I ever knew. Do hurry up and turn over that leaf." My three-year-old boy Forbes is rolling on the floor with my black and tan hound Tuck, while Jack the beagle has taken up a comfortable position in a cozy spot behind the stove.

Several pages of FOREST AND STREAM are gone over, the descriptions of scenery are photographed on the mind, and the success or failure of the brotherhood with rod and gun is applauded or condoned, and perhaps their methods mentally criticised, and then I come to canoeing and yachting and trap scores, and then my eys begin to wander. Jack Frost, the crystal artist, has been at the window with his pallet and brush, and the lower two-thirds of the pane is covered with his artistic work. What a lover of nature Jack Frost must be, for all his pictures are painted from that illimitable source—the hand of man is entirely absent—and who can compete with him? Look at that clump of spruce trees and balsams in the corner, with the snow piled up on the lower branches. The wind has shaken it from those above only to increase the depth on the lower ones, below which is a fine shelter, a veritable Hiawatha's tent. Surely there must be a ruffed grouse beneath those sheltering boughs, but we won't disturb him. Now look at that tangle of cedar and Virginian creepers, and that small beech tree on which the leaves are still clinging, although bleached almost white by the sun, rain, wind and frost, and over there the trunks of some giant elms and maples, the top branches not showing, for the artist has not yet reached the top of the pane; but no matter where he leaves off the picture seems to have a finished look. See that knoll over there, where old Boreas has swept away the snow and uncovered a cluster of ferns and wintergreen. How green some of them look in spite of frost and snow. Surely I am not looking at a picture; for the scene is too real, and quite certain am I that I recognize the path in front of me—those two balsams standing like sentinels on either side of the gap in the fence. Why, here is the log where Harry and I sat and ate our lunch, on our way home from the trout stream further on, one day last year—no! no! it must have been years ago, for my boy was a baby then, and here he is with me to-day, a lad of ten years, but to-day feeling very important and quite a man, happy in the possession of a brand new gun, the first he has ever owned. Then too I feel the pleasant weight of my own little 16-gauge under my arm, the crisp but silent snow under foot, and the frosty, health-laden breeze in my face. Jack and Tuck, our faithful dogs and companions of many an outing, are with us too, and are nosing around in the little swamp to our right, and trying their best to start a hare or fox from his hiding place. A sharp yelp from Jack announces the starting of something, and a moment later a streak of gray comes through the trees on our right and is making for the hardwood ridge on our left, but a charge of No. 7 stops him; we generally know when Jack has flushed a grouse by him giving one or two short, sharp yelps.

But it is not a grouse Jack has started now, for he gives three or four sharp barks and then breaks out with a long, loud, musical wail, in which Tuck joins. Tuck is a baritone, but Jack could make his fortune on the stage as a tenor. His style, volume, range, technique, tone and quality are perfect, but his enunciation is poor; but then he might confine himself to French and Italian opera.

Away they go, and we catch a glimpse of the hare as it crosses a logging road about two hundred yards ahead of us.

We wait to see if he crosses that ridge about three hundred yards to the south of us. No, he did not cross, for the music of the dogs is drawing nearer again, and on this side of the swamp; he will cross somewhere near to where we are standing. "Stay where you are, Forbes, and I will go to where he crossesd before and try to stop him if you miss him."

Nearer and nearer come the dogs; and presently a bundle of gray and white, with long ears and long hind legs, hops into the road, half turns and comes toward me for a few jumps, and then—stays there, for a charge of lead from the boy's gun stops him. The dogs come up, gaily wagging their tails, sniff the game, and then look up in our faces as much as to say, "Well, you did pretty well, but say, didn't we hustle him around in great shape!" You certainly did, good dogs, but hie away again there! hie away!

The dogs work hard, but there seems to be nothing else in that part of the swamp, but as we near the ridge above mentioned we see in the snow what appears to be a row of tiny post holes, about ten or twelve inches apart, and one directly behind the other. We know what that means, and looking from whence they come we see where sly Reynard has been basking in the sunshine on a ledge of rocks, but has slunk off at our near approach. The dogs are called, one sniffs, and the air is again filled with music. The fox will have to hustle, for the dogs are hot on his trail and there will be no time for him to try any of his old tricks. Fainter and fainter grow the sounds of the chase, but we do not care, for we know that the fox, having taken a southerly direction, will not leave the swamp, but will most likely circle and then take the back track.

We separate, Forbes staying on the ridge, while I go back to the logging road where the hare came to grief. The swamp is fully two miles long, and the fox will most likely go to the end of it before circling, so it will be some time before we hear the dogs again. Patience is a virtue, but it is a virtue hard to exercise on an occasion like this, although there is plenty to occupy both eye and ear. The snow mantled forest, with its three predominating colors, the gray of tree trunk, and branches and dead leaves, the green of the evergreens and mosses, and the white of the snow, with all their varying shades, present a beautiful scene, lighted up as it is with the bright sunshine gleaming from a blue, cloudless sky. Four odd colors, blue, gray, green and white, and yet how beautifully they blend in nature's picture. Overhead in a birch tree a red squirrel chatters and skips around; he, too, is impatient and doubtless wishing that I would move on, so that he can resume his repast on the pine cones beneath the fir tree, from which I have just disturbed him. The shrill cry of the bluejay is heard in the distance, and is answered from a tamarack near by, but a slight movement on my part sends this bright-eyed blue and white bedecked winter resident scurrying away like a blue streak. A dozen or more tomtits are flitting from tree to tree, alighting heads up, tails up, on the upper or under side of a branch, no matter which, any old way suits them, and continually uttering their cheery chic-a-dee-dee, chic-a-dee-dee-dee. But hark!—surely that was Jack's voice I heard there. There it is again, softened by distance, but none the less clear as a bell. Tuck also can be heard now. Hurrah! they're coming back, and apparently right straight toward Forbes.

Before parting we had arranged that if he got a shot and killed the fox, either with the first or second barrel, he should wait about ten seconds and then fire another shot to let me know the game was over. Nearer and nearer came the dogs; surely the fox must soon cross the ridge, for he can't be far ahead of the dogs. I wonder how the boy will act, for this is his first fox run. Will he have buck fever, or rather fox fever, and let the fox go by without——Bang! Bang! Look out now, you had better be ready—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—Bang! Hurrah, he's got him; good boy, Forbes, let me get to him, I can't wait to go round by the cattle path, but rush straight through the bush. I am willing to bet that he's the biggest, best furred fox ever killed around here; how grand he'll look when mounted and placed in a glass case over the hall door. But how will my boy look when I see him? He will be standing there apparently grown two or three inches taller, the butt of his gun resting on the ground, the muzzle in the right hand, held at arm's length, the left hand rests on the hip, while the right foot is placed triumphantly on the neck of the fox. The two dogs will be standing near, with lolling tongues and heaving sides, but their eyes and tails show that they too share in their young master's success. His face may be a trifle pale, but a triumphant smile is playing all over it, although he tries hard to look unconcerned and as if killing a fox were an every day occurrence with him. Hark! I can hear him call, "Father come and see." All right, my boy, I'm coming as fast as my legs can carry me. How I wish I could fly! "Come and see, father." Well, really I can't come any faster, I think I'm doing pretty well now. Had I known the bush was so thick and the snow so deep I think I would have gone round, but more than half the distance has been covered now, and the rest is not so bad.

"Father, come and see." "Will be there in half a minute, sonny." Confound these logs, I never knew them so slippery before. And the brush heaps seem determined to keep me back. Whew! it's hot work, and I'm all of a tremble. The grouse that just whirred from under my feet actually made me jump, and I forgot I had my gun with me. I am afraid the boy is not taking his success as coolly as I thought he would; but I'm almost there. Just on the other side of this thick cluster of cedars and balsams is the spot where I know he is standing. "Father, come and see." Ah! that voice is not more than ten yards away now. "Here I am, my boy," and head first into the snow-laden trees I plunge, getting a regular icy shower bath. But what is that that falls on my shoulder? It must have been a small limb broken off by the weight of snow. No, it can't be, for it clings there, and is now shaking my arm, and now I hear another familiar voice saying, "Jack, do wake up—tea is waiting," and Forbes has been calling, "Father, come to tea" for the last ten minutes. I rub my eyes and then look for the picture on the window pane, but the lights

have been lit and the blinds drawn, and I have been dreaming.

During tea my wife said she wondered how I slept through such a noise, for our boy had been having a great time with the dogs, trying to catch them in an old landing net, and had them scampering round and barking at a great rate. Later in the evening, while I was discussing gunpowder with a friend, my wife remarked that "E C and Schultze seemed to have a good record." Considering the position of the ad. of those brands, that remark, to my mind, proved that she had gone further through FOREST AND STREAM than I had that afternoon.

JAY BEE.

CANADA.

Natural History.

Concerning Woodpeckers.

Read before the Ornithological meeting of the Entomological Society of Ontario

WHILE mentally reviewing in detail the attractions of this or that group of birds, I can scarcely single out one and allow it to claim special honor as a favorite family. Yet somehow I have always felt drawn toward the woodpeckers. This is strange, too, for while my own temperament is poetical, that of the *Picidæ* inclines, if anything, to the prosaic.

A great blue heron in his proper element—fishing, for instance, in the summer twilight at the foot of the shallows—typifies for me the utmost grace of form. A chickadee in a midwinter slashing has been to me as an associate more charming in manners than any Chesterfield of them all. A cerulean warbler tastefully arrayed in blue and white brings to my eyes, even on the hottest of days, a cooling, restful influence. A woodthrush in the high June forest, in pure tones chanting his morning anthem, refines and ennobles the lyric outburst which heralds the coming in of summer.

How stands it with the woodpeckers? Form angular, voice harsh, manners doubtful, colors sometimes brilliant, but often barbarously laid on! Still I like them. Gracefulness of form! Why, that would be out of place on a rail fence or the dead crown of a beech—things in themselves the very acme of angularity. Good manners! Sometimes it serves mankind right to be treated

FLICKER.

with suspicion or passed by with indifference. Harmonious blending of colors! Surely in looking at the infinite variety of hues in which nature dresses herself there will at times spring to the lips the cry, "Motley's the only wear!" Melodious tones! Ay, in June I grant you. But when against my face the angry north is spitting sleet; when over the snowdrifts comes the sharp bark of the lean and hungry fox; when the frost king, hurling his blue javelin, smites and splits with metallic clang the "gnarled and unwedgable oak," give me to hear the fierce, the ringing stroke of *Pileatus* pounding in the shrouded swamp, or the brave, if strident, calls of the redheads foraging among the beeches for their hard-earned daily bread. Yes, the woodpeckers fit in with nature even in her sternest mood—surely a sufficient passport to the naturalist's heart.

The *Picidæ* being almost necessarily forestine, we might expect the family to be well represented in Middlesex, more especially that we have such a variety of trees here which can naturally supply the needs of more species than would a larger area of uniform forest. We have, in fact, eight species in this county, exactly double the number found in Great Britain.

Ours are: *Dryobates villosus* (hairy), *D. pubescens* (downy), *Picoides arcticus* (Arctic three-toed), *Sphyrapicus varius* (sapsucker), *Ceophlœus pileatus* (pileated), *Melanerpes erythrocephalus* (red-headed), *M. carolinus* (red-bellied), and *Colaptes auratus* (flicker).

Two (the only others occurring in Ontario) may yet be found here, as very rare winter visitors from the North. These are: *Dryobates v. leucomelas* (northern hairy), and *Picoides americanus* (American three-toed).

I have been asked to write of the habits of these birds, and I find at the outset the subject much too large for the limits of a single paper, and indeed beyond my capacity in any number of papers. I could write better of the snakes of Iceland. Who could say, for instance, what a redheaded woodpecker would or would not do in certain given circumstances? A farmer once came to me to indignantly protest and complain of the havoc the redheads were wreaking on his barn. In vain I deprecated all responsibility. I was forthwith brought to the spot and shown where the birds had battered holes through the roof to get at (as he mournfully averred) his peas. As a matter of fact, the hungry fellows were treating his barn as they would an old stub, but it was in order to get at the farmer's pea beetles, which in myriads were swarming inside. Another day the redheads might be sampling sweet apples, for instance, or darting out for insects in true flycatcher style, thus giving us in good measure of the spice variety.

So let it be with this paper. I have a comprehensive text, and, like the Rev. Solomon Peter Hale, who, in opening up one of his celebrated lectures, gravely announced his intention to confine his remarks to the "Past, the Present and the Future," I shall run the less risk of getting away from my subject, and whatever else it contains, I shall be sure to supply sufficient variety.

Hardiness of constitution is a feature I admire in any

HAIRY WOODPECKER.

bird, and taken altogether, our woodpeckers are a hardy lot. The downy and hairy (*Dryobates*) keep a uniform hold on the country. Superior to mere changes in the weather, they are, if never numerous, never absent—good representatives of our rather small class of resident birds. The redhead and red-belly (*Melanerpes*) in some ways act much alike—the redhead being at most times the more numerous. Both are summer residents. When beechnuts are plentiful both remain in considerable numbers throughout the winter. The kind of winter has nothing to do with it, the supply of beechnuts alone deciding the question. The redhead stores many nuts in September in out-of-the-way places, an act of forethought I have not observed the other perform. Then again the red belly frequently comes to the orchard for frozen apples, which I have never seen a redhead doing—perhaps at that time he falls back on the larder he stocked early in the fall. Mr. Beal, of Washington, writing of the red-bellied woodpecker, says, "It is not known to breed north of the Carolinian fauna," and again, "Curiously enough, it sometimes migrates north of its breeding range to spend the winter." As bearing on this latter statement, I may say I have noticed *M. carolinus* in greater abundance during September than any other month in the year; and in view of the fact that it is really a Southern bird, I have for some time doubted that these numerous September individuals came from the north of us. Yet they have been recorded by Mr. Schoenan as quite common in Bruce county. If they breed there the species is not characteristic of the Carolinian fauna, for the Bruce peninsula is certainly Alleghanian, with a strong element of the Canadian fauna in its general features.

Sphyrapicus, tippling at his sap wells, is a curious though common sight. My friend Mr. Joseph Beck, who is not only a close observer of birds in general but is especially well qualified to speak of woodpeckers, assures me he has seen this bird in midwinter. It is, however, mainly migratory, commonest in spring and fall,

SAPSUCKER.

and a rather common summer resident. In its fondness for cambium it often removes considerable fresh bark. I have seen several fine Norway spruce ruined in this way. Yet it cannot live on sap alone, nor even on cambium. It feeds largely on insects, many of which (chiefly *Diptera*) are attracted to the oozing sap, and fall an easy prey.

Picoides articus, a rare visitant from the North, is, in regard to the structure of its feet, an aberrant form, apparently able, however, to get along with its three toes as well as any of its four-toed relatives. I have seen one taken some years ago in a cedar swamp near here. Mr. Saunders has more recently captured an example and seen others. Its winter wanderings are no doubt more prompted by the state of the food supply than they are by the severity of the Northern climate. From personal knowledge, I can add nothing on its habits.

The pileated has suffered more in consequence of the advent of civilization than any other member of the family. Originally a common resident, his great size and magnificent presence have brought him more difficulties than his marvelously acute sense of sight and hearing have been able to surmount. While in some of our larger swamps he still holds royal court, his throne is rudely shaken, his rule one of critical though "splendid isolation."

Even were he not hunted at all, it is doubtful if he could maintain himself in numbers in our sadly depleted forest. Highly specialized in the art of wood cutting—chiseling large and deep "mortise holes," for instance, in a live white ash in order to secure a colony of ants—he has proved unable to adapt himself, like the redhead, to the rapidly changing conditions of the country.

The flicker is pre-eminently an ant-eater, and I think it is less to avoid the rigor of our winters than to satisfy an insatiable craving for formic acid which prompts the sturdy yet amiable yellowshaft to betake himself to milder climes. My latest record for the species here is Dec. 22—a bleak and bare day. Indeed, the snow and the flickers are seldom seen together, for, although often perching high and feeding on many wild fruits, they are, after all, birds of the bare earth.

I transcribe the following from my "bird's calendar," bearing date April 6, 1889: "Snow 6 inches deep, with high drifts beside. All this snow fell since yesterday noon. This morning is calm and mild, with a strong sun shining, and no doubt the snow will rapidly pass away, yet surely none too soon for the poor birds. Saw flicker for first time, in maple at edge of orchard. Later saw another on ant hill eating medium-sized ants which have a brownish head and thorax and black abdomen.

RED-HEADED WOODFECKER.

Think of the storm last night and the hot sun to-day. When the ant hill is bare of snow the inmates sally out, the hungry flicker comes and the great question crops up: Which is to live? How eagerly the ants were working to clear away the accumulated debris! How prettily th flicker's plumage shone in the light of the western sun!"

On the approach of cold weather our resident woodpeckers make for themselves snug retreats, in which they not only spend the nights, but also the very stormy days. These "winter shelters" are worthy of critical study. They are made shallower than the nest, and are generally closer to the ground. The first half dozen or so which I discovered happened not only to face the south, but were also situated on the southern edge of the woods. Later, however, I have seen too many exceptions to this to allow me to generalize.

The downy, the hairy and the pileated are the only species I know of as making these solitary cells. Assuming that only one is made or used by an individual in a season, it must restrict his foraging ground to a rather limited area, and a hairy woodpecker, for example, may not be such a winter wanderer as somehow I have always considered him to be.

Most birds of the cloister lay white eggs; with the woodpeckers this rule is invariable. The hairy is the earliest nester, the red-bellied, perhaps, the latest. The redhead has the greatest vertical range, sometimes nesting as high as 75 feet and on the other hand, in a case I observed myself, as low as 15 inches from the ground. In choice of material to work in, *carolinus* selects the most decayed wood; *S. varius* the greenest and hardest.

Of the five nests of the pileated which I have seen in the county, two were in beech, two in elm, and one in white pine. The first one examined was in a beech tree which stood within 100 yards of a school house, New Swamp College. The nest was placed at a height of 45 feet, and on May 20 contained two fresh eggs. These measure in millimeters as follows: 36 x 24 and 35 x 25—the gems of my small oological collection. The second nest found was in an elm stub in thin woods—the hole close to the top and not more than 30 feet from the ground. When examined on May 27 it contained five newly hatched young. The other nests proved inaccessible. The prettiest woodpecker home I ever saw was found by Mr. Beck and myself while pottering around a pleasant woods near the River Thames. It belonged to

a downy, and besides displaying the well-known neatness of that artistic wood-worker, the whole interior was lined as white as snow with what we decided to be the mycelium of the dryrot fungus. Of course, we left undisturbed the demure little creature in her fairy hall, leaving her still to keep watch and ward over the crystal orbs containing the fruition of her fondest hopes.

I have spoken of the harsh quality of the picine voice. Even here there is saving grace. The hi, hi, of a first flicker is a pleading, an inspiring, call to the lagging spring. The soft koor-r of *M. carolinus* adds another charm to even the memories of sugar making. The minor tones of the April pileated are rare and sweet, the staccato notes of the great forest ranger changing in the spring, becoming lower, tenderer—softened and subdued by love.

But music has other mediums than the voice with which to express the emotions. This the woodpeckers well know, and so have learned the value of instrumental music. Given a hard, dry and splintered stub, a red-headed woodpecker—especially in the spring of the year—will by a series of rapid strokes produce a rolling call, suggesting the not unpleasant din of a snare drum. The music depends more on the resonant quality of the sounding board than on the expertness of the performer. Once in a while, by a lucky chance, an altogether unusual instrument is discovered. The thought of one of these recalls an incident of my school days.

Swamp College, long since removed, and now a granary on a neighboring farm, was at the time I write of a store house, where we boys intermittingly trudged to procure some scattered grains of wisdom, mixed, I fear, with an altogether undue amount of chaff. The building was constructed of logs, having the top of each gable end weather-boarded. Boys passing at safe hours could seldom deny themselves the luxury of throwing a stick or stone at the thin boards of the gable end. Not to satisfy a grudge against the building or teacher was this done, but merely to waken the echoes, asleep in the surrounding woods. On some such occasion as this a red-headed woodpecker, sitting disconsolate on a sodden stub, must have heard the long drawn out rattle, and hearing, received an inspiration. On a day in spring during school hours above the hum of the school room sounded a loud tattoo. The teacher, half-frightened, thought at the worst it was merely some new and temporary freak of the boys. But no; the boys, although delighted at the diversion, were as much mystified as the teacher. Then Miss W., stepping softly, went out, and on her return (gracious young lady that she was), allowed the pupils to tiptoe by twos and threes to the open door to see the mystery explained.

I remember thinking the woodpecker more frightened at his own stupendous success in making a noise than he was at the school watching him at such close quarters.

The whole upper and vacant chamber of a school house for a drum! Why, he simply beat the other woodpeckers all hollow. The teacher grew to like him, and yet, returning often, he became a nuisance. Volunteers readily came forward, offering to capture or kill him by snare or sling, or the hundred and one ways suggesting themselves to eager and active boys. Such schemes were vetoed in turn. We bore the additional racket, and when it finally ceased Swamp College even grew melancholy.

I once watched a hairy woodpecker drumming on a post to which a wire clothesline was attached. The vibrations, running along the line, made this the most pleasing performance I ever heard made by a woodpecker. I was told he returned (from a cedar swamp, evidently his home, and a quarter of a mile away) three or four times daily for more than a week, thus proving himself a good judge of stringed instruments.

The most interesting tattoo I know of remains to be told. A rather new frame house near Plover Mills some five years ago was occupied by its owner, a young bachelor—that is, occupied at meal times and some evenings—it was, in short, his domicile. One morning he was awakened by a rat, tat, tap, at the front door. On his opening the door to receive company, his visitor, after one good look, immediately took to the woods. The bachelor examines the door and the sequel rapidly develops. The demand for vengeance—the loaded shotgun—patient hiding—furtive peeps around corners—return of visitor—renewal of tattoo—unerring aim—loud report—and a male yellow-bellied sapsucker lies dead in the very heyday of his ambitious hopes.

A little later I was given a chance to examine the handiwork of my friends, the birds, and truly I had not a word to throw at a dog. A circle two or three inches in width around the door knob was battered and dinted to the depth of an inch or more. This loosened the screws which held the door plate, and no doubt the woodpecker at each rally raised considerable of a jingle. Yes, and he had drummed up a mate, too, and she, to show her appreciation of the musical abilities of the master, had made a nest in the adjoining casing of the door. This was the easier done, for by simply cutting through an inch of pine a cavity was reached that had for bottom the door sill, four feet below. It was clearly the intention of the birds to have nested there, but, as I have shown, love's young dream was suddenly ended, and an incipient race of door-rapping woodpeckers was thus prevented from disturbing the peace and quietness of our rural homes.

In conclusion, let me add that I shall be deeply gratified should anything written herein lead other observers to take increased interest in the many curious happenings, as yet unchronicled in the annals of the woodpecker world.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

The Geo. A. Boardman Natural History Collection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Henceforth the unique and valuable museum collection of the late George A. Boardman, who passed away so recently at his quiet home in Calais, Me., will be located and housed at Fredericton, N. B., in one of the best Government buildings, where it will occupy a conspicuous place and receive the care and attention which it deserves. The Hon. Wm. Todd, a member of the Provincial Government, who is a nephew of Mr. Boardman, has charge of the removal and installation of the collection. Indeed, he was about to ship it when Mr. Boardman was taken ill, but considerately postponed doing so, and consequently the ingathering of this eminent naturalist remained with him to the last, much to his heart's comfort and content, for the momentary parting with it at such a juncture would have been like speaking a final farewell to his dearest and most intimate companions and friends.

What a happy relief it must have been to his mind to have this collection so opportunely and desirably disposed of. Not less will his New Brunswick friends delight to do him honor. My own choice would have selected Fredericton next to Calais as his beneficiary. And Canadians are warm hearted, honest, faithful and unpretentious people, as I have always found them. Almost every week I receive epistolary testimony from some of them to this effect.

Perhaps it is better that Calais did not receive the gift. Years ago Mr. Boardman gave me his confidence, to a certain extent, as to the want of appreciation of his home people ("a prophet is not without honor except in his own country"), the municipality declining his repea ed overtures, first, on the plea that the city had no suitable building for the collection, and afterward declining to erect one. And it serves the corporation right to be left out, though the body of the town's people will sympathize with us all in the regret that the home site and the center of his life work could not have been selected and appropriated for this distinguished monument of his labors. It is a grand donation! It represents so much, not only of the local fauna of that interesting region, but so much persevering study, devotion and effort of pursuit.

I have not been able to obtain a classified memorandum of the G. A. Boardman collection, but I have been told by the proprietor that there were more than 3,000 birds and perhaps half that number of mammals and miscellaneous subjects, including many marine curiosities. The world of science cannot well spare such contributors as George A. Boardman and George N. Lawrence; both of them gone within a decade.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Goosing Episode.

WE were tied out on one of the southerly points of Thoroughfare Island. The weather was mild, and a gentle breeze blew from the northwest. From the duck shooter's point of view the only good thing about the day was that it was cloudy and overcast.

The duck shooting had been poor for a number of days and promised to continue so until there should be a change of weather, with a storm, high winds and lower temperature. Still, I had gone up to Thoroughfare on the chance of getting a few odd shots during the day—though nothing like a steady flight was expected.

In the big Sound to the westward, and in Peter's Quarter Bay to the east, thousands of geese were resting or feeding, and from time to time small flocks flew from one of these bodies of water to the other, but usually far too high for a gun to reach them. Nevertheless, besides my stand of wooden duck decoys I had taken two live goose decoys and had put them out with a half dozen wooden goose decoys, and from some small bunches of geese that had flown over a little lower than the others I had succeeded in killing two or three birds.

About the middle of the morning, a thin broken line was seen far off to the eastward, which as we watched it gradually developed into a bunch of six or eight geese, headed for us and not more than one or two gunshots high. As they approached, Charley honked in good style and they at once noticed his cry, replying and seeming a little to lower their flight. As they drew nearer, the live decoys saw them and commenced to call in good style, the old gander honking in trumpet tones, while the goose clucked constantly and enticingly. On came the wild birds, lowering their flight, stretching out their necks, and as they drew nearer seeming eagerly to scrutinize the decoys below. The wind had increased a little, and before the birds reached us they payed off to leeward and passed outside of the decoys, a long gunshot off.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," said Charley; "they are going to swing."

The decoys kept up their calling; Honk! Ah honk, from the gander; Nuka! Nuka! Nuka! from the goose, and vociferous responses came from the wild birds. Sure enough, after they had gotten well past the decoys they swung up into the wind at a slightly greater elevation, and then turned and came back again, now over the marsh, a little to the windward of the blind. Of course I did not dare turn my head to watch them, but with all my ears I listened to their melodious cries which drew nearer and nearer. Again Charley called to me, saying, "Let 'em go by. They'll swing over the decoys this time." Presently out of the corner of my left eye I discovered the head of the flock well down below the decoys, and saw them turn and come again with lowered flight, and crooking necks and legs almost beginning to drop toward the water. Truth to tell, I was so much interested in the way the birds acted that I hardly thought much about shooting at them, but felt a great desire to see how near they could be brought by the talk of the decoys, on which their attention was fixed. As they turned to come up again, headed straight over the decoys, a strong blast of the freshening wind caught them, and again they payed off to leeward and passed outside of the decoys.

At that moment I heard in the air behind me a startling rushing sound of some heavy falling body, and before I could turn my head there swept over the blind—within five feet of me—and splashed into the water immediately in front of the blind and between it and the decoys a tremendous old gander. He had separated himself from the flock, and had as it seemed dropped from heaven to investigate the live decoys, toward which with head erect he now swam swiftly. Of course, I could have blown his head off at any moment, but that would have been to end the spectacle, and for this I was not ready.

The flying geese had swung up to windward and again turned, and now were coming back again, low over the water. I should have been willing to spend the day watching this performance, without firing a shot; but the show was almost ended. The great gander on the water swam rapidly toward the decoys and apparently frightened them. They sprang from their stools with flapping wings, and the gander, thinking that they were rising in the air, himself took wing and flew away. My attention was concentrated on the approaching flock, which, warned by the gander's flight, turned before it again came within shot, and flew off.

So at these geese my gun was not discharged, but indeed I would rather have witnessed this sight and enjoyed the excitement which was a part of it than to have killed many geese. For when a goose is dead that is the end of him; but the memory of this flock—now approaching and again retreating, the sound of the fall of the great gander's body through the air and the splash with which he struck the water, and the sight of his graceful form and proud and alert head and neck almost within reach of my arm—this memory will remain with me for many years.

G.

Adirondack Guides' Association.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Jan. 23.—What was unquestionably the most representative and enthusiastic gathering of Adirondack woodsmen that ever took place was the eighth annual meeting and banquet of the Adirondack Guides' Association last evening. The large town hall was very nearly filled with guides, woodsmen and residents with their wives, and in addition a large number of city visitors, sportsmen and health seekers, who are wintering at the Adirondack metropolis. Upon the platform were a number of prominent northern New York lawyers, as well as ministers, editors, doctors, business men and guides.

E. E. Sumner, president of the Association, introduced Dr. Frank E. Kendall, the honorary president and one of the trustees of the new New York State Hospital for Tuberculosis, about to be erected in the Adirondacks, who came up from Albany yesterday to attend this meeting. Dr. Kendall made an interesting address, which was listened to attentively and loudly applauded. He said in part: "In early days, as we speak now, the Adirondacks were visited by a class of people who loved the woods, who came here on pleasure bent, solely to hunt and fish. One of the first arrangements to be made was to find an able-bodied man, who knew the waterways and was well acquainted with the trails through the forest. A man who could make out a bill of supplies, cook and wash, set up open camp and take care of one for two or three months, winter or summer; a man fearless, but discreet, with a steady hand and a stout heart, whose very presence gave one an unexplainable confidence that all would be well. Such a man was then and is now known as a guide. The sportsmen learned to admire and trust these men, because they lived with and depended upon them, and in many instances the same guides were employed by the same parties for years. At that time our shores were dotted with tents and bark cabins; hotels were hard to find. As the old tally ho over the long and rough plank road was succeeded by the passenger car, our visitors steadily increased. With the sportsmen came the invalid. Different accommodations were necessary. As a consequence the hotels increased in numbers, the old camp sites were forsaken, until now the most modern hotels are on every shore. With the increased facilities for entertainment, but few went into open camp, while many sought the hotels. To row from one hotel to another in the day time all that was needed was a boat. As a result, a man with a boat, even though he did not know north from south, and could not find a hotel if there was a fog, established himself at one of the hotels and announced himself as a guide. This apology for a guide soon became numerous, and to an extent was encouraged by a few hotel men. To protect the sportsmen and the public traveling by water from such a useless and dangerous impostor, the Guides' Association was formed and organized in 1891 and incorporated in 1897. As a result of the patience and perseverance of its members, backed up with support and encouragement of its associate members, the organization now numbers in total 238, and is in a good, healthy condition.

"Individually the men making up the organization are to be commended for their woodcraft and physical ability, and particularly noticeable is their high sense of honor. Ladies have no hesitancy about coming into our country and going into open camp for weeks and months. Men have often placed their families in the hands of the guides for safe keeping and returned to their place of business. Never in the history of the Adirondacks have their confidence and trust been betrayed—a wonderful thing, not known of any other class of men.

"I feel distinguished and proud to be one of your number. To me this one quality is to be boasted of and characterizes you as strong minded men. From the Association as a body a wholesome influence for good is manifest indirectly if not directly. Whenever a body of men band themselves together with a desire to do themselves good and to benefit others, the community at large soon sees the result of their work. Commercially you have materially benefited the tradesman and hotel keeper. Many of our campers and annual visitors first learned of

the charms of our country through the Association's exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show in New York. The Association has given up its time and money to make these exhibits until this year. The business men and hotel men in our town and adjoining ones, realizing and appreciating the direct benefit to them from these exhibits, this year have contributed the necessary funds to send down a first class exhibit. They have felt your touch and responded with a hearty hand-shake.

"You are now stepping over the threshold into a new year. Time has come for you to put on the harness, get to work and pull together. Petty jealousies must be trampled under your feet. Work to uphold and make prominent the two great fundamental principles underlying your Association. First, to secure to the public competent and trustworthy guides; second, to aid in the enforcement of the forest and game laws of the State. Upon this last clause particularly depends your continued success. You are now at your zenith. The position you have taken and the small amount of work you have done in aiding to protect the forests and game has been widely discussed."

Hon. Verplanck Colvin, of Albany, who had hoped to be present, and also Hon. Frederick D. Kilburn, State Superintendent of Banking, sent lengthy letters to the Association, which were read by Seaver A. Miller and received hearty applause. Mr. Colvin wrote: "Who shall be the custodians, who shall protect the woods, the waters and the game? In my opinion, the guides, hunters and woodsmen of the Adironracks should be game protectors and forest wardens. Let each guide, hunter or woodsman who desires to be a State game protector or forest warden get a petition signed by resident land owners and reputable citizens that he has been a guide or forester resident in that county for the past ten years; that he is familiar with the woods and waters, with the streams and trails, and has an especially good knowledge of the fish and game, and will protect them, and that he knows the lines separating State and private lands, can travel the woods without trails, and will fearlessly protect the forests. Let the Board of Supervisors of the counties be empowered to receive and consider petitions and authorized to make and file in the office of the county clerk of the county a list of names approved by them as competent and reliable guides and foresters, by a certificate attached to the papers of those whom they approve as especially competent for such work, such list to be certified annually by the president of the Board of Supervisors as the eligible list from which appointments of game and forest wardens can be made. From these lists the State authorities could then each year select such men as should be needed in the forest wardens, retaining those found faithful and discharging those found negligent. These men should be permitted to pursue their ordinary avocations as guides or woodsmen, which would give them better opportunity to watch and guard the forests than if their movements were those of hated spies lurking in the forests. Better one hundred guides and foresters earning their own living with a bonus of $100 each, equal to $10,000 per annum, than twenty spies at $500 each per year, equal to $10,000 per annum.

"As a precaution against accident, the green garb of the ancient backwoodsman might well be copied by guides, tourists and travelers. A bright green hunting suit harmonizes with the forest and is unlike the color of bear or deer, beast or bird. Cloth of light sky blue color has the color of river and lake, and is unlike that of any animal, but is that of the plumage of some birds. Black and reddish brown and gray are particularly dangerous, as a person thus clothed might be mistaken for deer or bear."

At the business meeting Dr. Frank E. Kendall was reelected Honorary President; Edwin E. Sumner, President; Warren J. Slater, Secretary, and Oatman A. Covill, Treasurer.

The meeting then adjourned until the third week in January, 1902, after passing a number of resolutions recommending to the Legislature changes in the fish and game laws.

SEAVER A. MILLER.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XXI.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Continued from page 67.*]

Harlequin Duck.

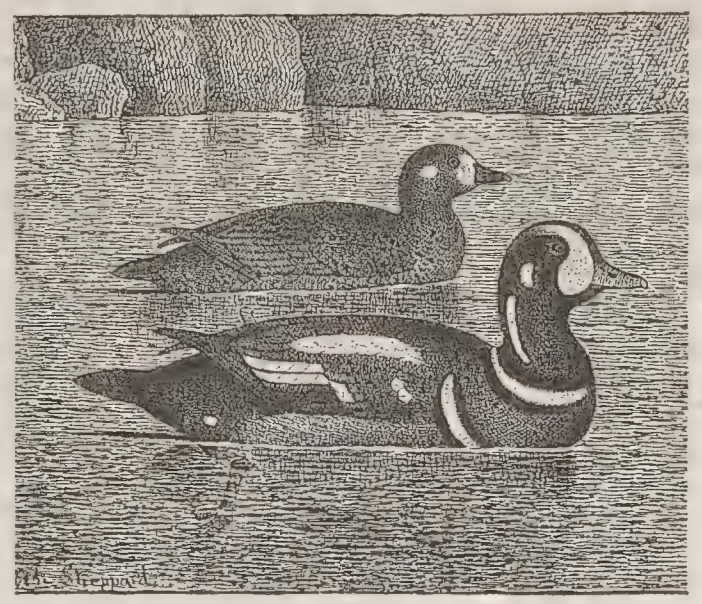
Histrionicus histrionicus (Linn.).

THE general color of the male harlequin is leaden-blue, marked with black, white and chestnut, as follows: Space between base of bill and eye, with a strip extending along the crown, a round spot near the ear, a narrow strip extending from below the ear a short distance down the upper neck, a narrow collar around the lower neck, a bar across the side of breast, in front of the bend of the wing, a part of the scapulars and tertiary feathers, tips of some of the greater wing-coverts, a spot on the lesser wing-coverts and a round spot on either side, just before the tail, white. The collar about the neck, the bar on the side of the breast, bordered with black. A strip from the forehead to the back of the neck, black, bordered with rufous. The rest of the head and neck is dark lead color, sometimes almost blackish, and with glossy reflections. The rump, upper and under tail-coverts are black; quills of the wing and tail, dusky; sides and flanks, bright tan, inclining to reddish. The bill and feet are bluish-gray; length about seventeen inches.

The adult female has the space between the eyes and bill and a spot behind the ear, white; the rest of the head and neck are dark brown, darkest on top; wings and tail blackish; the other parts reddish-brown, except the belly, which is white.

The harlequin duck is one of the most striking and beautiful of our ducks. It is one of our most northern species and not very much is known about it. On the Atlantic coast it is seldom found south of Maine. It is a bird of the Old World as well as the New, and, in fact, is found over the northern portions of both hemispheres. British ornithologists, however, have declared that it is only a straggler on that continent, except that it occurs regularly in Iceland and Eastern Asia. On the other hand, we know that it is commonly found during the summer in the northern Rocky Mountains, and I have seen the birds, evidently mated, in the Sierra Nevadas, in June. There, Mr. Ridgway tells me that it breeds as far south, at least, as Calaveras county, California.

All through the summer months in northwestern Montana harlequins may be seen spending their time, in small numbers, on lakes, often in the high mountains, where the milky waters from the glaciers form curious little mountain tarns at the edge of the timber line. Its nest has not been found in this country, and only twice in Europe: once by Mr. Shepherd, who states that he found it breeding in Iceland "in holes in the trees," while the Messrs. Pierson state that they found them also in Iceland in holes in the banks. It is altogether



HARLEQUIN DUCK.

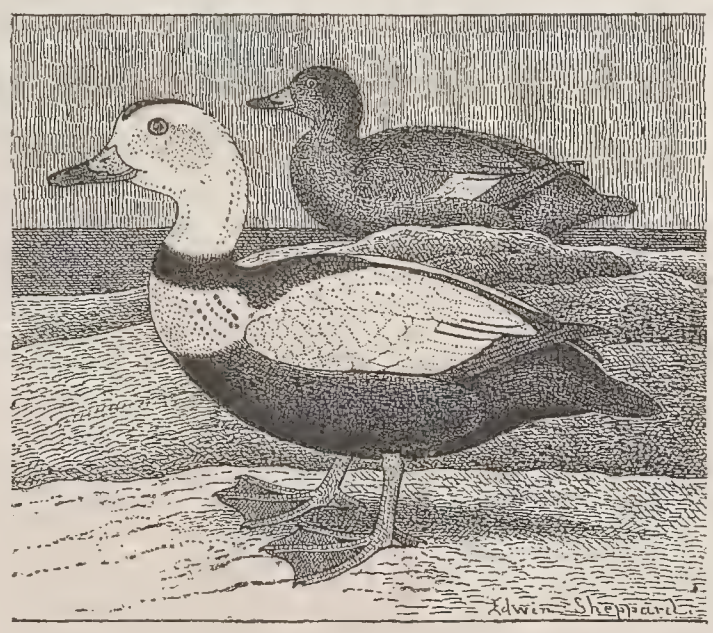
probable that in the northern Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains the harlequins breed in trees, while in Alaska they very likely breed in holes. In the summer of 1899 harlequins were seen abundantly on the salt water in Alaska, but all those taken were males. They were very common in Prince William Sound and at many points in the Bering Sea. An interesting account is given in the Zoologist for 1850 on the breeding in confinement of a pair of this species in Melbourne Gardens, Derbyshire. Eight eggs were laid, which were hatched about the middle of June, and several of the young ducks reached maturity. Some of the names given for this duck by Mr. Gurdon Trumbull are painted duck, mountain duck, rock duck, lord for the male and lady for the female, and squealer.

Labrador Duck.

Camptolaimus labradorius (Gmel.).

In the adult male the head, upper neck, upper breast and wing, except the long quill feathers, are white. A strip on the crown, running down over the back of the head, a collar about the neck, the back, rump, quills of wing and tail and entire under parts, black. The cheeks are sometimes tinged with yellowish. The long scapulars are pearly-gray and the tertiaries have black margins. The bill is black, with some orange at the base and along the edges; the feet are grayish-blue. The bill is somewhat expanded near the tip.

The female has the plumage of a general brownish-gray tint. The tertiaries are ashy-gray, edged with black,



LABRADOR DUCK.

and the secondaries, white, forming a distinct wing patch. The bird is about twenty inches in length.

The Labrador duck, or, as it is sometimes called, the pied duck, is one of our North American birds which has already become extinct, and this only within comparatively few years. It was a bird of the seacoast and was formerly not uncommon along the Atlantic, as far south as New Jersey, yet it seems never to have been very abundant. Giraud, who wrote in 1843, said of it: "This species is called by our gunners 'skunk duck,' so named from the similarity of its markings to that animal. With us it is rather rare, chiefly inhabiting the western side of the continent. In New Jersey it is called 'sand-shoal duck.' It subsists on small shell and other fish, which it procures by diving. Its flesh is not considered a delicacy. A few are seen in our market every season."

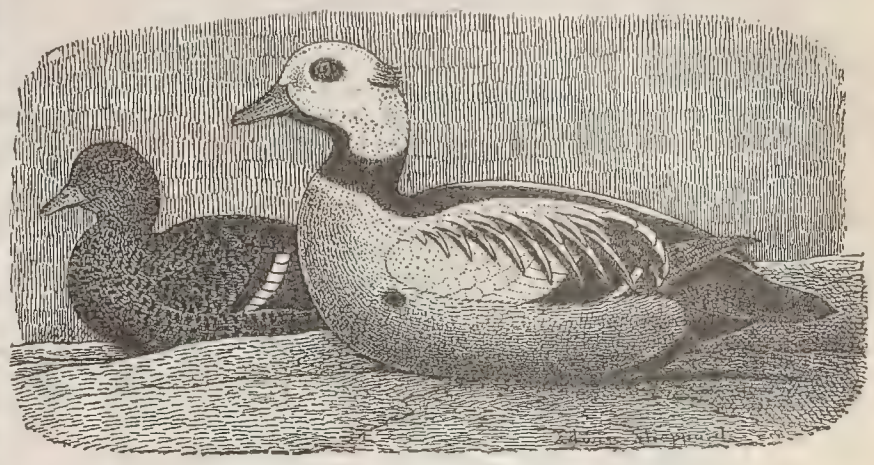
In the years 1871, '72 and '73 specimens were occasionally exposed for sale in the New York markets, but even at that time the bird had become so rare that ornithologists were on the watch for it, and as soon as a specimen was exposed for sale it was bought up.

The pied duck was a strong flyer and apparently well able to take care of itself, and its practical extinction took place before gunning was practiced on any very great scale. It was not especially sought for as a table bird, and no satisfactory reason has as yet been advanced for its disappearance. The number of specimens of the bird now existing is very small, probably not more than sixty in all, of which about two-thirds are in this country. A very beautiful group of Labrador ducks is to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, where five specimens have been handsomely mounted in their natural surroundings.

Steller's Duck.

Eniconetta stelleri (Pall.).

In the adult male, most of the head and upper portion of neck are satiny white; the space between base of bill and eye and the tuft running across the back of the head, dark olive-green. The space about the eye, chin and throat, and band about the lower neck, the middle of the back, the long shoulder feathers, tertiaries and



STELLER'S DUCK.

secondaries, glossy blue-black. The rump, upper tail-coverts and tail, somewhat duller black. The scapulars are streaked lengthwise with white, while the tertiaries have the inner webs of the feathers fully white, and the secondaries are tipped with white. The wing-coverts, some of the scapulars and the sides of the back are white. The quills of the wing are dull black, while the lower parts are rusty-reddish, darkest in the middle of the belly and fading on the sides and breast to buff. The dusky of the belly darkens toward the tail, until it becomes dull black. There is a spot of blue-black on the sides below the bend of the wing. The bill and feet are grayish-blue.

The adult female is generally reddish-brown, speckled with dusky or black. There are two narrow bars across the wing, formed by the tips of the greater coverts and of the secondaries. The speculum is brownish; under parts light brown, spotted with brownish-black; the back sooty-brown.

This very handsome duck is found in America only on the coasts of Alaska. It frequents the coast of Asia, however, and has been taken in Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Britain. It appears, however, to be only a straggler in western Europe. It is distinctly an Arctic bird and more numerous in Alaska that at any other place. The nest is built on the ground, among the grass, and is well concealed. It is said to breed on St. Lawrence Island.

The species is one that can interest only Alaskan sportsmen, but it is an exceedingly beautiful bird.

In the Indian Territory.

PRYOR CREEK, I. T.—This country, where I am now located, is certainly one of the greatest on earth, taken from almost any point of view. Its producing qualities are second to none. Everything grows and flourishes here, particularly grain of all kinds. The next few years will see a wonderful change; sooner or later this land will come on the market, and when it does it will be snapped up. Even now there are parties who are only waiting for the time to come.

What interests me is the game that is here. We have everything but the ruffed grouse—deer, wild turkey, quail, geese, ducks, woodcock and snipe by the thousands. All kinds of plover, and snakes, too.

In Cleveland, O., I am having mounted what is probably one of the largest diamond-back rattlesnakes ever captured or killed. It is over 7 feet long and it is about 10 inches around. It has fourteen rattles on it. I purchased it from an Indian, and I must confess I would much rather meet it as I did (with the Indian) than when it was roaming over the hills of the Cherokee Nation.

This is the country par excellence for dogs to develop in. Quail are here by the thousands, and a find of thirty of forty coveys is not an unusual one.

Our hunting is done from a buggy, and just now we find the birds in the sumach bushes. I have at last seen a dog do what I have often heard they would do but never before saw them do, viz., find a covey of quail and if the shooter did not get to him he would leave them and come to the shooter and by his actions let him know he had found the birds and take him back to them. I saw him do the trick twice one day, and he raised himself a good deal in my estimation. Now I am prepared to believe a well-bred setter can do most anything but talk.

R. B. MORGAN.

Protection of Gulls.

PORT RICHMOND, Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial item regarding the lack of protection to gulls prompted me to draft a bill intended to put them specifically in the class of birds protected through all seasons and to take them specifically out of the class unprotected during certain seasons as web-footed wild fowl. It is a coincidence that our Assemblyman, Hon. Calvin D. Van Name, spoke to me regarding these graceful and beautiful birds of our harbor, on the day of your last issue, and said he had it in mind to speak to me regarding the question of their protection. It is gratifying to have this unsolicited assurance of aid from such a quarter. I mailed the proposed act to-day, and unless some better substitute is found, it should become law.

EDWARD SIDNEY RAWSON.

Massachusetts Game.

From the Commission's Report.

Importance of Preserving Game.—The retention within the boundaries of this State of a supply of game to assure, beyond question, the continuance of species that cannot be replaced if once exterminated, and the maintenance of a sufficient abundance of various kinds to serve as an inducement to the public to seek healthful recreation in hunting, are objects which necessarily engage the attention of this Commission to a large degree, and are worthy the consideration of every public-spirited citizen. What the privilege of hunting means to many of our citizens whose business confines them to workshops, manufactories and counting rooms, cannot be expressed in words or figures. The desire to hunt is almost universal, and probably no other form of recreation is so healthful or so helpful to jaded nerves. Some have the time and means to visit other sections to enjoy the privilege of hunting, but a larger number cannot afford this, even though they may most need the relaxation from their ordinary duties which it brings. It is, therefore, manifestly to the advantage of the general public, and consequently beneficial to the Commonwealth, that every reasonable measure should be taken, either by propagation or necessary restriction, to promote an increase of game within our borders and thus to eliminate all fears regarding the probable extermination of certain of our most important game species. That this involves self-denial on the part of many, if not all, goes without saying; and that it places restraints upon those who have little consideration for the future or the needs of others, is equally apparent. There is, however, no other way to attain desired ends. This is so evident that it is believed the harmony of feeling and action that characterized the movement on the part of sportsmen in the early months of the year to secure satisfactory legislation will continue, and that the same spirit that then prevailed will govern future efforts.

Effect of New Law.—Although it is yet early to expect a marked change in conditions as a result of the enactment of recent laws for the protection of game, nevertheless reports from various sections of the State indicate that there has been material improvement in many localities, so far as the partridge, quail and woodcock are concerned. The quail is reported as more than usually abundant in all sections of the State where it ordinarily occurs; and those familiar with its haunts and habits predict a large increase of the species next year, if the climatic conditions are not too severe during the winter. The effect of the vigorous enforcement of the new law (Chapter 379, Acts of 1900) for the protection of partridge and woodcock, and the prohibition of their sale, is indicated in letters from deputies which report largely increased numbers in local covers.

Deer.—Deer are reported more or less common in nearly all sections of the State, and in some localities are reasonably abundant, as many as ten or a dozen having been seen in some places. There seems to be a general disposition to refrain from killing them; only a few complaints of such violation of law have been received, and two convictions were obtained. But deer are often seriously harassed by hounds, and doubtless fatal results may sometimes follow, of which no information that can be used in the courts is obtainable.

Pheasants.—Pheasants have been seen in greater or less numbers in and near those localities where they have been distributed, and there are many evidences that they are doing well under natural conditions.

Pinnated Grouse.—Deputy John E. Howland is of the opinion that the pinnated grouse, on Martha's Vineyard, is "soon destined to become extinct, unless something is done for it at once"; and he recommends that the fine for killing it "be fifty or even one hundred dollars."

Breeding Game Birds and Animals.

Winchester.—The work at the State experiment station at Winchester, for breeding birds and animals, has been successfully carried on during the past season, and much has also been done toward increasing facilities for the next season.

The Belgian Hare.—From experiments made at this station for two years with the Belgian hare (*Lepus cuniculus*), it seems desirable to stock the woods of the State with it as a game animal. In furtherance of this idea, Mr. Brackett donated to the State his entire stock of hares for breeding purposes.

Pheasants.—The breeding and rearing of Mongolian pheasants at Winchester has been carried on as usual, but on a somewhat larger scale than heretofore, while the plant for this work has been improved in various ways. A large number of eggs were obtained and placed in incubation, either under hens or in incubators. Under ordinary conditions the result should have proved most satisfactory. But, while a greater number of chicks were hatched and reared than in previous years, the complete success of the work was seriously if not disastrously handicapped by the active operation of a near-by stone quarry, the explosions of which had an effect on the eggs undergoing incubation similar to that resulting from heavy thunder, the latter being well known to poultry breeders.

The Ruffed Grouse.—Experiments were made during the past season in artificially rearing the partridge (*Bonasa umbellus*). A few eggs were obtained. Part of them were placed under a hen and the remainder in an incubator. Both lots hatched fairly well, producing strong, healthy chicks. There was every indication of success until they were about four weeks old. They had in the meantime been fed on maggots and green food (lettuce and young clover). The attempt to change their food by adding grain proved disastrous and caused their death. There is no danger in gradually changing the food of young pheasants to grain when they are three or four weeks old, and it was assumed that the same course could be pursued with the young partridge. The result in this case led to the conclusion that further efforts might be attended with better success.

The experiments with these birds, together with careful post-mortem dissection and examination, led to finding a food which may be more successfully used. Its discovery occurred too late to be of use with the young grouse, but it was fed to very young pheasants with excellent results. If its use does nothing more than to check the mortality so prevalent among pheasants during the first three weeks of their existence, and promotes their early growth, it may be considered an important outcome of the partridge-rearing experiment.

Cats.—The State aviary and rabbitry covers about one and one-half acres of land, inclosed by a wire fence 6 feet high; 2 feet on the lower part is of 1-inch mesh (set 8 inhes underground) and the upper part is 2-inch mesh. This successfully barred out all destructive vermin except cats, which found no difficulty in climbing the sides of the posts and getting into the inclosure. Consideration for the health and hardiness of the young pheasants and rabbits makes it necessary, during the first four months after birth, and as much longer as possible, that they should have the freedom of the yard. In endeavoring, however, to carry out this plan, the cats, whose depredations were committed at night, succeeded in destroying a large number of the yonug stock, to that extent rendering abortive the work of the State. During the past four years 137 cats were killed in and around the inclosure. Notwithstanding this slaughter, their numbers did not seem to materially decrease. It therefore became a question of either abandoning the work at this place or devising some means of protection. Accordingly, last April an insulated telegraph wire was stretched around the entire inclosure, about an inch above the wire fence. To this was attached a battery of twelve Excelsior cells, arranged in multiples of four, thus giving a strength sufficient to instantly kill gray squirrels attempting to cross the wire. During the five months it was run not a cat entered the yard.

The yard was wired for cats, but this did not suffice to keep out thieving bipeds, who in July cut the wire fence and stole some of our best breeding stock. Had such a thing been anticipated, it would have been easy to so wire the fence that the marauders would have paid a higher price for Belgian hares than is now asked for imported stock. In the vicinity of the water works a small motor and dynamo could be used to advantage. With a 40-foot pressure, a stream about the size used for a lawn sprinkler would be sufficient for from 75 to 100 volts, a current that neither cats nor thieves would care to encounter more than once.

Sutton.—The experiment of breeding and rearing the Mongolian pheasant on the State land, at the Sutton fish hatchery, was attempted this year on a scale sufficiently large to demonstrate the feasibility of successfully carrying on this work at that station. Mr. Arthur Merrill, the superintendent of the station, had succeeded in 1899 in hatching out a few pheasant eggs and raising a fair percentage of the chicks to maturity. Thus, in the spring of 1900 he had seven female and three male pheasants. From these he obtained about 200 eggs, which were incubated by bantam hens. More than a hundred chicks were hatched, and the loss in rearing was small, having in mind the well-known tendency of the pheasant to die during the first few weeks after birth. About eighty of the birds of this year's brood have attained an age when the chance of life presumably is at its maximum, and they may be deemed free in large part from dangers which beset this species in its younger stages.

Law Enforcement.—A most earnest and strenuous effort has been made by the Commision to enforce the fish and game laws with such resources as were available. These consisted, first, of unpaid deputies, persons whose interest in the protection of fish and game was sufficient to prompt them to devote more or less of their time to the enforcement of law, to giving warnings, etc., and in a large majority of cases without receiving a cent for their efforts, since the State pays them nothing if they secure no convictions. Second, special paid deputies were employed, whose terms of service varied in length according to circumstances, and whose rate of pay was regulated by the financial resources of the Commission and by other conditions that often enabled the procurement of service for a small remuneration from the State. There were eighty-four unpaid wardens and twenty-six paid wardens. More than 200 arrests were made during the period covered by this report, and the penalties imposed by the courts for violations of fish and game laws exceeded $2,100.

The importance of continuing the work thus begun will doubtless be apparent to all who have an interest in the protection of fish and game. If, however, it is to be prosecuted on a scale commensurate with the importance of the object sought, it is evident that suitable provision must be made by the Legislature. Whether an appropriation is made fully adequate to meet the requirements of the public demand, is a matter that must largely rest with the people. For, while the Commission is fully in accord with anything that may be required or may be done along this line, and will cheerfully accept any action that may enlarge the possibilities of enforcement of law, and while it has every reason to feel satisfied with what has been accomplished during recent months, the fact is recognized that the demand for expansion, if there is any, should come from the citizens who appreciate what it may mean to the Commonwealth to have fish and game laws well enforced in the future.

"High" Game.

The eating of "high" game is undoubtedly attended with risk, and the poisonous effects are probably due to the toxins produced in the earlier stages of the putrefactive process. The advantage, of course, of hanging game is that the flesh becomes tender and decidedly more digestible than when it is quite fresh. The ripening process, however, may mean the elaboration of the toxins. It has been stated that the production of the characteristic flavors of game is related directly to the amount of sulphurated hydrogen or sulphur-alcohol set free, but it is rather repulsive to think that the delicate flavor of game is dependent upon that invariable product of decomposition of rotten eggs—sulphureted hydrogen. The smell evolved during cooking of "high" game is even more disgusting. Fresh game sometimes sets up mysterious, poisonous symptoms, which have been attributed to the fact of the game having been over-hunted and fatigued. Fatigue products, indeed, have been separated from over-hunted game, which when injected into a healthy animal have produced marked poisonous effects. There is no doubt that fatigue products under certain circumstances are also elaborated in the human body, and give rise to a species of self-poisoning characteristic symptoms of which are headache, stupor and gastric and intestinal pains. The flesh of over-rotten cattle may prove poisonous from the same cause.

This curious formation of poisonous products in the flesh of animals through a state of terror or exhaustion is a question well worth considering in relation to the wholesomeness of animal foods, and emphasizes the importance of slaying animals intended for food in the most humane way.—London Lancet.

Talks to Boys.—X.

After you have begun regularly to go shooting, you will, of course, travel considerable distances, and will have more or less to do with the property of other people. You will, of course, consider the rights of these people, and will keep always in mind the fact that you must so conduct yourself as never to be in any respect a cause of annoyance or expense to them. You will travel over the lands of many people, climb their fences, pass near their houses and see their live stock. It is hardly necessary to warn you that you must never shoot toward a house, toward people working in the fields, nor toward live stock that may be on the ground over which you are shooting. You must watch your dog carefully and never permit him to chase chickens or ducks or sheep or cows. It is well, also, for you to refrain from shooting when fowls or domestic animals are near to you. If you should do this, and by an unlucky chance should frighten the animals, and the landowner should see them run, he might very well think you were one of the careless or rowdy class who have no respect for the rights of other people; and if he thinks this, he may perhaps fly into a passion and abuse you, or order you off his land. It may well be that at some time he has had an experience with roughs carrying shotguns, who have killed his chickens, or amused themselves by shooting at his cows, and if anything of this kind has ever happened to him you may feel sure that he entertains a strong prejudice against anyone whom he sees on his land, carrying a gun. If you should enter a field where people are working, it will be well for you to go up to them and ask if there is any objection to your shooting on the place. Usually you will find that such a course will make them friendly, and the pepole will talk to you in an interested fashion, and will meet you in the same spirit that you show. You should try always to cultivate friendly relations with the people over whose land you shoot, and you will find that if you do this you will have your reward in the kindly feeling of helpfulness which they will manifest toward you.

As you travel over the country, when you have occasion to go through a pair of bars to enter a field, do not let your hurry or your excitement cause you to neglect to put up the bars again just as you found them. It may be that there are cows or horses in the field, which might get out through your neglect and make great trouble for their owner and his neighbors. If, in crossing a fence, you knock off a short rail, or if an old rail breaks beneath your foot, you should stop and mend the fence as best you can, putting up the rails, and generally repairing the damage as well as possible, so as to leave things as they were. In the same way, if in crossing one of the tottering stone walls, so common in New England and the Middle States, you knock down a number of the stones so as to leave a gap in the wall, you should take time and pains to lay the stones up again, so as to leave the wall as nearly as possible just as it was when you disturbed it.

If, after such a mischance, you should happen to meet the owner of the land, by all means tell what you have done and explain that you endeavored to repair the damage, and that you left things nearly as they were. You will find that, usually, he will say that it made no difference, that the fence was pretty rickety anyhow, or that the old wall needed repair long ago. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will appreciate your frankness, and will feel pleasantly toward you, while, if they discovered for themselves the mischief done, they would recall the fact that you had not spoken of it, and would blame you all the more for your silence. A frank apologetic course is the one you ought to pursue; it is due the landowner and is the least reparation that you can decently make for any injury that you may have done. But besides this, such a course tends to make you well thought of by the owner of the land you are traversing; he will like you for your honesty and your courage, and still more for the fact that you respect him and his rights. The result of such a course of action will be that these men will be glad to have you shoot over their land, will take an interest in what you are doing, will welcome you to their houses if you have occasion to stop there, and will often tell you where certain broods of birds are to be found, giving you information which may greatly help you.

Years ago I used to shoot with an old friend, long dead, of whom it was said that even the most cantankerous farmers in the district permitted him to shoot over their land. He was a charming man, but I never knew why he was so favored until on one occasion when he and I were shooting together we were approached by an indignant person who ran toward us, shouting violent threats and orders for us to get off his land. So soon as he had come near enough to recognize my companion his manner entirely changed, and he came up to him, shook hands and explained that he had thought it was some one else; adding, "For you know you are the only man that gets to shoot on this farm." Later, my friend explained to me the principle on which he went in dealing with men who were unwilling to permit shooting on their land. He told me, substantially, what I have told you in the preceding paragraphs, explaining that he was careful always when it was practicable to ask permission to shoot, and careful also to repair so far as possible any damage that he might do on the land, and if he could not himself repair it satisfactorily, to go out of his way to explain the matter to the landowner, and even to offer to pay for the harm that he had done. He had thus made firm friends of a number of men commonly reputed to be extremely cross-grained and disagreeable, and who allowed no one except him and his companions to shoot on their land. In other words, he had access to a number of farms which were strictly preserved for his benefit, and one result of this was that he and I, when we went together, almost always made a fair bag of birds, and sometimes an unusually good one.

I recall one old farmer of that section who had the reputation of being particularly disagreeable and penurious, but who always insisted on our stopping over night at his house, and would never take a cent of pay for our board and lodging and the keep of the horses. In the morning this man would always take almost an hour from

his work and go out with us, either down into the alder run below the house, or up on the rocky hillside above it, or else up the road to a rye stubble near the swamp, in order to point out the places where he had recently started woodcock or ruffed grouse or a bevy of quail. I had never seen a man more interested or enthusiastic about the working of the dogs, nor more delighted to see a good shot made than this hard-handed old farmer who apparently did not know the stock of a gun from its muzzle, and who certainly felt no interest in sport or shooting; and this change in his ordinary way of thinking and mode of life had been brought about by nothing else than the kindly and sympathetic manners and mode of thought of my dear old shooting partner.

In all that I have said to you about this subject, you will see that there is nothing very original; I am only asking you to apply to your shooting excursion the same rules that you have been taught to apply to the other affairs of life. It is true that when a man or a boy puts on his shooting clothes and takes his gun and goes off into the fields or woods for a day or a week's shooting he feels that he is for the time far more free and independent than he ever feels when he is at home living his usual life. But this freedom and independence, while very delightful, does not justify him in forgetting the things which are due to himself and to the pepople whom he may meet on his outing, and as I have more than once said already the man must carry into the field the same manners that he practices in ordinary every day life. The man whose breeding and whose bringing up are good will always remember to respect himself, and self-respect always carries with it a respect for the rights of others. Remembering this, your outings are likely to be marked by few disagreeable occurrences.

W. G. DE GROOT.

The Megantic Dinner.

BOSTON, Jan. 28.—The fourteenth annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation was held at Hotel Brunswick, Saturday evening. The full membership of the Association, 150 members, was well represented, with a number of distinguished invited guests.

Among those present were President A. W. Gleason, New York; Vice-Presidents C. A. Barney, W. G. Kendall; Secretary and Treasurer L. Dana Chapman; invited guests, Lieut.-Gov. Bates; Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, New York; Speaker Myers, Massachusetts House of Representatives; J. W. Collins, Chairman of the Massachustts Fish and Game Commission; J. Russell Reed, President Massachusetts Fish and Game Association; O. Upham, President Canadian Club; Fr. Cloquette, Curate of the Megantic Parish Church; Dana J. Flanders, Jacob Fottler, Myron W. Whitney, Alexander Pope, Dr. Heber Bishop and Dr. George McAleer. Henry O. Stanley, Fish Commissioner of Maine, was in town and expected to attend, but was prevented by an attack of the grip.

The decorations of the banquet hall were beautiful, and most appropriate, consisting of fly rods, canoes, paddles and all manner of fishing and hunting paraphernalia, as well as mounted birds and animals and other trophies of the hunt. Some of the scenes and incidents of the evening were laughable, and some even dramatic, from the releasing of a counterfeited live skunk from a pie and on to and under the tables, to the toast "To the memory of the good and dead Queen," proposed, and then drunk in silence; all the gathering standing. President Gleason presented the condition of the Association as a most prosperous one, with a full membership and $1,500 in the treasury. He might also have added that the Association is one of the most influential in the country, not only on account of the prominent membership it embraces, but for the firm stand it takes concerning everything for the best interests of fish and game protection and propagation.

Lieut.-Governor Bates was most happy in his speech. He declared that all the world is now engaged in hunting —Vice-President-elect Roosevelt hunting lions in the Rockies; Mrs. Nation hunting ardent spirits in Kansas; a committee hunting vice in New York, the whole detective force of the country hunting after a mysterious fowl know as Pat Crowe. Lieut.-Governor Timothy Woodruff, of New York, received a most hearty ovation.

Among those present were: Christian P. Andersen, Edmund E. Hills, Channing H. Fairbanks, S. F. Barney, George J. Raymond, H. W. Robinson, Arthur W. Robinson, John B. Seward, Myron W. Whitney, Henry H. Kimball, Fred R. Comee, Francis A. Nichols, G. H. Gray, Edwin Howland, F. F. Preble, J. W. Rockwell, Oliver Whyte, Fred C. Henderson, Francis R. Henderson, Frank E. Johnson, I. G. Marston, W. P. Stevens, Morton G. Baldwin, C. L. Howes, H. L. Rice, A. F. Scheubelbergh, F. B. Rice, Charles A. Price, Frank N. Gagnon, Charles E. Dresser, F. H. Johnson, J. Burns, S. M. Johnson, George P. Johnson, C. R. Drew, Paul M. Richards, Sumner Y. Pierce, Edward P. Elliott, D. C. Pierce, William F. Pinkham, George H. Payne, Lester M. Bartlett, Jewell Boyd, W. B. Phillips, H. W. Sanborn, Guy C. Emerson, E. R. Kidder, C. H. Traiser, George M. Kirkner, New York; Joseph W. Collins, Gilbert Hodges, Medford; Dana J. Flanders, Malden; Howard Marston, W. S. Leavitt, Forrest S. Smitth, O. F. Conley, Parry C. Wiggin, William R. Albertson, John N. Akarman, J. T. Benson, W. E. Hapgood, Dr. George McAleer, William T. Farley, Dwight M. Clapp, Charles F. Randall, Henry I. Harriman, Dr. Charles W. McCormack, William A. Macleod, Arthur Black, Dr. Albert H. Tuttle, Dr. Willis M. Townsend, Ivers W. Adams, W. A. Love, W. E. Johnson, Dr. H. H. Hartung, A. L. Comstock, Alexander Pope, E. Haring Dickinson, O. C. Bailey, Dr. F. N. Morse, Dr. G. C. Smith, Henry W. Clark, M. H. Warren, C. H. Goldthwaite, J. H. MacAlman, E. W. Burt, Burt Jones, Norman P. Hesseltine, Gerald Sircom, Capt. F. W. Webb, Dr. E. D. Robbins, Frederick Edwards, Frank Fallon, James Yalden, New York; Dr. Robert H. Upham, President of Canadian Club; A. R. Brown, E. S. Tobey, John E. Crowley, William R. Buckminster, Harry L. Chatman, J. F. LeB. Drumm, N. S. Hunting, W. R. Bateman, Dr. J. A. Gordon, Dr. B. V. Howe, H. L. Klein, James R. Reed, Dr. Heber Bishop, the Rev. J. E. Cloquette, President A. W. Gleason, Lieut.-Gov. Bates, Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, of New York; Dr. W. G. Kendall, J. J. Myers, Speaker House of Representatives; Clarence A. Barney, First Vice-President; John Fottler, Jr., Richard E. Traiser, B. R. Houghton. SPECIAL.

New York Fish and Game.

From the Report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

Recommendations.

That the Constitution be so amended as to provide for the practice of conservative forestry on State lands (a vast estate of 1,384,128 acres, of a value variously estimated at from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, of which this Commission has sole care and control, and which it must protect from damage by trespass, fire and poaching), and the sale of dead, dying or mature timber under proper safeguards.

That the excellent work done by the United States Government in connection with our foresters, as shown by the report of the United States Forestry Department, herewith submitted, be continued and an appropriation of $3,500, as requested, be made for that purpose.

That a force of rangers be appointed for the prevention of forest fires, timber stealing and poaching on State land.

That all town fire wardens be allowed a moiety of the fine in criminal actions, after payment of expenses, in cases where they can secure evidence that will lead to conviction for setting forest fires.

That the Board be allowed to set aside certain limited portions of the State lands as game refuges, and absolutely to prohibit the killing of wild animals therein.

That the anti-hounding law be permanently extended, and that no dogs of a breed which will pursue deer be allowed in the woods at any time.

That the killing of does be prohibited at all times.

That spring duck shooting be forbidden.

That there should be no discrimination by this State, in the matter of hunting and fishing, against any citizen of the United States except in cases of citizens of States which discriminate against the State of New York.

That the Commission have power, after stocking or restocking streams, to close them to public fishing for a term not to exceed two years.

Above all, we would especially call your attention to the difficulty of enforcing the law in regard to the pollution of streams. This is a matter of vital importance and not to be dismissed as affecting only the lives of some fishes, the pleasure of some anglers or the dividends of some pulp mills. We are a water drinking people, and we are allowing every brook to be defiled. Nature provides that they should be kept pure by animals which feed on the dead matters which fall into them, but the chemicals with which they are polluted can destroy all forms of life, so that every beast which dies in the mountains will soon roll down into our reservoirs, pickled in acids which no fish or bacteria can touch and live. It is not necessary to destroy or hamper any industry in order to prevent the pollution of water courses. What is really needed is to check the criminal selfishness of those who would rather poison their fellow citizens with their offal than to spend a few dollars to take care of it.

Adirondack Deer.

Although the protection of game is not strictly within the province of my department, I would say that for several years I have made the Adirondack deer a subject of observation and study. I have omitted no opportunity to gather reliable statistics bearing on the matter, and so I take pleasure in submitting here some facts and figures for the information of your Board. Through an arrangement made with the American and National Express companies, I am enabled to state the exact number of deer shipped out of the Adirondack region during the open season of 1900. These shipments represent only a small proportion of the deer killed during that period. What that proportion is it would be difficult to say with any degree of accuracy, owing to the large number killed by residents and men in the logging camps. The sportsmen also consume some venison while in camp; and many of the hunters who live near the edge of the forest bring out their deer in wagons, some of them carting their game many miles. If I were to venture an estimate, I would say that for each deer reported in the express companies' returns at least four others were killed. The record of shipments as taken from the way-bills of the express companies shows 1,020 carcasses, 89 saddles and 95 heads.

It may be that in some of these shipments a saddle and head belonged to the same animal, and that the total number should be decreased accordingly. As most of the saddles were from does—the hunters seldom shipping out a doe's carcass—and all the heads were from bucks, the possible duplication referred to did not occur probably to any great extent. But if all the saddles are deducted it follows that at least 1,109 deer were killed and shipped.

The number killed which were not shipped out by rail involves estimates or guesswork which had better be left for each one to determine in accordance with his own experience or observation in these matters. For the information of those who may wish to make such estimates I would say that in 1895 I arranged with a competent person in each locality to ascertain the number of deer killed that season in his immediate vicinity, specifying the district by definite boundaries to avoid any duplication in the returns. I received in reply reports from 247 correspondents, covering the entire northern forest, showing that 4,903 were killed during the open season. While these figures may not have included all, they showed conclusively that at least this many were killed, not including the ones illegally shot before the season opened.

The statement that 5,000 deer are killed each year in the Adirondack forests may occasion some surprise among sportsmen who have not looked closely into this matter. But in Maine last year 4,529 carcasses of deer—not including heads and saddles—were shipped out of the woods over the lines of the Bangor & Aroostook and Maine Central railroads; and it is estimated by competent authorities that over 18,000 deer are killed annually in the Maine forests.

The question arises here naturally as to how many deer there are in the Adirondack woods. This cannot be answered definitely, or even approximately. But if there are 5,000 killead each season, it would indicate that there must be at least 30,000 in order to furnish this annual supply. As there are about 6,000 square miles of forest in that entire region, with its outlying woodlands, this estimate would require only five deer to the square mile, on an average, to make it good. True, there are some localities in the Adirondacks in which there is not one deer to the square mile; but, on the other hand, there are some in which there are many more than five to that area. Given this unit of measure, each one is free to make his own estimate as to the number of deer in our northern forests.

Right here the question may arise whether, owing to the use of hounds and jacklights, more deer were killed under the old law than under the present one. This can be answered definitely so far as the shipments of the express companies are an indication. The number of deer brought out of the woods by rail in 1896—the last year in which hounds were allowed—as compared with the shipments this last season, give the following result:

	Carcasses.	Saddles.	Heads.	Total.
1896	849	139	100	1,088
1900	1,020	89	95	1,204

This indicates that more deer are now killed by still-hunting than when hounding and jacking were permitted.

A large part of the venison slaughtered this season, as shown by the date of the shipment, was obtained on the tracking snow which fell during the last week of the season. Prior to that the still-hunting was difficult work, owing to the dense foliage which was late in falling this year, and the dryness and rustling of the leaves underfoot.

Prior to this season no albinos or white deer have been killed in the Adirondacks for a great many years. Occasionally, at long intervals, one has been reported as seen, and as this happened each time during the close season, it was allowed to go unharmed. But this year the hunters succeeded in killing two of this rare variety.

One of them, included in the shipment from Port Henry, was shot near North Hudson by Mr. John Greenough. This animal, a two-year-old buck, is described by those who saw it as being perfectly white, with pink ears. Another noticeable peculiarity was its very short legs.

The other one was shot near the Boreas Ponds by Mr. Clark Cox, a gamekeeper on Mr. George R. Finch's preserve. It was a young buck with pink ears and a spotless coat of white.

The weights of the various carcasses as given in the shipping bills indicate that our Adirondack deer are larger and heavier than the same species in Michigan and the Northwest, judging from the description of the latter as given by Judge Caton, a well-known authority on this subject.* It would appear, also, from other sources of information, that our deer will compare favorably in weight and size with those in Maine and Canada. I noted thirty-two shipments in which the dressed weights ranged from 200 to 235 pounds. Under the rule for determining the live weight by adding one-fourth to the dressed weight, these deer when shot weighed from 250 to 294 pounds, without making allowance for what may have been lost by drying out while they were hanging "on the pole" in camp. The rule referred to will always enable one to determine the live weight closely. It is based on records kept for several years at Lewey Lake and at Meacham Lake. At each of these places there were scales at the boat landing where all the deer were brought in, which enabled the hunters to weigh the carcasses before and after dressing. I have seen the rule tested quite often, and always with a satisfactory result, the variations being very slight.

*The Antelope and Deer of America. By John Dean Caton, LL.D. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Second edition. 1881.

That is a gratifying note from Mr. Edward Sidney Rawson, of Staten Island, saying that prompt steps will be taken to secure protection for sea gulls. The residents of Staten Island should support the effort most heartily, for the gull shooter is there largely in evidence.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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In California a man borrowed a squirrel dog of a friend and went gunning. The dog led him in various directions until he was tired out and sat down to rest. He launched many anathemas at the animal as a brute that knew nothing about the business for which he was recommended. The dog, however, frisked about all the same. Presently he began digging in the ground in a very enthusiastic manner. The disgusted hunter paid very little attention to this new dodge until he saw the dog poking some dark object about with his nose. Going to the spot the hunter found that the dog had unearthed an old leather purse. This looked like game at last. Taking the purse from the dog the hunter found it contained $300 in gold and $1 in silver. On counting out the find the hunter concluded that the dog was not such a "fool critter" after all.

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Editor Forest and Stream:

Not long after the war, when the Etowah phosphate works had started up, the writer was fishing in the Ashley River channel, near Charleston, for black drum, and had good luck, landing several heavyweights. The river bed at this point is paved with phosphate rock, in which are imbedded many immense sharks' teeth, as well as organic remains of saurians and land animals of various geological periods, the earliest being quite prehistoric. Upon cutting open a large drum there were found a Spanish silver coin of date 1763 and a set of artificial human teeth, in excellent preservation. The difficulty in this case would seem to be to reconcile these associated articles chronologically! Did one of the early Spanish explorers drop the coin while fishing for a Quaternary shark, and did the coin and the teeth belong to the same fisherman? RARUS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

The Log of a Bicycle Fishing Trip.—II.

Through the Mountains of Virginia and West Virginia. Edited from the Diary of Mr. George N. Beall by the Commodore, F. R. Webb.

(Continued from page 72.)

Bright and early I turned out Monday morning, and went below to breakfast; and then—equipped with rod, creel, landing net and fly-book—up the old familiar trail, with senses keenly alive to the beautiful wilderness surroundings and the anticipated morning's sport. I passed Camp Cooke, which looked lonely without the familiar tents, crossed the creek and climbed the shoulder of the mountain, and fared briskly along the old trail through the woods, with the sun glinting through the tree trunks, and the amber tinted waters of the river sparkling upward from far below. On past Blairville, as we were wont to denominate the log cabin and outbuildings occupied by old man Blair and his household; up and on through the primeval forest, which looks exactly as it might have looked centuries ago, and where, apparently, the foot of man never treads. Finally I splashed knee deep into the cold stream, and with my first cast began my day's sport, for this cast resulted in the capture of a 9-inch trout. The Greenbrier is a typical mountain trout stream—clear, swift and full of deep pools and glassy shallows; overarched with great trees and towering bluffs, and its banks lined with thickets of laurel and rhododendron, through which it is difficult to make one's way. After several hours wading and casting, I finally climbed the fence back of the house—having rapidly worked down the stream to my starting point—wet, tired and ready for dinner, and after unslinging my creel I counted twenty-four fine fish as my morning's catch, and was ready to pronounce my morning as one of the most enjoyable I had ever spent on a stream.

After a rest of an hour or so after dinner, during which I took occasion to write some letters, I again took to the stream for a short afternoon's outing, and returned in a couple of hours with seven more trout, all of good weight and size; which, with as many more small ones, caught and returned to the water, made up a good enough day's sport for anybody. At least I was satisfied.

How I did enjoy that supper! The day's idle rest and recreation after the steady drive since leaving home, over dusty roads and under hot midday sun, had made a new man of me. In the evening a plan was hatched up whereby Mr. Arbogast's clever little nephew Clyde and I would go to the Far Prong next day and fish for bass below the junction of that stream with the Near Prong, on which stream I was located. These two quaint names in local parlance refer to the East and West Forks of the Greenbrier—the West Fork being the Far Prong.

Bright and early next morning we made a start, with Clyde on the gray nag and Chynx on his bicycle. A ride of six miles and we reached the foot of Cheat Mountain, where the pike crosses the Far Prong. After a walk of half a mile down the latter we took to the water at the confluence of the two streams. Fishing with the fly about two miles of the river placed to my credit four bass and three horned chubs, while Clyde, although he handled his tackle with skill, raised but one fish, and failed to land even that.

After a weary walk back up the river we reached our steeds. There is a country store at this point—the only one for miles around—and we found quite a little concourse of people very busily engaged in loafing here. Great interest was displayed in the bicycle—the first that most of them had ever seen—and many eyes watched my mount and my display of speed up the road. Rounding a turn in the road, out of sight of my admiring audience, I settled down to a more moderate gait, which was more in keeping with the set of my tired muscles—to say nothing of the old gray nag.

I found the next day a good one in which to loaf around and rest up, to drink in plenty of good mountain air, and be lazily comfortable as well as comfortably lazy. The morning was occupied in a thorough overhauling of my bicycle; the front wheel having been a little under the weather ever since my fall the first day out. I proceeded by careful experiment to adjust the nipples and true up the rim. A satisfactory job was presently in evidence, and the machine was again in apple pie order. Shortly after dinner I discovered a swarm of bees down by the barn, and giving the alarm at the inner door, an infernal din was soon permeating the atmosphere. The bees having "settled" on the topmost branch of the nearest apple tree, the hiving was rather a difficult undertaking; but a platform was built in the tree, and the limb cut off and carefully lowered to the "gum," and the bees were secured and safely hived.

Late in the afternoon I shouldered my rod and leisurely took to the river. The stream, a little swollen by the rain which had fallen the previous night, gave promise of but little sport, but on coming in I found seven nice trout in my creel. My stock of flies, although embracing a fine variety, show plainly that age has begun to tell on the quality, for I lost several fine fish by the snoods breaking short off next the fly.

Thursday was a day of rain, fog and general dampness, and nothing could be done but lie around and kill time as best I could with pipe and book. About 4 o'clock the sun struggled through the clouds, and I took my rod and strolled down to the river, but it was no go—the stream was too much swollen for fishing, so I gave it up, and was forced to be content at home, and read myself to sleep.

Friday being clear, and the water in the river being still too high and discolored for fly fishing, I decided on a trip up Little River—a small stream that heads among the outlying spurs of the Alleghany Mountain and falls into the Greenbrier a short distance above Mr. Arbogast's house. Starting leisurely I went as far as the Second Ford, and got into the stream about 9:30; fishing down to the Greenbrier by noon with bait, and scored sixteen beauties, one of them close on to 12 inches long.

During the afternoon a plan was made to make a trip with Mr. Arbogast on horseback next day to the top of Cheat Mountain, the gigantic range lying next west of the Greenbrier and the Alleghany Mountain; so bright and early next morning, which was Saturday, the two old grays were made ready and we set off. The trip was thoroughly enjoyed by me, for by reason of my new mode of progression I had time and opportunity to look around me and enjoy the scenery without having to keep too much attention on the handle bars. This part of the country was new to me, for on my annual trips out here with the Greenbrier Club heretofore we have never been further west than the banks of the Far Prong, at the foot of Cheat. My friend Arbogast pointed out the different landmarks and various points of interest that presented themselves from the open points at the various turns of the road, and the various historic features of the famous old pike were brought up for my edification, and I was made familiar with the past as well as with the present.

A short two miles over the summit and we reached Cheat River, spanned by a picturesque old covered bridge, now entirely obsolete, as modern bridge construction goes, and the only bridge which the ravages of war left standing in this mountain region. This river, running as it does along the very top of the mountain, has a general northerly course, and helps to swell the volume of the Monongahela; and the surrounding country has the dead, deserted appearance of all lumber regions. The old bridge possessed an additional interest because of the names rudely carved on its beams. Those who stood sentry there during the war have left these weather-beaten evidences of their identity, and we found North and South alike represented there.

We stabled our horses in the bridge, and walked a mile up the river to the club house. This is a structure of well hewn logs, about 30x60 feet, and two-stories high, containing two large rooms on the lower floor, with numerous cuddyhole bedrooms opening on a large hall upstairs. The main sitting room is fitted with all the comforts of home; a billiard table occupies the left center and an enormous fireplace the back wall. Strewn around are tables, sofas, easy chairs, etc., while on the walls are paintings of sporting life, and sundry collections of a similar character. A well stored pantry, kitchen, ice house, barn, etc., go to make up an ideal mountain home. A party of Wheeling and Pittsburg men, numbering some sixty or seventy, have leased the surrounding land close to the stream—about 50,000 acres—and make this a summer headquarters for their families and friends. We met with a cordial reception, and for the time being were guests of the club, with full rights and privileges to all benefits, particularly those of a spiritual character.

After an excellent dinner and a careful inspection of the house and grounds we swung ourselves into our saddles and slowly journeyed back. When I rose to my seat in my saddle I found that all was not gold that glitters, and that perhaps the bicycle had its advantages after all. At any rate I can safely assert that riding thirty miles on horseback will all but wear out the crown of one's hat. Miles and miles before we reached home I had tried every possible experiment with that saddle, and had shifted my anatomy around thereon in every possible manner. The interesting and historic features of the road interested me no longer, and I could only see far in the distance visions of home and sofa cushions. However, after home and supper were reached I didn't mind the toll after such a good time and dinner as I had enjoyed, and had nothing to regret that time will not heal.

The next day, Sunday, I set about preparations for my return trip on Monday, but an evening stroll to the river put into my head the idea to go "way up," and have one more day on the old stream with the trout, and my kind hostess was induced to bestir herself early in the morning, and put me off in good season.

Another four mile walk through the woods over the well-known path! The trail seems never to have been touched by human foot, and as I sank deeper into the primeval forest which surrounded me I had to look sharp for the trail or get lost. At last I reached the "burnt camp" and unlimbered my tackle for business. The water was a little flush, and a fog hung rather heavily close around me, and things seemed chilly and damp, and altogether not promising. I first tried bait and then the fly, but with but indifferent success with either. Muttered thunder in the north gave warning of an aproaching storm, and soon big drops began to patter on the leaves overhead and on the surface of the water, so I said good-by to the fishing and hunted for shelter. Hastily putting on my gossamer cape, constructed for just such emergencies, I stood out the worst of the storm under a spreading beech; but finally I knocked down my rod and struck for home, where I arrived too late for dinner, but having eaten my lunch on the stream I made out to get along until supper without difficulty. Sixteen trout all told was my catch, and a nice lot of fish they proved to be. A general rehash of my effects and a getting ready to leave in the morning filled in the evening.

The household was astir soon after daybreak on Tuesday morning, and I gathered my belongings and made ready for an early start. Good-bys and good wishes on all sides were uttered, and I led off by a two mile walk to Travelers' Repose, where I leave the stony little side road and reach the pike. Swinging myself into the saddle I pushed off up the gentle grade which is the prelude to the nine mile climb up old Alleghany, until warned by the rapid beating of my heart that the heat and the grade together are becoming too much for me I dismounted and walked awhile. Walking, however, is no hardship, and I enjoyed it as an alternation to hill climbing—particularly on so large a scale. The close, hot air proved to be a forerunner of thunder storms, and at intervals I ran into the track of a shower, where my wheel piled high with mud to the serious detriment of my easy going; consequently I hunted the grassy margins along the roadside as industriously as possible. The woods seemed to be alive with squirrels, and the curious little fellows stretched their necks to see the combination go by, and barked out their surprise, and, I hope, their admiration. I topped the mountain at 11 o'clock, and after pedaling leisurely over the six or seven miles of road on its summit I turned things loose for the miles and miles of downhill before me. It was scarce 1 o'clock when I rounded up at Gum's, in Hightown, where I spent a night on my way out, and seeing through the open door the family at dinner I was tempted to give my lunch the go-by and stop. I hesitated and was lost, and my "horse" was soon tied to the fence and myself seated at table among my friends of a few days before. Dinner over I felt ready to push on down the valley, but the roll of thunder and the patter of rain drops on the roof admonished me to tarry awhile longer, with the result that I found myself stormbound, and spent the night in my old room, managing to put in the rainy afternoon as best I could.

George N. Beall.

ANGLING NOTES.

Tomcats and Bull Pups.

The architecture of my handwriting has been variously described by my friends who have suffered from it, as Gothic, in spots, Moresque, mediæval (or evil, by those who think they speak the frozen truth), with a touch here and there of Chinese, and suspicions of dead and forgotten style. One friend, brutally frank, said my writing was so bad that he could not even read my telegrams, but I forgave him when he said he could generally read the date line of my letters, for it was printed on my letter heads. Only last week Hon. Edward Thompson, lately Shellfish Commissioner of New York, wrote to ask where a friend of his could buy some trout, and added, "P. S.—Dictate the answer to your stenographer and have him write it on the typewriter, for I do not wish to take up your time, and my friend really wishes to know where he can buy the trout." These little side lights will show that if on occasions curious words, foreign to the subject, appear in my "Angling Notes" it is not the fault of the compositor, for I have no reason to doubt, poor man, that he does the best that he can with what he has to do with. Last evening I dined at my club late, and was smoking in the library, when a friend said to me, "I see that the Fish Commission is to distribute tomcats." Apparently he was in his right mind, but not knowing the answer I simply exclaimed, "Tomcats!" and looked around the room for an explanation, and every man in the room had a smile on his face and was looking at me. The first inquisitor gravely handed me a copy of Forest and Stream folded to expose page 472 of the issue of Dec. 15, and under the caption "New Fish Applications" I read, "The same blanks are used for tomcats, smelt, Adirondack frostfish and other fish;" and my name was printed underneath. "It is to laugh," but I did more than that. Before I went to bed I was thankful that there was not an initial T in my name, for I know what it would be made to stand for in that club.

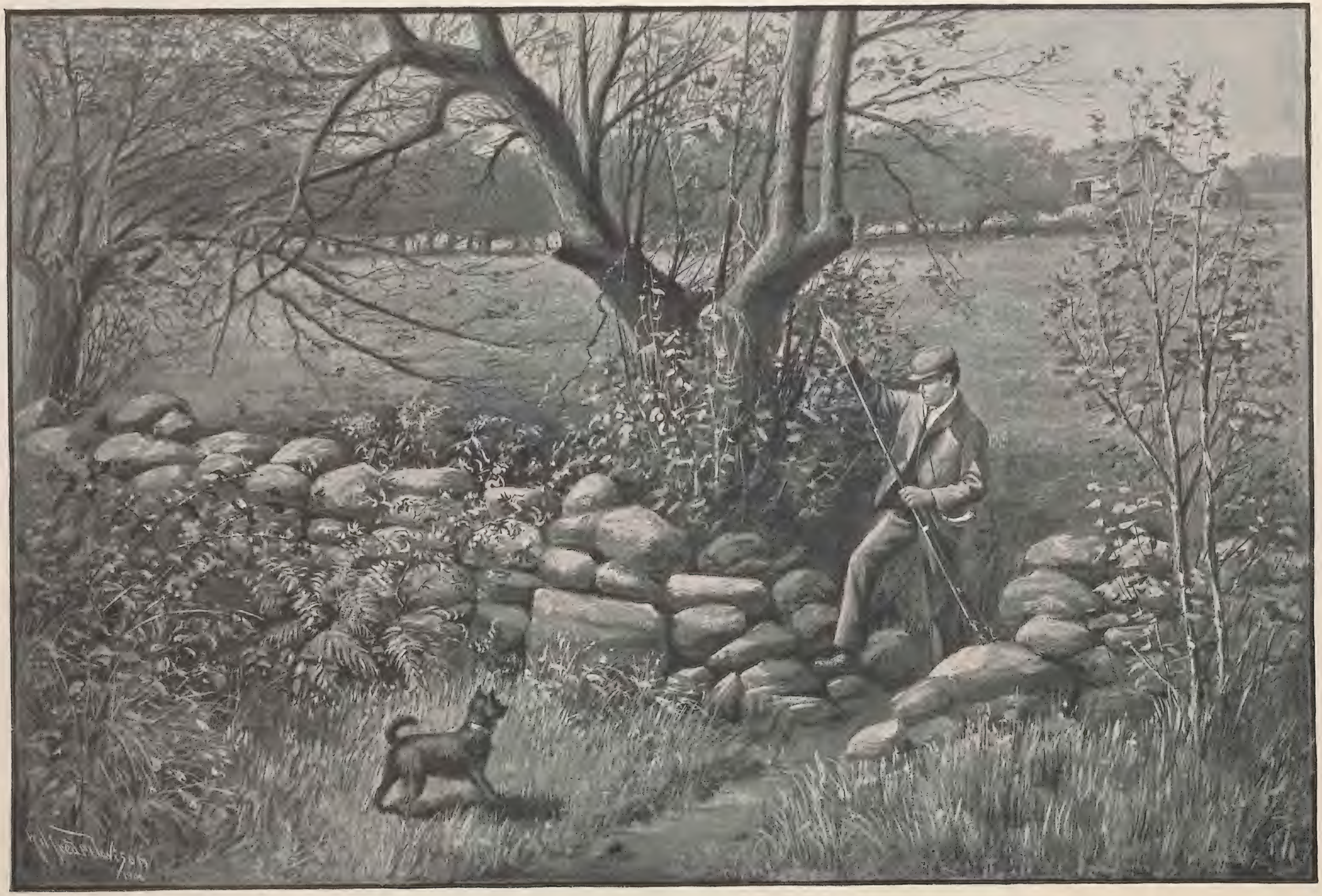
The New York Commissioners are friends of mine, and I feel that it will save them some trouble and embarrassment perhaps if Forest and Stream will announce that the crop of tomcats was very light this year, much smaller in fact than that of "other fish," and so far as I know all have been distributed for this year, next year and last year, but if tomcods will answer for tomcats one of those new applications filled out for tomcods will get them in large measure, and they may serve until the catch of tomcats is greater than at present. Even with this warning I shall not be surprised if I hear that some angler is actually suffering for a few thousands of tomcat fry and insists upon applying for them on those fish applications.

That reminds me. Once I was fishing in Brant Lake, N. Y., for black bass, and my companion in the boat was the Bishop of Louisiana. Bishop Sessums was not an enthusiastic angler, but he could read a book in a boat as well as on land, and he was a most companionable man on land or on sea. I was using crickets for bait, and late in the afternoon a bullhead took my hook. The Bishop looked curiously at the fish and asked what it was. I told him it was a bullpout, and he resumed his reading. As the black bass appeared to have departed for the night, and their places had been taken by the bullheads, I told the boatman to row ashore at the hotel landing. The third member of our party, Mr. W. D. Cleveland, was at the hotel when Bishop Sessums walked up to the veranda, while I remained behind to put up my sail, and he asked, "What did Cheney get?" Slowly the answer came, "Several black bass and two bull pups." "Bull pups!" "Yes; at least that it what he said they were."

All of which goes to prove that my speech is sometimes as indistinct as my handwriting, but I do hope that tomcods will not remain, with me, tomcats, as long as bullpouts have been bull pups—if I have to supply the bait.

Record Yellowtail.

Rather mechanically I read a marked item in a California paper of a 40¼-pound yellowtail which was mounted at Catalina. Later, my indifference changed to surprise when a younger brother wrote that it was his fish. He says, "I caught the fish on rod and reel, 21-strand line, after thirty minutes from the strike. It was a record yellowtail for rod and reel, and my first and only attempt." How luck will strike some men when they are not looking for it, and really care little whether it hits them or not! I never before knew that George had a fish rod, and he never would listen to me when I talked about fishing, and I returned the compliment when he talked about canoes and sails and models, as if canoeing and sailing were the only recreations that the American people indulged in. Another, still younger, brother



IN BOYHOOD DAYS.

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has a house full of guns, all kinds of guns for all kinds of shooting, and for all that I know he may have cannons in the cellar; and then he has dogs, and electric lights in the kennel so he can go out and see them in the night, and count them to see if any have escaped, and he knows the pedigree of every pointer from champion to H. C. that has been benched in ten years, and the next thing I know he will write me that he has killed a record fish of some sort or another on a 4-ounce rod. Now I am prepared for anything, although I have hitherto supposed if either of these brothers should even think of going fishing that all the fish would take to the brush and the hilltops. It is just possible that a good example in the elder brother is getting in its deadly work at the eleventh hour, and there will be dogs and canoes and guns for sale, and there will be a rise in the price of fishing tackle.

American Fishery Society.

The printed "Transactions of the American Fishery Society for 1900" are far and away the best that have been sent out, from a mechanical point of view, since the society was organized. The paper is heavy, calendered paper, the type is good, and the illustrations are clear. The cover and general make up of the pamphlet is attractive, and as a whole it is a credit to the recording secretary, who had the printing done, but I wish to register a mild protest about one feature which may or may not be chargeable to the stenographer. The contents—and I mean the papers and the discussions which followed the reading of them—are valuable, as they always are, and well worth the sum of the annual dues, but the manner of recording the remarks is, I think, confusing. During the business sessions, and later, under the head of "Papers and Discussions," the remarks of the members are in each case preceded by the name of the member making the remarks, except in the case of the president and the secretary. We know Mr. Clark, and we know Mr. Ravenel, and Mr. Bower, and Mr. Wood, and all the rest, for we have heard them make remarks on previous occasions when present, and we can follow them in the book in each instance by theese names. But who is the president who takes part in every discussion? We turn to the reverse of the title page, and find that the president for 1900 and 1901 is Commissioner Dickerson, of Michigan. So we go on until "the president" talks about his method in Vermont, and we conclude we have treed the wrong man, and then it occurs to us that the officers so conveniently printed are the president and secretary who will make remarks next year, and that "the President" is Commissioner Titcomb. The case of "the Secretary" is still worse, for there are two secretaries—a corresponding secretary and a recording secretary; but Mr. Ravenel is corresponding secretary, and he is not "the secretary," for when he has made any remarks it is "Mr. Ravenel" who makes them. "The treasurer" does not make any remarks, even when called upon officially; it is "Mr. Huntington." So it is really not necessary for official courtesy to say "the president," and if the stenographer would say "President Titcomb" and Secretary Bower" it would simplify the matter for the reader of the transactions, for there are occasions when it is most desirable to know just who the man is who makes the remarks.

The year that the transactions came to me as recording secretary to prepare them for the printer, I struck out "the secretary" and "the president" so far as I dared, and wrote in the secretary's name. I had acted as secretary that year only for a portion of the meeting, in the absence of Dr. Bean, and I did not take office until the following year, so I could not take many liberties with the minutes when they came to me, and when I really had a chance to knock out "the president" and "the secretary" from the discussions I was invariably absent. If it is not considered advisable to say President Titcomb or Secretary Bower, as the case may be, why not give the presiding officers at the beginning of the first day's proceedings, and the incoming officers as they are now printed, on the reverse side of the title page?

A. N. CHENEY.

Tarpon and Tuna.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the last two years I have read so many articles in FOREST AND STREAM concerning tarpon versus tuna fishing that I think perhaps a few words from a man who has killed both fish may not be out of place.

It is not easy to compare the two kinds of fishing, nor to say which fish is more game, the tarpon or the tuna, for they act very differently. It is safe to say that they are imbued with quite different ideas when first hooked. The tarpon has no fear of boat or fisherman; his only idea is to shake the hook loose, and to do this he jumps out of the water and will do so several times if you fight him hard. The harder you fight him the more he jumps and the quicker he comes to gaff. I have never had a tarpon take more than 250 feet of line, and that in a tideway. I have heard of fish that have taken more, but am only telling of my own experience. The tuna, on the contrary, is off in a wild rush the moment he feels the hook,, and I have had 650 feet of line taken from me before I could stop my fish. He then dwells, perhaps sounds, then runs again, perhaps twice, then sounds as a rule. From that time on it is a question of "pumping" your fish up to the boat if you wish to kill the fish and not to allow him to commit suicide by towing you about. With proper tackle either fish should be killed and gaffed within thirty minutes, barring accidents. If you are fortunate enough to hook your tuna in the upper jaw and hold him hard during his first run, he comes to the surface practically drowned, and if you are quick it takes but a few minutes to bring him to gaff.

The method of fishing for tuna is to troll from a power launch or from a rowboat astern of such a launch, with a flyingfish for bait. The tuna follows the bait, strikes at the head and turns as he strikes, so that he is generally hooked in the corner of the mouth and makes his run with his mouth closed. To kill him in such cases you must tire him out. The water is very deep off Catalina—hundreds of feet deep. When your fish sounds, if you wait a few moments he will discover that the pressure of the water is more comfortable nearer the surface. The great depth of water is an advantage as well as a discomfort to the fish.

I proved to my own satisfaction years since that every tarpon should be brought to gaff within thirty minutes, and went to Catalina Island to see if the same could be done with the tuna, with the following result:

1900.

June 5, tuna 150 pounds, 2 hours 20 minutes.
June 6, tuna 130 pounds, 1 hour 17 minutes.
June 8, tuna 102 pounds, 19 minutes.
June 9, tuna 123 pounds, 19 minutes; tuna 104 pounds, 45 minutes.
June 10, tuna 118 pounds, 27 minutes; tuna 88 pounds, 20 minutes; tuna 100 pounds, 17 minutes.
June 11, tuna 99 pounds, 15 minutes; tuna 108 pounds, 14 minutes; tuna 62 pounds, 8 minutes; tuna 109 pounds, 9 minutes; tuna 118 pounds, 20 minutes.
Total 13 fish, 1,411 pounds.

I fought my first fish with a rod that had a flaw in it, and the reel was spread by the second fish, yet I averaged about thirty minutes on the thirteen, and five of them I killed in one day in six hours' fishing. I used a stout rod, a Vom Hofe Star reel, holding 800 feet of No. 22 Hall line, and a Van Vleck tarpon trolling hook with swivel and piano wire snood.

The leaping tuna do not jump after being hooked, but do when chasing schools of flyingfish, hence the epithet.

Now, to answer the question, Which is the more game—the fish that stands and fights, the tarpon; or the tuna, the fish that runs away, then holds on and fights to the last moment? I say the tarpon. Yet there is no sea fishing sensation equal to the first grand run of a hooked tuna, and he is a harder fish to kill than the tarpon. Try it! The season is from June 1 to July 15.

F. GRAY GRISWOLD.

UNION CLUB, New York, Jan. 12.

Massachusetts Fishculture.

From the Commission's Report.

Output of Fish.—The output of trout fry during the period covered by this report was nearly equal to the highest point reached in any other year. In addition to this, a number of trout and all the landlocked salmon have been reared to fingerlings and yearlings before being placed in the ponds and streams.

Through the courtesy of the United States Fish Commission, we were also able to plant a million fry of the pike-perch in our ponds. Thus, in the aggregate, the output of young fish has been approximately double that of any previous year.

Introduction of New Species.—The Commission has desired to introduce some species for stocking our ponds which are believed to be adapted to Massachusetts waters and to have other qualifications which will make them desirable accessions to our fish fauna. Two species were considered especially suitable for this purpose.

The first and most important of these is the pike-perch (*Stizostedion vitreum*), which is the largest of the perch family found in American waters, it having a recorded maximum weight of 40 pounds, though its usual size is about 5 or 6 pounds. This species is justly considered one of the best food fishes in the fresh waters of America, and also is valued for its game qualities.

The species is prolific, 90,000 eggs being considered a fair average per fish for Lake Erie; and there is every probability that because of this it will be able to maintain itself in many of our deep ponds, and thus add materially, not only to the possibilities for angling, but to the annual yield of food from our interior waters. The effort to introduce this species in this Commonwealth, which has already been successfully begun, will be continued.

The Commission also contemplated the introduction of the calico bass or strawberry bass (*Pomoxis sparoides*) early last spring, and arrangements were made for bringing fish from Lake Erie to put in some of the State ponds. The season had, however, advanced too far and the weather was too warm to carry out this purpose by the time the appropriation was available, and consequently it was necessary to defer action until some future time when conditions may be more favorable. It is believed that this species will make a desirable addition to the fishery resources of our inland waters.

Bar Harbor Hotels and Trout.

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—A strong effort is being made by the citizens of Hancock county, Me., for the passage of a special law prohibiting the sale of trout altogether in that county. A number of petitions have already been received, asking for such a law, and more are coming. The earnest request for this law is the result of the almost utter ruin of the trout waters in the vicinity of Bar Harbor, by fishing those waters for the hotel tables. It has been known for a long time that Bar Harbor hotel keepers would pay almost any price for trout in the height of the hotel season. The temptation to fish for such a market has been too strong for men and boys to resist. At one time last season ten dollars is reported to have been paid for a string of brook trout, and not a very large string either. The petitioners believe, with almost everybody else, that trout are distinctively game fish, and should be so treated, and not as food fish. The claim set forth is that dealers have driven about the section of Bar Harbor, including a radius of ten to fifteen and even twenty miles, buying all the trout they could get, and urging men and boys to fish for them. They have paid at the doors of those who have caught the fish twenty-five and fifty cents a pound. One man is reported to have admitted the taking of 2,700 trout, all of which were sold to the Bar Harbor dealers. The reports also state that some of the fishers have not stopped to take the trout with hook and line, but have resorted to netting the ponds and streams; while there are dark hints of dynamite being used. The same reports also say that all the partridges in the vicinity of Bar Harbor hotels have been killed off by those who have taken them for sale. This fact is understood to have been one of the first reasons for the enactment of the law prohibiting the sale of partridges in Maine.

SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

New York Fish Commission.

FOREST AND STREAM is a journal which speaks with authority upon such questions as the relations of the State government to the preservation of forests and the culture of fish. It is therefore a high tribute to one of Gov. Odell's proposed changes in administration that this excellent judge commends the substitution for the existing boards of five Commissioners of Forestry, Fish and Game, and three Commissioners of the Forest Preserve Board, of a single board of three members, two of them appointed from among the Commissioners of the Land Office, and to serve without pay, and the third to be the Shellfish Commissioner, and the practical executive man, at a salary of $5,000 a year. FOREST AND STREAM declares that there was never any good reason for a Fish Commission of five members, and that it was brought into being as a political job. It only regrets that the politicians are not ready to make the reform complete by placing fish culture under one competent person and game protection under a single head, each with full authority over all employes. "Barring the possibility, however, of adoption of such a simple and business-like system," it says, "we shall welcome the reduction of the Commission to the form proposed in the pending bill."—New York Evening Post.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.
March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

February (First Week).—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Championship Field Trial Association's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XII.—Roading and Drawing.

(*Continued from page 31.*)

ROADING and drawing are terms used to denote the act of the dog locating the birds by the functional powers of the nose which he possesses. Roading more specifically applies to following the foot scent; drawing to following the body scent. Colloquially speaking, the effort of the dog to determine the whereabouts of the birds, after he has struck their trail or caught the scent of them, is called "locating."

Generally speaking, aside from the individual differences of manner which all dogs exhibit, one compared with another, setters and pointers follow birds in two ways, namely, by the foot scent or the body scent. When following by foot scent the dog devotes his attention to following the course of the birds in all its windings, using his nose to distinguish the scent which hovers around the tracks, as the handler in an analogous manner might use his eyes to distinguish and follow them.

In following the foot scent, dogs vary in skill from that of the potterer which puzzles about, following the back track or forward with equal stupidity and inefficiency, to that of the dog which roads with methodical celerity and accuracy.

A reasonable degree of quickness is essential to fair performance. The longer and further the birds run ahead of the roading dog, the greater likelihood is there of complications which may result in the loss of the trail, or their secure refuge in dense cover, or their escape by wing. Dogs which follow by the foot scent carry a lower nose, as a rule, than do those which follow by the body scent.

The dog which locates by body scent is guided by the particles of scent floating in the air, though his nose may be only at such height as he naturally carries it. When he catches a scent, however faint, he darts quickly to and fro, following it up quickly till it becomes strong enough to follow direct to the birds. It is analogous in manner which a man might be supposed to adopt if he caught scent of roses in the field and followed the clue up to the rose bushes from which the fragrance emanated.

A dog whose nose is keen and whose brain is sound will locate his birds with astonishing quickness by the body scent, but there are different grades of performers in this method, as there are also in the one aforementioned.

Whichever style of "locating" is used by the dog, to be a successful finder of birds it is necessary that he be able to determine the forward track from the backward track, and to locate the hiding place of the birds with a reasonable degree of quickness. The accomplishment of pointing stanchly is of but little utility if the dog cannot find the birds to point.

Whether they locate by foot scent or body scent, dogs vary greatly when compared with each other in respect to proficiency in locating. To strike scent some trust to their speed and the consequent wide area which they beat out, pointing the birds well when they happen to run across them. Such dogs may have distinctly inferior ability in following a scent, and yet, by pointing with much firmness and spirit when squarely on the birds, they may create a much better impression than a less pretentious but more meritorious performer. Wide range, high speed and spirited points are not necessarily indicitive of good finding and locating ability. There are many sham "high class" performers.

Whether ranging fast or slow, the dog should have his mind concentrated on the use of his nose, as well as on beating out the ground with good judgment. When ranging in this manner, he will pick up light scents and follow them to a successful find; will detect the scent of a trail which he is running squarely across, and will have

in mind the leeward side of all places as the best route to follow, thus "having the wind" of the birds from the covers in which they lie hidden. In the results, there are all the differences between those of intelligent, finished effort, and those of chance effort applied hit or miss.

Brains are quite as essential to the successful use of the nose as they are in any other line of effort. A dog with keen powers of scent and a dull brain may do fragments of brilliant work betimes when the circumstances happen to combine favorably, but as a whole his work is irregular, ragged and unsatisfactory. On the other hand, a dog with a good brain and a dull nose may do quite satisfactory work.

Why two dogs, highly intelligent and possessing good noses, the one following by foot scent, the other by body scent, should vary so much in their respective methods of locating is not known. Men vary quite as much in the methods employed in shooting, some aiming the gun, others snap shooting by a sense of direction, others again shooting without much aiming, or sense of direction, trusting largely to a beneficent providence or the law of chances for material results.

Whichever method the dog adopts naturally in locating that is his best method. Locating by following the foot scent is inferior to locating by following the body scent, but the trainer is powerless in respect to enforcing the better method if the dog choose to adopt the other. However, he can do much to mar them by ill-timed interference or persistent meddlesomeness. The habit of perpetually cautioning and checking the dog to make him go slow when he is roading or locating birds, a fault displayed by most amateur trainers, should be avoided. The effort, on the contrary, should be directed toward encouraging the dog to locate as quickly as possible, consistently with his ability to do so truly and properly. In this relation, the trainer would do well to bear in mind that there is an important distinction between quickness and hurry.

Some dogs have the ability to locate both by following the foot scent or the body scent, governing themselves according to the conditions governing at the time in the interest of the best success. Dogs of inferior range, yet skillful in locating, and with good judgment in planning their work, besides having the power to concentrate their minds on it, not infrequently distinguish themselves as excellent field performers.

The trainer should not tolerate any pottering work when a dog is puzzling on the foot scent. Drive him from the pottering with the whip. The dog which habitually sniffs at a single track one after another, returning to the same tracks time after time to sniff them as if he liked them for their own sake, thus leaving the trail to get cold and lost to him, is worthless. To be of any value in locating, he must road a little faster than the birds run, otherwise they will run clear away from him. On the other hand, when the dog is picking out the trail and is actually going ahead on it, it is better to leave the matter entirely to him. No theory of the trainer as to where the birds have run should be opposed to the doings of the dog when he is roading. Even if the trainer actually knows where the birds are, he should permit the dog to find them in his own way. If the trainer is seeking to secure a shot as a matter of first consideration, the schooling of the dog then is necessarily secondary to it. The pupil must learn to locate by his own experience, and the trainer can do but little more than to present to him the opportunities to exercise his powers in that respect.

A simple illustration will enable the novice to better understand the distinction between foot scent and body scent. Let it be assumed that on a dry plain a small body of sheep have passed by. We desire to follow them, but they are out of sight. We note their tracks, which are quite plain in a few places, indistinct or entirely lost in others, are followed with more or less difficulty, according to their continuity of imprints or their faintness or clearness. However, it is noted that there is a perceptible line of dust along and over the trail. It is quite visible to the eye. By following it at high speed before it is dissipated by the breeze, the flock may be accurately followed and overtaken. The particles of dust visible to the eye in this case correspond to the particles of body scent which the dog follows by the sense of smell, and the tracks are analogous in a way to the trail left by the birds.

The best of dogs will occasionally make mistakes, and this may be truthfully said of the best of men also. Mistakes made when the dog is endeavoring to do his best should always be silently overlooked.

The puzzle peg, a device intended to be tied on the dog's under jaw, in such a position that it projects some three or four inches forward on it, has been devised to make him carry a high nose and thus force him to follow the birds by their body scent. It is useless and cruel in practice, hence description of it is unnecessary. All mechanical means are useless when applied to correct in the nose a cause which exists in the brain. It is better to permit and encourage the dog to seek in his best manner as his nature impels or permits.

A Christmas Fox Hunt.

A young limb of the law, bearing the euphonious name of Dennis, came home for his holidays spoiling for a fox hunt. Dennis is no novice at the game of fox hunting, but he was anxious to try conclusions with Br'er Reynard, that he might demonstrate to his friends in this neck of the woods that the proverbial wiles of the fox were as naught when pitted against the craft of his chosen profession. Also that the time he had spent in the historical halls of old McGill had fitted him to successfully cope with all creation. With this idea firmly imbedded in his cranium, he invited me to be one of the party.

Now personally I am rather fond of a chase and love music, more especially the deep mellow notes of a hound on a frosty morning.

On this morning the trees were coated, and the frost crystals glittering in the sunlight gave the bush the appearance of a forest of Chrismas trees festooned with diamonds; and the depth and mellowness of the notes could not be denied as one dog went merrily away upon the first scent found. So we were happy and at peace with all the world.

Thinking the fox lay in the first cover and would be likely to shape his course for the mountains, we drove to a crossroad to intercept him; but he had crossed ahead of us, and we heard our dog driving on a wooded ridge about a mile to our left. So we left our team at a farm house, strapped on our snowshoes and hit the trail. As we went, Dennis would frequently stop, train his Greener upon an imaginary fox and mutter to himself, "Steady as a rock; and if I can only catch a glimpse of him between my barrels I can surely harvest him."

As we neared the hunt, I was for pushing through the bush to get a shot, but Dennis said, "No; you go down to that house below the hill; get Hib, and with him cover the upper and lower sides of the hill while I guard this."

I made the detour and gained my position about thirty seconds too late to see the fox. He ran straight to Dennis and I heard the roar of his 10-gauge as he gave him a right and left. I did not hear the usual cry announcing a successful shot, so I held my position till I heard the dog pass the field of battle, when I called to Dennis, but could get no reply, and on gaining the open saw him disappear over a neighboring hill. When I finally caught him up he wore a sickly sort of smile and volunteered the information that he had missed the fox with both barrels. I rather thought there were no shot in the cartridges, as he was dead on. I sympathized with him, and we struck out for a hemlock cover adjoining a sugar orchard, where we could hear the race going on with renewed vigor. They ran there for two hours, and we saw the fox several times, but always just out of gun shot. Finally in making a break through the open for the cover of a ledge, where I expected to meet him, he came to the edge of the field in time to see me disapear behind the rocks, which ended the fun for us in that cover. He then recrossed the road and opened up business in a swamp. After he had worked this over to his satisfaction, he started for another runway; but Hib was laying for the game, and we saw him start to his feet and let go. We were in the distance, but could see the smoke; and we did not need to wait for Hib's battle cry to know that the race was done. We let the dog come up and muss him a little, after which we robbed him of his jacket and hung him in the crotch of a convenient shrub to insure future luck.

Warrington.

Westminster Kennel Club Show.

New York.—The complete list of additional classes opened since the publication of the prize list is as follows:

Class 19A, Newfoundlands, open dogs and bitches.

Class 107A, Griffons, open dogs and bitches.

Class 232A, Beagles, open dogs and bitches (not exceeding 12 inches).

Class 320A, King Charles Spaniels, puppies, dogs and bitches.

Class 329A, Prince Charles Spaniels, novice dogs and bitches.

The additional specials are:

Messrs. Harris and Nixon offer the Harris and Nixon challenge cup for the best bull terrier of either sex owned by a member of the L. K. A. of A.

The Ballyhoo Bey challenge cup presented by W. C. Whitney, Esq., for the best American-bred of either sex, any breed, owned and bred by a member of the L. K. A.

The American Spaniel Club offers the President's Trophy for the best brace of cocker spaniels.

The Spaniel Club's Futurity and Sweepstakes should read, whelped since July 1, 1899, and not August 1, as in the prize list.

I beg to draw your attention to the fact that we have this year offered our old kennel prize of $20 for the best team of four of any breed entered and owned by one exhibitor, provided at least two teams the property of different owners compete.

Classes not already divided by sex will, upon request of the exhibitors, be so divided, provided a sufficient number of entries are made, four of each sex being the required number in the puppy and novice classes and six of each sex in the limit and open classes.

Dogs of the same breed the property of one exhibitor will be benched together if a request to that effect is made at the time of making the entries.

Jas. Mortimer, Supt.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. C. H. Mantler, secretary of the Great Dane Club, informs us that he has lost his well-known Great Dane Lochinvar. He in color is a light brindle. Mr. Mantler states that he either strayed away or was stolen on Thursday of last week. Any information in regard to the dog will be gladly received by Mr. C. H. Mantler, 3450 Hudson Boulevard, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, Forest and Stream.

Western Division, A. C. A.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 12.—The meeting of the Western Division of the A. C. A. for election of officers and general business was held at the Great Northern Hotel, this city, this afternoon, the following members and proxies being on hand: H. C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.; W. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.; E. H. Holmes, N. H. Cook, E. Hough, Chas. Catlin and F. S. Catlin, Chicago; F. B. Huntington and A. W. Friese, Milwaukee, Wis.

Proxies—F. W. Dickens and G. F. Gregg, Milwaukee; W. H. Huntington, Oshkosh, Wis.; R. A. Hibbert, Ashland, Wis.; F. C. Howe, J. H. Ross, H. R. Fahnestock, H. S. Marsters, W. S. Truesdale, W. M. Clark, Guy Rayburn, S. Pearson, R. J. Hotchkiss, all of Peoria, Ill.; J. E. Baker, F. T. Barcroft, Wm. Campbell, E. B. Nellis, J. L. Dexter, C. H. Gould, all of Detroit; J. W. Hepburn, Toledo, O.; G. W. Gardner, Cleveland, O.

The report of the Purser showed a balance on hand of $81.95 and sixty-two members in good and regular standing.

There came up some talk over the late change of rules, which was not a popular movement in this part of the country. The old W. C. A. held a few canoeists of the sportiest sort and no sail area was too large for them and no cockpit too small. Mr. Cook pointed out that it would be very hard for the Western Division to hold a meet, because they had very few boats which would qualify. He thought the change of rules to a type of boat like the old cruiser would tend to hurt canoeing in this country. He said that members from this country could not build a boat each year, and surely could not build two. Mr. Cook moved that the Western Division meet be passed for 1901, and this was carried.

Vice-Com. Jupp, who was in the chair, reported on the failure of the Western men to make much showing at Muskoka. He said that if the Western Division did not make a bigger turn out on the St. Lawrence, they could not put up a very strong talk for an Association meet in their country.

Mr. Huntington in supporting Mr. Cook's motion pointed out that the old sailors of the Western Division were practically legislated out of existence. He said they could find more pleasure in a boat on faster lines than one with a 6ft. cockpit and no sliding seat. Mr. Morse, of Peoria, stated that Mr. Quick's device of a waterproof canvas lining to the cockpit, to be used for rapid bailing, had been acepted under the new rule.

The leaning of these Western men seeming to be toward a better chance for the racing craft pure and simple, Mr. Friese, of Milwaukee, moved that the Trophy race be sailed under rules which should leave the old boats eligible along with the new ones, and this was carried.

Mr. Morse took the floor to urge greater enthusiasm on the part of the Western Division. He said that the A. C. A. should have given the Western men a meet this past year, instead of giving it to the Northern Division. Had they done so, the Western Division would now be a good and strong one. He said that the second turn down of 1901 made matters still harder, and the Western Division men must get together and stand out for an Association meet in their own country.

Mr. Jupp pointed out that many canoeists were kept from the 1900 meet because they did not have any exact ideas of the railroad fares, tentage, board, etc. He hoped this would not be the case another year.

Mr. Jupp later, after a considerable discussion among the members and talk by Mr. Morse and others, made the following motion, leaving the chair for that purpose: "To the Executive Committee of the A. C. A.: It is resolved by the Western Division that it is absolutely necessary for the life and success of the Western Division, if it shall retain its membership, that the A. C. A. hold an annual meeting in the waters of the Western Division in 1902." This was carried.

The officers were then elected for the ensuing year, only two changes being made in the list of last year, Mr. Holmes taking the place of Mr. Woodruff, and Mr. Dickens of Mr. Lafferty. Mr. Morse holds over in his term as member of the Board of Governors. The officers elected were as follows: Vice-Com., William C. Jupp, 50 West Larned street, Detroit, Mich.; Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, 629 Hackett avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.; Purser, F. T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich. Members Executive Committee—E. H. Holmes, Chicago, Ill.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis. Member Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Red Dragon C.. C.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, was held in the Colonnade Parlors on Jan. 4. There was a large attendance of members, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Com., M. D. Wilt; Vice-Com., Omar Shallcross; Purser, H. E. Davis; Quartermaster, Harry W. Fleischmann; Correspondent, W. K. Park; Fleet Surgeon, F. O. Gross, M. D.; Measurer, H. E. Bachmann; Trustee for three years, Joseph E. Murray, with A. S. Fenimore and E. W. Crittenden; House Committee, A. D. Shaw, Harry Blumner, N. C. McLeod, J. Howard Morrison.

The Purser's report showed a healthy condition of the treasury, and the club has been strengthened by the addition of several new active members.

The prize offered to the one making the greatest mileage during the season in paddling canoe was won by E. W. Crittenden, who covered 387 miles. A. S. Fenimore was presented with a trophy for second place, he having paddled 197½ miles. Mr. Fenimore's record would have been greater but that his doctor ordered otherwise.

The Red Dragons held their annual mess at the club house, Wissinoming, Pa., Saturday evening, Jan. 5. The house was tastefully decorated and the menu quite in keeping with the usual affair of this kind. It was strictly a club mess, and the following were present: M. D. Wilt, E. D. Hemingway, Harry Fleischmann, Joseph E. Murray, Capt. H. Blumner, A. S. Fenimore, J. N. Remsen, P. T. Hookie, Dr. F. O. Gross, J. H. Morrison, N. C. McLeod, W. K. Park, R. G. Fleischmann, H. E. Bachmann, H. E. Davis, C. W. King and W. Bachmann.

The evening was pleasantly spent in the old-fashioned

Red Dragon manner, talks by Com. Wilt, ex-Com. Hemingway, Joseph Edward Murray and Dr. Gross being particularly well received. The ex-Commodore spoke fluently in retrospective and took his hearers back to the time "when swords did hang but loosely in the scabbard." Capt. Blumner delighted the audience with a few of his choicest recitations. In fact, every member present added his mite, and not a moment was lost.

The year just ended has been a pleasant one for the Red Dragons, although, according to the report of the Regatta Committee, M. D. Wilt, chairman, there was a lack of interest in the regattas held by the club.

A successful ladies' day, successful mainly through the untiring efforts of the Commodore, was given after the spring regatta, and it was one of the most enjoyable meets of the season.

The race for the McFetridge paddling trophy and for a cup presented by E. W. Crittenden was held on Sept. 29, Mr. M. D. Wilt winning. Mr. Crittenden and Mr. Titus were the other contestants.

According to the log book, fifteen members have been active during the year, Mr. Crittenden leading in the greatest number of miles paddled with 387 to his credit, followed by A. S. Fenimore, with 197½; E. D. Hemingway, 165; T. W. Cook, 134½; M. D. Wilt, 134; J. E. Murray, 79½; H. W. Fleischmann, 68; H. M. Kreamer, 57; W. K. Park, 55½; H. E. Davis, 49½; A. D. Silliman, 46; N. C. McLeod, 12½; W. J. Scott, 11½; H. E. Blumner, 11½, and A. D. Shaw, 3.

Eight members of the club took part in the Delaware River cruise of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A. in May, namely, Messrs. Kreamer, Fleischmann, Fenimore, Crittenden, Park, Murray, Cook and Hemingway. Besides these were several other members who joined the camp at Park Island. Two of the Red Dragons, M. D. Wilt and Harry Kreamer, attended the A. C. A. meet at Muskoka Lake, Canada. W. K. P.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The Toronto C. C. annual dinner, which was announced for the 25th inst., has been postponed until further notice on account of the death of the Queen.

The following, proposed by Com. C. E. Britton and seconded by Sec'y-Treas. Herb Begg, have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Thos. B. Greening, Hamilton, Canada; A. J. Wood, Montreal, Canada; Geo. Boyd, Montreal, Canada.

Charles Catlin, 481 Belden avenue, Chicago, has also applied for membership.

Com. Britton, who was unfortunately laid up sick during the annual meeting in Gananoque October last, has entirely recovered and is able to assume his official duties.

Mr. Percy Nesbit, Vice-Commodore of the British Canoe Association, has announced his intention of being present at the international meet, Thousand Islands, in August next.

The Toronto C. C. are making extensive alterations to their club house, which, together with the adjoining property, was recently purchased by them.

The annual reunion, dinner and election of the Brooklyn C. C. were held at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn. The reports of the committees and officers for the year showed the organization to be in good condition, with no outstanding liabilities and a substantial balance. The following officers were chosen: Com., Robert J. Wilkin; Vice-Com., C. Valentine Schuyler; Purser, W. McK. Miller; Meas., F. V. Henshaw; Chairman of House Committee, Percy F. Hogan; Chairman of Enterfainment Committee, Samuel J. Bennett.

At the annual meeting of the Knickerbocker C. C., held at the club house, West 152d street and the Hudson River, the following officers for the coming year were elected: Com., L. S. Stockwell; Vice-Com., G. E. Taylor; Sec'y, J. Leach; Treas., W. R. Farrell, Jr.; Meas., Warren T. Berry. The reports of the retiring officers showed the club to be in a flourishing condition, as it owns its club house, is free from debt, and has a balance of several hundred dollars in the treasury.

Report of the Purser, Atlantic Division, A. C. A., 1900.

Receipts.

Balance from purser, 1899	$157.28
Dues for year 1896-1897-1898	3.00
Dues for 1899	5.00
Dues for 1900	238.00
Initiation fees	26.00
Subscription for prizes	10.00
	$439.28

Disbursements.

Stationery, printing and postage	$138.00
Subscriptions, FOREST AND STREAM	7.00
Net expenses Division cruise and meet	78.49
Prizes for Division meet races	45.00
Thirty per cent. to the A. C. A.	81.60
Atlantic Division dinner in New York	37.15
Transportation A. C. A. meet, 1899	27.05
Transportation A. C. A. meet, 1900	4.00
Balance Oct. 1, 1900	20.99
	$439.28

Respectfully submitted, ARTHUR H. WOOD, Purser.
Audited and found correct—Fred B. Yard, G. L. Wallington.

The cruising schooner for Mr. Robert E. Tod that is being built by the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., of Shooters Island, S. I., from plans made by Mr. H. C. Winteringham, is already under way. She is 110ft. on the waterline, 152ft. 6in. over all, 28ft. beam and 14ft. draft. The overhang aft is 23ft. 8in. She has a very moderate sail plan. The skylights and deck trimmings will be of teak, and beside the usual boats she will carry a steam launch. The deck is raised forward and aft. Mr. Tod has sold his schooner Katrina.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

IN our issue of last week we referred to the new bill which has been introduced into Congress by Representative Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, providing for the regulation of the use of launches propelled by electricity, gas, naphtha or fluid, and we are glad to say that there is little likelihood of its being passed at present. In an interview at Washington a few days since, Mr. Grosvenor made the following explanation:

"I introduced the bill for the Treasury Department upon the information that accidents to passengers on badly regulated vessels, propelled by power generated by gas or oil, were becoming too frequent, and also because there had been complaint that the masters of such vessels were indifferent to the sailing rules that govern other craft, and were getting in the way of steamboats and steamships with little care for the signals and regulations that restrain vessels under the supervision of the supervising inspectors of steam vessels.

"The bill does not pretend to debar any private user of a launch, however propelled, being of less than 15 tons, from choosing any way he may prefer to blow himself and his family to perdition. It simply says that all vessels propelled by power and carrying passengers 'for hire' shall be subject to rules found wise and necessary to control the use of other power-propelled vessels. That does not appear clearly in the act as I introduced it.

"To make it clear I have to-day introduced another bill, in which I have recited the act to be amended and then added the amendment. That is a rule in Ohio, and ought to be a rule here, the mere reference to a statute to be amended not conveying an intelligent idea to the reader of the act if he does not happen to be familiar with the statute referred to. The launch owners need not worry. Having introduced the corrected bill, it will be referred, but I shall not make any effort to secure its passage this session."

A MOST interesting pamphlet, written by Col. J. F. Bucknill (Thalassa), of Southampton, England, on the new English Y. R. A. rule, has just been received by us. It has for its purpose the formation of a new association in England with the object of fostering wholesome types of small boats for racing, with displacement as a basis for its rating formulas. Col. Bucknill ably discusses the new rule recently adopted by the Y. R. A. Council, and brings to light its weak points. A number of charts and tables make the volume most complete, and those who are interested in rating formulas will find the work of unusual value in the study of the subject. Copies may be secured from Wolff & Co., 75 High street, Southampton, England, for one shilling a copy.

The Duties of Regatta Committees.

LAST summer in conversation with Mr. W. P. Stephens I promised to write a few notes on the duties of regatta committees. The subject is a large one, and I shall not pretend to exhaust it or to offer instructions to men who have served on regatta committees for years. I may, however, hope to put together a little information that will be useful to those who have made no special study of the subject. If I am seldom able to quote authorities it must be remembered that outside of the racing rules there is scarcely anything available for the use of race officers, and they have to look for guidance to custom, fair play and common sense. As all, or nearly all, races are sailed under the management of a yacht club, it will be convenient and sufficient to inquire into the duties of the regatta committee of a club, merely remarking that under special conditions a regatta committee might exist without a club. Every club has its own system of internal administration, of which a committee of management forms the chief part, although discharging varying duties and responsibilities, according to the constitution of the club. With some small clubs this committee is little more than an executive carrying out the will of the members expressed at monthly meetings. In all larger clubs, however, the custom is to hold an annual meeting, at which the committee of management is elected, and to entrust it with full powers of administration. This would include the outlining of the racing policy of the club, and it might go further to the extent of fixing the classes, dates and events, providing for the measurement of the fleet and furnishing the necessary facilities for carrying out all the details of a race. Usually all such work is turned over to another committee variously known as the regatta committee, the race committee or the sailing committee, whose work it is now proposed to discuss.

The three titles mentioned are used almost interchangeably, as any report of summer racing in FOREST AND STREAM will show. Although each may at one time have possessed a more specific meaning of the three, the term regatta committee is the most comprehensive, and it may include those who have charge of the whole or any part of the club work connected with a race. The duties, the authority and the responsibility of such a committee vary almost with every club—there is no fixed rule and hardly any settled usage. The simplest and most effective plan is that of the New York Yacht Club, which elects a regatta committee at the annual meeting, and invests it with full authority to carry on the racing of the club, from the making of the first arrangements to the finish of the last race and the awarding of the last prize. There is no doubting the wisdom and efficiency of such a course—it is precise, clean-cut and effective. Of course, much of the work may be performed by deputy, either paid or honorary, and such a committee will find occasion to employ measurers, secretaries, starters, timekeepers and others. But with the central authority in good hands such details of administration give far less trouble than when they are entrusted to several individuals or committees working apart in a disjointed fashion, often out of touch one with another or touching only to collide.

The duty of conducting the season's racing of a yacht club, or even a special race of any importance, is no mere honorary sinecure, to be entrusted to any members who have a taste for publicity and no special qualifications for any other office. It is important, responsible work, requiring constant attention and good administrative ability, coupled with a practical knowledge of the rules and usages of yachting. For this reason clubs having important racing to look after entrust it to a compact body of competent men, five or even three being a good number; large unwieldy committees containing a good deal of honorary and ex-officio material having been abandoned, owing to the importance of the work.

A regatta committee taking charge of a season's racing will assume office at the beginning of the season, or better still at the close of the previous season, and with as little loss of time as possible plan the coming campaign. The first arrangements that will be made will be such as concern owners who propose building or altering boats during the winter. Changes in rules, classification or the establishment of new classes are matters that should all be settled before Christmas, if possible. Then the season's fixtures will have to be arranged, and often this requires more time and patience than may be supposed, particularly when dates have to be set with some regard to the events of other clubs. Work of this kind, although important, is only preliminary, and may be done deliberately. The active, conspicuous duties begin with the opening of the racing season, and even if all goes smoothly the regatta committee will have plenty to do on or before the day of the race. But unfortunately, even at the last moment, vexatious hitches arise from quarters where all was supposed to be serene. Yacht owners, strange to say, are often very capricious in their actions about racing. One would suppose that it would be looked upon as a privilege to sail a fair race for a valuable prize, and that every owner who had any intention of competing would make himself familiar with the rules, have his boat measured in good time, and attend to the necessary formality of making an entry with the proper officer. Most owners do all this cheerfully and promptly, but others do not. They treat the club measurer as though they were doing him and the club a great favor to allow the official tape-line to touch their sacred yacht—they stand him off and tell him to call again because some trifling changes may be made—there is no hurry. They go around one day explaining how they are going to beat their class out of sight, and next day are not sure they will race at all. Instead of entering in good season they take it as a matter of course that some member of the regatta committee will ask for their entry and be glad to get it. They do more—but my object is not to enlarge on the shortcomings of owners, except to show that a regatta committee must be prepared for all this sort of thing, and be ready to handle it with judgment and discretion. Careless yacht owners are often good-natured, honorable sportsmen, and they have to be humored, because in handling a regatta it is necessary to do more than carry out the technical requirements of the event—it must be made a success.

The course or courses will be decided some time before the day of the race, and all necessary preparations made to set the marks. Even in a well-regulated club, with a competent dock man or storekeeper, this will require the personal attention of at least one member of the committee. The equipment will have to be carefully looked over and every precaution taken to see that it is all there and in good order. Buoys, floats, targets, anchors and lines are peculiarly liable to loss and damage even with fair handling, not to mention carelessness and borrowing. When marks have to be set in the open in deep water and exposed to wind and waves, the gear cannot be too good or too much care exercised in the setting. Where the course is a long one the work is better done the day before it is required, as it takes some time to steam fifteen or twenty miles, stopping at intervals to set marks. The only drawback to this foolhardiness is that there is a chance of a buoy being carried away over night, and to guard against this it is always advisable to send a steamer around in the morning before the start, with the necessary materials for making good anything that has gone wrong. There is no more annoying incident in racing than the loss of a mark, and even if it be discovered in time to place a temporary substitute, such as the committee boat, the incident is likely to lead to dissatisfaction among the competitors. It is worse when a new start has to be ordered, as even on a short course this leads to a weary delay which is only a trifle better than a postponement. There are three things that racing yachtsmen have a good right to demand from a regatta committee: Precise instructions, accurate timing and a course properly laid and marked. For any failure in the latter respect it is idle to plead excuses or explanations; these do not restore a race that has been most vexatiously spoiled. Yet it must be added that the most painstaking regatta committee may sometimes have a mishap solely through their inability to obtain proper material for setting marks and keeping them there. The average yachtsman, who has not investigated the subject usually thinks that "any old thing" is good enough to use for a mark in a course, and if, as may happen, the regatta committee has no authority to purchase stores, they may have to submit to having requisitions for proper stores cut down below the point of utility and reliability by some very economical person who does not realize that a whole regatta may be spoiled by one piece of rope proving too weak or too short.

While on this subject I may say that after many experiments on Lake Ontario we have found the only satisfactory mark for deep water to be the affair shown in the cut. The A shaped float is constructed of dry stuff, well fastened, and should have a surplus buoyancy of at least 50 or 60 pounds. A stout ring is provided for the anchor rope of three-quarters or larger manila, a mushroom anchor of 50 pounds weight being used. A light but sound spar 25 feet long is stepped clear through the float, a third of its length or less projecting into the water, and to the heel is lashed a weight of say 50 pounds. This affords sufficient stability to carry the pole upright with suitable targets attached. Simple as this arrange-

ment is, care must be used in making and rigging it. The float itself is not expected to contribute any stability, as it is almost totally immersed, this being a part of the plan in order to minimize the resistance offered by wave motion, and to present no appreciable surface for windage.

The problem is the same as that of putting ballast outside a yacht, only much simpler, as all the required data are obtainable by the use of a foot-rule and a pair of scales. The first point to be settled is the required height of the pole above the water. Suppose this to be 18 feet, weighing say 20 pounds. The center of gravity of this may be assumed at a height of 9 feet. At the top of the pole is carried a target or device, weiging say 5 pounds. We thus have an upsetting force acting through the center of buoyancy made as follows:

Pole 30 pounds by 9 feet.....	180 pounds.
Target 5 pounds by 18 feet....	90 "
	270 "

If the heel of the pole projects 7 feet below the water and is loaded with a weight of 50 pounds, we have a counterbalance equal to 350 pounds, less say ten per cent., due to the immersion of the weight, or 315 pounds net. This affords plenty of margin for windage, and insures the mark and target always remaining right side up.

Having decided on the spar and weights to be used the float can be built of a size to support them. Using sides 6 feet long and a foot wide of 2-inch stuff, it will contain some 2½ cubic feet of wood, and the weight that this will support depends upon its quality and dryness. The surest way is to test both this and the stability of the marks by dropping it into the water alongside a dock, with a line attached. When properly planned and built the float should show a little above the water to allow for soakage, and the pole and target should instantly assume their proper position, no matter in what shape the outfit is thrown into the water. The only objection to a mark of this kind is that it is awkward to handle, not so much in setting out as in taking in. There is no great difficulty if the steamer is provided with a boat or anchor davit, from which the float may be slung alongside and rigged or unrigged. In setting, a line is bent on the anchor and the latter lowered away until it reaches the bottom. After allowing sufficient slack the other end is carefully fastened to the buoy. The pole is then shipped, the weight attached, and the outfit dropped overboard. In taking in, the chief difficulty is to hoist the mark and disconnect the weight, a davit or swinging boom being very useful for this work. In their absence more hands are required, and the boat's paint may suffer. It is not the weight, but the awkwardness of the mark that makes the trouble—once the pole is unshipped everything is easy.

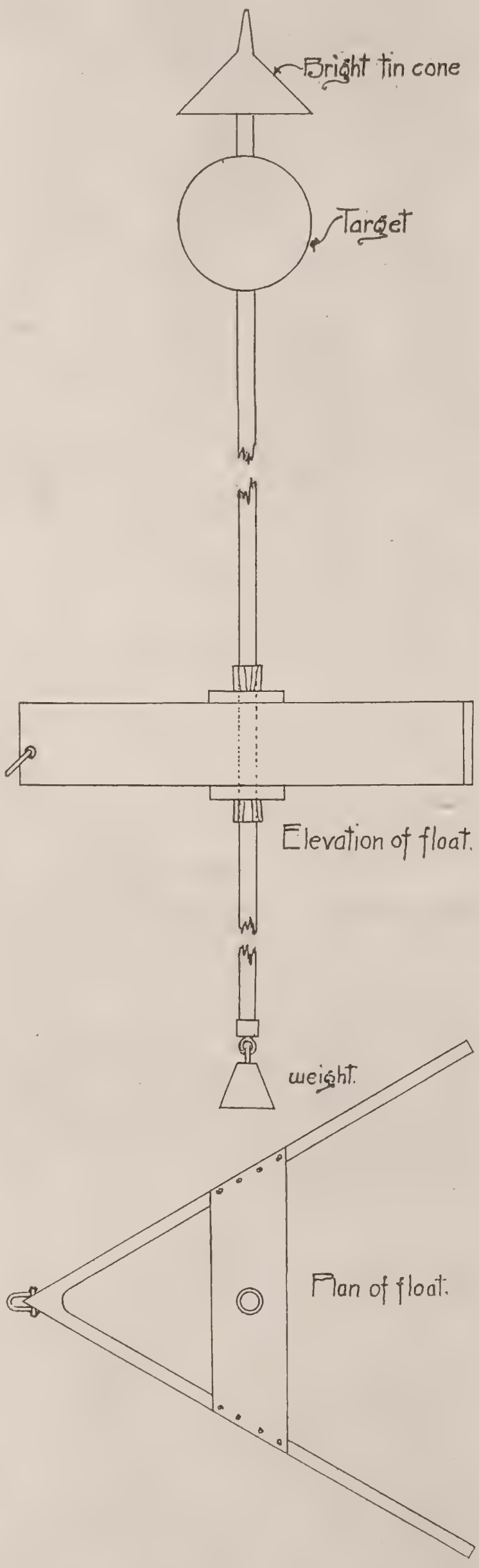
Many details of this mark may be improved. In all cases the wooden float should be strongly fastened, pins or bolts being used instead of nails. The pole might be shod with an iron weight of no greater diameter than itself, so that it could be readily shipped and unshipped. For the wooden float a metal air chamber might be substituted, made of light boiler plate or even thinner iron, but in the latter case some wooden bracing would be needed in the wake of the mast. A rig of this kind would be useful where it had to be set and taken up frequently, constant care being exercised to guard against corrosion and punctures. Where a mark is set out for the season the wooden float would be more reliable.

In frequently setting these marks, some curious opinions have been offered us by spectators. One man thought a small weight would answer for a larger one, if only it were hung on a lanyard, arguing that the lower center of gravity would give additional leverage. So it would if the connection between pole and weight were rigid, or, in other words, a continuation of the pole itself, but a loose connection adds nothing to the leverage of the weight; it serves merely to transmit the pull just as a lanyard on a tiller does. Another man did not see the necessity of getting the anchor to the bottom in deep water, supposing that the mere weight at the end of a long line would hold the buoy. In this connection it may be said that with a mark of this kind the float is so nearly immersed that a small anchor and less scope than in ordinary practice may be relied on. The strain on the ground tackle is nothing like that caused by a small boat, such as might be used for the purpose. For this reason alone the buoy is far superior to any boat; while a sea that will swamp an open boat at anchor will pass harmlessly over a buoy.

The style of target used will depend on the course and its surroundings. For open water with a background of sea and sky, no one thing will answer at all times. A flag of black and white or red and white is easily seen when blowing across the line of vision, but is useless at any distance when blowing down wind or in a calm. A sphere of basket work painted or covered with painted cotton is an improvement. The top of the pole may be crowned with a bright tin cone, small end up, which as it sways will throw off flashes at various angles, which carry a long way and are particularly valuable in hazy weather. Instead of a cone a many-sided pyramid may be used. For buoys with a shore background, care should be taken that the target is of a character that will stand out against it. Bright colors are useful and on a low-lying shore covered with trees a target near the water is more readily picked up than if slung higher. Experiment alone will decide what is best for any particular place.

When laying a course in open water the compass bearings will be taken and included in the printed instructions. This is simple enough if the steamer employed has a properly adjusted compass, but many tugs and small craft used for this work are not so provided. It is hardly necessary to add that the best compass put aboard a small steamer bristling with iron work cannot be relied upon. The only resort is to try to ascertain the amount of the deviation, and to check any bearings taken by cross-bearings plotted on the chart, and by such local marks as are available. In case of final doubt the bearings should be described in the instructions as approximate; and if the course is long so that one mark cannot readily be seen from another, the same steamer used in laying it should go ahead of the yachts to show the way.

Windward or leeward courses must, of course, be laid on the day of the race, the steamer starting either with the yachts or a little ahead of them. One member of the regatta committee should be on board to superintend the work, and it will usually be better to provide a separate boat for the starter. This leads up to the actual conduct of the race, which requires the services of several officers, although at times all the various duties may be discharged by one man. We have so far assumed



MARK USED BY THE LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

the regatta committee to be in charge of all the preliminary arrangements. They may and often do go further and attend to all the technical duties of race officers. On the other hand, they may content themselves with a general supervision, and leave all the active work to starters, judges and timekeepers, usually in such cases retaining the duty of deciding protests and disputed points. In some cases it is really the race officers who are known as the regatta committee, so that their duties begin where those of the regatta committee of another club may end. There is no fixed usage in such matters, and the customs of various clubs are established not by any general law, but by convenience and local conditions—even by accident or caprice. The important point is that the duties of race officers be properly discharged, and where this is accomplished names signify little.

The starter should satisfy himself that all the necessary gear, such as flags, signals, guns and ammunition, is in its proper place aboard the steamer, or wherever it will be required, and that everything is in good working order. The yacht cannon is naturally much used for starting, but unless everything is in perfectly good order it is unreliable for such exact important work. It should be clean inside as well as outside, the breech should open and close easily and the moving parts be well oiled. A cannon belonging to a well-kept yacht, in constant use, may be depended on, especially if the man who usually cares for and fires it can be spared to serve it, but even then there is a chance of missing fire with a bad primer, so that to guard against accidents I have always, where it was possible, used two guns. One man can handle the two lanyards and pull the second without appreciable loss of time if the first misses fire. An excellent substitute, however, is a double-barreled shotgun, using shells loaded with noisy powder. It is easier to handle than a cannon, and much more reliable, as a rule.

An accurate timepiece is, of course, a necessity, a ship's chronometer being the best, but a good watch which accuartely registers seconds will serve. A stop-watch having a "sweep seconds" hand is useful as being easily read, but one should beware of complicated watches unless they have been proved reliable. They are more liable to derangement than simpler movements, and I have known one stopped by the shock of firing the first gun. This was very awkward, as the starting guns had to follow at exact intervals, and I should have been in a fix had not another less pretentious watch set to the same time been available.

The starter will arrange in good time for such assistants as he requires, placing one man at the gun, another at the signal halliards, and perhaps another to write down times at the start if it is desirable to preserve them. Unless he know of a better man he had better hold the watch himself. Suppose a race to start at 11 o'clock. At 10:55 he will call out "Five minutes," then at 10:59 "One minute," and in succession "Half a minute." With a hasty glance to see that his assistants are all ready and attentive he will continue, "Fifteen seconds—ten seconds—five—four—three—two—one—fire!" At the word both gun and flag should respond. The man with the watch must keep cool and avoid allowing his attention to be distracted by the gossip and bustle that always occur on a committee boat at the start of a race. In the intervals between guns, no matter what else he has to attend to, he must keep an eye on his watch.

The timekeeper is the complement of the starter, and indeed it is convenient for one man to attend to both duties. Times around intermediate marks are usually taken for the benefit of reporters, if for nothing else, and when several rounds of a course are made, each completed one should be timed as carefully as a finish. For taking the latter the committee steamer should, if at all possible, be moved so that the finishing line is at right angles to the last leg of the course; thus no yacht is required to stay or wear around the mark. Similarly the starting line should be arranged at right angles to the first leg of the course, but of the two, it is of less consequence, and might give way to other requirements, such as sea-room. Rule books usually prescribe how and when a course is considered completed. The old rule read when the mast cuts the line, but the newer rule is when any point—usually the bowsprit end—crosses the line, the course is completed. Of the two I consider the latter fairer and decidedly more convenient. One can always see when the bowsprit comes in line with a buoy, but the latter is usually hidden by the sails by the time the mast cuts the finishing line. For particular work one man may sight the yacht and call her out to the timekeeper, who keeps his eye on the chronometer, notes the time, and either writes it down or announces it to the man who is keeping the records. With the assistance of a split-second chronograph the timekeeper may sight the finishes himself. The necessary corrections for time allowance should be made and the results tabulated as soon as possible.

In reports of yacht races one often reads of "judges" and sometimes of a "referee." These terms appear to have been borrowed from other sports, and used as loosely and indefinitely as other titles previously referred to. The most reasonable and exact application of the term "judges" is in the case of race officers who act under the authority of the regatta committee, or who are specially appointed to the work, as in the case of the races for the Canada cup. Here each of the two yacht clubs appointed a judge, and the two judges selected a third, who might have been called a referee, but in point of fact all three acted together as a race committee. There is a real need of some precise name for such race officers. The word judge fits badly, and is more suggestive of a fat stock show than a yacht race.

Having thus sketched the technical and perfunctory duties of a regatta committtee, it would be interesting to consider that part of their work which is discretionary; but in this so much depends on common sense and the personal equation that it is by no means easy to lay down rules or even offer suggestions. One thing may be said with certainty, and that is that no doubtful point should be left for settlement after a race which can possibly be cleared up before the start. Racing men usually consent to anything reasonable when announced fairly in the racing instructions, but they bitterly resent arbitrary decisions, however fair, when they disqualify or unplace a yacht after a race has been sailed. Sometimes a loser will go further and protest against a change of course or of the time of starting, which a committee may have seen fit to order, arguing that the change was to his disadvantage and prevented him from winning. Needless to say there can be no protest, within the meaning of the rules, against any act within the discretion of the regatta committee, although some yachtsmen do not appear to understand this, and cheerfully "protest" against anything that does not suit them. No responsible committee will refuse to consider complaints even against themselves, and to rectify any wrong that had been done, but it is quite impossible for them to pay any attention to a man whose grievance is that because a course is altered he lost a race he expected to win.

Coming to protests proper, one competitor against another, opens up a very large and complicated subject where the committee will require some skill in hearing evidence and sifting facts, after which they must apply the rules as far as possible, and finally fall back on fair play and common sense. In clearly proved cases the

penalty is fixed—the offending yacht "shall be disqualified." There are, however, cases, where the violation of the rules is purely technical, that may be dismissed as frivolous, especially if the complaint comes from a competitor who is clearly trying to snatch a decision where he had no chance of winning a race. There are a few sea lawyers who are regularly looking for this sort of thing. A prominent man once told me that most of the members of his club looked upon the racing rules as designed to prevent collisions, but there were a few who openly affirmed that the rules were made "to win races with"—these were the exact words, neither sportsmanlike nor grammatical. Fortunately such opinions are rare, and even when men are found holding them we must not judge them too harshly. It may be only their way of looking at things, and from their standpoint they may be acting fairly and honorably. The duty of a regatta committee is, however, clear enough. Rules must be observed, but tricks and sharp practices discouraged, and above all the high standard of the sport must be maintained.

In conclusion I do not know whether to apologize to the editor for the length, the discursiveness or the incompleteness of this article. I trust, however, that in spite of imperfections it contains a few hints that may be useful to those who are called upon without previous experience to serve on a regatta committee.

William Q. Phillips.

Clinton, Ont., Jan 7.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Jan. 26.—This evening B. B. Crowninshield, designer of the Boston Cup defender, acting under agreement with Thomas W. Lawson, owner of the yacht gave the principal dimensions to the press. Mr. Lawson issued a statement, in which he explained his position in regard to secrecy and his knowledge of the chances which he is taking. His statement, like previous ones he has given to the public, was very simple and straightforward.

He said that as he had originally intended to give the public the dimensions of his boat, when it was deemed advisable, he was now ready to stand by his word. He did not in any way intend to reflect upon the methods of secrecy which have been successfully adopted by other yachtsmen and builders. He allows that in making the dimensions public he may be running great chances of defeat, but will stick to his original intention, whatever the cost.

The following are the official dimensions of the principal parts of the hull:

Length—	
Over all	140ft. 10½in.
Designed waterline	90ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	27ft. 5 in.
Aft	23ft.
Beam—	
Extreme	23ft. 11½in.
Designed waterline	23ft. 5 in.
Draft—Extreme	20ft.
Freeboard—	
Stem head	6ft. 11 in.
Least	4ft.
At stern	4ft. 8 in.
Beam—	
Forward end of waterline	15ft.
After end of waterline	18ft. 9 in.
Stern	11ft. 8 in.
Center of lateral plane, aft of forward end of waterline	51ft. 5 in.
Center of buoyancy, aft of forward end of waterline	47ft. 3 in.
Area—	
Lateral plane	772.6 sq. ft.
L.W.L. plane	1,171.5 sq. ft.
Wetted surface	2,913.5 sq. ft.

Her displacement was not given out, but as it has been generally talked about, there is no harm in comparing it with Columbia's. Her displacement, on a designed waterline length of 90ft., is a little over 146 tons. Columbia's displacement was 145 tons. As the Boston boat is nearly 11ft. longer over all than Columbia, and her draft and beam very nearly the same, it follows that the Boston designer has gone to a reduction of dead rise, maintaining the flat floor, and has given a harder turn to the bilge.

The displacement of 146 tons is on a waterline length of 90ft., but it is not likely that the boat will float exactly at this length. It is more than possible that she will be somewhat less. In this case her draft, which is only 3in. more than Columbia's on paper, will not exceed that of the defender of 1899. She is simply a much bigger boat than Columbia and with greater sail-carrying capacity on about the same displacement.

It is not the designer's wish at the present time to disclose the dimensions of the sails which the boat will carry. It is not likely that he will give these out until both contestants are in the water, for such information would give too much comparative data to the Bristol designer. There is every reason to believe that the Boston boat will have a greater sail spread than Columbia, although even with the same sail area she should be faster on form.

Everything was put in readiness to begin work on the Boston boat at the Atlantic Works during the week. All of the angle bars for the frames are there. The bending slabs were put in place and a shelter erected over them. The furnace was kept going full blast for twenty-four hours to get an even heat, and then a small bar was turned as an experiment. The result was very satisfactory. Today two frames were bent into shape. The work of bending will now continue rapidly, so that as many frames as possible will be ready when the keel frame arrives from East Braintree. The metal for the keel frame was run today, and it is expected to arrive at the Atlantic works some time next week.

On Tuesday a big Oregon pine stick was towed over from Pigeon's Basin, at East Boston, to Lawley's, and Wednesday, at high water, it was hauled into the west shop. It is intended for a hollow mast for the new boat. It is now nearly squared up and will be ready for splitting in a few days. It is a beautiful piece of wood, the rich grain showing through plentifully.

The remarkable feat of building a 50ft. steel steam yacht in five weeks was accomplished at Lawley's recently. The boat was designed by T. S. Poekel for Lawrence B. Gray, of Boston. She is of peculiar design, her keelson taking a decided rise at the stern, forming double bilges, and it is in this space that the propeller is placed. She was expected to start for New York to-day. Arriving that she will be placed on the deck of the steamer Prins Frederick Hendrick and taken to Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, where Mr. Gray has large interests in the coal mines. She will cruise on the Surinam River.

Several yachts have been finished at Lawley's and hauled out of the west shop, and new ones in process of construction have taken their places. The Canada cup defender, Illinois, is being planked. The 120ft. steamer for W. P. Eno, from Crane design, is being laid down. This yacht was intended to be 115ft. on the waterline, but the plans have been changed. The keel is ready for the 46-footer for Theophile Parsons. An 85ft. steamer for C. B. Borland, from design of Arthur Binney, is being laid down. The oak keel is ready for a 25ft. cruiser for F. E. Peabody, from Purdon's design. F. D. Lawley is designing a Bar Harbor 25-footer for Mrs. H. B. Gibson, and a Y. R. A. 21-footer for Mr. Wiggin, of the Annisquam Y. C.

The following officers have been nominated by the Boston Y. C., to be voted for at the annual meeting: Com., B. P. Cheney; Vice-Com., Walter Burgess; Rear-Com., E. F. Smith; Sec'y, A. C. Fernald; Treas., D. A. Dorr; Measurers, G. F. Lawley and Jefferson Borden; Trustees, B. P. Cheney, J. A. Mitchell, C. W. Jones and W. L. Dean; Regatta Committee, Walter Burgess, W. H. Bangs, Jr., B. D. Amsden, C. A. French and W. A. Ruddick; Membership Committee, W. C. Lewis, W. D. Turner, E. H. Tarbell, Albert Geiger, Jr., and C. G. Browne; House Committee (three years), W. D. Turner.

Crowninshield has sold the Bar Harbor 25-footer Scud, formerly owned by Edward Morrill, to Harry W. Weeks, of Boston. He has an order for a 54ft. schooner from W. F. Mayo, of Boston. She will be built by Rice Bros., at East Boothbay, and will be used by Mr. Mayo at Marblehead.

MacConnell Bros. have sold the 25ft. cat Alma, formerly owned by Ex-Com. C. A. Heney, of the Winthrop Y. C., to Stanley H. Eldridge, of Harvard College.

Graves, of Marblehead, has finished the Crowninshield-designed 16-footer for A. D. Irving.

John B. Killeen.

Lasca.

Lasca was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and was launched in 1892. She was built by Mr. Henry Piepgras at City Island. Lasca is a steel centerboard schooner. She is 89.9ft. on the waterline, 119ft. over all, 23ft. beam, 11.2ft. deep and draws 10.8ft. Mr. James S. Watson sold her to Dr. Walter von Bruening, of Berlin, in December of 1899. Mr. Watson had Mr. A. Cary Smith design a larger boat with auxiliary power after selling Lasca. She is known as Genesee, and her cabin plan appeared in Forest and Stream a short time ago. Lasca was in collision with a steam hopper while sailing on the Solent last summer, and a full account of the incident is given in this issue under the heading "A Collision on the Solent."

The new 51-footer building for Mr. Edward Kelly, N. Y. Y. C., by Mr. L. D. Huntington, Jr., will be named Huguenot.

A Collision On the Solent.

In the Admiralty Court on Wednesday last week an action was brought by the owner of the schooner Lasca to recover the damage sustained by him by reason of a collision which occurred about 1:45 P. M. on Aug. 16 last on the Solent, a little to the eastward of Calshot Light, between his yacht and the defendants' steam vessel, the hopper No. 2. The plaintiff's case was that the Lasca, manned by a crew of sixteen hands, was cruising on the Solent in the neighborhood of the Calshot lightship, on board which vessel was a photographer, who was engaged in taking photographs of the Lasca. The wind was about E.N.E., light, the weather fine and clear, and the tide the last of the flood. The Lasca, which was under all plain sail, had shortly before stayed from the port to the starboard tack and was being kept on the wind heading about from N.E. by N. to N.N.E. while certain sails were being reset, and was making about one knot. In these circumstances the steam hopper No. 2 was observed distant from a quarter to half a mile and bearing about five points on the port bow. The hopper approached in such a direction as to involve risk of a collision, and though loudly hailed to keep clear she with her stem struck the port side of the yacht just abaft the main rigging, doing her great damage. The defendants' case was that the hopper No. 2 was at the time laden with about 500 tons of mud, and was proceeding down Southampton Water, manned by a crew of five hands, on her way to sea to discharge the mud. She was heading about S.E. by S., and was making between four and five knots. In these circumstances the schooner Lasca was observed distant about half a mile, and on the starboard quarter of the hopper. The hopper kept her course and the yacht overhauled and passed her. When the yacht was about 300 to 400ft. away, she suddenly put her helm down and threw herself into the wind across the bows of the hopper. The helm of the hopper was at once put hard-a-port, and her engines were stopped and reversed full speed, but almost immediately the collision occurred, doing damage to the hopper, for which her owners counterclaimed.

Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes, in giving judgment, said that the real point in the case was whether the yacht suddenly put about when just ahead of the hopper in such a way that the hopper had no time to act for her, or whether she was when she put about at such a distance from the hopper that the latter could have avoided her by the exercise of reasonable care and skill. His Lordship then reviewed the facts, and stated that, having regard to the evidence, and particularly to the excellent photographs which had been taken by Kirk & Sons, of Cowes, and which had been put in, he had come to the conclusion that the yacht went about without any one on board of her taking the least trouble to see if the hopper or anything else happened to be close by, and that the hopper could not in the circumstances do more than she did do to avoid a collision. On the story told by the plaintiffs it was quite impossible for the collision to have occurred, and he could not believe that the hopper continued for some minutes to steer straight for the yacht, which must have been visible to all on board the hopper. The Lasca must be held alone to blame.—Yachting World.

Mr. William Vanderbilt's steam yacht Valiant sailed for the South on Jan. 26. Mr. Vanderbilt will board the yacht at Palm Beach, Fla. After that he intends to make a short cruise in West Indian waters, returning to New York early in February.

LASCA—Designed by A. Cary Smith. Photograph by Jackson, Marblehead.

25-FOOT SHOAL DRAFT SLOOP—SAIL PLAN.

25ft. Shoal Draft Sloop.

The shallow draft centerboard sloop, the plans of which appear in this number, was designed by Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., and built for Mr. Warren Somers, of Atlantic City, N. J. After a season of almost constant use, the boat is in splendid condition. She is very fast and able, having far exceeded her owner's and designer's expectations regarding her speed and seaworthiness in all weathers. A good sized watertight cockpit, 7ft. 6in. long, makes her a comfortable boat for day sailing, and her large cabin gives ample accommodation for four people to cruise on her comfortably. The cabin house is 9ft. long and 15in. high; the top is slightly crowned, giving 4ft. 6in. headroom under beams. On each side of the cabin are long transoms, so that two persons can sleep without overlapping. The trim in the cabin and cockpit is of mahogany. The dimensions on the sail plan clearly show the size of the spars and sails, and nothing further need be said regarding them. On her keel there is 2,500lbs. of lead, which makes her practically non-capsizable. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	40ft.	4in.
L.W.L.	25ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	8ft.	5in.
Aft.	6ft.	11in.
Beam—		
Greatest	11ft.	8in.
L.W.L.	10ft.	10in.
Draft—		
Greatest	2ft.	
To rabbet	1ft.	3in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	2in.
Taffrail	2ft.	6in.
Least	2ft.	
Displacement	10,560lbs.	

Her frames are of oak, steam bent, 1¾in. by 1⅞in. at heads, and 1¾in. by 2¼in. at heels. The planking is of cedar, ⅞in. thick. The deck beams are of oak, 2in. by 1¼in., and the deck planking is of pine, ¾in. thick. The deck and the top of the cabin house are covered with canvas.

Unlucky Ships.

"Unlucky ships" in our navy have a most unpleasant way of acting up to their reputations. Any bluejacket will tell you that the most unlucky ship in the navy is the Thunderer—he is firmly convinced that in the event of war she will come to grief. The origin of this ship's reputation is not exactly known, though a story exists to the effect that a workman was injured or killed during her construction, and his dependents scurvily treated by the Admiralty of the period. His wife, dying in childbirth shortly afterward, cursed the ship. So goes the legend; possibly enough, like many another legend, it was made later on to fit events. No doubt whatever attaches to the Thunderer's ill luck—a fearful boiler explosion and a terrible gun disaster marked her earlier years. Minor disasters have been many; most things that could go wrong with her did so, and, though it was recently stated that she had outlived her bad luck, almost immediately afterward all her guns went wrong—a matter of inquiry at the present moment. She is being put out of commission and replaced by the Hood, and it is extremely doubtful whether she will be employed again save as a harbor ship—men do not like her.

Another unlucky ship is the Howe. She went ashore and sank at Ferrol. Subsequently she was raised and refloated, but her "bad luck" clings to her; she is the worst ship of her batch to manage. By bluejacket superstition she is doomed to sink some consort or be sunk by her, one of these days.

Then there was the ill-fated Victoria. A horrible story (absolutely without foundation) about a man who was accidentally fastened down to die to her used to be related in the early nineties. She met with disasters, culminating in the terrible catastrophe that bears her name. The saddest of all incidents in connection with this catastrophe has never been made public. When the order was given for each man to jump, a batch of marines were not ordered to fall out. All, or nearly all, of those men were drowned standing at attention. However, this incident does not concern the luck of ships.

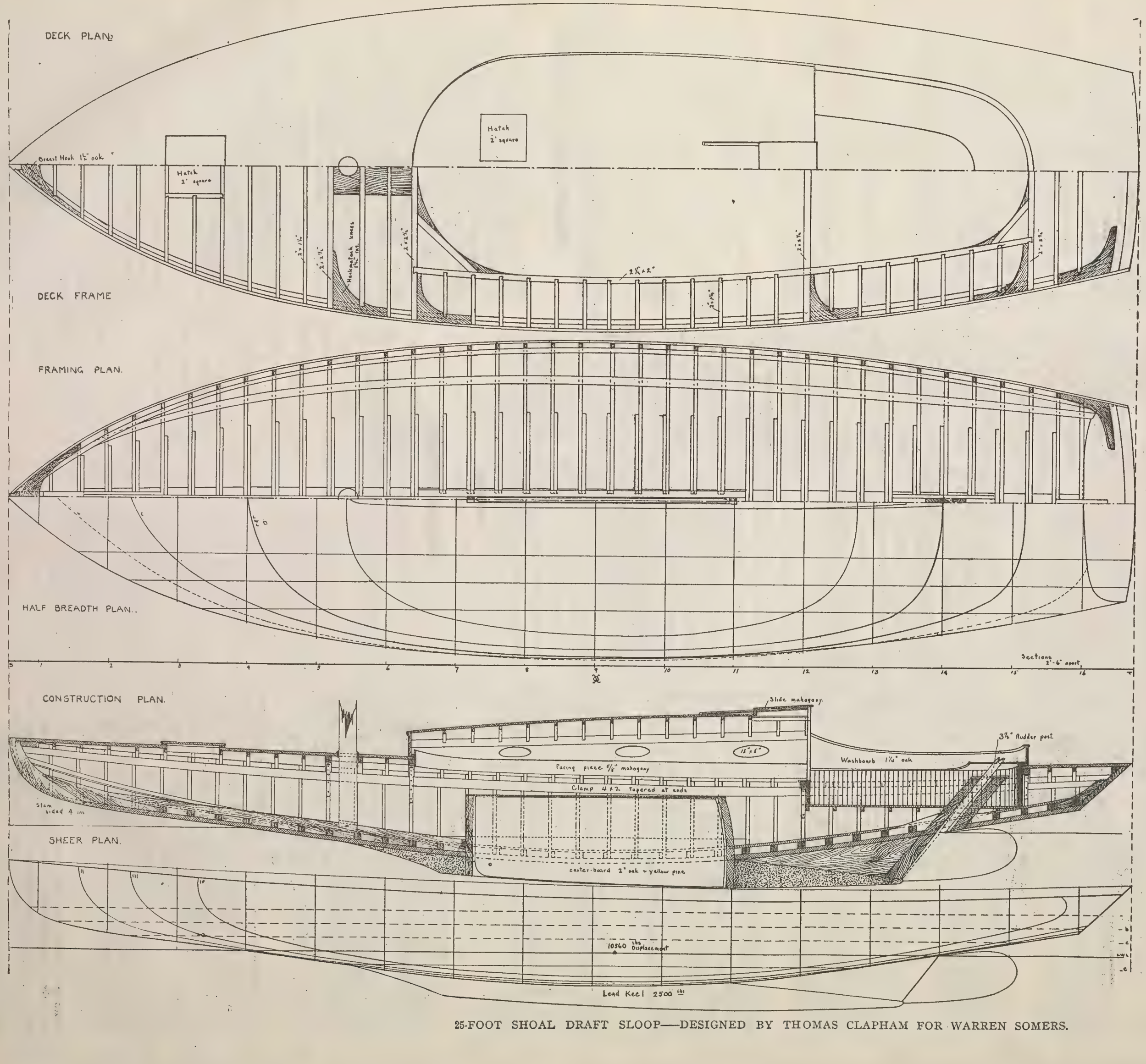
The list of unlucky ships could be extended considerably, but the above typical cases will suffice. In fact, of them it is absolutely useless to argue against nautical superstitions. The "bad luck," of course, varies; in the majority of cases it is confined to breakdowns and so forth, but whatever it be, once the "unlucky" reputation attaches to a ship it will last till she ends her career. And since the new royal yacht has thus got labeled, nothing that may be said or left unsaid will clear her. As she has cost over £500,000 something must be done with her. One speculation is that royalty will decline to use her, and that she will be handed over to the Lords of the Admiralty in place of the Enchantress, the anything but seaworthy craft that now carries them around.—London Chronicle.

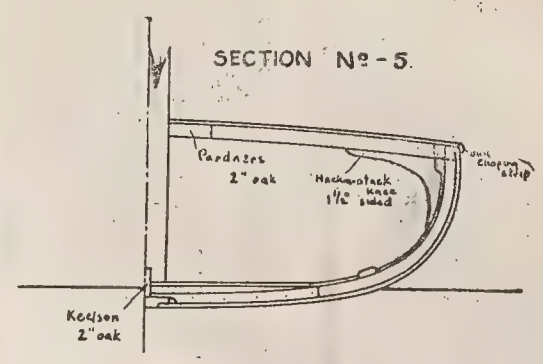
Yachtsmen's Club.

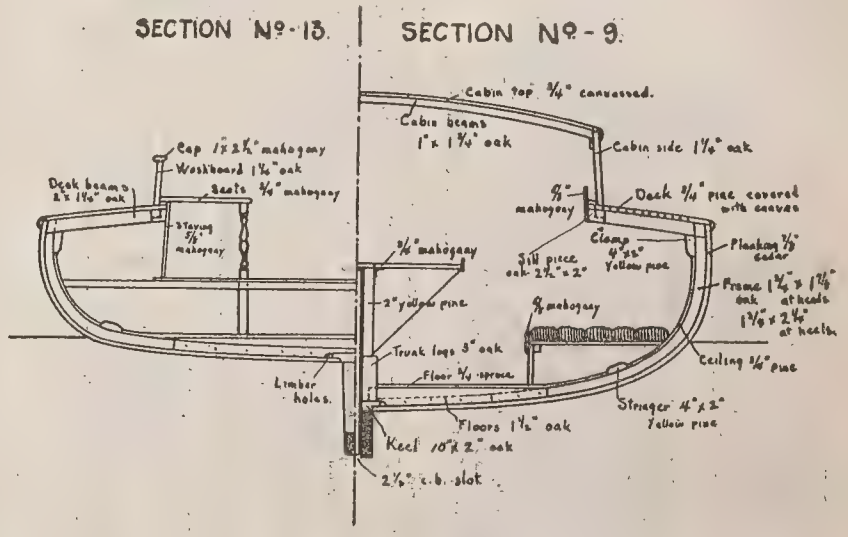
At the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, Mr. Clinton H. Crane, the well-known yacht designer, delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture on "Cruising Yachts: Their Design and Construction." The lecture was well attended, a larger number of members being present than on any of the previous Wednesday evenings, which shows the increasing interest as the series progress. Arrangements have already been made for the following subjects: Jan. 30, "Knots and Rigging," Herman White, Esq.; Feb. 6, "Steam Yachts: Their Design and Construction," Henry Gielow, Esq.; Feb. 13, "Knots and Rigging," Herman White, Esq.; Feb. 20, "Racing Yachts: Their Design and Construction," William Gardner, Esq.; Feb. 27, "Knots and Rigging," Herman White, Esq.

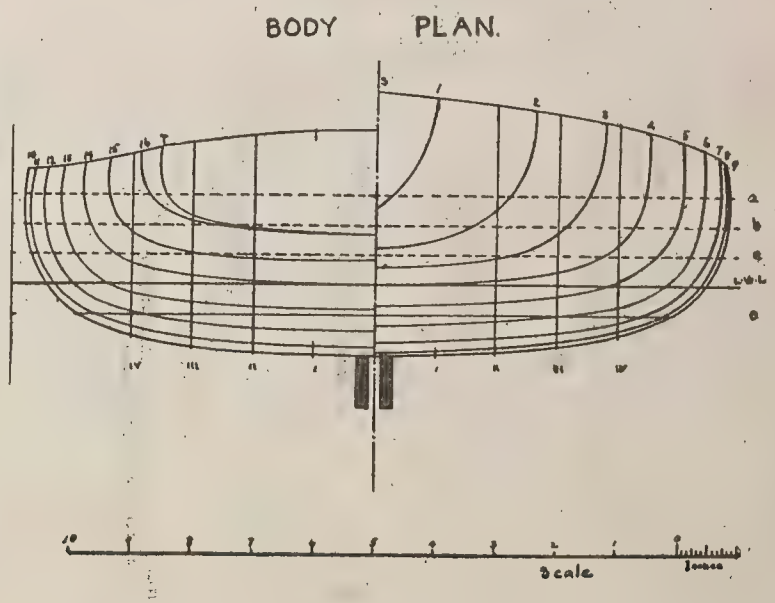
Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.









25-FOOT SHOAL DRAFT SLOOP—DESIGNED BY THOMAS CLAPHAM FOR WARREN SOMERS.

Yacht Club Notes.

A meeting was held by the yachtsmen of Atlantic City last week to form a yacht club. The name of the Atlantic City Y. C. was decided upon and temporary officers elected. Its members include the most influential yachtsmen in the city, and a site has been selected for a clubhouse facing Gardner's Basin. A wharf will be built where visiting yachts can tie up without paying wharfage. This courtesy it is expected will prove acceptable to many yacht owners and induce cruising parties to include Atlantic City in their summer itineraries. The clubhouse will be provided with all accommodations, so that visiting yachtsmen can make it their headquarters. The temporary officers of the club are Louis Kuehnle, president, and Emery D. Irelan, secretary.

The Staten Island Y. C. of Richmond Borough held its tenth banquet at the Hotel St. George, New Brighton, on Jan. 19. Over 200 members and their guests were seated at the tables. Commodore C. F. Wiegand presided. The club has a comfortable home at Stapleton and another on the Shrewsbury River at Highlands, N. J. It has a membership of 150, and its fleet is composed of twenty-eight vessels.

At a meeting of the Yale Corinthian Y. C. held on Jan. 17 at New Haven the following officers were elected for the coming year: Commodore, Clarkson Potter, 1901, of St. Louis, Mo.; vice-commodore, O. T. McClung, 1902, of Chicago; rear commodore, E. I. Low, 1902, of Brooklyn; secretary, R. H. J. Giddard, Jr., 1902, of Providence, R. I.; treasurer, J. B. Thomas, Jr., 1903, of New York. The club received a letter from the Harvard Y. C. inviting Yale to participate in an intercollegiate race. It is proposed to limit the size of the boats to 20ft. waterline and to hold the race at some neutral point, such as Newport, at the time of the New York Y. C. cruise. The proposition is to open the race to all colleges. The letter says a number of men interested in yachting have offered to present a small sum toward a perpetual challenge trophy, with the understanding that the boats competing for it shall be **owned** and managed by college members.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The record of the yacht Ailsa, recently purchased by Mr. H. S. Redmond, N. Y. Y. C., has been tabulated by the Yachtsman as follows:

	Starts.	First Prizes.	Other Prizes.	Value.
As a Cutter.				
1895	41	12	3	£2,362
1896	64	20	14	2,020
1897	18	8	1	1,080
As a Yawl.				
1898	34	14	4	970
Total	157	54	22	£6,432

The yacht Roamer, owned by Mr. H. C. Roome, N. Y. Y. C., arrived at Miami, Fla., on Jan. 26.

Mr. J. Campbell Smith, of Bayshore, L. I., has offered a $500 cup for a series of races by the sloops of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. The boats must be sailed by a member of the club and the winner of the series will be awarded the cup.

Mr. William Cagger, of Brooklyn, who died on Jan. 17, was the secretary of the Brooklyn Y. C. for nearly twenty years.

The Gas Engine and Power Co. and Seabury & Co., of Morris Heights, have contracted with a Boston yachtsman for the construction of a steam yacht from designs made by Mr. Arthur Binney. She will be 86ft. over all, 78ft. on the waterline and 12ft. beam. Her hull will be of wood and will be double planked. She will have a saloon forward; also one aft, and a stateroom for the owner. There will be a dining room in the deck house. The machinery will consist of a Seabury triple-expansion engine with cylinders 7in. 11½in. and 17½in. in diameter by 10in. stroke and a water-tube boiler. The speed of the yacht will be twelve knots an hour.

The steam yacht Atalanta, purchased from George J. Gould by Venezuela, and now being converted in the Erie Basin into a warship, has been rechristened Restaurador, which is Spanish for Restorer. This name was selected by President Castro of Venezuela. The followers of Gen. Castro in his revolution against President Andrade were known as the "army of restoration."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 3, 10, 12, 17 and 24.—New York.—Prize shoot, West Side Rifle Club range, 523 West Fifty-seventh street.
Feb. 11-12.—Jersey City, N. J.—Cottage Rifle Club's sixth annual prize and bullseye shoot, 517 Westside avenue.
Feb. 22.—Marion Place, Jersey City, N. J.—Hudson Rifle Club's annual team match; open to all rifle clubs.
July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Off-hand, 200yds.
Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Jan. 20. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with a score of 88. A strong, gusty wind from 3 to 5 o'clock blew all day, making it difficult to roll up big scores:

Strickmeier	10	7	9	9	9	9	10	9	7	9—88
	10	8	7	8	8	10	9	8	7	7—82
	6	10	7	10	7	8	7	10	8	8—81
Hasenzahl	9	9	9	8	9	8	10	10	7	8—87
	10	10	7	8	10	10	6	7	8	9—85
	8	9	8	9	5	8	10	8	10	7—82
Payne	7	6	10	10	9	8	10	9	6	10—85
	8	10	6	9	9	7	8	9	7	9—82
	8	6	6	8	9	9	10	7	8	10—81
Nestler	9	8	9	8	10	8	9	5	8	10—84
	10	10	7	6	7	9	8	10	9	7—83
	6	9	10	5	7	10	10	9	8	7—81
Gindele	7	7	9	7	9	8	10	9	9	8—83
	10	8	7	7	6	10	8	8	8	10—82
	8	7	8	8	10	7	9	7	9	9—82
Jonscher	9	7	6	10	8	10	7	9	8	8—82
	6	9	9	10	9	6	9	8	8	4—78
	7	6	5	6	8	7	10	7	4	9—69
Roberts	6	5	7	10	9	7	9	10	8	8—79
	10	8	8	6	8	6	7	6	9	9—77
	5	6	10	7	6	10	7	8	9	7—75
Lux	7	8	9	6	10	9	6	9	6	7—75
	6	6	5	3	9	9	10	9	8	10—75
	6	8	9	6	7	10	9	7	6	5—73
Uckotter	9	6	5	9	9	6	7	8	5	10—74
	5	10	10	7	8	8	6	6	6	6—72
	6	6	7	5	10	8	6	5	8	5—66
Weinheimer	9	8	5	6	5	9	10	7	8	5—72
	6	6	6	7	7	8	6	8	6	7—68
	10	6	6	5	10	6	3	7	6	7—66
Topf	6	4	10	8	8	10	7	8	5	7—73
	7	4	5	4	8	6	5	7	9	10—65
	7	4	9	7	4	5	9	8	6	6—65
Trounstine	8	5	10	9	9	7	6	10	9	4—77
	7	6	5	6	10	7	6	9	6	9—71
	5	7	6	9	8	8	5	5	9	9—71
*Drube	7	10	2	7	5	4	6	7	5	7—60
	3	8	5	6	9	9	6	4	2	1—54
	1	5	1	4	9	2	7	10	4	4—46
*Schulte	7	8	7	7	6	7	5	6	7	8—70
	2	10	5	9	5	9	4	6	5	6—61
*Geiger	10	7	8	3	6	5	6	4	4	10—56
	9	5	4	4	6	4	8	5	1	1—48

*Military rifles.

On Monday of next week the Metropolitan Shooting Club will meet in Conlin's gallery, 513 Sixth avenue, New York, for the purpose of electing officers.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Jan. 31.—Danbury, Conn.—Tournament and team shoot of the Danbury Gun Club. W. G. Olmstead, Sec'y.
Jan. 31.—Walcott, N. Y.—Winter target tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
Jan. 30-Feb. 1.—Dayton, O.—R. O. Heikes' target tournament; added money.
Feb. 6-7.—Cincinnati.—Cincinnati Gun Club's sparrow tournament. Chas. F. Dreihs, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—New York.—All-day target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club at Silver Lake Park, Staten Island. A. A. Schoverling, Capt.
Feb. 13-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Bert. B. Adams, Sec'y.
Feb. 15-16.—New Orleans, La.—First annual Mardi Gras tournament of the City Park Gun Club, under the auspices of the Peters Cartridge Co. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y, Denegree Building.
Feb. 18-23.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club; four days targets, two days live pigeons; $1,000 added. C. E. De Long, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Washington's Birthday live bird and target shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.
Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual midwinter target tournament the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.
Feb. 22-23.—Colorado Springs, Colo.—Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association's thirteenth tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club.
Feb. 22-23.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
March 2.—New York.—Two-week Roof Garden tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y.
March 18-19.—Ashville, N. C.—The Peters Cartridge Company's two days' target tournament.
March 21.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target and live-bird shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.
May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.
May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y.
May 15-17.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.
May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis.
June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.
July 23.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Feb. 12.—Interstate Park.—John Wright's prize (Francotte gun) shoot; 15 live birds, $12.50 entrance, birds included; handicaps 25 to 33yds.
April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.
June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.
June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.
July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The new ruling passed by the board of governors of the Carteret Gun Club is as follows: "Professional pigeon shooters are ineligible to membership in the Carteret Gun Club. Any member of the club who enters a pigeon shooting match for money or prizes in competition with professional shooters shall be requested to resign from the club, the request to be signed by six governors after proof to their satisfaction has been furnished to them that the member has rendered himself liable to such request." The definition of a professional as promulgated by the board is as follows: "A professional shooter is one who as employee or principal shoots in the interest of any dealer in guns, ammunition or sportsman's supplies of any kind, or who shoots for the purpose of advertising such wares, or who makes a business or practice of shooting public matches for money or prizes, or for any purpose whatsoever." While the ruling would seem to be far-reaching in scope and action, it will be noted that there is quite a liberal saving clause to it, namely, "after proof to their satisfaction has been furnished to them," etc.

The following clipping concerns the progress of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia: "The Keystone Shooting League did themselves proud Saturday afternoon, Jan. 26, the occasion being the opening of their new grounds. These grounds are directly back of their present beautiful grounds at Holmesburg Junction. It was less than a week ago when work was first commenced to put this addition in shape, but despite this fact the grounds were in readiness for the shooters yesterday. All that remains to do yet is to put in the new traps, erect a small shelter for the men, and the new grounds will be a worthy rival to the old ones. Yesterday was an exceedingly hard day to make a just comparison, but at that there was no dissatisfaction expressed by the shooters, and all declared there is a great improvement. The shooters now face the east, shooting toward the river. This gives the birds a free flight, and does not handicap the men. The new grounds are connected with the club house by a long board walk, which leads to the score."

From an exchange we take the following excerpt, which refers to one of Philadelphia's greatest trapshooters: "Mr. Leonard Finletter, who is well known to sportsmen everywhere as a member of the Riverton Gun Club, the Philadelphia Gun Club, and the Keystone Shooting League, and who is conceded to be one of the best field and trap shots in Pennsylvania, has been having a royal time at the shooting preserves of the Bolsa Chico Gun Club, Pasadena, Cal. Mr. Finletter was invited to visit the Bolsa Chico Gun Club preserves shortly after his arrival in Pasadena, by Count Von Schmidt. This is an honor only accorded to sportsmen of established reputation, and Mr. Finletter proved his ability by bagging forty-five ducks. His splendid marksmanship in knocking down left or right-quarterers, and low drivers, aroused the liveliest kind of enthusiastic praise."

The complete list of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournaments to date is as follows: The ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds and the second Grand American Handicap tournament at targets, April 1 and June 23, respectively, at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.; June 19-21, target tournament at Cleveland, O., under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club; May 8-10, target tournament at Memphis, Tenn., under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club; July 1-2, target tournament at Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can., under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club; target tournament at Providence, R. I., under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the manager of the Association, will manage all these tournaments.

The Tunkhannock, Pa., Rod and Gun Club announces a club shoot to be held on Feb. 14 at Triton Park, the programme containing five events at live birds and five at targets. The live-bird and target events alternate. The latter are: One at 15, one at 10 pairs, one at 10 (walking), one at 10 pairs (walking), each $1 entrance, and one at 25 targets, $2. The live-bird events are: Two at 7 birds, each $3 entrance; two at 5 birds, each $2 entrance; one at 10 birds, $5. The shoot will commence at 12:30. All events are sweepstakes. The targets will be thrown from a magautrap. Purses divided 50, 30 and 20, after the price of birds and targets is deducted. For further particulars address Chas. Graham, Frank Cleveland or Spencer D. Reed, Tunkhannock, Pa.

The programme of the Pahquioque Rod and Gun Club, Danbury, Conn., to be held on Jan. 31, commencing at 10 o'clock, has ten events, of which five are at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance; four at 15 targets, 75 cents and $1 entrance, and one at 20 targets, $1 entrance, $5 added. The programme will be repeated if time permits. After the fifth event there will be a match shoot between teams of New Haven and Danbury, 250 targets each, $25 a side. Magautrap. All events at unknown angles. Any one may shoot for targets only. Targets 2 cents.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces that he has arranged a live-bird shoot of special interest to the knights of the shotgun. It is an event at 15 live birds, $12.50 entrance, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33yds., at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Feb. 12, for a beautiful Francotte gun, with English trunk case and equipments complete, donated by Mr. George A. Barker, of Baldwins, L. I. The gun can be seen in the store of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association has issued a circular, as follows: "The shoot of the twentieth century—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, at Allentown, Pa., May 14, 15, 16 and 17. An attractive programme. State and open events. There will be more added moneys at this shoot than at any shoot in the history of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. Come! We will take care of you! For further information address C. F. Kramlich, Secrtary, Allentown, Pa."

Mr. W. G. Olmstead, secretary of the Danbury Gun Club, of Danbury, Conn., writes us as follows: "Our first shoot will take place Thursday, Jan. 31. We will have a match shoot, $25 per side, between Danbury and New Haven, 500 clay birds. The programme for the day will be ten events, with a total of 130 targets, with a total entrance fee of $6.75. One event, the eighth, will be 20 targets, $1 entrance, and $5 added money. Our club is new, but satrts off with over fifty members."

The two matches shot by Mr. Chas. Steffens at Dexter Park Friday of last week resulted in a win and a tie. One was with "Job Lott," 100 live birds each, 30yds. rise, which Mr. Steffens won by a score of 91 to 88. The other was with Mr. G. E. Loeble, who stood at 28yds., Mr. Steffens at 30. Each shot at 50 birds, and tied on 41.

Mr. C. W. Billings, president of the Emerald Gun Club, left for Florida last week, taking his family with him. He will reside there during the spring, fall and winter months each year hereafter, and in the North during the summer time. He will be much missed by his many friends in the North during his long absence.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, debonair and wholesome as usual, was a visitor in the gun colony last week—Thursday. He tarried but a short time in New York, being pressed with many business cares. He hopes, however, to so arrange matters that he will be able to participate in the Grand American Handicap next April.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott is still suffering from a badly sprained thumb, the result of an attempt to fend off an individual on Broadway who seemed to think he was a horse responding to a fire alarm and therefore had the right of way over all traffic. Up to date there has been no public manifestation on the part of Mr. Brewer to accept Mr. Elliott's shooting propositions. A bluff is all right up to the time it is called.

The Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., has arranged three 25-bird shoots, to take place respectively on Feb. 2 and 16 and March 16. On each intervening Saturday there will be a shoot at 15 live birds. At a recent shoot at 25 live birds this club arranged its handicaps as follows: Twenty-five-yard men shot at 29 birds; 26 and 27yd. men shot at 28 birds; 28yd. men shot at 27 birds; 30yd. men shot at 25 birds.

Mr. G. G. Zeth writes us as follows: "At a meeting of the Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club held Jan. 21 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. A. McNaught; Vice-President, G. T. Bell; Secretary, George G. Zeth; Treasurer, R. H. Fay; Captain, John F. Killitts; Members of Executive Board, W. W. Wilson and William E. Bell."

The B. T. Lyons Gun Club, of Gloucester City, Pa., held its annual meeting Jan. 26 and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Benjamin Storms; Vice-President, Thomas Goan; Secretary, George Van Fossen; Treasurer, Samuel Burns; Trustees, B. T. Lyons, Winfield Yates, Charles Peterson; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Firlein.

Paste it in your hat that the programmes of the great shooting event, the Grand American Handicap, will be ready for distribution on Feb. 20. Send in your entry, or your application for a programme, to Mr. Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer Interstate Association, 318 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Henry G. Hall, secretary of the Newell Gun Club, Newell, Ia., announces that his club has claimed dates for three shoots, namely, March 21, at targets and live birds; April 18, at targets; May 15-17, inclusive, the club's annual tournament at targets and live birds.

On Thursday of last week the Governing Shooting Committee held a meeting and adopted a constitution and by-laws. It was carried that hereafter the regular meetings will be held on the first Thursday of each month, at 320 Broadway.

The Richmond Gun Club, whose grounds are at Silver Lake Park, Staten Island, announces an all-day shoot at targets Feb. 12, commencing at 10 o'clock. All are welcome. A. A. Schoverling, Captain, P. O. Box 475, New York.

Mr. W. P. Markle, of the Markle Shot & Lead Works, St. Loius, Mo., was a visitor in New York last week. He made a visit to Interstate Park, and expressed praise for the complete equipment of the grounds.

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club, of Altoona, Pa., has fixed upon Feb. 22-23 for its target tournament. The secretary is Mr. G. G. Zeth, Altoona, Pa. The programme will be announced in the near future.

Mr. Bert B. Adams, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., informs us that his club will hold its Grand Central handicap tournament on Feb. 13 to 15.

At Richmond, Va., on Monday of last week, Capt. A. W. du Bray and Mr. Franklin Stearns, Jr., shot a match at 50 pigeons, 30yds. rise, and 50yds. boundary, which resulted in a tie on 45.

Mr. E. A. Wadsworth, secretary of the Catchpole Gun Club, Walcott, N. Y., announces a target tournament for his club on Thursday, Jan. 31.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Belvidere Gun Club.

Belvidere, N. J., Jan. 25.—No. 1 was at 5 live birds, $2, two moneys:

Wm Rasener	11100—3	C B Cole	00121—3
Geo Boardman	22102—4	H Thomas	10100—2
F Dapkey	12022—4		

Event No. 2, $2 entrance, miss-and-out:

Rasener	1220	Dapkey	0
Boardman	220	Cole	1222

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 28.—No. 7 was the club shoot. The next shoot will take place Feb. 23. All are welcome:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	25	25	15	25	at.	Broke.
C F Dudley	9	9	8	9	14	13	20	19	15	21	160	139
A A Schoverling	7	8	7	9	13	13	21	19	..	17	145	114
H Hansman	5	6	10	7	15	7	18	..	..	23	120	91
Geo Hughes	4	7	5	7	8	10	13	..	12	..	110	66
H Fee	5	5	6	5	9	10	17	..	..	..	95	57
Jas Hughes	7	4	3	3	..	..	9	..	..	..	65	26
S Brown	7	9	4	6	10	12	20	12	..	..	120	81
H Bock	..	..	..	..	8	14	20	20	..	..	80	62
J P Kay	..	..	..	6	9	13	13	19	..	..	90	59
Whittley	..	..	..	..	6	6	15	..	..	..	55	27
Geo Bremer	6	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	35	15

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Ass't Sec'y.

Trap at Hot Springs.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Bob Price, the undenied, undisputed champion squad hustler of the United States and Porto Rico, is going to give a shoot at Hot Springs on Feb. 18, to run a week.

I blew into the Springs last night from Texas to take a bath, and the first man I met was Bob, and this is what he said: "Say, tell all them shooters to come down here next month. They need boiling out, anyhow. See what it does to Capt. Elliott. He trains here every winter, and then goes up and takes their coin away from them, just like they were children. If Charlie Budd and Tom Marshall and Fred Gilbert would stay down here for six months and bring E. S. Rice with them, they might be able to beat him, but that ain't what I was getting at. We—that's me, see? nobody else—are going to give a $1,000 added money, run four days, targets, ten events a day—three 20-bird and seven 5-bird events; Rose system, four moneys, and $25 added to each event. Ain't that all right? Will we have a crowd? Well, I guess we will. The amateur will get 25 cents each time he shoots of the 90 per cent. man's money, and $50 added besides.

"Then we—that's me again—will have the Hot Springs Handicap, 25 birds, $15, birds extra, high guns, one money for every two guns—ain't that right?—and lots of other events.

"There will be a couple of good boxing matches that week, and a ball at the Arlington on Tuesday evening and one at the Eastman on Saturday. Charley Budd has promised to come and bring his dress suit case.

"The boys from Texas and Tennessee will be here to learn how to shoot. Bill Norman, of Greenville, learned well enough in one day to win the Hot Springs handicap two years ago, and, by the way, this shoot is a permanent thing. The Whittington Park management is back of the tournament, and will give a big shoot every year. It is calculated to draw shooters from the North just about the right time, and no more delightful trip could be undertaken than this one to Hot Springs."

That's what Bob Price said to me before I could get a word in edgeways, and he means every word of it.

Programmes out next week. Write to him for one.

HERBERT TAYLOR.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Carteret Gun Club.

The conditions governing the Carteret Gun Club's amateur championship of 1901 are as follows:

One hundred birds, entrance $100; money to be divided, 40, 25, 15, 10, and 10 per cent. to the club. All shooters to stand at 30yds. On each day each contestant will be allowed one bye bird. In case there be twelve or more entries the following rules shall apply:

1. The shooter who misses 10 birds by the time the 50th round is finished, and thereby becomes tenth in place or lower, shall drop out without privilege of re-entry.
2. The shooter who misses 16 birds by the time the 75th round is finished, and thereby becomes eighth in place or lower, shall drop out without privilege of re-entry.
3. From the 75th round up to the finish the referee shall retire (with privilege) those shooters who, in his opinion, have no chance of sharing in the moneys.

Entries will be received up to the first round on the day of the shoot.

The referee shall continue the first day's shooting as long as, in his estimation, the light holds good or as may be desirable to facilitate completing the event.

The executive committee of the club reserves to itself the right of refusing entries.

The William Payne Thompson cup, value $400, will be presented by the club to the winner of the championship.

Shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M. Take train leaving foot East Thirty-fourth street at 8:30 A. M. for Mineola, where vehicles will be in waiting to convey you to the club grounds.

Welch Defeats Money.

Jan. 22.—In the second contest between Mr. R. A. Welch and Harold Money, on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club to-day, the former won, with quite a margin to spare. The conditions were such as to make a most trying test of skill. A high 7 o'clock wind, which would be in a direction from the shooter to about No. 4 or 5 trap, made very swift drivers, and the narrow 30yd. boundary made very quick shooting essential if good results were to be obtained. Each contestant stood at 30yds. The match was for $500 a side. Mr. Walker Breese Smith was referee.

In the former contest, under the same conditions, they tied on 89.

The birds were an exceptionally good lot. Under the exceptional conditions, 88 was a high score.

R A Welch	22*22122*2112020120222122—20
	21222122112222212222202122—24
	2212222*2222222222*2222**—21
	22222222222222**212222221—23—88
H Money	2*20222222022202222222222—21
	22222212221212212222222*222—24
	20220102002222222*1220102—17
	2222021121*10222222112220—21—83

Medicus Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 22.—The anniversary shoot of the Medicus Gun Club, held at Interstate Park to-day, was well attended. The weather conditions were fairly favorable, though there was a good stiff wind blowing.

The main event was the 15-live-bird match, the Medicus Handicap, $10 entrance, birds extra. Dr. John P. Kay and Dr. McManus divided first, the former losing his first bird dead out, the latter losing his last, yet their scores being high at that. Koegel shot out Packard in the tie for second, while Van Allen did the like for Thompson in the tie for third. The scores:

Dr McManus, 27	112112221222110—14
J P Kay, 29	*112222222122222—14
H C Koegel, 30	222222222002122—13
R L Packard, 28	1201220221222222—13
S M Van Allen, 30	222222022202211*—12
J M Thompson, 30	2*12112100111121—12
Dr A A Webber, 30	222202002222202—11
Dr C E Miller, 29	222222222022000—11
W Hopkins, 29	12212210*021220—11
Annie Oakley, 27	2120011211112200—11
Ramapo, 27	1121*21120110*1—11
Dr Woods, 28	202222220022202—11
T R Chapman, 28	221220102200222—11
W H Sanders, 28	020021222200102— 9
C M Lincoln, 28	20020202022022w

Ties for second, miss-and-out: Koegel 1, Packard 0.

Ties for third, miss-and-out: Van Allen 8, Thompson 7.

In the following events No. 1 was at 5 birds, $3. No. 2 at 7 birds, $5. No. 3 was at 3 pairs, $3; all standing at 25yds.:

A A Webber, 30	22222—5	2220122—6	1* 11 01—4
S M Van Allen, 30	20222—4	2221112—7	11 10 11—5
Dr Miller, 30	22122—5	2220012—5	*1 11 11—5
Annie Oakley, 27	22222—5	2122212—7	.. .. ..
W Hopkins, 28	22111—5	1121212—7	11 00 00—2
J M Thompson, 30	01111—4	1222011—6	11 00 11—4
L A Ramapo, 27	12111—5	2222121—7	01 01 11—4
H C Koegel, 28	....	2222222—7	11 11 10—5
Dr McManus	....	.....	11 11 11—6

Match, 50 birds, $100 a side:

W H Sanders, 30	02222000220002200202 20*22—13	
	2222022*222222222	—15—28
J Cashau, 27	022202002222**02020200200—12	
	000*200222020200	— 6—18

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Jan. 26.—The weather was cold and windy. The scores:

No. 1, 7 birds, club prize. No. 2, same as No. 1:

W F Sykes, 28	2**1*1*—3	1220w
T W Morfey, 30	02*2**2—3	222*222—6
Dr Wynn, 29	2022110—5	02121*2—5
J A Bennett, 28	2220222—6	2122110—6
Jack, 28	2222212—7	211212*—6
R R Street, 28	1001220—4	2121120—6
T M Chapman, 28	.....	2121021—6
Ramapo, 28	.....	2112012—6
Van Allen, 30	.....	0*1*10*—2

Chapman won the shoot-off:

Shoot-off for January cup:

T Chapman, 28	1222222222—10	A Hegeman, 29	1211222101— 9
J Bennett, 28	2220*12021— 7	Ex Ray, 28	2221121012— 9
Jack, 28	2222222221—10	J Gaughen, 29	2222222222—10

Miss-and-out for cup: Chapman and Jack lost their first birds dead out, while Gaughen killed and won.

Twenty-eight-yard men, two misses; 29yd. men, one.

Dupont Park Medal Shoot.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 27.—There were thirty-six entries in the open handicap shoot for the Dupont Park medal here to-day, and a more enthusiastic crowd and a more pleasant day at the traps could not be wished for.

The weather was rather cold, but clear, and the birds were unusually good. The winner turned up in Mr. Fred Fink, of St. Louis, who grassed 15 straight to land the prize. The full scores follow:

J Bowman, 28	2222022222— 9	Selzer, 29	*212112**2— 7
F Arvis, 28	2112112*12— 9	C Cummings, 28	2222121202— 9
Dr. Bond, 28	2202100111— 7	Dr Johnston, 28	1211201210— 8
Prendergast, 31	22**222222— 8	W Nold, 29	2222222020— 8
Dr Gaines, 31	0122101212— 8	Hill, 28	2020112211— 8
C Scudder, 29	22212122*2— 9	Weber, 28	1110121212— 9
Meier, 29	2220122222— 9	Jonah, 28	1212011222— 9
White, 27	0020111122— 7	Burrows, 28	2221011111— 9
Nason, 29	22112 0111— 9	Fresch, 28	10*2121012— 7
Rock, 30	1111212202— 9	Dr Cummings, 28	21212001*1— 7
H Meyer, 27	2111111201— 9	D Cabanne, 29	2212210122— 9
Brandes, 28	2102100020— 5	F Fink, 28	1211112112—10
Spencer, 31	2221212220— 9	W Clay, 28	2210022112— 8
Crosby, 31	2222222222—10	J Cabanne, 30	2202222222— 9
W Meyer, 28	0112101210— 7	W Baggerman, 29	*22220***2— 5
Schwarz, 28	2121120012— 8	Dr Smith, 31	2222222222—10
Heiligenstein, 30	22220*2222— 8	Le Page, 29	0121012201— 7
Sandberg, 28	1212020222— 8	Payeur, 28	1222112121—10

In the shoot-off Fred Fink won, killing 5 more straight.

Following this event was a race at 25 birds between Ed Prendergast, holder, and Dute "Cabanne," challenger, for the Alex Mermod medal, which represents the local championship at pigeon shooting. The birds in this race were fair, with many first-class, and both men made some brilliant kills. The race was a tie up to the 21st round, each having missed 2, when Prendergast shot a bird on the ground and had to shoot another. This may have disconcerted him, for he missed the substitute bird, which was not a particularly difficult one. Then he also missed his 23d, while Cabanne killed out without further mishap. Both stood at 31yds. The scores follow:

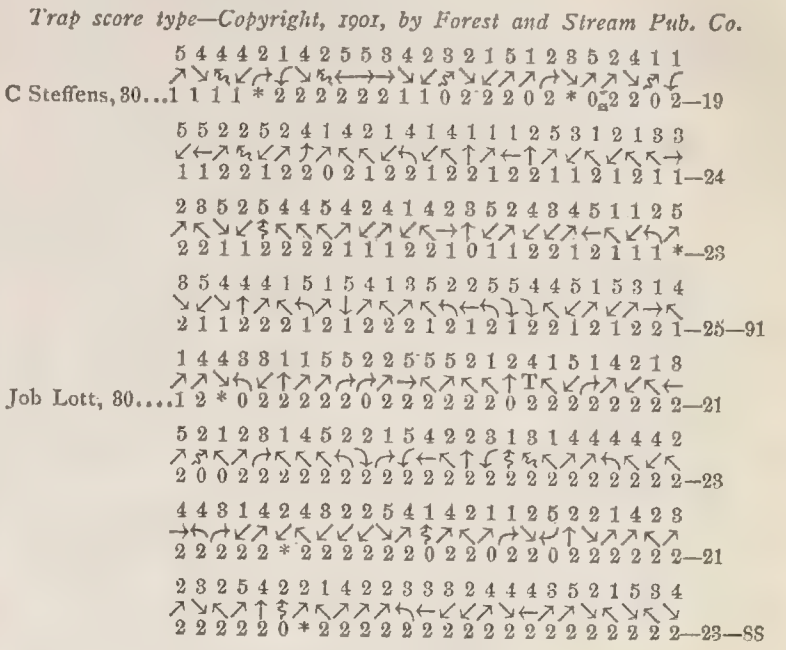
Cabanne	22210122211202122222222—23
Prendergast	02202222222222222222202022—21

At Dexter Park.

Steffens vs. Lott.

Jan. 25.—At Dexter Park, Jan. 25, the 10-bird match between Job Lott and C. Steffens resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 91 to 88. Mr. T. W. Morfey refereed, and Mr. Johnnie Jones scored. The match began at 12:40 and ended at 2:55. The scores follow:

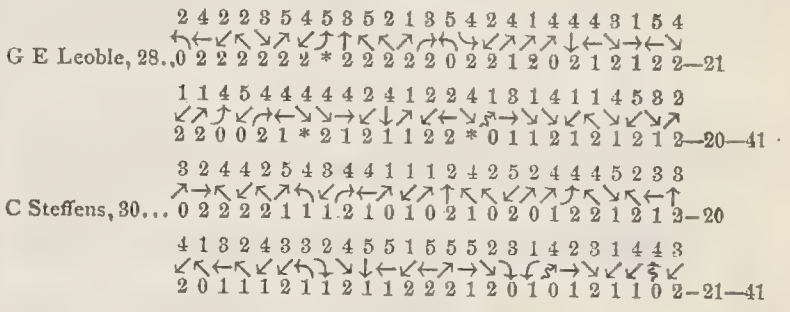
Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



Leoble and Steffens.

Jan. 25.—The match at 50 live birds between Messrs. Geo. E. Loeble and C. Steffens, the former at 28yds., the latter at 30yds., resulted in a tie on 41. Mr. J. Wellbrock acted as referee, Mr. Johnnie Jones as scorer.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



Florist Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 22.—The weather was warm and calm, favoring good scores, at the shoot of the Florist Gun Club to-day. The Eisenlohr prizes are valuable, and are zealously competed for. There was a large attendance. The grounds at Wissinoming had one of the largest crowds ever present.

The conditions are such that the shooting is made as hard and difficult as possible. Each man shoots at 20 singles, expert rule, one man up; 20 singles, unknown angles, and 5 pairs of doubles. The unknown angles and doubles are shot over the magautrap, rapid-firing system. At expert rules S. C. Parsons was the high man, breaking 18. John Burton, who scored 16, made the best run, 10 straight, Parsons making runs of 7 and 9. At unknown angles Mrs. Park and Louis H. Eisenlohr were the high guns, scoring 19, Mrs. Park making a clean run of 15 and Eisenlohr 18. Anderson was the high man at doubles, scoring 9 and missing his last target. With the handicap added to the scores Parsons, Burton, Dr. Smith and Reed tied for first place, each having a total of 50 or over.

The feature of the tourney was the remarkably fine work by Mrs. W. K. Park, who scored 38 out of 50, making a run of 15 straight at unknown angles, and dusting her 16th bird. In expert rule she broke 13, and scored 6 out of 10 at doubles. The scores follow:

	Expert Rule.	Magau-trap.	Pairs.	Broke.	Handi-cap.	Grand Total.
*Umholtz	8	11	4	23	..	23
Parsons	18	16	8	42	13	55
Anderson	10	16	9	35	8	43
Burton	16	15	5	36	14	50
Whitaker	7	12	6	25	14	39
Clark	10	10	3	23	20	43
*Mrs Park	13	19	6	38	..	38
Westcott	11	10	3	24	16	40
Sheeler	11	12	4	27	20	47
J Hanse	6	8	7	21	20	41
Massey	12	15	5	32	17	49
C D Ball	12	14	7	33	15	48
Dr Smith	13	13	8	34	16	50
Park	15	16	7	38	9	47
McKaraher	11	12	6	29	20	49
Barrett	10	16	5	31	12	43
Eisenlohr	9	19	7	35	13	48
*C Williams	12	15	5	32	..	32
*A George	16	17	6	39	..	39
*J Price	11	12	8	31	..	31
Reed	14	15	7	36	14	50
*Wilcox	9	14	3	26	..	26
*Pechin	5	6	2	13	..	13
*Downes	15	11	6	32	..	32
*B Williams	6	8	2	16	..	16
Dorp	9	11	5	25	14	39
C Hanse	11	11	4	26	18	44

*Not members.

Ossining Gun Club.

SING SING, Jan. 26.—Herewith please find scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club Saturday, Jan. 26. High wind made good scores impossible:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5
E D Garnsey	5	5	6	7	7	8	8	9	8	..
S Macbeth	0	2	7	3	2	3	..	..	..	..
F Valentine	3	6	3	2	4	..	..	..	..	..
J Hitchcock	4	4	4	5	5	..	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	7	9	7	9	7	7	8	7	8	..
I Washburn	4	4	6	5	5	6	6	3	7	4
G F Thompson	1	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
A Bedell	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
S Mullen	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. Club.

Hoffmansville Gun Club.

HOFFMANSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 22.—The live-bird shoot to-day here resulted as follows:

J Weiler	11210111211010111—14	Straub	12210110212201121—14
L Schmoyer	01112011101221011—13	Sommers	12210110212122201—14
M Brey	11112201101112121—15	C Kramlich	21221111202122111—16
Schlicher	01101011110122212—13		

L. SCHMOYER.

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Memphis Gun Club, of Memphis, Tenn., is out of house and home. A Northern manufacturing firm has bought its club grounds, and now the club is casting about for new quarters.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Watson's Park, Jan. 22.—The following matches were shot here to-day:

Clark and Haskell vs. Wells and Dennis, 25 birds per man, for birds:

Clark	2200022102120021212221101—18
Wells	1010111212*2221 —12
Dennis	1120120112222221122221112—23
Haskell	002021000101100 — 6

J. M. Healey vs. J. H. Amberg, 50 birds per man, for birds and corn beef and cabbage dinner. The birds were especially selected and most of them the fastest of the fast:

Amberg	22202202102212212*221*022—19
	221*2220122211020*222021*—18—37
Healey	222220222*22*022*22020200—16
	2102220*21121220120*20202—17—33

Same day two sweeps were shot; first at 10 birds, entrance $5; second, 5 birds, entrance $3:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Barto	1201211221— 9	12222—5
Odell	2112011212— 9	21112—5
A S Kleinman	1111211221—10	22120—4
Steck	2212222221—10	12122—5
Foss	00*02*0110— 3	.....
Healey	22202222*2— 8	20202—3
Amberg	1**2010222— 6	21222—5

Jan. 24.—Three-cornered match, 25 birds each. A strong wind blew across the traps, making the birds nearly all strong left-quarterers. The work of Odell was especially good, he killing 31 out of the last 32 shot at:

M E White	1221222012220021120121*12—20
H Odell	2211102111121211*2220112*—21
A C Paterson	211211*12112*221102200221—20

Ten-bird match:

White	212222120*— 8	Odell	1122211211—10
Paterson	2**2120122— 7		

Miss-and-outs:

White	12*	222112222120
Odell	212	2221112221212111210

Jan. 26.—Five birds, $3, three moneys:

Roll	12222—5	Hunter	01121—4
Martin	22212—5	Nusley	01111—4
Comley	11112—5	Levi	12022—4
Steck	10222—4	Palmer	21112—4
Long	10221—4	Gillis	11121—4
Rust	02002—2	Barto	22122—5

Practice:

Roll	22*21	Barto	2211
Odell	2220	Day	2
Hunter	2*11	Palmer	0222222
Dent	0*22	Bowles	2220
Comley	2122	Bacci	222022222222002
Rust	01222222	Walters	*200
Martin	212		

Garden City Gun Club.

Jan. 26.—Garden City Gun Club handicap, extra birds to shoot at, $2 sweep with the handicap, birds counted; and a $2 sweep without handicap, birds counted, making two sweeps in the one shoot, three moneys for each.

With handicap: Levi, Comley, Hunter, Palmer, Long, Steck, Miller, divided first; Martin, Roll, Mack, Gillis, Barto, Amberg, divided second; Odell, Walters, divided third.

Without handicap: Palmer, Steck, Miller, divided first; Comley, Roll, Gillis, divided second; Mack, Hunter, Long, Barto, Amberg, divided third.

Rust, 2	01020122012221101 —12
Martin, 3	1212211010212210 21—14
Levi, 3	*022122221120212 11—15
Odell, 1	2022200212122111 —13
Comley, 1	2122012222122111 —15
Roll, 0	220222222222121 —14
Nusley, 3	122120102100102000—10
Sturtevant, 1	222222222222*000 —12
A B Mack, 3	0112*2211122221001—14
T B Hunter, 2	2212221220012121 —15
Dr Carson, 1	1222121211201020 —12
Gillis, 1	2122122212101120 —14
Day, 3	0022212010220201O1—11
Palmer, 1	222122212222222 —15
Long, 3	2022201212211220022—15
Steck, 1	122122122221222 —15
Walters, 3	2221022202112*2020—13
Bowles, 3	2221220101*2020200—11
Barto, 1	22202*1121112222 —14
Amberg, 1	1022111122122022 —14
Dr Miller, 1	1122221222222122 —15
Dent, 2	20*02*1112020*122 —10

The figures following the names denote extra birds to shoot at.

Ravelrigg.

Pickaway Rod and Gun Club.

Circleville, O., Jan. 26.—Herewith are scores of our live-bird shoot of Wednesday, Jan. 23. We had a good day's shoot, and everybody went away well pleased. We have made a good start for one next year, only it will be at 25 birds, instead of 50:

Fifty live birds, handicaps 26 to 30yds.; entrance $15, birds extra; money to go to the four high guns, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.:

Heikes, 30	21221221221222222222222—25
	11222212212221222222122201—24—49
Hull, 28	22222222102221221221222—24
	22222222222222222222222221—25—49
Hallowell, 29	21112220222122222122221122—24
	221*11221222112222212221122—24—48
Fanning, 30	2201*12221122221111222212—23
	21112211112121222222112112—25—48
Alkire, 29	22121112102222222121222222—24
	22222111212012212221222212—24—48
R Loads, 29	21222202222222222*22022222—22
	22222222222222222222222222—25—47
Jamison, 26	22211212101122222202220l2—22
	22112222121222122222*21211—24—46
Sanford, 28	22220212121122112121202211 2—23
	22222122212222212222200021—22—45
Hall, 26	21102212022222222111212222—23
	22221022022222122202121022—21—44
Gross, 28	11212112021202222120222220—21
	02222222221221221221021l0—22—43
E M Stout, 28	0221*12222200112202212211—20
	12111210221201212112221l2—23—43
Geo Stout, 28	11221222221222212212*22120—23
	20211*222*1222200
Haswell, 28	21200*12211212202222222211—21
	121222201212*
*Mackie, 29	202220220220202200

*Mr. Mackie's handicap was 28yds., but he preferred to stand at 29.

Ten live birds, entrance $5, three moneys, 50, 30, 20 per cent., all at 30yds.:

R Loads	2222222222—10	Gross	2121012222— 9
Hull	2222212211—10	Jamison	1222222022— 9
Geo Stout	0222221212— 9	Sanford	2021211122— 9
Fanning	2122011111— 9	Haswell	0222102211— 8

Four miss-and-outs, entrance $2, birds extra:

Sanford	22	2122211	120	22222222220
Haswell	22	.....	0	20
R Loads	20	12210	220	2222222222222
Fanning	10	1112211	2122	2221112212212222
Gross	0	1220	2122	21220
Jamison	.....	1220	2210	.....
G Stout	.....	1220	2210	2122220
Hull	.....	.....	0	.....

National Gun Club.

Milwaukee, Jan. 24.—The National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, has closed its last year's monthly live-bird shoot in a very satisfactory manner to all. You were informed at the beginning of the year as to the conditions under which the shoot would be conducted, and those conditions have been strictly carried out. It was, to my mind, one of the most enjoyable events in live-bird shooting in my experience—not one word to mar the harmony that existed during the entire year.

Twelve shoots took place—one each month—and a member, in order to qualify for a prize, was compelled to shoot in at least eight events. Thirteen members qualified, only one shooting in all of the events of the year, and that one was E. E. Rogers, the president of the club.

There were ten equal prizes given, and were won by the following named members:

	Shot at.	Killed.	Handicap.	Per Cent.
L Collins	100	99	9	99
P Bogart	100	78	20	98
E E Rogers	120	105	7	94 1-2
Dr J L Williamson	90	85	0	94 1-8
A Klapinski	90	77	8	93 5-9
T A Thomas	90	78	6	92 2-3
J P Sherer	110	81	18	91 7-11
G L Deiter	80	71	3	91 3-4
H S Blake	110	90	9	90 9-11
E Gumz	90	62	20	88 8-9

During the year forty-one persons took part in the contest. At the close of the season, after paying all expenses, there was $211 to be divided.

Owing to the interest created by the above shoot, the club saw fit at its annual meeting, held on Jan. 7, to appoint a committee with full power to arrange and conduct during the year another live-bird shoot similar to the one held in 1900. The committee consists of J. Muehl, captain of the club; H. Reed, F. Stuth, A. Klapinski and L. Collins, and the committee has met, handicapped the members and drafted the rules to govern the shoot, a copy of which is subjoined.

Owing to the serious illness of Col. F. C. G. Brandt, lessee of National Park, the first monthly shoot will take place on the 25th inst., on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, the following shoots to take place on the grounds of the National Gun Club.

At the annual meeting above referred to the following named members were elected as officers of the club for the ensuing year: Ed Silverman, President; J. P. Sherer, Vice-President; L. Collins, Corresponding Secretary; F. Stuth, Financial Secretary; E. Gumz, Treasurer; J. Muehl, Captain; H. Reed, Theo. Thomas, E. E. Rogers, Board of Directors.

Lindley Collins, Sec'y.

Milwaukee, Jan. 15.

At the annual meeting of the National Gun Club, held at National Park on the 7th inst., a resolution was passed authorizing the president to appoint a committee of five for the purpose of arranging a monthly live-bird contest and to fix necessary rules and handicaps to govern same. The committee so appointed have devised and arranged as follows: 1. The contests shall be known as the National Gun Club's Prize Shoots. 2. These prize shoots to be held on the fourth Friday in each month during the year 1901. 3. The score to be 10 live birds in the form of a sweepstake open to all. 4. Entrance fee $2.50. 5. Entrance without interest in sweepstake fee $1.50. 6. Birds deducted at 15 cents each. 7. Sweepstake money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. (class shooting). 8. Shooting to commence at 1:30 o'clock P. M. Entries to close at 3 P. M. 9. Sweeps or practice shoots before or after prize shoot may be arranged at pleasure of shooters present. The net profits derived from the sale of birds on the above days will be paid into a club prize fund, to be divided as follows: 5 per cent. of entire amount shall be divided into three equal prizes, to be given for best attendance during the year. (Awarded on high gun system.) The balance shall be divided into ten equal prizes for club members only, which prizes will be awarded at the next annual meeting under the following conditions. (Note.—It is estimated this fund will reach $250.) 10. The distribution of moneys of the prize shoot shall be governed by the high gun system. 11. At the end of the year the standing of each member will be arrived at by taking the percentage of his eight best scores and adding thereto his handicap. 12. To be eligible to prize shoot money a member must participate in at least eight of the twelve shoots. 13. Only one prize shoot score will be allowed any member in any one month, and that on the day and at the time hereinbefore stated. 14. No weight limit is placed on guns. 15. American Association rules for 1899 to govern where they do not conflict with the foregoing. All members have been handicapped to the best of the committee's ability. Copy of handicap will be posted in the club house. These handicaps will not apply on sweepstake moneys.

The Committee.

Boston Gun Club.

Wellington, Jan. 23.—Just twenty-one shooters had enthusiasm enough to participate in the second serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club, on their grounds, at Wellington, this afternoon. A notable attendant, and one whose presence we always look forward to, was Mr. Gordon, who is just now recovering from his late illness. The way he snuffed them out at times was a caution to the younger element, who were having quite a gay time all to themselves vainly endeavoring to find out where those birds were, any way. Spencer again held the honors in the prize match, being high, with 21, a no mean score for the day, as the wind carried all the smoke of a far-away steel company's works right on a line with the flight of the targets. Scores below, all shooting from handicap distances:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Gordon, 17	6	7	8	4	10	6	5	8	..	..	..	..
Leroy, 21	6	6	6	7	7	6	6	8	..	..	..	..
Worthing, 16	5	6	5	7	4	4	6	..	..	..	..	..
Leonard, 16	6	7	6	6	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Hilliard, 16	3	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swett, 17	5	5	6	5	4	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Haskell, 16	4	6	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Barrett, 16	3	5	4	5	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wallace, 16	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gibbetts, 16	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banks, 14	5	2	5	2	2	3	5	..	5	..	..	..
Samuels, 16	6	8	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dickey, 21	5	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barry, 16	6	8	1$	7	5	6	5	7	6	6	..	..
Ford, 16	..	..	5	5	6	5	5	7	..	..	..	..
Poor, 16	..	..	..	4	1	3	4	2	..	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	8	5	8	..	..
Nichols, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	..
Williams, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
H J K, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
F S B, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..

Event No. 9, 5 pairs; all others 10 unknown.

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown; distance handicap:

Spencer, 18	010101110111111110101111111100—21
Leroy, 21	101101101111010111010111001011—20
Gordon, 17	100101001011111111111010001111—20
Leonard, 16	010101110111000111111011110011—20
Barry, 16	111011100100011101101110101001—18
Barrett, 16	010010011011001100111011111010—18
Swett, 17	110001110000011010011100101111—16
Ford, 16	001111010011100101010111001010—16
Worthing, 16	110101101100110110001111000000—15
Poor, 16	101010100000010000000100100010— 8
Banks, 14	000010001000100100001001000001— 7

Palmer Rod and Gun Club.

Palmer, Mass.—The Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association held its annual meeting at Palmer, Mass., on the eve of Jan. 22. Officers for the year 1901: President, E. Gibson, of E. Brookfield; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. S. B. Keith, of Palmer. It was decided for the coming year to hold five team shoots; also to promote the interest in sweepstake shooting. The team shooting is to consist of five teams of five men each, each man to shoot at 25 targets at each shoot. At the end of the season the team breaking the greatest number of targets wins the cup and badges.

The association decided that all sweepstake shooting shall be conducted under a distance handicap system, giving the poorer shooters a chance, which will do much to promote the interest in trapshooting. The Association would like all gun clubs in Massachusetts to join them, that in the future team shoots and sweepsatke shooting can be conducted under defined rules and regulations. Any information can be obtained by addressing Dr. S. B. Keith, secretary.

Secretary.

Norfolk Gun Club.

Portsmouth, Va., Jan. 26.—Herewith find scores of live-bird shoot in Norfolk under the auspices of the Norfolk Gun Club, W. N. White manager. The weather was dark and cloudy, with light rains, which made shooting difficult, though it was lively and interesting. Mr. A. W. du Bray, of Parker Brothers, was again a welcome visitor, and in his usual congenial manner demonstrated what a good gun with a good load will do in "any old weather" by grassing 30 straight, his last bird falling dead out of bounds. Mr. H. P. Collins, of the Dupont Powder Company, and Mr. A. H. Fox, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, were also welcome visitors, and never fail to impress the high qualities of their goods on the public, which are becoming very popular in this section. Mr. Stearns, of Richmond, Va., and Mr. Albert, of Newport News, were among the visitors, and entered heartily into the shoot, and very few birds escaped them, although they were on strange grounds. Come again, gentlemen, one and all; you are always welcome.

Practice, 5 birds: Pryor 2, Hazard 4, Dr. Foster 4, Fox 5, Stearns 4, Gallagher 4, Hudgins 1, Hurst 3, Du Bray 5, Agelasto 1, withdrew.

Event No. 1, optional sweep, 5 birds, class shooting, two moneys:

Hurst, 30	212*1—4	Du Bray, 30	12222—5
Hazard, 30	21222—5	Gallagher, 31	*2222—4
Stearns, 30	2222*—4	Agelasto, 28	202*2—3
Dr Foster, 28	22222—5	Webb, 28	12222—5
Fox, 32	02222—4	Stewart, 28	12*22—4
Hudgins, 27	*1020—2	Miller, 28	11222—5
Pryor, 30	2222*—4		

Event No. 2, optional sweep, 7 birds, three moneys:

Hurst	1210*02—4	Dr Foster	0222222—6
Hazard	2222222—7	Du Bray	2212222—7
Stewart	0222022—5	Hudgins	0201222—5
Stearns	2222220—6	Webb	0*00110—2
Miller	*112200—4	Lambert	*222021—5
Pryor	222*000—3	Agelasto	102w
Gallagher	*22002*—3	Ballentine	012w
Fox	2220002—4		

Event No. 3, optional sweep, 5 birds, two moneys, high guns:

Hurst	2*121—4	Dr Foster	22220—4
Pryor	22*22—4	Stearns	22222—5
Hazard	22221—5	Fox	20221—4
Hudgins	*2202—3	Albert	11122—5
Ballentine	20012—3	Miller	10201—3
Gallagher	22222—5	Stewart	22222—5
Du Bray	22122—5	Lambert	20*11—3

Event No. 4, miss-and-out:

Stewart	2121*
Stearns	222220
Dr Foster	2222222222*
Albert	1211110
Fox	12222222222222222—17
Hurst	0
Ives	20
Gallagher	22222222222222222—17
Du Bray	212222*
Miller	21220
Hazard	0
Hurst	11222222222222220—16
Hazard	2222220

G. P. Grant.

Richmond Pigeon Club.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 26.—The Richmond Pigeon Club had an enjoyable afternoon's work at the traps to-day at Broad street baseball park. No very remarkable shooting was done, but the sport on the whole was well worth witnessing. The fun began with an impromptu match between Capt. du Bray, of Parker gun fame, and Franklin Stearns, of Richmond, at 25 birds, in which the latter defeated Capt. du Bray, who was dead out of form, by 23 to 20. Scores:

A W du Bray, 30	221*22*01222210111111* 12—20
F Stearns, 30	20222220222222222222222222—23

Live-bird shooting is rapidly climbing into general favor with trapshooters in this region, and some of the boys are beginning to study on what they will do with the Grand American Handicap trophy when they bring it back here.

Three handicap sweeps followed the match, in which the following scores were made:

Du Bray, 30	2*021*1*00—4	30..0221*2111*—7	.....
Drummond, 30	22 2222220—9	28..222222222*—9	2*22221222—9
Johnston, 28	2202002222—7	28..1112222012—9	0222020022—6
Stearns, 30	2220222202—8	28..0222220202—7	22202222*2—8
Wood, 28	1102212*22—8	.....	.....
Buckner, 28	*12*022220—6	.....	.....
Harrison, 28	0222201202—7	28..200*212222—7	2121112200—8
Colquitt, 30	211*1*22*2—7	.....	.....
Royal, ...		28..0220121112—8	22w

R. F. Banks.

Keystone Shooting League.

Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 26.—There was a good attendance at the shoot of the Keystone League. The birds were fast, and the skill of the shooters was tested therefore even harder than on the old grounds. In the club event Snapshot was alone in making a clean score, though Budd had one, save one bird which fell dead out. The scores:

No. 1, 7 birds, sweepstake, $3 entrance, Rose system: Snapshot 7, Baltz 7, Van Loon 6, Budd 6, Henry 6, Darby 5, Russell 5, Morris 4, Vandegrift, Brewer and Rosystem withdrew.

No. 2, club handicap shoot, 10 birds, optional sweeps: I. W. Budd (30) 9, J. Anderson (30) 8, J. Brewer (29) 7, H. Henry (30) 7, Snapshot (30) 10, Dr. Darby (29) 8, W. Morris (29) 9, A. A. Felix (30) 9, A. Baltz (28) 4, W. F. Leedom (28) 6, J. Vandegrift (30) 7, E. Russell (29) 8, C. E. Geikler (29) 9, W. Hauff (28) 7, F. W. Van Loon (30) 8, C. Fitzgerald (28) withdrew.

No. 3, 7 birds, sweepstake, Rose system: Vandegrift 6, Budd 7, Baltz 5, Henry 7, Snapshot 7, Brewer 4, Darby 4, Geikler 5, Hauff 4, Rosystem 7.

No. 4, miss-and-out, $1 entrance: Henry 5, Rosystem 5, Darby 4, Budd 2, Van Loon 1, Snapshot 1, Morris 0.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

California.

THIRTY-FIVE DAYS' TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a special personally-conducted tour through California, to leave New York and Philadelphia on Feb. 14, by the "Golden Gate Special," composed exclusively of Pullman parlor-smoking, dining, drawing-room sleeping, compartment, and observation cars, returning by March 20. This special train will be run over the entire route. The best hotels will be used where extended stops are made, but the train will be at the constant command of the party.

Round-trip tickets, covering all necessary expenses, $450 from all points on Pennsylvania Railroad, except Pittsburg, from which point the rate will be $445.

For further information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; B. Courlaender, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; Colin Studds, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

The salmon angling excursion advertised by the St. Lawrence Steamship Co., Limited, appears to offer an exceptional chance to salmon anglers who feel able only to spend a moderate sum of money on their outing. The rivers mentioned are among the best in Canada, but are inaccessible and can be reached only by some special means of transportation. Anglers wishing a short trip at a moderate cost would do well to correspond with the advertisers.—*Adv.*

The Great Bristol Automatic Fish Hook, advertisement of which appears in another column, is a double hook, automatic in setting and hooking, which, the manufacturers claim, will catch more fish with less bait than any other hook on the market, while the disagreeable feature of torn and bleeding fish, so common in double hooks, is missing in this one.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

REPORT OF THE U. S. FORESTER.

THE report of the Division of Forestry for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, possesses especial interest as showing how great is the public desire for instruction in methods by which utility and value of the wood lands can be increased. In striking contrast to the public apathy of a few years ago, there exists at the present time an interest in forest matters in the United States which is widespread, effective and intelligent. Congress has not kept up with this change in the public sentiment, and while the appropriations of the Division have been somewhat increased, they are not nearly sufficient to enable it to comply with any considerable portion of the demands made upon it. Something of the change in sentiment, and of the magnitude of the problems that confront the Division, may be gathered from the fact that in the year 1898-1899 applications were made for working plans for forests covering 1,513,592 acres, while at the end of the succeeding year these applications covered an area of 51,192,714 acres. Meantime the working force of the Division had grown from sixty-one to one hundred and twenty-three individuals. It is thus obvious that what is now holding back public forestry of the United States is not the lack of a wish of the people to have forest matters receive attention, but a lack of comprehension on the part of Congress of the public feeling on the subject.

The most wholesale demands on the Division for assistance come from the Secretary of the Interior, who requests working plans for the management of the timber on the national forest reserves and for a study of various matters within their boundaries, so that he may be in a position to administer these reserves intelligently and wisely. To investigate these forest reserves and to present practical plans for their care and working would, as Mr. Pinchot observed, "absorb the whole present force of this Division for many years," and of course cannot be done at present. Next in importance is the application made by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York to prepare working plans for the forest reserves of that State. The area is a million and a quarter acres, and even to do this would severely tax the resources of the Division. Besides these requests for assistance there have come from many sections of the treeless West applications from farmers for information as to the best methods of tree planting, and for the study required to make the experience of planting in past years available for future guidance. All these and many other matters are pressing upon the Division, which is hampered by lack of force, lack of office room and lack of money.

During the past year applications were received for working plans for more than 48,000,000 acres. More than 2,000,000 acres were examined, working plans were begun for 1,325,000 acres, plans were completed for 179,000 acres and 54,000 acres were put under management. A beginning was made of drawing up working plans for the management of the Black Hills Forest Reserve. Planting plans were prepared for fifty-nine land owners in eleven States, and a study of the effect of forest cover on the flow of streams was begun in southern California. This is the first study of the kind ever attempted, and promises results of extreme interest. It is being made on lands of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company, which for eight years has been making careful observations of precipitation, run off, evaporation and temperature, all of which observations it has turned over to the Division.

The preliminary study made of the drainage basin which furnishes the water supply to the city of Johnstown, Pa.—city of flood—together with the plans and recommendations with regard to it, has already been noticed in the newspapers.

Besides these important operations carried on, special investigations have been made on other subjects not less important. Commercial trees have been studied in the East, the West and the South, and reports on certain important species completed. The study of forest fires has been continued and much material gathered which awaits publication. Studies have been made in forest history, and a great amount of material gathered which will ultimately appear.

For the ensuing year no special changes of plans are looked for. Matters already in hand will be carried forward as speedily and as far as the resources—in men and money—of the Division will permit.

In view of the radical change of sentiment about forestry matters which has taken place in the past few years, of the money value of its products and of its general importance to the country, it may be confidently expected that Congress will speedily increase the appropriation for the Division of Forestry to an amount in some degree commensurate with the importance of the work and with the insistent demand for it which is coming from the people at large.

THE NORTH AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

WE invite careful reading of the report of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association's convention in Montreal last week. As we have previously said of this organization, it is composed of a membership which compels respect and inspires great confidence in the ultimate accomplishment of its purposes. Those who are most prominent in the movement are persons who have long been identified with actual work in the field of fish and game protection. The newly elected president, Mr. John W. Titcomb, of Vermont, was the founder of the Vermont Fish and Game League, and as Fish Commissioner of his State has made an enviable record. And so of others active in promoting the Association; they are persons who because of their experience and authority in these matters have influence in their respective States and Provinces. One feels that we have here in an association for united effort something more substantial than the ineffective and inconsequential resolution-adopting convention which has become so familiar.

We are of the opinion that the Association will do well to restrict itself to present limitations as to geographical scope. A group of States and Provinces with definite territory to work within will accomplish much more than one which attempts to cover the entire country. That has been one mistake with the so-called national movements. This continent is entirely too large for any one body of sportsmen to control. The rule is that a geographical section may be covered efficiently, but with the whole continent to consider effort is wasted. Mr. C. E. E. Ussher's proposition to promote the formation of allied associations of other groups of States and Provinces is most excellent, and the good offices of the North American Association in this direction should have cordial welcome.

DANGEROUS WILD ANIMALS.

THE editorial on the dangers which threaten the outdoor dweller from attacks by wild animals, and the correspondence which that editorial has called out, have awakened a widespread interest, which may very well result in something quite useful.

Wild animals are not all alike, and it is, of course, impossible always to tell what they will do. To every rule there are exceptions, and the best that can be done is to strike the general average. As there is great difference in the physical characteristics of animals within a species, some being larger or smaller or swifter or slower than the average, so there will be differences in temperament, some being bolder, more timid or more ferocious than others. It is impossible therefore to predicate with certainty just what an individual of any species will do, but if we had facts enough it would be possible to tell what an animal of a given species would be likely to do under certain conditions.

We are all of us likely to generalize from our own limited experience—an unsafe thing to do. Many of our older readers will recall that in their pot hook days they labored painfully to reproduce a line in their copy books which read *humanum est errare,* which they did not then know means it is very easy to make blunders. This is nowhere more readily seen than in matters connected with natural history, about which even to-day so little is known that people who see something that is new to themselves are likely to imagine that they have made some great discovery.

We hope, therefore, to hear more on this subject from men of experience. Facts are what are needed to reach a conclusion on this matter and not opinions. Yet a man may well enough express his opinion as to the motives that govern the actions of a particular animal if he will give his reasons for these opinions.

BIRDS AND FRUIT.

AMONG the bills amendatory of the game laws now before the New York Legislature is Senate Bill No. 43, introduced by Mr. Brackett. It provides that Section 78 of the present law, which deals with the protection of certain wild birds, shall be amended by addition of these words, "Nor does it apply to farmers and fruit growers while defending their crops from the ravages of birds." In other words, protection is removed from all song and insectivorous birds, so far as farmers and fruit growers are concerned.

It certainly seems an extraordinary thing that at a time when the interest in bird protection is so great, when the general Government, most State governments, institutions of learning and the presses of many publishers are doing all they can to educate the public and to demonstrate that birds are useful and not harmful, a bill such as this should be introduced into the Legislature of the Empire State. The amount of fruit destroyed by the birds protected by Section 78 is so inconsiderable as not to be worth thinking about, while the vast numbers of noxious insects destroyed by these same birds would, if undisturbed and allowed to propagate their kind, cause damage amounting to many hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. Most farmers and fruit growers know this and look upon the birds as allies. As for those who do not know it, the law may well restrain them.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE bill to reorganize the New York Fish Commission has been reported by the Senate Committee in a form modified from the original, in a way which is said to have the approval of Governor Odell. It provides for a single commissioner of forests, fisheries and game, to be appointed by the Governor, and to receive a salary of $5,000. From 1901 to 1903 he is to have two advisory or consulting commissioners, appointed by the Governor, who will hold office for two years only; after that term the single commissioner will serve indefinitely. The work of the department is divided into four branches, comprising the fish, the game, the shellfish and the forest, and the commissioner will appoint a head for each.

This is to put the work of fishculture, game protection and forest conservation on a business basis. It is to give New York the single-headed commission the FOREST AND STREAM has so long urged.

The office thus created is one of great importance and responsibility, and there is every reason for confidence that Governor Odell will appoint to it a person qualified to discharge it. There is material in the present board: the succession to the place of such a man as President Wadsworth or Commissioner Middleton would be regarded with satisfaction by those who are concerned to see this branch of the State's service efficiently administered.

Come now, men and brethren, let us reason together. Is it worth while, just because a shooter shoots more game than we think is fitting, to launch out in unbridled invective upon him and call him bad names? Is conformity to an ill-defined and fluctuating standard of game shooting of such transcendent moment that in the rebuke of its transgression we must say good-by to the observance of good breeding and common decency in our speech to or respecting our fellow men? Can intemperance in game killing be reformed only by intemperance of speech? Is the "game hog" to be turned from his ways only by the unparliamentary vocabulary of a strenuous blackguard? We do not believe it. But if the promotion of game protection does depend upon publicly shouting bad names, most of us are in the position of the good old Quaker of the story, who, when he was spattered by mud in the street, called the street gamin to him and said, "I will give thee a penny to swear for me."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Now and Then.

In the beginning of this new century we are wont to review the past history of our country with satisfaction and to congratulate ourselves upon the wonderful improvements wrought by our civilization since the time when the only Americans were the "noble red men." Along some lines, however, it appears that our boasted civilization has caused no advancement, and that we have deteriorated from rather than improved upon the standards established by the aborigines. In support of this view I offer as evidence and for comparison the records of two separate occurrences, one of the present day and the other of more than a century ago.

In the telegraphic columns of one of the current daily newspapers there appeared recently the following item:

"TOUGH TRAMP IN WOODS.

"Maine Game Warden Nearly Succumbs to Cold and Hunger.

"Caribou, Me., Jan. 27.—Game Warden ——— has just reached here after a terrible journey of two weeks in the dense forests of northern Maine. He left here for Chamberlain Lake with 2,000 landlocked salmon, and having liberated the small fry went to a lumber camp on the Upper Allegash. From there he started through the forests for a camp on the St. John River.

"When twenty-two miles in the woods he was taken sick, and he started to return. He lost one of his mittens, and kept his hands warm by shifting the remaining one from one hand to the other. For thirty-six hours he trudged through the woods without food. Constantly growing weaker, he was so near to lying down for the last time that he began to mark the trees along his trail that he might be followed, and thought of making his will on a piece of birch bark. When about to give up he came in sight of the lumber camp, and it took him four hours to cover the last three miles. He lay in bed three days at the camp, and finally reached here Wednesday night."

Now, after the story of this "terrible journey," let me refer to an account of a somewhat similar incident which is narrated in Hearne's "Journey from Prince of Wales Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean," published in London in 1795. Samuel Hearne was the Hudson's Bay Company factor at Fort Prince of Wales near the present Churchill Factory, on the west shore of Hudson's Bay, and at the request of the committee of the company he undertook a two years' journey, under the guidance of the Indians, and without any white companion, through the Barren Grounds to the Coppermine River, which he was the first white man to discover. On his return trip he visited the Athabasca country, and under the date of January 1772 he makes note of the following circumstances:

"On Jan. 11, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snowshoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow (Athabasca) Indians in the summer of 1770; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them with an intent to return to her own country, but the distance being so great, and 'having, after she was taken prisoner,' been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she resided from the first setting in of the fall.

"From her account of the moons past since her elopement it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face, during all of which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beaver and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered, and was in good health and condition, and I think one of the finest women of a real Indian that I have seen in any part of North America.

"The methods practiced by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and were the great proofs that necessity is the real mother of invention. When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares and sewing her clothing she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity, and success. The rabbits, etc., which she caught in those snares not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing anything that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much further, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing though rather romantic appearance. Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her. With this she intended to make a fishing net as soon as the spring advanvced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing nets, and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

"Five or six inches of an iron hoop made into a knife and the shank of an arrow head of iron, which served as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snowshoes and several other useful articles.

"The method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction in the manner practiced by the Eskimos and many other uncivilized nations, because if she had the above-mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

"When the Athapuscow Indians took the above Dog-ribbed Indian woman prisoner they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed were her father, mother and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing and took with her undiscovered in the night. But when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives (which was not far distant) they began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her and killed it on the spot.

"This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians that, notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkably kind to and even fond of her, so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want than to live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant. The poor woman's relation of this shocking story, which she delivered in a very affecting manner, only excited laughter among the savages of my party.

"In a conversation with this woman soon afterward she told us that her country lies so far to the westward that she had never seen iron or any other kind of metal till she was taken prisoner. Though her tribe had frequently heard of the useful materials which the nations or tribes to the east of them were supplied with from the English, so far were they from drawing nearer to be in the way of trading for iron work, etc., that they were obliged to retreat further back to avoid the Athapuscow Indians, who made surprising slaughter among them both in winter and summer."

Comparison of the foregoing cases seems to warrant the conclusion that when thrown entirely upon their own resources in the wilderness the influences of civilization have tended to decrease rather than to increase the ability of its creatures to successfully maintain existence and that in this respect the twentieth century civilized man is far behind the eighteenth century savage.

To the sportsman for whom the Northland has any fascination this old journal of Hearne's will well repay a perusal. It is unfortunately now rather a rare book. If some enterprising publisher would issue a modern reprint of this interesting and instructive old work it would prove a valuable addition to the library of many a sportsman.

Chauncey P. Williams.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 31.

An Heroic Adventure.

When we had come to anchor in Trinity Bay and all the sails were safely stowed, the Captain of our yacht proposed we should go ashore and see the celebrated Comeau *fils*.

Bob, my companion, asked, "Celebrated for what?"

"Oh! for several things," replied the Captain. "He is a most extraordinary man in his many acquirements and knowledge. Born and brought up on this coast, he has passed all his life here, with the exception of the three years his father was able to send him to school, but those three years he made use of to lay the foundation of a wonderful store of practical knowledge. His schooling, as I have said, was but the foundation; by reading and observation he has added to it in a marvelous way.

"From his early training and the life of every one on the coast, it would go without saying that he knows how to shoot, but he is more than a good shot, he is a "deadly" shot. Anything he aims his gun at that is within shooting distance is dead. As a salmon fisher, no crack angler who visits these rivers can hope to compete with him.

"As a linguist he can speak, read and write in French, English, Latin and Indian; besides this, he can talk rapidly in the dumb alphabet. He holds the position of telegraph operator at Trinity, also of postmaster and fishery overseer, and besides, when anything goes wrong with the line for two hundred miles east or west, the department immediately wires him to go and fix them up.

"He has more than a fair knowledge of medicine for one who derived all his insight from reading alone. Last summer there was an epidemic of measles all along the coast, among both whites and Indians. Here, with a population of 150, two-thirds of whom were down, Comeau, who attended them, did not lose one patient, while at Bersimis, where the department sent a full-fledged M. D., there were thirty-nine burials out of a population of 450.

"You may be sure the poor people all along the coast love him."

So the boat was lowered away, and the Captain, Bob and I were rowed ashore to see this paragon. From the outside look of the place I could see the man was one of good taste and orderly. The knock at the door was answered by Comeau himself. The Captain was personally acquainted with him and introduced us before we entered. I must say I was disappointed. One always is when he has pictured a person in his mind's eye and finds that in reality he is quite a different kind of person.

I had looked for Comeau to be a large man and a boisterous one from his position of superiority over others. On the contrary, I found him below the medium, a quiet, low-voiced man, reserved almost to shyness. I saw at once he was a great observer, one who would make deductions from specks invisible to ordinary people; or, in other words, he could put two and two together and dovetail them better than most men.

We were ushered into a large, clean, airy room, in the middle of which sat a very good looking lady in a roomy rocker, with a child on each knee. If Comeau himself is reserved and not inclined to talk, his wife can do enough for both. She excused herself for not rising when her husband introduced us. Nodding down at her babies, she said, "You see I am fixed." One could see she is a proud mother—they are twins; this she told us before we were well seated, and she further informed us that they were the only twins on the Labrador. So she is celebrated also.

When we got fairly settled in Comeau's den, the conversation naturally drifted into hunting and fishing. Bob made some inquiries about the pools on the Trinity. To make his explanations clear, Comeau pulled out a drawer of photographic views of the river. In rummaging these over, he cast aside a gold medal. "Excuse me," I said, reaching over and taking up the medal. On it I read engraved:

"Presented to N. A. Comeau by the R. H. S. for bravery in saving life."

Upon my asking him to recount the circumstances, he blushed and looked quite confused, and said: "Oh! it was nothing worth speaking of, but I suppose people talked so much about it that they gave me that token. It was nothing more than any man would have done," and this was all we could get from him unless we had carried persistency to an ungentlemanly degree.

After having spent a very pleasant hour, we returned on board, and the Captain told us the story that the hero himself would not:

Two years before, one day in January, Comeau arrived home from the back country to find that two men had that day while seal hunting off shore been driven off the coast toward the ice pack in the gulf. One of the men was Comeau's own brother-in-law, and the other a half-breed. In spite of the supplications of his wife and the persuasions of the other individuals of the place, Comeau set about preparations to follow them out to sea. He asked no one to accompany him.

The wind all the afternoon had been steadily off shore and was now moderately calm. He took with him some restoratives, provisions, a lantern, a couple of blankets, his rifle and ammunition and what else useful he could think of in his hurry. The ice pack was then about ten miles off the land, and he reasoned the men must be on the ice, if large and strong enough, or in among it if in small cakes, the latter being much more dangerous.

From Trinity to Matane in a direct line the distance is forty-five miles, and to push out in a frail, wooden canoe alone and the darkness coming on in the black gulf in mid-winter required a brave man with extraordinary nerve to dare it, and this Comeau did.

Three minutes after pushing out from the beach, canoe and man were swallowed up in the darkness. The next the people of Trinity heard of him was a telegraphic message on the second day after. It read: "Matane. All three alive. Joseph, hands frozen; Simon, both feet frozen badly."

This message was to his family, but the Matane people sent a much longer one to the Government, giving the facts, describing the hardships these men had come through, and a special train was sent down with the best surgeon from Quebec. On the surgeon's arrival at Matane a consultation was held with the county practitioner, when it was decided that the man Joseph would have to lose two fingers on each hand and Simon both feet.

The amputation was successfully carried out next day, and shortly after, when Comeau saw both men well on to recovery, he started for his home, not, however, by the way he had come, but up to Quebec by the south shore and down the north shore from Quebec, a distance of nearly 700 miles. The last hundred he made on snowshoes.

The Captain told us that the description of this very venturesome trip he had heard from Comeau's own brother as the elder one had described it in the heart of his own family. He had reached the ice pack, to the best of his judgment, about fifteen miles from the land, and had remained on his oars and hallooed once or twice without receiving an answer. He suddenly bethought himself of the lantern. This he lit and lashed to the blade of one of his oars, and erected it aloft. Immediately a faint cry was heard to the eastward, and he lowered his light and pulled away in the direction whence the call appeared to come. After rowing for a short time the lantern was waved above again, and this time an answering shout came from close at hand.

The two poor fellows were some distance in the pack, and had got on the largest cake they could find. They were sitting there helpless, holding on each by one hand to the rough surface of the ice, and with the other to their canoe to keep it from being washed off.

By the aid of the lantern held aloft, Comeau saw there was a much larger cake of ice some distance further in the pack. To this they made their way with laborious trouble. Pushing one canoe as far ahead among the ice as possible, they would all three get into this, shove the other in advance in the same way, and so repeating the process till they reached the solid field. Once safely on this, for the meantime, secure place, food was partaken of and daylight waited for.

Soon, however, the intense cold began to make itself felt, and drowsiness was fast taking hold of the two men, and their great wish was to be left alone and allowed to sleep. This Comeau knew if indulged meant death, and it took all his efforts to keep them awake and moving about. Once while attending to the half-breed, his brother-in-law dropped down and was fast asleep in an instant. Comeau boxed him, kicked him, without having the desired effect of rousing him from his stupor. At last he bethought him of what an old Indian had done to him under somewhat similar circumstances. He caught the man's nose between the thumb and finger and tweaked it severely. This brought him to his feet and mad to fight.

Day was now breaking, and they could see the south shore at a computed distance of ten miles. Comeau also saw that the ice pack was drifting steadily east, and this,

if they remained on the ice, would carry them past Cap Chat, the most northern point of the south coast, and this meant death to a certainty.

A rapid train of thought went through Comeau's brain. He decided that if saved they were to be, it must be by passing over that ten miles of moving, grinding ice. He forced some food on the others and gave each a small dram of spirits; how much rather would he have given them tea or coffee. But even if he had had it, water was wanting to make it. They abandoned the roll of blankets, which had been of no use to them, and started, using the canoes see-saw fashion as they had done the night before. They left the cake of ice upon which they had passed the night at 8 A. M. and only got ashore at the extreme point of Cap Chat at daylight next morning. At times they would come across narrow lanes of water, but these lanes always ran at right angles to the direction in which they were going. Several times, when stepping upon what was considered a strong piece of ice, one of the party would be immersed in the cold, cruel water, and be rescued with great trouble and danger to the others.

What a picture of heartfelt prayer offering it must have been, to have seen those men kneeling on the ice-bound shore, pouring out their thanks to the ever-watchful Almighty who had brought them safely through such dangers.

Bob, who had taken down the Captain's narrative in shorthand, gave me his notes, and I give the story of adventure and heorism to the public.

Comeau is well known by most of the members of the Forest and Stream clubs of New York and Montreal.

MARTIN HUNTER.

One Hundred and Twenty-five Years Ago.

As a voice from the distant past and yet of present interest is the following narrative of a member of the Continental army who accompanied Benedict Arnold through the Maine wilderness in his disastrous campaign against Quebec during the fall and winter of 1775.

When the main body of the army arrived at Fort Western at Cushnoc, now Augusta, the writer and eight others were detailed under command of Archibald Steele to proceed in advance of the main column for the purpose of correctly ascertaining and marking the paths (by felling small trees, blazing, and otherwise) which were used by the Indians at the numerous carrying-places in the wilderness, toward the head waters of the Dead River, and also to ascertain the distance and nature of the route over the height of land (now the Boundary Mountains) to the head waters of the Chaudière River (that portion of the river now known as Arnold River), which flows in a northerly direction to the St. Lawrence River at a point nearly opposite to Quebec.

Two birch-bark canoes were provided; and two guides, celebrated for the management of such water craft and who knew the river as high up as the great carrying-place, were also found. These were Jeremiah Getchell, a very respectable man, and John Horne, an Irishman who had grown gray in this cold climate.

This small party, unconscious of danger, and animated by the hope of applause from their country, set forward from Fort Western in their light barks, at the rate of fifteen to twenty and, in good water, twenty-five miles per day. These canoes are so light that a person of common strength may carry one of the smallest kind, such as ours were, many hundred yards without halting. Yet they will bear a great burden and swim nearly gunwale deep; an admirable description of them is given by Hearne in his journey to the Coppermine River.

Steele's canoe bore five men with their arms and baggage, which last was, indeed, light in quantity and quality—one barrel of pork, one bag of meal and two hundredweight of biscuit. The other canoe carried seven men, their arms and baggage and a due proportion of provisions.

On the evening of the 23d of September our party arrived at Fort Halifax, situated on the point formed by a junction of the Sebasticook and Kennebec rivers. Here our commander, Steele, was accosted by a Capt. Harrison or Huddlestone inviting him and the company to his house. The invitation was gladly accepted, as the accommodation at the fort, which consisted of old blockhouses and a stockade in a ruinous state, did not admit of much comfort; besides, it was inhabited, as our friend, the captain, said, by a rank tory. Here, for the first time, the application of the American term tory was defined to me by the captain. Its European definition was well known before.

Another interesting conversation on the part of the captain struck my mind as a great curiosity in natural history and well deserving commendation. He observed that he had immigrated to the place he then resided at about thirty years before, most probably with his parents, for he did not then appear much beyond forty. That at that period the common deer which now inhabits our more southern climate was the only animal of the deer kind which they knew, unless it was the elk; and them but partially. In a short space of time the moose deer appeared in small numbers, but increased annually afterward, and as the one species became more numerous the other diminished; so that the kind of deer first spoken of, at the time of this information, according to the captain, was totally driven from that quarter. The moose deer reigned the master of the forest.

This anecdote, if true, might in such minds as those of Buffon or De Pauw give occasion to systems of natural history totally inconsistent with the laws of nature; still, there may be something in it; animals, like human beings, whether forced by necessity or from choice, do migrate. Many instances might be given of this circumstance of the animal economy, in various parts of the world. The above relation is the only instance which has come to my knowledge where one species has expelled another of the same genus. If the fact be true, it is either effected by a species of warfare or some peculiarity in the appearance of the one kind, and of horror or perhaps disgust in the other; we know the rock goat (steinbock of the Germans and boquetin of the French) formerly inhabited the low hills of southern France and of the Pyrenees; they have been driven hence by some peculiar cause, for they are now confined to the tops of the highest mountains in Europe.

It is true it has been frequently advanced by men of respectability and information in Pennsylvania that the gray fox, which is indigenous in the United States and all North America, has been driven from the Atlantic sea coast into the interior by the red fox from Europe, but we have no sufficient data to warrant this assertion. The truth probably is that as the gray fox is a dull and slow animal, compared with the sprightliness, rapidity and cunning of the red fox, the first has been thinned by the huntsmen and gradually receded from the sea coast to the forest, where, from his habits, he is more secure.

The cunning and the prowess of the latter has enabled him to maintain his station among the farms, in spite of the swiftness and powerful scent of the dogs. But that which puts this assertion out of view is that the red fox is indigenous throughout North America. He and the gray fox are found in the highest latitudes, but there their skins are changed into more beautiful furs than those of ours by the effects of climate.

Another notion has been started within these twenty years past of the fox squirrel expelling the large gray squirrel; but it is fallacious. GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

As Seen Between the Lines.

THIS time it is the mention of dough birds that starts the trouble. Not that I am loaded down with knowledge of them or their habits, for I am not, but rather something in the reminiscent vein suggested by some reference to dough birds in Mr. Hough's department.

It was in 1871. Another kid and I were in camp on the Loup River, a few miles below the Pawnee Indian village at Genoa, Neb. One day there came drifting our way, as a tumble weed or other matter carried by the wind, without apparent volition of its own, an Indian boy about our own age with a stringless bow at his back. It was lazy time in April and the Indian stopped to talk awhile. As we lay on the grass in the sun, feeling languid and growing fast, a flock of plover (as we supposed) came whistling overhead. As they passed the Indian gave a shrill whistle in imitation of their call and turned them. After a circle or two the birds lit down on a strip of prairie that had been burned over near by.

We were not hunting to any great extent, but just loafin' round with each other, though each of us had a double-barrel shotgun. An examination of our ammunition supply showed only two charges of powder. As both of us wanted a shot, we loaded one barrel of each gun and sallied forth. The birds rose out of range, and, bunching as they rose, made a short circle and passed within thirty yards of us. As they went by we emptied our guns into the bunch and picked up twenty-four dead and wounded birds. They were dough birds, though we did not know it at the time.

We invited the Indian lad to stay for dinner, and out of our choicest fishing lines made a string for his bow. We then stuck a stick in the ground and a potato on the stick about twenty yards from the shanty. The Indian shot at it and missed and he and I walked out to where the arrow fell, about twenty yards further on. Picking up the arrow, the Indian turned and again shot at the potato, which was now between us and the shanty. At the same instant my partner thrust his head out of the door, stooping low over the threshhold to pick up something from the ground just outside. The arrow struck the potato on one side and, glancing, started straight for the head. To hit the head the arrow must pass very close to the corner of the shanty, as it only protruded a few inches through the door. There was a brief instant of suspense, though brief as it was it was long enough to turn that full-blood Indian into a chalk-colored quarter-blood, and then the arrow quivered in the corner of the shanty, having failed to pass by the narrow margin of half an inch, and burying its steel head an inch and a half in the cottonwood log. Had the arrow passed the corner my partner's head would have been its sure reception. The Indian looked at me and I looked at him and then we pulled the arrow out as if nothing had happened, and Will never knew how near he came to being wiped out by a redskin.

I saw several flocks of dough birds in Nebraska that spring, and in 1876 I shot a few in Kansas; also a few in '82. That is the last one I ever saw, though I have often been on the plover grounds of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas.

Man and Wild Animals.

Another thing that has caused me to read between the lines is the discussions that have been going on concerning man's fear of wild animals. It always makes me nervous to read the fake stories concerning adventures with wild animals. I don't believe any wild animal will attack a man, but when attacked there are circumstances under which even a rabbit will fight. To refute the popular notion of the ferocity of wild animals one of your correspondents goes to the other extreme and tells of a man who followed a wounded panther into its den and the animal refused to fight him. He says the story is true, and I can't help but think it is, but as neither man nor beast could have been in his right mind, the fact has no value in determining the status of animal nature. A coyote will fight a man without hesitation when cornered; so will a wildcat. I have tried both. Get between an otter and the stream and it will fight without a moment's hesitation. Yet any of these animals would starve to death rather than face a man. Truth is a small point on which it seems hard to balance; we generally lop this way or that.

Here is a story I just read of a trapper who had been all season in catching two wolves. During this time he dare not stay out at all late in the evening, for fear of being treed by wolves. But they were so very clever he could not get them. Why did not that trapper load himself down with cartridges and get treed by wolves? He might have got fifty in one night. Many a man has doubtless been treed by his imagination, but by wolves, never! And if he were, a single discharge of a gun would scatter them for good.

Here is another by a man who has taken upon himself the special task of educating the public concerning wild animals. A man is out trapping wolves and after setting two traps at one bait he proceeds leisurely to get into one and then the other. Held thus from two ways it is impossible for him to get out. The wolves soon locate him and are about to eat him up, but his faithful dog comes to the rescue, and after killing a couple of wolves brings the trap wrench that his master may free himself. As a dog-story this is very good. The dear fellows will often fight to the death for their friends, and thus far it is true to nature; but as a wolf story it is simply rot. In trapping wolves I seldom got one the first night, and it seemed as if they would not come near as long as bait or trap retained the scent of man. Had I known it and baited my trap with a man I might have caught a dozen in place of waiting several days for a nibble. With such stuff as this filling books, papers and magazines, and even crowding into our natural histories and sportsman's journals, is it any wonder that the mass of people, who never see wild animals except in cages, have erroneous ideas concerning them?

I want my stories of the supernatural to deal with ghosts and goblins only, with trademark blown in the bottle so there can be no mistake. E. P. JAQUES

ELMO, Kan., Jan. 28.

Incidentals.

To most sportsmen the chief charm of their outings is largely made up of incidentals. Go where you may, wherever sportsmen gather—be it in well appointed club or afar in the country store of some obscure hamlet where they lounge about the glowing stove—you will find the conversation composed mostly of these small happenings as here and there one gives his experience.

In your own case, though you may grow talkative at times, you cannot always put your feelings in proper words.

Who shall tell of the pleasure he feels over the comfortable chuckle and click of the cartridges in his pockets as they rub and jostle each other while he swings along through the stubble? What a thrill one has, when, after jumping from the wagon and inserting a couple of shells, he hears that unctuous little snap of the breech that tells of a well cared for gun. A little sound, a trifle, yet it makes him "feel good," and he paces confidently toward the stanchly pointing dog, fully prepared to "count coup" on the first upward rush of the brown covey just ahead.

A long interval of business cares has passed, and at last you stand again among the debris of your old blind. Ben is splashing the decoys into place some twenty yards away, while you set to work to make your cover shipshape. In a moment you uncover an old empty water-soaked and powder-stained cartridge case. The brass base gives you a feeble gleam of recognition as you take it in hand. Beneath the iridescence of its tarnish you read the legend, "U. M. C. Co. No. 12. Smokeless." "Yes, one of my old ones," you mentally exclaim, and toss it into the water, where it subsides with a sullen "plup"! Is that all? That battered case paints you a mental picture that is full of reminiscence—a picture of this very spot, when once before you sat here and cut down the darting wildfowl. The magic still lurking in that bit of clouded brass has set you aglow, and the time seems all too long before you have everything to rights and are ready for business.

Have you ever stood to leeward of some old gunning shanty at night, far out on the lonely beach? In the brilliant moonlight the shadow of the old house rests like a blot of ink in sharp contrast with the gleaming stillness that spreads around. Beyond the sand dunes a restless surf is booming, while now and again the fitful wind drives a spurt of sand against your boot legs with a faint sound of scurrying. You seem to be all eyes, all ears. The breeze is "purring" all about—now here, now there, whispering mysteriously as it goes. The heavens are filled with gems whose sparkle is subdued in the wondrous splendor of the moonlight. The North Star, cold and calculating as ever, floats in space, oblivious of the never weary pointers of the Dipper, while away in the southeast lordly Sirius is poised below Orion. Can you put in words the surge of thought that comes to you as you stand there? Is it to be wondered at that wildfowl should migrate under such conditions?

Again, who shall tell the angler's feeling, when, after supper, he wanders out to finish his last pipeful before turning in? He has reached the haven whither his thoughts have led him during many weeks. The snug cottage, perchance his old homestead, nestles among its trees on the hillside, seemingly unchanged since his last visit. All about him is the witchery of the spring night. That damp, earthy smell, spiced with a fragrance subtle yet so strong that it has lingered through life in his memory, comes to him as in the years long past. Frogs are piping just as they have always piped in spring time. Down among the lilypads something is rattling like a pair of castanets, and his boyhood wonder as to what it can be is at once upon him as strongly as when he first heard it in the long ago. "Qua!" says a night heron overhead in the silence, and a delicious little tremor makes goose flesh run along his spine. He saunters under the tree where the turkeys are roosting. Sure enough they hear him, or see him—who knows which? At all events the familiar "Quit! quit!" tells him he is discovered. Never in al his life has he been able to fool those turkeys. That same mist is stealing along the creek. Softly, quietly, it is working and floating in cottony folds; there is no wind, yet it is never still.

To-morrow on his way to his favorite stream he will listen for the bluebird's call—that pastoral note that speaks so directly to his heart. Mayhap he will hear the little voice in the sky, and then you will find him listening again and again as it falls to him, softly, indescribably suggestive of gentleness.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable

Natural History.

Dangerous Wild Animals and Other Matters.

I have just been reading the article by S. E. Filkins in Forest and Stream of Dec. 28, and cannot see that he has made out a very good case. I did not understand the editorial Mr. Filkins refers to as saying that wild animals always fled from man, but as meaning that a human being was at all times safe from unprovoked attack. I honestly believe that there has never been the time in North America when a man might not have walked from ocean to ocean with no other weapon than a stick and have been as safe from attack by wild animals as he would be in the center of New York city, provided, of course, that he did not go out of his way looking for trouble.

The fear of wild animals which most people possess comes from stories told to them as children, re-enforced as they grow older by newspaper yarns.

When a youngster, in company with several other boys I once came suddenly on a big timber wolf in thick brush. For many years I firmly believed that nothing but a determined front kept that wolf from devouring the whole crowd of us at once, but now I know that the wolf was much the worse scared, and was only putting up a bluff until it got a chance to bolt.

I have seen several grizzlies that would not get out of the trail for me, just because I did not have a gun; and I know of one case where a she cinnamon bear with cubs charged an observer who got too close. But personally I never saw a she bear—black, cinnamon or grizzly—that wouldn't bolt and leave her cubs at the first sign of danger. I have caught several cubs under such circumstances, and had them squeal like little pigs, but never had the old bear come close enough to get a shot, though I have had them come back and roar and growl, but they took mighty good care to keep out of sight in the brush.

However, I once knew a man who got mauled by a she grizzly after catching the cub, but it was in open ground, and when he saw the old bear coming back he foolishly started to run, with the natural result that the big brute ran after him, slapped him a couple of times and took the cub away.

Again, bears will often come into a camp, but it is only after something to eat, and if let alone they will not bother any one.

As for the cougars, they are more backward about attacking a person than is a bear. I knew a fellow who had a cougar land on his back one night as he was coming along a deer trail, the cougar evidently mistaking him for a deer. But when he yelled—as almost any one would under such circumstances—the animal let go and departed in a hurry, quite as much scared as the man, and it is needless to say that he was scared plenty.

When I first got together a pack of dogs for cougar hunting the oldtime hunters and trappers were full of the most awful stories about the ferocity of the cougar, and especially about a big red variety that lived high up in the mountains and could kill dogs just as fast as they could get hold of them. Just as soon as I got the dogs trained I went after the big red ones, and, behold! they were just like any other cougar, and did not kill dogs any faster than the average.

The truth of the matter is, any four fighting dogs will kill any cougar in twenty minutes, hardly getting scratched themselves. I never had a dog killed by a cougar, though two of my old dogs (Hector and Brig) have been in over a hundred rough-and-tumble fights with them.

Several years ago a couple of us were photographing cougars, using dogs to tree or bring the game to bay. I had two half-bred staghound and collies and two full-blooded foxhounds. The trees were all scrubby juniper and piñon, not over 15 feet high, and before we could get any photographs I had to leave the two staghounds at home, as when the dogs got a cougar treed one of the foxhounds would crawl up among the branches, jump the cougar out, and Hector would nail him, and when we got up we would have a dead cougar. The foxhounds alone would not close in on a cougar. Hector's way of catching a cougar was to make a quartering dash from behind, grab the cougar by the tail and turn him end over end. Before the brute would get its breath the other dogs would have it stretched, and that was the end.

A cougar can move like lightening for a hundred yards or so, but after that loses its wind, and any fast dog can catch one.

I think that Mr. Filkins has overestimated the length of his cougar a little. I have measured a great many, and never saw but three that ran over 7 feet 6 inches from end of nose to tip of tail, the tail always being within an inch of one-third the total length of the animal. One of these three was 7 feet 9 inches, one 7 feet 8 inches, and one 8 feet 4 inches. This last was by far the largest cougar I ever saw or heard of. One often hears of cougars 9, 10 or 11 feet long, but when the story is run down it is always the hide that has been measured after having been taken off. The hide will always be from two to three feet longer than the animal. The average size of a full-grown male cougar is 7½ feet from tip to tip, one-third being tail, 30 inches high at the shoulder, and such a beast will weigh from 135 to 160 pounds, as I have weighed several. The one that measured 8 feet 4 inches must have weighed nearly 200 pounds, but I was unable to weigh it. When one remembers that 10 feet 6 inches is a pretty good size for a tiger, it is easy to see that a 10-foot cougar would be quite a good-sized animal.

Really the most dangerous game we have in the West is a mule deer buck, and when wounded and cornered it will fight like a fiend. The only dog I ever had killed by a wild animal was horned through the heart by a spike buck, and I have made more than one quick jump to get away with a mad buck close behind, not to mention several rough-and-tumbles wherein I lost most of my raiment—these last luckily being with the deer with their horns still in the velvet, or I might not now be spinning this yarn.

Wm. Wells.

Wells, Wyo.

[Mr. Wells' letter is extremely interesting, and touches on a number of points that are not generally understood. It is the more valuable as coming from a man of wide experience, much of whose mature life has been devoted largely to hunting.

For many years we have been looking for an authentic case of an attack on a human being by the wolf in America, but we confess that only one such case has ever become known to us. This attack was made without any reason on a girl eighteen years old by a wolf puppy which was barely full grown, and its oddness places it outside of the category of ordinary stories of attacks by wolves on human beings, in which hunger is the motive which prompts the supposed onslaught.

The girl who was injured was the daughter of the widely known Jim Baker, one of the few oldtime trappers who lived up to recent times, and the occurrence took place near his ranch on Snake River, in the northwest corner of Colorado. The girl, then (in 1881) eighteen years old, was on her way to drive in some milk cows at dusk one evening. As she approached them she saw sitting on the hillside just above the trail a gray wolf, at which she shouted, and when it did not move she picked up a stone and threw it at it. The animal snarled, and when she threw the stone, promptly came jumping down the hill, threw her down and tore her arms and legs badly. Her screams brought her brother, who was near at hand and had his gun, and he killed the wolf. Newspaper stories of attacks on persons by wolves are extremely common, but in almost all cases, if an effort is made to trace them to their source, they prove to be without the slightest foundation in fact. A long chapter on "Wolves and Wolf Nature" is published in the Boone and Crockett Club's third volume, "Trail and Campfire."

We will recall an incident which happened many years ago on the plains, when two Indians chased an old grizzly bear and her two well-grown cubs for a long distance. The mother apparently felt no interest whatever in the cubs, but ran away as fast as she could, and kept on running. One after another of the cubs was overtaken and killed, and then, their horses having given out, one of the Indians continued the pursuit of the old bear on foot, and at last drove her into a water hole, where he killed her.

Some years ago not very far from the eastern borders of the National Park a case occurred where a cougar sprang on a man. The man was hunting mule deer near Clark's Fork, following a game trail which passed along a steep hillside where there were cliffs and broken rocks and occasional patches of quaking aspen. It was winter and cold weather, and the hunter wore stout hunting clothing. As the man turned the point of a little grove of aspens the cougar sprang on him from a rock above the trail, landing on his back and catching him with its jaws by the shoulder. As the man fell the gun flew out of his hands to some distance. The animal lay on him on the ground, and, as a curious example of how people notice trifling things even in times of great stress, the hunter said that as he fell he could feel the cougar's whiskers tickling his face, and as the animal lay on him could hear it purr. The man was quick-witted, and as he lay on the ground, reached round and got hold of his skinning knife, with which he stabbed the cougar three times as it lay on him, and it died there without struggling. Somewhat dazed, the man rose to his feet, picked up his gun, and returning to camp got some other men, who went back with him and skinned the lion. Of course no one saw the occurrence, but the condition of the man's clothing and shoulder and of the dead cougar made it clear that things had happened just as he said. The cougar was undoubtedly lying in wait above the trail for a deer—or, for the matter of that, for a rabbit—and when the man suddenly appeard sprang on him, believing that the moving object was a deer.

A friend in Montana, who formerly used two little 30-pound dogs in hunting cougars, has told us that he has frequently seen one of these overtake a cougar, seize the tip of its tail in its teeth and then putting out all four feet in the snow brace back and try to hold the cougar. He added that when the cat turned about to strike at the dog it did so slowly and clumsily, so that the dog had abundant time to get out of the way.

The size of cougars is constantly overestimated, and we fancy they are quite as often under 7 as over 7 feet in length when measured in the flesh. We think that it was Mr. John Fannin, Curator of the Provincial Museum of British Columbia, who for many years had a standing reward out for a cougar that would measure 8 feet in the flesh—and they have big cougars in British Columbia, too. We believe that the reward was never claimed; at all events it had not been claimed two or three years ago. Of course, in comparison with the lion or the tiger, the cougar is a small animal, and the tiger is much larger than the lion.

We are disposed to agree with Mr. Wells that the most dangerous game in the West is the deer, but, as it happens, we have not known the mule deer in this respect. The whitetail deer, however, is always a dangerous animal when wounded, and at least one case has come to our knowledge where a wounded buck, surprised, attacked and killed an old man. This was in Nebraska, many years ago, but the occurrence was entirely authentic and is undoubted.

Cases where hunters have incautiously advanced to cut the throat of a wounded deer, and have been then attacked and badly cut up by the swiftly flying feet or hurt by the horns, have been too frequent to require especial mention.

Any one who has ever been forced to be at grapples with a crazy dog knows how hard such an animal is to hold, provided it is not desired to kill it, and we know of a man who, getting hold of a wounded antelope in the effort to cut its throat, would have been delighted to let go and call it quits if he had dared to do so.]

Winter Birds on Staten Island.

Princes Bay, Staten Island, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Bluebirds have been with us all winter. A flock of wild geese was seen last week going north over Staten Island. Robins are thick around here in the cedars; but what their fate will be in the next four weeks is hard to say. February is hard on our feathered friends. ***

English Woodcock.

I notice in your issues of Dec. 22, 1900, and Jan. 5, 1901, the notes by Jay Beebe and Didymus on the possible occurrence of the European species *Scolopax rusticola* in Michigan and New Jersey. The Michigan specimen is described as being similar to our bird in all respects except size. As the coloration of plumage is very different in the American and European species, this would at once dissipate any chance of its being other than an extra large *Philohela minor*. It is unfortunate, however, that the specimen was not preserved. As to the New Jersey bird seen, but not captured, twenty years ago, it would be dangerous to speculate as to its being so rare a bird as the European species is in America. Didymus speaks of the bird in question appearing to be "Twice as large as a legitimate member had any right to be," but how often, under certain conditions of light and atmosphere, does a woodcock, snipe or even a duck appear to be half again as large as it really is, particularly when it "gets up"!

The English woodcock, while only a very rare straggler to this country, is included in the list of our birds. If I mistake not, only three instances of its capture have been recorded. The late George N. Lawrence included it in his "Catalogue of Birds Observed on New York, Long and Staten Islands, and the Adjacent Parts of New Jersey," published in the "Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York," Vol. VIII., April, 1866, and writes: "I have had an example of this species for some years, which was sent me by Mr. Wm. Galbraith, accompanied with the following note, dated Dec. 6, 1859: 'A poultry dealer in Washington Market informed me that he had seen in the market a strange bird, which in his opinion was an overgrown woodcock. I went to see it, and found it to be a true European woodcock; it is badly shot, part of the bill and skull being carried away; it is fresh and otherwise in good order; the person I got it from said that he bought it with a lot of quail on board the Shrewsbury boat. I thought it an occurrence in our line worthy of notice.' It was doubtless killed near Shrewsbury, N. J., and apparently with coarse shot. It was, however, in good condition, and after taking off its skin I had the body cooked, and was able to partake of a dish not usual in America. It probably came by the way of Iceland and Greenland, a route by which other European species occasionally reach us."

In Lewis' "American Sportsman," Philadelphia, 1871, page 169, he has in a footnote as follows: "G. D. Wetherell, Esq., informs us, a few days since, that a gentleman sent him, a year or two ago, a woodcock that weighed 14 ounces, which was shot in New Jersey, and it was his intention to have it mounted, but, owing to the negligence of the party who brought the bird it was too far gone before he received it."

There is, of course, an open question as to the proper identity of this specimen. In a valuable paper, "The Distribution and Migrations of North American Birds," by the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, published in the American Journal of Science and Arts, Vol. XLI., May, 1866, he gives a list of twenty-seven species belonging to the European fauna which had been found up to that date in Iceland, Greenland and North America. The one species accredited to Newfoundland was the English woodcock. Should any sportsman kill a woodcock of sufficiently large size to cause any suspicion as to its not being our American bird, he will, I trust, have it preserved at once and forwarded to some institution for identification. However, the probabilities are that the next European bird which is taken in our country will be found in one of the Atlantic States, and not in the interior.

Ruthven Deane.

Chicago, Jan. 7.

Abinism in the Red-Tailed Hawk.

(Buteo borcalis.)

In Forest and Stream of Dec. 29, 1900, I note the record of an albino specimen at the taxidermist store of F. Sauter, New York. This bird is described as pure white, except for four reddish-brown tail feathers. This reminds me of a specimen of this same species which I saw in April, 1879. It was the property of Mr. C. J. Maynard, Newtonville, Mass. The bird, though much soiled, had been pure white with the exception of a few central tail feathers, which retained the normal cinnamon color. A pure white specimen was in the collection of the late Dr. P. R. Hoy, of Racine, Wis., in 1881. Another was in possession of Mr. Emory C. Greenwood, of Ipswich, Mass., in March, 1880; and still another pure white one was killed on the Hoboken marshes, N. J., over twenty years ago. Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, has among his fine collection of albinos a pure white buteo, probably of the red-tailed species. It would be very interesting if all sportsmen would record the capture of any specimens which they may take showing any albinistic traces. This freak of nature is liable to occur in any bird, but is much more frequent in some families than in others. It is not at all unusual among the ducks and game birds.

Ruthven Deane.

Chicago, Jan. 7.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

Regular meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Feb. 12 and 26, at 8 o'clock, and public lectures will be given at the same place on Thursday evenings, Feb. 21 and 28, at 8 o'clock.

Feb. 12—R. L. Ditmars. "Collecting Snakes in South Carolina." Illustrated with specimens.

Feb. 21—Public lecture. C. L. Bristol. "The Sea Gardens of Bermuda." Illustrated with lantern slides.

Feb. 28—Public lecture. C. Hart Merriam. "A Naturalist on the Coast of Alaska." Illustrated with a series of lantern slides.

Walter W. Granger,
Secretary American Museum of Natural History.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A February Afternoon.

THE man with a gun had been shut in by bad weather for some weeks, when there came a "February thaw." On Saturday the sun shone clear and bright, and even warm, and its light was reflected with dazzling brilliancy by the snow that covered the ground. The ponds were still frozen, but South Coon River was almost free from ice, and the man with a gun knew that there must be ducks; so, after an early dinner, he struck out through the North Coon timber, intending to go down that stream to where South Coon joined it.

North Coon was deeper water—a more sluggish current—and ran through the timber, so it was some days later than South Coon in thawing, but there was a little open water in one of the long reaches, and five or six hundred yards down the stream our man saw some ducks sitting on the ice at the edge of some open water. The bank of the stream was ten or twelve feet high, and the ground level, so our man made a detour and walked rapidly along till he judged he was opposite the ducks, then began a sneak toward the river bank, stooping lower and lower as he neared the river, and as he got still closer he lay down and wormed himself along the ground like a snake, till he got so near the edge of the bank that he raised his head slowly and just a little, and saw not 30 yards away six mallards sitting on the ice in a compact bunch, and one other mallard sitting alone four feet to one side of the others. He had taken the precaution to poke the muzzle over the edge of the bank in advance of his taking a look, and it was pointing very nearly at the bunch of mallards. Quiet and slow as the sneak had been, it was not so quiet but that the ducks were alarmed, and when he looked over the bank every neck stood straight up. In one more second every duck would be on the wing and the chance for a dandy pot-shot lost. The thing to do was to shoot quickly and bag the bunch of six, and he felt that he could do it, and do it before they flew. He just considered himself sure of six mallards. He instantly covered the bunch all right and pressed the trigger, but just as he pulled the lone duck that sat to one side started to fly, and he instinctively threw the gun toward it as he pulled—and not a duck was hit. The instant the gun swerved toward the lone duck he knew that everything was spoiled, but it was too late to help it, and quick as lightning he determined to get even with that lone duck, and springing to his feet he gave it the second barrel with such an effective aim that there was scarcely an unbroken bone left in its body. Then he looked after the vanishing birds and quoted "Of all sad words." He also said other "words" which at the time seemed appropriate to the occasion. Then he put fresh shells in the gun and went down the river to where the ice was still solid, and crossing over, came back and got the dead duck. He wasn't taking much interest just them in the glorious sunshine and the bracing air nor the dozen or so of little birds that were singing around him, nor any of the many evidences that winter was broken, for the time, at least.

Tramping another mile through the woods, he came to the mouth of South Coon, and there was a sight that made him forget everything but what he saw. A hundred yards above the mouth of South Coon was a sandbar, perhaps 40 feet in diameter. It was so closely packed with mallards that there seemed to be no room for any more. They were a hundred yards away, and there was no chance to get nearer, as the banks on either side were low. He studied a while about what he should do and finally put shells loaded with 00 shot in the gun, held 2 feet above the raft of ducks, fired the first barrel as they sat on the sandbar, and the other when they were a few feet high. Every duck went away apparently unhurt, but when they had got some hundred yards away one tumbled headlong to the ground. The shooter stood on the bank and carefully took his bearings so he could locate the place where the duck fell after he had crossed the river, and then looked at the river itself to see where he could wade it, and he then saw, almost at his feet, a broken-winged mallard drake drifting with the current. Another shot wilted him, and then the shooter hurried down the stream to a shalow place where he knew he could cross, and wading to the middle of the stream waited till the dead bird drifted to him. Then he crossed and walked up the river bank to where he could get the bearings that would locate the dead bird. It had fallen in a patch of thick weeds, all just alike. Not finding it when he reached the spot where he thought it had fallen, he tied his handkerchief to a big weed to mark the spot, and then began to circle around it, making each succeeding circle wider than the previous one. In this manner he was sure to hunt the ground thoroughly and to hunt it but once. A few circles discovered the duck, which would in all probability never have been found by the ordinary aimless, haphazard way of hunting for a dead bird.

In marking a bird that falls at a distance, always stand still till you have marked the spot by some object beyond where the bird fell, and the further the object is beyond the better. If there can be two objects in line beyond it is still better. Having aligned the spot, walk straight along the line till you have gone two or three rods further than where you thought the bird fell, and right there you will probably find it. If, from the nature of the ground, a detour has to be made to reach the place, be sure to take bearings that will enable you to place yourself upon the line again after making the detour. If the bird is not found by walking along the line, mark the spot where you thought it fell and continue the search either by circling round the marked spot or by walking back and forth on parallel lines. To many people hunting for a dead bird in thick cover is a nuisance and the bird is seldom found, but if the search is carried on as described above, the bird is almost certain to be found if it is not entirely hidden from sight. Practiced in this way, the certainty of finding makes the search a pleasure instead of an annoyance, and one soon takes pride in his skill in finding dead birds. If the bird is only winged and the cover amounts to anything it is hardly worth while to take any trouble looking for it, as it will be entirely hidden, but the experienced shooter seldom fails to note whether the bird is killed or only winged.

The shooter now went to the woods that bordered the stream and hid the three ducks, as he was sure to return that way, and there was no need to carry them. He had just finished this, when there came a mallard drake, flying rather low, but too far to one side. The shooter got behind a big tree and gave a few quacks, which brought the drake circling in to an easy shot for the man and a quick death for the duck.

Proceeding up the river, the man with a gun cautiously approached a bend where there was a high bank and peeped over, expecting to find the ducks, if there were any there, on the further side in the shallow water. There were none in sight, and he started for the next bend, but had only taken a few steps, when out from under the high bank, right at the man's feet, came a mallard splashing the water and quacking with terror. The man was startled almost as much as the duck, and missed with the first barrel before the duck was 30 feet away. Then he puled himself together and made sure of a kill with the second. The second snapped.

The man sat down on a log. After cooling off a little he left himself sitting on the log and stood up in front of himself, and pointing a finger of scorn at himself sitting on the log, he said, "I used to think maybe you would get over being a natural born fool some time, but I am discouraged about it. I really am. It is reasonable to expect that you would have a pretty rank wire edge on you when you first started out to-day, as you haven't had a gun in your hands for weeks till this afternoon; but if losing those six mallards wasn't enough to take it out of you, you are a hopeless case. You ought to be sent home and your gun given to a man it wouldn't be ashamed to be seen with. Now you will just put two empty shells in the gun, and the next time a duck flies you will see how easy you would have killed it if the gun had been loaded."

The empty shells were put in and the search for skulking ducks proceeded. Presently another skulking mallard flushed and offered an easy shot, and when the man snapped his empty shells at it he saw how easy—how very easy—it was to kill a duck rising in close range, and although he did not get this one, it showed him how to get the next one—and he got it and several others without a miss.

The setting sun found him with a heavy bag and miles between him and home, but he trudged cheerfully along till he came to the place where he had waded across South Coon, and found the melting snow had raised the river till he could not wade it, so he had to go around by the bridge, which made it two miles further, at which he grumbled somewhat, but finally pulled into town in fair shape an hour after dark.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Talks to Boys.—XI.

I HAVE talked to you more or less about your dog, taking it for granted that you would have one; since, after a boy has really learned to shoot, he wants to secure game birds, and will not be satisfied merely with killing the little birds that very small boys pursue. Not much can be done in shooting woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse or prairie chickens without a dog—what is commonly called a bird dog; that is to say, either a pointer or a setter. Such dogs, as you all of you know, range over the ground before the shooter, covering much more territory than he could cover. Their keen scent enables them to detect where the birds are, or where they have been, and the well trained dog carefully following up the scent of the running bevy, approaches them, and as the scent grows stronger and he thus learns that the birds are near at hand, he stops and so notifies his master that the birds are close by.

In some parts of the world, spaniels are used. They work very close to the gun, and do not stop when they smell the bird, but press forward the faster, trying to reach it. They give tongue, however, and thus warn the man that the birds are near, and as they are so close to the shooter, he is likely to have a shot when the birds rise. The trained pointer or setter, stopping when the scent becomes strong, usually waits until the shooter is close to him, and then either is urged forward to get closer to the birds and so starts them from the ground, or else the man with the gun walks ahead of the pointing dog, and himself causes them to take wing.

You probably know that the act of pointing is natural to dogs, and to many wild animals which are hunters of living things. I have more than once seen a wolf point a bird or small animal on the prairie, when he did not know exactly where it was. The pointing of the bird dog is merely this same effort to find game, which man makes use of in the domestic dog, which now hunts for its owner instead of for itself. Often when you see your dog point, you will also see—if you are far enough in front of him to do so—his eyes roll about as he seeks to discover by sight just what is the position of the bird that he smells so strongly, the warm scent of which makes his nostrils twitch as he stands there motionless. Sometimes a young dog, whose education has not been carried quite far enough, will see a bird on the ground before him, and after discovering it will plunge forward and catch it in his jaws, but an old dog, who understands his duty and the work the gun is likely to perform toward capturing the bird, will stand perfectly staunch and steady, even though he may plainly see the bird crouching before him.

I do not intend to try to teach you how to educate your dog for field work. Many books have been written about this, in which the best methods are set forth for training the dog to perform all the different operations required to make him serviceable to the sportsman. But I do wish to give you a few suggestions with regard to the way in which you should treat your dog so that you may make of him a confident, cheerful friend and companion, instead of a nervous, uncertain, cringing servant. The higher your dog's spirit and courage, and the greater his confidence in you, the more comfort you will derive from association with him, and the better the work he will do for you. Above all things avoid making him fear you. Sometimes you may have to punish him, but never do this unless you are positive that he understands what he has done that is wrong, and why you are correcting him. Then, when you have punished him, he must understand, and you must feel, that the error that he has committed is wiped out and forgotten, and that you are just as good comrades and friends as you were before he made his blunder or willfully offended.

I shall not advise you to get either a pointer or a setter; you will have to make up your mind about that, and it really does not make much difference which you get. Each breed has certain things to commend it. The pointer is more easily trained than the setter, but remembers better what it has been taught, and requires less work at the beginning of each shooting season than the setter, before settling down to the business of hunting. The pointer also is thought to be better for a country where burrs are plentiful, and also for a country where there is lack of water, its fine light coat enabling it to endure warm weather more easily than the setter. On the other hand, for winter work, especially where there is much retrieving to be done from the water, the heavy coat of the setter makes it less susceptible to cold. In a country where briers and thorns are troublesome, and there is much work to be done in thickets, the setter's coat again protects it. Setters are thought to be more affectionate than pointers, but this is not necessarily a point in their favor, since, from this very cause, they are likely to make friends with strangers and follow them off, to the owner's great discomfort. If you know of any friend or neighbor that has a working setter or pointer, whose performances in the field are satisfactory, and you can in any way obtain a puppy from this animal, I advise you to secure it and to try to make the most of it.

When you have secured a puppy there are two or three things that you must try to remember in connection with the little animal for whom you have taken the responsibility. You must remember, in the first place, that it is like any other young creature, full of spirits, utterly without sense of responsibility, thinking only about itself and entirely determined, so far as it thinks ahead at all, to do those things which seem pleasant to it. It is your business now to undertake its education. You must begin by making it fond of you, and that means that you must treat it kindly, must play with it more or less, must try to feed it yourself and to make it look to you for all the things that make life pleasant for it. Very patiently, but very firmly, you must instruct it, little by little, in good manners; must teach it that some things may be done, and that other things are under no circumstances permitted. You must remember that this little animal has no knowledge of the English language, and that when you give it a command it at first has no idea what you are talking about, and that your words to it are merely so many meaningless sounds. One of your first duties therefore is to teach it what these sounds are intended to convey, and this lesson is to be taught only by enforcing obedience to the command as soon as uttered. Thus, if you try to teach your dog to charge, which means to lie down, whenever you use this word to him in the tone which you intend to have obeyed place your hands on him and gently force him to lie down on his belly with his legs all under him and his head flat on the ground between his paws. If you do this frequently, he will very soon connect the word "Charge" with the act of lying down in the posture named, and it will be but a short time before the word will be enough. If after he has learned to charge there is slowness or hesitation about obeying, you can then push him down sharply and quickly, but you must be absolutely convinced in your own mind that he thoroughly comprehends what he ought to do when he hears this word. It is easy to confuse and bewilder a puppy, and it is much better to let his education go slowly and to be sure that he understands what is wanted of him, than to run the risk of confusing him by trying to hurry matters.

All puppies have the qualities peculiar to extreme youth. They are affectionate and want to place their paws on people and to try to lick their faces. In the same way, because they are puppies, and because they are getting their new teeth, they are eager to be constantly chewing things. Puppies should not be permitted to get into the habit of putting their paws against people. It is a perfectly natural act, but once established it is a difficult habit to break up when the dog grows older, and when it may become an actual nuisance to people who do not care to be caressed in this way. Constantly pushing the dog down with the accompaniment of the word "Down"—spoken sharply, if the puppy imagines that he is being played with—will serve after a time to put an end to these demonstrations of affection, and it is certainly much pleasanter to see a young dog come and stand close to his master's leg, wagging his tail and looking up, as if to ask for petting, than it is to see a great lumbering animal throw himself against the body of the person whom he desires to caress.

If you get your puppy quite young, and if you can procure for him a couple of balls to play with, it will save you some expense and a great deal of household criticism. A soft ball is a useful plaything for the dog, and can also be employed, if he is a natural retriever, in teaching him to fetch and carry. But he should not be allowed to play with it alone nor to gnaw it, for if this is permitted he will soon destroy it. For that purpose a wooden ball, rather larger than he can manage, as for example a small croquet ball, is best. With this he can occupy himself while chained to his kennel, and it will help him to pass many an hour of confinement that would otherwise be weary.

I advise you if possible to keep your puppy in a small yard or large pen most of the time, and not on chain. This is an important matter. A puppy wishes to be on the go all the time, and frets and worries on a chain far more than a larger dog would. Moreover keeping a puppy on chain often results in making him bow-legged or out at the elbows, from the fact that he spends much of his time lying down. The worry and annoyance of being confined on a short chain may have a bad effect on his temper, and may make the matter of training

him more difficult than it would otherwise be. If possible, therefore, have a pen made for him, and line it with wire netting, which will keep him from being tempted to try to gnaw his way out in some idle moment when he cannot think of any other mischief to do.

If you are employed and spend much of your time at school or at some other occupation, the puppy should be confined during this time. When you are free, you will do well to have him with you as much as you possibly can; to walk with him and to talk and play with him, strengthening in every way the affection which he already feels for you, and increasing his confidence in you. But when you must be separated from him, do not permit him to run wild or to associate with other boys, or to any great extent with the other members of the family. You must teach him to regard you as his master; as the person from whom he takes orders and whom he must obey. Nothing is worse for a puppy than to have all the different members of the family at liberty to give him orders, or to shout at him, if they think he is doing something that he ought not to do.

When you have secured your puppy, therefore, keep him with you as much as you can, even though he may be very small and as yet quite devoid of sense. For the first few months of his life, it is better, if practicable, to keep him in a pen rather than chained to a kennel; but by the time he is six months old, you can make a kennel for him and keep him chained to that when you are not about. Or what is better still, you can stretch between two trees or two posts on the lawn or in the back yard, a section of telegraph wire as long as may be required, and putting over this a ring which will run freely on it, you can chain the dog to that and give him some measure of freedom, so that he can run backward and forward over the length of the wire.

The first thing you must teach your dog is to perform certain simple acts of obedience, to understand that "Here" or "Come here" means that he must come close up to you and stop; that "Charge" means that he must lie down, that "Heel" means that he must come around behind you and walk in your footsteps with his head just behind your right leg; that "Hold up" means that when he is at a charge he must rise to his feet. These things are all simple, but the work of teaching them to a puppy, so that he will mind, and mind instantly, takes a great deal of patience—perhaps more than most boys have.

One reason, I think, why boys—men too—lose patience with the dog that they have to handle, is, that they constantly forget that the dog does not understand what they mean when they speak to it. They comprehend perfectly what it is that they wish done, and they take it for granted that the dog also understands the command and that he disobeys either through obstinacy or heedlessness. As a matter of fact, this is seldom the case. Sometimes dogs are headstrong and obstinate, and wilfully disobey, but this is very rarely true of a puppy, and if he fails to mind, that very failure is pretty good evidence that he does not understand what is demanded of him.

Do not, therefore, treat him as if he were familiar with the English language and were obstinate. If you saw a grown up person give a command to a baby unable to talk, and then, because it did not yield instant obedience to the orders given it, saw the person beat or cuff the little child, you would certainly think such action very cruel and very unreasonable. The case of your pup is not unlike this, and I hope that you will never act in this way toward your dog, and so prove yourself cruel and unreasonable, or at best exceedingly thoughtless. I do not think that you will do so, for I believe that you have good common sense, and when the truth has been pointed out to you, that you will comprehend it and act sensibly about it.

You must understand, also, that a puppy, like any other young animal, lacks powers of concentration. It easily gets tired if kept too long doing one thing. Therefore, when you are trying to school your dog, do not make his lessons long. If they are long continued, he will become tired, his attention will wander, and you will find your efforts wasted. It will be much better for you to give him very short lessons, interrupted by a spell of play or rest, during which he is permitted to trot about and investigate all sorts of matters for himself. You must try to make him interested in his work, and to make him enjoy it as a brief change from the constant games of romp which you will have with him. But if you continue his lessons long enough to fatigue him, he will acquire a distaste for them, and will be likely to come to dread them and to avoid and shirk the work.

Although you wish him to enjoy his work, yet you must make him understand, little by little, that this is work and something very different from his ordinary games. Therefore, when you give him a command that you wish to have obeyed, use toward him a different tone from the caressing and jolly one that you employ when he is at play; he will soon come to recognize the difference, and if you are treating him with judgment, when you speak to him in what might be called your business tones, he will at once fix his attention on you and try to understand what it is that you wish him to do. If he does not respond, but seems to want to continue his play, take him by the collar, shake him a little and distract his thoughts from the matter that is occupying his attention. You must understand that when you give your dog an order, you must make him mind; if this should take some little time—several minutes, for example—it would be better for you to stop the lesson then, rather than to run the risk of tiring him.

You will find that it is not difficult to make him charge, and after he has learned to obey the word you may accompany the order by the lifting of your right hand, holding it a little above your shoulder, the fingers closed and pointed upward and the palm directed forward. After a short time he will recognize that signal, and will drop when he sees the motion made, even though the word "Charge" is not spoken. You should practice him constantly at this, and often, when he is at a distance from you, romping through the fields, whistle or call to him so that he will look up at you, and then raising your hand, see if he drops. Again, make him "charge" at your feet, and then walk away from him, keeping him down as you go. At first, of course, he will spring to his feet and lumber after you as soon as you walk away, but you must take him back, make him charge in the same spot, and then perhaps back off from him, using the spoken word and the gesture sign to keep him down. When you have gone some distance from him, if he remains quiet, call to him "Hold up" or make the gesture, which is merely to throw the hand up in the air, and he will spring to his feet and come toward you. You will find the work extremely interesting, and will be gratified, I am sure, to see rapid progress made by the puppy.

W. G. De Groot.

North American Association.

The second annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association in Montreal on Jan. 30 and 31 brought together a large representation from Canada and the United States. The president, Hon. S. N. Parent, Quebec, occupied the chair, and among others present were E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec; W. J. Cleghorn, Montreal; A. Irving, New York; J. D. Deacon, Pembroke; H. R. Charlton, Montreal; L. O. Armstrong, Montreal; S. T. Bastedo, Toronto; J. McCombie, Temiscamingue; E. N. Cusson, Montreal; Joseph Brunet, Notre Dame des Neiges; Commissioners Wm. H. Shurtleff, of New Hampshire, and Charles E. Oak, of Maine; L. V. Laporte, Montreal; D. G. Smith, fishery commissioner for New Brunswick; Gen. F. G. Butterfield, Vermont; Chas. F. Burhans, New York; Charles A. Bramble, Montreal; E. T. Bradley, secretary Vermont Fish and Game League; Nelson O. Tiffany, president Society for Study of Song Birds, Fish and Game, Buffalo, N. Y.; L. B. Knight, St. John, N. B., Chief Gun Commissioner for New Brunswick; J. P. Oak, Skowhegan, Me.; Joseph Riendeau, Montreal; C. E. Britton, Gananoque; Jos. Rocheford, Valleyfield; J. Warren Pond, Albany, N. Y.; Arthur Dudemaine, Montreal; David Millar, of Lockport, N. Y., and R. P. Grant, of Clayton, N. Y., representing the New York Forest, Fish and Game League; L. Z. Joncas, Quebec; Rene Dupont, Quebec; C. Rankine, Mattawa; N. Wentworth, Hudson, N. H.; A. H. Harris, Quebec, Southern and Rutland railroads; J. W. McGranty, Buckington, Vt.; Martin F. Allen, Vermont; G. A. Farmer, Montreal; Robert E. Plumb, Detroit; Thos. E. Brainerd, Montreal; Isaac H. Stearns, Montreal; E. Tinsley, Toronto; H. J. Kearney, Papineauville; L. E. Carufel, Montreal; Dr. T. A. Brisson, Montreal; Achille Bergeron, M. L. A.; J. M. E. Bentley, traveling agent C. V. R. R., St. Albans, Vt.; Andrew C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay, N. Y., secretary Anglers' Association of St. Lawrence River; E. A. Davis, Bethel, Vt.; Commissioner John W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Dr. T. J. Finnie, Montreal Fish and Game Association.

The President's Address.

The president in opening the meeting referred to the death of the Queen, and then went on to say:

"I heartily welcome you to this annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, and it is a pleasure to me to be able to congratulate you upon the increased interest manifested in its work and objects, as shown by the large attendance here present. When I had the honor, a year ago, of being called to preside over the convention at which this association was formed, I briefly set forth the reasons which had actuated me in inviting a number of you to meet me here in the Government offices, and to discuss the means to be adopted for the better protection of our fish and game.

"The great and increasing value of these important assets of our different States and Provinces is well known to all of us, and I was happy to see so many of you agreed with me that by banding ourselves together in an association of this kind we could be of much mutual assistance and support, especially in the neighborhood of our respective frontiers.

"The past year has necessarily been one of organization and discussion. The proceedings of the convention of Feb. 2 last, and of the two committees of the association which met in this city last month, attracted a large measure of public attention. They were reported at length in many newspapers of the United States as well as Canada. It was a pleasure for me to undertake the printing and distribution of the minutes of our last meeting, and we all in this Province appreciate the honor you have done us in selecting the city of Montreal for the preseent meeting.

"Two of the most important of your committees met here on Dec. 13 and 14, 1900, and the result of their deliberations will be shortly laid before you. It is essential, before everything else, that the foundations of every useful association should be laid upon a firm and lasting basis, and therefore the draft of a proposed constitution and by-laws for the permanent organization of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, as framed by the committee named for that purpose, is ready for your consideration.

"When the association has decided upon its constitution and by-laws, the way will be plain for the enrollment of members, and for the election of officers, and for the prosecution of the good work for which we associated ourselves together.

"In this latter connection, I am glad to be able to state that your committee upon the possibilities of harmonizing the laws of the different Provinces and border States will present a carefully considered report at the present meeting.

"I should like to be with you throughout the profitable discussion that, no doubt, will follow the presentation of the reports referred to. Unfortunately for me, the stern dictates of duty have otherwise decreed, and the new and enlarged responsibilities which have fallen upon my shoulders since we last met together necessitate, I regret to say, my immediate withdrawal from the present meeting.

"I am reluctantly compelled to place in your hands my resignation of the office of president of this association, with which you were good enough to honor me a year ago, and to ask you to appoint a provisional chairman, in order that I may attend a meeting of the Executive Council of the Province. You may rest assured, gentlemen, that I shall always prize very highly the memory of the fact that I have been the first president of this association, and I can assure you I shall always be happy to second your efforts, so far as may be compatible with the proper performance of my public duties.

"The North American Fish and Game Protective Association comes into active existence in the early part of this opening year of the new century, and I sincerely wish for it prolonged existence, prosperity and usefulness, the beneficial effects of which will, I hope, go on increasing, and bear good fruit throughout the centuries that are yet to be born."

Hon. W. H. Shurtleff, speaking for the Americans present, paid a warm and sympathetic tribute to the memory of the Queen.

Hon. Mr. Parent then took leave of the meeting, and Mr. L. Z. Joncas was elected provisional chairman.

The report submitted by the Constitution Committee was adopted. These officers were elected:

President—J. W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Secretary-Treasurer—L. Z. Joncas, Quebec.

Vice-Presidents—Maine, Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield; Massachusetts, John Fottler, Jr., Boston; New Brunswick, Hon. A. T. Dunn, St. John; New Hampshire, Hon. Nat. Wentworth, Hudson Centre; New York, C. H. Wilson, Glass Falls; Nova Scotia, Hon. J. W. Longley; Ontario, Hon. F. R. Latchford, Toronto; Quebec, Dr. T. C. Brainerd, Montreal; Vermont, Gen. F. G. Butterfield, Derby Line.

Executive Committee—Maine, Hon. L. T. Carlton, Winthrop; Massacusetts, F. S. Hodges, Boston; Michigan, Henry Russell, Detroit; New Brunswick, D. G. Smith, Chatham; New Hampshire, Hon. W. H. Shurtleff; New York, Hon. David Miller, Lockport; Ontario, S. T. Bastedo, Toronto; Quebec, C. E. E. Ussher, Montreal.

Membership Committee—E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec; Dr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal; Gen. W. W. Henry, United States Consul, Quebec.

Auditing Committee—L. O. Armstrong, Montreal; W. J. Cleghorn, Montreal.

It was decided to recommend to the Executive Committee that Hon. Mr. Parent be made the first honorary member of the association, with the rank of Honorary President.

Report of Committee on Laws.

The report of the committee on the possibilities of harmonizing the fish and game laws of the Provinces and States was submitted, and its recommendations were considered seriatim, those that were dealt with being passed in the following form:

"That the open season for moose, caribou and red deer in all the border States and Provinces should generally be from Sept. 15 to Nov. 30, inclusive, but that for certain sections of a Province or State, where moose are decreasing, it may be desirable to make partial or entirely close seasons; that it is recognized that in northern districts a longer season for caribou is desirable, though great care should be observed in extending it beyond that for moose; and that in districts where red deer are few in number it is desirable that the open season be further restricted. Where, however, in the opinion of the State or Provincial officials having charge of the preservation of moose, caribou or deer, a still shorter open season is desirable than is herein mentioned, the association approve of such restrictions, but within the limits above mentioned.

"That the numbers of moose, caribou and deer killed by one hunter during a single season be limited to one bull moose, one caribou and two deer, and that hunters do all in their power to protect calves and females of such game, and that the pursuing of moose, caribou and deer with dogs be prohibited.

"That spring shooting or killing of game birds be abolished.

"That the close season for beaver should be extended until 1905 in all the States and border Provinces.

"That the open season be from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15 for all species of grouse, with the exception of ptarmigan, for woodcock, snipe and duck of all kinds, including swans and geese, rail, plover and other birds known as shore birds or waders."

In the evening President Titcomb gave a very interesting illustrated talk on fishculture.

Second Day.

When the association reassembled Thursday morning, President Titcomb in the chair, consideration of the report of the committee on the possibilities of harmonizing the fish and game laws of the Provinces and States was continued.

The following recommendations contained in the report were adopted without discussion:

"That every State and Province should adopt laws limiting the number of game birds that may be killed by each hunter per day, and the number, weight and size of game fish which may be caught by each angler.

"That a permanent protective law be urged against the destruction of insectivorous birds and other birds useful to agriculture.

"That the exportation of speckled or brook trout be totally prohibited, save with the exception of fish caught by any tourist or summer visitor, the total weight of such fish not to exceed thirty pounds net, and limited to the lawful catch of two days' angling."

The following was also agreed to, an amendment by Mr. R. P. Grant to substitute June 9 for July 1 being lost: "That in all the waters dividing the States and Provinces the open season for black bass shall be from July 1 to Jan. 1."

The next recommendation read: "That all net fishing be prohibited in Lake Champlain, in the spring of the year, in New York, Vermont and the Province of Quebec."

In the course of the discussion Mr. L. Z. Joncas said that the department at Quebec had decided to prohibit any summer fishing in Lake St. Francis, and the advisableness of doing the same with Lake St. Peter was being considered.

Mr. J. M. E. Bentley spoke against the pernicious practice of commercial fishing, which he spoke of as wholesale slaughter, and expressed the opinion that the only way to stop it was by harmonizing the laws.

The committee's recommendation was concurred in, as was also the following, without discussion, after which

an adjournment took place for luncheon: "That the pursuing, shooting at or killing of any of the animals or birds specified in the foregoing recommendations should be entirely prohibited at all other times than those specified in such recommendations."

Tag and Coupon System.

In the afternoon the following recommendation was agreed to without discussion:

"That the tag and coupon system in use in Ontario and Michigan be adopted by all the Provinces and States, and that marketmen, game dealers, buyers, sellers and tanners of deer, moose and caribou skins, and proprietors of hunting camps be duly licensed, if such a system can be legally so arranged, by the chief game authorities of the States and Provinces, to whom they shall periodically report."

The next recommendation read:

"That the possession, sale and exportation of all game birds and animals should be prohibited after the expiry of fifteen days after the close of the open season for the birds or animals, as the case may be, in each State or Province in which taken or killed, each article to be accompanied by a coupon from a license authorizing the killing or capture of the same in such State or Province."

Mr. N. E. Cormier thought that the recommendation went a little too far, as it interfered with the rights of the individual. It might happen that a person legally obtained game during the open season, but did not desire to eat it until later, and yet, under this recommendation, it would be unlawful for him to have it in his possession more than fifteen days after the close season came in. There should be a clause in the law to protect the private individual who wished to store game in cold storage for his own use.

Mr. C. E. Oak expressed the opinion that game, if lawfully obtained, could be held until the day of judgment by a person, if he wished to do so. The transportation and sale of it was a different matter altogether.

Mr. D. G. Smith remarked that many high authorities held that such a law was *ultra vires*. That was a question, however, which he did not want to raise, and he thought they had better let the law stand as it is.

Mr. J. McCombie did not think that the law was meant for the private individual at all, but for the pot-hunter and game dealer.

Mr. S. T. Bastedo said that the Ontario law had worked admirably. It provided for the game dealer and the private individual, and there had been no bother in connection with it.

The committee's recommendation was adopted.

After the following had been concurred in, the committee's report was adopted *en bloc*:

"That a bounty sufficient to insure the trapping of wolves should be offered in Quebec, Ontario and New Brunswick, where these pests are sufficiently numerous to be a detriment to the game supply, and that the minimum amount of such bounty should be fifteen dollars."

Extend Association's Work.

It was moved by Mr. C. E. E. Ussher, seconded by Mr. C. E. Oak:

"Whereas, The results, so far, show that the federation of the fish and game interests of the eastern border States and Provinces, which at present constitute the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, has accomplished and will do excellent work in the directions set forth in the constitution of this association; and

"Whereas, Although we desire to further the objects of this association by the accession of all the western border States and Provinces, we believe the long distances separating them, and necessitating many miles of travel to attend meetings, will prevent the practicable operating of an association embracing all the border States and Provinces from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and

"Whereas, It is our belief that the objects for which this association was formed can be furthered by the formation, as soon as it can be arranged conveniently, of such other groups or federations of the fish and game interests of the border States and Provinces as may be suitable, with an extension of the same idea, at such later date as it may be feasible, to cover all North America with such federations; and

"Whereas, It is desirable, if such federations be formed, that those which are contiguous should keep in touch to the extent at least of sending one or more delegates to each other's annual meetings; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the secretary of this association is hereby instructed to send, as soon as printed, a copy of this preamble and resolution, together with a copy of the printed proceedings of this meeting and the constitution and by-laws, to the chief game and fish authorities of Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, British Columbia and Washington, and the Northwest Territories, of Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, as a respectful suggestion from this association for their earnest consideration."

This was unanimously adopted.

On the recommendation of the Committee on Nominations, Senator Power, of Halifax, was apointed Nova Scotia's representative on the Executive Committee, and Mr. E. A. Davis, of Bethel, was put upon the same committee to represent Vermont, in place of Mr. J. W. Titcomb, who had been elected president.

It was moved by Mr. Smiley, seconded by Dr. Drummond, and unanimously agreed to: "That this association draw the attention of the Department of the Interior of the Dominion of Canada to the fact that large numbers of moose and caribou are being destroyed in Yukon Territory, and request that some protective measures be adopted or put in force in that region."

The Lacey Bill.

Mr. C. E. Oak remarked that the most important and far-reaching legislation which has been enacted in the United tSates for many years was what was known as the Lacey bill, which passed Congress last May. The object of the bill was to prevent the shipping of fish or game from one State to another, contrary to the laws of the State from which it was shipped. The Lacey bill, however, was not international, and, therefore, he moved to the effect that the association favor the amendment of the Lacey bill in such form as to prohibit, under penalty of forfeiture of goods and of imprisonment of offenders, the bringing into the United States of any fish or game, furs, or fur-bearing animals that had been killed or had in possession in violation of the laws of the State or country in which the same had been killed, or in which any such fish or game should be unlawfully had in possession under or by the laws of the State into which any such fish or game be brought into the United States. That the president transmit a copy of the resolution to the Hon. Mr. Lacey with the request that he make such efforts as he can to carry the resolution into effect; and that Canadian legislators be urged to enact similar laws, with the above amendments.

This was seconded by Mr. C. E. E. Ussher and unanimously carried.

Mr. C. H. Wilson referred to the subject of spring shooting, and said that the State of New York seemed to be, with one exception, the principal aggressor in the matter. He contended that if spring shooting was abolished there would soon be a very large quantity of marsh ducks in the State of New York.

Mr. Parker said that spring shooting had been abolished for some years in Ontario, and with very beneficial results. There was no doubt that spring shooting had done more to decrease the number of waterfowl than all other causes put together. If anything could be done to stop spring shooting, there would be fair and reasonable shooting for all time to come, in the fall. It was the bounden duty of every true sportsman to bring all pressure possible to bear to have this miserable and barbarous practice abolished.

Abolish Spring Shooting.

On the motion of Mr. N. E. Cormier, seconded by Dr. Drummond, it was agreed that, as the general laws of the adjoining States and Provinces, except those of New York and Quebec, prohibited spring shooting of waterfowl, and as it was desirable that such shooting should be prohibited by the laws of all the adjoining States and Provinces, the association petition the legislators of the State of New York and the Province of Quebec to enact a law which will prohibit spring shooting of waterfowl in that State and Province.

Mr. C. E. Oak made mention of the fact that some associations lent themselves as advertising mediums, and after expressing the hope that the North American Fish and Game Protective Association would ever keep clear of this, he moved: "That it is the sense of this association that it should in no respect serve as an advertising medium for any sportsman's resort, sporting goods, railroad or steamboat lines, or anything else in the way of merchandise or transportation."

This was seconded by Mr. Ussher and unanimously adopted.

The president reported, on behalf of the Executive Committee, that they recommend that the next annual meeting be held in Vermont, the selection of the place being left in the hands of the president.

This was agreed to, after a little discussion.

Dr. Drummond called attention to the fact that at the last meeting a resolution was adopted for transmission to the different Legislatures, but which had not yet been forwarded, objecting to the remission by State officials or governments of fines imposed on offenders against the game laws, or suspension of sentence, for any reason, political or otherwise.

The motion was reaffirmed, and the permanent officials were requested to send copies thereof to the different governments.

This concluded the business of the meeting.

Pheasants on Vancouver Island.

PEOPLE in the United States are rather given to believing that in game protection, the handling of Indians and some other matters the Dominion of Canada is much more effcient than our State or Federal Government. In some matters this belief may have foundation in fact, but, whether true or not, the Canadian Provincial Government certainly have their troubles in regard to game protection, and there are in Canada, as in the United States, men whose savage and selfish instincts lead them to violate the game laws and thus to take a most unfair advantage of their fellow men, who may be just as keen sportsmen, but are more law-abiding.

The following from the Cumberland (B. C.) News tells of the ruthless destruction of pheasants in the central part of Vancouver Island, and calls for action by the authorities. The News preaches good doctrine:

Many and loud are the complaints of law-abiding sportsmen of the flagrant breaking of the game laws in our district, especially regarding pheasants. It is authoritatively asserted that these birds, not only cocks, but hens also, are being brought into town every day by men who pretend to call themselves sportsmen. In this respect the law is thrice broken. Pheasants of both sexes are by law protected at present. Hens are protected at all times, and it is now the close season for all these birds.

This protection is all on paper. The pot-hunter, who is far lower in instinct than the savage, goes fearlessly on his murderous way, slaying the helpless birds which by all written and moral laws he should protect. The savage will kill a bird when hunger and food necessity compels him. The pot-hunter—let us call him the avicide—kills at all times, and no wonder need be felt if he kills the hen pheasant or the grouse while sitting on her nest. Indeed, that will probably be what he will do, for then he will not be risking a miss at a flying bird. It should be borne in mind that these birds were brought here, kept and fed, and then turned loose to breed, at a good deal of expense and a large amount of trouble, and those who wantonly kill them now are not only breaking the law of the land but are ruthlessly destroying the fruits of the labors of a few who were disinterested enough to go to the trouble and expense to provide a source of sport to all. It is the intention of some of the last mentioned class to subscribe funds to introduce the Virginia quail into the neighborhood of our town, which bird, besides being the leading gallinaceous game bird of America, is also, instead of being destructive, of great benefit to agriculture, being a destroyer of insects of all kinds. All who are interested will voluntarily bind themselves to protect these birds for a term of years, irrespective of any law, and will promise to promptly inform and bring to justice any person found destroying them. One sometimes hears a complaint that some farmers will not allow shooting on their places. We say that the farmer who does so is worthy of the highest commendation, and we are in a position to assert positively that this stand was taken by some of the leading farmers of the district because the ubiquitous pot-hunter would follow the pheasants right to the doors of the barnyards, without as much as "by your leave," when those same farmers had all summer long been caring for a brood of the birds for the pleasure of having them about, and we further say that we are willing to wager that we personally can obtain permission from any farmer in the district to shoot over his place in season, and in moderation. And so can any true sportsman—which means one who can ask permission, and, which gained, can shoot moderately, not murderously. Meanwhile in the case of the pheasants being killed, the police should take a hand.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

All About the National Parks.

Feb. 1.—Dr. C. P. Ambler, of Asheville, N. C., secretary of the Appalachian National Park Association, writes under date of Jan. 25 as below regarding the very flattering success which seems to be attending the movement for a big reserve of lands in that beautiful region of the South, which ought always to remain dear to American hearts and be kept pure for American eyes, since it was the home and starting place of the American life which later broke over the Appalachians to build the West:

"We are still pushing the Appalachian National Park movement. I inclose you a copy of the special message from the President to the Senate and House pertaining to our movement, and also a letter from the Secretary of Agriculture to the President regarding the same. You will find that both the President and Secretary recommend an appropriation for the purpose of establishing a national forest reserve in the Southern Appalachians, and upon their recommendation our Senators and Congressmen have introduced a bill praying for an appropriation of five million dollars into the Senate and House.

"The success which we have met up to this time, and I must say that such indorsement from the President and the Secretary of Agriculture are good indorsements, has been secured, first, by everlastingly sticking at it, and second, by organizing and laying plans and then following them out to the letter. As you know, we organized about two years ago, and the work from that time to this has been pursued along lines which were then agreed upon. We believe we are going to win."

The message from President McKinley reads thus:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives:

"I transmit herewith, for the information of the Congress, a letter from the Secretary of Agriculture, in which he presents a preliminary report of investigations upon the forests of the southern Appalachian Mountain region. Upon the basis of the facts established by this investigation, the Secretary of Agriculture recommends the purchase of land for a national forest reserve in western North Carolina, eastern Tennessee and adjacent States. I commend to the favorable consideration of the Congress the reasons upon which the recommendation rests.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

As to the region in question, its fitness for the purpose of a national reserve is unquestioned. "Where," asks the writer of some of its descriptions, "can you find such rare natural beauty as in western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee, or, more definitely speaking, in the Great Smoky Mountains, the Balsam Mountains, and the Black and Craggy mountains? Here are the most beautiful as well as the highest mountains east of the lofty Western ranges; forty-three mountains of over 6 000 feet in altitude, as well as a great number of inferior height, all clothed with virgin forests and intersected by deep valleys, abounding in brooks, rivers and waterfalls, combine to make this region one of unsurpassed attractiveness."

A New Mexican Park.

And now comes yet another movement for a national park, this time from New Mexico, and like all the other enterprises of similar nature which have been coming up, of great merit and desirability. It is likely that few parts of the country are less generally known than the far Southwest, and to have some of it kept unchanged, as it has been for centuries in the slow sun of that ancient region, is something to be hoped. The bill introduced calls this a cliff dwellers' park, and the Washington dispatches have this regarding it:

"At the urgent request of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of the General Land Office bills have been introduced in the House and Senate, and favorably reported from the Public Lands Committees, setting aside 153,620 acres of land in the Territory of New Mexico as a public park, to be known as the Cliff Dwellers' National Park. The object is to preserve the prehistoric caves and ruins and other works and relics which abound in this reservation, which are looked upon by scientists as of the greatest value to the scientific world.

"Special Agent James D. Mankin, of the Land Office, in a report to the Land Office, says:

"'The country is a plateau varying from 6,000 feet in altitude on the east to 9 000 feet on the west. It is evidently of volcanic origin.

"'The district is noted chiefly for the remains of prehistoric civilization with which it is covered.'"

There is this to be said in favor of the New Mexican park, that it contains nothing which the Hon. Thomas Shevlin, of Minneapolis, wants. Were this not the case it might be well for the Government at Washington to consult with the Hon. Thomas before taking any further hasty steps in this matter.

The Minnesota National Park.

And this is the last from Washington about the Minnesota National Park, which is so near and dear to all dwellers of the Northwest:

"The bill proposed by Representative Eddy, modifying the Nelson law, will probably be introduced Jan. 30. Mr. Eddy and T. B. Walker, of Minneapolis, and Manager

McCormick, representing the Weyerhaeuser interests, had a conference over the matter to-night. The two latter were at the Indian Office to-day in conference with the officials. The Eddy bill is approved by the Indian Commissioner, and it will at once be submitted to Secretary Hitchcock. It provides, first, for the sale of the timber on the reservations, the lands to be reserved for agricultural purposes; second, the timber is to be sold in tracts large enough to justify the erection of mills on the reservation, and third, the system of estimating is abolished, and the pine is to be sold on the bank."

Thus it may be seen that we are very apt to have a park up in Minnesota, after the lumbermen have reduced it to a condition bordering upon the cloistered quiet of an Aztec cliff dwellers' cemetery. It is our great and abiding consolation that we shall not be debarred from going up there and gazing at the stumps of the trees which have gone to keep the wolf from the door of the Hon. Thomas Shevlin and his very good friends who help him divide his trains at the right place when he is helping entertain guests on a Congressional trip.

Last from the Park.

Feb. 2.—The news from Washington on Jan. 30, in regard to the Minnesota Park, states that Secretary Hitchcock has approved the Eddy bill and its amendments to the Nelson law. It is thought that mills will be erected on the reservations and their pine will be cut, and that the passage of the bill creating a national park will be permanently blocked. There is a rumor out that the backers of the park enterprise will combine with those interested in like projects in other parts of the country. It is believed that the Eddy bill will probably pass. The attitude of Mr. Eddy himself toward the park has been clear all along. He does not want the park, but does want to see the lumber interests advanced.

Weights of Canada Quail.

A pleasant letter from W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., takes up the question of weights of quail, and it would seem that the belt for big quail belongs across the border. I always thought these Canada birds the largest of their species I have ever seen, but a 9½-ounce bird is surely a stunner. Mr. Wells writes:

"Last December when quail shooting from a little inn not more than two miles from the shore of Lake St. Clair I saw some quail weighed. These weights were taken to decide a small bet as to the weight of a cock and hen. Another shooter said he had one that would beat either, which it did. The hen went 7½ ounces, the cock 8 ounces, and the other cock 9 ounces. When these were being weighed on the grocer's scales next door, I got them to take in a dozen—not picked birds—and they went 5¾ pounds. These birds were quite strong and fast, as I found out. The friend with whom I shot was down a few days before I got there and was a little tired, and as it was blowing half a gale all the time, he soon acknowledged that he was outclassed. While I was fresh, I did fairly well, but after a couple of days I was no better, and so we ended up with the birds on top. Duck shooting has been below the average with us the past year. Canvasbacks, both on Lake St. Clair and at Rond Eau, on Lake Erie, were unusually plentiful. Quail were not so plentiful in Kent, but in Essex the county to the west, were more plentiful than last season, and no one can tell the reason."

Can't Lose Them.

Gratiot county, Mich., has paid $11,000 in three years as sparrow bounties, and the birds seem to enjoy it, being apparently more numerous than ever. Mr. Lorenzo Tabor, of Adrian, Mich., some years ago thought it would be a good thing to import a few pairs of these nice little English birds to Michigan. It was nice—for the sparrows. You can't lose them now.

Illinois Fish Law.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 2.—Dr. S. P. Bartlett, who is to have charge of the fish exhibit at the Chicago Sportsmen's Show, has been obliged to absent himself from Chicago and to be on hand at Springfield, because he is having his regular season of dread lest somebody tinker with the fish laws. There is no doubt that a pretty strong attempt will be made to effect some changes. The amateur fishermen say that the present law is in the interest of the market fishermen, who are seining everything out of the rivers. Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Cohen think that it may be well to prohibit seines from April 15 to Aug. 1, and their bill will introduce that measure, as well as a clause prohibiting the use of hook and line within 400 feet of any dam between April 15 and Aug. 1. The real battle in regard to the game laws is not yet fully on, but the usual number of new measures, freaks and otherwise, are duly on hand.

Aim of the Illinois Association.

Hon. James R. B. Van Cleave, of Springfield, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, in a personal letter just at hand, goes on to say that the Association does not intend to confine itself purely to trapshooting matters. "Our aim," says he, "is to aid and encourage the propagation and preservation of game and game fishes, our annual tournament being only a pleasant but secondary matter of importance. Help us along these lines all you can."

If the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association wishes to do something practical in the way of preserving the game of Illinois and the West, it has three things ahead of it which it might try to do: First, to put Illinois at the head of the line of those States which will not permit game to be sold within their borders. Second, to try to get the State of Missouri to prohibit the export of game. Third, to try to get the State of Nebraska to prohibit the export of game. Lock up the sources of supply and cut off the demand for this Western game, and the sportsmen will get a chance for a little shooting. Otherwise all of our State associations are going to become trapshooting associations and nothing more. The game will never be properly preserved under the system of protection now in vogue, and our laws are persistently and steadily violated.

Mr. N. P. Riley, of this city, one of our well-known bass fishermen, is visiting Florida this winter. He has been at Tallahassee for some time, and since he could find no bait to suit him he telegraphed back to Chicago to his old fishing crony, W. H. English, for some live frogs. Four dozen frogs were sent to him, and at last accounts he was doing business with the big black bass. Florida must be a poor sort of place if it can't raise frogs.

Mr. Fred M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., president of the Gaylord Club, of that region, and a very prominent sportsman, is in Chicago for a short time to-day.

Live Sheep and Goats.

Matters are going on swimmingly with the first Sportsmen's Show ever held in Chicago, and the time of any doubt is past regarding the success of the enterprise. Chicago does not do things by halves, and this show will break the record of first appearances. Large numbers of the wild animals which will be shown at the Coliseum are now coming into the city and will be taken care of by Cy De Vry, who used to handle the animals at Lincoln Park. A very large number of foreign ducks, imported from Europe, reached Chicago this week via Boston. We are also promised some good specimens of the Scotch red deer. There are several good specimens of live muscallunge and of live ouananiche, now waiting for the curtain to rise. Yesterday a telegram was received from our old friend, Jack Monroe, of the Blackfoot Reservation, Mont., who sets a price on wild sheep and wild goats which he has in hand, and it is thought that arrangements will be closed by which these animals will be secured and shown at the exposition. Mr. J. H. Morrison, of the same reservation, has been out in the mountains for several days on a similar quest. Maybe you can rope a wild goat and bring him here to Chicago and show him alive, but on the face of things this looks a little bit hard to do.

The scheme of decoration for the Coliseum has been submitted by the artists, Mr. W. L. Wells and Mr. H. G. Maratta. There will be liberal use made of the old Roman idea oak leaf garlands and wreaths, as well as the customary evergreen effects. The list of exhibitors is now nearly full, and the class of attractions is of very high order at this writing, with more and good ones steadily coming in. Among other things to be shown here will be the Palmer collection of heads and horns from Davenport, Ia., with full exhibits from Kaempfer, Periolat and other taxidermists and dealers, to say nothing of the collections of amateur sportsmen all over the West.

The Sportsmen's Year.

The holiday season seems to be the only time when American business men catch their breath and take the liberty of doing any thinking about the pleasanter side of life. It seems to be a growing custom among sportsmen to remember each other at that season with little gifts of things prized by sportsmen. A friend writes me that two of his friends have made him a Christmas present of a splendid salmon rod, with reel and line. Another sends to him a book which tells about the out of doors. What is the result? My friend lays aside his savage business air, sits down and thaws out a little, and eke indites a letter to a friend, which shows that a business man may have a long memory and a soft spot in his heart:

"I can look back to so many of our hunting and fishing trips," he says, "and so many incidents that still give me pleasure, that I am often reminded that really the best time comes after you get home. I can remember down along the dusty shores at the Long X crossing how you used to lie abed mornnigs and then corral the oversupply of sugar. I can remember the time Dan Seib went out to shoot the deer at moonlight, and we tried to fool him by hanging an overcoat up in the bushes, and tied a string to it so as to pull it and make him think it was a bear. I can recall when old Bob Schultz got the buck fever and could not shoot a deer that came right up the bank in his face; and I shall never forget the night that you got lost down on the Magpie, and the tramp in the morning looking for you and the welcome sight of yourself coming along on Paddock's faithful old horse. Do you remember the first trip when you were just getting over typhoid fever, and espied the badger, and nearly killed yourself running after it and shooting him with fine shot? And the day we nearly lost our lives chasing the wounded canvasback over on Lake Isabel in the little tin boat, and what shooting we had? Now that I have started, I could keep up a string of these reminiscences, I verily believe, all day. Last, but not least, is that fishing trip on the North Branch of the Au Sable. Was there ever a more enjoyable day than the three of us, my brother Ed, you and I, put in together? How the trout did take the fly, and how nearly used up I was that night when we reached the car!

"These things live in a man's memory and make him younger again, and also make him wish he still was young and could never grow old. The book you have sent me is magnificent. It recalls a lot of my Arizona and New Mexico trips: the cactus standing tall and straight 20 or 30 feet high, the running partridge, then the grouse, the cold north wind and the snow, and my old favorite, the ruffed grouse, on which I have had such fine shooting here at home this fall. Indeed, what a lot of good times we can have all over again!"

The Infernal Regions.

Even paraphrased, the foregoing sub head is not altogether pleasant to contemplate. Yet it came about this way: A friend and I were walking down the street the other day, in one of those lowering, black, sooty fogs which can be seen nowhere but in this benighted town, where dirt is dominant. We smelled a scent of pitch and burning pine. Then all at once, as we turned around the corner, we saw a long line of shallow fires that stretched across the street. (The street-car men were thawing out the track.) From these fires the smoke arose to join the other smoke in an air so dense that you could hardly see 20 feet ahead. It was a scene which, taken in conjunction with the rattlings and bangings and shoutings of the place, seemed weird and impressive enough.

"I have always thought," said my friend meditatively, "that Chicago was situated close to the infernal regions. I see that the latter locality is just coming through."

And, provided that one were under life sentence, and had to live in a big city from day to day, and never see any country cleaner and greener, any sky any sweeter, provided that he could hear nothing more restful than the nerve-jarring clamor of the city, what indeed would life be for him but a section of the infernal regions?

We need the out-of-doors. Every year American life becomes more urgent and high-keyed. More and more men go down in the harness as though struck by lightning. Sometimes I watch the big chains which carry the elevators up and down in the building where I office. Once in a while we read of one of these chains breaking. The experts say that iron sometimes gets crystallized, and hence snaps. It is the peculiarity of business life nowadays that it crystallizes men. Once in a while they snap. They surely do not snap so often or so suddenly if once in a while they get out of this pandemonium of the town and into the sweet air, and on the sweet earth which God meant all men should enjoy.

This is my sermon at the beginning of the year, and I am going to try to practice a little of my own preaching before the year is out. What's the fun of living if you are dead?

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XXII.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

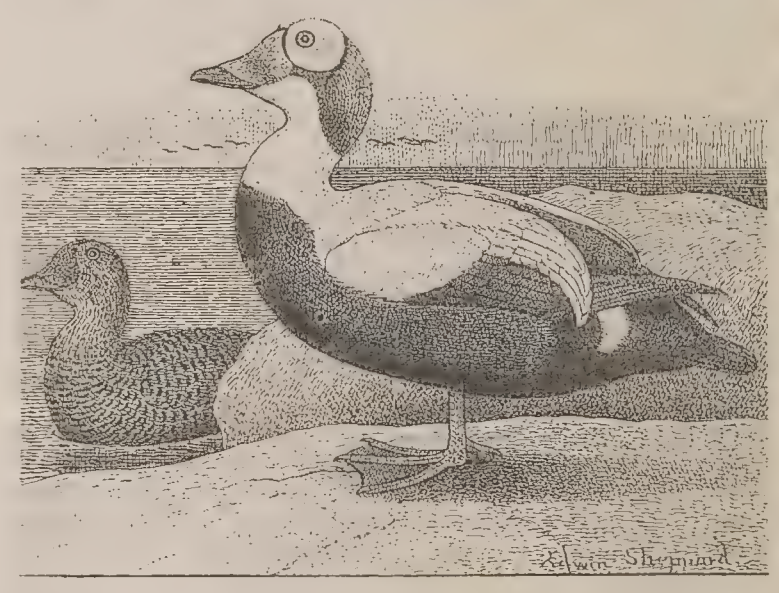
[*Continued from page 87.*]

Spectacled Eider.

Arctonetta fischeri (Brandt).

In the adult male the space immediately about the eye is silky white, bordered by a line of velvety black, before and behind. The feathers between the eye and the bill are stiff, and extend over the bill almost to the nostril. At the base of the bill they are white, changing to dark green, which grows paler toward the black bar before the eye. Crown and back of the head, running down a little way on the neck, pale olive green. Beneath the space around the eye a strip extends back to meet the olive green, which is deep dull green. The head and neck, except as stated, are white. All the lower parts, including the upper breast, are pale leaden gray; while the whole back and wing, except the greater wing coverts, the tertiaries and a patch on each side of the rump, are yellowish white. The bill is orange, deepest along the edge, and pale on the nail. The eyes are pale blue or bluish white. The feet and legs are yellowish.

In the adult female the head generally is buffy, streaked with dusky. A strip of brown runs from the bill before the eye to the top of the head. The throat is very little streaked or spotted. The general upper parts are tawny, barred with black. The belly and the region under the tail is grayish brown. The length is about twenty or twenty-two inches.



SPECTACLED EIDER.

The spectacled eider is another Alaskan bird of which not very much is known. It is a dweller in the far North, its range seeming to extend only from the mouth of the Kuskokwim River to Point Barrow, where it breeds. Another observer, however, gives it as occurring much further to the south, and says that it breeds among the Aleutian Islands, where it is a resident, although shy. The nest is built in the grass not far from the water, and the eggs are from five to nine in number. Mr. Nelson who has spent so much time in Alaska, and is very familiar with this bird, sounds a note of warning about it, saying that it might readily be so reduced as to become very rare. It is an extremely local bird, and with a narrow breeding range, and with the attacks continually made on it for food by the Eskimo it has every prospect of becoming scarce.

It is to be noted that the autumn plumage of male and female in this species are very nearly alike—dark brown with black mottling—and that the breeding dress does not appear to be assumed until toward spring.

It is said that the flight of this bird is unusually swift—much more so than that of most other eiders—and that they usually fly low over the water.

The Common Eider.

Somateria mollissima (Linn.).

The adult male of the common eider duck has the crown deep black, split behind in the middle line by a strip of white or greenish white, and reaching forward from the eye to the bill. The upper part of the back of the neck and the feathers back of the ears are pale green. The rest of the head and neck, with the forebreast, back, scapulars, wing coverts, tertiary feathers and sides of rump, white, often tinged with yellow or creamy buff. The breast is sometimes pink-tinted. The other under parts, the greater wing coverts, secondaries, middle of rump and upper tail covert, black; quills of the wing and tail, brownish black; bill, dull orange yellow; legs and feet, orange.

The adult female is generally of a reddish brown color, mostly barred with black, but the head and neck

are merely narrowly streaked with black. The crown of the head is darkest. The under parts are a grayish rather than reddish brown, with darker bars. The tips of the secondaries are white, forming two bars across the wing. Length about twenty-two inches.

The eider duck inhabits the northern shores of both coasts of the Atlantic. In winter it is found in more or less abundance along the New England coast, and I have seen it killed as far south as Long Island Sound.

The eider breeds in Labrador, and to the northward, and in many parts of Europe is almost a domestic bird.

COMMON EIDER.

The down, which is plucked from the breast of the female for the lining of the nest, is a valuable article of commerce, and in an earlier chapter something has been said about the way these birds are protected and their down secured in Norway and Iceland.

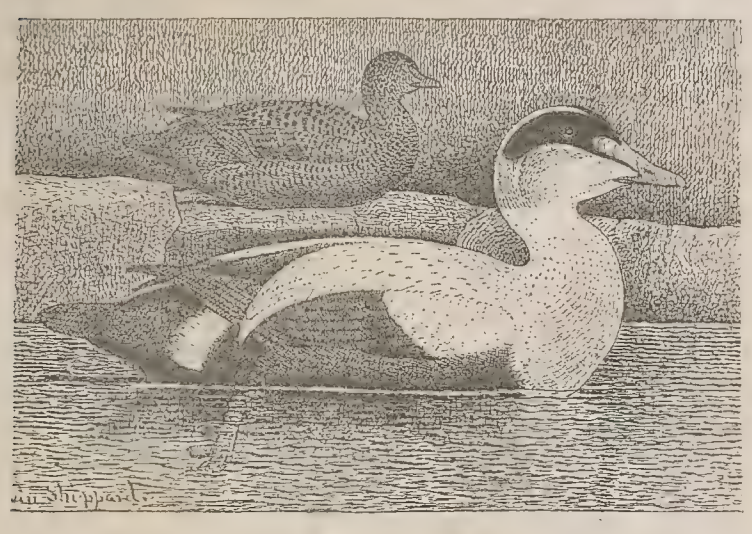
When seen along the coast of southern New England the eider is often found associated with the scoters, there commonly known as coots, and when killed it is usually shot out of flocks of these birds.

Mr. Gordon Trumbull notes as names of this bird, and of the next, the terms sea duck and drake, shoal duck, Isles of Shoals duck, wamp (this being of Indian origin, probably from wompi, white).

American Eider.

Somateria dresseri (SHARPE).

In this species the colors of both sexes are precisely like those of the preceding. The differences between the two lie chiefly in the manner in which the feathers of the front of the head meet the naked portions of the bill. In these eiders, on either side of the forehead a branch of the naked skin of the bill runs up into the feathers, which border it above and below. In the case of the common eider these branches are narrow and run up nearly to a point, but in the American form they are broad and terminate abruptly and bluntly. In the common eider, therefore, the feather patches running down into the angles between the naked skin are broad, while in the American eider they are narrow. There is also some difference in the shape of the bills in the two species, that of the common eider appearing slightly straighter



AMERICAN EIDER.

and more slender, while in the American bird the upper outline of the bill in profile is slightly concave. Slight as are the differences between the two, they appear to be constant and to be of specific value.

The American eider is the commoner of the two along the American coast. It is said to be found in winter along the Atlantic as far south as the Delaware River, but this perhaps only in winters of unusual severity. The American eider sometimes goes inland, and has been taken on the Great Lakes and in adjacent States, but there it is only an accidental straggler.

Its breeding grounds are in Labrador and from there to the Bay of Fundy. The nest is on the ground, very often on small islands, at a little distance from the mainland, and is formed of moss, weeds and twigs. Often it is under the shelter of some little low-growing evergreen, or in the open ground, behind the shelter of a rock. The eggs are few in number, only six, and are usually deposited on the soft layer of down with which the nest is lined. When the mother leaves the nest she covers the eggs with this down. The young are dark mouse color when first hatched and are at once expert in swimming and diving. As soon as the females begin to sit, the males leave them and assemble in flocks in the open water. The eggs are said to be of two colors—one a pale greenish olive, the other much browner; the paler egg is sometimes spotted and splashed with darker.

The eiders are deep sea feeders, and subsist chiefly on small shellfish, which they bring up from the bottom, often at great depths. They gather together in large flocks, and when they rise on the wing do so gradually, running and flapping along over the water for some distance, much after the manner of the scoters. In fact, in many of their ways these birds remind us much of scoters.

As might be inferred from their food, eiders are not desirable table birds, the flesh being usually fishy and very rank.

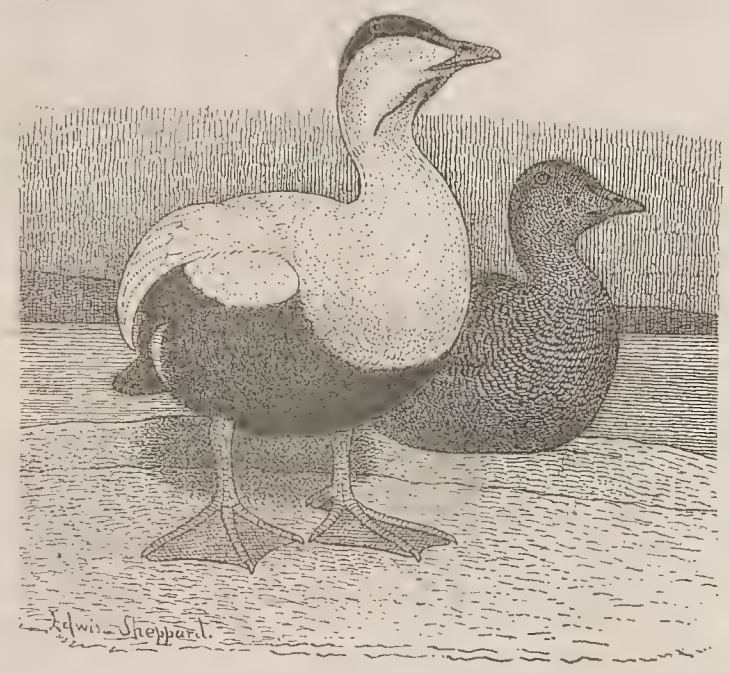
The Pacific Eider.

Somateria v-nigra (GRAY).

The plumage of the adult male is extremely like that of the two preceding species, though the bird is somewhat larger, with a broader and deeper bill. The black of the crown extends forward in the white strip beneath the forehead branch of the bill, but does not reach as far forward as the nostril. In the male there is a large V-shaped black mark on the throat, as in the king eider, but in this species the V-shaped mark is longer and narrower than in the king duck. The color of the bill is deep orange, almost orange red, fading toward the tip, which is yellowish white. The legs and feet are brownish orange.

The female is pale brown on the head and neck, darkest on the crown, streaked everywhere with blackish. The upper parts are reddish, barred with black. The length is about twenty-two inches.

This eider is the common Pacific coast form found in the North Pacific, Bering Sea and on the coast of Siberia. It is scarcely, or not at all, known south of Alaska. In the Arctic Ocean it is found as far east as the Coppermine River. It breeds throughout much of this range, not only in Alaska, but on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. The nests are variously placed, sometimes at quite a distance from the water; at others, close to it, and sometimes on little islands in the sea. They are always built on the ground, and are usually abundantly provided with down. In Alaska the breeding ground is often in the marsh and sometimes the place chosen is close to human habitation. The male is reported as assisting in building the nest and as constantly associating with the female during the time of incubation, though he himself takes no share in that labor. The



PACIFIC EIDER.

food of this eider is mussels and shellfish generally, which it brings up from the deep water.

When the young are hatched, early in July, the old birds begin to moult. The natives pursue the ducks in their canoes, striking at them with their spears. It is said that they do not kill many. Like the other eiders already spoken of, the fall plumage of the male is closely like that of the female, and we are told that the young males only attain their full adult breeding dress at the commencement of the third year. The Pacific eider is a large and handsome duck, weighing from four to six pounds. It is said to be loath to fly in stormy weather and to avoid rough water, resorting to the beach during wind storms or else taking to sheltered bays and inlets, where the water is quiet.

King Eider.

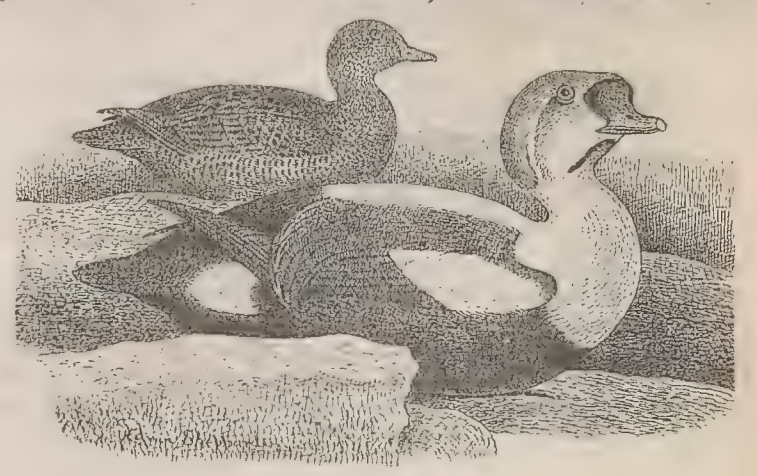
Somateria spectabilis (LINN.).

In the adult male the feathers about the base of the bill, a small spot below and behind the eye, and a large V-shaped mark on the throat, black. The whole top and back of the head, running down to the nape of the neck, pearl gray or bluish white, darkest below, where it sometimes changes almost to black. The sides of the head, running back from the bill below, pearl gray, and a patch over the ear sea green, fading into white above and behind. The rest of the head, neck, middle of the back, most of the wing and a patch on either side of the rump, white; the breast, deep buff or cream color. The greater wing coverts, scapulars, or shoulder feathers, and primaries, brownish black. The scapulars and tertiary feathers are falcate or sickle-shaped, bending downard over the primaries. The hinder portion of the back, rump, upper tail coverts and under parts, black; the tail is brownish black. Except in the breeding season, the bill is shaped much as in the ordinary eider duck, but in spring there is a large square soft swelling on the bill extending down nearly to the nostrils. The feathering in the median line extends down further on the top of the bill than it does on the sides, in this respect differing markedly from any of the other eiders. The bill is reddish orange, and the legs and feet similar, but slightly paler. The length is about twenty-three inches.

The adult female has the plumage buff or tawny, streaked on head, chin and throat with darker, the streaking being most abundant on the top of the head. The breast and sides are somewhat paler, with black bars across the feathers. The back and shoulder feathers are blackish brown, tipped with yellowish. The wing feathers are mainly black or blackish brown, the greater coverts and secondaries being tipped with white, to form two narrow bars across the wing. The tertiaries are reddish on the outer webs. The rump and upper tail coverts are tawny, barred with black; tail, black; breast and belly, blackish brown; under tail coverts, reddish, barred with black. The bill is greenish gray, and the feet yellowish.

Like some of the other eiders, this is a bird of circumpolar distribution, and is found in both continents. It appears to be everywhere much less abundant than other birds of the genus, and is found chiefly in the far North, although it sometimes occurs on the New England coast. It has been found in Long Island Sound and on the New Jersey coast, as well as on one or more of the Great Lakes and on some of the far inland rivers. It appears to be nowhere a very abundant species, but is found in the Arctic Sea on both coasts of America, and is not uncommon in Alaska. All the Arctic expeditions report seeing it and many have found its nest. It is resident in Greenland, and it is said that it occasionally breeds as far to the southward as the Bay of Fundy.

Mr. Charles Linden reports it as having been taken on a number of occasions on Lake Erie, and Mr. Nelson gives it as a visitor to Lake Michigan and to other parts of Illinois and Wisconsin; while the Smithsonian



KING EIDER.

Institution possesses specimens shot on Lake Erie and others secured on the Illinois River.

In Alaska Mr. Dall has found it, though not south of the Bering Sea. It occurs, however, in the Bering Sea, on both the American and Asiatic coasts, not far south of Bering Straits.

The king eider breeds far to the northward. Its nest is entirely simple, merely a hollow in the ground, in which pale green eggs are deposited, over which the female bird commonly places a layer of down.

From what has been said of its range, it will be seen that the king eider is not likely to come within the reach of the gunner, except as a very rare straggler. It is one of the most beautiful ducks, and the male, if killed, can at once be recognized. This species feeds chiefly on shellfish of various descriptions, and as may be imagined is not a desirable bird for the table.

Two Maine Propositions.

BOSTON, Feb. 2.—Two or three very interesting questions are now before the law makers at Augusta, Me. The proposition to require all sportsmen from outside the State to take out a license either to hunt or fish within its borders has been up for discussion, and has come before the Committee on Fisheries and Game, or is about to come. It will be remembered that this same measure failed of a passage two years ago and was referred to the next Legislature. I have sound reason to believe that one of the Commissioners at least is in favor of this measure, while one is opposed to it, tactily, if no more. It is very sure that if the Commission is in favor of taxing sportsmen from out of the State, it will be done. The farmers are already jealous of what is being done for the sporting interests; are fighting for reduced taxation, and will only be too glad to get some of the revenue out of "city sports," as they term visiting hunters and fishermen.

Another very important measure is the repeal of the September deer law. Numerous petitions have been handed in, and the matter has gained some headway. Guide Mathison, of Rangeley, who, it will be remembered, was the first to object to and at empt to resist the guide license law, is out with a newspaper article in favor of the repeal of both the September law and the guide license law. His article has been published in the most influential papers of the State. He sets forth that out of the several millions of dollars that the Commissioners' report shows to have come into the State through her fish and game, the guides get less than $50 each for the whole year. This conclusion he arrived at by dividing the sum the Commissioners' report shows to have been paid to the guides by the number of licensed guides shown in the same report. He says that the guides are poor men generally, and that it is not right to make them buy licenses once a year. He declares that the September law is bound to destroy the deer, unless repealed. Some aid he will get from the lumber landowners, who don't want the hunters in their woods in September, while petitions come from all parts of the State asking that the law be repealed. It will be remembered that the Megantic Club has requested the Maine Commissioners to forbid all September deer shooting on the lands of their preserve. A number of men of great influence in fish and game matters are decidedly opposed to the September license law, but it is hardly possible that their influence will prevail. The revenue that such licenses bring in stands in the way of repeal, while the Commissioners favor its retention.

SPECIAL.

Rhode Island Game.

REPRESENTATIVE ANTHONY, of Portsmouth, has introduced in the House an amendment to shorten the open season on quail, making it from Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, instead of from Oct. 15. The open season on partridges would be shortened to the same extent, while the season on woodcock would be lengthened for fourteen days, or from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1, instead of from Oct. 15, as at present. The open season on grass plover would be from August to April, and on black duck from September to March. On wood duck the open season would be from September to March, and on teal from Sept. 1 to March 1.

The Providence Journal of Jan. 23 reports: A deer was seen on Monday near Oakland. The deer, a doe, traveled across Sweet's pasture, going over the fences easily, and disappeared in the large woods of the Elisha Mathewson estate. The doe was followed into the woods by Charles Lapham and Gilbert Smith. She was found there quietly browsing, and did not appear to be very timid. She was not molested, as the neighbors all know of the heavy penalty attached for the shooting or killing of a deer. The animal was thought to be about a year old,

Massachusetts Deer.

Representative Hunt has introduced a bill reading "Any person may kill a dog found chasing or hunting a deer." Special.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

A Day on the Pine.

Early in May of the present year I found myself in Cadillac, Mich., possessed of a few days' leisure and a strongly developed desire to fish. I met in the course of my wanderings one D. E. McIntyre (there is but one), a brother attorney, and having it upon good authority that he was a thirty-third-degree fishing fiend, I attempted to coax him forth to fish, but he only cocked his head and gazed at a weather vane across the street and declared that the wind was wrong. Entreaty and threats were of no avail. I promised to have the wind blow from any quarter that he desired, but to no purpose. I fear that he even doubted my ability to control the matter. But as business had to be suspended in his office during my stay, and I showed no disposition to depart, he finally decided to take me out, and said, "I'll tell you what I'll do—if you will agree to return with me to-morrow night (and leave town as soon thereafter as possible), I will drive with you to Hoxieville to-night and we will fish the Pine to-morrow." I think that at the time he intended to take me out and abandon me—like the babes in the wood—and only neglected it because of the change in the wind.

We started about 5 o'clock, and only those who have driven through the northern part of Michigan can appreciate the beauties and the drawbacks incident to that drive.

One of the horses chartered for the occasion was a pacer, the other a trotter. It took some time to discover this, though, as they both walked alike and seemed to prefer that gate.

The drive was about twenty-two miles, the first part through a barren stretch of sand dotted with the decaying stumps of giant pines, long since gone to fatten the financial rating of some long-headed investor. We wended a devious way up sharp rises and across swamps, through stretches of tamarack and across preserves of timber, principally hardwood. We passed many farmhouses during the latter part of the drive, and I noted that the stock all trod softly, probably from an instinctive fear of breaking through the thin soil.

Our journey ended at the home of a Teutonic gentleman bearing the name of Conrad Green, under whose roof we spent the night. We left a request to be called at 4 A. M., but the call was not necessary, as Green had some sort of a predatory excursion planned that necessitated his arising at 2 A. M., and his cat-like tread, coupled with his "German-American" directions to his wife re breakfast preparations and other details preparatory to departure, foreclosed further attemps at sleep. My legal friend is prepared to make affidavit (I heard him swear some myself) that our landlord wears flatirons on his feet and speaks four different dialects, mixed.

Green having "banished sleep," I sneaked forth in quest of fish as soon as I was able to see; and as a stream about three feet in width meandered through the village and I saw no sign forbidding, I commenced fishing at once within the corporate limits. I succeeded in catching six trout in a very short time, but was so discouraged by my companion's cries of "murder" every time I landed one that I was compelled to desist, fearing that he might arouse the police. Now I am prepared to concede that they were not record trout—that is, not for their large size—but I resent the imputation that they were wards of the village and hand-painted chub.

While we were eating breakfast, the man arrived whom we had engaged to take us to the "rollway," where we were to commence fishing, and he informed us that one of his horses had been so seriously injured by barb wire that it would be impossible for him to take us as agreed. I saw the injured horse, and the wounds were so severe that it was scarcely possible to believe that they were inflicted by barb wire. I am strongly in favor of legislation that will make it a misdemeanor, accompanied by heavy penalty, for any one to put up barb wire in fencing highway or line. The injury already caused by its careless use is almost incalculable.

As there were three other families in the vilage, we roused them all in turn and finally secured a team and wagon to take us to the "rollway."

Our driver was "from Indiana," and we had to "show him," as he was a recent arrival and did not know the road. Brother McIntyre, however, was well acquainted with it, and he was appointed a steering committee, and the start was finally made, with prospects as glorious as was the morning. The country through which we drove had much hardwood still standing, and did not present the forlorn appearance of the denuded and desolate pine country.

After driving about six miles (the advertised distance to the river was but four) and discovering no traces of the river my mind began to be harassed by doubts anent the reliability of our guide, and after invoicing the land marks he decided that we had taken the wrong road and that he did not know just where "we were at," which, being interpreted, meant that we were lost, all of which was a cheerful prospect for us. We did, however, strike the river, about five miles above our original destination, after wanderings in the wilderness, details of which would make the adventures of Moses and his followers look like a barnstorming trip. The harrowing part of the experience from my point of view lay in the fact that my companion laid the onus of the whole thing on me, charging first that I talked so much that he became bewildered, and second that I was a Jonah, anyway, with first option on more hard luck than would disorganize a half-dozen well planned fishing excursions.

Our outfit was a trifle behind schedule time when we reached the river, but we "limbered up" and commenced operations.

The Pine is a beautiful stream, with a current like a tail race. It wends its devious way through a wilderness of green, guarded in many places by towering banks, that made convenient "rollways," and at all points by well defined banks. It flows at times dimpling over deep pools, again swiftly over gravel or sandy flats, and again swirls and eddies in foaming rapids. It is the natural home of the trout, and he who wades must be sure of foot and avoid the clay bottoms as he would submerged ice.

Neither habitation nor sign of man, save marks of ravages in harvested pine, greeted us during the day. Bird and animal life also seemed lacking, the distant drumming of the grouse and occasional spoor of deer being its only evidence. My companion chanced upon a sleeping fawn and endeavored to catch it. His intentions were of the kindest, but were evidently misunderstood by the fawn. He (I refer to the fawn) was hitting nothing but the high places when last seen, and may be running yet.

We gathered about fifty trout, of which my companion, fishing consistenly with the fly, caught a majority. I must confess that I took an occasional sneak around a bend and "plunked"—didn't dare do it in presence of Brother McIntyre for fear of losing caste as a sportsman.

The mosquitoes bit a trifle better than the fish, but fortunately they did not swallow all that they chewed, or this tale had not been written.

Our driver was at the appointed place on time, and we soon reached Hoxieville and were started with our mixed-gaited team for Cadillas. The drive was long and tedious, but midnight found us at its end. I was tired, sleepy and, as Uncle Remus would say, "plum frazzled out," but I shall always recall that occasion as a red-letter day, and I could wish a brother angler no better fortune than a day on the Pine with as good a companion as I had. The only way it could be bettered would be by increasing the days and decreasing the mosquitoes. Counselor.

Jonesville, Mich.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Sunday Angling.

Prime, in his charming sketch book, "I Go a-Fishing," in the chapter on "What flies to cast on a Sunday," says, "The man is unworthy to call himself a wise man who wets a line on Sunday," and in the same paragraph ranks his Sundays as "chiefest among the enjoyments of the forest."

Nearly all who have written on the subject have been scornful or at least positive in their denunciation of this desecration, and the reason is plain enough; it is a thankless task to apologize for offending one's neighbors, and the Sunday angler is grateful enough if he can escape by the back door to the woods, unseen, without advertising his disgrace by rushing into print, his whole purpose being solitude.

There are local ordinances at various points along the Potomac River against Sunday angling—generally a State law for a single county, a singularly popular method of local option legislation in some parts of the South, where a member may get the credit of being "patron" for a law, as it is called in Virginia, without encountering the opposition of the rest of the State. The result is a patchwork of county laws, not the combined wisdom of a legislative body, but a blind conesnt to the prejudices of a community or the whim of an individual. For instance, one may travel across half a dozen counties and find as many different game laws, differing not only in dates of close seasons, but in the life included in the protective statutes—and no man knows all of Virginia's game laws.

It has been said of Coke—perhaps of others—that he declared he would not furnish an opinion upon the common law without consulting the text books, nor venture one on statute law until he had read the morning newspaper. So the wandering sportsman along the Potomac is by no means sure of his status till he has consulted a local attorney, and even then gets no insurance for his retainer. Where laws are found when enforced to bring more embarrassment or loss to the public than ignoring them, public sentiment usually acquiesces in their tacit repeal, and custom glosses open defiance till their existence is forgotten.

Occasionally now an officious citizen hales an innocent angler before the local magistrate with an unholy zeal; but for every such case may be found a thousand where gentle villagers have borne with silent dignity the outrage of public quiet, and even private right by noisy picnickers whose only claim to be called anglers is that they carry rods.

It is interesting to note the difference with which Sunday is regarded in the country and in the cities. McMasters, in his "History of the United States" (Vol. II., p. 566), writing of the period about a centry ago, shows when liberalization or demoralization regarding a devotional day first set in in the original Puritan colony: "Pious men complained that the war had been a great demoralizer. * * * The treaty of peace had not been signed, the enemy were still in the land, when delegates to the General Court of Massachusetts boldly said the Sabbath was too long. Country members demanded a Sabbath of thirty-six hours; town members would give but eighteen, and had their way. * * *

"'What,' the sober-minded cried out, 'is to become of this nation? Before the war nobody swore, nobody used cards. Now every lad is proficient in swearing and knows much of cards. Then, apprentices and young folks kept the Sabbath, and till after sundown never left their homes but to go to meeting. Now they go out more on the Sabbath than on any other day in the week. Now the barber shops are open, and men of fashion must needs be shaved on the Lord's day. They ride on horseback; they take their pleasure in chaises and hacks.' * * * Levity, profaneness, idle amusements and Sabbath breaking increased in all the towns with fearful rapidity."

Before the war, in parts of this Southern country, when the proprietor might go any day of the week and the slave only on Saturday afternoon or Sunday, the risk of a fisherman finding his favorite perch occupied or his string surpassed by a hand on the other side of the stream, if he indulged on that day, led to a fixed rule among the gentry never to go to the stream on that day, and what the gentry did was of course the fashion. In 1850, in a criticism of the books of Forrester ond Browne in the old Whig Review (Vol. II., page 32), in a little sketch, the writer, P. P., says, "The day was Sunday, and Joe, though far from a bigot, was a very aristocrat in his feelings, and had put a decided veto upon taking with us any tackle for fishing. He was not, he said, 'Sot up about Sunday, but huntin' and fishin' on that day was clear nigger and went ag'in him,' so we dropped the subject."

When Kit North reviewed Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia" in 1828 (Blackwood, Vol. XXIV., page 271), he asked, "Do gentlemen of England angle on Sunday? No. You may see a cockney or other cit, the round-faced, pot-bellied, happy little father of a numerous family with knee breeches and buckles in his shoes, on a punt, or on a promontory, beetling three or four feet above the raging billows of a canal, pulling out an occasional 'animal' somewhat more like a fish than a fowl, to the infant delight of the progeny, with bags of worms and papers of paste swarming at his feet. Such a cockney or other cit you may see angling, and angling blamelessly, too, on a Sunday. But London physicians and presidents of royal societies and members for counties do not angle on Sunday in England, and were they to be met on the King's highway on their progress to the river, creeled and rodded and booted, while all honest and decent people were going to church, the first magistrate they met would commit them as audacious vagabonds to the treadmill."

This little skit does scant credit to Kit's wit or accuracy, but a single word saves it from the charge of ill nature, "blamelessly." But still the habit grew, for a quarter of a century later Angus B. Reach, in some random remarks on English and Scotch angling, said, in Sharpe's London Magazine (Vol. XVIII., page 149), "He who in the early Sunday morning ascends a second-class carriage on the Great Western Railway, or for that matter one or two other railways, will be tolerably sure to find himself amongst a community of the gentle craft. They are of all ages, from old men Izaak Waltons to Izaak Walton's grandchildren if he had any, and of different ranks of society—grades which seem, however, to be all bound together by the magic of the tinpot and the lob worm."

And still the habit grew, for in 1884, in the volume on "Practical Lessons in the Gentle Craft" of the Fisheries Exhibition literature (page 444), occurs the following: "It is, however, at the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway station and that at Liverpool street on the Great Eastern line that the most extraordinary sight in connection with the coarse fisherman of London is to be seen on every Sunday morning. It may be that mention of the day selected may offend the 'unco guid' section of polite society, but it must be remembered as a setoff that nine out of every ten of the great crowd gathered round the booking office window are recruits from the still greater host of workers with bone, muscle, thew and sinew, to whom loss of time during the working hours of the week means not only loss of bread, but perhaps the loss of some small delicacy to a sick and ailing child. Thus it would seem particularly hard to attempt restraint upon such men in the gratification of their simple pleasures, nor is it by any means certain that they do not imbibe far more real good through their vigil by the river side than if they had donned the carefully saved suit of go-to-meeting broadcloth and dozed drowsily and drouthily over a drawling doctrinal dissertation delivered by a divine of the 'Stiggins' type. Rest assured, if there be a sick baby, the little one is rarely forgotten, and smoke-grimed daddy, all the better and healthier in soul and body for his twelve hours' rest from the roaring forge, gathers her or him, as the case may be, a bonny bundle of wild blossoms, which he takes with him as the topmost layer of the cargo in his roach basket."

Our gentle friend Red Spinner found a favorite diversion in watching the antics of the town fishermen turned loose for a Sunday on the streams and in his "Waterside Sketches" (1885, page 38), said, "I was stopping at Henley, and, although I never actually indulge in my favorite amusement on Sunday, conscientious scruples do not prevent my watching with the keenest sort of interest any sort of rod work that comes under my notice on the day of rest. The first train on Sunday morning would bring down scores of rods, and most amusing it was to watch the anglers disperse along the riverside. * * * One morning I saw a dozen young fellows racing as if for dear life toward the meadows, foaming with rage at a dapper little French polisher who outstripped them all."

A pious friend was found one Sunday by the side of a rapid stream which had washed under the roots of a great plane tree that leaned far over the deep pool and darkened it with a shadow, dividing his attention between a bob and a book. Taken to task for violating his principles in this graceless way he said, "Sit down. If this is your favorite spot it will help nothing for me to go away, for the true angler, like the true lover, wants to be first or not at all. You see the majority of mankind are too lazy to think, and so swallow their opinions and their prejudices ready made. Sunday was made for man; it was made for me; it was made for rest. When men spent their lives in the fields and on the waters as shepherds or fishermen, their day of rest was bath and shade and quiet and thought and the sociability of a congregation and a forgetting the things of their week's life, and such a day meant renewed health, strength and a breathing spell that made the burdens of the morrow lighter. If Sunday were made now by the same people who made it first they would drive the outdoor men to shelter on the Sabbath, as they did then, and they would make it the duty of the sedentary to fly to the woods. What rest for a man who lives at a desk six days in the week can he find in a day spent as he spends his other six, in a day of quiet under a roof? Give him a day of pure air in the groves, 'God's first temples,' close to nature, which he is in danger of forgetting; give him life and set his soul to singing the music of the woods and waters or you will condemn him to misery here and maybe wreck a soul

hereafter. See what I am reading? He who has never read this Book under the greenwood trees has missed something of its beauties, of its grandeur, of its message to humanity. I am not a Catholic, but I have sympathy with a religion whose light before the altar is always burning and whose church door is always open. The religion that depends on Sunday for its salvation is not broad enough for me, though Sunday rightly spent may fill one's life with thankfulness and hope for many a long day. But we are too prone in our reverence for the inspired Word to translate it so literally as to lose its message. How long has the six days of creation stood between science and religion? The hog is here declared unclean, but without bacon the world would suffer today, and so the law is unheeded, and this Christian country raises a hog for every man and woman in it.

"Then in all ages man has resisted restraint, and none more innocently, perhaps, than the angler, who asks for nothing more than to be permitted to reach some solitude, where, disturbing none, he may himself be undisturbed. It seems not much to ask of society, but ever since there has been a society there have been spasmodic efforts to curb this gypsy tendency, and there are localities not much disturbed by outside influences where even Sunday golf would be frowned on. But in every large city, with its cosmopolitan tendencies and confined lives, there is a liberality in that regard bound to spring from such conditions. Then, too, a city need hardly concern itself about the angler, for his sins are principally beyond their jurisdiction, and his one idea is to get as far as possible from the madding crowd. Of course the wealthy need no recreation then, for theirs may be taken any time; the man who can spend a month in the woods may well rest on Sundays. It is for him who has no other day to spare from slavish routine, for it is not only the man with the hoe whose lights are in danger of blowing out with toil. It is no Christian spirit that would deny to the starving lover of nature his one day alone under green arches by wimpling streams, and whose fault will hardly be discovered if some detective, recking not his own rede, have not wandered from the beaten path of strict observance.

"Excuse me—I have a bite. * * * There, he is off. Well, so am I. We have spoiled each other's day, and this is the real threat to Sunday angling—that it is getting to be the one day when there is no spot upon the waterside undisturbed. Five miles down this stream, below the falls, are two hundred and fifty men with rods, and thirty miles from town. Good-by."

HENRY TALBOTT.

The Log of a Bicycle Fishing Trip.—III.

Through the Mountains of Virginia and West Virginia. Edited from the Diary of Mr. George N. Beall by the Commodore, F. R. Webb.

(*Continued from page* 90.)

WEDNESDAY dawned bright and fair, and early morning found me on the road. Much to my surprise, I found the dirt road down the valley—for I leave the pike here—not much the worse for yesterday's rain, and in fairly good shape; so much so that by noon I had easily finished the familiar part of the road, and found myself climbing up Jack Mountain and into new territory. Near the top I got caught in the edge of a shower, and hastily unlimbered my waterproofs and put them on, only to as quickly take them off again, as I felt the hot sun on my head and shoulders. I had to work my way down the other side of the mountain slowly, for the road was slippery and soft; and finally I was compelled to dismount and lead my machine, for the whole country seemed to be afloat; the storm had evidently been heavy down this way. Fortunately, I was not far from my destination, Sinnett's on the Black Thorn, where I proposed to stop for a day's fishing. Arrangements for my stay were soon completed, but I got no fishing this evening, as the rain had swollen and muddied the stream beyond the fishing stage; so after dinner with the family, having nothing better to do, I sought a cool nook in the old barn, where, free from the frolicsome and inquisitive fly, I slept out most of the long afternoon. The people here are Germans, and live in a primitive, old-fashioned way, but everything is clean and fresh. Quite early in the evening I was taken to a big upper room containing three beds, which were piled, here and there, high with spare blankets, female wearing apparel, etc. Mine host, after lighting me up so that I might get my bearings, disappeared with the glim, leaving me to grope my way into bed in the dark the best I could.

Next morning early I shouldered my rod and wended my way up through the meadow, intent on the trout. It was on this stream I made a great catch several years ago, and it was not without some fair degree of hope that I sallied forth this morning. The water proved to be quite cloudy, notwithstanding my afternoon's wait, and I was doomed to disappointment, for by 11 o'clock I had fished carefully a mile and a half of the stream and had only seven fish to show for my work. These, however, were of good size and looked well in my creel. I succeeded, though, in working up a good appetite for dinner, and did the same sufficient justice to please the generous host of mine. Having by this time grown better acquainted, I ventured to make myself a little more at home and risk my afternoon nap on my downy couch up stairs. The air was cool and pleasant, and by squelching an occasional fly, which sought too close an acquaintance with my sunburned nose, I enjoyed a luxurious siesta. With limbs and hope refreshed, I took another turn on the stream before supper, and reeled in four more beauties, one of which was at least 12in. long. The trout is an ideal fish, and his capture is one of the blissful moments of a fisherman's experience. The farm hands, busy in the harvest fields, had slipped in for their suppers and set out to work again until dark. A hard, pushing drive they have of it, from dawn until dark at this season of the year, as every moment must count.

In the evening I surprised the folks somewhat by scraping out a few tunes on the old three-stringed "fiddle" which hangs on the wall. The night being cool, a small blaze was started in the gigantic fireplace, which occupies pretty much all one side of the large room, and as the shadows flicker around the room—for there was no other light save the wavering firelight—I could easily imagine myself in some cottage in a far-off clime. Everything was so quaint and old-fashioned—the high mantelpiece, the pipe box in the corner of the fireplace, the three-cornered cupboard in one corner of the room, with its little diamond-shaped panes of glass and the old blue china shining within; the festoons of herbs and tobacco hanging from the smoke blackened rafters overhead, and the quaint old people with their heavy shoes and homemade garments—giving a general air of antiquity to the scene. I could have lingered until late to enjoy the novel experience, but, feeling that all were tired after the long, hard day's work, I thought best to efface myself, and, biding good-night to all, I sought my room, where opening my curtains wide I sought my couch by the light of the moon.

Early next morning I oiled up my machine and began to climb Jack Mountain again, toward Sugar Grove, with intent to stop at Kiser's, a few miles below, on the South Fork of the Potomac, where I proposed tackling the bass for a change. My brake hand grew weary long before I reached the valley on the other side, and a cool, shady turn of the road invited me to stop for awhile and rest. I found a house close by, and the pretty blue-eyed maiden who showed me to the spring wonders yet, no doubt, at my inordinate thirst; but I was drinking in the beauty of the modest little mountain violet, and lingered longer because I might longer linger. I had a great many questions to ask about things I was already familiar with, and the maid finally took a gigantic "tumble" and I fear what good impression I had succeeded in making was swept away. At Sugar Grove I got on the outside of my two letters in short order, but, in the language of the poet, "the letter that I longed for never came." Pocketing my disappointment along with my two letters, I savagely pushed the pedals and went jouncing along over the rough river road, somewhat to the relief of my feelings. Hearing that there were some Staunton people camped "below," I kept a lookout for their tents, but found that they had literally pulled up stakes and left.

Reaching Kiser's, I crossed the rough river bed with my machine under my arm, and surprised the natives in the topmost branches of the cherry trees down by the lane. I carelessly turned my head until the female portion of the assaulting party had landed on terra firma, and in the meantime interviewed the "old man" in regard to my stopping a day or two. He replied that he "couldn't jes' 'zackly tell, for as how as the boys ar runnin' the farm now," but, on remaining until dinner time, I had no trouble in convincing the "boys" that I was harmless and had no ulterior designs. My visit in the neighborhood last year with the Staunton Greenbrier Club fortunately paved the way, for I was quickly remembered and made welcome and in due time installed in the spare room. A harvest dinner of pork and fresh string beans and a big, hot cherry pie, washed down with plenty of cream, made me feel like a youth again.

I presently walked leisurely up the stream, and threshed the pools with the seductive fly, to the end that I scored seven nice bass and had a royal afternoon's sport.

Next morning, when all was quiet after breakfast, and the "hands" had disappeared fieldward, I leisurely packed my "horse," as the most of the people I meet call my bicycle, and hied me away down the road along the river bank in search of fresh fishing grounds, or waters, rather. The morning was bright, and as I climbed the outlying stretches of slate hills an occasional glimpse of the river far below made my rod hand itch to be with the bass. The merry spin of a wheel over an unfamiliar road is interesting, and was doubly so to me on this occasion, because my eyes took in more than the pebbles immediately beneath my tires, and were gladdened with new and strange scenery on every side; and throughout the mountain regions of the Virginias there is much to be seen that is very beautiful and interesting. A wayfaring man told me to stop at the mill; and as I pulled up behind a load of hay, the driver, seeing the beads of perspiration on my brow, invited me to join him at the miller's cottage in a social glass of ice water. This seductive beverage I had not tasted since leaving home, and as the cooling draft gurgled and sizzled down my parched throat I quite felt the enjoyments of home again.

After some deliberation on my part, I decided to stay with Mr. Hoover, the miller, for the remainder of the day and try the fishing here. I found the morning's sport quite good, and scored seven nice bass. The afternoon's sport was not so good, because, fishing below the mill, I approached too near the village of Brandywine, and local sports had somewhat depopulated the stream. Just before dinner, as I was quietly casting my fly in a likely looking pool out of which I had just taken two bass, I noticed two fair country maidens approaching this same pool from the land side, with their arms full of some sort of mysterious feminine apparel. Being heavily sunbonneted, they did not observe me, but kept up a ringing string of small talk and chaff about some culinary operation about to be gone through with presently. I had some idea of the proceedings which were about to follow, and was undecided whether to shriek out in terror or stand my ground like a brave man, and duck under if matters came to a focus. My embarrassment was growing painful when I saw the party deposit the mysterious-looking bundle on the bank, and one—evidently the advance guard—approach the river edge to reconnoiter, and report if any dreaded men persons were in sight. She made a long and careful survey of the down-river stretch, and reported "all clear." She turned, and her eyes rested on my manly proportions and handsome features, half submerged and not 30 feet away! Well! The expression which spread over her face was a study! With a shriek of dismay, with one accord, they grabbed their mysterious belongings and decamped down the river as fast as their feet would carry them. I was the innocent cause of trouble in the bathroom!

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

ANGLING NOTES.

Mounted Fish.

THE reports of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission have referred to a collection of mounted fish that the Commission was preparing. I do not now recall the language, but it was understood that fish were being collected and mounted to show the people of the State the kinds of fish that the waters produced or that the Commission propagated. This collection, if it can be so dignified, as it is far from complete, has been kept until lately at one of the hatchery stations, but has recently been moved to the offices of the Commission in the Capitol at Albany, and steps have been taken to complete it to a certain point, which will include the common food and game fishes, but it is not the intention to include rare fishes which are of interest only to the ichthyologist. At present the case contains brown, rainbow and lake trout, mascalonge, pike, pickerel, pike-perch, shad, yellow perch, white bass, cisco, and there my memory fails me. Mr. Denton mounted the fishes and now has in hand the brook trout, the large and the small mouth black bass and St. Lawrence River mascalonge—for the mascalonge now in the case is from Chautauqua Lake. All the fishes propagated by the State will be included in the collection. The specimens are not stuffed. The skins are removed, and dried over a form and then they are colored, as in life, by the artist.

Young Shad in a Reservoir.

The shad hatching station of the New York Commission is located on the Hudson River just above Catskill, and the water for the hatchery is taken from the Catskill reservoir after it is pumped from the river. In fact, the pumping station is situated only a few feet from the hatchery. When the young shad are hatched they are taken in cans and the men row out into the streams and put them in the water. To-day I was talking with Chief Fire Warden Emmons, who had just been at Catskill, and he told me that he was going to surprise me. I replied if it was about fish I had ceased years ago to be surprised at anything reported of fish. He had called upon Wm. Kortz, of Catskill, and learned of him that great schools of small fish had been discovered in the Catskill reservoir, where they were previously unknown. One of the men employed at the shad station lives at Catskill, and he was called in consultation, and the fish were found to be young shad of this year's hatching. I say this year's hatching, as they were from three to four inches in length. How did young shad get into the village reservoir? Simply by being pumped into it from the river. Undoubtedly the fry had come within the influence of the suction of the supply pipe and had been drawn into it and then up into the pond above and there they had grown to a fair size, as large, in fact, as if they had remained in the river. Now the question is how to get them out. The reservoir is frozen over, but next spring the State will probably make an effort to rescue the young shad and put them where they will do some good in the way of supplying food. The difficulty to overcome is that shad are so delicate that they cannot be handled from the time they are born until they are finally taken in nets for market without injuring their scales. It is doubtful if they can be netted without causing injury that will destroy them, but I doubt if the Catskill people desire to have their reservoir given over to the shad as a place of habitation, and they will consent to have the State try and remove them.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fishing on the Florida Gulf Coast.

TAMPA, Fla., Feb. 1.—Trout and redfish are running and some good catches have been made. Miss Marion Newman, the little daughter of Mr. Walter George Newman, of New York, has distinguished herself by capturing with rod and reel a 15-pound garfish. Duck shooting is good.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

February (First Week).—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Championship Field Trial Association's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Duquesne Kennel Club.

THE annual meeting of Duquesne Kennel Club, of western Pennsylvania, was held at their club rooms Jan. 28. The following officers were elected: President, J. B. Vandergrift; Vice-President, J. A. Davison; Secretary, F. S. Stedman; Treasurer, S. M. McElroy; Solicitor, J. D. McKennan; Delegate to A. K. C., G. M. Carnochan; Club Veterinarian, Dr. J. S. Lacock.

Arrangements were perfected for their third annual bench show, to take place March 6, 7, 8 and 9, entries for which will close Saturday, Feb. 23. The following judges have been selected, all of whom have accepted: Bull terriers, Mr. J. Lorillard Arden; pointers and fox hounds, Major J. M. Taylor; English, Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. W. S. Bell; bloodhounds, mastiffs, Great Danes, deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, sporting spaniels, bull dogs, Airedale terriers, French bull dogs, Scottish terriers, Pomeranians, toy spaniels and Italian greyhounds, Mr. Chas. H. Mason; St. Bernards, collies, old English sheep dogs, poodles, Boston terriers, beagles, dachshunds, fox terriers, Irish terriers, Black and Tan terriers, Skye terriers, Welsh terriers, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, pugs and miscellaneous, Mr. James Mortimer.

There will be a great many new specials, many of them to be won outright at this show. Among these is one (valued at $100) for the best exhibit of six dogs of one breed, which should create a good deal of interest,

E. M. Oldham will act as superintendent.

Premium lists will be ready about Feb. 10. All applications should be sent to F. S. Stedman, Secretary, Lewis Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

Irish Setter Club.

BOYDTON, Va., Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America will be held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on Friday, Feb. 22, at 7:30 P. M.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., secretary of the American Fox Terrier Club, has sent out notices to the club members that the annual meeting of the club will be held at 55 Liberty street, at 11 o'clock, Feb. 18, in the office of the American Kennel Club. The executive board of the club will hold a meeting immediately after the annual meeting.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

"Modern Cruising Yachts: Their Design and Construction."

The following lecture was delivered at the Yachtsmen's Club on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the figrm of Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Mr. Crane's ability as a designer is well known, and being so thoroughly conversant with his subject he had no difficulty in holding the closest attention of his audience. Stereopticon views and blackboard sketches were liberally used.

You may be surprised that I should begin my talk to-night by making the statement that it is not generally known just what a cruising yacht is, and I feel sure that there are many here who will disagree with me at once. But I do make this statement as a fact, for to most people a cruiser means a yacht, however unsuitable in model, arrangement or construction, which, because she has proved too slow for racing, has been fitted inside with more or less cruising accommodations, and has had her rig reduced, and therefore is henceforward called and believed to be a cruising yacht, or only a "cruiser," a term which, under these circumstances, naturally carries a good deal of a slur with it.

This leads up to the statement that in the ordinary acceptance of the term any slow boat, either steam or sail, is supposed to be a cruiser. That this is a most mistaken point of view I shall endeavor to show to you this evening, for a real cruiser is as distinct from a racer as a torpedo boat is from an armored cruiser or ocean liner. Model, rig and arrangement must all be different, and it is under these three heads that I shall discuss the subject.

A modern cruiser is and must be a cruiser from the beginning—every bit of her, from keel to truck, should be designed and proportioned with that one end and aim in view. The model of a cruiser is and ought to be entirely different from that of a racer, a boat which must be designed for speed, regardless of everything else. That this has not been always the case we all know, for Iroquois, Ariel and Lasca, and others as well known, once racers, are to-day splendid types of cruising vessels; but when they were built the speed to be gained from extreme forms and light construction was not thoroughly understood. When I say that a modern racing boat is not a good sea boat, and that from the exigencies of her design necessarily cannot be a good sea boat, I know that I am again at variance with accepted ideas. She is—and no one can deny it—fast in an ordinary seaway. By seaway I mean such a sea as a 25 or 30 knot breeze will kick up on Long Island Sound. But put this same racing boat on the North Atlantic in a real gale of wind and there will not be a happy man aboard of her. With reduced sail she will roll so hard and bring up so sharply at the end of each roll that if she does not lose her sticks she may consider herself lucky. As she goes ahead into the heavy sea her bow will strike every coming wave with a crash which makes sleep impossible, and which causes every one on board to wonder if the next crash will be her last.

It is a matter of fact that in some of these modern boats, which, due to their age, are now considered cruisers, the crew are unable to sleep in the forecastle when the boat is under way in even a summer sea on Long Island Sound.

How different is the motion of the real ocean-going cruising yacht! She rolls deeply, perhaps, but the end of each roll is so easy that it is hard to say when the motion changes from one direction to the other. As she lifts and swings over the seas there is no shock—the feeling is more like a cradle—and when she goes down into the hollow of a sea it is not with a sickening drop, to bring up with a crash, but with a smooth and easy sweeping motion.

To thoroughly understand the reason for this great difference we must inquire into the causes which govern the motion of a vessel among waves.

In the first place all the motions of a vessel in a seaway, however complex, may be resolved into two sets, namely, rolling and pitching, which I will treat separately in the order named.

There are three elements in each case which control these motions: (1) The shape of the hull, (2) stability of the vessel, (3) the distribution of weights of the whole vessel (hull, spars and ballast).

How the shape of the hull acts in rolling is very obvious. A vessel with a perfectly round section once started rolling would swing back and forth like a rocking chair, with little or no resistance from the water, while one of a V-shape and having a keel would be very much impeded in rolling by the disturbance it would make in the water. Witness the very round sections of ocean steamers which have been greatly helped by the addition of bilge keels.

The effect of stability is not so clear until we see the truth of the statement that the greater the stability or stiffness of a vessel in still water, other things being equal, the harder she will roll among waves.

Now, suppose a vessel heeled over by some external force, either the wind or the roll of a sea. Suddenly remove the force which has heeled her. A stiff vessel will naturally return to a vertical more suddenly than one which is not so stiff, and having returned to a vertical she will carry past with more force, to be brought up again with more of a jerk than the vessel which is not so stiff.

To make it clear how the distribution of weight can affect rolling I must emphasize the fact that no body having considerable weight can be set in motion instantaneously, nor can it be stopped instantaneonsly, and the harder it is to start the motion, the harder it is to stop it.

Suppose a vessel in the trough of the sea, the port side being to windward. As the crest of a wave rises on the port side of the ship (the hollow now being on the starboard side), it is evident that the port side will tend to be raised and the starboard side to be lowered. It is also evident that the amount the port side will be lifted depends on the height of the wave, but also partly on the difficulty which the wave experiences in starting the roll and partly on the period of time during which the crest remains on the port side. Witness this walking stick, and suppose the twisting force represented by my hand. It is evident that with the same expenditure of force starting from rest I can twist this light wooden stick much further than I could a bar of iron, and the bar of iron much further than a smaller iron bar of the same length, if its ends were tipped with iron globes like a dumbbell. In the first case, I could not twist the iron so far as the wood in the same time, simply because it was heavier. In the second, I could not twist the dumbbell so far, even though of the same weight as the bar, because of the different distribution of the weight.

Also notice that I can stop the light cane with more of a jerk than I can the iron bar, and the bar than the dumbbell.

We have seen that great stability makes a sharp roll and that weight, and especially weight away from the center, makes it hard to either stop or start a roll with a jerk. A certain amount of stability we must have—enough to carry, and to carry well, our cruising rig; but we have already seen that we can obtain this stability either by greater weight or less lever arm, or by less weight and greater lever arm. As weight helps us in making the roll harder to start and stop with a jerk, it is obviously the element to choose, and we shall see hereafter how advantageous in other ways a large displacement is.

I think I may safely say that the predominating feature of the modern racing boat is the extreme lowness of its center of gravity, and I know that many people believe that this extreme weight on the end of a deep keel actually makes their boat safer. It is true that the modern boat is a safer boat than the old "skimming dish," but let us place our center of gravity low enough to insure safety and non-capsizability, and we are still a very long way from the deep lead mines of the modern racing boat. It is for most people a rather revolutionary thought that the skipper of a sailing vessel prefers to carry his cargo of ore on between decks rather than in the hold, but long before the modern theory of rolling had been evolved shipmasters discovered that a cargo of ore in the hold was a very dangerous thing and apt to whip the masts right out of their vessels, and this actually happened in the case of a ship built in Glasgow and sent from there to Liverpool in tow of a tug. The builders, who were of the "rule of thumb" variety, had piled iron ore in her hold in order to make her more seaworthy. The tug had no sooner gotten her into the Irish Sea than all three masts were carried by the board.

Here is another reason for large displacement in a good sea boat.

If you have ever tried cutting through a sapling with a light knife and then with a very heavy machete you will see the reason of the advantage of displacement or weight (for after all they are the same thing) to a sea boat. When you strike the sapling with the light knife, if you are able to get through it at a single blow, your hand will feel a very decided jar. With the heavier knife, though you strike with no greater force, it goes right through the sapling like butter, and from the feeling in your hand you would hardly know that you had struck a blow at all. It is the same way at sea. A vessel strikes wave after wave in going against a heavy sea. The lighter boat stops, staggering, at a blow that a heavy boats does not feel at all. Weight in a boat is like a heavy fly wheel to an engine, and makes her go smoothly and quietly through a seaway that would throw a lighter boat all off her course.

The short, deep keel of a racer is a most dangerous adjunct to a cruiser, for a vessel with such a keel can neither run well nor heave to well—running, she yaws all around the card, and hove to she will not lie still. Because the keel is short every sea twists her, and because it is deep she cannot gradually slide to leeward, as she should, leaving an oily wake to windward of her to break the coming seas. Constantly forging ahead, she is hard on herself and on all on board.

To the large displacement which we have seen to be desirable from many points of view, we should add generous freeboard in order that our vessel shall be able to heel to a large angle without taking water on deck, and that she shall have plenty of reserve buoyancy fore and aft to lift her over the crests of the waves.

I do not think that I can emphasize sufficiently the fact that a good sea boat is a boat whose motions are always easy in a seaway—that is, she neither starts abruptly nor stops abruptly. This is as true of pitching as it is of rolling.

In order that the bow should lift in going over a sea it is quite obvious that the stern must go down. If the shape of the stern is very flat and round it cannot settle easily and certainly without shock. If it is too sharp it will be driven under water entirely. The same way with the bow. If the bow is too full it will start more quickly, but when it comes down in the hollow of the sea instead of being gradually stopped without shock, it will stop suddenly and with a crash.

Let us review briefly the points which are essential to a cruising model: To roll easily she must have as little stability as possible. Weight or large displacement is a help. She must not have too deep nor too sharp a keel. She should have a generous freeboard. She must have sharp ends, though not too sharp. If we can place our heavy weights far apart we shall make her roll more easily. For instance, a lead keel joined with heavy spars, always provided that by the use of a lead keel we have not unduly increased our stability, will make a vessel roll more easily. We should have no more stability than we actually need to carry thoroughly well the moderate cruising rig which the vessel should have.

Now, we can see how this real latitude helps to a good vessel. As we need and want a large displacement, heavy construction is an advantage rather than otherwise. As we can easily give more than enough stability, heavy spars and rigging (and by spars I mean particularly the fixed spars, such as masts, topmasts and bowsprits) are not only no disadvantage but a direct advantage to the behavior of the vessel, as well as the more obvious advantage due greater strength.

Our large displacement gives us a large inside room, and as we can use lead as ballast the room gained in this way need not be sacrificed to the ballast. Though of large displacement, our vessel need not necessarily be slow, though of course not as fast as a racer.

At more moderate speeds the resistance of a sailing model is due almost entirely to surface friction. This is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact, which has been demonstrated by the steam trials of recent auxiliaries.

You may be interested to know that on the steam trial of Aloha at 10 knots speed, 75 per cent. of the total power used was required to overcome the frictional resistance. As 10 knots is in excess of the average sailing, you will see that the large displacement, which does not mean a larger wetted surface, is really no disadvantage to the boat's speed.

Rig should balance on a cruiser as in a racer to gain ease of steering.

In deciding on the rig for our cruising vessel our problem is no longer determined by the vessel's ability to carry sail, but by the ability of her crew to handle it. This is governed first and foremost by the vessel's length over all, for a long bowsprit or a long projection of boom aft of the counter are both evidently undesirable, the latter especially so.

No one sail must be so large as to be unmanageable in any kind of wind or sea. It should, if possible, be of a size capable of being handled, at least hoisted, by half the crew. It is quite usual to wait for reefing until a change of watch, when all hands are on deck, or to reef in an emergency all hands might be called. It is very evident, though, that the speed of the voyage will be greatly hastened if a single watch can set the mainsail.

Suppose our vessel is proceeding under reefed canvas in midwatch at night. If the breeze slackens up and there is every evidence of continued fair weather, no sailing master, and certainly not a yachtsman, would care to call his crew from their sleep to set sail for the few added miles gained on his course, unless he were reefing. It would probably happen, therefore, that the reef would stay in for two or three hours longer, until change of watch. If, however, the sail can be hoisted by a single watch, as soon as it is possible reefs will be shaken out and sail hoisted.

Reefing is one of the hardest jobs that a sailor has to face at sea. The canvas is thick, heavy, and as stiff as iron, especially if it is wet and cold, so that reefing is to be avoided if it is in any way possible.

It is evident that we may entirely avoid reefing if we split up our sail plan into a sufficient number of sails, for taking in a sail really accomplishes the same purpose as reefing.

As the sail is shortened the balance must be preserved, so that a properly designed vessel should have every possible latitude from the time she begins taking in her topsail until she is hove to under a storm trysail.

Various kinds of rigs have been devised with this end in view. Their suitability is largely dependent on the size of the vessel.

In smaller vessels, say up to 40ft., the yawl rig seems to be the most popular. A full-rigged cutter-yawl should handle under jib and jigger, under mainsail and foresail, or under close-reefed mainsail and storm jib. She should heave to under a storm trysail or under jib and jigger. From 40 to 100ft. there is no rig in the world equal in speed and handiness to a two-masted schooner.

A cruising schooner should not be of the sloop-schooner variety, with a tremendous mainsail and only foresail enough to tell the observer that she really is a schooner, but should have a foresail large enough to tack under in moderate weather. The masts should not be set too far forward, and the main boom should not extend more than 5 or 6ft. beyond the end of the counter.

The first sail to be reefed on a schooner should be the mainsail; but a well-designed schooner in a case of necessity should be perfectly manageable under foresail and jib. She should heave to under close-reefed foresail or under fore trysail. Many of the more modern cruising schooners, however, heave to under main trysail and fore staysail. From 100ft. up we have a large choice—either the out and out fore and aft schooner with two or three masts, the fore trysail schooner or the brigantine Vessels of this size should have auxiliary steam power, so that windward ability is no longer a professional consideration, and therefore a certain amount of square canvas is very acceptable.

There are many who claim that a brigantine is actually faster at sea than a fore and aft schooner. Very often in a heavy sea, but a light wind, the fore and after has to take and furl her mainsail because of the dangerous swinging and snapping of the main boom. Any one who has been at sea on a large schooner must be struck by the tremendous strain which the main boom puts on all the gear. On the fore leeward roll it brings up on the sheet with a snap and a jar which shakes the whole counter, and as the vessel swings the other way the boom tackle block jumps, dripping wet, out of the sea, and the whole ship quivers with the strain as the boom is suddenly checked by the tautening of the tackle.

With a square-rigger, however, there is no such trouble. The spars are all held firmly in place, the sails are not disturbed by the pitching and rolling, and in a heavy sea the brig goes quietly about her business, opening up miles of water on her erstwhile faster sister. A brigantine should go to windward with mainsail furled on deck, simply her headsails and square canvas set, and in the strongest weather should heave to on her main staysail.

In considering the general arrangement we for the first time are met with one of the chief regulators of size in a cruising yacht. The owner wishes to provide for the members of his family and a certain number of guests—thus the number of people to be provided for is one of the elements which governs size.

The second element, and one quite as important as the first, is the degree of elaboration with which the owner wishes to carry on his life on board. For instance, the man who is willing to sleep, eat and dress all in one room or main saloon, who is willing to do his own cooking and to do without washing except in salt water, is bringing life on board ship to its very simplest form, and all he really requires is berthing space for himself and for the number of crew he needs to carry.

From this, the most primitive form of life on board a yacht, we may progress through all the stages until we arrive at a Valiant or a Corsair, where the most elaborate form of shore life is accurately reproduced on the water—a separate room for each person on board, with its private bath attached, card rooms and libraries, boudoirs and salons, and three times a day elaborate meals served with the greatest precision and care, just as on shore.

However, a man may wish to live on board between these extreme cases; the two items—number of persons to be provided for, and the style and scale of living proposed—furnish us at once with the basis of size. With the owner's quarters of a given size, and the owner's requirements of a given kind, it is very evident that the size of the ship is pretty well fixed. Officers, crew and servants must first be provided with living quarters and machinery, if there is machinery. The remainder, which must be equal to the amount required originally for the owner, must be subdivided into staterooms, saloons, bathrooms, etc.

The old-fashioned way of designing an arrangement was for the owner to elect the size of vessel which he wanted and then try to get as much accommodation as possible. This is even to-day a governing factor, for the size is a fair measure of the number of crew, as well as of the first cost of the vessel, though we must remember that length alone does not mean size. The problem, however, usually comes very differently. A man has a family of a certain size whom he wishes to provide for in addition to one or more guests. This means a certain definite number of staterooms, bathrooms, etc., for which the architect must provide. His problem then is to produce the smallest possible vessel which will give the required quarters, bearing in mind just how the individual wishes to live.

As a cruiser should be independent of the shore for long periods of time, and as to-day fresh provisions are the only ones considered edible on board a yacht, ample ice boxes or cold storage rooms must be provided, the water supply must be ample, and in the case of a steamer or auxiliary vessel there must be a large provision made for coal. Usually in a vessel of any size the hold can be counted on for the water tanks and wholesale stores and ice from the very beginning. However, if there is to be comfortable living aboard there should be a place provided for every single item of the ship's equipment, from the ship's lamps in the forecastle, to the ball of marline in the lazarette.

Chicago Y. C.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, Ont., has challenged the Chicago Y. C., of Chicago, for the Canada cup; the challenge has been accepted, and the following agreement drawn up covering the conditions for the match:

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—Conditions governing the match for Canada cup, to be sailed between yachts representing the Chicago Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C.:

Rules—The racing rules shall be those of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, as existing at this date, subject to such additions and variations as are herein provided, and in accordance with the Deed of Gift, dated the 16th day of January, 1897.

Construction—The yachts shall be of wooden construction, in accordance with the scantling tables in the rules above mentioned.

Size of Yacht—The competing yachts shall be in the 35ft. class.

Number of Races—The winner of three out of five races shall be declared the winner of the match.

Dates of Races—The first race shall be sailed on Aug. 10, 1901, and the other races on consecutive days thereafter, until completed, Sundays excepted.

Courses—The races shall be sailed on Lake Michigan, off Chicago, on courses to be hereafter agreed upon.

The first course shall be triangular.

The second course shall be windward or leeward and return. The tug bearing the buoy shall start at the time the preparatory gun is fired.

The third and fifth shall be similar to the first.

The fourth shall be similar to the second.

The triangular races shall be once around an equilateral triangle of twenty-one nautical miles.

The windward or leeward races shall be nine nautical miles to windward or leeward and return.

The triangular courses shall be so sailed that one side of the triangle shall be to windward if possible.

In windward and leeward races all buoys shall be left to starboard, and in triangular races all buoys shall be left to starboard or port, as directed by the judges.

Time—All races shall be started at 11 o'clock A. M.

Any race not sailed in five and three-quarter hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

The start may be postponed by the judges:

1st. In case of fog.

2d. If, in their opinion, the space round the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed for starting.

3d. In case both yachts consent to a postponement.

4th. In case of serious accidents to either yacht, as hereafter provided.

5th. Should such a course appear to them desirable. And is case of postponement the judges shall determine the time for starting, but in no case shall a race be started later than 1 P. M.

A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is given shall be recalled by five short blasts of the whistle, the hoisting of her national flag, and also by megaphone.

Unfinished Races—An unfinished race shall be resailed until completed.

Accidents—In case of accident to either yacht prior to the preparatory signal, notice thereof shall immediately be signaled to the judges, who shall have power to postpone the race if the accident, in their opinion, is sufficiently serious to warrant such a course; or, if an accident occurs during a race, the yacht to which the accident has happened shall have sufficient time to make repairs before being required to start in the next race.

Scrutineers—Each yacht shall have on board during the races a representative named by her competitor, whose weight shall not exceed 150lbs.

The names of the scrutineers shall be given to the judges not less than twenty-four hours before the first race, and the scrutineers shall report to the judges within six hours after the termination of each race.

Management—The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges, none of whom shall be interested in either yacht. One shall be appointed by each club, and the two so appointed shall select a third on or before the first day of July, 1901, and they shall act as judges and timekeepers and settle all disputes. The decision of a majority shall be final in all matters.

The judges shall be the Regatta Committee referred to in the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

Measurements—The yachts shall be measured by the judges or by a disinterested person appointed by them, and each yacht shall be entitled to have a representative present when measurements are taken.

The yachts shall be measured not less than two days before the first race.

Crews—The crews shall be limited to six men, whose total weight shall not exceed 1,050lbs.

Instructions—Charts of the course and instructions shall be furnished to the competing yachts not later than 9 o'clock on the morning of the race.

Alterations—These conditions may be altered or amended by mutual agreement at any time.

1. All yachts entered for the trial races must be measured by the Canada cup committee of the Chicago Y. C., or some person appointed by them, before the day of the first race.

2. No yacht shall be eligible to contest in the trial races unless it is built in accordance with the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes and the agreement made between the Royal Canadian Y. C. and the Chicago Y. C.

3. The yacht selected to represent the club shall be the one which in the judgment of the committee shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered sailed by the committee between such contestants as they may select.

4. All races shall be sailed under the racing rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

5. In the event of a race being postponed or ordered resailed, it shall be sailed at as early a date as possible.

6. The trial races will take place in the latter part of July or first part of August, off Chicago, and full particulars will be furnished to the owners of competing yachts on or before July 15, 1901.

7. A suitable prize will be given the winner.

8. All entries for the trial races must be made by the clubs to which the owner of the respective yachts belong. Clubs intending to make entries are requested to notify the secretary, Charles E. Fox, who will furnish them with blanks upon and in accordance with which entries must be made. Entries must be made on or before July 10, 1901.

9. The Chicago Y. C. reserves the right to refuse any entry which may be tendered.

Any additional information regarding details, etc., will be furnished upon application to Charles E. Fox, secretary, 1618 Monadnock Building, Chicago.

JOHN B. BERRYMAN, Chairman.
GEORGE WARRINGTON,
EDWARD ROSING, Committee.
CHARLES E. FOX, Sec'y Chicago Y. C.
CHARLES H. THORNE, Com. Chicago Y. C., ex-officio.

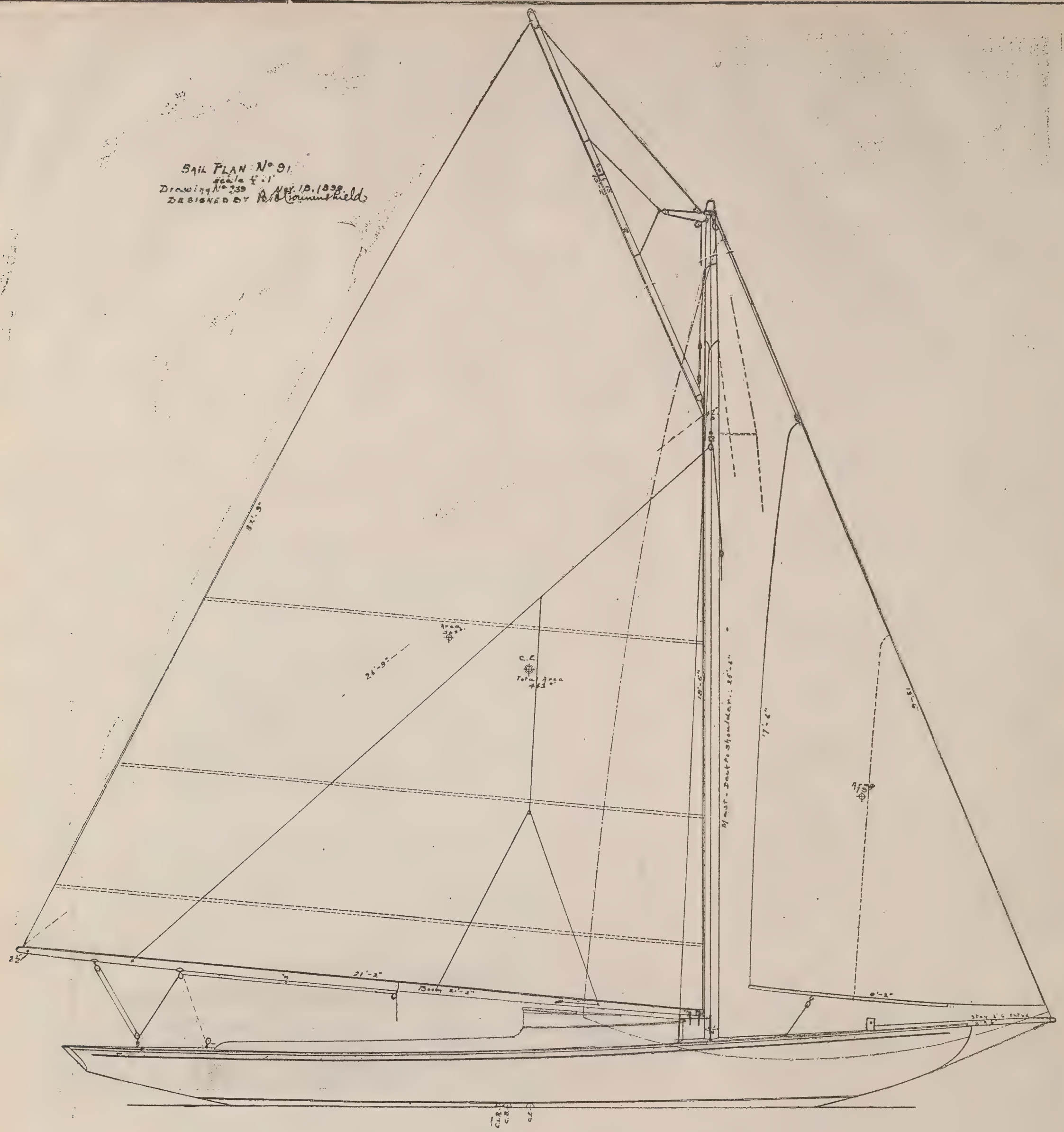
Broncho.

BRONCHO was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for afternoon sailing around Boston, Hull and Marblehead. The rules of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. for 18ft. waterline knockabouts were followed in the construction, but a larger sail plan was used as the boat was stiff enough to carry it. With one reef taken, the boat complied fully with the rules. As there were no other boats in this class around Boston, Broncho was not raced. The mainsail was made somewhat larger in proportion than usual in boats of this type, and the jib was intended principally for a steering sail. This being so, it was perfectly easy to handle the boat with mainsail alone or with one, two or three reefs tied in. Cleats for the sheets and halyards were put in the most convenient places for the helmsman and the jib was arranged to be handled with either one sheet or with two, so that one person can alone handle the boat comfortably. The cockpit was made watertight with scuppers, thus avoiding the necessity of bailing after every rain or when it was rough and the water had slopped over the rail. In moderate weather cushions were used on the cockpit floor, but when the wind blew hard it was more comfortable to sit on the deck. For ordinary sailing the centerboard was not used at all, but on the runs between Boston and Marblehead it helped considerably. Mr. George M. Piersol, the present owner, bought the boat last August and took her to Marion, on Buzzards Bay, where she was sailed the rest of the season. This winter the boat is to have a cabin house added so that she can be used for short cruises. The former owner, Mr. Frank Tandy, gave George Lawley & Son Corp. an order late in the summer to build a keel boat with a small cabin house for the same class. Mr. Crowninshield made the plans and the work has been completed. Mustang is the name of the new boat. Broncho, with her black topsides and broad gilt stripe, light green bottom and teak deck fittings, makes a very shippy looking craft. She was built by James E. Graves at Marblehead.

BRONCHO.
Designed by B. B. Crowninshield. Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	28ft.
L.W.L.	18ft.



BRONCHO—SAIL PLAN.

Overhang—		
Bow	4ft.	10 in.
Stern	5ft.	2 in.
Beam—		
Extreme	7ft.	8 in.
L.W.L.	7ft.	1 in.
Freeboard—		
Stem	2ft.	6 in.
Least	1ft.	6½in.
Taffrail	1ft.	9 in.
Draft—		
Extreme	3ft.	
To rabbet	1ft.	2¼in.
Board down	6ft.	5 in.
Displacement	4.350lbs.	
Ballast—		
Outside	1,530lbs.	
Inside	300lbs.	
Total	1,830lbs.	
Ratio of balast to displacement	.33	
Displacement per inch at L.W.L.	516.51lbs.	
Midship Section—Area	7.1 sq. ft.	
L.W.L. Plane—Area	96.8 sq. ft.	
Lateral Plane—		
Area, hull	32.84 sq. ft.	
Area, rudder	5.23 sq. ft.	
Area, centerboard	7. sq. ft.	
Area, total	43.07 sq. ft.	
Maximum girth of hull	11.44 sq. ft.	
Sail Area—		
Mailsail	364 sq. ft.	
Jib	79 sq. ft.	
Total sail area	443 sq. ft.	

The construction plan will be given in a later issue.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Feb. 2.—Some doubt has been raised by the yachtsmen in this district as to the judgment used by the owner and the designer of the Boston Cup defender in giving her dimensions to the public. They argue that either Herreschoff or Watson could easily change their designs if anything dangerous were found in the Boston boat. It is quite true that either designer could change his lines, but there are few yachtsmen who believe that either would take the chances of ordering a complete outfit of frames, plating and bracings, which a change in the design would make necessary.

Then, too, it is more than reasonable to suppose that each of the designers has a distinct idea of his own in regard to what he thinks will produce the most speed in a 90-footer, and he would be unwilling to depart from those ideas, even though the plans of another designer looked dangerous. As a matter of fact, the dimensions given out by the Boston designer give but a very remote idea of the actual form of the boat. He has not given the draft of the hull, nor the draft below the rabbet, so that he has not told the public or the other designers just how far he has gone in the matter of reducing dead rise.

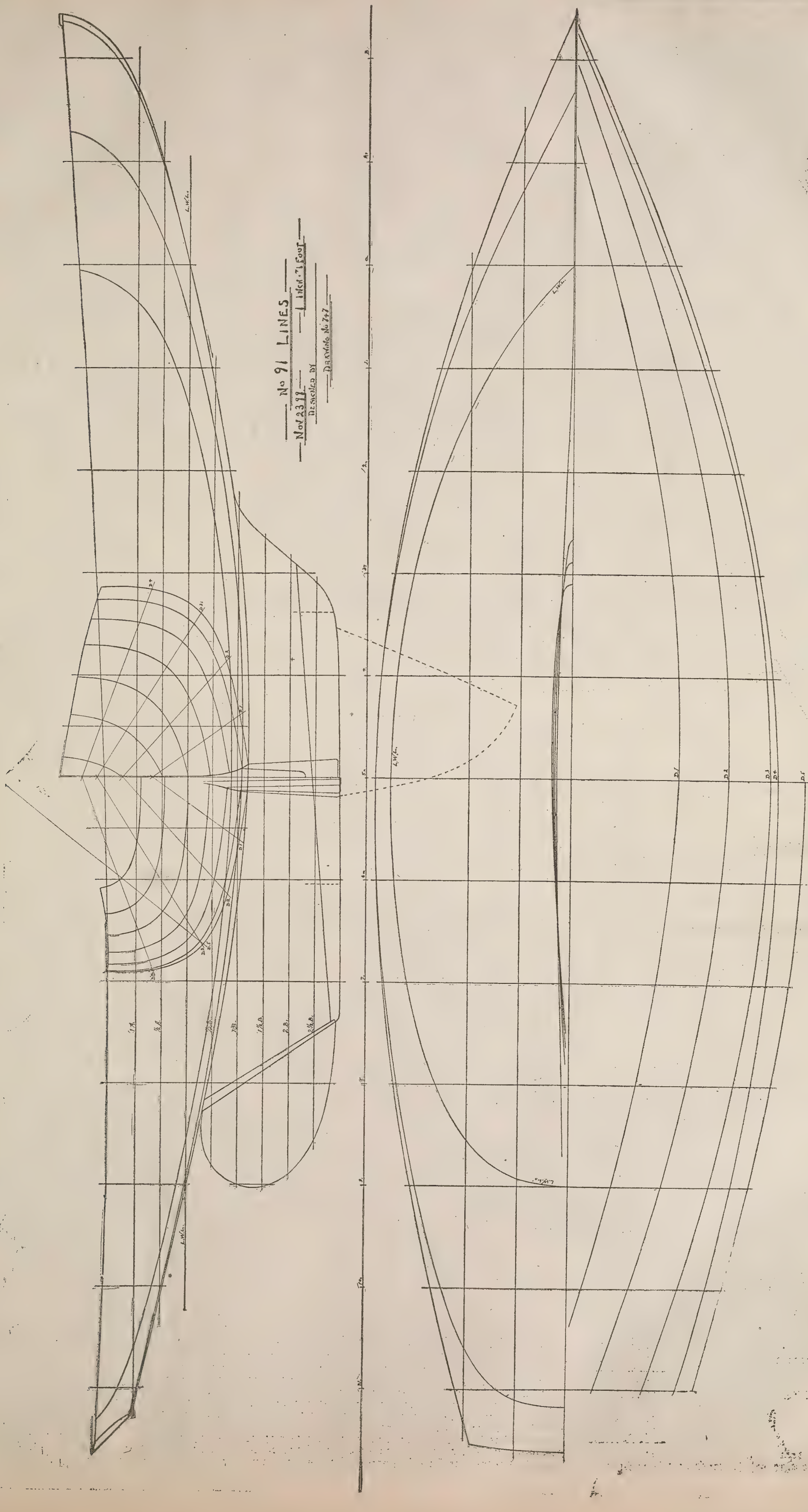
The work of bending frames is going on rapidly at the Atlantic Works, and already more than half of the angle irons have been bent to shape. In the big shed the frame of the keel has been set up. It takes up almost the entire length of the shed. From bow to stern, including the outline of the keel, the lines are as nearly straight as it is possible to make them, and still show beauty in form. In fact, even from these initial disclosures the boat shows herself to be a thorough racer.

A delay has been caused in having the first casting of the bottom of the trough keel spoiled at the Victor Metal Company's works, at East Braintree. The casting came out in such poor shape that it was thought best to run another one. This was done Friday night, and it is expected that the new casting will be ready to be shipped to the Atlantic Works by Monday. The casting was taken out of the sand Saturday and will have plenty of time to cool. The work of cutting off the snags and smoothing it up will be rushed.

Some interesting figures in regard to the construction of the yacht have come to light, which seem to have come from reliable sources. The specifications call for 160 pieces of bulbed steel angles, each of which is cut to the required length for its use on the boat. Frame No. 1 is 2ft. 9in. long, and the longest pair of frames are marked 80. They are each 32ft. 6in. long. Frames numbered 45 and 46 are each just 32ft. in length. There have been ordered 86 deck beams, all of which are bulbed angles. Six are 24ft. 1in. in length, and the shortest is 2ft. 2in. Four U-shaped beams will be used for strengtheners at the mast station.

There have been 126 plates ordered, although the plans call but for 114. The margin is for imperfect plates, or those which may be spoiled in the working. Row A, on each side of the boat, the topsides, will be of nickel steel, there being nine plates on each side. Row B contains 12 bronze plates, and row C the same number. Row D has 10, row E 8, row F 5, row G 4 and H and I 3 each. These are at the bottom of the fin. Some of the plates for the fin have arrived at the Atlantic Works. Holes will be punched in these and afterward reamed out in a few days.

It is with the greatest pleasure that yachtsmen who are devoted to the raceabout type have heard of the decision of the Boston Knockabout Association to offer an intercity cup for a series of races between them. The building and racing of 90-footers does not come within the reach of the average yachtsmen, and neither, for that matter, do the racehouts. But there are many who can afford to build



BRONCHO—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR FRANK N. TANDY.

and race the smaller type, which has proved very popular in all waters along the coast.

In Massachusetts the raceabout fever showed distinct signs of dying out, although it is still strong in other districts. The trip of B. B. Crowninshield's Jolly Roger to Buzzards Bay and Long Island Sound last fall awakened interest somewhat in Massachusetts, and a lively interest in the places which she visited. It is the object of the Boston association to revive interest in the class in local waters and to provide a suitable object for the yachtsmen of other districts to enter in general competition.

Representative yachts may compete for the cup from Islesboro, Me., to New York. There are a number of raceabouts in Maine, and great interest is taken in the class there. Islesboro bids fair to become a great yachting center at no distant date. The value of the cup has not been decided upon, and this will greatly depend upon the amount of funds at the disposal of the Executive Committee of the Knockabout Association, but all of the men interested have plenty of means, and will go into their pockets to produce a cup that will be worth going for. As the races will be held after the racing season is practically over, there should be contestants from all of the districts named in the circular. The following is the announcement made by the Boston association:

The Knockabout Associa ion, of Boston, hereby offers a cup to be known as the Intercity Cup for Raceabouts, and declares, as below, the conditions which shall govern competition therefor.

Article 1. Contest to be open to a representative boat from each of the following districts, or from any other district by approval of the Executive Committee: Islesboro, Me., and vicinity; Buzzards Bay, Newport and vicinity; Long Island Sound and Marblehead and vicinity.

Article 2. Races to take place off Marblehead, and to begin on Monday, Sept. 9, 1901, and to continue daily until one boat has won three races. After four races have been sailed, only winners of one race shall be allowed to compete. After six races, only boats which have won two races. The cup is to become the absolute property of the final winner.

Article 3. Races shall be sailed under the rules of the Knockabout Association governing raceabouts and restrictions relating thereto, and under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts governing sailing regulations.

Article 4. The general conduct of the races shall be in charge of the Executive Committee of the Knockabout Association, and any point not covered by the above rules shall be referred to it and its decision shall be final.

Article 5. Entries must be made to the Executive Committee of the Knockabout Association on or before Sept. 1, 1901.

Article 6. Nothing in this shall prevent any change or modification mutually agreed upon by contestants and satisfactory to the Executive Committee of the Association.

C. F. Adams 2d, Frank Brewster, C. H. W. Foster, Executive Committee. The address of the committee is 8 Congress street, Room 21, Boston.

An interesting dory class has been formed at the Dorchester Y. C., which is expected to afford plenty of good racing for the season. Twelve boats have been ordered from the Mather Boat & Canoe Company, which has just removed its shops from Rowley to Atlantic.

The Chelsea Y. C. has elected the following officers for 1901: Com., W. H. Wedger; Vice-Com., G. R. Stuart; Sec'y, B. M. Brennen; Fin. Sec'y, S. C. Gleason; Treas., A. N. Kinkaid; Meas., T. G. Hughen; Directors, G. R. Stuart, W. A. Young, C. G. Lenfest and W. L. Murphy.

B. B. Crowninshield visited East Boothbay last week and gave the specifications of the 54ft. schooner for W. O. Mayo to Rice Bros. The 46-footer for W. M. Lovering, which is building at this yard, is in frame.

At the annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., E. E. Davis; Vice-Com., J. S. Whiting; Sec'y, H. B. Faxon; Treas., G. W. Jones; Meas., L. C. Embree; Executive Committee, W. P. Barker, H. M. Faxon, G. E. Pfaffman and F. B. Rice; House Committee, H. W. Barker, F. R. Burke, F. F. Crane, William Edwards, C. F. Howe, E. F. Ricker and J. S. Whiting. A special meeting is to be called to consider building a new club house.

Kiley's Marine Agency has sold the schooner Intrepid to E. F. Bowers et al. She will leave New London next week for a cruise to the West Indies.

John B. Killeen.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Board of Trustees of the Larchmont Y. C. has selected the officers to be voted for at the annual meeting in March. The commodore will be Frederick T. Adams, owner of the schooner Sachem. Wilson Marshall has accepted the nomination for vice-commodore. He owns the schooner Atlantic. Rear-Com. James Baird, owner of the sloop Hussar II., will be renominated. William Murray, treasurer, and A. Bryan Alley, secretary, will also be renominated.

The Riverside Y. C., of Riverside, Conn., held its annual meeting and dinner at the Arena. The following officers were elected: Com., George G. Tyson; vice-com., Charles T. Pierce; treas., Charles F. Buxton; sec'y, John G. Porter; meas., T. E. Ferris; trustees (for the term ending Fberuary, 1904), Edwin Binney and Ernest H. Brandt; Regatta Committee, Charles P. Tower, William A. Huffington, Edwin Binney; Membership Committee, Robert Rutter, J. H. McKenna and George E. Marks; Entertainment Committee, Georgqe T. Higgons, James Wight and Philip H. Jones; first surgeon, Dr. H. H. Tyson, Jr.; chaplains, the Rev. George C. Houghton, D. D.; the Rev. Charles F. Boylston and the Rev. Rufus S. Putney.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Feb. 11. The following list of officers to be elected has been prepared by the Nominating Committee: Com., David Banks, schooner Water Witch; vice-com., Robert P. Doremus; rear-com., Henry J. Robert, sloop Ondawa; sec'y, Louis F. Jackson; treas., C. T. Pierce; meas., George Hill; trustees, J. Roger Maxwell, J. Fred Ackerman, Philip G. Sanford, Harrison B. Moore, Spencer Swain and Edwin B. Havens; Regatta Committee, George Hill (chairman), George W. McNulty and A. F. Aldridge; Membership Committee, Spencer Swain (chairman), Henry W. Baird and Frank Sperry; Library Committee, J. M. Foote (chairman), Arthur G. Allen and Jefferson Hogan; Entertainment Committee, Edwin Hollis Low (chairman), Charles J. McDermott and J. H. Hallock; Nominating Committee, J. H. Hallock (chairman), Frank Sperry, Edwin B. Havens, Charles J. McDermott, Georqge D. Provost and Charles E. Schuyler.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. William H. Hand, of New Bedford, Mass., has a large amount of work on hand. Among the orders already placed are the following: An 18-footer, 29ft. over all, for Mr. W. J. Fuller, of Hartford, Conn.; a 23ft. waterline yawl, for Dr. W. C. Lambert, of Wyandotte, Mich.; a 25-footer, 40ft. over all, for Mr. Robert M. Sayre, of New York city; a 25-footer, 41ft. over all, for Mr. J. C. Hartwell, of Providence, R. I.; a 21-footer, 32ft. over all, for Mr. M. W. Daboll, of New York city; an 18-footer, 29ft. over all, for Mr. W. A. Barston, of New York city, and an 18-footer, 29ft. over all, for Mr. Robert Osborn, of Toronto, Canada.

A most interesting pamphlet on "Graphite as a Lubricant" has just been issued by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., of Jersey City, N. J., and will repay one for the time spent in reading it. Dixon's graphite has three great virtues, any one of which alone would entitle it to a place in the front rank of machinery supplies, namely, first, as a lubricant for all purposes; second, as a preventive of rust; and, third, as a positive preventive of the destruction of joints when separated. Owners of power boats will find it indispensable in connection with their machinery, and owners of all craft will find the speed of their boats will be increased by application to the hulls.

The President of the United States has awarded a binocular glass to Mr. Joshua Nickerson, master, and a gold medal to Mr. Solomon Bateman, second mate, of the steamship Ethelred, of Glasgow, in recognition of their services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the American yacht Aliris on Oct. 17 last. The Board of Trade have received these presents through the Foreign Office to hand over to Messrs. Nickerson and Bateman.

Mr. James S. Watson's auxiliary schooner Genesee proceeded to sea on Feb. 2. She is bound for Naples, where her owner and family will join her and will make an extended cruise in the Mediterranean.

The 86ft. steam yacht recently ordered from the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles Seabury & Co., of Morris Heights, to be built from designs made by Mr. Arthur Binney, is for Mr. Guy Norman.

The frame of the keel yacht for Mr. W. B. Foote, designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, has been taken apart and shipped from Wood's yard to Lake Champlain, where she will be put together again and finished in time for summer use. The keel for the new sloop designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has been laid. She will be 31ft. 9in. over all, 20ft. 10in. on the waterline, 7ft. 9in. beam and 5ft. 3in. draft. A new centerboard sloop for Dr. Sayre will soon be started at Byle's yard. Her dimensions are 40ft. over all, 25ft. on the waterline and 11ft. 6in. beam. At the Jacob yard the interior fittings of Queen Mab have received a thorough overhauling. Her black topsides have been scraped and a priming coat of white paint put on.

The contracts have been signed and work commenced on a new auxiliary yawl for Mr. E. A. Fairchild. The boat will be from designs made by Mr. H. J. Gielow, by the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., of Shooter's Island, S. I. Her dimensions are 39ft. over all, 26ft. on the waterline, 11ft. beam and 3ft. 9in. draft. As her owner intends to use the boat solely for cruising, she was rigged as a yawl, and a 4 horse-power gasoline engine will be fitted under the cockpit floor capable of driving her at a speed of five miles an hour, with a tank capacity sufficient to last for one hundred miles. The centerboard is below the cabin floor. She has a good-sized cabin and one stateroom with 5ft. 10in. headroom.

"M. Murli, an Italian yachtsman," says the Yachtsman, Jan. 17, "has bought the first-class cutter Calluna, built in 1893, from Mr. W. Fife's design. She was sold in 1895 to Prince Mehemed Ali Halim. The yacht is at Naples."

"The 65ft. rating cutter Senta," says the Field, Jan. 19, "is ready at White Brothers' yard, Southampton, for her voyage to America, and she will leave as soon as the weather permits."

The Yachtsman says that "Messrs. Westmacott, Stewart & Co., of St. Helen's, I. W., are the builders of the 24-footer which, as mentioned last week, is building for Mr. Howard Gould."

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Rules.

Mr. C. E. Britton, Commodore American Canoe Association, Gananoque, Canada.

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, think that the changes made in the racing rules for sailing canoes, at the meeting of the Executive Committee in October last, are unwise, for the following reasons:

First.—That they were made against the wishes of all the men who have sustained canoe sailing races for the past ten years, and were passed by those who have not sailed in races at any meet for the same length of time.

Second.—That a space of 6ft. between bulkheads necessitates either weak or very heavy construction, and the rule fixing the cockpit at that length necessitates the rebuilding of nearly every sailing canoe in the A. C. A. fleet.

Third.—That with a self-bailing cockpit a canoe with a space of only 2ft. between bulkheads has no advantage over one with 6ft.

Fourth.—That a sliding deck seat is absolutely necessary for comfort, either in racing or cruising, and that its abolition will make it impossible for any man not an athlete in training to sail a race of over three miles.

Fifth.—That legislation against the fixed rudder is unnecessary, as it gives no advantage over a drop rudder in racing, and is less expensive to make.

Therefore, we ask that you will take a mail vote on the following new racing regulations, which we consider would encourage a more perfect canoe which can be both cruised and raced efficiently.

These are the same regulations that have been used for the last few years, with the following exceptions and additions:

First.—A limit has been put on distance between bulkheads and size of cockpit. (Rule 1, Par. 1.)

Second.—A minimum weight has been placed on decked sailing canoes. (Rule 1, Par. 1.)

Third.—A canoe must use the same suit of sails at a meet with reduced area for decked canoes and increased area for open canoes. (Rule 1, Par. 1.)

Fourth.—A new rule. Rule 2. Classifying the canoes into three classes.

Fifth.—Flags not to be given as prizes, except for the paddling and sailing trophy races. (Rule 6, Par. 1.)

Sixth.—Putting a fixed length and time limit on the record races. (Rule 6, Par. 3.)

Seventh.—Putting a fixed length on the paddling trophy, and adding other fixed races. (Rule 6, Par. 6.)

Eighth.—Allowing all comers to enter the trophy sailing race. (Rule 6, Par. 7.)

Ninth.—Decision of protests of members present at meet to be final. (Rule 10, Par. 2.)

Tenth.—A canoe upsetting in a race debarred from winning prizes. (Rule 13, Par. 2.)

Eleventh.—Allowing old canoes to race at 1901 meet. (Rule 25.)

Most of the above changes are the same as passed at executive meeting in Gananoque on Oct. 20, 1900.

Racing Regulations.

Rule 1.—Definition. A canoe to compete in any race in the American Canoe Association must be sharp at both ends, with no counterstern or transom, and must come within the limits prescribed for its class.

Measurement.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the foreside of the stem and the afterside of the stern. The beam shall be taken at the widest part, wherever found, and shall not include the beading, provided that it does not exceed 1½in. in depth; if the beading exceeds this depth, it shall be measured as part of the beam. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat; and the beam at and near the waterline shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. A variation of not over ½in. shall be allowed in excess of the maximum beam in canoes in sailing races, and the same amount in deficiency of minimum beam in canoes in paddling races. The draft shall be measured at the deepest point, wherever found. The depth shall be measured from the inside of the garboard next the keel to the lower side of a straight-edge laid across the gunwales, or to a similar height in a decked canoe. The sail area shall be measured by dividing into triangles in the usual manner, the sail being stretched taut and flat on a level surface.

Dimensions and Limitations.—Sailing. To be eligible to sailing races a canoe must comply with the following limitations: The length shall be limited to a maximum of 16ft. with an accompanying maximum beam of 30in. For each full inch of decrease in length the beam may be increased by ⅛in. The draft shall not exceed 11in.

The minimum distance between bulkheads to be 4ft. 6in. and the minimum cockpit opening to be 3ft. 6in. A canoe with a cockpit, not self-bailing, may carry a movable canvas bag. In all sailing races a canoe must carry a double-blade paddle at least 8ft. long, which may be jointed in the center. The centerboard, when hauled up, must not project below the keel. A canoe without a centerboard may carry a keel 3in. deep outside of the garboards and weighing not more than 36lbs.; a centerboard canoe may carry a keel not exceeding 1¾in. The keelband should not exceed ¼in. in thickness, and shall be included in the measurement of depth or keel. Leeboards may be carried by a canoe not having a centerboard.

The minimum weight of a decked sailing canoe exclusive of centerboard, rudder and steering gear shall be 85lbs. Open canoes shall carry no rudder and no seat projecting beyond the gunwales. A canoe must use the same suit of sails in all sailing and combined races at a meet, exception to be made by the Regatta Committee in case of accident. These sails must be a practicable hoisting and lowering rig of not more than 112 sq. ft. for decked canoes and 60 sq. ft. for open canoes.

Cruising Class.—To be eligible to the "Cruising Canoe" class, a canoe shall comply with the above limitations, and, in addition, shall be fitted with a well not less than 16in. wide for a length of 3ft. 6in.; with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which at least 5ft. shall be clear; and the sails shall be fitted to lower and furl. The Regatta Committee shall have power to rule out any canoe which, in their opinion, does not conform to the spirit of these restrictions.

To be eligible to the paddling races canoes must be within the following limits:

One and Two Men (Single and Tandem).—Maximum length, 16ft.; minimum beam, 30in.; minimum depth, 10in.; minimum weight, 50lbs. A deficiency of weight to an amount not exceeding 5lbs. may be made up by ballast.

Four Men.—Maximum length, 20ft.; minimum beam, 30in.; minimum depth, 12in.; minimum weight, 70lbs.

War Canoes.—Maximum length, 30ft.; minimum beam, 36in.; minimum depth, 17in.; minimum weight, 120lbs.

These limits shall not apply to war canoes built prior to Oct. 1, 1897.

Rule II.—Classification. In all sailing races, except the trophy, dolphin trophy, and novice races, contestants

shall be divided into three classes, seniors, juniors and novices; the seniors to give time allowance to juniors, and double time allowance to novices, and the juniors to give time allowance to novices.

The above time allowance to be decided by the Regatta Committee.

Seniors to be those men who have won sailing races other than the novice races at an A. C. A. meet.

Juniors to be men who have never, with the exception of the novice race, won a sailing race at an A. C. A. meet.

Novices to be those men who have never sailed a canoe previous to Sept. 1 of the preceding year.

Rule III.—None but members of the American Canoe Association, unless upon the invitation of the Regatta Committee, shall be permitted to enter its races, and no canoe shall enter that is not enrolled on the secretary's books, and no member who is in arrears to the association shall compete in any race or claim any prize while such arrears remain unpaid.

No canoe shall be entered at any one meet by more than one man. The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary. Members must paddle or sail their own canoes.

A canoe which is not owned or used for racing by any other member present shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to camp. In double canoe races the owner may associate any other member with himself.

Rule IV.—All entries must be in writing, on the blanks provided, and must be handed in to the Regatta Committee within such time as they may direct.

Rule V.—Every canoe entering, except for an upset race, must have her entry number conspicuously on canoe or man when paddling, and on both sides of mainsail while sailing. The clerk of the course will provide each man, when he makes his entry, with three prints of his number on cloth.

Rule VI.—Prizes shall be given as follows: A first prize in each race, and a second prize in each regular event where more than two finish.

Prizes shall consist of shields or some lasting memento with the event, the letters A. C. A., the year expressed in four figures, the place of the meet and the words "first prize or second prize" expressed thereon. The prizes for any one meet shall be uniform in shape and design. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the Regatta Committee. No prizes of money shall be raced for. All prizes not awarded shall be destroyed by the Regatta Committee. Flags shall be given for the paddling and sailing trophy in addition to regular prizes.

Races.—There shall be three record races: No. 1, paddling and sailing combined, three miles, time limit one and one-half hours; No. 2, paddling, one-half mile straight away; No. 3, sailing, four and one-half miles, time limit two and one-half hours. To obtain a place on the record, a contestant must enter and finish in all three record races. None but men who have entered for the record will be allowed to enter in any record races. Only such contestants as finish in all three races will receive a credit number according to position, relative to each other in each race—the highest number given in each race being equal to the number of the contestants, the next one less, and so on; the three numbers given added together give the credit amount of the record.

In the record races each contestant shall use but one canoe.

In case of unavoidable accident which prevents a man from finishing in any one race, the Regatta Committee may, at its discretion, permit such canoe to enter the other two races,, and her marks to be counted for the record; but he shall receive zero for the race which he does not finish.

There shall be a race for the paddling trophy, one mile straight away. The total number of contestants shall be unlimited. There shall be a race for the A. C. A. sailing trophy. Conditions as follows: Sailing canoe, A. C. A. rules, no limit to ballast; time limit, three and one-half hours; distance, nine miles. The dolphin trophy, seven and one-half miles, time limit three hours. The winner in the sailing trophy race to be debarred from this race (as per deed of gift). A sailing race, six miles, time limit two and one-half hours. A one-half mile paddling race, single blade. A one mile paddling race, double blade. A one-half mile tandem paddling race, single blades. A one-half mile tandem paddling race, double blades. A one-half mile fours paddling race, single blades. A one-half mile fours paddling race, double blades. At least one-half of all paddling races shall be straight away.

Accredited representatives of foreign clubs shall be eligible to start in all races.

Rule VII.—The mode of turning stakeboats, and all directions for each race, shall be announced in the programme of the Regatta Committee or posted on the bulletin board one hour before the race is called; and any competitor not knowing the course, or mistaking it, or not following these rules, does so at his own risk. Stakeboats and buoys will be left on the port hand, when not stated distinctly to the contrary. The committee shall have the power to change the direction of the race at any time before the first signal, and shall indicate the same by the flags, according to Rule XIII. The start and finish in all races shall be by the bow.

Rule VIII.—No pilotage or direction from any boat or from the shore shall be allowed, and any one accepting such assistance may be disqualified.

Rule IX.—A canoe touching a buoy or other canoe, unless wrongfully compelled to do so by another canoe, shall be disqualified. In case of a foul, the non-fouling canoe must go over the course, unless disabled beyond the possibility of temporary repair, in order to claim the race; every canoe must stand by its own accidents. If a canoe, in consequence of the violation of any of the rules, shall foul another canoe, or compel another canoe to foul any canoe, buoy or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified.

Rule X.—Should the owner of any canoe, duly entered for a race, consider that he has fair ground for complaint against another, he must give notice of same before leaving his boat on the finish of the race, to the Regatta Committee, and must present the same in writing within one hour.

The sum of one dollar shall be deposited with each protest, to be forfeited to the association should the protest not be sustained. The Regatta Committee shall, after hearing such evidence as they may deem necessary, decide the protest. A decision of a majority of the members present shall be final.

No member of either committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is interested. In all cases where a protest is lodged on the ground of fouling, evidence of actual contact shall be necessary to substantiate the protest. The Regatta Committee shall, without protest, disqualify any canoe which, to their knowledge, has committed a breach of the rules.

No man shall contest in any race until he has been two days in camp, except in war canoe races, except by special permission of the Regatta Committee.

Paddling Races.

Rule XI.—Paddling races shall be started by the starter asking, "Are you ready?" On receiving no answer, he shall say "Go!" If he considers the start unfair, he may recall the boats, and any canoe refusing to start again shall be distanced.

The combined paddling and sailing race shall be started in the same manner, the word "Go!" being immediately followed by a gun.

Rule XII.—A canoe's own water is the straight course from the station assigned it at starting. Any canoe leaving its own water shall do so at its peril; but if the stern of one canoe is a canoe's length ahead of the bow of another, the former may take the water of the latter, which then becomes its own water, and it shall only leave it at its peril.

Sailing Races.

Rule XIII.—The paddle shall not be used in sailing races, except for steering when the rudder is disabled, or shoving off when aground, afoul of anything, or in extreme danger, as from a passing steamer or from a squall.

In any race a canoe upsetting so that the top of her mast touches the water shall forfeit all claim to the prize, unless, in the judgment of the Regatta Committee, the upset was caused by the canoe being fouled by another boat; in which case the committee must notify the canoe at once.

Rule XIV.—Five minutes before the start a signal will be given and a blue flag hoisted, and four minutes later a second signal will be given and a yellow flag hoisted, and one minute later a third signal will be given to start and an A. C. A. flag hoisted and left up.

Any canoe which crosses to the course side of the starting line prior to the third signal must return above the line and recross it, keeping out of the way of all competing canoes, using the paddle if necessary; but after the third signal the start shall be considered as made, and all canoes on either side of the line shall be amenable to sailing rules. Canoes may take any position for starting, and, prior to the third signal, may be sailed and worked in any manner (outside aid not allowed). A green flag displayed signifies that buoys are to be left to starboard; a red flag means port. The Regatta Committee may vary the manner of starting at their discretion, but all sailing races should be started to windward when practicable, and under a time limit.

Rule XV.—All shiftable ballast, except centerboards, shall be carried with the canoe, and no fixed ballast shall be carried below the keelband. Ballast may be shifted, but no ballast shall be taken in or thrown out during a race.

Rule XVI.—A canoe overtaking another shall keep out of the way of the latter when rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark out the course. If two canoes are not clear of each other when leading canoe is close to and is altering her helm to round the mark, the outside canoe must give the other room to pass clear of the mark, which ever canoe is in danger of fouling. No canoe shall be considered clear of another unless so much ahead as to give free choice to the other on which side she will pass. An overtaking canoe shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between the leading canoe and the mark after the latter has altered her helm for rounding.

Rule XVII.—Canoes close-hauled on the port tack shall give way to those on starboard tack. In event of collision being imminent, owing to the canoe on the port tack not giving way, the canoe on the starboard tack shall luff and go about, but shall never bear away. A canoe on the port tack compelling a canoe on the starboard tack thus to give way forfeits all claim to the prize.

Rule XVIII.—Canoes going free shall always give way to those close-hauled on either tack.

Rule XIX.—When canoes close-hauled are approaching a shore, buoy, or other obstruction, and are so close that the leewardsmost cannot tack clear of the canoe to the windward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of fouling the obstruction, the canoe to windward shall, on being requested, go about, and the canoe requesting her to do so shall also tack at once.

Rule XX.—Should two or more canoes be approaching a weather shore or any obstruction, and be so close to each other that the weathermost one cannot bear away clear of the one to the leeward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of running aground or fouling the obstruction, then the canoe that is to the leeward shall, on being requested, at once bear away until sufficient room is allowed for the weathermost canoe to clear the obstruction.

Rule XXI.—A canoe may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward, providing she begins to luff before an overlap has been established. An overlap is established when an overtaking canoe has no longer a free choice on which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward canoe, by luffing, or the weather canoe by bearing away, is in danger of fouling. A canoe must never bear away out of her course to prevent the other passing to leeward; the lee side to be considered that on which the leading canoe of the two carries her main boom. The overtaking canoe, if to the leeward, must not luff until she has drawn clear ahead of the canoe she has overtaken.

Rule XXII.—A canoe may anchor during a race, provided the anchor is attached, or weighed on board the canoe during the remainder of the race. A canoe shall not be propelled by rocking or fanning.

Rule XXIII.—A change in these rules desired by any member of the association shall be presented by the Regatta Committee, with their approval or disapproval, to the Executive Committee for final action; notice of such change having been given in the official organs at least two weeks before the vote of the Executive Committee is taken thereon.

Rule XXIV.—In case of temporary vacancies in the Regatta Committee, the other members shall appoint substitutes.

Rule XXV.—A canoe built under the A. C. A. rules prior to Oct. 1, 1900, shall be permitted to enter all races of the 1901 meet.

Signed by the following: W. G. Harrison, Geo. P. Douglas, J. E. Plummer, H. H. Smythe, F. C. Moore, Tom Hale, Jr., W. R. Haviland, A. G. Pawla, R. H. Prebles, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., Geo. E. Taylor, E. H. Stockwell, F. G. Palmer, Geo. W. McTaggert, H. C. Ward, H. L. Quick, T. S. Oxholm, H. S. McKeeg, F. L. Metcalf, L. C. Kretzmer, H. M. Kretzmer, T. E. H. Barrington, Louis Simpson, W. R. Simpson, E. M. Underhill, Geo. I. Eddy, Warren T. Berry, Louis H. May, L. S. Stockwell.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Sportsmen's Show.

We have received the following information concerning the forthcoming Sportsmen's Show at Madison Squire Garden:

The National Rifle Association will this year establish a headquarters for its members at the Sportsmen's Show, in Madison Square Garden, and the display of cups and trophies to be exhibited will be an interesting one to all rifle shots. The space assigned to it is the roomy corner at the end of the promenade over the south tier of the arena boxes, a location commanding an excellent view of the lake, upon an island, in which the Ojibway Indians will conduct their tribal dances and rites each afternoon and evening. The corner will be designed as a reception room and riflemen's den, where all riflemen will be made welcome. Here also Tom Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Company, will hold forthwith the ammunition which his efforts have made famous in the East.

The revolver galleries this year will be under the care of the Colt Patent Firearms Mfg. Company, which is an assurance that revolver shots will find on hand everything that can be desired in high-grade up-to-date target pistols and revolvers, and an inexhaustible supply of ammunition of all popular brands. The galleries themselves will be more roomy and far better arranged than heretofore, with accommodations for a greater number of spectators. The programme of events is still in the hands of the revolver championship committee, but will be announced in due time.

The revolver and pistol championships of the National Sportsmen's Association will of course be the chief events, with such other minor events as the committee may deem most likely to find favor.

The trapshooting contests this year promise to be of greater interest than ever. Fred Gilbert has announced his intention of being on hand, and some pretty work should result when the Iowan, Jack Fanning and Rolla Heikes come together in the continuous record contest and other events. That Fanning's wonderful record of 175 straight breaks last year may be left on the shelf is not regarded as unlikely, with the Californian himself as one of the most likely men of the lot to accomplish the trick. Billy Crosby won the continuous record last year with a total of 1,415 out of 1,500 targets shot at, and will, without question, be a strong factor in the same competition this year.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Feb. 6-7.—Cincinnati.—Cincinnati Gun Club's sparrow tournament. Chas. F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Feb. 10.—New York.—All-day target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club at Silver Lake Park, Staten Island. A. A. Schoverling, Capt.

Feb. 12.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Target shoot of Ossining Gun Club. W. P. Hall, Sec'y.

Feb. 13-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Bert. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Feb. 15-16.—New Orleans, La.—First annual Mardi Gras tournament of the City Park Gun Club, under the auspices of the Peters Cartridge Co. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y, Denegree Building.

Feb. 18-23.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club; four days targets, two days live pigeons; $1,000 added. C. E. De Long, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Washington's Birthday live bird and target shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Feb. 22.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Target and live bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; live bird match at 9 o'clock; live-bird programme at 10 o'clock.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual midwinter target tournament the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Feb. 22-23.—Colorado Springs, Colo.—Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association's thirteenth tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club.

Feb. 22-23.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

March 2.—New York.—Two-week Roof Garden tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y.

March 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—The Peters Cartridge Company's two days' target tournament. Maj. E. P. McKisseck, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

March 21.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target and live-bird shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Feb. 12.—Interstate Park.—John Wright's prize (Francotte gun) shoot; 15 live birds, $12.50 entrance, birds included; handicaps 25 to 33yds.

Feb. 27.—Interstate Park.—Team race, a New York team vs. a New Jersey team, at 1 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the fourth annual national shooting tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 18 to 23, under the auspices of the Whittington Park Association, announces the competition open to the world, and $1,000 added. Targets, 3 cents; live birds, 25 cents. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system, will be provided. Ship guns and shells to R. E. Price, Hot Springs, Ark. Contestants who shoot 90 per cent. or better on any day will be required to pay 25 cents extra in each of the ten events of the following day, and further until they fail to reach the 90 per cent. average, when they can re-enter the amateur class. High average, $50—$10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5 and $5. Trade representatives are barred from this average. High guns will govern the money in the live-bird handicap. Handicaps, 26 to 32yds. Entries for the handicap can be made with R. E. Price, secretary, and must be accompanied with a $5 forfeit. All entries must be made by Feb. 21, after which penalty entries, $5 additional, will be received up to the ending of the second round. Rates of one and one-third fare have been secured in the territory between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, on the certificate plan. All the extra money contributed by the experts will be divided among all the amateurs who shoot through the regular target programme for the three days, regardless of what average they make.

Mr. A. L. Gilson, of Florida, and J. L. Foraker, of Lake View, shot a 100-live-bird match on the grounds of the Soo Gun Club recently. Each scored 33. The account of this match states that "An attempt to shoot off the tie with 100 live birds again tied the score at 35 each, and the contest finally ended in a 25-clay-target match, in which Foraker won out, breaking 15 out of 25, while Gilson stopped at 13. It was cold and disagreeable, for the spectators. The birds made only a few good flights, and frequently had to be frightened from the ground by a shower of pebbles. In fully half the frames both barrels were fired. Many of the birds fell outside the 50yd. line, and a squad of hunters which waited outside for the misses got more birds than the principals in the match." The birds evidently were of excellent quality, and were accountable for the low scores without any doubt.

The programme of the Limited Gun Club's fourth annual Grand Central Handicap tournament, at Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 13 to 15 announces the competition open to all. On the first two days the programme is alike, namely, fourteen events, each at targets, $1.50 entrance. Shooting commences at 9:30. All stand at 16yds. Magautrap rules. Targets, 2 cents. Four moneys. On the third day the Grand Central Handicap at 25 live birds, $25 entrance, will commence at 9 o'clock. Four moneys. Handicaps, 26 to 31yds. The handicapping committee has a membership as follows: E. H. Tripp, R. O. Heikes and H. W. Cadwallader. Special rates have been arranged for shooters from Indianapolis to Hot Springs. Bert B. Adams, secretary.

Mr. Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, under date of Jan. 24 writes us as follows: "I take pleasure in informing you that the Interstate Association has been fortunate enough to secure the services of the following gentlemen, who will act as the Handicap Committee for the Grand American Handicap at live birds, 1901: T. A. Divine, Memphis, Tenn.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; B. Waters, New York city; W. R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.; Will K. Park, Philadelphia, Pa.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa. The above committee will meet at the Astor House in this city, Wednesday, March 27, at 10:30 A. M."

The main event of the Riverton Gun Club, Jan. 30, was a 30-bird handicap, for a beautiful silver cup, presented by the president of the Riverton Gun Club, Mr. J. Hazeltine Carstairs. The grounds at East Riverton presented a truly midwinter scene, a heavy snow storm prevailing. White birds in the storm had therefrom many added chances to escape the shooter. On the other hand, the storm seemed to make the birds reluctant to fly. Twenty members participated in the event. At the end of the day Messrs. Sterling and Whitaker were tied, and it was too dark to shoot off the tie.

The programme of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tournament, Feb. 22 and 23, provides twelve events for the first day, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance 50 cents and $1, 180 targets in all, with a total of $10 entrance. Class shooting. Ten target events, three moneys; 15, four moneys; 20, five moneys; 25, six moneys. On the second day the 100-target handicap, entrance $5, is the programme. Experts and manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Shooting each day begins at 9 o'clock. Ship guns and shells to the secretary, Mr. G. G. Zeth, Altoona, Pa.

The trapshooters who are eligible to compete in the New York-New Jersey team contest must reside respectively within fifty miles of the Jersey City Court House and within fifty miles of the New York City Hall. The New York managers intend to have a team large enough to meet New Jersey, man for man. Under these conditions the New Yorkers have a formidable task, as the shooters who are available are hardly the equal of the New Jersey shooters on form. The new ruling of the Carteret Gun Club probably deprives the New Yorkers of a lot of good material.

The list of entries to the Grand American Handicap has the name of the valiant Admiral A. G. Courtney, formerly known as Colonel Courtney. The trapshooting world will remember that the Admiral was reaching out for the trophy in the G. A. H. shoot-off last year, when an inconsiderate bird, shamming death for a moment, gathered itself and flew thitherward, carrying the Admiral's hopes with it. Second on the list is the name of Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, who holds the championship of New Jersey and the esteem of his fellow men.

Under date of Feb. 1 Mr. H. W. Brown, of Binghamton, N. Y., writes us as follows: "Please announce, through your 'Fixture' columns that the Peters Cartridge Company, assisted by the Binghamton Gun Club, will give a target tournament for amateurs at Binghamton, N. Y., April 24 and 25, with $150 in cash added to the purses and a handsome $20 gold watch-charm to high average. We shall endeavor to make this an up-to-date shoot in every respect. Programmes will be ready in about two weeks. John Parker, manager; H. W. Brown, assistant."

The calendar of the Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y., for 1901 portrays a most dashing scene of the wilderness, an Indian astride a spirited cayuse, rider and horse gayly caparisoned, the former twisted in the saddle and resolutely firing a Savage rifle with deadly precision at a bear, which is recoiling from the shock. The calendar further calls attention to information concerning the company's manufactures.

Mr. W. P. Hall, secretary, writes us as follows: "Clay bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Sing Sing, N. Y., Feb. 12. Shooting commences at 10:30 A. M. Refreshments served free to shooters. Live and clay bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Sing Sing, N. Y., Feb. 22. Live-bird match to be shot at 9 A. M. Live-bird events start at 10 A. M. Trolley car to grounds. Refreshments served free to shooters."

The second of the series of three matches between teams of the Trenton Shooting Association and the Freehold Gun Club was won by the latter, Jan. 30, by a score of 236 to 222, six men to a team, 50 targets per man. The next contest will take place on the grounds of the Freehold Gun Club within thirty days from the last contest.

In the three days of Heikes' midwinter tournament, Mr. R. O. Heikes was high average with 571 out of 600 targets shot at, an average of .951 per cent. Gilbert was second with .935. Neal was third with .931. Fanning was fourth with .916. On the second day Heikes made a run of 126 consecutive breaks.

In another column we publish in full the programme of the forthcoming Roof Garden tournament, which is to take place from March 2 to 16. It will be found to possess all the elements of keen competition or pleasant diversion, accordingly as the contestant is pleased to arrange it.

At Westbrook, N. J., on Jan. 31, a gun club was formed. Following is a list of the officers elected: President, I. Hasbrouck; Secretary, E. L. Greenin; Treasurer, V. Van Buskirk. The club will be known as the Westwood Gun Club. It contemplates engaging in active trapshooting.

The New York vs. New Jersey team race, twelve to fifteen men on a side, 25 birds per man, is fixed to take place at Interstate Park, Wednesday, Feb. 27. Sweepstakes will be shot, commencing at 10 o'clock. The team race will commence at 1 o'clock—man against man.

Under date of Feb. 2 Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, informs us that the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Jamestown, N. Y., July 10 and 11, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club, of which Dr. C. Rawson is secretary.

Under date of Feb. 4 we are informed that the date of the Peters Cartridge Company's tournament at Asheville, N. C., has been changed to March 19, 20 and 21. Maj. E. P. McKisseck, Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, is secretary and John Parker manager.

The match at 100 live birds, arranged to take place at Interstate Park on Feb. 12, between Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. S. M. Van Allen, has been postponed to Feb. 19 on account of John Wright's prize shoot, which is to be held on Feb. 12.

A trapshooter, hearing that Edward VII. had come very conspicuously to the front in a very short time, said it was strange that he never had heard of him, and further asked: "What is his highest average?"

In a contest for the championship of St. Louis, of which the Mermod trophy is the emblem, D. Cabanne successfully defended his claims against F. Fink, at 25 live birds, by the score of 23 to 18.

Thursday of this week, at 320 Broadway, room 820, there will be a meeting of the Governing Handicap Committee, at 4 o'clock P. M. The matter of handicaps will be given special consideration.

After an extended absence on a business tour in the interests of his company, the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Mr. J. J. Hallowell will retun East about the middle of the month.

The next shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, will take place on Feb. 10.

Bernard Waters.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 30.—The second race of the series of team matches between the Freehold Gun Club and the Trenton Shooting Association was won by the former by the score of 236 to 222 in the midst of a blinding snow storm, on the grounds of the Trenton Shooting Association, to-day. The wind howled and shrieked across the field, sending chunks of snow and stinging sleet into the faces of the shooters, blinding the sight and numbing the hands to such a degree that the men had a difficult time in shooting their strings of 25 up. Only three members of the local team were present, and Messrs. J. R. Taylor, Wm. H. Mickel and Dr. Coates were substituted to fill the vacancies. Hance, of Freehold, and Farlee, the local team, were high guns, with the score of 47 and 46 respectively. Snyder, of the Freehold team, and Mickel and Thomas, of the Trenton Shooting Association team, wear glasses, and their poor showing was due to the collection of snow, which soon turned to water, sticking to their spectacles, making the task of seeing the bluerocks as they whirled through the falling snow a most difficult and trying one. Billy Widmann, who was depended upon to make up any deficiencies that might be made by the rest of his team, was sadly, sadly, sadly out of form, his total out of the 50 reaching 31.

It will be remembered that the first race was won by the Trenton Shooting Association team, on the Freehold Club's grounds, some weeks ago by a margin of 15 targets. To-day the visitors turned the tables, winning by 14. According to agreement, the third race will be shot within thirty days. A coin was flipped, which was correctly called by Freehold, and they named their grounds at the battlefield. Considerable interest attaches to the result of the last trial, as each team has won a race, and both will have their strongest men up for the finish.

The scores in detail follow:

Freehold Gun Club.

Hance	1111111111110111111111111—24	
	0101111111111111111111111—23—47	
Sherman	1111101001110010110111011—17	
	0110111000000011110010111—13—30	
Burtis	0111111111101111101111110—21	
	0111110101111111011000111—18—39	
Snyder	1010101101111011111110011—18	
	1001110110011101110100111—16—34	
Vanderveer	0111001111111111111111111—22	
	1111111111101111111111111—24—46	
Muldoon	1111001111111111101011110—20	
	0011011011111111111110111—20—40—236	

Trenton Shooting Association.

Widmann	0110110001110111010101010—14	
	1110001011110111011111001—17—31	
Farlee	1111111111101111111111111—24	
	1111100111111111111110111—22—46	
Mickel	0111100011111111111101110—19	
	1100010011110011111111110—17—36	
J R Taylor	1111011101111111111111111—23	
	0001110111011111111111111—20—43	
Thomas	1111011110110110011111101—19	
	1011100111011011000001101—14—33	
Coates	0011010111011100101111100—15	
	1110100111111100111101110—18—33—222	

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10			
Vanderveer	9	8	..	..	9	..	..	..
Hance	9	9	..	..	9	7	..	..
Burtis	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Danser	6	9	..	..	7	7	..	..
Snyder	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snyder	6	5	..	..	8	6	..	..
Muldoon	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sherman	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mickel	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	8	8	14	11	10	9	..	..
Farlee	..	8	10	15	9	8	..	..
Muldoon	..	7	..	..	5	..	..	..
Thomas	..	8	14	13	6	8	..	..
Harding	..	..	13	10	..	7	..	..
Widmann	..	..	13	11	7	8	..	..
Widmann	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8
Burtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6

Event No. 1 was an optional sweep; No. 2, ditto; ties shot off miss-and-out; Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, optional cash sweeps; all ties divided; Nos. 8 and 9, cash consolation, with stakes doubled on the second attempt.

Secretary.

Keystone Shooting League.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 2.—There was a large attendance today at the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League, and on this account the two events of the programme consumed the time till darkness supervened. The first event was the challenge trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship of Philadelphia.

H. Henry was the holder, and there were twenty-four challengers. The conditions were 10 birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, sweepstake entrance $2.50. H. Henry, J. R. Painter and W. Harrison killed straight, and in the shoot-off of the tie at 3 birds per man Henry won the trophy again by killing straight. Painter lost his last bird and Harrison his second. H. Ridge also killed straight in this event, but did not compete in the tie. The scores:

F B McCoy	0220222222— 8	J R Painter	2212222221—10
F W Van Loon	1012222222— 9	J W Fees	222*021210— 7
F Albury	221*011022— 7	J Vandergrift	2111221202— 9
C Fitzgerald	20212*2012— 7	O F Prickett	2*200w
A Baltz	0222012212— 8	H Cashmore	1201221222— 9
F M Hobbs	0222222022— 8	D Sanford	2222202222— 9
W J Davis	1202222212— 9	I W Budd	0101221122— 8
H Henry	2222222222—10	M Glendenning	2*21020112— 7
E Russell	0212001*10— 5	Dr Darby	2220220222— 8
W N Stevenson	2220222222— 9	J Bremer	2201222202— 8
A Anderson	22*222220— 7	E C Geikler	2202222222— 9
H Ridge	2221222221—10	W Harrison	1111112112—10
W Wharton	2222222022— 9		

Shoot-off of ties for the trophy, 3 birds per man: Henry 3, Painter 2, Harrison 1.

The regular weekly handicap for the club's handicap championship trophy was the second event, and the conditions were 10 birds per man, sweepstake, $2.50 entrance.

Vandergrift, Cashmore and Sanford killed straight. As points are awarded in this event the ties were not shot off.

As a special feature for the day's shooting the club offered two prizes, to be won by the two men making the best scores in the total of the two events, and Henry, Cashmore, Davis, Van Loon, Vandergrift and Sanford tied with 19 out of 20. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Henry won first prize by killing 9 straight. Cashmore killed 8 straight and lost his last bird dead out of bounds. Davis killed 3 and lost his fourth dead over the wire. Van Loon and Vandergrift each killed two and then lost their third out of bounds, while Sanford went out on his second bird. The scores:

McCoy, 30	2222222222—10	Painter, 29	2212100201— 7
Van Loon, 30	1222221212—10	Fees, 28	0200202222— 6
Albury, 29	1*12*12212— 8	Vandergrift, 30	2221211222—10
Fitzgerald, 29	1121220112— 9	Prickett, 28	20120*22w
Baltz, 28	0110221122— 8	Cashmore, 30	2122222222—10
Hobbs, 30	2222222220— 9	Sanford, 30	2222222222—10
Davis, 28	1222212212—10	Budd, 30	2222022220— 8
Henry, 30	0212222122— 9	Darby, 29	022222*022— 7
Russell, 29	2221221122—10	Brewer, 29	2111002222— 8
Stevenson, 30	2220222222— 9	Geikler, 29	020*2020w
Anderson, 30	2222202222— 9	Harrison, 30	211011112*— 8
Wynn, 27	11212*2102— 8	Morris, 30	022222*220— 7
Wharton, 29	*12222022*— 7	Emson, 29	2220212022— 8

Shoot-off of the ties for the special prizes, miss-and-out:

Henry	212221222	Van Loon	22*
Cashmore	22212222*	Vandergrift	21*
Davis	222*	Sanford	20

Catchpole Gun Club.

Wolcott, N. Y., Jan 3.—Herewith please find scores made at our shoot held on Jan. 31. The weather conditions were bad. A heavy wind and blinding snow storm prevailed most of the day, which cut down the attendance and also made the shooting difficult.

The regular programme was abandoned, and a series of mostly 10-target events adopted, one money, high gun taking all. Messrs. Knapp and Knox, of Auburn, N. Y., were the only visiting sportsmen present. These two gentlemen, with our home shooters, kept the traps warm during the whole day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wadsw'rth.	9	12	7	8	10	6	9	7	11	9	7	9	8	8	9	8	8	5	3	9	..
Knapp	5	12	9	5	9	8	9	6	11	6	5	8	9	10	8	8	7	8	6	8	9
Knox	6	9	1	7	3	3	6	9	6	6	7	5	7	9	8	8	6	9	7	8	9
Fowler	8	9	9	8	8	9	8	10	9	9	7	9	8	10	8	6	6	10	8	7	..
Burke	7	12	10	7	7	9	8	7	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	6	9	..
Foster	6	7	7	7	9	4	5	7	12	..	..	..	7	9	7	9	7	8	9	8	..

E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Cabanne—Fink.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 3.—Duthiel Cabanne successfully defended his title to the championship of St. Louis at pigeon shooting to-day by defeating Fred Fink for the Mermod trophy. The day was about the worst imaginable, with a mist hanging over and a sloppy snow laying on the ground, while, to add to the shooters' difficulties, the birds were a selected lot of white ones. Cabanne's score of 23 under the conditions was most creditable, while his opponent was also pointing the gun well, but had the misfortune to have 6 fall dead over the bounds. Cabanne stood at 31yds. and Fink at 29. The scores were:

Fink	22*2212111**1221021*1*22*—18
Cabanne	21212122122*1222221212022—23

Following this event was a 10-bird sweep, which was won by Chas. Spencer, with a straight score. The scores were:

Scudder	1111121120— 9	Prendergast	0212201122— 8
Bond	2021221212— 9	Fresch	0121211121— 9
Cabanne	2102220102— 7	Spencer	2222122111—10
Gaines	2222112202— 9		

Ossining Gun Club.

Sing Sing, N. Y., Feb. 2.—The regular weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was fairly well attended. The best shooting of the day was by W. P. Hall, who shot a 90 per cent. gait. The wind conditions were favorable for good scores. Several of the events were matches between members, which livened up the sport:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Birds:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p
N Tuttle	3	3	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Smith	1	2	4	1	3	..	..	..	..	..
W Hall	9	9	8	9	9	10	8	9	8	4
C Blandford	8	8	9	8	6	10	8	..	..	6
S Macbeth	2	4	2	3	4	3	..	..	..	..
D Brandreth	6	8	9	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
J Hitchcock	5	5	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Fisher	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Garnsey	6	3	5	3	7	2	7	..	..	..
A Bedell	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. C.

Ambler Gun Club.

Ambler, Pa., Jan. 30.—The snow storm which prevailed to-day made exceedingly difficult weather conditions for the shooters of the Ambler Gun Club, the storm driving into the faces of the shooters as they faced the traps. The scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets: S. McAlonan 9, J. Bradfield 8, Dillon 18, Knight 11, Yarnall 16, M. McAlonan 9, Pfleger 17, Conway 9, Yerkes 18, Johnson 10, Bisbing 17, Parks 8, H. Bradfield 11, Haywood 16, Huber 9, Reid 3. Dillon won out on the shoot-off.

Sweepstakes.—First event, 10 birds up: Haywood 9, Bisbing 9, Dillon 9, Pfleger 9, Yarnall 7, Parks 8.

Second event, 10 birds: Parks 6, Haywood 5, Pfleger 7, Dillon 7, Bisbing 8.

Third event, 10 birds: Bisbing 7, Pfleger 7, Haywood 7, Dillon 5, Yarnall 9, Parks 7.

Fourth event, miss-and-out: Haywood 9, Parks 9, Dillon 8, Bisbing 14, and Pfleger 13.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

WESTERN TRAPS.

Intercity Team Race Revived.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 2.—There is at this time a very good chance that the project of a team race between the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, and the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, may be revived, and perhaps brought to a successful issue. Under date of Jan. 29 Mr. E. E. Rogers, chairman of the shooting committee of the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, wrote to Mr. J. H. Amberg, president of the Garden City Gun Club, in terms which leave every hope that we shall see this team race shot at an early date. Mr. Rogers states that he has been sick, and hence has not taken up the matter as he should have done. He suggests a team of twelve men from the National Gun Club to meet a team of a similar number from the Garden City Gun Club, the race to be shot at the National Gun Club grounds, in Milwaukee, the shooting to be in squads of four, at 15 birds per man, birds at 20 cents, losers to pay for the birds. The visitors will be given a light banquet on the day of the race, and a return race will be shot at Chicago. American Association rules of 1899 to govern, except where such rules may conflict with local ground rules. Members of the National Gun Club from whom the team would be chosen for Milwaukee will be as follows: Messrs. Keifer, Houghton, Vose, Deiter, Klapinski, Burnham, Sherer, Bush, Collins, King, Stuth, Potter, Blake, Rogers, Case, Miexner, Thomas, Reed, Pettit and Silverman. The team for the Garden City Club has not been selected. There are one or two little points besides the above which remain to be adjusted, but at a meeting of the Garden City Gun Club held this morning it was stated by Mr. Levi, secretary of the club, that all these matters would in all likelihood be arranged at an early date, and that the race would probably be shot at Milwaukee on Tuesday, Feb. 12. It is much to be hoped that this contest will be brought off, for when properly conducted these intercity races are promoters of good fellowship. It is even money which city would win, for each club can put up a good team.

In Town.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, of New York, is in the city this morning and will be in the West for some days. Mr. Quimby is looking younger every minute. He brings to the shooters of this vicinity the very welcome news that Capt. A. W. Money, of the E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., is recovering nicely from the misfortune to which he was lately subjected at the hands of a New York shooter. It need hardly be added, in view of Capt. Money's reputation as a gentleman and a sportsman, that he has the sympathy and the entire confidence of every sportsman of the West, as well as of the East.

Live Birds.

We are having now good, clear winter weather, splendid for live-bird shooting and a good thing for Garfield and other clubs whose events are now calling them to the traps. It has not been a very memorable winter in Chicago live-bird circles, and it would be a welcome thing if some one would get up a good, stiff pigeon match of the old kind.

Rolla Heikes' Midwinter Shoot.

Jan. 31.—Rolla Heikes and Jack Hallowell are having just a little more fun to-day than anybody else in the wide, wide world. The midwinter target shoot is turning out a hummer, as the scores of the first day show, with their roll of the steadies. Rolla said that he was going to have "an oldtime shoot," and there doesn't exist any room for doubt that he is doing that same at this writing. The balance for the first day shows Pork Chops Neal, of Bloomington, Ind., high gun, 191, with the Pa of the shoot, the Bald Eagle of Dayton, second in the tie with Fred Gilbert, 190. One can imagine the benevolent smile with which Jack Hallowell will hand Pork Chops his envelope at the close of the day's labor. Fanning, Alkire, Trimble, Burnside, Gambell, McDonald, Parker, Courtney, Mackie and a lot others of the regulars are doing business with the birds, and the first day stamps the shoot a winner.

Si Palmer's Invitation Shoot.

You Uncle Si Palmer pulled off another of his enjoyable little invitation shoots at the Ackerman farm, at Glen Ellyn, a pretty suburb west of Chicago, on Jan. 29, having out with him a half dozen of his friends, who had the pleasure of seeing some of the trained farm birds lie them thence to the barn. Eddie Bingham seems to have got the combination better than anybody else, for he stopped 63 out of 66, which is record for that locality. The main event was at 25 birds, and in this W. B. Leffingwell scored 21, J. B. Barto 19, Eddie Bingham 24, S. Palmer 21, J. Bowles 13, Mr. Hicks 15. They then made up a handicap, Bowles and Hicks getting 6 birds extra, and the scores were Bingham 23, Palmer 16, Leffingwell 16, Barto 18, Bowles 22, Hicks 18.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

The officers of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association are laboring hard to get everything in good shape for the big shoot next May (May 21-25), and there seems to be a very good interest manifested in the coming tournament. Among clubs now enrolled are the following: The Crescent, Audubon, Garfield, Hennepin, Chicago, Garden City, Fearless and West Pullman, of Chicago; Aledo, Blue Island, Clinton, Dixon, Evanston, Elgin, National, Dupont, of Freeport; Farmer City, Geneseo, Grand Crossing, La Grange, Eureka, of Lyons; Long Lake, Douglass, of La Vergne; Sunday and Highland, of Moline, O.; Rainmaker, of Ottawa; Piper City, Peoria and Twin City, of Peoria; Quincy, Trisi County, of Reddicks; Rockford, Rock Island, Maple Leaf, of Sycamore; Sidell, Illinois, of Springfield; Wyoming and Piasa, of Alton.

Crown Point, of Indiana.

Crown Point Gun Club, of Indiana, shot in a high, cold wind Jan. 25, with following results, Youche having high average, 94 per cent.:

Trophy shoot:

Youche	111111111111111—15	Hilebrant	011001111101111—11
Burge	111101111111111—14	Brannon	101011100110001— 7
Keeney	111111111011011—13	Green	100101011110110— 9
McCoy	111111111011011—13	Swartz	110111101100111—11

Sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	Targets:	10	10	15	10	10
Youche	10	8	14	10	10	Swartz	7	8	11	8	6
Burge	8	8	12	9	..	Hilebrant	8	7	..	..	..
Keeney	6	7	..	8	6	Brannon	6	..	..	..	..
McCoy	7	..	..	..	..	Green	..	4	10	6	6

As Reported by a Golf Player.

Pigeon shooting as reported by a golf player may be seen below in the story of the Wishininne Club team race, mentioned in these columns some days earlier. A Chicago local sporting paper, with customary accuracy, reports that the teams were Messrs. Clarke and Dennis on one side against Messrs. Wells and Haskell on the other, and that, "while the latter were reported to be the better shots, they failed to show their form." The facts were, as stated in the FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. Clarke and Mr. Haskell were partners, and shot against Mr. Wells and Mr. Dennis. Nobody showed his form especially, except Col. Haskell, to determine whose skill this match was especially arranged. He came out where the wagers put him, and has been very quiet at the meetings of the Wishininnes ever since. But this is what the golf player does by way of getting a trap story, and it is all there, and since you see it in the FOREST AND STREAM, you may feel that the teams are paired off as they shot, and not hitched up wrong. The birds were said by John Watson to be as hard as any he has trapped for a long time. The local paper says, "A fairly good lot, but not up to Watson's standard." Scores à la golf:

Burnside, Jan. 22.—Two-men team match, 50 birds to team, 25 birds to man. Teams—J. V. Clarke and W. H. Haskell against W. L. Wells and Chas. S. Dennis:

First round—Clarke vs. Dennis:

Clarke	2200022102120021212221101—18
Dennis	1120120112222221122221112—23

Second round—Haskell vs. Wells:

Haskell	002021000101100	—6
Wells	101011121202221	—12

Clarke and Haskell here gave up match.

Summary:

Wells and Dennis killed 35, missed 5; total 40.

Clarke and Haskell killed 24, missed 16; total 40.

Wells and Dennis win by 11 up and 10 to play.

Will Be There.

I saw Tom Divine, "dear old Tom Divine," as the boys call him, down at Memphis this past week, and he told me that he was surely going to be on hand for the handicapping work at New York the coming month of March, and that perhaps he might take a hand in the Grand American himself, just to get rid of his money. Tom is not so strong as he should be—has been sick all winter and ought not to be at work—but he is the same cheerful Tom, and it is much to be hoped that this representative Southern shooter can keep his own intention and be at the handicap. It will be worth while to go just to see Tom Divine.

Lincoln, of Illinois.

Lincoln Gun Club, of Illinois, held its tri-weekly trophy contest on the grounds near Dunning this week, with the following scores:

Chase, W. F. Carpenter and E. Aver captured the three class trophies. Scores:

Shoot No. 1: Chase 9, Levey 8, Fraunholz 10, Becker 6, W. F. Carpenter 7, Nyman 5, W. T. Carpenter 6, Aver 6.

Shoot No. 2: Chase 8, Levey 7, Fraunholz 7, Becker 5, W. F. Carpenter 6, Nyman 4, W. T. Carpenter 5, Aver 5.

Shoot No. 3: Chase 9, Levey 9, Fraunholz 9, W. F. Carpenter 7, Becker 6, W. T. Carpenter 5, Nyman 4, Aver 5.

Shoot No. 4, trophy shoot, 25 birds: Chase 23, Levey 18, Fraunholz 19, W. F. Carpenter 20, Becker 12, W. T. Carpenter 13, Nyman 10, Aver 12.

Shoot No. 5, 15-bird sweepstake: Chase 14, Levey 12, Fraunholz 13, W. F. Carpenter 10.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Feb. 2.—The inclosed scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the ninth trophy shoot of the season. Dr. Shaw carried off the honors of the day by being the only one to go straight in the trophy event. The entire shoot was brought off in a rather sharp snow storm, and it was decidedly chilling and unpleasant weather to be out in. The birds were a fast lot, as the large number of dead outs testify. The attendance was good, considering weather conditions:

	Trophy.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Thomas, 28	21*0211202— 7	102202—4	121012—5
Keck, 28	0210*12*00— 4	21*0*2—3	.....
Barnard, 30	21*0221122— 8	210002—3	120212—5
Delano, 27	2202202101— 7	011111—5	110111—5
McDonald, 28	1111111021— 9	112010—4	211112—6
McHie, 30	2212021002— 7	101211—5	.....
Dorman, 28	1211111002— 8	002102—3	1*2*11—4
Dr Shaw, 31	2222222222—10	*11212—5	22012*—4
T W Eaton, 30	1222212221*— 9	2**11*—3	112112—6
Dr Mathews, 29	112*211212— 9	122111—6	.....
Dr Meek, 31	22111112*1— 9	101211—5	.....
McWilliams, 30	1120111012— 8	112111—6	.....
Sweezy, 30	2100221211— 8	2*1202—4	212211—6
Ellis, 29	.....	.....	21*112—5

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 2.—The shoot of the Chicago Gun Club today resulted as follows:

J P Bowles, 27	212220012121102—12
A A Walters, 27	011000*1220w
E M Steck, 30	1222210222122222—14
W D Stannard, 30	2222022221212212—14
L C Willard, 30	0222212221121112—14
Dr C W Carson, 29	1000102121212222—11
Dr R B Miller, 30	1012110122211 2*—12
R B Mack, 27	2011111211020 21—12
C Antoine, 30	2222011201122 12—13
Balmer, 27	0100010 02*20*01— 5
*L H Carr, 28	2110012120222 12—12
*J Pumphrey, 27	1112012121211 12—14
*Mullins, 28	0200111 1*122012—10

*Not members.

Wind incoming. It was dark, and snowing all the afternoon.

Two-dollar sweep, two moneys:

Steck, 30	12212—5	Mullins, 28	02101—3
Willard, 30	11111—5	Stannard, 30	22111—5
Dr Carson, 29	12122—5	Walters, 27	20120—3
Bowles, 27	11122—5	Robertson, 30	20200—2
Mack, 27	01111—4	Sawyer, 30	22110—4
Antoine, 30	10111—4		

R. O. Heikes' Midwinter Tournament.

DAYTON, O.—The three days' tournament given by Mr. R. O. Heikes, on the grounds of the Buckeye Gun Club, Jan. 30, 31 and Feb. 1, was notable for the excellence of the shooting and the steadiness with which the majority shot through the entire programme. Many of the famous shots of America engaged in the competition.

On the first day Mr. E. A. Neal was high average with .955, breaking 191 targets out of a possible 200. Heikes and Gilbert tied on 190 breaks, each averaging 95 per cent., one-half of one per cent. less than Neal. Tripp was fourth with .945; Rhoads fifth with .935; Fanning was sixth with .935; Sanford .920; Alkire and Burnside .885; Trimble .880; Squier .875.

The programme was alike for each day. The entrance was based on 10 cents per target. To each event $5 was added, except the sixth, which had $10 added. In the 15-target events the money was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. In the 20 and 25 target events it was divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Contestants making 90 per cent. or more the first and second days paid $2 extra entrance for the succeeding day, which formed a fund, which was divided equally among the men shooting through the entire programme who had not averaged on the first or second day 90 per cent. or better.

To the first high gun of the entire programme there was a prize of a silver pitcher; to second, $10; to third, $6; to fourth, $4.

The traps were one set Sergeant system, one magautrap.

The ground was covered with snow, and the glare bothered the boys some, although it was cloudy most of the time.

The first day was quite cold, and Elmer Neal showed the boys how to break them, missing but 9 out of 200, Heikes and Gilbert following with 10 each.

The second day was a very cold one, as the mercury went to 5 degrees below zero at 7 A. M., yet there was an average of twenty men who shot through the programme of 200 targets. Many of the local men did not turn out on this account.

Heikes led the men on the last day by a good margin. He made a run of 126 straight and Fanning, his nearest competitor, made 63, but finished with 15 misses for the day against Heikes' 6. Gilbert and Neal were still having a hot race for second place for the two days, Neal with 25 misses and Gilbert with 26.

Rhoads and Tripp, two important factors in the average race, were obliged to leave on the evening of the second day.

The third day saw Heikes still maintain his lead. Gilbert tied him for the day's average, but the Bald Eagle had beaten him 10 targets in the 600.

Neal shot a sturdy race, but Gilbert overhauled him, and won out by 2 targets for the three days—verily a close race.

Fanning landed in fourth place without any opposition, as no one below him reached 90 per cent.

The shoot was well attended, considering the severe weather.

The manufacturers' agents present were: Fred Gilbert, Winchester, Dupont and Parker; J. R. Hull, Parker Brothers; J. S. Fanning and W. Tramp Irwin, L. & R. Powder Company; Luther Squier, Dupont; Mr. Phellis, Hazard; Mr. Fort, Ballistite; Col. A. G. Courtney and E. D. Fulford, Remington; R. O. Heikes, U. M. C.; J. H. Mackie and John Parker, Peters; J. J. Hallowell, U. M. C.; Ralph Trimble, W. R. A. Company.

The amateurs were of the best, such as E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis, Ind.; E. E. Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.; Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; R. S. Rhoads, Columbus, O.; Arthur Gambell, Cincinnati, O.; M. C. Sanford, Clyde, O.; Frank Alkire, Woodlyn, O., and W. Scott McDonald, C. Miller, A. Mumma, Dr. Palmer, Dr. Adams and Webb Wempler, of Dayton.

On Saturday the Miami Gun Club invited the visitors remaining over to participate in a 25-live-bird race. There were six visitors who shot, and they filled all the four places. Burnside killed 25 alone, Heikes, Fanning and Gilbert divided on 24, Hallowell scored 23 alone and Hull 21 alone, all of the local shooters falling below these scores:

The scores follow:

Wednesday, Jan. 30, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	20	15	20	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.	Av.
Neal	15	18	14	20	19	25	15	18	14	18	15	191	.955
Tripp	15	20	15	19	18	25	14	17	15	17	14	189	.945
Burnside	14	16	15	18	19	23	13	15	13	17	14	177	.885
Gilbert	14	18	13	20	18	25	13	19	15	20	15	190	.950
Parker	12	16	12	18	18	23	10	16	12	17	12	166	.830
Gambel	13	15	11	19	16	22	14	11	15	16	14	166	.830
Squier	11	15	13	18	20	24	14	16	14	16	14	175	.875
Phil	9	18	12	17	15	21	11	16	10	19	12	160	.800
Trimble	12	18	12	19	19	23	13	18	11	20	11	176	.880
Rhoads	15	19	15	18	20	25	14	16	15	18	13	187	.935
Courtney	11	19	10	20	14	22	13	18	14	11	13	165	.825
Haswell	9	12	12	14	12	18	13	10	10	11	7	128	.640
Hicks	13	14	13	18	20	22	15	16	14	15	14	174	.870
Sanford	13	18	15	18	19	24	15	18	12	19	13	184	.920
Fort	13	11	12	19	17	22	8	16	15	14	12	159	.795
Heikes	12	19	15	19	19	25	15	18	14	19	15	190	.950
McDonald	10	15	11	19	19	22	14	17	12	18	14	171	.855
Alkire	13	17	13	19	17	25	13	18	13	15	14	177	.885
Hull	10	18	11	18	18	24	15	9	11	15	11	160	.800
Fanning	15	19	13	19	18	25	14	19	15	18	12	187	.935
Shwind	12	16	12	13	17	21	9	15	11	13	11	150	.750
Mackie	13	17	11	16	17	19	14	12	13	11	10	153	.765
Miller	12	17	15	20	16	22	13	17	9	18	12	171	.855
Mumma	13	17	12	13	17	21	11	14	13	18	13	162	.810
Tramp	12	18	8	..	18	16	12	16	10	18	11	139	.772
Balheim	8	18	10	..	..	..	13	15	11	..	..	75	.750
Matthews	12	10	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	41	.683
Wing	13	19	15	18	16	24	12	17	9	16	11	170	.850
Fulford	11	18	12	17	18	24	10	17	14	13	14	168	.840
Wampler	..	..	..	..	18	22	12	16	10	17	10	105	.807
Palmer	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	17	.680
Tippy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	18	..	23	.509
Stark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	24	.685
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	.600

Thursday, Jan. 31, Second Day.

The feature of the day was a run of 126 consecutive breaks made by Mr. R. O. Heikes.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	20	15	20	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.	Av.
Neal	12	18	14	19	19	24	15	18	12	18	15	184	.920
Tripp	14	18	13	18	18	21	13	19	14	19	14	180	.900
Burnside	14	17	14	16	18	22	11	15	14	18	13	172	.860
Gilbert	12	17	14	16	19	23	15	19	15	19	15	184	.920
Parker	12	15	11	16	13	20	13	18	11	17	13	159	.795
Gambel	12	16	13	16	15	23	12	18	11	19	13	168	.840
Squier	12	16	13	16	15	23	12	18	11	19	13	183	.915
Phil	11	16	10	20	18	25	14	19	12	18	14	177	.885
Trimble	10	19	14	18	12	20	13	15	13	16	12	162	.810
Rhoads	15	19	12	18	19	22	14	19	14	19	13	184	.920
Courtney	13	16	12	15	18	20	11	15	13	13	10	156	.780
Sanford	14	17	13	18	19	22	14	17	13	17	10	174	.870
Mackie	10	12	11	15	18	17	9	15	11	14	9	141	.705
Fort	14	20	15	17	16	22	13	20	13	16	12	178	.890
Fulford	12	15	14	19	19	20	14	19	14	15	11	172	.860
Heikes	14	18	15	20	20	25	15	19	15	19	14	194	.970
North	..	15	9	9	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	53	.530
Alkire	15	18	10	18	18	25	14	17	13	16	15	179	.895
Hull	13	19	15	19	15	23	13	16	12	18	13	176	.880
Fanning	15	20	15	18	18	22	14	19	14	18	12	185	.925
Tramp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	10	17	11	56	.800
Cain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	15	30	.856
Thornhill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	12	30	.856
Emrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	13	31	.885
Tippy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	14	.700
Matthews	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	18	.900
Lindemuth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	.100

Friday, Feb. 1, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	20	15	20	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.	Av.
Neal	13	19	14	19	18	23	13	19	13	18	15	184	.920
Fulford	13	20	10	20	19	24	14	19	12	18	12	181	.905
Burnside	11	18	9	15	15	21	9	7	14	19	12	160	.800
Gilbert	13	19	12	20	19	24	15	20	13	20	13	187	.935
Fort	5	19	11	15	13	23	13	18	10	17	7	151	.755
Gambel	9	17	9	17	12	20	11	17	13	19	12	156	.780
Squier	13	10	14	14	15	20	14	19	13	17	14	172	.860
Phil	13	19	9	15	17	23	11	19	12	19	9	166	.830
Mumma	7	20	12	18	17	23	11	18	10	14	12	163	.815
Heikes	15	17	13	19	18	25	15	19	14	18	14	187	.935
Sanford	13	18	13	19	15	23	14	17	9	16	9	166	.830
Alkire	10	19	12	19	17	23	15	19	14	17	11	176	.880
Hull	11	20	13	18	20	21	15	18	10	16	13	175	.875
Fanning	13	16	12	13	19	24	14	20	14	19	14	178	.890
Courtney	12	19	12	16	15	22	11	14	11	14	11	157	.785
Tate	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	22	.733
Matthews	11	18	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	36	.720
Trimble	13	19	15	17	16	23	9	20	10	16	12	170	.850
Adamson	..	15	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	32	.711
Palmer	..	..	9	18	18	22	11	..	..	..	..	78	.821
Parker	..	..	..	17	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	55	.846
Cain	..	..	..	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	28	.700
Shwind	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	15	8	16	11	69	.726
Tippy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	17	.850

General Averages.

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total Broke.	Av.
Heikes	190	194	187	571	.951
Gilbert	190	184	187	561	.935
Neal	191	184	184	559	.931
Fanning	187	185	178	550	.916
Burnside	177	172	160	509	.848
Gambel	166	168	156	490	.816
Squier	175	183	172	530	.883
Phil	160	177	166	503	.838
Trimble	176	162	170	508	.846
Courtney	165	156	157	478	.796
Sanford	184	174	166	524	.873
Fort	159	178	151	488	.813
Alkire	177	179	176	532	.886
Hull	160	176	175	511	.851
Fulford	168	172	181	521	.868

Programme of Cleveland Gun Club.

THE Cleveland Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., has announced its programme for this year as follows:

Jan. 10 and 31, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2 P. M.

Feb. 7, club shoot at live birds, 1:30 P. M.; 14 and 26, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2 P. M.; 22, Washington's Birthday prize shoot, 9 A. M.

March 7, club shoot at live birds, 1:30 P. M.; 14 and 28, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2 P. M.

April 6, annual smoker. 9 A. M.; 11 and 26, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2:30 P. M.; 18, club shoot at live birds, 2 P. M.

May 9, and 30, semi-monthly shoot at targets, 2:30 P. M.; 30, Decoration Day sweepstakes, 9 A. M.

June 10, twenty-first anniversary social shoot, 9 A. M.; 13 and 27, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2:30 P. M.; 19, 20 and 21, Interstate shoot (three-day tournament).

July 4, sweepstakes, 9 A. M.; 11 and 26, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2:30 P. M.

Aug. 8 and 29, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2:30 P. M.

Sept. 2, Labor Day, grand merchandise shoot, 9 A. M.; 12 and 26, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2:30 P. M.

Oct. 10 and 31, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2 P. M.

Nov. 14 and 28, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2 P. M.; 28, Thanksgiving Day sweepstakes, 9 A. M.

Dec. 12 and 26, semi-monthly club shoot at targets, 2, P. M.

Jan. 1, 1902, New Year's Day merchandise shoot, 9 A. M.

Summer Saturday matinees will begin on June 1, 1901, at 3 P. M. Suitable prizes will be awarded in same.

Dates for live-bird shoots during fall season will be posted later. There will be ten valuable prizes, consisting of cups, etc., to be awarded to the ten men getting the greatest number of points during the year of 1901. A shooter to be eligible to win must compete in twenty or more of the regular semi-monthly target shoots. Class shooting to govern awarding of prizes.

A cup will also be given to the shooter—a member of this club—making the first perfect score in any of the regular semi-monthly or Saturday matinee target events. Semi-monthly target events shall consist of 40 targets. The Saturday matinee events shall consist of 50 targets.

H. C. Hirschy Live Bird Trophy.

Under date of Jan. 27 Mr. H. C. Hirschy, Minneapolis, Minn., sends us the following:

Owing to the lack of interest taken by shooters throughout the Northwest in the H. C. Hirschy trophy, emblematic of the championship of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota and South Dakota, it has been deemed advisable to change the rules governing the prize, with the hope of creating greater interest in the contests. Heretofore contests for the trophy have been limited to two men, the holder and challenger. Under the new rules, when the holder is challenged as many shooters as desire may enter the contest, and the purses will be divided under the Rose system, which, as shooters know, is a most fair system for the division of prize money.

The first contest after the adoption of the new rules will take place on the afternoon of Jan. 29, at 2 o'clock, L. E. Parker, of Minneapolis, having challenged Mr. Morrison, the present holder. French and Hirschy, of Minneapolis, have also entered, and other entries are expected. All interested in the sport are invited to attend.

H. C. Hirschy Live Bird Trophy Rules.

Open to shooters who are residents of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Dakota and South Dakota.

The holder of trophy to hold and defend the same, subject to the following rules and conditions:

1. All contests for this trophy shall be shot under American Association rules.

2. All challenge contests shall be shot at 30yds. rise, 25 pigeons each man, $10 entrance, birds extra.

3. The holder of the trophy shall be subject to challenge by the posting of a forfeit of $10 with W. P. Brown, manager of the Intercity Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn., for a match; the holder to name the place, date and hour of the shoot. The date to be within fifteen days after the challenge, the holder to deposit $10 with W. P. Brown within five days after challenge or forfeit trophy. The holder shall give the challenger at least ten days notice by filing the same with W. P. Brown, manager of the Intercity Shooting Park, of the time and place of contest, and said W. P. Brown shall forthwith give notice of the time and date of said contest by publishing the same in the daily papers of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and in the various sportsmen's papers, and by personally notifying the challenger. All shooters eligible to contest for the trophy shall be entitled to enter the contest on the same terms as the challenger. Entries, except challenger, will not be required to deposit forfeit. No entry will be taken after first gun in contest has been fired. The holder of the trophy shall deliver the same at place of contest in good condition.

4. Donor reserves the right of asking guarantee for safe return of trophy, and also the right to call in trophy at any time for the purpose of offering it in open competition by paying holder $20. Any eligible gun club within the State of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota or South Dakota may have trophy to offer in open competition by paying holder of trophy $20 and guaranteeing a purse of $200.

5. In open competition contests shall be under handicap conditions.

6. In open competitions the club under whose auspices the shoot is given shall have the right to appoint handicap committee.

7. In the event of the death or removal from the States mentioned of the holder of the trophy at any time before the final contest, the trophy shall revert to H. C. Hirschy, to be again offered in open competition under the rules and conditions herein specified.

8. At the expiration of three years from the date of the first contest the winners of the trophy, either in open competition or by challenge, shall engage in a special 25-bird race, $15 entrance, bird sincluded, for the absolute possession of the trophy, the money to be divided according to the will of the majority of the contestants, and in the event of their being unable to agree on that point the division of such moneys shall be decided by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, the doner. Said contest shall take place at the Intercity Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn., or at such other place as the donor may be decide is to the best interest of those eligible to contest.

9. The holder of the trophy shall provide suitable grounds and the best live pigeons obtainable, at a nominal price, not to exceed 25 cents each.

10. The distance between the home of the challenger and the home of the holder will be considered fair and neutral. Should the holder of the trophy, through any mean intention, name a place at a greater distance he will be required, before the contest takes place, to pay to the challenger the excess expenses which he has incurred by failing to name a neutral place.

11. Ties for trophy must be shot off on same day of contest if possible, and shall be at 5 birds, until decided.

12. This trophy shall not be shot for on Sunday.

13. In open competitions the handicaps shall be from 30 to 26yds., $10 entrance, birds extra.

14. In open competitions the moneys shall be divided under the Rose system—four moneys, with ratios of 5, 3, 2, 1.

15. In challenge contests the moneys shall be divided under the Rose system, as follows: 1. In contests with two contestants, one money. 2. In contests with more than two contestants, and not more than five, two moneys, with ratio of 5, 3. 3. In contests with more than five contestants and not more than ten, three moneys, with ratios of 5, 3, 2. 4. In contests with more than ten contestants, four moneys, with ratios of 5, 3, 2, 1.

National Sportsmen's Association Tournament.

In respect to its forthcoming tournament the National Sportsmen's Association have issued a programme as follows:

The Roof Garden Tournament.

The third annual tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association, open to the world, will be held March 2 to 16.

Herewith is presented the National Sportsmen's Association's programme of their third annual target tournament, to be held on the roof of Madison Square Garden, New York, March 2 to 16.

Excepting a few slight changes, it is the same as that which governed the like tournament of last year.

The competition which this programme affords is so comprehensive in its scope as a test of nerve, knowledge and skill, and so highly appreciated by the public at large for its other distinctive meritorious features, that the management deems it well worthy of another trial.

While being simple of arrangement and easily understood by all, it is so devised as to meet the requirements of every class of shooters, whether it be those who desire to test their shooting qualities pleasurably under novel conditions for a few moments only, to compete against the recognized experts in a few events or to compete expert against expert, etc., days in succession in the most exacting and difficult of competitions.

Trophies are provided for the longest runs of consecutive breaks and the highest score of each day in the two events respectively, besides further liberal provision of valuable trophies for the grand aggregates.

To the end that nothing be denied the competitors, in the way of full opportunity to make their best showing, they have the privilege of re-entering as many times as they are pleased to do so.

As in prior tournaments of the National Sportsmen's Association, a magautrap, run by an electric motor, will be used to throw the targets.

In consequence of Wednesdays and Saturdays being matinee days of the Garden Theater, no shooting will take place on the afternoons of those days.

The perfect management, equipment and convenience of the trapshooting competition, its low entry fee (practically for the price of targets only), the high character of the gentlemen sportsmen who patronize it, the world-wide prestige of the National Sportsmen's Association's competitive events, the trophies to be won, and the honors of which they are emblematic, and its high merit as an educational institution, deservedly claim the interest and support of all who compete with the shotgun and all who admire wholesome sport.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, has again accepted the invitation to manage the Roof Garden tournament, and it will be solely under his management. His assistants have been selected by him with a view to their special fitness for the service required. Thus the perfection of every detail is insured.

Continuous Match—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 A. M. to 12:30 P. M.—Four prizes are donated by the National Sportsmen's Association to the four contestants making the four longest runs of consecutive breaks in this match. No contestant can win more than one of these four prizes.

No run of consecutive breaks made in any other competition will be allowed to count for prizes in the Continuous Match.

All targets will be thrown at unknown angles. Entrance fee 25 cents, in addition to cost of targets at 1½ cents each.

Re-entries are unlimited.

Prizes in the Continuous Match are as follows: To the contestant making the longest run of consecutive breaks will be donated a handsome trophy. To the contestant making the second longest run of consecutive breaks will be donated a gold medal. To the contestant making the third longest run of consecutive breaks will be donated a silver medal. To the contestant making the fourth longest run of consecutive breaks will be donated a bronze medal.

In addition to the above four prizes, the management will donate each day a prize to the contestant making the longest run of consecutive breaks on that day in this match.

Sportsmen's Association Championship—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 12:30 to 5 P. M.—Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.—Conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles, entrance 50 cents, in addition to cost of targets at 1½ cents each. Re-entries unlimited.

From Saturday, March 2, unti Friday, March 15, inclusive, except Wednesdays and Saturdays, as above mentioned, and Sundays, the traps will be open from 12:30 to 5 P. M. for contestants to qualify for the final round in the Championship contest, which will take place on Saturday, March 16.

The conditions of the final round will be 100 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance price of targets at 1½ cents each.

The contestants who are eligible to compete in the final round of the championship contest are the twenty-five contestants having respectively the twenty-five highest totals made in the previous qualifying rounds shot on any of the preceding days of the tournament.

No contestant can qualify with more than one score, that score being the highest made by him in the qualifying rounds.

As re-entries for the qualifying rounds are unlimited, any contestant can, in respect to them, try to better any record made by him.

The prizes in the Sportsmen's Association Championship are as follows:

To the winner in the final round of the Championship contest will be donated a handsome trophy, emblematic of the Sportsmen's Association Championship. This trophy becomes the property of the winner. To the contestant making the second highest score will be donated a gold medal. To the contestant making the third highest score will be donated a silver medal. To the contestant making the fourth highest score will be donated a bronze medal.

In addition to the above prizes, the management will donate a prize each day to the contestant making the highest score in the qualifying rounds shot that day.

General Average.—A special prize, a handsome gold medal, will be given by the National Sportsmen's Association to the shooter making the best general average for the Sportsmen's Association Championship.

To qualify for this prize the contestant must take part in the comptetition every day, except the first day, Saturday, March 2. His final score for the Sportsmen's Association Championship will be also counted for this average. No re-entry score will be counted for this average. Should a contestant shoot two or more scores of 100 targets each on any one day, his first score on that day shall alone be credited for this average. To the contestant making the second best average under the above conditions will be awarded a silver medal. To the contestant making the third best average under the above conditions will be awarded a bronze medal.

Note.—Any question that may arise, and that is not covered by the above conditions, will be passed upon and decided by the committee.

Intending contestants can ship guns and shells in care of James C. Young, Madison Square Garden, New York city.

ON LONG ISLAND.

John Wright's Shoot.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 29.—Notwithstanding the cold weather a goodly turnout of shooters were in attendance at John Wright's live-bird shoot to-day, at Interstate Park. In the main event, at 15 birds, Mr. J. F. Wellbrock and Dr. Webber scored the limit and divided. The scores follow:

No. 1 was at 5 birds, $3 entrance, birds included:

E Steffens, 27	22211—5	O C Demarest, 27	20122—4
H S Hyde, 26	22222—5	J H Tracy, 27	21012—4
W Hopkins, 29	12222—5	H V Carman, 27	22012—4
S M Van Allen, 30	02222—4	J M Thompson, 29	20221—4
Capt Jack, 28	21120—4	T W Morfey, 31	2*202—3
J H Kroeger, 27	12202—4	J F Wellbrock, 28	02020—2

No. 2 was at 7 birds, $5 entrance, birds includmed:

T W Morfey, 31	2222222—7	J F Wellbrock, 28	0202222—5
S M Van Allen, 30	2202221—6	J H Tracy, 27	21*2101—5
Capt Jack, 28	0222212—6	H V Carman, 27	01221*2—5
J H Kroeger, 27	1121021—6	E Steffens, 27	2202001—4
J M Thompson, 29	2120221—6	O C Demarest, 27	2220020—4
W Hopkins, 29	*122221—6	H S Hyde, 26	2**0101—3

No. 3, at 10 birds, $7 entrance, had handicaps as follows: 27yds., 1 miss as no bird; 26yds., 2 misses as no birds; 25yds., 1 miss as no bird and 1 miss as a kill:

J H Kroeger, 27	11221102122—10	O Demarest, 27	20022202222— 8
S Van Allen, 30	2222222222 —10	E Steffens, 27	22020201121— 8
Knevels, 28	2222220222 — 9	W Hopkins, 29	2212102121 — 8
C Brownell, 28	*212222212 — 9	Dr Miller, 28	*222222200 — 7
J Thompson, 29	1202112212 — 9	J Wellbrock, 28	22202200*2 — 6
Capt Jack, 28	222212*212 — 8	H Hyde, 27	10021200202—6

In the 15-bird event, $10 entrance, the handicaps were: 28yds., 1 miss as no bird; 27yds., 2 misses as no birds; 26yds., 1 miss as no bird, and 1 miss as a kill; 25yds., 2 misses as a kill:

J F Wellbrock, 27	22022022222222222—15
Dr Casey, 30	222222222222222 —15
O C Demarest, 27	012222022202222222—14
G L Shoemaker, 26	22102220200222212—14
Knevels, 28	20*222222*221122 —13
Brownell, 28	11021022*2221212 —13
S M Van Allen, 30	200122212222222 —13
J H Kroeger, 27	0112*201222221202—13
E Steffens, 27	1011110112*101111—13
J M Thompson, 29	222210222220122 —13
Dr Miller, 28	1111001222222022 —13
Dr Brooks, 26	211122122*0211010—13
J Schlicht, 27	12210021122210001—12
J H Tracy, 26	011012021202021112—12
Capt Jack, 28	200222022202021 —10
T R Chapman, 26	020222*2*2*22*210—10

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 2.—Seven contestants scored the limit of 10 in the New Utrecht Gun Club's handicap at Interstate Park to-day. Annie Oakley was one of the contestants, and shot with her usual excellent skill. The scores:

New Utrecht handicap, 10 birds, for club prize:

Sykes, 1 no bird, 1 miss, 29	21*220w
Chapman, 2 no birds, 29	2222222220— 9
Ramapo, 1 no bird, 1 miss, 27	1222212111—10
Losee, 1 no bird, 1 miss, 28	2211211111—10
Street, 1 no bird, 1 miss, 28	2222222222—10
Lincoln, 1 miss, 28	2221212122—10
Capt Jack, 1 miss, 29	2211110w
J H Jack, 1 miss, 29	121222*112— 9
Gaughen, 1 no bird, 29	22202w
Feigenspan, 29	2222222222—10
Rodman, 1 miss, 28	1111211021— 9
Ray, 1 miss, 29	2222222222—10
Hartshorn, 2 misses, 27	2222221211—10

Two 7-bird events, for club prizes: Jack and Annie Oakley divided first and second in No. 1. Feigenspan, Jack and Annie Oakley divided first and second in No. 2.

W F Sykes, 1 no bird, 29	2212222—7	21*1200—4
T R Chapman, 1 no bird, 28	*20w	2122022—6
	No. 1.	No. 2.
Jack, 1 no bird, 29	2222222—7	2222121—7
T W Morfey, scratch, 30	2222222—7	2222200—5
C W Feigenspan, 28	222*w	2222222—7
R R Street, 1 no bird, 28	1222121—7	1*21220—5
Capt Jack, 1 no bird, 30	2221120—6	2220*10—4
Annie Oakley, 1 miss, 28	2121111—7	1111122—7
C M Lincoln, 1 no bird, 28	220202w	2100w
C H Jones, 27	.....	0110002—3
F J Robbins, 28	.....	2101002—4
W Losee, 1 no bird, 28	.....	22*1000—3
Ramapo, 1 miss, 27	.....	2121220—6
Seven birds, club prize. Losee won in the shoot-off:		
Losee, 1 n b, 28	1121212—7	Ramapo, 1 m, 27 1211112—7
Feigenspan, 28	2222222—7	Chapman, 1 n b, 28 0110110—4
J H Jack, 1 n b, 29	2111020—5	Sykes, 1 n b, 29 2021220—5
Rodman, 1 n b, 28	2111221—7	J Gaughen, 28 222202w
Capt Jack, 1 n b, 28	2222121—7	

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I.—The weather was clear and wintry. The main event was the February cup, in competition for which there were three ties. C. A. Sykes broke 25 targets straight, thrown from the magautrap.

February cup, 25 targets, expert traps; 25 targets, magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert.—		—Magautrap.—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Broke.	Total.
Dr J J Keyes	5	18	.	..	23
L C Hopkins	6	17	5	19	47
C A Sykes	3	19	3	25	47
Dr H L O'Brien	5	17	4	16	42
C G Rasmus	6	12	5	19	42
G Notman	3	18	3	18	42
H M Brigham	2	16	2	21	41
J N Borland	5	11	5	18	39
W W Marshall	6	12	5	15	38
T W Starr	4	9	3	11	27
C J Haddon	6	11	.	..	17

Dr. Keyes won the special prize.

Panel match: Conditions 25 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Broke.	Total.
Dr J J Keyes	5	18	23
C G Rasmus	6	16	22
J N Borland	5	16	21
H M Brigham	2	18	20
G Notman	3	15	18
Dr H L O'Brien	5	13	18
L C Hopkins	6	11	17
T W Stake	4	9	13
W W Marshall	6	7	13

Sweepstakes, 10 targets, magautrap: Brigham 8, Keyes 7, Borland 6, O'Brien 6, Hopkins 6, Marshall 5, Notman 5, Stake 2.

Sweepstake, 15 targets, expert traps: O'Brien 11, Brigham 10, Hopkins 9, Borland 7.

Sweepstake, same conditions: Notman 12, Brigham 11, Marshall 7, Rasmus 7, Haddon 4.

Sweepstake, 5 pairs, magautrap: Notman 6, Hopkins 5, Brigham 5, Rasmus 4, Keyes 4, Borland 3.

Sweepstake, 15 targets, expert traps: Sykes 11, Rasmus 11, Marshall 9.

Match, 10 targets, magautrap: Notman 8, Notman 7.

The Parkway Gun Club.

Dexter Park, Brooklyn, Jan. 29.—The Parkway Gun Club held a shoot at Dexter Park to-day. There was a good attendance. Each event was $3 entrance, three moneys, Rose system. "Johnnie Jones" acted as scorer. The weather was cold and windy. Following are the scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Mohrman, 27	02012—3	2*12222—6	2*220—3	0102121—5
J P Kay, 29	11112—5	2222112—7	01210—3	2222222—7
Dr Bill, 30	22222—5	2020222—5	*1111—4	2*222*0—4
Schoverling, 28	22022—4	222222*—6	02022—3	2222200—5
Lebohen	22222—5	2222202—6	02222—4	.....
Andrews, 28	....	1122011—6	2*210—3	0221210—5
Bookman, 29	....	.....	10211—4	0111010—4
Braffett, 28	....	.....	11001—3	1210200—4
Lynch, 26	....	.....	00101—2	1021010—4
Pfander, 28	....	.....	11111—5	1222012—6
Botty, 28	....	.....	21122—5	0121121—6
Kohl, 27	....	.....	20111—4	1012201—5
Meyerdieks, 26	....	.....	.....	211220*—5
Geo Mager, 28	....	.....	.....	0*2201*—3
Voehringer, 28	....	.....	.....	1021021—5

	No. 5.	No. 6.		No. 5.	No. 6.
Mohrmann	02010—2	.....	Kohl	10011—3	.....
Kay	11102—4	.....	Lynch	00202—2	12111—5
Dr Bill	22212—5	12212—5	Braffett	12111—5	12112—5
Andrews	1101*—3	02212—4	Botty	0121*—3	12120—4
Voehringer	11012—4	.....	Bookman	21122—5	.....
Myerdieks	01**2—2	.....	Short, 28	....	21112—5
Mager	21221—5	.....			

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Feb. 4.—The weather was cold, though fine and clear. Dr. Bill, Schubel, Dudley and Schoverling were among the topnotchers in the competition. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	5p	20	25	25	25
Dr L H Bill	18	17	6	15	22	24	20
A Schubell	17	18	6	16	23	23	18
C F Dudley	18	19	7	12	22	21	23
A Schoverling	13	19	5	18	22	..	..
L T Muench	14	11	5	13	19	..	..
J Klenk	11	6	5	10	9	15	..
S Charles	16	11	..	15	19	18	..
J Jones	..	17	..	19	19	18	21
O B Mull	..	..	4	12	12	..	..
H P Scott	..	..	..	..	17	17	..
R Coblett	..	..	..	..	5	7	..
J Stoney	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
O Keim	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
M Frank	..	..	..	..	10	..	..

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Jan. 30.—Enthusiasm prevailed at the third serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club on their grounds at Wellington to-day. A more enjoyable afternoon could not be asked for by the most fastidious. Shooters from Pascoag, Haverhill, Amesbury, Brockton and Lynn favored us with a chance to see how well they handle the "gaspipes"—and they certainly did the trick exceedingly well.

Shepard has been at war with our magautrap for pretty near a year, and came along solely for the purpose of putting to sleep a former first trial which was a little bit disastrous as to the scoring end of it. This time he went home satisfied that it was all right, and a trap that bids fair soon to come into general use when trapshooting clubs find its real advantage. Griffith, of Pascoag, was high in the prize match and did permit but 5 targets of the 30 to float away unscathed. Second place was taken care of by Leroy, Shepard and Spencer, with 23 each.

Scores below. All shooting handicap by distance, except events Nos. 7 to 11, which were 16yds. All events 10 unknown:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Gordon, 17	5	7	6	5	9	8	8	7	9	7	6	8	..
Leroy, 21	6	6	8	6	9	8	9	..	9	10	9	..	..
Swett, 17	5	5	4	3	7	8	5	8	8	7	5	8	9
Griffiths, 19	6	7	7	8	10	7	7	..	9	6	9	..	..
Howe, 19	7	6	8	6	6	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller, 16	3	8	10	6	7	6	6	7	5	5	..	..	..
Tyler, 16	7	7	1	8	5	6	4	5	6	5	..	..	..
Shepard, 16	6	5	7	8	9	6	7	7	9	8	..	..	..
Manitoba, 17	4	5	2	7	8	6	7	7	9	6	..	..	..
Nichols, 14	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Samuels, 16	..	7	4	8	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	6	10	6	8	8	9	8	9	..
Frank, 16	..	..	..	..	6	9	7	7	6	10	..	..	..
Horace, 18	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown:

Griffiths, 19	110011111111111111111011001111—25
Leroy, 21	111010011011111111101100111111—23
Spencer, 18	111010010111101111011111111101—23
Shepard, 16	011111110111101111111101101010—22
Gordon, 17	111000011011111011111110011111—22
Samuels, 16	011111011101110110101111111101—22
Miller, 16	010101110110111111001100111001—21
Manitoba, 17	111100111011011101110101111010—21
Tyler, 16	011111110101101000111001111010—19
Swett, 17	011101111000011010000011111111—18
Howe, 19	010110110111011010010101011—17
Horace, 18	011011011100100101111100010010—16

FOREST AND STREAM.

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MAKE FOREST PRESERVES GAME PRESERVES.

THE continued diminution of North American big game, due to hide hunting, to over-killing by so-called sportsmen, but especially by the continual settling up of the country, has been a subject of concern to far-sighted people for many years. Yet the average sportsman, and even the average big-game hunter, appears to interest himself very little in this diminution. The letter from Mr. Wells, published elsewhere, brings the subject once more to the front, and shows how obvious it is that unless some active steps are taken to move the Government authorities, it will before long be too late to do anything.

Almost by accident, the Western country, where the big-game remnants chiefly exist, is prepared for legislative action which shall set aside game refuges that may exist always, and about whose borders hunting may be had for generations yet to come, provided only that proper steps are taken now.

In this Western country there have been set aside a number of forest reservations extending almost from the southern boundary of the United States to the northern boundary, and covering the greatest variety of country. They include low-lying valleys and towering peaks, forest and prairie, arid desert and water-soaked mountain side. Within the boundaries of these reservations, if properly protected, almost all the large game of North America could flourish forever, just as it used to exist in the old West, before the white man—greedy for dollars—penetrated the unknown fastnesses where it fed.

We have already an example of such a game refuge in the Yellowstone National Park, where the animals, being protected, do well, and in autumn furnish to hunters on the Park borders practically all the big-game hunting that is to be had in the West. For many years the Yellowstone Park has been protected by troops, but for many of these years the only service which the troops performed was to arrest or to drive out persons who violated the regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior. Then, in the year 1894, a law was enacted by Congress which provided an actual form of government for the Park, and substituted something tangible for the vain threats of the Department of the Interior—an official to try offenses, a mode by which offenders should be tried, penalties for killing game or defacing natural wonders and a place where offenders should be confined after conviction. When this had been done, depredations in the National Park ceased.

The Secretary of the Interior has been authorized by Congress to make regulations governing the forest reserves, but such authorization is not enough. Courts have decided that in making these regulations the Secretary of the Interior is usurping legislative functions, while his own are merely executive. What is required now is action by Congress on lines similar to those laid down in the Yellowstone National Park Protective act, which shall apply to all the forest reservations. Such an act must be carefully considered, because there are settlers on many of the forest reservations, and their rights must be carefully safeguarded.

It is time to take this matter up, and before the opening of the next session of Congress to arouse an interest which shall demand the passage of a law protecting the game and the timber on these forest reservations.

By proper protection the National Park and the forest reservations already existing, and those which shall hereafter be set aside, may become not only forest preserves, but game preserves as well. Within their boundaries are to be found to-day every species of large game known to the United States, and if they can be protected all these great and interesting indigenous mammals may be perpetuated in full supply for all time. Unless such protection is afforded certain species of American large game will before long become as nearly extinct as is the buffalo.

It is time that an intelligent effort for the protection of these reserves were made. Make the national forest preserves game preserves as well.

TO KEEP THE GUN OUT.

IN Maine they are talking of a law to forbid the taking of firearms into the woods in the close season.

This is a radical proposition, and would be a novelty for Maine. But it is an old rule in some European countries. There, when the shooting season ends, the gun is laid away, and one may go afield with it only at the risk of paying a penalty. This means that when the shooting season closes it closes.

American sportsmen who have traveled in Brittany and have seen there the absolute confidence manifested by the wildfowl during the close season, ascribe this to the system of keeping the guns at home. The game recognizes the close season, and lives and breeds in security.

We have been for so many generations in this country accustomed to the fullest freedom with gun and rifle that a law like that proposed for Maine would provoke decided opposition. But on second sober thought might we not recognize the justice and utility of such a system? In the Yellowstone National Park the possession of guns is forbidden, except of guns officially sealed by the authorities, and we all know that game protection in the Park is effective. It would not be effective if visitors were permitted indiscriminately to equip themselves with arms and ammunition. In Massachusetts to have firearms in the game cover on Sunday is construed as prima facie evidence of violation of the law against Sunday shooting, and the system has materially simplified the problem of suppressing the Sunday shooter. If shotguns and rifles were absolutely prohibited from the game covers during the close season, the effect upon the game would be most beneficial, and the observance of the close season would be promoted.

In the quail and grouse covers, at least, there can be no excuse for having firearms in close season. A law forbidding the carrying of arms there, and providing a stiff fine for penalty, with the guns to be seized and held pending the payment of the fine, would be a wise and desirable and effective addition to our game code. In a big-game country like Maine the case is somewhat different, for there many men go into the woods before the opening of the season, and without intent to kill game before the season opens, yet who, for convenience, carry their guns for use at the proper time. It might be practicable to develop a system which would give such persons permission to have their guns, while yet shutting out the summer shooters.

To forbid the possession of guns in the woods is only to go a step beyond the existing laws which prohibit the possession of jacklights and of dogs in the deer country.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.

THERE is a measure now before the New York Legislature to close the wildfowl shooting season for the State at large on March 1 instead of April 30, as now, and for Long Island on March 1 instead of May 1 as now. The change is one which should be made. The spring shooting of wildfowl should be prohibited. It should be forbidden for several good reasons. Among them these:

I. Under existing conditions, with spring shooting permitted, the birds are being destroyed at a faster rate than they breed, and the stock is in consequence steadily diminishing.

II. The present law, while purporting to protect the wild ducks, does not actually give them protection, because the close season which is prescribed is such that it does not go into effect until a large proportion of the birds have passed north. As a matter of fact, under the present law the birds may be pursued and killed as long as they are within the limits of the State.

III. The birds should be protected in the spring, because at that season they are on their way north to their breeding grounds. Game laws are made to protect game in the breeding season. This rule should apply to wildfowl precisely as it does to other game birds and game animals. Wild ducks should be protected in the spring time just as other game birds are protected in the spring, because that is the breeding season.

IV. Now being harassed and pursued by spring shooting, the ducks are driven north and do not remain in any numbers to nest in New York territory; but under other conditions, if given security, several species would tarry within the State and nest here. New York has extensive stretches of marsh lands which are admirably adapted to become again the breeding grounds of vast numbers of wildfowl, as they were formerly before the prevalence of spring shooting drove the birds away. Give the ducks a chance and they will come back to their New York breeding grounds again. This is not theory; it is the actual experience of other States which have adopted a close season in the spring for their wildfowl.

V. The abolition of spring shooting will mean not only the return in the fall of a larger number of birds from the North, but will mean the restoration to New York State of a native supply of birds which will give better shooting in the fall of the year.

VI. The interest of the people at large would be served by the abolition of spring shooting, and these interests should be considered as against the advantage which any limited number of individuals may reap from shooting the birds in the spring. A game law should be framed on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. The greatest good of the greatest number demands the abolition of spring shooting.

THEY have started a movement in Ticonderoga, N. Y., which has behind it an excellent idea. In various parts of the country we have been considering legislation as a remedy for the careless shooting of human beings for game, and penalties of various degrees of severity have been advocated to deter the man killer. The Ticonderoga plan is to combine all the users of guns in the neighborhood into a club, the one obligation of which is that each member shall pledge himself never to shoot at anything until he knows certainly what it is. "Always know what you aim at." That is platform plank, constitution and by-laws of the Ticonderoga Club, and human life ought to be more secure wherever the club's influence extends. A voluntary pledge of this nature will be quite as efficient as any possible law making could be. We ought to have Ticonderoga clubs wherever there are shooters who need the restraining influence of a pledge to stay their hands from a heedless shot.

THE increased interest in forestry matters in the United States is shown in a variety of ways. Besides the constantly growing demands on the resources of the Division of Forestry at Washington, there has sprung up an inquiry for the services of trained foresters and persons familiar with forest and game preserves. Such a demand is sure to be supplied before long. While as yet the number of men competent to attend to such matters is not great, there are a few such, and some of our universities, like Yale and Cornell, are training young men, who before long will be able to fill such places. New York city already has one practicing forester, trained in the schools of Germany, in the person of Mr. F. Von Hoffmann, who has established himself in the St. James Building.

We have received the Fourth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests of the State of New York, which was the commission preceding the present board. The report is for the year ending Sept. 30, 1898, and is another in the series of superb volumes which have a place by themselves in the official literature of fish and game. The illustrations of birds and fishes colored to the life by Ridgeway and Denton respectively comprise the mallard duck, male and female ring-necked pheasant, upland plover and spruce grouse; shad, weakfish or squeteague, yellow perch, tomcod or frostfish, mackerel, dogfish or bow-fin, eel and lobster; and other colored plates illustrate insects injurious to vegetation. In addition to the reports of the several departments of fishculture, game protection, forestry, etc., the volume contains a number of special papers.

That is a curious condition which is described by Secretary Kalbfus as existing in the Pennsylvania Game Commission. The people who have given into the hands of their appointed representatives the trusteeship of the game interests have a right to look for the intelligent and unselfish safeguarding of those interests. If there is in the present board any member who does not comprehend the responsibility of the office, or who is lukewarm in his support of efforts looking to the better protection of Pennsylvania game, he should give place to some one else.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Old Virginia.—IX.

The next day was a Longfellow's day—"cold and dark and dreary," with the rain and wind in evidence. Putting on my rain coat and pulling my cap well over my ears, I strolled down to the barn to find some one to smoke and grumble with. The farm manager was not in sight, but two boys were sorting over the now much depleted corn pile in the large crib.

They had worked out a cleared space on the floor and were throwing the good corn in a pile to the front near the door, while the nubbins and defective ears were thrown to one side near the wall.

It was not exciting, but nothing better offering, I climbed in over the pile of good corn and sat down upon an empty nail keg to smoke and feel glad that I did not have to work.

The outlook was gloomy in the extreme, and every living thing in sight seemed in a low barometer condition. Chickens, in the last stage of dejection, with their bodies on a slant that seemed to threaten an entire shifting of the center of gravity to the rear, stood around in every spot that afforded the slightest shelter; the hogs contested, with little animation and much complaining, for a corner of the fence partially sheltered by a spreading tree, while over in the pasture lot stood several young mules close up together with drooping heads, too dejected even to kick one another.

Truly there is much poetry and sentiment in the country, but it is not waterproof.

Turning from the gloomy outlook, I found one of the boys contemplating a half-grown rat that was with difficulty making its way up the post near the far corner of the crib, disturbed by the boys who now had but a few barrels of corn left. Here was sport. Gathing a handful of nubbins, I opened fire on the rat and soon brought it down.

Another showed up, and another, and then, as the corn pile grew less, several ran out at one time, making the fun—such as it was—fast and furious.

I was not the skillful marksman that I had been in the dim and distant past, when, as pitcher for the invincible Modoc Baseball Club, I could put ten balls in succession in a 12-inch circle, and pitch out a game lasting from 1 o'clock until dark, with from sixty to one hundred runs on a side, but I was occasionally throwing true and bagging a rat, and having a great deal more fun in the effort than I had enjoyed while looking out on the dreary landscape.

Finally the boys put up a whole covey of rats, and being well provided with ammunition, I fairly filled the air with missiles, and having exhausted my supply, stooped quickly to the floor to gather more, and found myself right over, with my hands all but on, a big blacksnake that was crawling out of the corn immediately between my feet.

Nearly as thick as my arm, I could only guess at his length, as he was not entirely out of the corn, but I should have believed any one who had called his measure 10 feet. I stand any surprise better than a snake—large or small—and to have this great horrible reptile appear so unexpectedly was awful.

With an involutary exclamation of terror, I turned and flung myself at the door, striking the pile of corn high enough to go over, and head first I pitched out the door, bouncing off of the blocks set for steps, and falling in a heap on the muddy ground at the feet of the surprised farm manager, who was approaching.

Scrambling to my feet, I proceeded to back off a little further from the door, looking carefully for any sign of the snake.

"Do you always come out of a crib that way, or did you fall?" said the surprised manager.

"You go get your gun," said I. "Get it quick as you can; there is the biggest snake in there that ever you saw. Hurry, hurry! He may get away."

"Is it black?" was the irrelevant answer.

"Yes, I believe it was, and an awful big one. Go on quick and get your gun before it escapes."

"Well, I hope it will not escape, as I have had an awful lot of trouble getting it to stay there this long, and have caught it several times and put it back when it was emigrating. It won't hurt you any more than a cat, and is a much better ratter."

With as much indignant scorn as I could throw into my voice, I proceeded to tell him what I thought of any man who would cultivate such pets, and especially without putting up some notices to warn people who had not such vicious tendencies and low taste.

"Well, I am sorry," said he, "but if you knew how annoying the rats get to be you would not blame me for resorting to any method to get rid of them. Come down to the barn, where I have some harness to mend, and we can tell snake stories.

"Funny, isn't it, that no man can ever see a snake without being reminded of one or more narratives that he then and there proceeds to tell to the first auditor he can corral.

"My story dates back to boyhood days, and I have not thought of it for years, until you said snake, and now I am actually suffering under the weight of it."

Comfortably reclining on a pile of sacks, I watched the manager and old Uncle John overhauling the worn harness that had been laid aside as rainy day work, while I listened to the story.

"When a little fellow I lived up on the James River, and spent much time fishing and swimming. One day, while fishing with a companion, we discovered a small snake, which, after a most exciting chase among the loose rock and pebbles of the river bank, escaped under a large flat rock.

"Our united efforts failed to move the rock, and we were reluctantly abandoning the chase, when far up on the steep overhanging bank appeared a friend of ours whom we called Dutchey Pfouts. Dutchey was the son of a German butcher whose slaughter house stood a little way back from the river. He was a kind-hearted young giant, always ready to do anything in his power for us, and now came down at once to our call. The situation explained to him, he assured us that he could move the rock.

"'Yust you git some shticks,' he commanded, 'und ven I dose rock lift oup, fly in und kill him quick before he vas got avay alretty.'

"Arming ourselves and taking positions in front of the rock, we waited in great excitement while our friend settled himself firmly, with a foot on either side of the rock, and grasped its outer edge with his strong hands. Settling back, his great shoulders and bicep muscles standing out with the strain, he tore the rock loose and raised it up a foot or more..

"He could not raise it higher, so leaned over with his face close to the edge, in order that he might see what was under it. At the same moment we boys dropped down on our knees, close up to the stone, to peer under, and an instant later, when our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, we found our three faces within a foot of a mass of snakes, big and little, that looked like enough to fill a tub, and they were beginning to untwist, preparing, as we thought, to resent the disturbance.

"With a simultaneous shriek of terror we boys pitched over backward, and scrambling to our feet turned and sped up the steep bank, feeling that the highest point promised the greatest safety from the pursuit that we felt sure the snakes would make. Dutchey was but an instant behind us. Dropping the rock with a yell that echoed among the hills on the further bank of the river like a steam whistle, he shouted:

"'Run, poys! Run! My ghracious! Dere vas a pushel of schnakes. Dey vill pit you all to bieces, shure. Don't you sthop for dem feesh pole line or nottings. R-r-r-un! R-r-r-un!' And never was a command more literally carried out, for without regarding the path, which wound its way up the steep bank, we went straight up the nearest available point, throwing a perfect stream of loose dirt and sand behind us as we plied hands and feet to the task, not one of us pausing until we reached our friend Dutchey Pfouts' father's slaughter house, a safe distance back from the river bank."

"Marse Gawge," said old Uncle John, as soon as the story was finished, "I ain' nevah tell yo' 'bout de time dat I spicioned dey was a snak' done jump up my breeches leg, is I?"

I had noticed that though much interested in the manager's reminiscence, the old darky was evidently suffering under the burden of his snake story, and was not surprised at his prompt play for next place.

Smallpox, whooping cough or measles is not more contagious than snake stories, as you will notice when you lay this paper down at the end of this article and proceed to tell your wife (if a benedict) or your chum (if a bachelor) your snake story.

"Dat was w'en I was a boy, too—des like de time yo' tell 'bout. Marse John Carrington, he come to see we all, and he bring a boy wid him he call Tom. Tom, he 'bout my size, an' I des 'bout big 'nuf to wait at de table. Marse Wint an' all de folks livin' 'roun' have big to-doin's to make de visitors have a good time, and w'en dey all go 'way, sometimes to spen' de day, Marse Wint he tell me to let de wuk go an' have a good time an' entertain de boy Tom.

"One day, when dey was all gone an' we didn' know des what to do, Tom he say he wisht we had a gun so we could go huntin'. I tol' him dat ole Unc' Zeke had a pow'ful good gun, a muskit dat dey all said was a fine shooter. Tom ast me if I kin borry it, an' I 'low'd I could, caus' Unc' Zeke done gone wid de folks to drive de kerridge, an' mos' likely hadn't locked his cabin doh. Hit was des as I say, an' we soon had de gun an' some caps, but we couldn' fin' no ammernishun. Den it look lak we goin' haf to git 'long widout 'goin' huntin' 'tall an' Tom he seem pow'ful disapp'inted. I 'membah den dat Marse Wint done tol' me to do all I kin to mak' Tom hav' a good time, an' so I des go an' borry some of his powdah an' shot, an' we lit out.

"We went to shootin' at everything in de way of birds we saw, markin' birds, jaybirds, crows, buzzuds an' an ole har', but we didn't kill none of dem. Tom, he say hit 'cause we hadn' load de ole gun big 'nuff, but I say hit caus' we ain't pi'nt hit rite. But Tom, he 'low he know all 'bout guns, an' he say yo' got to load um big if yo' wan' to do good shootin' wid um. Den he des pi'ntedly put in a load dat he say was a shoah killah. A han'ful of powda, a wad of papah mos' big as yo' fis, a han'ful of shot, an' mo papah, 'til de rammer-rod hit stood outen de eend mos' a foot. I 'low he wus rite 'bout it bein' a killah, at one eend or de oddah of de gun—mebby bofe—an' I ax him to 'scuse me when he say hit my nex' shot, an' tol' him he could have it. We went 'long down to de pon' den, to see if we couldn' see a duck, or turkle or som' kin' of game. De grass wus high 'long de aidge of de pon', an' I wen' trompin' 'long in hit tryin' to skeer out somethin'. Now I reckon yo' gentlemens know how foolish dese big longlegged green bullfrogs is, an' how, w'en you' skeer one, he des up an' jumps his level bes' des de way he happen to be headin'? Well, I des happen to step rite ovah one dat was a-pi'ntin' up, an he strai'ten out an' jump rite up my breeches leg 'til his fron' feet go 'bove my knees, an' he stretch down 'til his hin' feet wus on my shoe top.

"He sho wus cole on my laig, an' dey wasn't nothin' to keep him from gitten clos' to me, for my mammy wus washin' my socks. I made shoh hit was a snake, an' a big one, an' des began to hollah as loud as I could hollah, an' jump as high as I could an' kick as fas' as I could.

"Tom, he come runnin' wid de gun, an' he ast me what de matta was, an' I hollah big snake up my breeches laig des fas' as I could say de words. Den Tom, he up wid dat ole gun, loaded wid de big load I was tellin' yo' 'bout an' he hollah:

"'Hol' still; des yo' hol' yo' leg still 'turl I shoot him. Stop yo' jumpin' an kickin' des a minit an' I'll kill him fo' you',' pi'ntin' de gun at me des well as he could wid me a-jumpin' an' kickin' my level bes'.

"Hit skeered me wus den de frog had done, an' I giv' a big kick an' sent de ole frog a-flyin', an' saw him lite all spraddled out in de watah, an' what hit wus, an' dat I wusn't snake bit. But I couldn' stop jumpin' an' I couldn' stop kickin', foh dat fool niggah wid de gun wus des plum crazy an' was tryin' his bes' to git de gun pi'nted at my leg long 'nuff to shoot de snake dat he 'lowed wus up my breeches laig.

"'G'way f'om yere! G'way f'om yere! Ya fool niggah you! Drap dat gun, de snake done gone, de ain' no snake; de snake is de'd,' I kep' hollahin' fas' as I could, but hit ain' no use, he des keep on a runnin' aftah me an' hollahin' foh me to hol' still foh 'low him to shoot de snake. I was des 'bout to giv' out, an' yit I know'd dat he would shoot my laig off ef I stop jumpin' a minit, so I des turn an' jump in de pon', des fah out in de watah as I kin, an' soon as I com' up I hollah des loud as I kin: 'He don' drownded!. He don' drownded! De snake is de'd, des de'd as he kin be,' an' Tom he com' back to his senses an' put de gun down.

"I 'lowed as I come crawlin' out de watah dat I would frail some sense into dat fool boy dat had want to shoot my laig off to kill a snake, but I wus too woh out wid my jumpin' an' kickin' to do hit rite away, an' while I wus gittin' my bref an' restin' some, a jay bud he lite on a tree tol'able close by, an' Tom he sneak up a little an' turn de ole gun loose at him.

"He mite a-killed de bird, an' he mite not, I ain' nevah see de bird aftah de old gun wen' off, I was so lookin' at Tom. She sound, like a big clap of thundah, an' she kick dat boy 'twel a mule would a be'n ashamed of hisself; clean ovah a big ole log an' two piles of rock hit drove him, eend over eend, an' hit peered lik' hit kep' on kickin' him w'en he wus fallin' and bouncin'. Hit bus' him up so I had to tote my hat full of watah and throw on him mos' a dozen times foah he knowed anything, an' his nose bleed mos' an' houah, an' 'sides his tooths bein' mos' all knocked loose. We ain' go huntin' any moah; 'pear like we bofe don' los' our fon'ess foah hit.

"Dinna bell done ring at de house, suh, an' hit stop rainin'."

And so the rainy morning was got through with.

Lewis Hopkins.

A Winter's Evening.

The western sky shows no trace of the sinking sun save a few bars of orange which emit a melancholy gleam amid their somber setting.

The landscape stretches around like a great etching, or study in black and white—with here the tone merging into brown and there into gray—and all pervaded with an indefinable sentiment—a something which the poet only can truly appreciate.

A chill blustering wind is abroad, which seems to increase as the night grows near.

Some chickadees and woodpeckers are calling to one another, and occasionally a bluejay screams wildly.

Overhead the homing crows wing their flight to the woods which loom upon the horizon.

Every now and then a shot rings out, muffled by distance, telling that the sportsman is still afield. And hark! What is that? It is the rich baying of a hound in pursuit of quarry. How musical it sounds and how it echoes among the silent woods! But it soon ceases, as do the intermittent shots.

The light begins to fade and the shadows to deepen over the landscape. Here, where we stand, is a lonely farmhouse by the wayside. It is surrounded by trees, which toss and groan in the evening wind. These are elms, which have a rough, boisterous way of expressing themselves, so to speak. Yonder is a grove of pines, toward which we move. How differently these express themselves. How they whisper or sigh or murmur weirdly, or become, as it were, an echo of the far-off sea. Can we wonder that those who live among pine forests have more lively imaginations, or at least are more given to the creation of myth and legend, than any other people?

We stroll back to the farmhouse. Nobody appears to be about. A few chickens peck along the fences and occasionally a calf utters a solemn "baa!" Where the snow has melted on the roof (under the influence of the midday sun), we see patches of moss or weather-stained tiles. A few icicles hang by the eaves. Against the front door the snow has formed a drift, and the path which leads up to it is untrodden. From under the veranda stalks of withered weeds protrude. The gate hangs half-open upon its hinges. Were it not for the presence of the chickens and a thin smoke which ascends from the chimney, one would be inclined to say that the house was uninhabited. But suddenly we hear a guttural "Gee up!" and turning around we see a man with a pair of oxen yoked to a rude sleigh, which is covered with logs. He passes into the yard of the farmhouse, unyokes his oxen and drives them into the stable. After a while he emerges and procures a pail, with which he proceeds to the cow shed. The cows are milked and we see him bear his smoking burden into the kitchen. Once more he emerges, feeds the calf (whose "baaing" has been becoming very importunate), fodders the cattle, shoos some chickens out of a tree in which they have roosted (how persistent is primitive habit or instinct) and drives them into the fowlhouse, bolts doors, takes a general look around and then retires for good.

While all this has been doing, an odor of frying "scrapple" has begun to float on the evening air, accompanied by snatches of old-time melodies, full of the ineffable sadness of the past. The goodwife is evidently preparing the evening meal and expressing her pleasure at her man's return.

A light is set in the kitchen window, the reflection of which every moment grows brighter and wider. The woods on the horizon have become black as ebony, and the fields can no longer be defined. Everything grows blurred—indistinct.

The chickadees and woodpeckers have ceased calling and the bluejay to scream, but an owl in the pine grove has taken up his mournful burden. After we have listened to this—its dismal uncertain intonations, its gibbering graveyard quality—we can readily understand why the owl has always been such an uncanny bird—such an object of horror even—to the simple-minded or superstitious. Indeed, there are those who lay claim to wisdom who cannot hear it without a shudder.

A succession of sharp sounds causes the owl to cease its lamentations. It is the barking of a fox on the hillside. One by one the nocturnal hunters are coming forth. A warning note from the fowlhouse tells that the fact is not unmarked or unknown there.

It is now so dark that the sky can no longer be seen. No star appears—the thick clouds hanging on the firmament. The light in the farmhouse goes out. For a moment we are blinded, as it were, but becoming used to the new condition, we see around for a few yards the ghostly

snow, rendering, in the old figure of speech, darkness visible.

All has become still in the farmhouse. The occupants have sunk to slumber, lulled by the soughing of the elms above the roof. (Who that has thus been lulled to sleep has not a haunting recollection of it! In the deep silence of the country how solemn and yet how soothing is this soughing of hoary trees!)

With the darkness has come a sense of loneliness and a vague insecurity. Something tells us that man has no business now to be abroad. We take the hint and leave old Nox to his mysterious reign. F. MOONAN.

A New Way to the Pole.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An admirable opportunity now presents itself for some resident of this country to win enduring fame for himself and the nation by equipping a polar expedition with such mechanical means for mastering the ice as the experience of previous explorers has proved to be expedient.

Heretofore too much trust in mere chance, and the resisting power of wooden ships, has been relied on to carry navigators to the high latitudes with the chance of drifting to the Pole. Nansen's voyage in the Fram ought to convince all who are interested in the subject that the plan of pushing into the ice of the Polar Sea and depending on chance to drift the vessel to the Pole and back to open water is so unscientific and unpromising that it ought to be abandoned as a needless risk of life. One of the most important facts established by Nansen's venture is that a ship can be built that will sustain the utmost pressure that the ice of the Arctic Sea imposes on its sides. But a ship held in the ice is absolutely helpless when depending on any means that have thus far been provided for rendering it mobile. The resources of mechanics have not, however, been exhausted in aid of the polar explorer, for the rational scheme of sawing a channel in the ice by steam-driven saws has not been tried. No extraordinary engineering talent is required to contrive comparatively simple and entirely feasible apparatus for use on a steamship by which the ice can be cut with steam power, and a way opened in which the ship carrying the sawing device can be driven through the heaviest ice and propelled to the Pole and back.

The Russian proposal to force an ice-breaking ship to the Pole is as unreasonable, compared with the sawing plan, as it would be to employ men with mauls instead of saws to harvest ice on the Hudson. One man with a saw will make his way through more ice than a hundred men could loosen who tried to break it by the crude method of assault, as it were, with a club. A gang of large circular saws projecting in front of a ship, on arms under control from the vessel, would cut the ice in strips parallel with the ship and enable the latter to break the strips into small cakes and move forward at a steady rate.

The Polar regions appear to be the sole extensive remaining ones which man has to explore. There may be no hope of reaching the South Pole, with our present knowledge, but there is a good prospect of attaining the North, if reasonable means be employed. It would be a creditable achievement, and there are hundreds of Americans who would not miss the money required to defray the cost of the expedition. If this crowning maritime and geographical prize is to be American, no time should be lost in preparing for the voyage, as others might covet the glory. EDMOND REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Early Half Century Football.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just been reading some copies of the New York Times of ten years ago which describe from various view points the celebrated game of football between the Sophomores and Freshmen of Yale in 1850, when the Freshmen were for the first time in history victorious in two innings out of three. I was a member of that athletic Freshmen class, and am moved to allude to the game here just for the purpose of unearthing some facts which have been overlaid for more than half a century, and which, I may add, involve the origin of the rubber football as well, which same is not of record, I ween.

Up to the year 1846 nothing but a "beef bladder" had ever been used on the campus on either side of the Atlantic, and I recall very readily the pains it required to knead, distend and gradually work it out so as to fit it for field service, and how we blew it up with a quill after it was placed in its leather case and laced up near the top. This was at Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven. Such a ball was necessarily oval in shape, and seldom if ever a sphere. It scaled and wabbled ungracefully whenever it took aerial flight. It was very light, too, and scarcely one-fourth of the weight of a modern football. It was at that school where (Gen.) Alfred Terry and Lester M. Dorman, the man who was selected to "cant" the ball at the memorable Yale game in 1850, obtained their manhood and soldierly training by processes and methods much more merciful and superior to those in vogue at West Point of late years.

It was about the year 1846 that the great evolution in American rubber manufacture took place, and the same genius which conceived the improved rubber overshoes brought out the round rubber football, which was immediately adopted on both sides of the Atlantic as a welcome substitute, its only objection being its weight, though even this permitted of its being kicked to greater distances than the beef bladder. It was cleaner, made no trouble and had more bounce. It was a live ball. It was naturally introduced at New Haven because the Goodyear factory was there. Charles and Robert, sons of the inventor, happened to be among my schoolmates in the early forties. In England it was first introduced at the First Grammar School in Birmingham by the late eminent Rabbi Raphall, who was resident in New York for many years previous to his death, Charles Joselyn being the principal.

The original rubber shoe was a simple envelope of crude material set on a mould of the same shape as the foot of a sock, barely covering the instep. It was of a deep coffee color, and quite translucent when held to the sun, and was usually ornamented with scroll work on the front, as different as possible from the shapely and improved vulcanized footgear which soon superseded it. Down East these overshoes were known as galoshes (Fr. *galoche*), and at the South as *gums*. "Walk in, stranger, and wipe your gums on the mat" was the customary salutation to a caller in wet weather. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Mr. Robinson's Writings.

IT gives one a sad feeling to realize that we shall never see any more of Mr. Robinson's writings. Although I have never had the pleasure of seeing him, an acquaintance by letter for some years has made him seem to me like an old friend. In spite of his great affliction he seldom referred to it, and his last letter, written only a few days before his death, was so bright and cheerful that the news of his death was a great surprise to me. It was always a wonder to me how one who was blind could so accurately describe things he had not seen for years. I know of no writer who was so accurate, even to the smallest detail, in describing anything of which he wrote. When Cooper wrote of Indians, animals and birds, in spite of his fascinating descriptions his writings were full of errors. Even Thoreau was sometimes inaccurate, but I have never seen a single instance where Mr. Robinson made a mistake. I know of no one who can fill his place in his particular line of writing. M. HARDY.

Rapid Transit in the Arctic Circle.

SURVEYOR J. M. BELL, a nephew of Dr. Robt. Bell, chief of the Canadian Geological Survey, who surveyed Great Slave Lake in 1899, was left behind to winter at Fort Resolution, and then to push out to Great Bear Lake in the spring. Evidently he preferred the comforts of civilization at Ottawa, for Dr. Bell writes:

"He returned here about Christmas, having gone over an extraordinary amount of ground for one season, including a survey of Great Bear Lake, part of the Coppermine River and a new route back to Great Slave Lake. The journey from Fort Rae at the head of the 180-mile long northwest area of Great Slave Lake, back to civilization at the close of a big summer's work, was itself quite a feat. He thinks that some parts of the region he was over will be of great value for minerals, but it will require some Yankee enterprise to turn them to account."

C. HALLOCK.

"The Country of the Horse."

THAT was a good little article by Frederick Irland on "The Country of the Horse." There was truly "horse sense" in it. His serving up of the newspaper rubbish about Roosevelt and a dangerous mountain trail was excellent. C. H. AMES.

Natural History.

Panthers in Maine.

MR. C. H. AMES, who started the Maine panther inquiry, sends us the subjoined letter from a correspondent in that State, which describes the killing of one of the species. Mr. Ames writes that he is on the trail (or believes that he is) of another Maine panther.

BRUNSWICK, Me., Jan. 12.—Mr. C. H. Ames: Dear Sir—My attention has been called to your communication in the last FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of "Panthers in Maine." I think I can vouch for there having been at least one killed in this State, probably about the year 1845. This animal was killed in the town of Sebago, which is situated in Cumberland county and about thirty-five miles northwest of Portland. I was at that time a boy of some seven or eight years, and my father kept a country store in the adjoining town of Bridgton. I perfectly recollect the animal being brought to my father's store and remaining on exhibition there for a few days. It seems to me that I can see him as plainly to-day as I saw him fifty odd years ago, hanging by his hind feet from a wooden pin in a beam of the old low-posted country store, and his front paws nearly if not quite touching the floor. Since that time I have seen in menageries many animals variously labled as "panther," "cougar," "mountain lion," etc., and can recollect that this animal in respect to size, color, length of tail, and other characteristics, was apparently the same thing. Making all allowance for the exaggeration of my boyish eyes, he must have been a full-grown specimen. At that time the "lucivee" or Canada lynx was very common in that section, and the wildcat (by which, I presume, is meant the bay lynx) was not uncommon. So it is hardly probable that any one would mistake either of them for a panther. The long tail, which I recollect as being as long proportionately as that of a common cat, would settle the question of species at a glance.

Some twenty or thirty years ago I met one of the men who was in at the death of this animal, and he gave me an account of the circumstances. It seems that this man had been at work chopping wood late in the fall, and it coming on to snow he started for home in the middle of the afternoon, carrying his axe with him. On the way he fell in with a neighbor, who had been partridge hunting, having with him a small cur dog, and armed with, of course, in those days, a single-barreled gun. As they went along they came upon the track of this animal where he had crossed the road a few minutes before, and taking up the track followed it up on to the side of a mountain for half a mile or more, where they found the panther up in a scrub oak tree. The man with the gun promptly fired a charge of shot at him, on which he jumped down from the tree, and running only a few rods, took up a position under the trunks of two fallen trees which had fallen across each other but were up a matter of two feet from the ground. The gun (like most of the guns of our youthful days) had its individual peculiarity, which was that the screw holding the hammer on was missing, and parties using it were expected to hold their thumb on the hammer to keep it on. In the excitement the man forgot to properly thumb the hammer, and it was lost in the snow, disabling the armament of the party. In the meantime the small dog, with more pluck than judgment, was skirmishing round the panther, but getting a little too near was gathered in with a swipe of the paw, and was having the life mauled out of him. The man dropped his gun and rushed to the rescue of the dog. He grabbed the panther by the tail (note the long tail again) and undertook to pull him off the dog. The panther promptly changed ends, and coming out from under the logs was proceeding to mix it up pretty lively with him, when a fortunate blow with the axe by the other man put an end to the fight. The man with the "tail holt" came out of it with some bad scratches, and not many clothes to speak of, but otherwise was unhurt. Whether the dog lived to fight another dog, I do not remember. Certainly a small cur with sand enough to tackle a panther ought not to be cut off in his youth. I think the old gentleman told me that the skin of this animal was mounted, and after being shown around the country for a while was finally put in the Boston Museum. The animal was very thin, and his lips and nose were badly swollen, being full of porcupine quills. This may account for his not putting up more of a fight. So much for this panther. It may not be evidence enough to convince others, but I shall always be satisfied that the State of Maine is entitled to score one panther at least. GARDNER CRAM.

In the article "No Panthers in Maine" mention is made of panther tracks having been seen. The track of *Felis concolor* is in size and shape almost an exact counterpart of that of the Canada lynx. It often requires close scrutiny to distinguish the track of a big lynx from that of a panther. The stride is nearly the same, and owing to the fact that the ball and toes of the foot of the lynx are completely covered with fur, thus increasing the size, and the spread of the toes great, the footprints in snow are much alike.

The main difference is that the impression of the toes and ball of the foot in the lynx track are blurred and indistinct, owing to the fur, and the heel mark runs more to a point, while the footprint of the panther is clear cut and perfect, the heel mark being broad. Neither track will show any claw marks on level ground.

The big timber wolf has a track much like a panther, but the two middle toes project further ahead, making the footprint pointed instead of round, and the claw marks show. WM. WELLS.

I NOTED with interest the article by Emerson Carney—"The Fear of Wild Animals." I cannot certify to an instance where a man was attacked by a "painter," though I know a trapper who bears a number of ugly scars that were evidently inflicted by teeth and claws. The man lives in Colorado—or did when I met him—and either the wounds were inflicted by a mountain lion or the man is a liar—I am unable to determine to a certainty. When he told me the story, I did not feel disposed to express any doubt, and while I might perhaps do so with greater safety at this time, I still believe that his statement is true. While I was in Stuart, Id., in the fall of '99, a child four years of age was killed by a lion on a ranch up Maggie Creek, about four miles from the village. The killing occurred in daylight and within a few rods of the ranch house. I do not imagine that Mr. Carney had the lion in mind when he referred to panthers, though in many places they are alluded to an "painters." I have reason to believe that in both of the cases above mentioned the assault was made by a brute who mistook his prey. COUNSELOR.

Colorado Winter Bird Notes.

THE Canada jays—or, as they are known here, the camp bird—have this winter sought a lower altitude than usual for some reason.

So far several have spent the season in the valley, and one or two in particular have visited the house regularly every day for scraps thrown from the back door. Old residents say they have never seen them in the valley before.

Every hunter in the Rockies knows this bird, for he introduces himself within a few minutes after camp is made, and makes himself right at home.

In the timber, he has a variety of whistling notes that are sometimes startling in their plaintiveness; then he gives you that laugh, very human, as he peeks and pries around. A companion whistles, he answers and is away.

Who ever heard a bluejay warble? Nonsense! You don't mean to say a jay, one of those noisy, boisterous, scolding fellows, can sing! Yes, that is the very same fellow. The first time I heard one was early in January a year ago. I was at the spring house. It had snowed for several hours, and the sun was just breaking through the clouds. The side hill was all aglow, when I suddenly heard a strain which I thought came from the throat of a catbird.

I got up and looked all about for the "early arrival," but could see no signs of life save a long-crested jay that was hopping about among the scrub oaks just above me. He stopped, the throat swelled, and the song came again, and still again, and I was mightily glad to have heard it. Before the winter was over I heard the little song several times. It consists of two or three strains of perhaps a dozen or more notes, and is as soft and well modulated as that of the catbird in its most amorous mood of a May morn. I have heard the little song but twice this winter, but it's the same sweet bit of melody.

Just now, as I write, I can hear a group of these birds by the brook, chattering, scolding and laughing as they sport among the shrubbery. This bird also has another note that is mightily deceiving. It is a perfect imitation of the scream of the red-tailed hawk. Many a time I have looked high in the air upon hearing the scream, to locate the hawk in its widening circles, when, not finding it and coming back to earth, I have located the source of the scream in a long-crested jay, hopping about the oak brush.

I saw a flock of about 100 Bohemian waxwings on Jan. 29. Their flight was as erratic as that of the snowbird, but they always moved as a solid phalanx.

There are but few straggling visitors here this winter

season. A Wilson's snipe patrols the brook, a cinnamon teal feeds and swims about the little lake, while a solitary golden eagle views the valley from his lofty perch, now and then taking a sail to suit his fancy.

Very few ducks passed this way during the fall migration, although I saw some nice bunches of mallards down on White River in October.

We have had an addition to our ava fauna within a month. It is a pair of English sparrows, the first I have seen on the Western slope, although there may be others. I have declared war on them, and they must go the way all pirates should go. GEO. A. MORRISON.

EMMA, Col., Feb 1.

Discoveries in Central Africa.

IN a recent number of the London Nature is given an abridgment of interesting discoveries made by Sir Harry Johnson in the Uganda Protectorate and sent by him to the Royal Geographical Society.

The explorer succeeded in making large and interesting natural history collections in that part of the forest which stretches from the basin of the Ituri River to the neighborhood of the Semliki. Here many photographs were taken of the curious dwarfs which inhabit the region, and of their dances, implements and dwellings. Two types of these dwarfs exist—one black-skinned, with a good deal of stiff curling black hair about the body, and one red or yellow skinned, with the hair of the head reddish and that on the body yellowish gray. Some of the dwarfs, especially the younger ones, have quite hairy bodies, and not infrequently the women are more or less bearded. They are remarkable for the large size and flatness of the nose, and they also have a very long upper lip, which is scarcely, if at all, erected. In this and in many other respects they are curiously ape-like, but on the other hand they are very intelligent, and notwithstanding their extreme ugliness they are usually cheerful, winning and graceful.

Sir Harry Johnson has ascertained that in these Congo forests there exists a remarkable species of horse not hitherto known. Both gorilla and chimpanzee exist here.

Some weeks were devoted to an examination of Ruwenzori. On this mountain snow was found at an altitude of 13,000 feet, and permanent snow at 13,500 feet. Among the animals collected near here were one new monkey, a new hyrax (cony), and a new antelope, besides a number of birds, reptiles and insects not previously known.

Another Mammal Approaching Extinction.

AMONG the large mammals on the verge of extinction is the Caribbean seal—the first seal met with by the early explorers of the new world. In a paper read not long ago before the Biological Society of Washington Mr. E. W. Nelson estimates that of this form there are now living not more than 100 individuals.

Although one of the least known of North American mammals, not having been accurately described until 1884, this is an animal of considerable size, and formerly had quite a wide distribution. Mr. Nelson had an opportunity to observe it during a recent visit to certain islands in the Gulf of Campeche, to which the seals appear now to be restricted. They are unsuspicious animals, sluggish, very easy to approach, and making no defense when attacked. While on the shore they commonly lie on their backs basking in the sun for hours, although the heat was so intense that iron exposed to the sun became too hot to handle with comfort.

These seals are killed for oil, which is sold for lubricating purposes, and it is this killing that has so greatly reduced their numbers.

It will be remembered that a few years since a pair of these seals were brought to New York and for some time were on exhibition in the New York Aquarium. One of them died some years ago, but the other lived and did well and is still on exhibition there. He is notorious for his practice of occasionally spurting water from his mouth at spectators.

Winter Robin in Quebec.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., Jan. 23.—I saw a robin to-day (migratory thrush), not a grosbeak. It was in full plumage, fat and healthy looking. About the end of March we usually expect to hear the welcome song of returning robins, but a robin in January is rare in this locality.

Coons are always rare around Sherbrooke, but one night last month a citizen heard a noise downstairs and descended, armed for burglars. He found a coon in the kitchen—a real ring-tailed coon. How it got there or from whence, none can tell. The nearest woods is a mile away, and the temperature below zero all that week.

Jos.

He Robbed Shooting Camps.

Last summer a number of camps in the Adirondacks were robbed and practically cleaned out of their supply of sporting goods, and a lot of complaints were made to the authorities by the owners of the camps, who asked that better protection be afforded them. The conviction at the last term of court in St. Lawrence county of a man named Johnson, which was secured by the authorities after a hard legal battle, will, it is believed, put an end to such depredations. The burglarly for which Johnson was convicted was that of the camp of Col. W. A. Barbour at the head of Tupper Lake on July 4. Suspicion pointed to two brothers, Elmer and Thomas Johnson, of Clinton, the former an ex-convict, and they were arrested. The detectives found that two men of their description had ridden sixty miles over the mountain road on their bicycles from Tupper Lake to Newton Falls and there expressed a package to Clinton. The detectives drover over the same road and found a man who had picked up a fishing rod dropped by the Johnsons. This was identified by Col. Barbour as his property. With this and other evidence, all of which was of necessity purely circumstantial, the men were taken to St. Lawrence county, and their trial lasted six days. Elmer Johnson, because he was an ex-convict, was tried first. His brother is still awaiting trial. With this conviction the authorities believe that the pillaging of shooting camps will be ended.—Adirondack Enterprise.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Good Bear Story.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having recently received a letter in which is told one of the best bear stories I ever read, and feeling it is too good to keep all to myself, I will repeat it, first referring to the manner in which I received it, going to show how strangely events will entwine themselves around each other and reveal peculiar coincidences in a way least expected.

One afternoon while seated in a train not far from Johnstown there was introduced to me a gentleman with whom I became engaged in conversation, incidentally referring to a then contemplated hunting trip to the West for big game. During our talk he told me of a friend of his from Cleveland who had had a very exciting adventure with three grizzly bears, and briefly mentioned the facts as he remembered them without stating just where it had taken place. I thought little of it at the time, not having been given sufficient details to make more than a passing impression on my mind.

During the early part of October, however, in company with a couple of friends, I arrived at the Jackson Hole country, Wyoming, and, in accordance with previously arranged plans, went into camp on Slate Creek, near the foot of Mount Leidy, some forty miles south of Yellowstone National Park, with S. N. Leak, of Jackson, as head guide. Any one who employs Mr. Leak will find he has obtained the services of one of the most gentlemanly, agreeable and competent guides to be found anywhere. We spent a most delightful two weeks there, of which much might be written, but as this is to be a bear story, and as we were not fortunate enough to see any bears, I will pass it over by saying that we thoroughly enjoyed it all, riding up and down the steep ridges, along edges of high precipices, through and over dead timber one would have thought it impossible to get over, climbing the high peaks, and last, but not the least interesting, securing our game, which in all amounted to five fine elk specimens and four antelope, besides obtaining a nice collection of very interesting views of wild game and the Western country, some seventy-five in number. Not bad, we thought, for our first trip.

One night, while "swappin' " the usual camp-fire stories, I gave the bear story, repeating the facts, as I remembered them, of the accident that had happened to the gentleman of Cleveland, and was greatly surprised to have our guide say that he knew of an exactly similar incident which happened to a hunter at a place just twenty miles west of where we were then encamped. He knew the guide's name, but did not know of the name of the hunter. I thought it a strange coincidence in case it should be the same, and on my return, after securing the name and address of the gentleman in Cleveland, I wrote him, and asked for a full description of the incident, telling him of what our guide had said, and also that he censured the other guide for having deserted him. I was pleased, and not a little surprised, to find on receiving his reply that it was the same incident, and that, while the story as I first heard it was merely given as having occurred "somewhere out West," a term known to cover a big part of the country, yet we had gone into camp within twenty miles of the exact spot where it had occurred.

No clearer or more vivid description of the incident as it actually occurred can be given than by reproducing the letter just as I received it, so here it is.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 6, 1901.—My Dear Mr. M.: You need never fear that a letter relating hunting experiences, however much space it may cover, will weary me.

I began my big game hunting "way back" in '64, when buffalo were plentiful. I started to cross to the Rocky Mountains with a party comprised mostly of miners. Our party was attacked by Sioux Indians, corralled for about three weeks, surrounded by Indians, and finally rescued by a United States regiment. So you see my tribulations began early. Nothing can stir me to greater enthusiasm than the contemplation of these Rocky Mountain trips, unless it is the active participation. I have been to the Rockies so many times that I feel as if I knew them by heart.

Well, to tell of the one experience I had with the three grizzlies. In the first place, I want to say that I in no way blame the guide. He had no weapon more deadly than a jackknife. We had left my other gun back by the horses—a foolish thing to do, as I have learned by experience. Then, as he says, he told me to "run for the hill." I was too slow, and he was too far along for me to catch up, and when I did start, the bears were so near that I only took a dozen steps before they were at me. Now, as some one remarked, "It was better for one man to be chewed up than for two." It was a very exciting time, I can assure you, especially for me, and it was all done so quickly that I had no time to do any thinking.

To tell in detail what you ask will have to be done at the risk of being long-winded. Our trip of six weeks would make a book, if all written up, our fishing and all. One of our party caught a seven and one-quarter pound trout near the outlet of Jackson's Lake, and three-pounders were common. I had my setter along and had fine sport after the mountain grouse.

We had been hunting elk from our camp, some twenty miles south from Jackson Lake. It was located on a small creek that ran north to the lake or river. It was a beautiful place for such a camp—good water, good feed for horses, and wood everywhere. The elk we hunted invariably went to the very tops of the mountains, to the southwest of us, so two of our party of three, I and one other, concluded to take a guide each, our blankets, and an extra pack animal, and, by making a wide circle to the southward, get around the country where these elk were daily feeding. We were prepared to be out two or three nights.

We started very early one morning and had a hard day's ride up and down places where one would hardly believe horses could go, and just about sunset were on top of the highest mountain in the range. We slept under a big pine, with a roaring fire near by. Before daylight the next morning we heard the elk bugling on every side. We had breakfast and then, as soon as we could see, we started in different directions, I, with my guide, going south from where we spent the night. We went over the very crest of the mountain, which was not over 200 yards from our camp. As we were descending, we heard a bull elk bugling. He was evidently coming up; so we hid behind a large pine near the same trail we were following, and soon saw his antlers over a small rise. He took a step or two more, and his whole head and neck were in sight. He was just 111 yards from me down hill; we paced the distance. I fired, hitting him full in the center of the neck, and he dropped dead. He had a fine head, which we cut off and prepared for the taxidermist, then started back for a horse to pack it in. I was very anxious to get a fine specimen of a spike bull's head. I had any number of chances for other shots at a five-point bull and some six-point ones, but did not care to shoot them, when my guide pointed to a small herd of seven or eight elk slowly going up a steep ridge, and said one of them was a spike bull, and he told me which one. They were among some aspen, and I did not see his head. I let go at him, and he stumbled, turned down, and rushed at a break-neck pace downward. I fired three more shots from my .45-90 Winchester at him before he disappeared over the ridge. We went to the top, and he was nearly dead, with all four balls in him, but he was a five-point bull, and I was sorry I killed him. We got our horse, brought in our head, and on the way in I shot three grouse. We spent several hours on the head cleaning it, and about 4 o'clock cooked some grouse and had our dinner. Then I suggested that we follow the crest of the mountain to its end, about one-half mile from camp, and try for a shot at a spike bull. My guide took no gun. He was whittling at a couple of elk's teeth he had taken from one I had killed. At the place where we sat down to wait there was, about 500 yards below, a plain or park. The grade down was very steep, so much care would be required to avoid slipping and tumbling the whole way. Behind us, at about the same distance, say thirty yards, was a patch of dense woods. Here we waited to try for our spike bull, should he come up from the park below to sleep in the woods.

As we sat, I several times thought I heard something in the woods back of us, but the guide did not notice it, so we paid no attention. Suddenly we heard a large dry limb snap directly behind, and we both jumped up and saw an immense grizzly, on his hind legs, looking over the bushes directly at us. It was a beautiful shot. I aimed for his throat. I could easily have hit a silver dollar where he stood. Just as I was about to pull the trigger two more stood up beside the first, like three soldiers in a row. My guide said, "Don't shoot; run for the hill." I did not hear the last part distinctly, and, still pointing my gun, I looked around, and my guide was half way to the brink of the hill. Before I had time to think, the three bears, uttering what I called a bellow—it was so like a bull, but the guides called it a roar—started for me with a rush through the low bushes. I knew it was no use to shoot, so turned to run. Before I had gone a dozen steps, the bears were near me, making a fearful noise. I concluded I was done for any way, and turned quickly to shoot one of them if I could, but they were so close that they were inside of the muzzle of my gun. It hit one on the shoulder, and the ball as I fired did not touch him. This one had me by my left leg in an instant, and fairly lifted me and turned me over so that the back of my head hit the ground. One other grabbed me by the side, getting the edge of my coat in her mouth, which so filled it she did not reach my flesh. As I went over my head must have hit one of the numerous stones that were around, for I was knocked out as clean as if McCoy had pounded my chin. This is all I know until I saw, as in a dream, the three bears quietly waddling off into the woods. I do not remember getting up or picking up my gun, but I did get it; and, as I stood in a dazed condition, I saw the head of my guide appear over the ridge. He asked me where the bears were. I told him. He asked me how badly I was hurt. I said I did not know; and as my left leg between my hip and knees felt as if torn to pieces, I did not propose to examine it until back at our temporary camp. When there, we took account of stock. My leg was bitten to the bone the first bite, the two long teeth cutting like lances. Then there were numerous places where it looked as if the bear had snapped at my leg, not getting full hold. Long, hard lumps about the size of a good-sized man's thumb were numerous. My leg from knee to hip turned black and a peculiar brown color. The doctor thought I would have some abscesses as a result, but as I was in good shape they were absorbed, and I have no trouble save a lame leg.

We slept under a pine tree that night, and got back to our permanent camp the next afternoon, but we had a very disagreeable night of it, as rain set in that turned to snow. One peculiar thing was that in the left pocket of my coat I had an aluminum match box, full of matches, and when bear No. 2 grabbed at me she bit through the coat, match box, and all, and fired all of the matches. They burned their heads off and went out. The box was all smashed out of shape. Two holes show where the long teeth went through, and prints of the small teeth ran along one side.

I was interviewed by numerous curious people afterward. One party, who was noted as a bear killed, said to me that not one link in the chain of events could have been left out and my life saved. His theory was that I being knocked out and lying perfectly still the bear supposed I was killed and left. The bears had been eating whortleberries, as we could see by stems and pieces of leaves left on my clothes, where they had bitten at me, so that they were probably not hungry. These bears do not always rush out and attack people as these did; but, according to "old bear hunters," this was their running season, and then a male accompanied by a female will attack anything alive within range. Then the third was

a cub of the female, about full-grown, but still with her. This was another *casus belli,* for "they say" whenever a female has her young with her she will attack any living thing in sight, like a hen with her chicks. So you see the conditions were against me.

Had the guide turned back when he found I was not following him, the chances are that both of us would have been killed. I think he did perfectly right.

We went in via the Park, camping two nights in the Park. It is a very pleasant route, but rather aggravating, as we saw much game, and, of course, our guns were sealed. Once before I had been in the same country, but then we went in via Bozeman, skirting the Park on its west side, via Lake Henry. Going this way we had some fine bird shooting en route. I have a three-barreled gun, 28-inch barrels, 12-gauge shot, with .40-70 rifle barrel under the shot barrels, 7¾ pounds weight, made for me by Kirkwood, of Boston, and it is a most serviceable gun for such trips. The rifle barrel is perfectly accurate. Then I carry a five-jointed fishing rod, that I strap to my saddle; so I am always ready for anything that turns up. On one trip we found a stream full of fine grayling. I did not believe any were in the West until I found this stream. On my first trip West, in 1864, I saw thousands of buffalo, and killed all I cared to, generally running them down on horseback. I have always used the .45-90 since it was made, but if I make any trips in the future I shall use the .30-30 Winchester. This year I have only had bird shooting.

I send you a pencil sketch of my match box. I am no artist, as you can readily see; but from it you may gain some idea of how it is. I have not detailed the reason why the old bear hunter told me no one part of what happened could be left out, and I come out alive, as it would take up too much space; but, as I have some left, I will give you one of them. For instance, had I continued to run, and not turned to shoot, I would have been knocked over forwards, and my hands would have protected my head, and I would not have been knocked out. I would naturally have put my hands up to save my neck, and as long as I moved they would bite and tear like a terrier with a rat. When the rat is dead, he leaves it. Even had I shot and killed a male before it started for me, he says the female would not have let up while there was anything left of me to tear up. Or, had I wounded the male I tried to shoot, and so on through the chapter—I certainly would have had the hide of the male had he been alone. It is very uncommon to run on three such specimens at once, and, as a Helena, Mont., paper put it, it takes a tenderfoot from Ohio to do in this line what half a dozen mountaineers could not expect to find in a ten-years' tramp. I have an idea that the three bears I saw were raised within the Park limits, where they were unmolested, and then they wandered outside to get at me.

W.

The gentleman who wrote the above letter is at the head of one of Cleveland's largest and best known wholesale establishments, and, while he has always had large business interests under his care, he has been one of Ohio's most enthusiastic sportsmen. He is fifty-nine years old, but says he feels only thirty, and that a man never gets any older than he feels. He still carries with him the marks of the three grizzlies, although not now sufficient to cause him any inconvenience. M.

Johnstown, Pa., January.

The Doom of the Big Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just been reading Mr. Beaman's letter on Colorado's big game.

I thoroughly agree with Mr. Beaman in all that he says, but I am afraid that the conditions are such, not only in Colorado, but in all the game country of the Rocky Mountains, that the preservation of any large proportion of the game now left is impossible.

The main cause of decrease of big game is the settlement of the game fields. For instance, fifteen years ago the winter range of the game in northwestern Colorado comprised at least 5,000 square miles, and one could count every man, woman and child living thereon and not overtax one's memory.

When I left there in 1897 the game still had at least 2,000 square miles of winter range, and was not molested to any great extent. At that time the deer were still so plentiful that two or three hundred could be seen in a day's ride, and it was impossible to stack hay anywhere out of gunshot from the ranch building or the deer would destroy the stack. Now, Mr. Beaman says, the range is restricted to about 400 square miles, and that about 1,000 hunters are after them in that small space during the open season. This tells the story.

In the effort to protect the big game of the West we are face to face with certain conditions, and these conditions must be taken into account in any laws that are passed for game protection, or these laws will be of little value.

First, the bulk of the population of the Rocky Mountains is of men with absolutely no sentiment as regards the game. These men have taken part in the settlement of the West, and big game is to them simply a cheap food supply to be used as long as it lasts, and then, when the country is settled, to be replaced by domestic cattle and sheep. Many of them believe that the sooner the big game is killed off the better for the country. They argue that as long as the big game is plentiful there will be a class of shiftless people who will live off the game, supplemented by a little horse stealing or cattle killing at odd times. As long as the game lasts, they say, this class of people will remain and, by holding ranches that would otherwise be occupied by more thrifty settlers, retard the settlement of the country.

They also say that the income to the people of the State from the game is not one-quarter what it would be were the country settled and the game ranges used to support cattle.

And in this they are right. Here in Northwestern Wyoming there are about 5,000 square miles of country that is practically unsettled; on this tract there are 50,000 or 60,000 elk and perhaps half as many sheep, deer and antelope. Perhaps 200 guides, packers and cooks are employed by sportsmen each fall, receiving on an average $150 each for six weeks' work, and $50,000 is a fair estimate of the total amount of money left in this tract of the State by sportsmen each year. This same section is capable of supporting, when settled, a population of several thousand, and of turning off several hundred thousand dollars' worth of live stock each year. Therefore, when it comes to a question of dollars and cents—and the dollar rules nowadays—the game has got to go.

Mr. Beaman would like to see the game laws enforced with the same severity as Uncle Sam enforces his revenue laws. This is an impossibility, and must be dismissed from consideration. The people of the Rocky Mountains believe that they have a right to kill game for food purposes at any time, they propose to enjoy that right, and they cannot be stopped. However much we may wish to protect what big game we have left, we here butt our heads against a solid wall. As long as violations of the game law, when such violations consist of killing game for food purposes, are tried in the local courts, it will be impossible to convict. And because of this, and of the feeling that the game is of little real benefit to the State, any laws made for the protection of game are apt to fail of their purpose. Over-protection does not protect. In 1896 Colorado put a close season on elk. The only result was to prevent the law-abiding sportsman from hunting, while the killing for food by ranchmen and settlers went on unchecked.

Here in Wyoming no one pays any attention to the close season when food is wanted. And the wardens are compelled to recognize this state of affairs. As matters are now, this does not affect the game, as the unsettled country is so great in extent, and the game so plentiful, that what game is killed in this way makes no apparent inroads on the herds.

But the time is fast coming when every acre of available land will be cultivated and every bit of grazing land in the mountains will be required for summer range for live stock. I think that ten years will see the big game of the mountains practically gone. Conditions as regards food for game are not the same here as in Maine and the Adirondacks. There the game stays on the same ground summer and winter. Here the game must come down out of the mountains in the winter, or starve, as the snowfall is such that nothing can live. And the winter ranges of the game are fast going. Every year sees new ranches opened in the valleys, and the grass on the foothills, on which the elk depend for food, is cropped closer each year by stock. Here in Wyoming it is probable that starvation will kill more elk in the next ten years than bullets. In Colorado, which has had a large increase in population in the past ten years, the bullet did the work. But in both cases the settlement of the game ranges was, and will be, responsible for the decrease of game. If the game ranges are settled and the game cut off from their feeding grounds, it makes little difference whether an animal be shot or doe from lack of food—the result is the same.

After the mountains are settled to the limit, there will still remain small tracts of rough and rugged country in which a few elk, deer and sheep will still exist. By that time the need of a food supply from the game will be over and we will always have some game with us. The overflow from the Park will help out this section. Wolves, cougar, lynx, wildcats, coyotes and bear will increase, as the domestic stock will furnish an abundance of food for the first five, and bear can never be cleaned out of a country as rough as this.

In trying to save any amount of the elk, deer or antelope we are fighting a losing battle. The United States land laws are such that it is impossible for large preserves, as in Canada, to be formed, and the formation of such preserves would be the only solution of the problem.

Wm. Wells.

Eating Muskrat.

Essex, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With regard to the muskrat question, some reader of Forest and Stream should suggest a receipt for removing the musky taste. Musk is one of the most powerful and penetrating not to say indestructible odors known, and its taste is almost equally persistent. We have a girl in the kitchen who has eaten skunk, but she draws the line at muskrat. Just before Christmas I shot a muskrat and had it prepared for the table. I was the only one who took more than one taste, and after the first two or three morsels I did not fancy the rat as much as I had expected. The hired girl turned up her nose at it, comparing it unfavorably with mephitis, and even the cat refused to eat it.

The members of the household saw a joke in the affair, and for the next week I got the remnants of that muskrat in all possible shapes and forms, served alone or with other meats, till I became as suspicious of my food as the Eastern potentate who knew there were designs on his life. At Christmas, when the presents were distributed from the children's tree, the muskrat turned up in one of Tiffany's silver boxes, and I should probably be having it yet at periodical intervals if I had not incinerated the remains in the stove.

In the markets in Wilmington, Del., muskrats are sold skinned as "marsh rabbits," and considerable numbers are eaten by the poorer classes. These muskrats come from the marshy shores of the salt-water creeks of the lower part of Delaware, where they are captured by wholesale by professional trappers. Owners of the marshes farm out the privilege of trapping the rats, and so may be said to conduct muskrat farms. Aside from the rats, their only other crop is salt hay. John B. Burnham.

Brewer, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By a curious coincidence your issue of Jan. 26 contains an article on the "Toothsome Muskrat," and Mr. Robinson's "Reminescences" also speaks of eating them. As some who read these articles may wish to try for themselves, I will give them a little instruction as to how the muskrat should be prepared for cooking. While I know nothing which is more cleanly fed than a muskrat, still a novice is likely to render one unfit for food in preparing it.

First, in skinning be sure not to let the fur touch the meat, as this, especially in the spring time, causes a musky taste. Indians, although not over neat in many things, are very careful when skinning muskrats for food. They usually use a "skinning stick." This is a stick some 18 inches long, with a fork at one end; one of the forks is sharpened and the stick is set upright in the ground. A slit is cut near the gambrel cord and the muskrat is suspended from the fork with its nose just clear of the ground. The operator sits flat on the ground with legs extended on each side of the muskrat, and as he turns the skin down like a stocking, there is no possibility of the hair coming in contact with the meat. While it may not always be needful to follow this method, it is positively necessary that the hair should never be allowed to touch the meat.

Next, one must remove all portions which contain musk. Many suppose that when the musk sack has been removed the work is done, but you will find that there is in the inside of each thigh, and also on the inside of the upper part of the foreleg, a small whitish substance closely resembling what is called the "treadle" in a hen's egg, which can only be reached by a deep cut. Unless all these are carefully removed, the meat will taste musky, no matter how carefully it is cooked.

If these precautions are taken, it is almost impossible to tell muskrats from ducks, whether broiled, fried or stewed. I once saw a curious proof of this.

In 1861 the Maine State Scientific Survey, a party consisting of eleven men, and of which I was a member, stopped several days at Hunt's, on the East Branch of the Penobscot, while a party consisting of Professors C. H. Hitchcock, George L. Goodale and Alpheus S. Packard and two other of our men ascended Katahdin. While they were gone, Dr. Ezekiel Holmes, who had charge of our party, remarked that when he was on a geological survey in 1837 with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, they had had a muskrat stew prepared by their Indian guide, Joe Tomah, and that he wished he could have another. As Louis Ketchem and myself had nothing in particular to do, we volunteered to procure the rats and make the stew, if Dr. Holmes could borrow some tools for us to dig with. He could not get a hoe, but he got an adze, and with this and an axe we dug out six, all fully grown. These were skinned and made into a stew in a kettle holding nearly a pailful. Just as those of us who were in camp were finishing dinner, one of the other party arrived, who reported the remainder near at hand, and extremely hungry. Some one said, "None of those fellows will eat muskrats if they know it." But it was muskrat stew or nothing, so the skins were laid out of sight and on their arrival they were bountifully helped. "What is this?" said Goodale. "Ducks," said Louis. No more questions were asked, and they all ate as only hungry men in the woods can eat. When they were nearly done, I began stretching the skins on some squaw bush (red osier) sticks I had cut for the purpose. Goodale happened to look round, and seeing what I was doing, said to Louis, "Where did you get those muskrat skins?"

"Oh, they came off from those ducks you have just been eating," was the answer. M. Hardy.

A "Wild Goose" Trapping Expedition.—I.

It was in the spring of 1882 when I formed the acquaintance of Edward Robbins. I admired and respected him. Not only could he and I discuss the heroic virtues of "Deadwood Dick," "Calamity Jane," "Old Avalanche" and many other impossible heroes and heroines of the trashy dime novel of that time (we firmly believed these characters were living people then), but Ed had seen some of the West, and he gave glowing descriptions of countless ducks and geese which had fallen to his gun on the plains of Iowa. Like my own was Ed's liking for guns, boats, rods, dogs, and the free outdoors, natural. He had hunted in the woods, and fished some of the streams of southern Canada and northern York State.

"We have been friends quite a while," said Ed, one day, "and I've a secret for you. I'm going trapping for the winter. My uncle, Cad Ives, wrote me that he's going into the Fifty-Mile Forest on a trapping expedition and invited me along. The forest is partly in Canada and partly in York State. Cad has been there before, and made it pay, too. Say, you dassen't go with us!"

This invitation-challenge came like a shot. I wanted to go badly enough, but feared my parents would not consent. I thought a while before answering. "I'll ask my folks to-night, and let you know to-morrow," said I finally.

I met Ed with a long face the next night. I had asked permission and had been refused. Ed and I talked the matter over for a long time. His parents were dead, and he did as he liked in such matters. He thought it tough not to be able to "go when and where a fellow liked." "Nobody holds me," said he, "and I'm sorry for you. You'll miss a pile of fun, and I'll think of you shut up in a greasy shop while I'm hustling around in the woods on snowshoes, and as free as a deer."

Ed watched the effect of this shot out of the corner of his eye. He had made a bullseye, and I am sure he knew it. I whistled softly a moment and my eyes were on the ground. Suddenly I looked at Ed, straight in his eyes. "They can kick or not, just as they like," I said. "I'm going, anyhow!"

"Good boy! That's what I like to hear. Shake! You'd never catch a boy like Deadwood Dick staying home just because his folks might be afraid that something might eat him up. Shake again!" We shook, and the thing was settled.

Owing to Ed's description of him, his uncle, Cad Ives, was already established in my estimation as an all-round hero. He had not only sailed every briny sea, but a number of years had been passed aboard vessels on the Great Lakes. He had trapped, hunted, fished and camped over much of southern Canada, and knew every foot of the Adirondacks. Ed wrote him that we would join him at Chateaugay, N. Y., in the early part of September.

"Now," said Ed, "it costs too much for steel traps, and I've decided on a trap that we can make ourselves, and it will cost very little. Besides, it will help pass the time until we're ready to start."

"That's all right," said I, "but where, and how are we going to make these traps? You know I'll have to lay pretty low until we are ready to start. It won't do to have my parents suspect—that might kill the whole business."

"Don't let that worry you. We'll make the traps in

my Uncle Martin's cellar. I'd already planned that before I asked you to go. There'll be no need to let him know you're going. So far as he's concerned, he'll think you're only helping me for the fun of it."

The next five weeks were very busy ones for us. I knew little of the art of trapping, so Ed had it all his own way in designing our outfit. We bought over 2,000 feet of thin boards, and made the parts for 400 traps. They were about 18 inches long and 6 inches square. One end was closed tight, and a comb-like contrivance with strong darning neeedles for teeth guarded the entrance. The needles slanted down and inward, and their points rested on the floor of the trap. The theory was this: Any animal forcing an entrance into the trap would be compelled to swing this needle gate up. Once started, there could be no returning, for the animal would be compeled to back out, and this would force the needles into its spine. So much for the theory of the thing. The success? Well—that's a part of our yarn we haven't reached yet.

Night after night we worked by lamplight. The boards were a foot wide, and all had to be sawed through the center lengthwise. The sawing act was performed by me, and the memory of the way I toiled pushing that old ripsaw will always remain vividly emerald. Finally all the parts were made and packed tightly in a monster dry goods box. Along with the traps we stored an assortment of old clothes which I managed to sneak from the house piece by piece.

A few days before we were ready to start an exceedingly inquisitive neighborhood was thrown into spasms of wonderment by seeing a heavy express wagon back up to Ed's uncle's house. Then, lo and behold! a box as large as some of the palatial chicken coops thereabouts was bundled out of the cellar, and it took four men and fully 200 hard words to get it to the sidewalk and on to the wagon. It was then transported to the depot and shipped to Chateaugay, N. Y.

Outside of expenses for lumber, needles, etc., I managed to accumulate $35 by the time we were ready to start. Ed assured me time and again that it would be inconvenient to burden ourselves with capital.

"We won't need much money," said he, "for there'll be no chance to spend any, away off there in the woods. Besides, we'll be so loaded down with valuable hides in the spring we won't have pockets to hold the cash we'll get for them. All we need now is just money enough to buy ammunition, flour, sugar, tea, coffee, and pay our fare. Then we'll have to hire some chap to drive us and our outfit about twenty miles into the woods, but that won't cost much. There'll be no one to boss us after that; nothing but freedom then."

I painted things just as rosy as Ed did, and believed in them just as firmly. These were simply air castles of youth—and what youthful mind has not framed like misty pictures of hope? What a joyous, happy world it might be could all such dreams materialize! How few come true? alas! how many fade, melt and vanish like the delicate, dying rainbow against the darkling heavens of an approaching summer night!

At last the long-looked-for day arrived. Why we had selected that particular time, I do not remember. I do remember, however, my feelings that morning. In the excitement of preparation I had not dreamed of experiencing the least pang at leaving home, without the consent of my parents. But now that the actual time for departure had come, a feeling of remorse stole over me. How could I leave without one word of farewell to the family? The longer I considered the matter the stronger grew my determination to let my mother know, at least. This resolve was formed that morning.

I was unwell that day, had no appetite, and this broke the way for half a day at home. After dinner, when father had gone, and my brothers and sisters had disappeared, I told mother the whole business—how I was tired of the city and had decided to live in the woods; how I had decided to run away, but couldn't go without bidding her good-by. She felt badly, but finally gave her consent. I will not dwell on the memories of that afternoon. It is enough to say that there was a meeting in my room that evening, attended by all the family—a sort of farewell affair. I had the consent of my parents, and there was no longer need of running away.

Good-bys were said, and we started. I staggered under a large valise, which held, among other things, a 12-pound can of powder, 200 loaded shells of 12 gauge, 200 .45 caliber cartridges and 50 pounds of chilled shot. Besides, I carried a double breech-loading James gun and a Shelton auxiliary rifle barrel in one of the barrels of the James, which added to its weight. Ed's valise was quite heavy, but he carried no gun. We were unaware that we laid ourselves liable to law in taking explosives on the train, among the passengers—and there was explosive enough in those valises to blow the whole outfit off the track.

Chateaugay was reached in due time, and we delayed the train considerably while we unloaded our ammunition. Everything was finally piled on the platform, and with a toot of the whistle and clanging bell the train pulled out and disappeared in the distance.

Now that we had arrived at our destination, I waited for the next move on the programme. Ed started out to find his uncle and returned with his grandfather, a little weasened old gentleman, and we loaded our things in the buggy. The old gentleman drove off and we struck out across the fields.

"I've something to tell you," said Ed. "Grandfather don't know where Cad is, but thinks he has gone to Quebec and shipped. He disappeared a week ago, and nobody around here has seen him since. If he don't show up, then we can't go to the Fifty-Mile Forest, for I don't know anything about the place. What are we going to do?"

"Well, I told grandfather about our plans, and he thinks we can set our traps on the streams around here and catch mink. Besides, he says he has steel traps which we can use for skunks and foxes. I've caught a good many mink around here myself."

"That part of the business sounds all right, but where'll we live?"

"Grandfather says we can stay with him until we put up a slab shanty. He says we can put the shanty on his land, and the slabs wont' cost over three dollars."

I breathed more freely. Every one at home had prophesied our return inside of a week. I knew if this should prove true we would be the laughing stock of the neighborhood, and I felt greatly relieved when Ed had unfolded his new plans.

The soft beams of a candle fell through the panes of a little old-fashioned log house. This was our destination. We were very cordially welcomed by Ed's grandfather and grandmother. Each had passed the fourscore mark. Their faces beamed with kindness as they invited us to lay aside our belongings and partake of a hot supper which was steaming on the table. The candle in the center of the small table cast a dim, mellow light over our group, and the rays struggled valiantly, though unsuccessfully, to penetrate the corners of the quaint little room.

Though Ed and I hadn't slept a wink for over thirty-six hours, we stayed up until a late hour that night. Ed had family news for the old folks, and they had news for him. Then his grandfather spun a few yarns connected with the old-fashioned fancy-stocked long rifle which rested in a pair of antlers over the door. The old man sighed again and again as he said: "Ed, my boy, age has nearly laid the old man low. She's a good old rifle, but I'll never use her again. The last time I fired her she tumbled over a deer right from the back door of this very house, and those are the antlers on which she rests." The old man's chin dropped to the back of his hands, which were folded over the head of his cane; then silence reigned a while.

"Come, father, we are all tired. Come, we must go to bed. Ed, you know your room? It's the one you always use, and Harry is to sleep with you." The kind voice of the old lady had broken the spell.

Our room was small, neat and clean; the bed was soft and my rest unbroken, for my conscience was clear. I had not run away from home, and my dreams were restful—for they were sweet dreams of home.

William H. Avis.

Talks to Boys.—XII.

In teaching the dog to come to heel, get a stick two and a half or three feet long and have fastened to the end of it an ordinary snap. Call the dog to you, snap the hook into the ring on his collar, say to him, "Heel," and then walk off. Of course, he will try to run ahead of you, but you must hold the stick firmly, so as to keep the dog's head just behind your right leg. Then, as you walk along, frequently repeat to him the word "heel." At first he will struggle and twist, and try to dart off to one side, and may even pull back, but you must keep the stick in its proper position and walk off, dragging the puppy behind you and frequently saying to him, "Heel! Heel!" It will not be very long before he will follow contentedly at your heels, and you may imagine you have done great things, but when you free his collar and let him run again, and after he has played about for some time, again call him to heel, you will find that he has no memory of his former lesson, which must now be repeated. After he has had half a dozen parades at the end of the stick, he may very likely begin to comprehend what is required of him, and when you think that he has reached this point it will be well for you to call him up, and having given the order, to walk off without fastening him by the stick. In a moment or two he is almost certain to forget, and to try to push ahead, but you must curb him by frequently repeating the order, and you may also tap him on the nose with a light switch which you should carry in your right hand, or may even give him a sharp cut with it on the body, so that he may realize that when you say "heel" it means "heel." Even after he has been taught that at the command "heel," he must walk behind you, he may not walk in the place that he ought to occupy. Sometimes he may lag yards behind, and sometimes he may run off on either side. It will be well, therefore, for you to give him frequent lessons at the end of the stick, which, of course, gives absolute control over him, and obliges him to heed the command.

Before you have taught him any of these other things, however, he should learn to come promptly at the word. This you may begin to teach him when he is a very little puppy, and it is well, when you are going to him with his food, to salute him always with the words, "Come here," or "Here." Some men, instead of using any spoken words, teach the puppy to come at a peculiar blast of the whistle. Whatever sign, vocal or otherwise, you adopt when you want your dog to come in, see that you never change it. Instill in him if you can the belief that whenever this sound is made, he is going to receive from you some good thing, and to the puppy this means something that he will like to eat. When you take him out to walk, make this sound often, and whenever he comes to you, as he is very likely to do, give him some little piece of food, a bit of cracker or a morsel of meat. Of course puppies are heedless; they see a thousand things in their walk that they are very anxious to investigate, and perhaps yours may be so much taken up with his new surroundings that at times, especially if he is not very hungry, he may neglect the signal. If he does this he is probably so much occupied by some matter, which to him is of great importance, that he will permit you to walk up close to him; put your hand on him, then shake him a little, not hard nor roughly, but enough to make him attend for a moment to you instead of his own important matter, then offer him the food, letting him smell it, but do not give it to him until you have retreated to the place where you first called him. Entice him along by frequently allowing him to smell the food until he has followed you back to this place, and then give him what you have been offering him and keep him there for a moment or two. After he gets a little older, say when he is six or eight months old, you may take him out with a long, stout string to his collar, and holding one end of the string in your hand, let him wander to its full length. Then call him to you, and if he does not instantly respond, haul in on the rope as fast as you can, making him come on foot or on his side or on his back, but at all events make him come. When you have dragged him close to your feet, pat him and give him a bit of food. A combination of these two methods, of coaxing and forcing, is likely to be very effective with the average young dog.

When your dog has pretty well gotten his growth, the time varying somewhat with his age and with the season of the year, you will probably want to have him instructed by a regular trainer. Of course, if you have had the experience and have the time, it will be much better for you to train him yourself, but this requires a great deal of patience, and a very complete understanding of how to make the dog do his work. There are many excellent volumes on dog training, written by men of long experience, who have striven hard to make plain the various methods they have pursued to teach the dog how to do his work. If you have the time, it will be interesting for you to train your puppy yourself, and if you determine to do this, you should get some of these books on dog training and study the methods adopted by the various authorities. No two men employ quite the same methods, just as perhaps no two school teachers train the children under their care in the same way, but by reading over all the different books you will perhaps be able to select from each one what is best in his system and also what method you think would be the best adapted to your own particular dog. Remember, as I have told you before, that your dog is quite as eager to work for you, and to do the work as you want it done, as you yourself are to have him work efficiently. But remember also that all this that he is now about to undertake is absolutely new to him, and that he can only learn what it is that is required of him after you have pointed it out. I have very grave doubts whether the average boy or young man of from fifteen to twenty years of age has sufficient patience to train a dog; but if he has, and has the time to do the work, he may be very sure that his dog, well trained by himself, will do more efficient work for him in the field than if he were trained by any other person. At the same time, since most of us have no time to give to such a pursuit as this, the majority of men and boys will have their dogs handled by a professional trainer.

Even if you do this, however, it will be well for you to purchase some of the books on dog training and to familiarize yourself with the methods that trainers employ. You will find that almost all of them insist on the importance of patience and kind treatment, and of making the dog comprehend the words, signs and signals made to him. They all agree also that a dog's spirit must not be broken by harsh treatment, and that it is far easier to take courage out of a dog than to put it into one that has been, through any misfortune, cowed. You will find the reading of these books very profitable, and I hope that they will help you to handle your dog wisely and well.

Of course, you will wish to have your dog well educated, and to have him refrain from doing things that he ought not to do, and to have him mind quickly and cheerfully. But there is one thing that you must avoid, and yet which you will be constantly tempted to do; beware then of perpetually finding fault with your dog, telling him not to do that, and to do the other thing. Avoid nagging him and worrying him with unnecessary orders. Give him all the liberty that you can; let him play and romp and have a good time. If you are perpetually finding fault with him, you will see that after a time he will either become heedless, paying little regard to your admonitions, or else he will become timid, lose his spirit and be afraid to do anything for fear that you will reprimand him. The result of this may well be, that you will either have a dog that has lost all energy and initiative, or else a headstrong beast that does not heed the words that you speak to him. It is much better to have a dog that is full of courage and always eager to do things and needs restraint, rather than one that has lost his snap and go.

After you have sent your dog off to the trainer, and he has received his education, and you have been told that he is now ready to be sent home, it will be well for you to arrange to go out several times with the man who has trained the dog, and observe how he works him. Each individual who handles a dog, of course, has his own particular method of doing it, and the dog becomes accustomed to these methods and understands them, while, of course, he would not understand new and different ones. When you go out to see the dog worked, I advise you not to think very much about securing the birds that may be started, but rather to keep close to the trainer and to carefully notice everything that he says and does while he is handling your dog. Attend especially to the way in which he uses the whistle, to the tones in which he speaks to the dog, and to the gestures which he makes with his hand. If, by this close observation, you can teach yourself to act toward the dog as the trainer does, your labor in handling the animal after you have brought him home will be made much easier than it otherwise would, and the work done for you by the dog will be a great deal better from the beginning. This merely means what I have told you before, that a dog fails to obey his owner in a satisfactory manner chiefly because he does not understand what his owner requires of him.

By this time your dog is grown up and is probably a year and a half or two years old. He is old enough, therefore, to have some sense; but he is not old enough to have gotten beyond the young dog's desire to wander, to play and to do certain particularly bad things like chasing fowls or sheep that tempt him by running away from him. At this period of his life the dog should be kept much of the time in the high walled pen in which he may be turned loose, but from which he cannot escape. If you have no pen for him, you must keep him on chain. You should have a good kennel for him, with plenty of straw in it for winter weather, and it should be placed in a sheltered spot where it will be measurably protected from the cold wind and the storm. Of course, if it is convenient, it is better to keep the dog in the house at night, and if he is a house dog as well as a hunting dog he must be taught not to make himself at home on the lounge or in the chairs, but must have his place in the corner of the room where he is to lie. But if you keep him out of doors through the winter—and there is really no hardship about this, because he will readily grow accustomed to the cold—see that he is made as comfortable as possible; plenty of straw for his bed which should be frequently changed, and perhaps a bit of carpet tacked over the door of the kennel and hanging down loose before it, which he can easily push away with his head when he desires to go in or out.

Although he should be kept confined for the most part, you must see that each day he has abundant exercise. Take him for a walk if you can, or let him follow you when you go out on your wheel, or if you have to drive to the village let him follow the wagon. It will be well

for you to teach him to travel beneath the wagon, pretty well forward, about under the front seat. Nothing is more disagreeable than to have a dog following a wagon and ranging far and wide about it, chasing the farmers' fowls, getting into fights with all the dogs along the road and very likely barking at wagons that you may meet. None of these things happen if you can teach him to travel under the wagon.

Unless you give him plenty of exercise he will not be healthy, but if you give him this he will always be hard and in good condition against the time when you wish to use him. You must be careful not to overfeed him, because if you give him too much to eat he will grow fat and lazy and it will be a hard matter for you to run the fat off him as the season for using him approaches, and besides this, if he is fat at the beginning of the season, he will not work with half the energy that he should, and may very likely become tired out before the day is over.

If you have only one dog in the house, it is probable that the fragments left on the plates at the end of a meal will be all that he will need to eat; bits of bread and vegetables and pieces of meat afford a very excellent diet for a dog when he is not working. He should be fed, as a rule, only once a day, having his dinner in the evening. When he is working, however, he is entitled to stronger food than this, and many men of great experience recommend that a worthy dog should be fed during the shooting season wholly on meat. At this time when your dog is doing an enormous amount of the hardest kind of physical work, he must be well nourished if he is to do good service. To whatever he is fed, give him all he will eat, but only feed once a day. Few dogs have vigor and staying power enough to work more than three or four days in the week, but if possible you would like to have your dog in such shape that he will hunt as long as you wish him to.

Many years ago I had a native setter that would work six days in the week without giving up. Sometimes toward evening he would be very, very tired, but so long as daylight lasted he was willing to go wherever he was sent, and to work hard for birds. Yet many a time in the evening as we were walking home, I have seen him trot thirty or forty yards ahead of us along the road, curl himself up and lie there in a red ball until we had passed thirty or forty yards beyond him, when he would once more trot to the front and again lie down to rest.

I am sure that the longer you have your dog, assuming that he is a good one, the more you and he will be in sympathy with one another, and the better work you will do together. But I am extremely anxious to have you both start right, to have the dog fond of you and yet soon understanding that you are the master; to have you kind to the dog, firm, but not constantly teasing him and worrying him by unnecessary commands. If he develops well, you will be proud of him and will get to love him better and better, until finally you will be convinced that he is the best dog in the world, and however you may treat him, he will certainly believe that you are the best person in the world. I hope that you will deserve his faith in you.

W. G. DE GROOT.

The Maine September License.

BOSTON, Feb. 11.—From the best reports to be had I learn that there is already a hot fight in the Maine Legislature over the proposition to repeal the September license deer shooting law. Before the Committee on Fisheries and Game the law was on the rack on Thursday, and it got a pretty severe airing. The timber land owners are evidently thoroughly down on the September law, and they have sent in numerous petitions for its repeal. The Hon. J. P. Bass, of Bangor, himself an owner of very extensive timber lands, appeared before the committee, and his denunciations of the law were forceful, to say the least. He accused the Commissioners of unfair treatment of the timber land owners, in urging the retention of a law that has been found to greatly endanger their property. He declared that he had understood the introduction of the September shooting law to have been an experiment, but now that the experiment had been found to be decidedly detrimental and dangerous to the owners of the forests, the Commissioners were trying to cover these facts, solely for the purpose of securing the paltry sum of $3,000 received for the sale of licenses. The timber land owners would much rather be taxed for many times that amount—they would rather pay it themselves than to have the horde of hunters let loose upon their property with all the danger from fires thus engendered. He recalled the terrible Miramichi fire, and said that if hunters were to be let loose into the forests during the most dangerous of all months—September—most disastrous conflagration was likely to be repeated in the valuable timber lands of Maine. Every possible safeguard that the Legislature could put around the forests should be provided. "If there wasn't any danger of forest fires last September, why," he asked, "did the Forest Commissioner, who is also one of the Fish and Game Commissioners, after he had sold licenses, and the weather was dry, send out an appeal to the sportsmen, saying, 'For God's safe don't use them!'" "This," he added, "may not have been the exact language of the Commissioner, but it meant the same."

He continued: "They say that the sportsmen don't set fires, but when men go into the woods who are fools enough or drunk enough to shoot each other, is it not likely that they will set fires in the same careless way? We timber land owners don't want men who can't tell a deer from a man roaming over our lands. We have great fear that they will set fires, spite of all the Commissioners say. The timber lands should not be made a pasture for careless cranks who come down to Maine to 'shoot something.' Every one knows that some of the hunters who come here are half fools, who are sent off into the woods to get them out of the way at home. Will any one say that these men are not liable to set fires? It is wrong, it is abusing the land owners, to let these cranks have an opportunity to destroy what it has taken hundreds of years to produce, and what timber land owners have served a lifetime to be able to purchase. The greatest menace to forestry and forest protection to-day is the irresponsible hunter and his guide."

Mr. Bass said that he would like to see all fishing and hunting in unorganized townships stopped. Here Commissioner Carleton interposed with the idea that the gentleman was "hitting the nail on the head."

Mr. Bass was followed by several other timber land owners, in the same vein. They objected to the law and wanted it repealed, for the reason that it let loose irresponsible persons to roam at will over their valuable lands during a most dangerous month for fires. The idea was freely expressed that timber lands had depreciated in value, under the September license law. The timber land owners unanimously ask for the repeal of that law, and that is one good reason why it should be done, since it was only passed as an experiment. Mr. C. A. Marston, an extensive owner of timber lands, thought the matter a most important one to the timber land owners. When the law was passed he thought it was wrong, and it should be repealed. He believed that there is more danger of shooting persons in September than in the other fall months, for the foliage is still dense. He believed that September was the worst month in all the year for forest fires. If the land owners were to be taxed more, they should have more to say concerning the laws that propose to permit persons to enter upon their lands.

Commissioner Carleton was the first to reply to the timber land owners. With much they had said he was heartily in accord. He believed in the absolute importance of greater protection to the forests. He said: "I go further and say that if the owners of timber lands feel and really believe that their interests are jeopardized by the September hunting law, even though they are mistaken, as I believe they are, the law had better go. It has always been the aim of the Fish and Game Commission to do nothing which would antagonize the interests of the great timber estates of the State. But I believe that they are mistaken, and instead of the law being a menace and a danger to the forests, it is an absolute protection, and I think that we can demonstrate this position. But that is neither here nor there. We dont' want a law that is a menace and a danger, and we don't want the timber land owners worried. But don't make a scapegoat of the September law. Meet the issue candidly and squarely. Don't charge to this law all the vast numbers that went into the woods last September. Not an additional man went into the woods of Maine last September because of the license law. Repeal that law and you will not have advanced an inch. Before the law was passed any one could go where he pleased, with or without a guide. The fact that now there is a guide license law and a record is a guarantee of safety from fires to the owners of timber lands. Do not lay all of your troubles to the September law. Stop men carrying rifles into the woods in September. Make a law that they shall not carry firearms into the woods in August and September. We all know that every man who goes into the woods to fish has his Winchester with him. I will go as far as any man in the State to protect your forests, but go at it intelligently. Don't take off the little twig of a September law, but go at the roots of the tree of your troubles. Stop the taking of firearms into the woods in the dangerous season. I am with you in that direction. Stop the taking of those long trips down the Alleguash and the West Branch, on which every man carries his rifle. Until you put a stop to the carrying of firearms into the woods in September crowds will continue to go there."

Mr. Carleton was replied to by one or two of the timber land owners, who had no confidence in the guides nor the guide license law. That law should also be repealed. It legalized the guides in trespassing on lands that they did not own, and allowed them to take others with them. Mr. G. F. Bradstreet, of Gardiner, a timber land owner, did not take any stock in this registered guide business. "Gentlemen like you," addressing Senator Vickery, of the Fish and Game Committee, "will put out fires when leaving them, but the average guide will not do it." The Hon. Don A. H. Powers, of Houlton, brother of ex-Gov. Powers, who is also a heavy owner of timber lands, was against the September law, and wanted it repealed. Commissioner C. E. Oak, who spoke in favor of the September law, asked if a majority of the fires had not been set by careless woodsmen, rather than sportsmen. get together and decide upon other measures for forest protection.

Mr. Vickery, of the committee, asked if the timber land owners would get together and draft a bill to prevent the carrying of firearms into the woods in the summer months. If they would draft what they wanted in that direction, he thought that the committee would report such a bill and recommend its passage. Mr. Bass replied that he first wanted the September law repealed, and then they would get together and decide upon other measures for forest protection.

The hearing was adjourned, the committee taking the matter under advisement for consideration in executive session.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Ultra Protection in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 7.—The attention of sportsmen of the West is called to a game bill which has been introduced both in the House and Senate of the present session of the Illinois Legislature. This is House bill No. 57, introduced by Mr. Lyon on Jan. 22, printed and referred to the Committee on Fish and Game. The Senate number of this bill is 37, and it was introduced by Mr. Begole on Jan. 23, read the first time, ordered printed and referred to the same committee.

In brief this bill proposes to protect game with a vengeance, and in what to any well-posted man seems an unnecessary and undesirable extent. It proposes to establish a close season of five years on all the imported pheasants, and also on quail, prairie chicken and fox squirrel. It proposes to charge every resident of this State a gun license of $1.25 before he can go out hunting within the limits of this State, the non-resident license footing up $10.50. This latter idea is the result of the recent ill-advised agitation which has sought to "raise a fund for game protection."

The bill includes in its sweeping measures the prohibition of killing wild fowl between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. This is an excellent feature and it should be passed. Indeed, the bill itself includes many wise propositions, which show that its framer, whoever he may be, has given the matter a certain amount of thought.

It is the idea of a sportsman to stop spring shooting of wild fowl in this State. It would be the idea of a sportsman, perhaps, also to establish a close season of two or three years on prairie chickens. It is not the idea of a well-posted sportsman, however, to set up a close season of five years on quail, when we are just closing the most fruitful season this State ever knew in the matter of a quail supply. To tell the sportsmen of this State that they cannot go out to shoot quail for the next five years, but must leave these quail to be trapped and shot and smuggled into market, is to ask of the sportsmen of this State far more than their intelligence will indorse.

It is going yet further beyond the patience of any thinking sportsman to ask him to go down into his pocket for the purpose of raising a salary for some political appointee, chosen for political reasons pure and simple, and that without consultation with the sportsmen as to the fitness of the appointee, or his ability in executing a law whose executive side is notoriously all too weak. Thus far we have had no assurance that the Governor of this State was ever more than human in his selection of game wardens, and it remains still to be proved whether the sportsmen ought to pay the salary of a man whom they do not elect and do not appoint.

There are both good and bad features in the bill in question, but if we were to choose between the present game law as it is and the new law proposed by this bill, one would need at least to hesitate before indorsing the new measure. It is too sweeping, too radical, too visionary, and too obviously the product of politics combined with cheap generalizations as to game protection. What we need is a plain and simple game law, one which will not permit spring shooting, one which will break wide open the illicit traffic in game on South Water street, which remains a continual temptation to law breaking in every Western State, and, above all, one which will put in office a man who will execute the law. Such a man should be provided with proper machinery for that execution.

In all this experimenting and tinkering, all this catering to sectional prejudice and all this scheming for individual and political gain, it is impossible to avoid losing interest in the matter of intelligent protection. This is the latest theory as to protection in Illinois, and it still remains one's privilege to say that it is not yet a law and that it may not get much further than it is. The last portion of the proposition is the pleasantest part to contemplate.

Other Bills.

An amendment to establish a five-years' close season on prairie chicken and quail was introduced in the House by Mr. Neese on Jan. 23.

A bill introduced by Mr. Frizzell in the House on Jan. 31 is House No. 166, and is evidently intended to represent the interest of those who wish spring shooting. It indorses the five-years' close season on prairie chicken and quail, and makes the close season on wildfowl extend from April 15 to Sept. 1.

Local Pressure.

A strong movement against spring shooting is on foot among the sportsmen of the upper portion of Illinois, adjoining the Mississippi River, more especially in the neighborhood of Mt. Carroll and Savanna. Mr. E. K. Stedman has taken up the matter in the local papers in the form of a strong plea for abolishing the spring shooting, and backing this up with a petition signed by a large number of sportsmen and other citizens. Representative Middlekauff is the direct point of application of this petition, and he must be a strong politician if he shall not listen to the argument or feel the pressure that is being brought upon him. I notice that a local paper gravely states, in connection with its comment on this petition, that the stealing of duck eggs in the far North is responsible for decrease of our wildfowl, and it says that "This stealing should be made a misdemeanor and enforced." [Sic.] One would think that we have enough to do in tending to our own game laws without going so far across the borders to enact laws for the British Government.

The Fate of the Minnesota Park.

There is no use trying to print any news about the state of affairs regarding the Minnesota National Park. It is simply a case of seesaw, up and down, over the proposed Eddy bill, which has been submitted to Secretary Hitchcock, and which looks to the cutting of the pine on those Indian reservations and the establishing of mills within their confines. The sole hope of the friends of the park rests in the fact that there is a split in the Minnesota delegation to Congress. Mr. Eddy's associates do not all agree with him in his sweeping propositions.

If we can keep the Minnesota House divided against itself, there may something turn up later on. A prominent member of the Minnesota delegation states that the outlook for the National Park is still bright, albeit the House Committee on Military Affairs this week passed a resolution determining to give no more hearing or favorable reports on national park projects. The Secretary of the Interior is not satisfied with the Eddy bill, but singularly enough the Secretary wants mills erected on the reservations. Mr. Eddy does not want this latter provision made compulsory. The Secretary evidently wants the Indians to do the work, and Mr. Eddy just as evidently wants his friends to get the jobs. It is now established without a doubt that the Indian officials, and more especially Capt. Mercer, of the Leech Lake reservation, have come out flatfooted against the park. This is bad news, as Capt. Mercer was considered to be a friend of the park. There is a tremendous pressure being brought against the appointment of a joint commission of both Houses, the only logical way of getting at the facts in this case. Once get the facts before the public, and the park would be a certainty. Our only hope is that the lumber lobby will not be strong enough to keep the facts from coming out

Chicago Fly-Casting Club

The annual meeting and dinner o
ing Club will be held Monday ever
nual election of officers for the cur

Movements of Western

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, the polis
Hunter Arms Company, is in Chica

way to the Coast, making Duluth his next stopping point after Chicago. Mr. McMurchy seems to have rediscovered the great truth that paradise lies all about us if we only know how to break off a section of it. At the first of November, when the dull season in the trade begins, Mr. McMurchy takes his family and hies himself for the southern coast of California, where he has a cottage, and an extensive ranch acquaintance, which assures him the best kind of sport. Here he enjoys himself out of doors until Jan. 1, when, leaving his family at the cottage in California, he works east across the Southern country, takes in New York and then starts west. He is this far west on the circuit, and will be on the Coast again before very long. About April 1, when the climate of Fulton, N. Y., is beginning to get more Christian-like, he takes his family back to the home city of the gun firm, and spends his summer and early fall at that point. This gives members of the firm a chance to take their own vacations, which, after all, is a very desirable thing for members of a firm to do now and then, if they do not make a habit of it. Thus the arrangement is perfect, as above suggested. Mr. McMurchy says the Hunter Arms Company never had so much to do as they have this year, and that prospects for a continued good trade were never better.

Mr. F. K. Dunn, of the Board of Trade, and his brother-in-law, Mr. William Wright, have gone to Florida for tarpon. They will be gone about six weeks.

Hon. James R. B. Van Cleave, president of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association, and Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of Illinois, leaves this week for Pass Christian, to join his family at Lynne Castle. After a rest of a day or so in the mild climate of the Gulf Coast, he will return to Springfield and resume his same place in his several harnesses.

Storms in the West.

The thermometer touched zero this week in Chicago for the first time this winter, and we have a foot and a half of snow. This heavy snow fall came in a big storm, and the snow was very wet and heavy. I seized the occasion to get out and do a little snowshoeing, and found that the twelve-mile walk from Whiting, Ind., to the city, was something of a task, as the snow balled on the shoes fearfully. I have never been out in a much worse storm, and in fact experienced the singular sensation of being lost in Chicago. The limits of this city run down into the edge of Indiana, but I have discovered to my own satisfaction that there are vast open spaces below here in which, after night, and in a driving snow, it is hard to tell which way is north and which east.

This big storm is general over Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, and the great fear is entertained that it may prove injurious to the quail crop, which, up to this time, has done so splendidly.

Mr. Marvin Hughitt, Jr., and his friend, Mr. R. C. Cox, have taken this opportunity to get away for a snowshoe trip north of here. These gentlemen had snowshoes made by an artist of their own selection, but upon seeing the pair of long Alaska shoes which I secured a while ago, they promptly telegraphed for duplicates of the Alaska model, and I may add with pride that they had straps put on them after the Blackfoot design, which my friend McChesney and myself discovered some years ago at the Blackfoot agency in Montana. With these shoes and these straps, snowshoeing is not a terror, but a delight. I have been doing a few miles every night in the wilderness of lower Chicago, and it is good as the drowsy poppy for sleep.

Chicago Sportsmen's Exposition.

Matters are getting pretty busy down at the office of the International Forest, Fish and Game Association, for the time is getting short and the crowd of detail begins to multiply. The show looks like a winner, and it will not only be big but good.

Mr. C. W. Norris, the same being my old friend, Charlie Norris, of Peace River and Klondike fame, blew in the other day, and seeing in him a very good woodsman, the management of the show promptly engaged him to go up into Wisconsin and bring down a hundred Norway pines, 50 feet in height. These pines will be used as columns to face the arches of the roofs, and their bushy tops, meeting high in the air, will make green arches of their own along the sides of the big hall. The oak woods south of Chicago will be called upon to furnish the material for the connecting garlands. There will be abundant use made of autumn leaves as a floor covering, and the whole interior decoration will be not only suggestive of out of doors, but indicative of a well composed color scheme. The decorations will not be made up of actual heads and trophies, as these, placed at so great a heieght as the balcony face, would seem small and out of proportion. Hence the artists have decided to use colossal heads made up of staff, the same material which was employed so successfully in reproducing the big animals at the World's Fair. In this way the whole scheme can be brought down to one consistent treatment. The idea of the decorations is the product of the Art Committee, Mr. W. L. Wells, Mr. Geo. Schrieber and H. G. Maratta. The management may feel proud of the decorations, which will be harmonious and inviting, and free of all crude and bizaare effect.

Mr. Maratta is well advanced with his work on the panorama of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The Southern Pacific is getting together the big outfit for its display. The big Craine collection of Alaskan trophies, costumes, products, etc., handled by the Alaska Geographical Society, is to be put up here by the White Pass & Yukon R. R., and will itself be a great educational exhibit. We are beginning to hear now from the different guides who have promised to be here. Among these is a Mickmac Indian, who brings his family along from Quebec. Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, has sent on his big record moose, the ex-champion of New Brunswick, the famous Tim Lynch, which, in his time, used to chase everybody up a tree. This big moose will have a prominent place on the main floor of the show. Billy Hofer is expected here about the middle of this month, to take charge of some of the animal work in all likelihood. Most of the animals are already waiting. There are several hundred ducks, as many gaudy pheasants and a large stock of game fishes of every variety, all in hand and ready for installation. The athletic programme is arranged, and in fact the whole show is a success as it stands to-day. It is not likely that Chicago will fail to patronize it understandingly and generously.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Moose Back of Trousers Lake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having noticed during the past few months articles from different men who have been hunting in New Brunswick, and having particularly noticed that many of them have returned unsatisfied both with the amount of game found and with the country generally, it gives me pleasure to state that a trip which I had the pleasure of enjoying last September in the northern part of this Province of Canada was one of the most enjoyable of my life.

The only unpleasant feature of the whole trip was that a guide named Perry Jenkins, whose home is about ten miles from Plaster Rock, disappointed us at the last moment. He had been employed by us eight months before, and had been promised his money, no matter whether we went upon the hunt or not. There were two of us, Mr. N., of Chicago, and myself. I had employed David Ogilvy, of South Tilley, Victoria county, and to any man wishing to hunt in the northern part of New Brunswick, especially in the Tobique country, I would certainly recommend him. Ogilvy had secured the services of Jenkins, who was to meet us twenty miles from the railroad, but upon our arrival there we found he had gone off with another party the day before, and for this reason my friend did not go on with the trip, but turned back and left the woods without having shot anything. After getting out of the woods I took the matter up with Mr. L. B. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B., and it gives me great pleasure to give him credit for the way he treated us. He not only refunded the money which Mr. N. had paid for a hunting license (which amounted to $30), but he has also assured us that Mr. Jenkins will in all probability never have the opportunity to similiarly disappoint any hunting party from the States, as guides are compelled to secure licenses from the Province, and he will meet with some trouble in securing a license in the future. Mr. Knight further says, "At the next sitting of the Legislature I will take such steps as will protect sportsmen from a repetition of Mr. N.'s case."

Our guide had during the summer built a log cabin about six miles south of Trousers Lake, and this cabin was to be our headquarters during the hunt. We left the railroad at Plaster Rock on the Tobique River and drove from there to the ford of the Tobique, about eight miles. Our plunder was taken over on a wagon, but the road was so extremely rough that riding was out of the question. There is just one bad place in this road, and that extends from Plaster Rock to Trousers Lake, the bad place being a mixture of rocks and mud most of the way.

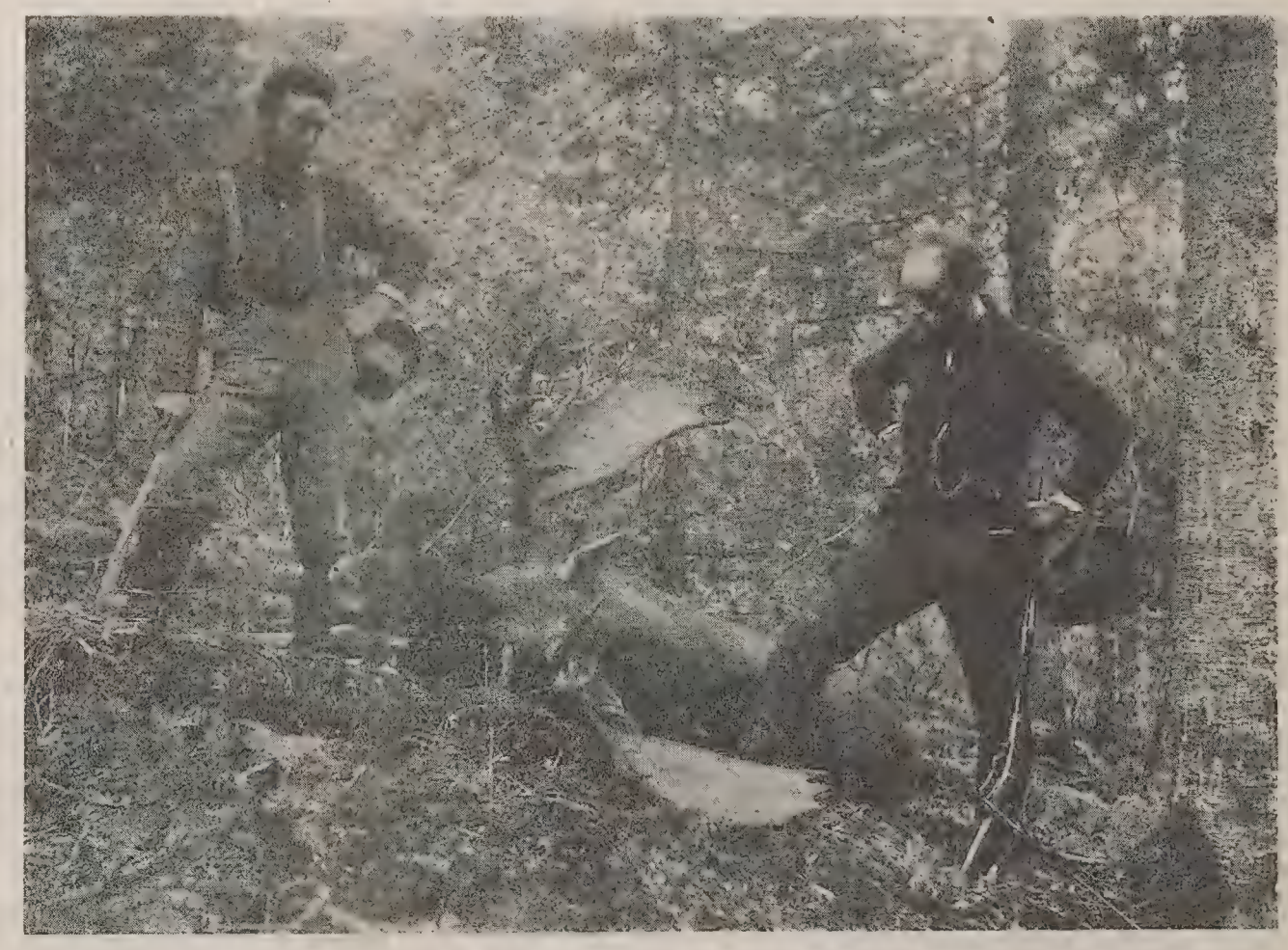
We crossed Trousers Lake in birch canoes, made several carries, crossing several smaller lakes and streams, and arrived at our cabin on Sept. 15, the day upon which the hunting season opens.

The country at this point is entirely covered with woods, while numerous small lakes are found everywhere. These lakes, generally being about two or three feet deep, have been formed by the beaver building shallow dams across what has heretofore been marshes. The lakes are more or less surrounded by marsh and bog, while the underbrush and woodland proper are extremely dense and thick. We remained at this camp until Sept. 28, and during that time saw altogether twenty-nine moose, six of which were bulls. We could many times have shot cows and calves at a distance of not over fifty or a hundred feet, and had several close shots at young bulls, but inasmuch as we were out for a head we let all these alone and awaited our chances.

The bull moose, the picture of which I inclose, was killed about five miles from our main camp on the top of one of the hardwood ridges. This bull was killed by still-hunting, but I am free to admit that the still-hunting was not one of preference on my part. My guide had several times called out young bulls, and upon one occasion called out an immense old bull, but he did not show himself in the open until after dark, and then he was about sixty yards away, across a small inlet of the lake, and we could not shoot, because we were unable to see the sights of our rifles. We tried for days, following the banks of the lakes in the early morning and late at night; we lay out in the woods on the banks of the lakes night after night; we tried calling; we followed streams, and we tried by every method, manner or means to come within shooting distance of a bull with a good pair of horns, but did not do so until we took the hardwood ridges and stalked him down.

C. P. A. N. O.
IN CAMP IN THE TOBIQUE COUNTRY.

I also secured on this trip two caribou, neither of which, however, was a remarkable head. The measurements of the bull shown in the picture are as follows: Across horns, 57 inches; around neck, 24 inches; back from horns, 56 inches; ears, tip to tip, 28½ inches; nose at angle of mouth, 25 inches; length of head between horns, 27 inches; between eyes, 9 inches; length of bell, 22 inches; circumference of neck at point scalp taken, 84 inches; length of animal, nose to hind foot, 162 inches; girth, 84 inches; height to shoulder center, 77½ inches.



MOOSE KILLED BY DR. C. P. AMBLER IN NEW BRUNSWICK. MEASURE ACROSS HORNS 56½ INCHES.

We encountered considerable rainy weather on this trip, but on the whole had a very delightful time, this being due particularly to the kind forethought of our guide, Mr. David Ogilvy.

Notwithstanding that many hunters have reported that big game was scarce in New Brunswick, I must say that it was certainly not our experience.

We counted at one time nine camps on the shore of Trousers Lake, and these campers were patrolling the shores of Trousers Lake morning and night, with an idea of killing moose. It only remains to be said that not one in ten came out with a good head, while those hunters who left Trousers Lake and went back into the woods, out of sight and sound of others, invariably got what they were after.

It seems to be the impression among a certain number of hunters in the States that if they go to Trousers Lake they are in the best part of the country. They unquestionably are in the center of it, but Trousers Lake is no place to camp permanently, as the lake is the stopping place of almost every crowd that enters the Tobique section.

If one is prepared to canoe and carry for the best part of a week after arriving at Trousers Lake, and will not

strike camp short of that distance from Trousers Lake, he is almost sure to get moose, as the country, when one gets back four or five miles from the lake, shows signs —hoof tracks, barked trees, and yards—in almost every direction one goes.

We saw many beaver upon this trip, but these are protected—and very rightly so. Caribou are scarce, but ducks are plentiful. Enough fish for cooking purposes could always be got with one hook and line in twenty minutes.

In closing, I would say that if we were again going back to New Brunswick we certainly would insist upon being taken five or six days further into the woods than where the crowd stops, and nothing would please me better than to go again with David Ogilvy, of South Tilley.

C. P. AMBLER.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Pennsylvania Game Bills.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONERS, Harrisburg, Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A special meeting of the Game Commission was held at their office in this city yesterday. Mr. Kennedy, the president of the board, called the meeting for the purpose of ascertaining if possible where each member of the Commission stood regarding what is known as our general game bill and otther bills connected therewith, that will be presented to the present Legislature. Each member present, with one exception, stated that he was for the measures as they had been agreed upon at former meetings by this body. Mr. Sober said that he was not in favor of the measures, was opposed to the clause that reduced the number of pheasants allowed to be killed in one day from ten to five, that it was a measure aimed at him, and he would fight it. He was then asked if he was not also opposed to other features of the game measures, if he had not written letters against these bills and had not put in circulation petitions against numerous other features of these proposed laws. He replied, "I have not, and will not do so." One of the Commissioners then presented to the chair and had read a newspaper clipping from a paper printed in the home town of Mr. Sober, stating among other things that men in the employ of Mr. Sober, or men who claimed to be in the employ of Mr. Sober, were circulating petitions against the game bills, and stating at the close "the sportsmen of this community are very indignant, and say that if such is the mission of the Game Commission of Pennsylvania, it should be abolished." Mr. Sober said this was spite work.

The attention of the Commission was then called to the fact that a petition had been filed in the Executive Department of Harrisburg, asking among other things that the game season be extended at both ends, that all game be allowed to be killed without limit, that the sale of all game be allowed in this State, and that all appropriations be refused the present Game Commission. Mr. Sober was asked if he had not filed this paper, to which he replied, "Is my name attached to that petition?" The reply was made that his name was not attached to this petition, but was attached to the letter conveying the petition to the Governor. Mr. Sober then said he had filed the paper, by request of friends, and presented a similar paper, accompanied by a letter directed to him, asking him to see to it that it reached the proper authorities. One of the Commissioners then asked him if he knew or could guess who had drafted this paper or could say where it came from, to which he said "That letter shows where it came from." After considerable cross-fire, he said it had issued from one Dr. Warren (late Zoologist of this State). One of the Commissioners then said he had met a gentleman in this city a few days before, who had said to him, "I just had a talk with Mr. Sober, of your Game Commission, and he is dead against your bill. He told me he was in touch with the game dealers of the State; that they had raised a fund to fight these measures, and that he was then waiting to meet a member of the Legislature from Philadelphia (naming him) who had been selected by these people to down all bills you might introduce." Mr. Sober said, "That is not so. Is that sworn to?" to which Mr. Worden replied, "It is not sworn to at present, but if you deny it, I can have it sworn to in ten minutes." Mr. Sober made no reply.

A paper was here filed, secured from a taxidermist of the State, who said it had come from Dr. Warren, asking him to sign and forward at once to his representative.

This paper was a protest from taxidermists, stating that if the present bill of the game people became a law they (the taxidermists) would be driven out of business. This paper devotes fully half a page to the crow and loon, in the attempt to create feeling against the bill with the farmers. It points out the great wrong of protecting these birds, etc., when both birds are named in the new bill as birds that are not included in the list protected. Dr. Warren then goes on with a lengthy list of birds that this iniquitous board is attempting to protect. This list includes the screech owl, barn owl, snowy owl, tern and gulls, also a number of harmless hawks, forgetting that only a few years ago he published at the public expense a book known as "The Birds of Pennsylvania," in which he says among other things:

> They have received answers from Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Ornithologist of the United States Department of Agriculture; Dr. Elliot Coues, vice-president American Ornithologists' Union; Robert Ridgway, Curator Department of Birds, United States Museum; Dr. Leonard Stejneger,, Assistant Curator of the same department; H. W. Henshaw, of the Bureau of Ethnology, also collector of birds for the Smithsonian Institution and connected with the late Wheeler Survey of the Territories, and Lucien M. Turner, collector of birds for the Smithsonian Institution for the last twelve years. These answers, which are attached to this report, all bear testimony that the hawks and owls are of great benefit to the farmer, and render him far greater service than injury, and that it is unwise to select any of them for destruction.

He attempts to create the impression that this proposed bill takes away inherent right of self-defense and renders the farmer liable to fine or imprisonment if he should kill an eagle or crow found destroying his property. The words "or any wild bird other than a game bird," which the doctor attempts to warp into the creation of feeling against this measure, were introduced at the instance of and by request of Dr. T. S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Biological Survey the Department at Washington, to whose care Congress has intrusted the care of the game and birds of our nation. This gentleman is the companion and associate of the very gentlemen Dr. Warren quotes as authority in his book on the birds of Pennsylvania, and voices the ideas of these gentlemen to-day as the doctor claimed to do some years ago. Dr. Palmer is making special effort to have these words made a part of the game law of every State of the Union, and especially asked this Commission to name gulls and terns in their bill. Surely Dr. Warren must have some other motive than the protection of our birds, and there is perhaps more in the statement made by Mr. Sober (that the game dealer has raised a fund to down these bills) than would at first sight appear. Dr. Palmer writes that the song and insectivorous bird is rapidly being wiped off the face of the earth, saying the decrease averages from ten to seventy-seven per cent. in different States, ten per cent. in Nebraska and seventy-seven per cent. in Florida. The Pennsylvania Game Commission consider it their duty to stand by the experts of the nation and to listen to their advice in matters pertaining to game and bird protection. We feel as Dr. Penrose, of the Commission, said at our last meeting, "I think it my duty to preserve the game and birds of this State, even though it be necessary to absolutely forbid the killing of quail, the sport I most enjoy." The game bills now before the Legislature are necessary measures if our birds and our game are to be perpetuated, and the time is now here when those interested in this matter should rise in their place and speak in terms that will not be misunderstood.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,
Secretary of the Game Commission.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XXIII.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Continued from page* 109.]

American Scoter.

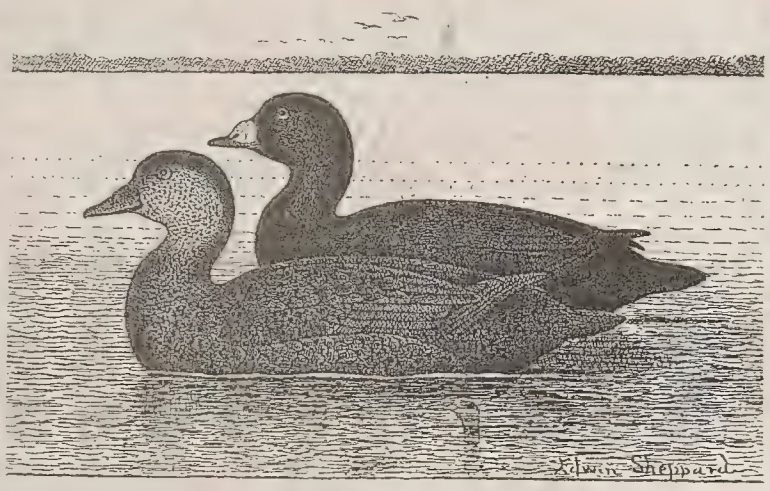
Oidemia americana (Sw. and Rich.).

IN the adult male the entire plumage is deep black; the neck shows faint purplish reflections; the fore part of the bill and a line running back to the feathers, along the cutting edge, black; the remainder of bill, from before the nostrils, much swollen, and bright orange in color; the legs and feet are black.

The adult female has the bill entirely black. Above the plumage is dark grayish-brown; the feathers of the cheeks, back and scapulars often tipped with paler; the lower parts are more nearly gray. The length is about 18 inches.

The scoter is a bird of very wide distribution, being found on both coasts of North America, as well as on many inland lakes. On the Pacific coast it ranges from the Arctic to southern California and on the Atlantic at least as far south as the Chesapeake Bay. Mr. Audubon, on the other hand, says that the scoter ranges along the entire southern coast and that it is found as far south as the Mississippi River.

On its southward migration the scoter reaches southern New England late in September, and often in open winters remains there through the whole season, taking its departure for the North in May. When, however, the weather is cold, and the shore blocked with ice, it moves further southward to open feeding grounds, returning northward as the ice disappears.



AMERICAN SCOTER.

Alaskan travelers have found this species as far north as Norton Sound, where it breeds as well as in Labrador, on the east coast. This species, with other scoters, also breeds in some of our inland lakes, nests of these birds having been found on some of the larger lakes in Dakota and the birds having been seen in abundance on the Yellowstone Lake, in Wyoming, all through the summer.

The scoter on the New England coast is usually found associated with the white-winged and the surf scoters, which commonly outnumber it in the flocks.

All these scoters are characterized by curiously swollen and more or less hollow bills, which are highly colored. All of them are known along the Eastern seaboard as "coots."

Ticonderoga Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting and dinner of the Ticonderoga Gun Club will be held on the evening of March 8 at 7 o'?clock at the Yale Club, 17 East Twenty-sixth street, one-half block from the Madison Square Garden, during the first week of the Sportsmen's Show.

The object of this meeting is to bring together the members of our club, discuss any business that may be necessary, to elect officers for the ensuing year and to hear from out of town members.

It is requested that those who will attend will kindly notify Mr. Peter Flint, Secretary, 150 Nassau street, this city, to that effect by Feb. 15, and inclose with their acceptance check for $1.25 to pay for dinner.

Very truly, W. Bradford Smith, George Ketchum, Paris S. Russell, Committee.

Lumber Camps and Game.

A WRITER in our issue of Jan. 26 wrote of Maine lumber camps and game and game wardens as follows:

> We discuss on the subject of Maine game laws. We "sports" consider ourselves very much wronged, and so do the guides. We spend much money in the State, and all the laws seem directed against us. The Game Commissioners and lumbermen seem to be the only ones satisfied—the Commissioners because they made the laws, and the lumbermen because they pay no attention to them. The wardens avoid a lumber camp as they would a plague. It is not healthy ground for wardens. I know of one case where the lumbermen from a camp caught through the ice two bushels of trout from a couple of trout ponds on Sunday. Why are all the game laws leveled against outsiders?

In comment upon this a Bangor correspondent writes:

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to draw your attention to an article in your paper of Jan. 26, entitled "A Month on Millinockett," and, as I presume you are a fair-minded man, to ask if you think it just to print such a slander against lumbermen as this contains without, probably, an iota of proof?

I have read your paper for many years, and have been sorry to see great numbers of similar articles or worse, none of which have been accompanied by proof, nor even given names; but simply have slandered the land owners or lumbermen, as a whole, as breaking the game laws wholesale, even to the extent of feeding their crews largely upon moose and deer killed in close time.

Now, if you are a man possessed of a fair amount of horse sense, and will consider these matters freely, after corresponding, and getting full opinons and information, from, say, such a good authority (as to the doings of land owners in their logging operations) as Game Commissioner Oak, I think you will decide that a large proportion of your articles in the past, regarding lumbermen breaking the game laws so extensively, have been untrue. I do not believe there is a foreman of a logging camp on the Penobscot to-day who would dare kill, or buy, or allow his men to kill and bring into camp, moose or deer during close time. If any wished to do it, they know the jealousies of men in a logging camp, likelihood of disagreements between them and some of their men before spring, and, in fact, the almost absolute certainty of its coming to a game warden's ears sooner or later.

Most of the articles I have referred to ostensibly have been written by so-called visiting sports, men who come into the State, coolly camp down upon the land of the man they slander, burn up his valuable timber for their camp fires, hunt over his land, and in very many cases set fires that destroy large areas of timber; and I have yet to hear of a case in which they offered to pay for the privilege of hunting, or for the wood they burned or, in fact, ever even asked for these privileges without pay, simply taking possession as if they owned them.

Now, I do not own one acre of land on the river, but I do object to see the men who have made eastern Maine what it is so basely slandered, and I should like to see land owners as a body post their lands and allow no hunting or fishing without their permission, and grant said permission very sparingly to visiting sports. Should the lumbermen as a whole in the State allow absolutely no hunting or fishing on their lands, I believe it would be greatly in the interest of the people and State, for more timber, and what would make timber in value, has been destroyed by fires set by and through visiting sportsmen than all the money they ever have or will bring into the State.

JAMES WEBBER.

Human Hounds Dog Deer.

MANCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, published in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 2, shows that more deer are now killed by still-hunting than in years when the use of hounds and jacklights was allowed. I think that I can explain why this is so. I have spent considerable time in the woods in different sections of the Adirondacks during the open season for deer, and know something about how they are killed. It is done by dogging. Human dogs do the work. Here is the way in which the hunt is conducted: A party of hunters, composed of five or six men (the more the better) and a guide (I never saw a party hunting in this manner unless they had a guide; the guide being employed because it is strictly necessary that one of the party be perfectly familiar with the country) will go out together. The guide will station three or four of the party out around some swamp or along the side of a mountain, usually in some old lumber trail, and then, taking a man with him, will work in from the opposite side toward the shooters, all the time howling to imitate hounds; and they have got the howl down so fine that old hunters are fooled, thinking that parties are out in the woods using hounds to dog the deer.

At the first howl, if there is a deer within half a mile of the drivers, they will get out as if scared to death. I myself have seen deer get up at that distance, and in the manner described.

I have seen parties of as high as fifteen men out hunting in this way. It is needless to say that this method of hunting is very destructive to the deeer. Skill is not required, a fair shot and a strong voice being all that is needed. In the sections with which I am familiar in the Adirondacks, I believe that fully two-thirds of the deer killed are killed by this way of hunting.

The Michigan still-hunter does not stoop to use such despicable tricks to get his deer. He gets them in the good old way, prowling quietly through the woods, until getting his eye on them, he drops the deer with a well-directed bullet. Such hunting requires skill and patience.

The majority of the hunters that I have met in the Adirondacks know nothing about still-hunting. I have met them when they seemed to be amazed when told that it was not necessary to dog the game to get the lawful number of deer allowed.

Prohibit dogging, whether by human dogs or others, and jacking, and provide more game wardens, and the supply of deer in the Adirondacks will never grow less.

EZRA G. SMITH.

Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus writes: "My friends like the picture very much; it is a splendid reproduction."

On a Ledge.

Wells, Wyo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just been reading Mr. Ireland's letter in Forest and Stream of Jan. 12, and it is very plain to be seen that Mr. Ireland has been there himself several times. Really, though, there are some hair-raising trails in the Book Cliffs, and once in a while a pony goes over when the trails are slippery and bad. And when one does go over he is pretty well demoralized when he hits bottom, as the drop off is several hundred feet. There is one place especially that I never went across that I didn't think, "Suppose this fool bronc should take a notion to pitch," and sometimes when no one was along I got off and walked, just to ease my mind. However, Col. Roosevelt does not happen to be going to the Book mesa to hunt, therefore he will be spared that trial to his nerves. Of course I don't know just when the hunt will take place, but as his guide happens to be an old hunting partner of mine I'll bet two bits that I could find the outfit without much trouble. I only wish I could be there to yell a few times when the dogs string out on a fresh lion track, or to help poke a big cougar out of a tree and see the fun when the pack takes hold and dogs and lion roll over and over down the hill—and the racket can be heard for a mile.

I know the dogs well, for John Goff's dogs and mine are blood relations, and lots of times we have doubled up packs for a big hunt.

Once we treed a big cougar, and when we got him out he got among a lot of rocks right on top of a cliff. For several seconds no dog could get hold, but at last Brig got a shoulder grip, the lion got Brig by the cheek, the rest of the pack piled in, and the whole works went over the cliff. Luckily, there was a bridge about three feet wide down about ten feet, and on this part of the outfit stopped, but the lion and Hector went on over, falling nearly seventy feet. Hector must have lit on top, as he was all right, while the cougar was dead. Brig ran along the ledge to where the cliff had a little slope and took a header, landing head first in a deep snow drift. Three or four of the puppies started to follow, but landed on a narrow ledge a foot wide half-way down, and after the row was over we had to let a rope down from above, drop a noose over their heads and draw them up that way.

When we got down Brig had lost so much blood from the hole in his cheek that he couldn't stand, but a quid of tobacco in the wound stopped the flow, and he came out all right. It was always a wonder to me that more sportsmen don't come out for cougar hunting. It is more fun than any other sport we have. But as it must be done when the weather is cold and snow on the ground, I suppose it seems rather hard work.

Wm. Wells.

Cutting Hay in the Yellowstone Park.

Asheville, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was pleased to see (Forest and Stream, Dec. 12, 1900) in the recommendation of the acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, that he recommends "That no individual nor business concern be allowed to cut hay within the limits of the National Park."

One year ago last October while returning from a hunting trip in the Jackson Hole country, we went out through the Park, traversing it from the Snake River Landing on the south to Ft. Yellowstone on the north. Our observation, of course, only embraced that territory which could be seen from the road (via the Thumb and Norris Basin). From the Thumb north every meadow, large and small, which presented suitable ground, had been gone over with the mowing machine; and in conversation with guides, residents and soldiers, it was developed that the same was true in the more remote parts of the Park. The guides claimed that many elk were driven south out of the Park by this short-sighted policy. The best grazing was yearly removed, and as the elk depended upon the grazing in these meadows for their winter foragee, it meant destruction by starvation and freezing for the weaker. The guides claim, in fact, that a great per cent. of the elk which migrate south have been compelled to do so each year since the hay cutting commenced.

It is the intention of the Government to protect and foster the game. The cavalry horses are fed baled hay, shipped in. Why allow transportation companies to thus embarrass game already in the Park?

I trust that Capt. Goode will secure the passage of all his recommendations, and particularly this one concerning the cutting of hay in the Park.

To keep an animal at home, feed him well—at least don't steal that which he recognizes as rightly his own.

C. P. Ambler.

West Virginia Deer.

Morgantown, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems high time that some active steps were taken to improve the game laws of West Virginia by limiting the lawful number of deer killed by one person. John Burner arrived at Parkersburg on Dec. 25 with fourteen deer, which he had killed in Pocahontas county within a few days. One was a big buck which weighed 275 pounds. Mr. Burner has killed during the season thirty-five deer and three bears, besides other smaller game, all in the mountains of Pocahontas county.

Just how long game can last in these mountains depends on how many such hunters we have, unless we follow the example of other States and put a limit to the number one may kill. If the limit was made one instead of two, it would mean a saving of hundreds of deer each year in each State which contains any quantity of deer, and would surely lessen the income of such States from non-resident sportsmen but a very little, since the true sportsman would feel justified in making his regular hunting trip for the privilege of securing one deer. Some might figure that where they are at an expense of a hundred dollars or more, the killing of one deer would not justify making the trip. Neither would the killing of two or three, from the financial point of view. For the present, however, we would be thankful for a law in West Virginia making the limit two.

Emerson Carney.

Moose in Quebec.

Aylmer, Que.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will find inclosed herewith a letter I have received a few days ago from Mr. Isaac C. Bates Dana, of Worcester, Mass., which speaks for itself. This moose was shot on the Kippewa.

N. E. Cormier,
Provincial Game Warden and Fishery Overseer.

I drop you line from home to thank you most heartily for all your kindness to me in regard to my late moose hunt in the Province of Quebec. Coming to you an entire stranger, you literally took me in and fed and clothed me with all the requisites necessary to bring my trip to a most successful conclusion.

As you may have already learned from some other source, I shot an unusually large moose. The horns have been measured by many interested sportsmen, not all agreeing by any means. The smallest measurement made was 61 inches; the largest 63½ inches. Our local taxidermist gives them 63 inches. Certainly they have both the widest and deepest spread of any set of horns hereabouts. I had a mighty pleasant sojourn in your country. I reach out my hand to you in the spirit, as from one sportsman to another, of one who considers himself most deeply indebted to you for administering to one of the most enjoyable hunting trips of a life time.

Sincerely yours, J. C. Bates Dana.

Live Game at the Sportsmen's Show.

Two splendid specimens of moose—a bull and cow—have been secured for the coming Sportsmen's Show at Madison Square Garden. Arrangements made for exhibiting the animals at this year's show will enable visitors to get a much better view of them in studying their proportions and habits. Instead of one large park, there will be a series of smaller inclosures in which the various species will be confined. At no past show has the number and variety of both birds and animals been so large as that decided upon for next month's exhibit. Moose, elk, caribou, half a dozen varieties of deer, antelope, mountain sheep and buffalo, together with mountain lion, lynx, wildcat, black and cinnamon bear, wolves, foxes and other carnivorous species, all of them extraordinarily fine specimens, will be shown. A colony of beaver, as well as otters and muskrats, will establish their residences on the shore of the lake, while a dozen fat raccoons, half a hundred red and gray squirrels and as many hares and rabbits will occupy cages of wire mesh.

The game bird exhibit, in charge of Verner de Guise, will be an extensive one, embracing specimens of pheasant, partridge, quail, turkey and all varieties of wild duck common to Atlantic coast waters. In fact, the exhibit of animal and bird life at the Garden this year promises to be one of the most interesting features of the show.

Stop Spring Shooting.

Watertown, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are two bills that we ought to, can and will succeed in passing this winter if every sportsman who is interested will work for their passage. It is of the utmost importance that you bring all the pressure possible to bear upon the representatives of your own county. Don't expect some one else to do it. Do it yourself. Always have a few postals with you, ask each of your friends to write, see that they are properly addressed, and mail them yourself. You will be surprised at the number of votes you can get.

Start a petition in your town and get all the names you can. Your representative is no mind reader, and if you fail to tell him what you want, don't kick if he votes against you. If it is not worth asking for, it is not worth having. If you want it, vote, and vote often, and you'll get it. Stop the spring shooting of wildfowl. Stop the sale of ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail at any time of the year in New York State.

Have you voted? I have. W. H. Tallett.

The Eastern Adirondack Winter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The winter in the Adirondacks and along Lake Champlain has been one of considerable severity and unfavorable for game. In November there was an unprecedented fall of snow in the Au Sable Valley, which was reported to have broken down the roofs of a hundred buildings, large and small, from Keene Valley to Au Sable Forks. At that time the snow was upward of four feet deep on a level, and since then it has been steadily gaining in depth.

The broad part of Lake Champlain closed Jan. 30, nearly three weeks earlier than last year, so suddenly that at Westport and Essex a number of wild ducks were frozen in and perished. A dozen or more were found at points along the shore, caught in the ice, and two days later one was captured alive, but partly frozen, flopping along the ice, by a boy skating on Whallon's Bay.

The great depth of snow makes it very difficult getting around in the woods at present, but so far no crust has formed, and deer are probably doing as well as could be expected. J. B. B.

Mountain Lion Hunting in Colorado.

Dr. E. L. Burnham, of Sanford, Me., and Mr. Everet C. Burnham, of Boston, his brother, have just returned from Colorado, whither they went some weeks ago to enjoy a lion hunt.

They started off without the least idea of where to go, but inquiry in Denver led them to go to De Beque, Colo., a little station not very far west of Rifle, where Hon. Theo. Roosevelt has also been hunting lions. Here they secured the services of the Crandall boys, who were said to have good dogs. Unfortunately, just before the hunters reached De Beque the Crandalls lost their dogs, and a number of days were wasted trying to hunt lions with untrained dogs. However, at the very last of their stay they succeeded in getting hold of a couple of good dogs, and in three days killed two lions. Of these, the larger was 7 feet long and weighed 150 pounds; an animal very heavy for its length. We are promised further particulars of the hunt.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

The Relation of Mendacity to Angling.

This subject might well be treated as the celebrated chapter on the snakes in Iceland. No reptiles have been discovered in Iceland. But recalling a sentence around which Mayne Reid wrote one of his books, "Every truth is overshadowed by a sophism more like truth than truth itself," and that more terse and homely saying that a "lie well stuck to is as strong as the truth," it would seem that some effort should be made to set the public right on this important question. Of course "our withers are unwrung," and

> "The sting of falsehood loses half its pain,
> If our own souls bear witness—we are true."

The task will not be easy, for once the world has got hold of the wrong story it is marvelous "how hard it is to get it out." The harder in this, that many are so earnest and indifferent honest in making the charge of unreliability against the angler;

> "Like one
> Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
> Made such a sinner of his memory,
> To credit his own lie."

But we must with proper scorn repel the base insinuations of a jealous world; expose the conspiracy which has so long existed to saddle on the innocent angler a vicarious atonement for which he gets no credit.

Is it fair that the hands extended should be a reproach to generations of honest anglers? That no distinction should be made between the sheep and the goats? Let us throw off the hated yoke, assert our independence and denounce our detractors and our imitators; these counterfeit presentments with simulated garments and weapons, whose unvarnished and unshamed tales of "men in buckram" and of sea serpents have brought disgrace unmerited upon a noble profession.

It will no doubt come as a surprise to some, that this badge of reckless and false statement belongs to all the world, save only those who have been so long condemned to wear it.

> "How false are men, both in their heads and hearts,
> And there is falsehood in all trades and arts;
> Lawyers deceive their clients by false law,
> Priests by false gods keep all the world in awe."

It is the old story repeated of the man in the asylum, who, when asked for an explanation of his presence behind the bars, said: "Owing to a difference of opinion; I said all the world was crazy, the world said I was; the majority ruled and here I am."

The world says that anglers exaggerate and the truth is not in them; their wonderful stories are received with wagging heads, and with shouts of ribald laughter that sound "like the crackling of thorns under a pot," and no one thinks of confining his incredulity to the "quip modest"; they go jump to the seventh times removed, beyond which no man dares go without an if; but "see how plain a tale shall put them down."

"All men are liars," said the prophet, but the qualification afterward made to the sweeping statement was evidently intended to except anglers. The legendary home of truth, as all know, is at the bottom of a well. Few are really aware that its symbol is a fish. In the Catacombs of ancient Rome the fish is found frequently recurring in inscriptions and outline, and antiquarians finding in its Greek name the anagram of the Saviour, assumed that it was used only as a monogram, and only recently determined that it stood also for the synonym truth. If truth is a fish and at the bottom of a well, certainly nobody has any show of securing it but your expert angler.

"All men are liars," said the prophet. Lest the miscalled weaker sex who have been putting up so manly a fight for recognition should feel, as they so often must in reading the prophets, that they have been ignored, or should claim exemption under this form of expression, they are warned not to lay that "flattering unction" to their souls. So surely as every Darby has his Joan, so every Ananias hath his Sapphira, his equal in invention, in nerve, yea, in atonement. The Germans and Italians have both a proverb which says, "Take an eel by the tail and a woman at her word, and hold how you may, you have nothing at last."

But what the prophet really wrote was, "I said in my haste all men are liars." He who has confessed haste has already confessed error, and anglers can afford to be magnanimous, but it is a pity that he did not except fishermen by name, as there can be no doubt was intended; their case would have been something stronger.

It will be easy enough to show that all the rest of the world is included in the original hasty expression, and but for anglers there had never been occasion to modify it.

Our history and our philosophy have been crystallized into so-called proverbs, that, handed down from remote ages, have found confirmation in the coincidences which prove that history repeats itself, and if a liberal appeal to old saws is made, it is because there is no better testimony, and that way even safety lies.

A saying so old that its origin is lost has it that "Poets and painters have liberty to lie," and little liberty in this world goes begging.

Another wise saw tells us, "The official who cannot lie may as well be out of the world," and you catch in this net a good part of Washington.

"To lie like a trooper" is as old as the trooper, and would seem to make prevarication an accomplishment inseparable from the vocation.

"As a nail sticketh fast between the stones of a well, so

doth sin stick close between buying and selling," and the great mercantile world stands convicted on high authority.

The lawyer, the weather prophet, the diplomat—these need only to be mentioned, you can guess the rest.

The bench—but let that pass, with the story of Betty and the sovereign, with the greenback and the income tax.

And who can forget Bobby's lines?—

"Some books are lies from end to end,
And some great lies were never penned;
E'en ministers, they ha'e been kenned,
In holy rapture,
A rousin' whid at times to vend,
And nail 't wi' scripture."

The newspapers—it is only necessary to read what Jefferson said of them. He never looked at one except through orange goggles; papers were all yellow to him.

Adam's first offense in speech was a taradiddle, and nine-tenths of youth's first castigations since have been vain efforts to whip the offending Adam out of him.

"Every liar has another for a witness," says the modern Greek, so only half the world need be charged with invention; they alone are carried along by a motive, the rest are trailers.

But what need to pursue; every class and all peoples stand convicted except anglers, and there you are.

The Spanish have a proverb and a good one; one can but wonder where they got it, "The man who catches fish does not need to lie." Your angler catches fish and is above suspicion.

But on the heels of every army is a great body of stragglers and suspicious characters, camp followers, who, taking advantage of confusion, embarrass and disgrace by proximity and deportment the uniforms they dare not wear and are not fit to touch.

So the great army of noble anglers is constantly harassed and embarrassed by a following of pseudo sports who assume the honors and claim the prize money of admiration to which they are not entitled. If they had their deserts the population would be reduced. But since anybody may wear the uniform, it may take close inquiry, not always desirable, to distinguish, though sometimes a word, a sign may be enough to brand them. For example, if he lies he is no angler, even if he says he is.

If he is not a gentle man, unselfish, temperate, patient, truthful, skillful, saturated with a love for nature and his fellow man, he is no angler. If he is all these and catches fish, no matter for his coat he may not have one, no matter for his speech, he may not read, but you may trust him with your life, and wish no better company for your day in the woods, and when you quit at night, though his basket outweigh yours, find that you have made the greater catch.

Swift and Sterne and Johnson have each been credited with a stupid saying, supposed to be descriptive of fishing, to the effect that it was a string and a pole, with a worm at the end of one and a fool at the end of the other. When angling came in, all this was changed. The worm and the string and the pole and the fool all disappeared. Angling is now a line and a rod, with a fish at the end of one, and at the end of the other a man, and one who would not change places with the kings of the earth for a minute, nor lend his rod to a brother, and the lying is done by the envious lookers on and imitators.

The elegant Chesterfield said in one of his famous letters to his son, "You may always observe that the greatest fools are always the greatest liars; for my part, I judge of every man's truth by his degree of understanding."

Is anything more needed to establish the veracity of the angler? I trow not.

HENRY TALBOTT.

ANGLING NOTES.

Red Trout of Canada.

My friend, Commodore W. H. Parker, managing director of the Laurentian Club, writes me from Lac la Peche, Province of Quebec, a personal letter, which I think he will not object to my quoting from, as it will be of general interest particularly at this time, when an effort is being made to identify a red trout found in Canadian waters:

"It goes without saying that the first thing I do on receiving a copy of FOREST AND STREAM is to look for an article from your pen.

"Re red trout. Last January I called at Mr. Simpson's while passing on a hunting expedition after caribou, and while there he remarked that he had a species of fish which he would like to have me identify. When I was shown the fish I was surprised, especially as he told me it was from one of the lakes of La Chaine des Trois Lacs, south of Saccocommie, the biggest lake on the Riviere du Loup, now leased by the St. Bernard Club, of which U. S. Consul W. H. Henry, of Quebec, is president.

"There was a time when my father owned in fee simple and as lessee from the Government for lumbering purposes nearly all waters drained by the Riviere du Loup. As the specimen shown for identification was from a lake I had fished many a time when a boy and had caught nothing but speckled trout, and those of small size, I was very much surprised and puzzled, too, and thought friend Simpson was trying to play a joke on me and had planted these fish (saibling I called them) from his own hatchery, which was not far distant. I send you a specimen, at least the skin of one, of the fish given to me by Mr. Simpson. When I received the fish, in a frozen state, the belly was very red, but after exposure the deep coloring disappeared. I used common wood varnish, hoping to preserve the color, and used the same varnish on speckled trout, and the colors remained fast. You will notice that the specimen I send has a decidedly forked tail and in shape more like the lesser lake trout.

"I have been told by one of our foremen of old lumbering days that there is a lake on the Spaulding Brook (Ruesseau de Spaulding), the east fork of the East Branch of the Riviere du Loup, containing a species of trout very red, unlike anything else in any of the 300 lakes of Riviere du Loup.

"This last fall, while on a hunting expedition north of the Mattawin River, I came to a small lake, say in size about a quarter of a mile in diameter, which many years ago had been flowed by beaver; the water had killed the vegetation surrounding the lake, leaving a sandy beach, so that being free from overhanging vegetation objects could be freely seen from the shore. As moose tracks were plentiful about the lake, I had sent one of my guides to hunt for a piece of birch bark from which to make a cornet for calling, and while waiting for his return I heard a splash in the water near by. Upon investigating I found the cause. It was made by a trout on a spawning bed in very shallow water. Whether it was owing to the clear white sand and clear water reflecting the colors of the fish, it seemed to me they were the reddest trout I have ever seen—and I have seen many a spawning ground in the lakes of the Laurentides. Thinking this a good opportunity to secure a new species (though I could see that they were speckled, but possibly a new variety), I luckily had a hook and line, but no flies. You know yourself what a fellow will do in an emergency when fish are in sight, and I improvised a fly our of a corner of a red handkerchief I had. While doing this I sent the men to get bark to make a caseau to hold the spawn I expected to take.

"The fish had almost finished spawning, but I succeeded in securing enough eggs to experiment with, and brought them home and planted them in a brook, and am awaiting results. The fish, both males and females, had very red bellies; whether the deep coloring will remain after the spawning season is over, deponent knoweth not.

"I know this from observation, that in some lakes speckled trout are highly colored, and in others the coloring is very light, and in most cases this is accounted for by the color of the water, but not always. In about a month I expect to get some specimens of the fish, and if they are as red as when I saw them I will send you specimens."

The fish skin has not come to hand as I write this note—at least I have not received it, though it is probably at the FOREST AND STREAM office in New York—but from the mention of the forked tail I imagine it to be similar to the fish that Commissioner Titcomb has already sent to me and to Prof. Garman.

I imagine one reason why these red trout have not been more generally observed is that they are a deep-water fish, spawning late, long after the open fishing has closed, and being lake spawners, have not been noticed on the shoals in the lakes by other than lumbermen and trappers, who have simply called them trout without caring specially whether they were red or pink, square tails or forked tails.

Commodore Parker says different water will account for difference in color of trout, but not always. I have about concluded that we know little about the cause of the varying color in breeding trout. Only this fall I have been struck with the difference in the coloring of breeding males in the same pond, one individual being highly colored and others shading down to a pink blush, and all fed on the same food and confined in a small pond at a breeding station. There is nothing uniform about them so far as coloring is concerned. There will be light trout and trout almost black, the vermiculation pronounced and the vermiculation obscured, and so on to the end of the chapter of colors in breeding fish. I am now having an experiment in feeding tried to determine if possible one matter, but it must be continued for months to settle the matter even if it is settled then.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Log of a Bicycle Fishing Trip.—IV.

Through the Mountains of Virginia and West Virginia; Edited from the Diary of Mr. George N. Beall by the Commodore, F. R. Webb.

(*Concluded from page* 111.)

The next day was Sunday, but I packed up, ready for a start, but the patter of rain on the shingled porch roof indicated a rainy morning, so I wisely made up my mind to stop where I was for the present. All of the family soon gathered on the porch—two girls and four boys, besides the heads of the house. These latter found ample occupation in trying to keep the youngest hope and pride of the house from drowning himself in a puddle of water close to the doorstep, and his little Sunday outfit was soon ready for the wash. After dinner the clouds broke away, and as there was promise of a clear afternoon, I said good-by, and, crossing the long foot bridge over the river, with my machine under my arm, I was soon spinning away down the road again. I was a little too brash with my speed, for on nearing the little village of Brandywine my machine took a gigantic slide on the greasy surface of the road and came within an ace of spilling me into the river, to the great amusement of a crowd of young rustics out for a Sunday afternoon constitutional. Mailing a letter at the store and postoffice in the village, I continued on my way.

The promise of fair weather proved delusive, for muttered thunder across the mountains warned me of approaching rain, and I was fortunate in finding shelter as the first big drops began to fall. After the shower I again pushed on, but the mud was thick, and I spent more time cleaning out my clogged gearings than I did in advancing, and I had a generally sticky time of it. The thunder continued to groumble around among the mountain gorges, and I began to feel blue and lonesome as I walked beside my mud-clogged wheel, while vivid flashes of lightning to right and left of me made a house under the hill at a turn of the road a welcome sight. I ran up against quite a little crowd of Sunday visitors here, and was kept quite busy for a while showing my machine and answering a host of questions, for it goes without saying that a bicycle is an unusual sight in these regions—indeed, many of my audience had but vaguely heard of the machine.

A half mile further on I reached Miller's, on the site of old Fort Sibert, and put up for the night. I found a young man of my own age here, who has evidently been well informed on many subjects, and he entertained me well. My spirits began to rise again, and with the aid of a good supper and my host's entertaining qualities I felt quite myself once more. The house stands on a prominent point of the hill, overlooking the little valley, and is built on the site of the old Colonial blockhouse called Fort Sibert, where the early pioneers took refuge from the Indians. The sketch which Mr. Miller gave me was simply a tradition, for the historical record of the massacre which took place here is very brief and incomplete.

The subject was very interesting as told in the old man's quaint, old-fashioned way, as he pointed out the half-obliterated landmarks here and there. The old man soon excused himself on the plea of age and tired eyes, and retired for the night, and left me and the son to carry on the confab. We did justice to all sorts of sporting subjects, and found many things of kindred interest to talk about.

On Monday morning early I was off for "The Corner," where the river reaches "The Notch" in the mountains and goes tumbling down through an impassable gorge for three or four miles. I had heard much of the fine fishing there, and had it on my programme to stop there. I got specific directions from Mr. Miller before starting. At the first ford the pools looked so inviting that I stood my machine in a fence corner and, getting out my rod and flies, had eight fine bass hung behind my saddle in less than an hour. By much walking along a by-road and over the river jacks, I finally reached my destination—the last house in the valley. I introduced myself and poured forth my usual tale of woe to the madame, whom I found down by the spring house, doing the usual Monday morning laundry tasks. The head of the house came along while negotiations were pending, and the matter was soon arranged on a satisfactory basis. In these isolated mountain regions a stranger can readily secure accommodations at any farm house. The people live in a plain and humble manner, but such as they have the wayfarer is welcome to.

A hard shower made fishing impracticable until about 3 o'clock, and when I did get on the stream I found that the inflow from the meadow drains had smoked the river until it was beyond fishing condition, at least with the fly. I met the whole neighborhood out with poles and tackle, and I was not long in discovering that in the so-called isolated parts of the stream is not always to be found the best fishing. If I had cherished any hope to have it all to myself, so to speak, I was soon relieved of the delusion; for I found that, down here at least, the natives take advantage of a rainy day to go a-fishing, and turn out, small and great, to search the stream with a fine-toothed comb, so to speak. I worked along in a desultory sort of fashion, and went far down the wild, picturesque gorge, climbing over the gigantic boulders and enjoying the wild plunge of the river down between the towering cliffs; and, although it was but a modest string of fish I carried in with me, I felt amply repaid for my afternoon's outing.

We had breakfast bright and early next morning, and as the sun peeped over the shoulder of the mountain in front of the house, I sallied forth for an up-stream fish, and faithfully whipped the river for two miles, but the smoky water gave but poor returns. I enjoyed the morning, however, and reached home to a late dinner, after which I had a long afternoon nap and a good rest. A schoolmarm of uncertain age was visiting these, her relatives, and her lingual abilities were such as to fairly burn the gearings in my conversational cyclometer. Just outside my window a large crack in the weatherboarding gave access to a roomy crevice between the logs, and here I discovered a colony of bats which had been domiciled here for years. As dusk gathered I counted sixty or more, as they swung out into the evening air in search of food. As I crept into bed I could hear the swish of the wings of the returning prowlers. One fellow missed the doorway to his house and plunged headlong through the open window and banged against the head of my bed. I lay quiet, and presently he made good his retreat, after which I thought best to close the window and open one on the lee side of the storm of wings and fur.

Next morning I was directed by a narrow footpath across the mountain to the east, where I can reach the main Moorefield road north, at a saving of eight miles of rocky river road. It was a push and climb of a solid mile up the steep mountain side. I don't think the mountain was quite perpendicular, but it certainly looked to me like it might be, as I dug my toes into its steep sides for a foothold, and frequent stops were necessary. A gentle descent on the other side soon brought me into the main road, and I went spinning along it until I reached Dasher's mill. Upon inquiry might I leave my machine in the mill and do a little fishing, I was invited by the young miller to stop and stay at his home, a mile beyond, and have a fish with him in the evening. He shared his noonday lunch with me, washed down, by way of dessert, with an old-fashioned apple pie, baked on a cabbage leaf; all of which I enjoyed hugely. A hard shower coming up suddenly caught us out on the river, whither we had repaired to initiate my new friend into the mysteries of fly casting. The shower over, he joined me on his wheel, and we sped away down the road to his little cottage, where he gathered his tackle and bait, and with good-natured hopes and predictions that each would excel in his own method of fishing, we sallied down the road. I was informed that "old man Taylor," who owns the land on which we are to fish "is a mean old cuss," and we slipped through his corn rows to the river with great circumspection, lest he appear and drive us off his territory. The gauntlet was safely run, however, and we were soon in the river, where it was not long until we were chilled through by a cold north wind which had sprung up, and which I felt quite keenly, having been in the water more or less all day; so we soon abandoned the river and hurried home to seek comfort in the capacious and cozy chimney corner. We voted our contest a draw, as clearly no self-respecting bass would leave his lair on such a day.

I had a good supper, a clean, comfortable bed and sound sleep. The air was cool and all was still until early morning, when I was awakened by the same cheery, good-natured voice that had bade me good-night.

I felt that I couldn't leave the neighborhood until I had had one more try at the bass. So early next morning we rode back up to the mill again, and I walked two miles up the river and fished down. I had a very pleasant morning's sport this time, and felt well repaid for my perseverance.

After another meal with my kind friend, I mounted my machine for a continuous run to Moorefield, twenty miles to the north—for I am now headed homeward. I passed over a good deal of rough road, but through some

of the most beautiful woodland stretches it has ever been my good fortune to see. Four miles from Moorefield I came upon good roads, and sailed along at a high rate of speed ahead of a shower which I could see to the south slowly coming up the valley. I arrived safely ahead of the shower, and, after getting my mail, I continued on out to the home of a cousin, who lives a mile from here, where I received a hearty welcome. I was much amused to discover, during the recital of my travels and adventures which naturally followed my arrival, that the "mean old cuss," "old man Taylor," spoken of by my friend Dasher, is a relative of mine; and we all had a good laugh over the incident.

Well! The rest of my story is soon told. My fishing trip, as such, had about reached a conclusion, and the next four or five days were spent in dawdling along the road from Moorefield to Romney, twenty-seven miles further on, and thence home to Frostburg, stopping a few days at Romney and intervening points to visit relatives and renew my acquaintance with old friends in this region. My total showing for my four weeks' trip was eighty-one trout and fifty bass, and I unhesitatingly voted my combination bicycling-fishing cruise among the mountains one of the pleasantest and most successful outings I had ever enjoyed.

Florida Black Bass.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Feb. 4.—Mr. M. P. Riley, of Chicago, fishing on Lake Jackson, nine miles north of this city, on Feb. 2, with light Western bait-casting rod, quadruple reel and light silk line, hooked and landed an 8-pound big-mouth black bass. He was casting a live frog, which he brought from Chicago, and used weedless hook. He sent this fish to his address in Chicago to be mounted, where it can be seen. Mr. T. B. Byrd, a prominent merchant here, verified this weight.

E. N. MABRY.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

Hydrophobia in Spitz, Eskimo and Pomeranian Dogs.

THESE canines are all of the same race. Dr. Robt. Bell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, who has spent a great deal of time in the Arctic Zone during the past thirty years, and has just completed a survey of the Great Slave Lake, writes as follows in regard to the Eskimo draft dogs which are so serviceable to the Hudson Bay Company: "It seems to me these dogs are afflicted with disease more than any other breed. Nearly all of them die off, first in one district, then in another, leaving hardly enough to breed for the next year. Hydrophobia is the great trouble. It is of a mild form, as far as danger to others is concerned. My Ottawa friend's fine specimen died. His hindquarters became paralyzed."

This statement covers the past year. A reference to "Hallock's Dog Fanciers' Directory," page 111 (1880), discovers the following remarks on this subject:

"Notwithstanding his sprightly, intelligent look and beautiful snowy coat, the Spitz is gradually falling into disfavor, owing to his snappish disposition and his liability, in common with all Arctic dogs, to a disease which, in some of its phases, resembles hydrophobia. Sir George Nares, the Arctic explorer, referring to the prevalence of the malady in the polar regions, says: 'Apparently healthy dogs are suddenly seized with this strange disorder, generally falling down in fits not unlike epilepsy. * * * There is no recorded instance in Greenland of human beings who have been bitten having suffered from hydrophobia, and the recovery of the animals in some instances is entirely opposed to the recorded experiences of true rabies.'

"The Huntington Long Islander is responsible for the statement that a large Spitz dog named Jack, belonging to Capt. Bunce, of the Leonida, was picked up in the middle of Long Island Sound some years ago, having swum forty miles in pursuit of his master's vessel, which had left him behind. This would seem to be evidence that the Spitz dogs are not only good swimmers, but not averse to water, which Dr. Kane says the true Esquimaux dog is. Spitz is a contraction for Spitzbergen."

C. HALLOCK.

Sherbrooke Gun Club.

THE fox hunters reported a poor season so far, owing to the depth of light snow. They do very little before December, as the partridges, ducks and deer have to be attended to. New Year's day Fred Loomis and Joe Walton each got a fox within an hour, the second being killed within a hundred yards of the first. Joe's fox was the largest killed for a long time. The widow Green's fox still lives. He has had two narrow escapes, and praise be, he has been seen since he got his last dose of BB's, apparently none the worse. Long may he live. He has been the hero of many a run during the past six years, and many is the good story told by his faithful followers. One of them saw him cut in between the hounds and a little vixen, and lead off the dogs while the lady hid in a clump of spruces.

JOS. G. WALTON, Ass't Sec'y.

Farmer Slater's Unique Dog.

"THERE are some odd characters among the rural population of West Virginia," said Col. J. D. Butt, of that State. "A short while ago an engine on the Norfolk & Western line ran down a small, yellow cur dog that belonged to an old farmer named Slater, with fatal results to the cur. Now, the deceased had been Farmer Slater's most cherished companion for years; it had followed him in all his wanderings, and he was as greatly attached to it as though it had been a human being. He grieved sorely over his loss, and in his endeavor to find solace went to one of the officials of the railroad that made a premature end of the canine and demanded that another dog as nearly like the departed in every respect as possible should be given him.

"To humor him, compliance was promised, and forthwith a dog to match the lost one was brought to the bereaved owner. This was only a beginning, for one cur after another was tendered until the number got into three figures. Every brute in the lot was rejected, for in the whole list not one was identical in form, color and size with the slain. If one was just right in color, he was a trifle too heavy or too light, and if his weight was satisfactory the color was not quite right.

"Under these circumstances there was no use of the railway men trying to do more, and Slater brooded over his wrongs. The suspicion grew that he meant to get revenge and he was closely watched. As a result, he was arrested on a charge that implicated him in an attempt at train wrecking, and he was sentenced to jail for one year."—Washington Post.

A Fox Stratagem.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from North Carolina, where I spent two weeks with the quail, or partridge, as they are called there, with very satisfactory results. In the place where I was, a lot of fox hounds are kept, and they usually have a run every week, and often succeed in bagging their game. One sly fox, however, was apparently too cunning for them, and for fifteen runs got away safely. Much to the hunters' surprise and bewilderment, the hounds always lost the scent at a sheep pasture, and could not strike it again.

Finally the hunters persuaded the owner of the sheep to shut them up in his barn and then they gave Reynard another run. This time he went for the sheep pasture as usual, but no sheep being there, the dogs kept his trail, till finally they caught and killed him. It is now confidently believed that it was his habit on reaching this pasture to jump on a sheep's back and ride around until the hounds had passed, when he would walk home at his leisure. If this is not the proper explanation of this remarkable occurrence, perhaps you can suggest a better one.

J. T. S.

"Fox Hunting Reminiscences."

Jos. W. Shurter, who wrote "Fox Hunting Reminiscences" in issue of Jan. 26, is a man that I should like to hear more from. He has both insight and knowledge. The description of the killing of his first fox made a distinct impression on me. It is a boiled down epitome of first experiences the world over where the human has the true hunting instinct that leads to success—a similar but superior instinct to that of the wild animal he is pitted against.

J. B. BURNHAM.

American English Setter Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the American English Setter Club will be held at Madison Square Garden on Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 4 p. m.

By order of the President,

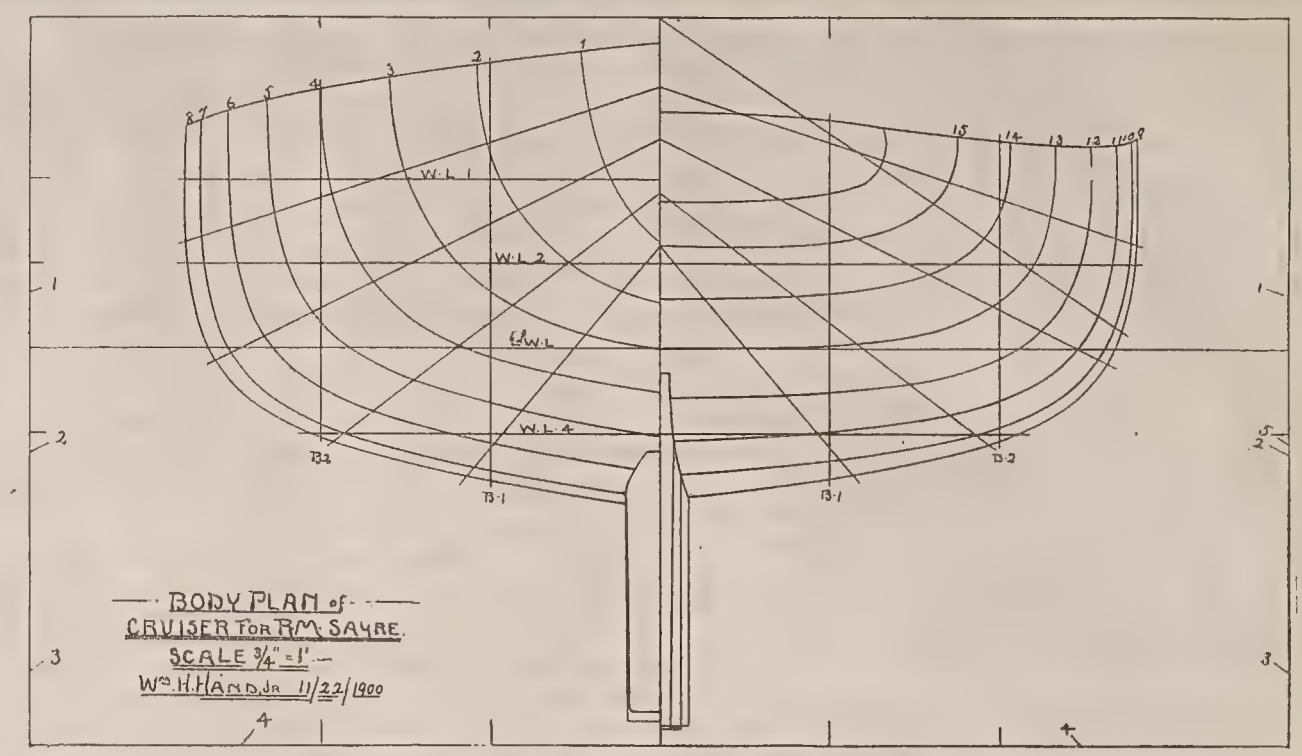
J. M. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

25ft. Cruising Sloop.



25-FOOT CRUISING SLOOP—BODY PLAN.

THE large number of boats of about 25ft. waterline length that have been ordered this season shows how great the demand there is for boats of this size. The modern boat of about 25ft. waterline length, unless designed solely for racing, whether keel or centerboard, is about the smallest boat on which any degree of comfort may be had for cruising and still is not large enough to make it necessary to carry a paid hand. The 25-footer, plans of which appear in this issue, was designed and built by Mr. William H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., for Mr. Robert W. Sayre, of New York city, and will be used for cruising on the western end of Long Island Sound. She is of a type that offers the greatest amount of comfort combined with very good speed that it is possible to secure in a boat of this size. Mr. Hand has experimented carefully with this class of boats, and has found them seaworthy in the extreme and able to go anywhere along our coast in ordinary summer weather. The headroom in the cabin is excellent, there being some 5ft. 7in.

Her dimensions are as follows:

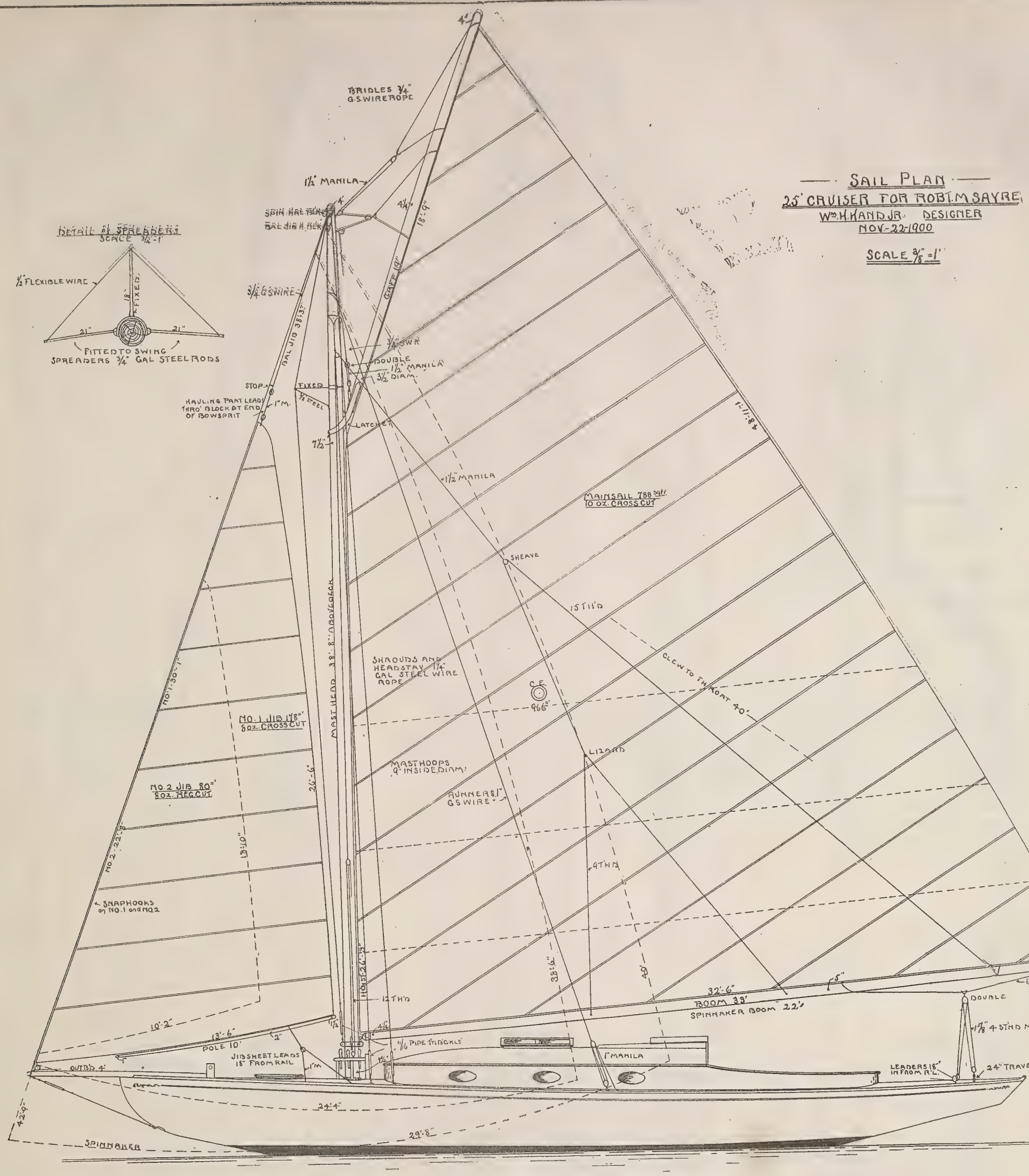
Length—		
Over all	40ft.	1½in.
L.W.L.	25ft.	
Overhang—		
Bow	6ft.	9 in.
Stern	8ft.	4½in.
Beam—		
Extreme	11ft.	3 in.
L.W.L.	10ft.	9 in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	1ft.	10 in.
Extreme	4ft.	6 in.
Board down	8ft.	10 in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	7 in.
Taffrail	2ft.	7 in.
Least	2ft.	4½in.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	788 sq. ft.	
Jib.	178 sq. ft.	
Total sail area	966 sq. ft.	
Displacement	13 300lbs.	
Outside ballast	4,500lbs.	

The keel is of oak sided 14in. and moulded 3½in. amidships, tapering at the ends. The deadwood is of yellow pine. Timbers of oak bent to form 1½ by 1½in. spaced 10in. on centers. Double timbers at chainplates. Beam clamps are of oak sided 2in. and moulded 3in. amidships, tapering to 2in. by 2in. at the ends. Bilge stringers are of yellow pine, two on each side, 2½in. by 2½in. from end to end. Planking is of yellow pine to finish full 1in. Deck is of white pine, 2in. by 1⅛in. Covering board is of oak. Cabin house top, 3in. by ¾in. white pine covered with canvas. Cockpit staving, caprail, wheel box, companion slide, skylight and fore hatch of mahogany. Cabin is finished in cypress and varnished oak. Hull to be painted white with gold stripe and small scroll on bow and stern. Toilet room fitted with Sand's W. C. and folding wash basin. The arrangement of the cabin is wholly the owner's idea, the transoms being extended under the cockpit floor to gain full 12ft. in length, so that two men can sleep on a side without overlapping.

A Plucky Crew and a Win.

EASTON, Md., Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Chesapeake Bay Y. C. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Col. F. Carroll Goldsborough; Vice-Com., Dr. Edward R. Trippe; Rear-Com., Col. Oswald Tilghman; Sec'y, Col. Jacob G. Morris; Treas., Mr. Alfred L. Sharp; Board of Governors, Col. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Zenas Burns and Mr. B. Harrington.

I find that no report of our fourteenth open annual regatta was sent to you, and as an unusual circumstance happened during that race, it may be of interest to your readers even at this late date. Date of race, Aug. 19, 1900; open to Chesapeake canoes of champion class (boats between 30ft. and 36ft. water line); boats entered, J. B. Harrison, sailed by H. A. Hinnaman; Wm. V. Wilson, sailed by O. Hartge; Island Blossom, sailed by John Gibson; Ma Belle, sailed by Capt. Mansfield; Columbia, sailer unknown; time allowance, two seconds per inch in twenty miles on waterline; distance, sixteen and one-half nautical miles; wind light N.N.W., dying out and coming out from S.W. and S. Weather fair, no sea. Elapsed time, 6:51:43. Start flying, with three minutes to cross the line. Reach to first buoy, thence to windward to second buoy; thence, owing to wind shifting, to windward to third bouy; off the wind to fourth bouy, and a reach to the line. The event to which I allude was as follows: Boats got off in following order: Island Blossom, Wilson, Harrison, Ma Belle and Columbia. The three leading boats turned the first buoy almost together; there the wind grew very light and baffling. The Ma Belle and Columbia withdrew. The Island Blossom, one of the fastest of her class, seemed, from bad luck in catching the light puffs going, to be out of it. The Harrison and Wilson were afraid to leave each other, and finally sailed into a calm streak under the lee of a woods.



25-FOOT CRUISING SLOOP—SAIL PLAN.

In the meantime the Blossom went to look for luck and found it, getting into a streak of wind that she held to the upper buoy and turned it with a lead of sixteen and one-half minutes. Off the wind these boats carry immense square topsails, and soon after turning the above buoy a little puff caught these sails and, owing to carelessness in not having her outriggers out (which these boats all carry), she upset. Instead of giving up, her crew pulled her masts out (foremast about 45ft. long and mainmast 35ft.), righted the boat, and, with the assistance of some buckets furnished by a passing craft, bailed out the water, rigged up and started again, only losing eighteen minutes in doing so. They were then behind the Harrison and Wilson, which were close together, one minute and thirty seconds, with a beat to windward of some six miles. In this distance the Blossom caught and passed the other boats, and finally won the race by three minutes and twenty-one seconds, without her allowance. Of course, it could only have been done under the peculiar circumstances of the weather, but it was thought very plucky in the Blossom's crew not to give up after being upset.

J. G. MORRIS, Sec'y C. B. Y. C.

Yacht Club Notes.

The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held on Feb. 4 at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street. The election follows: Com., Edward Kelly, steamer Barracouta; Vice-Com., W. N. Bavier, yawl Possum; Rear-Com., Daniel Bacon, sloop Senta; Sec'y, O. W. Meyrowitz; Treas., C. M. Fletcher; Meas., F. R. Farrington; Trustees, three years, Charles Pryer, Thomas D. Scoble and Conrad E. Young; Law Committee, J. F. Lambden and J. Q. Underhill; Regatta Committee, Charles P. Tower, William E. Moore, Oscar Chelborg, C. A. Beeker and R. N. Bavier.

The sixth annual meeting of the Huguenot Y. C. will be held at the Arena on Saturday, Feb. 16, at which the officers for the year will be elected. The following nominations have been made: Com., William B. Greelel; Vice-Com., George C. Allen; Rear-Com., T. E. Kitching; Sec'y, J. Nelson Gould; Treas., L. C. Ketchum; Trustees, to serve two years, F. D. Pagan and William L. Searles.

The first annual dinner of the Point o' Woods Y. C., of Fire Island, was held at the Union League Club, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, Feb. 2. Speeches were made by Com. N. Clay Ferris, Vice-Com. John C. Dempsey, Rear-Com. Harry M. Brewster and others. Most of the members hail from Brooklyn, Bayshore and places in New Jersey. The club's season is from June to September.

The Morrisania Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com, George J. Oakes; Vice-Com., George Steltz: Rear-Com., Frederick Daum; Fleet Capt., Charles J. Locke; Fin. Sec'y, Thomas F. Dooley; Rec. Sec'y, Arthur Haire; Treas., George Charleton; Meas., Wade Hixon; Board of Directors, George H. Ollweller, Louis Jackson, W. H. Hansen, Thomas J. Deckert and J. H. Schmitt; Regatta Committee, J. H. Curtis, W. H. Dixon, J. W. Steffens, Louis G. Englert and H. J. Barto.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The old yacht Madeline, defender of America's Cup in two international contests, has just gone on the ways at Tampa for extensive repairs, and in another month she will be regularly engaged in the fruit trade between Honduras and Florida ports. It was in 1876 that the British challenger Countess of Dufferin first met the Madeline and returned defeated at the hands of the American defender. The Madeline has had a remarkable career since that time, but for the first time since she was the most famous and popular racing vessel in the world repairs are being made. The Madeline arrived at Tampa Thursday, Capt. Lord, the owner, in command, with a cargo or cocoanuts from Honduras. After her repairs, which will include new decks and cabin and new canvas, she will make a regular schedule between Honduras and Port Tampa.—N. Y. Times.

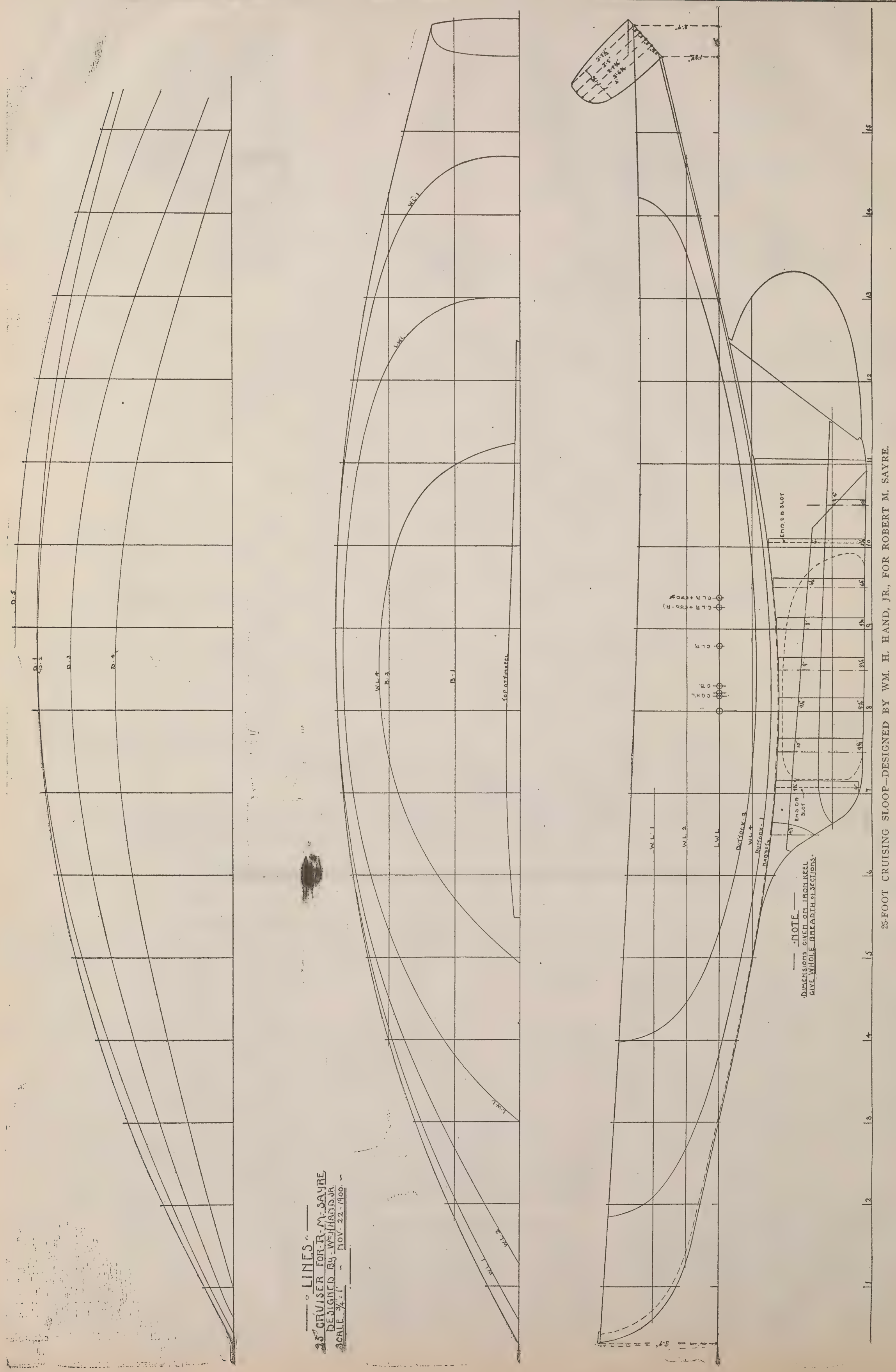
The Yachtsman says:

Our good friends on the other side of the Atlantic seem determined to make us start a column headed "Sales of the Week to American Yachtsmen." This week's sale is that of Zinita, the celebrated Clyde 20-rater. She has been purchased by an American gentleman, who long ago imported the old crack plank-on-edge 10-tonner Ulidia, which Ben Parker sailed for him in American waters. Zinita, as most of our readers are aware, was designed by Mr. W. Fife, Jr. (as was Ulidia), and built at Fairlie in 1893 for Messrs. Connell, who won a large number of prizes with her. She has three times changed hands, but has always had Clyde owners. Mr. Inglis, who has just parted with Zinita, took her in part payment for Carina at the end of last summer, so she has never had a chance of carrying his popular flag.

Zinita's full record:

Year.	Starts.	1st Prizes.	Other Prizes.	Total Prizes.	Value.
1893	24	16	2	18	£230
1894	36	13	7	20	280
1895	27	10	4	14	165
1896	17	7	1	8	85
1897	22	4	3	7	90
1898	19	4	9	13	100
1899	19	6	5	11	110
1900	19	12	2	14	200
	183	72	33	105	£1,260

Mr. H. Clay Pierce, of St. Louis, Mo., has commis-


LINES.
25' CRUISER FOR R. M. SAYRE
DESIGNED BY WM. H. HAND JR.
SCALE 3/4"=1' NOV. 22-1900.
25-FOOT CRUISING SLOOP—DESIGNED BY WM. H. HAND, JR., FOR ROBERT M. SAYRE.
NOTE
DIMENSIONS GIVEN ON IRON KEEL
GIVE WHOLE BREADTH OF SECTIONS.
WL 1
WL 2
LWL
WL 4
WL 3
B.1
B.2
B.3
B.4
TOP OF KEEL
BUTTOCK 1
BUTTOCK 2
BUTTOCK 3
CLR
END OF SLOT

DETAIL of BOWSPRIT
SCALE 3/4"=1'

SECT. 3 SECT. 4

SECT. 8

CONSTRUCTION PLAN.
SCALE 3/4"=1'
25' CRUISER FOR ROBERT M. SAYRE
WM. H. RAND, JR. - DESIGNER - 11/26/1900.

SECT. 12 SECT. 14

HALF BREADTH KEEL

DETAIL C BOARD PENDANT FASTENING.
SCALE 3"=1'

DETAIL of C.B. HANGING - FULL SIZE

-NOTE-
BOLTS MARKED -3- ARE ON STBD OF C.B SLOT
" " -P- " PORT
" " -A- " AMIDSHIPS

25-FOOT CRUISING SLOOP—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

sioned Messrs. Gardner & Cox to design and build for him a large steel steam yacht. She will be 260ft. over all and finished in the best possible manner.

Vencedor, which sailed against Canada in 1896 for the Toledo Cup, is to go back to Chicago waters. She has been lying on the beach at Hawkins' Yard, City Island, for the past several years. Mr. H. M. Gillig, former Commodore of the Larchmont Y. C., has sold her through the agency of Mr. F. Bowne Jones to Mr. F. A. Price, of the Chicago Y. C.

The American marine exhibit sent to the Paris Exposition in charge of Mr. Jahn Rutherford Buchan, N. Y. Y. C., was returned to this country a few days ago and the models have been sent to their owners. There were forty full-rigged and sixty-one half models in the collection. The New York Y. C. and its members loaned the larger number of them. Of all the full-rigged models were all the America's Cup defenders from Magic to Columbia. Then there were the steam yachts Corsair and Kanawha auxiliary Intrepid, the schooners Intrepid, Sachem, Mohegan, Norseman and Yampa; the electric launch Utopia and several other fast launches.

Mrs. N. B. Wright, of Philadelphia, has accepted the challenge of Howard Crosby, of Gloucester, Mass., to race across the Atlantic this coming summer from Cape Ann to Lisbon, Portugal, in a boat not to exceed 30ft. over all length.

The Yachting World asserts that Sir Thomas Lipton wished to withdraw his challenge for the America's Cup after the death of Queen Victoria and to postpone the contest for a year, but that, on consideration of the injustice toward the United States, and after consulting the highest authorities, he decided to adhere to the original plans.

One of the most artistic calendars that has been issued this year is being sent out to his friends and customers by Mr. F. Bowne Jones. A spirited marine view and very clear and distinct numerals make it both ornamental and useful.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.
25ft. shoal draft sloop, Feb. 2.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly print the following list of men in the Eastern Division who have signed the petition to Com. Britton, of the A. C. A., for a mail vote to be taken upon the suggested new racing regulations printed in Forest and Stream of last week: Louis A. Hall, Vice-Com. Eastern Division; Chas. F. Dodge, Ex. Com. Eastern Division; Paul Butler, Board of Governors, A. C. A.; Ralph F. Brazer, J. Arthur Gage, Albert G. Smith, J. Markland, Stephen S. Whittier, Frank E. Baker, Raymond Apollonio, T. A. Apollonio, Louis A. Drake, Hermann Dudley Murphy, T. Price Wilson, Farnum F. Dorsey, Chas. Prendergast, Geo. A. Woods.

Hermann Dudley Murphy.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following named gentlemen have been proposed for membership to the Western Division of the A. C. A.: Mr. Franklin S. Catlin, Mr. William F. Forbush and Mr. Charles Catlin.

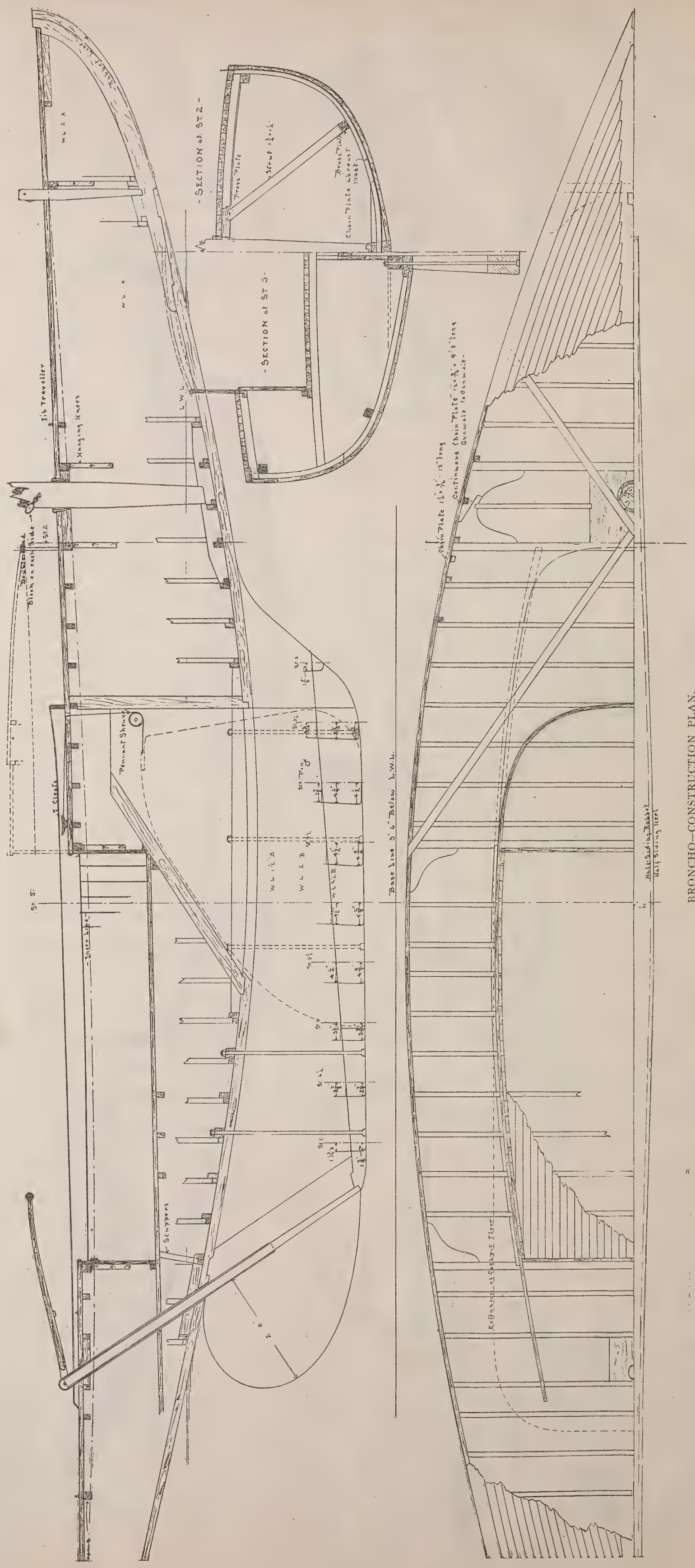
Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Feb. 3. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the standard target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 90. Weather cool and cloudy. Thermometer 50 degrees. Wind 2 o'clock:

Gindele	9	10	9	8	10	8	10	9	8	9—90
	8	10	8	10	8	9	10	9	9	7—88
	7	9	8	10	7	8	10	9	10	10—88
Nestler	8	9	9	9	8	7	8	10	8	10—86
	8	9	6	8	8	10	10	9	8	9—85
	7	7	9	6	8	10	7	9	10	10—83
Payne	8	7	9	9	8	8	8	8	10	9—84
	10	10	6	10	5	9	8	6	7	9—80
	7	9	7	10	9	7	6	8	9	8—80
Lux	7	10	8	9	8	8	10	4	10	10—84
	5	7	7	6	8	8	10	9	8	9—77
	5	8	8	7	9	7	10	7	7	8—76
Roberts	6	7	9	8	10	10	9	7	8	7—81
	8	8	10	9	9	8	9	6	3	10—80
	9	6	7	10	10	9	3	9	9	6—77
Strickmeier	10	9	9	8	8	8	7	7	6	8—80
	9	8	6	9	7	6	9	7	9	9—79
	4	5	5	10	9	7	7	9	9	7—72
Trounstine	9	7	8	7	9	8	6	7	6	10—77
	5	8	10	7	6	8	6	9	9	8—76
	5	9	5	9	9	5	8	7	9	8—74
Drube	6	8	8	9	8	9	8	8	7	5—76
	9	7	4	9	4	9	9	8	8	6—74
	8	7	3	9	7	6	10	8	5	6—69
Uckotter	9	7	9	7	5	5	6	8	8	7—72
	10	5	7	5	4	5	8	7	9	7—67
	5	6	6	6	6	10	8	8	7	5—67

Gindele made a good average to-day, having 3 points over 86 to his credit. His scores range from 84 to 90.



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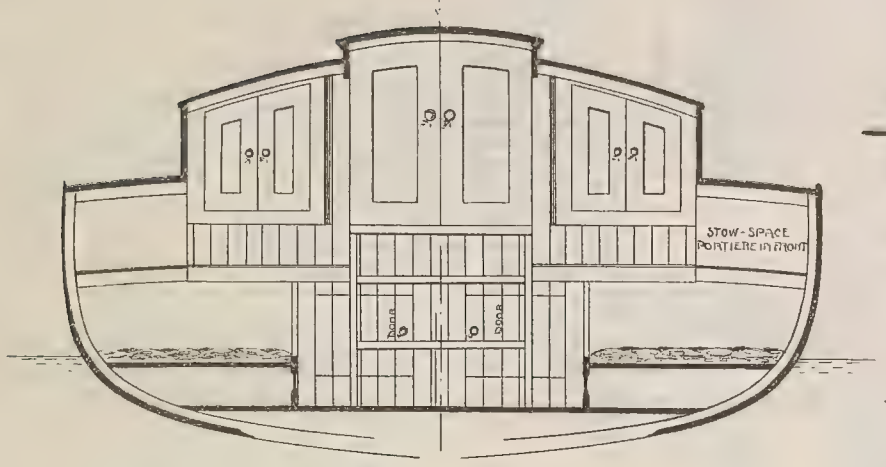

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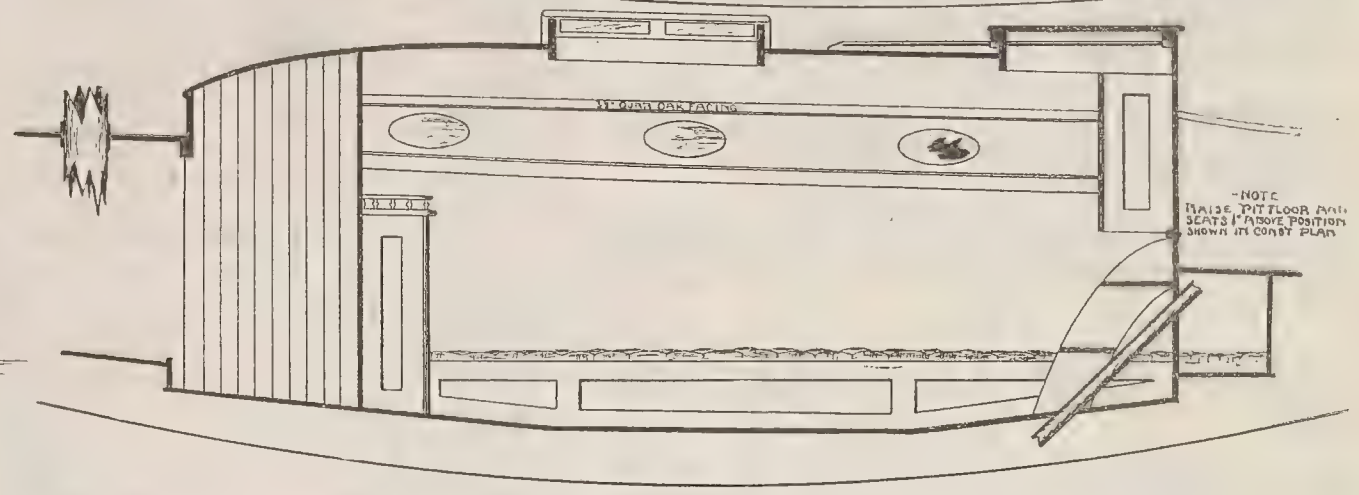


25-FOOT CRUISING SLOOP—CABIN PLAN.

The new 7-shot Colt pistol is a marvel of force and mechanical ingenuity. It works automatically, the recoil of one discharge adjusting the load for the next instantaneously. The whole magazine can be discharged in a fraction over a second.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company has just perfected a new 22cal. smokeless cartridge for short range target shooting in rifle or pistol. This cartridge is said to be effective up to a distance of 75ft.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 13-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Bert. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Feb. 14.—Holmesburg, Junction, Pa.—Third of the team series of shoots, Baltimore Shooting Association vs. Keystone Shooting League.

Feb. 15-16.—New Orleans, La.—First annual Mardi Gras tournament of the City Park Gun Club, under the auspices of the Peters Cartridge Co. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y, Denegree Building.

Feb. 18-23.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club; four days targets, two days live pigeons; $1,000 added. C. E. De Long, Sec'y.

Feb. 19-22.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Keystone Shooting League.

Feb. 20.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Match at 25 live birds between J. H. Outwater and Chris Wright, at Outwater's Riverside shooting grounds, Rutherford road and Hackensack River Bridge. Sweepstake shooting.

Feb. 21-22.—Garden City, L. I.—Amateur championship of the Carteret Gun Club. Walter H. Mead, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Washington's Birthday live bird and target shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Feb. 22.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Target and live bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; live bird match at 9 o'clock; live-bird programme at 10 o'clock.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual midwinter target tournament the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Feb. 22.—Newark, N. J.—East Side Gun Club's holiday shoot.

Feb. 22.—Freehold, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Freehold Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Minneapolis, Minn.—At Intercity Shooting Park. H. C. Hirschy live-bird championship trophy challenge shoot. Entries may be made with W. P. Brown, Minneapolis.

Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—Washington's Birthday shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's live-bird and target shoot. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y..

Feb. 22-23.—Colorado Springs, Colo.—Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association's thirteenth tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club.

Feb. 22-23.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

Feb.28—West Chester, Pa.—Eighth annual live-bird shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

March 2.—New York.—Two-week Roof Garden tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y.

March 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—The Peters Cartridge Company's two days' target tournament. Maj. E. P. McKisseck, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

March 21.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target and live-bird shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 12-13.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's tournament. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.

April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-16.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 15-17.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-12.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

July 23.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Feb. 26.—Interstate Park.—Challenge contest for Dewar trophy; Dr. A. A. Webber, holder; W. H. Sanders, challenger.

Feb. 27.—Interstate Park.—Team race, a New York team vs. a New Jersey team, at 1 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.

May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

At a special meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, held in Newark, N. J., Feb. 6, the Bloomfield Game and Fish Association, of Bloomfield, and the Midway Gun Club, of Matawan, N. J., were admitted to membership. Mr. C. W. Feigenspan was appointed to act as a committee on grounds, and Mr. F. E. Sinnock a committee on badges. There will be a badge respectively for the winning teams in the live-bird and the target events, and for the winning shooters in the individual events. There also will be medals for the highest averages made during the tournament in the live-bird and target events. The old live-bird medal, which has heretofore been shot for every year only, will be subject to challenge during the year, the conditions to be 15 birds, $10 forfeit, winner to take all, loser to pay for birds. Treasurer Terrill's report showed a balance of several hundred dollars on hand. Programme and tournament committees had respectively the same membership—Messrs. Hobart, Stevens and Herrington. Five per cent. of all purses net will be deducted and devoted to the purchase of prizes. Mr. Stevens spoke of the good work done by the State Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey, and there was a sum of money appropriated to carry on the good work of game and fish protection.

Mr. Ed O. Bower, secretary-treasurer of the W. Va. S. A., Sistersville, W. Va., under date of Feb. 5, writes us as follows: "At a recent meeting of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, June 11 and 12 were decided upon as dates for their fifth annual tournament, which is to be held under the auspices of the West Virginia Gun Club at St. Marys, W. Va. The tournament will be under the personal management of the famous Mallory brothers, which is ample guarantee that everything possible will be done to make the affair a success in every way. We will have the usual amount of added money, together with merchandise prizes, etc. Programmes telling all about it will be ready for the mail in due time, and can be had for the asking by making application to Ed O. Bower, secretary-treasurer."

Those who contemplate attending the Carteret Gun Club's amateur championship contest, at Garden City, L. I., Feb. 21 and 22, are referred to the train schedule issued by the Carteret Gun Club, as follows: Trains leave foot of East Thirty-fourth street at 6:30, 7:50, 8:30, 8:50, 9:20, 10:50 A. M., and 12:20, 1:50 and 3:20 P. M. Returning, leave Garden City at 10:38 A. M. and 12:01, 1:34, 3:13, 4:41, 5:04, 5:29, 6:44 and 8:35 P. M. The club grounds can be reached either from Mineola or Garden City. Shooting commences at 9:30.

The New Haven Gun Club will give a shoot on Washington's **Birthday, Feb. 22,** commencing at 9 o'clock. There are eleven events on the programme, 10, 15 and 20 targets, 135 in all, with a total entrance of $11.20. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., if twelve entries or more; if less, then three moneys, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Visitors welcome to shoot for targets only. Take Schuetzen Park Cars to reach the grounds. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y.

The Highland Shooting Club and the Hillside Gun Club engaged in a team shoot, nine men on a side, at Gorgas Station, Pa., on Feb. 8, with the following results: Highland—Burn 18, Dedier 17, Miller 15, Meehan 15, M. Wentz 14, C. Dreakley 13, Lutz 12, Davis 11, E. Wentz 11; total 126. Hillside—Reid 16, B. Bisbing 15, W. Haywood 14, J. B. Haywood 13, J. Unruh 13, Aiman 13, W. Bisbing 11, Burton 9, Clark 8; total 112.

Uncle Jim Laird, of Freehold, N. J., called on Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, of New York, and invited him and his friends to an all-day shoot to be given by the Freehold Gun Club on Feb. 22. Three sets of traps will throw the targets. Carl says a shoot of the Freehold Gun Club is synonymous with a good time, because he knows about it, having been there before.

At Morristown, Pa., on Feb. 7, Mr. F. B. McCoy, of Philadelphia, shot a match with Mr. Frank Gross, of Jeffersonville, and won by one bird. The conditions were 30 live birds, $25 a side. The scores were McCoy 27, Gross 26. The match originally called for 50 birds, but as there were only 30 birds on hand the conditions were modified accordingly.

The South Broad Street Gun Club, of Philadelphia, at is annual meeting on Feb. 7, elected a list of officers as follows: President, James Bunting; Vice-President, William Allen; Secretary, William H. Bore; Treasurer, E. E. Teter; Field Captain, C. H. Burt; Board of Directors, A. W. Farrell, H. R. Burt, William Warren, Fred Mears and D. A. Farrell.

On Feb. 22, on the grounds of the Intercity Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn., there will be a challenge shoot for the H. C. Hirschy trophy, emblematic of the championship of the Northwest. Entries may be made with Mr. W. P. Brown, Minneapolis, Minn. The conditions governing this trophy were published in full in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 9.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club will hold its next shoot on Feb. 18, on its grounds at Rockaway Park, L. I.

Mr. L. C. Schortemeier, of 201 Pearl street, New York, informs us that on Feb. 20 there will be a match at 25 live birds between Messrs. J. H. Outwater and Chris Wright, at Outwater's shooting grounds, Rutherford road and Hackensack River Bridge, N. J. Handicap sweepstakes will be shot after the match.

Programmes of the Grand American Handicap will be ready for distribution on Feb. 20. Write to Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager Interstate Association, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, for them. Make your entries with Mr. Edward Banks, secretary Interstate Association, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., will be in evidence at the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden next month and will occupy spaces 26 and 27 and will endeavor to make a comfortable headquarters for their friends rather than make an elaborate display of goods.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, under date of Feb. 9 informs us "that the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Jacksonville, Fla., April 17 and 18, and one at Auburn, Me., Aug. 21 and 22. This completes our circuit for the season of 1901."

The Marlin Fire Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., are sending out a "Court Document," in which is related their experience with Mr. G. O. Shields. It is interesting reading. A copy of the document will be sent free to him who applies for it.

Mr. C. F. Kramlich, corresponding secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, informs us that Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, will manage the Pennsylvania State shoot at Allentown, Pa., May 14 to 17.

The referees for the Grand American Handicap of 1901 are Messrs. Harold Wallack, of Long Branch, N. J.; Charles North, of Cleveland, O.; J. Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia, and George S. Mott, of Babylon, L. I.

The Oakley Thorne cup, which has afforded keen competition for its possession in many months past, was won finally by Mr. George S. McAlpin, at the Carteret Club's shoot on Saturday of last week, from the 31yd. mark.

Mr. F. H. Eachus, secretary of the West Chester Gun Club, West Chester, Pa., informs us that his club will hold its eighth annual live-bird shoot on Feb. 28th. The programme will be issued soon.

New conditions governing the Dewar trophy are published elsewhere in our trap columns. Mr. W. H. Sanders has challenged Dr. A. A. Webber to shoot for it at Interstate Park, Feb. 26.

The third match of the series between teams of the Keystone Shooting League and the Baltimore Shooting Association is fixed to take place at Holmesburg Junction on Feb. 14.

The programme of the Grand American Handicap is published in full in our trap columns this week..

BERNARD WATERS.

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 9.—It is with profound personal sorrow that I advise you of the death of our esteemed friend Moses H. Brensinger, which occurred at his home on Thursday morning, Feb. 7. Mose, whose shooting cognomen was "Sullivan," had a very wide and extended acquaintance among the shooting fraternity of this and other States. He took great interest and enjoyment in shooting, both at the traps and in the field, and when his business would permit he was always to be counted present at all of the leading events in the State and county. His record at the traps was as enviable as was his business record—and by that I mean the best. He was a man of genial spirit, whose companionship was as inviting as it was warm and lasting. His last meeting with the boys of the State was at Chambersburg in May, 1900, and though in delicate health at the time he entered into the full enjoyment of the programme, and apparently gleaned from the emulation to be gathered upon such occasions very much pleasure. Shortly after that he contracted a cold, which developed into consumption, and all efforts made to obtain relief proved futile.

The Association remembered him in a beautiful sunset floral design, surmounted by two white doves, and will have the resolutions handsomely engrossed, framed and presented to his family as a final tribute to his memory. Thus we are again reminded of the trthfulness of the song of the old sexton—"One by one I gather them home."

He was a charter member of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, and was among its most energetic workers. At a special meeting of that Association held last evening the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, In the providence of Almighty God, Moses H. Brensinger, for many years an active member of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, has been called to his eternal rest; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of this Association have learned with profound regret of the decease of M. H. Brensinger, and that the sympathy and condolence of the members of this Association are hereby tendered to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That in his death this Association has sustained the loss of an active, efficient and worthy member, whose memory will always be cherished by the members of this Association.

J. H. W.

Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Feb. 6.—The Florists' Gun Club's monthly contest resulted in a number of ties. The conditions were 50 targets per man, 25 known and 25 unknown angles, handicaps added to the scores. This is the third contest of the four in this race for the club trophies. The scores:

Twenty-five targets, known angles: Burton 20, Parsons 18, Barrett 18, McKaraher 17, Coleman 16, Anderson 15, Dorp 15, Westcott 14, Massey 13, Sheeler 11, Eisenlohr 10, Cloud 8, Umholtz 7, Reichard 5.

Twenty-five targets, unknown angles: Parsons 24, Sheeler 21, Barrett 20, Burton 20, Anderson 19, Eisenlohr 18, Massey 18, McKaraher 17, Dorp 16, Cloud 12, Westcott 9, Reichard 6, Umholtz 6.

Total scores, with the handicap added: Parsons 55, McKaraher 54, Burton 53, Barrett 52, Sheeler 52, Dorp 45, Massey 45, Westcott 43, Coleman 42, Eisenlohr 40, Anderson 39.

Individual championship match, 50 targets: Parsons 42, Burton 40, Barrett 38, Coleman 34, Anderson 34, McKaraher 34, Dorp 34, Sheeler 32, Massey 31, Eisenlohr 28, Westcott 23.

Points won to date: Burton 7, Massey 5, Dorp 5, Coleman 3, Parsons 3, McKaraher 3, Barrett 3, Westcott 3, Sheeler 3, Anderson 2, Clark 1.

Team match, 25 targets per man, known angles: McKaraher 13, Barrett 17, Burton 20, Sheeler 17, Massey 13, Brown 19; total 99. Dorp 12, Eisenlohr 14, Anderson 17, Westcott 16, Reichard 18, Umholtz 12; total 89.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Feb. 9.—The snow and glare of light made difficult shooting. The birds were good. The scores were low. A 7-bird sweepstake was shot, in which Van Loon, Russell, Painter and Davis divided first honors with clean scores. The conditions of the club handicap were 10 birds per man, handicap rise, sweepstake, entrance $2.50. The scores:

Stevenson, 30	2222222222—10	Geikler, 29	20*2222222— 8
Henry, 30	2212222022— 9	Johann, 30	1001211121— 8
Davis, 29	1221121220— 9	Brewer, 29	22022*222*— 7
Anderson, 30	2222202222— 9	Fitzgerald, 30	0002211112— 7
Russell, 30	1221021112— 9	Baltz, 28	0222020022— 6
Painter, 29	212120122*— 8	Hughes, 29	1110022001— 6
Bucknell, 30	2022222022— 8	Rogers, 28	0*00220222— 5
Morris, 29	2120022222— 8	Smith, 28	000000222*— 3
Van Loon, 30	2110021122— 8		

Sweepstake event, 7 birds, $3 entrance, 30yds. rise: Van Loon 7, Russell 7, Painter 7, Davis 7, Bucknell 6, Brewer 6, Anderson 6, Geikler 5, Henry 5, Baltz 5, Johann 5, Smith 4.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 9.—Mr. W. W. Marshall scored 48 in the contest for the February cup, and led all the contestants therefor in the club shoot to-day. Only six members contested in this cup event. The conditions were 25 targets, expert, and 25 magautrap; allowances are added. The scores:

	—Expert.—		—Magautrap.—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
W W Marshall	6	24	5	24	48
Dr J J Keyes	5	22	4	24	46
C A Sykes	3	20	3	25	45
H B Martin	2	23	2	22	45
L C Hopkins	6	20	5	24	44
C J McDermott	3	13	2	19	32

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, expert traps: H. B. Martin (1) 14, Dr. J. J. Keyes (2) 14, W. W. Marshall (3) 13, L. C. Hopkins (3) 12, C. J. McDermott (1) 10, W. Townsend (2) 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions: H. B. Martin (1) 15, Dr. J. J. Keyes (2) 15, W. W. Marshall 14, C. J. McDermott 11.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Dr. J. J. Keyes (2) 15, H. B. Martin (1) 14, W. W. Marshall 10, L. C. Hopkins 10, C. J. McDermott 8.

Sweepstake, 10 targets, expert traps: Sykes 8, Marshall 7, Martin 5, Keyes 5, McDermott 4, Hopkins 4.

Sweepstake, same conditions: Marshall 8, Hopkins 8, Martin 7, Keyes 6, Sykes 6.

Sweepstake, 15 targets, magautrap: Keyes 12, Martin 11, Marshall 10, Sykes 10.

Sweepstake, 15 targets, magautrap: Martin 12, Marshall 10, Townsend 7.

Match, 15 targets, magautrap: Marshall 13, Hopkins 9.

The Parkway Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 9.—At Dexter Park to-day the Parkway Gun Club's shoot resulted as follows:

Club shoot, 10 live birds:

Dr Casey	22*2222222— 9	H Knebel	*102200212— 6
L H Schortemeier	2102222222— 9	C Voehsinger	0222202001— 6
G Rieger	2202202222— 8	Dr Wells	1201101*01— 6
A Botty	2011121210— 8	J Lauber	0*11110200— 5
G Long	2202222*22— 8	E Kranson	0212000002— 4
L L Wair	1122020022— 7	J Smith	0000010202— 3
L Helgans	1120222101— 8	P Kohl	2000120000— 3
F Pfaender	201*120111— 7	H Bookman	0200200200— 3
T Short	1012110110— 7	J Breithoff	0000102000— 2
G Andrews	1022010121— 7	F Lebohner	122111222*— 9
G Seitz	2112010012— 7		

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 9.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held a well attended shoot to-day. In the club shoot for the February cup three killed straight. Five tied in the 7-bird event for the club prize, namely, Messrs. Lincoln, Sykes, Losse, Morfey and Jack. Morfey won alone in a 7-bird event, L. I. rules, excepting that the use of both barrels was allowed:

	Club Prize.	Club Prize.
C M Lincoln, 28	1112121—7	2122111—7
W F Sykes, 29	1222221—7	.....
Losse, 28	1112111—7	212*122—6
T W Morfey, 30	2222222—7	.....
Ramapo, 27	2120w	2122102—6
Brooks, 28	0202221—5	1212112—7
Jack, 29	1222121—7	1121212—7
Kay, 28	0022222—5	.....

No. 1 was club shoot, for February cup, at 10 birds; No. 2 7 birds, L. I. rules.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C M Lincoln	0120w	.....
Losse	2111221221—10	0100110—3
W F Sykes	12100w	.....
Jack	2212121222—10	1112012—6
T W Morfey	2222222222—10	1111112—7
Ramapo	1111122222—10	11*1010—4
Brooks	2112200221— 8	2010120—4
Kay	2220022222— 8	.....
W Dawyer	1121221011— 9	.....
T R Chapman	1122202222— 9	2212021—6
Waters	212212*122— 9	1110011—5

Distance Handicap Shooting.

PALMER, Mass.—Since the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association voted to conduct its sweep shooting under the distance handicap system there has been much talk by trapshooters in Massachusetts as to its success. Most of the shooters of the Association think it will meet with favor. A few, however, both hope and think it will prove a failure.

The question arises, "Why is trapshooting not more popular?" My answer is: "Because beginners and the poorer shooters are not given encouragement.

The 55 and 60 per cent. men stand the same distance, pay the same entrance fee as the 75, 80 and 90 per cent. men. What show do the 55 and 60 per cent. men have? Their scores are such that they get no encouragement or even small return of the entrance money.

So the outcome is, the men who cannot break better than 60 to 65 per cent. in most cases keep out of the contests, and watch, as they claim, "the wolves chew each other."

As secretary of the Association, I had the chance during the year of 1900 to watch the scores of the shooters. One-tenth of the members shot 80 per cent. or better; two-fifths of the members shot from 70 to 80 per cent., and 50 per cent. of the members shot less than 70 per cent.

Upon closer figuring, one-half of the 50 per cent. members did not average over 61 per cent., and in most cases did not enter into more than two or three sweeps in each tournament.

I had a talk with some of the low average men, and found they did not win during the days of the shoots one cent. They say it is like racing a horse which cannot go better than 2:40 with a horse which can go in 2.10.

I then took some of the poorer shots and beginners and gave them a distance handicap. Some shot from the 10yd. line, some at 12yds., etc. Then a marked improvement was seen in the scores. The men were encouraged. They took new courage, as they were given a chance.

If the distance handicap system proves as much of a success as I think during the year of 1901 we will see many new faces at our shoots and our poorer shooters will have advanced, and with pleasure tell their friends that they have been put back by the handicapper from the 10 and 12yd. lines to the 16yd. line. The Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association intends to give the system a fair trial.

Each club has a club handicapper, and the Association has one handicapper, who will have charge of the Association handicapping at each tournament. The shooters will be allowed to advance and be set back as the handicapper sees fit. The team shoots will, however, be conducted under the same system as last year, everybody shooting from the 16yd. line.

During the week the Springfield Gun Club has joined the Association, and will probably enter the team race in place of the Amherst Club.

DR. S. B. KEITH, Sec'y M. A. S. A.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—Very few shooters braved the elements of a chilly northwest wind at the Boston Gun Club's fourth prize shoot on their grounds at Wellington to-day. Good scores were not a possibility, as the strong wind played havoc with both the targets and shooter. The only ones that it did not affect were the trapper and scorer, the latter seeming to delight in putting down a great big 0 against some poor unfortunate. The 21yd. shooter did not seem to mind it any more than the rest of his less expert companions, as shooting from his long-distance mark in all but one event he secured high average. for the prize match. Baker was high in the prize match, breaking 20 birds of the 30. Scores below, all shooting handicap except event 9. All events unknown:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Baker, 17	6	5	4	9	6	6	6	8	6	5	5
Leroy, 21	7	..	..	..	7	8	5	6	9	..	..
Lane, 16	2	5	5	6	..	5	7	5	..	..	..
Williams, 16	..	6	4	4	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown; handicap by distance:

Baker, 17	101110100101010011111101111101—20
Leroy, 21	111110101111111000100010101111O—19
Lane, 16	001001011111111000111111100001O—17
Williams, 16	101010011000011010100100111011—15

Mississippi Valley Notes.

TRAPSHOOTING matters have been exceedingly quiet in the Mississippi Valley region during the past two months. This, however, is nothing out of the ordinary, as secretaries of gun clubs invariably eschew these months on account of the probable unfriendliness of the weather. And even though the ground hog did not see his shadow on Feb. 2 there is a general feeling that much winter is yet to come, and little will be done by the smaller shooting organizations until after the first of March. The coming season, though, promises to break all records in the matter of shooting at the trap, and the writer has advice of no less than twenty tournaments that will probably be held in Illinois alone before the first of June.

The St. Louis shooting fraternity are about the only ones who have kept up practice work with little interruption. Perhaps the fact that the State shoot is to be held there again is responsible for some of this activity and interest, but the boys are prone to ascribe it mostly to the indefatigable energy of David Elliott, the hustling lessee of the Dupont Shooting Park. Semi-weekly meets have been held on the grounds since the first of the year, and the attendance is uniformly good. Usually there is a short target programme, and a short race at live birds.

Mr. C. E. De Long writes that there is every prospect of a record attendance at the fourth annual tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club, Feb. 18 to 24. The management has indeed spared no effort to provide an attractive programme, hanging up a cold $1,000 in added cash money. There will be ten events, totaling 165 targets, on the programme each of the three days devoted to that sport, and in each event the club adds $25. The big live-bird handicap will have $200 added. The amateurs are well taken care of, each expert being charged 25 cents an event extra as soon as he attains a daily average of 80 per cent. or better, this to be divided among those below who stay through the game. In addition, $50 is given for high average, this competition being open to all but trade representatives.

The Farmer City Gun Club gave a good shot last week, with an attractive target and live-bird programme. Weather was unfavorable, but a good attendance came out just the same, and this wide-awake club has again widened its circle of friends, and its influence in the promotion of the sport.

The Markle target works at Granite City, the home of the St. Louis blackbird, which were destroyed by fire late in the fall, have been rebuilt on a much larger scale than formerly, and manufacture will shortly be resumed.

The Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, will resume weekly competitive shoots March 1 for the two medals donated last year by President Schweppe and the Western Cartridge Co. This is one of the oldest shooting organizations in the West, its members having practiced regularly for fifteen years.

President J. R. B. Van Cleave writes me that everything looks promising for the annual meet of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, which is scheduled for the third week in May, at Springfield. The directors will convene shortly to decide upon the programme, and details of the tournament, which is to last all week.

A number of the boys who are at Indianapolis this week have arranged for special railroad accommodations thence to Hot Springs; the crowd will leave for the South Friday evening or Saturday morning. This will give Sunday in which to rest up for the work of the following week.

F. C. RIEHL.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Feb. 6.—Sparrows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Hallowell	8	12	8	13	6	13	6	10
Werk	6	6	3	11	6	8	6	11
Rhoads	8	13	8	13	8	10	9	15
Heikes	6	12	8	13	7	11	7	12
Ward	6	14	10	14	8	13	8	14
Phil	9	12	6	12	8	11	9	10
Gilbert	9	14	10	15	9	13	9	14
Fanning	6	12	9	13	10	12	8	12
Fulford	10	10	5	14	7	12	6	12
Morris	7	13	8	14	9	9	8	..
Ahlers	7	10	8	11	..	9	6	11
Clay	5	11	7	14	7	13	8	..
Harry	7	7	6	10	8	11	4	..
Willey	9	5	7	11	6	..	..	..
Mackie	9	11	8	9	..	9	..	..
Courtney	9	10	6	8	..	..	..	..
Bob	8	12	3	13	8	8	7	..
Billy	..	9	4	13	5	9	..	..
Fort	9	13	8	..	..	10	..	..
Heyl	..	..	8	..	..	11	8	..
Lindsley	..	5	3	..	..	..	8	..
Nye	..	..	7	12	..	..	..	..
Pease	..	..	7	..	6	..	..	..
Dick	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	..
Richmond	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	..
Sullivan	..	..	..	..	8	8	4	..
Ackley	..	..	..	..	3	10	7	..
Jay Bee	..	..	..	..	..	9	2	..
Maynard	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Jergens	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..
Gambell	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..

Feb. 7.—Events 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9, contested at the magautrap, and events 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 contested at the expert trap, Sergeant system.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	Broke.
Heikes	12	13	12	15	18	11	13	13	11	18	136
Fulford	12	15	12	15	15	12	11	15	15	19	141
Mackie	12	13	11	11	19	11	11	14	10	13	125
Miller	9	9	12	14	16	14	14	10	12	16	126
Ahlers	7	13	12	14	16	13	9	13	11	18	126
Squiers	11	15	13	14	13	13	11	13	13	19	135
Nye	12	12	8	7	14	11	..	..	..	..	64
Phil	14	11	12	12	19	13	14	14	15	18	142
Trimble	12	15	14	13	17	12	11	14	14	19	141
Rhoads	15	15	10	10	18	13	14	13	14	17	139
Courtney	8	12	9	12	17	6	11	11	11	16	113
Post	10	12	14	7	15	13	11	14	14	18	128
Gilbert	13	12	14	14	19	13	15	14	15	18	147
Fanning	15	12	14	15	19	12	12	14	15	18	146
Russell	6	14	6	..	12	..	10	..	5	..	53
Adamson	9	..	..	12	..	12	..	11	..	..	44
Lever	11	..	11	..	..	..	12	..	11	..	43
Brown	11	..	9	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	35
Dull	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Mumma	..	..	10	13	15	12	10	11	12	14	97
Moore	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Willey	..	..	..	9	9	11	10	..	7	..	46
Dick	..	..	..	/9	16	..	12	..	10	..	47
Fort	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	10	..	23
Binkley	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	..	15
Roll	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10

The Dewar Trophy.

WE have received the following communication concerning the Dewar trophy:

"Last June the firm of John Dewar & Sons presented to the shooters of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut a handsome silver cup to be shot for once a month and become the property of whoever should win the same the greatest number of times until June, 1902, the contests to take place at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I. Though the conditions were in the main satisfactory the trophy has only been shot for three times, so the management thought best to make some change, and the following has been decided upon: The contests shall take place at Interstate Park. Previous winners to this date shall be credited with their performances, and the trophy shall be open to challenge on two weeks' notice, the challenger to deposit $10 with the manager of the partk, the winner to take the cup and money, and the loser to pay for the birds. The contestants shall be handicapped by a committee appointed by the management, the distances being from 26 to 33yds. ,and no one shall be eligible who is a manufacturer's agent or considered a professional by the committee.

"Each contestant shall shoot at 25 pigeons, and the referee shall be appointed by the committee or by the park manager. The rules shall be those of the Interstate Association. In case the challenged party fails to put in an appearance the cup shall go to the challenger, and in case the latter is absent the holder of the cup shall take the money. The challenger has the privilege of naming the date of the match.

"W. H. Sanders has challenged the holder, Dr. A. A. Webber, and names Feb. 26 as the date on the arrival of the 12:20 train from New York."

Interstate Association Events.

The programme of the Grand American Handicap, issued by the Interstate Association, is as follows:

The Interstate Association's Ninth Annual Grand American Handicap at Live Birds, April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y.; $1,500 guaranteed.

Notice.—All entries for the Grand American Handicap must be made on application blanks, a copy of which will be found in this programme. Additional application blanks can be secured by addressing Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Interstate Association for the encouragement of trapshooting.

One thousand dollars added to the purses week of July 22.

The Interstate Association's Second Annual Grand American Handicap at Targets will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., July 23, 24, 25 and 26. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., barred from participating in a division of the purses. $1,000 added money.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y. Programme issued June 20.

Interstate Tournaments for the Season of 1901.—The Interstate Association has made arrangements to give tournaments as follows: Grand American Handicap at Live Birds, April 1-5, under auspices of Interstate Association; Jacksonville, Fla., April 17 and 18. under auspices of Jacksonville Gun Club; Memphis, Tenn., May 8, 9 and 10, under auspices of Memphis Gun Club; Cleveland, O., June 19, 20 and 21, under auspices of Cleveland Gun Club; Sherbrooke, P. Q., Canada, July 1 and 2, under auspices of Sherbrooke Gun Club; Jamestown, N. Y., July 10 and 11, under auspices of Jamestown Gun Club; Grand American Handicap at Targets, July 23 to 26, under auspices of Interstate Association; Providence, R. I., Aug. 7, 8 and 9, under auspices of Providence Gun Club; Auburn, Me., Aug. 21 and 22, under auspices of Auburn Gun Club. Communications relating to target tournaments should be sent to the manager's home address: Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

Introductory.

It has been customary, when presenting programmes for past Grand American Handicaps, to say something in regard to the origin and history of this annual great live bird trapshooting event. At the risk, therefore, of being considered tedious, a short review of comparatively ancient history must be accorded a place in this the programme for the Interstate Association's Ninth Annual Grand American Handicap at Live Birds, April 1-5, 1901.

The first Grand American Handicap was held eight years ago, in March, 1893. The conditions were severe, and the event did not receive the support that its promoters had looked for. Only twenty-one shooters took part in the event, the small number being probably due to the fact that the conditions called for $25 entrance, birds extra, three high guns, a pigeon to be scored dead to fall within 21yds. of the trap from which it came. With the exception of the last-named condition, the only other change has been to increase the number of high guns in proportion to the number of entries.

There were fifty-four entries for the Grand American Handicap in 1894, and sixty-one in 1895. From that year until 1899 the number of entries increased very rapidly, the actual figures being as follows: 1896, 109; 1897, 146; 1898, 207; and in 1899, 278. Of the latter number 262 actually took part in the contest.

Last year (1900) there was a slight reaction, the entries numbering just 224, of which 211 shot in the event, there being 13 forfeits. This reaction was not unexpected, and may be traced to several causes—not, however, to any lack of interest on the part of the trapshooting world in this wonderfully popular event. In 1899 there were so many shooters and only three sets of traps that the wait between rounds was trying in the extreme. It took two days and a half before the final shot was fired which decided who was the winner of the cup donated by the Interstate Association to the man who took first place and first money in the Grand American Handicap of 1899.

When it came to arranging for the Grand American Handicap of 1900, the Interstate Association looked carefully over the situation, and decided that the new grounds at Interstate Park, with its four sets of traps and commodious Casino, was the only place at which such an event could be held. The wisdom of such a choice was plainly shown when the main event was decided, ties shot off and the winner of the trophy declared before the afternoon of the second day of the competition was half gone.

For that reason the Interstate Association has once more fixed upon Interstate Park for 1901.

Interstate Park.

Although Interstate Park, its grounds, its accommodations for shooters in large numbers, and its accessibility by steam cars or trolley cars from any part of Greater New York, are by this time well known to the majority of trapshooters throughout the country, a few words on the above points are not out of place.

First, as to the grounds. There are four sets of traps, placed in a straight line, neither set interfering with the others. Located on a level plot of grass land, forty acres in extent, they make an ideal place on which to bring off any large trapshooting event.

Second, as to the accommodations for large numbers of shooters. Last April Interstate Park had been in existence less than six months. During part of the preceding October the place where Interstate Park and its Casino, together with its four sets of traps, etc., now stands was nothing but a truck farm. Every month and every week since last April the management of the Park Association has been expending money on improvements, until now it may with truth be said that the shooter who is not satisfied with the accommodations offered him must indeed be hard to please.

Third, as to its accessibility from any part of Greater New York. In this respect attention is called to that portion of this programme in which is set forth at length the train service from New York and Brooklyn.

High Guns Win.

No change in the method of dividing the moneys in any of the events in this programme will be made from that which has prevailed at all Grand American Handicap meetings during the past few years. It will again be a case of "high guns win" in all events conducted under the auspices of the Interstate Association.

This system has proved so eminently satisfactory in the past, as evidenced by the phenomenal success that has attended the efforts of the Interstate Association, that the members of that Association see no reason why any change should be made.

A Cup to the Winner.

As in 1898., in 1899, and again last year, the winner of the Grand American Handicap will carry away with him some souvenir commemorating his victory, the Interstate Association having decided to donate a solid silver trophy to the man who proves himself to be the best shot under the conditions governing the Grand American Handicap of 1901.

The Management and Office Force.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the sole management of the shoot has once more been intrusted to Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the Association's manager, who has planned, and carried out to a successful issue, every previous Grand American Handicap.

Associated with Mr. Shaner will be found practically the same office force as that which aided him in 1898, 1899 and 1900.

As for the Handicap Committee, the names of the gentlemen who have courteously and kindly consented to act as such committee are given elsewhere. The Association feels that it owes to these gentlemen more in the way of thanks than can be expressed in cold type. The task before them, to be performed on Wednesday, March 27, is one that demands much.

Ever since the Grand American Handicap of 1898, each entry in the Grand American Handicap has been supplied with a "tag" showing in plain figures his shooting number, as well as the handicap awarded him. This system has worked so well during the past three years that it will be adopted again for the Grand American Handicap of 1901. The "tag" tells the scorer and the spectators who is at the score, while the referee can see at a glance whether the shooter is at his right mark or not.

Official Score.

Last year an attempt was made to show the official score during the Grand American Handicap, in order that each shooter might be able to see that his score was recorded correctly. While the system used worked fairly well, a new method has been adopted, making it possible for both shooter and spectators to see the result of each individual shot immediately after it has been fired.

Sets of Traps Reunmbered.

Since the Grand American Handicap last year, the four sets of traps have been renumbered for convenience sake. What was then called No. 2 set is now known as No. 1; what were Nos. 3 and 4 are now respectively Nos. 2 and 3, while that which was No. 1, the set of traps to the extreme left of the Casino and board walk, is now known as No. 4.

Taking advantage of this change, each round of 4 birds will be started in front of the entrance to the Casino at No. 1 set of traps. The shooter will then pass on to Nos. 2 and 3 in turn, and will then go down to No. 4 for his last round in each series. This method will be productive of much saving of time in getting men from the Casino to the score, and will cause them to walk no further in each round than under the old system.

More Perfect Than Ever.

The experience gained from each preceding Grand American Handicap has invariably resulted in improved methods for the smoother running of its successor. Last year's tournament was no exception to the rule, and for that reason the Interstate Association feels confident that each participant in the Ninth Annual Grand American Handicap will find every arrangement more perfect than ever.

Conditions.

The conditions governing the Grand American Handicap of 1901 are 25 live birds, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., 50yds. boundary, with dead line at the 33yd. mark, $1,500 divided among the three highest guns—$600 to first, $500 to second, and $400 to third. All money in the purse in excess of $1,500 will be divided among high guns other than the three first. The number of parts into which the surplus money will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. Entrance money $25; $1,500 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added. In addition to first money the winner will receive a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association. Regular entries must be made on or before March 23, and must be accompanied by $10 forfeit. The remaining $15 may be paid up to the time the last man fires at his second bird. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing postmarks dated March 23 will be accepted as regular entries Penalty entries may be made after March 23, up to the time the last man fires at his second bird, by paying $35. All entries must be made on application blanks, and they will be received at the New York office, Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Handicap Committee.

The committee appointed to award handicaps for the contestants in the Grand American Handicap of 1901 is somewhat different in its make-up from that which served in a similar capacity for that event in 1900. The death of Mr. Jacob Pentz and the enforced absence of Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., which is due to the effects of a severe attack of grip, will both be felt with considerable force by the other members of the Handicap Committee of 1900.

Two new names appear on the list for 1901—T. A. Divine, Memphis, Tenn., and J. L. Head, Peru, Ind. Mr. Divine was asked to act as one of the Handicap Committee in 1899, and accepted, but was prevented by pressure of business from leaving the South in time to act with that committee. Mr. Head, the second new member, is too well known by the trapshooters of the country to need any special introduction. His knowledge of the skill of the men who shoot pigeons out West will prove of much assistance to the committee in its deliberations, when coupled with the testimony of Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia.

The committee stands as follows: T. A. Divine, Memphis, Tenn.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; Barnard Waters, New York City; W. R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.; Will K. Park, Philadelphia, Pa.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Handicap Committee will meet at the Astor House, New York city, at 10:30 A. M., Wednesday, March 27, four days after the closing of regular entries (Saturday, March 23), but handicaps will not be announced until March 31.

First Day, April 1.

Monday, 9 o'clock sharp, Interstate Park Introductory, 8 birds, $5 entrance, birds extra; 30yds. rise; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; high guns, not class shooting. Ties in this event will not be shot off, and they must divide. Borough of Queens Sweepstakes, 12 birds, $7 entrance, birds extra; 30yds. rise. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. High guns, not class shooting. Ties in this event will not be shot off, and they must divide.

Second Day, April 2.

Tuesday, 9 o'clock sharp, Nitro Powder Handicap, 16 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 33yds. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. The handicaps contestants receive for the Grand American Handicap will govern in this event. High guns, not class shooting. This event cannot be carried over, and it must be finishel the same day; therefore should the entries be so numerous that it will be impossible to finish by adhering to the "3 misses out," the Association reserves the right to change the rule for this event at any time it may be deemed necessary to do so, and drop all who have missed one or more birds. Miss-and-out events will be arranged to suit the shooters, time permitting.

Third Day, April 3.

Wednesday, 9 o'clock sharp, the Grand American Handicap, 25 birds, $25 entrance, birds extra; not class shooting; handicaps 25 to 33yds; $1,500 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added. Sterling silver trophy and $600 to first high gun, $500 to second high gun, and $400 to third high gun. All money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received. Regular entries close Saturday, March 23, and must be accompanied by $10 forfeit.

Fourth Day, April 4.

Thursday, 9 o'clock, the Gand American Handicap continued.

Fifth Day, April 5.

Friday, 9 o'clock sharp, the Grand American Handicap, if not finished the previous day. Consolation Handicap, 16 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 33yds. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap will have 1yd. added to their handicap. High guns, not class shooting. Auld Lang Syne Sweepstakes, 12 birds, $7 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. High guns, not class shooting. Miss-and-out events will be arranged to suit the shooters.

A Full Week of Shooting.

Saturday, April 6.—On Saturday, April 6, the Interstate Park Association will have charge of affairs, and the events as arranged below will be carried on under its auspices. Through the kindness of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., the Gillman-Barnes International trophy will be placed in competition, the conditions of which are 25 birds, $15 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; class shooting. This trophy must be won three times by one contestant (not necessarily in succession) to become the property of the winner. The winner at this tournament must return the trophy to Mr. Parker in time for his annual tournament at Detroit. Mr. H. D. Bates has scored two wins for the trophy, and each of the following named gentlemen has one win to his credit: L. T. Duryea, R. O. Heikes, A. H. King, Richard Merrill, Clarence Lane, J. H. Bortle, Jacob Klein, Thomas W. Latham, W. R. Elliston and Jas. Coffey. Sportsmen's Association trophy, 25 birds, $15 entrance, birds extra; handicaps, 25 to 33yds.; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Class shooting. In addition to first money the winner will receive a trophy presented by the National Sportsmen's Association. Extra events, time permitting, will be arranged to suit the shooters.

Division of Money.

Grand American Handicap of 1901.—The Interstate Association guarantees $1,500 in the main event—the Grand American Handicap—which will be divided among the three highest scores, as follows: $600 to first high gun, $500 to second high gun, and $400 to third high gun. In addition to first money the winner of same will receive a sterling silver trophy, commemorative of the win, presented by the Interstate Association.

Should there be more than 60 and not exceeding 70 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 34, 33 and 33 per cent. to the 4th, 5th and 6th highest guns.

Should there be more than 70 and not exceeding 80 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 18, 17, 17, 17, 16 and 15 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th highest guns.

Should there be more than 80 and not exceeding 90 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 13, 12, 12, 12, 11, 10, 10, 10 and 10 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th 11th and 12th highest guns.

Should there be more than 90 and not exceeding 100 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 10, 9, 9, 9, 9. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 7 and 7 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th highest guns.

Should there be more than 100 and not exceeding 110 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6 and 6 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th highest guns.

Should there be more than 110 and not exceeding 120 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5 and 5 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st highest guns.

Should there be more than 120 and not exceeding 130 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4 and 4 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23 and 24th highest guns.

Should there be more than 130 and not exceeding 140 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7,6,5,4,4,4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3 and 3 per cent to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th highest guns.

Should there be more than 140 and not exceeding 150 entries, all moneys in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3 and 3 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9,th 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th highest guns.

Should there be more than 150 and not exceeding 160 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3 and 3 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d and 33d highest guns.

Should there be more than 160 and not exceeding 170 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th and 36th highest guns.

Should there be more than 170 and not exceeding 180 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th and 39th highest guns.

Should there be more than 180 and not exceeding 190 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1.500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, and 2 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, and 42d highest guns.

Should there be more than 190 and not exceeding 200 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9,th 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43, 44 and 45 highest guns.

Should there be more than 200 and not exceeding 210 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 shall be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th and 48 highest guns.

Should there be more than 210 and not exceeding 220 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 shall be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d. 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th and 51st highest guns.

Should there be more than 220 and not exceeding 230 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3. 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2. 2. 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53 54th highest guns.

Should there be more than 230 and not exceeding 240 entries, all 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 1, 1, 1, 1. 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 56 and 57th highest guns.

Should there be more than 240 and not exceeding 250 entries, all 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9,th 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th and 60th highest guns.

Should there be more than 250 and not exceeding 260 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62d and 63d highest guns.

Should there be more than 260 entries, all money in excess of $6,500—that is, 260 entries at $25 each—will be divided into sixty-three equal parts and added to the different amounts due the sixty-three high guns.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received; the three high guns receiving respectively $600, $500 and $400. By this division three places are created for every ten entries over sixty. It is not possible for fourth money to exceed third, and the moneys would seem divided in such manner as to be just to all. For instance, if there are seventy entries fourth high gun would be entitled to $85, while sixth high gun would receive $82.50. If 100 entries, fourth high gun would receive $100, and the fifteenth high gun $70. If 224 entries (the number last year) fourth high gun would receive $287, and the fifty-fourth high gun $41.

It should be remembered that the Grand American Handicap is not class shooting, and high guns will win.

The Interstate Association, being familiar with the requirements of such an event as the Grand American Handicap tournament, has deemed it best to make all events high guns. This method of dividing the purses has given such general satisfaction in the past that we feel confident the decision to again adopt it this year will meet with the hearty approval of a great majority of those who contemplate taking part in the tournament.

A careful perusal of the conditions governing each event will show that everything has been prepared with great care.

DIVISION OF MONEYS IN 12 AND 16 BIRD EVENTS.

In the 12 and 16 bird events a system will prevail somewhat similar to that adopted for the Grand American Handicap—the total amount of the purse being divided in accordance with the number of entries received, as follows: 1 to 10 entries, two moneys—60 and 40 per cent.; 11 to 20 entries, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; 21 to 30 entries, six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.; 31 to 40 entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent.; 41 to 50 entries, ten moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10,

8, 5, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.; 51 to 60 entries, twelve moneys—20, 16, 13, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.; 61 to 70 entries, fourteen moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, and 2 per cent.; 71 to 80 entries, sixteen moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.; 81 to 90 entries, eighteen moneys—15, 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.; 91 to 100 entries, twenty moneys—14, 12, 9, 8, 7½, 6½, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent; 101 to 110 entries, twenty-two moneys—13, 11, 9, 7½, 7, 6, 5½, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.; 111 to 120 entries, twenty-four moneys—12, 10½, 8½, 7, 6½, 6, 5½, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1½ and 1½ per cent.; 121 to 130 entries, twenty-six moneys—11½, 10, 8, 6½, 6, 6, 5½, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1½, 1½, 1½ and 1 per cent.; 131 to 140 entries, twenty-eight moneys—11, 9½, 7½, 6½, 6, 5½, 5½, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1½, 1½, 1½, 1, 1, and 1 per cent.; 141 to 150 entries and over, thirty moneys—10½, 9, 7, 6, 6, 5½, 5½, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1½, 1½, 1½, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing it will be noted that two places are created for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to 150.

DIVISION OF MONEYS IN 8-BIRD EVENTS.

In the 8-bird events it will be high guns pure and simple, the total amount of the purse being divided into four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

To reach Interstate Park from New York city take Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, East River, to Long Island City; thence by Long Island Railroad to Interstate Park station direct; or Brooklyn Bridge to Long Island Railroad—Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn—thence by train to Interstate Park station.

TRAIN SCHEDULE.

From Thirty-fourth Street, East River—Week Days.—6:30 7:50, 9:20, 11 A. M.; 12:20, 1:50, 4:30, 8, 10 P. M. Sundays—8:50, 9:50 A. M.; 1:50, 4:10, 5:20 P. M.

From Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn—Week Days.—6:37, 7:56, 9,25, 11:04 A. M.; 12:24, 1:54, 4:27, 8:07, 10:07 P. M. Sundays—8:53, 9:53 A. M.; 1:54, 4:13, 5:25 P. M.

Leave Park for Thirty-fourth Street, New York, or Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn—Week Days.—7:43, 10:18 A. M.; 12:16, 1:54, 3:26, 5:11, 5:52 (Wednesday and Saturday only), 6:54, 8:58 10:56 P. M. Sundays—10:40 A. M.; 3:24, 5:41 P. M.

Announcement.

Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp each day.

Rules.

The Interstate Association's rules will govern all points not otherwise provided for. Special attention is called to Rule 23, which does not permit a shooter to open his gun in case of a misfire.

No guns larger than 12-gauge allowed. Weight of guns limited to 8 pounds. The standard bore of the gun is No. 12, and all contestants will be handicapped on that basis. Shooters using guns of smaller caliber must stand on the mark allotted to them.

In order to expedite the shooting, a contestant missing three birds in any event, except the Grand American Handicap, will be dropped out, but will be called up to shoot in case he has a chance to win any portion of the purse. In the Grand American Handicap it will be five misses out, with the same condition.

Shooters calling "No bird" before seven balls have been thrown at birds slow to start will be charged for same; after seven balls have been thrown it is "No bird" at the expense of the management.

Shooters must supply themselves with "No bird" tickets, which can be obtained at the cashier's office. These tickets are also good for "byes" or tie birds. Unused "no bird" tickets are redeemable for cash at the cashier's office.

Winners of money in any event must apply to the compiler of scores for orders on the cashier for the money due them. No money will be paid out by the cashier except on receipt of such an order.

Shooters who have rebates coming to them for birds not shot at must apply to the compiler of scores for rebate tickets, which will be redeemed for cash at the cashier's office.

Rule 9 of the Interstate Association rules, relating to the time limit for gathering a bird, and which permits a man to gather his own bird, or to send a man for it, will not apply at this tournament. All birds will be retrieved in a manner designated by the Association the moment the bird touches the ground.

Rule 19, relating to caliber and weight of gun, is not in force at this tournament. No guns larger than 12-gauge allowed; weight of guns limited to 8 pounds.

Rule 28, relating to tie shooting, will not apply. All ties that are shot off will be miss-and-out, and the original distances contestants stand at will govern.

Birds Extra.

Birds will be extra in all events. When entering for any event the shooter must pay for all birds called for in that event, in addition to the entrance fee. Money will be refunded for all birds not shot at on application to the compiler of scores, who will furnish rebate tickets that will be redeemed for cash at the cashier's office.

The Grand American Handicap.

The manner of shooting the Grand American Handicap this year (and in fact all events scheduled for the tournament) is as follows: Shooters will be called to the score in turn, shooting their first bird at No. 1 set of traps; as soon as a shooter has shot at his first bird he passes on to No. 2 set and shoots at his second bird on that set; he then passes on to No. 3 set and shoots at his third on that set; he then shoots at another bird on No. 4 set, and retires until it is time for him to go out and shoot at his fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth birds; and so on.

The official score will be kept on a score board in plain view of the shooter. After shooting at a bird it will be the duty of the shooter to watch the score board and see to it that the right result is recorded. In case of error it must be corrected at once, as no appeal will be allowed after the shooter has left and passed on to the next set of traps.

A contestant missing five birds will be dropped out, but will be called up to shoot in case he has a chance to win any portion of the purse.

To facilitate shooting and to prevent delays at Nos. 2, 3 and 4 sets of traps, a shooter who happens to score his fifth miss on either No. 1, No. 2 or No. 3 set of traps must finish that round of four birds, irrespective of the fact of his having five misses to his credit.

Every shooter will be numbered, each entry being known by his number when called to the score. A small tag will be affixed to each shooter's back, giving his number on the shooting list, and also his handicap in yards. This will enable the referee to see at a glance if the shooter is at his right mark; and will also enable shooters, spectators and scorers to tell who is at the score by merely referring to the list of entries numbered in shooting order.

Each contestant must supply himself with five "no bird" tickets

In case the Grand American Handicap entries are so numerous that it is impossible to finish in good light on April 3, the referees shall stop the shooting at any time they may deem it necessary; in this case the shooting will commence at 9 o'clock sharp Thursday, April 4.

Positively no entry will be taken, nor shooting up allowed, after the last man has shot at his second bird.

The Interstate Association reserves the right to refuse any entry.

Admittance to Interstate Park.

An admission fee of 50 cents will be charged each day. All contestants in the Grand American Handicap will receive a badge, which will admit them to the park free during the entire tournament. Any shooter who is not a contestant in the Grand American Handicap will have the 50 cents paid for admission refunded at the cashier's office upon his making entry in any sweepstake event.

The comfort and convenience of the contestants as well as the spectator has been looked after carefully inasmuch as the entire Casino is closed and heated throughout.

Compiler of Scores.

The office of compiler of scores will be filled by Mr. John D. Regan. His services the last four seasons as assistant compiler of scores are a sufficient guarantee of excellent results on this occasion.

Luncheon.

A warm and substantial lunch will be served each day in the club house for the sum of 50 cents.

Guns Weighed.

Contestants are requested to make sure that their guns are not over 8 pounds in weight, as all guns will be weighed at the score. Guns will be weighed without hand hold, and without recoil pad that can be readily detached from the gun. Silver's recoil pad and pads of that nature are considered part of the gun.

Official Record.

An official record will be made of the make of gun, kind of powder, shot and shell used by each contestant. This record will be compiled by an official appointed for the purpose, and contestants will be required to furnish such information as is necessary.

The Association reserves the right to select two cartridges from each contestant (to test the same for proper loading), the selection to be made at any time from those of a shooter at the score.

Referees.

The corps of referees has been selected with much care. Messrs. Harold Wallack, of Long Branch, N. J., and Charles North, of Cleveland, O., who filled the positions of referees last year at Nos. 2 and 4 sets of traps respectively, will again be found on duty when the first gun cracks on the morning of April 1 next.

It has been a source of regret that Mr. B. Waters and Mr. Ed Taylor have both felt themselves obliged to refuse the requests of the Interstate Association that they once more fill the positions they have occupied so satisfactorily since the Grand American Handicaps of 1898 and 1897 respectively. The Association has been extremely lucky, however, in being able to fill the vacancies so caused by securing the services of Messrs. J. Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia, Pa., and George S. Mott, manager of the shooting grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., N. Y., as referees for the Grand American Handicap of 1901.

In this connection it may be noted that Messrs. B. Waters and T. H. Keller have both kindly signified their willingness to act as assistant referees for the purpose of relieving the regular referees whenever their services may be so needed.

Important.

Bank checks, drafts or bills of exchange will not be received at the cashier's office in payment for balance due on entries, nor will any check, draft or bill of exchange be cashed during the tournament. This rule will be strictly enforced.

Lockers.

Every shooter knows the extra comfort to be derived from an abundant supply of locker accommodation. At Interstate Park there are lockers enough for everybody, each one large enough to contain overcoats and other wraps, a case of shells or two, together with the gun case and the gun when it has been put together.

Each locker will be rented at the rate of $2 for the entire week, $1 being refunded upon the vacation of the locker and the return of the key to the cashier's office.

It will save both shooters and the office force much trouble if parties, when making their entry for the Grand American Handicap, will signify their desire to have lockers reserved for their use, remitting the $2 for each locker, together with the forfeit fee for entry in the Grand American Handicap.

The advantage of reserving lockers in advance is that guns and shells shipped to Interstate Park will be placed at once in their proper lockers, and will be found there on the arrival of their owners at the Park. It will also avoid much unnecessary crowding at the cashier's office at a time when most of those present are desirous of making their entries for the different events on the programme.

Special Notice.

It is requested that entries for the Grand American Handicap be made in ample time to permit the sending of receipt and admission badge, and for same to reach the maker of the entry prior to his departure for Interstate Park. Should entries be received so late that it will be impossible to reach the maker of the entry by mail until after Saturday, March 30, receipt and admission badge will not be sent. Therefore, shooters who make late entry and do not receive receipt and admission badge will be required to pay 50 cents admission to Interstate Park, which will be refunded on calling at the cashier's office and applying for receipt, admission badge and rebate ticket covering the amount paid at the gate.

All entries made must be accompanied by the maker's name and address, which will be withheld from publication if desired, and "shooting name" only will be used.

Remittances.

When making an entry by mail, remitances covering amount of forfeit ($10) should be made by bank check, draft, post office money order, express money order or registered letter.

Shipping Instructions.

Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express must be prepaid and sent to Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y.

Entries.

Regular entries must be made on or before March 23. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing post marks dated March 23 will be accepted as regular entries. All entries must be made on application blanks, and they will be received at the New York office. Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York.

A Few Statistics.

Below, in a condensed table, will be found a few interesting statistics in connection with the Grand American Handicaps of past years:

Date.	Place.	Shooter's Name and Handicap.	Tl. Entries.	Tl. Shooters.	No of Straights.	Tl. Kills in Shoot-off.
1893.	Dexter Park	1st, R A Welch, 28. 2d, N E Money, 28.	21	21	None.	*
1894.	Dexter Park	1st, T W Morfey, 28. 2d, Capt Money, 30.	54	54	Two.	10 ex 12.
1895.	Willard Park	1st, J G Messner, 25. 2d, J A R Elliott, 33.	61	58	Three.	10 straight.
1896.	Elkwood Park	1st, O R Dickey, 29. 2d, S Glover, 30.	109	105	None.	†
1597.	Elkwood Park	1st, T A Marshall, 28.	146	135	One.	‡
1898.	Elkwood Park	1st, E D Fulford, 29. 2d, G W Loomis, 28.	207	187	Nine.	23 straight.
1899.	Elkwood Park	1st, T A Marshall, 29. 2d, C M Grimm, 29.	278	262	Six.	33 straight.
1900.	Interstate Park	1st, H D Bates, 28. 2d, J R Malone, 28	224	211	Eight.	34 straight.

*In 1893 a bird to be scored dead had to fall within 21yds. of the trap from which it came. There were four ties on 23.

†In 1896 there were eight ties on 24; Dickey won by killing five straight in the ties.

‡In 1897 there were nine 24s, but no shoot-off for second place.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Trap at Minneapolis.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 7.—On Jan. 24 the following sweeps were shot at the Intercity Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn.:

Event 1:
French .....1121221222—10 Parker 212121w
Hirschy 2*210w

Event 2:
Hirschy .....*222221112— 9 French *210w
Parker .....2221011122— 9

Event 3:
Hirschy .....1122222222—10 French 2120120w
Parker .....1212121222—10 Lowry .....*212221222— 9

Event 4:
Hirschy .....1212221222—10 Bill .....0222120222— 8
Lowry .....2222222212—10 French .....*120121111— 8
Parker .....1121111122—10

H. C. Hirschy Live-Bird Challenge Trophy.

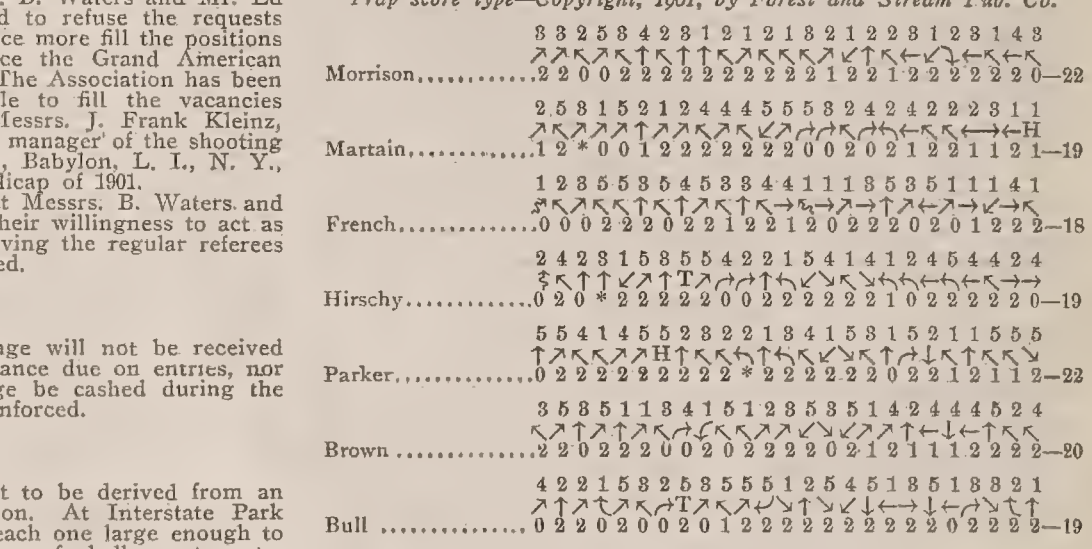
On Tuesday, Jan. 29, six shooters entered the race for the H. C. Hirschy live-bird trophy, emblematic of the championship of Wisconsin, Iowa, North and South Dakota and Minnesota. This number of contestants were enabled to save their entries under the new rules governing this trophy. Morrison, of St. Paul, was the holder, and was challenged in January by Parker, of Minneapolis. In the race on Jan. 19 they both tied on 21 and decided to shoot off on the 29th under the new rules, these rules being adopted in the hope of creating more interest in live-bird shooting in the Northwest.

The afternoon of Jan. 29 was an ideal day, but the sun was shining strongly and made the light very bad. The scores were very good, considering the class of birds that the management had on hand, the first 100 being exceptionally good. The genial Fred Quimby, of New York, was on hand, and refereed the race.

Parker, of Minneapolis, has the honor of being called very lucky, and I guess we will have to let it pass at that. His good kills were on his 4th, 10th, 15th and 19th birds. The 19th bird performed a number of acrobatic feats after being shot at and slightly hit with the second load. The bird made the entire circuit within the bounds, and finally started for the house. Here its strength gave out, and the boundary wire is the only thing that saved Parker from losing the bird. Morrison was not in good form, but made good kills on his 6th, 10th, 11th and 17th birds.

In the shoot-off of the tie Morrison went into a trance, and when the percentage of the 5 birds was taken Morrison had lost the trophy. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



Shoot-off:
Parker .....2222 Morrison 020

Challenge Shoot for the Hirschy Trophy.

The above Minneapolis emblem seems to be a warm one, and is diligently pursued of shooterdom of the Northwest. There will be a challenge shoot for it on Feb. 22, at the grounds of the Intercity Shooting Park, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, and it is very likely there will be a good turnout.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Garden City Gun Club

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Feb. 9.—The shoot of the Garden City Gun Club was well attended. The club event, for the club medals and loving cup, had twenty-seven entries. Messrs. Barto, Amberg, Day, Young, Carson, Mack, Bowlegs and Walters did not finish their scores on account of darkness. The figures after each name denote the handicap allowance of extra birds to shoot at. The scores:

Nusley, 4.....0121220022112112210002*2210w
Wells, 1.....1202111111022222112*220002 —20
Levi, 4.....*122212212200112211*122221121—25
Dr Miller, 1.....2212122111211011 10**222211 —22
Rust, 4.....1202211020200221111111201010 —21
Willard, 1.....0111110101212212212212122 —23
Rubo, 4.....000*1222212*21112211w
Oliphant, 5.....2201211012111*1010220201212122—23
Palmer, 2.....122212110122*21010221121121 —23
Alabaster, 2.....101121*122111212222112110122 —24
Antoine, 2.....21121110210012022122 1w
Comley, 2.....*201222122112212211122111112 —25
Odell, 2.....22922*101101211222222221211 —24
Long, 5.....212121211100200222212121221121—25
Tramp Irwin, 2.....0111111122122210101121122 00 —22
Roll, 0.....**121212221112122222111111 —23
Steck, 1.....111211122122*21*2112012212 —23
Gillis, 2.....121211202111211201211202122 —24
Barto, 2.....1111222102222001222121 1
Amberg, 1.....1111222121222221121111120
Day, 5.....11*2102222*212220222211
Young, 4.....1120011110121101221111 0
Dr. Carson, 3.....2121120121121222221112 1
Mack, 5.....11*1121110122110121211 0
Bowlegs, 5.....10122200*22112112022021
Walters, 5.....2121122200212201011 0221
Pumphrey, 2.....2111222222200221111221220212 —24

The Cleveland Gun Club Company.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 4.—The following are the scores made by members of the Cleveland Gun Club on Jan. 31, at their regular semi-monthly shoot, number of targets shot at being 40: J. I. C. 21, Franklyn 30, *Red Wing 38, Johns 26, Lewis 30, Mist 23, Mac 24, Hopkins 30, *Harris 35, *Hogan 35, Stanley 33, Tamblyn 27, Winter 31, Scott 28, Sheldon 28, Alex 14 out of 20.

The following shooters took part in a make-up shoot, having failed to shoot on Jan. 10, said date being date of the first semi-monthly shoot in January, 1901: Hopkins 29, *Hogan 34, Harris 32, Mac 29, J. I. C. 14, Winter 25, Alex 34.

*Represents point winners.

Cleveland Gun Club.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

B., Macomb, Ill.—Will a woodchuck climb a tree? Ans. Many instances of tree-climbing woodchucks have been reported in our columns.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Florida.

TWO WEEKS' TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The second Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the season to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia Feb. 19.

Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington, $48; Pittsburg, $53, and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries and other information, apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent at 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; B. Courlaender, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; Colin Studds, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa., or to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

A folder, containing maps, and profusely illustrated, just issued by the New York Central, devotes a large amount of space to the Pan-American Exposition. It gives a map containing a 500-mile circle, with Buffalo as its center, which shows that within said circle is contained more than one-half of the entire population of the United States, and more than three-fourths of the entire population of Canada. A copy will be sent free, postpaid, to any address on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

SPRING SHOOTING.

THE letter in opposition to the abolishment of spring duck shooting, printed in another column, is written by a man who owns a shooting resort on Long Island, and who feels that if the spring shooting of wildfowl is abolished a certain amount of trade will be taken from him and that his annual receipts will be less than they would be if the season were longer. With him the question is one of money—a condition, not a theory, confronts him. He is only one of a considerable class who feel deeply on the subject, and whose objections to a change in the law are entitled to careful consideration and to respectful answers. He makes certain statements with regard to the law concerning spring shooting in general, some of which we shall endeavor to answer.

The species of marsh ducks likely to nest within the State if spring shooting were abolished are practically all the marsh ducks, and especially mallards, black ducks, sprigtails, the two teal and shovelers, together with the bird commonly known as broadbill and perhaps the redhead. The marsh lands referred to in the editorial are located in the northern, central and western parts of New York State, chiefly in what is known as the lake region. In former years—thirty-five, thirty and even twenty years ago—many ducks nested there, but with the reduction in numbers of the fowl and their more constant pursuit it may be that these breeding grounds are now deserted.

It is probably true that a certain portion of the talk about spring shooting is made by men who go south and have their shooting there, and then return to New York, but, of course, this has nothing to do with the case. Neither has the fact that the law against spring snipe shooting is violated on certain places on Long Island. The enactment of a law and its enforcement are two entirely different things. That one good law is not enforced is no reason for not passing another good law. Many excellent laws are constantly broken, as we see every day, and as we shall see until human nature has vastly changed for the better. One of these disregarded laws is night shooting on Long Island, but the fact that burglars sometimes break into houses and carry off property is no reason for not passing laws to make the property constantly safer.

It is not supposed that spring shooting is the only cause of the increased scarcity of ducks. There are many such causes. Some of these are the improvement and cheapening of firearms; their much wider use than formerly; the ease with which distant localities frequented by fowl are reached; the settling up of the country, which enormously contracts the breeding grounds of the fowl; the shooting of the birds for eight months in the year. The two chief causes for this reduction are the facts that the open season for fowl is far too long, and that the settlement of the country has made the area which the ducks could breed in so much less than it was formerly.

It is a well established principle that the protection of game is something which lies within the police powers of the several States, and that the Federal Government has no power to interfere in a matter of this kind. Our correspondent is in error in stating as a general proposition that as soon as the wildfowl leave the waters of New York State—for the north—they are gunned. This is not everywhere true, for Ontario, Nova Scotia (as to some species) and Newfoundland have laws forbidding spring duck shooting, and a movement is on foot to enact such a law in the Province of Quebec.

Reasons for doing away with spring shooting have many times been given in FOREST AND STREAM, but the logical and fundamental reason is that in the present open season too many birds are killed, and that season should be shortened in order that the destruction may be lessened. As things are at present, more birds probably are killed every season than are bred during the summer, and the number of wildfowl is constantly decreasing. This decrease can be checked and the stock preserved by lessening the killing. This fact is recognized by the States which have done away with spring shooting. It is recognized also by other States, which are making the season for upland game constantly shorter. It is not very long since Connecticut cut off thirty days from the open season for quail and ruffed grouse. To-day in the State of Illinois the open season for prairie chickens and ruffed grouse lasts but thirty days. On the other hand over much of the United States wildfowl have practically no protection, being shot from the date of the arrival of the first birds in late summer or early autumn to the departure of the last bird in late spring or early summer. This is an anomaly, what our correspondent calls a "mere farce." Shall it continue for the State of New York? When Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and North and South Dakota are in the van in shooting reforms, shall New York continue to bring up the rear of the procession?

NAMES.

A CORRESPONDENT recently wrote us expressing the opinion that we were in error in calling a certain animal a panther. He maintained that its true name was something else, and his letter thus brings up again the matter of popular names so frequently the cause of misunderstanding between writers. It is the shield about which the knights so fiercely quarreled.

It is well understood that in different countries and in different localities the same name may be applied to animals which are widely different. A very large number of the common names used for American animals are importations brought to this country by the early English colonists. The American migratory thrush was called the robin, for no better reason than because he had a russet breast, as has the very different bird of England, known as the robin redbreast. Over much of northern North America we have the gallinaceous bird, known in different localities as partridge or pheasant, yet which is neither, but a grouse. The red deer of Britain is widely different from the red deer of America, and in turn the animal which gave its name to one of the branches of the Saskatchewan River is different from either. The list might be indefinitely extended.

More than that, within a comparatively limited area different names are often applied to the same creature, and a single species may have a multitude of common names. To overcome the confusion and misunderstanding resulting from this multiplicity of titles, persons who wish to define precisely what species they mean, commonly use the Latin name of the species—the term by which it is known in science—and when this is done there is never any question as to what is meant.

Many of these local names are unknown out of the limited district where they are used, and are apparently meaningless, their etymology and the reason for their application having been lost. How many persons are there, for example, who know what a wamp is, or a blatherskite, or a sleepy brother, or a weaser, or a gray-back, or a cow-frog, or a smee, or a poacher, or a bustard, or a white flesher, or a shrups? Yet these are all names of birds commonly sought for by gunners and regularly reaching the provision markets. What each term means can readily be determined by a reference to Mr. Trumbull's admirable "Names and Portraits of Birds Interesting to Gunners." It is well enough known that our common golden-winged woodpecker rejoices in thirty or forty names, while the little ruddy duck, better known as booby or stifftail, has, if we recollect aright, about eighty different vernacular names.

All of this is sufficient to indicate that nothing very decisive is to be said about the right or wrong of using a common English name. If, in the county of Richmond, State of New York, the public decided to call a horse a moose, then in the vernacular of that particular community a horse is a moose. If in Maine they call a cougar a catamount, a catamount the cougar is for Maine, although the same name may be applied to one or both the lynxes in other parts of the country. Therefore it is hardly worth while for people to fall foul of each other and dispute acrimoniously as to the correctness of one vernacular name over another. Thirty years ago such discussions were common, and the little Bob White—quail of the North and partridge of the South—furnished a frequent subject for heated arguments. In a matter such as this common usage rules—and often leads to endless confusion. Even to-day we read frequently of the capture of silver-gray foxes, and notices of such captures are frequently accompanied by dissertations on the great value of the silver-gray foxes' fur. Yet the term silver-gray is frequently applied to the common gray fox (*Urocyon*), whose pelt is of little worth, while the real black fox or silver fox is, as the price which its fur brings shows, exceedingly rare.

The panther, cougar, puma, catamount or mountain lion has a very wide distribution, and so a good many names, each of which may fairly be called the correct and proper name in the locality where it is employed, for after all, words—and names are words—are only the tools which we employ to convey our thoughts to others. A man who in the Rocky Mountains speaks of a panther as a catamount, is certain to be misunderstood; if he speaks of it as a puma, people will not know of what animal he is talking.

The time is not likely ever to come when there will be a universal agreement as to the vernacular name to be applied to each one of our different species of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes. But the time may come when all people who wish to define with certainty the species about which they are speaking or writing will use its scientific name, which will make sure what is meant. That this is not now done is to be explained by the general ignorance of the public on scientific matters. Always to give a scientific name has an appearance of pedantry on the part of the writer, while on the other hand it is likely to frighten off the reader, or at least to interrupt the current of his thought.

We believe that the preponderant sentiment of the sportsmen of New York is that the spring shooting of wildfowl must be foregone if we are to retain our wild ducks and geese as a permanent possession. This conviction is given expression in the bill now before the Legislative Assembly, No. 353, to close the shooting season from March 1 to Aug. 31, and we print in another column the appeal made by the Fish, Game and Forest League in support of the measure. The other measures advocated by the League are excellent. More protectors and better paid protectors are essential to an effective enforcement of the law. If we had an efficient executive force the Long Island night shooters of ducks and spring shooters of snipe would not enjoy the immunity now accorded to them. The bill to forbid the sale of woodcock, grouse and quail is a most salutary measure. The time has come for the practical application of a principle, which has through a campaign of education come to have very general acceptance as a theory, that the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons. If we cannot stop the sale of all game at all times, let us at least stop the sale of those species whose diminishing stock stands most in need of protection from the market-hunter. Let New New York follow the wise lead of Massachusetts and stop the sale at least of woodcock, grouse and quail.

Mr. Henry Talbott's paper on "Little Hunting Creek" is a timely contribution for the week of Washington's Birthday, and the extracts he gives from Washington's daily journal give an exceedingly interesting picture of the proprietor of Mt. Vernon as a fisherman. In connection with what Mr. Talbott has here written may be read the late George H. Moore's essay on "Washington as an Angler," which was printed in the *Woodcraft Magazine* of April, 1900. "I am content," concludes Dr. Moore, "to have been the first to claim for George Washington his rightful place as an angler—a genuine disciple of Izaak Walton."

A large circle of angling friends has been grieved by the news of the death of George F. Mills, who passed away at his home in Brooklyn on Feb. 9 at the age of forty. Mr. Mills was for many years associated with the firm of Wm. Mills & Son. He was widely known in the fishing tackle trade and among anglers, and his personal traits were such that acquaintance with him soon developed into friendship. His untimely death is sincerely lamented.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Stag at Grief.

He pawed in the valley,
He paused on the hill—
Not a sound but the tamarack's sighing;
Not a taint in the gale,
So he bounded at will,
Nor a foeman, nor danger, descrying.

But the huntsman stands true
At his post in the glade,
While the embers of the day are slow dying—
Hark! the crack of his gun!
Mark the gleam of his blade!
As he bends o'er the quarry, low lying.

THEODORE F. C. DEMAREST.

Frozen in on Barnegat.

HUNT and I had been talking guns for over two years, until, to justify their boasted merits, we voted to take a shooting trip.

Various places were suggested and looked up, from a goose pond on Cape Cod to floating batteries in the Great South Bay, all of which met with greater or less objection, until it was finally decided upon Barnegat.

We left comfortable firesides on Nov. 25 with Government Bureau predictions of fair, pleasant weather, telegraphing ahead for boat and decoys.

As we left the railroad depot it was suggested that as we were embarking upon a hazardous journey it would be prudent to invest in casualty policies for the benefit of our families, and we each accordingly purchased one good for forty-eight hours. After getting in the train and reading over the printed conditions on the back, we learned the policies did not cover gunshot wounds or drowning.

Forked River was reached early in the evening, where we found our boat, a 35-foot cabin cat, with captain and mate awaiting us. Getting a late supper at the hotel and quickly changing into our hunting togs, leaving our watches, cash and return tickets in our host's safe, we got on board and started for the shooting grounds, some seven or eight miles distant.

Not having felt well for some days previous, I had stipulated before leaving home that we should not spend the night in the boat unless the conditions were favorable. The weather, however, was perfect, with a gentle start sheet breeze from the southwest and a glorious full moon, which, if it did not promise well for a flight, at least left us no excuse for a comfortable sleep on shore.

Arriving upon the grounds, we came to anchor midway between the blinds, the outer beach and the inlet from the ocean, a mile or so from each, and stowed ourselves away snugly for the night.

Next morning at 4 we were called, and bolting a hasty breakfast, tossing for choice, put out for the blinds in sinks, each taking along an extra sink with man and thirty decoys. Early as we were, we found that both the blinds had been pre-empted, and in one of them there was considerable grumbling over getting out, but as Capt. George had built the blinds, the occupants reluctantly saw the justice of our claims and pulled elsewhere. Hunt's blind was off shore near the middle of the bay, while mine was near the inlet.

Tying my sink inside, my man proceeded to set his decoys, and as it was hardly yet light I leisurely waited for him to finish and get back into the blind before loading and getting ready for the fray. He had hardly turned his back after casting off the stools when, looking up, three broadbills appeared hovering over them. Nervously shoving in a couple of shells, I fired twice and scored two clean misses. Capt. George seeing what was up, loaded and fired once as they wheeled, and likewise missed; and then noticed for the first time by both of us, after three shots, a solitary broadbill got up out of the decoys, where he had lit without our knowing it, and had sat during the fusillade. Taking quick aim, the Captain fired his remaining shot and again missed. The score was even, and I suspect the secret joy upon my face stood out as the chagrin on his. The outlook, however, was encouraging, and after mutual explanations we settled ourselves for more serious work.

But that was not to be, for those four birds were the only ones that came to our decoys during the entire morning. We got some passing shots flying by, bringing down two old wives, and saw what seemed enormous flights going over Hunt's blind, with a bunch of geese and another of brant, whereupon we cursed the luck which had sent us to the inlet blind.

At noon a soft, gentle rain began, and we put back to the boat. The others shortly afterward appeared, with one broadbill, a butterball and a diver, which had cost them exactly three cartridges, and they wondered why we had not gotten those geese and brant, so near to us had they seemed. We decided to lunch and then go out for some afternoon shooting on the beach, where we hoped for a rabbit or two in the scrub oak or anything that promised not to travel faster than our shot.

By the time we arrived on the beach the rain had turned to snow, with increasing wind and a decided fall in temperature. Here we wandered for some hours, until thoroughly chilled by what had then become a blinding snow storm with freshening wind from the northeast, and at 4 P. M., when almost dark, after seeing nothing larger than snowbirds, we put back for the boat to spend the night and try the blinds again in the morning.

As we were about to get into our sinks, pulling off from the beach, one of the men from the life saving station came down to look after a small boat moored at that point, and I asked him what he made of the weather. He replied. "We are in for a no'easter, and the barometer has dropped an inch." This seemed startling, but as no one else said anything, I concluded to hold my peace.

Reaching the boat with difficulty, the wind continuing to freshen, and lashing everything down for the night and casting over the spare anchor, we made ourselves as cozy as possible inside, festooning the cabin with ropes, upon which we hung our outer coats in hopes of getting them dry, and proceeded to a supper of most excellent broiled diver.

All through the night it blew hard, and the boat swung and pounded heavily. In the morning a strong gale was raging from the northwest, which made the outer beach and inlet from the sea our lee. The decks, mast and sail were covered with frozen spray and snow, the weight of which sunk the boat some 6 inches lower in the water and made her top heavy.

Shooting from the blinds was out of the question, for no sink boat could have lived in the sea to get them, and one did not dare move out of the cockpit of the boat for fear of being washed overboard. There was nothing to do but to sit quietly, watching for a let up in the wind, which would give a chance to reef and beat back to Forked River. But the gale continued to increase, with falling thermometer and heavy snow.

Toward noon the atmosphere cleared, and the men, holding on to a life line with one hand, chopped the ice off the decks and cabin top, which made riding easier, but the sail was frozen stiff, making it impossible to reef, and the mast covered with ice its entire height to twice its natural thickness, over which the hoops could not be hoisted. The sink boats towing at the stern with covers over their holes were now covered with frozen spray, which sealed them up like air chambers. It was bitter cold; all my coats and three pair of socks could not keep me warm.

This was not what we had bargained for. Nightfall came with no abatement, but rather increase in the gale, and on taking stock of provisions, finding we were running short, we dispensed with supper with the certainty of another night before us. This left a little bread and our four remaining ducks. Meats, coffee and milk were gone, and while we were in no immediate danger of starvation, the prospect was not the most cheering—lying in a bay between thirty and forty miles long by eight or nine miles broad, seven miles out from the base of supplies, with ice forming off the shore, and unable to get there until the wind should die down and the sun come out and thaw the sail.

At dusk the ice began to form as slush on the crest of the waves, preventing them from breaking, and as the cold was still intense, realizing we were in danger of freezing in, the Captain and all hands made a desperate effort to reef sail and make a beat for the shore at the river mouth; but try as we would, we could not get the reef points to meet under the sail, so swollen and stiff had it become. In despair, we gave it up and resigned ourserves for another night.

After an hour or more of violent tossing, the boat began to ride easier, until there was little or no movement, and we imagined the wind had at last gone down. It was very dark, and going out of the cabin to investigate, the Captain found the gale still raging with the same persistence; what caused our easier riding was that the sea was now all covered with freshly formed ice, which gave it a gentle, undulating motion, keeping the waves down, but not yet hard enough to be stiff. Another hour and we should be frozen in solid, and we decided, if we were going to freeze, to hoist anchors and head the boat for the outer beach, running her as much inside the inlet as possible. A small piece of the peak was run up and the vessel was driven before the wind through the young ice, until she came to a dead stop on account of its thickness. Here we dropped anchors and spent the night.

On getting up in the morning we found we were frozen in solidly in 3 inches of ice. The wind still blew. To get the boat out of the ice was impossible. The danger now was that a slight shift of the wind might carry the boat with the ice out to sea. The Captain suggested that we might try to get on the outer beach and seek shelter at the life saving station, while he and the Mate stood by for possible change of wind. We accordingly got the sinks cleared, and piled our luggage in and the retreat began.

At first the ice was not strong enough to bear, being salt and fresh formed from slush, but by dint of rocking and chopping we got along until it became strong enough for us to get out and haul the boats over the top to shore, where we shouldered our traps and made our way through the snow to the station. Here we were warmly received, and after thawing out were told that we could get a train late in the afternoon at a point eight miles up the beach, and that, at six miles up, a horse and wagon could probably be gotten to come down and get our traps.

We decided to walk to the railway, after negotiating a loan with the men to carry us home. Those who have walked along yielding sandy shores can form some idea of the difference between eight miles of crumbling sand under foot coupled with a foot or more of soft snow, and an equal distance on hard sidewalk or macadam road. At three miles up we struck another life saving station, where we rested and warmed up. At six miles we found the first house, and to our joy they did have a horse and would go back for our bags and guns. Proceeding again, we finally approached the railway station, and when within 200 feet of it saw a train pull in. It was nearly two hours before our train would be due, and this one did not interest us. As we got to the platform it drew out. After it had gone I went to the station master and asked where that train was bound for. He replied, "New York!"—our destination. On remonstrating it could not be possible, as there was still nearly two hours before the evening train was due, he said, "Oh, that was the morning train just getting through." This was heartbreaking, after a weary tramp against a strong wind, through heavy drifts and soft sand in great hip boots. If the morning train was five or six hours late on account of blockades, when would the evening train be along?

We found the telegraph station and attempted to send messages, but the wires were down. The telephones between each life saving station had also been down. Finally our train came, behind time, but not so far behind as the morning train, and carried us over to the mainland, where we got into sleighs and were driven to Toms River. Here we got papers and began to learn the news of the world, and realized the terrific force of the storm, which had wrecked numerous ships from Cape Cod to Cape Charles, with loss of many lives; the railroads between Philadelphia and Boston were chocked with snow, and from many places no telegraphic communication could be had.

And then it dawned on us, that if our outing had not been just the kind we had counted on, we had gone through an experience which happened to but few this side of the frozen north.

The boatmen stayed there imprisoned in the ice for two days after we left, when, suddenly in the night—in the twinkling of an eye—a soft east wind with rain sprang up, and in the morning the boat had motion again. The ice on the frozen sail was rained out—not thawed by the much longed for sun—and they hastened to reef and sail home.

FRANCIS H. BERGEN.

Memories.

"I remember, I remember."—Hood.

TIME evens matters pretty fairly. If the young fellow of twenty has much to look forward to, we old fellows have more to look back upon. I'm inclined to think we have the advantage, especially those of us whose impulses led us with ready gun across the game fields of our generation, or, rod in hand, along the streams and beside the lakes before the necessity of pisciculture other than by the "old-fashioned" method had ever been dreamed of.

The young fellow has a better balanced, better looking, handier and more powerful gun than we had in those elder days; his shiny, supple split bamboo, with the glittering reel, is a far cry from the cane pole and chalk line of our boyhood; the nitro load he uses in his handsome hammerless is the apotheosis of projectile skill, and in the evolution of gunnery all his appliances for the pursuit and capture of game would have been marvelous to us. But, my dear boy, we had the game. And in support of Rochefoucauld's maxims we are not wholly displeased at your misfortune in this regard.

One of my first memories is of a wonderful flight of pigeons—the last of such incursions ever made into the Rock River Valley of Illionis, where my parents were residents. I can close my eyes to-day and the marshalled lines of the interminable flocks flit across the retina as they did that day more than a third of a century ago; flock following flock throughout the day, each stretching beyond the rim of the horizon, the migratory millions swept on their way, whither? You will never see them, my dear boy. They are gone like the day and the lad that watched their flight, and neither the birds, the day nor the boy will ever return. Countless thousands were trapped and shot. In fact, I presume that I could find a bed or two of pigeon feathers in the old neighborhood, souvenirs of the time when a hundred dozen pigeons were taken with one cast of the net. I remember a local superstitution that the departing soul lingered longest on a pigeon feather bed, and a tale that received considerable credence was of an old lady of the community who found death impossible, and to relieve her suffering was removed to a bed of goose or hen feathers with the result that her spirit passed quietly and easily.

Of course the pigeons did not disappear at once. They came back for several years after the big flight that I remember, and offered considerable sport of a pot shooting kind. Dead trees in the grove would be covered with them, and marvelous stories were told of the numbers slain at a shot. Old "Saut" Deyo told a tale of 147 gathered after one discharge of a Potsdam musket loaded to the danger line with black powder and No. 4 shot, and a number of good people backed up "Saut's" assertion. Just what he might have done with an 8 gauge and No. 7½ must be left to the imagination. You'll very likely never see a wild pigeon, young man.

Oh, but we old uns "have heard the chimes at midnight!" There were ducks then and long after. Green-headed glorious mallards quacked in the ponds and bayous, and teal and wood duck thronged the bends and reaches of the creeks.

The memory of long tramps along Eagle Creek and up the Elkhorn rises up as I write. Times when the mallards sprang from every boggy stretch, and low flying teal scudded around the bent banks. The old muzzle-loader and I made connection with them only rarely, but a single tramp netted more ducks than a week of hard hunting and straight holding is likely to do nowadays. A quarter's worth of powder, the same of shot, a few percussion caps, a muzzleloading gun and a boy in blue overalls were the necessaries that grouped themselves about a big bag of ducks then. It takes more now, my boy.

I remember, I remember, a boy in blue denim overalls, and how he begged that day to accompany father and Jip Shoemaker on a chicken hunt. An old musket that had survived the stricken battlefields of centuries was his only available gun. Its mighty hammer swung in a 6-inch arc and was driven by a mightier spring to land with crushing force upon a cap the size and shape of a rough rider's hat. It roared like the crash of a cataclysm when it went off, and kicked like a traveling man. But to the boy it contained infinite possibilities of life and death. Under the circumstances it was good enough for him. He wanted to go; and after a demurrer that he argued down they let him. There was a dog in the party. To the boy he seemed the ultimate perfection of the canine genus, and the man looking back doesn't see many dogs—on the back track that had a license to show old Boney the way to a covey. How he raced and turned and quartered, head in air, an eye to the guns, and every sense alert and anxious; and then, oh, marvelous moment! he found them. There he stood the bounding, racing figure of the previous moment turned to marble. The saliva dripped from his slowly moving under jaw, and as we approached he took a step forward and froze again rigid and statuesque. But his eye, lit with the fire of conquest and expectation, blazed like a beacon. Good old Boney! He met an ignominious death at the hands of a fat fool whose unwise parents made him a terror to the neighborhood by gratifying his desire for firearms.

The men walked up behind the dog quiet and smiling. The boy didn't feel that way. He pried the infinite hammer of that musket past two notches of the ratchet with eager haste, and prayed for strength of arm and forefinger to pull it loose again. He was excited. He could have given the dog cards, spades and little casino in a game of excitement, and still have won with ridiculous ease. He had never killed a chicken, but he wanted to, he wanted to bad, and right away. He'd kill that chicken if it was the last—b-r-r-r Jehosophat! there they go. With his heart in his mouth the boy leveled the musket on a feathered cannon ball speeding past. A determined clutch of his forefinger on the trigger was followed by the jarring crash of the discharge and dimly through

tears and powder smoke he saw the bird pitch downward into the bright oats stubble, where it lay beating feebly with its wings. "I killed it! I killed it!" he shouted, filled with the crowning joy of the moment. "I killed mine. Oh, say, I killed one right over there."

Old Jip, who was as great a hunter as Nimrod, but who had neglected to cultivate that connection with the Lord reputed to the biblical personage, turned round on him with an expletive for emphasis: "Shut up that noise," said he, "you may some day accidentally kill another, and if you lose your voice over this one how will you holler then."

The boy subsided. The remainder of the day he loaded and fired very much after the manner of Mr. Tupman, but no more birds fell to his musket. Still, he didn't care much. In the back of the buggy lay the victim of his one successful shot, and he was satisfied.

MOSCRIP.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia.

Buck Ranch.

MR. PARKER was ready at Tutwiler with the spring wagon when the south-bound train reached there, and we got off with guns and baggage. Two venturesome Dianas, Miss Breckinridge and Miss Dabney, had come with me, upon the invitation of Captain Bradford, to share the generous hospitality of Buck Ranch and the glories of the chase. The Captain was already at the ranch, and Parker handed me a note from him, mainly about how bad the roads were. We found them so.

The wagon would only hold baggage and guns, but fortunately there were saddle horses ready. After some tightening of girths for the bad roads, the mount was made, and we were soon well into the mysteries of that seven-mile road. It passed right by where the big rattlesnake was caught last spring, that dressed into such excellent "veal chops," thence through McKee's place (the poor fellow is now dead) and over the bridge to Buck Ranch.

Then there were greetings with Captain Bradford and Mrs. Parker, and admiring of the fine deer that the Captain had brought in during the day, "just to encourage the newcomers." It hung in the big, open hallway, and later, when all was dark and one of the newcomers was passing that way who had forgotten about the deer, there was a collision. None of the others knew about this.

Well, there were hot Scotches for the ladies to overcome the fatigue of the ride and different sorts of things for the gentlemen that would overcome any kind of a fatigue, then a short chat by the big wood fire and then—oh, that Buck Ranch supper! Mrs. Parker was surely responsible for that! And the young ladies were presented with the big cake that Mrs. Bradford had sent them from New Orleans.

Some mysterious things happened at that supper table, but it was to be expected, for Miss Mary and Miss Frances had come to have a good time. For instance, one cup of coffee got sweetened wrong somehow, and tasted more like mackerel gravy. Half of that coffee was swallowed with apparent unconcern, but only half.

A pipe was resorted to as soon as supper was over, and for two days after that the pipe always seemed to have a mackerel flavor. All of this only one member of the party knew about.

Well, after supper there were some more things that Horatio hadn't heard about. A large graphophone was brought to bear on the audience that began to gather from nobody knew where, and rendered a series of dissertations by the authorities of the day, mostly by one Uncle Ezra about parrots, dogs, monkeys and "reflection soup," and a sermon by somebody about "Nicredemus." There followed music by bands and orchestras, and the Captain's favorite banjo song, "Turkey in the Straw." Right where that versatile machine stood the Captain and I had made our bed of straw four years ago, when Buck Ranch was in its infancy. Now there is every comfort for the hunter, and the change is noticeable, yet with only a straw bed on the floor one can be happy at Buck Ranch.

Early next morning the sky was threatening, and it was doubtful if we would get into camp that day, but in the middle of the forenoon it cleared up, and we were soon on the march again, out into the wilderness. A farm wagon had been exchanged for the smaller one, and was loaded with the camp outfit, and escorted by the party of five hunters (the two ladies, Captain Bradford, Parker and myself), together with Leonard, the Creole mulatto cook, and Tom, the woodchopper.

The route lay along a blazed trail through light cane, then down a shallow slough for several miles into the heart of the Buck Ranch forests. Here the two tents were pitched and the camp set to rights generally, while Leonard did some things that we afterward found out about. His venison gumbo is a whole feast in itself.

In the afternoon the Captain took us regularly in hand. We were piloted up a narrow slough, between thick cane ridges, our horses splashing through water knee deep for about half a mile, when we turned through an opening in the cane and dismounted on dry ground. Leaving the horses, we walked some distance to where sign began to appear, and here the Captain stationed the ladies on favorable logs, just out of sight of each other, and he and I took diverging courses further on. Toward nightfall a shot was heard in Miss Frances' direction, but I had all the treetops in my part of the woods full of turkeys and couldn't go. The sight on my rifle wouldn't come to a head up against the bright sky, from down in the dark woods, and after missing three I quit, as the others were all gone. When we came together for the return to camp, Miss Frances showed us where the big buck stood when she shot at him, but he had walked off while she tried to reload her single shot Maynard .38, and as it was too dark to look for blood on his trail no pursuit was attempted. Some turkeys had walked by the end of the log that Miss Mary sat on, but she composed herself and let them pass, because she wanted to kill a deer and was unwilling to take chances on frightening one by firing at small game. The Captain had seen some turkeys.

Leonard was again ready for us when we reached camp. We didn't disappoint him—but first came the hot Scotches (I was about to forget)—for hunters and huntresses had been walking in water ankle deep with light moccasins on, and it was a cold November evening. Those Buck Ranch woods were very wet—all of the best feeding grounds were in slashy open woods, and one had to be reconciled to wet feet, for the still-hunter cannot well use boots or heavy shoes.

After supper we gathered round the log fire, backed against a big elm tree in front of the ladies' tent, and talked about what we would kill to-morrow. Miss Mary told a little story about some oysters (which didn't worry us much, as Leonard's gumbo "stock" was still holding out well), and Captain Bradford told of adventures during the time that the sixty-six notches grew on the long old Ballard and the twenty-six on the Maynard, and about four hundred others had grown on other gun stocks that were not here now.

The wind was making a very soft kind of music in the elm tops, the moon shone through the branches from a very deep blue sky that a fleecy cloud scurried across now and then, and off in the dark woods some wolves were howling dolefully. All of this we soon took to dreamland with us—the dreamland of the hunters' camp.

After daylight, coffee and gumbo or something, we went to the feeding grounds again, the Captain going to the southward while the two ladies and I went back for another trial where we were the previous evening. It may be mentioned here that not even the Dianas were exempt from the rule that no water should be applied to the face before the morning's hunt, as it was supposed to make the eyesight less strong and clear. If any sleep was left in their eyes after a cup of Buck Ranch coffee, it was rubbed out with the dry knuckles. Oh, the superfluities of civilization!

We went pretty much the route of the previous evening, through thickets and openings, wet and dry places, and finally left the horses secured in the edge of the cane and took favorable looking stands in the open woods. But the morning passed away serenely and no deer that morning was any the wiser of our invasion of his territory.

Then came a task—to pilot two ladies the dryest way out from the middle of a very wet slash. We walked twice the straight distance, trying to find a route with less than 6 inches of water on it, and finally found ourselves in the deepest water that the slash afforded, when my party "mutinied" and waited there for the horses to be brought.

Back at camp there was something to show for the shot we had heard in the Captain's quarter of the woods. When the ladies entered their tent they found a fair specimen of a fawn lying just within. That evening we all went with the Captain back to where the fawn was killed. He and Miss Mary took a stand together, while Miss Frances and I went a little further away from camp and selected a fallen top with plenty of sign all round it. In vain we waited for a buck. One ran by through a slash near by, but too far away to be seen. Finally I began work with the turkey caller, and soon had several turkeys approaching. By this time it was rapidly getting dark, and Miss Frances had to try a long and unfavorable shot, which she missed.

A shot had been heard from the other stand, and when we rejoined the others there was a big gobbler that Miss Mary had killed.

"It was a hard shot to make," said the Captain, "but I placed my arm for her to rest the gun on, and when they all had their heads down in the leaves and grass, she got the gun in position and fired. I thought she had missed and told her so, for I could see no dead bird from where I was. Later on, when I went over to look anyhow, there it lay, where it had fallen so dead that it didn't flutter."

Miss Mary was shooting a .32-40 Marlin. The honors of the day were hers. After the turkey had been examined and admired, she told us that it had caused her to lose the buck that we had heard running.

"I had been watching the turkeys for a chance to shoot," she said, "when I happened to look behind me, and there stood that great big buck looking at me with a very amused expression. Before I could turn to a position to shoot from, off he ran, looking back at me triumphantly."

There were only three horses for the four hunters, and when the slough was reached, just within sight of the camp-fires, the pedestrian would wait at the water's edge, blinking at the inviting fire across the water, until a horse could be led back across for him. Then there was changing of wet shoes and then supper. That evening Parker came out from the lodge and spent the night.

"Leonard, this cup of coffee has wern out. Give me another," said the Captain, and when the other was worn also, we again gathered round the fire and had more stories.

Saturday we hunted unsuccessfully, and Sunday we took a long ride to Cyndy's Band. This is a negro religious sect of the locality, the following of an old woman named Cyndy, who teaches a very commendable code of morals, but a ritual that is several steps back toward African savagery—bell-ringing, pan-beating, dancing, etc.

Returning to Mrs. Parker's, we dined and then rode out to the camp before night.

When the hunters left camp next morning for the south side of Beaver Run, a light rain was falling. It grew heavier as the morning advanced, and all were well drenched when camp was again reached. The Captain had killed a turkey.

To-day dinner was served under cover, and afterward there was gun cleaning, napping and chatting under the canvas on which the rain drops pattered the music that artists don't play. In the late afternoon the Captain said we must all go to the house, as it might rain for several days, so the camp was left in the care of Leonard and Tom, and that night found us again enjoying one of Mrs. Parker's suppers, carefully watching our coffee cups the while.

There was the graphophone again that night, with the speeches and "Fra Diavolo" and "Carmen," then "Turkey in the Straw" and some lively dance music, to which some lancers and Highland flings were stepped off at a lively rate.

In the morning it was wet and everybody slept late. Then there were canoe rides on the bayou. Later in the day an excursion was made into Beaver Run from the north side. One of the ladies found a hollow log that purported to have a wildcat inside, and was surprised that no volunteer arose to go in after it. Any man that could crawl ought to do that!

Another evening around the great open fireplace and its big wood fire at the lodge! The graphophone played and the young ladies danced again. No care enters Buck Lodge.

Wednesday only Captain Bradford and myself went for the morning's hunt. On the homeward march I suddenly found myself in the presence of four of the enemy, but was not quick enough for them. During the morning I had wandered, unexpectedly, very near the camp, and made a stalk into it. Tom was importuning Leonard for a toddy, and the latter, having 'spied me, was replying, "What you talk 'bout, Tom? You know I don' boder de Cap'n's liquor!" Then Tom saw me and grinned guiltily.

Camp was moved that afternoon to nearer the best hunting grounds, the Captain and myself occupying it that night and the ladies remaining at the lodge till next day. While hunting Thursday morning, Captain Bradford got one shot and I got two, but no meat was brought in. In the afternoon the whole party was out in the same locality.

A shot was heard, then Parker called. This meant a wounded deer, and I started to him. Nearing the stand where Miss Mary was, I saw that she was aiming, and stopped just in time. A large buck was almost immediately in front of me, and walking broadside to her. All was in plain view from where I stood—she coolly steadying the .32-40 in position, with an elbow rested on her knee, as she sat on the log and waited for him to come into clearer view, while he, apparently suspecting something, was walking along stealthily, nearly toward where I stood. Thinking she had forgotten to bleat at him, I did so, and he stopped. (I was afterward taken to task. She was going to bleat when the right time came, and I had stopped him behind a tree.)

After an instant he started on, took several steps and stopped again, when she fired, and a puff of the skin on the far side of him, which I could distinctly see, showed where the bullet came out about the middle of his side. He tucked his tail and gave a jump forward, then wheeled and ran across my front. We had both fired several times, when, as he was about to disappear, I got in a bullet somewhere near the shoulder which brought him down broadside.

The worst is to be told. As I ran toward that perforated deer, calling to Miss Mary in a tone too loud for discretion, that he was hers, up he climbed and floundered off, and I—had an empty gun!

Off he went, his strength growing to meet his necessities. The Captain had heard the noise and come with Jack, who gave chase, but soon returned, and could not be persuaded to take the trail again. It was now night and we went to camp with heavy tread. Next morning the trail was taken up and plenty of blood found until it entered a slash, where we lost it, and with it that magnificent set of antlers.

One more score for Miss Mary. A 'possum was looking down through a fork high up in a tall tree, and she put a bullet in his head.

It was with a regret that we saw the graphophone put away after the last tune that night, and a touch of sadness was in the handshaking with Mr. and Mrs. Parker and with Captain Bradford as we rode on to the long bridge which reaches between Buck Ranch and the other world beyond Cassidy Bayou.

Ten days later the Captain, who had tarried longer, wrote that he and Parker had killed nine more deer, the season just having opened when we left, and that it took seventeen shots to down one that was wounded—and it was he that had once said to a fellow sportsman, "Was all that shooting at one deer?"

TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Dog-Ribbed Woman.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day my little daughter, Helen, age six years, was shown a little picture book which had once been a great favorite with her, but which had been in some way mislaid and not seen by her for a year. The sight of the long forgotten book and of the dear old pictures caused in the little girl emotions of the liveliest satisfaction.

She hugged the little treasure to her heart and almost wept for joy to be actually possessed of it again.

We all know something of this feeling of pathetic pleasure in the rediscovery of something once dear and for a long time lost, or in hearing a story not thought of for years, but which, if one which once the imagination had clothed with pleasant interest, opens up vistas of the past, enabling us to relive for the moment the fresh life of childhood.

Such a surprise and experience was given me by Mr. C. P. Williams by his quotation in your last issue from that old story, Hearne's "Journey from Prince of Wales Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean."

I am much indebted to Mr. Williams for quoting the story and giving us the exact title and source of it. The pathetic story of that dog-ribbed Indian woman and her wonderful resourcefulness while alone for months in that wintry wilderness of the far North has a wonderful Crusoe quality to it, and was very familiar to me in my boyhood. I would give a good deal to know in what book or magazine I read it. But that I read it often and pondered on it much I know. I seem to associate the name of Mark Morrow with the story, and as its narrator. Can any one tell me who or what Mark Morrow was, or in what other publication than Hearne's "Journey" the story is given? In my story I am confident that the marauding Indians who killed the hermit woman's child were called "Athapascows" instead of "Athapuscows," as Mr. Williams has the name.

I heartily second Mr. Williams' suggestion for a reprint of Hearne's journal, and shall be glad to enroll myself as a subscriber.

C. H. AMES.

The police of Springfield, Mass., have been called on several times recently to take charge of a dog that causes trouble by his frequent visits to W. D. Kinsman's store to see the cash system operate. The animal seems to be fascinated by the carriers, and chases them whenever they are started. He rushes about, running against people and knocking over goods in his mad race after the carriers. He was recently given away to a firm doing business outside the center of the city, but managed to escape, and Monday went back to the store and the fascinating carriers at the first opportunity.

Natural History.

King Snake and Coral Snake.

Daytona, Fla., Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have here wha. we call the king snake. I do not know if that is the proper name for it or not. The coloring is yellow, black and red in bands around it, and in some cases the colors are in blocks. It is a small snake—I have never seen one over three feet long; has a small head and pointed tail. Will you kindly tell me whether the thing is venomous or not? There seems to be a difference of opinion on the subject here. H. P.

[From the above description it is, of course, impossible absolutely to identify the snake, but it seems probable that it is what is commonly known as the king snake, or milk snake, an entirely inoffensive species, or rather group of species, found throughout the South, and, as to certain species, as far north even as New Jersey. The genus is *Ophibolus*, and a closely related species, also black, red and yellow, is *Osceola*. One or more of the species belonging to the genus *Ophibolus* are said to be enemies and devourers of other snakes, and especially to prey upon the venomous snakes belonging to the attlesnake group (*Crotulidæ*)—whence the name king snake. The name milk snake comes from their supposed fondness for milk, and the late Prof. Cope speaks of the fact that his daughter, when a girl of six or eight years, had several individuals as pets, which drank milk readily from a cup which she held in her hand.

In an interesting paper on the "Batrachians and Reptiles of Indiana," Prof. O. P. Hayes says of *O. getulus:*

"It is extremely active and strong. Holbrook says of it that it is found abundantly in moist and shady places, although it never takes to water or to trees. It feeds on moles, small birds or such reptiles as lizards, salamanders, toads and the like, that fall in its way. He further says that it is commonly believed that it is the great enemy of rattlesnakes, but there is no great evidence of this. He, however, tells of one that had as a fellow prisoner a *Crotalophorus miliarus*, or Southern ground rattlesnake, and swallowed him. I found that in Mississippi this snake had the reputation of destroying rattlesnakes, and it received protection on this account. Dr. Elliott Coues says that the black snake (*Zamenis constrictor*) and *Ophibolus getulus sayi* wage a constant warfare against rattlesnakes and moccasins. They are said to be uniformly victorious and to eat their victims. It is on account of their prowess in thus destroying poisonous serpents that they have received the name of king snake. Mr. J. T. Humphreys, Burke county, North Carolina, gives an interesting account of a conflict in a cage between a king snake, *Sayi*, and a water moccasin. The former was 42 inches long, the latter 34, but with a considerably larger body. The moccasin was killed, its bones crushed, and, beginning at the head, the king snake swallowed 16 inches of the moccasin's body. Chloroform was then administered and both snakes preserved. The king snake had previously, while in captivity, eaten seven snakes. Dr. Yarrow describes a specimen of *getulus* in the National Museum that has two perfect heads. One head is a little larger than the other. The two gullets unite to pass into the one stomach."

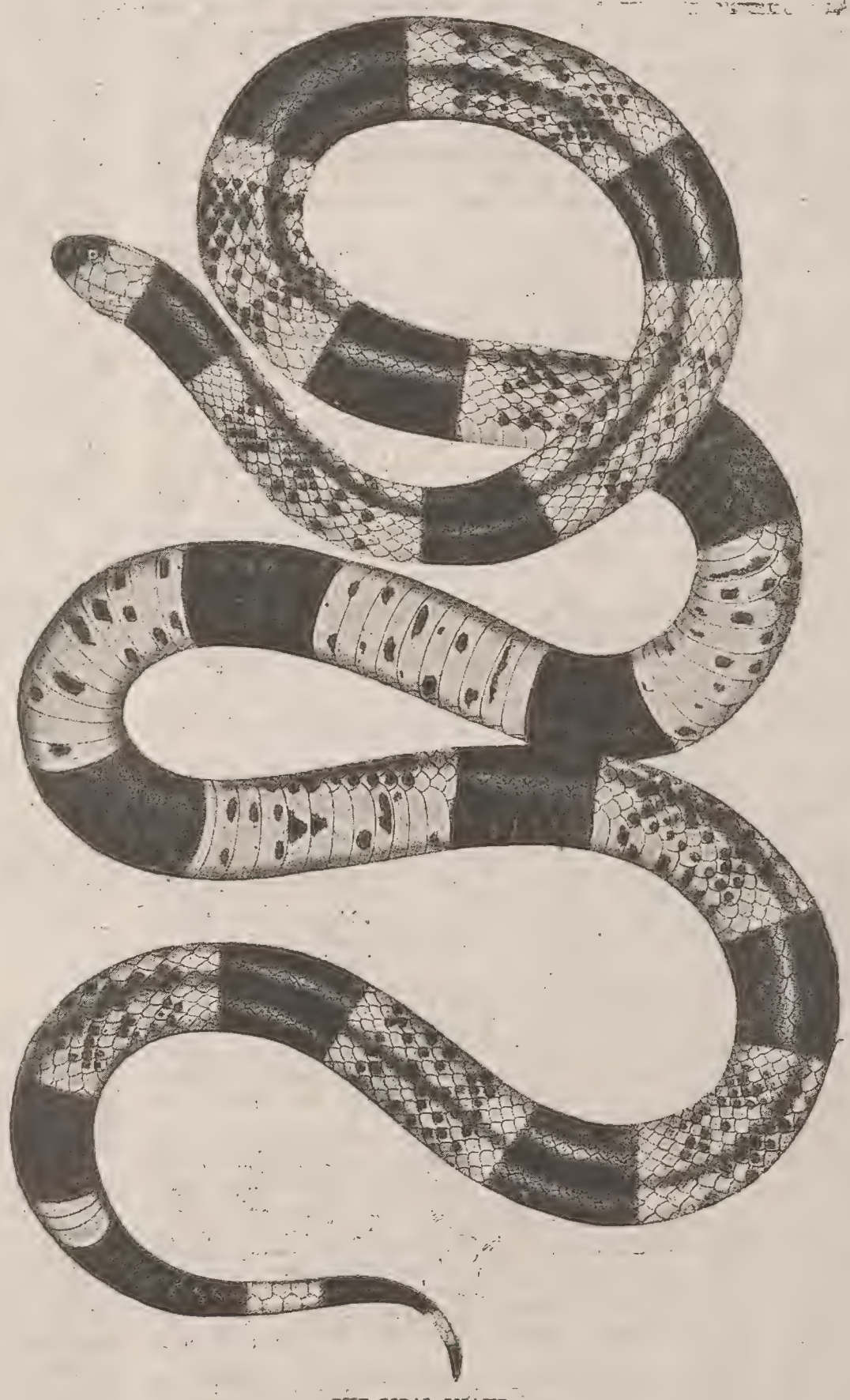
As stated, we presume that all that is said above applies to the snake inquired about by our correspondent, but on the other hand it must be remembered that in Florida there is another snake, also colored red, black and yellow in rings, which is by no means innocuous. This is the coral snake (*Elaps fulvius*), a small snake which measures from 18 inches to somewhat over 2 feet, and which is not very often seen. It is found from Georgia, south and west, down into Mexico as far as the State of Vera Cruz. Owing to its not being a species very commonly seen, and above all to its good nature, people are seldom bitten by it. The late Prof. Cope in writing of the family says that the bite of some of the larger species as *E. surinamensis* and *E. marcgravii* is said to be dangerous, but that of the smaller ones is innocuous to man and the larger animals. This was written a number of years ago, and since then there has been offered good evidence that the bite of the coral snake is very dangerous. This is furnished in part by a paper contributed by Dr. Einar Lœnnberg to the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum for 1894, who says:

"This is the only species of Elaps I have found in south Florida, where it is rather common. It is known under several names, as "coral snake," "American cobra," "gartar snake" and "candy stick." It is perhaps the most dangerous snake in Florida, because it is not so much dreaded as the big rattlesnake or moccasin, though being quite as poisonous. As the last mentioned names show, it is regarded as a "pretty little snake." Few people know or believe that it is poisonous, it looks so harmless, and as a consequence they catch it and handle it rather roughly; the snake gets angry, bites and a human life is endangered. I know personally of such a case. A Swede at Oakland, Orange county, found an Elaps, and because of its beautiful color he caught it and tried to put it into a bottle of alcohol. The snake bit him, but the wound was not large, and as it did not swell he did not care much about it at first. After a while he was taken very sick, went to bed, asked for a physician and drank whisky; but it was too late. He died the next morning, about twelve hours after the snake had bitten him. During the last hours he was unconscious, but before that he suffered most excruciating pains. I have heard of several other cases of boys dying from an Elaps' bite.

"In other cases people have been bitten by an *Elaps fulvius* without suffering from it in any way, but I suppose that in such cases the Elaps had not been able to inject any poison into the wound, as it has rather a small mouth. However that may be, I cannot agree with Cope that the bite of the smaller ones (meaning smaller species of Elaps is innocuous to man and the larger animals). It is to be observed that the Elaps bites differently from the Crotalids and Viperids. The latter snake throws its head forward in striking and draws it back again immediately. The *Elaps fulvius* I have seen and heard about have acted in an entirely different manner. The poor Swede above mentioned had to pull the snake from the wound, and another specimen that I had induced to bite into sticks kept the sticks in the mouth for a good while. This habit probably signifies an intention to press as much poison as possible into the wound, which makes the snake the more dangerous. *Elaps fulvius* is, however, a good-natured snake, and it does not bite unless it is very much provoked. If not handled too roughly, an Elaps may be allowed to crawl on one's hands from one to the other. I have allowed it myself once, but I hardly think I would do it over again, and would not advise anybody else to try it.

"I have found *Elaps fulvius* under logs, and digging in the ground, as well as crawling about on the surface, but I think it prefers dry land.

"The largest specimen I have seen was from Oakland, Orange county, and measured exactly 1 m. from the tip of the nose to the anus, and the tail was 90 mm. This big specimen had fourteen black rings on the body and three on the tail. Other specimens have but twelve black rings on the body and three on the tail, but one of these has four on the tail. The yellow rings cover from one to two rows of scales." The total length of this largest specimen of the coral snake would then be about 43 inches—nearly twice the ordinary length.]



THE CORAL SNAKE.
From the Report of the Smithsonian Institution.

Dangerous Wild Animals.

Oakmont, Pa., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The most dangerous animal I know of, and one that is always dangerous, penned or at large, is the whelp with an old rifle in the outskirts of a small country town, and there is no excuse for his existence, he being utterly useless and thorough vermin. After having a rifle ball pass near enough over my head to hear the "whiz," and another go through the windows of my daughter's residence, I wish that either all game were utterly destroyed, that there might be no such whelps, or that a breed of "dangerous wild animals" might be found who would live exclusively on them. W. Wade.

Zoological Society's Guide Book.

The third edition of the popular Official Guide to the New York Zoological Park, bearing date Dec. 1, 1900, has just been issued by the New York Zoological Society. It is rather an imposing volume of over 100 pages, with many beautiful illustrations. It is a description of the Park, its buildings and its collections, and is copiously illustrated with photographs, maps and plans. The photographs are all of great beauty, and add very much to the attractiveness of the volume.

It is well known that the New York Zoological Society's park is by far the largest park of the kind in the world. The Society assumed charge of its grounds and work was begun about two and a half years ago. Its collections are free to the public eye for five days in each week, Monday and Thursday being the only pay days. The park is located in the Borough of the Bronx, and may be reached from down town by trolley lines to West Farms, by any of the elevated roads in connection with surface lines, or by the Harlem R. R., leaving the railway at Fordham station.

The park is diversified with hills and valleys, lakes and streams, woodland and open park-like glades. It has one interesting natural curiosity known as the rocking stone, a huge erratic, standing on a smooth face of granite, and so nicely balanced that the pressure of a child's hand causes it to move north and south about two inches.

When the park was first started its managers announced their intention of striving first to exhibit characteristic North American species of birds, mammals and reptiles, and this purpose has been well carried out. Here may be seen in the ranges for hoofed animals a herd of fourteen buffalo, of which six are cows and two male calves. They have a large range and are doing well. Here also are elk, antelope, mule deer, whitetail and blacktail deer, moose and caribou, together with such foreign species as the fallow deer, axis, forms of the red deer and others. An exceedingly interesting collection and one with special attractions for the big-game hunter.

The park is especially strong on bears. It has two large and beautiful polar bears, admirably housed; a pair of cubs now twenty months old, which are thought to be specimens of the huge Kadiak bear, but which may be one of the other great brown bears of Alaska (*U. dalli* or *U. sitkensis*), a large and growing grizzly from the Rocky Mountains, several black bears and a cinnamon and a Japanese black bear.

Wolves and coyotes and foxes are plenty here, and it will be remembered that last summer a litter of coyote pups was born, which, however, did not reach maturity.

Of sea lions and seal, both the eared and earless seals are represented, the one by the California sea lion from Santa Barbara, Cal., the other by the common harbor seal of our coast.

To tell at length of the birds, of the ducks' aviary, the aquatic bird house, the birds of prey, which are housed out of doors, and the wild turkey's inclosure, would take more space than can be given; but a word must be said about the flying cage, an inclosure of wire netting 152 feet long, 55 feet in height and 72 feet wide. It contains a stream, a pond and two or three large forest trees, besides shrubbery and other vegetation. It is the summer home of many birds, especially ibises, storks, herons and flamingoes. There is nothing quite like it in all the world.

While as yet little has been done toward getting together foreign collections, or even preparing quarters for them, there are some foreign mammals from the tropics housed in a temporary structure, called the small mammal house. Among these is a fine orang.

In certain ways and to certain people the collections found in the reptile house are the most interesting and beautiful in the park. Here are the alligators and crocodiles, lizards, turtles, serpents and amphibians. Except the alligators, all these interesting creatures, whether they dwell in the air or beneath the surface of the water, are seen through glass, and the case which contains each is fitted up with the accessories among which the animal would be found to live in a state of nature. As many of the species are tropical, luxuriant tropical vegetation is found throughout the reptile house, and the warm damp atmosphere, the fragrant odors of the vegetation and the green that everywhere meets the eye might lead one to imagine that he was really in the forest. Each case and the whole building has been fitted up not only with the greatest fidelity to nature, but with the nicest taste. It is a beautiful exhibit.

Membership in the Zoological Society is open to all who are interested in the objects of the organization, and who are endorsed by two members of the Society. The cost of annual membership is $10 a year, entitling the member to certain special advantages. Applications for membership should be forwarded to Madison Grant, Secretary, 11 Wall street, New York. The price of the guide book is 25 cents.

Game Introduction in Vancouver Island.

Cumberland, B. C., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Cumberland Game Bird Importing and Protecting Association met and organized last Thursday evening, Mr. E. Barrett in the chair. The business of the evening was merely preliminary to another meeting, to be held later. A resolution was adopted that a subscription of $2 from each member be applied at once to purchasing and importing Virginia—Bob White—quail, to be-

set free near Cumberland to breed. Each member bound himself to obey and enforce the law in regard to the preservation of the birds.

A collecting committee was appointed to consist of Messrs. F. Jaynes, E. Barrett, O. H. Fechner and W. B. Anderson. Mr. S. H. Riggs, treasurer. The next meeting will be held on Thursday, Jan. 31, at O. H. Fechner's, to report progress, by which time it is expected letters will be here advising prices of birds, etc. Mr. Cross, of the Western Life Assurance Company, will obtain data in Victoria re experience with the quail there, for the benefit of the Association.

More About the Panther.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several recent issues of your valued paper have contained articles about panthers and the danger from wild animals, which have stirred me up to reply, but the busy cares of professional life have prevented. But the call for facts opposed to the opinions of some of your correspondents in the issue of Feb. 9 is an appeal not to be denied. Before proceeding, however, let me most strongly approve your statement on the first page, as to gqeneralizing from personal experience. This is a common fault in the reasoning of many who mean to be perfectly fair in their argument. Because certain things have not occurred in their experience, it seems to them impossible that such things should ever take place, and they argue accordingly.

This faulty logic is not confined to those who claim to speak from experience, whether great or small, but is often observed in others and along many lines. And this very common fault in reasoning may be characterized as broad generalization from insufficient data. In other words, the premises not being reliable, the conclusion is not. This, of course, does not mean that the experience of your correspondents in Feb. 9 is not reliable so far as it goes, but that it does not go far enough to justify their conclusion.

Now for some facts:

The first instance I have before referred to in your columns, but will now give more fully.

Many years ago in Vermont a man on horseback was returning home at evening, and was chased by a panther. The horse ran at its best speed, for it had an unusual spur. The panther repeatedly jumped for the man, but was not able to reach him. He wore a long overcoat, the skirts of which spread over the horse's rump in the rapid flight. Those coat skirts were torn to shreds and the horse's flesh badly lacerated by the panther's claws as he would jump for the man but succeed only in striking his forepaws on the horse's hips. At least that panther meant business, and only the speed of the horse saved the man. My grandmother, who lived in the adjoining town, knew the man, and that the incident was genuine. My father has often heard her tell the story.

My father knew a man in our native town who was followed about two miles one evening by a panther, which evidently meant mischief, but was thwarted by the man riding close to a log house, and shouting "Open the door." In the large fireplace was a blazing fire, and as its light suddenly shone out through the opened door, the panther screamed and ran away. The man was an old soldier, a captain in rank, and a man who knew what he was about, whether dealing with men or animals.

Panthers were formerly plentiful in Vermont, and many stories of their boldness and ferocity were in circulation, but I give only the above, knowing them to be true.

As late as 1866 or '67 I saw a panther, in Vermont, which had been killed by a heavy charge of shot in the eye. This animal had been killing stock, was hunted to its den, the hole blocked up, then a rock pried up exposing the panther's eye, and the one discharge killed him. He was "spring poor," but weighed 120 pounds, was 7½ feet long and 2½ feet high at the shoulder. His tail was 2½ feet. These measurements were "in the flesh," and correspond to those given by Mr. Wells. My father once saw a panther's track on his farm in Vermont, and the beast must have been immense. Father then weighed about 135 pounds and could run on the snow crust anywhere without breaking it. But the panther broke through at every step, and when he jumped to the top of a rail fence (about one-quarter inch of fresh snow being on the broad, flat top rail), he left a track 6 inches across.

I have no knowledge as to the presence or absence of panthers in Maine. But knowing of their former abundance in Vermont and Canada, I cannot understand why they should not also have been in Maine, especially as their favorite food, venison, is there so plentiful. In 1881 I met in Florida a professor from Maine, who, with some of his students, had been hunting birds for the museum of his school. He told me that all the wild animals he saw in Florida appeared very different from the same species North. The Southern animals seemed as if enervated by the climate. E. g., he saw a panther sneaking by at short range, and fired at him with bird shot, trusting to climatic influence to prevent the brute from avenging the insult. The result proved the accuracy of the calculation in that instance. The panther kept on his way.

Some seventy years ago an uncle of my father, with a brother, was driving just at night in the Chateaugay section of the Adirondacks. A wolf howled, then another, and another, and soon a pack was gathered and in full pursuit. The men were unarmed, but had a very fleet horse. The horse ran at top speed, with the wolves close behind till a clearing was reached and welcome lights. The men always thought the horse saved them, and I think they were right.

Looking over the matter generally, it appears to me that something can be truthfully said on both sides of the question of the danger of wild animals, and that the advocates of neither side should ridicule or question the statements of known facts by the others. It also appears clear that long contact with man has greatly modified the attitude toward man, if not the nature, of our larger and more dangerous game; that climate and other local causes have a powerful modifying influence; and that among animals, as among men, there is great variation between individuals of the same class. In dealing both with biped and quadruped it is still true that "you can't most always tell who's going to do what." JUVENAL.

The Wood Buffalo.

MR. J. A. MACRAE, Inspector of Indian Agencies and Reserves for the Dominion of Canada, has recently returned from a tour of inspection to the far North—the mouth of the Mackenzie River. He brings some information concerning the wood buffalo which is of very great interest to naturalists and all interested in big game. Mr. Macrae writes:

"At Fort Chippewyan, Fort Smith and Fort Resolution I made close inquiries into the number of wood buffalo remaining, having an opportunity—owing to meeting so many Indians fresh from their grounds—such as I think no one else has enjoyed, to do this. Some of the Indians who were to meet me at each place had lately been near the buffalo, and had counted the different herds, which are generally speaking three in number—one ranging from Salt River to Peace Point, on Peace River; one from Salt River north to Great Slave Lake, and one from Salt River east and west. They number, I conclude, from 500 to 575. I understand that there has been an increase of perhaps a couple of hundred, and it would appear only to be necessary to continue vigorous protective measures in order to perpetuate the herd. It is noticeable that the fur of the wood buffalo, owing, no doubt, to climatic conditions, is longer and thicker than that of its brother of the plains, and it has that straightness and thickness which characterized the muskox robe."

The Canadian Government has forbidden the destruction of buffalo at any time, and the existence of this law has been made known to traders, trappers and Indians alike, so that there is now a general and well defined sentiment among travelers and residents in the country where these buffalo range in favor of their protection. If Mr. Macrae's estimate of their numbers is anywhere near the fact, there are many times more wild buffalo in Canada than there are in the United States.

Albino Hawks.

As Mr. Ruthven Deane in his note on "Albinism in the Red-tailed Hawk" wishes a record given of such captures, I will add a few to his list. About two years ago Mr. Charles A. Allen, of San Geronimo, Cal., wrote me that a pure white red-tail was shot by a ranchman who lived near him, but was not preserved, and also that he had several times seen another where the first was taken, which he thought he could secure for me. Some months after he wrote that the hawk had left the vicinity.

About a year ago I was written to of the capture of a pure white red-tail in western Missouri. This one was mounted, but the price asked was so extremely high, I did not purchase. This fall a friend in Galesburgh, Ill., wrote me that one of a shooting club of which he was a member had shot a pure white "chicken hawk," which had been mounted by the keeper of the club house. I wrote and tried to purchase it, but it was not for sale. What was meant by "chicken hawk" I do not know, but think that in all probability this was a red-tail, as the only other kind of hawk showing any trace of albinism of which I have ever heard is a Krider's buzzard, which has the whole tail pure white except the central feathers are slightly reddish. As the Krider's hawk (*B. borealis krideri*) is a very closely related variety of the common red-tail, it would seem that so far as now known albinism in hawks is largely confined to the red-tailed species. I have lately obtained a godwit, which is all white except a slight buffy shade, and I hear of a white sharp-tailed grouse having been taken.

M. HARDY.

BREWER, Me.

Squirrels in Confinement.

DEEPDENE, Surrey, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to my illegible handwriting (which has exhausted the patience of many printers), I am made to say in my letter to you on the black squirrels not quite what I meant to. I meant to say, "unless the large, jet black squirrel he writes of is the same species as the melanic variety of the gray squirrel," and have said "when the large, jet black," etc. And again I wrote "unless the upper tooth is broken the lower will never grow unduly long," and the types make me say "when the upper tooth is broken, the lower will never grow unduly long," which is exactly the oposite of what I meant to say. The squirrels in the London Zoological Gardens are never given nuts harder than peanuts, but they have sunflower seed, carrots, etc., and they used to be quite wild with delight when I brought them a few hazel nuts. There was an albino gray squirrel which used to chuckle over the nuts in a steady stream of glee and gather them all up to her with her paws as if she couldn't be sure of them unless they were under her. The teeth grind each other down and sharp. One of my pets used to sleep on my pillow beside my head, and I could hear him in the night grinding his teeth together. He insisted on my cracking his nuts for him, and I always did so, and his teeth were perfectly regular when he died.

W. J. STILLMAN.

Like Picking Up Money.

In every city, town and village in the United States where there is shooting or fishing or yachting we want agents to canvass for subscriptions for FOREST AND STREAM. Every sportsman is deeply interested in its subjects, and every sportsman is glad to discuss his doings afield and to hear of the adventures of other sportsmen.

Money is to be made by canvassers for FOREST AND STREAM, and those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity we offer should send for premium list and circular.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A party of Chicago sportsmen have purchased Chambers Island, Mich., from the Wisconsin Chair Company. The island is in Green Bay, about eighteen miles east of this city. The wealthy Chicagoans intend to convert the island into a game reserve, and expect to expend $35,000 or more in the construction of a club house and otherwise improving the property. The island comprises several thousand acres of land, mostly timbered, and deer are very numerous. The present owners have men employed the year round to keep hunters away. A strict surveillance has been maintained for several years, and as a result it is regarded as a fine game reserve.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Change in Washington.

KELLER, Washington, Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the last two years I have been feasting on the many good things that have been set before the readers of your valuable paper, without contributing anything toward supplying the larder. I am still living on the reservation, which a few years ago was one of the best stocked game preserves in the West, but to-day there is, comparatively speaking, no game at all.

In December Arthur Snyder and Henry Yake started out for a few days' hunt. They left Keller and went up to the nine-mile meadows, some fifteen miles distant, where they expected to find some deer, but no deer was to be found there, and as the mountains were covered with snow they did not even find any tracks. Then they went over on to the headwaters of Wilmot Creek, a once famous game range; there they found a few tracks, but did not see any game. Then they followed down the creek to near the mouth, and came back to camp through the nine-mile service thickets. Here they saw several tracks, but no game.

They were out five days and killed one squirrel.

A few years ago in going that round I am certain they would have seen over a hundred deer.

This winter two panthers were killed near Republic. A short time ago Mr. Eichinauer was coming from Bridge Creek, and after walking eight miles he met three cougars, and he claimed that they showed fight, and he ran back to camp. The next day Roll Clayton and a brother of the returned miner went down to where the cougars had been seen, took the tracks and followed them up in among the cliffs of rocks near the river San Poil. They found where the cougars had stopped, and they saw them. The boys fired and killed two at the first shot. The other cougar ran off a short distance, stopped and looked back. The boys both fired at it, and both shots took effect, not two inches apart, and the cougar rolled over dead.

Last week a farmer on the south side of the Columbia, near here, was riding along and he saw a cougar along the bluff. He gave chase, and as he was on horseback he soon treed the cougar, then went to a neighbor's house a short distance, got a rifle, and returned and killed the varmint.

It has seemed strange to me that though I have been on the reservation for sixteen years, I have never got to see a live one; and six are all that I remember having been killed.

There are a few beaver and otter, and this winter the boys down town killed a few coons. While the coons here are very much smaller than those we used to kill along the Missouri bottoms, they are marked the same. Grouse are disappearing very fast, especially the ruffed; there are a few sharptail here, and on this side of the river they seem to be more plentiful than a few years ago.

I have heard but one big wolf howl this winter, and that was in the early part. Coyotes seem to hold their own. I rather think they will increase, as there are getting to be more sheep in the country. They thrive on sheep. Ducks and geese are still to be found along the Columbia River, as we have not had any severe weather yet this winter.

LEW WILMOT.

A Hunt for Grub.

I have just received a letter from my cousin, Amos Cameron, whose love of nature's wilds led him to settle in northern Washington a few years ago. I inclose extracts.—EMERSON CARNEY.

LAST Monday morning I shouldered my old faithful .45-70 and at daybreak hit the trail for some meat, as we were getting below par as to grub. I reached snow line in about one and one-half hours, and soon struck a fresh deer track, and immediately set about to try my stalking abilities. I judged it a goodly sized buck. First he led off to my left on the steep mountain side in an old deadening. After zigzagging around feeding, I found a bed and saw it was a night bed. He then led off to the right and kept a straight course for a mile or more, then he began feeding, and I knew he was close. While maneuvering around, I found that he was up and a-going, first up one way, then slanting back the other, always keeping above on the steep slope back and forth. Well, I saw his scheme, and I believe he saw me more than once, but I left his trail and went straight up, hand over hand, for several hundred yards. Of course I was looking, and I saw him—or her, as it proved to be an immense doe. She was looking down her slanting trail from her lofty perch to see that man with the rifle come along. Well, I looked at her and tried to get a sight on her, but I was so worked out with my climb that I had a fair buckague. I could not hold a bead on a whole mountain peak, so I sat still a minute and rested. She kept a sharp eye down the track, then moved a few steps and stopped, with her body behind a tree, peeping around, which left me the rear end only in view, but I was pretty close—probably 100 yards or a little less—so I crawled up along a log and gave her one high up on the hip point. It ranged a little crosswise, passing through the back bone. A jump and a few slides and tumbles and she was mine—the largest deer I have ever shot.

Now my work had only begun. All at once it began snowing, as it only can on mountain peaks. Then while trying to bleed my game, there came a little cyclone or something else. I dodged behind a tree, and the air was literally full of snow and dead treetops. One top came down kerthump almost at my feet. As soon as the first squall was past I grabbed my deer by the ear and started down the steep slope, for a fairer clime below, over and under fallen trees, rocks and brush. Once I

lost my footing and there was a mix up. The snow was about 8 inches deep, and the deer slid like a toboggan; over me she went, I rolling and grabbing; finally I anchored and the deer went on for a long way. So we kept going till we reached almost snow line and also the edge of green timber, full a mile below, and in a very few minutes. Bruised and sweating, I called a halt for repairs, but not long. The storm was raging all around me, and the timber was crashing and booming. I hurriedly skinned out the hams, slipped into my pack harness and lit out for home as fast as the roughness of the place would permit, stopping occasionally behind some secure looking tree to let an unusually hard blast pass by. By 2 o'clock I was home, tired, bruised, sore and scared, but happy.

The next day it rained and stormed, but Wednesday morning I returned and brought home the remainder of my deer, and had all I could tote. We are now enjoying venison steaks, roasts, boils, stews, etc., and I am willing to try again.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Game Laws.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 14.—Last week I mentioned something about proposed changes in the Illinois game law, and it would seem that the fight at Springfield on these matters is waxing hotter as the months go by. There seems to be a general feeling of dissatisfaction with the Lyon bill both among the strict protectionists and among those who wish to see spring shooting abolished.

In all this fight to secure intelligent legislature for the protection of our wildfowl the Monmouth Gun Club has time out of mind led the legions who have been in favor of keeping up the ruinous policy of spring shooting. Fred Allen, one of the best known shooters of lower Illinois and the prince among good fellows, has been the leader of the Monmouth Gun Club. I wish that he might have a change of heart and might see that this attitude of himself and friends is a sectional and selfish one. In order to secure a little shooting for themselves in the spring, they wish to hold this State to a policy which is damaging to the great majority of the shooters. Now, Fred Allen and his friends are all old enough to say they have had their share of fun. Let us have rotation in office and give the other fellows a chance.

Spring Shooting in Nebraska.

Mr. Henry Mayer, of Grand Island, Neb., writes the following letter about matters in his part of the world: "Our lawmakers in Lincoln endeavor to introduce and pass a law against spring shooting, to which our sportsmen are opposed, for the simple reason that in spring, when the geese and ducks pass over our country, we have the only chance to shoot the birds, as in the fall they never stop with us here, but pass over us, generally of nights, and a mile high, going south. Twenty years ago we had fine fall shooting here, but *tempora mutantur*, and also the tactics of the geese and ducks."

This Nebraska attitude on spring shooting is precisely that of our friends in the Monmouth Gun Club and of our Michigan friends who are standing out for the deep-water shooting on Lake St. Clair and other waters. It is sectional and, I regret to say, selfish. Now if all our Western States should abolish spring shooting it would be as fair to one man as another. We would certainly have more ducks at one place or another in the fall, and I am sure that some of these ducks would stop within reach of our friends in Nebraska, in Michigan, or in Illinois. The time when we can have shooting in our own dooryard is passing away. We all of us, whether of Illinois, Michigan or Nebraska, have got to count on traveling a little bit to get to those less settled regions which remain fit for feeding grounds for the fowl. It seems to me that, since non-resident shooting is to be a necessity for much of our population, a non-resident license law will some day come to sit pretty heavily on the average American shooter, yet he must simply accept this as a part of a greater expense, which is inevitable in securing sport in these days, and charge up his license just as he does his railroad fare. Every man in Nebraska votes for his local mayor, or constable, or coroner, officers who have to do with his immediate vicinity. Very good. But does he not also vote for a President of the United States, and is not the latter officer supposed to be useful to all the people of the whole country? It is the same way in these matters of game protection. We ought to look further than our own dooryard in finding the application of a protective measure. For the men of Nebraska, Monmouth or Michigan to say that they want spring shooting in their localities because otherwise they will not get any shooting, is simply to say they think the constable is a big enough officer for them, that they do not need a President of the United States, and that their neck of the woods is the whole country. Now, this argument about spring shooting sometimes gets very bitter. I should not like to add anything to its bitterness, but I do submit to any old sportsman, such as I am sure Mr. Mayer is, that under our present code of game laws our game is disappearing just about as fast as it can. The only way to restore it is to mitigate the unceasing relentlessness with which it is pursued. It is thought by very many that the best way to do some of this mitigating is to stop killing ducks in the mating season.

A Carload of Quail.

Nebraska and Missouri remain the only two States which allow game to be shipped, yet it is pleasant to be able to say for Nebraska that she now and then takes a fall out of the game dealer. Mr. Mayer incloses the following description of the way a big Chicago provision house got into trouble:

LINCOLN, Feb. 7.—Through B. C. Eldridge, of South Omaha, the Armour Packing Company yesterday pleaded guilty in Justice Green's court to the charge of violating the State game laws. A carload of quail was found in the company's possession last week, and proceedings were begun by local members of the Fish and Game Protection Association. On the plea of guilty the company was fined $500, which was paid promptly.

The Reporter and the Lions.

Mr. M. S. Taliaferro, of Watseka, Ill., has the following to say about some of the newspaper stories which have been coming out of Colorado in regard to Governor Roosevelt and party:

"To one who has lived in the West these reports are amusing. In all my eleven years as a resident of New Mexico I never knew of a sportsman hunting the mountain lion. Occasionally you hear of one being killed, but only because it happens to be in the way. They never hunt for them. The so-called mountain lion is the worst kind of a coward, and I have known them to make no resistance even when cornered. I know of one case, near White Oaks, Lincoln county, N. M., where John Owens and his son, a boy about twelve, were hunting horses and came across a mountain lion, which they treed. They had no gun or other weapon with them—nothing but a lariat, which they intended to rope their horses with. After the lion ran up the tree, Owens, Sr., climbed up after it, roped it, threw the rope over a limb, pulled the lion out and hanged him. Not very much fight in that lion, was there?"

Prairie Chickens in Illinois.

Mr. A. W. Russell, of Wheaton, Ill., sends the following note regarding a bunch of Illinois chickens, which he has discovered within twenty miles of Chicago: "While riding yesterday two miles south of Wheaton, I met a bunch of eighty-one prairie chickens back of a barnyard. They were tame and in fine condition, and I was told by the farmer that they came over every morning, and had their roost in a small grove half a mile from his barn."

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club Expels Mr. Lovett.

The end of a very bitter and unpleasant factional fight in the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club is announced in the following dispatch, which is printed in the Record of this city:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 13.—For "conduct unbecoming a gentleman and clubman" Alvah E. Lovett was expelled last night from the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club. The trouble grew out of the national fly-casting tournament in Chicago last August, when Lovett was a representative of the San Francisco Club. He was accused of tampering with the lines of W. D. Mansfield, president of the club, who was thereby rendered unable to enter the contests. Lovett was his rival.

Unpleasantness developed between these two gentlemen during their presence at the tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club here last summer, and since then each gentleman has applied to members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club with letters asking for evidence on the one side or the other.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The annual meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club was held at the Monroe restaurant on the evening of Feb. 11, following the annual banquet. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. T. Church; Vice-President, H. G. Hascall; Secretary-Treasurer, N. C. Heston; Captain, A. C. Smith; member of Executive Committee, H. Wheeler Perce. There were thirty members present, and the usual enjoyable time was experienced. Dr. Armstrong told his usual merry stories, Mr. B. H. Bradley described his bass fishing trips on the Kankakee, Mr. Leonard Goodwin pulled off a series of fish stories and the new president, Mr. Church, made a general talk in very agreeable fashion.

Illinois Fish Exhibit.

Dr. S. P. Bartlett, of the Illinois State Fish Commission, is in Chicago for the purpose of arranging the aquaria for the exposition of the International Forest, Fish and Game Association, which begins on Feb. 27. Dr. Bartlett is as hale and hearty as he was fifty years ago, and is as much to-day a friend to the carp as he ever was. I asked him if he intended giving a generous exhibit of carp at the show, and he said he knew no reason why that noble creature should not have a full representation.

"The trouble with you fellows is, you don't understand the carp," said Dr. Bartlett. "He is just as good a fish to eat as any other fish, if you know how to cook him. Of course, you can't broil or fry or bake or boil a carp. You have got to know how to cook him right. Now, you don't like to eat a raw cucumber, do you? Yet if you take the same cucumber and make it a vehicle for certain sauces and condiments, you find that the cucumber is very good indeed. It is the same way with the carp."

I suggested to Dr. Bartlett that perhaps the time of the Illinois State Fish Commission might be very well spent in planting cucumbers and not carp, but he seemed to think that this work was not germane to the purposes of the Commission.

"You newspaper men are all alike," said he. "I remember once taking this thing up with Gene Field while he was alive. Gene used to come out with a column or so every once in a while on "How to Plant Carp." He said that some people thought they were better planted in hills, but he himself held they should be planted in rows."

With this latter opinion I think the sportsmen of the country would be very apt to agree.

Dr. Bartlett, none the less, will have a splendid exhibit of Illinois fish at the exposition, and indeed the entire fish exhibit will be a great feature. Matters are beginning to hum here now, and a number of exhibits are headed for Chicago, which will reach here early in the week, including a number of the trout and ouananiche from the Canadian Provinces.

Notes of the Show.

Joe Kipp, of the Blackfoot reservation, one of the best known characters of Montana, writes that he will be on hand for the exposition with a collection of Indian material, which he will put up in the form of an Indian camp. He will probably be accompanied by Hart Schultz, of the same reservation. Mr. Kipp is an old-time man, who saw the West before the railroads, and his experiences in the Indian trading days would fill a big and interesting book. There may be people at the show who will say more than Joe Kipp about wild life, but there won't be anybody here who knows more.

Jack Monroe, in a letter at hand this week, stated that he had his camps all pitched in the mountains near the Blackfoot reservation, and had employed the best snowshoers of that country. He thought he could get some goats, and his only anxiety was about getting them through alive under the provisions of the Lacey act. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Interior have been approached for the necessary permission, which will no doubt be given.

The Premier of Canada wires from Quebec that he is using every effort to secure a live wild caribou for this exposition, and he believes the matter will be accomplished.

The proposal to decorate the interior of the Coliseum with pines has proved a tremendous undertaking, though since it has been started it will be completed. Two enormous Norway pines will be erected outside the door of the Coliseum, and odd enough they will seem on the street of the busy city, where never a tree has stood for a generation. The artists needed a large number of Norway pines for the columns to face the interior arches, and they chose this tree on account of its orange colored bark and its wide and bushy top. Charlie Norris, boss of the woods crew, who has started in early this week at State Line, Wis., to get these trees, is meeting with a great deal of difficulty. Each tree of the dimensions specified weighs over six tons. Each tree has to be let down with a block and tackle, for at this season the branches are as brittle as icicles. The tops have to be sawn off and brought in separately. It will take a train of twelve cars to bring the trunks of the trees, and there will be vast quantities of spruce, balsam, pine and oak trees used as well.

While Cy DeVry, animal keeper, was down at the Caton deer park, at Ottawa, to take charge of some of the deer which the Caton estate has been good enough to lend this exposition, he was unfortunate enough to allow three of the ten deer to escape, and the probability is that they will never be recaptured.

Mr. Evans, who will have charge of the several hundred pheasants which will be shown at the show, also had a misfortune this week. There was one beautiful imported hen for which $70 had been paid, but which broke a wing in the crate. The wing was amputated, but the hied three days after.

The Dough Bird Again.

Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Ia., long time president of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, and a sportsman of experience, adds to the information regarding the dough bird in a recent letter, which reads as below: "I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 26 an article "All About the Dough Bird." Years ago I went to Eastham, on Cape Cod, shooting almost every year. I generally arrived at Eastham about Aug. 24. Between that time and Sept. 1 the golden plover and Esquimaux curlew were likely to come on from the north. Ten of us rented about 400 acres of old pasture land and burned it over, as the birds liked the burnt ground. We dug holes in the sandy ground and put out about fifty decoys. We often had fine shooting, both at the golden plover and dough birds. Both came to the decoys very nicely, and many times I have had them come in flocks of a hundred or more. The dough birds were always very fat and were considered the best table bird sold in the Boston markets. They seldom sold at less than one dollar each. At that time I could contract, if I wished, every dough bird I could kill at one dollar each. At that time I supposed that they were a seashore bird, and not to be found inland.

"In the spring of 1866 I discovered my mistake. I saw more dough birds in May of that year in northwestern Iowa than I had ever seen before in all my life. They were on their way north. Thousands of them were to be found on the burnt prairie with the golden plover. I shot a few, but none of them were in good order. The plover were in fine condition. I have never seen a dough bird in the West except in the spring, and never yet killed one here that was fat enough to be good eating. I think very few if any pass through Iowa on their way south. I have reached the conclusion that most of the dough birds go south via the sea shore. They will decoy here very nicely to golden plover decoys. Their habits seem to be much the same as the golden plover, but I do not think they can fly as fast. I recollect one morning on Cape Cod. A large flock of dough birds came to the field. They went to the decoys of a gentleman by the name of Curtis, from Quincy, Mass., and he killed fifteen with his first barrel. He caught them on the turn over the decoys, and I think it was the finest shot I ever saw. I think fifty were killed before they left the field. There must have been two or three hundred in the flock."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New York Game Bills.

THE NEW YORK STATE FISH, GAME AND FOREST LEAGUE.—To all Clubs, Associations and Members of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League: In compliance with the recommendations of the League, adopted at its annual meeting on Dec. 6, 1900, the Legislative and Law Committee has prepared and had introduced in the Assembly, through Hon. J. L. Burnett, the following measures:

Bills Nos. 351 and 356 provide for an increase of the number of the protectors from thirty-eight to fifty and for an increase in their salaries. The number of protectors authorized by law is inadequate to the work of efficiently enforcing the forest, fish and game laws of the State, composed of sixty-one counties, and the character or their work is such that they are poorly rewarded.

Bill No. 352 amends the present section in regard to explosives by requiring all persons selling dynamite or other explosives to keep a record of all sales thereof, showing the name and address of the persons to whom sold, together with the date of such sale, and also makes the penalty for the use of dynamite or other explosives for the taking of fish a misdemeanor and takes away the right to impose any other or alternative penalty for such use.

Bill No. 353 makes the close season for wildfowl from

March 1 to Aug. 31, both inclusive. Similar measures have been introduced in previous Legislatures, but have failed of passage. Many States have passed laws prohibiting "spring shooting," and it is high time that such a blot upon our fairly good game laws be stricken out. The Forest, Fish and Game Commission recommend that spring duck shooting be forbidden. The present law allows the shooting of wildfowl up to April 30. This covers a period of time when they are breeding and should be unmolested. It is earnestly believed that if these birds are better protected they would make the different sections of the State habitual breeding grounds and multiply very fast.

Bill No. 354 provides for a new section to the game laws by prohibiting the sale of woodcock, grouse and quail throughout the State. These birds are disappearing very rapidly, and unless some stringent law is passed stopping their wholesale slaughter it is only a question of a very short time before they will be entirely exterminated. It is believed if the shooting for market is stopped it will have a great tendency to increase the number of the birds.

Bill No. 355 provides for an appropriation for fishways in the Oswego and Seneca rivers. The construction of such fishways would soon add vastly to the supply of food and game fish in the lakes and rivers of central New York, as their construction would enable the fish to return to their natural spawning beds.

Bill No. 357 relates to the pollution of streams. On page 6 of the last annual report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to the Legislature is found the following in reference to the subject matter of the above bill: "Above all we would especially call your attention to the difficulty of enforcing the law in regard to the pollution of streams. This is a matter of vital importance and not to be dismissed as affecting only the lives of some fishes, the pleasures of some anglers or the dividends of some pulp mills. We are a water drinking people, and we are allowing every brook to be defiled. Nature provides that they should be kept pure by animals feeding on the dead matters which fall into them, but the chemicals with which they are polluted can destroy all forms of life, so that every beast which dies in the mountains will soon roll down into our reservoirs, pickled in acids which no fish or bacteria can touch and live. It is not necessary to destroy or hamper any industry in order to prevent the pollution of water courses. What is really needed is to check the criminal selfishness of those who would rather poison their fellow citizens with their offal than to spend a few dollars to take care of it."

Believing these bills to be meritorious and worthy of legislative enactment, we earnestly urge uopn each club and organization of the State League to at once interest Senators and members of the Legislature representing the different localities to support and work for the passage of the League bills or similar measures that may be pending before their respective houses, to the end that we may have better fish and game protection in the future than in the past.

Dated, Feb. 9, 1901.

C. B. LAPHAM, Chairman,
Canandaigua, N. Y.
W. S. MACGREGOR, New York.
W. S. GAVITT, Lyons.
CHARLES H. MOWREY, Syracuse.
ROBERT B. LAWRENCE, New York.
Law Committee.

Spring Shooting.

EAST QUOGUE, Long Island, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 16 I notice an editorial advocating the abolition of spring shooting. In it is said that the ducks are pursued by spring shooters and are driven north and do not remain in any numbers to nest in New York territory, but under other conditions, if given security, several species would tarry within the State and nest there. I wish to ask what the species this article refers to are, and what part of the State they would stay and nest there. You say New York has extensive stretches of marsh lands adapted to become again the breeding grounds of vast numbers of wildfowl. Where is this land or marsh located, and what year or years have ducks or wildfowl bred in numbers in New York State?

Again you say, A game law should be framed on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. Are the greatest good and the greatest number club men that go South and shoot all winter and as soon as the ducks leave or migrate to the North come back to New York State and cry "Stop spring shooting"?

There is a law in New York State that stops the shooting of bay birds, or snipe, as we call them. Now, Mr. Editor, does the spring law stop the shooting of bay birds? It does not, and there are localities on Long Island where bay birds are shot just as much as they were before the spring law abolishing bay bird shooting was passed. It was stated when that law was made that snipe would breed in New York State and that there would be an increase of snipe. Where have, since the spring law was passed, any birds nested in New York State, and have they increased in numbers?

What benefit will it be to New York to forbid spring shooting, when as soon as the fowl pass beyond our borders they are gunned? AN OLD BAY MAN.

On the Florida Gulf Coast.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Panacea, Fla.: Running along for several miles in front of this hotel is Dixon's Bay, a beautiful little sheet of water, very shallow, landlocked from the gulf and alive with ducks and geese, and on evey windy day the shooting is fine. The fishing for redfish, trout and sheepshead is good. The quail shooting is fully equal to any in Florida, and the best part of it is that the accommodations are such that the ladies are made comfortable and do not have to be left at home. Those that are fond of fishing can have it to their hearts' content, or if more ambitious can follow the dogs or take to the bay for ducks. I am not going to mention the bags of game brought in. Twenty-five quail per gun is the limit by law per day; I regard it a good law. It is no trouble to make it here by driving a few miles to the large plantations. You can hunt from the wagon if you like. I hunt afoot from choice, as I use the all-round dog.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Little Hunting Creek.

THIS short little tidewater run is the upper boundary of the Mt. Vernon estate, and separates it from the River Farm, conveyed by Washington's will to George Fayette and Lawrence Augustine Washington, located, as described therein, as east of Little Hunting Creek, and on the Potomac River, including "360 acres leased to Tobias Lear," and containing in all 2,027 acres, to be equally divided between the two legatees.

The run is of no great depth now, and at very low tide with a bateau one must have a care for the channel, to avoid grounding, but in the upper reaches are a few pools where bass are taken in the fall in considerable quantities.

One may imagine, with an effort, the immortal George having a little boat house on the shore and sometimes coming down here to while away an hour or two. If he had any amiable weakness for this recreation, historians have not made much of it; but then bass have only been planted here within the last decade; that is the big-mouth bass, which has so wonderfully thriven and multiplied in this Potomac estuary. The little-mouth bass, which has been plenty in the upper river since the early sixties, must have occasionally washed down here, but the muddy bottoms and sluggish currents were not congenial for them, as for their congeners more recently arrived, and they made no such record.

It is doubtful if the stream was considerable enough, even in the olden days, to attract anything but the perches. While rockfish or striped bass no doubt came up the river from the sea, as they continued to do for a century later, and often of great size, open river bait fishing has been ever a monotonous business. The shad, and more especially the herring, were the river harvest then as now, and were of necessity taken with nets. The fishing shores were more valuable than at the present time, for they were the open markets for interior plantations where winter stocks of whitefish or shad and herrings or Potomac robins were laid in.

It is probable the Colonial gentry seldom sought recreation with a rod and line. There was the less need, since a wilder country furnished more attractive out of door pursuits denied the modern urbanite. The fox chase and racing and cock fighting were commoner sports, with social features and excitement, fishing could never supply, and far more attractive to a scattered population, whose recreation, unlike that of the dwellers in cities, has for its first requisite the necessity to "get together."

But while the father of his country probably was sometimes guilty of fishing for sport, he never confesses as much, although his entries of September, 1770, sound suspiciously like it.

In Captain Snowden's "Histroic Landmarks of Virginia and Maryland," in a sketch on Broad Creek, Md., is found, "There Washington often went, as he tells us in his diary, with his friend and neighbor Diggs, of Warburton Manor, to throw his line for the finny denizens of the still waters," and quoting some extracts from the Diaryy (p. 61) appears: 1773, May 1. Went fishing in Broad Creek. April 13, 1774, in company with Colonel Bassett, went fishing in Broad Creek."

In trying to verify these extracts the only entries found for those dates in the diary read as follows: "May 1, 1773. Went to the different fishing landings on both sides of the river and found that few fish had been catched," and "April 13, 1774, roaed (rowed) to the different fishing landings as high as Broad Creek." It is not impossible there may be other entries for the same dates, as sometimes happens, but no entry the writer has found tells of actually casting a line. In his Western tour of inspection of his lands beyond the mountains, made for the purpose of ousting the squatters, under date Sept. 22, 1784, he has the following, "Note—In my equipage trunk and the canteens were Madeira and port wine, cherry bounce, Oyl, mustard, vinegar and spices of all sorts. Tea and sugar in the camp kettles (a whole loaf of white sugar broke up about seven pounds weight), the camp kettles are under a lock, as the canteens and trunks also are. My fishing lines are in the canteens." There stands his credentials for admission to the gentle craft. Of course, he uses canteen in the sense of an officer's chest. The other has done duty for bait, but never for tackle.

But he did fish regularly, and in his voluminous diary, yet unpublished, are many records in quaintly spelled and recklessly capitalized language, of his observations on the wandering denizens of the river. In an effort to establish for him a reputation for charitable works, entirely superfluous, since his life was full of them, his eulogists are at some pains to tell of his keeping a net and bateau, at some point on the shore, always in good order for the deserving poor, the widows and orphans, and when they were unable to draw it, of his sending slaves to assist in the operation. This is probably like the little hatchet story of Weems, whom Lodge in his history of Washington discusses in a most delicate manner. Lodge says, emphatically, that Weems "was not a cold-blooded liar," but that he was a "myth-maker," and as to certain of his familiar anecdotes, that there was not "a scintilla of evidence that they had any foundation." Weems seems to have made his great hits by taking current events and dating them back fifty years to get them into Washington's childhood. The modern method is to take antique stories and date them forward to give them current interest. But we have Washington's own testimony that he run fish nets, and did it intelligently. He was ever a busy man, and much in public demand; in his diary he tells of scores of rides after the hounds, and as he heads each month in the later years with "Where, how and with whom my time is pent," we learn much of the company he kept. He trees foxes, captures them, turns them loose next day for another run; often loses them; many times draws blanks; sometimes starts a deer, and even as late as 1772 starts a bear near Mt. Vernon. In March, 1768, he says, "Catchd a fox with a bobbd tail and cut ears, after seven hours chase, in which most of the dogs were worsted." In October, 1768, "Went into the Neck and up the Creek (Little Hunting) after Blew Wings," and he tells often of ducking. In December, 1768, "Went a Pheasant hunting, carried Hounds and they strated and followed a Deer." If anybody else went pheasant hunting and carried Hounds it would be "food for laughter." He attended a purse race at Accotink, and the races at Manassas and Annapolis; he apparently never missed a chance to see a play, whether at night or matinee, and in that regard was much like that other famous diarist, Pepys. He attended balls when he could, and tells of one which in derision he called the Bread and Butter Ball at Alexandria, because there were no other refreshments, and handkerchiefs did duty for napkins and table linen. The neighborhood organized a dancing class, and when it met at Mt. Vernon, all parties remained over night, and sometimes two or three days. In September, 1773, "Went to a Barbicue of my own giving at Accatinck," and there were others.

Owning ten miles of river front with three fishing shores, it is not strange he should have been interested in the fishing, as his diary abundantly proves.

This daily journal has never been printed, and is now in manuscript, bound in about forty volumes, in the Congressional Library; that is a verbatim transcript, with sixteen volumes annotated by Dr. Toner.

The following extracts exhibit his methods of observation and record, and show his interest and activity in the rôle of fisherman. Later he leased the shores or their catch, and had apparently no further responsibility, though he continues to make frequent visits to the various "fishing landings."

"1760:

Jan. 3.—Hauld the Sein and got some Fish, but was near being disappointed of my Boat by means of an Oyster Man, who had lain at my landing and plagud me a good deal by his disorderly behavior.

April 4.—Apprehending the Herrings were come, Hauled the Sein, but catchd only a few of them, tho' a good many of other sorts.

April 5.—Hauld the Sein again, catchd 2 or 3 White fish, more Herring than yesterday & a great number of Cats.

1761:

April 10.—Employed the hands in making two or three hauls of the Sein & found that the Herring had come.

April 11.—Abt. 11 Oclock set the People to Hauling the Sein, and by Night, and in the Night catchd and dressed Barrels of Herrings and 60 White Fish. Observed that the Flood tide was infinitely the best for these Fish.

April 12.—Hauld the Sein, but without Success, some said it was owing to the Wind setting of the Shore, which seems in some Measure confirmed by the quantity we catchd yesterday, when the Wind blew on upon it.

April 13.—(Sunday.) My Negroes asked the lent of the Sein today, but catchd little or no Fish. Note—Ye wind blew upon the Shore today.

April 14.—No Fish were to be catchd today neither.

April 22.—The Herrings run in great abundance.

1768:

April 12.—White fish began to run, catching 60 or 70 at a Haul, with some Her'g.

April 18.—Began fishing for Herrings with Carpenters, etc.

May 10.—Went a dragging for Sturgeon.

May 16.—Fishing for Sturgeon from Breakfast to Dinner, but catchd none.

May 30.—Went fishing and dined under Mr. L. Washington's Shore.

Aug. 25.—Hauling the Sein upon the Bar of Cedar Point for Sheepsheads, but catchd none. Run down below the Mouth of Machadock.

Aug. 27.—Hauling the Sein upon Hollis's Marsh Bar & elsewhere for Sheepsheads, but catchd none.

Aug. 29.—Went into Machadock Cr'k fishing and dined with the Rev'd Mr. Smith.

Aug. 30.—Hauling the Sein on the Bars near Hollis's Marsh & other places. (Nomini Creek.)

1770:

Feb. 3.—Agreed with Mr. Robt. Adam for the fish catchd at the Fishing Landing, I bought of Posey on following terms towit. He is obliged to take all I catch at that place, provided the quantity does not exceed 500 Bar'ls and will take more than this qt'y if he can get Cask to put them in. He is to take them as fast as they are catchd, without giving any interruption to my people, and is to have the use of the Fish house for his Salt, Fish, &c., taking care to have the House clear at least before the next Fishing season. In consideration of which he is to pay me ten Pounds for the use of the House; give 3 shillings a thous'd for the Herrings (Virg. Money) and 8 shillings 4 pence a hundred (Maryland Curr'y) for the White Fish. Mr. Piper & Lund Washington present.

(This was the lowest of his three shores. 14 pounds Maryland Currency equaled 11 pounds Virginia.)

April 13.—Began my Fishery at Posey's for Mr. Robt. Adam.

Sept. 3.—Went in the vening a fishing with my Brothers Sam'l & Charles.

Sept. 7.—Went a fishing into the mouth of Doeg's Creek.

Sept. 8.—A fishing along towards Sheridan's Point. Dined upon the Point.

1771:

April 10.—Began to Haul the Sein, tho few Fish were catchd, & those of the Shad kind, owing to the coolness of the weather. Many Shad had been catchd on the Maryland Shore.

April 25.—The Herring began to run in large Shoals, but were checked again by cool Weather.

1772:

Feb. 21.—Rid to the Ferry Plantation and to the Fishing Landing, where a few Fish were catchd in the Sein.

1773:

April 29.—Rid into the Neck (River Farm), & from there went to Sheridene's Point attempting to clear it for the Sein.

April 30.—Went to the Point again, and made one or two pretty good Hauls.

May 1.—Went to the different Fishing Landings on both sides the river and found that few fish had been catchd.

July 17.—Went down to Col. Fairfax's White House to haul the Sein; returned to dinner."

After the Revolution his home diary was resumed, and the accounts of the conduct of the fisheries, and contracts for sale of fish, etc., continue to read much like those already given.

The present landing pier for Mt. Vernon, built on or near the site of the original, only reaches now far enough to permit a boat to get in and out, with churning up the mud at low tide, is used nearly every summer's day by fishermen. It rarely furnishes better than sunfish, or the perches, about the piles; sometimes a school of little rockfish dart about till frightened, and in the fall, bass on lucky days furnish first-rate sport. It is reported, but not very well authenicated, that a wandering school of small bluefish from the bay afforded unepected delight to some anglers here, taking ravenously both minnows and fly.

On the river shore, north of the creek's mouth, a fisherman named Harper has a fishing station. Last summer, in his absence, river pirates fired his shed, burning nets and paraphernalia, perhaps to hide evidences of theft. He has replaced the net, and is making hauls every night, taking regularly a few fine bass, but principally coarse fish. Still higher up the river is old Fort Sheridan, now Fort Hunt. The United States wharf here reaches far across the shallows, towards the channel on the Maryland shore, and from this pier soldiers off duty and civilians took last fall great quantities of large bass.

The last trip of last season was to this creek to find the bass, which were said to be furnishing grand sport as they came in from the river, presumably hunting winter quarters. It was already too late for the fly, and as the Mt. Vernon electric road crosses the stream on a trestle just before reaching the gates, an early train was taken on this line, and word having been sent the night before, to Four Mile Run, a bucket of beautiful pike smelt were put on at this place. The station at the trestle is Riverside Park, the road being interested in a summer resort here, which has as yet been not much improved. A ravine, called Carney's Gut in the old records, lies between this point and the river, so it is necessary if one desires to enter the creek from the Potomac, to get off at Hunter's, a mile above, and drive over to the Point.

On getting off here, the expected team was not in sight. It was a mile and a half to the boat; the minnows were heavy; the sky lowering, and there seemed nothing to do but wait a dozen minutes for the car to return from Mt. Vernon, and go back home. Just as its shrill air whistle piped, along came my young friend driving a colt to a sulky, with a seat the size of a dining plate. He had made up his mind the weather was not fit, was on his way to the blacksmith shop, and apologized for the vehicle. We both climbed on the seat, and the colt tried to climb a tree; with the minnow bucket swinging behind, rattling and splashing, and the bundles clasped in front, we started. The fix was flimsy, the filly was frisky, the country road scandalous with fall rains, and in anguish, one of us climbed dow.. and carried the minnows the rest of the way; but relieved of the tackle bag and rod case, it was delightful to such a ride.

Arriving at the river we found the boat had not been launched, because the sky was threatening; the tide was low, which meant a hundred feet of mud, but my young friend went up to the fisherman's cottage, and he kindly rigged us out with a heavy bateau comfortable enough for bob fishing. After an hour's delays we started and pulled around into the mouth of the creek, and up above the trestle, trying the likely places all the way up, but finding only a few fairly good yellow perch, which we promptly returned; general results much like Washington's frequent entry of "catchd nothing." We got to the fishing ground at last, and it had grown very dark; the wind was rising and shifting from the east northerly. Caught one bass, and then all Dame Julianna Berners' list of impossibles broke on us at once. Without trying to follow her spelling, she puts it thus: "Now shall ye wyte that there been twelve manere impediments, which cause a man to take no fish without other comyn that may casually happen.

1. If your harness be not meet nor neatly made.
2. If your baits be not good nor fine.
3. If that ye angle not in bytynge time.
4. If that the fish be frightened with the sight of man.
5. If that the water be thick, white or red, of any flood late fallen.
6. If the fish stir not for cold.
7. If that the weather be hot.
8. If it rain.
9. If hail or snow fall.
10. If it be a tempeste.
11. If it be a great wind.
12. If the wind lie in the east, and that is worst, for commonly neither winter nor summer ye fish will not bite then."

So far as concerned the first and second "ifs" we were all right; the harness was meet, and the baits were fine, but it was evidently not "bytynge time." When the prospective purchaser told an earlier David Harum he had 13 reasons for not buying, the first being he had no money, he was informed he need not mind enumerating the other dozen. So it would seem any further explanation superfluous, but we had all the other ifs, save No. 7, against us. The rain which came like the "quality of mercy" for a few minutes soon fell in sheets, the wind became a gale; we shivered with the cold; a hurried row to the trestle, minnows overboard, a scramble up the hill, and the brightest bit of luck of the day appeared; a car was in view coming round the bend, and in two minutes the episode was closed. One of those nice cheerful days, one recalls as he might a broken leg, not from choice but because he can't help it. HENRY TALBOTT.

A California Tuna in New York.

MR. THOMAS J. CONROY, of 28 John street, New York, has on exhibition in his store window a handsomely mounted specimen of the tuna. The fish was caught last June at Santa Catalina, Cal., by Mr. C. C. Paine, weighs 124 pounds and fought for two and one-half hours before being landed. It is a splendid specimen and attracts considerable attention.

Salmon Rivers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent article on salmon rivers, replying to inquiries of a correspondent, you say:

"If Newfoundland becomes a Canadian possession there will probably be no free fishing, and no salmon rivers to be bought, as the Canadian Government is cognizant of the value of such properties, and its policy is to lease rather than to sell."

The inference to be drawn from the foregoing is that when any Province enters the Dominion confederation the Canadian Government acquires the power to dispose of the river fisheries therein. This idea is erroneous. The Canadian Government has power only to regulate—that is, prescribe what are the legal modes of fishing, etc. The property right in rivers is vested in the Governments of the Provinces in which they are respectively situated. It is the Government of the Province of New Brunswick, for instance, that leases the Ristigouche (save the side in the Province of Quebec from Matapedia to the Patapedia), the Jacquet, the Nepisguit, Tracadie, Tabusintac, Northwest Miramichi, etc.

It may interest a number of your salmon and sea trout angling readers to know that all the leases of New Brunswick rivers now running will expire on March 1, 1902. These rivers and their present lessees and rentals paid are as follows:

	Annual Rental.
Ristigouche River from I. C. R. Bridge to Upsalquitch, Ristigouche Salmon Club	$350.00
Ristigouche River from Upsalquitch to Toad Brook, Harry B. Hollins	300.00
Ristigouche River from Toad Brook to Tom's Brook, Ristigouche Salmon Club	1,500.00
Ristigouche River from Tom's Brook to Patapedia, Ristigouche Salmon Club	800.00
Ristigouche River from Patapedia to Red Bank Pool, Ristigouche Salmon Club	800.00
Ristigouche River from Red Bank Pool to Tracy's Brook, Ristigouche Salmon Club	800.00
Ristigouche River from Tracy's Brook to Little Cross Point, Archibald Rogers	1,000.00
Ristigouche Rriver from Little Cross Point to Kedgwick, Archibald Rogers	1,000.00
Ristigouche River, Rafting Ground Reserve and Lot 78, Harry Holbrooke	60.00
Upsalquitch River from mouth to forks, F. Stancliffe	250.00
Upsalquitch River from forks to sources, A. E. Alexander	55.00
Patapedia River, on western bank, from mouth to Quebec Line, Geo. Cyprian Jarvis	100.00
Quatawamkedgwick River, Henry P. King	175.00
Tobique River and branches, Tobique Salmon Club	50.00
Jacquet River and branches, Thos. Murphy	100.00
Tabusintac River and branches, John Connell	60.00
Tracadie River and branches, J. B. Snowball	50.00
Nepisguit River from mouth to 11-Mile Tree, Henry Bishop	165.00
Nepisguit River from 11-Mile Tree to Gt. Falls, Frank Todd	525.00
Nepisguit above Gt. Falls, —. Armstrong	50.00
Little Southwest Miramichi and branches, Wm. F. Ladd	150.00
Northwest Miramichi and branches, above mouth Big Sevogle, R. H. Armstrong	50.00
Big and Little Sevogle, J. Weidmann	150.00
Bartibog River and branches, John Connell	5.00
Dungarvon and its branches, J. S. Neill	50.00
South Oromocto Lake, etc., W. H. Barnaby	200.00
Indian and Popelogan lakes, A. E. Alexander	100.00

The mode of disposing of these leases for periods of, in some cases five, and in others ten years, from March, 1902, will be by public auction at the Crown Land Office, Fredericton. They always go to the highest bidder.

D. G. SMITH,
Fishery Commissioner for New Brunswick.

CHATHAM, N. B., Feb. 11.

The Remembered Event.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ordinary January thaw, which this year was postponed to February, turns my mind to thoughts of fishing; and while I am not tempted to repeat John Danforth's famous experiment of drawing a fly across the smooth upper surface of the ice to see the eager trout below rush to bump their noses against the under surface in the delusion that spring has jumped upon the lap of winter, yet there comes up in recollection an experience which may have occurred to a number of anglers, but which stands out distinctly on my memory's background as the most delightful of my sporting reminiscences, and the relation of which may not only lead other sportsmen to recount in your columns their one pre-eminently remembered event, but which may serve incidentally to tend to a settlement of that much vexed question, "imitation or non-imitation of nature in artificial trout flies."

When I say that this recollection surpasses in pleasure even that of my first struggle with a salmon, anglers will appreciate my feeling.

One morning in May a number of years ago I had been fishing down the Neversink with more or less success, and had arrived at a point where the stream divides into a fork made by a wide gravel bar. The main stream passed off to my left and a very small branch, scarcely 10 feet wide, flowed to the right. It was so small that I gave it no attention, and was fishing the main stream.

But every once and a while I heard a splash, above the sound of the rippling waters, that attracted my attention, until finally I paused and listened intently. The sound came from the small branch of the stream behind me, and upon walking over the gravel bar to investigate, I found that there was a large fish—large for that stream before the brown trout (*Salmo fario*) were mistakenly placed therein—regularly rising under an overhanging red willow and feeding on the fly that was on the water. I knelt down, as there was no shelter, and cast a coachman, a beaverkill and a cahill over him, above him, and even a little below where he rose.

He was not frightened, but deliberately refused my offer, for he came up with the same regularity and engulfed the natural fly with a flip of his tail that seemed to even hit my coachman in derision. I finally moved back, laid down my rod and walked some distance up the stream until I succeeded in catching in my handkerchief, laid within my landing net, one of the natural flies, and found that it was a red spinner. I then substituted for my coachman the smallest red spinner that I had in my book (I tie them of a more delicate build than those usually sold) and crawled on my hands and knees to the place where the trout was still rising, being careful that no shadow was cast on the stream.

With my heart in my mouth for fear of a bungle, I made an underhand cast under the bush, about 6 inches above the last "break," and, presto! I had him. I sprang to my feet and then commenced a soliloquy by that trout that I "received" over the electric circuit of my rod and line, and accompanied by gestures that I could occasionally see. That fish plainly told me that he thought that he was an old fool, that he had repeatedly warned youngsters against silk and feathers, that, notwithstanding the warning, they had gone to destruction, but that they were young and heedless. But that he, a graybeard, should have been deceived, was too much, and he showed his anger and disgust violently. Finally he told me that he deserved it, and that there was no use resisting fate, and though the skies looked bluer and the sunshine brighter when I passed the net under him, I actually felt sorry for the fish, although elated that I had outwitted him. J. E. HINDON HYDE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.

ANGLING NOTES.

Salmon in Canada.

MR. ALEXANDER MOWAT writes me that the upper waters of the Canadian salmon rivers, Ristigouche, etc., were teeming with breeding fish last fall, and that about 2,000,000 salmon eggs had been secured for the new hatchery on the Ristigouche, and that next year there would be a retaining pond for the breeding fish. When I was on the river in June the fish were chiefly passing up streams without any halting in the pools, and this argued well for the future stock of fish in the stream, and Mr. Mowat confirms the opinion formed in the spring.

Newfoundland Fishing.

A friend wrote me last spring to ask what I knew about trout and salmon fishing in Newfoundland. I was not at home, and so did not answer his letter until he had started to find out what he wished to know on the spot. He wrote me lately: "I did go up on the west coast of Newfoundland, and when I went to see you and found you were in Canada, I wished to get a few points about salmon fishing, as I had never seen a salmon until it was dead. I was late for this sport, but I saw barrels of salmon lying in the pools, though they were not interested in artificial flies. The trout, the beautiful sea trout were, however, in full bloom. I could have taken 100 pounds a day had I been so inclined, but I had no use for so many. The first day two of us caught 36 pounds in an hour and a half. They would take anything offered and acted as though they were crazy. I consider them much better than brook trout for the table. That is the greatest sporting country I ever saw, both for rod and gun, and it must be a great place or resort for sportsmen when they get better accommodations. It is hard getting along there now, unless you camp and take everything with you. Some time I will tell you more about it."

Trout and Pike.

It is generally understood, I believe, that when a person desires to obtain fish for planting from the Forest, Fish and Game Commision of New York, particularly if the fish wanted are trout, an application must be made out, filling in answers to certain questions, one of which is to declare whether or not the water is natural trout water, and another is to state the kinds of fish, other than trout, that are in the water in which it is desired that the trout be planted.

More and more, apparently, the answer to the last mentioned question is "pickerel." This may mean the common pond pickerel or it may mean the pike commonly called pickerel. Brook trout and pickerel do not, as a rule, thrive in the same water, aside from the fact that pickerel will prey upon trout, but occasionally pickerel will make their way into and establish themselves in the cool waters natural to trout, and generally the Commission declines to furnish trout to be planted in waters that pickerel have invaded and become a fixture. One man wrote that to reject trout applications for waters that contained pickerel "would be to remove the greater part of the streams in that region from the list of trout streams." Another applicant who had declared that pickerel were found in the stream for which he wished the trout mentioned in his application, made a personal call upon the Commission after his application had been rejected, and argued that he should have the trout he asked for because he had been frank enough to admit that the stream contained once in a while a small pickerel, for he thought no one else would have made the admission. He was somewhat surprised when there was shown to him a report made by one of the State game protectors that the stream was unsuitable for trout not only because it contained pickerel, but because it was used by a large vilage as the outlet for its sewage. In one week two men asked for trout to be planted in waters infested with pike, or pickerel, rock bass, sunfish and yellow perch, and both admitted when questioned that the water was not suitable for trout, but they thought if trout were planted this act would stop winter fishing through the ice under Section 58 of the game law, and they were inclined to be indignant because their applications were rejected. One man thought if large trout were planted they could protect themselves from the pickerel. The Commission tries to inform itself about any water in which there is the least doubt as to its fitness for members of the salmon family, and so when the applicant's answers to the queries in the application are not conclusive the State game protector of the district in which the water is situated is asked to report on it. There are plenty of streams and ponds that have been improperly planted with fish, and in some instances there is a remedy for the mistake and in others not. If there is a remedy the applicant generally wishes the State to apply it, for it means an expenditure of time and money. It is much easier to put fish into a pond or stream than it is to get them out after it is discovered that the putting of them in is a blunder.

Again and again I have advised correspondents to remove pickerel from trout waters and try and restore it to its original condition instead of putting in other fish, generally black bass, that cannot be removed. The law provides for the condition of things in Section 47 of the Game Law: "The Commisison may permit the taking or

destruction of pickerel at any time in waters inhabited by trout."

Over and over I have written about Loch Leven in Scotland as an example of how pickerel may be kept down and trout made to thrive in the same water, if a determined effort is made to keep the stock of pickerel down and the stock of trout up, but this will not be accomplished by inaction, or by writing to some fish commission for more and more trout after it is discovered that an error has been made.

I always quote from the operations at Loch Leven, because the records kept of the fish and the fishing are so complete, and figures are presented instead of speculation or guesswork. The last season, 1900, at Loch Leven shows that 23,431 trout were taken with rod and reel, and for purposes of comparison I give the number of trout taken in the two years preceding 1899, 20,431, and in 1898, 19,733. The report says of the pike: "The netting of pike during their spawning season keeps them well under. The largest taken in the net weighed 25 pounds. The heaviest caught with the rod weighed 17 pounds. The want of sunshine was against perch fishing, though some good catches were made." In spite of the pike (our pickerel in New York) and the perch, 698 more trout were caught in 1899 than in 1898, and 3,000 more in 1900 than in 1899. Is it not worth trying to take the pickerel out of a pond that contains trout, rather than put other fish in and so make a bad matter worse?

In this country the people get fish so easily that they do not in all cases value them at their proper value, and they do not make a proper effort to foster what they have. The sole remedy for all waters, when fishing is poor, no matter what the conditions may be, is to ask for more fish to be delivered promptly. If brook trout cannot be furnished then send pike (such a letter is before me as I write, but pike in this instance means pike-perch), and send plenty of them. I have seen very many applications asking for brook, brown and rainbow trout fry and brook, brown and rainbow trout fingerlings, all on the same application and all desired for the same stream or pond. The eternal fitness of things is not in the least considered. A man is advised not to plant brown trout in waters already containing the native brook trout, and he replies that he has already done so. I think I can point to fifty cases of this sort. There will come a time when some one must answer for the indiscriminate stocking that has been done. That a man asks for a certain kind of fish for certain waters that are entirely unsuitable for the fish, it is no reason why the man should have them because he is a citizen and a taxpayer and the fish are free. A chemist would not sell a man active poison simply because the man was ignorant of the results from using it and had been impressed with the name and so fancied it for his system, but an honest chemist would recommend hoarhound candy instead of the prussic acid the man thought he wanted.

The Commission has a letter on file from a man whose application was not filled. He said he was entitled to the fish and he would have them or know the reason why, with other intemperate language. He was told the reason why—that no man was entitled to fish until his application had been passed upon by the Commission, and then if the waters were suitable for the fish and the State had them for distribution, the fish were sent, not to the individual, but for the benefit of the general public who fished the water. If the Commission propagated trout and fed them to pickerel there would, in all probability, be a demand for a change in the personnel of the Commission.

A. N. CHENEY.

New Publications.

The Curious Case of Gen. Delaney Smythe. By Lt.-Col. W. H. Gardner, U. S. A., retired. The Abbey Press, publisher, 114 Fifth avenue, New York.

Among the many books of the period, Col. (Dr.) Gardner's "Curious Case" stands out quite *sui generis*. No other novel that has appeared is constructed on similar lines. It will interest sportsmen in particular, for not only is the principal of the *dramatis personæ*, Gen. Smythe, a veteran of the Asian and African jungles, but the author himself is a sportsman by instinct and training. It is quite natural, therefore, as one may believe, that after forty-five years of life in the wild and woolly West, of which thirty-seven were passed as a surgeon in the regular army, the Doctor's book should be threaded with reminiscent passages of the field and chase. But beyond this, a dog is the *point d'appui* of the narrative. The blood of a pointer makes the incalculable distress of an innocent man. By it he is spotted as a murderer and condemned to die by a Dakota court. Indeed, all the threads and cues to the solution of this "Curious Case" radiate from the hunting field. Never were canine vacillations more intimately woven into a dramatic plot. But for the unexpected and fortuitous revelations of clairvoyance the dog the General and his faithful servant would all have been dead, hypothetically, if not in fact. Though three times wounded to death, there was at last vouchsafed to the General a modicum of earthly joy in company with a devoted and charming wife; which is very proper. The "Curious Case" is a tentative one all through. The situations are for the most part painful from the first chapter on, but are relieved here and there by sunny aspects.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

The deepening of the St. Lawrence Canal system has had other results than to allow the passage of ocean-going freightage. Following in the wake of the vessels sea herrings have made their appearance in Lake Ontario and are being eagerly captured by the fishermen.

Like Picking Up Money.

In every city, town and village in the United States where there is shooting or fishing or yachting we want agents to canvass for subscriptions for FOREST AND STREAM. Every sportsman is deeply interested in its subjects, and every sportsman is glad to discuss his doings afield and to hear of the adventures of other sportsmen.

Money is to be made by canvassers for FOREST AND STREAM, and those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity we offer should send for premium list and circular.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

One Cure for a Cold.

I AM not going to advise any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM to adopt the following cure; for using our old family physician's words, "It might go the other way."

Seventeen years ago this winter I was a boy on a farm in Canada, with no special endowment except the love of nature and a good constitution. As sometimes happens to the best of us, I was about laid on the shelf with a very severe cold, and as it grew rapidly worse my mother became alarmed and insisted on an interview with our family physician. The good man shook his head, looked wise, said I was on the verge of lung fever and told me to remain in bed for a couple of weeks and take a large quantity of flaxseed tea very often, with some other "dope" he put up that tasted like warm varnish or melted glue.

I very dutifully gulped down two doses of the medicine and a liberal allowance of flaxseed tea for twenty-four hours. When the morning of the second day dawned there was about one foot of beautiful light snow, and it was perfectly calm and very cold, an ideal day for a fox run through the heavy growth of pine timber which abounded in our neighborhood. My sporting proclivites rose with the sun—in fact I rather think they had old Sol beaten by a few minutes. At any rate, about 8 o'clock A. M. I retired up stairs to bed, as the family supposed. But suddenly there came to me a long dismal howl from the direction of the drive house. Old Drive evidently shared my feelings, and gave vent to them in long howls. Old Drive was a spotted foxhound of the ordinary type, somewhat larger than the average and with a head and eyes that would have won many laurels in a bench show of modern times. But in the forest or swamp he had no superior, and the sly old fox that could play funny business with him was a marvel. He had a lope that was considerable, too fast for comfort for a fox, and his power of endurance was certainly wonderful even for a hound. He was as true a friend as a man ever had; he could not talk, but in the timber his voice was more inspiring than a brass band is to a small boy.

I listened to his howl once more, hesitated and was lost. Carefully and silently I donned a heavy suit, warm and heavy leather walking boots, and was ready. I quietly lowered the old muzzle loader out of the window, and more rapidly lowered myself into a four-foot snowdrift in the rear of the house after balancing myself on the window sill till I closed the window. I landed on all fours, right side up, grabbed my trusty old single barrel, and headed for the barn. I escaped observation and patted old Drive very affectionately to keep his heavy bass from arousing the neighbors for a few miles around. We passed out through the barnyard and struck a bee line for the timber a half mile away, which we reached via a neighbor's, where I got a companion and a cur dog. Misery loves company—the other boy had the chicken pox. On reaching the woodland I loosened the leash and with a roar of delight old Drive was off.

The early settlers or Indians perhaps, in clearing the country which runs along a large river, cleared the land at the front of the farm near the river, leaving the woodland at the extreme end of the land, which is the regulation length of 100 acres. Every farm being so cleared leaves a strip of timber for miles at a distance of about one-half mile from the river, and varying in width from 300 to 400 yards of very heavy pine and oak, thickly grown up with small underbrush—an ideal runway for a fox. The strip of timber connects two marshes of from one thousand to fifteen hundred acres each. The marshes were also connected by another strip of woods further back, and by the frozen river in front, making three complete runways, and it kept a hunter running and guessing where he would come down. I have watched all day without a shot, and have seen the old dog make many trips between these marshes only to lose his game at nightfall when we brought him home if, like the Irishman's flea, we could catch him.

On this particular day, soon after reaching the heavy timber, we started a cottontail, which we got on his first trip around the circle. This was only a warm up for the dogs after a few days' idleness, and made them doubly keen, and away they went. For half an hour all was still; we saw the cur occasionally, but old Drive kept working ahead and still until he was a good half mile to westward, and in a swamp of small size, when there was a long howl followed by several shorter barks, and we knew the fun had started. The fox had started west going toward the larger marsh, and he was losing no time, as it was a fresh start and a fresh dog. The music became fainter and fainter, and finally was lost entirely; and we put in the next half-hour bagging two rabbits. Then we heard the old boy coming; the fox had doubled and was coming down the same way he had gone. George and the cur took the south side and I the north edge of the timber. We had been waiting for about ten minutes, and the dog was close, when I heard the report of a gun which was an old army musket and was harmless except from the rear. George's cur, which was a fine fox dog, for about ten minutes began to yelp and head east. Then I knew the game had passed us. I found George loading his old musket. He had a fine shot at about thirty yards, but we found marks in the snow for 20 feet, except where the fox had been. There was not a hair or a sign of a shot having struck him. Knowing we had a good hour to wait, we sat on a log and ate our cold lunch. In about twenty minutes the cur came back with a sad expression. We soon lost sound of the dog, as the wind was against us now. Twice did the fox give us the go-by with a clean pair of heels during the afternoon, but he was getting very tired, and the end came about 4 o'clock in a very peculiar manner. I was standing in a clump of hazel bushes beside a log; the dog was close and coming straight for me. I leaned back to get a look around some bushes, missed my footing and fell over the log in the soft snow. I made no noise, and as I got my gun over the log preparing to rise, I saw Reynard coming straight toward me about one hundred yards off. He was very much worn and was getting careless. I lay in the snow, in fact covered with it, scarcely breathing. He came on till when he was about twenty-five yards away. I took careful aim and fired. The cur came at the sound of the gun. The fox was not dead, but he ran about fifty yards, when he was overtaken and killed by the cur.

I reached home at 5 o'clock, very tired and happy. My mother almost went wild, having missed me at 2 o'clock. She also missed the gun and dog. She told the good old doctor all about it, and he said, "It's all right; but if it had gone the other way it would have killed him."

My cold was all right and I lived to kill many more foxes before old Drive became superannuated and I left the farm.

TERB.

The Celebrated Drum Case.

From the Kansas City Star.

THOMAS T. CRITTENDEN, former Governor of Missouri, tells a story about a famous lawsuit that grew out of the killing of a foxhound. The case was in Johnson county, Mo., and its legal title was Charles Burden vs. Leonidas Hornsby, but it was known as the Drum case, because that was the dog's name. The case became known to nearly all the lawyers of the State. In a reminiscent mood yesterday, Gov. Crittenden related his recollections of it.

"It was first commenced before a justice of the peace and was then appealed to the Common Pleas Court," said Gov. Crittenden. "On the abolition of that court, it was passed to the Circuit Court, and from the Circuit Court it was appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. When residing at Warrensburg, Senator Cockrell and I were law partners. We had a large general practice, covering all classes of cases, from murder to dog cases. Among the cases that filled our court docket was the Drum case. Drum was a noted foxhound, owned by Charles Burden, living in the western part of Johnson county. The dog was known far and near in that part of Missouri as one of the fastest, best-nosed, least uncertain, having the most singularly musical and regular bark, and the most tireless foxhound in the pursuit. No hunt of any importance was had in Johnson, Cass or Henry counties for that wily animal, in which Drum was not a prominent figure. He seldom opened on the trail that he did not run down the game and modestly presented 'the brush' to his owner, making no difference whether it was a gray or red fox.

"The political feeling in Johnson county ran quite high at that time, entailing much bitterness between neighbor and neighbor, the remnant of the unfortunate war. Burden and Hornsby had been on different sides of the war and had differed widely on that and every other question. They seemed to be naturally antagonistic to each other, almost being hatred on both sides at first sight. Hornsby, for some cause useless now to discuss, was charged with having shot and killed Drum. There was much evidence tending in that direction. This increased the bitterness, not only between these two men, but also throughout the neighborhood, as both had friends, and as men, as well as boys, have fought and died about dogs since the world began. Burden sued Hornsby before George Norman, a justice of the peace, Nov. 9, 1869, there being a hung jury; it was tried soon thereafter, with a like hung jury, and it was retried Jan. 1, 1870, and a verdict was had for $25. The case was then appealed to the Common Pleas Court, a trial had, and a judgment was there given for the defendant. A motion for a new trial was filed May 2, 1870, and for some cause it was granted, and on the 23d day of September, 1870, a trial was had before a jury in the Circuit Court, the Common Pleas Court having been abolished, and a verdict was rendered in behalf of the plaintiff for $50, the amount asked for in the suit.

"The case had been before the people so long it had become celebrated and of intense interest. Crittenden & Cockrell appeared for the defendant when the case first appeared in the Common Pleas Court. Elliott & Blodgett made their first appearance in the case at the same time. Both firms followed the case to its close. Col. Blodgett was then residing at Warrensburg, and soon after this trial removed to St. Louis, becoming the general solicitor of the North Missouri Railroad; now the Wabash. He was then one of the ablest of the Missouri bar, and has since become one of the most distinguished corporation lawyers of the United States, possessing all of the elements of a great lawyer and an admirable gentleman.

"At this stage of the case Philips & Vest were employed by the plaintiff, on Drum's side. It may be well to here state that by this time both the plaintiff and the defendant had almost passed out of sight and Drum became the important figure of the whole trial. Philips & Vest, Elliott & Blodgett appeared for the plaintiff on the jury trial of the case, Sept. 23, 1870, and Crittenden & Cockrell for the defendant. As both sides recognized it as a famous case, with large costs pending, Greek being arrayed against Greek, they went into the trial well prepared, with blood in their eyes, asking no favors, granting none. I do not now remember all the grounds of the defense, the most important one being that even if the defendant did kill the dog, which was not confessed, it had no market value and no suit should be based upon it. After the evidence was presented and the instructions given by the court, Judge Foster P. Wright, then presiding, allowed two speeches on a side, covering four hours, saying: 'I want this dog case to be fully tried and ended; it has already exhausted too much time.' I think Col. Blodgett made the opening speech for Drum. I followed next and then Cockrell followed me. Cockrell and I thought we had the jury on our side, politically and sympathetically, and the verdict was sure to be against Drum. Blodgett had made a great speech, he

being always an accomplished trial lawyer, but naturally I thought Cockrell had made a greater one. Half of the jurors were our clients, who had never failed us on previous trials when we had half a chance for a verdict. The court adjourned after Cockrell's speech, which we then thought was a favorable omen, as he had made such a speech as the jury could retire on, as the more it was weighed the more strong points there were to be considered by the jurors.

"We little thought, then, what was to follow. We little knew where Vest would strike and how he would strike us. Those of us who knew Vest well always considered him dangerous in a court-house, in any kind of a trial, even when appearing most listless, as behind his smiles, his jokes and apparent indifference there was then a gathering of the lightning, a gathering of the forces, which would when ready strike down and sweep everything before it. He was always naturally prepared for any kind of a case, and if there were any case in which he would be better prepared than any other, in feeling and passion, it would be a dog case. No lawyer was ever at himself more in a court-house than Vest in any kind of a trial. There never was a crisis in the trial of a case for which he was not prepared, with the law, with the facts, with coolness and eloquence, turning almost certain defeat into complete victory. Vest was in a hard contested trial in a court-house, as was Luxemburg, the great French general, on a battlefield, striking with the greatest force just at the right spot, at the right time, when least expected, and when defeat seemed most apparent and victory the least probable. He was a great lawyer in all kinds of cases, winning judges and jurors by his generalship and unsurpassed eloquence. In those days Vest had a deep blue eye that was irresistible, that was winning, that was fascinating, and a voice as musical as a chime from cathedral bells and as sweet as distant murmurs of flowing waters. I have often heard Vest, but never have I heard from his lips, nor from those of any other man, as graceful, as impetuous and as eloquent a speech as that before the jury on that beautiful September morn, after he had the night in which to digest the facts, to weave his thoughts into the most wonderful bouquets of musical words, and to recall from history all the instances when and where dogs had displayed intelligence and fidelity to man, quoting more lines of history and poetry about them than I had ever supposed had been written, capping the monument he had erected of splendid words in brilliant sentences as lulling as the hum of bees in apple blossoms, by quotations from the Bible, of dogs soothing the sores of Lazarus, from Byron: ''Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark;' from Scott: 'The hound's deep hate and huntsman ire,' and from Motley's graphic description of how the fidelity of a dog had prevented the capture of William of Orange by the Duke of Alva.

"It was as perfect and grand a piece of oratory as was ever heard from pulpit or bar. Court, jury, bar and audience were entranced, were lost, were won. I looked at the jury and saw all were in tears, especially W. O. Ming, the foreman, who wept copiously, as one who had lost his last and best friend. I said to Cockrell we were defeated; Drum had won, though dead, and we had better get out of the court-house with our client, else all would be hung. The victory was complete on this trial, as we thought, but our client urged an appeal to the Supreme Court, which was taken, and that court said, in the opinion written by Judge Bliss, 50th Mo., page 228, 'The case should have stopped there.'

"I presume," added Gov. Crittenden, "that distant court must have felt the vibrations of that wonderful speech when being made by one of Missouri's greatest orators. Drum has been canonized by that speech in that part of Missouri, and when Vest left the court-house even the dogs of the village seemed to have gathered around him in their love, and followed him as their friend to the hotel. Some of the greatest speeches ever made in Missouri have been made in Warrensburg by Benton, by Green, by Doniphan, by Brown, by Blair, by Henderson, by Peyton, by Phillips, but never was a greater one heard by those people than that from Vest on Drum."

Deeds, Not Words.

Ovid, N. Y., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I own a beagle, Jack, black, white and tan, three years old, closely related to King Bannerman on his father's side, and on his mother's side to Dinah, an animal with human eyes. After carefully considering his faults—for he has a few—and eliminating from the judgment as much as possible the affection which a faithful servant is wont to inspire, I hold the opinion that "he is a good dog," and, what is usually denied in dogs, that he thinks a bit.

Don't we often judge a man's reasoning ability by what he does when anything occurs to which he is unaccustomed? Why not apply the practice to dogs?

This dog is an unusual coward. But he fought, strenuously, with another dog simply because this other dog tried to secure praise and petting to which he was not entitled. Here was robbery. It could only be stopped by actions which entailed suffering. He suffered in defense of a principle. Most men won't do it.

He usually hunts alone with me. Recently he ran a rabbit in company with two fox hounds. These two dogs soon lost the trail, but Jack followed it, overtook the game, exhausted by running in soft snow, killed it far from my sight and hearing, and then carried it a quarter-mile to the place where he last saw me. Was this done that his master and partner should share the victory to the exclusion of the others, or was it to show what he had done that seemed praiseworthy?

Ordinarily his first work when the rabbit is killed is to secure a hot lunch. Did he think?

His regular business, needless to say, is rabbits. When they are scarce we hunt ducks, stalk them along shore, running when they dive to feed, dropping in concealment when they come to the surface. My dog will run when I run, stop with me and come to my place of hiding. Frequently I crawl several rods on my stomach. Then he follows stealthily behind, coming to me when I motion toward the ground. When I run to the shore to shoot, he rushes to the water's edge and barks joyously. No need to repress emotions longer. One January day a year ago he swam out and retrieved a duck, and has done so many times since, once being washed ashore by a rolling wave. This is not regular beagle work.

The work instinct will hardly explain these actions, and there has been no training. In these three instances this animal was placed among circumstances new to him and did what plainly ought to be done. He doesn't always do it, but neither do men. He thinks a little sometimes.

B. C. Birge.

Gordon Setter Club.

The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York Dog Show, on Feb. 22, 1901, at 8 P. M., for the election of officers, and such other business as may come up.

L. A. Van Zandt, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., Secretary of the American Fox Terrier Club, has issued a notice to the club members as follows:

You are hereby notified that the annual meeting of the American Fox Terrier Club has been postponed and will be held at the Madison Square Garden (Westerminster Kennel Club Bench Show), on Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 4 o'clock.

A meeting of the Executive Board of the club will be held at the same place and immediately following the meeting of the club.

The Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual Dog Show has 2,125 entries, divided among the different breeds as follows: St. Bernards 113, Newfoundlands 5, Great Danes 88, mastiffs 11, bloodhounds 22, Russian wolf hounds 41, deerhounds 14, greyhounds 29, fox hounds 14, pointers 108, English setters 111, Irish setters 39, Gordon setters 21, Griffons 4, Irish, water, Clumber and field spaniels 57, cocker spaniels 171, collies 116, old English sheep dogs 7, Dalmatians 4, poodles 37, bull dogs 67, bull terriers 99, Airedale terriers 29, Boston terriers 167, French bull dogs 67, Basset hounds 2, beagles 116, dachshunde 46, fox terriers 148, Irish terriers 78, Scottish terriers 48, Black and Tan terriers 23, Welsh terriers 15, Skye terriers 6, Bedlington terriers 4, Yorkshire and toy terriers 43, pugs 8, Pomerians 41, toy spaniels 79, miscellaneous 15; total 2,125.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Feb. 17.—Mr. Geo. M. Pynchon, head of the syndicate which was formed to build the Canada cup defender, Illinois, last week gave permission to the press to publish the facts concerning his boat. It was not through any fixed principle of secrecy that Mr. Pynchon was desirous of withholding this information until now, for he does not believe in secrecy. It was simply that the Canadian challengers were in process of construction, and he did not want any information given out which would prove injurious to the interests of the Chicago boat.

The fact that Crowninshield was given the order to design this yacht is a further evidence that his designs which have been sent to the lakes have found favor among the yachtsmen there. It is more than likely that the success of his 25-footer Flirt in Massachusetts waters last season and the successful trip of his raceabout, Jolly Roger, to the waters of Long Island Sound had much to do with his getting this order. In turning out Illinois he had to figure his racing length under the girth rule and its many handicaps. He studied the rules of measurement very carefully before drawing a line, and has expressed the opinion that the rules were very good all around, and were absolutely fair to all.

In the new boat he has embodied all the principles which have been found to be of advantage in producing speed in keel boats, but there is nothing radical in any of her dimensions. She has the flat floor, but there is not nearly as much dead rise as in his 90-footer. She has long, but not excessive, overhangs, and will steer with the balance rudder, which has been found to be of such great value in other racers in smaller classes.

Her principal dimensions are as follows; Length over all, 45ft. 3in.; length on the waterline, 28ft.; extreme beam, 9ft. 5½in.; draft, 6ft. 9in. Her least freeboard is 2ft., and her girth, under the rule, is 18.8ft. Her frames are 1½x1⅝in., spaced 9in. on centers amidships and 10in. at the ends. She will have 6,000lbs. of lead on her keel. She will have a sail spread of 1,348 sq. ft., four-fifths of which will be in the mainsail, so that she will be practically an enlarged raceabout. She has double planking of mahogany, the inner skin ⅜in. and the outer ⅝in. Between the two skins there is a thick coating of white lead. She will be practically flush decked, although there will be two hatches, which will form a kind of covering. One of these is of pine, covered with canvas, and will be used when racing. The other is mahogany and will be used when she is cruising. Both are fastened to the deck with clamps.

The construction of Illinois is now well along at Lawley's. She is all planked and her deck is about laid. Last week workmen were busy smoothing up her planking, preparatory to giving her the priming coat. She is a very slippery looking boat as she lays in the shop, and looks as though it would take a lot of hustling to beat her.

Capt. Haff, B. B. Crowninshield and Geo. F. Lawley had rather a disappointing trip to New York last week. They went to City Island, where they hoped to find Defender in such condition that it would be practicable to fit her out as a trial horse for the Boston Cup defender. The result of their visit was that there will be no such trial horse, for the yacht was in such poor condition that Mr. Crowninshield said that they would not take her as a gift, and Capt. Haff said that he would not risk towing her around to Boston, as he thought she would sink before she had gone half the distance.

Mr. Crowninshield said that her aluminum plating was so corroded that he could brush it away with his hand like so much wood ashes, and her stringer plates were so bad that the decayed metal could be turned up with the toe of the boot like common earth. When inside of her, he said, one could look through several holes in her topsides and see daylight. Her lower plating appeared all right, as did everything composed of bronze and steel about her, but where aluminum was used the metal had become rotten. He figured that it would cost at least $10,000 to put her hull in condition. He said that all she was good for now was to be broken up for junk.

Work on the Boston boat should progress rapidly from now on. The casting for the sternpost arrived at the Atlantic Works Friday. Saturday night it had been fitted to the casting of the bottom of the keel, and several of the holes for the rivets had been bored. The stem casting has been fitted and almost all of the rivet holes bored. It is expected that by Tuesday the keel will be set up in the shop and the actual work of construction started.

The latest phase in the Cup defender business has been developed by the statement alleged to have been made by Nat Herreshoff that if Billman should rig the Boston boat he would not get the contract to rig the Belmont syndicate defender, now building at Bristol. This is but one of the many little annoying conditions which have confronted the Boston yachtsmen at different times since the yacht was started.

To the majority of New England yachtsmen, such a proceeding seems small, to say the least. Those who have expressed an opinion have generally called it childish. Geo. F. Lawley is alleged to have said that if Billman did not rig the Boston defender he would never rig another boat at Lawley's yard. If this statement is true it has a great significance to Mr. Billman, as it is well known that Lawley supplies him with more rigging than Herreshoff or any other yacht building concern in this country. Lawley turns out many more boats than Herreshoff during the winter months, and Billman has always had the preference in rigging the largest of these.

It seems really too bad that conservatism should be carried to such an extent that it becomes more properly known by another name. If Herreshoff wishes to maintain the u most secrecy, the yachtsmen in New England have no objections, but when it is stated that a man doing a general rigging business will lose his contract on one boat if he should take a like contract on another, the spirit of fair play, which is dear to every American sportsman, seems to be getting peculiarly twisted. The Boston people are not desirous of driving Herreshoff out of the Cup defender business, but they do think that their designers and builders should have representation.

Billman is credited with being one of the best, if not the best, riggers of large racing yachts in this country, and his work is much desired by those connected with the Boston boat. But notwithstanding these facts, if Billman shows a tendency to be browbeaten by Herreshoff, they will find some one else to do the work. There are plenty of riggers around Boston who would be glad of the opportunity of showing what they can do in the line of fitting out a racing 90-footer. So, at the present time, it is up to Billman. From a business point of view, it looks as though he would be better off in sticking to the Boston boat, if it should be a question of losing one contract by taking another.

When the boat was first started Billman was called in by B. B. Crowninshield and asked to take the contract for rigging the boat, which he said he would do. He was also asked to make arrangements to be in her during the races. This he also agreed to. When it was absolutely decided to build, the whole contract was given to Geo. F. Lawley, with the condition that Billman was to do the rigging. Mr. Billman was dissatisfied with this arrangement, and frequently complained to Crowninshield about it.

Last Saturday Mr. Billman visited Mr. Crowninshield's office and said that he had just been called up on the telephone by John B. Herreshoff. He said that Herreshoff had offered him a good consideration for rigging the Bristol boat, but added the condition that if Billman was to serve the Belmont syndicate he could not do work on the Boston boat. Billman wanted to know what the Boston people were going to do about it. Mr. Crowninshield told him that Geo. F. Lawley had been given orders to pay him liberally for his work at rigging, and it was also desired by the owner and the designer of the Boston boat that he should be on her deck during the races. For this he was also to receive a generous compensation. What Billman will do about the matter has not yet been announced, but it is expected that he will decide within a few days.

The Burgess Y. C. at Marblehead is taking active steps to make next season's racing the most successful in the annals of the club. This club has always been very active in racing matters, and for its size, probably offers more prizes than any other club in Massachusetts Bay. All money that can be possibly spared from the treasury is always used for racing, and if there is any shortage the members go into their pockets to produce the wherewith to give races. The present regatta committee is a very active one, and is doing all that can be done to make the Burgess Y. C. foremost in racing matters.

It is intended that a championship prize will be offered for the boat in any class making the best season's record. This will be either a cup or a cash prize. In the case of the latter, a championship pennant will be given the winner in addition to the money. The individual racing members of the club are working heartily with the regatta committee. It is quite likely that cups will be offered by these men for 16-footers, 21ft. knockabouts, 21ft. raceabouts and Y. R. A. 25-footers and 21-footers.

The list of racing dates which has thus far been made up by the committee is as follows: May 30, June 15, 17 and 29; July 4, 6 and 20. Two open races will be held July 29 and 30, which will just precede the Manchester Y. C. series and the Corinthian midsummer series. The last regular race will be held on Labor Day. If a good fleet of raceabouts comes to Marblehead to compete for

the cup offered by the Knockabout Association, the Burgess Y. C. will offer either a cup or cash prize, or both, for these boats.

The Eastern Y. C. has elected the following officers for 1901: Com., Albert S. Bigelow; Vice-Com., Walter Abbott; Rear-Com., F. L. Atlles; Sec'y, George Atkinson, Jr.; Treas., Patrick T. Jackson; Meas., Henry Taggard; Members of Council at Large, G. A. Goddard and F. B. McQuesten; Regatta Committee, H. H. Buck, Henry Howard, Isaac R. Thomas, Henry D. Bennett and Odin B. Roberts; Committee on Admissions, Gordon Dexter, Theophilus Parsons, Robert Saltonstall, C. S. Rackemann and Geo. Atkinson, Jr.; House Committee, George Atkinson, Jr., H. K. White, John A. Jennings, Frank Brewster and F. O. North.

W. Starling Burgess, the young designer who is to take his father's place in the yachting world, was recently burned out, and has removed his quarters to 15 Exchange street, where he has offices with his uncle, Vice-Com. Walter Burgess. He has already received a number of orders for boats of various sizes, and bids fair to have a very successful career. His work shows much care and study, and is very clean cut throughout.

Smith, of Quincy, has the 26-footer, of Crowninshield design, in frame. The Y. R. A. 25-footer, designed by Mills for W. D. Turner, is partly planked.

It is said that there will be two more boats for the 18ft. knockabout class, one of which will be designed by Starling Burgess. Humphreys and Lauriat are having their knockabout built by Hanley. She will be a centerboard and will carry no outside ballast.

It has been rumored about here that Lawley has received orders to put Jubilee in commission, to be used as a trial horse for the Boston Cup defender. Mr. Crowninshield says that Gen. Paine has said nothing about it to him, and that he has not heard of any such order given. It would be very nice to have the old boat in commission, and if she should sail during the season with the Crowninshield 90-footer it would do much to enliven yachting in this section, but as a trial horse it is not likely that she would be of great value. While she is like the Boston boat in many respects, she is so radically different on others that any comparison between the two would be of no great value in determining the relative speed of the Boston Cup defender as regards that of the Belmont syndicate boat now building at Bristol.

It is with great pleasure that your correspondent can announce that the committee appointed by the South Boston Y. C. to consider withdrawing from the Massachusetts Y. R. A. has, after holding a joint conference with a committee of the Association, voted unanimously to report to their club that it would not be advisable to make such a withdrawal. It is much to the credit of the committee of the South Boston Y. C. that it agreed to hold this conference and not make any rash arbitrary reports without having first thoroughly investigated the question in hand. If more of the disgruntled clubs were to adopt these methods there would be a better understanding between the clubs and the Association and yacht racing in Massachusetts waters would be benefited.

At Lawley's the 85ft. auxiliary schooner for W. T. Sloane, of the New York Y. C., is partly in frame. The keel of the 120ft. steel steamer for W. T. Eno has been set up and the 86ft. steamer from Binney's design, for C. B. Borland, is in frame. The Curtis 35ft. schooner has been finished and hauled out of the shop, and the King 35-footer is all ready for launching. The 25-footer designed by F. D. Lawley for Judge F. C. Lowell has been laid down. The 46-footer for Theophilus Parsons and the 25-footer for F. E. Peabody are being planked. The firm has just received an order for an 85ft. steamer from lines by C. H. Crane. She will have a speed of twenty knots.

The 50ft. steam yacht which was designed by T. S. Poekel, of Lawley's, for Mr. Gray, to be used in South America, and which was to be shipped from New York early in the month, is back again in the west shop. When she was taken out by Capt. W. F. Kirby it was found that she was very much by the head, and that the defect could not be remedied without altering the boat. She has been cut in two and will be lengthened out amidships and her counter will also be carried out further. It is expected that these changes will make her all right. It may be possible that the boat, when finished, will proceed under her own steam to Dutch Guiana.

Another one-design class has been started in Dorchester Bay, the latest by the Savin Hill Y. C. The members of this club are expert small boat sailers, and the new class is to be for sailing tenders, 12ft. over all. They will be 10ft. on the waterline and will all carry the same amount of sail. Fifteen of these boats have been ordered from a Scituate builder.

Crowninshield has an order for a 21ft. launch for W. C. Allison, to be used at Bar Harbor. This launch will probably be used as a tender for Mr. Allison's 32-footer, which has recently been completed at Lawley's.

Howland, of Monument Beach, has cast the keel for the Wightman 18ft. knockabout. The De Ver H. Warner 38-footer has been set up. The same builder has three catboats in frame.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Meemer and Ashumet.

MEEMER, the champion of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. 30ft. class last season, is a shoal draft, beamy, centerboard boat designed and built by Hanley in 1898 for her present owner, Com. R. C. Nickerson. Her dimensions are as follows: 44ft. 4in. over all, 29ft. 10in. on the waterline, 13ft. 10in. beam and 2ft. 8in. draft. She carries 1,800 sq. ft. of sail and about 3,000lbs. of ballast.

Ashumet was designed and built by Hanley in 1895. She is 45ft. 4in. over all, 30ft. on the waterline, 14ft. 10in. beam and 3ft. draft.

Big Season for Chicago Yacht Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 9.—Five boats will contend for the honor of defending the Canada cup against the challenger of the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, Ont. The Pynchon syndicate will enter Illinois. There will be a new boat from Milwaukee, not yet named, and another Davis boat, entered by the George Lytton syndicate. Com. Charles Thorne will offer Brier, altered to main sail and jib rig, and tuned up anew. Messrs. J. Meyer and Edward Rosing have still another boat, of their own design, which will be built by yet another Chicago syndicate; nor is this the end of the possible list. It is a toss up as to the honors at this stage, of course.

MEEMER.
Designed by C. C. Hanley for R. C. Nickerson. Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

The growth of the Chicago Y. C. is properly within the class described as phenomenal. The club took in 103 members in the month of January of this year. The work on the beautiful new club house is beginning this week and will probably be completed by June. The programme of the regatta committee shows a race for every Saturday of the coming season and a regatta for Fourth of July and Labor Day. The old sailing course around the northern cribs has been abandoned and a new course laid out to the southward, entirely free of the ordinary routes of the commercial craft. There will be plenty of sailing and of a satisfactory sort.

Vencedor, bought by Mr. Fred Price this past week, will be in commission in Chicago this summer, and likewise Siren and Vanenna, so that we shall have a fine showing of the 65-footers. This year is the most important one in the history of the Chicago Y. C., and it is considered as making the club a distinguished success and putting a stamp upon the sport of yachting on the Great Lakes such as it has never yet attained.

E. HOUGH.

ASHUMET.
Designed by C. C. Hanley. Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

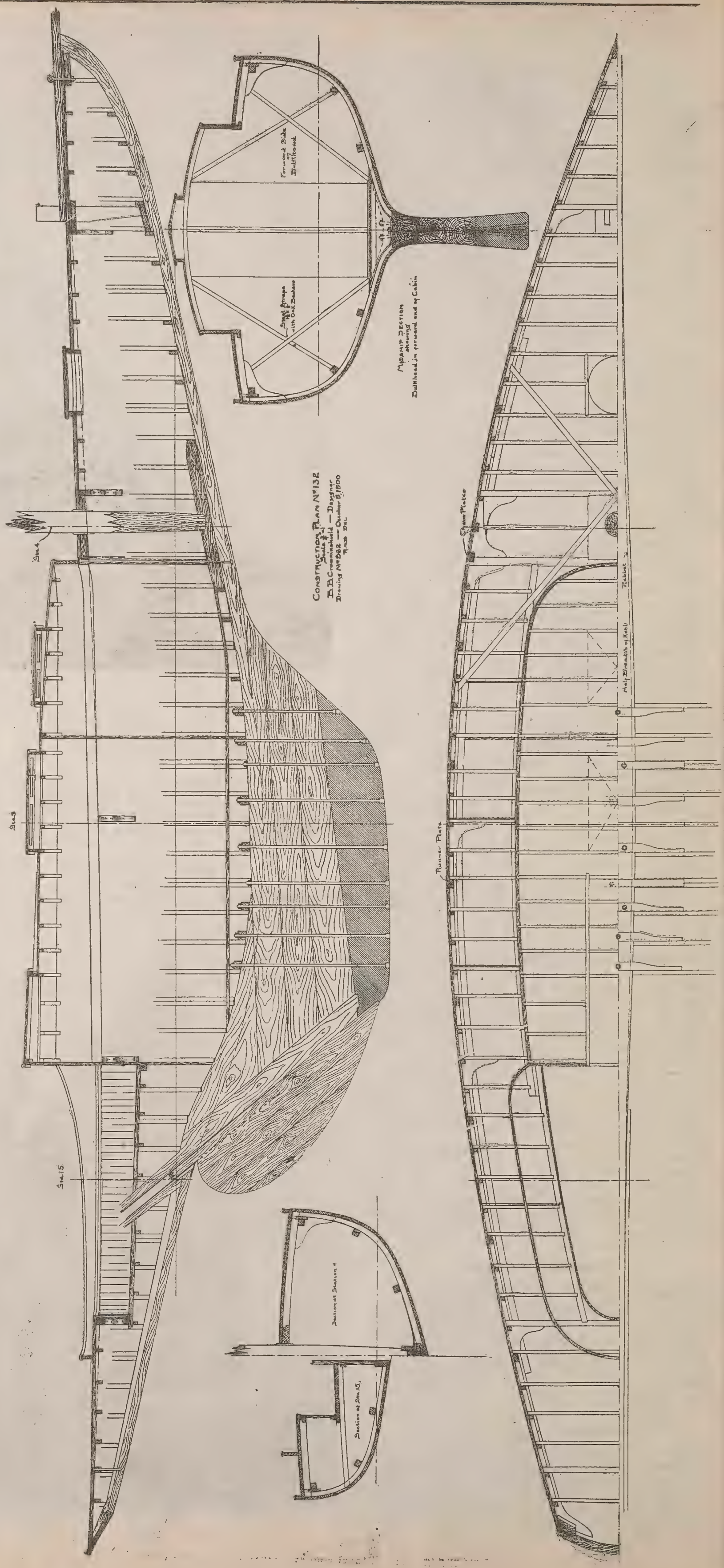
A Fast Cruiser.

Geo. Lawley & Sons Corp., of Sou h Boston, have recently completed the 32-footer, plans of which appear in this issue. The boat was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. W. C. Allison, of Philadelphia, who will use her at Bar Harbor and vicinity. She is well fitted below, and although her accommodations are not large, they are extremely comfortable. The space usually given to a stateroom on boats of this size and type has been utilized by a large dressing room and lavatory; on the port side opposite is a good sized galley. On boats of these dimensions the polemast rig is preferable to that of the topmast rig, as it makes less tophamper and simplifies the gear generally. The Allison boat with her short bowsprit and boom that does not project far over the counter gives a compact rig that should be easily handled in all weathers, as it is well inboard. She is practically an enlarged and improved Spalpeen, a very successful 30ft. waterline cruiser that Mr. Crowninshield turned out last year.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	51ft.
L.W.L.	32ft.
Overhang—	
Bow	8ft. 6 in.
Stern	10ft. 6 in.
Beam—	
Extreme.	11ft. 9 in.
L.W.L.	11ft.
Freeboard—	
Bow	3ft. 11 in.
Taffrail	2ft. 10¼in.
Least	2ft. 6 in.
Draft	7ft. 3 in.
Displacement.	23,030lbs.
Ballast (outside)	8,940lbs.
Ratio of ballast to displacement	.388
Midship section, area	22.83 sq. ft.
Lateral Plane—	
Area rudder	14.8 sq. ft.
Area hull	114.4 sq. ft.
Sail area—	
Mainsail	1,065 sq. ft.
Staysail	208 sq. ft.
Jib	224 sq. ft.
Total sail area	1,497 sq. ft.

Mr. Crowninshield is designing a 21ft. launch for Mr. Allison that will probably be used as a tender to the 32-footer.



FAST CRUISER—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

Yacht Club Notes.

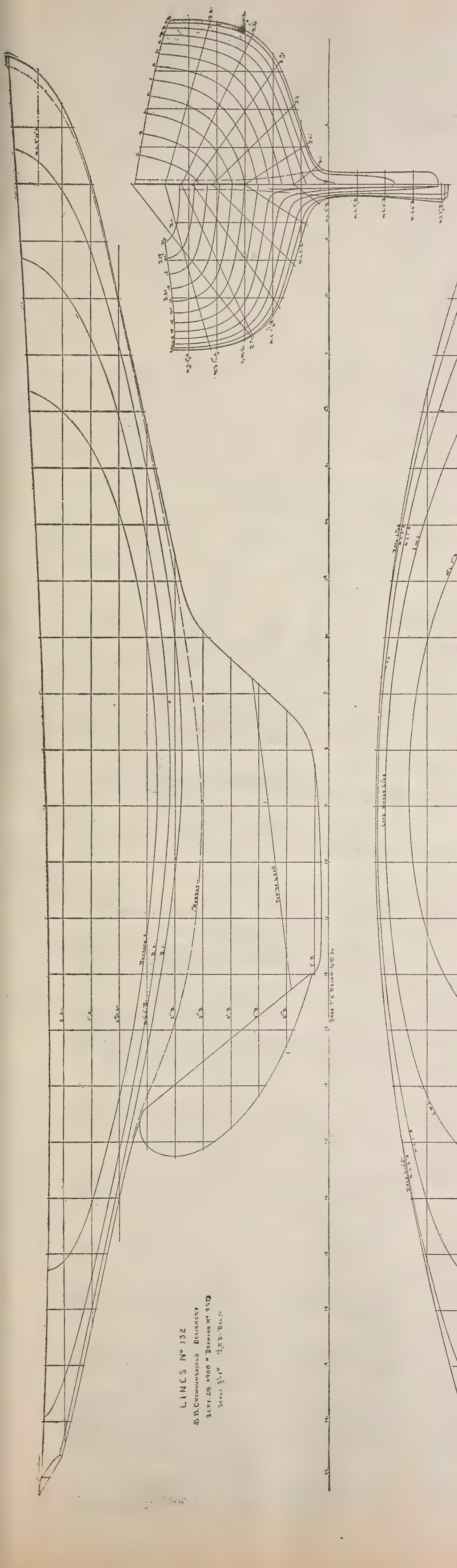
The annual meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held Feb. 6, at the river home of the organization, at Tinicum. The meeting was preceded by the annual dinner. Before the meeting adjourned the following officers were elected: Com., Abraham L. English; Vice-Com., Warren Webster; Rear-Com., William H. Bromley; Sec'y, C. Carroll Cook; Fleet Surgeon, W. Joseph Hearn, M. D.; Harbor Master, Charles Warfield; Meas., Philip H. Johnson; Regatta Committee, Capt. John S. Muckle, Robert Clarkson, C. Carroll Cook; Trustees, J. Lewis Good, Robert P. Thompson, Sylvester W. Bookhammer, J. Horace Cook. Three new members were elected—Lewis Burke, Charles Burke and Harry Moseback. During the year 20 new members were taken in.

The Atlantic City Y. C. at their last meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Com., Louis Kuehnle; Vice-Com., E. D. Ireland; Rear-Com., H. G. Mulock; Fleet Capt., David Barrett; Fleet Engineer, John Manz; Sec'y, E. D. Ireland; Treas., E. A. Parker; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. A. D. Cuskaden; Trustees, John Donnelly, David Holland, Charles S. Lackey, Lewis P. Scott, Charles C. Fortner; House Committee, Charles H. Cramer, Harry J. Mulock, William Muhlrad, Harry Richman, William McLoughlin; Representative, Clarence M. Busch. The club has adopted a club signal, and the building committee has been instructed to buy the property of Councilman David R. Barrett, 100x160ft., on Gardner's Basin. A large and modern club house will be built there, and bonds for its payment have been subscribed.

The anual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held Feb. 13, at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn. Cornelius Ferguson presided. The following officers were elected: Com., Cornelius Ferguson; Vice-Com., C. H. Humphries; Rear-Com., J. E. Haviland; Meas., Robert C. Hopkins; Treas., Willard Graham; Sec'y, C. H. Parsons. Members of Board of Trustees, Class of 1904, E. H. Avery, H. R. M. Cook, Sidney Grant; Class of 1903, Charles A. Kelley; Class of 1902, Edward Salt. Regatta Committee, P. H. Jeannott, Chairman; W. A. Sandsbury and R. C. Hopkins. Membership Committee, Nathaniel T. Corey, Chairman; A. S. Rischoffer and Joseph M. Gans. Nominating Committee, E. H. Converse, Chairman; James Mathias and J. E. Haviland. The annual regatta of the organization will be held in all probability this year on Monday, June 3, in the waters of the upper bay.

The election of officers of the Canarsie Y. C. for 1901 was held Feb. 11, at the club house, Sands Point, Canarsie, L. I. Com. Charles J. Neilson, of the flagship Arrow, was re-elected for the third successive term. The other officers chosen were: Vice-Com., Daniel J. Brinsley, Jr.; Recording Sec'y, John C. Heinmann; Financial Sec'y, George E. Winters; Treas., J. K. Alexander; Fleet Capt., Frank Mapes; Members Board of Trustees, 1902, Daniel J. Brinsley, Sr., C. A. Martin, W. Herx, G. S. Calkoff and Thomas W. Manning.

At the annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C., held at the Waldorf-Astoria, Feb. 11, the following officers were unanimously elected for the coming year: Com., David Banks; Vice-Com., Robert P. Doremus; Rear-Com.,



FAST CRUISER—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR W. C. ALLISON.

Henry J. Robert; Sec'y, Louis F. Jackson; Treas., Charles T. Pierce; Meas., George Hill; Board of Trustees, J. Rogers Maxwell, J. Fred, Ackerman, Philip G. Sanford, Harrison B. Moore, Spencer Swain, Edwin B. Havens. The reports of officers and committees showed the club to be in a highly satisfactory condition in every respect. The present membership was reported as 566, a loss of 43 from last year. It was voted to hold the next annual regatta of the club on Saturday, June 15. An amendment uniting the offices of Secretary and Treasurer was approved, but will have to be favorably acted upon at a second meeting before it can be put in force. For the first time in years, if ever before, the Atlantic Y. C. has selected a Saturday on which to hold its annual regatta. Heretofore the regattas have taken place on the Tuesday in June preceding that of the New York Yacht Club's, but the change is made with the hope of having a better attendance than has marked the club's annual races for some seasons.

* * *

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held in the new club house, 37 West Forty-fourth street, on the evening of Feb. 14. The following officers were elected: Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, schooner Corona; Vice-Com., August Belmont, sloop Mineola, Rear-Com., C. L. F. Robinson, sloop Hester; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., Tarrant Putnam; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M. D. Regatta Committee—S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, Newbury D. Lawton. Committee on Admission—Henry C. Ward, James C. Bergen, Frederick Gallatin, James A. Wright, G. F. Dominick. House Committee—Harrison B. Moore, Thomas A. Bronson, William H. Osgood. Library Committee—Theodore C. Zerega, Paul Eve Stevenson, Arnold Wood. Committee on Club Stations—William H. Thomas, Frederick G. Bourne, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, L. Vaughan Clark, Charles Lane Poor, Frederick P. Sands, Harrison B. Moore, John P. Duncan, Amzi L. Barber, Edward R. Ladew. The fleet of the club now consists of 424 vessels, divided as follows: Schooners, 79; schooners with auxiliary motors, 6; sloops, 116; sloops with auxiliary motors, 6; steamers, 194; naphthas, 4, and launches over 40ft., 19. This is an increase of thirty-six vessels over last year.

Several amendments to the racing rules were discussed and a long time was taken up on this question. They were finally adopted, but will have to be passed at another meeting before they become operative. The changes are as follows:

Rule I., Section 7, Page 180—After "halyard block," in line 13, add "if in the judgment of the measurer there is any question as to the location of the hounds, the lower point of measurement for the topmast will be the upper side of the sheave in the upper throat halyard block."

Page 181—Insert after first paragraph, a new paragraph, to read: "In pole-masted yachts, and those not carrying topmasts, the distance between the underside of the sheave in the throat halyard block, and the underside of the sheave in the uppermost halyard block or sheave in the mast shall be used for determining the length of the base line, in the same way as in the topmast, when one is carried.

Page 181—Strike out last paragraph and substitute "When in any case owing to peculiarity of rig, the sail area of a yacht cannot, in the judgment of the measurer, be fairly measured in the customary way, he may, with the sanction of the Regatta Committee, take such measurements as will enable him to compute the actual area of sail carired, or that may be carried on the spars used."

Rule XVII., Sec. 3, page 193—Alter the present section to read: "Should a yacht, after having been officially measured, take on board any dead weight as ballas., or make alterations in her sail plan by lengthening any of the dimensions which have been measured, and start in a race without a remeasurement, or without notifying the Regatta Committee, in writing, that such changes have been made, together with a request for remeasurement, she shall be disqualified."

The following amendment to the constitution regarding life members was passed:

Article 8—Life Members—Any member whose name shall have been upon the roll of the club and who shall have paid annual dues for fifteen consecutive years, shall be entitled to become a life member on the payment of $500, which shall be in lieu of any further annual dues.

This amendment must be aproved at another meeting to become valid.

Numerous gifts of models were accepted with the thanks of the club. Among these were models of the Corsair II., presented by J. Pierpont Morgan; the Knawha, by J. P. Duncan; the old frigate Sovereign of the Seas, built in 1637, by J. Pierpont Morgan, and the schooner Sachem, by Mrs. William Arnold. A portrait of Mr. George Steers was also presented to the club by his nephew, Mr. Henry Steers.

* * *

At a meeting of the Harvard Y. C., held Feb. 11, the subject of the proposed intercollegiate race was discussed, and it was voted to instruct the committee, consisting of J. S. Lawrence (1901), W. S. Burgess (1901) and F. A. Eustis (1901), to take further steps to arrange such a race. The Harvard Y. C. was founded in 1894, and has 46 active and 210 graduate members.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, held at the Arena in this city Feb. 16, the officers for the coming year were elected, as follows: Com., William B. Greeley; Vice-Com., George C. Allen; Rear-Com., T. E. Kitching; Sec'y, J. Nelson Gould; Treas., L. C. Ketchum; Trustees (for two years), F. T. Pagan and William L. Searles. About sixty members attended the meeting and the dinner which preceded it, and much enthusiasm was manifested. The reports of the officers showed the club to be in a highly satisfactory condition.

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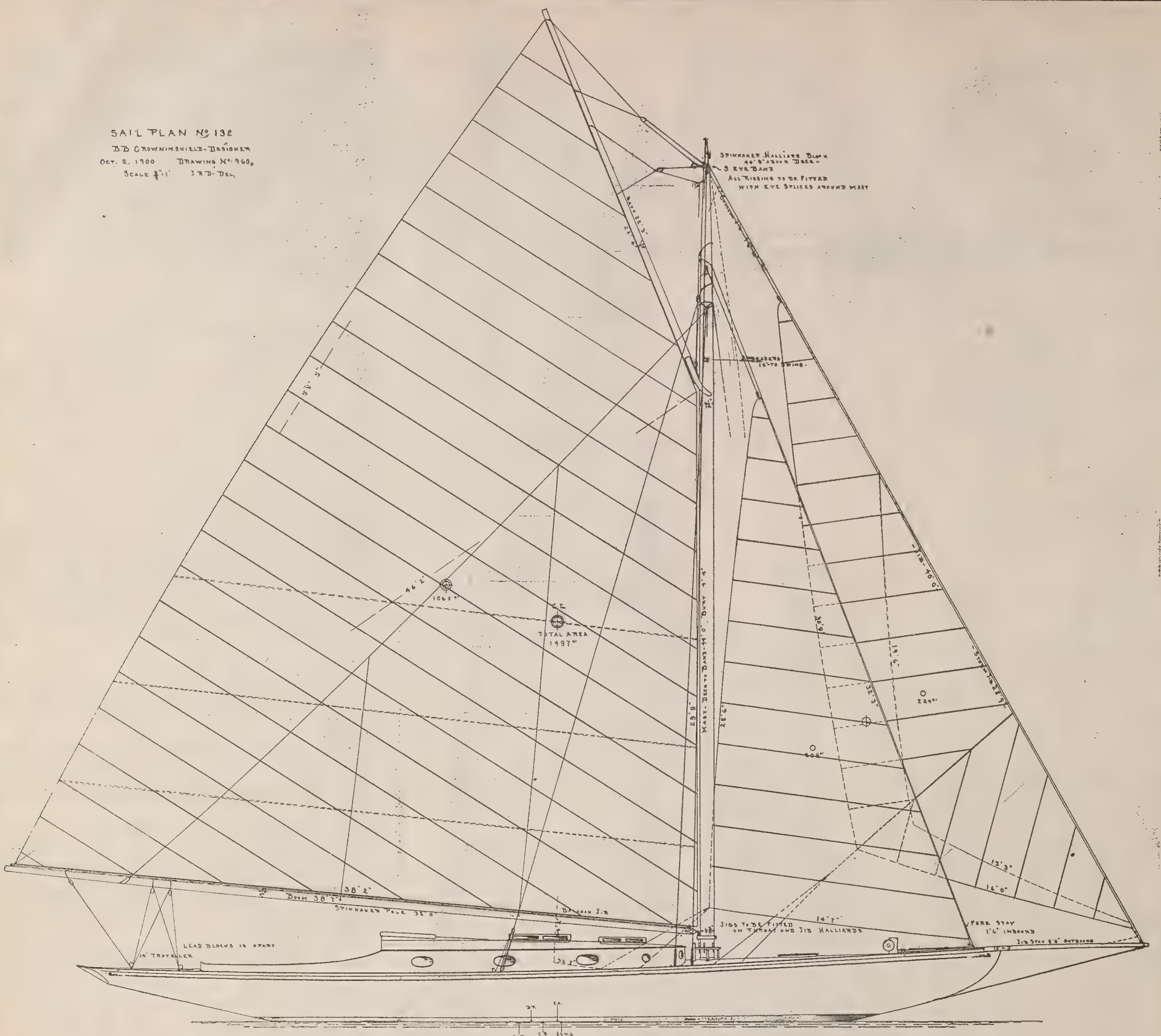
The Northport Y. C. held its first annual dinner Feb. 14 at the Manhattan Hotel, New York city. There were very pretty menu cards, and the tables were tastefully



FAST CRUISER—SAIL PLAN.

decorated. About twenty-two covers were laid. Among those participating were the following: Com. J. B. Morrell, J. L. Kerrigan, E. J. Kaltenback, H. C. Brown, N. S. Ackerly, Edward Thompson, John H. Ireland, C. A. Van Iderstien, J. A. Berrian, John W. Arthur, John J. Burton, S. Le Roy Ackerly, James F. Bendernagel, Edward Pidgeon, Chas. Pidgeon, John J. Robinson, W. P. M. Van Iderstien, H. M. Holfree, M.D.; Carl S. Burr, Jr.; Benj. W. Carll, A. H. Ostrom and H. Davis Ackerly. This club, though of but two years' existence, gives promise of being one of the best conducted on the Sound, there seeming to be a harmonious spirit among its members which speaks well for its future.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Charles G. Davis, who sailed Genesee, the boat that successfully defended the Canada cup last year, has been commissioned by a Chicago syndicate to design a boat for the trial races for the defense of the Canada cup this year. Mr. Davis will turn out a centerboard boat of the Genesee type. In sailing Genesee Mr. Davis found out the boat's weak points, and these will be corected in his new boat. The Davis boat will be slightly narrower than Genesee, but gets equal stability through heavier displacement by 3in. more draft; she will displace about a thousand pounds more than Genesee. The boat will have a flush deck, and will carry about sixteen hundred square feet of sail. Her hull will be constructed by a Western builder, and the sails and rigging will be furnished by Mr. George B. Carpenter. All standing and running rigging will be of steel, and she will be fitted with hollow spars. The wide experience that Mr. Davis has had in designing and sailing this type of boat will enable him to produce a formidable competitor.

* * *

While running into the harbor of Marseilles after a race on Feb. 10, Mr. Edward Hore's 20-ton cutter Laurea struck some blocks of stone on the end of the breakwater, and is a total loss. All of her crew were saved. Two years ago at Ryde she successfully defended the Coupe de France, easily defeating the challenger, Comte Boni Castellane's boat Anna, and last year she defeated the Quand Meme, at Ramsgate, which was built especially by Duc Decazes for the purpose of bringing back the cup to France.

* * *

It is reported that Sir Thomas Lipton has chartered, through his representative, Mr. David Barrie, the steam yacht Golden Rod. She will be used as a transfer boat to ply between the Battery and Sandy Hook, where Erin will lie. Golden Rod is 151ft. over all, 122ft. on the waterline, 22ft. beam and 11ft. draft.

* * *

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney has chartered the steam yacht Sheelah from her owner, Mr. W. A. Donaldson, for use during the next three months. Sheelah is a schooner-rigged steel vessel, 194ft. long, 26.6ft. beam and 13.6ft. depth, measuring 630 tons, Thames measurement. She is a single screw vessel, the motive power of which is a triple expansion engine.

* * *

Advices from St. Paul state that Mr. James J. Hill will leave New York shortly for Bermuda, on his yacht Wacouta, with a party of ten guests. After stopping at Bermuda the yacht will proceed to Naples, and afterward visit other Mediterranean ports. Wacouta is the new name for the celebrated Eleanor, in which the Slaters, of Connecticut, went around the world. She was afterward chartered for a season by Col. Oliver H. Payne, who went to the North Cape and Baltic in her. Wacouta will be fitted for a five months' trip.

* * *

The Yale-Corinthian Y. C. have voted to order 21 dories of the type known as the Swampscott Club dory. The class of dories selected have the following dimensions: Length over all, 21ft.; length on the waterline, 14ft. 6in.; extreme beam, 5ft. 7in. They will have leg-of-mutton sails.

* * *

Mr. Isaac Emerson, N. Y. Y. C., who recently purchased the steam yacht Marjorie and renamed her the Margaret, has commissioned her designers, Messrs. Gardner & Cox, to turn her into an auxiliary, with a brigantine rig. Other alterations and additions will be made, the most important of which is a new after deck house, to be built of teak and finished inside with white mahogany. A refrigerating plant is also being installed, and a search light will be placed on the bridge. The vessel was built in 1899, at Chester, Pa., and is 176ft. over all, 145ft. on the waterline, 21ft. beam and 11ft. draft. Mr. Emerson intends to cross the ocean in her and make an extended cruise in the Mediterranean.

* * *

The steam yacht Surf, owned by Mr. C. K. Billings, N. Y. Y. C., will go on Downing & Lawrence's ways, South Brooklyn, this week. Extensive alterations have been made on her at the Morse Iron Works, and it is Mr. Billings' intention to make a southern cruise.

* * *

Mr. Leonard Lewisohn's twin screw steel steam yacht, now building at the works of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Chas. Seabury & Co., Morris Heights, will be named Irene.

* * *

The Duke of Cornwall will be present at the America Cup races, which begin off Sandy Hook on Aug. 20. It was part of his programme to come here from Canada on his way from Australia, and it has been officially announced that the Queen's death will not alter his previous plans.

* * *

Mr. John H. Hanan, N. Y. Y. C., who recently purchased the steam yacht Consuelo abroad and changed her name to Hanania, has now abandoned the latter name, and the boat will be known as the Taurus, her original name.

* * *

The steam yacht Elsa, owned by Mr. Evans R. Dick, N. Y. Y. C., is at the Morse Iron Works, South Brooklyn, and will have changes and improvements made below decks.

* * *

Mr. Frederick G. Bourne, N. Y. Y. C., has ordered that his steam yacht Colonia be fitted out for an extended southern cruise.

* * *

Mr. Charles F. Coulter, of New York, has purchased the steam yacht Forget-Me-Not from the Butler Brothers.

* * *

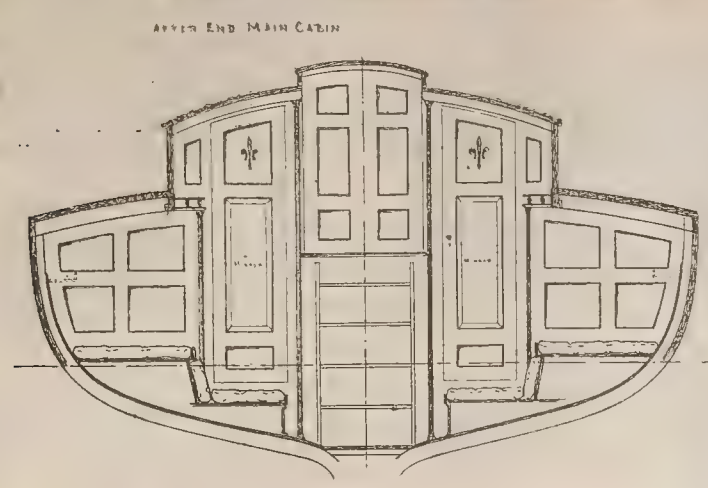
Mr. Prescott Hall Butler, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased schooner Marguerite. She was owned by the late Suydam Palmer.

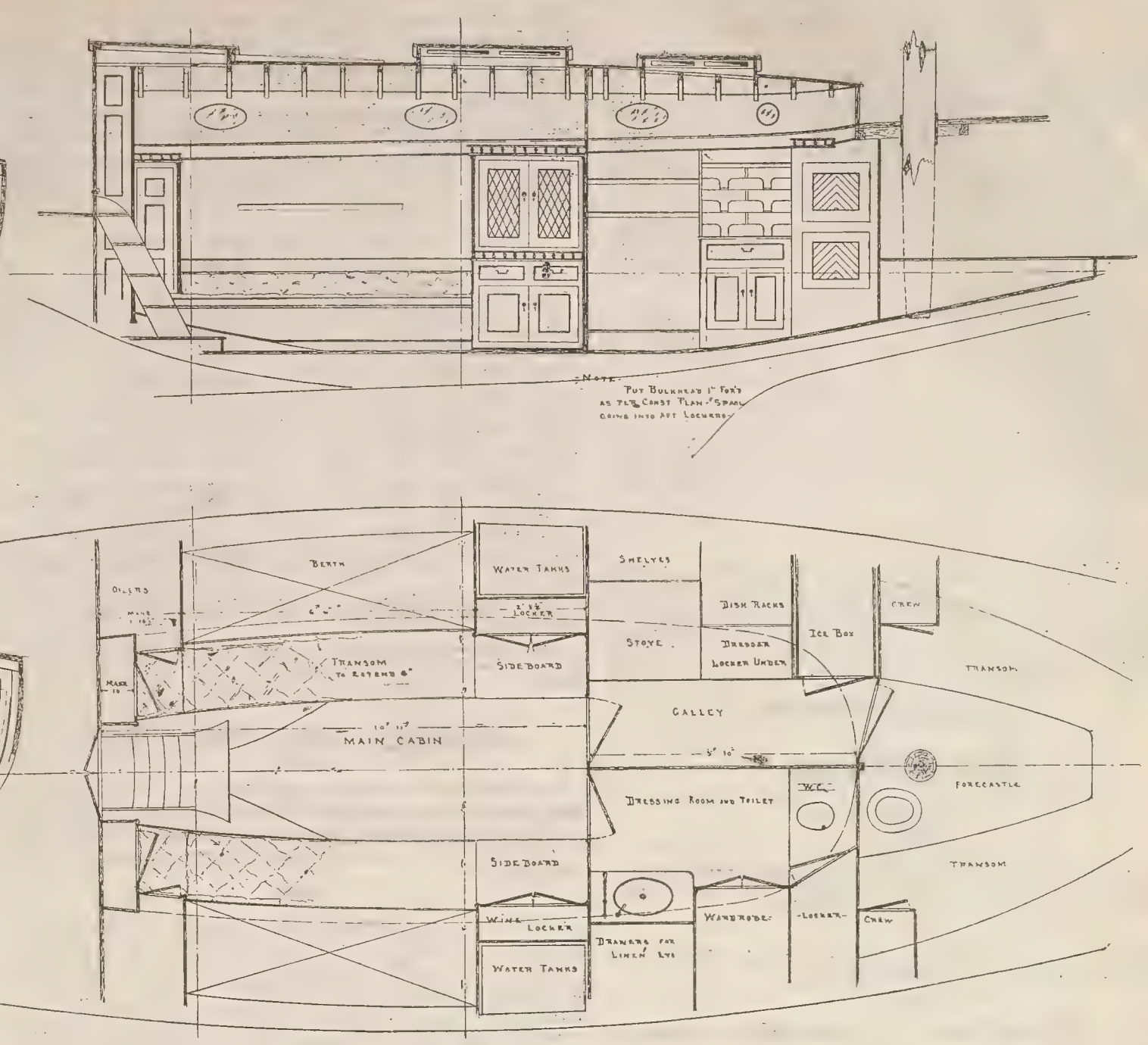
* * *

The Field says that the Dennys have increased the gangs working on the Shamrock II., but it is doubtful if the yacht will be ready to launch as soon as was originally intended. It is hoped that it will be possible to put her into the water by the end of March.

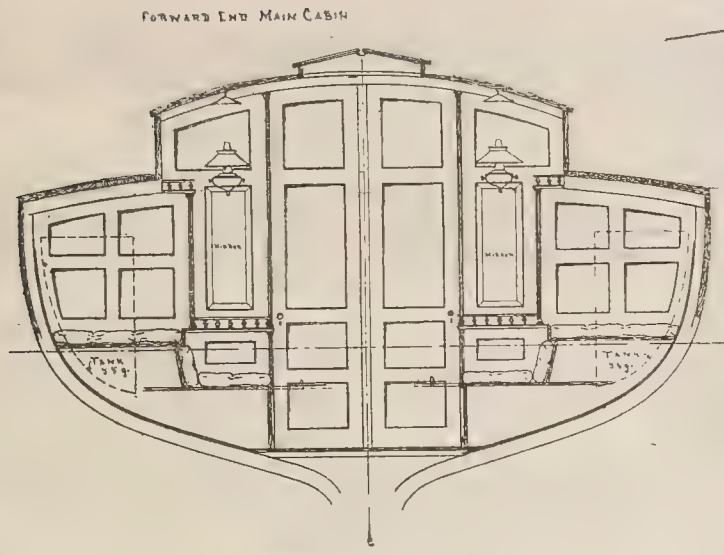
* * *

The Yachtsman's Clyde correspondent says "that the report that Mr. James Coates is about to fit out the Valkyrie III. is not correct. It is open, as it has always





CABIN PLAN No 132
B B CROWNINSHIELD DESIGNER
OCT 6 1900 DRAWING No 963
SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0" J A B-DEL



FAST CRUISER—CABIN PLAN.

been, for some good sportsman to fit out this interesting vessel, but Mr. Coates has no intention of so doing."

The Clyde correspondent of the Yachting World, Jan. 31, says: "The refitting of Mrs. Goelet's steam yacht Nahma is now nearly completed, and she is expected to leave here for Japan in the course of a week or two."

"The fact that Messrs. Henderson have discontinued building the first-class cutter of Mr. Watson's design, which was intended either for the King or the German Emperor," says the Yachtsman, Jan. 31, "is now explained by the knowledge that the late Queen was known to be in failing health for some considerable time. Obviously the matter had no more connection with the Y. R. A. fiasco than the absurdly suggested visit of the King to New York."

Of the Fife designed and built 65-foot rater, the Senta, which Mr. Howard Hinkle, of Cincinnati, purchased some time ago through Messrs. Gardner & Cox, of this city, the Field (Jan. 26) says:

"The Senta left Southampton on Jan. 22 for New York. She fitted out at the yard of White Brothers, Itchen Ferry, who have given her weather boards about three feet high, supported by iron stanchions, and running from the stemhead to the sternpost, while there is an awning for the skylights, so that these may be kept open even in bad weather. The Senta goes out with her racing mast stepped, with a gaff trysail, jib and staysail, and large square sail for running. Her racing sails and gear have been sent by steamer Bermuda, but her spars still remain with White Brothers, the order to ship them having been countermanded. The crew—eight or nine all told—are Dutch and Scandinavian. The skipper, Essen, stated that he intended to go south until he fell in with fine weather, and was confident of making a quick passage. When the Senta left Southampton the weather was fine, and, the wind afterward coming easterly, it was anticipated that she would have a good run down Channel; but in going down the Solent she got aground on Pennington Spit, near Lymington, and had to return to Southampton to be docked for a survey before again porceeding on her journey across the Atlantic. It is rumored that there is something wrong with her rudder."

Messrs. Gardner & Cox have been informed that the survey alluded to has been made, and the yacht was found to be uninjured.

The prospective defender for the Canada cup, now being built by the Milwaukee Construction Co., after designs by N. H. McGregor, will be launched about May 1, and will be known as the Nordberg boat. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 43ft.; waterline length, 27ft.; beam, 9ft. 6in.; draft, 6ft. 9in. The sail spread will be about 1,225ft., of which 950ft. will be in the mainsail and 270 in the jib. The spinaker will contain 540ft., and the balloon jib 475ft. There will be no topsails. The framing will be of white oak and the planking of cedar. She will carry outside ballast in the form of a bulb weighing 5,700 pounds. It is probable that the sails will be made by Carpenter, in Chicago. Of the five yachts now in sight for the trial races, three will be classified as keel boats and the remaining two as centerboards.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.
25ft. shoal draft sloop, Feb. 2.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

A. C. A. Amendments.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly publish the following additional signatures from the Eastern Division to the petition for amendments to sailing rules of the A. C. A., printed in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 9: A. V. Coulson, ex-Com. Eastern Division; Frank A. Smith, P. W. Grout, F. M. Clark, Jr., A. C. Scott, Jack Coulson, W. C. Pierce, W. E. Bartiss, P. G. Smith, A. A. Pritchard, Dr. C. A. Lakin, James Thompson, Howard Frost, A. H. Lange, Stephen Sawyer, H. Y. Simpson, C. E. Jogger, H. H. Ames, L. W. Gates, C. M. Lamprey, Rear-Com., Eastern Division; A. Elliot Kimberley, Purser, Eastern Division; F. H. French, ex-Com., Eastern Division; L. D. Sherman, Marcus Butter, H. P. Poore, F. A. Weiss, Howard Gray.

H. D. MURPHY.

WINCHESTER, Mass., Feb. 18.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following names have been porposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.: F. F. Dorsey, Charles E. Prendergast, Maurice P. Ginn, T. Price Wilson, Geo. Adams Woods, David N. Skillings.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 3, 10, 12, 17 and 24.—New York.—Prize shoot, West Side Rifle Club range, 523 West Fifty-seventh street.
Feb. 22.—Marion Place, Jersey City, N. J.—Hudson Rifle Club's annual team match; open to all rifle clubs.
July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.
Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

The Sportsmen's Show.

TEH programme of the revolver and pistol shooting tournament to be held at the Sportsmen's Show, March 2 to 16 (Sundays excepted), at Madison Square Garden, given by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., is as follows:

No. 1—100-Shot Indoor Record Revolver Match.—Conditions: 100 consecutive shots with any revolver; distance 20yds., standard American target with bullseye (count 8, 9, 10) 2¾in. in diameter. To be shot in series of 5 shots on a target, the 20 targets counted in order to constitute a score. Entrance $5, re-entries permitted. Prizes: 1. The competitor scoring the highest count, if breaking the present 100-shot record of 905 points, will receive a handsome gold medal, suitably inscribed, to be held permanently; or, if preferred, a Colt New Service target revolver, suitably engraved and handsomely mounted. 2. A Colt New Service target revolver, adjustable sights, checked stocks, etc., value $25. In case the record is not broken the medal will not be awarded, but the revolver becomes the first prize, and is awarded to the competitor making the highest score. In case of ties, each to receive the prize above designated.

No. 2—Revolver Re-entry Match.—Conditions: Revolver, target and distance as in Match 1. Entrance 35 cents a target, 3 targets for $1. Strings of 5 shots each; the best 5 strings to count. Entries unlimited; all ties divide. Prizes: First, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $15; fifth, $10; sixth, $8; seventh, $7; eighth, $6; ninth, $5; tenth, $4; eleventh, $3; twelfth, $2.

No. 3—Revolver Pool Shooting.—Conditions: Any revolver; distance 20yds.; target standard American; entrance 35 cents a target, at which 5 shots may be fired. A 10 counts as a bullseye. Division of money every three days. Pool shooting not allowed when ranges are occupied by championship events.

No. 4—Revolver or Pistol Re-entry Match.—Conditions: Any pistol or revolver within the rules; distance 20yds.; Columbia target (reduced); bullseye (count 1, 2, 3) 3in. in diameter; entrance 35 cents a target, at which 5 shots may be fired, three targets for $1; five targets to count as a score, not necessarily consecutive; re-entries permitted. Prizes: First, Colt New Service target revolver or Colt automatic pistol, handsomely and suitably engraved, value $35; second, Colt New Service target revolver, value $25; third, Colt New Police target revolver, value $15.

Indoor championship matches of the United States Revolver Association, under auspices of committee of this organization.

No. 5—Indoor Revolver Championship, 1901.—Conditions: Any revolver; 50 consecutive shots in series of 5 shots at a target; distance 20yds., standard American target, with a 2¾in. bullseye; entrance $5. Prizes: First, the championship and a championship cup to be shot for annually and a gold medal for the winner, to be held permanently; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal; also bronze medals for fourth and fifth prizes if sufficient entries are received. Time limit one hour.

No. 6—Indoor Pistol Championship, 1901.—Conditions: 50 consecutive shots with any pistol, in series of 5 shots at a target; distance, 20yds.; standard American target with 2¾in. bullseye; entrance $5. Prizes; First, the championship and a championship cup to be shot for annually and a gold medal for the winner, to be held permanently; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. Time limit one hour.

The shooting gallery will be open from 10 A. M. until 11 P. M., and shooting allowed during that time so far as practicable.

The minimum trigger pull allowed on revolver and pistol shall be 2½lbs.

Contestants in the tournament will please note that arms and ammunition they use must be suitable for indoor shooting.

To be announced later: A special series of prizes for perfect scores; trophy shooting and other events.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 3.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shoot to-day had a crowded range, despite the rain, which came like April showers in Maine. A. H. Pape got a fine score with rifle, and Young led with pistol, with Barley and Washburn close second and third men. Dorrell did good work at 50yds. with his .22cal. center-fire, and Becker led with revolver. Page is picking up marvelously with the revolver, as is Brannigan. Dr. Twist shot 100 shots with pistol and made a 57 average, which is nearly equal to his shooting of 1900 for ten best scores. Mannel and Young had a 50-shot match with rifles, against C. M. Daiss and G. W. Hoff. The former team won the dinner, but the shooting was away off, much of it being experimental. Scores, Columbia target:

Rifle, 200yds.: A. H. Pape, 40, 48; G. Mannel, 65, 70, 76, 85, 85, 95; Capt. Kuhnle, 66, 70, 79, 84, 84; W. G. Hoff, 71, 89, 123, 129; C. M. Daiss 91, 92, 84; P. A. Becker (carbine), 96; A. J. Brannigan, 82; E. A. Allen, 136, 145; Dr. Twist (Krag), 185.

Revolver, 50yds.: P. A. Becker, 55, 60, 65, 70; F. W. Page, 63, 75, 75, 79, 83, 90; C. M. Daiss, 64; F. O. Young, 63; O. Fendner, 68, 78, 77, 83; A. J. Brannigan, 68, 90; J. R. Trego, 67, 85, 93.

Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young, 36, 42, 49; G. M. Barley, 38, 46, 52, 53; F. S. Washburn, 40, 40, 47; Dr. J. F. Twist, 47, 47, 49; Mrs. G. Mannel, 57, 65, 66, 68; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 64. 72, 91; G. W. Hoadley, 68, 79, 85; O. Fendner, 71, 80; W. G. Hoff, 73; G. Mannel, 78, 85.

.22cal. rifle, 50yds.: A. B. Dorrell, 18, 19, 19, 20; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 37; J. Wall, 41, 67; Mr. Mahoney, 40, 69; N. G. Jewell, 41.

Young shot Peters long rifle cartridges. Pape shot Kings semi-smokeless powder. Mannel won the first place in the 50-shot match.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

On Monday night of last week at Capt. James Conlin's gallery, 513 Sixth avenue, at a meeting of the Metropolitan Shooting Club, W. C. Southwick was elected President; George Herrman, Vice-President; Capt. James C. Summers, Secretary-Treasurer, and Sergt. W. E. Petty, Captain. These officers form the Executive Committee of the club. A schedule of matches for the members and matches with teams of other clubs was contemplated as soon as preliminaries could be arranged. Several new members were elected.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 20.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Match at 25 live birds between J. H. Outwater and Chris Wright, at Outwater's Riverside shooting grounds, Rutherford road and Hackensack River Bridge. Sweepstake shooting.

Feb. 21-22.—Garden City, L. I.—Amateur championship of the Carteret Gun Club. Walter H. Mead, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Washington's Birthday live bird and target shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Feb. 22.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Target and live bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; live bird match at 9 o'clock; live-bird programme at 10 o'clock.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual midwinter target tournament the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Feb. 22.—Newark, N. J.—East Side Gun Club's holiday shoot.

Feb. 22.—Freehold, N. J.—All day shoot of the Freehold Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Trenton, N. J.—Holiday tournament of the Trenton Shooting Association. Geo N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Minneapolis, Minn.—At Intercity Shooting Park. H. C. Hirschy live-bird championship trophy challenge shoot. Entries may be made with W. P. Brown, Minneapolis.

Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—Washington's Birthday shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's live-bird and target shoot. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y..

Feb. 22-23.—Colorado Springs, Colo.—Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association's thirteenth tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club.

Feb. 22-23.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

Feb.28—West Chester, Pa.—Eighth annual live-bird shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

March 2.—New York.—Two-week Roof Garden tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y.

March 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—The Peters Cartridge Company's two days' target tournament. Maj. E. P. McKisseck, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

March 21.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target and live-bird shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 12-13.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's tournament. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.

April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.

May 26-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-12.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

July 23.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Feb. 26.—Interstate Park.—Challenge contest for Dewar trophy; Dr. A. A. Webber, holder; W. H. Sanders, challenger.

Feb. 27.—Interstate Park.—Team race, a New York team vs. a New Jersey team, at 1 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.

May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns; also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Sun of Feb. 13 published the following: "At a meeting of the executive committee of the Carteret Gun Club, held on Monday night, George S. McAlpin, former amateur champion wing shot, was called before the committee and received an opportunity to resign from the organization, with the alternative of being expelled if he declined. McAlpin promptly handed in his resignation. This action on the part of the club is due to the alleged assault by McAlpin on Capt. Money about six weeks ago in the office of the latter. The matter of the assault will come up in the City Court on Monday, but in the meantime McAlpin is no longer desired as a member of the exclusive Carteret organization. McAlpin until recently was a member of a number of s[illegible]ng and other sporting clubs, but is now only a member of the Westminster Kennel Club."

Mr. G. R. Plumer, of Newport, R. I., writes us as follows: "Trapshooting promises to become very popular in Newport. For some years there has been more or less shooting, but of late quite an interest in the sport has been aroused, and on the evening of Jan. 29 a number of enthusiasts met and organized under the name of the Aquidneck Gun Club, the following officers being elected: President, Geo. R. Plumer; Vice-President, Wm. Dring; Secretary-Treasurer, J. S. Coggeshall, 2d; Executive Committee, Hon. W. P. Clarke, Jr., Wm. Dring and A. Russell Manchester. The club starts out with twenty-seven members, a club house has been contracted for on the line of the electrics, and it is expected that the grounds will be formally opened early in March. It is expected that the club will figure prominently in trapshooting in New England."

Mr. Paul North arrived in New York on Wednesday of last week chiefly on business whose purpose was the promotion of the International team trapshooting contest. His trip resulted in a most gratifying success. He returned to Cleveland last Saturday. During a few idle moments on Thursday he was inveigled into a bowling contest by some of the shooters who had a good opinion of themselves as bowlers. Strikes and spares were to him as corn to a turkey gobbler. In a calm yet assured kind of manner he scored 205 in the first game, thereby doing much to prove that the East is really effete. The New York bowlers were in their u. g. f., so there are no excuses to make. Matter concerning the international race will be found in our trap columns.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke informs us that the programme of the grand all-day shoot of the Freehold, N. J. Gun Club on Feb. 22, has eight events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents and $1. The third is a merchandise event for a Winchester gun, gun case, shell box and fishing rod; entrance 50 cents, privilege of re-entry. The Rose system will govern. Refreshments on grounds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The leaving time of trains is 5 o'clock P. M.

The first shoot of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League will be held under the auspices of the East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., on May 28, 29 and 30. Live birds and targets; $300 added; open to all; handicaps on both targets and live birds. John Parker, manager. Address, John Popp, Saginaw, Mich., for further particulars.

At Dupont Park, St. Louis, Messrs. C. Spencer and D. Cabanne shot a race at 25 live birds for the Mermod trophy on Feb. 13. Each stood at 31yds. The scores were 23 to 22 in favor of Mr. Cabanne. On Feb. 17, for the same trophy, Mr. C. M. Rock being the challenger and contestant, Mr. Cabanne was defeated by the score of 23 to 20.

The winning of first by Mr. J. D. Keenan at the holiday shoot at Interstate Park on Feb. 12 deserves more than passing praise and notice. The conditions of weather and competition were most trying, the former being in every way unfavorable, and the latter being of the highest. The particulars are more fully set forth elsewhere in our trap columns.

The shoots of the New Utrecht Gun Club, under the skillful management of Mr. W. F. Sykes, the club's president, held at Interstate Park on Saturday of each week, are well attended, and are marked by good fellowship and kindly emulation of the contestants.

The third contest of the live-bird series of contests between teams of the Baltimore Shooting Association and Keystone Shooting League took place at Holmsburg Junction, Pa., on the grounds of the latter organization, on Thursday of last week. Baltimore won by a score of 322 to 301. Each team had sixteen men, and each man shot at 25 live birds. In the two previous contests each team had scored a win.

On Feb. 13, at the tournament of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., Mr. W. R. Crosby broke 207 out of 210 targets and was high man for the day, his percentage being a trifle better than .985. He ran straight in eight 15-bluerock events. On the second day he seemed to be out of his u. g. f., for he lost 6 out of 210, yet was high at that, though his percentage was only a trifle better than .966.

The programme of the West Chester Gun Club's annual live-bird shoot at West Chester, Pa., on Feb. 28, announces three prizes: First, a chance in the Grand American Handicap; second, a Winchester gun; third, a pair of hunting shoes. Entrance $1, miss-and-out, re-entry unlimited. Three men to win. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Birds 15 cents. F. H. Eachus is the secretary.

In the Grand Central Handicap at Indianapolis, Ind., on Feb. 15, there were twenty-nine contestants. Of these, Heikes, Gilbert, Crosby and Marshall killed 25 straight. In the shoot-off Gilbert won in the 38th round, Crosby and Marshall each losing a bird in that round. The scores are presented in full in another column.

Mr. Henry G. Hall, of Newell, Ia., informs us that the date of the annual tournament of the Newell Gun Club has been changed from May 15 and 17 to May 1, 2 and 3, as the former dates conflicted with those of the Iowa State Association.

On Feb. 18, in the Tombs Police Court, New York, before Magistrate Hogan, the case against Mr. George S. McAlpin for the assault on Capt. A. W. Money was dismissed, as the matter had been satisfactorily settled out of court.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner's address is No. 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., instead of 122 Diamond Market, the business at the latter place being sold recently by Mr. Shaner, pere, after being run by him upward of thirty-one years.

In the match between Messrs. Geo. E. Leoble and Chas. Steffens, 50 live birds each, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, Feb. 15, Mr. Leoble won by a score of 39 to 38. He stood at 28yds., while Steffens stood at 30.

Mr. T. Haze Keller, son of Mr. T. H. Keller, has made a gratifying success in his capacity as traveling agent for the Peters Cartridge Co. He has displayed an aptitude for the business which forecasts a lasting success.

Mr. C. W. Phellis, secretary, writes us as follows: "The Mechanicsburg, O., Gun Club wish to claim May 22 and 23 as dates for their ninth annual tournament."

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., announces that the programme of its two-day tournament, April 12 and 13, will be ready for distribution on March 10.

The championship of the Carteret Gun Club, held on Thursday and Friday of this week, promised to be well contested both in respect to the number of entries and the quality of the competition.

Mr. John Wright announces that he will hold a live-bird shoot at Interstate Park, Queens, on March 13.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap at Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 10.—The fourth shoot here to-day for the Dupont Park medal brought out the large entry of forty enthusiasts, and the result was another victory for Fred Fink, who won the medal at the last shoot, two weeks ago.

The weather was bright and crisp—ideal for the sport—but the birds were largely mixed with poor ones, and the consequence was a large number of straight scores. On the shoot-off Fink killed 17 more straight. The full scores were:

Dr Gaines, 31	2111112122—10	Heiligenstein, 30	212*222222— 9
Spencer, 31	2221222222—10	Prendergast, 31	2222*2?220— 7
Walker, 28	2211122111—10	J Cabanne, 30	1112222222—10
Dr Bond, 28	*0*1211010— 5	Selzer, 29	2222222122—10
Fresch, 28	2*1121201— 8	Sandberg, 28	2022220212— 8
Davis, 27	020*020112— 5	W E Hill, 28	2212122222—10
Barker, 27	2202000222— 6	Weber, 28	1212221112—10
Nason, 29	22012112*2— 8	Fink, 28	2222212122—10
Bowman, 28	2022222222— 9	Jonab, 28	1112211110— 9
Orvis, 28	2010110102— 6	Clay, 28	2222122212—10
Campbell, 28	2222222122—10	Krueger, 30	211212*212— 9
Williams, 28	0111211121— 9	Dodge, 28	1222121021— 9
Collins, 30	2202222210— 8	Boggerman, 29	1222122102— 9
H Meyer, 27	2121201101— 8	Dr Smith, 31	2122222222—10
Brandes, 28	1201002001— 5	Schwarz, 28	1222112222—10
W Meyer, 28	1101010202— 6	Kenyon, 28	2221221221—10
Kroell, 28	1221*20121— 8	Nold, 29	2222222222—10
C F Cummings, 28	0121111212— 9	Dr Cummings, 28	2122102211— 9
Reichert, 29	1222212201— 9	Johnson, 28	2112222222—10
Rock, 30	211*112211— 9	Scott, 28	1222112220— 9

At 2:30 Chris Heiligenstein, the flying Dutchman from Freeberg, Ill., took a turn at his invincible highness, Mr. Champion Cabanne, but it was of no avail. Heiligenstein shot brilliantly at times, making many fine kills, while at other times his work grew unsteady, and he ended with the rather poor score of 19. And Cabanne—well, he just kept on killing them, and while he had the best of the draw, it wasn't luck but his good shooting that won him the race. The birds were selected, and strictly first-class. Cabanne was at 31yds., Heiligenstein 30. The scores:

Heiligenstein, 30	2202221020212*2*21*11222—19
Cabanne, 31	11*1122021122220122112222—22

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 13.—Charley Spencer to-day made his third attempt to get possession of the Mermod trophy, this time challenging Dute Cabanne. But there seems to be a hoodoo for Charley attached to this trophy, for he lost again to-day after making a strong race for it. The birds were exceptionally fast, and were aided by a good wind. This was the mist interesting race for the St. Louis championship that has yet been shot. Both men stood at 31yds. The scores were:

Spencer	22*121122022222221202222—22
Cabanne	1220212*21121212122221222—23

Chas. M. Rock, of O'Fallon, Ill., immediately challenged Cabanne, and the race was shot at Dupont Park Feb. 17 at 10:30 o'clock. The birds were not an ordinary lot in this race, with now and then a screamer. Cabanne did not shoot up to his usual form, while Rock's work was clean and steady throughout. They both shot from the 31yds. mark. The scores were:

Cabanne	2121212121221*20*2*202122—20
Rock	12111121012111221*1121212—23

Following this was a 7-bird sweep, $3 entrance, scores resulting as follows:

Gaines	1112211—7	Mason	1112212—7
Hill	1110211—6	Wilkinson	0110020—3
Barker	2211122—7	Scudder	1122111—7
Karser	1222112—7	Bond	1121201—6
Campbell	2212122—7	Cabanne	2122212—7
Williams	0222200—4	Spencer	2111120—6
Herbert	1012111—6	Rock	1111110—6

In the afternoon of Feb. 7 J. M. Selzer and John Cabanne indulged in a little 25-bird race for price of birds, and tied on 22. Owing to the lateness of the hour they decided to call it a draw and fight it out some other time. The scores:

Selzer	2221111201120122012211112—22
Cabanne	222*2222222222202*2222112—22

Ten birds, practice:

Craig	2222211110— 9	Page	2111200101— 7
Johnson	2222222220— 9	Barker	0212112222— 9

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Intercity Shoot.

Feb. 9.—The last live-bird shoots of the Intercity Gun Club, of Minneapolis, have been successful. On Feb. 2 there was a strong wind, which made the birds lively. Hirschy won with 15 straight. Three new men came out, of whom McNamee promises to be a whirlwind. His second barrel is a corker.

On Feb. 3 Parker handed too warm a game to the boys on the high gun basis. The day was finished at targets, at which Hirschy took most of the coin.

Garden City, of Chicago.

Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, is holding its regular shoot this afternoon at Watson's.

The club divides $5 between those winning the handicap medal. The best straight score carries the high average medal. This will be the first shoot for the Great Northern silver loving cup, at 25 birds, with extra handicap birds to shoot at. The birds in regular club event will be scored on the cup event.

J. L. Van Uxem, 101 Randolph street, has presented us with a chamois skin shooting shirt, which will go to second high man during the year, with handicap. Birds 15 cents in club event; optional sweep with and without handicap.

Intercity Race Postponed.

Garden City Gun Club, Mr. H. Levi, secretary, has just received notice from the National Gun Club, Milwaukee, that the race between that club and some of Garden City Club men will be postponed indefinitely, on account of the serious illness of Col. F. C. Brand, a member of that club, and owner of the park where they shoot.

Chicago Notes.

Eureka Gun Club, of Lyons, holds an all day live-bird and target shoot to-morrow on its grounds in Lyons suburb.

The Universal Gun Club holds a live-bird and target shoot to-morrow at Archer avenue and Forty-sixth street.

A little race between M. Greener and H. Smith at Watson's ground this week resulted with Greener 42, Smith 41.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Minneapolis Shooters.

On the 11th of this month weather conditions were not very good for live birds at the Intercity Park, for birds were strong and so was the wind. Morrison seems to be handling his new gun in good shape, and made top score at live birds and targets. Scores:

Live birds:

Morrison	22222222222222222011*222—23
Kribbs	2J22202021212002211222112—20
Wilkinson	10012211*11221212*2021112—20
McNamee	222002222*22222w
Brown	220222222222222w

Targets:

Morrison	111111111111111111111011—24
Wilkinson	111110101111101101111111—21
Kribbs	111011111000111111011110111—19
Brown	111111110111111101111111—23
Mac	000001110011111000111111—14

On Lincoln's Birthday a fair number faced the traps. There was a large number that had hard luck stories to tell. This was particularly true in the cases of Mark, Kribbs and Brown. Mark drew mostly hard ones, as did Kribbs, and Brown had the misfortune to have 3 good kills all out of bounds. This was particularly true of his ninth bird, which was killed, but struck the walk and bounded out. Morrison is back on his old-time mettle, and turned a neat trick for the crowd. In the target races Mark made some of the regular shooters look tired. There was a bright sun on the snow, and the light was bad for all kinds of shooting. Scores:

Morrison	112212122222222—15	Brown	21*2211*222*0w
Hirschy	2.2*22222222*12—13	Barker	212110211112222—14
French	222*22222222222—14	Capt	112111121121212—15
Mark	*1102221*222222—12	Spratly	2222222222w
Kribbs	220*021101*2222—13	King	11111000w

The above race was at 15 birds, $7 entrance, three moneys, 5, 3, 2, Rose system. Capt. shot for birds only. Spratly retired to catch a train:

McGraw	1001101111001111111111110—19
Brown	0111111111111110001111011—20
Hirschy	1111111101111111111110111—23
Morrison	1111111111111111111111011—24

Fifteen targets:

Morrison	111101111111100—12	Brown	011111111111111—14
Hirschy	111111111111111—15	Spratly	001000111011011— 8
Mark	111111111011111—14		

Fifteen targets:

Morrison	111111101111110—13	Hirschy	110111111111110—13
Mark	111111111111101—14	Brown	111111101111110—13
Spratly	110011011111011—11		

W. P. Brown has challenged L. E. Parker, of Minneapolis, for the Hirschy live-bird trophy, the race to take place on the grounds of the Intercity Park, Minneapolis, on Friday, Feb. 22, at 10 A. M.

DR. BILL.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Feb. 16.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the tenth trophy shoot of the season. Dr. Meek, from the 31yd. mark, carried off the honors of the day, being the only one to go straight in the main event.

The day was cloudy, and while not very cold was very chilling owing to the great amount of moisture in the air. The birds were an unusually fast lot, largely outgoing screamers.

Attendance was small, owing to the deep snow and our grounds being located out on the prairie, necessitating considerable deep wading to reach it:

Tenth trophy event:

E Eaton, 28	212021*112— 8	Dorman, 28	1111222011— 9
Barnard, 30	222010202*— 6	Delano, 27	02*2210111— 7
Hicks, 31	0111111210— 8	McDonald, 28	1022122112— 9
Dr Mathews, 29	11111122*1— 9	Dr Meek, 31	1111112111—10
Dr Huff, 28	12211*2011— 8	Dr Shaw, 31	1100211220— 7
Keck, 28	000*201101— 4	T W Eaton, 30	1221122202— 8

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
E Eaton, 28	1*21*2—4	*0201*—2	.....
Barnard, 30	121101—5	112111—6	201202—4
Hicks, 31	110011—4	111*21—5	210*11—4
Dr Mathews, 29	111111—6	111111—6	.....
Dr Huff, 28	0210*1—3	0*22*2—3	11*211—5
Keck, 28	.....	*2020*—2	.....
Dorman, 28	.....	010*10—2	0**002—1
Delano, 27	.....	222222—6	111121—6
McDonald, 28	.....	211122—6	122211—6
Dr Meek, 31	.....	221111—6	.....
T W Eaton, 30	.....	.....	121010—4
Jones, 30	.....	.....	212111—6

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Feb. 12.—Match, 50 birds per man:

J B Wilson	22220222221110101201222222—21
	22210012012012012202222221—19—40
R E Willis	12012022220002222211212220—19
	02122200222222221010212201—19—38
A H Franklin	22202012002012222222210201—18
	11111122222221000010221110—19—37
F R Willis	22202110202222220022222222—20
	01022012021011022202100022—16—36

Feb. 16.—Fifteen-bird sweep, $5 entrance, two moneys:

Long	220121211022122—13	Sawyer	001121020100102— 8
Hunter	121112111221201—14	Robinson	100221220010102— 9
Comley	022*0122 2*1011—12	Mather	211011100222102—11
Nusley	202222220200w		

Practice:

Rust	11201102200	Stephens	1121122211111
Willard	11122222	Steck	21222
Miller	12101110	Bowles	11121
Antoine	100100		

Chicago Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Feb. 16.—At the club shoot of the Chicago Gun Club, at Watson's Park to-day, the following scores were made:

L C Willard, 31	2222212121222212—15
Antoine, 30	1121112102121111—14
Dr Miller, 30	0122222021111111—13
Bowles, 28	011**122201210*— 9
Steck, 30	1212122212122220—14
Dr Carson, 29	2211110212*1222—13
Mack, 28	0111210211112221—13
Mrs Carson, 26	00*0100w
Balmer, 27	000*0010*0*w
Dr Morton, 28	0010101211022221—10
*Stephens, 31	2121111122221*12—14
*Rice, 28	1202111*1201201—11
*Rust, 28	1001211220102l2—11

*Not members.

Six-bird sweep, $4 entrance, three moneys:

Hunter	2 2211—6	Carson	111200—4
Comley	211112—6	Stephens	111222—6
Steck	200110—3	Rust	011110—4
Miller	212*22—5	Sawyer	011220—4
Willard	221211—6	Robinson	210221—5
Nusley	201221—5	Morton	111221—6
Long	101201—3		

RAVELRIGG.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J.—With the wind trying to blow the hair off one's head, and the thermometer at zero, the February badge shoot was anything but a comfortable function. In the first place none but an "hostenostious" dead game sport would take chances in facing the traps in such weather, and the little band of heroes that fought out the programme are worthy the sublime respect of their fellow members. They will be known in the future as the "Never-Fail Brigade."

In the badge contest Mickel and Thomas were the only two that qualified for the gold medal, and the Professor also made the best individual score for the day, 11 out of 15. Some of the visitor's work was fair in spots, but the scores of all were away below the average.

In the merchandise event the boys tried a trifle harder, and the scores were slightly improved. Taylor and Mickel had an exciting finish for the sleeve buttons, Mickel emerging from the fray the winner by 1 target. Mickel also made the best general average for the day.

If the weather proves good, the indications are that Washington's Birthday shoot will be a hummer. The programme provided contains some novel features that will prove of interest even as an experiment.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10
Thomas	5	1	5	3	11	7	9	..	..
White	5	3	4	4	6	5	..	..	..
Mickel	4	8	3	7	10	10	10	8	8
*Johnson	4	5	3	4	7	9	..	..	..
J R Taylor	3	4	5	5	4	9	10	8	7
Frank Thropp	3	4	4	3	2	8	10	7	..
Howard	3	3	5	4	8	8	..	..	..
C Maddock, Jr	2	4	6	2	6	1	8	..	..
Reid	2	3	2	5	8	6	..	..	..
Williams	1	3	4	3	9	7	..	..	..
Ripley	1	4	3	3	6	6	..	..	..
*Jackson	0	2	3	2	5	6	..	..	..
Massey	0	1	4	3	5	5	..	..	..

*Non-members; not eligible to contest for medals.

Events 1, 2, 3, and 4 were optional sweeps. Events 5 and 6 were badge shoots, first 15 targets to qualify for place; 10 or better shoots for the gold and less than that number shooting for the silver badge. Events 8 and 9 were shoot-off of ties.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 12.—Great interest and hard work is being manifested by the committee for the Forester Gun Club's second annual two-day tournament, which will be held on April 12 and 13, at targets. This club has just begun to be popular, as the club's motto is "Give every one a good time for as little money as possible." All we kindly ask is that every shooter will help to make this one of the most successful shoots the Forester Gun Club has ever held. The club was organized in 1882, and at present is in good financial standing. Last year the club came near disbanding, owing to one of its officers trying his ideas to the detriment of the club, but the members at its annual meeting put an end to him by appointing a more noted trap man in his place.

Committee: J. J. Fleming, D. L. Sinnock and H. E. Winans.

The programmes will be ready by about March 10. H. E. Winans will be kindly mentioned for his good management of our club and making so many good friends.

The club shoot of to-day resulted in the following scores:

Handicap, 50yds. boundary, two moneys:

Ferguson, 28	2111111122—10	D Fleming, 27	0111111022— 8
Weller, 26	0202212211— 8	Aff, 28	0101122211— 8
Beatty, 27	0211221011— 8	Winans, 28	1210012102— 7
Ripley, 26	1112221*01— 8		

Event No. 2, 5 birds, one money:

Ferguson, 28	11222—5	Backus, 28	22102—4
Beatty, 27	21111—5	Aff, 28	20022—3

Country Club of Lakewood.

Lakewood, N. J., Feb. 12.—Visitors from the Carteret and New Utrecht gun clubs were present at the shoot of the Country Club to-day, one of whom was Col. T. Martin, of Bluffton, S. C. There was an exceedingly high wind, and the birds were an extra good lot. A 15-bird handicap with $5 entrance fee was the first event, money being divided for first and second guns. Miss-and-outs completed the programme. The scores in the handicap follow:

Col. Martin, 30	222221222222220—14
K P Thomas, 27	121101112011212—13
Capt Money, 30	212222202110111—13
S S Remsen, 30	222222222220022—13
W E Feigenspan, 30	220222222222220—13
Lockwood, 27	211210011221110—12
A Hegeman, 28	222021212120 — 9
Lozee, 28	011220111110 — 9
J H Hallock, 29	012222221200 — 9
George, 28	220012022 — 6
C Lincoln, 28	202222000 — 5
C W Rodman, 28	011001011 — 5
W S Cannon, 27	020100010 — 3
F A Potts, 25	01000 — 1
W Sykes, 28	020 — 1

The tie for second money was carried over into a miss-and-out event, in which there were ten entries, $5 entrance, and after the fourth bird the contest was between Martin, Thomas and Feigenspan. Thomas 8, Feigenspan 8, and divided the money and also that of second money of the handicap.

In another miss-and-out Martin and Money divided in the eighth round.

In addition to the above there were several side matches.

Belvidere Gun Club.

Belvidere, N. J., Feb. 13.—The two-men team match was for $40 a side. Creveling and Pitenger won by 3 birds. The scores:

Creveling	0222002222—7	Flin	0021220202—6
Pitenger	1122121002—8—15	Pearson	2002020112—6—12

Second event, 5 birds, $2 entrance, two moneys:

Rasener	21112—5	Dapkey	00121—3
Knowles	00200—1	Cole	11121—5
Reed	21222—5	Boardman	21110—4

WM. RASENER.

Hudson Gun Club

Newark, N. J., Feb. 11.—All were 10-target events on account of high, cold wind and weather, which accounts for poor scores, except for the old-timers and always topnotchers in any kind of weather.

Next regular shoot and club shoot on Feb. 24. We all adjourned to start at Rockaway Park, Feb. 17:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		
L H Schortemeier	9	9	10	9	7	9	10	10	8	9	9	110	99
C F Dudley	9	10	9	10	9	9	10	7	8	7	9	110	97
A A Schoverling	4	4	6	7	7	6	9	3	5	6	..	100	57
Dr G P Kay	6	6	6	9	9	5	7	7	4	8	..	100	67
S Brown	8	9	8	7	5	7	6	4	8	4	..	100	66
Johnnie Jones	6	5	6	9	8	7	4	7	4	9	..	100	65
H Fee	4	2	5	3	7	4	7	7	4	..	..	90	42
F Altz	3	3	5	6	9	7	8	..	..	..	..	70	41
G Hughes	5	8	6	5	5	5	5	..	..	..	..	70	39
G W Lembeck	..	..	..	4	5	6	6	8	..	..	..	50	29
J Dodds	..	..	..	3	5	5	5	..	..	..	..	40	18
F Hansman	3	8	4	6	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	70	40

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Ass't Sec'y.

Richmond Pigeon Club.

RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 13.—At the second monthly shoot of the Richmond Pigeon Club, to-day, fourteen members had courage enough to face the traps at Broad Street Ball Park to take part. The wind was blowing a gale, and when the pigeons were released from the traps they did not stay long enough to become acquainted with the surroundings.

Mr. Tignor did not shoot in his usual form. He is considered the best one-barrel shot in the State, but yesterday he seemed to be a little off, shooting at times very slowly.

Messrs. Stearns and Hammond were able to catch the birds quickly, and many of their kills were loudly applauded.

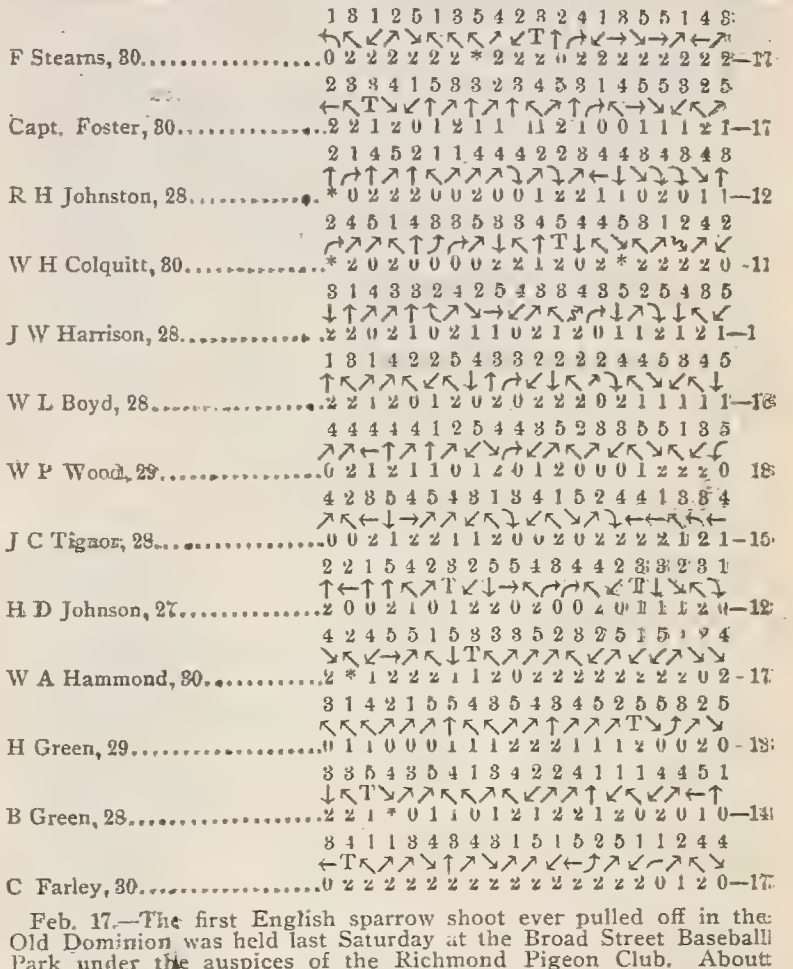
The birds were handled and trapped for Mr. L. C. Lynham, and were a picked lot, intended for the match between Messrs. F. Stearns and A. H. Fox, which was postponed.

The retrieving was done by Mr. Elyson's Dash, Mr. Vaughan's Leo and Mr. Young's Mack.

The English sparrow shoot, which is scheduled for Saturday, is creating a great deal of interest among the local shooters. They are all anxious to give the little oat-eater a trial, none having ever shot at them.

Handicap, 20-pigeon race:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



Feb. 17.—The first English sparrow shoot ever pulled off in the Old Dominion was held last Saturday at the Broad Street Baseball Park under the auspices of the Richmond Pigeon Club. About 400 sparrows were furnished and trapped by Mr. W. C. Lynham before an audience numbering fully 300, among whom were nearly all the trapshooters of Richmond. The sport commenced at 1:30 P. M. with Franklin Stearns first at the traps in a 20-sparrow match with J. W. Harison, and from then until dark it was "hot times in the old town" for both sparrows and pigeons, of which latter about 170 were trapped, after the sparrows were exhausted. The boys were "tickled to death" over the new sport, and if satisfactory methods of catching and keeping the little pests can be perfected sparrow shooting has come to Richmond to stay.

The next shoot at the little darters will be held at the ball park on March 2, and the boys would be glad to have visiting shooters join them in exterminating the little devils. Following are the scores at both sparrows and pigeons:

Event No. 1, 20 English sparrows, 21yds. rise:

Harrison	10222010122122010120—14
Stearns	11111102021112111122—18

Event No. 2, 10 sparrows:

Hammond	2222220210— 8	Stearns	2202222222— 9

Event No. 3, 10 sporrows:

Dean	2110012111— 8	Blair	2110120011— 7
Stearns	2222222022— 9	Wood	0101201110— 6
Hammond	1211010121— 8	Vaughan	0010022220— 5
Harrison	0111122100— 7	Dickerson	0100000101— 2
J C Tignor	1102202020— 6	Young	1121112111—10
Buckner	2200212202— 7		

Event No. 4, 10 sparrows:

Hammond	1111111001— 8	J C Tignor	0111011011— 7
Stearns	2121211101— 9	Blair	0220110011— 6
Buckner	1122011101— 8	Wood	0000010001— 2
Vaughan	1111001010— 6	Johnson	2012010011— 6
Harrison	1201111011— 8	Colquitt	1102021102— 7
Young	1001111100— 6	Boyd	1012010011— 6

Event No. 5, 5 sparrows:

Jackson	00211—3	Vaughan	01202—3
Dickerson	20000—1	Buckner	21010—3
Harrison	12011—4	Boyd	21122—5
Stearns	11100—3	Colquitt	11212—5
Young	12001—3	Parrish	10002—2

Event No. 6, 5 sparrows:

Johnson	11112—5	Young	21100—3
Stearns	11221—5	Harrison	210w

Event No. 1, 10 pigeons, handicap:

Stearns, 30	0202222222— 8	George, 28	1*22*21221— 8
Harrison 28	1110122122— 9	Boyd, 28	2222122222—10
Hammond, 30	2222222222—10	Johnson, 28	1211221010— 8
Buckner, 28	2111111011— 9	Wood, 29	2102w
Vaughan, 28	2112111112—10		

Event No. 2, 40 pigeons, 30yds. rise:

Stearns, 30	2222222222222222222202222222222222022122—38
Harrison, 30	21*1000210*2111*021011120010*21101101122—25

SECRETARY.

Horace Silsby.

THE recent death of Horace Silsby, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., removes one of the best known and most highly esteemed of the circle of sportsmen who were long prominent in connection with the New York Association for the Protection of Game and Fish. Mr. Silsby was an ex-president of the Association and was widely known as a trapshooter. Of him the Seneca Falls Reveille says in appreciation of his life and character:

"He was a man of attractive personality and very successful in making friends and in retaining their friendship. His clear insight and great good sense were manifested in all that he did. In addition to a uniformly good mental equipment for business, he was an enthusiastic lover of nature, with a true and fine sense of beauty in all its forms. The rod, the gun and the yacht afforded him a pleasant and congenial relief from business cares and responsibilities, and his boat house at Cayuga Lake was one of his most restful and enjoyable places of resort. He was fond of his friends, and his agreeable manners and a presence both graceful and manly made him a creator of friendship and affection for himself in all to whom he was known. The evidences of his many kindly words and deeds and of sympathy and condolence for those directly bereaved are many, affecting and in keeping with the character of the man, whose death is a source of extreme regret."

ON LONG ISLAND.

John Wright's Shoot.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 12.—There was a great gathering of shooters to compete for the Francotte gun offered as a prize by John Wright. There was also a large number of spectators present to witness the competition. Among the contestants were several whose fame as skillful shooters is world wide.

It was a day to try out the skill of the best. The forenoon was clear, with a stiff 7 o'clock wind, which gradually increased in force till in the last half of the main event it was about a half gale. The sky became overcast, and a fierce snow squall added to the hard conditions in the concluding round. The birds were a good lot, and with the fierce wind there were a number of the kind classed as unkillable, which is a kind of bird the shooter fails to hit correctly or to hit at all. In the main event two sets of traps, Nos. 1 and 2, were used, so that the event was carried through quite expeditiously. There was the keenest interest in the competition manifested by the shooters and their many friends who were lookers on. The redoubtable Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, standing at the 32yd. mark, was a strong competitor and promising one in respect to killing straight and winning, as also were Messrs. Van Allen, Keenan and Gildersleeve, but each missed 1 bird, and thus the four tied on 14. It was decided among them that the money would be divided between the four, and that a miss-and-out between them would determine the ownership of the gun. Gildersleeve went out on his first bird, Elliott on his fourth, Van Allen on his fifth. Keenan killed 5, and the rest then being shot out he was the winner of the gun. It was a popular win. The amateur victor was warmly congratulated by all. The conditions were 15 birds, $12.50 entrance, birds included; handicaps 25 to 33yds. There were forty-five entries, of which two were shooting for birds. Deducting the cost of birds, $3.75, from each entrance, left $8.75 net for each entrance, or a total of $366.25. Deducting the value of the gun, $150, left $216.25 to be divided between the four high guns.

The guns and powders used were as follows: B. H. Norton used a Parker gun, Hazard powder; G. H. Piercy, Smith, E C; B. W. Leroy, Remington, Hazard; S. M. Van Allen, Daly, Walsrode; J. Von Lengerke, Francotte, Schultze; H. C. Koegel, Smith gun; J. W. Hoffman, Francotte, Schultze; W. W. Hassinger, Smith gun; J. H. Martin, Greener, Schultze; Capt. Jack, Greener, Schultze; C. W. Goldstein, Remington, E C; E. C. Griffith, Parker, E C; C. H. Criss, Parker, E C; H. S. Folsom, Francotte, Schultze; J. R. Hull, Parker, E C; L. Howard, Smith, E C; Ira McKane, Francotte, E C; G. Greiff, Francotte, Schultze; M. Mackay, Francotte, E C; Dr. Miller, Parker gun; Dr. Casey, Parker, Schultze; J. W. Thompson, Parker, Schultze; C. W. Schanck, Parker, Schultze; Annie Oakley, Parker, Schultze; A. W. Hawes, Daly, Schultze; R. James, Scott, Walsrode; Frank Ashton, Francotte, Schultze; L. C. Cornell, Francotte, Schultze; Dr. McManus, Smith, Schultze; L. W. Colquitt, Daly, Schultze; J. A. R. Elliott, Winchester, Hazard; H. Schummel, Francotte, Schultze; W. H. Sanders, Greener, E C; J. P. Keenan, Daly, Dupont; Dr. Stillman, Smith, Schultze; Ed Banks, Winchester, E C; C. Steffens, Parker, Schultze; F. Hyde, Greener, Schultze; F. G. Gildersleeve, Smith, Schultze; G. L. Schoemacher, Francotte, E C; A. Christy, Francotte, Schultze; C. E. Langdon, Parker, Schultze.

The scores in the main event, which was the third one shot, are as follows:

B. H. Norton, 27....222222222202220—13
G H Piercy, 29....2222*2222002212—12
B. Leroy, 29....2222220220222*2—12
S M Van Allen, 30....222222022222222—14
J Von Lengerke, 28....22222*222222220—13
H C Koegel, 29....222022022222002—11
J W Hoffman, 28....022222022222222—13
W W Hassinger, 29....201210002221222—10
J H Martin, 27....022222222022222—13
Capt. Jack, 28....021221222220222—13
C W Goldstein, 25....021011110122210—11
E C Griffith, 28....022221221220222—13
C H Criss, 25....202002002020022— 7
H S Folsom, 25....012*20220022012— 9
J R Hull, 29....202222021122222—13
L Howard, 28....022222200222222—12
I McKane, 28....222222220220222—13
G Greiff, 29....022222222220222—13
M Mackay, 26....012212021210202—11
Dr H Miller, 28....22202*000022222— 9
Dr Casey, 30....222022222000222—11
Dr L W Carman, 27....212122200222222—13
J W Thompson, 29....21102122212201*—12
C W Schanck, 26....2111022221011*2—12
A Oakley, 27....220222220200w
A W Hawes, 26....2000122120*212*— 9
R James, 27....211210022022202—11
F S Francotte, 29....212*22200000221— 9
L C Cornell, 26....200021201001002— 7
Dr H McManus, 27....202212022200112—11
P D Froeligh, 27....212*02010011001— 8
L W Colquitt, 28....01222222222*222—13
J A R Elliott, 32....222222222222022—14
H Schummel, 29....220220220220222—11
H W Sanders, 27....222202222002220—11
J P Keenan, 28....222222222222022—14
Dr Stillman, 28....222220022*20222—11
E Banks, 28....220020w
C Steffens, 29....21122222222210*—13
H Hyde, 26....220*2200020*020— 6
Gildersleeve, 26....220222222222222—14
O Demarest, 26....202202222222200—11
G L Schoemacher, 26....220020220220222—10
A Christy, 25....002200002202000— 5
C E Langdon, 26....002112202211121—12

Ties on 14 for gun, miss-and-out:

Van Allen ....22220 Keenan 22222
Elliott ....2220 Gildersleeve 0

Event No. 1, 10 birds, $5 entrance:

B Norton, 28....2222222202— 9 Morfey, 31....2220220200— 6
Griffith, 29....2222022222— 9 Hawes, 28....001*20*121— 5
Leroy, 29....2222222222—10 Van Allen, 30....2202222222— 9
Piercy, 30....2*20222200— 6 Langdon, 28....1012222002— 7
Greene, 26....122222*001— 7

Event No. 2, 5 birds, $3 entrance:

Elliott, 32....22022—4 Waters, 27....22212—5
Hull, 29....22222—5 Carmen, 25....12020—3
Banks, 29....22221—5 Capt Jack, 28....22122—5
Von Lengerke, 28....22022—4 Hyde, 26....22200—3
Piercy, 29....22222—5 Gildersleeve, 27....22222—5
Hassinger, 28....22101—4 Langdon, 27....21200—3
Howard, 28....2222*—4 Hoffman, 28....22222—5
Christy, 25....00020—1 Leroy, 29....20202—3
A Oakley, 27....21221—5 Griffith, 29....10110—3
Thompson, 29....12121—5 Van Allen, 30....22222—5
Colquitt, 27....20022—3 Miller, 29....*22*0—2
Folsom, 26....0201*—2 Koegel, 30....2*222—4
James, 28....10101—3 Demerest, 28....20012—3
Francotte, 28....02220—3 Norton, 27....02222—4
Martin, 27....22000—2 Greene, 26....22021—4
Schummel, 28....22222—5 Cornell, 26....02020—2
Schanck, 28....22021—4 Casey, 30....22222—5

At Interstate Park.

Queens, L. I., Feb. 13.—Several events were shot at Interstate Park to-day, the most important being one at 25 live birds, $10 entrance, two high guns, the scores of which were as follows:

S M Van Allen, 30....222202202*222022*222*2222—19
B Leroy, 29....222*2*22022*022*2222022*2—17
E C Griffith, 29....1020101200012212102201220—16
Morfey, 30....222222222220*200202022202—18
Morris, 30....0000000100*00100002002000— 4

Ten birds, $5, high guns:

Van Allen, 30....2222222222—10 Griffith, 28....222222211—10
Leroy, 29....2022222222— 9 Morfey, 30....22021*2022— 7

Miss-and-outs, $5:

Morfey, 30....22 222222 Griffith, 28....20 220
Leroy, 29....22 222222 Van Allen, 30....0 212220

Match:

Leory, 29....2202222222— 9 Griffith, 29....1222222222—10

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Feb. 16.—The shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day was well attended. In the club event there were five full scores of 10. The handicap allowance of misses as no birds and kills will be found by reference to the foot note following the scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C W Feigenspan, 29	2222222222—10	2222222—7
*Ramapo, 27	1222111111—10	†1221212—7
†C M Lincoln, 28	2211022102— 8	‡2222211—7
†Jack, 29	1222122211—10	‡22220w
*Sykes, 29	22222*22**— 7	†2222222—7
†Brooks, 28	2111212120— 9	‡1211111—7
*Norton, 28	0222022212— 8	‡*222002—4
Lentilhon, 28	0222022212— 8	2022*22—5
†Losee, 28	1112111112—10	1202212—6
P Daly, 30	22*1212222— 9	12122*2—6
Capt Jack, 30	21*2021002— 6	1222112—7
†Annie Oakley, 28	2122212112—10	‡211*111—5
†A A Hegeman, 29	1221112101— 9	....

* Indicates 1 miss and 1 no bird. † indicates 1 miss. ‡ 1 no bird. No. 1 was club prize, 10 birds, $5. No. 2 was club prize, 7 birds.

Three pairs doubles: Lincoln 5, Palmer 2, Daly 5, Ramapo 5, Brooks 6, Feigenspan 4, Jack 5.

Seven birds, prize:

‡Lincoln, 28....111201*—4 ‡Annie Oakley, 28....22111*w
‡Brooks, 28....1111222—7 †Ramapo, 27....2122110—6
†Losee, 28....11221*w ‡Jack, 29....121*w
‡A A Hegeman, 29....111110w Gaughen, 29....2222222—7
Feigenspan, 29....2222222—7 †Sykes, 29....22222*w
‡Norton, 28....2122201—6

† 1 miss. ‡ 1 no bird.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Brooks ....0 Gaughen 222210
Feigenspan 222222

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 16.—Fine weather afforded favorable conditions in respect to externals for the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. The February cup was well contested, and resulted in three ties on 48 by Messrs. Marshall, Brigham and Keyes.

The conditions of the cup event were 25 targets, expert traps; 25 targets, magautrap; handicap; allowances added:

	—Expert.—		—Magautrap.—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
W W Marshall	6	25	5	23	48
H M Brigham	2	23	2	25	48
Dr J J Keyes	5	25	4	23	48
W G McConvill	8	22	6	25	47
F B Stephenson	2	24	2	22	46
G Notman	3	24	3	21	45
C Kenyon, Jr	3	21	2	20	41
J N Borland	5	18	5	20	38
L C Hopkins	6	21	5	16	37
C A Sykes	3	19	3	18	37
C G Rasmus	..	15	..	11	26
W K Fowler	6	15	6	17	32
H C Werleman	..	14	..	11	25
G Stephenson, Sr.	..	10	..	14	24
Dr H L O'Brien	5	17	w	w	

Trophy shoot, 25 birds, expert traps: Dr. J. J. Keyes (5) 25, H. M. Brigham (2) 24, C. G. Rasmus (6) 23, F. B. Stephenson (2) 22, G. Stephenson, Jr. (3) 22, G. Notman (3) 22, C. Kenyon, Jr. (3) 20, H. C. Chapman (8) 20, J. N. Borland (5) 19, W. W. Marshall (6) 19, L. C. Hopkins (6) 19, H. C. Werleman (7) 18, Dr. H. L. O'Brien (5) 17, C. A. Sykes (3) 17, A. L. Norris (5) 14, W. K. Fowler (6) 11.

Trophy shoot, 10 pairs, expert traps: Dr. H. L. O'Brien (5) 18, F. B. Stephenson (2) 16, H. M. Brigham (3) 16, G. Stephenson, Jr., (3) 15, G. Notman (2) 13, Dr. J. J. Keyes (5) 12, C. Kenyon, Jr. (2) 12, J. N. Borland (6) 9.

Trophy shoot, 10 pairs, expert traps: F. B. Stephenson (2) 18, G. Stephenson, Jr. (3) 17, H. M. Brigham (3) 16, G. Notman (2) 13, Dr. H. L. O'Brien (5) 10, C. Kenyon, Jr. (2) 9.

Sweepstake, 25 targets, magautrap: F. B. Stephenson 22, G. Stephenson, Jr., 21, Marshall 12, G. Stephenson, Sr., 10.

Sweepstake, 20 targets, expert: G. Stephenson, Jr., 17, F. B. Stephenson 15, Marshall 8, McConvill 7, G. Stephenson, Sr., 7.

Sweepstake, 15 targets, expert: F. B. Stephenson 13, Brigham 12, Sykes 11, Keyes 10, G. Stephenson, Sr., 9, G. Stephenson, Jr., 9, Marshall 9, Kenyon, Jr., 6, Hopkins 6, McConvill 2.

Sweepstake, 10 targets: Kenyon, Jr., 9, G. Stephenson, Sr., 8, Marshall 8, Hopkins 5, McConvill 5.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 15.—The club shoot to-day, held at Dexter Park, was well attended. Mr. H. P. Fessenden acted as referee, Mr. Johnnie Jones as scorer. Mr. John Bohling, Jr., in Class A killed his 10 birds straight and was the only contestant who did so. The scores follow:

Club event, 10 birds:

F Ehlen, 25....1211*11210— 8 Kid Peters, 28....1202211012— 8
J Vagts, 28....1022101101— 7 J Kattenhorn, 25....020,000202— 3
Job Lott, 30....222**2211*— 7 C Bohling, 25....*202110201— 6
Geo Leoble, 28....0221*22220— 7 C Rolphs, 28....1002110011— 6
N Brunie, 28....*122021021— 7 H Meyerdieck, 25..012202112*— 7
J Bohling, Jr, 28...2222222222—10 H Schumacher, 25..2202*00220— 5
C Steffens, 30....1021222222— 9 W Rinckoff, 28....1001022200— 5
J H Kroeger, 28....01*2010102— 5 F Karstens, 28....11*1111010— 7
C Meyer, 30....1011011110— 7 J Schmidt, 25....1222110022— 8
J Mohrman, 28....21*1021112— 8

Shoot-off, Class B:

Ehlen ....2 J Schmidt 0

Sweepstake, 5 birds:

Ehlen ....12101—4 J Bohling ....*2220—3
Leoble ....0*22*—2 Lott ....22222—5
Mohrmann ....12002—3 Meyer ....11122—5
Peters ....20222—4 Karsten ....02021—3
Rinckoff ....21211—5 Vagts ....1**00—1
Meyerdieck ....22212—5 Kroeger ....11*10—3
C Bohling ....12121—5 Schmidt ....02122—4
Schumacher ....11210—4 Rolphs ....20201—3
Brunie ....12102—4 Kattenhorn ....00222—3

Match at 15 birds:

Job Lott, 30...002212221111*11—12 G Leoble, 28..222222212112022—14

Leoble vs. Steffens.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 15.—The match to-day between Messrs. Leoble and Steffens resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 39 to 38. Mr. Leoble had 2yds. advantage. Mr. Jake Vagts acted as referee. Mr. Johnnie Jones acted as scorer. The story is told in detail in Forest and Stream's trap score type as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

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               1 3 3 3 5 1 1 1 5 4 5 4 4 2 3 1 3 2 4 3 5 5 4 4 3
               ↖ ↗ → ↗ ↰ ↙ ↖ ↖ ↱ ↖ ↗ ↱ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↖ → ↑ ↰ ↗ → ↘ ↖ ↑
G Leoble, 28.. 1 2 * * 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 * 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—19
               3 5 4 1 4 4 4 1 1 4 5 4 2 5 4 1 2 5 1 3 2 2 5 4 4
               ↗ ↗ ↗ ↙ ↙ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↗ → ↰ ↑ ↗ → ↗ ↰ ↗ ↘ ↑ ↗ ↱ ↗ ↑
               2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—20—39
               1 4 1 2 2 3 3 2 3 5 5 3 5 4 1 2 1 5 3 4 3 3 3 4 1
               ↗ ↘ ↱ ↗ ↗ ↴ → ↗ ↴ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↱ ↖ → ↙ ↗ ↗ → ↘ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↘ ↱
C Steffens, 30.0 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 0 0 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1—20
               3 2 5 3 1 2 5 2 4 4 1 4 3 5 5 4 4 5 2 2 4 2 2 4 4
               ↗ ↑ ↖ T ↗ ↘ ↘ ↗ ↰ ↙ ↰ ↗ ↰ → ↱ ↗ ↰ ↗ ↱ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↴ ↱
               1 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 * 0 2 0 2 0 2 2 0 2 0—18—38
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Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I. Feb. 18.—The scores made at the bi-monthly shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club to-day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	10	15
Dr Bill	21	21	17	15	17	17	18	15	21	..	..
J H Sharkey	13	10	10	12	14	..	..	..	..	7	7
A A Duke	11	20	16	11	10	10	15	17	..	..	..
C F Dudley	..	..	15	11	13	19	16	14	..	6	..
A Schubel	..	..	14	16	13	14	14	13	..	..	..
J Hughes	..	..	10	10	11	10	11	13	..	8	..
F Brown	..	..	7	6	8	9	8	10	..	..	..
F Schoverling	..	..	15	16	12	16	14	17	..	..	..
S Charles	..	..	14	10	11	11	18	..	..	..	..
J Klenk	..	..	6	6	12	9	6	..	..	4	..
Geo E Leoble	..	..	9	15	16	16	..	..	..	..	..
Johnnie Jones	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	8	16	6	8
Geo Lebohner	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	7	..	..	..
A Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	9	..	..	..
B Mull	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	..
J Tiernan	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
E Bourke	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
J Stoney	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
A Constable	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
B Bothy	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
W Waldeck	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
E Steffens	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	..	..
O Kelm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..

A Nation of Amateurs.

A prominent politician, seeking to lay his finger upon a weak spot in our national character, sought some little time ago to prove that we were a nation of amateurs. Indictments have been drawn against us before. Within the memory of man we have been called a nation of shopkeepers, but now it seems that we are only amateur shopkeepers after all, and that our heart is not in our business. Do we not hear complaints almost daily in the public press of our reprehensible lack of enterprise, of our failure to adopt continental or American methods, of the eclipse of British commerce behind the rising sun of Germany? Our critic contended that it was much the same in nearly every profession that we take up. With the exception of the Royal Navy and gardening—a curiously assorted pair—whatever calling we adopt we discharge our duty as amateurs, "to the detriment alike of public business and private enterprise." The soldier, the clergyman, the farmer, the statesman—not one of these but bungles his business sadly for want of interest in his profession.

It is easy enough, once a plausible thing is started, to find facts in support of it. No doubt several professions would be none the worse for a serious attention to detail. No doubt, too, there are men in most professions who are blindly conservative, who cling to old traditions and look with contempt on modern scientific methods. But it is certain that they grow fewer year by year. They die out; the stress of competition will not permit them to live and carry on their business on the old lines. It may be a question whether we are not lagging behind other nations, but there can be no two words about our advancing. If we are amateurs now, we were much more so in the past, and shall be much less so in the future—in the serious business of life. Are competitive examinations decreasing in number, and county council lectures, and training colleges for the engineer? To us, at any rate, the danger does not seem to lie in this direction. The tendency is rather to suppose that cultivation of the mind is all-sufficient, and that the physical side of man is a matter of the smallest importance. But enough has been said recently upon this point. Let us confine ourselves at present to the consideration of the amateur.

When, with reproachful intention, a man is termed an amateur, the word may commonly be taken to mean that he is not a serious worker. In literature or art—and the expression is used in these connections in its most damaging sense—to be an amateur is, in the eye of the critic and the professional, to be nothing at all. To call a man even by so pleasant-sounding a name as "a brilliant amateur" is to damn him with faint praise. It was this view of the matter, presumably, that animated the politician who has recently risen to high office in the formidable accusation he brought against the British race. He took occasion to define an amateur as "a man who is not braced up to a high standard of effort and proficiency by a knowledge that failure may mean ruin." The definition sounds at first hearing reasonable enough, and it is tolerably well expressed. No doubt, too, the attitude it describes is hardly one that a great nation would wish to adopt, but on reflection the definition seems to be something of a libel on the unfortunate amateur, who must by this time, however, be growing accustomed to hard words from the jealous professional. Etymology alone would suggest that an amateur is one who takes up a profession or a sport because he likes it, and not as a mere means of making money. It might be argued that some professions —the Church, for example—are better approached in this spirit; it has often been argued that no sports should be approached in any other. And as to the quality of the work—it is not in games alone that the amateur has somethimes the better of the contest. Men do not always do their best when they know that failure may mean ruin. As often as not they break down from no other cause. In effect, the border line, in most professions, between the amateur and the professional is one that is very easily passed; and it is not always on the further side of the boundary that we find the best work. And we certainly cannot agree that the amateur shows any lack of seriousness in fitting himself for the task that he undertakes. The true amateur has nothing of the dilettante spirit about him; he is far more likely to suffer from excess of zeal than from carelessness. He has not been through an adequate training, allege his detractors, and therefore his work must suffer through not being conducted on the most scientific principles. But in all probability the man who has his work at heart will train himself far more satisfactorily than the ordinary pupil at a training college. The advocates of an early specialized education are apt to forget that the fact of its early commencement militates strongly against the probability of the pupil choosing his profession aright. In how many cases is a boy of twelve likely to know his mind on this all-important subject? Common sense would urge us to give him a fair chance—to let him have a good general education first, and superimpose upon that sound foundation what he wishes afterward. As things stand, there are not a few who enter the navy and find too late that they have mistaken their vocation, and that much of the knowledge they have acquired at such a cost of time and money is useless for any other profession. And in commercial matters, at any rate, we venture to think that very little good is done to the boy, or to the sacred cause of business, by restricting a pupil's education solely to the mathematics of the counting house.

The essential of success in a profession, one might almost say, is to be an amateur—in the best sense of the word. It is rather remarkable that while some are thus accusing us of a lack of seriousness in matters of vital import, we should have raised our voice more than once in these columns in gentle raillery at the gravity with which we pursue our games. But it is hardly necessary to point out that, in the world of sport, the amateur is a word bearing a somewhat different meaning. An artificial line of demarcation separates him from the professional; it is here purely a question of trade, and the principles prompting the man are not, and cannot be, too curiously considered. In all essential points the professional cricketer or football player may be more of an amateur at heart than the gentleman who bears that honored name. Indeed, in most cases he has, doubtless, taken up the game at which he makes his livelihood, primarily because he liked it. That he earns money by its practice is neither here nor there. But it is worth while considering the behavior, let us say, of certain league teams in the light of the definition we have quoted above. The components of these teams are, one and all, men who are "braced up to a high standard of effort and proficiency by a knowledge that failure may mean ruin." It is interesting to notice that not infrequently responsibility becomes too heavy for them to bear, and the play suffers considerably in consequence. It was, not so long ago, matter for comment that certain teams, who perhaps started the season rather unfortunately, preferred to play anywhere rather than on their own ground. The knowledge that failure may mean ruin is not conducive to accurate and spirited football. We doubt whether it is conducive to enterprise in any profession. There are professions, no doubt, where the thought has to be faced. In the two services an officer knows well enough that he has to take his chances, and that he may be broken through the slightest miscalculation or error of judgment. But if he is a wise man he does not allow the thought to obtrude itself unnecessarily. There are some who would be happier if the young officer were always thinking of such matters, and always discussing the nice points of his profession. In our opinion it is not an unhealthy sign that he should be reluctant to talk "shop" before strangers. Let him be trained as much and as thoroughly as possible, but it is even more important that his nerves should be in good condition.—London Field.

Concerning its holiday tournament, Feb. 22, the Trenton Shooting Association, of Trenton, N. J., in its programme presents the following information: "Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp. Interstate rules will govern all shooting, in conjunction with the 'House Rules' of the Trenton Shooting Association. Targets thrown from magautrap, at 1½ cents, included in entries Nos. 1 to 5. Re-entries unlimited. Trolley cars marked 'Yardville' direct to the grounds. Club house heated by hot air. Loaded shells for sale. Sandwiches and hot coffee. Come early and bring your money with you. Event No. 1, at 10 bluerocks, class shooting; entrance 50 cents, targets included. First prize, Colt's automatic pistol, .38cal. —the latest production in high-power small arms—value, $35. The second prize is $5 in gold. Third prize, $2.50 in gold. A pair of gold cuff buttons will be awarded the lowest score in this event. Events Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, at 10 bluerocks, class shooting; entrance 50 cents, targets included. In these events the prizes will be a dressed capon for each first, second and third best score. Events Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, at 10 bluerocks; entrance $1, targets deducted at 1 cent each; Jack Rabbit system of division. This is the only system that admits all the contestants for a share in the purse. Address all inquiries to the secretary, George N. Thomas, 1100 Chestnut avenue, Trenton, N. J."

America vs. England.

ELSEWHERE in our trap columns is published an interesting and gratifying letter from Mr. Paul North on a subject of lively interest to all trapshooters, and incidentally within the United States to all Americans. It goes without saying that a shooting contest engaged in by the best picked men of America against the best that England can produce is a national event. It should evoke the heartiest indorsement and support from the whole American people. There is no doubt but what it will do so. The great international events of the past—the great rifle, sculling, yachting and general athletic contests—were more than international events in the interest evoked; they were world-wide in that respect.

While Mr. North's letter modestly presents the main features of the matter, there is already a strong and substantial support of it.

As a result of Mr. North's energetic efforts concerning the international trapshooting contest, and at his instance, a meeting of gentlemen eminent in the realm of business and wholesome sport was held in New York on Wednesday of last week to take authoritative action in this matter. A brief discussion developed the fact that much important preliminary work had already been accomplished. It had already been determined that the personnel of the team would be eminent as to skill and good standing; that the prospective members had signified their willingness to join it, and on inquiry, that such men as were on salaries found that they could prearrange their business affairs readily to cover the time that they would be absent; that each member of the team would serve on it in his personal capacity—that is to say, he would not be a representative of any business interests whatever in his capacity as a member of the team.

It was further decided that the team would be strictly representative of American skill and competitive ability; that it would be more truly representative of America if sent to England by the American people, rather than by any American organization, hence it was decided that the funds should be raised by popular subscription.

Mr. North has been corresponding with the leading English sportsmen who are influential in trapshooting matters, and negotiations are so far advanced that a match is practically assured.

In short, all the preliminaries, excepting the money for expenses, have been almost definitely arranged.

In the great international competitions the representatives of America have often been victorious, and always admirable competitors. Such is a matter of sporting history. But in promoting the success of the team by furnishing the sinews of war, the venture has more than a team significance. It will promote a general national interest in acquiring skill with the gun—and how essential is such skill in times of national stress is embodied in the saying, "The man behind the gun," the import of which is known to every American and others.

Grand Central Handicap Tournament.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—This is the fourth time the shooters of this country have assembled for the purpose of holding a contest upon the beautiful and well equipped grounds of the Limited Gun Club. This shoot has become a fixture at this city, and is known and established as the Grand Central Handicap. The handicap refers to the 25-pigeon race, $25 entrance, and is shot the last day, there being usually one day of target shooting and one of sparrow shooting and another of live-bird shooting. This year the management decided to use two days for targets and one for live birds.

Opening Day, Feb. 13.

Wednesday opened rather hazy, with a slight wind, and yet by the time the first gun had been fired the fleecy clouds were drifting away, and the shining sun was welcomed during the remainder of the day. The targets were thrown from a magautrap, and owing to having a new head not properly adjusted and the pull being defective caused some provoking delays. Yet in E. H. Tripp and Bert Adams we found such excellent managers that there were very few if any murmurs of complaint.

The tribe known as Indians were out in fairly good numbers, as no less than ten of them were seen to deposit funds with the cashier sufficient to shoot through the day. These first owners of the Indiana woods were somewhat crestfallen on account of the absent chiefs—Chas. W. Budd and Rolla Heikes—but it did not affect their shooting materially, as the scores will show.

The visitors present were enrolled as follows: W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; Jack Fanning, New York; Harvey Sconce, Sidell, Ill.; A. B. Conner, Pekin, Ill.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Col. A. G. Courtney, New York; Eddie Bingham, Chicago; Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; Hon. Tom Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; Ed Rike, Dayton, O.; W. T. (Tramp) Irwin, Chicago; E. E. Apperson, Kokomo; E. C. Meredith, Muncie, Ind.; J. L. Head, Peru; Mr. Fort, Fostoria, O.

Add to this list the members of the club here, such as E. H. Tripp, T. H. Parry, Dr. O. F. Britton, J. W. Cooper, Paul Beck, Geo. Marott, Bert Adams and others, and you have a combination hard to beat. The almost continuous popping of guns was heard until near sundown, and when the last gun was fired some very wonderful scores were shown to have been made.

Billy Crosby has not been at every shoot held lately, and some of the regulars were wondering what said Billy could be up to by stealing away, but they found out to-day, as after missing one each in the first two events he ran out straight, with the exception of the twelfth event, where one more, by some sudden movement, evaded his unerring aim. This showed that Billy had been "practicing in his backyard." The boys speak of him as being in a trance, but, call it what you may, the "saucers" were not only "cracked," but they were "smashed," and then the few remaining pieces were ground into dust.

I turn now to the amateurs. Look at the figures opposite Mr. Sconce's name; total missed, 6. Here is a farmer boy from Illinois who has a local reputation for "crockery" smashing that few can excel. Fanning made nine straight scores and had a "bad half hour" in two events that cut him down in the average. Gilbert, "the evil spirit of the lake," made four 15s and six 14s and four 13s, and thus fell below his former record made on these grounds.

You have often read reports of shoots in which odd names were given to squads. Well, here is a new one. The first squad was designated by some one as the "Bald-faced" squad, as they were selected because they were smooth-faced, even to absence of mustache. They were good shooters, but not nearly so handsome as the second squad, each being adorned with a flowing mustache, being no less than the well-known Courtney, Bingham, Burnside, Fulford and Marshall. You should see the ladies press forward when this squad was called to the score, and when a miss was scored there was often heard a sigh and an "Oh, too bad!" "So sorry," etc.

The scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Crosby	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	14	15	15	15
Fanning	14	11	15	13	15	13	15	15	12	13	15	15	15	15
Sconce	14	15	15	13	14	15	14	..	15	15	15	15	15	14
Conner	15	14	15	14	14	13	15	14	14	11	14	14	11	14
Gilbert	14	14	13	15	15	14	13	13	15	15	14	14	14	13
Courtney	8	14	13	12	15	10	13	13	13	13	11	9	15	14
Bingham	12	13	14	15	13	14	13	14	12	12	13	12	11	14
Burnside	11	10	13	13	10	11	12	12	14	14	14	13	14	13
Fulford	14	14	15	12	14	12	13	14	15	14	14	14	15	13
Marshall	12	13	13	12	14	13	13	14	12	15	11	15	13	12
Parry	13	10	14	14	12	13	14	13	12	13	13	13	11	14
Tripp	15	11	15	15	12	12	14	13	14	14	14	14	12	11
Irwin	9	14	12	12	12	10	12	13	..	14	12	13	13	10
Partington	13	13	13	12	14	15	14	14	12	12	14	13	..	..
Fort	13	12	14	..	10	15	14	15	12	13	12	15	11	13
Rike	14	10	14	11	15	11	14	13	14	13	13	13	12	14
Apperson	13	12	15	13	13	14	12	14	13	13	12	13	15	13
Meredith	..	10	11	13	12	8	9	9	..	9	..	12	..	..
Head	..	12	14	14	13	13	11	14	12	12	13	15	13	13
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	13	10	..	..	..	..
Beck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	15	12	14	13
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	..	..	..
Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	..	..	..	..
Anson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	13	..		

Second Day, Thursday, Feb. 14.

Morning dawned lovely, and the day was an ideal one for target shooting. There was just enough wind to blow the smoke away.

There were several new faces seen to-day, but one was absent—that of Harvey Sconce, who was suddenly called home by the unexpected death of his uncle. The new men were such well-known personages as Ed Voris and Mac Stillwell, of Crawfordsville; Joe Bristain, of Lafayette; C. Stevens, of Moline, Ill.; J. Hillis and F. Hillis, of Washington, and Rolla Heikes, of Dayton.

Everything passed off in a way to be a lasting benefit to the Limited Gun Club. The scores made were not quite so good as yesterday. Crosby, though having made some wonderful scores in his, almost defeated himself, as out of 210 shots to-day only 6 were not scored dead. Jack Fanning came second, losing 11, closely followed by Conner, of Pekin, Ill., who let but 14 get away. Gilbert was not up to form, and he let 17 hit the ground, lost. Then there was Ed Rike and J. L. Head next, closely followed by the Hon. Tom Marshall.

The home members and friends came out to-day, and altogether there were thirty-eight entries. To-night others are coming in, and to-morrow more live-bird shooters are expected. The total scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Crosby	15	15	15	15	15	13	15	14	13	15	15	15	14	15
Fanning	14	14	13	15	14	15	14	14	15	14	14	14	14	15
Heikes	13	13	13	14	14	12	13	13	10	13	13	13	10	13
Conner	14	14	12	13	14	15	15	15	15	11	15	15	14	14
Gilbert	13	15	13	15	12	14	15	15	12	15	14	15	13	12
Courtney	13	13	14	14	13	13	14	14	13	13	13	13	13	14
Bingham	9	14	13	10	12	12	12	15	12	12	14	12	8	9
Burnside	13	12	14	14	14	11	12	14	13	15	14	13	12	13
Fulford	9	14	12	14	15	12	12	12	10	13	13	13	11	15
Marshall	15	13	15	14	14	13	14	14	11	11	15	15	14	13
Tripp	13	13	13	12	15	11	15	13	14	15	13	14	11	15
Parry	12	14	14	11	13	12	13	12	13	11	12	12	13	14
Rike	14	15	14	15	14	15	14	13	14	12	13	14	14	11
Head	13	13	14	11	15	14	11	14	14	15	15	15	14	14
Slow	12	13	12	11	11	10	12	13	14	..	..	..	..	..
Long	12	11	10	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Daniels	10	13	11	14	12	11	13	10	8	..	..	..	..	..
Fort	13	15	15	13	12	12	13	14	14	13	14	13	13	13
White	5	10	6	12	8	11	13	9	9	12	13	10	8	11
Beck	..	..	..	14	15	12	12	13	..	14	13	11	13	13
Dickson	..	..	..	10	12	14	10	11	10	10	13	..	..	..
Mack	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Howard	..	..	..	12	13	12	14	10	11	12	13	..	..	..
Stillwell	..	..	..	12	13	10	13	13	11	13	13	13	..	..
Juck	..	..	..	..	6	4	11	8	11	5	..	..	..	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	12	12	9	8	11	11	..	..	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	..	9	14	12	12	13	14	14	13	15	13
Leeson	..	..	..	..	11	11	11	11	11	12	12	12	12	..
Comstock	..	..	..	..	13	13	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harbit	..	..	..	..	9	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tramp	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	11	12	13	..	11	11	..
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	15	12	11	11	12	..
Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jacksnipe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	12	..	..	..	..
J Hillis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	..	..	..	..
F Hillis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	..
Dock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	13	..	..
Meredith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	13	..

Following the regular programme a miss-and-out pigeon event was shot. There were eighteen entries, and seven men were tied on 5 kills when darkness fell and caused a postponement. The contest will be finished this morning prior to the regular programme. The entrance was $2.

Pigeon Day, Friday, Feb. 15.

This being the great event from which the shoot takes its name, and as there are quite a few shooters who shoot pigeons only this way, the day brought together the old and the new shooters, and the number of entries ran up to twenty-nine.

The day was a repetition of the past two, with the exception of a good breeze behind the birds that made many of them fast outgoing.

The new arrivals were H. J. Lyons and one of the Louisville surgeons who shot under the name of Culp. Then Elmer Neal came down from Chicago, where he was detained by a law suit. These, with nine members of the home club participating, made up a very large entry for such an event.

The shoot was advertised as usual to start at 9 o'clock sharp, but as the shooters do not get out early the first gun was not fired until about 10 o'clock, and then all were not present.

The shooters were handicapped on a scale running from 26 to 31yds., the committee being E. H. Tripp and Rolla Heikes; and as is customary with those on the committee they generally place themselves at the limit, so Heikes stood at 31, along with Fanning, Gilbert and Crosby, while Tripp took the 30yd. peg. There were five at 27, eight at 28, five at 29, and six at 30, and the above-named at 31.

As Tom Marshall was known to have not fully recovered from his lame arm, he was put on the 30yd. line, and he, Heikes, Gilbert and Crosby went out with clean scores.

This is the first time in my knowledge of handicap shooting that the scratch men were all the winners. It was discovered before the match was over that Crosby was shooting the pigeons much as he did targets, while Heikes was shooting much better, and so was Gilbert and Marshall.

On the first round all killed except Voris, Parry and Fanning, and thus two good men were shy. The second round Burnside and Bingham each lost out of bounds. The total column will show some startling results—some poor and some excellent scores. Take that of E. H. Tripp, who shot out of the money after killing 9 straight; but he had plenty of company, for in his hole landed four others, viz., Theodore, Comstock, Burnside and the Tramp.

I fancy some of the best shooting was done by Harry Lyons, of Louisville, though he lost 2; yet he showed the best of judgment in waiting on those birds that made twisting movements.

Another very excellent score was that of Mr. Lilly. He made some wonderful second barrel kills.

Then Heikes, Gilbert and Crosby grassed their birds in such short order as to cause the retrieving dogs little trouble, as most all of them fell within a few feet of the traps, and had not Bingham's bird carried out his well placed load of shot he would have been with the push. Mr. Head, who won here last year, and has now the record of losing but 1 out of 70 shot at on these grounds, had a fast towering bird go beyond the flags, but that was the only one that was not put in the game bag.

Paul Beck had everything going smoothly up to the twentieth round, when he failed on this, and the twenty-first, then killed out straight.

One of the new shooters, and the last man to enter, was C. Fort, of Fostoria, O., and he showed that he is no novice, and by using the gun that twice won the Grand American Handicap accounted for all but 1 of the 25.

Thus it will be seen that the moneys were about evenly divided, and never in the history of these shoots have the scores been so large. First year only one straight, that of Jack Fanning, was made. Second year there was only McMurchy able to account for all of them, and only Heikes in 24 place, while last year only Neal and Head went straight, and Gilbert was alone with 24.

The birds trapped to-day were rather on the mixed order. Some were extremely fast, some slow, and others medium. There were few "no birds." Altogether they were a good lot of cooped birds.

I may mention that Tramp Irwin shot in hard luck. Three dead out is unfortunate for any one. He made more one barrel kills than any one of the shooters, yet fell by the wayside, and out of the money, but he had company. Tramp is too old in the business to get discouraged, and last seen of him here he was pacing up getting ready to go to Hot Springs to "boil out."

Tramp Irwin reports having a grudge against one of the best-known shooters of this city. He says it was all Dr. Britton's fault that he has been a shooter and followed it up, as about twenty-eight years ago the doctor sold him his first breechloading shotgun, a Parker hammerless. Tramp says that cost him much money, but he has had a lot of fun.

The conditions were 25 pigeons, $25 entrance; no additional charge for birds. Purse divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. American Association rules to govern. Distance handicap, rise 26 to 31yds. Entries to close with firing of first gun on second round, unless unanimously extended. The scores:

Fort, 28	1120222212111211222222221—24
Tripp, 30	2222222222*222*02222*22222—21
Voris, 29	*1111122120211222212221222—23
Culp, 28	2222202222222222212222222—24
Theodore, 27	2221221121*12101101110121—21
Mullen, 27	2101222222212*2222210222—22
Lyons, 30	2222122221122002221222222—23
Stephens, 28	2210121222222*1112022*1*2—20
Parry, 27	0202200222220222*200222222—17
Lilly, 28	2212202110222222222211222—23
Bascom, 27	22222122*010*210221122121—20
Comstock, 28	1112122*0211221221101*111—21
Burnside, 29	1*2222220222220*122220222—21
Heikes, 31	2222222222221222222222222—25
Fanning, 31	*1222211221101122101111121—22
Cooper, 28	2122212020112212222120122—22
Gilbert, 31	2222222222222222222222222—25
Crosby, 31	2222222222222221222222222—25
Marshall, 30	2222222222222222222222222—25
Head, 29	1212222222121222212210222—24
Bingham, 30	1*2122212222222222222222—24
L R Tramp, 29	12122*212021121*1211*1111—21
Neal, 30	1222202**2222222222222222—22
Fulford, 30	2222220222122221202*22121—22
Doc, 27	1120110100111*22212112212—20
Beck, 29	1221212122211122122*01121—23
Rike, 28	222202002220
Marott, 28	2121212222212222*2202222***—20
Henry, 28	20202121*2121122221202220—20

The shoot-off:

Heikes	0	Crosby	222222222121*
Gilbert	2121111122111	Marshall	2222222222210

As a medal event, with the race to the winner of first, the ties were shot off miss-and-out, so Rolla Heikes was called up, and the fun commenced. All the spectators pushed to the front, and now the interest was intense. Crosby was early the choice, as his great shooting had indicated.

Heikes got a fast bird that was unkillable, and he says it could not be stopped with shot and powder and the best gun on earth, and Roll knows, as he has seen a pigeon or two fly in his time.

Gilbert and the Hon. Tom and Crosby started off and killed and killed until it began to look like a case of tenting for the night. Gilbert shot a careful, one-barrel race, only using the second barrel when absolutely necessary—he was shy on shells, and so was Crosby. All went along lovely up to the thirteenth bird, and when he killed his thirteenth he pulled his jackrabbit foot and yelled, "Thirteen!", when Crosby and Marshall went up in the air, as they were then and there "hoodooed." And didn't Gilbert laugh! Oh, how Fred will enjoy telling that young Tom Marshall Gilbert at home how he come it over the Hon. Tom Marshall and Billy Crosby.

Following this was a miss-and-out for $5 each. Seventeen men had entered for a 7-bird race, but as the sun was then down only a miss-and-out could be shot. It was ten chances to one that it would be a miss-and-out, as a dark bird could not be seen. When it came to the seventh round, there being but Gilbert, Tripp and Fanning in, it was divided, and there was a scamper and hurried packing of guns to get away for the cars and hotel.

Thus closed the most successful shoot of the kind ever held here.

B. J.

Ossining Gun Club.

SING SING, Feb. 10.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular weekly shoot, Saturday, Feb. 9.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5p	25	10	10	5
C Blandford	7	10	8	7	8	6	23	3	8	3
E Garnsey	7	9	9	9	10	5	17	8	7	5
N Tuttle	6	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
A Bedell	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

SING SING, Feb. 16.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular club day shoot, Saturday, Feb. 16:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p	5p
C Blandford	9	8	6	7	9	10	..	..	6	8
E Garnsey	7	9	4	9	9	8	8	10	4	4
S Macbeth	4	5	2	4	5	..	..	..	..	..
W Smith	5	3	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Brandreth	8	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Bedell	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Tompkins	..	..	..	..	1	5	..	..	..	..
K McAlpin	2	3	7	7	9	6	9	..	..	..
C Lewis	4	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Vilas	7	5	7	6	9	6	8	7	..	..
Morrison	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McDonald	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ralli	..	..	..	..	3	4	..	..	..	..
Macbeth	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..

Feb. 12.—The Lincoln's Birthday clay-bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club came off as sceduled. While the attendance was not large, considerable fun was on tap, as some spirited sweeps were shot. Tallman, of South Millbrook, carried off most of the firsts, in which there was more honor than cash. We intend to make a special effort to make the holiday shoot of the 22d inst.—live birds and clay pigeons—of especial interest:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	10	10
I Washburn	3	7	6	5	4	4	8	3	6	6	7	6	6	5	6	5	7	8	10
W Hall	5	7	4	6	7	8	6	9	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
I Tallman	9	10	9	9	8	10	10	8	7	10	7	9	9	10	8	..	..	..	..
W Fisher	5	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Brandreth	8	6	7	7	6	8	8	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	6	5	7	5	8	10	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
W Smith	4	4	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
S Macbeth	5	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. Club.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Feb. 16.—The contest for the championship of Philadelphia was thrown open to competition, Mr. H. Henry, the holder of the trophy emblematic of it, not being present to defend it.

The conditions were 10 birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, sweepstake, entrance $2.50. There were two straight scores, Steven Hothersall and John Brewer. In the shoot-off for the trophy at 3 birds Hothersall killed 3 straight, Brewer missing his second. The scores:

Hothersall	2111212221—10	Fitzgerald	1020112112— 8
Brewer	2221222222—10	Anderson	2*2222*022— 7
F B McCoy	2222222022— 9	F W Van Loon	1022222*01— 7
Hallowell	222222*222— 9	Smith	0202002222— 6
Budd	2220222221— 9	Russell	*02001*11*— 4
Bailey	2222220222— 9	Harrison	12**121222— 8
Hobbs	22*2202222— 8		

The regular club handicap was the second event. It was at 10 live birds, 50yds. boundary, sweepstakes, entrance $2.50. The scores:

McCoy, 30	2222222222—10	Budd, 30	*112012112— 8
Van Loon, 29	1222120012— 8	Hallowell, 30	1111121110— 9
Smith, 28	22222*2222— 9	Hobbs, 30	2*22022222— 8
Anderson, 29	2122022222— 9	Harrison, 29	20111121*1— 8
Jones, 30	222*222222— 9	Brewer, 29	2222201012— 8
Fitzgerald, 29	2211012122— 9	Hothersall, 29	2121121002— 8
Bailey, 29	2202212222— 9	Grigg, 27	2010000220— 4
Russell, 29	1111101111— 9	Schenck, 27	10002002*— 4

Sweepstake event, 6 birds, 30yds. rise, $2.50 entrance: Bailey 6, Russell 6, Fitzgerald 6, Hothersall 6, McCoy 6, Hobbs 6, Anderson 6, Roney 5, Budd 5, Hallowell 5, Smith 4, Van Loon 4, Brewer 3, Schenck 2.

Feb. 12.—The Lincoln's Birthday shoot of the Keystone Shooting League had a 25-bird contest for the main event. The scores were: H. Henry, 30yds., 20; W. H. Morris, 30yds., 21; A. Anderson, 29yds., 17; I. W. Budd, 30yds., 18; C. E. Geikler, 28yds., 16; J. W. Fees, 28yds., 14; W. Harrison, 30yds., 20; D. Sanford, 29yds., 22; F. M. Hobbs, 29yds., 17; W. F. Van Loon, 29yds., 19; F. B. McCoy, 30yds., 20.

Ambler Gun Club.

AMBLER, Pa., Feb. 12.—The Ambler Gun Club is making considerable preparation to hold an all-day merchandise shoot on Washington's Birthday at Ambler, when about $100 worth of prizes will be shot for. The conditions of to-day's shoot were 25 targets to each man, twelve men to a side, Ambler Gun Club against the Highland Gun Club, of Germantown. The summaries:

Ambler Club: Godfrey 13, Mink 20, Yerkes 10, Thomas 17, Pfleger 19, Duke 14, Bisbing 17, Seifert 15, Dillon 13, Conway 12, Broadfield 13, Haywood 14; total 177.

Highland Club: Jay 15, Meehan 13, Burns 13, E. Dreakley 13, M. Wentz 13, Miller 16, C. Dreakley 20, E. Wentz 11, Davis 12, Fertsch 13, Slaw 14, Lutz 16; total 169.

Monte Carlo.

The Grand Prix du Casino.

Friday, Jan. 25.—The contest for the thirtieth Grand Prix that has been shot for since Mr. Lorillard secured the first and last victory gained by an American will be memorable from the fact that not a single Englishman or American took part in it, out of respect to the memory of Queen Victoria. When the news of her serious illness reached Monte Carlo on Monday the English and the Australians present, to the number of something like thirty, spontaneously declared that they would not shoot if the end came during the week of the Grand Prix. This determination was all the more praiseworthy on the part of the Australians, like Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. W. Eales, Mr. Walford and Mr. Hill, who had come all the way to shoot, and whose chances of success, to judge by the way in which they had acquitted themselves in the preliminary contests, were very good. But they did not hesitate for a moment to act in unison with shooters from England, while a still higher meed of praise is due to Mr. Crittenden Robinson, for although as an American he owes no allegiance to the monarchy, he declared that in remembrance of the great courtesy that he had received at the Gun Club and at Hurlingham, he would take no part in the contest, probable as it seemed that he would be nearly, if not quite, at the top. The withdrawal of the English speaking contingent was of course much regretted, but the authorities are not to be blamed for not having postponed the shooting, as all the arrangements had been made several weeks ago, and it must be remembered that, if there were some thirty English entries, they formed little more than a fourth of the whole. As a rule, the Grand Prix attracts something like 120 competitors, and this would have been about the total on the present occasion had nothing occurred to keep the English away; but, as it was, the actual competitors stopped short at eighty-three, the Italians forming as nearly as possible one-half of the whole, with twenty-eight French, half a dozen Belgians and a few Germans, Spanish and Russians. Previous winners of the prize were represented by Signor Guidicini, Count Gayoli, Signor Benvenute, M. Journu, M. Moncorgé and Count O'Brien, but it was to be noted that there was not a single Austrian or Hungarian, although the prize has been won three times by competitors from the dual kingdom. The weather was very fine when the shooting began, and so it remained. The birds were so good and so difficult that when the first four rounds had been completed only nine had a clean sheet, while twenty-four killed three. Previous winners, like M. Journu, Signor Guidicini and Signor Benvenute, had practically been put out of court by 2 misses, but still they entered the lists again, when sixty-three of the eighty-three original entries were called up. When the eighth round had been completed Signor Della Torre, who had never shot here before, and M. Moncorgé were the only two who had not missed. The ninth round began with two clever kills by Baron de Langen and Signor Catenacci, the latter of whom was shooting in fine form; but Signor Della Torre was most unfortunate, as he accepted a very difficult bird that dwelt on the trap and got clean away. Twenty-two kills to seven misses were scored in this round. In the tenth round twenty-eight were still left in, and only 7 misses were made to 21 kills, but among the seven who went out was M. Moncorgé. He had what looked to be a very easy bird, but he let it go. In the twelfth round Signor Catenacci led off with a clever kill, followed by Signor Della Torre and Signor Gallardo, who did the same; but then came three misses in succession, Signor Polleri and Señor Del Camino both being beaten by birds that did not seem quite so good as that which put last year's winner, Count O'Brien, out. M. Guyot, M. Moncorgé and Count de Robiano all killed in succession, and the five who had accounted for 11 birds out of 12 (MM. Catenacci, Della Torre, Guyot, Moncorgé and Robiano) then agreed to put aside out of the prize a sum of £80 for the fifth, there being only four prizes allotted. In the thirteenth round this unofficial prize was soon disposed of, as Signor Della Torre let go a very difficult bird, but the four others all killed. In the next round Signor Catenacci made a good second from the fourth trap, while M. Guyot, who had been shooting very steadily and had shown no nervousness, also effected a good second from the second trap. M. Moncorgé was favored with a very easy bird from the second trap, but Count de Robiano's chance was extinguished by missing a rising bird from the center trap. The fifteenth round saw the end of the contest, for of the three left in, M. Guyot, who put in a good second barrel for a fast bird from the second trap, alone killed, and, having disposed of 14 out of 15, he became entitled to first prize. M. Moncorgé, who missed a twisting bird from the left trap, and Signor Catenacci, who was beaten by a bird from the center trap, divided second and third moneys. This was the first time that M. Guyot, who is a resident of Lyons, and who had shot at Vichy last summer, had been at Monte Carlo, and he was as cool and collected at the finish as he had been in the earlier stages of the contest. Scores:

Grand Prix du Casino, a piece of plate and £800, added to a sweepstakes of £8 each; second received £160 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third £80 and 25 per cent.; the fourth £40 and 15 per cent. of the entries; 12 birds, 3 at 26 meters and 9 at 27 meters; the winner in 1900 to stand back 2 meters, other winners 1 meter; three misses to put out; 83 subs.:

M Guyot (St. Etienne, Darne), E C (first of £719 and piece of plate)	111011111111111	—14
M Moncorgé (Purdey), E C (divided second and third of £572)	111011111111110	—13
Signor Catenacci (Scott), Walsrode (ditto)	111011111111110	—13
Count de Robiano, Mullerite (fourth of £140)	111101111111110	—12
Signor Della Torre (Scott), Amberite (extra prize of £80)	1111111101110	—11
Signor R. Gallardo	101111011111	—10
Signor Del Camino	111111101110	—10
Signor Polleri	010111111110	— 9
Count O'Brien	101111011110	— 9
M Demonts	11101111011	— 9
M de Pape	11011111011	— 9
M Thome	11110110111	— 9
Signor Galetti	10011111111	— 9
Signor Marconcini	01110111111	— 9
Signor Torrigiani	11001111111	— 9
Signor Antinori	10101111111	— 9
Baron de Langen	10011111110	— 8
M R Huet	10111011110	— 8
Signor Soldi	10111011110	— 8
Signor Briasco	10110111110	— 8
M Poizet	10111111010	— 8
Count L Gajoli	10111111100	— 8
Prince Strozzi	00111111110	— 8
Signor J. Grasselli	111111010	— 7
Signor de Grazia	11001111110	— 7
Signor Villani	01011111110	— 7
M Dureppy	10101111110	— 7
M Paul Lunden	11101101110	— 7
M A du Part	101111010	— 6
M Nicelle	110111010	— 6
Baron de Montpellier	111111000	— 6
Herr Langhendonck	111110010	— 6
Signor Pederzoli	111001110	— 6
Signor Forti	111100110	— 6
Signor Fadini	11110110	— 6
M Lonhienne	01110110	— 5
M Eddy	01101110	— 5
Signor Borghi	11011010	— 5
Signor Benvenuti	01011110	— 5
M Poinsignon	10011110	— 5
M Gourgand	11011010	— 5
Baron A de Tavernost	1110010	— 4
M Van den Bosch	1100110	— 4
Count Filippi	1010110	— 4
Signor Fiachetti	1001110	— 4
M Léon de Lunden	0111010	— 4

Missed 3 out of 6: Signor C. Del Camino, Signor Lancia, Signor Lanfranchi, Count d'Eloi.

Missed 2 out of 5: Prince de San Donato, Signor Paganini, Marquis de Gresy, M. Journu, Signor Berselli, Signor de Paratico, Signor Queirolo, Signor Crespi, M. Roth, Signor Guidicini, Signor Luzzani, Herr Hans Marsch, M. Vogel.

Missed 3 out of 4: Signor Perego, Signor Fortunio, Count Delfino, M. de Tiele, Count Voss, M. Paul Gervais, Count Noghera, Prince Poniatowski, Capt. Dancourt, Count R. Delfino, M. Maieur, M. Spetchinski, Signor Donegani.

Missed 3 in succession: M. du Pavillon, M. Decauville, Signor Anselmi, Signor Cavaleri, M. Faure, M. Rondeoux, Signor Pareti.

Winners of the Grand Prix du Casino:

1872, Mr. Lorillard, American.
1873, Mr. J. Jee, English.
1874, Sir Wm. Call, English.
1875, Capt. Aubrey Patton, English.
1876, Capt. Aubrey Patton, English.
1877, Mr. W. Arundell Yeo, English.
1878, Mr. H. C. Pennell, English.
1879, Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood, English.
1880, Count M. Esterhazy, Austrian.
1881, M. Camauer, Belgian.
1882, Count de St. Quentin, French.
1883, Mr. J. Roberts, English.
1884, Count de Caserta, Italian.
1885, M. L. de Dorlodot, Belgian.
1886, Signor Guidicini, Italian.
1887, Count Salina, Italian.
1888, Mr. C. Seaton, English.
1889, Mr. V. Dicks, English.
1890, Signor Guidicini, Italian.
1891, Count Gayoli, Italian.
1892, Count Trauttmansdorff, Austrian.
1893, Signor Guidicini, Italian.
1894, Count C. Zichy, Austrian.
1895, Signor Benvenuti, Italian.
1896, M. H. Journu, French.
1897, Signor G. Grasseli, Italian.
1898, Mr. Curling, English.
1899, M. Moncorgé, French.
1900, Count O'Brien, Spanish.
1901, M. Guyot, French.

It will be seen that the prize has been won eleven times by Englishmen, eight times by Italians, four times by Frenchmen, three times by Austro-Hungarians, twice by Belgians, and once each by an American and by a Spaniard.—London Field.

Baltimores vs. Keystones.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 14.—The third of the series of contests between teams of the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Keystone Shooting League, for the intercity championship, took place on the grounds of the latter The Baltimore team won on the somewhat wide margin of 21 birds. Each had scored a win in the prior contests, so that the third decided the victor.

The birds were a good lot, and a stiff wind, blowing from the west, materially aided their flight, and thereby added to the difficulty of the competition. The Keystone shooters were unable to use some of their best men, who were not at the time available.

The conditions in this contest were teams of sixteen men, 25 birds per man, 30yds. rise, sweepstake, entrance $10. The men were divided into two squads of sixteen, each squad having eight men from each club, the squads headed by Hicks and Wolstencroft starting on the old grounds and shooting 13 birds, the squad led by Rex and Whitaker starting on the new grounds and shooting 12 birds. As each squad finished their allowance on one ground they changed over to the other. The scores:

Baltimore Shooting Association.

J M Hicks	222022*02222222220*202222	—19
E D Burke	122222222122220202222222	—23
W Wagner	10020*12222222202220212	—18
C Johnson	212211122212102211101002	—21
J R Malone	122121*211*221222*010*220	—18
J M Hawkins	212212*2222222*22220*2*22	—20
W P Schultze	222211**22222222222002222	—21
A H Fox	2*22222120222222222222022	—22
T E Rex	22202200202222202202222	—18
J Reif	202220222*02220*122220222	—18
E G Darling	21212222220*12202222222*22	—21
W H Burnham	22222*22002222022222022	—20
L German	21121222220002202122222222	—21
E D Hobbs	022*22122222222202202202	—20
C H Willis	012002221*222220122220222	—19
R B Bond	22222222122222102222211021	—23—322

Keystone Shooting League.

W H Wolstencroft	222212*2*2001222222221222	—21
H Bucknell	11200022222222002*022202	—16
W Harrison	222221211122220**0022*121	—19
W M Pack	22220222022222222022222202	—21
F B McCoy	22222222220*002*220222022	—18
I W Budd	20222220*2*122222222222222	—21
J Vandergrift	01221012211112122000222222	—20
H Henry	21221221222210022210222202	—21
J Whitaker	22*202202202*20*212121021	—17
J A Anderson	220222222222*2220*2222220	—20
W J Davis	222202*1112010212022202*20	—18
F W Van Loon	00101222222201010220212 0*—	—16
W N Stevenson	22200222220202222*2222222	—20
D Sanford	*00022022222202220222002	—16
H Ridge	020222*02122121212012222*2	—19
W Wharton	22222222*2222200220*2*220	—18—301

Sherbrooke, Que., Gun Club.

The annual meeting of the above-named club was held at the residence of the vice-president, Mr. W. E. Loomis, Friday evening, Feb. 1. The secretary's report was most encouraging and the financial condition of the club satisfactory.

Letters from Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, giving the club dates July 1 and 2, as asked for, for the Interstate tournament to be held at Sherbrooke, were read and discussed with pleasure.

The club is unanimous in adopting the system of distance handicapping both for tournaments and club practice, and will arrange trap house and scores as soon as the season opens.

The officers for the year are: President, W. E. Loomis; Vice-President, T. M. Craig; Captain, C. G. Thompson; Directors, W. B. Vail and V. G. Bray; Secretary, C. H. Foss; Assistant Secretary, Jos. G. Walton.

After the business of the meeting was disposed of a bountiful repast of delicious refreshments was served by Mrs. Loomis, and several hours were delightfully spent in talking over prospects and recounting succeses and failures afloat and afield during the past season. Most of the members had got their deer, the vice-president having a deer and two bull caribou to his credit, and while some had only funny misses to report, only two had failed to get a shot.

Secretary Foss' big cock of the woods was a funny bird, which he knocked off a high tree twice. Each time he struck the ground with a thump and a squeak, and returning to the exact spot on the tree, attacked the worm hole as though he thought its occupant had hurt him. The third shot collected him for the museum.

All the members agree to do earnest missionary work for the Interstate tournament, and will unite to make it a success. We believe that the dates selected, July 1 and 2, will insure a large attendance of Canadians, and that the handicap of distance will encourage the more indifferent shots to come back to us as of yore.

Jos. G. Walton, Ass't Sec'y.

Col. F. C. G. Brand.

Milwaukee, Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with regret that I, as secretary of the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., am compelled to write you informing you of the death of one of our members, Col. F. C. G. Brand, of National Park Hotel, who passed away Friday afternoon.

Mr. Brand was the father of the National Gun Club. It was at his suggestion and at his place in 1895 that the birth of this club took place, a club in which he took a great pride and interest, and always attended its shoots, not always as a participant, but always as an interested spectator.

The president of the National Gun Club, Ed Silverman, called a special meeting of its officers Saturday afternoon, at which time a committee was appointed to select a floral design to be sent to the house, said committee consisting of the board of directors, Theo. Thomas, E. E. Rogers and Harry Reed.

Also a committee was appointed, consisting of Dr. J. L. Williamson, E. E. Rogers and L. Collins, to draft suitable resolutions on the death of our member, a copy of which shall be sent to the family of the deceased, and copies to the sporting papers in the country.

The following named persons were selected by the president to represent the club at the funeral of said deceased, to take place on the 11th inst.: Theo. Thomas, Harry Reed, Ed Silverman and L. Collins.

Lindley Collins.

Limeport Gun Club.

Limeport, Pa., Feb. 9.—Twenty-five targets, American Association rules:

C W Schaffer	10110111111011011010111111	—19
H T Erdman	10001101111111101101011111	—18
T Kline	01001011111001111101111111	—18
C E Weaver	11101111110111111011110101	—20
V J Snyder	01110101110111101111111001	—18
J Trapp	11110111011111101101110011	—19
J Wittman	01101101110101101010101111	—16

H. T. Erdman, Sec'y-Treas.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 13.—Fine weather, but just a little chilly and cool for the real sport of trapshooting, greeted the eight shooters that faced the trap at the Boston Gun Club's fifth prize shoot to-day. It was one of those days that would test the skill of the back-mark man to the utmost and also make him wish that he had a gun with a charge of dynamite in it to get there good and quick. Our longest distance man to-day was Howe, who had come with his "Gatling gun" all prepared for business, and though the wind played tag with the targets he calculated just right for the greater majority. Baker easily secured top position in the prize match, breaking 26 out of the 30, which is the highest score yet made in the present series. Howe was second with 22, standing on 19yd. mark. Scores, all events 10 unknown, except event 3, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Baker, 17	7	4	5	8	8	9	9	5	8	..
Howe, 19	7	5	7	7	8	6	8	7	..	..
Lane, 16	4	8	5	6	8	4	7	6	5	..
Barry, 16	5	6	5	8	5	5	4	9	6	..
Gerger, 16	4	4	4	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	5	7	6	7	5	5	7	7	7	7
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	5	6
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	..	..

Prize match, 30 unknown; distance handicap:

Baker, 17	11111111001111110111111111110111	—26
Howe, 19	01111101110101001111111101101	—22
Lane, 16	11111011100000101110011011110	—19
Horace, 18	10110011000111101000110011110 1	—17
Barry, 16	01011110000111001001001011100	—14
Henry, 16	00111101001111100010000011000 0	—13

Secretary.

The International Team Contest.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Information having been received from London that the sportsmen of England are getting up a popular subscription to back an English team against one from America in a match at targets, that over half of the money has been raised, and that there is little or no doubt of the balance being forthcoming, it is time now to consider ways and means for sending an American team to London.

The expense of sending a team of ten men and one or two substitutes will be about $3,500 to $4,000.

I am informed that the men mentioned below are at liberty to make the trip, and would certainly make the nucleus of a strong and representative American team. They are all willing to back themselves for their proportionate share of the stake, which will be from $2,500 to $5,000, a matter yet to be decided upon, but they do not feel able to stand the expense of the trip in addition.

The men in question are Heikes, Elliott, Fanning, Gilbert, Crosby, Budd, Parmelee and Marshall, and there are dozens of others from whom to select the remaining members of the team and substitutes, as may be determined by their ability to make the trip.

Prominent among these canditdates for place on the team might be mentioned McMurchy, Banks, Powers, Merrill, Tucker, Fulford, Leroy, Upson, Trimble, Kirkwood, Rike, Young, Squiers, Burnside and many others, too numerous to mention.

Tom A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., has been mentioned as a suitable man to act as captain and manager, and I therefore suggest that he receive subscriptions for this fund from the trapshooters of the United States who desire this great match to come off.

Any one desiring to subscribe can do so in any amount, either direct to Mr. Marshall, or they could send their subscriptions to the editor of Forest and Stream, who could forward same to Mr. Marshall.

All subscriptions would be duly acknowledged in the leading sporting papers, and I have no doubt but what the necessary amount will be readily forthcoming.

It is very essential that the amount be in hand not later than the middle of March or the first of April, and any one desiring to be a subscriber will please attend to the matter at once.

Special rates will be obtained for the trip, and it is the desire of all concerned that as large a party of American trapshooters as possible make the trip.

Hoping you will aid and push the success of this popular subscription to the full extent of your well-known ability, I remain, yours truly,

Paul North.

Highland Land Association.

Germantown, Pa., Feb. 16.—At Highland Park, Gorgas Lane station on the Chestnut Hill branch of the Reading Railway, the annual shoot of the Highland Land Association took place. The first team of the Frankford Club carried off the honors for largest score and won the handsome gold medal in the team match offered by the Highland Park Association, the conditions of which were 35 targets, 20 known and 15 unknown angles, entrance $1.50. George Myers was the judge of the unknown angle contests and R. Dunleevy of the known angle contests. The scores:

Frankford, first team: W. H. Wolstencroft 32, H. Ridge 30, W. Parks 27, W. Bourne 25, E. Betson 24, H. George 23; total 161.

Frankford, second team: W. Dalton 29, D. Myers 28, W. Johnson 26, R. King 25, R. Krier 24, J. Morris 22; total 154.

Clearview: H. Fisher 30, S. Sanford 32, G. Anderson 30, L. Lawrence 24, H. Urian 25, J. Freed 13; total 154.

Silver Lake: J. Edwards 31, F. Apker 27, H. Reed 26, J. McAfee 23, F. Woodslager 23, H. Weilant 23; total 153.

Penn: H. Newton 29, W. Hagey 27, T. B. Smith 27, J. Johnson 24, F. Gross 21, J. Yost 19; total 147.

Highland, first team: J. Fertsch 28, H. Miller 28, J. Burns 27, J. Everett 23, H. Lutz 21, W. Jay 19; total 146.

Highland, second team: J. Hammill 28, J. M. Meehan 27, E. Wentz 26, B. Schaeffer 23, Dr. Wentz 21, R. Dunleevy 16; total 141.

Ambler: C. Minck 29, C. W. Haywood 27, J. Duke 27, B. Bisbing 25, J. Seyfert 22, J. Bradfield 15; total 145.

Morris vs. Brewer.

Gloucester City, Pa., Feb. 12.—John Brewer, of the Keystone Shooting League, and John Morris, of the Frankford Gun Club, shot a race here to-day, for $100 a side. The conditions were unfavorable. A strong northeast wind caused both men to make many misses. After the ninety-fifth bird the score stood 72 to 65 in favor of Morris, and the men agreed not to shoot at the remaining 5 birds. The scores:

Morris	02010212220202222022200	—16
	22222202220202202222222	—21
	22222220222202222220222202	—21
	02022200222202221202	—14—72
Brewer	20222222222000002002222221	—16
	*20212022222222002222022	—19
	012202*2220*2*20022220012	—15
	02212211222010222200	—15—65

Second event, sweepstakes, miss-and-out, same rules: Russell 4, Landman 4, Hyland 4, Kleinz 3, Miller 2, Cummings 2.

Westmount Gun Club.

Montreal, Feb. 9.—The Westmount Gun Club is the one gun club of this city that has kept up its regular weekly shoots during the winter. To-day there was a contest for the club's trophy. Below it is given as the first event, with the handicaps. The extreme cold weather, with other conditions, kept the scores down. Next Saturday, the 16th, N. P. L. has a shy at Elliott, to-day's winner:

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	20	25	20
Elliott, 18	17	12	..
Galbraith, 20	15	23	18
Elliott, Jr., 16	..	12	..
N P L, 22	..	22	17

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	20	25	20
Hansen, 18	..	19	15
Lawes, 16	..	21	..
Hall, 16	..	..	12
Routh, 16	..	..	17

S.

Richmond Gun Club.

Silver Lake Park, Staten Island, Feb. 12.—The scores made to-day at the shoot of the Richmond Gun Club follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	10	10	
A Schoverling	5	4	13	7	..	..
F Schoverling	9	5	16	6	..	4
G Bechtel	5	5	13	7	..	5
J Fach	4	..	11	..	..	..
O Albrecht	4	..	10	..	4	..
G Lewis	..	7	..	6	..	..
F Pammer	..	4	11	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	10	10	
T Turner	..	4	..	5	..	..
W Anselm	..	..	13	..	3	..
C Vroom	..	..	..	5	..	..
J Shoen	5	..	13	7	..	5
Seawood	4	..	..	..	..	..
Summers	4	..	..	..	..	..
Boardman	6	..	..	..	..	..

A. A. Schoverling, Capt.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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VOL. LVI.—No. 9. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE RUIN OF A RIVER.

THE Dennys River in Maine was one of the three rivers of that State which until very recently afforded capital salmon fishing, the others being the Penobscot and the St. Croix. Of these the Dennys was the most famous, and the proud claim was made for it by the residents of Dennysville that it was the first American river where (in 1832) salmon were killed with a fly. In its pools have fished some of the best known salmon anglers of this country—Rev. Dr. Bethune, Walter M. Brackett, Marimer A. Wilder and Charles Hallock. In addition to the salmon fishing, the river yielded of its abundant resources a large contribution to the support of the people dwelling on the banks. The weir owners derived a legitimate income from the salmon in the estuary; the inhabitants for miles along the river depended upon the annual run of alewives for a good supply of winter food, salted, smoked and pickled; and the river made a most entrancing picture in the landscape of the beautiful village of Dennysville, and did its share to attract and retain the summer visitor.

Writing in 1899 in the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Charles Hallock gave an enticing picture of the river as he knew it—its clear water at low tide scurrying over the rocks with rapid flow, showing whiteness and flecks of foam; and at the full tide flowing in an even, almost majestic, volume, hiding the boulders and forming a delectable plunge bath and swimming pool for the sportive salmon.

Lured by Mr. Hallock's description, Dr. Robert T. Morris, of this city, in the following summer of 1900 repaired to Dennysville for the salmon fishing, and this is the condition of things he found there, as he described it in the FOREST AND STREAM:

> As a salmon stream the name of the river is Dennys. *Sæwmilla fecit.* Until very recently the river was full of salmon. There are half a dozen fine pools within the first two miles, and the salmon took the fly freely. They tell of Mr. Prime and Mr. Brackett taking eight or ten salmon a day. Shad came up the river in June in large schools, and furnished an abundance of toothsome fare for the people. Alewives crowded the ripples, and the poorer people laid up barrels of them against a snowy day. But these things are all spoken of in the past tense, because the lumber company has a sawmill at the head of tide water, and the artificial fishway will not allow breeding fish to pass. The natural fishway, a narrow channel running around the dam, has been closed because it allowed too much mill water to escape. Everything has been turned to utility for a few men, and the rest of the people are most naturally left out. In addition to barring the river against anadromous fish, the mill runs night and day, and fills the river with such a pudding of sawdust and shavings that few fish can even get up to the chief obstructions.
>
> The salmon and shad and alewives still attempt to get past the dam, but in constantly diminishing numbers, and in two or three years more the mill will have accomplished in a free country what is not permitted in any old despotic civilization. Canada, with the effete ideas of European experience, requires mill owners to dispose of mill rubbish in a harmless way, and derives a great income from salmon properties.

The two or three years have not elapsed, but the ruin of the river has already practically been wrought. No more salmon, nor alewives, run up the stream, because the dam and the slabs and the sawdust drive all fish back. The banks of the river once so beautiful and attractive in the village are now so covered with sawdust and slabs that the stream has become an eyesore, and the summer visitor is driven away. Even the bass and perch that flourished in Meddybembs Lake, some sixteen miles up the river, are deprived of their food supply of young alewives.

And all of this wicked destruction has been wrought by a handful of capitalists, who are too greedy and too brutally indifferent to the rights of others to expend the insignificant amount required to put in a proper fishway and to provide for the burning of the sawdust and the slabs. The Dennys River is an example of those streams, of which the name is legion in America, whose valuable food resources and scenic attractiveness have been as shamelessly as needlessly destroyed by mill owners. These men who have built up and are to-day maintaining this public nuisance in the Dennys River belong to a class which has cursed the continent from one shore to the other, of individuals and corporations whose profit from the waters has been gained at the public expense. They have ignored or defied and have deliberately destroyed the public's rights in the rivers and streams. They have poisoned the waters, destroyed the fish and made the banks a forbidding desolation. The Dennys River is a fresh and timely example of this ruination, but it is not the latest; read in another column Mr. Brady's letter, telling of the impending destruction of the South Branch of the Potomac; the same callous disregard of popular rights and public interests in the waterways shown in the Maine case marks the West Virginia outrage.

This system has been the rule so long in the United States that it is extremely late in the day to agitate for any general reform. In scores and hundreds and thousands of cases the ruin has already been wrought past any possible hope of restoration. All the more reason then for seeking to save what may yet be rescued and preserved from destruction. The evil work wrought by the Dennys River sawmill has not been carried so far that intervention by the authorities might not even now avail to stop the destruction and in time restore the stream, if not wholly at least in part, to its old-time condition of usefulness and value to the people. If the Maine Fish Commissioners have authority under the existing laws to compel these mill owners to put in an adequate fishway and to dispose of their rubbish in some other way than by throwing it into the river, the Commission should act without delay. If no such authority exists for abating the Dennys River public nuisance, the Legislature should without delay make provision for this. It is an outrage that the conditions now existing should go on unchecked.

SPRING SHOOTING AGAIN.

THE bill to abolish spring shooting in the State of New York, now before the Legislature, seems to have a reasonable prospect of passing. Should it become law, its proper enforcement will undoubtedly cause a very great improvement in the autumn and winter duck shooting in this State and in other localities far away. We believe that not for many years has the prospect of having such a law passed been so good as it is at present Besides the many considerations which influence sportsmen and all who care for the bettering of game conditions in this country to work in favor of such a law, there is one which has not yet been brought up, but which should carry weight in the minds of thoughtful people. The Province of Ontario recently enacted a law prohibiting the shooting of wildfowl in the spring, and the observance of that law gives residents of New York—and others—during the season when ducks may be shot a greater abundance of birds than would be had if the fowl were shot in spring in Ontario, instead of being allowed to rear their young there unmolested, as is now the case. We are thus the direct beneficiaries of Ontario in this respect, and it would seem that good faith and good fellowship demand that we should protect the birds as Ontario is doing, in order that she may receive from us some measure of the benefit which she gives to us.

What is true of New York in this regard is just as true of Connecticut, Masaschusetts and Maine. Those States also should bestir themselves about spring shooting. It would be a great step forward for game protection, and for sportsmanship generally, if this winter these three New England States were to enact laws prohibiting the shooting of wildfowl in spring. This would come very near making the north Atlantic coast solid in favor of legitimate shooting for wildfowl, and would have an effect on the country at large which can hardly be overestimated. To-day, of all the New England States, with their wealth, their intelligence and their culture, Rhode Island alone of those possessing any considerable seaboard prohibits spring shooting; although New Hampshire and Vermont, as has been said before, have been on the right side of this question for years.

Is it not practicable for the sportsmen of Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut to carry through this season an anti-spring shooting law? The same reasons which appeal to the New York gunners appeal to those of New England; and while it is hard to imagine the members of the branting clubs of Cape Cod being willing to give up their shooting, yet it is conceivable that, for the general advantage, they might consent even to do this. The opportunity for concerted action in this matter is one which should be taken advantage of, and there seems a reasonable probability that a strong effort in each of these three States might be crowned with success.

The good work done for general game protection in Maine is well known; Massachusetts' success last year in passing the bill forbidding the sale of ruffed grouse and woodcock reflected the greatest credit on the energy and self-denial of her sportsmen, while it is but a few years since Connecticut, in order to preserve her waning supply of quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock, cut thirty days off the open season. Is it not worth while for these States now to follow the example set them by those newer States of the Northwest which have abolished spring shooting?

BREEDING OF WILD DUCKS IN NEW YORK.

AMONG the arguments advanced by the advocates of Senator Brown's bill to prohibit spring shooting is one on which it is desirable that more light should be thrown, and evidence on the point is desired from ornithologists and older readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

It is of course a well understood fact that in the days before the settlement of the country, and above all before the great increase in gunners, wild ducks bred all through the northern portion of the United States, and, as has been said, all the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and north of the latitude of the Ohio River was their breeding grounds. Many persons can remember when the prairie lakes of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho swarmed in summer with breeding fowl. We have visited wild swans' nests in Nebraska and wild goose nests in many States and Territories, while twenty-five or thirty years ago it seemed as if every pool in the Northwest held one or more broods of birds, as some of them, in more unfrequented localities, still do.

To come down to more local matters, since the question of the birds breeding within the United States has been brought up in connection with the proposition to abolish spring shooting in New York, it is well known that over much of New York State wild ducks formerly bred in great numbers, and within the memory of men still living they were abundant in the great marshes of the northern and western central portion of the State. Major Pond tells us that ducks bred abundantly thirty or forty years ago in the Adirondacks, the Montezuma marshes and in the lake region in the central portion of the State, and years ago we have seen boats come from excursion trips into the marshes of Cayuga Lake containing fifteen, twenty or thirty flappers, which had been taken with a gun and a push pole.

At the hearing last week before the Fish and Game Committee of the New York Legislature, statements to the effect that wild ducks used to breed on Long Island did not appear to be credited by the gentlemen who appeared in opposition to the bill. Nevertheless we have the printed testimony of the older ornithologists that black ducks and bluewinged teal bred there. Moreover, it is well known to ornithologists that the wood duck still breeds in the vicinity of Sayville, L. I., and probably all through the wild portion of the center of the island. The black duck still breeds regularly on Montauk and Gardiner's Island, and the individuals composing the group of black ducks in the American Museum of Natural History, showing a pair of old birds with their young, were actually taken on Gardiner's Island only a few years since.

It is not doubted that if spring shooting were put an end to more birds of these species would breed on Long Island, while other species would breed throughout the State.

It would be gratifying to receive from correspondents who possess any knowledge on the question of ducks breeding within the borders of the United States, detailed accounts of such occurrences.

THE report by Secretary Wilson, commending the proposal to set apart an area of the Southern Appalachians as a national forest reserve, and the message of President McKinley, recommending the Secretary's report to the favorable consideration of Congress, had encouraged the members of the Association and the friends of the movement to indulge the hope that the bill to establish the reserve might become law at this session of Congress. But this hope is now shown to have been without good foundation. The measure has come to such a point in the proceedings of Congress that it could go further only by the unanimous consent of the Senate. To this unanimous consent Senator Teller is opposed. This means that the Appalachian forest reserve project must go over to another Congress. We believe that this is simply a postponement, not a defeat, of the scheme. The reserve, there is abundant confidence for believing, will ultimately be established.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Through the Parsonage Window.

X.

A SNOW STORM is on, and as I look out through the protecting screen of glass my vision falls on a bewildering swirl of falling flakes. As fancy wings its way out through the twisting, falling mass of ghostly white it seems in danger of losing its way and becoming lost entirely. Yet away it whirls on fearless wing, far, far over hill and level, mountain and plain; over the green woods and purling brooks of summer, and over bleak plains and ice-bound streams of winter. This way and that, circling hither and yon, now hovering over some inviting scene as if about to alight, then towering away again like some wary old mallard, it finally settles among the reeds of St. Peter's marsh of twenty years ago.

We had been corresponding nearly all winter concerning this trip—Lewis and I—and Jim having been my companion on several previous trips was of course included.

Early in March, when the ice first began to break, Lewis had come from his home several hundred miles away to be ready for the start; but spring had suffered a relapse which caused a delay of a couple of weeks, and when the ice finally did give way we were quite impatient for the start.

Loading our effects in two boats, and with Jim in one and Lewis and myself in the other, we had started for a twenty-five mile paddle against the current, to storied St. Peter's. The evening of the first day found us with about two-thirds of the distance behind us, and early in the afternoon we went into camp on the only bit of ground that rose above the flood for many miles along the river. From bluff to bluff the bottom lands were under water all the way from two inches to four feet.

Already enough birds had arrived from the South to fleck the horizon in all directions with their varying flight. So far a solitary sawbill, brought down by Lewis, was our only trophy, and we had halted early to try for a few birds for immediate use. The shooting was difficult, the cover having all been beaten down by the drifting snows of winter. This forced us to lie flat on the bog, without so much as moving an eyelid, until the birds were within reach, and then spring into shooting posture and deliver our fire before they could get out of range again. Yet, difficult as it was, fourteen fine fellows who had weathered a four months' storm of lead sent after them by winter shooters along the Gulf coast, withered before the thunder of our 10-gauges before darkness closed the scene.

Five miles further up we entered the outlet of St. Peter's marsh at 10 o'clock next morning, and at 1 went into camp among the scattered oaks at the foot of the sand bluff on the west side of the marsh, and there it is that a flutter of white canvas through the dead leaves that still clung to the live oak boughs catches the eye of fancy and causes it to hover and veer above the dead reeds of the marsh, even as the wildfowl hovered and veered above them in days of yore.

We were not out to see how much hard work we could do, and during the afternoon only fixed ourselves snugly in camp and took a few shots at high flyers from the top of the sandhill.

Under the prevailing conditions it required a breeze to make the shooting good, a breeze to start a more general flight among the ducks, and to bring such as were flying closer to the ground, a breeze to set the tall canes and reeds to nodding, that their movements might in turn conceal the movements of the shooters crouching among them, and to set them rustling, that it might in turn drown the noise made by forcing a canoe through them. The first day it was calm, and we skirmished in whatever way suggested itself to us, with indifferent success, but by the afternoon of the second day a grand gale was coming from the south.

Lewis and I took our stand at the lower end of the marsh, where the flight from the down river country was crossing. Forcing our boat into the tallest of the reeds, where we had perfect cover, and standing in either end of the boat, we took our chances with the flight, without call or decoys. The force of the wind brought the ducks in veering, erratic course, low over the tall tules as they worked their way against it.

We would see a flock coming low and straight at us, and feel sure of a shot, when a stronger gust would send them a hundred yards to right or left, and they would pass out of range. But this operated more often in our favor than against us, as their veering flight caused them to cover much more ground, and few flocks got by without getting touched up at some point.

At one time a peculiarly tempting offer caused us both to fire at the same instant. The two recoils, coming at the same time and from the same direction, broke our anchorage and threw us both out of balance. As I fell a towering mallard came temptingly in the line of my vision, and I threw up my gun and fired the second barrel. I folded that mallard as neatly as a lady clerk folds a package of dry goods, but the second recoil sent me completely down and out, to the extent of thrusting one arm into the water up to my shoulder at least.

Had not the boat been strongly supported by the stiff reeds a complete upset would have resulted.

During the afternoon a flock of fourteen white swans crossed the marsh and kept us in a fever of excitement for about five minutes, as they came straight at us, just topping the canes, but at the critical moment a stronger gust of wind swept them aside and they passed a hundred to the left, and dropped into the water just out of reach. It was a disappointing experience, yet all in all the afternoon was a glorious one, and still throws a gilded line on memory's spectroscope through all the intervening years.

One feature of our hunt, which it was proposed to extend into the jacksnipe season, was a periodical trip down river for mail, supplies and so forth. Jim and I were the first to go on one of these trips, leaving Lewis to watch the decoys, which were bobbing in an open reach of marsh. The run down stream was expected to and did yield the best of the shooting, but coming up it was a long, hard and profitless day of steady paddling.

The population of the overflowed meadows and marshes had greatly increased since our upstream pull. Great swarms of sprigtails, widgeon and mallard sat in the shallow water back from the river, but as the cover was all beaten down and the river up level with and overflowing the meadows, we seldom got a shot at these. One pair of sprigs did sit on a tuft of meadow that rose above the flood until we drifted within 60 yards of them on the swift current, and then, as they sprang into the air, a single shot tumbled both back into the water.

Five miles below St. Peter's, Coal Creek Flats open out on the left, where a thousand acres of ducks, geese, brant and swan was no uncommon sight at almost any time during the spring freshets. Just opposite and a little below is an infinitely larger marsh, where the Winnebago swamps open out on Green River bottom. There were thousands of wildfowl in St. Peter's and Mineral marshes, another thousand on Coal Creek Flats, yet these were only small fragments of swarms that hovered over the far-reaching Winnebago swamps. I have seen a solid mass of white-fronted geese, extending as far as the eye could make them out, over the meadows that reached a trifle above, or were covered by only a few inches of water, and I have known hunters, too, who chased them round two or three weeks at a time and never gather a single specimen. It was a maximum of sport with a minimum of slaughter, and were it not for the immense amount of scratch shooting it induces nothing could be urged against it.

At that time I think there had been at least a ton of shot sown on every acre of the main marshes. It was literally casting their lead upon the waters to be returned after many days in the shape of gilded reminiscences.

With ducks swarming all about us, we got very few offers, and those few were mostly from the isolated willow groves along the upper stream, but after we got below the main marshes to where the valley narrows and tall fringes of willow lines the stream most of the way, then our sport began in earnest, as out from the thickets fluttered bluebills, redheads, greenwing and mallard. Sprigs, like the wild goose, is an open country bird, and rarely enters timber.

When we started on the upstream pull next morning the sky in the northwest had a peculiar look, which betokened wind, and soon after we started it commenced to blow and rapidly rose to a gale. With the wind at our backs and two paddles rapidly plying we made good speed against the current, and were soon at the head of timber. Here all shelter from the gale was removed, and we had five miles of open, tossing sea to cross. It had grown cold very fast, too, and the spray was beginning to freeze wherever it touched. As we looked out over the wind-tossed waste of whitecaps we were in some doubt, but the wind was in our favor, and we soon pushed off.

We went much faster now, as we had the full sweep of the wind, while the current was much lessened by the broadening of the waters. We found that by regulating our speed by the speed of the waves there was no danger of the spray flying over us. Sometimes we would bury the bow of our canoe in a great wave and keep it there for half a mile. While running thus our bark ran as smoothly as though no winds had vexed the face of the flood. We made three miles quicker than we had ever made it before, and then disaster came. In attempting to keep a straight course we ran into shallow water and grounded. The instant the boat struck, the spray began to sweep over us, and we were obliged to get out and wade, leading the boat behind for some distance. In a short time we were walking icicles, and there was no more comfort for us, for with everything sheeted with ice there was no pleasure in sitting down, and great danger in standing up. When still a mile below the narrows, just above Coal Creek Flats, we sighted a lone tent in a thick clump of willows in the bend of the river.

At sight of it Jim said, "If it was only ours." We had both been thinking of the same thing. Our minds had been working in unison on the more desperate struggle to come, when we rounded the bend of the river and met the stronger current of the narrows, with the wind quartering against us, though nothing had been said. The grove which sheltered the tent was on a slight elevation, which still had six inches of dry land to spare above the flood. We thought it courtesy to call on the lone camper, and landing, walked up to the tent and found it ours.

Lewis had thought the upstream pull would be too much for us to make in one day, and had shortened it by moving down four miles to meet us. He had everything snug and tight, and a good fire going, and our relief from further hardships fully paid for what we had endured.

The wind increased in strength until night, and its roar through the leafless trees became majestic in its fury. The tent was completely sheltered by a low, dense thicket of young willows, and the turmoil only added to our comfort as we sat beside the fire and thawed the ice from our canvas clothes and hip boots.

When thoroughly dried and warmed, I proposed we go out and see what the ducks were doing, but Lewis and Jim both demurred, and I sallied out alone. Out near the river side the grove was more open, and the wind nearly swept me off my feet as I stepped out of the denser shelter. "The thin disguise of roses" which had promised spring had indeed fallen off, and had left only the naked blades of the hosts of Boreas.

The clash of bending branches was as the clash of the steel of battling armies. The writhing and hissing of the tortured flood added a charm. It was wild, majestic and inspiring. Every wildfowl was awing and being tossed about like dead leaves in the grasp of a whirlwind, but the shooting was most erratic. A miss by 10 feet would be followed by a clean kill, but it was impossible to gather any birds. I stayed out until dark, trying to drop a bird on the island, but the wind invariably caught and hurled them far out of reach, though they were sure to drift into a piece of tall sedge across the river, where I could easily get them after the storm. When darkness drove me in I was loth to leave the scene, for I knew it had been one of those great days that are landmarks of the past.

In the morning river and marshes were one vast field of ice. I walked across the river on it and chopped my ducks out with the camp axe. There was a railroad station seven miles away. Lewis and Jim sledding a boat to the main land that they might have it on their return, walked over and took the train for home. I determined to stay a while and enjoy the novelty of living along on an island.

There were some few ducks still lingering about, and a short distance from camp there was a small airhole. Setting some decoys near it, I spent quite an enjoyable afternoon.

During the afternoon I noticed the water rising rapidly. The ice retarded its flow, and it was threatening my island. At night it was within a few feet of the tent. Drawing one end of my boat inside the tent I slept in that.

Next morning I had to raise the camp stove out of the water before I could build a fire. Outside, it was snowing. That settled it, and making everything secure as possible, I too started across the field of ice for home.

THE PARSON.

In the Faroe Islands.—I.

"Some high rocks arising out of the Wild Sea; high Hills or hard Stone, strangely divided from each other by deep and rapid Streams of Water. * * * It cannot well be expressed with a Pen how fierce the Sea is, nor to what a height it raiseth itself." (Lucas Debes, 1670.)

WHEN we left Scotland for the Faroe Islands we sailed into a nor'easter, a three days' storm, which was still blowing in fitful gusts when the islands came in sight. On the left we could see dimly through the driving mists black crags with surf dashing high, long sweeps of barren fjelds, the bold promontories of Suderoe, Sandoe, Skuo, Vaagoe, the two Dimuns and Stromoe—seven out of the twenty-two islands which form the Faroe group. Then came Naalsae on the right, giving shelter from the northeast winds, and we cast anchor in the open fjord (it could hardly be called a harbor) before Thorshaon.

I knew and loved of old this little capital of 1,200 souls, but it was looking its worst that morning, and I felt sorry for a bran new English consul and his family as they saw for the first time their future home. Snow and sleet were whirling down from the fjelds, and the only really green places were the sodded house roofs where the grass turns first in the spring, owing to the warmth below. Then came the pale green of the home patches or "infields" and then the wild "outfields," gray and seared as in wid-winter. As I looked over the water I saw the head schoolmaster of all the Faroes waving his hand from a high-prowed Faroe boat, and shouting, "Velkommen!" and soon I was with old friends in his comfortable cottage.

One must expect changes in a metropolis after almost five years' time, and I notice with regret that the city fathers have blasted some reefs and boulders out of the principal lane, have trimmed the grass, and a few cottages and fish houses have been erected. But the ducks still sleep peacefully in the middle of the lanes (there are no horses in Thorshaon) and the hens hop from roof to roof, scratching among the long grasses. The city lamps have all been unhooked and sent to the "blikkenslagers" for repairs, there to remain until darkness returns with autumn nights. We are in latitude 62 degrees 40 minutes, and all night long I can hear the titlarks trilling and the curlews skirling in the outfields.

Small as it is, Thorshaon is by far the largest settlement in the Faroes. Here live governor, judge, sheriff, head schoolmaster and head doctor. Here in the summer is the local parliament; British and Danish gunboats visit these waters to look after troublesome trawlers, and many tourists come on shore when the Iceland-bound steamers pause here for a few hours. Iceland is fast becoming popular for summer outings, but the Faroes, fortunately, are not yet considered "worth while," the tourists judging of their attractions by the surroundings of Thorshaon, which are comparatively monotonous.

Since my last visit a tiny steamer, the Smyril, has begun to ply among the islands. Its goings and comings are most erratic; its time tables more distracting than a British A. B. C. railway guide, but for many excursions it is safer and cheaper than the usual mode of Faroe traveling—eight men and a boat. After three weeks in Thorshaon I left one stormy morning for Midoag, on Vaagoe, one of the western islands. The schoolmaster borrowed two large Normal school pupils and a codfish boat; the codfish were taken out and I was put in, and we started for the little Smyril, which was plunging out in the fjord. Only desperation made it possible for me to swing myself out of our tossing boat and up the loosely swinging ladder. There is not a wharf or quay in all the islands. I reflected that they were twenty-two in number—eighteen inhabited—and my ambition to see them all oozed rapidly away.

It was too stormy to remain on deck, but from time to time I put my head above the stairs. There was little to be seen; only flying scud, vague giant shapes looming up in the mist with cloud wreaths streaming from their rocky summits, all bleak and desolate, no sign of human life but at one place, where a long strip of green hillside and a tiny stone church marked the site of Kirkuboe. So we went on for three hours; then suddenly we felt happier down below, and found we had turned into Midvag harbor, and already boats were putting out from shore for passengers and freight.

The head schoolmaster had previously sent a letter of introduction to a certain "Konge-Bonder," or king's peasant, known among his friends as Hans Kristoffer. But no one came forward when I landed to greet me, though one-half the population surveyed me from doorways and behind stone walls and around corners. So I asked to see a shop keeper who I knew spoke excellent English, and he arriving, promptly dragged forth Hans Kristoffer from a group of men near by. He had been watching me all the time, knew who it was and had been expecting me for a week. These are Faroe manners, and do not denote unfriendliness. The stranger is expected to make all advances. Herr Hans Kristoffer now intimated that I was welcome to his house, and we started off at once, he paddling along lightly and silently in his Faroe moccasins.

My host is a type of the best class of Faroe peasant. His family have held crown lands (paying a small an-

nual rent) for many generations. The house is a story and a half cottage, grass sodded and painted with tar. At the "but" end, as it would be called in Scotland, are the living rooms, an outer kitchen with earth floor, where the cooking is done and where cats, dogs and chickens wander in and out; then a general family room, where they sit, eat and spin; small bedrooms open out of this and others are in the loft above. In the "ben" end is a guest sitting room, rarely used, and a tiny guest lord room. The floor is bare, with unpainted boards, there is a sofa, table, cupboard, chairs, a queer old stove bearing the date 1724 and decorated in raised iron work with crowns, garlands, warriors and portraits of Frederick II. and his Queen. This is built into the wall, and the fuel is put in by a door out in the entry. There are many photographs of family and friends, a lithograph of Martin Luther and two from Rembrandt's etchings, bright flowers in the windows and Nottingham curtains. In the bedroom is a narrow, short box bed, with feathers to lie upon and a large feather puff above.

In these two rooms a foreign guest is expected to live. It is a mark of especial friendliness if he is invited to the "but." Here kind Fru Hans waits upon the guest, serving sweet soup for dinner, probably "fricadella" of fresh pounded codfish and whipped cream and sago. One must not expect to fare so well in all Faroe hamlets. The good living here is due to a combination of generous hospitality and a knowledge of Danish cookery, acquired from several wives of Danish pastors.

A Faroe village is not a model of hygiene. There is a superfluity of cods' heads, whales' vertebræ and birds' wings; there are piles of manure and garbage, and pools of stagnant water close to the houses, and unpleasant strips of last year's whale meat hanging from the eaves. One is glad to hurry through, breathing as little as possible, to the sweet grass and sea-scented air beyond. But here Hans Kristoffer's guest room looks out on the prettiest little garden in the Faroes, and here he fights frosts in summer and gales at all times of the year. He has fortified his garden as best he may with earth dikes and double rows of currant bushes, and within these precincts grow big primroses, daffodils, iris, sweetbrier, larkspurs, pinks, sweet Williams, phlox, lupine and big poppies. It is a triumph of a little garden for the same latitude as Julianhaab, in Greenland, but with what pains and disappointments has it been achieved! Indeed, Herr Hans reminded me of his own little trees, which he displayed with gentle pride; small, brown and brave, with budding hopes cut down each winter by the cruel blasts, and sprouting up again in the spring. There was a baby spruce, some elms, poplars, maples, a mountain ash and some slips of hawthorn, enough to make quite a rustle in the sea breeze. But one feels (though one is not unkind enough to say so) that they will never be any bigger—any taller—though with succeeding years they may learn to bow to the storms and curve low their boughs within the shelter of the dike.

Hans Kristoffer asks me many questions in a wistful way about the big trees in America—"the largest in the world"—and drinks in eagerly what I tell him of the redwoods of California, and the yellow spruce of southern Alaska. "And that is far north, too—Alaska," he says; "but no, they would never grow like that here—not if they lived a thousand years!"

Aside from the few small trees which have been planted in gardens, there is not one in all the Faroes; not even a bush breaks the outline of the hills. The climate must have changed since the exiled Vikings first came to the Faroes in the tenth century, for many fragments of birch and juniper, of good size, are found in peat bogs. The great changes of temperature and the fierce gales, and not the severity of the cold in winter, destroy the trees. Fortunately the supply of peat is abundant and good, and the cutting and drying of it is the all-important work of the early summer months.

A Faroe peasant must of necessity be an all-round man—a farmer in a small way, a peat worker, fisherman, sailor, oarsman, mountain climber, a shepherd occasionally, a carpenter and odd jobber. In all these ways combined he ekes out a simple living, sometimes doing little for days at a time, then working steadily all day and far into the night, the weather determining his activity. The uncertainty of his work and his isolation from the outside world has made the Faroe man the least punctual of mortals, and this trait the foreign traveler finds at times most trying. But no one can be quicker, braver, more resolute than he in time of danger. Think what it means to be a "flink fjeld-mand"—a clever cliff man, going down with the line after sea fowl, suspended in mid-air, crawling along ledges hundreds of feet above the sea, ledges that crumble, with rocks above that fall. I heard here of a father and son who went to the northern cliffs of Vaagoe for guillemots' eggs. They descended to a narrow ledge just wide enough for a man to stand, except in one place, where it jutted out, forming a shelf about five feet wide. As the men gathered eggs they piled them up here, until a large quantity had been collected. Just then some small stones, always a signal of danger, began to fall from the cliffs above. The father succeeded in climbing up a little way to a point where he could command a view of the fjelds. Suddenly he called out sharply, "Throw yourself on the eggs!" Like a flash the boy flung himself forward, and an instant later a great boulder crashed down, breaking away in its fall the ledge on which he had been standing.

This island Vaagoe, does not rank among the best of the bird islands. There are some fine cliffs for auks and guillemots, but as a rule the highest rocks face northward, an unfavorable exposure for bird colonies. Myggenoes, the most western of the Faroe group, has especial advantages from its isolation and its precipitous coast. One can go there only in a kind of weather requiring such a combination of smiling circumstances and promise of future blessings that visitors to Myggenoes are few and far between. One makes no important engagements for the future when one goes to Myggenoes.

Since beginning this letter I have left Midvag and am now at Bo, the nearest hamlet to Myggenoes, on the western coast of Vaagoe. The morning I started was so beautiful that it was hard to find a guide and bearers for my luggage. We have few warm, dry, sunny days in Faroes, and when one does come every man, woman and child is seized with a preternatural activity, and falls to work codfishing, bird catching, peat cutting and piling, weeding, washing the new wool, dyeing, spinning yarn, churning, washing the family pattens, clothes and milk pans in the brook, all in addition to the usual farm and house work. The No. 3 babies are tending the No. 1 babies, while the No. 2 babies are marching up and down in the sun, dragging by a string their "horses"—a small whale's vertebra.

Under such busy circumstances it is customary for the would-be traveler to go to the "Skydskaffer," an official whose business it is to secure guides or oarsmen. In the Faroes every man is required to serve in this way in lieu of military service in Denmark. There is a fixed tariff of wages, and the men serve in turn. No one officially summoned by the Skydskaffer can refuse to go under penalty of a fine. But why ask the Skydskaffer to drag a stout young man whose labor is of value from his work in the peat fields when a Faroe grandfather thinks nothing of taking 40 pounds on his back, supported by a broad woolen band around the forehead, and trotting off with it across the fjelds? So these matters are often arranged privately, and those who can best be spared go with the traveler. In this case Hans Kristoffer succeeded in securing an old man and two boys, and we started for Bo.

It was not a difficult journey—one mile by land to Sorvags Lake or "vatn," two by boat to the northern end, two over the hills to Sorvags village and two by fjord to Bo. The trail was what is called here "a good way"—that is, it was not over high hills or watery marshes. Such trifles as stones, boggy spots and hillocks are not considered worthy of mention.

We passed quickly through Sorvag village and made no calls. A scourge of typhus, brought in a ship from Iceland, had ravaged the little place and there had been many deaths. The few people we saw looked wan and haggard. But the stagnant pools and piles of refuse near the houses still remained.

I waited on a grassy hillside while a boat was brought from the other side of the fjord. It stranded, being low tide, some distance from shore. But the grandfather was not at all put out. He took off his moccasins, rolled up his knee breeches, waded ashore, picked me up without a word and marched with me through the waves, carried all my traps to the boat and soon we were on our way to Bo.

I had pictured Bo as quite a village, and find only half a dozen houses huddled together between the fjord and the fjeld. There is nothing to do but watch the beautiful view and the eider ducks and talk with the men of Bo about the chances of my going to Myggenoes. That island is only nine miles out, but the seas are big, the currents exceptionally strong, and there are sudden surprises of fog, surf and squalls. There is but one place where the island can be reached, and that is possible only under certain conditions. When the tide is favorable, sea calm, no surf barometer high and rising, air clear and a tendency to light northeast breezes, that is true "Myggenoes six man weather." It had been gently intimated to me that when eight men are thought necessary, such a coward as I had better stay "to hum." I am sure I do not wish to go in "eight man weather." "One small boy weather," if there was such a thing, would suit me best. So here I wait at Bo, seeing across the sea the misty cliff walls of my "desired haven."

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

Natural History.

In Vermont.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the months of January and February of a recent year it was my fortune to drive three or four hundred miles through the valleys and over the hills of Vermont, and I am tempted to send you a few notes of observation and experience. I was glad of this opportunity to revisit the Green Mountain State, well known to me in earlier years, and to have fresh experience of many an old sensation and impression, to meet again many of its good people, to enjoy their hospitality, to study anew their unique civilization and grow strong by breathing the wonderful air of those hills.

I kept a keen lookout for game or, indeed, any signs of animal life, but was in this respect rather disappointed. My tally consisted of two or three dozen crows, a few downy or hairy woodpeckers, a half dozen bluejays, wary and sharp as usual, but quite at home and comfortable even on the coldest days, a very few flocks of snow buntings, a chickadee or two, three or four red squirrels and two ruffed grouse.

In Windham county I heard stories of two or three bears killed last fall in the hill towns in the western part of the county, and one man told me of a bear which one day crossed the road in Bennington county in front of a friend of his a few days before. A gratifying sentiment in favor of protecting game seemed to prevail. But in general the woods and fields seemed silent and tenantless. I looked carefully for tracks of the fox or other night prowlers, but was only three or four times successful.

Nevertheless in many towns I heard of very successful trapping, one man being credited with 55 foxes already, and I heard of several who had captured twenty-five or thirty apiece. Amazed at such records of fox trapping, I inquired more carefully, and found that in each case the trapper was said to possess some secret of a scent, which either in itself was very attractive to the fox—overcoming all his natural fear of a trap—or which, at any rate, effectually neutralized the dreaded scent of man, which renders ordinary attempts at this mode of capture so fruitless. In one case a hunter was said to have brought the secret from "the West," and to have sold it to others for $5 per man and under pledge of secrecy.

One day in skirting the base of a mountain I heard the melodious note of the fox hounds upon the mountain side, as they followed the trail, and every minute or two gave tongue. Such music—so familiar of old—had not fallen on my ears for 20 years, and I stopped my horse and listened with delight as long as I could hear a note.

Talking with a man who came to the door of a neighboring house, I learned that he had dug out a litter of young foxes the spring before and had given one of the cubs to a boy in the neighborhood, who had brought it up and had succeeded in thoroughly taming it. Determined to see for myself, I drove to the house of the boy and saw a yearling fox which was as tame as could be wished to the members of the family, though a trifle shy of strangers. Reynard was usually kept chained in a pen because of his tendency to cultivate too intimate relations with the farmers' chickens, but I was told that he was often let loose to go with the boys over the hills, and that he would come back with them as readily as a dog. His master told me that the famous scent used by the trappers was nothing more nor less than the musk of the skunk, and that its effect was merely to dispel the scent of man, and that three or four drops scattered on and near the trap were sufficient. He told me in detail the proper localities for setting a trap for a fox, the south side of a bare hill in a pasture, or in or near a spring in a swamp, and never in a deep wood. He thought no fox was ever trapped in the last situation, but I told him of having once myself caught a fox in a bear trap in the depths of a Maine forest. He thought this unusual and a mere "accident." I should be glad to know if readers of FOREST AND STREAM know anything about the scent of which I have spoken, and if it is merely the musk of the skunk as this man said.

Occasionally where the road skirted a bush-covered swamp or passed through a deep wood I saw the tracks of the northern hare, but not half so abundant as I expected to find them. In short, Vermont seemed, to the winter visitant, nearly swept bare of wild life of all kinds. But I found much to interest the lover of out-door things.

The old men told me stories of the old times, and I heard many and many an expression so happily embalmed in that New England classic and dialect study, "Uncle Lisha's Shop." I found no "Antwine," but Uncle Lisha himself and Sam Lovel "and 'mungst 'em" more than once appeared, and I listened with greatest enjoyment to their speech. But this, too, is passing away, and I remarked how almost invariably, even in the parts most remote from the railway, and no matter on how high and bleak a hill or lonely cross-road, when I called at a door to inquire the way, some sweet-voiced woman of refined manner and pure speech answered me.

Surely the New England yeomanry had never its equal in this world. Nowhere else under such circumstances could people of such intelligence and absolute independence be found. When one tries to find anything like a parallel, the Scottish people is the only one which comes to mind. Not Bismarck himself had more independence of spirit or was more unconscious of amenability to any class or rank than these men, or discussed affairs of state with any more confidence in his own judgment or his right to judge of them. And great good comes of this—a good inestimable in the history of the world. It has set the type for American citizenship. From it has sprung a giant race which does not know, and never can be made to know, "the dignity that doth hedge a king." This is the pivot, amply strong and sufficient, on which, in time, to swing the world from the old path into the new. Therefore all hail to the Yankee! The home-spun world regenerator!

The Vermont boys still emigrate to "the 'Hio," as Uncle Lisha did, and for similar reasons in reality. The sadness of the "deserted farm" was forced upon me in many a place. The abandoned "bildin's," the orchard growing scrubby and unkempt, the fences uncared for, and miles of stone wall so carefully and toilsomely laid to rid of stones the land which no one now cares to till, and to mark boundaries which no one any longer cares to maintain—all tell the story of the strong and patient and faithful life which was once lived there, and pathetically plead for its rehabilitation. But it is not, in my judgment, best. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," and a new order which, all things considered, I must think to be an advance upon the old. To maintain the old by artificial means and efforts not spontaneous and natural will be a waste of strength.

Many of the old pastures and hillsides are growing up to trees, and I rejoiced to see it. Especially do I rejoice to see the sandy knolls and intervals growing up to pines. I mourn the giant pines—the "old growth"—sacrificed so long ago to no profit, and only, in many cases, to uncover a thin and sandy soil to the plow. Of what vast value would they not be now if they had been preserved! The pine is the proper growth and ornament and crop of much Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine land, and I rejoice to see the second-growths—rising straight in crowded ranks—thick at the tops and ever aspiring in the rivalry for sunlight, shaded and dark below and trimming themselves as they grow. And it does not take so very long for pine to grow. Before I had seen my thirty-fifth year I had seen pines which would furnish fair "saw-logs," growing on ground which I had also in early boyhood seen bare and sown to grain.

The timber slaughterer is equally with the game destroyer the object of my maledictions. Many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember the giant growth of black walnut which covered hundreds of thousands of acres in Indiana and Michigan, and which were cleared by axe and fire to make room for cultivation, when only one State further on were millions of treeless acres only waiting for the plow. A friend tells me that on his farm near Terre Haute, the fences are all made of straight, split rails of black walnut, and the barns and outbuildings are made of black walnut boards two feet in width.

But I wanted to speak of the rock maples. Vermont is their paradise and home. The "sugar-bush," as the maple grove is called, stands on every hillside, usually with the neat "sugar-house," at the lower edge of it, well fitted with patent evaporating pans (which have replaced the primitive "arch-kittle"), a steam escape in the roof, and pile of "sugar-wood" at the door.

The farmer here speaks of "getting up his sugar-wood" as naturally as he does of sheep-shearing or haying or "banking up" his house in the fall. O the delights of the "sugar-bush" in "sap-time!" Involuntarily I smacked my lips and sniffed the air as I thought of them. To my palate maple syrup—from the first run of sap, and which has never been crystallized—is the finest sweet in all the world. Honey suggests, perhaps, a more poetic thought, but it is too cloying. The maple flavor is honest and not overpowering, and yet, to one whose youthful tooth was trained upon it, suggestive of a thousand delights that are unspeakably subtle and fine. But the early training must be there or maple sweet has no special charm. Having described maple sugar and the joys of its making to some English friends, I once took over to them some cakes of the genuine article, but to my chagrin found

that to them it was only "sugar" and not maple sugar after all. Then many people in this country—in the cities and in the South—affect to dislike maple sugar, the fact being that they have never tasted any but only the wretched mixtures sold as maple on street corners, and which often have not a trace of maple in them. Even in Boston I one day broke open a cake of the yellow stuff exposed on Winter street—looking for all the world like beeswax, and labeled maple sugar—and found inside it tell-tale sugared cherry of the confectioner who compounded the stuff. But the boys and girls of Vermont and New Hampshire are experts in such matters and not to be deceived, and wherever they go they are wont to send back to some trusted neighbor or friend for their yearly can of syrup and box of sugar.

The maple grows grandly all over Vermont. May my blessing fall on all the good citizens who for years have set out the maple trees in rows along the highways! Sometimes for half a mile, not only through a village street, but past some lonely hill farm, the rows of maples stand, superb in their strength and symmetry and shade giving power. In summer foliage they are wonderful, but in autumn their glory is simply indescribable.

If you have on your hands a particularly "cockney" Englishman, whose conceit of the superiority of everything English you want to break down and whose assumption of unimpressionability you want to break up, take him to Vermont or New Hampshire in the "moon of falling leaves." You will capture him—horse, foot and dragoons. There will be no help for him. No mortal made of "penetrable stuff" can withstand it, for there is nothing like it on earth, and I am not going to attempt the impossible by trying to picture it.

But my illustration reminds me of a good story which Professor Niles, the geologist, tells. He once, in the early days, when Crawford Pond, in the Crawford Notch of the White Mountain, was swarming with trout and free to all comers, took an Englishman there to give him a good sample day of American trout fishing. They were out on a raft, and had begun to cast, the trout biting voraciously, when, glancing up at the mountains, Professor Niles saw one of the sudden mountain showers swooping down upon them. He shouted to his friend that there was not a moment to lose if they wished to reach shelter. But the Englishman's sporting blood was up, and he scorned all showers or other trifles so long as he could take trout in that fashion. "All right," said Professor Niles, "I can stand it if you can." So he shrugged his shoulders, turned up his coat collar, and landed another trout. Just then the cloud-burst struck them. They were drenched to the skin in a moment; the thunder crashed, the water boiled and hissed under the falling torrents; and amid the din was heard the voice of the Englishman: "Here, Niles, take my rod. I'm going to get under this raft—where there ain't so much water!"

The forest trees afford infinite opportunity for study, and in ways utilitarian or scientific or æsthetic as one chooses. Each species has its own general characteristics, each individual its style and peculiarity. Many a time I wished for a camera that I might preserve the picture of some particularly fine old maple or elm or oak. In one valley I found a good deal of cedar and ground juniper. Why only in that valley? Had this to do with the geology of the valley and the soil derived from certain underlying rocks?

Certain geological phenomena can here be studied to better advantage than anywhere else in New England, better than in any other place I have ever seen save in Montana. I mean the river terraces. Rank on rank they rise from the rivers, the same terrace often traceable for miles, sometimes transversely cut and notched by ravines and gullies till all that is left is a series of saw teeth, again the level bench of sand stretches away unbroken. It is all water-washed and water-deposited sand, powdered mountain, ground off from the higher peaks and packed in these level layers against the sides of the valley. Altogether it was a strange and very pleasant experience and one which I hope I may some day repeat.

C. H. AMES.

Albino Hawks.

I AM glad to see that my suggestion in your paper regarding the recording of such facts as come to sportsmen's notice of birds in unusual plumage has brought out the notes of so excellent an observer as Manly Hardy, and his remark that albinism in hawks is more largely confined to the red-tailed than other species is very true.

Since my records of this species in your issue of Feb. 9, I am enabled to give one more instance. In a letter from Arthur T. Wayne, dated Mt. Pleasant, S. C., Jan. 22, 1901, he writes: "Last Saturday I saw on Dewee's Island, a coast island, near my house, a beautiful albino red-tailed hawk, but could not get a shot at it. The bird was in company with two black vultures, and I saw it closely while sailing. The tail was red, but the rest of the plumage was white. I am going to-morrow after it, and if I secure it you shall hear from me."

The only records of albinism which I have among the smaller hawks is that of the broad-winged (*Buteo latissimus*), a pure white example of which was in the collection of Otho C. Poling, Quincy, Ill., in September, 1888, and in a list of albinos in the collection of the late Geo. W. Lawrence, which he sent me in January, 1875, there was included a specimen of Cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperii*). There are, no doubt, other species unrecorded in public and private colections.

RUTHVEN DEANE.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.

Game Warden Smith, of Pittsfield, Mass., has recently received several complaints regarding the use of ferrets for rabbits in the southeastern part of that city, and he is making a vigorous investigation of the violations of the game laws. Alarmed at the reckless slaughter of pickerel, Mr. Smith has written the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commissioners recommending the passage of a law to allow a fisherman to set only three lines at a time. One day recently Mr. Smith counted no less than 540 lines set on Pontoosuc Lake, and some present had as many as thirty tip-ups. So great was the net work that Mr. Smith says it would have been practically impossible for a pickerel to cross the lake without being ensnared.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XXIV.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Continued from page* 129.]

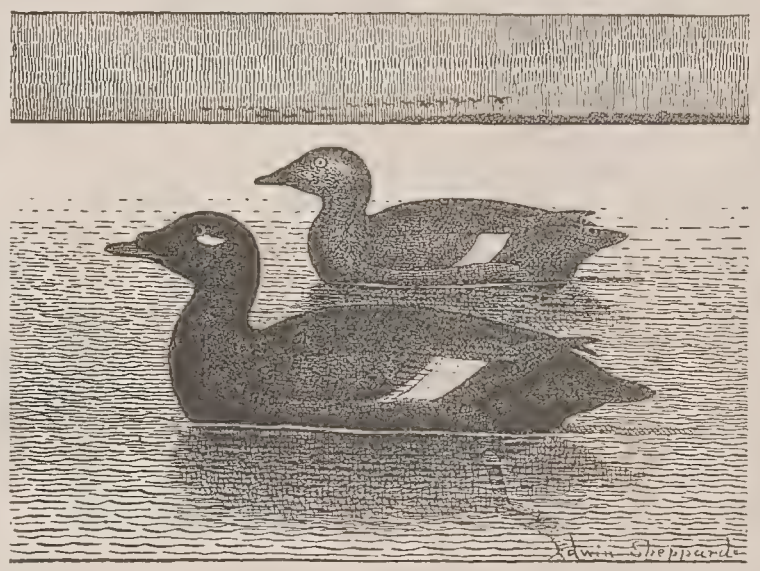
The American Velvet Scoter.

Oidemia deglandi (Bonap.).

THE adult male has the bill expanded into a prominent knob at the base on the top. At the sides the bill is sunken, as if hollowed out. This knob, with the base of the bill and its margin, is black. The sides of the bill in front are red, changing to orange and then to white near the tip. The plumage is uniform black, often very deep or often brownish throughout. There is a small white spot behind the eye and the secondaries are white.

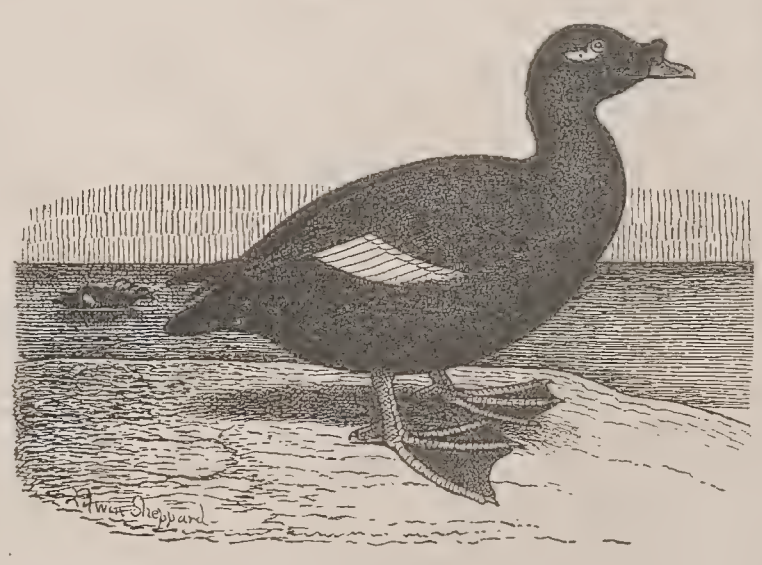
The female is uniform dirty gray, the wings darker than the body. The secondaries are white, as in the male. The length is about 21 inches.

One of the commonest of the winter sea ducks is the velvet duck, more often called the white-winged coot. It is found on both coasts and also on the Great Lakes



AMERICAN VELVET SCOTER.

and some of the inland rivers in winter. It comes down to the New England coast late in September and spends the winter there in company with the other coots and the eider ducks. It is exceedingly abundant and is shot by the various methods described in the chapter on sea shooting. While migrating, or while taking long flights, it flies high above the water, often out of gunshot, but from such heights I have sometimes seen it brought down, either by the expedient of shooting or shouting at it, or sometimes I have seen a gunner scale his hat high into the air, when the whole flock would dart 20 or 30 or 40 yards directly downward toward the water and then continue their flight. Usually



VELVET SCOTER.

the birds, when flying from their roosting to their feeding grounds, pass but a few feet above the water, moving along with a strong, steady flight.

The white-winged coot feeds almost exclusively on small shellfish, which it brings up from the bottom, and the flesh is very far from palatable. The gunner on the New England coast who kills them usually parboils them for a time, and then bakes them, the result being a dish that is eatable, but is thought by many to lack character.

The velvet ducks breed in Labrador and to the northward as far as the Barren Grounds. The nest, often made among underbrush or low woods, is a hollow in the moss, lined with down, and contains seven or eight eggs. This species, like the old squaw and the other coots, spends much of its time, late in the spring in preparing for the long flight that it must make to its summer home. The hours from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until dark are spent chiefly on the wing, and often it is not much before the first of June when the last of the coots leave the New England shores.

On the Pacific coast this species is found in winter as far south as southern California and in summer to the Bering Sea. In the month of July I have seen them on the Gulf of Georgia in vast numbers, the birds being, no doubt, chiefly males, and the females incubating somewhere in the vicinity.

The coots are regarded as exceedingly tough and hard to kill, and the gunners along the New England coast who shoot them commonly use very large shot, often 3's, and sometimes 2's. Birds that are only wounded dive and skulk with great skill, and if there is any sea on the water are likely to escape notice and not to be recovered. Often they dive, and apparently never come to the surface again, and it is believed that they cling to weeds at the bottom and remain there until dead.

Some of the names given for this species by Mr. Trumbull are May white-wing or great May white-wing, pied-winged coot, bell-tongue coot, Uncle Sam coot, bull coot, brant coot, sea brant, assemblyman, channel duck.

The Velvet Scoter.

Oidemia fusca (Linn.).

In the adult male the bill is much swollen near the gap, but is not much elevated at the base. The general color is orange or reddish, crossed on each side by a diagonal black line, running from above the nostril obliquely to the side of the nail. The plumage is brownish-black, with a small patch behind the eyes, and a white speculum on the wing.

The female is sooty-gray, paler beneath, and with a white speculum.

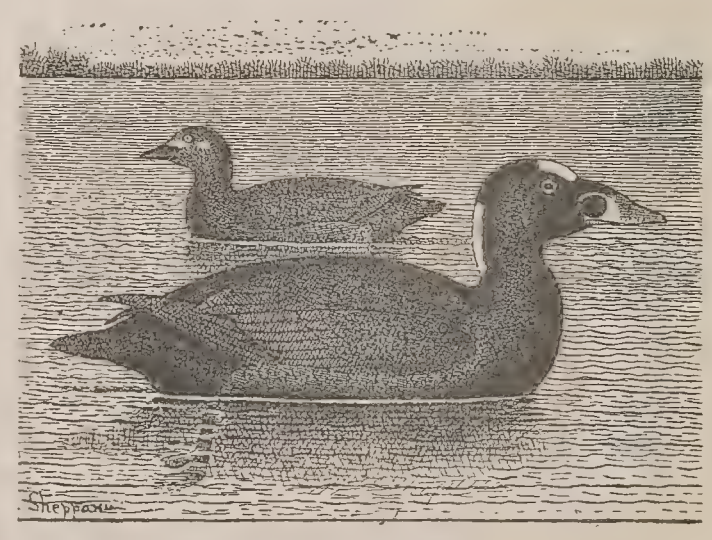
The velvet scoter is scarcely to be considered an American bird, being only an accidental visitor to our shores. It is an Old World species, which has, however, been taken in Greenland. It is not a bird to be considered by the sportsmen, who will never meet with it.

Surf Scoter, Skunk-Head.

Oidemia perspicillata (Linn.).

The adult male is deep black above, changing on the lower parts to a very dark brownish-black. There is a white patch on the forehead, cut off squarely behind the eyes, and running out to a point a little beyond the gap of the bill. On the back of the head and neck there is another white patch, cut off squarely in front and running down to a semi-circular ending on the back of the neck. The bill is swollen at the base, white and red in color, with a squarish patch of black on either side near the base. The nail is horn-color. The feet are orange, with dusky webs.

The adult female is brownish-black everywhere, becoming sooty or almost lead color below, and sometimes almost white on the abdomen. The bill is black, but little swollen, and, of course, the black spot shown in the male is not apparent. The bird's length is about



SURF SCOTER.

20 inches. Mr. Ridgway states that sometimes in the adult male there are other white marks than those described, and sometimes one or the other of the white patches on top of the head are wanting, but these conditions are very unusual.

This species, which is known as surf duck in the books, is commonly called by gunners coot, sea duck, skunk-head and also sometimes hollow-billed coot. It is peculiar to America and in habits and distribution does not differ markedly from our other coots. It is said to breed on the Arctic coast and to proceed southward as far as Bermuda. It is also commonly found on the Great Lakes and is not infrequently killed by gunners on the marshes to the south of them. Mr. Audubon found it breeding as far south as Labrador, in fresh-water marshes, and the nest was rather more substantial than that of many of the sea ducks, being well built and lined with down. It contained five eggs of a cream color. Nests found by Mr. MacFarlane on the Anderson River contained eight eggs.

While vast numbers of coots winter on the New England coast, and seem to thrive there, equally great numbers apparently proceed further south, wintering in the mouth of the Delaware River and in Chesapeake Bay and out at sea. In these regions, however, where there are so many better ducks, they are not much pursud, and, on the whole, it may be said of these coots, and of the old squaws, that they are by no means growing fewer in numbers.

Besides the names already given, Mr. Trumbull tells us that this duck is called horse-head and bald-pate, off the coast of Maine; patch-head, patch-polled coot and white-scop, at other points on the New England coast; muscle-bill, pictured-bill and plaster-bill, snuff-taker, spectacled-bill coot and spectacle coot, blossom-bill and blossom-head, butter-boat-billed coot; while the femaes and young are called, at various points, pishaug, gray coot and brown coot.

The Last Vermont Panther.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Feb. 22.—It may interest Juvenal and your readers to know that the last panther killed in Vermont was killed on Thanksgiving Day in 1881 by Alexander Crowell, a veteran of the Civil War. The creature measured 7 feet from tip to tip, girth 3 feet 8 inches, forearm 22 inches, height 3 feet 8 inches and weight 182 pounds. It was killed by a shotgun in a dense thicket of spruces in the town of Barnard. "The painter" had killed two sheep the night previous to his taking off. This Vermont "painter" we also call catamount, and it is identical with the mountain lions recently killed by our sportsman Vice-President and with the puma of South America.

JNO. W. TITCOMB.

Lumber Camps and Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 16 you publish a rather severe answer by Mr. James Webber, of Bangor, to my article, "A Month on Millinockett." He wants to know "if you think it just to print such a slander against lumbermen as this contains without probably an iota of proof?"

Mr. Webber's idea of slander in this case and mine are evidently very different.

From my point of view I said nothing against Maine lumbermen. I have a great admiration for the woodsmen of Maine. Taking them as a whole, whether lumbermen, trappers or guides, there are no men that I have ever met in any walk in life who have more qualities to be admired. They may be a little rough in some ways, perhaps, but they lead a rough life. As to their killing game out of season, however, in spite of what Mr. Webber says, there is not the slightest doubt of it. My proof is from the lips of the men themselves. Lumbermen have a habit of saying what they think. I have been going into the Maine woods every season for the past ten years, and in that time have met many lumbermen and have had a number of different guides, all of whom have worked in lumbering camps. I never heard one complain of not having enough game during the winter. Moose I think they are more careful of. But it is probably not from any fear of game wardens. If I were working in a lumber camp all winter, I would want fresh meat once in a while myself, and probably would have it. What I object to are the game laws and the way they are carried out.

The Commissioners certainly do not consult the guides very much in regard to them. They are too plainly in the interests of Bangor and Portland sportsmen. The idea of making non-residents of the State pay more for a license than a native! It is almost as un-American as the tax New Jersey once tried to put on non-residents passing through the State. There is no doubt that the non-resident sportsmen spend more money in proportion than the residents do.

In another article in the same number of FOREST AND STREAM there is a great powwow about sportsmen and guides setting fire to the forests.

Some inexperienced sportsmen without guides certainly do, but not so the guides. I have never seen a guide leave a fire during a dry time without thoroughly putting it out with water. They often go to considerable time and trouble to do so. Perhaps I have been particularly fortunate in guides, but I think in this respect they are all alike.

I own a few acres of land on the West Branch myself, and am constantly in dread of fire.

I judge from Mr. Webber's letter that his own knowledge of life in the lumber camps is limited. But it is nice to see any good word for the lumbermen themselves!

POCKWAKEMUS.

A Bear Hunt by Moonlight.

YPSILANTI, Mich., Feb. 4.—This is my first offense, but I can contain myself no longer. I have been a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM for a number of years and have read with intense interest all the accounts of the various contributors, and I feel that I should at least attempt to describe the most exciting event of my life in way of a small recompense for all the pleasure I have received from the reading of your most valauble weekly. I shall not go into details as explicitly as I would were I a good writer, but shall plunge right in and expect a deal of charity from my readers.

This event took place in the North Bruce Peninsula of Canada upon the premises of Wm. MacVicar, lumber dealer and all-round sportsman. Mac is a true type of a sportsman, genial and generous to a fault. He is known and admired by all the deer hunters in Ontario, a number of whom enjoy their annual outing upon the MacVicar limits.

After the season closed in '99 five of us, upon Mac's invitation, remained in our shanty a few weeks hunting small game, fishing, trapping and incidentally taking out some timber to lighten our expenses. We were located on the edge of a "burn," six miles from MacVicar, the nearest post-office, where Mac resided, and about a mile from the shores of old Lake Huron.

One night about 12 o'clock, while all were asleep but myself, I heard Dinah, our Irish fox hound, and Otto, our pointer, growling and whining in the stable, a small log structure about 20 yards distant from the shanty, where we kept old Jim, our horse, and the dogs. Thinking that they might have got their chains twisted, as sometimes occurred, I got up and slipping on my larrigans went out to adjust the matter. Well, upon opening the door the first thing I noticed (conspicuous for its absence) was that we had been touched for half a deer which had been slung on a pole just outside the door. The night was a perfect one, as lihgt as day, and as I stood there wondering at the disappearance of our venison, I caught sight of a moving object about 60 yards away on a small hill.

I watched and presently saw Mr. Bruin move over the hill. Well, I wish you could have seen the interior of that shanty when I told the boys of my discovery. It did not take more than half a minute for three of us to get some clothes on, grab a rifle apiece, some cartridges and get on the warpath. When we got to the hill we could see the bear about 100 yards distant, and upon seeing us he turned at right angles and made for some small balsams about 300 yards away. I immediately started to head him off, and Harry and Bill opened fire on him, the first shot striking him I knew, for he wheeled and hit himself several times. The ground was as hard as a rock, but I did not feel it nor did I mind the falls I had as I fairly flew over the fallen timber. When he saw me between him and the balsams he turned and made directly from me for the open country, and I now opened fire on him also. I shall never forget as long as I live the music of that night.

The deep baying of Dinah, eager for the chase, the short angry barks of Otto, the shorter, more wicked, snaps of Harry's .30, the boom of Bill's big .44 and the thumping of my heart, which I could plainly hear as I pumped shot after shot at the retreating form which had caused all this excitement, is embedded in my memory for life.

Light as it may be, we hunters all know how difficult it is to find the sights by moonlight, and I think about fifteen shots were fired before Bruin stopped. He turned short, and I think through sheer bewilderment rather than vengeful motives went straight for Bill and Harry. He had got to within 50 yards of the boys when a well directed shot from Harry brought him down, and he never moved. When we reached him he was quite dead, and upon examination we found five wounds on him—two in the left fore leg, two through the body and the one which stopped him in the forehead. We took him to the shanty, skinned him and examined the wounds to see the effects of the different rifles. Bill's .44 and my .38 had done about equal damage, but the .30 bullet which struck him between the eyes telescoped the skull and vertebræ clear back to the foreshoulders. This was rather late in the fall to find a bear out, but I guess the exceptionally fine weather was the cause of his late wanderings.

I know that this, as it is worded, will not prove very interesting to some of our old hunters, but as for myself I never expect again to have as much excitement and genuine sport as I had that moonlight night in the fall of '99.

PEN.

New York Game Law Committee Hearing.

THE joint game law committee of the New York Legislature gave a hearing on the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 20, to persons desiring to advance arguments for and against Senator Brown's bill making the close time for web-footed wildfowl from Feb. 1 to Aug. 31.

There were present a delegation of Long Islanders, one representative from New York city and two or three others from Saratoga and Oswego. Much interest was manifested, which on one or two occasions almost reached the point of strong feeling.

The opposition to the bill was heard first. Its forces were marshaled by Dr. Robinson, member of Assembly from Suffolk county, Sayville, L. I., and the questions asked were put chiefly by Senator McKinney and Mr. Doughty, member of Assembly for Queens. The reasons advanced for making no change in the law were these: For the last two years there have been more birds in Great South Bay and Shinnecock Bay than for many years. Birds do not breed on Long Island and are not mated in spring when they pass there. A large amount of money has been invested in battery rigs which would be useless in spring if this law should pass. Many men make their living in part by taking out gunners from a distance. Brant visit the bay only in spring, and there would be no brant shooting there if spring shooting was abolished. The questions put to the various speakers tended to bring out and amplify these various points. They tended to show also that but few birds were killed in spring by comparison with those killed in fall. All the witnesses declared that they had never dressed any birds with eggs in them. A gentleman from the south shore, who said that he had made much inquiry with regard to the number of rigs owned in the various towns and the revenue they brought in to their owners, read a table of these sums, by which it appeared that $29,000 was earned during the last shooting season, one-half of which would be cut off if spring shooting were put an end to.

Mr. A. N. Cheney, of the New York Fish, Forest and Game Commission, first addressed the committee in favor of the bill, stating that he appeared merely as a representative of the Commission. He cited their recent report and the fact that the members of the Commission had unanimously voted for the abolition of spring shooting. He then introduced a representative of the Boone and Crockett Club, who spoke of the constantly decreasing numbers of wildfowl, and declared that if the stock is to be preserved it is necessary to take such steps that fewer birds will be killed each year. This can only be done by shortening the season for shooting. The birds are now shot constantly for eight or nine months of the year, and the close time covers only the period when they were not within our territory, but were in the north breeding. It has become a recognized principle of protection in the various States that the season must be shortened in order to limit the killing. Spring shooting has been abolished in a number of States, and other States were named in which the season has been markedly shortened on upland game in order that the breeding stocks might be kept up. In years gone by, at hearings before the Legislature on bills which had to do with shortening the open season for deer, Adirondack guides have made the plea that their business would be ruined if the season were shortened, just as the Long Island gunners now declare that their business will be destroyed if spring shooting were abolished. But it has proved that with the shorter deer season the Adirondack guides were better off than ever, and so it is very sure to prove with the Long Island batterymen.

Mr. Manning, of Saratoga, spoke for the sportsmen of his section, who are earnestly in favor of the bill. The ducks untroubled by the spring shooters would breed over a considerable part of New York State, and the result would be an autumn harvest of fowl which would be for the general good. He cited examples drawn from his own wide experience to show that in spring and even in late winter the birds had already paired and were ready to breed so soon as they reached their summer home. He accounted for the greater number of ducks to which the Long Island men had testified by saying that this increase in numbers was due to the passage of a law prohibiting spring shooting in Ontario, and showed that the ducks which were now permitted to breed undisturbed in that Province returned there in great numbers, to the great advantage of all New York gunners.

Judge Stowell, of Oswego, bore testimony to the fact that when the spring ducks reached his section of the country they were already mated, and gave examples to prove it.

Chief Protector Pond, who had just risen from a sick bed, spoke convincingly concerning the great numbers of ducks which in old times used to breed along the northern borders of this State, in the Montezuma marshes, in the Adirondacks, and about such lakes as Cayuga, Seneca, Oneida and Owasco. He believed that with reasonable protection in the spring, such breeding birds would be with us again, and that in this way much would be added to the supply of game in the State. Protector Pond's testimony was extremely interesting and convincing.

The question of the eggs in the female bird seeming to be misunderstood, one of the witnesses explained that it was not intended to say that the eggs referred to were complete eggs, possessing shells and ready for extrusion, but they were developing eggs which might be laid in the course of a few weeks or a few days, according to the conditions met with by the bird. All female ducks, of course, contain eggs, but these eggs may be in all stages of development. What was intended to be said was that the eggs for a spring's laying had begun to develop in the very early spring or late winter, but a person not familiar with bird anatomy might not recognize them as eggs at this stage, when they might vary in size from a No. 8 shot to an ordinary boy's marble.

It is not known when the bill will be reported.

Presidential Sport at Marly.

WE are indebted to a French correspondent for the following account of the photograph which we reproduce:

"On Thursday last one of those official huntings to which the President of the Republic invites all the dignitaries in every department took place in the shooting fields of Marly. This time the guests of M. Loubet were the members of the Superior Council for the War. The hunting, very cleverly led by the eminent M. Lamy, first huntsman of the Presidential hunting train, attended by M. Leddet, general superintendent of the forest, has been capitally entertaining.

PRESIDENT LOUBET IN THE FIELD.

"Before taking the field, the President's guests, the Generals Brugère de Negrier, Florestin, Duchêne, Grisot, Faure-Biguet, Lucas, Zurlinden, Grasset, Ganier des Garets and General Dubois, chief of the military house, met to the hunting lodge, where they lunched. The lunch is always very simple—an omelet, cooked by the game keeper's wife, a pie, some cold meat, and, besides, some dainties.

"After the meal, the members of the Superior Council for the War get up in a landau that drove immediately to the game keeper's lodge, where the first battue took place.

"The rain then began to fall, but it did not prevent the hunt, which was worthy of notice, for capital cynegetic exploits were performed.

"Besides, everybody knows that President Loubet, however left handed, is a first-rate shooter, and so much the worse for the game which venture to come in the range of his gun. The generals also vied with each other in the trueness of the aim, and in a short time there was a general massacre of fowls, roe deers, pheasants, which strewed the ground, victims of the never-tired guns of clever marksmen.

"Every hunter was followed by a game keeper in attendance to carry the gun between two battues, and supplies with a good number of cartridges. The game was taken up by men, and put in carriages led to an appointed place.

"The first battue lasted about five minutes, and every guest played his little part in the general slaughter.

"After a moment's rest, the President and his guests made for the rabbits' place, and the firing began again.

"At a quarter past four the President of the Republic gave the signal to put an end to the hunt."—London Sporting and Dramatic News.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Governor Roosevelt Talks of Trip.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 22.—There have been published within the last month or more scores of alleged interviews with Governor Roosevelt regarding his Western hunting trip. It need not be stated, in view of the absurd statements of most of the stories, that the bulk of these interviews has consisted of malicious or ridiculous misstatement of the facts. That this sort of thing was not relished by Governor Roosevelt may be inferred from the fact that he declined to discuss his hunt with the daily reporters of this city. He did say something, however, for the benefit of FOREST AND STREAM, when Billy Hofer and I called on him at the Union League Club yesterday afternoon.

"How many lions did you really get, Governor?" asked Billy.

"Twelve," was the reply. "Yes, we got twelve, nice lions."

"And how big was the biggest one?"

"The biggest lion weighed just 223 pounds, and it measured an even 8 feet from tip to tip" replied Governor Roosevelt. "Of course, I do not need to tell you gentlemen that all this talk about nine and ten feet lions was only folly. But we did get twelve lions—I had a rattling good time."

Michigan Game Law Matters.

There seems to be increasing dissatisfaction in Michigan over the condition of the game warden service in that State. Much criticism is made upon the administration of the warden's office during the past term, and the newspapers have taken up the fight for a more business like régime. The Saginaw Evening News of Feb. 18 contains editorial mention, as follows:

The indignation being expressed all over the State with regard to the exposures in the office of the State game warden is perfectly righteous. If there ever was a clear case of the hold up game, here is the instance The State game warden and his State deputies are the ones to blame, and not the system of game protection and inspection. The people of Michigan must be given to understand this, too; for it is highly important that the State should continue in its effort to protect the game and fish of the Commonwealth. It must be done, however, with honest endeavor, and not with a view of giving men with political pulls fat jobs, whereby they draw good salaries and bilk the treasury out of expense money even to a greater amount than their salaries, as has been the case of late. The figures show that the last year the game warden and his deputies drew $7,361 in salaries and $9,648 in expenses. This is of couse a mere farce, and the halt called by Auditor-General Powers is a proper one.

Game protection is needed. The people approve of it, but it must be placed in the hands of men who have a conscientious regard for the interests of the State and the taxpayers. The present regime has been a disappointment; but a cleaning up of the record and a reform in administration will clarify the situation and pave the way for effective work on the lines intended by the protective laws.

I make bold to quote from a private letter at hand from a very prominent sportsman at Saginaw, upon these same matters. This gentleman has given the subject of game protection a great deal of thought and a great deal of practical assistance. He remarks:

"I have advocated the abolishing of these high-priced officials who did their game protecting from their office and ran up a big expense account; and having instead one State game warden, with a salary of $1,200 or $1,500, and allow him a stenographer and reasonable expense account. Under his charge have twelve or fifteen deputy State wardens, doing work in all localities of the State, so they are not influenced by local favoritism or prejudice. Have them men who will get out and hustle and do good hard detective and practical work in the interest of game protection and fish protection, on a salary not to exceed $750; and I think that good men with ample caliber and good workers could be had at $600 a year, allowing them an expense account, audited by the State game warden. In other words, keep track of their expenses just the same as a business man does of his traveling salesmen, and keep them at work all the time. Eliminate all politics and favoritism from this, and you will have good game protection."

Senate Committee Coming West.

The agitation of the questions of the Indian reservations and the proposed National Park in Minnesota has been going on at Washington steadily, though little has been made public, and it is to be said to-day that the agitation has done great good, whether or not we shall ever have the park. It is not known that the prospect is flattering for the appointment of a House Committee, but it can be stated that the Senate Committee, whether or not joined by the committee from the House, will during the recess of Congress make a trip to this Minnesota country for the purpose of getting information at first hand, regarding the actual state of affairs. The whole question is very much involved. Part of the timber land has been ceded to the Government and some good tracts of pine lands still continue to be held by the Indians, some under allotment, and others by Indians living in tribal relations. The Senate Committee does very well to go out there to look at the thing itself. A committee from the House might very well do the same. Then the facts would come out, and if the facts were known the Minnesota forest park would be almost a certainty.

On Feb. 20 something of a surprise was sprung in the House by the discovery that the conference report on the Indian appropriation bill carried a quiet amendment authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to dispose of the timber on the diminished Chippewa reservations in such manner and at such prices as he may see fit. This puts the whole matter of handling this timber in the hands of Secretary Hitchcock, who is, in the main, safely to be depended upon by the friends of the park, or at least to be counted upon as strongly opposed to the hurried and wasteful denudation of these Indian lands. Naturally a certain number of the Minnesota Congressional Association are a bit startled to find themselves in this sort of a situation. They want the white men to get all the timber, and to put up their mills on the reservation. Secretary Hitchcock favors having the work done by the Indians themselves, and he intends to exercise his influence for the benefit of the Indians, and no doubt for the benefit of the pine. This is the most favorable turn the checkered history of the Minnesota park has had for months. The conference report carries an appropriation of $4,320 to establish a fire patrol on the Red Lake and White Earth reservations.

Getting Used to It.

This week I was talking with a man who has been much among the Indians, and I asked him how the Indians managed to get along without freezing their feet in the winter, when the snow was sloppy and slushy and capable of easily soaking through their moccasins.

"They get used to it," said he, "because they have to get used to it. I have seen an Indian come out of his tepee, many a time, and stand in the snow talking to me, apparently not thinking his feet were cold."

In the South I have often wondered how the negroes in their open cabins and their poorly covered beds keep from freezing in severe weather. "They get used it it," said a planter to me. "What a man has is always enough for him."

This morning it was below zero in Chicago, yet as I passed down State street I saw walking up and down in front of a woolen goods house a man dressed in full Highland costume, which, of course, leaves the knee and a good part of the leg absolutely bare. It was nearly cold enough to freeze one's ears in a short walk, and one could feel the cold wind cutting through his heavy clothing. The brawny Scotchman who was doing this act looked a bit blue about the nose and very thirsty, but his knees seemed to be standing it all right. I suppose he was used to it. It is a well known fact that sportsmen will endure hardships out of doors which they could not think of sustaining at home. The human system adapts itself to almost any sort of surroundings. If you tell your friend that you can sleep comfortably in a snowdrift he is apt to disbelieve you, yet the assertion is entirely true.

Alaska Dog Train.

There appeared on the streets of Chicago this morning a novel and interesting sight, no less than a dog train and sled of the genuine Alaska sort. There were four beautiful huskies or Esquimaux dogs, astonishingly big, heavy-boned and powerful brutes, yet with the shrewdest and most knowing faces imaginable, and under perfect control. This dog train is part of the Craine exhibit, under the auspices of the Alaska Geographical Society, which exhibit has been sent down to the sportsmen's show by the White Pass & Yukon Railroad. That enterprising and pleasant sportsman, Mr. J. Francis Lee, formerly district agent at Chicago for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was this winter apointed general passenger agent of the White Pass & Yukon Railroad, whose line now practically extends from Skaguay to Dawson City. It was Mr. Lee who secured this exhibit, which will be one of the most fetching at the show. There were more than three car loads of the Craine exhibit unloaded at the Coliseum to-day.

To-day I saw Oscar Jarvis, who has charge of the team of husky dogs. Jarvis is hardly more than a boy, yet with this team of dogs he has carried mail for a long time between Dawson and Skaguay and between Dawson and Nome. He says that the dogs average about fifty miles a day, or about forty miles with a heavy load. They go on a steady trot, and will cover their fifty miles the last day of a week as easily as they do the first. He says that these dogs are from half to three-fourths wolf. They have the shrewdest face in the world, and are very gentle and lovable creatures. The lead dog is called Hunker, No. 2 is called Nome, No. 3 Yukon and the wheel dog, so to speak, or the one next to the sled, an enormously powerful brute, which will weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, is called Hootch.

There is a young black bear which goes along with the dog team, and which is sometimes hitched up as rear dog, instead of Hootch. This bear is called Mack, and is a playful fellow enough, though a bit rough in his sport with a bystander. Mack can go out on the trail hitched with the dog team, but he is too fat to last for more than an hour or so. Mr. Craine does not take him out on the streets here for the reason that the sight and smell of the bear causes too many runaways among the horses. Mack is going to be a big card at the show.

Freak Legislation in Indiana.

Ideas in regard to game laws and game protection have always been a bit vague down in our sister State of Indiana, one of the best sporting grounds of the middle West. Most of the more popular Chicago shooting clubs have had their preserves located along the Kankakee iRver of Indiana, and up to the beginning of the present decade these clubs had good sport. They had it in the midd'e of a region which for a generation had known no such thing as game protection, and which had either an entire ignorance or entire contempt for game laws. The marsh dwellers of Indiana toiled not, neither did they spin, and neither did they plow to any great extent. They made their living off the marsh, and all seasons were alike to them, each contributing its own share of one wild product or another.

Time has passed, and to-day an entirely different sentiment prevails in the big and prosperous State of Indiana. Better game laws have found their place upon the statute books, and though the enforcement has not always been perfect, the tendency has been constantly toward better things. Yet always there has been determined rebellion on the part of local shooters against the preserve idea, and against the wealthy clubs which have taken up large holdings of land in the State.

The history of the Toleston Club is that of a continuous battle, and at times this battle has meant human blood and human lives, over a dozen men having been killed or injured on one side or the other in the wars around that marsh. The old American spirit dies hard, and our people are loath to believe that the old days of plenty cannot continue forever and for everybody. This winter there appeared before the Indiana Legislature the Lindley bill, which in effect takes up the cudgels for the Indiana resident as against the club man. This measure is ambitious. It seeks to do nothing less than abolish the ancient common law of trespass. It makes it lawful for any one to hunt on marsh lands without asking the consent of the owner. The land holder may keep the hunter out of his crop, but he cannot forbid him entry on the wild land.

The Lindley measure has already passed the Senate, though there exists considerable doubt that it will become a law. Should it do so, all the club holdings of sportsmen would become entirely valueless, and there could not be any such thing as a duck preserve, or indeed any other kind of preserve. The exact animus of this measure is difficult to gather. That it will be fought goes without saying, and there is not much likelihood that it will become a law.

There is, or was formerly at least, a law in Texas forbidding a man to fence in more than 10,000 acres of land to the exclusion of the public. There was necessity for this law in a country of long distances, few settlements, and infrequent camping places. This same necessity does not exist in Indiana to-day, and the Lindley bill is introduced for an entirely different purpose.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Tilden's Deer.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Feb. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly give the following sta ement a place in your next issue? Whatever your personal opinion may be of the question at issue, as a sportsman you will doubtless concede the privilege of a statement to both sides of the question. As the editor of one of the most widely read sporting magazines in the country, I am requesting that you publish this statement, that it may be given the widest publicity, con radicting and correcting the garbled reports that have appeared in various newspapers.

S. W. TILDEN.

Statement.

Nov. 17, 1900, John Horstman and myself left Schenectady, N. Y., for a one week's hunting trip in Maine. We were unusually successful, each getting two deer in four days' actual hunting, and after accompanying game to Bangor forwarded same by American Express to Schenectady, N. Y. On arriving in Schenectady, a friend having expressed a doubt that it was lawful to possess venison after Nov. 15, I consulted two of the best lawyers in the city, who assured me that the law as written was intended to apply only to deer shot in New York State, as at the time said law was written any other interpretation would constitute a violation of the United S ates interstate commerce law (the Lacey law not being in existence at the time). On the above assurance I accepted the game from the American Express Company, and had it distributed among my friends. Some time after this I received a communication from Mr. Pond, Chief Game Protector, to the effect that Protector Scott was investigating my case and making an appointment if I wished to "explain the matter." I kept appointment and "explained the matter" as above, with the result that my next communication from Mr. Pond was to the effect that Mr. Horstman and myself were each fined $100. We declined to settle the affair at this figure, and decided to fight the case, whereupon Mr. Scott offered to accept a $50 penalty from each of us. As to contest the case (even though successful) meant a sum considerably in excess of this figure, we accepted this fine for the very cogent reason that "beggars cannot be choosers."

I have always been an enthusiastic advocate of more stringent game laws in this State, and I have various and sundry ideas in regard to the wording and enforcing of same, all of which however, have no place in this article, but the point I would like to make is this: If, as Protector Scott claimed (in an attempt to conceal the avarice actuating his legal hold-up), the fine imposed in this case was to establish a precedent to aid in the prosecution of more flagrant cases, then a nominal fine of $1 would have answered the purpose as well. If the fine was not imposed for the reason above stated, but rather as a penalty, why was not the extreme penalty of $100 per deer, or why, after placing it a $100 each and discovering that it would be contested at that figure, is it reduced to $50, at the discretion of the protectors? I infer from my experience in this case that it is the policy of the Chief Game Protector to take advantage of every opportunity to impose a fine of which they receive half. In this respect they are less considerate than the veriest pot-hunter, who, while depriving the sportsman of legitimate sport, hardly presumes to filch from his game bag. This is the inevitable result of sanctioning a system which provides for a pecuniary reward to any protector securing a conviction instead of rendering him a proper return for the conscientious discharge of his duty.

Just so long as this system of legal bribery obtains, just so long will the office of game protector continue to be a lucrative sinecure.

If it is impossible to secure the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of game at any and all seasons of the year, the present law could be tolerated were it interpreted in the spirit in which it was written, but if interpreted literally it deprives New York sportsmen of enjoying a hunting trip into Maine for moose or deer during the finest part of the season, if he desires to bring any meat out with him. Those who have experienced a similar trip will agree with me that in this respect the present law is a failure.

[Mr. Tilden appears to have acted with good intentions, but to have been misled by poor legal advice. The law, which reads, "Wild deer or venison shall not be possessed or sold from Nov. 21 to Aug. 31, both inclusive,"

applies to all venison, whether killed within the State or outside. It applied prior to the enactment of the Lacey law just as much as it does now; the Lacey law has not affected its application. The reduction in the penalty exacted by the protector was probably made in order to avoid the expenses of litigation.]

Guns in Maine Close Season.

BOSTON, Feb. 25.—Not less than 7,000 caribou were shot in Newfoundland during the season of 1900. As nearly as can be ascertained from the faulty manner in which all records of hunting are kept, alien sportsmen, who procured licenses, killed about 1,200 caribou; native sportsmen, not taking out licenses, about 1,300; English and French officers and men from the naval squadrons, privileged characters there, 600 to 800; settlers along the south shore, hunting for the St. Johns market, about 2,000 more. For the season of 1900 210 licenses only were issued to hunters outside of the island, showing how few sportsmen go there compared with other sections, where the hunting is not nearly as good.

There certainly is a good chance that some law regulating the carrying of guns and rifles in Maine during the close season on game may be enacted during the present session. A bill has already been entered in the House regulating the carrying of firearms into the wild lands of the State during the close season, and as far as I am able to learn, is receiving good support. It will be argued that the possession of a rifle in close season is prima facie evidence of intent to use it, and that the State has as good right to prevent this possession as it has to prevent jacklights or even burglars' tools. The State of Maine will do well to sit down hard on the perfect abandon with which sportsmen from out of that State have been in the habit of "taking their rifles along" when going on fishing trips, when they know, and everybody else knows, they do not even intend to stay till the legal open season on game. SPECIAL.

The Appalachian Park.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith inclose you a copy of the special message from the President to the Senate and House, pertaining to the establishment of a forest reserve in the Southern Appalachian Mountains. This message was also accompanied by a letter from the Secretary of Agriculture. You observe that both the President and Secretary recommend the establishment of a forest reserve in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, and upon their recommendation our Senators and Representatives have introduced a bill into both the Senate and House, praying for an appropriation of $5 000 000 for the establishment of such a forest reserve in the mountainous section of the Southern States.

You will remember that over a year ago, when we first approached Congress, we simply asked for an appropriation of $5,000 to defray the expense of a preliminary investigation. This appropriation we secured, and the investigation was made last summer under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture, as per the letter herewith inclosed.

The only opposition our movement has met with thus far is at the hands of a few selfish lumbermen (I am pleased to report that the majority of the lumbermen are with us and in favor of the movement), and also a few of the Southern members of Congress have objected from a point of States rights. This latter objection, however, we have entirely overcome, and have secured legislation in North Carolina South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee favoring our movement and praying the National Government to establish a reserve as requested. These States have also granted the Government power to acquire possession of the lands, even by the process of eminent domain, if necessary.

The Appalachian National Park movement is now in the best possible shape, and even though we do not secure an appropriation at the present short session of Congress, we begin to believe now that success is in sight.

Push the Appalachian National Park movement!

C. P. AMBLER,
Secretary-Treasurer A. N. P. Association.

The Sportsmen's Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Sportsmen's Show, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, will open March 2 at Madison Square Garden, and continue two weeks. The scene will represent the land of Hiawatha, the home of the Ojibway Indians, of whom there will be a large number present. They will inhabit an island situated in a lake, on which the Indian dances will be performed and their home life portrayed in detail.

The lake will be larger than at any previous show, and will contain fifteen hundred live trout weighing from 2 to 5 pounds. These will be transported in the United States fish car to the garden, to insure safe delivery, and sportsmen who delight in casting the fly will have an opportunity to enjoy a little fishing.

The State of Maine has prepared a most attractive exhibit, bringing a fine specimen of every game animal found in the Maine woods. Guides and woodsmen to the number of eighty or more will be in attendance to give information. There will be camps and log cabins, coon trees and squirrel cages, and a special exhibit of large fish.

The Adirondack Guides' Association will make a very elaborate exhibit, trying to outdo that of former years. This exhibit will consist of live game animals, game fish, log cabins, lean-tos and new features which the guides will introduce of life in the woods.

The Canadian exhibit, under the supervision of Mr. L. O. Armstrong, will be of great interest to sportsmen and naturalists. Among other attractions there will be a beaver dam with live beavers just as they were taken from the wilds of Canadian woods by the trappers. The Indians and guides will be present in large numbers and will bring many relics from their native woods which are rare and interesting.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, General Manager.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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John B. Sargent, of San Francisco, who has been in the Kootenay mining district, tells the Denver Tribune a remarkable story of the way a tenderfoot from Montreal discovered a gold mine in that far-away mining region. The young man, who was a clerk, was spending a few weeks with a friend engaged in mining, and put in his time fishing and hunting. The location of his friend's cabin was far up toward the headwaters of one of the tributaries of the Kootenay River, far from any other prospector, and in a section where the bears were not only numerous, but inquisitive and troublesome.

One day as the two friends returned from a hunting excursion they saw three bears investigating the surroundings of the cabin, occasionally stopping to roll about a camp kettle which had been thoughtlessly left outside.

Both men were armed with rifles, and as they succeeded in getting near the animals without being perceived were able to take deliberate aim. As they delivered their fire two of the bears fell, the third scampering off up the mountain. As they supposed both animals dead, they neglected to reload, and had approached to within a few feet of the prostrate bears when the largest suddenly sprang to his feet and, with a fierce roar, made directly for them.

The young man from the city had never cultivated a close acquaintance with the bear family, and did the first thing that occurred to him—dropped his weapon and sprinted for the nearest tree, about 100 yards away, and growing on the edge of a gulch 12 or 15 feet deep. The bear stopped a few seconds to sniff at the rifle, and then contemptuoutly tossing it aside continued the chase. The hunter reached the tree and had climbed to the lower limbs when his pursuer reached it, and without any hesitation commenced the ascent. This was something that the amateur huntsman had not calculated upon, and he at once proceeded to climb higher, in the hope that his antagonist might get tired and give up. The tree leaned somewhat over the ravine, making the climbing easy, but the fact favored the bear as well, and when near the upper branches the young fellow found to his dismay that the bear was entirely too close for comfort. At that moment, however, his friend, who had recovered from his fright, and reloaded, shot the animal through the head.

Now another danger manifested itself. The combined weight of the man and the bear had been too much for the slender hold of the roots of the tree upon the soil, and as it leaned further and further over the gulch it became evidence that unless he could scramble down the man would be thrown upon the rocks at the bottom. Clinging to one limb after another, he made desperate efforts to get down, but before he had accomplished more than half the distance the last root gave way and there seemed to be nothing between him and death or serious injury. His grip closed upon the limb to which he was clinging, and in another moment the top of the tree rested on the bottom of the ravine, while the thoroughly frightened man dropped upon the carcass of the dead bear, himself almost dead with fright.

But the strangest feature of the adventure was that in falling over the tree had removed the earth from a 4-foot vein of rich quartz, the existence of which had been entirely unsuspected. Now the young man from Montreal is a horny-handed miner, making a good income out of his claim, which he has named "The Bear."

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Parties out deer hunting ran across an old ruin on the top of the highest mountain nine miles north of Phœnix, Ariz. It is of stone, and some of the walls are still standing 10 feet high. The old building or buildings covered an area of about two acres of land. The large stones around the place are covered with hieroglyphics.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

ANGLING NOTES.

Upper Dam.

IT is thirteen years since I have been at Upper Dam, Me., and Parmachenee Lake. Then and since I have heard that the fishing was growing poor compared to what it had been. I find in my memorandum book that "Upon returning from Parmachenee Lake I reached Upper Dam at 6:30 one evening, and found seven boats fishing below the dam. During the day a gentleman had really caught a trout on a fly and the fish weighed 5 pounds. At the hotel Mr. —— had seven trout on the ice. They had been caught in some way during the past two weeks and confined in cars in the river until they had injured themselves and were killed to-day. The trout weighed from 5 to 10½ pounds each."

The reason for referring to this old memorandum to-night is a letter from a friend who has been at Upper Dam this season. He writes: "My best day was 2 pounds 8 ounces, 3 pounds 5 ounces, 3 pounds 7 ounces, 5 pounds 2 ounces, 6 pounds 1 ounce. I did not fish much, but when I did the trout insisted that they liked my style better than the other style. The trout in that pool could easily teach a country school. It is the Devil's own work sometimes to make them drink, but this day it was easy."

It can scarcely be said that the fishing at Upper Dam is entirely a thing of the past when a man can in one day kill five trout averaging in weight over 4 pounds each, all killed in fair fishing with the fly, for the gentleman who wrote me would scorn to kill a trout in any other manner.

Big Black Bass.

In the note about the big black bass from the Delaware River I was in doubt about the species, and Mr. D. I. Roberts has sent me the original photograph, from which the half-tone referred to was made. Mr. Roberts is of the opinion that the fish are small-mouth black bass and an examination of the photograph leads me to the same conclusion. One of the fish shows the smaller scales on the gill covers, indicative of the small-mouth, but the others are so hung that the light makes such a blur that the size of the scales is hidden. As to the rows of scales between the lateral line and the base of the dorsal, it is difficult to determine the number, as in the case of the scales on the gill covers, but apparently there are more than seven, the number of rows on the big-mouth, though it cannot be said that there are eleven, the number of the small-mouth. The appearance of the mouth of each fish, however, indicates more plainly that they are small-mouth black bass than does the half-tone, and altogether I am of the opinion that they are the small-mouth species from such evidence as may be gleaned. This upsets all preconceived ideas that the extremely large small-mouth black bass are found only in the still waters of ponds and lakes and never in the strong waters of rivers. Eight pounds nine ounces, the given weight of the largest bass shown in the photograph, is almost the weight of the black bass from Glen Lake that was the record bass in 1888, though larger have been taken since. My memorandum of the 1888 bass from Glen Lake reads as follows: "Aug. 18, 1888. To-day L. D. Boynton caught a large small-mouth black bass in Long Pond (Glen Lake was formerly Long Pond, and to this day I am more apt to give it the old name rather than the new). The fish was shown to me but I did not weigh it, as I understand from Boynton that it had just been weighed at one of the markets at 8 pounds 12 ounces. Later I went to Green's Bridge, where Boynton lives, and weighed, measured and opened the fish. The weight was 8 pounds 10 ounces. From nose to caudal fin 18 inches, to fork in caudal 24½ inches, to extreme end of caudal 25 inches. Girth 18¾ inches. I opened the fish and removed viscera and gills and then the fish weighed 7 pounds 8 ounces. The viscera and gills weighed 1 pound ½ ounce. The difference of 1½ ounces was caused by lost blood and bits of viscera not saved. The stomach contained a perch estimated to weigh 5 ounces. C. H. Hitchcock bought the fish and sent it to W. S. Banta, 33 Pine street, New York city."

A. N. CHENEY.

Planting of Quinnat Salmon Fry

In the Short Coast Streams of Marin County, California With Results of Observations Made Upon Their Movements, Food, Rate of Growth, Enemies, Etc.

BY N. B. SCHOFIELD, OF CALIFORNIA FISH COMMISSION.

THE planting of quinnat salmon fry in the short coast streams of Marin county was primarily an experiment. The quinnat salmon has never been known to spawn in these streams, probably due to their proximity to the Sacramento River, which is the popular spawning ground for the salmon of this region. (North of the Russian River, the quinnat spawns in the small streams as well as in the larger rivers of the coast.)

Paper Mill Creek and its tributaries are exceptionally rich in aquatic insect life, affording an abundance of food for the fry; and the absence of predaceous fishes, excepting the trout and blob, make them apparently better streams for the rearing of young salmon than the Sacramento. It was thought that if the fry could thrive in these streams and pass successfully into salt water, it would be of advantage to utilize coast hatcheries and plant in the smaller streams where the young salmon would not be subjected to their enemies like they are during the long journey from the upper Sacramento to the sea.

In December, 1896, 855,000 eyed quinnat salmon eggs were shipped from the Battle Creek hatchery to the Bear Valley hatchery in Marin county, California. Here they were hatched early in February, 1897, and after the yolk sacs were absorbed, which was about thirty days later, they were fed for a few days on curds of milk, and then, in the second week of March, were turned into Paper Mill Creek and its tributaries—Nicasio, Olema and Hatchery creeks. The fry were strong and healthy, and as the streams were near the hatchery, and the fish were in no case over two hours in transportation, they were turned into the streams in the best of condition.

The young salmon were watched day after day and systematic observations made upon their movements, habits, etc. The work was first begun by the United States Fish Commission, and carried on until the middle of May. After a break here of three weeks, the California State Commission carried it on to completion.

The thing to be feared in this experiment was that the streams would prove too short and that the young salmon would arrive at salt water before they were ready to conform to the kind of life they would have to lead there.

The observations carried on in connection with the fate of these young salmon fully demonstrate the success of the experiment and prove that the fry can be as safely planted in these streams as in the Sacramento. They grew more rapidly than the same fry in the Sacramento, had fewer enemies, and passed successfully into salt water and thrived there.

By far the most interesting part of the experiment was the knowledge gained as to the habits, enemies and growth of the fry after being turned loose. The streams being free from any young salmon but those planted from the hatchery, an excellent opportunity to observe the rate of growth was afforded. Any knowledge in this line is of great economic importance, as it enables us to more intelligently choose the right time and place to plant the fry, and proves that they do not require two or even three years to reach salt water.

Description of Streams.

Paper Mill Creek, the largest stream in Marin county, rises in the high land just north of Golden Gate, and runs northwest for about twenty-five miles, where it empties into Tomales Bay after passing through a three-mile stretch of tide water. The bay continues a very

narrow stretch of water in the same northwesterly direction for thirty miles before the open sea is reached. Paper Mill Creek is formed by the junction of the San Geronimo and Lagunitas, each of which is quite small, the water cold and swift, running over a rough rocky bottom, and everywhere overhung with trees and bushes. After uniting to form the main stream, the water frequently runs over quiet stretches of gravelly bottom, but for the most part the bed is rough and rocky and there are many cascades and deep rocky pools. The stream for nearly its entire length is well shaded with overhanging trees. The width of the stream in its normal state is about fifty feet, and its depth averages about two feet, but its size is increased enormously after each heavy rain. The water in the upper end of Paper Mill Creek during the six months after planting the fry had an average maximum temperature of 64 degrees, while at the lower end in tide water the average was 71 degrees.

Nicasio Creek rises to the east of Paper Mill Creek, and flows into it about five miles above tide water. Nicasio Creek is very much smaller than the Paper Mill, being only about twenty feet wide, with an average depth of six inches. Throughout its length it flows over flat, gravelly beds, with few trees or bushes to shade the water. The sun has full sweep at it and heats the water each day during the summer to a temperature of 75 or 80 degrees.

Olema and Hatchery creeks rise to the west of the main Paper Mill, and flow almost parallel to it, emptying into it near together about one mile below upper tidewater mark. Olema Creek is about the size of Nicasio, but carries more water during the dry season. The water, too, is much cooler, and the upper stream has more of the character of the upper Paper Mill. The banks are thickly grown with brush and trees. The last two miles of the creek runs through low swampy land, with its banks most of the way heavily lined with willows. The average maximum temperature for lower Olema was 63 degrees, and the upper stream averaged but one degree colder.

Hatchery Creek is very much smaller than Olema Creek, and is not nearly so long. At first fed by springs and running through cool, shady woods, the water is quite cold, but on gaining the open valley and running through two miles of marshy lowlands, with but little shade, it becomes, on reaching Paper Mill Creek, even warmer than the water in Olema Creek. The average maximum temperature of the upper Hatchery Creek was 54 degrees, while at the lower end the average was 64 degrees.

The species of fish found in these streams are limited to four. The most important is the steelhead (*Salmo gairdneri*), which runs in from salt water each winter and spawns in the streams, keeping them well stocked with young trout. About the most abundant fish is the "chub" (*Rutilus symmetricus*). The "stickleback" (*Gasterosteus cataphractus*) and "blob" (*Cottus gulosas*) are fairly abundant. Occasionally the dog salmon (*Oncorhynchus keta*) enters these streams and spawns.

Tomales Bay, nowhere deep, grows very shallow at its upper end, where it receives Paper Mill Creek. No bar ever forms across the mouth of the creek, as is the case in most of the small coast streams, but is always open for fish to run either in or out. Temperature of Tomales Bay at its upper end averaged 70 degrees.

The Planting of the Fry.

The young salmon at the time they were turned loose had an average length of 1.35 inches. On being liberated from the cans they scattered in all directions, the swift current at first carrying them some distance down stream. But they soon recovered, and turned their heads against the strong current, and found their way immediately to the quieter waters along the shallow edges, in eddies, quiet pools, or among the stones at the bottom of the stream. Some few would even move a few yards up stream, and demonstrated that they were able to hold their own even against a very swift current. On gaining quieter waters they rested themselves, moving only enough to keep from drifting down stream. As soon as they gained a position of this kind they immediately began feeding on any particles of food that floated within their sight; often snapping viciously at flies half as large as themselves. Each individual acts for himself. They do not run in schools, and no more than two or three are found together unless the nature of the stream compels it. In eddies and pools they are thrown together, but in a long, shallow, quiet stretch of water they scatter out—each one taking a position in the eddy of a small stone or other object, where they have to barely move a fin to keep their position, while the water above them is moving swiftly. Lying in such places they watch for insects or any particles of food that may be floating past. They feed principally upon objects floating on the surface, but often they are seen to strike at objects beneath. After striking at an object they almost invariably return to their old position. Frequently one would be seen to move a few yards down stream and take up another similar position. The young salmon undoubtedly move down stream in this manner; moving down individually and by dropping a few feet at a time.

After two weeks in the stream but very few of them were to be found in the shallow water; nearly all had moved into deeper holes. Here they would be nearer the center of the current, where there is more floating food and where they could also hide, for by this time they are very shy, and dart into the deeper water or under a rock at one's approach. The young steelheads which hatched out shortly after this time were not nearly so shy at the same age.

Four weeks after planting, practically all had moved into the deeper holes, and as long as they remained in the streams they occupied these places. In the deep waters of the lower Paper Mill, where the water was four and five feet deep, they would hang stationary in the center of the current a foot or two below the surface, darting now and then at objects on the surface.

Movement Down Stream.

As before stated, the only noticeable movement down stream was the occasional movement of individuals dropping from one resting place to another. During the first three weeks after planting, the water in the streams was high and muddy, and except in Hatchery Creek, good observations could not be made. It was only a matter of a couple of days until most of the salmon had dropped down out of the upper Hatchery Creek. If there was a similar movement of the young salmon in the other streams during the first few days I do not know; but when the first seining was done, a month after planting, the fry were found more abundant in tidewater than in the upper streams where they were liberated. There can be no doubt that there was a decided movement down stream during the first month, which probably began immediately after planting.

Forty-five days after planting, the fry were found in considerable numbers in brackish water. As this was the first time seining was done in brackish water, we do not know how much sooner they reached this point. We subsequently learned that the fishermen near Marshall, fifteen miles down the bay, caught the young salmon in considerable numbers as early as the last of April, or fifty days after they were liberated. At this time for about a week they caught fifteen or twenty at a haul in their 300-foot nets. After a week they caught

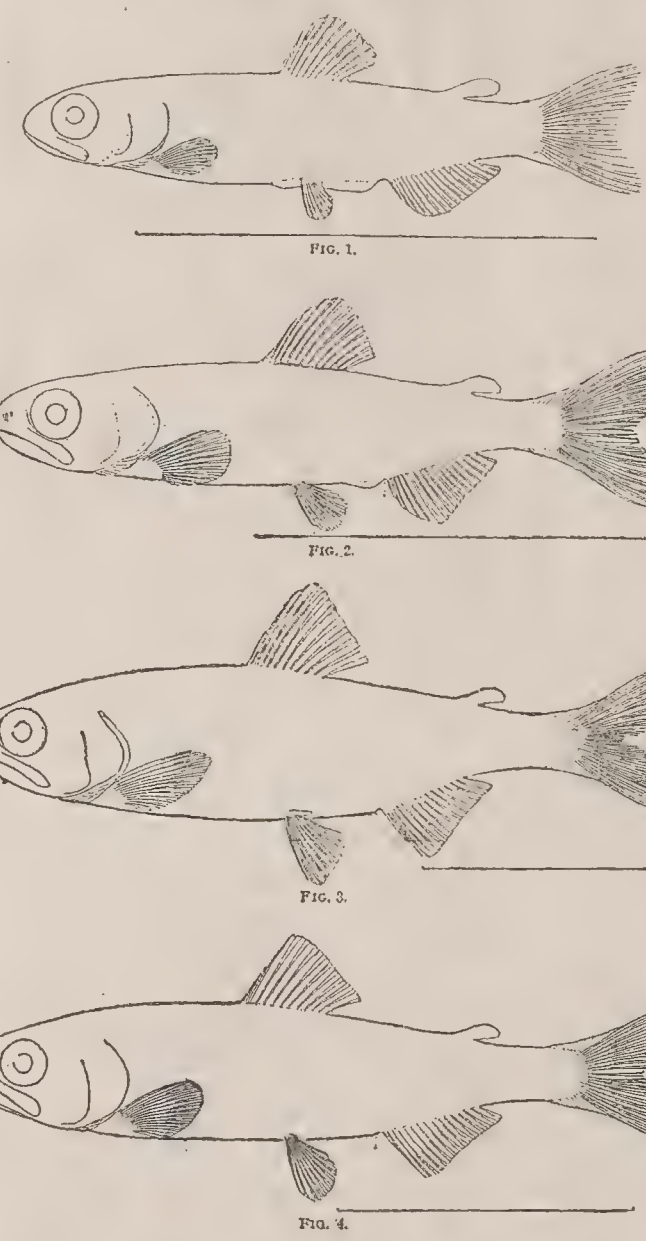


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

PLATE I.—SALMON FRY.

Description of Plates.—The three accompanying plates are to illustrate the rate of growth of quinnat salmon fry from the streams of Marin county, Cal.

In Plate I. are four outline figures of the fry at progressive ages. Fig. 1 reprsesents the young salmon with yolk sac just absorbed; Fig. 2, 25 days after absorption of yolk sac; Fig. 3, 46 days after absorption of yolk sac; Fig. 4, 62 days after absorption of yolk sac. Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are from specimens 1.35, 1.7, 2.51 and 2.98 inches, respectively.

Plate II. represents a young quinnat salmon taken in brackish water, 107 days after absorption of yolk sac—showing loss of markings below lateral line and the faded out parr marks, caused by the brackish water. Drawn from an average specimen 3.2 inches long. This drawing should be compared with Plate III., which figures a young salmon from fresh water.

Plate III. represents a young quinnat salmon taken in fresh water 162 days after absorption of yolk sac. Drawn from an average specimen 3.55 inches long.

only two or three in a haul, and then, as the fish grew scarcer, they caught only two or three in a day's seining. After the middle of June, three months after planting, they caught no more.

It is unfortunate that we have to rely solely on the fishermen for information as to when the salmon reached salt water. Information obtained in this way cannot usually be relied upon, but the young salmon was a new fish in the bay and the fishermen could not help noticing it. The stories of the different fishermen agree so well that in this case it is safe to rely on them.

The first seining in the bay was on April 29, fifty days after planting, on which day we caught one of the young salmon. This was at a place about two miles from the mouth of Paper Mill Creek. The seining was done with a thirty-foot net, and although we seined almost daily in the bay after this and with a fifty-foot net, not another salmon was caught.

The young salmon were found in brackish water, near the mouth of Paper Mill Creek, up to May 11, two months from the time of planting. This date probably marks the end of the run. Those that remained continued to go out a few at a time, until by the sixth month but very few were left in the streams. After the sixth month no seining was done until the eleventh month, which was after the winter rains. After the most thorough seining at this time only three of the fry could be found, showing that practically all had run out before the end of the year.

By the middle of the second month, when the water had become clear enough to watch the young salmon from the bank, it was found that they retained their positions in the current for hours without moving down stream even for a few feet. In one instance an albino (one without color) kept one position for three days, after which it could not be found either above or below its old position. These facts all tend to show that there was a decided movement of the salmon down stream during the first month, and after that time they moved out much slower. It probably took the rains of the next winter to drive them all out.

We tried another experiment. By stretching a net across a narrow place near the mouth of Paper Mill Creek as the tide was coming in, it was demonstrated that the salmon play back and forth with the tide before passing into salt water, as they repeatedly ran into the net ahead of the tide when it was fixed in this way.

Movement Up Stream.

In all of the streams except Hatchery Creek the fry were planted where they could easily move up stream two or three miles if they so desired. The streams were carefully seined above the planting places to determine to what extent they moved up stream. In Nicasio Creek only a very few had moved up, and they had gone but a fourth of a mile above where they were liberated. We found a few in Olema Creek a fourth of a mile above where they were planted. In Paper Mill Creek I found that none had moved up stream. All of the side streams were seined to see if the fry had entered any of them, but it was found that they had entered only one—a very small stream fed by springs flowing into lower Hatchery Creek. The water in this small stream was much colder than the water in the creek and was grown full of water cress. Nearly a hundred of the fry had entered this and were found as far up as they could get. Some had even found their way through a perfect mat of grass and drifted rubbish. The current in this stream was very slow, and it entered the creek at such an angle that it was a sort of trap, and I have no doubt the fry got in there in trying to get down stream. Although some of the fry do work up stream for a short distance, they are the exception. Why they move down stream we do not know, and we will have to credit it to instinct. A young steelhead or other trout when frightened prefers to dart up stream rather than down, and if one wades down stream and attempts to drive them before him he will find that they will not drive, but will dart between his legs or around him in their frantic efforts to get up stream. Knowing this trait of the fish, in seining for them the net is always hauled down stream. With the salmon fry it is different—when frightened they will run even more readily down than up stream. By walking along a small stream they can be driven either up or down. In seining for them they are caught as readily by seining against the current as with it.

Growth.

The most important part of the work was finding the rate of growth of the young salmon while remaining in the stream. This was determined by capturing series of the fry at intervals and making careful measurements of their length.

The young salmon were put in the stream on or about March 10, thirty days after hatching, at which time their yolk sacs were absorbed. At this time their average length was 1.35 inches, and the rate of growth is figured from this time. Although the rate of growth could have been determined more accurately had larger series of fry been saved, it is accurate enough to demonstrate a remarkable growth and to enable us to make comparisons between the different streams and different parts of the same stream. It also gives us some idea what to expect in larger rivers.

The most rapid growth was during the first month, at the end of which time they had, in the lower stream, reached an average length of 2.28 inches; a gain for the month of .93 of an inch. A few individuals reached a length of 2.40 inches.

Through the second month the growth was not quite so great, and during the third and fourth months correspondingly less. At the end of the second month the salmon in the lower end of the creeks averaged 2.98 inches in length, and a few had reached a length of 3.1 inches.

During these first two months the fish in the lower streams averaged considerably larger than those above. At the end of the first month those above averaged 1.71 inches, against 2.28 inches for those below. At the end of the second month those above averaged 2.75 inches, against 2.98 below.

After two months there was no marked difference between the salmon in the lower streams and those above, except in Hatchery Creek, where those above remained very small.

At the end of four months the average length of the salmon was 3.35 inches. The rate of growth during the four months, taken from an average of all the salmon retained, was 0.52 of an inch per month. After four months this rate of growth fell off very considerably, and at the end of the fifth month they had reached an average length of only 3.46 inches. After the middle of the sixth month no more seining was done in the streams until the following February, or eleventh month, when one salmon was found in Olema Creek measuring 3.64 inches. On April 14, thirteen months after planting, another was found in Olema Creek 4.45 inches long. One other was found in Olema Creek, of which I have no measurements.

Nearly all the salmon had run out of the streams by the end of the fourth month, and those remaining after this time were evidently stunted individuals, as is shown by their very slow growth. An instance proving this is shown in the following: In March, 5,000 of the fry were put in Bear Valley Creek, which is dammed at its lowest end and fixed with a screen so that the fish cannot get out. Here, eleven months after planting, two salmon were caught, each measuring 5.5 inches. At the same place, fifteen months after planting, two specimens were caught, one 6 inches, the other 7.5 inches long. This remarkable growth in a stream where they were confined is another point that leads to the belief that the salmon which preferred to remain, after four months, in the streams where they were not confined were individuals stunted or the physical inferiors of those running out during the first four months.

The growth of the salmon was the same in Paper Mill, Nicasio and Olema creeks, but in Hatchery Creek the growth was not so rapid. The salmon in the lower end of the creek grew rapidly enough, but those above grew very slowly, gaining on an average the first three months only .15 of an inch per month. At the end of the fourth month they had all descended to the lower stream. The

reason of this slow growth in the upper stream was due to the scarcity of food. Although the temperature of the water there is much lower than it is below or in the other streams, we cannot, knowing what we do of their growth in other cold streams, attribute their slow growth to the temperature of the water.

Owing to this difference in growth in the same stream, the variation in the size of the individuals is great. Out of thirteen specimens taken from lower Hatchery Creek at the end of three and one-half months, the largest was 3.53, the smallest 2.26 inches, a difference of a little over 1.25 inches; or, expressed in the amount gained by each since planting, the largest 2.18 inches, the smallest 0.91 of an inch. The variation in Olema Creek, where no difference was found between the upper and lower stream, after the second month was nearly as great. From seventeen specimens taken at the mouth at the end of three months the largest was 3.42, the smallest 2.58 inches.

The important points learned in connection with the rate of growth of the young salmon were: First, that during the first four months their growth averaged 0.52 of an inch per month; Second, that the few salmon remaining in the stream after four months were stunted, and grew very slowly in comparison with those confined in Bear Valley Creek.

An important fact to be noted in connection with the salmon confined in Bear Valley Creek is that of the two salmon taken in February, 1898, both were males; one with the generative organs fully developed. It is not uncommon to find young 4 to 4½ inch male salmon remaining in the streams with the testes fully developed, but it was never before found in a salmon whose age was known. This individual found in Bear Valley Creek was 5.5 inches in length, and was just twelve months old. It should also be noted that it was no smaller than the other male salmon taken at the same time. Evidently the development of the sexual organs did not retard its growth.

Although these young male salmon are occasionally found with the generative organs prematurely developed, no females, to the best of my knowledge, have ever shown such development. This premature development peculiar to the males accounts for the undersized males, or "grilse," accompanying each run of salmon up the rivers, and it tends to prove that such "grilse" are not stunted individuals, but simply that they have matured at an earlier age and are younger than the salmon which they accompany.

The Age of the "Grilse."

The following is a mere speculation in regard to the age of the above mentioned "grilse": We have already seen that one out of the two males taken in Bear Valley Creek at the age of one year was sexually mature. In the headwaters of the Sacramento we have in November found among the young salmon remaining in the streams several sexually mature males, which at that time were under ten months of age. These few examples which have come to my notice represent a very small percentage of the number that must mature within ten months or a year in the large body of salmon that leave the stream immediately after hatching. Reaching maturity they would naturally follow the next run of salmon up the river. There are two runs of salmon up the Sacramento each year; the fall run starting up the river about the end of July and reaching the spawning beds at Battle Creek in October. The eggs spawned by this run hatch in January and February. Ten months after hatching, at which time the "grilse" would have matured, would be too late for them to catch the next fall run up the river, but they could catch the next spring run, which starts up the river in April, and reaches the spawning grounds in the McCloud River in June and July, the eggs hatching in October and November. The salmon hatching from this spring run get out of the river in time for the "grilse" to catch the fall run ten months later.

If this is true the "grilse" running in the spring are about sixteen months of age on reaching the spawning beds in June. Those arriving on the spawning beds in the fall are about twelve months of age. If this actually happens, the "grilse" of the spring run should average larger than those of the fall run. The age of these "grilse" can be determined by better and more extended observations, and such knowledge would be a long step toward determining the important question of how old the full-grown salmon are when they run.

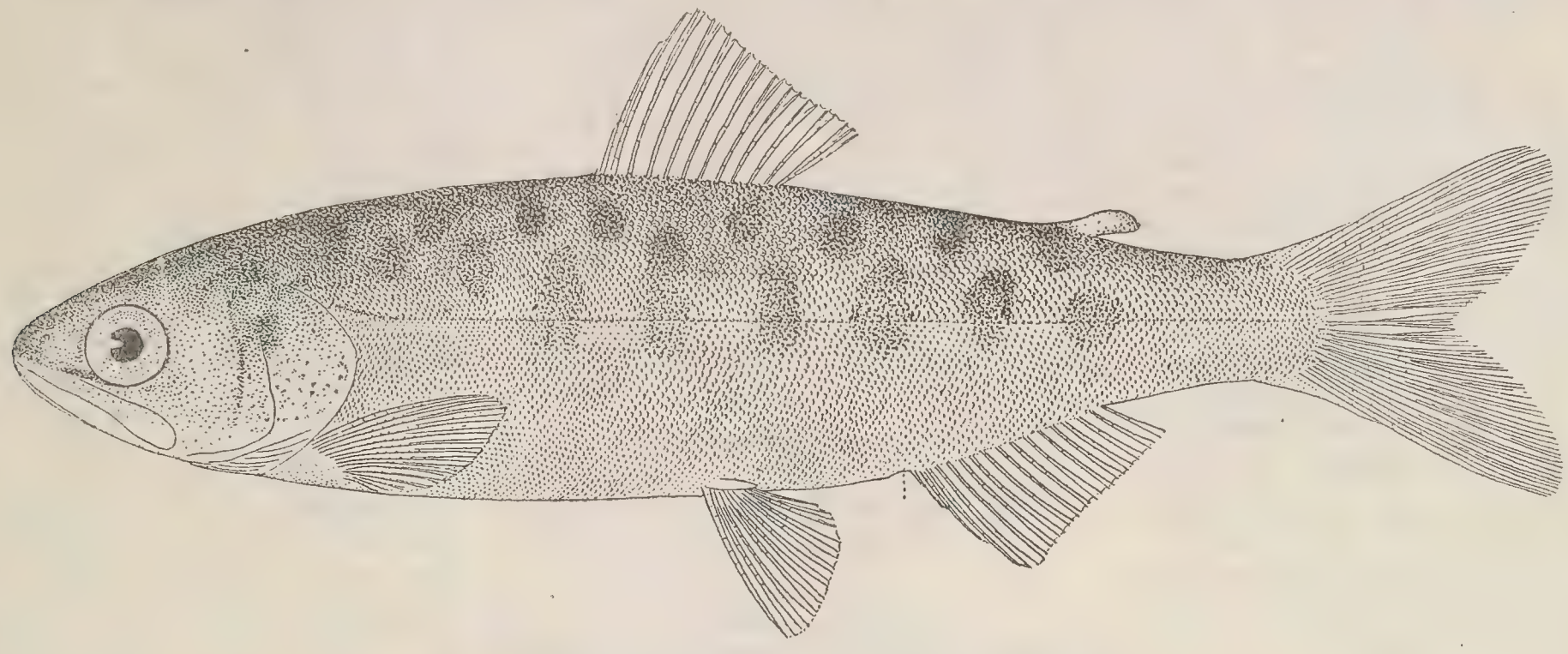


PLATE II.—SALMON FRY.

Food.

The young salmon, from the time they first begin to feed, eat almost anything they can get, but they show a preference for insects and insect larvæ, and they prefer to capture food that is floating on the surface of the water. An examination of the contents of the stomachs of the young salmon taken from Paper Mill Creek and its tributaries, from the time they were planted to the time they reached salt water, shows that their food was almost exclusively flying insects which had dropped upon the surface of the water.

These streams abound in caddice worms of three or four species, small periwinkles, the larvæ of stone-flies, may-flies, and other insects; but they were all neglected for the flies, bees, beetles, caterpillars, etc., that fall into the stream. No caddice worms or periwinkles were found in their stomachs, and but very few of the larvæ of aquatic insects. This same thing was observed in the younger trout; and although the larger trout eat large quantities of caddice worms, the insect larvæ in the water do not furnish the amount of food to these fish that is popularly supposed.

Although these salmon live almost exclusively on insects that drop upon the water, we have found in their stomachs pieces of leaves and buds, small feathers, shells of salmon eggs, and the helpless young of their own species. (See notes on planting of salmon fry before yolk sacs were absorbed, at Sisson, November, 1897.)

In the salmon taken in brackish water I found they had been eating small salt water crustaceans, and one three-inch salmon taken in salt water had eaten six of the young of the "silver smelt" (*Atherinops affinis*) and one small leaf-hopper of the kind that is found among the pebbles along the shore of the bay.

In almost every case the stomachs were filled to their utmost with food. Tomales Bay abounds in small crustaceans and the young of the "silver smelt," and the young salmon would have no trouble in finding an abundance of food on reaching salt water.

Scarcely any vegetable matter was found in their stomachs, and what little was found no doubt was taken by accident.

If these young salmon live almost exclusively on flying insects, the way to choose a good stream for planting would be to select one with plenty of trees, bushes and grass along its banks, for such vegeation is a harbor for insects.

Enemies.

The principal source of danger to young fish in a stream is from predaceous fishes, or even from older fish of their own kind. Of the four species of fish in these Marin county streams—chub (*Rutilus symmetricus*), stickleback (*Gasterosteus cataphractus*), blub (*Cottus gulosas*), and trout (*Salmo gairdneri*)—the last two only are predaceous.

After planting the young salmon, a number of these two species were caught daily and the contents of their stomachs carefully examined. Altogether only about twenty-five specimens of *Cottus gulosas*, of size large enough to prey upon the young salmon, were caught. Out of these twenty-five not one had eaten a fish of any kind. Thirty or forty specimens of *Salmo gairdneri* were examined daily for three weeks after planting, and in not one instance had a salmon been eaten. The only fish eaten by them was *Rutilus symmetricus*, and no more than ten of these were found in about seven hundred examined.

The other enemies to young fish observed were water snakes, kingfishers, herons, and divers. Although none of these were killed to find out what they were eating, it is safe to say that the loss of young salmon due to them was slight.

PLATE III.—SALMON FRY.

Planting of Quinnat Salmon Fry in Marin County Steams in 1898.

In February, 1898, 2,000,000 quinnat salmon fry were planted in Paper Mill Creek and its tributaries by the United States Fish Commission. On account of limited hatchery space and lack of funds, the fry were all planted before the yolk sacs were absorbed. The fry hatched at the same time as those liberated in these streams last year, but they were planted about three weeks earlier. The height of the water in the streams at the time of planting and during the next month was lower in 1898 than in 1897. Notwithstanding this, the salmon ran out earlier than the year before. In April there were not as many salmon left in the streams as in June of the year before. In June no salmon whatever could be found in Paper Mill Creek. Only a very few were found in Olema Creek, and they were not much more plentiful in Hatchery Creek—the same condition that existed two months later in 1897. The only reason I can give for this difference in time of running out is that they were planted at different ages. Apparently, planting before the yolk sacs are absorbed causes them to run out earlier. This brings up an important question: Does the holding

of the fry until after the yolk sacs are absorbed keep them from running out as soon as they would under natural conditions?

From a series of specimens taken in April and June, it was found that their average growth was 0.52 of an inch per month. It should be noticed that this rate of growth during the first four months is almost exactly the same as that found for the same period in 1897—differing only 0.05 of an inch.

New Hampshsre Hatcheries.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., Feb. 23.—A visit to the State hatchery on the shore of the lake is a matter of annual interest to our fishermen who are interested in fish propagation. This year a visit was made on the 16th inst., when we were shown around by Superintendent Randall Sleeper, who has been in the employ of the State a number of years.

The hatchery, as usual, was scrupulously clean, showing the care taken by Mr. Sleeper to have the embryo salmon and trout reared in germ proof trays and clear, running water. On the trays there were 500,000 brook trout eggs secured by Fish Commissioner F. L. Hughes from a fish hatchery at Plymouth, Mass.; 500,500 lake trout eggs and 16,000 landlocked salmon eggs, the two latter being taken from the adult fish at this lake last fall. All the eggs looked healthy and apparently quietly waiting for the few weeks to pass when the occupants would enter the strenuous life and perhaps in the dim future on this lake cause a fisherman to say, "What a beauty! Took me thirty minutes to land him. Will weigh 8 pounds, I'll bet." Or perhaps this, "I tell you he was a big one; broke water a half-dozen times. How he glistened in the sunlight. Would weigh 15 pounds, I'll bet. About as big a salmon as I ever saw, but he got away. That leader must have been defective that salesman sold me," etc. But here they are as we see them, a quiet, globular, gelatinous ball.

Another big lot of eggs for the waters of this State are under the care of Fish Commissioner Hughes at the Laconia hatchery; the trays there contain about 1,500,000.

As it is somewhat unusual to catch any game fish other than landlocked salmon or lake trout in this lake, it was a surprise to our fishermen here when a salmo fontinalis, Dolly Varden variety, was caught through the ice in 20 feet of water.

Our biennial Legislature being now in session, we are promised a general revision of the fishing laws, they having been brought to the attention of this Legislature by the Fish and Game Commissioners. S. H.

The South Branch Menaced.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with a feeling of sorrow that I write of the destruction of bass fishing in the limpid waters of the famous South Branch of the Potomac. The erection of a large tannery at Moorefield by the Covers will, after this season, about eliminate the black bass from this once famous stream. The Covers have a tannery at Capon Bridge, on the Capon River, and for the past eight years have run all the filth and refuse from this tannery into the Capon River, and now are going to try to repeat this dastardly outrage on the rights of others by the same thing on the South Branch of the Potomac. Our State laws on the pollution of streams are adequate, but will not be enforced if the few that make a dollar or so out of this tannery, directly or indirectly, are able to keep them from being enforced. Lots of people living on this stream use this water for drinking purposes, and nearly all farmers living on the river below Moorefield get their ice in winter off of this stream. As this is the one stream left pure as God willed it, all sportsmen are interested in seeing it kept pure. There are annually about 1,000 people who enjoy the fine fishing on this stream in one season and several families between Romney and Moorefield make a living by keeping fishing parties. To say the least, these people should be given a small amount of protection, as these industries are only for the enrichment of the few who own and control them. With the tannery at Petersburg, a small hamlet eleven miles above Moorefield, starting up again this summer, and the new extract factory eleven miles above Romney running all their refuse stuff into the river, it will only be a question of a few months before this river will be so polluted as to be not fit for man or beast. It is to be hoped that this stream can be saved to the people who live on it and the sportsmen who enjoy the privilege of fishing in its beautiful water. Will write you soon again.

J. BURR BRADY.

Strenuous Fishing for Pickerel.

BOSTON, Feb. 23.—The Committee on Fisheries and Game in the Massachusetts Legislature has reported "Ought to pass" on the proposed bill of the Fish and Game Protective Association to prohibit the catching of trout of less than 6 inches in length.

Ice fishing has been done under great difficulties of late. The weather in Maine has been remarkably severe, and drifted roads have made it almost impossible to reach the ponds. A party of six left Lewiston, Me., for Rattlesnake Pond, in Raymond, a week ago Saturday. Expecting snowdrifts, each man armed himself with a snow shovel. They needed them. Their team of three horses was several times completely stranded in the drifts. The horses had to be walked much of the way, and shovel, shovel through tremendous drifts. At last they got to a logging road that the loggers were keeping open, but this did not take them clear to the pond. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon they were completely stuck in the drifts and could not get out. They had to hire the farmers to shovel them through to the pond. They caught fifteen pickerel, all told, none of them of less weight than 3 pounds. Two of the fish reached friends in Boston. The fishermen calculated that their fish cost them at least $4 apiece, besides the snow shoveling and the cold and exposure. They are satisfied, however, that Rattlesnake Pond is the home of big pickerel, and they want to go again when the weather is mild. SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

[San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901. Contest No. 1, held at Stow Lake, Feb. 16. Wind, light west; weather, foggy:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting%
Battu	85	87.8	82	73.4	78.5	....
Smyth	...	85	88.8	74.2	81.5	....
Mocker	88	86	92.4	70	81.2	....
Young	96	83.4	94	72.6	83.3	....
Edwards	103	88.4	94.8	76.6	85.7	....
Muller	101	93.4	84	80	82	....
Heller	80	83.8	79.4	71.8	75.6	....
A B Carr	...	90.8	92	80.10	86.5	....
H E Skinner	...	89.8	90.4	75	82.8	....
Grant	102	..	..	..	..	....

Judges, Muller and Young; referee, Mocker; clerk, Smyth.

Feb. 17.—Wind, light west; weather, cloudy:

Mansfield	98	92	95	78.4	86.5	....
Muller	98	94	92	75	83.6	....
Mocker	81	86	93	70	81.6	....
Brooks	89	87.4	88	60.10	74.5	....
Daverkosen	111	87.8	89.8	75.10	82.9	....
Turner	89	93	88	59.2	73.4	....
Smyth	...	88.8	90	67.6	78.6	....
Haight	77	88	85.4	71.8	78.6	....
Young	93	90.8	90.8	75.10	83.3	....
Huyck	94	93.8	90.4	67.6	78	....
Kenniff	66	84.8	83.8	51.8	67.8	....
Brotherton	98	94	93.4	70	81.5	....
Kierulff	68	65	73	72.6	72.9	....
Blade	77	75.8	75.8	57.6	66.4	....
Foulks	82	90.4	85.8	70.10	78.3	....
Golcher	115	96	91.8	84.2	87.11	....
Battu	86	86.8	93.8	74.2	83.8	....
Grant	97	81.4	83.4	66.8	75	....
Heller	80	..	89.4	58.4	73.10	....

Judges, Mansfield and Turner; referee, Brotherton; clerk, Smyth.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

The New York Show.

THE twenty-fifth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, held in Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19 to 22, inclusive, surpassed all its predecessors probably in every respect. There was an enormous attendance each day. During the hours of greatest attendance the aisles were so thronged that a passage from one point to another was effected with the greatest difficulty, unless one drifted along with the slow movement of the crowd. The last day, Washington's Birthday, had every appearance of a record breaker in respect to the number of people who visited the show in one day. The number of visitors was estimated as high as 15,000. The dogs, as they were in their benches, attracted unceasing attention, particularly that of the visiting dog fancier, but the dog circus, which was the spectacular card afternoons and evenings, seemed of surpassing interest to the public at large. Choice places from which to witness the circus were secured long before it commenced. A somewhat new feature in this form of entertainment was the climbing of a perpendicular 30-foot ladder by a dog, which, after arriving on the small platform at the top, jumped to a canvas held by attendants below. He performed his feat bravely and eagerly, and the great jump of the little fellow apparently did not shock him in the least, for after landing he sprang out instantly and frisked merrily.

The benching and feeding were done most efficiently by Spratts Patent, a firm whose skill and vast equipment enable it to perform the task with promptness and ease. Everything was tidy and there was a freedom from unpleasant odors.

The veterinarian of the show this year, as he has been for years past, was alert to the exigencies of his office. He reported that only an insignificant number were rejected on account of disease, and that the show, barring a few cases of fits from extreme nervousness, was almost wholly free from disease.

The great amphitheater in point of decoration and attractiveness easily surpassed any prior attempts in connection with the dog show. The first gallery, from the rail to within five or six feet of the floor, was draped throughout its entire length in broad bands of pleasing color. At the Fourth avenue end of the Garden the Bulldog Club of America had its exhibit, most artistically arranged. The title of the club, in letters formed by electric lights, shone forth resplendently and could be seen distinctly from any place in the amphitheater. The benches, too, were neatly decorated. From the opposite end of the Garden the bulldog exhibit had the general effect of an immense canopy formed by draped American flags, on the back of which was the title in great letters of light, the general effect of form and color being most pleasing. The bulldogs were objects of unceasing interest.

The first galleries, amply floored on each side throughout their length, were set apart for the smaller breeds. The pet dog exhibits were marvels of dainty decoration, as well as good exhibits. Here and there valuable trophies of the different specialty clubs were on exhibition and were objects of great interest.

The special prize list was valuable and large. No doubt it surpassed in value any prize list ever given in America.

Mr. James Mortimer managed the show with his usual skill, and although he was not in the best of health, his executive abilities were equal to the great task.

Bloodhounds were judged by Mr. Arthur Trickett. Each class had a light entry; though taken as a whole the number exhibited was far above the average even for this great show. In puppies for both sexes, Queen Alexandra had no competition. Lougest's Luah, second, was thought by many to be better than Westbury Chimer, winner of first, and in limit dogs, three entries, Lord Warwick, the winner, was in many particulars inferior to Chimer. Novice bitches had four entries, of which Queen Alexandra, the puppy class winner, took first.

English fox hounds were few in numbers, but of good quality. They were all substantial, strong made specimens, and in fairly good condition as a whole..

In American fox hounds, Strive, famous as a winner, took second place to Bragdon, the latter being in far the best condition. There were two competitions in the bitch class, of which Carmen took first, Spot second. There were some specimens which had an extraordinary bloodhound resemblance.

Pointers were in strong numbers, and were of pleasing quality as a whole, though there were many inferior specimens present. The specials were numerous and valuable. The President's Challenge Breeder's Cup, presented by Mr. W. G. Brokaw, for the breeder of the best four pointers, two of which must be the property of the breeder, was won by Mr. Geo. S. Mott, with Mott's Banner Boy, Mott Regent, King William and May Hobson. Mr. Mott also won the prize for the best exhibit of four pointers entered and owned by one exhibitor, the Walton Challenge Cup for the best heavyweight bitch and some other specials which went with the decisions in the respective classes. Novice dogs had sixteen competitors, and of these Mott's Banner Boy, good in bone, well shaped body, neck of good length but throaty, took first. Fair Acre Cy, somewhat heavy in shoulders and rather coarse in head, took second. He has good legs, feet, quarters, back, and is fairly symmetrical as a whole. Third went to Westlake Dashaway, a bit straight in stifle, and throaty, but otherwise fairly good. In the limit class for dogs under 55 pounds, the winner of the first, Lord Jingo, is light in muzzle and bone. Fair Acre Priam is a well-made bitch of medium size. In limit dogs, 55 pounds and over, Baby Kent, possesisng a well ribbed and shaped body, showed coarseness of head and throatiness. In open dogs under 55 pounds, Champion Heather Malt was second to Mott's Banner Boy. The former is a soundly made dog, though somewhat straight in stifle. In open dogs, 55 pounds and over, King William, short in head and a bit heavy in shoulders, was second to Baby Kent. Novice bitches had fourteen entries, and of these May Hobsom won first over Fair Acre Jady, second, and Westlake Surprise, third. May is too wide in loin for the best symmetry, and while her head is of good shape it is rather light. Westlake Surprise shows some throatiness. She has a good body, legs and feet. Lass o' Yorka, the winner of first in limit bitches, is light in muzzle, is a good all-round bitch, though light in muzzle. In limit bitches, 50 pounds and over, May Hobson was first, Westlake Ornament second and Trixie II. third, the latter plain in head and flat in ribs. In open bitches, 50 pounds and over, May Hobson won first, with Champion Kent's Kate second the latter a very round bitch taken as a whole, and Belle Westlake third, the latter heavy in shoulders, good bone, body, legs, neck and general symmetry. The field trial class had no entries.

English setters were present in good numbers. They were quite mixed as to quality, there being a number of decidedly poor specimens, while also there was a number of ordinary ones. The special prize for the four best owned by one exhibitor was won by Mr. Francis G. Taylor. Novice dogs had twenty-three competitors. Of these Oakley Hill took first honors. He is light in muzzle and ordinary in head, and cannot be classed as a superior dog in respect to physical form. Tony's Jack was not in the best of condition, his coat being a bit rough, but he is a well-made dog and much better in head than the winner. Julien Lucifer, third, is flat in ribs, has a good head and a pleasing general appearance. In limit dogs, the new importation of the Vancroft Kennels made his debut in American competition, and easily defeated his opponents, Oakley Hill being second, with Tony's Jack third. In open dogs, as in the winners' class, the real contest, as it appealed to the fanciers, took place between Barton Tory and Knight Errant. Each dog had his admirers, who were strong in the belief that their favorite was of the true type and the better conformation. The judge studied them carefully and gave the award to Knight Errant. They are quite distinct in type, and both are fine dogs. Barton Tory is more delicately built, and his head is the cleaner cut, though Knight Errant has a head of exceptionally good type. He has also a more robust physique and is much the stronger dog in every respect. While there was a great diversity of opinion concerning the merits of the two dogs, to us it seemed that Knight Errant was the better, with a good margin to spare, conceding at the same time that Barton Tory is a dog of rare excellence. In novice bitches, Field Gladstone II., plain in head, took first honors, while Queen's Place Pride, recently imported, took second. The latter was painfully thin in flesh, but nevertheless showed excellent quality; a clean cut head of great beauty, long, lean neck, sound legs and feet, good stern and carriage. She, however, was very light in body, owing to scantiness of flesh, so much so that it is impossible intelligently to conjecture whether several pounds more of flesh would shape her up properly or not. Queen Bane, third, is throaty and light in muzzle. Elloree was first in open bitches, while second and third places were again taken by Queen's Place Pride and Queen Bane. In limit bitches, Lady Jane Gray, a well-made bitch of medium size, light in muzzle, took first. In the field trial class, Oakley Hill took first, Sport's Gath second and Tony Bee third.

Irish setters did not average more than commonplace as a whole. In novice dogs, another recent importation of the Vancroft Kennels, Prince Victor, took first in a class of ten. He is of medium size, good color, stands on good legs and feet, but is plain in head. Pat, second, is a fairly good all-round dog, while John L., third, is light in muzzle, heavy in skull, good in color, a bit stilty and fair in body. Prince Victor also took first in the limit class and second in open dogs, Ben Lau, a well-made, substantialy built dog, shown in good condition, winning first in the latter class. Novice bitches was won by Trilby Girl, a symmetrical bitch of good quality. Second was won by Princess Lonia, narrow in muzzle, heavy in skull and heavy in flesh. Third went to Belle of Newark, poor in head and lacking in general symmetry. In limit bitches Rockwood Queen, rather plain in head, but of fairly good symmetry, was first over Princess Lonia and Signal Bess, the latter light in body and plain in head. Open bitches had five contestants, of which Red Bess II., poor in head, won first, Rockwood Queen second and Signal Bess third.

Gordon setters were not remarkable for numbers or quality. The different classes were made up largely of the same dogs. Duke of Edgeworth was first in winners', limit and open dogs, while Count Noble's Pride was first in novice and second in limit and open classes for dogs. Duke was not in the best of condition, while Count Noble's Pride was coarse in build and smudgy in tan markings. J. H. W., third in limit, is coarse in head, throaty, and faulty in shoulders. In the different bitch classes, Heather Twinkle won first four in all. She is light built. The others were either faulty in form or out of condition, or both.

Griffons, workmanlike looking dogs, excited a great deal of interest, particularly on the part of the admirers of field dogs. They were symmetrical, strongly built fellows, four in all, the first one seeming to retain his health and vigor notwithstanding the name he bore, which was no less than Blitz Vom Kaiserlautern.

Beagles were excellent in numbers and quality. Many of them were proved workers, the bench show admirers and exhibitors of this merry dog being also very largely practical men afield.

The awards in the sporting classes follow:

BLOODHOUNDS—Puppies.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Queen Alexandria. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, Westbury Kennels' Westbury Chimer; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lougest's Luah. Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A Lougest's Queen Alexandria; 2d, Westbury Kennels' Westbury Careless; 3d, Westbury Charity; res., Westbury Cassandra. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lord Warwick; 2d, Westbury Kennels' Westbury Chimer; 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lougest's Luah. Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Rowena; 2d, G. P. Finnegan's Faustina; 3d, Westbury Kennels' Westbury Cassandra. Open.—Dogs: 1st, Westbury Kennels' Westbury Chimer; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lougest's Luah. Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Rowena; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Worker; 3d, G. P. Finnegan's Faustina; res., R. D. Winthrop's Chantress. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, Lord Warwick; 2d, Westbury Chimer. Bitches: 1st, Lady Rowena; 2d, Worker.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS—Puppies.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, A. A. Anderson's Duke; 2d, Mrs. N. Bennington's Countess Vera; 3d, Mrs. N. Bennington's The Czar; res., Mrs. Bennington's Princess Olga. Novice.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, W. E. Schneeloch's Nicholas; 2d, W. E. Schneeloch's Kidais; 3d, Mrs. L. T. Sheffield's Czar; res., T. W. Turner's Queen Regent. Limit.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, T. W. Turner's Little Zweika; 2d, C. Moore's Fabian; 3d, C. Moore's Louis; res., Mrs. T. G. Summerlin's Argoss II. Open.—Dogs: 1st, T. W. Turner's champion Marksman; 2d, John L. Kuser's Fernbrook Ivan; 3d, R. Adrian, Jr.'s Kuser; res., Mrs. J. P. Hutchinson's Nicholas of Cloverdale. Bitches: 1st, T. W. Turner's champion Lady Dietz; 2d, Wm. L. Andrus' Alma II.; 3d, T. W. Turner's Little Zweika; res., Mrs. C. Mercer's Milady.

DEERHOUNDS—Novice.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, Mrs. C. H. Livingston's Gelert; 2d, A. L. Page's Warwick; 3d, M. E. Bster's Freak; res., Mrs. L. Wharton's Drexel Bories. Limit.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, Miss C. H. Livingston's Gelert; 2d, A. L. Page's Warwick; 3d, Miss M. E. Boster's Freak; res., Mrs. P. Collier's Barcaldine. Open.—Dogs: 1st, Gelert: 2d, Warwick; 3d, Freak; res., Barcaldine. Bitches, 1st, A. L. Page's Norma.

GREYHOUNDS—Novice.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, Newton Abbot Kennels' Leeds Elect; 2d, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Lansdowne Fashion; 3d, P. Wauckermann's S. Carnot; res., Long Spring Kennels' Lancaster Square. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, Newton Abbot Kennels' Whirlwind; 2d, Newton Abbot Kennels' Leeds Elect; 3d, F. H. Down's King William; res., I. F. Denton's Brannock II. Bitches: 1st, Newton Abbot Kennels' Leeds Music; 2d, T. J. O'Keefe's Lady Hortense; 3d, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Lansdowne Fashion; res, A. Chasseaud's Sister May of Maybrook. Open.—Dogs: 1st, Whirlwind; 2d, Elect; 3d, Brannock II. Bitches: 1st, Leeds Music; 2d, I. F. Denton's Betsy; 3d, D. C. Sands, Jr.'s, Nellie J. Winners.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, Leeds Music; res., Whirlwind.

FOXHOUNDS, ENGLISH—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Middlesex Hunt's Sportsman; 2d, W. D. Williams' Pattern; 3d, Middlesex Hunt's Bowman. Bitches: 1st, Middlesex Hunt's Rarity; 2d, Middlesex Hunt's Reckless; 3d, W. D. Williams' Nora.

FOXHOUNDS, AMERICAN—Open.—Dogs: 1st, E. B. Chase's Bragdon; 2d, Mrs. W. A. Bragdon's Strive; 3d, G. P. Finnegan's Speed. Bitches: 1st, E. B. Chase's Carmen; 2d, G. P. Finnegan's Spot.

POINTERS—Puppies.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, C. P. Wilcox and R. A. Fairbairn's Fair Acre Priam; 2d, C. P. Wilcox and R. A. Fairbairn's Fair Acre Bonnie; 3d, A. L. Causse's Spot F.; res., Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Ideal. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, Geo. S. Mott's Banner Boy; 2d, C. P. Wilcox and R. A. Fairbairn's Fair Acre Cy; 3d, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Dashaway; res., Woodbury Kennels' Point II. Bitches: 1st, G. S. Mott's May Hobson; 2d, C. P. Wilcox and R. A. Fairbairn's Fair Acre Jady; 3d, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Surprise; res., O. D. Thees' Renie of Kent. Limit.—Dogs (under 55lbs.): H. D. Ogden's Lord Jingo; 2d, Wilcox & Fairbairn's Fair Arce Priam; 3d, H. D. Ogden's Lansdowne Malt. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, Wilcox & Fairbairn's Lass o' Yoka; 2d, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Surprise; 3d, A. Fitch's Prince's Lad's Lassie; res., G. S. Mott's Mott's Fashion. Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, J. S. Howe's Baby Kent; 2d, Wilcox & Fairbairn's Fair Acre Cy; 3d, W. Ferguson, Jr.'s, Westfield Lad; res., F. L. Lenoir's Bangaway III. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. S. Mott's May Hobson; 2d, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Ornament; 3d, H. A. Colby's Trixy II.; res., G. S. Mott's Princess Alice. Open.—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, G. S. Mott's Mott's Banner Boy; 2d, Vancroft Kennels' champion Heather Malt; 3d, H. L. Ogden's Lansdowne Malt. Bitches: 1st, Westlake Pointer Kennels' champion Westlake Startle; 2d, B. L. Toplitz's Fairview Mealy; 3d, Vancroft Kennels' Stylish Nellie; res., W. Ferguson, Jr.'s, Lady Lilley. Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, J. S. Howe's Baby Kent; 2d, W. Ferguson, Jr.'s, King William; 3d, R. Crompton's Mott Regent; res., C. E. Burtis' Roscoe. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. S. Mott's May Hobson; 2d, F. J. Lenoir's champion Kent's Kate; 3d, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Bell Westlake; res., B. F. Lewis' Lady Belle. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, Mott's Banner Boy; res., Baby Kent. Bitches: 1st, May Hobson; 2d, Lass o' Yoka.

ENGLISH SETTERS—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, H. A. Belcher's Colonel R., Jr.; 2d, Bloomfield Kennels' Greystock; 3d, A. Albright, Jr.'s, Dick of Eaton; res, H. Pape's Marlow. Bitches; 1st, J. Cole's Lady Cole; 2d, Bloomfield Kennels' Duchess D.; 3d, J. Lewis' Mayflower; res., H. Pape, Jr.'s, Clorine. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, C. F. Hartmetz's Oakley Hill; 2d, L. S. Hudson's Tony's Jack; 3d, H. J. Smith's Julien Lucifer; res., F. G. Taylor's Loyalty. Bitches: 1st, S. E. Thurton's Field Gladstone II.; 2d, C. G. Carter's Queen's Place Pride; 3d, F. E. Conlon's Jersey Queen; res., F. G. Taylor's Radiant. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Barton Tory; 2d, C. F. Hartmetz's Oakley Hill; 3d, L. S. Hudson's Tony's Jack; res., H. J. Smith's Julien Lucifer. Bitches: 1st, F. G. Taylor's Lady Jane Gray; 2d, C. G. Carter's Queen place Pride; 3d, H. D. Grover's Queen Bane; res., J. Lewis' Mallwyd Queen. Open.—Dogs: 1st, F. G. Taylor's Knight Errant; 2d, Vancroft Kennels' Barton Tory; 3d, S. W. Carey, Jr.'s, champion Gilhooly; res., L. S. Hudson's Tony Jack. Bitches: 1st, R. W. Cunningham's Elloree; 2d, C. G. Carter's Queen's Place Pride; 3d, H. D. Grover's Queen Bane. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, Knight Errant; res., Barton Tory. Bitches: 1st, Elloree; res., Lady Jane Gray. Field Trial.—Dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada: 1st C. F. Hartmetz's Oakley Hill; 2d, G. G. Williamson's Sport's Gath; 3d, J. G. Armstrong's Tony Bee.

IRISH SETTERS—Novice.—Dogs: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Prince Victor; 2d, P. F. O'Neill's Pat; 3d, H. Hawkes, Sr.'s, John L.; res., M. Karatsony's Glenwood Ned. Bitches: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Trilby Girl; 2d, Z. T. Bartleson's Princess Sonia; 3d, E. Harder's Belle of Newark; res., Vancroft Kennels' Heather Pet. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Prince Victor; 2d, B. B. Lathbury's Rockwood, Jr.; 3d, J. Douglas' Toronto Lord Roberts. Bitches: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Rockwood Queen; 2d, Z. T. Bartleson's Princess Sonia; 3d, M. C. Byer's Signal Bess.; res, F. P. Kernan's Belle of Nelson. Open.—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Gale's Ben Lau; 2d, Vancroft Kennels' Prince Victor; 3d, Woodbury Kennels' Rockwood II.; res., J. Douglas' Toronto Lord Roberts. Bitches, 1st, C. D. Snodgrass' Red Bess II.; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Rockwood Queen; 3d, M. C. Byers' Signal Bess; res., Vancroft Kennels' Heather Pet. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, Bess; Lau; 2d, Prince Victor. Bitches: 1st, Red Bess II.; res., Trilby Girl.

GORDON SETTERS—Novice.—Dogs: 1st, C. R. Taylor's Count Noble's Pride; 2d, S. Le Roy Ackerly's Trap; 3d, W. C. Kugler's Doc Clinton. Bitches: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Heather Twinkle. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Duke of Edgeworth; 2d, C. R. Taylor's Count Noble's Pride; 3d, F. P. Smith's J. H. W.; res., W. G. Kugler's Doc Clinton. Bitches: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Heather Twinkle; 2d, W. G. Kugler's Winona Clinton; 3d, C. R. Taylor's Janet Noble; res., L. P. Higgins' Princess View. Open.—Dogs: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Duke of Edgeworth; 2d, C. R. Taylor's Count Noble's Pride; 3d, F. P. Smith's J. H. W. Bitches: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Heather Twinkle; 2d, C. R. Taylor's champion Dell Noble; 3d, C. R. Taylor's Lady Maud; res., L. P. Higgins' Princess View. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, Duke of Edgeworth; res., Count Noble's Pride. Bitches: 1st, Heather Twinkle; res., champion Dell Noble.

GRIFFONS.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, R. Schneider's Blitz Vom Kaiserslautern; 2d, Cæsar II.; 3d, Lady Belle; res., Flora.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS—Open.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, T. A. Carson's Dan H'Carthy.

CLUMBER SPANIELS—Open.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, A. C. James' Medway; 2d, H. G. Charlesworth's Royal Swell; 3d, Newton Abbot Kennels' Alveley Loafer; res., Miss N. E. Douglas' Topaz.

FIELD SPANIELS—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, M. A. Viti's Wealdstone Field Marshal; 2d, C. T. Mead's Woolton Baron; 3d, C. T. Mead's Woolton Bishop. Bitches: 1st, M. A. Viti's Wealdstone Morda. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, M. A. Viti's Wealdstone Field Marshal; 2d, C. T. Mead's Woolton Baron; 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Judge; res., R. W. Barrow's Heather. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Princess Correzina; 2d, M. A. Viti's Wealdstone Morda; 3d,, C. T. Mead's Woolton Lady Dagmar; res., Mrs. D. W. Evans' Snowball. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, M. A. Viti's Wealdstone Field Marshal; 2d, C. T. Mead's Woolston Baron; 3d, D. W. Evans' Sunninghill Bridford; res., R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Judge. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Princess Correzina; 2d, Mrs. D. W. Evans' Roker Queen; 3d, C. T. Mead's Woolton Lady Dagmar; res., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Wansbeck Chloe. Open.—Dogs: (black): 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Endcliffe Bishop; 2d, C. T. Mead's Woolton Baron; 3d, Mrs. R. W. Barrow's Heather. Bitches (black): 1st, M. A. Viti's champion Bridford Morda; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Princess Correzina; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Endcliffe Myrtle; res., Mrs. D. W. Evans' Roker Queen. Dogs (any other color): 1st, R. W. Keasbey's Saybrook Popcorn; 2d, R. W. Keasbey's Saybrook Judge; 3d, C. T. Mead's Woolton Bishop; res., Mrs. D. W. Evans' Woolton Wonder. Bitches (any other color): 1st, C. T. Mead's Woolton Dagmar; 2d, Mrs. D. W. Evans' imported Waterlily; 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Zaza; res., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Heather Meg. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, champion Endcliffe Bishop; res., Wealdstone Field Marshal. Bitches: 1st, champion Bridford Morda; res., Princess Correzina.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, C. T. Mead's Perfection; 2d, G. Dunn's Paragon; 3d, E. W. Fiske's Kantaka; res., Lavelock Kennels' Rosslyn. Bitches: 1st, G. Douglas' Flora Temple; 2d, W. T. Payne's First Choice; 3d, Brookside Kennels' Miss Nobody; res., H. G. Charlesworth. Novice.—Dogs (black): 1st, G. Douglas' Prince Albert; 2d, G. Bell's Mephisto; 3d, G. Dunn's Paragon. Bitches: 1st, Brookside Kennels' Windsome II.; 2d, F. C. Stengelin's Flossy R.; 3d, G. Dunn's Rara Avis; res., J. Kennedy's Queen. Dogs (any other color): 1st, E. W. Fiske's Chief II.; 2d, E. W. Fiske's Kantata; 3d, W. T. Payne's Angora. Bitches: 1st, G. Dunn's Waverly Sweetheart; 2d, Mrs. M. Taylor's Orange Lily; 3d, G. Dunn's Lady Mac; res., M. Taylor's Lady Mac. Limit.—Dogs (black): 1st, E. W. Fiske's Colonist; 2d, G. Belle's Standard; 3d, G. Dunn's Paragon; res., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Freedom. Bitches: 1st, Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Enid; 2d, H. G. Charlesworth's Nita; 3d, G. Dunn's Rara Avis. Dogs (any solid color other than black): 1st, C. T. Mead's Perfection; 2d, Brookside Kennels' Reality; 3d, E. W. Fiske's Kantaka; res., G. Douglas' Searchlight. Bitches: 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Evangeline; 2d, W. T. Payne's Lilith; 3d, Montrose Kennels' Rosamond; res., Brookside Kennels' Hampton Red Girl. Dogs (particolored): 1st, W. T. Payne's Midkiff Chimes; 2d, E. W. Fiske's Chief II.; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Braeside Bob; res., G. Douglas' Mottle Duke. Bitches: 1st, G. Dunn's Waverly Sweetheart; 2d, O. B. Hark's Blue Mountain Belle; 3d, Brookside Kennels' Elsie Venner; res., W. T. Payne's Magenta. Open.—Dogs (black): 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Ono; 2d, E. W. Fiske's Premier; 3d, E. W. Fiske's Colonist. Bitches: 1st, A. Schierloh's Bess; 2d, A. B. Koenig's Koenig's Erie; 3d, G. Bell's All Cocker. Dogs (any other color): 1st, C. T. Mead's Perfection; 2d, E. W. Fiske's Mohican; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Braeside Bob; res., E. W. Fiske's Kantata. Bitches: 1st, W. T. Payne's champion Blue Belle II.; 2d, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Evangeline; 3d, Brookside Kennels' Hampton Red Girl; res., E. W. Fiske's Missinneva. Winners.—Dogs (black): 1st, champion Ono; res., Premier. Dogs (any other color): 1st, Perfection; res., Midkiff Chimes. Bitches (black): 1st, Mepal's Enid; res., Lester Rose. Bitches (any other color): 1st, champion Blue Bell II.; res., Otterburn Evangeline.

BASSET HOUNDS—Open.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, Newton Abbot Kennels' Caprice; 2d, Newton Abbot Kennels' Longfellow.

BEAGLES—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Pinewood; 2d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Songster; 3d, Wharton Beagle's Wharton Pleader; res., Round Plain Beagle's Gambler. Bitches: 1st, S. E. Thurton's Gypsy Queen; 2d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Bonny Lass; 3d, Windholme Kennels' Windolme's Lorna; res., S. E. Thurton's Blanch T. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, Somerset Beagle's Harker II.; 2d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Songster; 3d, W. Saxby's Dorsey; 1res., H. L. Kreuder's Elroy. Bitches: 1st, Windholme Kennels' Windholme Duchess; 2d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Roxy; 3d, W. Saxby's Deuce; res., Windholme Kennels' Windholme Cycle. Limit.—Dogs (not exceeding 13in.): 1st, Somerset Beagle's Hector; 2d, H. Aling's George F.; 3d, Mrs. O. Giles' Caution of Radnage; res., Windholme Kennels' Windholme's War Cry. Bitches: 1st, Miss Cornelia Peabody's Beautiful; 2d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Daffodil; 3d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Cycle; res., Mrs. O. Giles' Mardon Bright Eyes. Dogs (over 13 and not exceeding 15 inches): 1st, Round Plain Beagle's Reed's Dan D.; 2d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Dalesman; 3d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Songster; res., Windholme Kennels' Barber's Boy. Bitches: 1st, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Bangle; 2d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Rose; 3d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme Duchess; res., Somerset Kennels' Flossie. Open.—Dogs: 1st, Round Plain Beagle's Reed's Dan D.; 2d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Literol; 3d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Dalesman; res., Round Plain Beagle's champion Primate. Bitches: 1st, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Bangle; 2d, Windholme Kennels' Fate; 3d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Lucy L.; res., Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Rose. Dogs and bitches (not exceeding 12in.): 1st, G. F. Reed's Reed's Nell; 2d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Whiffett; 3d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Darky; res., S. E. Thurton's Fan R. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, Reed's Dan D.; res., Windholme's Literol. Bitches: 1st, Windholme's Bangle; res., Gypsy Queen T. Field Trial.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, Rock Ridge Kennels' Lucy L.; 2d, Rock Ridge Kennels' Hector Wood; 3d, the Wharton Beagle's Leader III.; res., Somerset Kennels' Hector.

DACHSHUNDE—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, C. Motschenbacher's Reinecke; 2d, C. Motschenbacher's Young Phenomenon, Jr. Bitches: 1st, H. O. Waters' Melba; 2d, C. Motschenbacher's Peperl II.; 3d, H. S. Hyde's Belle; res., H. Sammis' Gretchen. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, C. Motschenbacher's Alexis; 2d, C. O. Polken's Paprika; 3d, H. Bromley's Windycroft Joe. Bitches: 1st, L. Stappenback's Dilly; 2d, C. Motschenbacher's Nixe. Limit.—Dogs (red): 1st, C. Motschenbacher's Papageno's Veto; 2d, C. O. Polken's Paprika; 3d, H. Bromley's Windycroft Joe. Bitches: 1st, C. Motschenbacher's Mardel; 2d, C. Motschenbacher's Tosca. Dogs (any other color): 1st, C. Motschenbacher's Romeo II.; 2d, C. Motschenbacher's Rodie Vom Jaegerhaus. Bitches: 1st, W. Steuber's Pebbl; 2d, W. Steuber's Melba; 3d, C. Motschenbacher's Peprl II. Open.—Dogs: 1st, Romeo II.; 2d, Papageno's Veto; 3d, Windycroft Joe. Bitches: 1st, Maedel; 2d, Nixe; 3d, Tosca. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, Romeo II.; res., Papageno's Veto. Bitches: 1st, Mardel; res., Pebbl.

Irish Setter Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25.—The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America was held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on Friday, Feb. 22, at 7:30 P. M., the president, Dr. G. G. Davis, in the chair. Present, Dr. G. G. Davis, James B. Blossom, B. L. Clements and Geo. H. Thomson, and by proxy, Mrs. C. Salisbury, Miss G. Shippen and William Shippen.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer's report, showing a balance of $205 96, was read and approved. It was decided to appropriate $50 for bench shows and $50 for field trials during the ensuing year.

The following new members were elected: Dr. Charles A. Gale, Rutland, Vt.; Mr. Joseph B. Vandergrift Pittsburg, Pa. The following gentlemen were then elected to hold office during the ensuing year: President, Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Vice-President, James B. Blossom, New York; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. H. Thomson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Executive Committee—William Shippen, New York; T. G. Goodridge, New York; Woodruff Sutton, New York; B. L. Clement, New York; Dr. G. S. Lacock, Allegheny, Pa.; Joseph Lewis, Connecticut.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

English Setter Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—At the annual meeting of the American English Setter Club, held at Madison Square Garden, Wednesday, Feb. 20, Mr. Edgar Huidekoper, of Meadville, Pa., on motion of Mr. W. S. Bell, was called to preside. It being the first meeting of the club, there was no previous minutes to read.

The Secretary-Treasurer's report showed a most satisfactory condition of the club, financial and otherwise. After remarks in which Messrs. Bell, Belcher, Chapin, Law, F. G. Taylor, Osthaus and others participated, the action of the Standard, Constitution and By-Laws and Governing committees was adopted. A special resolution was passed requesting each member of the club to send in one or more names for membership as being the most effective way to increase the list and interest. The Secretary announced that the standard of the club is ready to be mailed for all who may apply for it, and that it will at once be mailed to members, without application.

The election of officers continued those now serving for the ensuing year.

It was decided that the dues paid in 1900, as well as those in 1901, will be applied to the current year ending Dec. 31.

English Bloodhound Club.

THE seventh annual meeting of the English Bloodhound Club of America was held at Madison Square Garden, New York city, on Friday, Feb. 22, at 11 A. M. The meeting was well attended by the members.

Voted to offer two silver cups to become the property of the exhibitor winning it three times; cup to be offered only at the New York Show.

Mr. George Raper, of Wincobank, Sheffield, England, was elected an honorary member.

The report of the Treasurer showed a good balance to the credit of the club, and after a general discussion of the advisability of holding field trials, which matter was left in the hands of a committee the meeting adjourned.

The following officers were elected: President, Dr. C. A. Lougest; Vice-Presidents, Louis B. Strong, George P. Finnigan; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles H. Innes; Executive Committee, the above named and Miss C. C. Whitney and Charles Dieterich. Dr. A. F. Stahl was elected a delegate to the American Kennel Club. The following judges were recommended: James Mortimer, J. L. Winchell, James Watson, Dr. Louis G. Knox, Roger D. Williams, Dr. A. F. Stahl and C. Walter Lougest.

Great Dane Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The annual meeting of the Great Dane Club of America was held at the Belvedere House on Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7 P. M.

The report of the Treasurer shows that the club is in a good financial condition. Two new members were elected.

The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, President; Mr. T. D. M. Cardeza, Vice-President; Mr. C. H. Mantler, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. G. Muss Arnolt, Delegate to the A. K. C.

The Executive Committee consists of the foregoing officers and Messrs. B. H. Stevenson, R. T. Harrison and Louis Letsche.

After the close of the meeting a banquet was held in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the club, which the members present heartily enjoyed.

Points and Flushes.

Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, the famous artist, purchased two beagle puppies at the New York Show, namely, Trumpet T. (Dorsey's Woodman—Belle of Mount Vernon) and Duke of Mount Vermon, same breeding. He purchased them for his own use, and intends to take up the sport of rabbit hunting more actively in the future, as done à la beagle. Asked concerning the sale, he calmly wrote the following on a piece of paper: "The two finest beagles ever put on the bench. Bought for $50,935.25." The puppies are not for sale.

A cablegram received by Mr. E. M. Oldham at the New York Dog Show announced the death of the famous St. Bernard breeder, Mr. Sydney Smith, of Leeds, England, on Thursday of last week. Some of the dogs sold by him were world famous, and he realized extraordinary prices for them, particularly such as were imported to America.

The famous English setter, Count Gladstone IV. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), died in San Francisco, Cal., on Feb. 7. He was owned by the Verona Kennels. Few dogs had a more conspicuous place in the public eye. He was a noted field trial winner and the sire of field trial winners.

Like Picking Up Money.

In every city, town and village in the United States where there is shooting or fishing or yachting we want agents to canvass for subscriptions for FOREST AND STREAM. Every sportsman is deeply interested in its subjects, and every sportsman is glad to discuss his doings afield and to hear of the adventures of other sportsmen.

Money is to be made by canvassers for FOREST AND STREAM, and those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity we offer should send for premium list and circular.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.

BY F. R. WEBB.

I.

"THERE now, I think she'll do!" said the Colonel complacently, as he stepped back, varnish brush in hand, and took a comprehensive survey of his handiwork.

What he surveyed was this: A trim, shapely canvas canoe, 16ft. long by 30in. beam, handsomely finished and tastefully painted, with gunwales, cockpit coamings and other trimmings of oak, elegantly finished and polished. The canoe was specially designed for him by me, her model and lines being patterned after the other canoes of our fleet, except that she was built on a larger scale, and her construction had afforded interesting occupation to the two of us on odd, spare afternoons for pretty much all winter. In her design she conformed as nearly as possible to the requirements of that bold, swift, rocky stream, the Shenandoah River, upon which she was intended to cruise.

She was well rounded away at both ends, so as to turn easily and quickly, the slope of bow and stern beginning, at her keel, fully 3ft. back of her deck lines. She had full lines and a broad, flat floor, insuring light draft and plenty of stowage room. Her canvas hull was amply protected by a broad, flat oak keel, ½in. thick by 3in. wide, with no less than five bilge keels of oak, 1in. wide by ¼in. thick, on each side of it.

The cockpit or well was 8ft. long by 20in. wide amidships, tapering to 12in. at each end; the taper following the lines of the gunwales. Three Tredwen folding hatches closed this opening. One at each end reduced the opening to 4ft., while a midship hatch closed this remaining space except the aft 18in., which was protected by an ample canvas apron, well oiled, which came well up over the breast of the crew of one and tucked in aft—a necessary precaution in view of the rough water she was built to cruise in.

She was a big, heavy boat, weighing something less than a ton, and she looked like a canal boat among the rest of our 14ft. canoes; but the Colonel was a big, heavy man, weighing something less than a ton also, and standing full 6ft. in his stockings, and he required a canoe large in proportion.

She was propelled by an 8ft. double-bladed paddle, which the Colonel, not caring to go to the trouble of making one himself, had purchased in New York at the store of a dealer in supplies.

A footboard, swinging back rest, camp stool, a light tent, folding mattress, a pair of stout blankets, an air pillow and a rubber sheet completed her equipment.

"I expect the Colonel will have her moved up into the front parlor this evening," remarked Lacy, as he looked the handsome craft over with admiring eyes.

"No; I think it more probable that he will build up a good fire here in his work room to make the atmosphere feel more like July than January," said I, as I took in the bright, cold, winter landscape through the window of the Colonel's work room—the shining, level blanket of snow sparkling in dazzling brightness in the afternoon sun—"and set her down off these trestles upon the floor, make up his bed in her and sleep in her."

"You probably speak from your own experience with your first canoe," said the Colonel, good naturedly warding off the chaff as it fell around him.

"No; I never had the fever quite as bad as that," I replied, as I gave the Colonel's fire a freshening poke; "but when we were preparing for the great cruise of '86, George and Lacy slept in their canoes for several nights previous to the cruise, and they——"

"We wanted to get used to our quarters before the start," interrupted Lacy, coloring a little, as he spoke, "and to test them to see where the sleeping arrangements could be improved upon."

"Yes," I replied, "and George was also afraid that the old machine works where they were built might take fire some night and burn up the whole outfit."

"And if they burned, he and Lacy were afraid they wouldn't be there to burn with them," said the Colonel.

"Yes, life would then have had no further charms for them," I replied.

"By the way," said Lacy, as he lit his pipe and changed the subject, "what shape is the kitchen outfit in? Did you remodel it this winter?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied. "Everything is in fine shape, and all new, and large enough for five or six men this time. Here it is!" I continued, as I dived into a closet in one corner of the room and reappeared with a sheet iron box, which was discovered to contain a large, bright tin pail, a couple of joints of 3in. pipe, a small camp axe, a half-gallon coal oil can, a malleable iron ladle, a small compass saw, a small, square tin soap box and a general assortment of tin cups, etc.

"There!" said I, placing the outfit on the Colonel's carpenter's bench and removing the tin pail and miscellaneous assortment of sundries. "There's the stove," as I inverted the sheet iron box, which then stood revealed as a compact little camp stove, 17in. long, 12in. wide and 6in. deep. There was no bottom to it, as the fire is built inside of it, directly on the ground. It had two holes in the top, 6in. in diameter, covered by lids swinging upon rivets, and the two joints of pipe were fitted together (one of the joints was an elbow) and placed upon a short collar at one end of the stove, to save top room, while at the other end was a door. A heavy wire was run in a hem around the entire open bottom of the stove, and a stout wire bail or handle was let into each end, hooking over the wire hem, by which to carry the stove and contents when not in use.

"There!" I exclaimed, as I placed the stove right side up and put on the pipe, "that will prove large enough for our party. You will observe that there is room for two frying pans at once, so that I can get up a fish supper for the entire party all at once without having to cook the fish on the installment plan as I did last year."

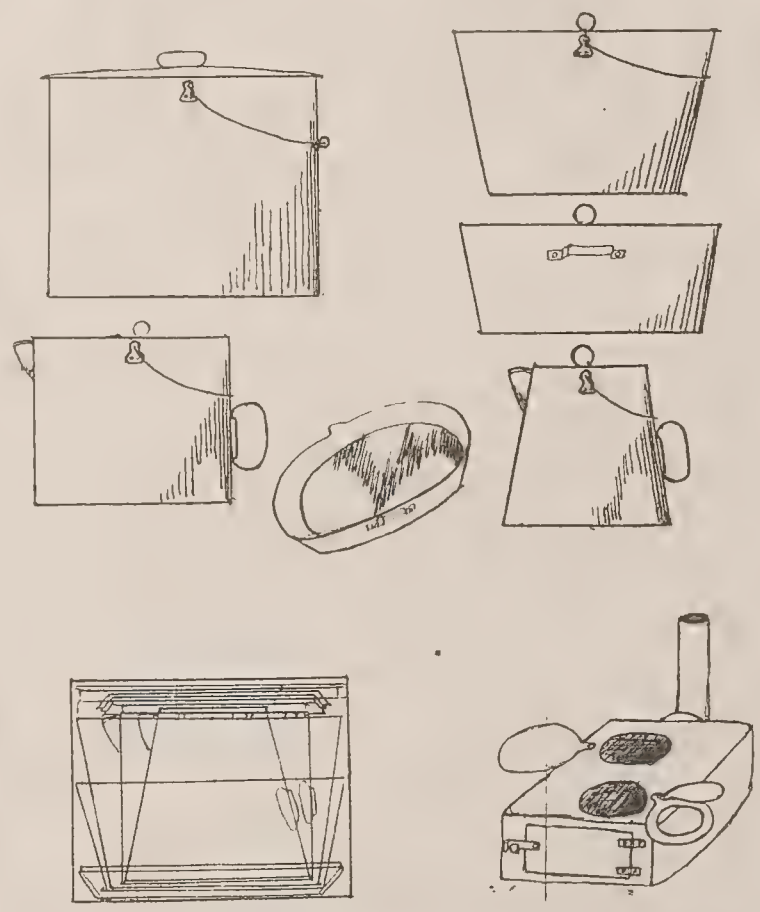
"Great Scott!" cried Lacy, as I took the cover off the big pail and unpacked its contents and spread them out to view, until pretty much the entire surface of the Colonel's work bench was covered with a conglomeration of pots, pans, tin plates, kettles, etc. "Where in the world did you find all that tinware, and how in the mischief do you expect to get it all back again in that pail?"

"Well," said I, laughing, "I didn't find it; with the exception of the frying pans and tin plates everything was designed by me, and made to measurement, so that all nest together inside of the big pail. So," I continued, gathering the articles together, "the pail comes first, of course. It is 11in. in diameter and 8in. deep. Then the two frying pans, which are of the same size. They are 10in. in diameter and nest together like a couple of tin plates, the handles, of course, being detachable. They are of heavy, pressed sheet iron, 10in. in size, and just go in the pail nicely. Then this saucepan comes next. It is 8in. wide at the bottom, 10in. wide at the top and 3½in. deep. Then this little flat pan, 7½in. on the bottom by 8½in. at the top, and a couple of inches deep, comes next."

"What's it for?" inquired Lacy.

"To wash dishes in and for general purposes," I replied. "Then this smaller pail, 7in. at bottom, 9½in. at top and 6in. deep, goes in next. Then the tea kettle, for boiling water for all sorts of purposes, 6½in. at bottom and top, and 5½in. deep, goes in next," suiting the action to the word. "Then this coffee pot comes next. It is 6in. deep, 6¼in. wide on the bottom and 4½in. wide at the top. That is all the utensils that go in the pail. Then you put on the lid to the coffee pot, and over that the tea kettle lid, then this little pile of 9in. tin plates, then the lid to the small bucket, next you put in these flat covers for saucepan and frying pans, and finally the big bucket lid goes over all, and there you are!" I exclaimed, triumphantly, replacing the big pail in the stove. "You will also note that all handles are folding iron rings or wire bails, so as to lie close to the sides of utensils, and all spouts, lips, etc., are as small as possible, to be practicable," I continued.

"Well, that's the best outfit we have had yet," exclaimed Lacy, admiringly, as I replaced the miscellaneous assortment of hardware in the stove alongside of the



pail, and set it back in the Colonel's closet.

"I should think so," said the Colonel, lighting a cigar.

"I think it will do," said I, modestly, as I took the burning match from the Colonel's fingers and lighted my own cigar.

"By the way, what shape are the rest of the canoes in?" asked the Colonel.

"Mine's all right," said Lacy. "I have overhauled and repainted her thoroughly, and she is all ready to launch."

"Same here," said I. "I have not only overhauled and repainted her thoroughly, but George's also; and the entire fleet looks like new."

"That's good," the Colonel commented.

"By the way, Lacy, one of the best tricks in the entire outfit I have at home in the mess chest in my work room," I continued.

"What is that?" he asked.

"A granite ware plate and cup for each man," I replied. "We use them on our Greenbrier fishing trips and find them much nicer to eat and drink from than the common tinware; besides being easier to clean after using."

"That certainly is a good trick," said Lacy, as he pulled on his overcoat and overshoes, in which example we followed him, and after the Colonel had shut and locked his work room door, we all wended our way down the snowy path through the yard to the street, leaving the new canoe, with its attractive, summery cruise suggestions, behind us, and the little conclave broke up, each going his separate way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Amendments.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you have the kindness to publish the following names which have been added to the petition regarding sailing rules of the A. C. A. since your last issue?: J. B. Kelley, A. W. Brown, H. S. Bosson, A. W. Dodge, R. D. Smith, Danl. S. Pratt, Jr., Oscar J. Gerd, Francis J. Burrage, Edw. Lawrence, Jr., Jas. H. Law, Steadman Smith, Walter E. Clark, Geo. S. Brazer, Robt. K. Rogers, D. A. Johnson, H. J. Conand, G. E. Fickett, H. G. Chamberlain, J. E. Nold, W. A. Packard, Wm. V. Forsaith, Henry M. S. Aiken, Chas. T. Estabrook, W. C. Billings, John B. May, Abbot S. Mitchell, C. J. Halpen, W. D. Cram, Alfred E. Collins, Fred. A. Sears, F. G. Carter, A. W. Walls, W. K. Fowle, H. W. Cramphorse, Wm. J. Ladd, Jack Howard, A. G. Mather, Wm. M. Holbrook, H. V. Dimick, F. W. Fowle, F. H. Sawyer, O. M. Wade, E. T. Brigham, C. M. Howe, G. W. Buchanan, Wm. W. Crosby, H. W. Anderson, Edgar Ward, Edw. S. Baker, W. H. McLean.

This makes a total from the Eastern Division of more than one hundred men who are opposed to the changes made in the sailing rules last October.

HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY.

A. C. A. Membership.

Mr. Harry S. Maffitt, of Boston, Mass., has been proposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 25.—Many new wrinkles have been instituted in the Belmont syndicate defender, now building at Herreshoff's, which your correspondent has had the opportunity of finding out and can now give to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It would be strange indeed if Herreshoff did not embody some new ideas in construction, but the majority of yachtsmen have undoubtedly been unprepared to find so many startling departures.

The lead is not secured to the keel plate in the usual manner, but is held by over 800 screw bolts, ⅝in. in diameter and 6in. long, which are screwed through the lower streak of plating and into the lead. There are also 37 threaded bolts, 1in. in diamter and 10in. long, that pass through the keel casting into the lead. The distance from the bottom of the lead to the deck is 24ft. and the beam is exactly 26ft. There are 77 frame spaces, the same as in the Columbia.

The keel casting, which rests upon the top of the lead, is ½in. thick, and has flanges 4in. high, running along its length and transversely at the frame stations. This takes the heels of the frames, and also the heels of the floor plates. The upper edge of the lead is rabbetted to take the bottom of the lower streak of plating, thus making a smooth joint. The plating is arranged on the raised and sunken system up to the top of D plate, which comes flush with plate C. From there up to the deck the plating is flush. The plates at station 40 are from 49 to 48in. wide and from 8-32 to 6-32 in thickness.

There are belt plates which go around the inside of the boat and form floor plates and deck beams. These are 15in. deep and 5-40 to 7-40 in thickness. At the outer edge there is an angle bar on either side, which is riveted through the plate, and to which the outer plating is secured. From the plank sheer to the bottom of D plate, the belt plate is cut in at different places. Through these cut out places run bulbed angle bars and T bars, which run the entire length of the boat. The angle bars come at the middle of the outside plating, and the T bars come at the edges of the plates, to which they are fastened, making flush joints.

These longitudinal braces, or really frames, are to take the places of bulbed angle frames. The belt plates come at every fourth frame space, except at the mast station, where they double up. Between them there are bulbed angle frames and plain angle frames, which do not, however, go above the top of the third streak of plating. The frame stations are spaced 20in. on centers and the belt plates, coming at every fourth station, are spaced 6ft and 8in. Above the top of the third row of plating there is nothing in the nature of frames except the belt plates, to which the outer plates are fastened, and the longitudinal angle bars and T bars.

The T bars are 4½ by 4½in. amidships, and tapering at the ends. The bulbed angels are 3 by 2 amidships, tapering at the ends. The short frames, which are bulbed angles, are 3 by 2, except the one which comes in the middle space, between the belt plates, which is a plain angle, 1¾ by 1¾. There are floor plates and tie bars above the lead on the bulbed angle frames, and a solid floor plate running between the pair of plain angle frames. The stations at which the belt plates come are as follows: 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 30, 32, 36, 40, 44, 48, 52, 56, 60, 64, 68, 72 and 76. The angle frames, which are called the intermediate frames, are placed at the following stations: 10, 14, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 55, 57, 58, 59, 61, 62 and 63. There are no intermediate frames aft of station 63. At station 2 there is a bulkhead of steel plate.

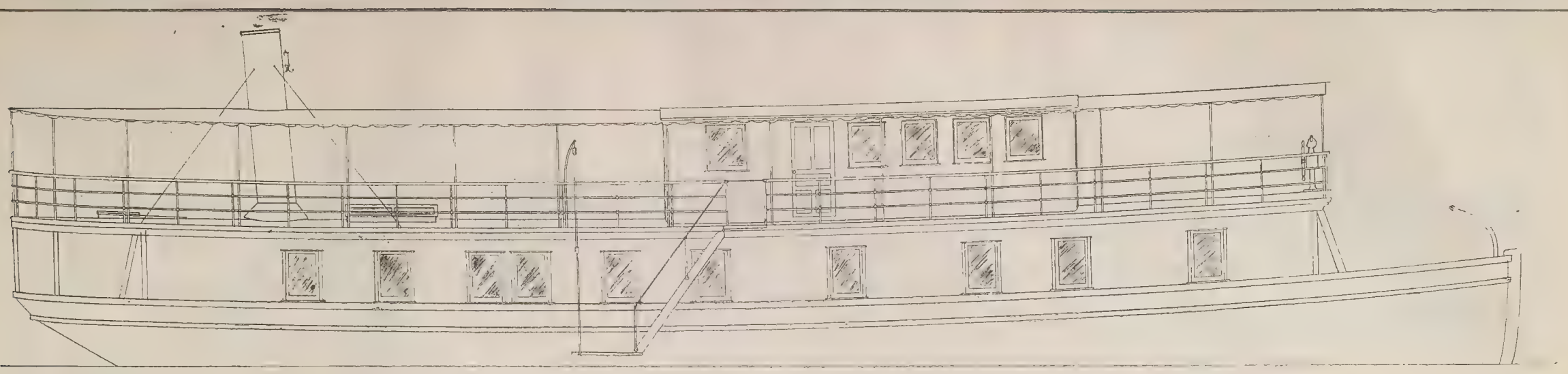
No previous cup defender has had a system of logitudinal framing installed to take the places of the regular angle frames. This principle of lightness seems to have been Herreshoff's greatest aim in the new boat, for her dimensions are not much different from the Columbia's except in the point of beam, in which he has given the new boat 2ft. more. In the construction of the boat, the plate plans of the Columbia have been used.

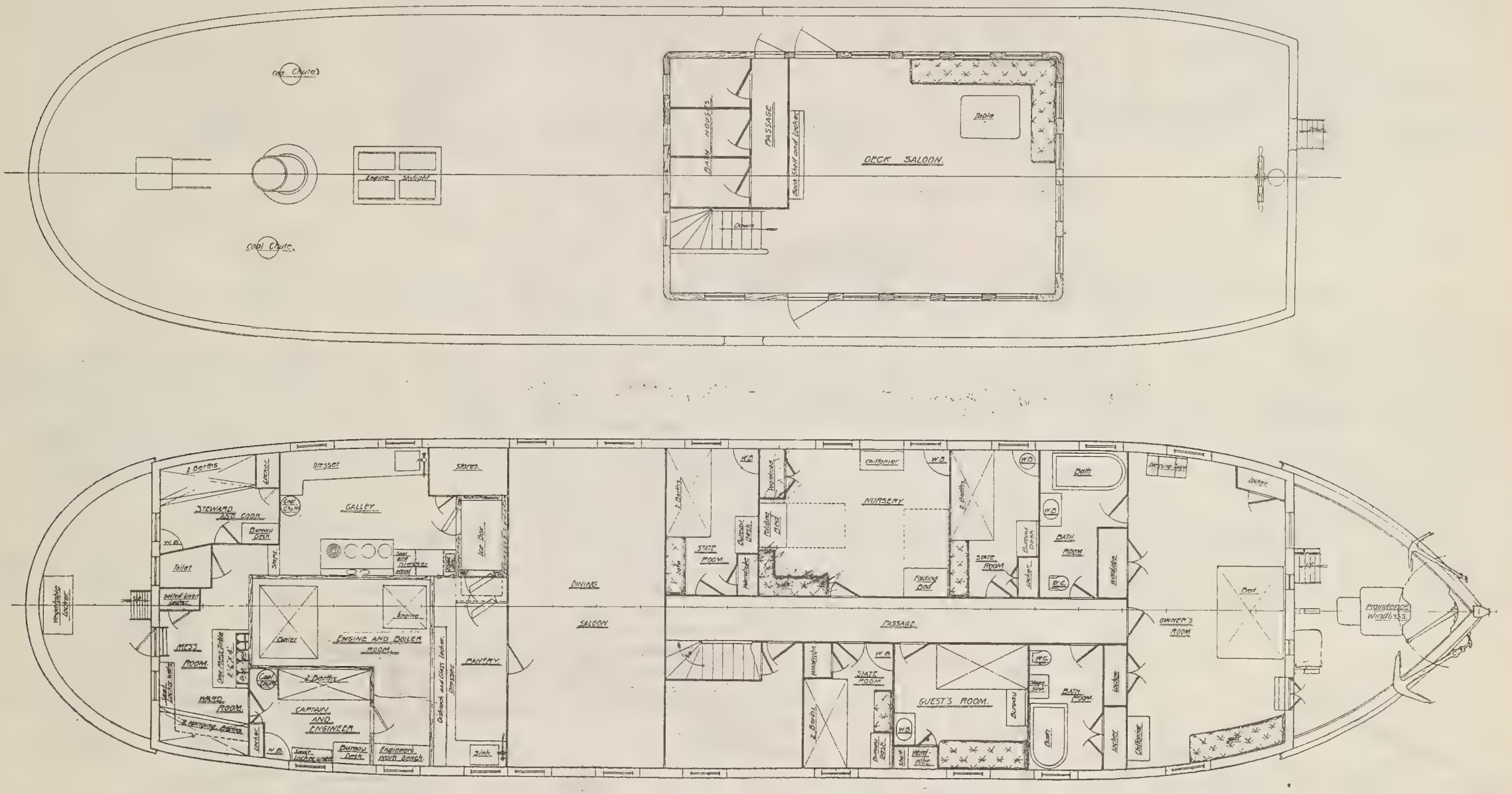
Another innovation is in the mast step. In former cup defenders this was a solid metal casting, but in the new boat it is formed of plates, 7-16in. in thickness. The mast will be stepped between stations 29 and 30, but the arrangement of plates will extend from frame 23 to frame 32, the mast step plates engaging the frames. The step itself is conical in shape.

Thomas W. Lawson has again startled the yachtsmen by making the most generous offer of prizes to be raced for after the international races are finished, that has ever before been known. The prizes are offered for yachts in the larger classes and for fishermen. The following is the list which was given out by Mr. Lawson to the press Saturday night:

For 90ft. sloops, a suitable cup; for all schooners, a cup valued at about $1,000, with siutable second and third prizes; for 70-footers, a cup valued at about $1,000; for the 51ft. rating class, a cup valued at about $500; also cash prizes for all fishermen, $1,000 first, $500 second and $250 third.

There is something lying underneath all this which





AUXILIARY HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY MESSRS. TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR MR. J. B. MACDONOUGH.

cannot fail to be appreciated by all yachtsmen, and shows remarkable keenness of foresight on the part of Thomas W. Lawson. In the first place the races are to be scheduled after the international races are over, this not interfering with any regular dates. It is only natural for a man like Sir Thomas Lipton to recognize the value of such enterprise by one man. Therefore, it is expected that he will be perfectly willing to bring the Shamrock II. to Massachusetts waters, that the people here may have the pleasure of witnessing a race between 90-footers. It is only natural, too, that the owners of the Belmont syndicate defender, not wishing to be outdone in recognizing the compliment implied, will bring their boat to enter in the races. With such an interest started, it would be surprising indeed if the whole racing fleet of the New York Y. C. did not come to Massachusetts waters to take part in the races.

And here is another feature which means a great deal for future yachting in these waters. The races are to be given under the auspices of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., of which Mr. Lawson is a member. This will place this club in a position before all others in New England, and will prove the starting point of making it the New York Y. C., of Boston. The club has every natural facility for maintaining this position, and is fortunate in having a member like Mr. Lawson, who is able and willing to take the initial means of making it possible.

But for the interest of the sport throughout the entire New England district it means a boom which has been long waited for. It means that the interest in the larger classes will be revived, and that each succeeding year will see a big fleet of large boats in these waters during the racing season. Massachusetts yachtsmen own large yachts which they cannot race here, as there are not classes for them. If these first races prove successful, it is likely that a series will be given each year, and Massachusetts will take the position in the yachting world which it should have before maintained through its natural facilities, and this revival of interest will be wholly credited to Thomas W. Lawson. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The alterations that have been made on the stem yacht Surf, which is owned by Mr. C. K. Billings, N. Y. Y. C., were done under the supervision of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Mr. Percy Chubb, N. Y. Y. C., has commissioned this firm to change the rig of his cutter Vigilant to that of a yawl. This same firm has an order for a steam yacht for Mr. Edmund Randolph, N. Y. Y. C. She will be 85ft long, 11ft. beam and 4ft. draft. Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., of South Boston, will build her, and she will have a speed of 20 miles.

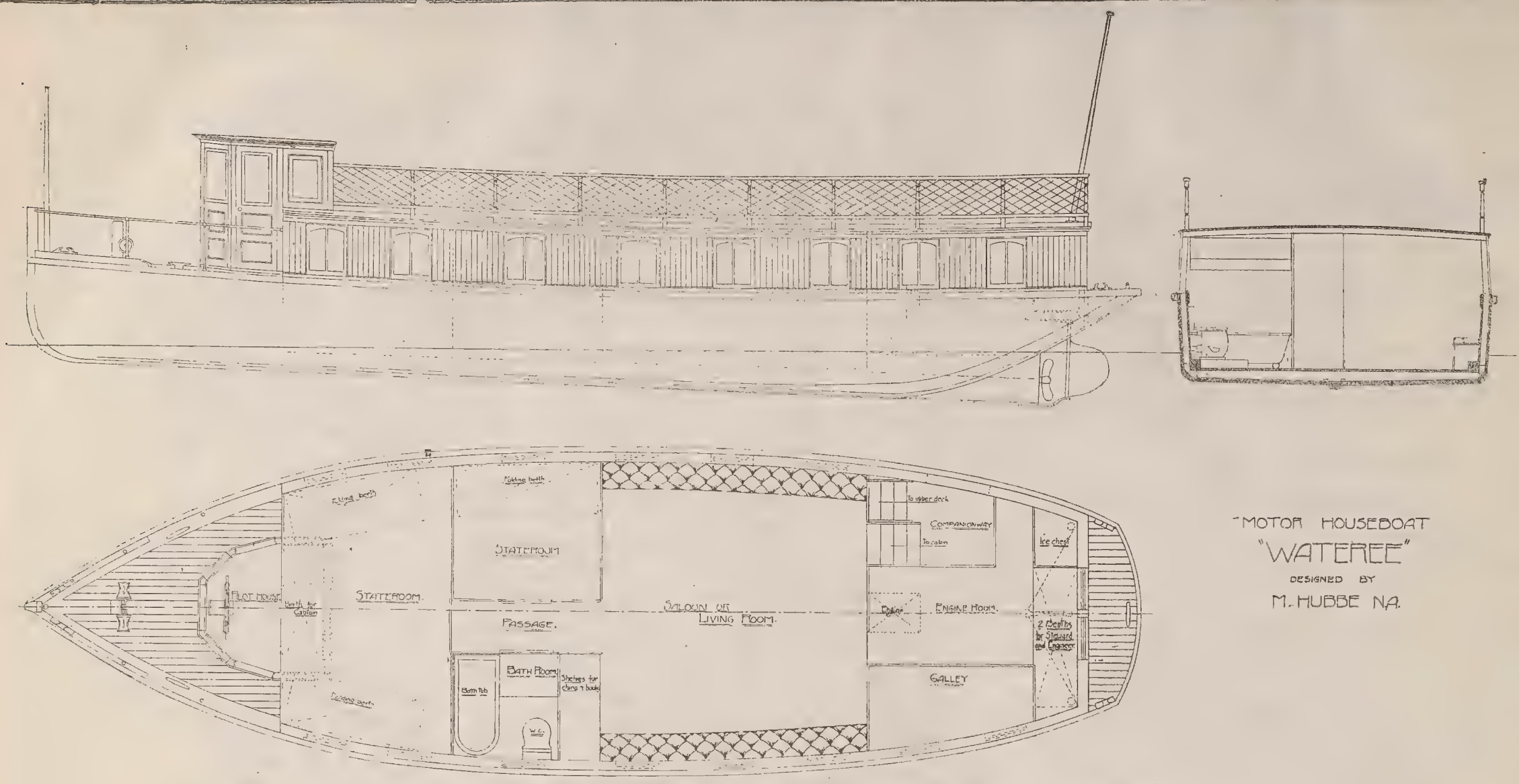
Increasing Interest in House-Boating.

THE large number of house-boats, both large and small, that have been built during the last few years, and the many requests that the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM have received from its readers for information on the subject, indicates a widespread interest in this novel, healthful and wholesome sport. The many uses to which house-boats can be put appeal to almost all sportsmen. This is clearly shown by the fact that some of the large railway and hotel systems have introduced house-boats for the use of sportsmen wherever game of any sort is to be found, either on salt or fresh water. At the Pan-American Exposition to be held in Buffalo this summer there will be seen a house-boat that is practically a floating hotel. This is intended for the use of those visitors who wish to be near the exposition grounds and who prefer to live on the water.

On cruising yachts the matter of living and sleeping accommodations is always of secondary consideration to the question of safety and seaworthiness. But in the case of the house-boat, the all-important features are questions of ease, comfort and luxury. The designer works with far more freedom in planning the vessel, and this would naturally be the case, on account of the requirements being so entirely different. In the house-boat the designer generally produces a craft of very shallow draft, so that she may lie close to the shore and be used in very shoal water, and that she shall be non-capsizable and able to be moved from place to place either under sail or motor power with reasonable speed and safety. It is the shape of the hull and the high cabin structure which shows the relationship of the entire craft to a house rather than to a boat. Merely because there is a general impression that the house-boat is a sort of a scow with a big dry goods box on top of it, still there is no good reason why any reputable naval architect should not be employed to make the plans and, if possible, superintend the entire construction of the boat. The small commission paid to the architect for such services could easily be saved by him in the cost of the boat, and eventually would prove a wise investment. In conversation recently with one of the best known naval architects in this country, he spoke of a house-boat that he had designed for use in Florida waters, and said that it was one of the most difficult problems he had ever tried to solve, for the reason that the boat was to be used in very shallow water and that under no circumstanecs was her draft to exceed 2ft. The boat was built in Northern waters, and it was necessary that she should be sufficiently staunch and seaworthy to enable her to make outside runs when going from one inside route to another, on her trip to the South. The boat was intended for use in rather a wild country where, of course, it was impossible to procure oil for the engine, and it was therefore necessary to build tanks large enough to carry a two months' supply. It was also necessary to make extra provision for a liberal supply of fresh water and ample accommodations for ice and supplies. To cover all these requirements and at the same time give the owner all the living room he wanted, it became a difficult matter to produce the results desired, and at the same time not to increase the draft of the boat. When the boat was built and turned over to her owner she was found to be perfect in every way, and it was evident that had her design been in less skillful hands it is safe to assume that there would have been danger of failure.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, Mr. M. Hubbe, Messrs. Clay & Torbenson and several of our correspondents, we are able to reproduce this week quite a number of designs of house-boats. These include the most primitive as well as the elaborate, both power and stationary, that have yet been built in this country.

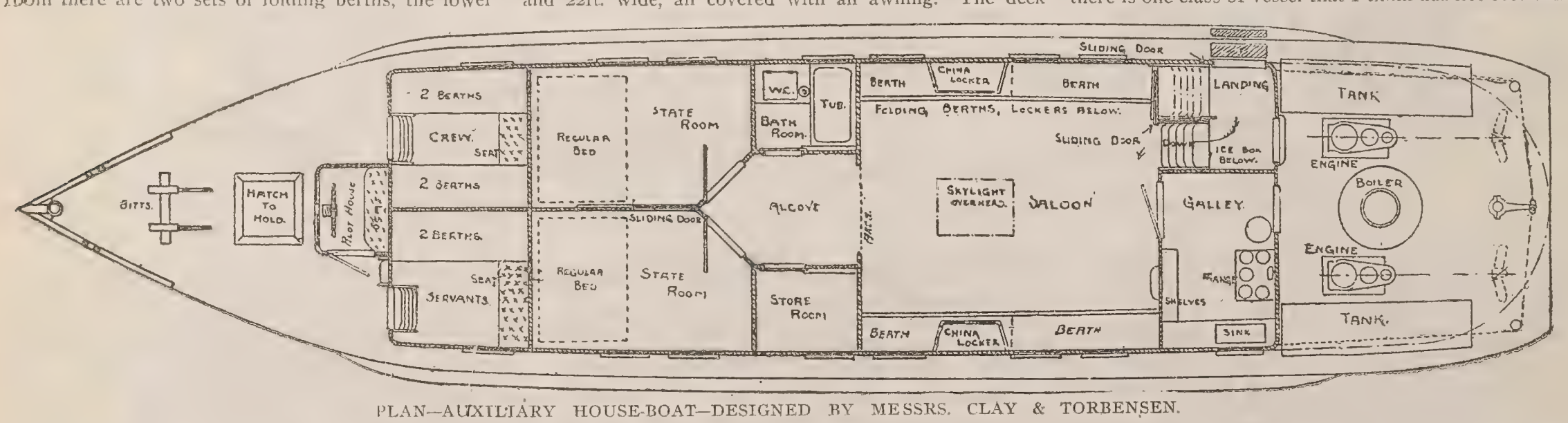
There is now being built by Messrs. T. S. Marvel & Co., of Newburg, N. Y., a twin-screw steel house-boat for Mr. Pierre Lorillard. This is not Mr. Lorillard's first experience with house-boats, as this boat will replace Caiman, that was burned in Florida last year. The new boat is 125ft. long over all, 119ft. 6in. on the waterline, 22ft. width of hull, 23ft. 4in. extreme width over guard rails, 8ft. 6in. depth of hull at lowest point and 2ft. 6in. draft. Her displacement at 2ft. 6in. draft is 137 tons, and her displacement at 2ft. 3in. is 122 tons. She will have two decks, and on the upper deck amidships will be an observatory 25ft. long and 13ft. wide, from which the main deck is reached by a staircase. The main deck is given up to the living quarters of the owner. Forward is a front parlor 16ft. long and 20ft. wide, which opens on to a passageway leading aft. On either side of this passageway are two large staterooms, a toilet room on the starboard side and a gun room on the port side. The back parlor is also reached by a passageway. This room is 13ft. long and 20ft. wide. There is a stateroom on either side of the after passageway, both of which have connecting toilet and bath rooms. Below the main deck the space has been utilized in the best manner. Each room is of liberal size and careful attention has been paid to the matter of ventilation. There is a good sized forecastle with swinging berths for the men, from which a passageway leads aft to the servants' sitting room. On the starboard side of the passage are rooms for the ship keeper, cooks and other servants; on the port side are rooms for the pilot, waiters and steward. The servants' sitting room is 20ft. wide and 15ft. long, and aft of this are to be found an ice house, which will hold five tons; a pantry and another storeroom. The kitchen comes next and then the engine room is reached. The greatest attention has been paid to the fittings and appoint-



AUXILIARY HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY MR. M. HUBBE FOR MR. L. G. BILLINGS.

ments of the boat, and they will be superb in every way, as it is Mr. Lorillard's intention to live aboard her several months of the year. The boat will be lighted throughout with electricity, and she will carry four boats—a skiff, a dinghy, a gig and a 3-horse-power motor launch. The power of the boat will be furnished by two 25-horse-power Murray & Tregur ha gasoline engine motors.

The motor house-boat Wateree was also designed by Mr. M. Hubbe and built in 1900 by Mr. A. Hansen, of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, for Mr. L. G. Billings. She is 52ft. long, 15ft. beam, 4ft. deep and 2ft. 6in. draft. Forward there is a storeroom and naphtha tank which has a capacity of five barrels. The large stateroom forward is 13ft. wide and 8ft. long, running the full width of the boat. In this room there are two sets of folding berths, the lower one being 30in. wide and the upper one 24in. wide. From this room, leading aft to the living room, is a passage with a storeroom, bathroom and a smaller stateroom 6ft. wide and 6ft. 6in. long on either side. The saloon or living room is 14ft. wide and 14ft. 6in. long, and has two sofa and two folding berths; aft of the saloon is the engine room, adjoining which and on the port side is the galley. On the starboard side, opposite the galley and leading from the saloon, is the companionway which leads to the promenade deck, which is entirely covered by an awning. In the pilot house is a berth for the captain. In the engine room are two berths—one for the engineer and one for the steward. In the drawing, a motor is shown for a single screw, but the owner decided to have twin screws, and two 7-horse-power Coscob motors were installed, which drive the boat at seven to seven and a half miles an hour. Wateree has proved so roomy, compact and convenient on such light draft that several other boats have been built from the same plans.



PLAN—AUXILIARY HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY MESSRS. CLAY & TORBENSEN.

The plans of the house-boat designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. J. B. MacDonough, former owner of the 46ft. Fife cutter Jessica, show a very wholesome type of house-boat. As she is to be used mostly on Long Island Sound and in the vicinity of New York, her designer was not especially restricted as to draft and for that reason he was able to turn out an ideal vessel. She is being built by Samuel Ayers & Son, of Nyack N. Y. The boat is 100ft. over all, 23ft. beam and 6ft. draft. She is fitted with a 100-horse-power engine that will drive her at a speed of eight knots. Her cabins are splendidly arranged, having been laid out with much care and study. Forward is the owner's room, 10ft. 6in. long, running the full width of the boat; from the owner's room aft to the dining room is a passage 3ft. wide with bath and staterooms on each side. On the starboard side next to the owner's room is a good sized bathroom 8ft. 6in. long and 5ft. wide, and adjoining this room is the guest room, 8ft. 6in. wide and 9ft. long. Next aft is a smaller stateroom 6ft. by 8ft. 6in., and beyond that another room and the companionway leading to the deck saloon or observatory. On the port side aft of the owner's room is the owner's bathroom, 6ft. by 10ft.; next aft is a stateroom 6ft. by 10ft.; adjoining this is the nursery, 10ft. by 13ft.; aft of the nursery another stateroom. Aft of the sleeping quarters is the dining room, which is 11ft. long by 22ft. wide, running the full width of the boat. Leading from the dining room is a large pantry 5ft. wide and 13ft. long. This connects with a large galley, 12ft. long and 9ft. wide, which is on the port side of the engine space. A large storeroom and ice box open from the galley. In the extreme after end of the boat on the starboard side, is the mess room, 6ft. by 14ft.; opening from the mess room is a stateroom for the steward and cook and another for the captain and engineer, also a toilet room for the crew. There is good deck space both fore and aft. On the promenade deck is the deck saloon, which is practically the only obstruction. The promenade deck is 86ft. long and 22ft. wide, all covered with an awning. The deck saloon is 18ft. long and 16ft. wide in the clear; in the after end are three bath houses and the staircase leading to the berth deck. Companionways forward and aft lead to the lower deck. The boat is lighted throughout with electricity.

Messrs. Clay & Torbensen were among the first to realize the possibilities of the house-boat in American waters. The boat of their design, which appears in this week's issue, is 67ft. over all, 16ft. beam with twin screws, the engines being in the extreme after end, leaving a large amount of space in the body of the boat for the saloon, staterooms, etc. The kitchen is fitted with a range set in brick, and the ordinary appurtenances of a house on shore. The estimated speed of this boat is from five to six miles.

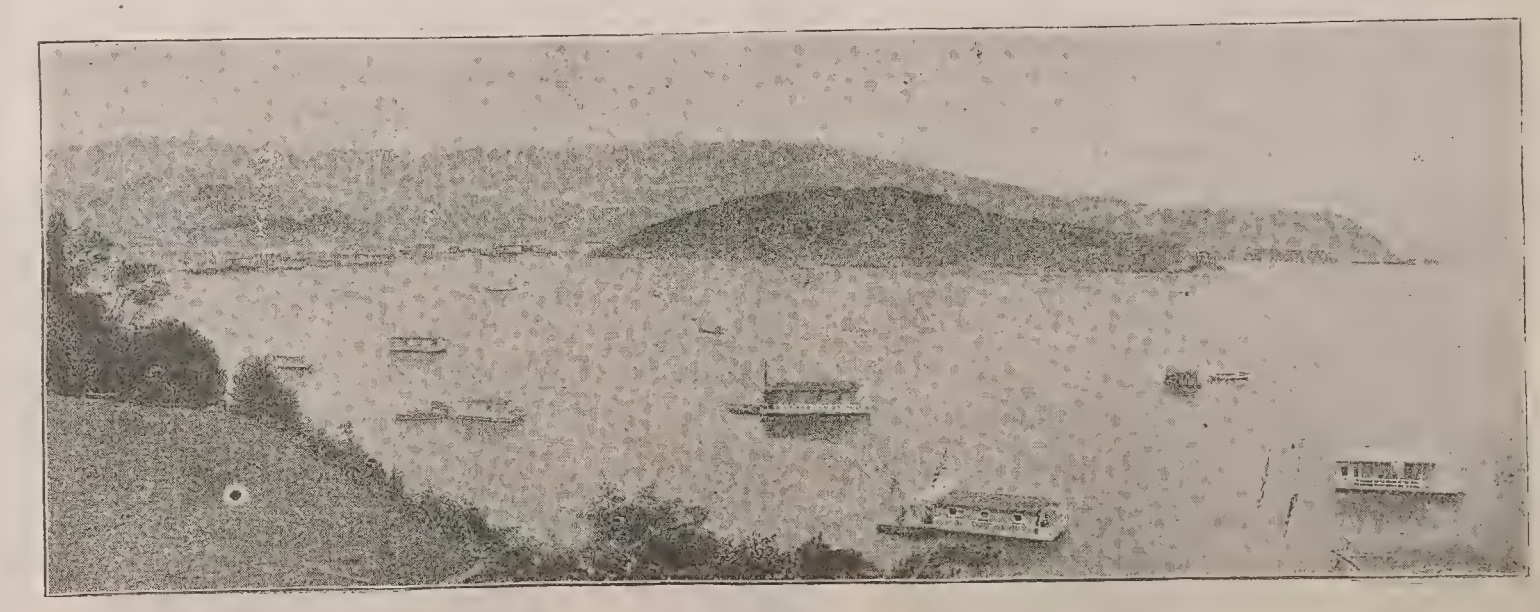
The two following letters, with photographs and sketches that accompany them, were published in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM some time ago, and as the numbers are now out of print, we publish them again by request. These three designs are of the most primitive sort, but will appeal to the house-boater of moderate means.

The first letter is from a San Francisco yachtsman, and a member of the house-boat colony of that city, his tiny craft being the second one from the right in the picture, with a yawl-rigged boat, the Muggamma Chuddee, beside it. The letter:

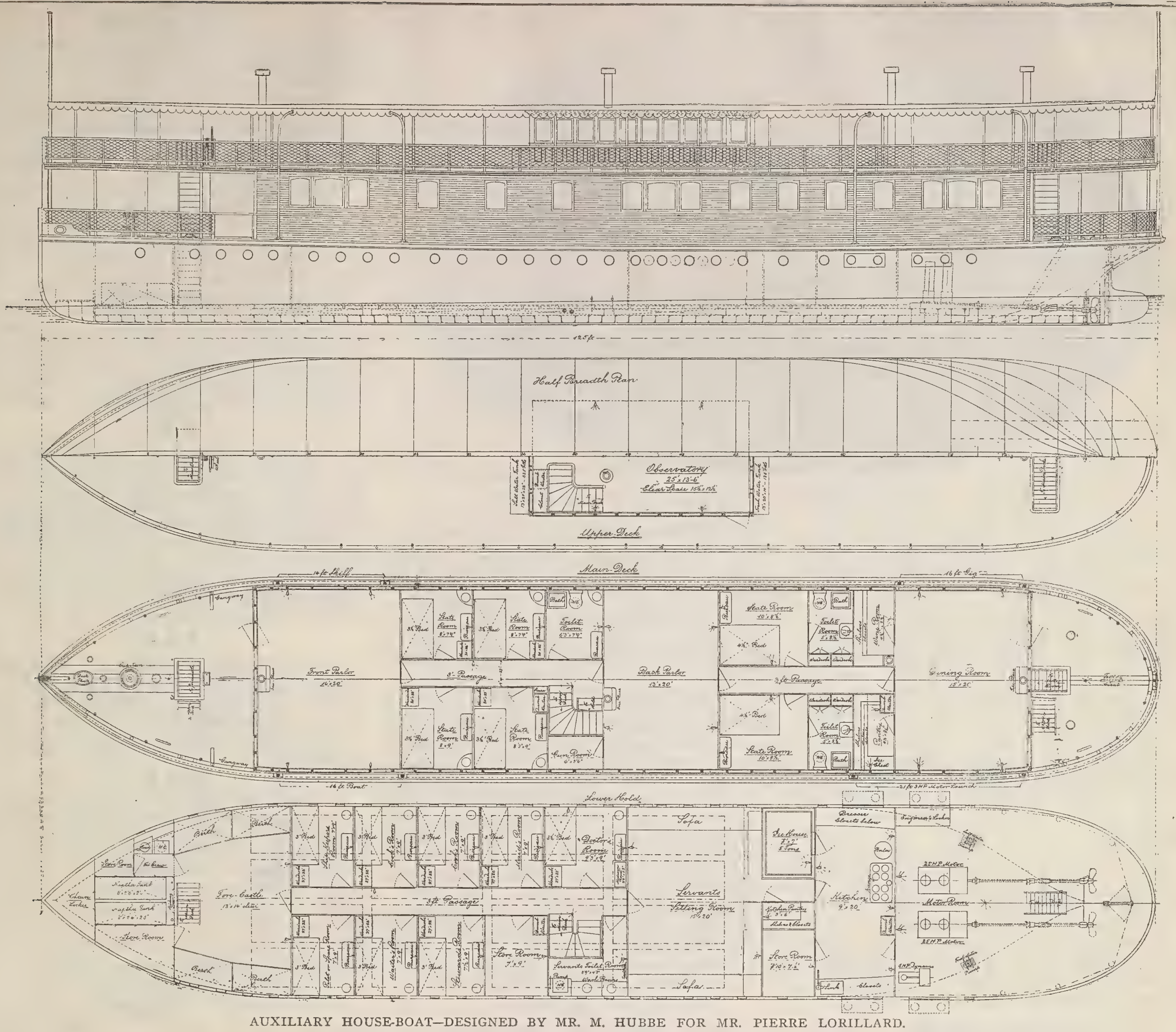
Editor Forest and Stream:

While the FOREST AND STREAM has turned its attention to almost everything within its province with great impartility—barring, of course, a weakness for cutters—there is one class of vessel that I think has not received all the notice its merits entitle it to. The merits and demerits, advantages and faults of the "hundred-tonner" and "half-rater," the canoe and the "sneak box" and the punt have all been discussed at length in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, but as far as my knowledge extends the gentle, retiring and unobtrusive "ark" or "house-boat" has been singularly neglected. Being one of those who go down to the seaside in arks, it occurs to me to put in a small wee plea for this kind of aquatic property.

Some sort of description of the "house-boat" will, I suppose, be the proper thing at this juncture. Firstly, it consists of a float or flat boat from 16 to 60ft. long (this and all other dimensions and details of this craft are governed by the length of the proprietor's purse) and from 8 to 40ft. wide, and from 17in. to 4ft. in depth. This is built entirely with an eye to strength and durability, and with no pretensions to model; the sides straight, the ends sloping at an angle and the deck perfectly flush and level.

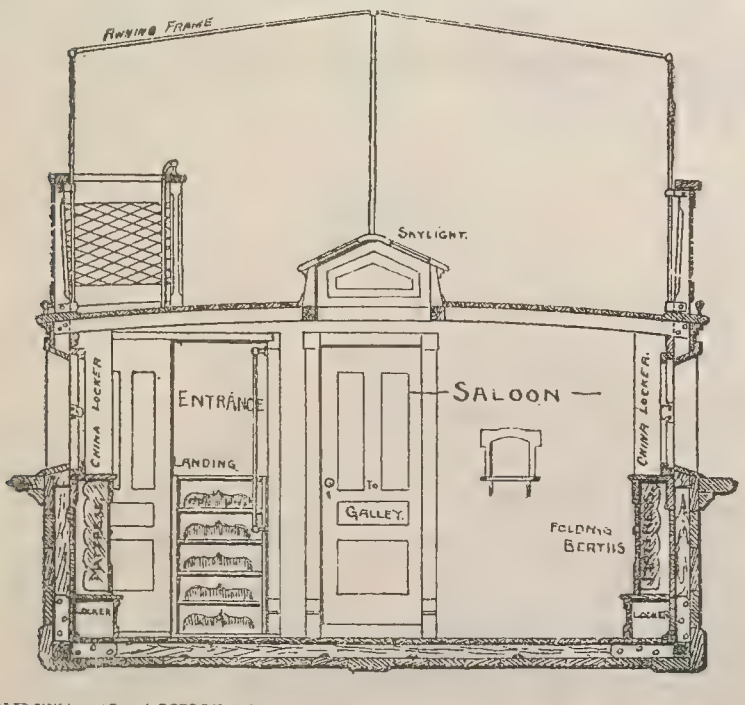


GROUP OF HOUSE-BOATS, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.



AUXILIARY HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY MR. M. HUBBE FOR MR. PIERRE LORILLARD.

Upon this floating foundation is erected a structure about 8ft. high at the eaves, and from 6in. to a foot higher in the center. There should be no ridge, but the roof should extend in an easy curve from side to side and be covered with painted canvas like a steamer's deck. This will shed water like a duck's back in the heaviest rain storms. The eaves may be carried out over the sides and ends for shelter if desired, and the deck should be so carried out



SECTION—AUXILIARY HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY MESSRS. CLAY & TORBENSEN.

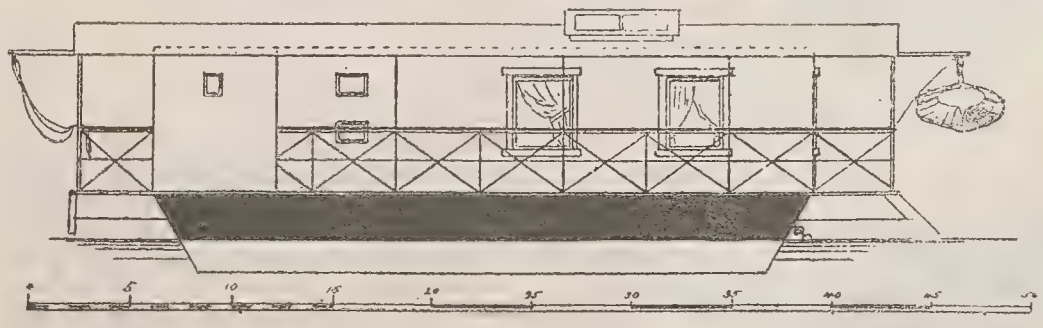
to give a promenade and lounging place all the way round. From the roof at each end boat davits should extend to allow the tenders to be hoisted up for the night, which will prevent their getting alongside and making night hideous by bumping. Note—An ark is a sort of big bass drum and the slightest contact produces a sound in the stillness of the night "fit to wake the dead."

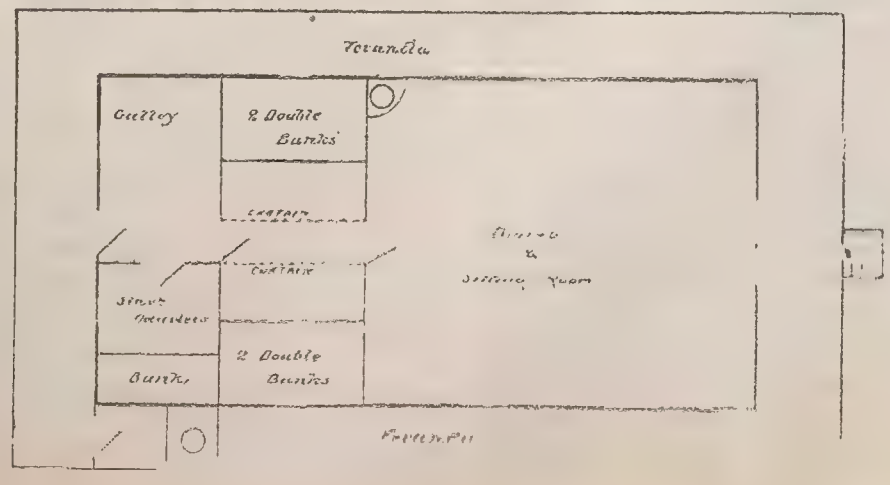
Under the eaves there should be a tank to hold water for the culinary department and another for the wash-stand, or one tank can easily be made to serve for both. These are filled by bringing a barrel of water alongside and pumping the water up into the tanks. On rivers and lakes, of course, this would be unnecessary. It is only on salt water that the barrel is requisite as an intermediary.

The interior may be fitted up as elaborately or as plainly as fancy (or the purse) dictates. A good general plan is, a large living, dining and smoking room. From this a passage leads to the after gangway, having on one side the kitchen and pantry, and on the other a small room for a servant if one is kept. In some of our arks the "Jap" (all the ark servants are Japanese) goes ashore after the dishes are washed, and is seen no more until the next morning in time to get breakfast. While the "arkonauts" are away, swimming or boating, the Jap puts things to rights, making beds, sweeping out, etc. These beds usually consist of a couple of bunks in each corner of the main room as wide as an ordinary double bed, with spring mattresses and all the modern improvements, curtained off and affording accommodations for eight sleepers if necessary.

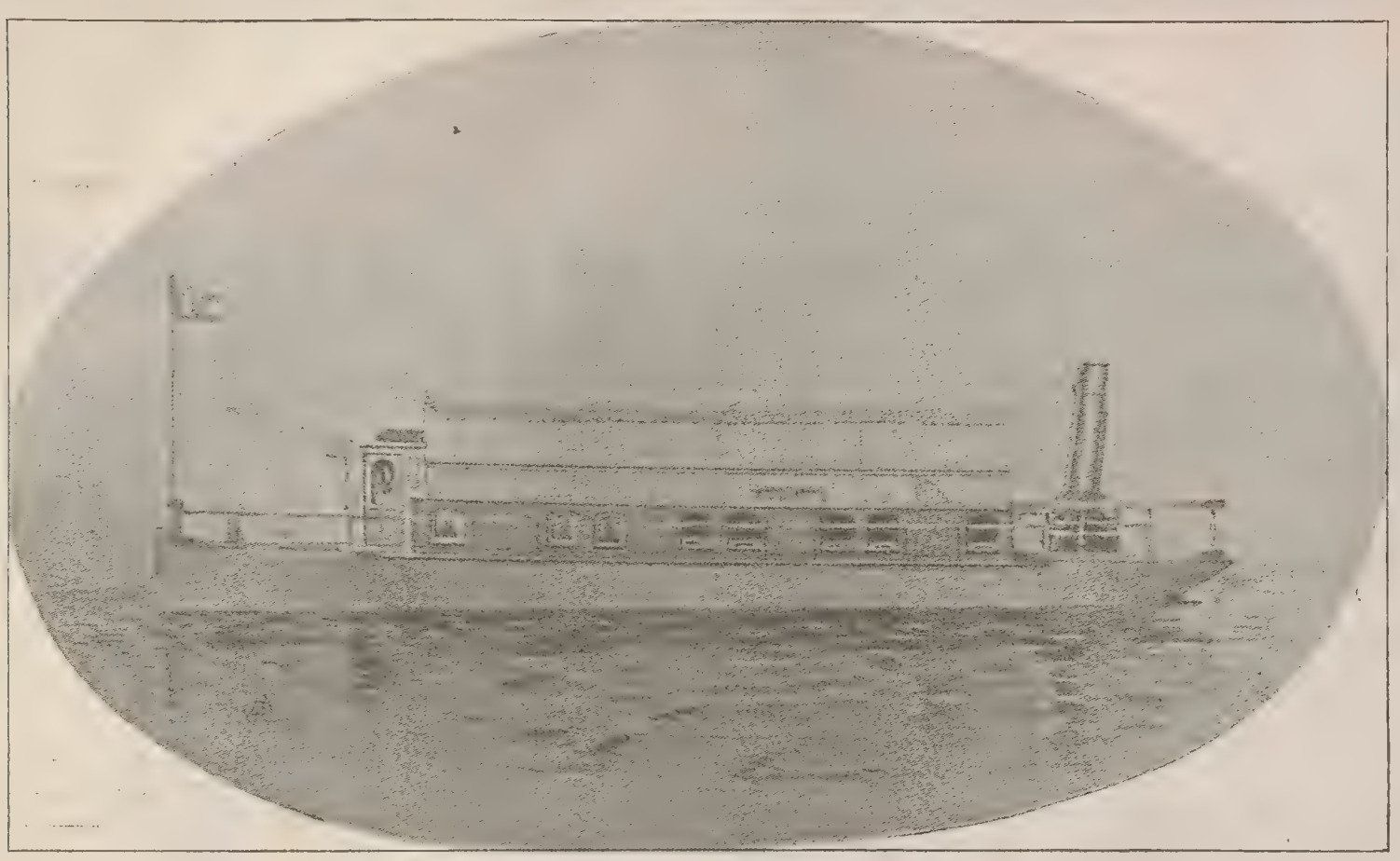
As to the cost of this affair, it, like the dimensions, is a matter to be regulated by the financial ability of the projector. I know one that cost, complete, considerably less than $200, and another whose owner didn't get off much under $3,000. One of the best we have was built by the owner and his friends (clerks in stores) in their spare time. It took a good while to do it, and I'm not at all sure her owner ever will stop work on it, but he and his friends have been living in it all this season. An ark can be just as simple and plain, and just as elaborate and as ornate as you please; so long as the "boat part" is well built, tight and strong all is well; that is the *sine qua non*, there must be no skimping of material there; the spikes must be long enough to hold the planks, and the planks thick enough to hold the spikes and the caulking.

Now as to the uses of the ark, they are diverse, but governed, of course, largely by the environment; one may be towed up some quiet stream where the fishing is good, or where milk and eggs are within call, and left in charge of madam and the young ones, who can amuse themselves rowing, swimming or doing nothing, while paterfamilias hies him to the neighboring railway station on his way to the city and slavery. As the headquarters of a hunting party the ark may be moored in some quiet bay or creek, or on some lake far enough from shore to avoid the blood-





SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE-BOAT, NO. 2



AUXILIARY HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY MESSRS. CLAY & TORBENSEN.

thirsty mosquito, but near enough to allow one to place himself in touch with civilization through the medium of the telegraph and railway whenever it becomes necessary.

My own ark is moored in a beautiful landlocked cove about five miles from the city, half a mile from the ferry, and a quarter of a mile or so from the yacht club house, and under the shelter of a high promontory, which effectually protects us from the trade winds and the summer fogs which roll in like a dense curtain through the Golden Gate, almost every afternoon. This protecting bluff is covered on its lee side with a dense growth of "tejon" and scrub oak, from amidst which peep out dozens of more or less pretentious villas; anchored about me in all directions are some twenty arks of various styles of architecture, but no two of them alike. In the evening the air is vocal with the twang of the mandolin or the plunk of the more plebeian banjo, while the summer girl and her temporarily best fellow tune their voices in (more or less) melodious concord. Big hanging lamps throw their light through stained glass windows, and are reflected in the phosphorescent ripples as we row by on our way to visit a friend or sit on the verandas idly blowing the after-dinner cloud.

When one grows sleepy, the tender is hoisted up at the davits, the lights put out, we tumble into our bunks, and, lulled by the scarcely perceptible rocking of the ark, and the gentle lapping of the wavelets alongside, sleep as if that were our manifest destiny.

The accompanying plans show the sizes of the California ark, and may be useful to intending house-boaters in other localities.

I have not attempted to go very deeply into details of construction, as that is a matter upon which any local shipwright or even house carpenter can furnish all desired information.

The smaller of these arks is calculated to accommodate two with some degree of comfort. The float is 8 by 16ft., the house 8 by 8, the quarter-deck, where smoking is allowed, 6 by 8.

If built of inch stuff 1ft. wide with the seams covered with ornamental battens 3in. wide, the house will require only three roof timbers and a frame of 2 by 3 scantling at deck and eaves to nail the top and bottom of the siding to, and a piece tying the corner posts together to prevent the roof over the quarter-deck from springing; the roof covered with light canvas and well painted will not leak in a deluge. This thing can be sculled at a respectable speed if it becomes necessary to move to avoid paying "ground rent" or taxes, or meeting your creditors.

The other structure is intended for the use of any number up to eight, being double the length and width of the first. Her strength would have to be proportionately increased, while the finish, appointments and cost may be carried to any extreme prompted by your purse or experience. Her framing would have to be much more elaborate than in the case of the smaller one, being, in fact, not unlike that of a small house.

I will not attempt to give any estimate of cost, as figures based upon the market here would be of little or no value to the majority of your readers. W. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

The following letter takes us from San Francisco to Florida:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose sketch of a boat or scow that I used on Indian River a few winters since. Of course it is quite different from the house-boat seen on the Thames, about Kingston and Richmond, but then the cost was no comparison.

On reaching Daytona, Fla., I at first thought of buying or chartering some cabin boat and living on her through the winter, but I remembered the sleepless nights and contracted quarters on such a craft when in Florida years before, and concluded to try a new plan.

Securing the services of a good house carpenter (boat builders want their own way) I selected some well seasoned hard pine at the local saw mill, and in a week's time we had a scow 24 by 8ft., all caulked and bottom covered with tar, and a house high enough for head room, 7ft., of thin stuff plowed and matched, roof slightly crowned, covered with drilling and two good coats of paint, making it weather proof; windows and doors I bought ready made at a small cost. I then purchased at the local stores an outfit of bedstead (full size), mattress, covering, etc., together with an oil stove and a few cooking utensils, groceries, etc., and I was all ready to move into my new quarters. Of course the boat was the subject of much adverse criticism from the natives, and I was the recipient of no end of advice, but I had built boats before and was used to that sort of thing.

For a tender I bought a well-proportioned little skiff or "flattie" about 14ft. long. She was easy to row, and by putting in a small centerboard and rigging up a sprit-sail, I found I had no occasion to use the oars when there was a breeze, which was almost every day. The nights were usually calm except during a norther. I was fortunate in securing an old mushroom or mud anchor and some fathoms of chain, enough to hold the craft in any situation I was likely to be anchored.

To abbreviate, I found the boat a great success, anchoring far enough out in the river to insure quiet. I spent a few days at each town along the river, dropping down with the tide gradually, as far as the Inlet, from this to Mosquito, some twelve or fifteen miles. I was towed by one of the small steamboats running between Daytona and Titusville, at a moderate cost.

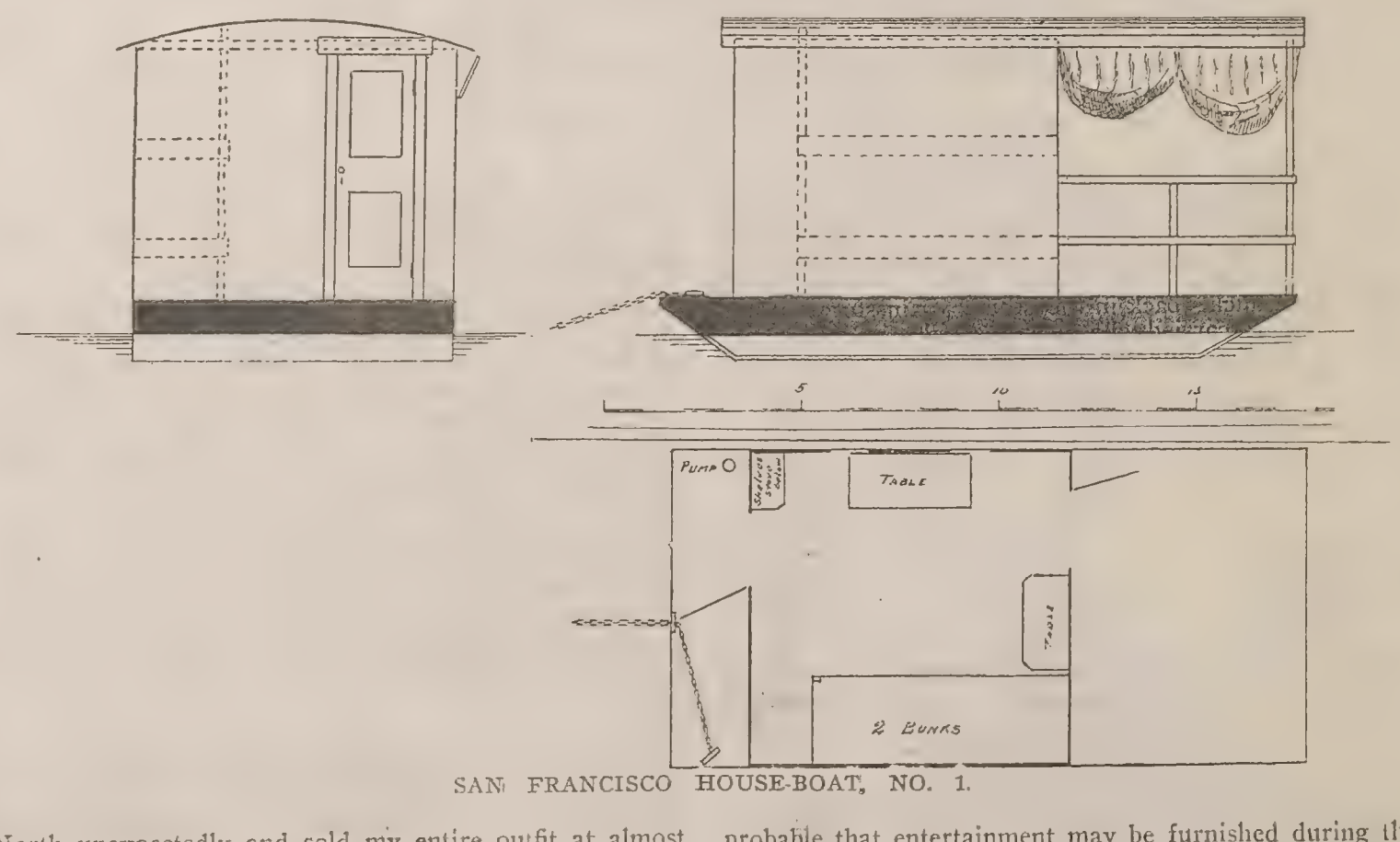
Mosquito Lagoon is pretty wide and exposed, so I worked down to the Haulover Canal with a favoring north wind and through into Indian River and across to Titusville. Here I anchored some two weeks, and securing an old spar and piece of canvas I rigged up quite a respectable mast and square sail, and bolting a lee board on each side, I found with any kind of fair or quartering wind my house-boat was as manageable as some catboats. I steered with a large oar on a pin over the stern.

From Titusville I cruised the entire river almost as far as St. Lucie and Eden, stopping as long as I felt inclined at the various places en route. I was obliged to return North unexpectedly and sold my entire outfit at almost first cost to a man clearing a piece of land for pineapples, who, I learned afterward, hauled the boat on shore and made it a permanent residence.

Regarding the cost, as near as I can remember, boat all complete, tender, anchor, sail, etc., cost about $150. I am sure my expenses for groceries and other eatables were not over $1.50 to $1.75 weekly. Fish, oysters, oranges, etc., cost nothing, visitors being usually allowed to help themselves to oranges lying on the ground in most of the groves. Occasionally the mosquitoes were troublesome, but I had a good net and never lost my sleep on their account. I would add that the boat was divided into two rooms, forward being the reception and sleeping room, and aft the kitchen and general repair shop.

Any one wintering on Indian River will get more comfort from this plan than living at a hotel or cramped up on a sailboat or yacht. The scow drew but 8in. Perhaps after a year or two she might have settled deeper in the water, but not much. E. D.

The publishers of FOREST AND STREAM will be glad to receive from designers, builders and all those interested in house-boats plans, photographs and descriptive articles on this subject.



SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE-BOAT, NO. 1.

Yacht Club Notes.

There was a large attendance at the annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C., held at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, on Feb. 20. The prizes won during the past year were exhibited.

The secretary reported that there were 296 yachts in the fleet; that during the year 72 new members were elected and 5 were reinstated; there were 27 resignations and 11 deaths.

The trustees reported that the club had 600 regular members, 50 life members and 17 army and navy members, making a full membership according to the constitutional limit, and that there is now a waiting list. Fifty-two members have been elected since Jan. 1.

Some amendments to the racing rules were made, and it was announced that Commodore Adams will offer prizes to be sailed for in the coming season, to be known as the Adams Cups. The particular events for which these prizes will be offered will be decided by the Board of Trustees and the Regatta Committee.

The following officers for the coming year were unanimously elected: Com., Frederick T. Adams, schooner Sachem; Vice-Com., Wilson Marshall, schooner Atlantic; Rear-Com., James Baird, sloop Hussar II.; Sec'y, A. Bryan Alley; Treas., William Murray; Meas., John Hyslop; Trustees, to serve three years, William B. Jenkins and Edward J. Greacen; Trustee, to serve two years, to fill vacancy, Edward S. Hatch.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Yachtsmen's Club, held at the club house, 47 W. 47th street, on Feb. 19, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., David Banks, Commodore of the Atlantic Y. C.; Vice-Pres., Frederick M. Hoyt, Commodore of the Stamford Y. C.; Sec'y, E. M. MacLellan, Secretary of the Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Treas., Philip G. Sanford, Atlantic Y. C.; Trustees, C. Eckert, Cliff Haven Y. C. and C. T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C. The following new members were elected: E. V. Sumner, New York Y. C.; E. Hope Norton and George Hill, Atlantic Y. C.; H. B. Yates, E. K. Greene and H. M. Molson, Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and G. H. Chasmar, Norwalk Y. C.

* * *

At a meeting of the Knickerbocker Y. C.; held Feb. 20, at the Hotel Manhattan, it was decided to apply to the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound for the first Saturday in June as the date of the annual regatta of the club. It was stated that of the bond issue of $7,500 on account of the extension of the club house at College Point, bonds to the value of $1,800 had been canceled in the past year.

* * *

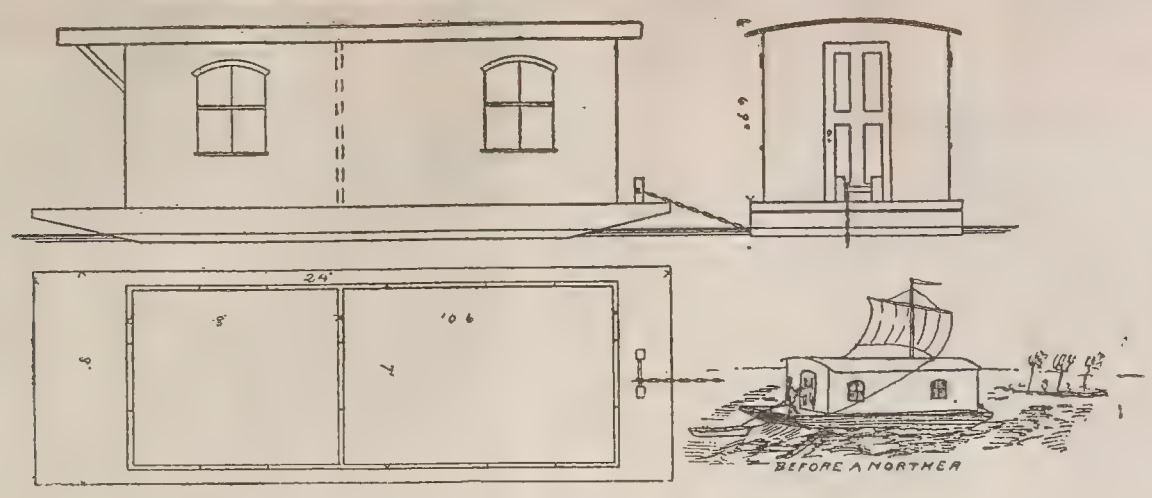
The "fitting out" dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will be given on Saturday evening, March 2, at 7 o'clock at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street. The purpose of this dinner is to encourage mutual intercourse and a general and complete acquaintance among the old and new members. More than double the number of men have been admitted to membership this year than were elected during the same period last year and it is requested that each member will so far as possible bring as his guest a friend or friends whom he can indorse for membership. There will be no speechmaking, and it is probable that entertainment may be furnished during the course of the evening.

The following proposals for membership are published in pursuance of the constitution: Mr. Howard Gould, 824 Fifth avenue, New York city; Mr. Clarence P. Wyckoff, 18 Wall street, New York city; Mr. Stanton Whitney, 103 West Fifty-fourth street, New York city; Mr. Glenworth D. Borden, 36 Broad street, New York city; Mr. J. Butler Wright, 42 West Ninth street, New York city; Mr. C. W. Scott, Port Washington, N. Y.; Mr. Edwin Stevens, 65 West Thirty-fifth street, New York city; Mr. Stephen H. P. Pell, 542 Fifth avenue, New York city.

* * *

Mr. William Gardner, the designer, talked to the members of the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 20, on "The Racing Yacht: Its History, Development and Design." Mr. Gardner treated the subject in a most interesting and comprehensive manner.

Emperor William has informed the Heligoland Cup Committee that in consequence of the death of Queen Victoria the race for the cup will not be sailed this year.



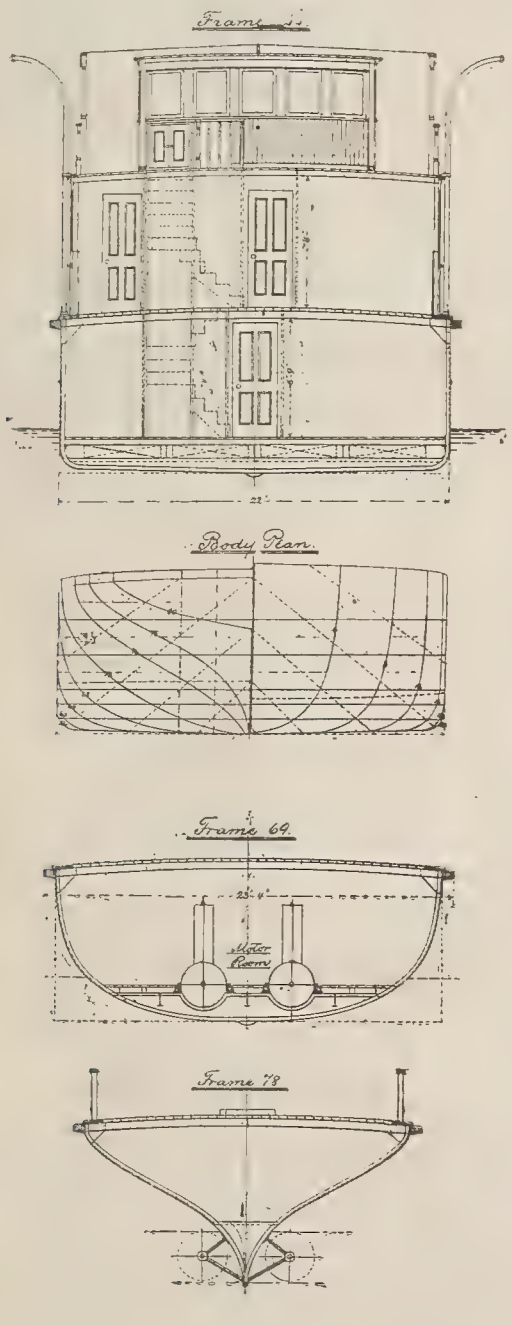
FLORIDA HOUSE-BOAT.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The 51-footer ordered by Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell from the Herreshoffs will be ready by the time the season opens. Mr. H. W. Maxwell has sold his raceabout Snapper to Mr. A. Bryan Alley, who will put a larger sail spread on her and race her in the 25ft. class for sloops. Mr. Harry Maxwell has purchased the 36-footer Effort.

Mrs. Herreshoff, mother of the yacht designer Mr. Nat Herreshoff, died at her home in Bristol, R. I., on Feb. 19.

A contract for another new yacht has been placed with the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co. The boat is to be an auxiliary yawl, 76ft., 6in. over all, 52ft. long on the waterline, 17ft. beam and 7ft. 6in. draft. She will be a keel boat, and will have a flush deck. Forward will be the crew's quarters, the galley and sailing master's stateroom. Next aft are two staterooms, with a passage between them. The main cabin is 11ft. long and runs the full width of the boat. The power



STEEL TWIN-SCREW HOUSE-BOAT
TWO 25 HP MOTORS
for
Pierre Lorillard
Length 125ft, Beam 22ft, Hold 8½ft, Draft 2ft
Scale ¾in.=1ft
October 1900
H. Hubbe
Naval Architect
27 Wright Street, New York

will consist of a 25 horse-power gasoline engine. The same firm is also building a launch for Gen. J. R. Brooke, Quartermaster's Department, Governor's Island. This boat will be 45ft. long by 10ft. beam. She will have a speed of 12 miles an hour.

Mr. Amzi L. Barber, N. Y. Y. C., has sold the steam yacht Shemara to the New South Wales Government. The yacht has arrived at Bermuda from Havana, and there will be delivered to her new owners. The crew will return to New York by steamer, and an English crew will be put aboard to complete the voyage.

The 21-footer Cohasset knockabout Oriole has been sold by Mr. John E. Wayland, through the agency of Huntington & Seaman, to Mr. E. B. Pinckney.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Feb.28—West Chester, Pa.—Eighth annual live-bird shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
March 2.—New York.—Two-week Roof Garden tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y.
March 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—The Peters Cartridge Company's two days' target tournament. Maj. E. P. McKisseck, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.
March 21.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target and live-bird shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Feb. 27.—Interstate Park.—Team race, a New York team vs. a New Jersey team, at 1 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 o'clock.
April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.
June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.
May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.
June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.
July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.
July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the Carteret championship contest, a rather novel point came up for adjudication. In the seventy-second round, Mr. Harold Money at the score, the trap did not open in response to the command "Pull." After an appreciable interval, Mr. Money turned to the referee, at the same time breaking his gun, and inquired as to the cause of the delay. At that juncture the trap was pulled and the bird escaped without being shot at. The referee declared the bird lost. It was rather an exceptional hardship to the plucky young shooter, since there was much to justify a "no bird," a little to justify a "lost bird." First of all the bird had not been offered at the call of pull; second, an extreme delay might easily be interpreted that the bird was not to be released at call; third, the rule of the Carteret Gun Club on this point reads as follows: "If in the opinion of the referee, the shooter is balked by any antagonist or looker on, or by the trapper, whether by design or otherwise, he may be allowed another bird." Let us suppose that the shooter calls "Pull," and that the trap is not opened there after for half a day, what is the shooter to do? That reduces the matter to an absurdity, and shows that after a reasonable time he may assume that the trap is not to be opened and act accordingly.

Admiral Courtney, imperturbable and dignified, as is his wont, was a visitor in the gun colony of New York in the early part of this week. While leaving the zephyr and sylphlike to the four-hundred as a specialty, the Admiral is most successful as a man of deeds. Witness his performance at the last G. A. H.! Had the shoot-off been on the high seas, that brute of a bird, shot flatly to the ground, would not have escaped beyond the boundless ocean. A bird falling into the salt water would have a more serious problem than if falling on dry land. The Admiral killed 25 and some more straight any way in the last G. A. H.

In the high averages of the Hot Springs tournament, Mr. W. R. Crosby led all the competitors with an average of .955. Gilbert was second with .943. Heikes was third with .933. Fanning was fourth with .925. On Thursday afternoon, in the ninth event, the squad whose members were Messrs. Heikes, Gilbert, Fanning, Burnside and Crosby broke 99 out of 100 targets. An account of the shoot, interestingly reported by Mr. F. C. Riehl, will be found elsewhere in our trap columns this week.

The victory of Mr. Harold Money in the contest for the championship of the Carteret Gun Club, on Thursday and Friday of last week, ranks in the first class. The conditions were 100 live birds, $100 entrance, 30 yards boundary. The birds were extra good, the weather conditions were favorable to the birds, and the competitors were performers of known skill and ability. Mr. Money killed 88, and won the trophy and the honors.

Mr. John Popp, the President, writes us as follows: "The Michigan State Trap Shooters' League will hold its first annual tournament at Saginaw, Mich., on May 28, 29, 30, under the auspices of the East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw. The tournament will be under the management of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., and will be at both live birds and targets. It will be open to all, and $300 in cash will be added to the purses.

The preparations for the Roof Garden Tournament are in an advanced stage. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner arrived in town during the latter part of last week, and found the preliminary work well begun. The installation of the magautrap, the completion of the platform and back stop, etc., will be all done by Thursday of this week, or Friday at the latest, so that the shooting may commence at the appointed hour without any delay.

After winning the Carteret championship, Mr. Harold Money engaged in a miss and out, and stood at the 33 yard mark, the extreme back mark of the club. He killed 17 straight and won. He shot in finished form. While all this proves that Mr. Money is a great shot indeed, it also proves that the modern gun and ammunition is not handicapped at 33 yards.

In a team shoot at Washington Park, Gloucester City, Pa., Feb. 22, $25 a side, 3 birds per man, Hurlingham rules, the scores were as follows: Alexander Pierce killed 3; John Pew, 2; J. Brown, 2; W. J. Thompson, Jr., 2; S. F. Fluegelman, 2. Total, 11. E. Butler, 3; J. Redfield, 2; James Smith, 2; Charles Burdsall, 1; William Spencer, 1. Total, 9.

Mr. Harry Kirkover, the skilful and poular shooter, of Batavia, N. Y., made a visit to the gun colony section of New York, which in the shooting world is the shooting axis of the effete East. He was enthusiastic in his plans for the tournament to be held in conjunction with the forthcoming Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo.

Mr. Gus Grieff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, informs us that an Eastern championship at live birds will be inaugurated in the near future, at 25 or 50 birds, for a trophy, entrance nominal. This should fill a field which at present is unoccupied.

Mr. C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Iowa, suffered the misfortune of a broken ankle recently, while engaged in his vocation. The many friends of this eminent shooter will deeply deplore the grievous occurrence, as we do. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The match between Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. S. M. Van Allen, at one-hundred live birds each, at Interstate Park, on Feb. 19, was won by Mr. Van Allen, by a score of 94 to 88. He took the lead in the fourth round and never was caught.

On Feb. 22, at Riverton, N. J., in a 10-bird race, with a large number of contestants, Mr. J. G. N. Whittaker won in the shoot off. On Feb. 19 Mr. Thomas Jenkins won a silver cup donated by Mr. Alburger, at Riverton. He killed 30 straight.

In a team contest, ten men on a side, between the Allentown Rod and Gun Club and the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, at the Duck Farm Hotel, Allentown, Pa., ten live birds per man, Keystone won by a score of 74 to 67.

The regular contest of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, at Rockaway Park, L. I., will be held on March 4. Trains leave East Thirty-fourth street station and Flatbush avenue at 11 o'clock A. M. Targets $1.50 per hundred.

The Peters Cartridge Company announces an amateur tournament at Binghamton, N. Y., April 24 and 25, to which will be offered $150 added money. Mr. John Parker will manage it. Mr. H. W. Brown is the secretary.

At the Peters Cartridge Company's Mardi Gras tournament, at New Orleans, Feb. 15 and 16, Mr. Blunt, of Greensboro, Ala., won the trophy for the highest average, scoring 323 out of a possible 350 targets shot at.

On the grounds of the Ambler Gun Club, Ambler, Pa., Feb. 22, a target tournament was held. The prizes were mostly merchandise. Messrs. Pfleger and Conway were the greatest winners.

There will be an interseting shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, on the club's grounds on Davis Island, on March 6, for a silver cup donated by Mr. G. E. Painter.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Feb. 22.—The club handicap of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club, held to-day, was won by Dr. O'Connell, after shooting off the tie with Messrs. Ira McKane, J. J. Pillion, Kronika and Dr. Wood. The scores follow:

W Van Pelt, 27	1012022—5	M J Rauscher, 25	0020002—2
I McKane, 28	2220222—6	F Brown, 23	0011002—3
Dr O'Connell, 31	0222212—6	F Von Fricken, 25	2120020—4
R Smith, 25	2000222—4	G Morris, 26	0222202—5
J B Voorhies, 26	0010120—3	R Roderick, 25	0100000—1
G McKane, 27	122022*—5	H Montanus, 26	222*022—5
E Voorhies, 25	1002000—2	H Kronika, 26	1101111—6
J J Pillion, 28	1222220—6	H Koch, 26	2010202—4
G Tappan, 26	1220202—5	F Lundy, 25	0000020—1
A Saeler, 23	0222220—5	C Ferguson, Jr, 28	0202110—4
A Linder, 23	0102101—4	Dr Wood, 25	2222120—6
D J Heffner, 25	0221002—4	H Freyler, 25	0*11122—5
E Heffner, 26	1111010—5	Dr Hill, 25	0200000—1
E Baird, 26	0000220—2		

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: McKane 0, O'Connell 2, Pillion 0, Kronika 1, Dr. Wood 0.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 22.—The holiday shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day was a great success. There was an unusually large attendance of shooters. Mr. J. H. Jack made a straight score alone in the club trophy event and won. Mr. D. Deacon killed 48 birds without a miss.

No. 1, club trophy, 7 birds, $5:

J H Jack, 29	2222212—7	W F Sykes, 29	2*2*w
C W Brooks, 28	001111*—4	W L Losee, 28	10111*w
C A Ramapo, 29	122220w		

No. 2, 7 birds, club trophy, $5:

J H Jack, 29	2222200—5	G E Greiff, 29	21*2211—6
C W Brooks, 28	21211*0—5	B H Norton, 28	2221221—7
C A Ramapo, 29	21111*w	D Deacon, 28	2211212—7
W L Losee, 28	*21110*—4	E. Rasch, 28	211*1*0—4
C W Feigenspan, 30	2222222—7		

Ties on 7, miss-and-out: Feigenspan 1, B. H. Norton 8, D. Deacon 9. The latter won.

No. 9, Buffalo handicap, 20 birds, $5:

J H Jack, 29	22221222222122222222—20
C W Brooks, 28	2*12*02122*02*2*0202—12
W F Sykes, 28	2122222222222*w
C W Feigenspan, 30	22222222222222222222—20
W L Losee, 28	2*221221022212w
G E Greiff, 28	21221212221222122222—20
B H Norton, 28	2122221*212220212212—18
J B Jay, 28	21222212122222*w
C M Lincoln, 29	22212212212221*w
D Deacon, 28	22122121221121211222—20
C F Dudley, 28	2111*211102111*20211—16
C A Ramapo, 28	12112121222211*w
J P Kay, 28	22122122122221122122—20
P Daly, Jr, 29	22221222212122221222—20

Shoot-off of tie, all at 30yds.:

Jack	21212121122222221221*
Feigenspan	*
Greiff,	2122222221222*
Deacon	21222121112122211211 2
Kay	21121212222212212211 21*
Daly	21222222221212222210

No. 3, club trophy, $5:

C W Feigenspan, 30	22*2120—5	C A Ramapo, 27	2121212—7
G E Greiff, 28	2222222—7	J H Jack, 29	2*12201—5
B H Norton, 28	2122212—7	W F Sykes, 29	222*w
W L Losee, 28	2112121—7	S B Jay, 29	2212212—7
C M Lincoln, 28	2*12201—5	C F Dudley, 29	2212121—7
C W Brooks, 28	2**12*0—3	P Daly, Jr, 30	222*0w

In the shoot-off at 3 pairs, Ramapo and Daly divided on 4 kills. The following events were at 5 birds, $5:

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
W L Losee, 28	1*211—4	1110*—3	21*12—4	2*1*2—3
C M Lincoln, 28	11211—5	21121—5	22122—5	21211—5
C A Ramapo, 28	12222—5	2*121—4	21121—5	2*120—3
C W Brooks, 28	11122—5	21121—5	2**10—2	2**10—2

Van Allen vs. Webber.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 19.—The match between Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. S. M. Van Allen at Interstate Park to-day was won by the latter by a margin of 6 birds, the scores being 94 and 88. From the fourth round to the finish Van Allen held the lead, and won with something to spare. The scores follow:

S M Van Allen, 30	2222222222222222222222222—25
	222*2222222222122222020222—22
	2222222222222222*222222222—24
	2022222222222222)222222222—23—94
Dr A A Webber, 30	2022*22222222222222*22?22—21
	2*22222222222222222222223—24
	022222222222022*2222222222—22
	2222220*2222*2022222222222—21—88

Fifteen-bird event:

Morfey, 30	222222222222022—14
P Daly, 29	220222122212212—14
Ramapo, 27	122212060201011—10
Van Allen, 30	022222222222222—14
Miller, 29	010222121222120—12
Webber, 29	00202222220w
W Hopkins, 28	100112120110121—11

Several 5-bird events followed.

Trap at Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, Queens, Feb. 22.—The open shoot held at Interstate Park to-day was well attended.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Van Allen, 30	2022222222— 9	2222222222—10
Steffens, 29	2111110122— 9	0222022222— 7
Peabody, 29	2102022122— 8	2222221021— 9
Cady, 26	2112211112—10	.....
Demorest, 27	0022022211— 7	.....
Super, 26	1101221102— 8	2222212211—10
Wellbrock, 28	0122222020— 7	2222222022— 9
Norman (birds)	1111212211—10	.....
Meyer, 28	.....	1212112012— 9
Kastans, 27	.....	0212221212— 9
Kroger, 27	.....	2122221122—10
J Bohling, 27	.....	2222222120— 9
Wellbrock, 27	2222222022— 9	.....

No. 3:

S M Van Allen, 30	2222222222—10	Demorest, 27	2220022222— 8
Peabody, 29	2122022002— 7	Cady, 26	1222101022— 8
Tracy, 28	2012112211— 9	Krogel, 27	2122012022— 8

Several other 10-bird events followed.

The Carteret Championship.

THE Carteret championship, the great annual event of the Carteret Gun Club, was shot on the grounds of the club at Garden City, L. I., on Feb. 21 and 22. Each year the honor has been earnestly contested, this year being no exception.

The trophy was beautiful as a work of art, and intrinsically valuable. It was donated by Mr. William Payne Thompson, and was valued at $400 by the club. It was probably worth much more really.

The conditions were 100 live birds, $100 entrance, money to be divided 40, 25, 15 and 10 per cent., and 10 per cent. to the club. All shooters stood at 30yds. Each day each contestant was allowed one bye bird. In case of twelve entries or more the following rules were announced to govern: "The shooter who misses 10 birds by the time the 50th round was finished, and thereby becomes 10th in place or lower, shall drop out without the privilege of re-entry. The shooter who misses 16 birds by the time the 75th round is finished, and thereby becomes 8th in place or lower, shall drop out without privilege of re-entry. From the 75th round up to the finish the referee shall retire, with privilege, those shooters who, in his opinion, have no chance of sharing in the moneys. Entries will be received up to the first round on the day of the shoot. The referee shall continue the first day's shooting as long as in his estimation the light holds good, or as may be desirable to facilitate completing the event."

The shooting on the first day, Thursday, was concluded at the end of the 45th round. At that juncture Dr. T. C. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., was 1 bird in the lead, having killed 41, with Harold Money and C. A. Painter, of the Herron Hill Gun Club, but 1 bird less.

The birds were an excellent lot of special birds. Birds and weather conditions combined to test the skill of the contestants to the utmost, for there was a driving, strong, cold wind, which helped the birds wonderfully, and they flitted out of the 30yd. boundary in a twinkling if not shot at promptly or accurately.

There were seventeen contestants. At the end of the 5th round the prospects for good scores were small indeed, for but two, Messrs. Harold Money and H. Kirkover, had killed 5 birds straight, the others having missed from 1 to 4 of their first 5.

On the second day the weather conditions were more favorable for good shooting, the wind blowing from 4 o'clock, not being so strong.

At the finish there was close work between Messrs. Harold B. Kirkover and Col Tom Martin. Mr. Money came out victor by 1 bird, the other two above mentioned being but 1 bird less. The win was an exceedingly popular one. Considering the excellence of the birds, the hard weather conditions, and the narrow boundary, the score was of a high order and deserving of much praise. The fact that so many seasoned and tried shots, of known ability, failed to do so well is the best testimonial to its merit.

Mr. Walker Breese Smith, of Tuxedo, acted as referee.

H Money, Carteret Gun Club	22222**2120222122222—22
	2222222022*22222222220—21
	2222222222222222222222—23
	2222222*222222220222202222—22—88
H P Kirkover, Buffalo	22222222222220222222222—23
	20*20220222222222222222—20
	22202222222022202202222—20
	2222222222222222222222222—24—87
Dr F C Wilson, Savannah, Ga	2202222222222222222222—24
	2222220220220212022222202—21
	22222022002222222202220222—20
	2*22222220022222222222202—21—86
C A Painter, Herron Hill, Pittsburg	222*222120220220_2220212—20
	22222221222222222222222222—25
	2202222222222220222202—20
	22222222022222222222022—21—86
D I Bradley, Carteret Gun Club	2220*2022*22222222222122—21
	202222222202202*2222222220—20
	2222222202222222022220—21
	22222*2*2222222222222222—22—84
Capt A W Money, Carteret G C	02*2*20222202022222*02222—17
	22222222020202222122*02200—18
	222222022222220222202222—22—57
C H Stanley, Cleveland	02*220*21022220202*0222222—17
	202222222221*22220020202—19
	22222222222220222222202021—23—59
G S McAlpin, Westminster K C	20002202*2220222222222222—19
	0202222202*22020222222220—18
	22222222202222222022220*2—21—62
W S Edey, Carteret Gun Club	02222*2*2*22222*220222220—18
	2202221*2*2221202221002 21—19
	22222221222222200w
S H Vandergrift, Pittsburg	220220*2200220022222*2022—16
	02120022222020222122222222—20
	22022202222202220w
L T Duryea, Carteret Gun Club	*200*22222020202222222222—18
	22*220202212*2222220222222—19
	22222221020006w
G Painter, Herron Hill, Pittsburg	02202222*00202222222220000—14
	200*22202002122102202222—17
	220222222021020w
R A Welch, Carteret Gun Club	22220220222221*2*2*2202222—19
	0*2*2022222201*20002w
C F Guthrie, Pittsburg	02*22222222222*2*220222122—20
	00*222222*22100022221w
H Y Dolan, Philadelphia	00222222*2*2222*222022222—19
	22020221222102220o22w
W S Hill, Carteret Gun Club	0*2221220**020220222222222—17
	20222220220222202122w

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 22.—The holiday shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association was a distinct success. Ninety entered in the first event.

Wilson Harding won the $35 Colt's revolver in the shoot-off with William Widman by 10 straight.

Sixteen tied for the second prize, and in the shoot-off Mickel won.

Seventeen tied with 8 targets for the third prize, and in the shoot-off Widman won.

The booby prize was won by F. W. Thropp after a miss-and-out of 20 targets.

Secretary Thomas badly injured his knee and was compelled to limp around the grounds.

The scores were as follows:

First prize, Colt's automatic revolver, valued at $35, 10 targets per man: Tied with 10, Harding and Widman; tied with 9, Thomas, Pickett, Albury, Harding, Mickel, Sinclair, Widman, Taylor, J. Thropp and Emmons; tied with 8, Jaques, Vanarsdale, Widman, Dale, Cartlidge, Taylor, Cole, Williams, Messler, Mack, Thomas and T. Thropp; tied with 7, Mickel, Sinclair, Firth, Taylor, Cole, Harding, Comp, Prickett, Thomas, Emmons, Wilson, Borden and F. Thropp; tied with 6, Prickett, Jaques, Gaskill, Wilson, Emmons, Vialcovitch, Williams, P. Thropp, White, Maddock and Mack; tied with 5, Albury, Cartlidge, Borden, J. Thropp, Coates, Mack, Ginnelly, Prickett, Thomas, and P. Thropp; tied with 4, Bowers, White, P. Thropp and Wilson; tied with 3, Borden, Sinclair, F. Thropp and Jaques; tied with 1, Pettit, C. Maddock; tied with 0, Cole and F. Thropp.

Shoot-off of ties for first prize, miss-and-out:

Harding	111	Widman	110

Second prize, $5 in gold:

Albury	1111110	J Thropp	10
Thomas	11110	Harding	10
Emmons	0	Prickett	10
Widman	111110	Cole	11111110
Messler	1111110	Mickel	111111111
B Sinclair	111111110		

Third prize, $2.50 in gold:

Jaques	0	Cartlidge	0
Widman	111111	Williams	0
Vanarsdale	1110	Mack	1110
Cartlidge	0	Messler	1110
Taylor	110	Thomas	1110
Cole	0	T. Thropp	111110
Widman	11110		

Booby prize, gold cuff buttons:

Cole	0001000011000000000
F Thropp	0001000010000000001

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Feb. 23.—Sixteen contested in the club handicap. The birds were an exceptionally good lot, and the day favored good work.

The main event was the club handicap at 10 birds, in which sixteen shooters took part. Vandergrift, Orth, Henry, McCoy and Felix finished with straight scores. Geikler, Russell, Darby and Francotte scored 9, Geikler's miss being a dead out of bounds.

Club handicap, 10 birds, handicap rise, open sweepstake, entrance $2.50:

J Orth, 29	2221212122—10	W Francotte, 30	2022222222— 9
H Henry, 30	2121111121—10	A Daly, 30	2202222*22— 8
F McCoy, 30	2222222222—10	J Campbell, 29	02222*0122— 7
J Vandergrift, 30	2222121122—10	F Van Loon, 30	12*1100202— 6
A Felix, 30	2222222222—10	F M Hobbs, 30	2*2*2102o1— 6
C Geikler, 29	22212*2222— 9	W Wilson, 29	1*20022001— 5
E Russell, 29	2220212221— 9	G Bell, 29	0101210200— 5
Dr Darby, 29	2220222222— 9	C Fitzgerald, 30	1*2000*002— 4

A sweepstake event at 8 birds followed, and Henry carried off first money alone. Fitzgerald missed his last and McCoy's first fell dead out of bounds. The next event was at 10 birds, and Vandergrift and Daly killed all their birds. Hobbs lost his second dead out, and Darby missed his last after killing 9 straight. Geikler and Orth also killed all their birds in this event, but each lost 1 dead out of bounds.

Two miss-and-out events wound up the day's sport. In these the men shot from the 26yd. mark, gun below the elbow, and one barrel. In the first Felix, Vandergrift and Henry divided first money with 3 kills, and in the second Felix and Henry divided on 4 birds.

On Washington's Birthday there was an open handicap, 20 live birds, entrance $10. The scores:

A J Felix, 29	22222222222211221222—20
C Fitzgerald, 30	12212111120110222221—18
H L Landis, 30	*22222222222212011122—18
I W Budd, 30	12112121222212201201—18
E Russell, 29	1222*220*11212212222—17
J Morris, 29	02111121222212010211—17
H Schultz, 30	1*22101222222222221220—17
F M Hobbs, 29	22222122222222222002*2—17
J W Orth, 28	21201222221*22021102—16
C E Geikler, 28	2*22021*2221*0222222—15
H C Delaney, 28	22200122110210021121—15
J Schenck, 27	00020022022000222000— 8

Miss-and-out sweepstake, live birds, entrance $1; Hobbs 7, Budd 7, Russell 7, Orth 7, Morris 7, Schultz 7, Geikler 5, Wynn 4, Ridge 4, Landis 3, Fitzgerald 2, Felix 2.

Forester Gun Club.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 23.—The annual midwinter tournament of the Forester Gun Club, held on Washington's Birthday, was a success in every way. The attendance was larger than usual, and the weather conditions were all that could be expected at this season of the year. There was just enough breeze from the south to give the targets an uncertain flight at times, and this kept the boys guessing. The programme called for ten 15-target events, with a total entrance of $12.50. The purses were divided in four moneys. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Wagner	13	12	12	15	12	11	13	12	14	13	150	127
Levingston	13	13	10	11	..	14	11	13	13	12	135	110
Valentine	13	13	13	14	13	12	13	12	11	13	150	127
Green	11	12	11	13	12	12	14	9	14	10	150	118
Wallburgh	6	11	9	12	11	11	10	13	12	12	150	107
Arnold	7	8	5	12	9	9	12	11	14	9	150	96
Harris	7	7	9	8	8	11	11	12	11	..	135	84
Hancox	9	14	11	10	12	11	11	12	..	..	120	90
Ondawa	9	10	10	11	11	13	9	13	..	..	120	86
Commodore	8	8	7	10	4	10	12	8	..	..	120	64
Westover	9	8	9	9	6	9	8	9	..	..	120	67
Peck	6	6	11	9	11	13	10	..	..	..	105	66
De Land	5	7	3	7	6	8	10	..	..	..	105	46
Hull	8	9	9	10	11	15	14	..	..	..	105	76
Smith	10	11	11	11	7	12	9	..	..	..	105	71
Huyck	11	12	9	11	10	7	7	..	..	..	105	67
Wadsworth	8	6	5	7	13	11	10	..	..	..	105	60
Sweny	12	12	12	12	13	12	..	..	..	..	90	73
Berg	13	11	8	11	10	7	..	..	..	..	90	60
Eigen	5	6	7	3	8	7	..	..	..	..	90	36
Munson	11	8	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	35
Venmont	..	..	..	..	10	10	14	10	..	..	60	44
Mertching	4	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	13
Wolfred	9	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	20
McBride	6	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	28
St Charles	7	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	28
Goggin	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	30	20

H. VALENTINE.

Like Picking Up Money.

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Peters Cartridge Co.'s Tournament at New Orleans.

THE Mardi Gras shoots of the Peters Cartridge Company opened up under very auspices circumstances as regards weather, attendance, etc., on the grounds of the City Park Gun Club, New Orleans, Friday, Feb. 15. Shooters were in attendance from Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas and Louisiana. The trade was represented by Messrs. Kaufman, King and Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Company, and King Powder Company, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Faurote, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

The shoot was very ably managed by Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, who was assisted by Mesrs. Kaufman and King, and gun club members. Mr. Blunt, of Greensboro, Ala., won the average trophy donated by Peters Cartridge Company, making a total of 323 out of 350 targets shot at.

Mr. King, of Peters Cartridge Company and King Powder Company, did himself proud in a shooting way; in fact, he was shooting so strong that in a special race for a Greener gun at 25 targets he was backed against the field by some gentlemen on the ground, and made a score of 24 out of 25, dusting very hard the bird that was scored lost.

Messrs. Faurote, Blunt and Parker broke 25 straight in same race for gun. This shoot has created an impetus to trapshooting in New Orleans.

The local shooters—Messrs. Miller, Saucier, Stutte, Sinnot, Lee, Pourseine, Jackson, Kaufman, McMurdo, Benedict, Tiblier, Williams, and Lhote—were very much in evidence, shooting nearly through the entire programme. About 8,000 targets were thrown.

Mr. Emil Werk and Fred Bader, of Cincinnati, visited the shoot on the first day.

Maurice Kaufman, the genial and popular Southern representative of Peters Cartridge Company, was here, there and everywhere, making it pleasant for all the visiting shooters, making friends for himself and company all the time.

The scores are appended:

First Day, Friday, Feb. 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
McKay	12	14	16	13	13	15	13	12	16	21	145
Saucier	11	12	17	12	12	17	13	14	17	22	147
Blunt	13	13	17	15	14	20	14	14	19	24	163
King	11	10	18	12	12	17	12	11	20	23	146
Kaufman	13	14	17	13	13	15	14	14	17	23	155
Newman	8	12	15	12	12	14	11	..	19	..	103
Mack	9	11	15	12	10	15	9	..	11	..	92
Brown	12	13	16	13	14	17	11	12	17	21	146
Goodload	13	14	19	15	13	19	11	14	18	22	158
Vincent	15	12	16	11	12	16	8	8	18	21	137
Pollard	10	14	17	11	11	18	11	11	16	23	142
Jones	11	12	16	11	8	17	11	13	17	22	139
Turpin	9	6	18	11	10	18	9	11	15	..	107
Faurote	13	14	20	14	15	19	14	9	20	24	162
Miller	10	8	10	10	10	10	5	11	8	19	101
Ingraham	13	12	18	12	11	17	13	12	19	23	150
Wade	13	13	17	13	9	11	6	..	..	..	82
Welch	13	14	16	13	8	14	11	12	11	16	129
Parker	14	13	18	14	14	16	13	13	16	22	153
Luckett	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	13	..	..	38
Lee	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	17	..	38
Pourseine	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	12	..	32
Nap	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	9
Crosby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	20	39
Tiblier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	22
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	17
Sinnot	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	24

Second Day, Saturday, Feb. 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Blunt	14	13	19	13	14	19	14	11	20	23	160
King	14	13	19	15	12	18	15	12	17	23	158
L Laude	14	9	15	..	11	..	13	12	19	..	93
Kaufman	13	14	18	15	14	20	13	13	17	23	160
Brown	14	11	13	12	13	18	15	15	19	22	152
Nap	7	7	16	13	15	15	15	12	20	22	142
Jones	12	12	18	13	15	19	..	12	16	21	138
Pollard	14	13	18	13	14	18	12	13	18	21	154
Pinkston	13	10	16	12	12	16	13	8	15	22	137
Miller	8	7	10	9	9	13	9	10	18	20	113
McKay	13	13	20	15	15	16	11	13	19	21	156
Ingraham	11	13	16	13	14	19	12	14	19	24	153
Welch	11	9	16	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	36
Faurote	13	15	19	13	15	20	15	15	20	24	169
Saucier	14	15	20	14	15	19	15	14	20	22	168
Mack	11	13	19	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	54
Newman	11	9	15	11	14	18	12	9	..	..	99
Stutte	11	9	16	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	45
Sinnot	10	11	17	7	10	16	13	..	..	..	84
Lee	10	8	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
E T P	8	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	28
Kuhlman	6	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Parker	13	12.	17	14	18	..	..	19	24	..	117
Wade	13	14	16	14	14	17	14	18	21	..	141
Luckett	..	14	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	26
Jackson	..	7	17	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Turpin	..	..	17	13	5	..	..	..	..	..	35
McMurdo	..	..	..	14	13	16	15	14	19	23	114
Tiblier	..	..	..	..	14	15	19	15	..	..	63
Lhote	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	9	..	..	35
Ellis	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	11	14	15	71
Benedict	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	14	18	21	95
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	..	15	17	61
Lee	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	..	..	..	30

Gottlieb—De Long Match.

PRELIMINARY to the annual Hot Springs tournament, an individual match was shot on the afternoon of Saturday, Feb. 16, between C. E. De Long, of Hot Springs, and Chris Gottlieb, of Kansas City. The match as originally arranged was at 50 live birds per man, for $50 a side. However, Mr. De Long labored under the disadvantage of having a gun out of repair, so that it was not sure of fire on the second barrel. He started in to shoot the race in very good style, but working under this difficulty lost 3 birds in the first 25, and finally on the 31st round the contestants agreed to call the match off, Mr. De Long agreeing to pay for all birds shot at by both parties, and another match was aranged to follow immediately at 20 birds per man, one barrel only, 30yds. rise. This was a pretty stiff contract—more so, perhaps, than either man realized, for the birds were a fast lot, and most of them got away without a moment's hesitation. Up to his 31st bird in the first race Mr. Gottlieb shot in superb form, killing all his birds stone dead without a scratch; but in the one-barrel contest both contestants found themselves compelled to shoot in different time, and the black powder bushwhacker, in the person of the Arkansas small boy, got a chance to show his hand up on the mountainside.

Mr. Gottlieb won with 2 birds to the good. The scores:

First match, both barrels:

Gottlieb	22222222212221222122222222222222—31
De Long	22222022221220222212221122*221011—27

Second match, one barrel only, 20 birds, 30yds. rise:

Gottlieb	101*1011111000111011—17
De Long	01010011001010011111—11

F. C. RIEHL.

Frankford Gun Club.

FRANKFORD, Pa., Feb. 23.—The first of a new series, which calls for a contest every two weeks, commencing Feb. 23; also on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. At the known angles Brown, George, Meyers, Smith and S. B. Coverdale were the high men, each breaking 20. At unknown angles S. B. Coverdale was the high man with 22. The contest resulted in a tie between Dr. Smith and Howard George with 40 out of 50. Newcomb and Coverdale not being members of the club, were not eligible for the prize. In the shoot-off of the tie at 10 targets Smith won by breaking 8, George 5.

Twenty-five targets, known angles: Brown 20, George 20, Meyers 20, Smith 20, S. B. Coverdale 20, Redifer 19, Newcomb 19, Green 18, Krier 16, Baker 15, W. Coverdale 14, Bender 14, Riotte 10, McMichael 15, E. Dawson 9, J. Dawson 6.

Twenty-five targets, unknown angles: S. B. Coverdale 22, Newcomb 21, Redifer 20, George 20, Smith 20, Green 19, Meyers 19, Krier 19, McMichael 18, Brown 15, Baker 14, Bender 14, Riotte 10, E. Dawson 7.

Total of 50 targets for the prize: George 40, Smith 40, Redifer 39, Meyers 39, Green 37, Brown 35, Krier 35, McMichael 33, Baker 29, Bender 28, Riotte 20, E. Dawson 16.

The Hot Springs Annual.

Two score of the best known and most competent trap shots in these broad United States have been spending the present week in friendly but determined contest for honors at both target and live bird shooting. This is the fourth time the boys have come together here at these midwinter tourneys, and the time and place has seemed so opportune and so fitting that this has about come to be recognized as one of the features of the game, to be anticipated with pleasure and figured in as an important factor in the record of the year's work.

There was a departure from old arrangements this year in that the local gun club ceded the entire management of the occasion to the Whittington Park Association, of which Capt. H. O. Price and his son, the genial R. E. Price, are the active heads. Quite as a matter of course, gun club members, and in fact every one in Hot Springs, worked together for the success of the occasion, but to the Messrs. Price and Mr. C. E. De Long must be ascribed most of the credit for the success of this week.

Nothing was left undone that might be acomplished to expedite shooting or enhance the personal comfort and convenience of the guests of the occasion. The target traps were arranged in two sets on the Sergeant system, in the center of the race track arena and squarely on the baseball track, at the famous park adjoining the Price ostrich farm and deer park to the southwest of the city. Targets were thrown from bluerock expert traps, the birds going on a uniformly even flight strictly within the prescribed regulation angles, to the distance of perhaps of 55yds., and doubtless scores would have been even higher but for the unavoidable fact that a target going sometimes toward a particularly shaded spot on the mountain background defied certainty of aim. The live bird circle, with King's ground traps, was no less carefully arranged, retrieving being nicely done by a well-trained corps of colored boys.

In only one respect can it be said that the tournament proved anything of a disappointment. This is with regard to the attendance. Last year the total entry was not far from sixty, and this year it was twenty short of that number. The cause of this seems to have been purely local with the individual shooters, as the advance assurances would have guaranteed a much larger crowd. But, to the credit of the Whittington Park Association, be it said that, although the programme was an expensive one, every promise was carried out to the letter, and in a manner so cheerful as to win the admiration and unstinted praise of every shooter present. When such praise comes from the men who have campaigned on the circuit professionally for years, it means something, and the assurances given by Capt. Price and son that another and better programme will be presented here next winter, is a warrant with each of the boys of his personal indorsement of the Hot Springs' brand of shooting tournaments.

Monday, Feb. 18.

A short preliminary programme was shot on Monday, including 115 targets, but a good many of the boys who were tired from the long ride on the cars did not get to the grounds until after noon. Of the experts in this contest, W. R. Crosby made the best record, losing but 3 in 85, Gilbert and Fanning coming next with 5 each down. The weather was threatening for a time, but cleared toward evening, and the targets flew very satisfactorily. Practice shooting and extra events were continued until nearly sundown.

Tuesday, Feb. 19.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and fine, but if any one cherished fond dreams of phenomenal scores he was doomed to disappointment. A stiff northeast wind was blowing up the valley, which ever and anon was caught into a swirl by the jutting spurs of the hills and played particular smash with the flight of the targets. While the traps were working perfectly, it was simply impossible to shoot with certainty of aim under these conditions, and it was no common thing for even the best of them to fall below the money. In the afternoon the wind was lighter and scores correspondingly better. Bob Price handled the squads as few other men in this country can do this sort of work, and the programme was run through with such dispatch that there was time for half a dozen extras, in which all participated. When the smoke had cleared from the field in the regular events it was found that Fred Gilbert had first honor, with 12 misses, while Heikes and Crosby were respectively 1 and 2 birds behind.

The scores are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	12	14	17	14	15	17	15	15	18	15	165	152	.921
Fanning	12	14	18	12	13	16	13	14	20	14	165	146	.884
Gilbert	13	12	18	14	14	18	14	15	20	15	165	153	.927
Burnside	15	13	19	14	12	17	13	15	19	13	165	150	.909
Crosby	13	13	19	13	15	18	14	14	20	12	165	151	.915
Norton	14	13	13	12	14	15	13	9	18	11	165	136	.824
Arnold	12	11	17	10	10	16	14	12	17	11	165	130	.788
Allen	12	11	13	13	11	13	13	12	19	13	165	129	.781
Vanquren	9	12	15	19	11	8	12	9	16	9	165	120	.722
O'Brien	13	14	17	14	12	18	13	11	17	9	165	138	.836
Jap	13	11	16	13	13	17	12	14	17	11	165	137	.830
Swinton	15	12	17	11	13	18	14	14	18	8	165	140	.849
Gottlieb	14	15	18	12	15	17	14	14	15	12	165	146	.884
Parmelee	13	12	15	13	14	20	13	14	19	15	165	148	.899
Hodges	11	13	19	10	13	15	14	13	20	14	165	142	.860
De Long	11	9	17	11	12	12	11	12	17	12	165	125	.759
Kimball	15	12	17	10	13	20	12	13	20	14	165	146	.884
Brady	10	8	15	10	10	13	13	13	15	13	165	130	.788
Tramp	11	15	19	14	11	17	15	12	20	13	165	147	.890
Ingraham	13	11	16	10	13	17	12	13	16	12	165	133	.806
Gresham	12	8	18	13	12	14	14	15	14	10	165	120	.722
Ward	15	13	19	13	14	17	13	11	17	14	165	144	.872
Johnson	10	10	15	15	10	13	10	11	19	8	165	110	.666
McCrea	10	12	16	11	12	15	12	15	15	10	165	128	.775
Mackie	11	11	18	13	11	14	9	12	16	14	165	129	.781
Sharkey	11	11	13	12	14	14	..	..	..	..	100	...	....
Riehl	12	12	16	12	13	11	13	12	17	11	165	129	.781
Gilke	8	13	11	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	80	...	....
Little	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	...	....
Linderman	14	12	18	9	13	18	15	13	18	13	165	142	.860
Erhardt	..	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	30	...	....
Peck	..	..	..	..	8	..	11	..	..	..	30	...	....
Tatty	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	16	14	65	...	....
Burns	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	14	12	65	...	....
Rube	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	...	....
Norman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	35	...	....

Wednesday, Feb. 20.

The weather was all that could be desired, the wind of the previous day was no longer a factor in whipping the targets about and the scores throughout were higher. W. R. Crosby came to the front as high man. He shot in magnificent form and lost but 4 targets in the programme events. Fred Gilbert was second, Jack Fanning third and Rolla Heikes fourth. Twenty-six men shot through. The summarized scores are here given:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
De Long	7	4	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Kimball	15	13	17	13	14	18	14	15	18	14	165	151	.915
Brady	13	11	12	11	12	14	10	10	14	10	165	122	.750
Tramp	15	13	17	14	13	17	13	14	16	14	165	146	.890
Ingraham	10	14	17	13	13	19	12	14	18	13	165	143	.866
Lawton	12	13	16	13	13	19	13	14	17	15	165	145	.878
Arnold	11	13	17	15	15	16	12	14	18	13	165	144	.873
Allen	10	14	15	12	13	17	12	14	15	14	165	136	.764
O'Brien	12	13	14	13	11	13	9	9	18	13	165	125	.758
Van Kueren	12	15	14	12	11	15	11	14	13	12	165	129	.781
Lawton	12	13	16	13	13	19	13	14	17	15	165	145	.878
Jap	12	14	19	15	11	20	13	14	14	15	165	147	.893
Slob	13	13	13	15	13	17	14	14	15	14	165	141	.853
Parmelee	11	13	18	15	14	20	13	15	17	13	165	149	.903
Heikes	15	15	17	14	15	19	13	12	19	15	165	154	.930
Hodges	14	15	16	12	14	19	13	12	19	15	165	144	.873
Fanning	12	13	19	15	13	19	14	15	20	15	165	155	.939
Gilbert	14	13	19	15	12	19	12	15	19	15	165	156	.945
Burnside	14	13	18	15	13	18	12	14	14	13	165	144	.873
Crosby	15	15	19	14	15	19	14	15	20	15	165	161	.975
Linderman	14	13	18	15	14	18	14	14	19	14	165	153	.927
Johnson	8	13	13	9	13	16	13	13	15	10	165	128	.775
Riehl	14	11	14	13	13	17	14	14	18	13	165	141	.853
Ward	10	15	17	14	14	19	9	15	19	14	165	146	.890
Mackie	13	11	15	11	8	17	12	12	16	12	165	127	.769
Taylor	9	11	16	13	13	15	13	14	14	12	165	130	.787
Doty	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	14	...	...	....
Little	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	...	...	....
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	9	...	...	....
Eskridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..		...	...	....

A contest at 10 live birds was subsequently pulled off, moneys being divided on the high gun system. Scores:

Parmelee, 32	2222222222—10	Fanning, 32	1122211212—10
Slob, 31	2222212222—10	Ingraham, 29	1211022212— 9
Gilbert, 32	2222222222—10	Rube, 29	2212210220— 8
Burnside, 31	121222*122— 9	Lawton, 29	2222222222—10
Heikes, 32	1111222212—10	Mackie, 29	2221202222— 9
Tramp, 30	2021221022— 8	Doty, 29	*222221222— 9
Crosby, 32	222*222212— 9	Pumphry, 29	12212*0211— 8
Norton, 30	1122212212—10	Kimball, 30	2222222222—10
Taylor, 31	2110222221— 9	Johnson, 28	0111*w
Riehl, 30	02222*w	Robertson, 29	02222221*2— 8
Linderman, 30	1121221122—10	Parker, 31	2022122222— 9

Thursday, Feb. 21.

The third and last day of the target programme was the best and most pleasant of the week. The air was again warm and comfortable, and another marked improvement in scores was the natural consequence. Crosby continued his great work, repeating his record of the previous day in losing but 4 targets. Gilbert was 3, Fanning 4, and Heikes 5 birds behind. Among the amateurs Kimball and Linderman forged ahead noticeably, and finished with a better than 90 per cent. average for the week. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Kimball	14	14	18	14	13	19	15	14	20	13	165	154	.930
Taylor	12	13	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Ward	14	13	19	11	14	15	14	14	18	10	165	142	.860
Tramp	12	13	19	13	13	19	13	14	19	12	165	147	.893
Ingraham	11	14	19	11	14	19	15	12	18	13	165	146	.890
Norton	13	14	18	13	14	15	14	11	17	13	165	142	.860
Arnold	13	13	19	13	13	14	12	13	19	14	165	143	.866
Allen	12	12	17	11	13	18	12	9	19	14	165	137	.830
O'Brien	11	12	17	12	15	9	14	14	19	14	165	137	.830
Van Kueren	12	11	18	14	15	17	14	13	20	13	165	147	.893
Lawton	14	11	16	11	15	18	13	10	19	13	165	140	.848
Jap	14	15	18	13	14	18	15	13	14	12	165	151	.915
Slob	14	13	19	11	15	17	14	14	19	14	165	150	.909
Parmelee	13	13	19	13	13	17	15	13	19	15	165	150	.909
Hodges	12	12	17	13	14	18	13	14	20	15	165	148	.895
Heikes	13	15	20	15	14	20	13	13	19	14	165	156	.940
Fanning	15	12	20	13	15	18	15	15	20	14	165	157	.945
Gilbert	15	15	18	14	15	19	15	14	20	13	165	158	.950
Burnside	13	12	18	12	14	19	11	14	20	11	165	144	.873
Crosby	15	14	20	13	15	19	15	15	20	15	165	161	.975
Linderman	15	13	18	14	13	19	15	14	19	11	165	151	.915
Johnson	12	11	15	9	13	18	12	13	16	11	165	130	.787
Mackie	14	12	18	12	12	18	13	10	17	11	165	137	.830
Riehl	11	14	16	12	13	19	14	14	20	13	165	146	.890
Sharkey	14	13	16	12	10	17	..	11	..	..	...	...	....
Parker	11	11	17	14	14	14	11	11	17	11	165	131	.793
Doty	14	11	17	11	13	15	13	13	16	10	165	138	.835

After the close of the target programme a $2 miss-and-out, birds extra, was pulled off, and it proved quite an interesting event. Kimball and Arnold finally divided the pot, amounting to $38. The scores:

Heikes	2222222212121220
Fanning	21112111110
Gilbert	22222222222222*2
Burnside	22222222222222222222*
Crosby	222222*
Parmelee	2222222220
Riehl	2*
Slob	22222222221221222*
Lawton	1220
Kimball	22222222222222222222
Norton	0
O'Brien	20
Linderman	1*
Arnold	22222222122212122222
Rube	1211210
Parker	2222212211222*
Doty	2*
Tramp	2021
Norman	20
Mackie	22222220
Hodges	0

General Averages.

In considering the general averages of this tournament and the individual work of the shooters, it must be remembered that, while the management was perfect in every respect, the peculiar conditions here prevailing militate against very high scores, and in view of this fact some of the totals shown are much more than ordinarily creditable.

W. R. Crosby won the first place with an average of .955, Gilbert comes next with .943, Heikes third with .933, and Fanning fourth with .925. Long runs were made by Crosby, 87; by Gilbert, 66; by Fanning, 68 and 57, and by Heikes, 79. The squad composed of Heikes, Gilbert, Fanning, Burnside and Crosby made a record of 99 out of 100 in the ninth event, Thursday afternoon.

Of the twenty-three men who shot through the programme only seven, namely, Crosby, Gilbert, Heikes, Fanning, Kimball, Parmelee and Linderman, finished with an average above 90 per cent. Fifty average money donated by the Association was divided among eight highest scores of amateurs, paid experts being ineligible to compete.

General averages:

	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Total.	Average.
Heikes	152	154	156	462	.933
Fanning	146	155	157	458	.925
Gilbert	153	156	158	467	.943
Burnside	150	144	144	438	.884
Crosby	151	161	161	473	.955
Norton	136	136	142	414	.836
Arnold	130	144	143	417	.842
Allen	129	136	137	402	.812
Van Kueren	120	129	147	396	.800
O'Brien	138	125	137	400	.808
Jap	137	147	151	435	.878
Lawton	140	145	140	425	.858
Gottlieb	146	141	150	437	.882
Parmelee	148	149	150	447	.903
Hodges	142	144	148	434	.876
De Long	125	...	...	...	....
Kimball	146	151	154	451	.911
Brady	130	122	...	...	....
Tramp	147	146	147	440	.888
Ingraham	133	143	146	422	.853
Gresham	120	...	...	...	....
Ward	144	146	142	432	.872
Johnson	110	128	130	368	.743
McCrea	128	...	...	...	....
Mackie	129	127	137	393	.793
Riehl	129	141	146	416	.840
Linderman	142	153	151	446	.902

Friday, Feb. 22.

The big Hot Springs live-bird handicap was scheduled to be shot to-day, but the weather was very unfavorable, a heavy snow falling for several hours in the morning, and a late start was made. There were three other races booked for the day, and these occupied the time until after 5 o'clock, so that it was decided to defer the handicap until Saturday.

In the first event, a $3 miss-and-out, there were sixteen entries. The birds were a soft lot, with occasional exceptions, and 170 were shot, when Fanning, Gottlieb, Gilbert and Heikes divided the purse on the 16th round. They got $12 each for their work.

Next was a 7-bird race, entrance $7, birds included. There were twenty-six entries, and of this number fifteen finished with straight scores. Money in this event was divided according to the old class system, 50, 30 and 20; the straights received $4.55 each, the 6s, $8.15, and the 5s, $9.10.

A 10-bird event, same conditions as the previous one, was started directly after noon. By this time the atmosphere was clearer, and the birds much better, averaging quite high. Many drivers and cross-quarterers were trapped that kept even the best shots busy. With an entry of twenty-three, only five finishing with clean scores, eleven got 9 and two 8. First money amounted to $17.25, second to $4.70, and third to $17.25.

What would otherwise have been a cold, disagreeable day's experience was made pleasant and comfortable by the nicely heated and electrically lighted club house, thoughtfully provided by the management, and which had seemed almost a joke during the warm days earlier in the week. The scores are fully shown below;

Seven birds, $7, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Fanning	1221111—7	Pumphrey	1221221—7
Riehl	2212112—7	Little	1222101—6
Parmelee	2212222—7	Hodges	1111122—7
Slob	2222212—7	Norton	2220222—6
Linderman	2211220—6	Arnold	1221222—7
Burnside	2221121—7	O'Brien	1122200—5
Gilbert	2121111—7	Thornton	2102102—5
Crosby	2222222—7	Burns	2210210—5
Kimball	2222202—6	Tramp	1222122—7
Mackie	2222222—7	Taylor	2000222— 4
Robertson	2112222—7	Collins	2121222—7
Heikes	1221212—7	Ward	0011220—4
Doty	1222220—6		

Ten birds, $10, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Fanning	2212121111—10	Pumphrey	2111222200— 8
Riehl	2*121*2122— 8	Norton	**2222220*— 6
Parmelee	11212222*2— 9	Ingraham	2122222202— 9
Slob	2221122221—10	O'Brien	200*w
Linderman	2202222222— 9	Doty	21210**222— 7
Burnside	2122211222—10	Norman	2222022222— 9
Gilbert	22112*1222— 9	Little	2222202222— 9
Crosby	2222222222—10	Collins	0222222122— 9
Mackie	2*22200w	Parker	122*212222— 9
Kimball	2222220222— 9	Tramp	2111222212—10
Robertson	221222**20— 7	Bogardus	2*12221112— 9
Heikes	1021112222— 9		

Miss-and-out, $3, birds extra: Fanning 16, Riehl 4, Parmelee 10, Slob 16, Thompson 6, Tramp 9, Norton 3, O'Brien 8, Burnside 0, Gilbert 16, Crosby 12, Kimball 6, Heikes 16, Doty 8, Robertson 14, Taylor 11.

Saturday, Feb. 23.

The annual Hot Springs live bird handicap was shot to-day under conditions that would try the mettle of the best marksmen. The weather was clear and cold, with the snow of the previous day yet ranging on the hills and a hard wind blowing toward the traps from up the valley. If some of the birds in the earlier events were soft, that impeachment could not be brought against the lot trapped to-day. There were twenty-six entries, and from the first round it was apparent that this was to be a fast and furious game. The birds went out as if shot from a catapult, and in the first 10 rounds 38 were scored lost. After noon the wind was lighter, and the shooting somewhat easier, but by this time many had "gone to the woods," while others had but a bird to lose to fall below the money.

From the first it was aparent that a battle royal was on among the experts. However, it was a situation in which no favorites could be played with certainty, and this was demonstrated when Parmelee lost his fourth bird, a driving right quarterer, just outside; Crosby also lost his fourth, a driving twister from trap 2. Heikes came to grief on a driver from No. 3, on the tenth round. This narrowed the race down to Gilbert, Kimball and "Arkansaw Traveler;" these three ran in splendid form to their twenty-second birds, when both Kimball and the Traveler lost one dead out, the former a twister from No. 2, and the latter a low driver from No. 3. Gilbert kept on and finished with the only straight score, winning the handicap and handsome medal donated by the Association.

Money was divided on the high gun plan, there being 13 places; first gun received $70, and the 22 men, of whom there were six, got a little over $18 each.

"Jap" Knoler ably refereed the event, R. E. Price pulled the traps, Jake Buckler hustled up the shooters, while G. A. Newsalt and A. T. McNabb handled the score and office work, as they did throughout the week.

So closed a pleasant and successful tourney, amid mutual good feeling among all participants. Late in the afternoon a telegram was read from the Peters Cartridge Company, announcing the donation of a silver cup, to be contested for annually at the Hot Spring tournaments, winner to take same home without bond, three wins entitling to permanent possession.

In token of appreciation of the programme just completed, the shooters before leaving the grounds drew up and signed the following paper, which was presented to Capt. Price:

To Whom It May Concern.

The undersigned representatives of the shooting fraternity of the United States, whose privilege and pleasure it has been to attend and participate in the fourth annual midwinter tournament of the Whittington Park Association, of Hot Springs, Ark., take this opportunity of testifying to the excellent manner in which this tourney has been carried through.

Despite a disappointingly small attendance, every feature of an expensive programme carrying $1,000 added money, has been fulfilled to the letter, and with a spirit of cheerfulness that merits the fullest praise.

To Capt. H. O. Price and son, R. E. Price, the thanks of the undersigned are extended for this week's entertainment; coupled with the hope that these tournaments may become a fixed annual event in Western shooting annals, and with the pledge that the same under such management shall always have our good will and earnest support. Signed: Rolla O. Heikes, Guy Burnside, Frank C. Riehl, J. S. Fanning, Fred Gilbert, W. R. Crosby, F. S. Parmelee, Jack Parker, Chris Gottlieb, F. F. Norton, H. W. Knoler, R. R. Kimball, Herbert Taylor, J. H. Mackie, A. J. Lawton, C. D. Linderman, W. T. Irwin, Frank Hodges, Max Fleischman, "Robertson," Geo. C. Ingraham.

Hot Springs handicap, high guns, entrance $15, birds extra; $200 added. Geo. A. Newsalt, scorer; Jap, referee:

Fanning, 32	1221222*22102212121121212—23
Kimball, 31	22122222222222222222*222—24
Heikes, 32	22222222202222222*11222*—22
Parmelee, 32	222*22222*2222222222222222—23
Gilbert, 32	22222222222222222222222222—25
Burnside, 31	22220220222222222222222223—23
Crosby, 32	222*22222222222222222222—24
Mackie, 29	*22222222222222*202222222—22
Taylor, 31	22022221122**2121220
Riehl, 30	1*222*0212*
Hodges, 29	11120201111**
Linderman, 31	22222220222222*222222222—23
Lawton, 29	220220012
Morton, 30	22*2222202002
O'Brien, 28	22221222220112222222122022—23
Tramp, 30	2021212221*2*222211112222—22
Slob, 31	22222222102222021222*2*22—21
Arnold, 29	2201220*220
Arkansaw Traveler, 30	22222222222222222222*222—24
Parker	2222*00122221220
Little, 27	110121111*12211222122212*—22
Robertson, 29	22000
Ingraham, 27	22222221120122112*21112*2—22
Doty, 28	22222*01222122122112202212—22
Pumphrey, 27	22121212222022211*1112201*1—21
Collins, 30	01*12202220

Notes of the Week.

Jake Boeckler, of the Cincinnati national baseball league team, made an excellent referee, and the shooting fraternity will "holler" for Jake whenever occasion offers.

A notable feature of the shoot was the constant intrusion of the tame deer running at large in the park. The pretty little animals, not the least alarmed by the sound of shooting, persistently came down from the hills into dangerous proximity with the flight of the targets, and more than once a squad had to lay by on unfinished scores while the deer were chased away. However, all present were sportsmen, and it was an intrusion dear to the heart of each.

Capt. Price's famous ostrich farm also claimed at least one visit from each, and was the subject of much interested inquiry.

Not many of the boys took the course of baths. This aggregation has few bodily ailments to complain of, and each had other work than to follow the advertising dodgers of cure-alls for real or imaginary ills.

The Kansas-Nebraska squad, composed of Kooler, Lawton, Gottlieb, Parmelee and Hodges, was dubbed by some wag of the aggregation the "Carrie Nation squad," and the name stuck to them like a brother.

Rolla Heikes made a remarkable run of 70 odd, including three programme events, two extra races of 5 pairs each, and one event shot at 25yds. rise, use of both barrels, but in which he did not once use his second.

While there was practically no attendance of local amateur shooters in the target tournament, the citizens generally showed a lively interest in the shoot, and there were from 100 to 300 paid admissions daily.

Frank Parmelee, Guy Burnside and Herbert Taylor were somewhat handicapped in their shooting work by breaking parts of their guns at the most inopportune time.

It is conceded by all that Tramp Irwin simply outshot himself at this tournament. His work was consistent throughout and far above the average.

Rolla Heikes, Herbert Taylor, R. E. Price, C. E. De Long and the writer composed the handicapping committee for the live-bird events.

Chris Gottlieb, besides shooting a great pace, also won the local cocked hat championship during the week. There are not many things, by the way, that this genial Kansas Citian does not know how to "make a hand at."

Ed Fulford, Tom Marshall, Ernie Tripp and Elmer Neal sent personal regrets, each being unavoidably detained by pressing business from attending this shoot.

Thanks to the liberal added money, this was a paying tournament, and no one lost anything on the programme who shot consistently 83 per cent. or over, although targets were charged for at the rate of 3 cents each. The entry was at no time large enough for bird money to cover the amount of the added purse.

Capt. A. H. Bogardus visited with the boys on the grounds several times, and talked over "the good old days."

Dr. Williams' trained retrievers did good work in several of the live-bird events.

Mr. C. E. De Long was compelled by illness to give up shooting on Wednesday. He has his new single trigger action now about perfected, and it was tested to good advantage on the grounds this week.

Killed a Carrier Pigeon.

In the accumulation of retrieved birds at the Indianapolis, Ind., shoot Mr. Fred Gilbert found one with the number and tag of a homing pigeon on one foot. The reading was "1899-Y-120." Mr. Gilbert has the tag in his possession, and will send same to the owner of the bird if claimed.

F. C. RIEHL.

The Cleveland Gun Club Co.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 22.—Our president is a good shot when he gets started, but he is a slow starter. He still thinks his new load is a great winner.

J. I. C. attributes all his misses to his loose rib, but the rib on his gun is very firm.

Lannert made the highest score in the 40-bird handicap race. He walks very erect ever since; but, poor Henry, some one stole his cap, and he started for home to tell his troubles, when some one found it. He is happy now, and wears a Tom Johnson smile.

If Stevens would shoot more often he might learn how.

Red Wing lost his nerve in the 40-bird race after he lost 4 birds in the first 10. That is why he withdrew.

Harris, the prize winners are thankful you shot so poorly, but some of us feel sorry for you.

Bob, if you don't shoot better Franklin will defeat you in the live-bird tie.

Where was Forrester?

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	15	15	5p	15	Targets:	10	10	15	15	5p	15
Hopkins	8	5	7	11	5	10	W Tamblyn	7	5	7	11	8	10
Elliott	7	10	10	13	5	11	Robert	5	6	8	7	4	5
Harris	7	8	12	11	7	8	Egley	3	8	7	13	6	12
Franklin	7	8	9	12	4	13	Ward	5	7	8	5	7	7
Lannert	5	6	10	9	..	10	Ashford	3	8	8	10	5	6
J I C	6	5	5	10	3	4	Stevens	6	5	7	4	..	7
Talmage	3	0	1	1	0	..	Vacker	..	..	10	11	8	10
Goss	9	9	..	..	..	..	Burton	..	..	7	12	1	7
Red Wing	10	7	12	12	9	12	Nutt	..	..	9	7	4	11
Bob	6	7	9	10	8	13	Cleve	..	..	..	8	2	12

No. 7, handicap prize shoot:

Hopkins .....1101110100110111110111111101111110011111—31
Elliott .....1111101111111011010010010110100111001100—25
Harris .....1110111111111011100111011011101011011—31
Franklin .....1011111110011111111001110101111110001101—29
Lannert .....1111111111010111110011111111111011011—34
J I C.....0011000001111111110110011111011111100111—27
Winters .....1001010111001010101010001101011111101111—24
Gladden .....0011101111001011011101101011101100011l—26
Red Wing.....1110110010w
Bob .....0011011011100101110111100001011111110011—25
W Tamblyn .....0110111111111010100111111111001010000001—25
Robert .....1100110100100011110101100000100010111001—20
Egley .....1100110101011100111110110111011110001001—25
Ward 0100100101100101001011001011OOw
Ashford 0010100010011100100010001111000w
Stevens .....1111010001101001000100110110110100000001—18
Vacker .....1111011001010011011000001010110100111000—20
Burton .....0001001011100000010000100100001111011111—17
Nutt .....0110110011110001111010111001111011100011111—26
Cleve .....1101001101111001110110101111101111111110—29
Wirls .....0111101100110111100011010110001101000001—22
F C Harbaugh.....0101010110111111011011000011111100l100—25
Dott .....0101011001001110110010111011111100000011—23
Brown .....1101101100010011010101010111000010000011—19
Wall .....1101111100101111101000100111010011010001—23
Hogen .....1110011001011110001111111111101011110101—28
M E B.....1010011101111100001111100001111000010—21
W H S.....1110011001001110011000101001100011010011—20
Payne .....1011010100100010000000001111100010111111—18
Percell .....0001001000011101010000110011010011110001—17
North .....0011101011110100100111111011110011000000—23
White .....1111100101011011101111110100110001100010—24

Lannert, Hopkins, F. C. Harbaugh and Nutt each won prizes.

The following are scores for the remaining prize; same was won by Payne:

J I C.....1111001010111100010000110011100000001011—19
Gladden .....1100000110111111111011011001111101110—27
Harris .....1011011001111111100100101111111111001101—28
Vacker 1110000111101100111001110000w
Elliott 1111111011100110110w
Winters .....1001110111100000101000111101110110100011—22
M E B.....0100101111010001001100101011101000001011—19
Wirls .....0011000011001000110011100011110100001111—19
Percell .....1110011010100001110011011001100111001011—22
Payne .....1100111000010110101101011111011101100101—25
Hogen .....0010111111111111111101111111111110101101—33
Burton 1010010000000000110w
W H S.....0010011011010000111000010011010000000010—25
Franklin .....1101011001111001000110111111111000110011—25
W Tamblyn .....0111010011110111100010001100011001111000—21

The English Challenge Match.

AS THE active shooting season of the year draws on apace, interest is revived and talk is lively on the circuit as to the prospects for the success or failure of the project, first announced in the FOREST AND STREAM last August, for the sending of an American team of ten men to shoot a challenge match with a like English team, on the grounds of the latter. The terms of this proposed match have been fully explained heretofore and would not be changed in an important particular. The only point of doubt has been as to the ability of the promoters to agree on details that would bring the matter to a focus.

The writer has seen the proceedings of an informal meeting held recently in New York, at which this subject was thoroughly discussed. It was learned on inquiry that the companies employing the men who would probably compose the American team are as a whole favorable to the enterprise, and several firms have signified their willingness and desire to back their representatives in everything necessary for the trip. This is but natural, and was to have been expected, but the matter has never until now progressed to the point of such formal recognition. Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Company, who was the original promoter of the idea, is still working to bring about the match, and it is now thought that within a few weeks at the most the question whether to go or not will have been determined. An injustice seems to have been done our English cousins in the presumption that they were not anxious for the match. From latest reports it appears that they are not one whit less confident of being able to win than was indicated in their first informal proposal for a match; and it is a matter of history that with the Americans the only question has been from the start as to who would be the lucky ones chosen to represent their country on the team. Among themselves, of course, the boys realize that it must not be a matter of personal predilection, but that the ten best men, most truly representing the game in this broad land, must be selected. Yet even this is a puzzling and extremely difficult task, when the land boasts hundreds of shots any one of whom would perhaps be competent to hold up his end in the big race.

But all these points can be disposed of, and will be adjusted when the time comes. The match, if pulled off, will do more to advertise and bring into public favor the manly sport of trapshooting than anything that has taken place on either side of the water within the past decade. I have personally been informed by half a score of individual shooters that if the thing is a go they propose to be of the party, each on his own hook and at his own expense, as a pure matter of national pride.

F. C. RIEHL.

National Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 23.—Herewith are the scores of the monthly live-bird shoot of the National Gun Club, held on the 22d inst., at National Park. It was a very cold, disagreeable day, the birds lively, and the shooting far below the average, especially in the first event, as there was not a straight score made. In the second event five contestants were more successful, J. L. Scott, Uno, Rehfeld and Crane making straight scores. In the miss-and-out Clark, of Milwaukee, was the successful candidate.

Mr. Clark is a new member of the National Gun Club, and is just beginning to shoot live birds, and is handicapped in his shooting by reason of his being blind in his right eye; but his scores show that it is a good thing for the other members of the club that he is not blind in both eyes, or he would kill everything shot at. He is one of the coming shooters of the National Gun Club.

Geo. Crane, of Racine, another new member, is one whose shooting so far has been such that the crack shots of the country will find him no mark should they run up against him.

I might mention many more in this gun club who are coming to the front very rapidly as live-bird shooters. The scores:

Regular monthly prize shoot:

Collins .....1102211201—8
Thomas .....2100211122—8
Klapinski .....1121101222—9
Sherer .....1021110011—7
Deiter .....0212222222—9
Scott .....2010200111—6
Stuth .....0020222012—6
Weaver .....0000002200—2
Rehfeld .....0010112222—7
Bogart .....0212220220—7
Reed .....1122211010—8
Clark .....1220222220—8
Case .....1222121101—9
Bush .....2201222202—8
Johnson .....1202202010—6
Crane .....1121012222—9
Uno .....1022212112—9
Jay Ell.....0022222122—8

Sweepstakes:

Crane .....2122221122—10
Weaver .....1112100220— 7
Thomas .....1220220210— 7
Rice .....2100000002— 3
Clark .....2221222021— 9
Jay Ell.....1122222222—10
Scott .....1222112111—10
Klapinski .....1201112122— 9
Collins .....1021112122— 9
Case .....1221110201— 8
Uno .....2211211112—10
Rehfeld .....2211222211—10

Miss-and-out:

Scott 222122210
Clark 212121222
Uno 0
Weaver 0
Thomas 1111122202
Worth 021100
Collins 1110
Rehfeld 2

Feb. 18.—On Feb. 15 H. S. Blake, of Racine, and L. Collins, of Milwaukee, shot a second match of 25 live birds, the first one having been shot in January, at which time Mr. Collins defeated Mr. Blake, who shot under the name of Scott in both matches. At the same time E. E. Rogers, of Milwaukee, shot a match of 25 birds with Geo. Crane, of Racine. The result will be seen by the score following.

Mr. Crane had some hard luck toward the last of the game and did not shoot in his usual form, but taking it all in all the shooting was very fair. After the matches there were sweeps, in which J. I. Case scored 8 out of 10, Gumz 9, Clark 8, Klapinski 7, Johnson 7, Blake 8, Crane 8, Thomas 10, J. L. 9, Thomas carrying off first money, Gumz second (J. L. shooting for the birds only), Case, Clark, Blake and Crane dividing third money.

In first sweep of miss-and-out Reed and Gumz divided money. In the second sweep Clark took the money. Third sweep Reed took the money. Fourth sweep Clark won, Reed missing his 11th bird and Clark killing.

The regular monthly shoot takes place on the 22d inst., at which time a large attendance is expected.

LINDLEY COLLINS.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Feb. 20.—The Boston Gun Club's sixth serial prize shoot was held on their grounds to-day at Wellington, and was attended by shooters from Brockton, Pascoag and Lynn, as well as the home contingent. The shooting was a decided improvement over previous trials in the present series, and was an evidence that the windy day practicing we have had lately had done no harm. Leroy's shooting, all from the 31yd. mark, was a feature, and though starting with a 5 and a 6, soon got down to real business and broke 37 out of the last 40, incidentally breaking 28 out of the 30 in the prize match, the highest score made in the present series. Griffiths was not so very far behind, having to his credit a 25 in the match, and also securing high average for the afternoon. The club's lady representative was a welcome visitor, and shot in two or three of the events just to see whether the 16-gauge, with its small ounce of shot, was as good as it used to be. It evidently was all right, as some of the long shots that succumbed to a well aimed charge could tell. We hope to be favored with her presence a good deal more at later dates, when the weather will be just a little more comfortable for the sport of trapshooting.

Scores below. Event 11, 5 pairs; all others, 10 unknown:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Baker, 17	9	6	7	5	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leroy, 21	5	6	9	9	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths, 19	10	7	8	9	7	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Worthing, 16	9	9	7	6	8	8	8	9	9	10	6	7	8
Leonard, 16	10	9	9	8	6	7	10	9	..	..	..	..	..
F H, 16	7	8	5	7	6	6	4	5	8	7	..	..	..
Sellman, 16	6	6	7	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nichols, 11	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Benton, 14	6	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Palmer, 16	..	..	..	1	1	3	4	1	0	4	..	7	4
H J K, 11	3	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ford, 16	..	..	..	3	3	6	6	6	5	5	4	5	6
Horace, 18	..	..	..	8	..	8	7	6	8	8	9	8	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	8	7	9	6	6	8	7	10	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown; distance handicap:

Leroy, 21.....101111111111111111111111101111—28
Griffiths, 19.....111110111101111011101110111111—25
Horace, 18.....111011110110111101111110111001—23
Worthing, 16.....111110101111101111010000111111—22
Leonard, 16.....111010111111110100011011111001—21
Spencer, 18.....111010010101101110101111111100—20
Baker, 17.....011101001010101101111101111010—19
Ford, 16.....000011001011000000100111100110—12
Palmer, 16.....000000100000000100000001110000— 5

SECRETARY.

Ossining Gun Club.

SING SING, N. Y., Feb. 24.—Herewith find scores of the Washington's Birthday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club:

Match, 15 live birds; Blandford and Hall allowing 2 extra birds and conceding 4yds.:

I T Washburn, 26.....0122112100000012— 9
W P Hall, 30.....221210002022020 — 9
Dr E B Sherwood, 26.....1022211202102200—11
C G Blandford, 30.....200022022222222—11

Tie, 5 birds; allowing 1 bird and standing at same mark:

Washburn .....02210—3 Sherwood .....010212—4
Blandford .....22222—5 Hall .....20000 —1

The match was won by the 1 bird allowance. The pair of goo-goo eyes to Hall's credit in the shoot-off were the result of a badly bruised arm.

	No. 1.	No.	No. 3.
I Tallman, 30	00120—2	22121—5	220 —2
A L Burns, 28	00120—2	22121—5	220 —2
W S Smith, 26	02100—2	.....	....
F Valentine, 26	00110—2	02212—4	....
E D Garnsey, 27	00111—3	20000—1	....
C Blandford, 30	....	22222—5	2222—4
R Kromer, 26	....	22021—4	....
C Lent, 27	....	02202—3	....
I Washburn, 27	....	12020—3	0
W Clark, 26	....	21020—3	....
A Rohr, 26	....	.....	0

Nos. 1 and 2 were 5 live birds. No. 3 was miss-and-out, re-entry.

Clay birds:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p
I Washburn	6	5	..	..	..	3	..	7	7	6	..	6
E N Garnsey	6	6	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
A Burns	3	5	..	6	6	5	5	..	3	4	8	..
I Tallman	7	8	9	10	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	6	8	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
E D Garnsey	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Valentine	..	5	4	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Sherwood	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
S Mullin	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Sherwood	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Coleman	..	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
K McAlpin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	6	..
D Brandreth	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	..	6	..	..	..
E Acker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	7
W Vilas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	9	9
S Macbeth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
W Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
W Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..
A Atchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	1	..
W Huff	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	8	..	7	..	3
C Washburn	..	..	..	..	3	..	1	1	..	..	..	..
R Brandreth	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
A Rohr	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	7	6	..	..
J Keenan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..
F Partelow	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. Club.

Florists' Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 19.—Fair light and a strong wind were the conditions as to weather which the contestants encountered today at the Florists' Gun Club's shoot. There was a large entry for the Eisenlohr prizes, which are the most valuable ever shot for by the members of this organization. Twenty targets, expert rule, rapid fire, and 20 targets, unknown angles, and 5 pairs of doubles were the shooting conditions.

At the expert rule, W. H. Wolstencroft made the high score, breaking 18, Mrs. Park, W. K. Park, George Anderson and E. A. Massey scoring 17. At the unknown angles, Anderson and Wolstencroft tied for first place with 19 breaks, Wolstencroft missing his first target and then breaking 19 straight, Mrs. Park coming into second place with 18. At the doubles, Park, Wolstencroft and Hallowell scored 9 out of 10. With the handicaps added to the score, Park, Anderson, Massey, Sheeler and Dr. Smith scored a possible 50, receiving 3 points each.

The feature of the tourney was the remarkably fine work by Mrs. Park, making one run of 10 straight at expert rule, breaking 18 out of 20 unknown angles, and scoring a run of 15 straight and breaking 8 out of 10 doubles.

The semi-monthly high gun contest for the club's championship medal at 50 targets resulted in a win for Wolstencroft with the score of 46, Anderson second with 44. Among the visitors were C. F. Gramlich, of the Allentown Shooting Association. Mr. Gramlich was here looking after the interests of the State Sportsmen's Association's next annual tourney. The scores follow:

	Expert Rule.	Unknown.	Doubles.	Hdcp.	Total.	Points.
Dorp	10	9	3	16	38	..
Bell	12	13	7	14	46	..
Webster	11	9	6	19	45	..
Parsons	16	16	6	9	47	1
Umholtz	5	9	2	..	16	..
Clark	5	9	1	20	35	..
Mrs Park	17	18	8	..	43	..
Park	17	17	9	10	53	3
Hull	12	16	6	..	34	..
Anderson	17	19	8	9	53	3
W H W	18	19	9	3	49	..
Eisenlohr	10	16	6	11	43	..
Kramlich	13	12	9	..	34	..
Pechin	7	10	5	..	22	..
Westcott	9	11	5	19	44	..
Massey	17	14	7	14	42	3
Whitaker	10	14	6	14	44	..
Reichard	6	6	3	..	15	..
McKaraher	11	13	5	16	45	..
Barrett	13	14	7	13	47	1
Sheeler	13	14	4	20	51	3
Smith	15	17	7	14	53	3
Hanse	10	10	4	20	44	..
Hallowell	16	16	9	7	48	2

Westmount Gun Club.

MONTREAL, Feb. 23.—The regular weekly shoot of the Westmount Gun Club came off to-day on the club grounds. It was a typical Canadian winter day—two feet of snow, bright and cold,—with a strong cutting west wind that helped the flight of the targets that flew, when untouched, at least 75yds. from the trap. This kept the scores down below normal. The first event was the most interesting one, as it was for the handicap trophy, and between N. P. Leach and the Kynock expert, Hansen. The men sold at even money. N. P. L. would have been the favorite but for the fact that he had a new, untried gun.

Next Saturday, March 2, Cleghorn, the Parker crank, will have a try for the trophy:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	10	20	10	Targets:	20	10	20	10
N P L	18	7	16	7	Cleghorn, 20	..	8	..	8
Hansen	17	..	13	..	Kennedy	..	6	17	..
Elliott	..	7	15	..	Hutcheson	..	6	13	8
Lewis	..	7	..	..	Isles	..	6	9	3
W Galbraith	..	6	..	8	Hamilton	..	8	13	7
James	..	5	5	..	Routh	..	6	13	4
Nash, 18	..	8	16	8	Hall	..	8	11	..
Galbraith, 20	..	6	..	8					S.

Millbrook Gun Club.

MILLBROOK, N. Y., Feb. 20.—A gun club was organized here Feb. 6 with forty-two charter members. As soon as the club gets control of the present grounds they will erect a club house 12 by 20, and will shoot under the Sergeant system, bluerock expert traps. The grounds have a sky background.

The first monthly shoot took place on Feb. 16. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
I Tallman	25	25	24	25	Lake	18	20	18	20
Sheldon	16	20	20	..	Allen	12	..	15	..
Kelley	19	21	23	23	Blinn	10	..	..	..
Foster	23	23	23	..	Gross	..	..	..	21
Baldwin	17	23	13	21	Tompkins	..	..	..	18
Hicks	16	17	..	..	Coon	3	..	..	..
Russell	14	14	18	..	D Tallman	..	..	..	23
Sipperly	15	..	13	..	A Tallman	..	..	..	14
Ollivet	..	..	..	17					

F. J. TOMPKINS, Sec'y.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE PARK, S. I., Feb. 22.—The scores made to-day at the shoot of the Richmond Gun Club are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	15
G Bechtel	6	7	5	5	6	14	5	6	9
J Schoen	5	6	5	4	7	12	4	3	10
A A Schoverling	7	6	6	6	7	13	5	6	8
F W Schoverling	8	9	6	7	5	16	5	5	8
J Fack	4	5	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
E Meurer	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Crystal	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Capt.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The tubular fly, a new departure in the fly line, is the invention of Dr. Cantrell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, in an announcement elsewhere in these columns, says he will forward description circular on application.—*Adv.*

Messrs. William Mills & Son, whose announcement appears in another column, have issued an extremely attractive catalogue of their fishing tackle, which contains, besides the list of anglers' necessities, many handsome fishing illustrations, hints on fly-fishing, fly-casting, etc. A copy may be had for the asking.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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It may occur to analytical minds that the amount of labor is not commensurate with the utmost possible reward—i. e., a single shot at mallards—for a hard night's work, plus a cold breakfast on beer, bread and cheese. I am not going to argue that the game is worth the candle, but there is a period in life (past for some of us) when hard work and endurance are ignored, when cost is not counted, but adverse odds accepted, and no price deemed too high if thereby can be achieved some result one's mind is set upon.—Abel Chapman.

NEW YORK'S FORESTS, FISH AND GAME.

THE views expressed in another column by Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, President of the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission, are extremely interesting, because those of a sportsman who has had experience of the inside, as well as the outside, workings of New York's laws on this subject. He calls attention to the anomalous position of the Commission, and shows how, even with the best will in the world, the most faithful officials are hindered by laws—supposedly for the public advantage—from doing those things most desirable for the State.

Our fish and game and our forests, which ought to be a source of revenue to the State which owns them, are instead of this a great and growing expense, and year by year are deteriorating. The forests, utterly neglected, though in some places protected from destruction by the axe, ripen, die, fall down and decay. The game of a State containing 47,000 square miles, 60 counties and 7,000,000 inhabitants is looked after by thirty game protectors—half a man for each county—with the result that the game and fish are not protected, so that sportsmen genuinely interested in its conservation are constantly grumbling over violations of the law, expecting the game protectors to perform physical impossibilities.

Had it not been that the bill for the reorganization of the Commission was pending before the New York Legislature when Mr. Wadsworth's letter was written, he might perhaps have spoken more fully than he has, and might have expressed the view that the four interests in control of the Commission—forest, fish, game and shell fish—should be under the control of four individuals—a forester, a fishculturist, a chief protector and a shell fish commissioner. Such a system is the one which has long been urged in these columns as the one most business-like and efficient. It has partial realization in the law just enacted to create a new commission.

Those who have had the widest experience in the practical protection of game and those who have studied the problem most carefully are agreed with Mr. Wadsworth in attaching great importance to the trespass laws. As he writes, the ultimate conservation of the game supply must depend upon the protection of the birds and the quadrupeds by the owner of the land on which they range, and the effectiveness of the protection the land owner may give is in turn dependent upon the extent to which he may be enabled to prevent trespass. In America we are passing through a period of far-reaching changes with respect to the freedom of ranging over lands for shooting. The growing tendency is to regard shooting as a privilege to be paid for, and the growing practice is to exact payment for the privilege. There is a more common recognition now than ever before on the part of the land owner that for the right of shooting over his lands some compensation should be made; and as the columns of FOREST AND STREAM will show, the sportsman on his part is accepting the new condition and for his shooting is looking to farmers and other land owners who in return for such payment can assure him game. The trespass laws, as a rule, have proved inadequate to secure protection for the land owner, and in some States the remedy for this has been sought in the enactment of laws with dire penalties for their infringement. Such statutes, however, are only likely to defeat their purpose. Juries refuse to make themselves parties to the infliction of punishments which are out of all reasonable proportion to the offense. The remedy for a lax observance of the trespass laws, we believe, is not to be found in increased severity of the statutes. It is indeed something which is incapable of immediate attainment. It can come only, and it will come only, when the course of education we are now going through shall have advanced to a stage where the rights of land owners in this regard shall have popular recognition, and the trespass laws shall in consequence be made efficient by the power of public opinion.

It would perhaps have been difficult to find any one likely to take a broader view of this subject than Mr. Wadsworth. He is a man of ripe experience, from his youth up devoted to all the best out-door sports, a man of means, a land owner and farmer, the President of the Boone and Crockett Club.

Since Mr. Wadsworth's letter was received, the bill for the reorganization of the Commission has passed the Legislature, and the newspapers have announced the names of certain individuals who are to be the paid and unpaid Commissioners. The appointments, however, have not been made.

IN THE NEVADA SCHOOLS.

WE have become accustomed to look to the West for innovations and inventions in game protection methods. The latest development is in a Nevada law, which Fish Commissioner Geo. T. Mills sends us, just enacted by the Nevada Legislature. It provides that every teacher in the public schools shall give oral instruction, at least once a month, to all children attending such schools relative to the preservation of song birds, fish and game, and read, or cause to be read, to such children, at least twice during each school year, the fish and game laws of the State of Nevada. In case of failure to do this the teacher's pay shall be withheld.

That is a sensible law. If the fish and the game and bird life of Nevada are worth preserving, they are worth teaching the school children about. In no other way may the popular ignorance of and indifference to these great native resources be so speedily and surely overcome as by thus beginning with the children of to-day, who are to be the men and women of to-morrow.

There are many things taught in the schools to-day of less use to the pupils and of less benefit to the community than the game laws. If Nevada shall pursue this system of game law education for a decade the changed sentiment in that State will be worth more than an army of game and fish wardens.

"MIGRATORY."

THAT term "migratory" stands in the way of the protection which wildfowl ought to have in New York. Wild ducks are thought of as migratory, and spoken of as migratory, and legislated for as migratory. The popular conception of them and their practical treatment is of migratory species, which pass across the State, south in the autumn and north in the spring, and are not to be classed as residents.

This is a great mistake. It is a mistake because while it is of course true that the wild ducks are migratory, there are yet some species of them which if given the opportunity would not all go north in the spring, but would in some number remain to nest in New York marshes. But so firmly implanted in the popular mind is this migratory nature of the birds that the task of persuading the lawmakers to give the nesting birds a chance is an extremely difficult one. If we could have a practical test for a few years there is reason to believe that the actual breeding of wildfowl in New York and the improved shooting thus afforded would convince the public of the utility of the prohibition of spring shooting.

SNAP SHOTS.

The bill to reorganize and combine the New York Forestry Preserve Board and the Fisheries, Forest and Game Commission was passed last week. It provides for one salaried commissioner at $5,000 a year, who shall serve for four years, and two consulting commissioners without salary, to serve two years, at the end of which term the salaried commissioner will serve alone. The offices of State fishculturist, game protector and forester are retained. The newspapers have announced that Governor Odell would name for the new Commission De Witt C. Middleton, of Watertown, a member of the old Commission. At the present writing there has been no official confirmation of this statement, but, as has already been said in these columns, the appointment of Mr. Middleton would be accepted with much satisfaction by those who are conversant with his record in the old board. It is also given out that Messrs. Woodruff and Babcock, of the old Forestry Board, will be named for the new Commission.

Mr. Hallock's letter on the ruination of the Dennys River is just what might have been looked for from one who knew so well the stream in its prime. He voices the indignation and protest all right minded men must feel who are familiar with the circumstances. We trust that the people of Dennysville may find a way to abate the nuisance of mill refuse which has overwhelmed them.

The Dennys River is a type of a vast number of waters which have been ruined by the selfishness and greed and brazen effrontery of individuals who have outraged the community by their saw mills and tanneries and refineries and rendering works. Tiverton, Rhode Island, is a case in point. Set amid enchanting scenery, on a river teeming with fish, and holding out manifold allurements to the summer resident; Tiverton was in an evil hour chosen as a site for a fish oil factory. The town's ruin as a summer resort speedily followed. The infernal stench from the fish factory nauseated the summer boarder, and packing his trunks he left incontinently. The refuse which was spread abroad upon the waters killed the fish, poisoned even the scallops and quahogs, and so defiled the hulls of yachts that the vile harbor was given a wide berth by yachtsmen. The place was converted from one of the most inviting spots on the Atlantic coast into a stench breeding nuisance, and for the personal advantage of the fish oil renderers the rights of the community were defied.

An unusual case was heard in Wilbraham, Mass., the other day, when the owner of a dog was summoned to answer the charge of being the keeper of a dog found chasing deer. The extraordinary feature was the existence of the deer in Hampden county for dogs to chase. Several deer have been reported of late in the roads of western Massachusetts, and it is no idle fanyc that if the cleared country continues to revert to woodland at the present rate, one of these days there may be deer hunting in a region where it has been extinct for generations.

Two sportsmen's expositions are in progress in the two great cities of New York and Chicago, and tens of thousands of visitors are getting a sniff of woodsy scents and a glimpse of the creatures of the forests and the out-door life of the rod and gun folk. Just now then the sportsman and his world hold a large place in the public eye.

An effort is making in Connecticut to provide by legislation for the opening of public highways to ponds and lakes. The movement has been prompted by the extraordinary growth of fishing and shooting preserves in Connecticut. Syndicates and individuals have been taking up lands and waters at a prodigious rate, and many a community is finding itself shut out from privileges which have been enjoyed from time immemorial. In some States, as in New Hampshire, the statute provides that on application by the people the road commissioners may open a way, and maintain it, for public access to waters which are entirely surrounded by posted lands.

The introduction of Mongolian pheasants has been an unsuccessful enterprise in Vermont. The capercailzie which were imported from Sweden and put out in the neighborhood of Dr. Seward Webb's estate at Shelburne did not survive. The sharp-tailed grouse which were brought from the West are believed to have fallen victims to the farmers' boys, who on sundry occasions have reported the killing of strange pa'tridges. The only imported game for the survival of which there appears to be hope is the black game which came from Sweden. It is known that the birds bred and hatched their broods. The introduction of the capercailzie has not been abandoned as an impossibility. With the experience already gained those who are interested in the enterprise will avoid the mistakes of the past, and the game may yet be established in North America.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Bees and Wasps.

Being a Careful, Accurate and Scientific Inquiry Concerning Practical Points in Natural History.

A GENUINE Californian January storm raged outside. The naked arms of the locust trees lining the sidewalks swayed and clashed in the fierce blasts of the south wind. The great rain drops splashed against the panes of the office windows and ran down them in wavy streams. Through these could be caught panoramic glimpses of our storm-swept little city, clustered in the hills, each house snuggled in its own individual greenery, with the quivering fronds of the palms and the green and gold of the laden orange trees to tell us that this was still our beloved California.

A party of five had just finished a business meeting and had fallen into a story telling mood, the weather outside holding no inducements to counterbalance comfortable armchairs, good cigars and a glowing grate within the shelter of sound walls.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—L. W. W., C. E. (a comical cuss); W. S. G., C. E. (a dryly humorous cuss); J. S. (taciturn, but all right when he gets a-going); T. J. N. (strictly business, but can tell a good story when he has time); Arefar (the truthful scribe).

ACT I., Scene 1: A room filled with fragrant blue smoke, through which is seen at intervals five interested persons. *Enter First R. E. Loquitor.*

L. W. W.: Speaking about wasps reminds me of the time when I was on the railway survey making a reconnaissance through the Siskiyou Mountains for the C. & O. road. Our camp was pitched in the Sacramento Cañon, and we had been six weeks in the same place. A short distance above the camp was a large oak tree, in whose shade the boys would lie on a blanket and read in their leisure moments. A large limb had been wrenched off in some storm and lay, dry and weather beaten, on the sunny side of the tree, where no one wished to lie.

About the time we were to break camp and come out for the winter, it had turned quite cold up there in the mountains, with sharp frosts every night. One evening one of the party named Jim, and myself, reached camp ahead of the others, and found the Chinese cook in a very morose frame of mind and no preparations being made for supper. It seems that the axeman, whose duty it was to supply camp fuel, had overlooked his hand, and there was no wood to cook with, and the Chinaman was sullen and angry, and was sulking in his tent like Achilles.

Jim at once volunteered to go and cut wood enough for the evening meal, being always a good natured fellow and ready to accommodate even a sulky Chinaman. During our summer in the mountains, Jim had returned to primeval ways. He had not shaved or cut his hair, nor used a comb more than once a week. He wore a flannel shirt, open at the neck, exposing a well-haired breast, with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder. A pair of trousers confined at the waist by a leather belt, with the legs tucked into a pair of strong boots, had comprised his apparel during the trip. Altogether he had become a wild and weird figure.

Jim started out to cut some wood, and bethought him of the large dry limb lying under our loafing tree as being suitable and handy to camp. I had washed myself and lain down in my tent with an old illustrated paper to while away the time, and had drawn a blanket over myself to keep out the evening chill. I heard Jim industriously plying his axe for a moment, and then the strokes ceased and there came some words of wild profanity from the mountain side, followed by the sound of coming feet and flying gravel. A second afterward Jim's face, distorted and wild looking, was thrust through the tent flaps, and in a voice almost inarticulate with pain and rage, he yelled, "Pick 'em off! Pick 'em off! —— 'em, pick 'em off!"

I certainly thought the man had suddenly gone insane, as in his unkempt condition he looked the part naturally. Then he disappeared from the tent door and went shouting, in a voice lessening with the distance, all kinds of weird profanity, mingled with howls and cries to "Pick 'em off! Pick 'em off! For God's sake pick 'em off!"

At last there came to my ears one last shout and a great splash as he landed in the river. I sprang to the tent door and looked out in alarm in time to see Jim emerge dripping from his plunge bath, and plucking frantically at his beard and hair. After a moment he started for the cook, and in picturesque language commanded him to "Pick 'em off!" "Surely," I thought, "poor Jim has gone mad," but on approaching the pair, I found the cook busy in removing scores of yellowjackets from the poor fellow's hair and beard.

Jim sat on a stool with his back to the fire during the operation, as he was shivering with cold after his plunge in the river, and all at once a new look of wildness came into his eyes, and with another curse he sprang to his feet, threw his hands over his head, and grasping his shirt in the back, he tore it off with one motion and threw it from him. As he did so a whole handful of the tormenting insects fell from his person. These had been warmed back into working condition by the heat of the fire and had given him a few parting shots.

It seemed that the limb of the oak tree that he had started to chop had a lively colony of wasps in it, which no one of us had discovered in all our loafing near it, but on his cutting into the nest they attacked him furiously. As the evening was so cold, they were not lively, and stuck where they alighted and presented him with a few practical points in natural history.

His head swelled up the following night like the proverbial poisoned pup's, and he kept his bed till we broke camp.

SCENE 2: *Enter L. U. E. Loquitor.*

W. S. G.: I will tell one on L. W. W. himself. We were out on a survey in the Sierras, and had come to a particularly bad bit of ground, where we could not set a tripod for our instrument. I went on with the target and W. took a pocket compass and worked out on the cliff, and sat down to squint and level the best he could. It came out afterward that he sat down squarely over the entrance to a wasps' nest. The insects could not get out to sting him, and all was serene for a moment. Presently a few members of the colony who had been away came home. Then there was trouble. W. dropped his compass, which rolled down the cliff with a jump and a rattle, until it finally disappeared in the far beyond, and began frantically beating the air with hat and hands and using language. But he made one grand mistake! He rose to his feet, thereby uncorking the nest, and the whole community came out like a column of yellow smoke, and attacked him front and rear. He was immediately routed, horse, foot and artillery, and I stood roaring with laughter to see him shambling over the rocks on all fours, like a grizzly, slapping and saying his prayers backward, until one of the maddened insects took me a crack in the jaw, when "the subsequent proceedings interested me no more."

SCENE 3: *Enter R. U. E. Loquitor.*

J. S.: When I was a boy on my father's farm in Maine, I was spreading hay one summer day after the mowers. This was before mowing machines had come into general use, and boys were of some account in the mowin' lot. 'Longside where I was workin' lay a bit of wild pasture land, all grown up with rozberry bushes, bent down with their first crop of fruit.

Mother had a big buxom Irish girl as a "help" that summer, an' she was in the patch that mornin' a-plummin'.

I was workin' away a-spreadin' the hay for all that was in me, when I heard a most infernal squallin' in the rozberry patch, an' lookin' that way I could see two fat legs a-wavin' in the air an' smothered yells comin' from the bushes below them. Then the legs disappeared, an' our "help's" face came up in their place, an' of all the hustlin' you ever saw, that girl beat it a-gettin' out of there.

I thought sure it must be snakes, but 'twa'n't. She had run foul of a ball hornets' nest, an' two o' the critters had hit her to onst. One on 'em took her in the under lip an' t'other hit her fair in the left breast, where 'twa'n't protected by anythin' but her shift an' a thin caliker dress, an' they knocked her down fair an' square.

By the time she had reached the house her lip would have made a leather hunting jacket, an' her breast had swelled till it had burst the buttons off her dress, an' she took to her bed an' staid there for nigh a week.

SCENE 4: *Enter First R. E. Loquitor.*

T. J. N.: I was brought up on a farm in central New York, and father had a churn that he ran by dog power. He kept a great lazy dog for the purpose, because he was so large and heavy that when he was put in the wheel it had to go. We used to churn at first on Mondays and Thursdays, but the dog got onto the days, so that he would hide away, so we had to break days on him, churning first one day and then another. Then he got to lying around and watching household matters, and whenever he saw any signs of touching the churn, he would make a break for a retreat under the barn, or some other out of the way place, from which he had to be hauled out by the scruff of the neck, with language, and then switched into the wheel. I guess if it had not been for the fact that he was always hungry, he would only have shown up at night.

Father kept a large apiary and protected his hives with a thick hedge of shrubbery against the northwest wind. One morning the dog saw symptoms of churning, and as he had been detected in and hauled out of every other hiding place about the premises, he this time sought sanctuary behind a hive of bees that stood close to a particularly thick portion of the hedge. This was all right, as far as it went, and the dog might possibly have escaped attention, had he kept still. But when he heard himself called, he probably had tried to squeeze closer into cover, and in doing so disturbed the bees.

"As bees bizz oot wi' angry fyke, when robber han's assail their byke," so did these. Then there was fun for father and me, who were looking on, but serious business for the dog. He came out of the bush with a rush, whirling, snapping his teeth, ki-yi-ing and shaking his ears till we could hear them snap. After a moment of this he concluded that he had business in the next county, and struck out like a gray streak across the neighboring field, with his tail between his legs and ululating at every jump. But his hair was long, and a good many bees must have lodged in it, for he would whirl and snap about every half-dozen jumps. When he was about half-way across the field, the thought seemingly suggested itself to him that this must be some new form of torture devised by his oppressor, man, to make him churn, for he made a sudden turn and made straight for the hated wheel, into which he jumped, and began churning as he had never churned before.

SCENE 5: *Enter C. Loquitor.*

The Truthful Scribe: When I first came to California I stopped for a short time at the home of a wealthy rancher, who owned a 3,000-acre place on the banks of the Sacramento River. There was a man living there at the time named Gee, who earned his way as a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, and whom the other ranch hands had nicknamed Ah Gee, from the Chinese suggestiveness of his patronymic.

One day Ah Gee discovered a colony of bees in the limb of a great oak tree that stood a short distance from the horse corral. One evening during my sojourn at the place he went to the tree after dark and closed the opening in the limb. The next morning he took ropes and a saw, and accompanied by myself, started out to secure the colony. He climbed the tree by means of a short ladder which he had used the previous evening in closing the entrance, and affixed the ropes to the limb and then threw them over a higher branch and fastened the swinging ends to the trunk of the tree below. It was his intention then to cut off the extremity of the limb containing the bees, then to cut it off close to the trunk of the tree and lower the swinging segment carefully to the ground, where he had placed a pile of straw to receive it, should it slip. Lucky it was for Gee that he made provision for a soft tumble, as the sequel showed, for his calculations as to the extent of the hollow containing the nest were faulty. He crawled out upon the branch and began to saw vigorously, but as soon as he got through the bark and began cutting into the wood, the end fell with a crash, being hollow to the extremity, and the angry bees came out in a cloud and fairly smothered the poor devil. He was blinded in an instant, and simply fell off his perch, but the straw saved broken bones for him.

Scrambling to his feet, fighting and swearing like a maniac, he started on a wild run for the corral, intending to throw himself into the great horse trough to rid himself of his tormentors. Unfortunately, or perhaps otherwise, as it turned out in the end, there was a hog wallow between the tree and corral fence, caused by the overflow from the pump of the windmill which supplied the horse trough. This wallow was occupied at the time with fully two dozen swine, all buried but their noses, and giving an occasional "woof" to keep the filth out of them. Right into the midst of these contented porkers poor Gee plunged, lost his footing and went headlong into the slime. The frightened swine, with protesting squeals, hastened to vacate their pool, rolling him over and over as they did so. Presently all were out excepting one fat old boar and Gee. The latter had just regained his feet when the boar slowly raised himself on his forefeet in time to get a crack in the eye from a maddened bee. This started him into action, and, hog-like, he dashed forward between the man's legs and upset him once more in the slumgullion, which by this time had been thoroughly stirred up and stank beyond description.

The poor fellow crawled out completely nauseated, but safe. No self-respecting bee, however angry, could touch such an odorous object as Ah Gee was at that moment.

Fellow correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM, can't you give us a few more points on this interesting subject, now that the ball is set a-rolling?

Gentlemen, "It's up to you!"

AREFAR.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.—I.

Fishing on Stoco Lake.

THE scene of the following stories was laid on the shores of a beautiful lake, noted for its fishing. Its waters afford relaxation and pleasure to the thriving community composing the adjoining village of Tweed, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Toronto and Montreal.

Stoco Lake is really an enlargement of the Moira, one of the many rivers falling into the famed Bay of Quinte and enriching its waters with many varieties of fish. On the east, Stoco receives the waters of Clare River, on the north the Moira, which is here a considerable stream, having just been reinforced by the Scootamata and Black Creek.

These streams are noted for their perennial and, as yet, unexhausted supply of the highly prized white pine. Their annual burdens, brought down by the great lumber firms, the Rathbuns and the Gilmours, are still almost worth a king's ransom. Follow up these waters for thirty miles or so and you will come into well-protected timber limits, the land of the deer, the home of the beaver and the otter and all the paradise of delights that forests bring.

We had been fishing for pickerel that sultry afternoon in the middle of one of the heated terms common to our northern climate. Six of us—two in each boat—had carefully drifted on a weed bed and dropped anchor.

My companion was catching minnows. After trying in vain to get a bite—the other boats, only a few yards away, were having great luck—I concluded I would make myself useful by catching minnows also. I selected a small trout hook with single gut, baited it carefully and threw out. My bait seemed scarcely to have reached the water when it was taken with a snap. Away went the fish and whiz went my reel. I thought I had a 5-pound pickerel. I played that fish for all I was worth; I handled him with the skill and care of an Izaak Walton for about ten to fifteen minutes. When I finally got him up to the boat, lo! up turned a great red-finned sucker. The yell that went up from the rest of the party and the chaffing I got over that sucker made it more interesting than agreeable. Disgusted with fishing in general, and for pickerel in particular, I proposed we go to a point near by and take a rest in the cool, inviting shade.

While enjoying our smoke under the benevolent branches, one of our party, B., who was the postmaster at the village and champion fisherman of these waters, remarked, "Yes; a man who goes for a number of years fishing in our waters or tramps through our forests sees many strange sights and goes through many an experience which, when put in print or told, seem incredible. A hunter or a fisherman is often alone; he is necessarily the hero and central figure of his story. There is no one on hand to contradict him, and it is only human nature that he should be tempted to put himself in the very best light, particularly if he is an amateur or a tenderfoot. Now, an old hand will take more delight in telling you how he was fooled by a buck or how he hooked a big fish and 'muffed' it than he does in telling of his success, because his years of experience is a sufficient guarantee of the fact.

"Now, to give you an example from the 'chamber of curiosities' of my many years' experience. Suppose I should tell you that some years ago in this water I caught a large maskinonge with a minnow hook and about an 8-foot pole. No? Well, it was this way: I intended to go fishing one day, and in early morning went to catch minnows for bait. Had a small punt and pushed myself well up on a weed bed. I lay over the stern with the line in my hand, the pole beside me. I was fishing in about 3 feet of water with good success, until I saw a large maskinonge swim up and take my bait. I had presence of mind to jerk on the line just enough to set the hook and then let go. Away went Mr. 'Lunge with bait, line, pole and all. I out with my punt and after him. Sometimes the end of that pole was 6 feet out of water, sometimes a foot, and at times it skipped along the surface. Round and round the lake we went for about two hours. I gave the fish no time to rest. At length he

commenced to get tired, and I could begin to get quite close to him. I kept calling for some one to fetch a spear (fishery laws were not very strict in those days). The people of the village heard my shouting and thought some one was drowning. They swarmed down to the water, and when they saw me apparently paddling about aimlessly and yelling like a wild Indian, concluded I had gone mad. At length one fellow took in the situation and brought a spear. I got the fish, and he weighed 23 pounds, dressed."

B. continued, "I don't want to draw upon your credulity too much, but I will relate one more experience. In this case I was a witness. One September morning I was out duck shooting at the outlet of this lake. I had left my boat somewhere down the channel and was walking along the shore to get a shot at some wood ducks. I came upon them, shot one and winged another, which started to swim across to the other side. Now, if you wing a wood duck and it gets to land a few minutes first—without a dog—you had better go look for another duck. I looked up the lake and saw a man in a boat. I called to him to come quickly and put me across. It turned out to be Pat D., a shoemaker in the village, who was out in a dug-out canoe trolling for 'lunge. He paddled toward me and was taking in his line as he neared the shore. I called out to him to be careful, as there were plenty of rocks. He had taken up his line to within a few feet, and as he threw the bait into the canoe, in jumped a good sized maskinonge. He had evidently followed the bait. Pat threw himself upon the fish, and I witnessed the tussle. Pat conquered. The fish weighed over 20 pounds—but I lost my duck."

The writer had nearly Pat's experience that same afternoon. As the fierce rays of the sun cooled down toward evening, our party went out trolling for 'lunge. My spoon fouled in some weeds and I was drawing it in to clear it. When the same was about 3 feet from the boat I gave the line a jerk to throw in the bait. As it came out of the water a good sized 'lunge jumped after it, exposing about two-thirds of his body out of water.

EDISON B. FRALECK.

Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland.

To the lovers of sport who wish to go where game can be obtained for a certainty, even by the most amateur, Newfoundland will without doubt be found satisfactory. Caribou are very abundant, but there are no other animals of the deer kind. Attempts have been made to introduce moose, but up to date with no result.

For the benefit of those who care to go there, I have thought it might be interesting to recount the experiences of myself and party who were there last autumn. Before going we found it more or less difficult to get reliable information about the place. What we secured was from literature obtained from various railroads and steamboat companies who wish to induce travel over their respective lines, and places are usually overdescribed for this purpose by some one who can depict scenery or extol the game resources as a special inducement to tourists. What I have to say will be a true account of what we saw and experienced.

The party consisted besides myself of Messrs. W. S. Kaulbock and H. I. Jenkins, of Malden, Mass., and J. F. Davenport, of Allston, Mass. Having secured a tent and sleeping bags of Phelps, of Boston, we embarked on the steamship Halifax, of the Plant Line, for Port Hawkesbury, on the Strait of Canso. We encountered that night a very severe storm, it being about the time of the Galveston cyclone, and had a rough passage, all of us being seasick. Arrived at Halifax a couple of hours late, and were glad to go ashore and get something to eat where there was a prospect that it would stay down. At last, until we started again for Hawkesbury, we took in what we could of the city, and about 1 o'clock that morning started again, arriving at Hawkesbury the following afternoon at about 4 o'clock. Here we found evidences of the storm of the preceding night, the steamboat pier there being damaged and two or three schooners and a steamer dismasted and ashore. The accommodations for passengers, that day at any rate, were the worst I ever experienced. We were piled into a little tug boat, bag and baggage, and taken across to Point Tupper, one extremity of the railroad to Sydney. Arrived at the latter place about dark and went aboard the steamship Bruce, en route to Port-au-Basque, Newfoundland. In passing I should not forget to say a word of praise for this steamship. She is owned by Mr. Reid, of the Newfoundland Railway. Her accommodations are excellent. She resembles a steam yacht in her furnishings. We were surprised to find so nice a boat up there.

Next morning found us at Port-au-Basque, where we took the train up country for the game region. At the custom house our baggage had to be examined, and at this point I should mention the importance of taking out licenses at the place when you land in the country, and not from some game warden up near the sporting districts. By buying licenses of the custom house officer at the port of entry you thereby show that you are bona fide tourists, and as such your whole baggage goes through without inspection or paying any deposit whatever.

We had promised to buy our licenses at the Bay of Islands, and consequently were required to open up and show our baggage and put up a deposit equal to the duty on everything we had. The ride up country was very pleasant. We made the acquaintance of Mr. Wilson, on the parlor car, who proved a very agreeable companion and gave us lots of useful information about the country. Arrived at Bay of Islands late in the afternoon and stopped over night. Here we met our guides, secured our provisions and boats and went on in the morning to Sandy River, arriving there about 2 P. M. Our guides were John Nichols and Edward Michaud, and our cook Samuel Farnell. We liked these men very much, and recommend them to others who can get them. Their address is River Head, Bay of Islands. Having taken our dinner we rowed down the river to Grand Lake and along the eastern shore about fifteen miles, when night coming on we landed and struck tent, for the weather was threatening. While going down the lake we encountered five caribou swimming across—one stag and four does. We secured the former and allowed the rest to get away. The stag had thirty-two points on his horns, which is not considered extra up there. Next day we went further down the lake opposite a high mountain peak known as Mount Harry. Here we encamped at the mouth of a small stream which comes down the side of the mountain at that point. Next day we ascended the mountain and camped a short distance from the summit. Having rested and taken dinner, we strolled out, surveyed the landscape round and saw nineteen caribou, some singly or in pairs, the most we saw together being four. Here we stayed four or five days, having bad weather all the time—fog, wind and rain. Having secured five stags and one doe with horns, we returned to Sandy River Crossing, then went further up the river to the second rapids and camped a short distance below Little Deer Pond. Here we shot the best stag that we secured. He had very massive horns with thirty-two points. Before leaving we got two other does with fairly good horns. Had we gone up to the place at first we would have had a much more easy and satisfactory trip.

After Oct. 1 the caribou begin to gather in herds for the southern migration, but they do not all participate, for our guides informed us that they can be found all over the island any time of the year, only a considerable portion of them migrating. I had my mind made up that when we got them, all we should do would be to go out, find a herd, shoot down our pick and that would be the end of it. It proved to be a delusion in our case, possibly because we were there too early. The stories of monster herds of five hundred or so are absurd. Our guides informed us that the most they had seen together was forty-eight, but that they had heard of somewhat larger flocks being seen. They informed us that wolves were practically extinct, and that bears were very scarce also. I had expected from what I had read that there would be good ptarmigan shooting. These birds are white in winter and are of two kinds, corresponding to our so-called birch and spruce partridge. I did not see any alive, but some of our party shot one or two. Other men I met there said they were really plentiful in some parts, and so tame that they could be killed with sticks. I suspect this another story like the monster herds of caribou we hear of but do not see. I should judge by the looks of the streams there that trout and salmon ought to be plentiful at the right season. I made a few casts in some of the best pools and got a few rises, but the fish were small and did not take a fly well. However, our friends said that in the spring and early summer one can get all he has a mind to catch.

A peculiarity of the island is the absence of reptiles. Many of the small animals we find in Canada are also absent, such as the woodchuck, mink, raccoon, porcupine and skunk. There are muskrat, beaver and otter there. also marten. We were told that there were two kinds of rabbits there in abundance. Our party saw none of either kind. Taking away the caribou, there is not much there to go hunting for, and unless you see some of these you may tramp all day over the barrens and see no signs of animal life except an occasional mohawk. I saw plenty of these when we pitched our tent, and they were so audacious that they would almost steal food from our tents. Perhaps what I have written is not an average description of the game resources of the island, but it is true so far as we observed.

In regard to licenses, one may get them for three different prices. A forty-dollar license allows the holder two stags and one doe; a fifty-dollar license three stags and one doe, and an eighty-dollar license five stags and two does, and I think any one can buy as many licenses as he wants and kill all the game he cares to pay for. Our guides and cook charged us $2.50 a day for themselves and boat. This is the average wages up there, but men can be got for less if you want that kind. Some of the more experienced guides get higher wages than this. I would recommend that sportsmen going from the United States take their provisions with them, as they cost more up there and cannot be easily obtained unless ordered before hand from St. Johns. If one buys his license at the port of entry, no duties will be charged on such supplies as the sportsman may require. The law is off there after July 15 and up to Oct. 1, then after Oct. 20 until the end of the year.

I was surprised by the absence of public roads in the island. The people all live beside the water and travel about in boats. I did not see much land fit for cultivation, but was informed that some parts were well suited for agriculture. In the interior of the island are large bogs and vast stretches of barrens, the latter covered with moss and growing plenty of berries of various kinds. Gulches of all dimensions run through these barrens with streams at the bottom and small trees and bushes lining the sides. These gulches afford excellent hiding places for the caribou when pursued. One often cannot see these gulches until almost upon them. On the large marshes I saw paths as wide as a carriage road and quite deep where the deer have been traveling for centuries. Smaller paths lead from the marshes over the barrens in all directions. From what I have learned the caribou of Newfoundland are larger than those of the mainland and have better horns. In Nova Scotia, where I have hunted, they are more difficult to approach and of a much smaller size.

The railroad is a narrow gauge, and is fairly well equipped. The officials are very courteous to sportsmen and will stop the train anywhere along the route to let them off or take them on. The scenery along the road is beautiful, particularly the Valley of the Humber. Grand Lake is sixty-five miles long and has an island twenty-five miles in length, with an elevation of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet. The country is comparatively new to the sportsman, and it is to be hoped that the game laws will be strictly enforced to prevent the extermination of these animals.

In closing I would recommend those who are fond of shooting to give Newfoundland a trial, feeling sure that they will be well repaid for their trip. A. C. FALES.

MALDEN, Mass., Jan. 9.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

Experiences with Wild Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been with pleasure I read your good editorials and the letter from Mr. Wells on the dangers from wild animals. They are identical with the conclusions drawn from the experience I have had and observed during the forty-five years I have put in on the frontier and in the mountains. During that time I have killed a number of bears, mountain lions (cougars I call them), wolves, and in fact all the dangerous animals inhabiting the Rocky Mountains. I have traveled alone through many different wild sections of the mountains and plains, camped in some of the most inaccessible places where there were plenty of wild beasts, as they are called, and I have found but two animals that tried to give me battle. One was an otter, the other a wounded buck.

In 1861 I was hunting on one of the tributaries of the Platte, about three miles from the South Park in Colorado I had left camp early in the morning, and had kept along the stream as near as the brush would admit. The sun was shining very bright on the snowy range, but had not got high enough to strike the bottom I was hunting in. I saw up to my right a very big buck. He had evidently seen me first, as he was standing broadside and looking at me. I raised my rifle and fired; at the crack of the rifle the deer gave a jump, then stopped, and waited until I was nearly ready to fire again; then he started off, and I soon followed. There was no snow, so I had to track on the bare ground, which sometimes is slow work. I soon found blood on a dry log the deer had crossed, and by examining close I saw there was chewed food mixed with the blood. Then I knew I had shot the deer too far back. I followed on, and soon came to where he had been running, quartering down the mountain, and soon I came to what seemed to be the end of his tracks, and was standing and taking a good look in all directions, when all at once I heard a sniff, and on turning up the mountain I saw the buck coming down at me. He was so close I could not shoot with any certainty, but I shot, and then dodged behind a small pine tree. The deer passed as close to me as the tree would let him. He was going with such force that he was at least twenty feet below me when he stopped and turned half-way around. I lost no time in reloading my rifle, and as the deer stood watching me with his eyes as green as a mad dog's, I slowly and carefully raised my rifle and shot him dead. I reloaded my rifle and then as the deer did not move I went to where he lay. He was a fine deer, and brought $25.

I was busy drawing him when I was startled nearly as much as I was when the deer charged. Another hunter had come up the mountain from the other side, and hearing my shots came over that way, and was just across on another ridge when the buck charged at me, and he told me that he had been in the mountains in California, and in fact all over the West, and it was the first time he ever saw an animal charge on a hunter. I told him I had wounded it a short time before and was tracking it, and had lost the tracks when the deer charged. He helped me hang the deer up, then we hunted together for a while, but got separated, and it was dark before we got to camp.

The other wild animal that showed that he would rather fight than retreat was an otter. I had got between it and a stream, and instead of trying to get away and go round, it wanted that I should do the getting out of the way, while it was going to go straight for the stream, but when it raised up to give me battle I shot it with my revolver.

I will now speak of a few of the times I have tried to get that wonderful animal, bear, to stand. In 1865 I was coming out over the mountains from Clearwater Station, in Idaho, to the Mountain House. I was on foot, and had my blankets on my back and was traveling along at a lively gait. On coming out from a service thicket into some openings, I saw not more than 50 yards away a large black bear and four cubs cross the trail, I slipped out from my pack and gave chase, for I wanted to see if the old bear would fight or leave her cubs. I made the pace so strong that soon three of the cubs turned down to the left, and the old bear and the other cub kept quartering around to the right. I soon made it so hot for them that the cub ran up a large pine, and stopped on the first limb it came to. But the old mother never stopped to see what had become of her cubs. There was one thing peculiar, two of the cubs were as black as cubs can be and the other two were cinnamon. I sat down and watched the cub in the tree, and soon I heard a bell, and I had not long to wait till three men came along the trail, going over the mountain. I went up and took my blankets out from the trail, and I told the men that I had just chased an old bear away from her cubs. While the men did not say that I was a liar, they showed by their looks that they took the story with a big grain of salt. I told them that one of the cubs was up a tree a short distance down the hill, and they wanted I should show it to them. I did so, and one proposed to go back and get a rifle out of the pack to kill the cub with. I told them if they wanted it I would kill it for them. One said "What would you kill it with?" I said, "My revolver." I would like to have a picture of that man when he looked at me.

I raised my revolver and was about to shoot when one of the men said, "Hold on; let me get a club, so that if you only wound it I can finish him." I waited till he got his stick, then I shot, and out rolled the cub, but it was so dead that it did not need any finishing strokes.

A number of years after, Ben Morris, Ezra Baird and I were coming through the mountains from Boise to Mount Idaho, and when we were passing through the Weiser Meadows I was riding ahead, and soon I noticed a large animal up to my left. At first I thought it was a small dark colored cayuse, but soon I saw it was a large bear, and there were four cubs running around her. I proposed to Ben that we run her away from her cubs, and he was willing we should try. Soon the bear saw us and started on the run for the timber. As it happened, we were on the opposite side of the creek from the bear, and

we had some difficulty in finding a crossing, and when we got across the bear was nearing the timber. We urged our horses as much as we could, and when we were about 50 yards from the bears they got to the timber. The old bear turned partly around and growled, but we let them go, as the logs were too thick for us to run our horses over.

Another time I was hunting for a berry patch with a friend, and we had hitched our horses and were walking along talking, when I noticed not more than 100 yards ahead a large cinnamon bear, sitting up looking at us. I called the attention of my friend, and at the same time reaching for my revolver, and when he saw what I was going to do he grabbed me and begged me not to shoot, as the bear might charge on us. I laughed at him, and soon the bear ran and crossed the ridge we were going down. I pulled loose from my friend and gave chase after the bear with my revolver in my hand, and I kept in sight of the bear, and it soon turned up the mountain to the right and stopped about 100 yards away. It had its feet upon a log and afforded one of the best kind of shots. I raised the revolver and fired, and over rolled the bear. I ran up so that I could finish it if necessary, but it was not. I went back then to see what had become of my friend, but I could not find him. Soon he came riding his horse and leading mine, and when I told him I had killed the bear, instead of praising me he gave me a good lecture on my rashness, as he called it, and told me that some day I would get killed by the bears. We went to the bear, and I took the gall, which I sold to the Chinaman in Mount Idaho for $5.

I was once plowing with three mules, one of which was noted for his aversion to Indians. Often I have seen Old John hold up his big ears and snort long before any Indians would put in an appearance. Old John had been looking and snorting for quite a while, and finally two squaws rode up to the fence and gave me to understand that they wanted me to get my rifle and go with them over into the cañon a short distance. I drove down to the house and, tying up the mules, took the rifle and the two dogs and followed the Indians. When I got to the cañon I saw on the opposite side two more Indians, and from their actions I knew there was some kind of an animal at the carcass that lay in the cañon, not more than 100 yards from where I was. The Indians that had come after me had stopped; I kept on, and when within less than 30 yards of the carcass I saw a very large panther jump from the carcass and make off up the cañon. I told the dogs to catch it, and in less than 150 yards they treed it. I went up within about 20 yards of the tree and whistled, and when the panther looked toward me I shot it in the eye. When it was dead the women came in and wanted I should give it to them. I told them they could have the meat, but I wanted the hide, which I agreed to give them $2 to dress with the fur on.

One day while watching some deer feed in little Sheep Cañon, I saw a panther spring on a deer, and I think it killed the deer as quick as a cat can kill a rat, and while I did not measure the distance it sprang, it certainly was more than 40 feet. I went around and crossed the cañon and came up to within less than 30 yards of it, while it was still eating. I whistled, and when the panther looked up I shot it in the head. I could not see where the deer had struggled to amount to anything. The panther had bitten the deer through the back of the head. It had eaten out the back of the neck down into its shoulders.

The largest panther I think I ever saw was the one I killed with my revolver on the Clearwater. The boys wanted to go to the house and get my rifle, but I told them that I would kill it with the Navy, and I did so, much to their pleasure. We weighed it and it tipped the scales at 105 pounds.

LEW WILMOT.

OAKMONT, Pa., Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that in your issue of Feb. 23 Mr. Ames cites instances of dangerous panthers in Vermont, but as having been seen in long past times. That suggests to me the inqury of how much truth there may be in the old-time theory that animals which were bold and ferocious when their habitats were thinly settled by civilized man became cowardly when man brought his exterminatory processes to bear on them? When we were boys, the grizzly, the alligator, the "painter" and the wolf were painted as very dangerous beasts, and of later years we got the information that they were all cowardly unless wounded or starved, as the result of man's merciless warfare on them. Has anybody any facts bearing on this question? Getting up plausible theories to explain almost anything is as easy as rolling off a wet log in a mill pond, and the fewer the facts the easier the theory manufacture. What little I have known of him warranted me in believing that the wildcat is dangerous on half-provocation, and he has hung round the fringes of man's settlings almost as closely as the rabbit, and reports from California at the time that that 18-pound fox terrier out there killed that 42-pound wildcat, indicated that he was still as dangerous a beast as ever, while the "painter" was a ridiculous coward. Perhaps it is a matter of individuality of breeds. Some may cow under man's warfare and some may remain as they originally were. Anyhow, facts will be interesting and perhaps valuable.

W. WADE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very much interested in the articles in FOREST AND STREAM about the "Wild Animal Fear" and am glad to offer my experience.

I have been a hunter in the country west of the Missouri River since 1856, and have killed most of the various wild animals found there. I am familiar with the case recently cited by you where an old man was killed by a deer in Nebraska, and was one of the men who found the body.

I have been in some tight places during my life, but I think that I was never in such danger as I once was from the unprovoked attack of a white-tailed deer.

I think it was in the autumn of 1877 that I was hunting on the Dismal River in central Nebraska. I had just come up over a hill and was looking over the country, when, without any warning, a white-tail buck and two does came over another hill, more than half a mile away. I happened to see them as they topped the hill, and lay down in the hope that they would work toward me, but as I did so the buck must have seen me, for he left the does and came toward me on a run. I was puzzled at his actions, and as he got near me it seemed evident that he was going to attack me. When he was within 100 yards I stood up, thinking that the deer would stop and I could then shoot him. He did not stop, but came directly on, his head held low and hair on his back standing up. The wind was blowing so hard that I was afraid to shoot for fear of missing him, and I waited until he was within a few jumps of me and then fired, and jumped to one side. I was not quick enough, for as he passed me he threw out his head and struck me on the arm with his antler, giving me so hard a blow that the arm was numb, and I could not use it.

As soon as the deer could stop and turn, he came at me again, but just before he reached me he fell dead. If I had missed him, I think the chances are that he would have killed me.

This was in the rutting season, and no doubt that was the cause of the attack. On the other hand, while at first the deer may have taken me for another deer, his error must have been corrected when he saw me stand up.

I think that I sent an account of this incident to FOREST AND STREAM many years ago, but am not certain about this.

L. H. N.

MONROE, Neb.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was in the early summer of 1884 that I was up on the mountain back of the ranch, in Wyoming, looking for some meat to kill. I had left my horse and was hunting on foot near the edge of some timber, when, as I passed over a little rise of ground, I saw at the foot of a group of pine trees a large black mass on the ground. I stopped to look at it, and as I stood there, the mass separated itself and five bears that had been lying close together got on their feet and began to walk around, snarling and growling at each other. This had not gone on very long before the largest of them saw me and started for me at a dead run. I did not know what to do, and had very little time to think about it. My horse was a long way off and no tree to climb was within reach. Only one bear had charged; the other four were still walking about the place where they had lain.

As there was nothing else to do, I stood fast, waiting for the bear to come on, and when he had come close within 15 or 20 feet of me, I fired, and then turned and ran as hard as I could. I heard nothing behind me, and after I had run 50 or 60 yards, on looking back I could see nothing following. But I kept going at the best gait I could keep up, until I reached my horse.

When I was on his back I felt better. I hunted up my companion, who was off to the north, and with him went back to the place where the bears had been. I could see where the bear that had charged me had fallen and the ground grow wet with a great pool of blood that he had lost. He had finally got up and gone back to the others, and the five had then started off across the mountains. We followed them without difficulty, for they made a broad trail, through open parks, open pine timber and across snow drifts, which even then were 40 feet deep or more. It was interesting to notice that on some of these drifts where the snow was so hard that our horses' hoofs did not sink in at all, the footprints of the bear which I had shot, and which still bled a little, sank in from 6 to 8 inches. I guessed he was a big one.

At last the bears entered some heavy and low pine brush, and there we left them. I confess that for my part I was quite willing to let them go.

W. H. R.

SEMINOLE MOUNTAINS, Wyoming.

A Pair of Red-Tailed Hawks.

WHILE I was living in Farmington, Me., and while yet a schoolboy, there was a pair of red-tailed hawks (*Buteo borealis*) that nested year after year in a large patch of old growth situated on a steep side hill, known to the residents thereabouts as Pick Hill. These birds were often seen hunting for food in patches of woods and about the farm houses for several miles around.

The farmers, many of them, tried to shoot the birds, believing they were trying to catch their poultry. All of the depredations of the numerous sharp-shinned hawks (*Accipiter velox*) and Cooper's hawks (*Accipiter cooperi*) that caught a few chickens about the locality, these red-tails got the blame for. 'Tis true they caught an occasional hare (*Lepus americanus*), as I have sometimes found bits of fur and bones of a hare in a patch of woods thereabouts, left by these hawks, after making a meal on them.

On two or three occasions I found the remains of a Canada ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus togata*) which they had captured. But at no time have I known of one of this pair to catch any one's poultry. Though I have often heard the farmers remark that probably those hawks had caught a great many hens and chickens, yet none had ever seen them take any poultry. Not one word was ever remarked about the countless numbers of rodents, snakes and frogs and such food that these hawks had captured. It was a case similar to "poor dog Tray's" experience. They had rid the community of a great many injurious rodents, yet not a particle of credit for good did they get, but were blamed for the harm done by the smaller hawks.

For several years they nested in a very tall old-growth yellow birch, on the steep side hill, each year returning early in April and commencing their nesting about the middle of May, using the same nest year after year, relining it annually with a few twigs of green hemlock and bits of birch bark. The nest soon became an enormous structure, and could be seen for a long distance through the woods. They seemed to know the significance of a "boy with a gun," and if one approached would keep a long distance off. I had no desire to shoot them, so they became more accustomed to my frequent visits, and were not so shy, yet when any one visited that woods with a gun, he rarely got a glimpse of the birds, as they left for another patch of woods across the stream, remaining until the trespasser upon their domains had wearied of the chase and retired.

No amount of trying to hide could be "worked" upon them, as they were very wary and could not be fooled. I have watched these birds for hours as they would fly leisurely to a dead stub and quietly watch for food. When disturbed they uttered a hoarse, prolonged cry, not so shrill as the cry of their cousins, the red-shouldered hawks (*Buteo lineatus*); a more hoarse, prolonged cry like k-a-i! uttered at intervals of several minutes apart, sounding as if they had a "frog in their throat." For hours, too, have I watched these birds as they gracefully soared with wings outstretched in large circles, going higher and higher, with scarcely a movement of the wings, soaring aimlessly about with seemingly no other object than the pleasure of cutting such aerial circles, far too high up to be searching for food. The sensation derived from skating and cutting circles on the ice and in riding a wheel along a smooth, hard path or boulevard, even the pleasure of spinning along with the automobile, cannot, I imagine, be compared with the sensation of cutting such circles through the air.

The tree in which these birds had nested for years had been too high and large to try to climb, but in June, 1897, my cousin and myself repaired to it with climbers, and he volunteered to ascend to the nest. After a hard climb he succeeded in reaching the fork on which the nest rested, but the nest was so tall and broad he had great difficulty in getting to a point from which he could see into the nest. He found three young hawks covered with down, about a week old. These he let down to me in his hat, with a string tied to it. I took them home and fed them on earth worms and bits of mice and frogs.

It was very interesting to watch them try to tear the flesh I gave them, and to see them strike angrily at each other, often catching each other by the beak, and a general mix up would then follow. They made very interesting pets, but I was only able to keep them until about half-grown. Unlike my old red-shouldered hawks (see FOREST AND STREAM, July 28, 1900, page 65), the old birds did not lay another set of eggs after being disturbed, but returned the next year and occupied the old nest.

Once afterward I took their first set, and they remained about the nest, but made no attempt to rear young. They returned the next spring and reoccupied the old nest as usual.

In the fall of '98 the heavy winds blew their tree down, and on their return the following spring they built a new nest in a tall, leaning birch, a few rods from the old site. This did not prove so satisfactory as the old nest, as the following spring, instead of relining this nest, they built a nest in a large basswood at the extreme end of the woods, south of the old site. Here they resumed their regular order of household duties. I visited this nest the last of May last year and found my old friends were still occupying it. But a week later a young fellow by a chance shot killed the female, and the male, which was perched on a tall tree not far off, flew rapidly off, and he was not seen about the place after that, though I made several trips to the nest to see if he was to be seen. Several days after the female was shot I climbed to the nest and found that the crows had broken the two eggs and eaten the contents, leaving the shells in the nest.

I shall look next spring, as I spend my vacation near that locality, to see if the male will return, mated, and occupy the same patch of woods that he has become so much attached to, or if this is to be the last chapter I am able to record of this interesting family of hawks. If the woods is deserted by this remaining hawk and none of their progeny come to occupy "the old homestead," there will be a vacancy there. The winter wrens will sing on as usual, the rose-breasted grosbeaks will nest on the hillside and the woods will ring with their beautiful songs. The "nightingales of the North" will make the woods resound with their mellow call on the dark and rainy days. The hermit thrush will sing his evening songs, and the many other species will make it a charming spot, yet it will never again be complete without a pair of red-tailed hawks to soar above the treetops and make the early morning air ring with their hoarse cries. Their old nest, unoccupied, will be appropriated by the gray squirrels, and will soon decay. The heavy snow and the fierce wintry winds will soon break down the once happy home of my old friends, the Buteos.

J. MERTON SWAIN.

PORTLAND, Me., Jan. 22.

The Labrador Duck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a book entitled "Exploration de l'Ile d'Anticosti," by M. Paul Combes, published in Paris in 1896, a statement is made that the author recently saw the Labrador, or pied, duck near that island.

I do not know that this statement of M. Combes' has been seen by American ornithologists—I have not seen the work myself—but it is one which will interest them.

It is believed that the Labrador duck is extinct, and this belief is expressed in the A. O. U. check list, and is shared by American ornithologists generally, though Mr. Ridgway (1887) says more cautiously, "Believed now to be nearly if not quite extinct." Mr. Wm. Dutcher, who has given especial attention to this bird, writes me: "I have made every effort to get information regarding the Labrador duck in every portion of the northern part of this continent, without any success whatever, and I therefore conclude it is extinct."

In an article published in Nature of Jan. 10, 1901, entitled "Some Animals Exterminated During the Nineteenth Century," R. L. Ydekker speaks of the Labrador duck as extinct, adding, "the last known example having been killed in 1852." This is an error, as American ornithologists will readily recognize. About the year 1871 or 1872 I saw more than one of these birds in process of being prepared by a taxidermist, for the late George A. Boardman. They had been purchased in the New York markets.

While it is rather unsafe to venture a conjecture as to what M. Combes' statement really means, the suggestion may be hazarded that he mistook ducks of another species for *C. labradorius*.

G. B. G.

Oh! was ever a man more happy,
Could ever more gleefully sing,
Than when buying trout in the market
And swearing he caught the whole string?
—Boston Courier.

Voice—Catching anything? Fisherman—Yes; malaria.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

New York Forest, Fish and Game Interests.

President Wadsworth's Views.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to your request for my views on the subject, I beg leave to say that I think that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission is an anomaly as at present constituted, for reasons given under the following heads.

The Forests.

The Commission is supposed to have charge of the State lands, amounting to hundreds of thousands of acres (1,384,128), valued at over ten millions of dollars, yet divided into nearly six thousand separate lots (5,974), some covered by valuable timber, subject to forest fires, decay and death; others miles away from the rest, surrounded by hotels and settlements, useless for game, timber or water supply, but of great value for lease, sale or exchange.

But the Commission can make no rules regarding them beyond the laws enacted. The Constitution prohibits the leasing of land or even the giving away of dead timber, and the Legislature allows but three foresters to look after this property.

Fisheries.

These must in their nature be looked after by expert specialists. The technical part is well provided for, but it seems foolish for the State to spend money for putting fish into streams to have them killed by acid or sawdust, and prevented from spawning by dams and nets; or to raise them in captivity until mature, and then put these tame beasts where they are so easily captured that they might as well have been shipped direct to the kitchens instead of the pools of the "sportsmen."

If the Legislature would provide for keeping streams pure, so that fish could live in them, free from obstruction from dams and nets, so that they could spawn in them, and protected from molestation during that period, a much smaller appropriation would be sufficient to look after the valuable food fishes and for the care of such large bodies of water as cannot be seen to by towns and counties.

The men who fish for fun are amply able to take care of themselves, and the communities which profit so much by their presence can well afford to cater to their wants.

Shell Fish.

The Shellfish Office, which is a thing by itself and can easily be made self-supporting, must be kept in New York so long as the State adheres to its present policy of leasing oyster rights, which experience, thus far, has shown to be beneficial, owing to the magnitude of the industry, the complexity of the necessary surveys and the local rivalries and jealousies of small communities.

Game.

The present force of thirty protectors cannot act as private game keepers for every man in the sixty counties of the State, and it is not desirable that they should. The local police protection should be thrown on the towns or counties which profit by it, and the State should confine itself to general supervision, propagation, cold storage, sale, transportation and such matters. The game laws are so complex and change so often that they are absolutely unknown to the bulk of the people, and it is doubtful if there is any one man in the State who could tell what they are to-day. They should be simplified, and in each locality the season begin and end at fixed dates, outside of which no one should be allowed to carry a gun off his own premises without a license, or to catch, kill, sell or transport game of any kind whatsoever. There should be an express understanding that no fish or game should be put out by the State where there were not efficient local protectors, so that no locality whose inhabitants have not sufficient intelligence to appreciate the money value of good shooting and fishing should reap the advantage at the expense of other taxpayers.

The Commission.

At such time as the people feel that they can trust their officers and will withdraw the constitutional provision regarding them, the State forests should be put in charge of an unpaid Commission, not to exceed three members, who should have absolute jurisdiction within their limits on all matters pertaining to them, such as water supply and pollution, game refuges and protection and the control of camping parties. They should also be empowered, under proper restrictions, to exchange, lease or sell outlying lots, and to practice forestry in a proper and conservative manner under a well defined plan, and should be allowed sufficient force under their own control to do so.

And I earnestly hope that the Legislature, instead of multiplying laws, restrictions and penalties beyond what already seems excessive for a free country, will cut down and simplify them, and increase the power of farmers and land holders to keep intruders off their premises.

There are hundreds of thousands of farms in the State whose owners never shoot and would gladly allow game to breed on them if there were any effective way of keeping the village loafer and pot-hunter from tramping over them and killing every living thing.

W. A. WADSWORTH.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XXV.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

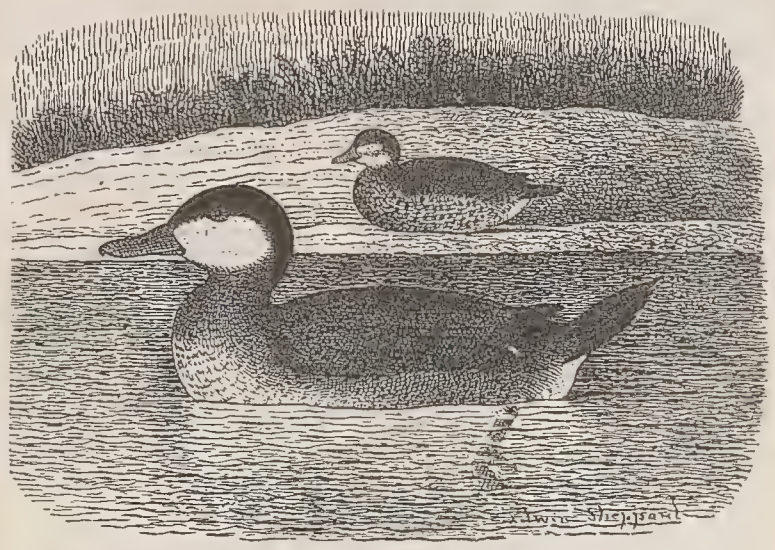
[*Continued from page* 164.]

Ruddy Duck.

Erismatura rubida (Wils.).

THE adult male has the crown black, which color runs down on the back of the neck; the side of head, including cheeks and chin, pure white; the entire upper parts, reddish-chestnut, except the wing coverts; the middle of the rump and lower back, greenish-brown, freckled with paler. The quills of the wing and tail are brownish-black; the under parts are silvery-whitish, something like the breast color of some of the grebes. The long tail-coverts are white; the bill and feet grayish-blue; length, 16 inches.

The female is much duller; the upper part of the head is dark brown, paling on the sides of the head. Often there is a white strip below the eyes, running almost from the base of the bill to the back of the head. The chin is white. The throat and neck are brownish-

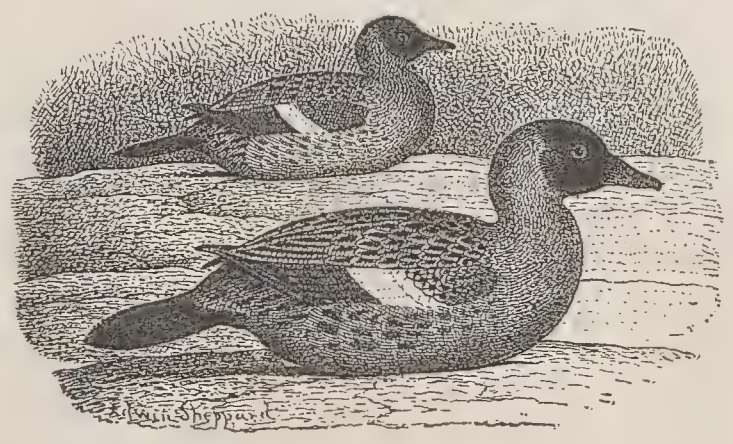


RUDDY DUCK.

gray, fading to silvery on the breast and belly. The upper parts are grayish-brown, mottled and speckled with reddish. The wings and scapulars are dark brown; the tail and wings as in the male; the bill is bluish, often blackish, and the legs and feet, bluish-gray. The young male is still duller.

The ruddy duck is found throughout North America, and is one of the gentlest and most unsuspicious of our birds. It is resident in northern South America and yet it frequents the northern portions of the continent as far as the 58th parallel. It is abundant in California, and equally so on our south Atlantic coast, and occurs often in Massachusetts during the spring migration.

The ruddy duck, although it takes a long time to rise from the water, is a strong flier. It is, however, very much at home on the water, a rapid swimmer and a very good diver. The ruddy is a most gentle and unsuspicious little bird, and appears to pay no attention to the gunner, though he may be standing in plain sight, as it darts down and splashes into the water among the decoys. Until within a few years, gunners in our south Atlantic waters never shot these birds, which were accustomed to come to the decoys and feed among them and then swim or fly away unmolested. Of late years, however, this has become a fashionable bird for the table, and bringing good prices is eagerly sought after by market-gunners. Great numbers are therefore killed each



MASKED DUCK.

season now where formerly they were almost unmolested, and the result has been a very noticeable reduction in the numbers of these little birds.

The ruddy duck has a great number of common names, most of which refer to its physical peculiarities or to its great gentleness. Thus it is called sleepy broadbill, sleepy-head, sleepy duck, sleepy coot, sleepy brother, fool duck, deaf duck, booby and booby coot, paddy and noddy. From its tail it is called stiff-tail, spine-tail, quill-tail coot, pin-tail, bristle-tail, heavy-tailed duck, stick-tail and dip-tail diver. From its supposed toughness, or the difficulty with which it is killed, come such names as hard-headed broadbill, shot-pouch, stub and twist, hard-head, tough-head, hickory-head, greaser, steel-head, light-wood knot and perhaps hard tack. There are a great number of other names, for which the reader must be referred to Mr. Trumbull's excellent volume.

Masked Duck.

Nomonyx dominicus (Linn.).

The adult male, in full plumage, neck all around, back and sides, dark cinnamon-brown, the back and sides with the feathers broadly streaked with black; the front of head, including chin, cheeks and crown, black, this color extending nearly to the back of the head. The lower parts are rusty, but the feathers of the side are streaked with black. The wings are brownish-black, with a white speculum. The under tail coverts are brownish, spotted with black. The tail is dark brown; the bill blue, and feet blackish; length about 15 inches.

The female has the head black, with one or two brownish streaks running back from the bill. The chestnut is paler, verging to yellowish and spotted with black; the sexes are thus much alike, but the female is very much duller.

The masked duck is found in North America only as a straggler, for it belongs in the tropics. It is a common West Indian and South American species. It has been taken on Lake Champlain, in New York, in Massachusetts, in Wisconsin, Texas and Mexico. It does not appear to be anywhere an abundant species, as is its relative, the ruddy duck. We are told that it does not seem to be at all at home on the land, and that when it walks it is in some degree supported by its long, stiff tail. Gunners should be on the watch for this species.

Maine and Sportsmen.

BOSTON, March 2.—There is an element in the Maine Legislature this winter that is bound to cause the Fish and Game Commission all the trouble possible, and it is reasonable to suppose that a good deal of the feeling comes from the constituency of the members—the people. Economy and relief from taxation is demanded by the grangers, and they are ready to look for economy in any direction. Representative Thornton, of Ashland, introduced into the House on Friday an order that will make work for the Fish and Game Commissioners at least. It reads: "That the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game furnish the Legislature with a full list of all acts relating to inland fisheries and game that have been enacted or are now pending in the present Legislature. Also a list of all appropriations, with title and number, that have passed or are now pending in the present Legislature, for the purposes of fish and game. Also a statement in full of the amount of fines and forfeitures under the fish and game laws during the years 1899 and 1900, the same to be classified by counties." Another order put in reads: "That the Committee on Taxation shall take under consideration the matter of raising a larger revenue from the wild lands in unincorporated places, and whether there is any constitutional method whereby it can be done, and report by bill or otherwise." It is well understood that this last order is introduced for the sake of devising some means of raising direct revenue from the sportsmen who visit these wild lands and unincorporated townships. The farming and lumbering elements claim that while sportsmen, according to the reports of the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game, annually bring millions of dollars into the State, none of it goes to the State, and the farmers are not relieved in the least from taxation, but are annually being assessed more and more for the support of fisheries and game. It certainly looks as though the days of free hunting and fishing in Maine were doomed, and that some form of exaction from them other than what they have always suffered from greedy camp keepers and transportation companies, will hereafter be in vogue. Maine law makers will do well to proceed carefully in the matter of greater taxation and annoyance upon visiting sportsmen. It is a fact that as many people stay away from Maine every year—many who have been there—as go there, for the reason that it costs too much.

SPECIAL.

A March Afternoon.

THE night after the "February Afternoon" the weather dropped the mercury to 20 below zero, the wind blew 50 miles an hour for nearly thirty-six consecutive hours, freezing ice a foot thick on all the streams, and all the ducks were gone. There was no sign of a thaw till the middle of March, and the man with the gun was shut in the schoolhouse for a month. Then the weather got warm and it rained for several days, and the ice in the streams broke to pieces and went tumbling over the mill dams, and ponds were open again, and long lines of ducks and geese harrowed the sky, all going North for the first few days, but after that there was a great flight to the South from three to five each afternoon, and to the north from five till long after dark, the reason for these flights being that to the north of the Coon River "timber" lay a vast tract of prairie, dotted with innumerable ponds and traced by many winding marshy sloughs. To the south of the "timber" was "Quaker Ridge," a high, dry prairie. There were no ponds there, but there were thousands of acres of corn stalks, among which was enough corn to make fine feed for the ducks, so they went there to feed, and to the north prairie for water and roosting grounds. Each afternoon when school was out the man with a gun watched these great flights and said to himself, "On Saturday I'll be with them, and there will be roast duck at our house next Sunday."

It was a long week, but Saturday came. The man with a gun was eager to be using it, so it was not late in the morning when he was tramping through the timber on the way to the north prairie. A walk of seven miles brought him to "Parker's," where he visited with the folks till after dinner. Wayne Parker said there were any number of mallards roosting in "the ponds" every night, and there hadn't been a gun fired there this spring. "Parker's Pond," as we called it, was half a mile long and 200 to 500 yards wide, thickly covered with rushes or reeds ten feet high, the water shallow and the bottom soft deep mud. After dinner the man with a gun sat at Parker's upstairs window and watched the ducks leave the pond for the feeding grounds. They rose in flocks of half a dozen, by fifties and then by hundreds, so many in all that it seemed as though they must have been piled on top of each other in the pond. By 4 o'clock they were all gone.

Then the man got a board six feet long and another four feet long and made a cross of them, borrowed Wayne's old overcoat, and took his way to the pond. About two-thirds of the way to the north end of the pond was a place perhaps three hundred yards wide, and there was an island pretty well over to the east side. He knew this place very well, for he had been there many a time before. He stuck the cross in the ground at the west side of the pond and hung the overcoat and an old hat on it, then started to go round to the east side where he could wade to the island. He had reached the high

grass at the north end when he heard sandhill cranes just over the knoll in front of him. They were not in sight, but in hopes they were coming his way, he dropped in the grass and waited. He had tried for years to get one of these shy birds, but had never bagged one. This time fortune favored him, for they came squarely over him and not thirty yards high. Selecting the biggest one, he fired, fully expecting it to wilt. Then there was trumpeting and wing flappinng and confusion in the flock that was so orderly a moment before, but the one he had shot at didn't wilt. It was hard hit and would no doubt have come down before going far, but the shooter thought one bird in hand worth two on the wing, and immediately gave it the other load, and that time it wilted. This and one other were the only sandhill cranes he killed in three years of hunting in a region where they were to be seen every day from August to December, and from March to May.

Wading out to the island, which was surrounded by thirty to forty yards of open water, he set the box of shells within easy reach and sat down on the old board that had been there since last fall's shooting. He regretted that he had no dog, for just then Flora was interested in a litter of puppies that she thought were the nicest puppies that ever were, and old Sinner was at home whining with rheumatism and crying because he could not go. However, the dead ducks would fall in the open water, and it was not too deep to wade.

For half an hour after everything was ready, not a duck came within a mile, and but few were to be seen. One who didn't know the ways of the ducks would have thought that the prospects were very slim, but this man knew that he would get fifty shots that evening, and bdied his time in patience. Presently two brant came over, flying high, and just for luck and to hear the gun crack again he gave them a shot, and was surprised and greatly pleased to see one of them turn over backward and tumble to the ground almost at his feet. "Hit him in the head," said the man to himself, and it was found that one No. 5 shot had entered the throat and lodged in the brain. This was a good beginning, and he was assured of roast wild fowl for his Sunday dinner; but like Oliver Twist, he wanted more. At 5:30 there were still no ducks, but a dozen prairie chickens came sailing over the pond and lighted on a bare spot a litttle way out from the pond. The man in the grass watched their antics with great interest. The bare orange colored spot on the necks of the cocks was distanced, their tails were spread out and wings drooped, and they strutted around the hens with all the pride of turkey gobblers, continually making that booming sound that no one who has heard it will ever forget, and which cannot be described in words. While watching the chickens there came a sound of s-w-i-s-h, s-p-i-a-s-h, and turning his head a little he saw a dozen green winged teal right at the edge of the island. A shot at the bunch while they were on the water and another as they rose laid out four of them. A few bunches of mallards now appeared, flying high and going to ponds further north, but as yet none of the ducks that roosted in Parker's Pond were coming, nor would they come till nearly sundown, but that would not be long, and the man was glad of it, for with the lowering of the sun the air grew chilly, and by dark it would be freezing. From now on the flocks came faster and faster, till there were tens of thousands in sight, and an occasional flock swooped down toward the pond, then soaring upward passed on north. But now see that bunch drop from the sky to the other end of the pond. Down they come; wings outstretched and settling slowly till they are not twenty feet above the rushes. But the man on the island keeps low and quiet, for he knows they will not settle yet, because they will not be satisfied till they have explored the whole ground and that they will probably come within gun shot. There, see them rise, as if they saw danger in the water below them. Now they come straight toward him, but swerve off to the northwest and he thinks they have started to Pilot Lake, but now the old coat and hat serve their turn, for the birds see it and shy off from it toward the shooter. Now he feels sure of the shot, but is doomed to disappointment, for they make another turn and speed away for Butler's Pond.

Seeing they were gone he turned his head to see whether more might be coming, and there saw about thirty, so close that he could see their eyes. By the time the gun could be swung into position they were past him and an opportunity for a good shot lost, for neither shot disturbed a feather. Looking again to the south he saw five or six bunches of mallards circling over that end of the pond, and after a few minutes of anxious waiting, got an easy shot as one of the flock passed thirty yards to one side and, pausing an instant, settled as if to drop into the water. Selecting two drakes that were close together, he dropped both of them at the first shot, and selecting another drake, dropped it with the second barrel. By this time the sun was just sinking to rest in the bosom of the prairie, and the sky appeared to be fairly alive with the vast numbers of ducks returning to the ponds.

From this time on there was more shooting than a dozen guns could handle, and when full darkness shrouded the land just one cartridge of the fifty brought out remained. The dead birds were yet to be gathered, but that was a short job, for they all lay in the open water surrounding the little island. He was just laying the gun down to begin gathering the dead, when he heard some geese, which a moment later passed right overhead and not twenty feet high. Firing the last cartridge at one of the geese the charge cut off a wing, leaving it held to the body by a few ligaments. The goose fell in the open water but a few feet from the wall of rushes, and at once made for their cover. It would never do to let a goose get away, so the hunter rushed after it and caught it by the broken wing as it was going to cover, and the way that old gander splashed the water almost took the shooter's breath. Then to make matters worse, as he stepped backward his foot went into a muskrat hole, and to keep from falling full length in the water he sat down, getting wet to his waist. The water was cold and the air was chilly, but he held to the old gander and getting him by the neck dragged him ashore and killed him. Then he grabbed the gun and started on a run for Parker's, for it was too cold to be out any longer, and the ducks could be gathered in the morning. After getting warmed and dried and eating supper, he felt none the worse for the wetting, and slept quite late next morning.

When he went to get the rest of the ducks that had been killed, there were a good many hawks to be seen flying over the place, and on arriving at the island there was a thin skim of ice on the water where the ducks lay, and eighteen of the dead mallards that lay breast upward had their feathers torn off and scattered over the ice and their breasts eaten by the hawks. The shooter had not been in the habit of shooting hawks, but this was too exasperating, so he established himself in the blind from which he shot the ducks and when he left there, two hours later, there were thirteen dead hawks lying around. This did not put the meat and feathers back on the mallards, it made them "never do it again." There were plenty of ducks without the mutilated ones, so many that they were too heavy to carry home, and were left for Parker to bring down in the wagon next day. After dinner the shooter trudged back to town, feeling at peace and in a good humor with himself and all the world.

O. H. HAMPTON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Chicago Sportsmen's Show.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—The so-called private view of the first annual exposition of the International Forest, Fish and Game Association was had last evening, Feb. 26. So far from there being a small but exclusive crowd, the attendance was a very large one, the use of a liberal supply of personal invitations having been very generous. At half-past 9 o'clock in the evening the ticket office reported over 13,000 admissions. The lines of carriages practically blocked Wabash avenue, in front of the Coliseum, and the street cars were over half an hour late all along the thoroughfare. The crush of people in the Coliseum was extreme. The crowd, however, was a typical Chicago assemblage, clever and good-natured, and it need not be said that the impression they carried away was a good one. If the popular attendance be so liberal and pleasing throughout the two weeks of the show, the management certainly will have no occasion for regrets of any nature.

A view of the interior furnishing of the Coliseum discloses certain departures from the earlier exhibited ideas in regard to sportsmen's shows, or rather, perhaps, a development of the idea in the natural way of growth and excellence attributable to a greater experience. The trade feature is not emphasized to any great extent, but upon the other hand, the scenic features, the out-door idea and all the general appointments are suggestive of a dignified handling of out-door topics. Various popular games constitute a part of the varied programme. On the whole the show can be called as justly a big popular amusement enterprise as it can be called a sportsmen's show, although the latter is certainly a fitting description of the first entertainment of this kind that has ever come to Chicago.

The primary credit for the success of this undertaking is due to Mr. Richard E. Follett, who has certainly labored faithfully as any man could and with great intelligence and executive ability. Mr. Follett has had good assistants and strongest financial backing, but I mean to say that, last summer he came here, unknown and unsupported, hunted out his own capital, made his own friends and passed through practically alone those hard early stages which are the ones which count in any undertaking. A better executive for this big enterprise could not have been found.

The scheme of decoration is the principal part of this show, and that scheme is purely a Chicago one, and is distinctive in its way. Mr. W. L. Wells deserves credit for the original suggestion of the idea of a forest, lake, marsh, etc., and of the flight of wild geese which appears in the upper air, as well as the many minor features, such as the log cabin which incloses the entrance, the use of natural objects in decoration, etc. Mr, Wells' facile pencil has been of great assistance in the daily papers of this city. He was assisted nobly by Mr. George L. Schreiber, who has been the executive artist in charge of the work. Mr. Schreiber has done yeoman service and his artistic taste is visible on every hand. Mr. H. G. Maratta is the third Chicago man who made up the last member of the board of artists. Mr. Maratta suggested the use of heroic plaster figures of wild animals, and also the old Roman idea of oak leave garlands. Mr. Maratta personally executed for the Santa Fe Railroad the beautiful panorama of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which is one of the most brilliant and stirring attractions of the exposition. These three men made a strong team, and it may be said that they made the show.

In brief the scheme of the interior is that of the natural forest. A giant tree rests in front of each girder of the balcony, extending up into the vaguer regions of the air. Norway pines were used in this scheme, their orange colored bark blending hansomely with the decorations of the Coliseum as well as with the oak leaf strands. At the foot of these giant pines were grouped smaller trees—white pines and spruces—so that the whole barn-like interior of the Coliseum was made to resemble the cloistered grove. At the point of intersection of each giant tree with the balcony face a group of plaster figures was erected. Between the arches were medallions carrying the mounted heads of native game animals in great abundance. From group to group of these heads and medallions run long streamers of the cool green pine boughs, blended with the autumn colors of the oak leaves. The effect was superb, and was heightened by the clever use of masses of foliage on the floor space.

At the right hand of the Coliseum, as one enters, are grouped the very large numbers of wild animals in pens erected by the Page Woven Wire Fence Company. Next to this on the main floor comes the duck pond, erected by Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston. The whole pond was railed in and was full of wild ducks, wild swans, wild geese, etc. This was a favorite spot in the show.

Next toward the center, on the main floor, came the group of trade exhibits, of which more will be said at a later time. Across the aisle from these groups extends a solid band of green forest, and just inside of this rises the mound upon which the Indian camps are pitched. There are three tepees here, two held by the Winnebagoes from Wisconsin, and one, a genuine fourteen robe skin tepee of the old times, is occupied by Joe Kipp—dear Joe Kipp—from the Blackfoot country, the quietest and the wisest outdoor man that ever was. Joe brings with him his little daughter Mary, who will please the white ladies a great deal when she is rigged out in her full buckskin and bead costume. On toward the center comes the swimming tank. In this tank aquatic sports such as water polo, fancy swimming, high diving and the like are carried on. The water runs to the edge of the Indian camp, and the two make the prettiest picture in the entire show. On the left, further on the main floor, is the athletic stage.

Next across the aisle from the athletic platform comes the splendid pheasantry in charge of Mr. Samuel Evans, of Oak Park. As in the case of the wild ducks no expense has been spared in getting these pheasants from the old country, as much as $75 having been paid for a single bird. Almost every known variety of pheasant is shown here in splendid condition. Mr. Evans deserves great credit, as does the management, for the pluck displayed in furnishing this expensive and beautiful attraction.

Beyond the pheasantry rises the approach to Maratta's Grand Cañon. I cannot describe this panorama, but it is worth going some distance to witness. The illusion is perfect. The opening of the proscenium is about thirty feet, but there is no sense of distance possible. One sees the whole cañon, and feels it is really 30 miles across. The light is superb. This is as sterling and artistic an attraction as has ever been seen in any city and under any proposition whatever.

To the left of the Grand Cañon, and on the space occupied by the Santa Fé Railroad, is the Navajoe settlement, showing the "hogans," the brush huts of that far off people of the Southwest. There is a splendid specimen of the Navajoe, and two blanket weavers accompany him. A magnificent collection of those grand fabrics, the Navajoe blankets, is shown on the walls and draped all about the space in this corner of the exposition. The color effect when seen from well up toward the center of the hall is simply superb.

It would be wrong to say that this is the largest sportsmen's show ever held, although I have so stated in earlier mention. The Coliseum is not as large as Madison Square Garden in New York, and indeed it does not lend itself perfectly to the Chicago idea of this show. We need more room, more breaking up of the interior, more rooms for different exhibits and a better place for café facilities. Yet it is questionable whether a better use could be made of the space at hand than has been made here, and Chicago claims with perfect pride that no sportsmen's show ever yet brought off has compared with this in the perfection of its detail and the general excellence of its ensemble.

As the trade side of the show is not too much emphasized, so also is the artistic side in the show weaker, or rather smaller, than one would like to see. This is not in the least to disparage the splendid show which is made by the materials at hand, but it is too limited to gratify the Chicago idea of doing things. There are perhaps fifty paintings here, each a gem in its way. Chicago would like to see five hundred or five thousand. Mr. Alexander Pope, of Boston, has charge of the art department, and he exhibits a number of his splendid pieces, also displaying some of Mr. Walter Brackett's superb salmon pictures. Mr. Pope creates the best impression in the world among Chicago people, and he has somewhat the reputation of a Herrmann or a Kellar. His best painting is that of a large white swan, and it is so conscientiously done that it absolutely deceives the eye of the most suspicious. It looks like the real bird and one can only persuade his eye that it is not until he has run quite into the canvas and proved against his own belief that the thing is not flesh and blood but simply a creation of the artist's brush and brain. Mr. Pope has made a magnificent showing, and he deserves the greatest credit for coming to this country and offering the public of this city the treat which he has. It may be said of this display that it is superb in its way, but all too limited in its scope. If Mr. Pope can give us more things as good as this, we would like more, very much more.

The gallery of the Coliseum is badly constructed, and much cluttered up with beams and girders. It does not lend itself naturally to those small and interesting side exhibits which should be a part of any great sportsmen's show. One end of the gallery is occupied by Mr. Pope's department, and that is the only attempt made to utilize the gallery space. At the opposite end of the gallery the band stand has been erected, and forty musicians are doing their best to earn the union scale. On the main floor, grouped around to the edges of the building, are many exhibits of great interest, and it may perhaps be as good a scheme of description as any to take this in detail, beginning at the right hand of the log cabin entrance.

Hence we find the first exhibit of interest to be that of the White Pass & Yukon Railroad. Mr. J. Francis Lee, General Passenger Agent for that far.off transportation line, has secured for the show here the magnificent Craine Alaska collection, which is controlled by the Alaska Geographical Society. This exhibit takes up more than three carloads of space in transit, and a large amount of floor room at the show. With it are Mr. Richard Craine, the collector, a successful Dawson miner, and Oscar Jarvis, a dog train mail carrier, who has carried the Government mails from Dawson to tide water and from Dawson down to Nome. This boy has with him a superb team of huskies dogs, which have stood him in such good stead in the icy north. These shrewd-faced beasts constitute one of the most popular attractions of the show. They are a typical team, beautiful, strong and sagacious. They have as vehicles several native "cheechacks" sledges, all made without nails. Oscar Jarvis can tell many a good story of his experiences in the cold country of Alaska, and the only regret is that space does not serve to tell all of these at present.

Mr Craine is a mighty hunter who has killed some of the specimens shown with his own rifle. Among these grand trophies are several grizzlies and black bears, and probably the finest specimen of polar bear ever taken out

of the North. There is also a tremendous Kadiac bear-skin, which he obtained from the Indians. I cannot get the exact measurements of this skin, since it is hung up high in the air, but it appears to be between eleven and twelve feet. Joe Kipp says it is a third larger than any buffalo skin he ever saw. There are white sheep, bear cubs, big-horns, as well as all sorts of fur bearing animals, all sorts of native weapons, tools and appliances, all sorts of native boats, and some of the lightest and handsomest long and narrow snowshoes that I have ever seen. This exhibit is an education for any one who has not lived in Alaska.

Just beyond the masterful Craine exhibit with its splendid collection of hides, horns, etc., comes the tasteful space of the Page Woven Wire Fence Company.

Passing for a time the animal park, of which more extended notice will be made later, it may be well to begin with the trade exhibits which occupy the semicircle back of the Indian camp. A local wholesale firm, Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., occupy the first space, and show a handsome collection of sporting goods. Next comes the busy booth of Montgomery Ward & Co., whose name is literally a household word all over America. The exhibit of Montgomery Ward & Co. is small but very select, and is confined to rod and gun materials exclusively. It is well handled and creates a good impression.

The next booth is that of a food company, and just beyond this is the typical booth of A. G. Spaulding & Bro., who have a small space well and tastefully provided with the goods and furnishings dear to the sportman's heart. It need not be said that the exhibit of this firm is of high-class, and of a quality which has made the sporting name. Just beyond the Spaulding exhibit is the booth of a local grocery house, which is interesting to sportsmen by reason of the variety of tinned goods offered in portable form.

Next in line is the exhibit of a local sporting paper, and beyond this comes the brilliant little booth of George B. Carpenter & Company, whose staples are known wherever a tent is raised or a sail set. Binnacles, compasses, all sorts of cooking outfits, boat and canoe jewelry, little tents, cots—everything in canvas is shown as this firm only in the West can show it.

Beyond the tidy and shipshape Carpenter exhibit comes the display made by the Truscott Boat Manufacturing Company, who have put in a couple of launches, and create a good impression. Just beyond them comes the small and low but attractive display of the Lake Shore Engine Company, of Marquette, Mich., who show a series of their gasoline engines.

Near the gallery, back of the above-named exhibits, is a beautiful little room in which is shown the handsome book "Brush, Sedge and Stubble," which has been done by Mr. Dwight W. Huntington.

Under the gallery, beyond the last-named exhibit, comes the grand collection of heads, horns and mounted specimens shown by Periolat and Frieser. This is especially noteworthy in view of the superb Alaskan specimens which are shown. To stand in front of the grand Alaskan moose head, which is perhaps the finest feature of this exhibit, is to witness a creature that is simply appalling in the impression created. One can hardly believe that so great a creature can fall to the tiny bullet of the sportsman. The name of Periolat is well-known in the fur trade of the West for many years.

Next beyond, under the gallery, is displayed the food product of another company, and in the next booth are shown lenses big and small for sportsmen and others. A candy company near by furnishes a booth much visited by the ladies, and beyond that is shown a good supply of sea shells in the booth of a local concern.

This brings us naturally to the splendid showing of American fishes, under charge of Dr. S. P. Bartlett, of the United States Fish Commission. I shall pass mention of this collection to be taken up with the animal exhibit. We go thence beyond the Grand Cañon, finding great difficulty in passing without a long stop before the magnificent Navajoe blanket and pottery exhibit shown by Fred Harvey, one of the most sterling and unique attractions of the show. Then we strike the handsome interior of the booth of the Southern Pacific Railway Company. It was the intention of this company to bring on a number of Indians, but at the last moment the company was unable to secure the proper people on account of the lack of time. It therefore simply hung up in the space about twenty superb paintings done by master artists, and on themes connected with the glorious West, which is tributary to this transcontinental line. The Yosemite and big trees are shown naturally, and so are all the game fishes of the fresh waters, and of the salt waters upon which this great line takes hold. The paintings are superb, and this really should be called an art exhibit rather than a railroad exhibit. It is highly creditable. The next space is held by the same company, and is handled in a somewhat different form, being given over to photographs and to mounted fishes. Some of the photographs are grand. California exuberant, unbounded and glorious is written in every line.

Adjoining the Southern Pacific spaces is the handsome display made by William C. Kaempfer, the leading Chicago taxidermist. Mr. Kaempfer has shown in tasteful arrangement nearly all of the greatest American trophies, as well as a splendid case of birds and many mounted fishes, the latter difficult topic being handled extremely well. Mr. William C. Kaempfer is the son of Frederick Kaempfer, Sr., Chicago's oldest taxidermist. The latter established a magnificent business, which has been kept up by his sons.

And now we come to one of the very coziest and sweetest corners of the entire show. The circuit has brought us again up to the main entrance of the Coliseum, and we are at the space of the New Brunswick Guides' Association. This company was really organized by Mr. W. T. Chestnut, of the old house of R. C. Chestnut & Sons, Fredericton, N. B. The party is composed of Mr. W. T. Chestnut, Henry Braithwaite, Arthur Pringle, Harry Allen, George Armstrong and Adam Moore, each a well-known guide of his own district of that great country, so full of game and so little known to the western sportsmen, New Brunswick by the sea. With the party is Robert Allen, of the Tourists' Association. That these men should come all the way out into the West shows the pluck and enterprise of their kind. They have come a long trail, and every Western sportsman is bidding them a hearty welcome. They are a splendid looking lot of men, hearty, powerful and of almost gigantic stature in most instances. Mr. Braithwaite is not so big as his contemporary, little Adam Moore, the latter weighing two hundred and fifty pounds and standing six feet two in his stocking feet, every ounce of him good, hard flesh. There is not a more magnificent group of Americans to be seen in this Coliseum than that at the New Brunswick cabin. These men brought their own cabin with them, as well as some of the most superb specimens of moose and caribou trophies ever collected upon the eastern part of this continent. They have one grand moose mounted full size. All their taxidermist work is done in grand shape. They show photographs of their country and they have the documents to back up everything they say. Among the photographs which they have is a portrait of the late Frank H. Risteen, and every woodsman lowers his voice when he speaks of poor Frank. As I am one of the few men of Chicago who can boast of being able to wear a pair of Pringle snowshoes, I have the inside track at the New Brunswick cabin, and after awhile am going to foregather with these folks from the far Northeast. They are making a splendid impression here, and if all the inhabitants of New Brunswick are like these, we cannot annex New Brunswick too quick. Furs, heads, hides, trophies, splendid photographs, a grand exhibit of native timbers, etc., are all combined at the New Brunswick exhibit, and the latter is a credit to the men who sent it here. I shall get some stories out of this camp a little later on.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The New York Sportsmen's Show.

THE seventh annual exhibition of the Sportsmen's Association in Madison Square Garden opened March 2 in the usual state of unpreparedness which is a necessary consequent of the short time given for arranging the exhibits. For two weeks it will be the feature of the Garden, and the most popular attraction in New York. Artistically, the show is the best that has ever been given, and in other respects it is probably the most interesting and more nearly approaching the ideal of such an exhibition that has been seen in New York.

The trade exhibits which formerly cumbered the floor space to the detriment of other features have been moved to the galleries, and aside from the exhibit of launches the amphitheater is devoted to the essentials of sport other than paraphernalia. There are Indians and guides galore, and wild animals and fish and water, balsams and birches and an outlook—painted though it be—of the sunset and laughing water of the land of Hiawatha beyond the ancient Laurentian cliffs.

The harsh lighting of the Garden has been softened by the placing of filmy curtains under the big skylight. The crudeness and commercialism has been toned down. Diving and water polo and similar contests, which belong essentially to the city athlete, have been dropped. But after all has been said vernal—Indians and guides and game—it is much the same as the first Sportsmen's Show—much the same, only old Tenny is gone.

A Land Mark Removed.

When FOREST AND STREAM did so much in May, 1895, to assure the success of the first Sportsmen's Show, one of the features of its exhibit was a practical demonstration of throwing the diamond bitch given by Billy Hofer and members of the staff, with the assistance of a bronco that had somehow drifted into a New York livery stable. The bronco was branded, which showed its genuineness, and if further proof was wanted it was furnished by the artistic bucking exhibit given on the second day of the performance, when even the big Garden proved too small to contain the beast, and it was only subdued after a final plunge had landed it in a grocer's cellar across Fourth avenue, one hind leg through the hatchway stairs and a front leg in a barrel of eggs.

It was at this time that old Tenny, the big Irish doorkeeper, was hurt. Tenny was a product of the tenement and had never seen a bucking horse. He was scandalized that any horse should carry on so on the floor of the building he had come to regard as his own, and when the horse came his way he protested, with the result that he was picked up a moment later considerably the worse for wear.

He was laid up several weeks in his home in a court on the west side river front, where he was visited and looked after by FOREST AND STREAM, and then he came back to his post, and for five successive shows his herculean frame stood between the ticketless and the fascinations of the Garden like St. Peter at the door of Paradise. This year he is gone—"gone from a worrld of toil and torture," as his successor put it.

Birdseye View of the Show.

Almost a third of the amphitheater is given up to the artificial lake, which is stocked with 1,500 trout brought on with the Maine exhibit. Here also are beaver, which Mr. N. E. Cormier encourages in a praiseworthy effort, to dam a stream of Croton water from a two-inch pipe. The beaver are fed on popple wood, with an occasional change to birch and alder.

There is an island in the lake and an Indian camp at the end, with half a dozen well-worn birch canoes drawn up at the side. Interesting, though *ex cathedra*, is the fact that the lake is contained in a canvas bag, deftly sewed by a firm of tent makers and brushed over with copal to make it waterproof. As the main part of the lake is over 60 feet across and the water several feet in depth, it may be seen that a considerable pressure is exerted on the sides and bottom, but so far the canvas bag has proved fully equal to its task, and its existence is not suspected by the passing throng. The remaining floor space of the Garden is largely devoted to exhibits of living game fish, birds and animals.

Game Fish and Fry.

The exhibit of fish is from the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission hatcheries at Cold Spring, Saranac Inn, Caledonia and Constantia. It includes brook trout fry and yearlings, as well as adult rainbow, brown, lake, steelhead and red throat trout; black bass, pike-perch, yellow perch, pike and pickerel. An interesting feature is the tray hatchery of brook trout, and the automatic hatchery jars for whitefish, shad and smelt, both of which are shown in actual operation.

Game Birds and Water Fowl.

Mr. Verner de Guise has charge of the exhibit of birds. In one of the cages is a bevy of quail, suggestive of brown stubble fields and eager dogs and the tingling call for alertness on the part of the man behind the gun. There are also California quail and wild turkeys and the various pheasants of old world origin. Among the water fowl the strongest showing is made in geese and swans.

Big Game.

The big-game animals are from Merrymeeting Park, Brunswick, Me. The superintendent of the park, Mr. C. H. Stuart, has the animals in charge. There are buffalo, moose, elk, caribou, antelope and Virginia deer, beside black bears, timber wolves, coyotes, porcupines and the lesser animals.

The different species of deer are all fat and in the best of condition, except for the fact that all are discounting the season by shedding their coats for the spring pelage, and the bull caribou has horns six inches long, that bid fair to get their full development by May.

The reason for this unseasonable state of affairs is that the animals spent a couple of months on exhibition in Boston in the early winter instead of being outdoors as usual. Confinement to a summer temperature has upset their natural tendencies to a marked degree. When at home in the park, though provided with comfortable shelters, the deer prefer to lie out in the snow all during the winter.

Feed for Captive Animals.

Mr. Stuart gave some interesting particulars as to his method of feeding the various animals. The moose are given ground oats and cracked corn with hay morning and night daily, only getting birch and balsam browse three times a week. The elk have hay and grain, and are fed just as a horse would be. The buffalo have nothing but hay and grain. The antelope are given any kind of ground food and hay. The caribou are more particular, and eat little beside the white "caribou" moss from old ledges and rocks, which is gathered for them by the ton before snowfall. At times they will take a little clover hay, but this is given them but sparingly. The porcupines get bread with a few balsam boughs and sweet potatoes as a special treat.

The secret of the perfect health the animals enjoy is largely in the fact that in addition to the above regular diet they are frequently given little extras to tempt their taste. Roots, such as turnips, beets and carrots, are frequently on their bill of fare, and also anything that they like and will eat.

Tricks and Oddities.

A gruesome trophy, suggestive of the Klondike trail, is a human skull with a raven mounted on it picking at the empty eye socket. Howard McAdam, of Calais, Me., who exhibited some interesting freaks in the animal world at the Boston show last year, has a remarkable six-horned buck's head. The deer was a mature six-year-old buck in good condition, killed Oct. 6, 1900, near Calais. The entire top of the head is crowned with a fungus growth which is brown and, superficially, very similar to the velvet on the new horn. From this cap-like covering six imperfect horns take their start, five on one side and one on the other. These horns are only about two inches in length and are in the velvet. The effect is far from being ugly.

Mr. McAdam also shows an albino porcupine and a deer with a remarkably heavy set of antlers, which spread twenty-eight inches and measure seven inches in circumference just above the burr.

There is a second white porcupine in the Garden, and in the Aroostook exhibit F. R. Wilson has the mounted head of a horned doe shot three years ago late in December. Despite the time of year, the horns, which are spikes three inches long, are in the velvet.

In this exhibit may also be seen fine specimens of the albino deer of which Maine is so prolific, and also a cow caribou head with a finely developed set of antlers.

Maine, Canada and the Adirondacks.

Maine, Canada and the Adirondacks have by far the largest exhibits. The Adirondack exhibit is in charge of Mr. E. E. Sumner, who has just been elected President of the Guides' Association for the third time. C. C. Nichols, State Game Warden, is in charge of the Maine exhibit, which takes up a large part of the south and west side of the amphitheater. Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of the C. P. R., is the moving genius of the Canadian section, with his Ojibways and his Indian play founded on the Hiawatha legend.

The Indian Play.

"Hiawatha," as performed by the Ojibway Indians, lineal descendants of the men who gave Longfellow the theme of his poem, is a novel and highly interesting presentation. Unfortunately, however, for the majority of spectators, the play is a vaudeville performance. They take it in with an amused but not altogether edified approval. The average spectator knows absolutely nothing of Longfellow's poem, and the play is taken as a combination of kangaroo dance and war whoop. The artistic and suggestive side is seen by those with rare perception.

The play opens with the assemblage of representatives from the tribes of the wide scattered Indian nations in a council of war. A war dance follows and then the delegates are addressed by the Great Spirit, at whose instance the council was called. The Great Spirit prays that peace may descend upon the tribes, the war paint is washed away and the pipe of peace brought out and smoked.

In the second scene the boy Hiawatha makes his entrance. With Nokomis standing near, he receives instruction in the art of shooting at a mark on a skin held by two of the Indians. The following scene shows Hiawatha grown to maturer years. His journey to the Rockies and meeting with Minnehaha are introduced and he maps the route and pictures his adventures on birch

bark with a bit of charcoal for the edification of his friends. The return of Minnehaha, the wooing and the wedding, and the other various incidents of the story are all given in turn, and finally the departure and last farewell of Hiawatha. Mr. Armstrong has published a libretto of the play, which may easily be obtained.

Asohabgan to Log Cabin.

The shelters of the woodsmen and aborigines are an interesting feature of the show. A primitive type is the asohabgan, or winter lodge of the Northern Indians, made from long sheets of birch bark—some measuring three by twelve feet in size—wound spirally around a tripod arrangement of poles. The turtle back tepee of the Ojibways has the same birch bark roofing, but the lower, more nearly vertical periphery is made of dried rushes, strung on with wattup and the door protected by a mat of woven basswood bark.

The birch bark roofs of both asohabgan and tepee are arranged to be rolled in compact bundles for convenience in carrying. The ends of the sheets are protected by wooden strips, which prevent splitting, and the ordinarily brittle and intractable bark seems to be almost as easily handled as the moose hide coverings of other lodges or the buffalo hides of the plains Indians.

There are canoes, tents and Adirondack lean-to camps and shanties of various kinds and log cabins. One of the cabins near the Madison avenue entrance was built by three Maine guides, Messrs. Marr, Wilson and Mayo, of Moosehead, in less than two days from the time the logs were dumped on the floor of the Garden. It is a good example of accomplishment by men skilled with the axe and crosscut saw. The cabin has two windows and a door, and is twelve by fourteen feet in size. Work was commenced Friday morning, when the logs were felled, and before night the four walls had taken shape, thirteen logs high at the eves, and the roof was on, and a few hours' time Saturday sufficed to saw out windows and door and shingle the roof and complete the camp ready for occupancy.

Among the Guides and Hunters.

Billy Soule has a cozy corner and exhibit near the Fourth avenue entrance on the south side of the Garden. He says that there is at the present time about three and a half feet of snow on the level in the Maine woods, and that there has so far been no crust. There has been no thaw since about Nov. 20. The deer are in good condition at present and wintering well.

E. L. Abercrombie, known as Uncle Ned, who is with Bily Soule, was with parties in the Moosehead country in Aroostook county who secured seventeen moose for twenty-one men, a record that New Brunswick would find hard to equal.

Uncle Ned was in a bear scrap last summer in company with a man named Murphy. Mr. Murphy had never had an argument with a bear, and it was not supposed that he was on the lookout for trouble. He was carrying a pack and perspiring and attending strictly to his own business, when, without warning, a bear appeared on the trail. A red rag waved in a bull's face could have produced no more electrical effect. Murphy dropped his pack, and with a small hatchet he happened to have in his hand, gave chase to the bear. The bear took refuge in a blow down, from which he was dislodged by a pistol shot. He tried to gain a swamp, but the strenuous Murphy drove him into a mud hole, whence the bear emerged a moment later in a badly battered condition.

The bear tried to escape by dodging around a ledge, but on the other side he was headed by his implacable pursuer and forced to make a stand, and it did not take long to kill him when the man with the pistol came up.

Murphy's exploit was a surprise to those who knew him, and who had not credited his being such a Philistine. They aver that the bear was scared to death by his ferocious onslaught.

Warren Wing, of Flagstaff, Me., makes a specialty of guiding bear hunters. Last May he was instrumental in securing Mr. Thos. B. Parker, of Lynn, Mass., a fine bear. The three first days of his visit at Wing's camp it rained and Mr. Parker waited in camp, but the fourth day was fine, and the hunters started out, and within half a mile of camp a bear was encountered, which Parker downed the third shot. The hide measured 6 feet 4 inches in length.

John Cushman, of Sherman, one of the best bear trappers in Maine before the Game Commissioners refused him a license, captured three cubs last June close to his camp on Katahdin Lake. He had shot the old bear, and noting that she was suckling cubs, he left her with the fur on, knowing from previous experience that the cubs would return and stay with the dead body until driven away by starvation.

The next morning on his return the three cubs were discovered hastily climbing nearby trees. One of the cubs had chosen a comparatively low tree, and Cushman's companion climbed after it, and as it was quite weak and dispirited had little difficulty in catching it and dropping it in a sack. The other two cubs were secured by chopping down the tree in which they had taken refuge, which happened to be a bad one to climb, and these two made but little resistance. They were fed on condensed milk, diluted to the consistency of cow's milk, and three days later, to use Cushman's expression, "You couldn't touch 'em no more'n you could a tiger."

J. B. BURNHAM.

Peters Cartridge Co.

The generous space, Nos. 26 and 27, near the Fourth avenue end of the Garden, occupied by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., is replete with matters of interest to the sportsman. There are the great trophies of world-wide fame, the American Centennial trophy (Palma), the Wimbleton trophy, the Military and Naval trophy, the Soldier of Marathon, all of which have a wealth of historical significance. Then there are numerous targets which offer material evidence of the skillful deeds of great men with the rifle and its ammunition. Also there are group portraits of distinguished men of the realm of sport. In the further corner, over a desk, is the sign "Secretary of the National Rifle Association." (Philadelphia Rifle Association, New Jersey State Rifle Association, Massachusetts Rifle Association, Zettler Rifle Club.) The space also is furnished with a view to making a gathering place for the friends and patrons of the company. The exhibit is in charge of the urbane and popular sportsman, Mr. T. H. Keller.

Remington Arms Co.

Spaces 28, 29 and 30, occupied by the Remington Arms Co., New York, contain a large display of various grades of shotguns. One of them, a gem of the gunmaker's art, listed at $750, and owned by Admiral Courtney, is a rare exemplification of beauty and utility. A special feature of the display is the Remington hammerless steel barrel gun for trapshooters, listed at the moderate price of $25. Also this gun with ejector will be ready for manufacture July 1, and will be sold at $35. The long, mammoth case, extending the length of the space, contains also a fine line of rifles and other products of the Remington factory. The exhibit is in charge of Admiral A. G. Courtney, who is affable and courteous always, and pleased to explain the excellence of his company's products. The Colonel—that is, the Admiral—listens with great interest to the Indian drama of "Hiawatha," explaining that this was not from mere curiosity, but from a profound purpose to learn the Indian language and to add it to his already extensive fund of linguistic accomplishments before his flagship arrived.

Tatham Brothers.

Space No. 33 is occupied by Tatham Brothers, of New York, in which is exhibited a full line of their many sizes of shot. Their improved chilled shot is a special feature. There are about forty kinds of their shot all told, ranging from 24 pellets to 162,000 to the ounce. Their new circular, setting forth the merits and peculiarities of their manufacture, can be obtained on application to them.

J. H. Lau & Co.

Messrs. J. H. Lau & Co., of New York, have a display of Ballistite in Space 32, the merits of which they are pleased to explain to visitors.

Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co.

Space 36 is devoted to the exhibit of the Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co., of Cleveland, O. The main feature is a mautrap, whose workings and merits are untiringly explained to visitors by Mr. Charles North, who is in charge of this interesting exhibit. A glass case contains many useful articles manufactured and owned by this company—bluerock gun cleaners, Heikes hand holder, Rowley cheek pad, etc.

Lefever Arms Co.

In space 38 is the exhibit of the Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., in charge of Uncle Dan Lefever. It contains a most interesting display of shotguns, from the light featherweight field gun to the heavier guns for trapshooting. Medium priced and high priced guns are in the exhibit, and the pigeon guns are objects of special interest to the trapshooter.

Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

The exhibit of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn., in spaces 39 and 43, is much the same as that of last year. The beautiful, mammoth arch-shaped case contains articles by the thousand. There are all kinds and sizes of rifle cartridges from the smallest to the largest. Shotgun shells, primers, blocks showing the penetration of different bullets, cannon ammunition, etc., offer objects of unceasing interest for the information of the visitor.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales.

The great firm of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of New York, occupy spaces 11, 12 and 13. They display a very complete line of sportsmen's equipment. Daly guns, Marlin rifles, Mauser and Borchardt pistols, golf goods, lawn tennis, canoes, fishing tackle, Bristol steel rods, etc., are shown in profusion. The whole are very artistically grouped and arranged.

Bridgeport Gun Implement Co.

Spaces 24 and 25 are occupied by the Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., of Bridgeport, Conn. Their space is devoted to a display of golf goods, of which a very complete line is exhibited.

Colt Fire Arms Co.

The pistol and revolver range is under the management of the Colt Fire Arms Co., represented by C. F. Small. He will make an effort during the week to hold a meeting of pistol and revolver enthusiasts to promote a general organization.

Other Exhibits.

Thos. W. Fraine, of Rochester, has his usual display of highly artistic fish and other mounted specimens; and Fred. Sauter, of William street, New York, shows some heads and groups well worth seeing. Austin, Young & Co., of Boston, show their well-known dog food. H. H. Kiffe, the Truscott Boat Co. and other marine exhibits will be noted in our yachting columns next week.

Among the other exhibitors are Messrs. J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Francis Bannerman, Leroy Shot & Lead Co., G. W. Cole & Co., D. S. Abercrombie & Co., Indian Oldtown Canoe Co., N. Y. Marine Power Co., International Gas Engine Co., Standard Motor Mfg. Co., N. Y. Kerosene Oil Co., and the Scheckner Motor Co.

New York Spring Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The situation at Albany on the spring duck shooting question seems to be about this: Long Island don't want to stop it, and she has generally had her own way in the matter of game legislation. Oswego county, as represented by Judge Stowell, is willing to stop—that is, if Long Island does. This means that the bill won't pass at all. Why is it that the sportsmen of Oswego county refuse to consent to a law that will give the rest of the State good fall duk shooting? Simply because an island in the Atlantic Ocean won't stop it? They might just as well say Connecticut won't stop it. Do the sportsmen realize that our present law is a direct benefit to Long Island and that we are driving birds out of the rest of the State to breed birds for Long Island shooters? Up here in Jefferson county, which is separated from the Province of Ontario by the grand St. Lawrence River, we are perhaps better situated than are the interior counties to see the utter absurdity of the present law. Consider that it is a law that prohibits the shooting of wildfowl for the four months in a year when you couldn't possibly kill a duck if you tried. A law that says to the mated wildfowl which in the spring stop to rest and feed, or to stay with us and nest and rear their young, "Get out or we'll kill you"; a law which permits the Canadian to help us shoot and drive the birds from our waters into their own, where protected by wise laws they are at last permitted to breed undisturbed; a law which caused the Province of Ontario to pass a law which forces a resident of this State to pay a license fee of $25 before he can shoot one of these ducks that we refuse to allow to nest in the State. Our Canadian friend may wear a fur cap, but there is plenty of gray matter inside. He comes over in the spring, has a good time with the boys and helps them drive the birds over to the Canadian side of the river, then puts his gun away until Sept. 1, and from that time until the season closes on Dec. 15 he has such wildfowl shooting as only those who have shot there can justly appreciate. This means three months of good sport for our friends across the border. What do we get? A week or ten days, when it's cold enough to freeze the hair off a brass monkey, and I don't believe there was a shooter in this country that killed fifty ducks last fall. and I know of two spring duck butchers who killed as many as that in one day last spring. Now, why is the present law a direct benefit to Long Island?

1st. We drive the birds out of this State into Canadian waters to breed.

2d. The birds stay there until forced to leave by the freezing of the waters.

3d. Our waters close at nearly the same time.

4th. The distance to the coast is so short that very few birds stop to rest or feed on the way.

5th. How can we prove this? We don't have to; you can prove it yourself. Just find out when the first heavy flight of ducks reached Long Island Sound last fall and you will find that it was just before or at about the same time that winter set in in Canada.

Will the ducks breed in this State? In 1892 a law was passed making the close season March 1 to Sept. 1, excepting Long Island. That one year convinced the sportsmen of this county that ducks would breed here. Better black duck, mallard, teal and wood duck shooting was had that fall than we ever had before or since. Not only this, but the fall ducks—broadbill, bluebill, whistler, redhead, etc.—came earlier and stayed longer. A gentleman of the name of Angel, residing on the north shore of Point Peninsular, has told me since, that a pair of bluebill ducks nested on his shore and that the next spring he believed that these same ducks came back, as a small flock of sixteen birds remained along his shore long after the other birds had been driven out, but that finally a hunter shot into the flock, killing three of them, and the rest left. He said that if these birds had not been shot at he believed they would have stayed there and nested that year. But what is the use of trying to prove a self-evident fact? Every duck shooter, the men who are working for and the men who are working against this bill, knows that ducks will, and do, breed in this State. If the bill for the entire State is defeated Long Island sportsmen are to blame if a bill for the State, excepting Long Island, is defeated, Oswego county sportsmen are the guilty ones, and if both these bills are defeated we hope to be permitted to pass a bill for Jefferson county.

Assemblymen Bryan and Roberts, Senator Brown, chairman of the Fish and Game Committee, and our efficient and energetic Fish and Game Commissioner, De Witt C. Middleton, are with us in this fight, and if we don't win you can't blame Jefferson county, for we have all voted. How is it, brother sportsmen of Oswego country? Have you all voted? If so, vote again, and ask your representatives to support a bill excepting Long Island if it becomes necessary to do so. I don't believe you'll regret it, but if at the end of three years you do, we'll help you repeal the bill and help you drive the birds into Canada to breed ducks for Long Island and Southern shooters.

W. H. TALLETT, Pres. J. C. S. A.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 1.

Quail Hiding.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are all more or less inclined to dispute the unusual incidents reported by observant brother sportsmen, and if persuaded will excuse the bigotry shown by saying, "I never saw any such thing." The claim has been made that a quail will lay a dead leaf over its back when "laying close" in the woods, and this I have always thought an appropriate extract from a pretty fairy tale, and pitied any one who could be gulled by such a very transparent fable.

Last week while hunting quail, a covey flushed wild and scattered in the woods. My companion took the old dog and I the pup, and we proceeded to beat up the cover. The first point the pup made was at the foot of a small tree where the trees stood thick, but where the ground was stony and was covered with only thin patches of dead leaves.

Taking the direction of the dog's eyes I passed close by his head and, brushing by the tree at the foot of which he stood, walked on 10 or 15 feet, but flushed nothing.

Going back to the dog, I carefully took the direction of his eyes, and looking closely discovered sitting between the roots of the tree within a span of my foot, the bird, and lying well over its back was a large dead oak leaf, placed in such a manner as to convince me beyond the shadow of a doubt that the bird had placed it there.

My reputation for veracity is fairly good, but I wish that pup could also make a statement in this case, for he and I were the only witnesses of this—to me—strange and interesting incident. LEWIS HOPKINS.

P. S.—We got the bird. H.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Breeding of Wild Ducks in New York

Editor Forest and Stream:

In 1899 ducks bred sixty miles from here at Patterson, in Putnam county, this State, on the marshes of the Croton River, within 500 rods of my home. In the particular place referred to one pair had a brood which were more than once seen sneaking along in the tall grass and among the branches of the trees that hang over the water. At that time they were not full feathered. Besides the pair mentioned other broods were raised further down the marshes.

Last year (1900) the birds were disturbed by gunners and did not remain with us to breed. I am convinced that if not shot in the spring these birds would nest and rear broods with us regularly.

I inclose wing of one of these birds.

JACOB ALVAREZ.

NEW YORK CITY, March 1.

[The wing of the bird inclosed is that of the male wood duck.]

ORIENT, Suffolk County, N. Y., March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For sixty years I have traversed the marshes along the bays and creeks which belonged to my great-grandfather, grandfather, father and now myself. During this time I have never seen a nest of duck's eggs. I did, about forty years ago, find two or three little black ducks, six or eight inches long, which, of course, must have come from a nest on the main land. Nine miles south of us is Gardiner's Island—a preserve, a wild, undeveloped place. Occasionally each summer the fishermen who camp upon the beach find a nest of black duck eggs. I have never heard of any other species of duck eggs being found until my son read of it in your paper to-day in my hearing. It is stated there that wood duck eggs were found at Sayville.

We think it too bad for the people up State to restrict us in our shooting, as we have little but the riff raff of the ducks—coots and old squaws. We have very few black ducks and broadbills, and a few sheldrakes sandwiched in. I never killed but one wood duck in my life. Up State they have canvas ducks, mallards and black ducks which are fit for a king's table. Here we are isolated from the State, and we feel it is not neighborly for them to shut down on us.

DANIEL T. TUTHILL.

UTICA, N. Y., March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your editorial of March 2 you call for information from "ornithologists and older readers of the FOREST AND STREAM" as to the breeding of wild ducks in this State.

While I cannot claim the honor of the first title, I certainly can the second, and I therefore venture to send my little, hoping that it may help to swell a considerable amount of testimony.

The black duck is a common summer resident throughout the Adirondack region of Herkimer and Hamilton counties. Wherever there are not too many cottagers there is a brood on every piece of water, more especially on the smaller ones. My journal shows that I found nests containing eggs on June 21, 1874, in Hamilton county, and on June 4, 1878, in Herkimer county, and I have seen some other nests.

The Blue-Winged Teal—I have seen broods of this bird at Utica, at Oneida Lake and at the Montezuma Marshes, which seemed too young to have migrated from the north, but I have never found a nest nor seen birds which could not fly. You will, I think, have more positive information from the Seneca River country.

The wood duck is a common summer resident through the central part of the State. In the Montezuma Marshes, down the Seneca River, up the Oneida and in the swamps bordering Oneida Lake, I have observed these birds, and though I have no record of a nest found, there is no doubt as to their breeding. I saw a brood there the first of last September, which had evidently been raised there.

The American Golden-Eye—Perhaps the most valuable information which I have is of this bird. For several summers in the seventies I spent the month of June in Hamilton county wilderness and found the whistlers breeding on two little lakes for several years in succession. My journal records that on June 5, 1877, I found broods of young just hatched, not over two or three days old, on two different lakes, and that I captured one of the little fellows alive. Well do I remember what a beauty he was, covered with soft down, "all black and white, just like his pa." He was so beautiful and cunning that much as I wanted him as a specimen, I had not the heart to put him to death, but released him and watched him scuttle away to join his mother and his brothers, who were waiting for him out in the lake.

This is all my personal knowledge, but without looking far I find this additional information:

The blue-winged teal is given as breeding on Long Island by Giraud.

The gadwall is given as breeding in the State by DeKay.

The bald-pate as probably breeding, by the same authority.

The American swan is given as breeding at Tupper Lake, in Hamilton county, by the same authority.

EGBERT BAGG.

The West Virginia Warden.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose in this letter a clipping from a paper in reference to the pollution of South Branch River and think it is good enough for a place in your columns. Our last Legislature gave to our State game warden a salary of $1,200 per year and $300 for expenses. It also gave him the power to appoint deputy game wardens for each county, and refused to repeal the non-resident license tax, so that law now stands as it was before, namely, a fee of $25 for each non-resident hunter, the license good only in the county where issued and for one year from the time of the license is issued, and the Legislature refused to put a license on fishermen. I think we will now have sufficient protection on the game and fish in this State, as the State game warden, Capt. E. F. Smith, of Hinton, is a young and active man, and will get around among his deputies to see that they enforce the law.

J. B. BRADY.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

45

A beautiful grotto, 300 yards deep by 130 yards wide, has been discovered near Tapotitlan, Oaxaca, Mexico. The walls are of a brilliant quartz and the stalactites are very large and beautiful, most of them of the form of giant pillars supporting the roof 90 feet above the floor. The grotto was discovered by a couple of hunters, who found several skulls, evidences of human sacrifices, and obsidian figures within, showing that the cave was known to the Aztecs. The cave has in its center two pools of beautiful, clear, cold water, which never vary in height and have no visible supply or discharge places.

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Some hunters in the forest of Drommling made a very strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half-decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knees, were perfect. By its side were a powder horn, a porcelain pipe bowl and a silver watch. The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a man between thirty and forty years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.

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The members of a fishing party during a week's camp on a portion of the battlefield of Antietam, on the spot where the Philadelphia Corn Exchange Regiment met with its heavy loss in the battle, found the complete skeleton of a man, and by its side the scabbard and blade of an officer's sword. The body was in the midst of a thicket of young trees, which probably accounts for its being overlooked for so long a time. There being no clue as to the identity of the remains, the bones were interred by the anglers near where they were found.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Washington's Diary.

IN giving some extracts from Washington's diary some time ago,* it was, of course, in ignorance of the late George H. Moore's little book on "Washington as an Angler," and due acknowledgments are cheerfully made to the author's memory and to the *Woodcraft Magazine* for April, 1900, kindly sent by the editor, and which contains Mr. Moore's entire paper.

*FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 23.

On continuing the examination of the diary, Mr. Moore's book was found inserted as an annotation, presumably by Dr. Toner, in a later volume at July, 1787.

It turns out that there are two private diaries of Washington covering the period from which Mr. Moore quoted. One of these volumes is in the Congressional Library, and part of this has been printed, and another volume for the same date in the custody of the State Department at Washington. The two do not always correspond in form, and the State Department copy is particularly interesting, in that on at least two occasions it mentions the kind of fish which the celebrated angler was after.

The citations in the book were from the copy in the Congressional Library and the entries for corresponding dates from both diaries are here given for comparison.

July, 1787. Monday, 30th.

(Library copy.)

"In company with Mr. Gouverneur Morris went into the neighborhood of the valley Forge to a Widow Moore's fishing at whose house we lodged."

(State Department copy.)

"In company with Mr. Gov'r Morris and in his Phæton with my horses went up to one Jane Moore's in the vicinity of Valley Forge to get Trout."

Tuesday, 31st.

(Library copy.)

"Before Breakfast I rode to the Valley Forge and over the whole Cantonment & works of the American Army in the winter of 1777-8 and on my return to the Widow Moore's found Mr. and Mrs. Rob't Morris. Spent the day there fishing &c. lodged at the same place."

(State Department copy.)

"While Mr. Morris was fishing I rid over the old Cantonment of the American Army of the Winter 1777-8. Visited all the works which were in Ruins; and the incampments in woods where the grounds had not been cultivated."

August, 1787. Friday, 3d.

(Library copy.)

"Went up to Trenton on a Fishing party with Mr. and Mrs. Rob't Morris & Mr. Gov'r Morris. Dined and lodged at Col. Saml Ogden's. In the evening fished."

(State Department copy.)

"In company with Mr. Rob't Morris and his Lady and Mr. Gov'r Morris I went up to Trenton on another Fishing party. Lodged at Col. Sam Ogden's at the Trenton Works. In the Evening fished, not very successfully."

Saturday, 4th.

(Library copy.)

"In the morning and between breakfast and dinner fished."

(State Department copy.)

"In the morning and between breakfast & dinner fished again with more success (for Perch) than yesterday."

1788 was an unlucky year for his fishing landing. The entries are as follows:

April 28. "Few fish were caught in the forenoon of this day."

April 29. "No fish caught to-day of any consequence."

April 30. "Few or no fish caught to-day at the time I was at the landing."

May 3. "Few or no fish being caught to-day I ordered them to discontinue drawing the Sein after Monday unless they were more successful on that day."

May 5. "No fish being caught to-day I ordered the hogsheads and everything else to be secured and the people to repair to their respective places and businesses."

In 1794 he went up about Harrisburg, and Oct. 3 has this entry: "The Susquehanna at this place abounds in the Rockfish of 12 or 15 inches in length & a fish which they call Salmon." The latter was the wall-eyed pike or yellow pike perch or jack-salmon.

This completes the references to fishing in his diary so far as examined.

In November, 1789, he was making a tour of New England, and the following entry is of interest in connection with a former paper: Sunday, 8th. "It being contrary to law and disagreeable to the People of this State (Connecticut) to travel on the Sabbath day—and my horses, after passing through such intolerable roads wanting rest, I stayed at Perkin's tavern (which by the bye is not a good one) all day—and a meeting house being within a few rods of the door, I attended morning and evening service, and heard very lame discourses from a Mr. Pond."

He gives a vivid description of a storm at Mt. Vernon, July 24, 1788: "Thermometer at 70 in the morning, 71 at noon and 74 at night. A very high N.E. wind all night which this morning being accompanied with rain became a hurricane driving the miniature ship Federalist from her moorings and sinking her; blowing down some trees in the groves and about the houses, loosning the roots & forcing many others to yield and dismantling most in a greater or lesser degree of their Bows, and doing other and great mischief to the grain, grass &c. and not a little to my mill race; in a word it was violent and severe more so than has happened for many years. About noon the wind suddenly shifted from N.E. to S.W. and blew the remaining part of the day as violently from that quarter. The tide about this time rose near or quite 4 feet higher than it was ever known to do driving Boats &c. into fields where no tide had ever been heard of before. and must it is apprehended have done infinite damage on their Wharves at Alexandria, Norfolk, Baltimore &c."

This century-old record is wonderfully interesting, and voluminous as it is one cannot help hoping other fragments of the journal may yet be unearthed.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Winter Fishing at Lake Winnipesaukee.

BOSTON, Feb. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early in the month I received notice from my friend, Mr. Warren D. Huse, of Laconia, to be ready for a fishing trip to Lake Winnipesaukee. Mr. Huse is a pretty business busy man in the thriving city of Laconia, where, with his two sons, Walter and Leon, he is engaged in the manufacture of knitting and other machines. They are all more or less addicted to the use of the rod and gun, and when either of them wants to go fishing or shooting, why he simply goes. On the 18th came word from Mr. Huse that he and Mr. Edwin Stone were going to his cottage at the lake that day and for me to join them as soon as possible. The next day at 12:15 Conductor John Cameron pulled the signal and I stepped from the train at the little flag station of Spring Haven, where Mr. Huse gave me a cordial greeting. I could not help contrasting the difference in the aspect of the surroundings from what they were in August last when I closed the Seaver cottage, where Mrs. Smart and myself had passed that month in good, solid enjoyment. Then the wild flowers lined the highways and were seen everywhere in the fields and pastures, while berries abounded in all directions. Now how different Plenty of snow, packed hard, making excellent sleighing; the lake frozen with from 16 to 18 inches of ice, with excellent going over its smooth surface, the wind having swept the snow in piles along the shores. A few minutes' walk brought us to the cottage where a big coal fire made the whole house warm and comfortable. The fish house was out a short distance from the shore and a few holes had been put in. After lunch I got into my fishing rig and we went out to the house. Here was a good fire, and 4 feet from the stove was a well hole in the floor, into which a trout line was set in 40 feet of water. The wind was blowing a moderate gale, and it was pretty cold work bobbing the lines outside. Mr. Stone was over near the Rattlesnake Island shore, and I walked over to fish with him for a while. He got one handsome trout over there. It was a short afternoon, and before 5 o'clock we were back in the cottage, where we were joined by Mr. William Wallace, of Lacania. Among other things Stone knows about is how to cook, and it was not long before he had a smashing hot supper on the table. That over and the necessary chores done, pipes were in order, and the short evening was devoted to various topics. Mr. Huse told of his early experiences with the gun—how he got his first fox and how he blew his first partridge all to pieces, not finding a piece big enough to pick up. Mr. Stone gave us a very entertaining account of his eight months' sojourn in Paris during the Exposition, where he was in charge of an exhibit of machinery for making wire corkscrews. He made them by the thousands every day, selling them almost as fast as they could be turned out. Wallace and I told a few fish stories and the evening passed quickly.

After breakfast next morning, farmer Batchelder was brought into the game, and we hitched the bob-house behind his horse step and toward it over to the broads between Rattlesnake Island and the Tuftanborough shore, where it remained two days. The wind blew straight down the lake both days, strong and cold, and it was extremely hard fishing, but we kept at it, and we occasion-

ally brought to the surface a handsome trout. I have always thought myself a pretty enthusiastic fisherman, but Stone and Wallace can give me cards and spades at the game. They fish together quite often, and it came out that after they have caught all they want they play a game of pitch to see who shall clean the fish, the loser doing the job, of course. Stone says Wallace is very expert at the business. It's a great scheme—for the winner—but if I had a hundred or more big perch before me, as Wallace did once this winter, taken over near Long Island, I should feel like sub-letting the job if possible. Thursday the fish house was brought back to our shore, where Mr. Huse and I fished Friday, while Stone and Wallace put in some lines off Birch Point, further down the lake toward Alton Bay. Altogether, the fishing was not what it ought to have been. We tried what are considered the best grounds in the lake, and we lost but three fish after they had once taken the bait. We called that pretty fortunate, for it must be borne in mind that it requires good care and a steady nerve to pull a good sized trout from 75 feet of water—the depth we fished in on the broads. Our total string was seven trout, three cusk and probably twenty shad waiters, some of the latter quite sizable fish, while our biggest trout was 5 pounds. However, I had a most delightful outing, and more than ever did I realize that it is not all of fishing to fish. Wallace and Stone I found to be gentlemen and sportsmen; Mr. Huse I have known to be such for some time, and I hope we shall meet at the Huse cottage next winter, when the ice isn't so thick, the wind less furious and the trout in a more biting mood. Saturday noon saw me home again with more than my regular share of the trout, the biggest cusk and a whole lot of appreciation of the kindness of my friends. WM. B. SMART.

The Megantic Club.

AT the annual meeting in Portland, Me., Feb. 26, of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, the annual report was presented, showing an addition to the membership in exchanges and shares sold of 41.

During the year past, in addition to the regular running expenses of the club, five new camps were built, one sleeping camp at Northwest and Big Island Ponds, two at Arnold Pond, and a dining camp at Big Island Pond, which for size and conveniences cannot be excelled in the State. These improvements with some new trails cost over $1,300. Three new private camps were built, and there are five more in process for the coming season.

The Board and Supply Department was run at a profit of a little over $2,400, all the camps showing a balance on the credit side of the ledger.

One hundred and sixteen members spent 2,709 days on the preserve, and fifty-four guests were there 500 days.

Below is a summary of the report of the treasurer, showing a cash balance with all expenses paid of $1,336.35.

Quick Assets.		
Cash, including $310.65 in the Permanent Improvement Fund	$1,388 10	
Accounts receivable	218 70	
Rentals due	125 00	
Assessments for 1900 due	480 00	
		$2,211 80
Invested Assets.		
Real estate	$5,000 00	
Treasury stock	1,100 00	
Unexpired insurance	112 90	
Supplies on hand	650 48	
Camps, furnishings and office fixtures	13,311 53	
		$20,174 91
		$22,386 71
Amount We Owe.		
Employees, balance withheld under contracts		$51 75
Total assets		$22,334 96

The directors chosen for the year are: Clarence A. Barney, Boston; John W. Cutler, Binghamton, N. Y.; L. Dana Chapman, Boston; L. O. Crane, Boston; Frank Fallon, Medford, Mass.; A. W. Gleason, New York; George A. Gibson, Boston; R. A. Griffing, Hartford; S. F. Johnson, Boston; Dr. W. G. Kendall, Boston; F. A. Niccols, Boston; George H. Payne, D.D.S., Boston; D. C. Pierce, Boston; Jeremiah Richards, New York; Arthur W. Robinson, Boston; Henry W. Robinson, Boston; Richard E. Traiser, Boston; L. Dana Chapman, Boston; Dr. E. D. Robbins, Boston; Harry W. Sanborn, Boston; clerk, Dr. George W. Way, Portland; assistant clerk, H. W. Robinson, Boston.

The Dennys River.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial on the wane of the Dennys River of Maine in FOREST AND STREAM of March 2 is pathetic. It must be so, especially to the scores of habitués who have been wont to seek its delectable shores summer after summer and enjoy for the nonce not only its scenic attractions but the privilege of fishing *ad libitum* without license, fee or charge. It is the only absolutely free entire river worth fishing that I know of in the United States or Canada—that, is within striking distance. The consciousness of this exceptional privilege is of itself as ecstatic as a draft of pure air to a lifelong inmate of a dungeon. And to blight the joys of a resident community by destroying the beauty and resources of such a stream, as well as by ignoring the prerogatives inherited from their forefathers for generations by deliberately closing the natural fishway around the dam, and turning loose a perpetual output of sawdust and edgings, regardless of protest or appeal, is truly an offense which may be classed as criminal, more's the pity!

The remedy which your editorial suggests of appeal to the State Fish Commission and the Legislature ought to have been invoked and applied three years ago. It might be made efficacious now. If it is possible to keep mill waste out of streams elsewhere, it can be done in Dennysville, and the salmon will follow their propensity to seek the spawning beds of the upper streams as soon as they find the way clear. That they attempt the passage every year is shown by the quantities of salmon caught in the estuary.

It is a marvel to industrial economists that the mill company cannot see that it is to their pecuniary profit to utilize their mill stuff by disposing of it to fuel yards, ice packers, upholsterers, canners, et al., instead of turning it loose to pack knee deep on the bottom or find its way out into the ocean. But at the present acute stage of the complaint, it looks as if compulsory measures would effect more than the *argumentum ad hominem*. For my part, I declare I cannot understand how the manager and resident members of the mill syndicate can have the nerve to look their fellow citizens of Dennysville squarely in the face. Oh, love of lucre! How it sours the milk of human kindness! Mind you, good Mr. Editor, I would not save the Dennys River for monopolists to enjoy, while those to the manor born stand helpless and forbidden to fish. Better let the slabs and sidings continue to drift with the tides which flow in and out of the estuary. But if, by some happy chance or effort, the river is to be restored to its old prestige, and the angling for salmon become again what it was when Walter Brackett took his dozen fish per day out of the pool above the present railroad bridge, I am thinking that a rod tax of $5 or less would not be a bad idea, as it would enhance the fishing privilege, on the theory that one values most whatever has cost him most or been hard earned; and the income would go to keeping the fishway open and a vigilant guardian on the river.

As you say, "It is an outrage that the conditions now existing should go on unchecked." I hope that the mills of the gods will eventually outdo the mills of the sawyers, albeit they grind so slowly. CHARLES HALLOCK.

On Lac San Claire.

THE Detroit News chronicles in rhyme in the style of D. Drummond Mr. Dan Davies' catching a big bass in Lake St. Clair:

A fisherman on Lac San Claire,
'Bout six mile off from shore,
Fished hard for one, two, three, four hours;
By an' by he fished some more.

Some time he fish with old dry bait,
Some time he fish with wet—
He give the dry bait to the fish,
The wet bait—nit! you bet.

Long time some fish did never come,
Then one, two, three passed by;
They smell of that old dead, dry bait
And wink the other eye.

By an' by one great big bass come 'long,
'Bout five, six, seven pound weight;
So old he neither smell nor see,
And ate that old, dry bait.

The fisherman stood very still
And reeled out yards of line—
He worked that poor old blind black bass
So very, very fine.

By an' by the fish began to pull,
By an' by he pull some more;
And then was fun in Lac San Claire,
'Bout six mile off from shore.

The fish he plunge like one mad horse,
And then he pulled like ten—
He towed that boat nine miles an hour—
Big boat and four big men.

He pulled like bass 'bout six feet long,
May be he be 'bout seven;
May be, if not pulled out right quick,
He'll grow to be 'bout 'leven.

By an' by they pull that bass half out,
By an' by they pull him more,
And Lac San Claire fell four, five feet,
'Bout six mile off from shore.

The Lime Kiln Crossing got so low
The boats they could not pass;
An' Dan he say the river fell
When he pulled out that bass.

Color in Differentiation.

MR. CHENEY says that he is convinced that very little is known about the primal cause of color variation. "Only this fall," he says, "I have been struck with the difference in the coloring of breeding males in the same trout pond, one individual being highly colored, others shading down to a pink blush, and all fed on the same food and confined in a small pond at a breeding station. There is nothing uniform about them so far as coloring is concerned. There will be light trout and trout almost black, the vermiculation pronounced and the vermiculation obscured, and so on to the end of the chapter."

The best object lesson I know of is a goldfish pond, in which one often discovers pink, white, black, red, yellow, crimson and silvery specimens, with mottlings and combinations of these basic colors in puzzling variety, and all from the same stock. In flowers the zinnia is one of the most striking illustrations of vagary in coloration, exhibiting quite frequently many different hues on the same stems.

These studies in nature are interesting, but it is not easy to explain or understand the "whyness of the what."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Annual Dinner of the Laurentian Club.

THE Laurentian Club had its annual dinner at the Holland House on Fifth avenue last week. It was a success. More than eighty members and guests were present. Mr. Joseph W. Howe, the President of the club, presided. On his right and left were seated Dr. William H. Drummond, of Montreal, the author of "The Habitant and Other Poems" and a director of the club; J. Bishop Putnam, Dr. A. A. Smith, Bayard Dominick, E. W. Coggeshall, Chas. P. Frame, J. W. Cromwell, Percival Roberts, Jr., Wm. H. McCord, L. A. Bevin, Edward Holbrook, J. M. McCutcheon, Dr. George S. Huntington, of Columbia University; Wm. H. Parker, of Montreal, managing director of the club; F. C. Wagner, Dr. Chas. T. Poor, Jos. E. Gay, Jos. Bushnell, David S. Cowles, W. S. Cornell, Messrs. Phelps, Chas. P. Cowles. Among others present were Geo. A. Weber, Emory Lyon, A. E. Hart, of Hartford; Chas. H. Lane, Waldo K. Chase, Howard Fuguet, J. P. Howe, J. H. Bailey, A. B. Miller, J. B. Miller, R. W. Poor.

After a speech, welcoming members and guests, the President called upon Dr. Drummond, who spoke and recited in his inimitable way several of his poems.

Mr. Parker made a flattering report of the condition of the club. Mr. J. Bishop Putnam was introduced as the publisher of "The Habitant."

Mr. Weber read a letter written to the Dinner Committee by Hon. S. N. Parent, Premier of the Province of Quebec, regretting in graceful terms his inability to be present, as the Parliament of the Province opened on the day of the dinner.

Mr. Chas. P. Cowles responded in a happy manner to a vote of thanks to the committee.

The report of the club, just issued in pamphlet form, shows that the club now has more than 250 members, with ample space of water and forest land and fishing and hunting privileges for all of them. WALTON.

FEB. 23.

A New Hampshire Lake Trout.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., March 1.—A large lake trout (*Cristivomer mamaycush*), taken from this lake through the ice in 85 feet of water, has been on exhibition in the rotunda of the State House at Concord, and created quite a stir. Hundreds of people, including many of our Granite State fishermen, have gone in to see so large a fish from inland waters. It weighed 25 pounds, measured 38 inches in length, girth 27 inches. The trout has been sent to Boston to be mounted, and we understand it is the intention of the State officials to have it placed in Doric Hall at the State House. Perhaps it is to be kept there as a reference guide to anglers that they may explain to their friends what size fish it was that got away when they lost that big one. This is the second fish about that size the writer has seen taken from New Hampshire waters. The previous one was caught with a 9-ounce rod while trolling in May by Sam Fay, of Wolfboro, about seventeen years ago at Lake Winnipiseogee.

At this writing a bill has just passed by both branches of the Legislature prohibiting ice fishing in Newfound Lake. S. H.

The South Branch of the Potomac.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the Hampshire Review, at Romney, enters his protest against the pollution of the South Branch of the Potomac by the proposed establishment of a large tannery at Moorefield, and this protest should be sanctioned and upheld by every good citizen residing along this grand old stream. As the writer truly states, it is about the only stream in the State whose waters are limpid and pure, and it should remain so forever. It is the angler's paradise, and along its grassy banks in youthful days we have waited and watched with eager expectancy for a "nibble" from a "sunny" or "sucker," and in more mature years we still love to visit its verdant banks and angle for that gamiest of all the piscatorial tribe, the black bass. Let no one raise a hand toward its pollution in any way whatever, and the strong arm of the law should be used to protect it from contamination from any source whatever.—Piedmont Independent.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

The Vindication of the Foxhounds.

"Well, your hounds were running in my woods, and I found the dead sheep in the edge an hour after."

So said our friend the farmer, and though still unconvinced, we settled, and entered it up, "Kennel account, $3.50." The hounds had never been seen to notice sheep in the least. Several times they had followed a fox through a flock, which scattered and ran a short distance and then stood watching the dogs out of sight. It was, perhaps, unwise to admit responsibility, but we preferred propitiation to having our dogs shot indiscriminately.

* * * * * *

The first snow came unexpectedly in November, and three fox men and two hounds were out early in the morning. A fox was started opposite the gun club grounds and made for a high hill a mile or so away, and circled about its wooded top. Just before reaching their runways the hunters came on a dog track and, as it led their way, followed it. A short distance further, as they were about to separate, they came upon a freshly killed sheep. Their feelings can be appreciated only by fox hunters in a sheep country. That it was the work of one of their own dogs they had not a doubt, and with heavy hearts they took up the trail with the determination to shoot on sight.

Ten minutes later they surprised a collie in the very act of pulling down a lamb. The dog started, and four long shots resulted in slightly wounding him; but the chase was taken up with lighter hearts and a grimmer determination to deal justice. The fox and hounds were left to enjoy the day as best they might.

From 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. that collie dog led the three fox hunters and a small army of farmers, recruited along the route. He was seen several times and several long shots were taken. No one recognized him. At last he was seen to enter a barnyard, and in the watering shed he was cornered and dispatched. The owner was afterward located nearly five miles from the scene of the dog's depredations.

The hounds are vindicated! Fox hunters get the glad hand and the open oat bin wherever they choose to put up.

Jos.

SHERBROOKE, Quebec.

Black Bess.

THAT grand little bitch, Black Bess, the property of A. E. Perry, of St. Paul, has met the fate that seems to overcome a majority of our best dogs—a death by poison.

Black Bess was one of the best dogs that I ever had the pleasure of shooting over. She was very active, staunch and possessed of one of the best of dispositions,

It was Mr. Perry's intention to enter her in a number of the trials of this year, and I am positive she would have given a good account of herself. The loss to her owner is quite a severe one, as he paid me a good fee for breaking, and had just refused $100 for her a very short time ago.

Mr. Perry has offered a reward of $50 for information that will lead to the conviction of the party who placed the poison. DR. BILL.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.

BY F. R. WEBB.

II.

"Now, by the great horn spoon, but that's too bad!" exclaimed George, as we scrambled aboard the train at the Staunton station, all primed and eager for our long expected and much planned Harper's Ferry cruise one bright Monday morning in August, our destination Mount Crawford Station, on North River of the Shenandoah, where our canoes were awaiting us.

"What's too bad?" queried the Colonel.

"Why, I've walked right off and forgot my kodak, and——"

"The mischief you have!"

"You're a pretty blockhead to take along on a cruise!"

"What's the use of possessing all that intellect if you can't make better use of it?"

"You'll go off some day and forget your canoe!" were some of the exclamations hurled at the luckless George by the entire strength of the company, for George is notoriously forgetful, and would go off and leave his head if he wasn't reminded of it.

"Yes, that's all right," he replied, meekly and dejectedly; "at any rate I didn't start off on a cruise and forget my paddle," at which inconsiderate remark I became thoughtful and had no further comments to make.

"The main point is, what's to be done?" he continued. "I'd rather stay at home than make another cruise without the kodak. Talk quick," as the engine bell began to ring.

"There's another train down at noon," the Colonel remarked. "We might wait till then."

"I have it," cried Lacy, seized with a brilliant inspiration—that boy is occasionally subject to them, although you wouldn't suspect it to look at him—as he caught sight of a friend on the platform. "Here, Dabney!" he cried, thrusting himself half out of the open window, just as the same idea occurred to me, as I caught sight of Frank, my hopeful son and heir, standing wistfully on the platform gazing at the train, and wishing with all his boyish heart that he was a few years older, that he, too, might go on a cruise.

Dabney promptly responded, as did also Frank to my hail, and the situation explained and the location of the kodak described to them—in the middle of the floor in Lacy's room, where George had carelessly placed it temporarily, and then gone off and left it—and Frank instructed to do what "trotting" Dabney might require of him, and the train moved out, with assurances from both Frank and Dabney that when we reached Port Republic, at the head of the Shenandoah, to-morrow, we would find the kodak awaiting us in the express office, with which assurance we were fain to content ourselves as we settled comfortably back into our swaying seats to enjoy our morning smoke, while the train rattled and jolted along down the beautiful valley toward our chosen stream; albeit, we knew that in the day's cruise on North River between Mount Crawford and Port Republic that kodak would be needed a score of times, of which fact, it is hardly necessary to add, the luckless George was freely reminded, as we rumbled along.

Reader, are you a canoeist or fisherman? If so, did you ever, as your train dashed around a curve or around a bluff or rocky spur, or perchance thundered across a bridge, and you noticed a stream (of course you noticed it, else are you no true fisherman or canoeist), brawling and foaming along beside the railroad track as you sped along; I say, did you ever come upon such a stream without at once taking note of all its points?

Perchance it is muddy and there is no hope of a strike, or perhaps it is clear and in fine fishing condition, or at a good canoeing stage. There, just at the foot of that little rapid or behind that rock, you are sure to get a strike from a bass or a rise from a trout; or down that smooth, deep looking fall between those two big boulders, and right down that line of big waves below, is a splendid shoot for a canoe—perhaps if you were actually in the canoe and at the head of that shoot you would think twice before you took it, and it is not unlikely that you would flunk and not take it at all; but from the train window—with the usual tendency of an elevated position to flatten the appearance of rough water—it looks practicable, and you tell your companion with careless self-confidence that that would make a fine, exciting shoot, and you would love to have the opportunity to try it.

Too rough? Oh, no. You have tackled lots worse places than that—shoots compared to which this one is but child's play; you run on, with the offhand mendacity of the practiced canoeist and fisherman, filling your friend full of the most thrilling stories of adventure and hairbreadth escape.

Here, where the water spreads out among those reefs and ledges and breaks into miniature cascades, with little foaming curls trailing off into long lines of white water at the foot of each one, you note that there would probably have to be some wading done to get a canoe through, and that you would work along over and among those reefs with a fly-rod to good advantage.

That was the way it looked to us, as our train broke out of a deep cut and hurled itself with a roar and a rattle across the lofty iron bridge over North River—our chosen cruising stream—that bright Monday morning in August, and the stream meandered alongside of the road as we rushed along, now winding away, out of sight for a brief space, behind the red clay screen of some deep cut; or perchance a bold, bluff-like knoll crowned with a dense growth of trees intervenes, around whose cliff-like base the river winds in serpentine curves from our sight, again suddenly appearing in view, directly under our car windows at the foot of some steep, high "fill" or lofty trestle bridge, spanning a ravine or small side stream, occasionally taking a header and coming up on the other side of the road, or winding close alongside of us, as our train shoots swiftly and boldly along the face of the high cliffs that line the river, in a narrow little terrace, cut high up above the water, with many a dizzying swing and sudden lurch around some sharp curve.

"Great Scott! isn't it low," exclaimed Lacy, as we studied the stream.

"Yes; I expected to find it low after such a long, dry summer," said I, "but this beats my expectations."

"It's beautifully clear, though," said the Colonel, "and the fishing will undoubtedly be good. Look! You can see every rock and ledge in the bottom."

"Yes, you can see entirely too many rocks and ledges in the bottom," said George, discontentedly. "You can see altogether too much bottom. In fact, the bottom is entirely too close to the top."

"Yes, there might be a little more space between the bottom and the top," put in Lacy, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket.

"I'll tell you what, fellows! We'll never make it in the world," George continued. "We'll have the canvas cut clear off the bottoms of our canoes long before noon on this water, or rather on this lack of water."

"Oh, I think not!" I replied. "We'll have to be careful and will have a great deal of wading to do, and we'll

have to portage all the fish dams and falls, but we'll get along all right after a fashion, and after Middle and South rivers come in, we'll have water enough."

"Well, we'll soon find out. Here's our station!" exclaimed the Colonel, as the brakeman threw open the door and—his voice half-drowned in the roar and rattle of the train, the clang of the wheels on the joints of the rails and the cyclone of dust, smoke and cinders that rushed in with him through the open door—yelled, "All out for Mount Crawford!"

The agent at Staunton had obligingly placed an empty car at our disposal on Saturday, in which the four canoes had been placed, and the provisions, outfits, etc., duly packed in each boat, after which the car was locked and sealed and sent down to Mount Crawford, where, on our arrival, we found it, standing on the siding, so all we had to do was to report our arrival to the station master, who broke the seal and unlocked the car and disclosed the four canoes, just as we had left them, ready packed for launching.

The inevitable little crowd of loungers and depot idlers quickly gathered around and stared at us and our unique little fleet of canoes disclosed in the open car with great curiosity and interest, and readily lent us a helping hand to get them down out of the car and onto the platform. It is quite a long, tedious carry of some 200 or 300yds. down the long hill from the station to the river, and we were quite glad to engage four of the before mentioned idlers to do the carrying for us, and their quarter apiece was well earned before the last of the canoes was deposited at the water's edge.

George rigged up his large Anthony camera and took a picture of the scene as they brought in the last canoe, after which the boats were shoved into the shallow, pebbly pool at the ford above the railroad bridge and led through it by their respective crews—the water being barely ankle deep—to the steep, gravelly bar just below, down over which the water rippled and trickled in a thin, flat sheet an inch or so deep, and over which the canoes had to be lifted and carried bodily to the deeper water below, where we embarked, just above the huge iron railroad bridge which towered high in the air above us, and upon which the entire able bodied male population of the little station had assembled to see us off, and at just 9 o'clock our long, adventurous and exciting cruise of 172 miles and eighteen days was begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Recently Cal Knapp, coming into his chicken yard, found a fox lying dead on the ground. The animal seemed to have just died, and Knapp's first impulse was to take him by the tail and throw him over the fence. He finally concluded to take it in the house and show it to his family and then skin it. His wife held it in her lap a while, remarking that the body was still warm, and the children played with it for some time. Suddenly some one opened a window and like a flash the fox leaped from Mrs. Knapp's lap and bounded for the window. He fell about an inch short and the window was closed. After some lively chasing about the house, Reynard was caught, and in an hour or so he became quite docile.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

The increase of foxes along the Eastern Shore accounts for the scarcity of diamond-back terrapin. The fox regards terrapin eggs as a special delicacy, and during the breeding season tracks the terrapin in the sand, scratches up the freshly laid eggs and devours them.—Washington National Republican.

Yachting.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 2.—At last the Boston Cup defender has been christened, and the name is one that appeals to all. She will be known as Independence, a name that has more than one significance, especially in regard to the yacht and the attitude of her owner. It is a name that is dear to every American, and will make a beautiful combination with Eagle. Eagle and Independence have always gone hand in hand, but it is to be hoped that no one will regret a friendly competition between the two during the coming racing season.

It has generally been the custom among yachtsmen to select a name for their yacht which contained seven letters. All manner of out-of-the-way names have been dug up, so that this combination might be maintained without having a constant repetition of names. But this feeling is now commencing to die out, and the yachtsmen are putting names on their yachts that have all numbers of letters. The number of letters is the only thing that yachtsmen have questioned, many thinking that it is too ponderous; but the task of Independence will be very ponderous, and it seems only right that she should have a name in proportion. B. B. Crowninshield is enthusiastic over the name, and this feeling can readily be accounted for when one thinks of his own name and ancestry.

Work on Independence is progressing rapidly now. There have been times when the interested yachtsmen thought that she was growing too slowly, and Capt. Haff when he was in Boston recently expressed this opinion. It may or may not be that it was on account of Capt. Haff's remarks that greater efforts have been employed on the yacht, but it is certain that since his visit there has been great hustling to get the parts together. She is now almost entirely in frame and the lower streak of plating has been started. There are two gangs of riveters at work riveting the floor plates to the frames. Most of this work on the fin has been completed.

It is proposed to have the greater part of the riveting done by machines operated by compressed air, and the steam pipes which will supply the power to the compressors have been run in at the head of the shed. Riveting by machinery is fast taking the place of the old hand method, and the results of the work are much more satisfactory. The hammer of the riveting machines makes from 1,200 to 1,500 strokes per minute when operated by a pressure of about 95 pounds to the square inch. It may be imagined that under this rapid hammering the rivet is headed up rather quickly. This is where the advantage comes in. The rivet is completely headed up while the metal is still red hot, and as it cools it contracts, thus making a tighter joint than could be obtained by any system of hand riveting.

There is enough of the boat now in position to show her general outline, which, to say the least, is beautiful. As one stands aft of frame 65 and looks forward, she appears to be a perfect wedge. The lines are not perfectly straight by any means, but the curves are so graceful and so true that the appearance of straight lines is obtained Looking aft from frame 8 the same effect is noticed, but in a lesser degree. She will be a much better looking boat when she is completed than she is on paper or in the model. I have never seen a yacht which has such a combination of speed producing lines. Those who have had an opportunity of seeing her at the Atlantic Works have been enthusiastic in their praise.

Her overhangs lay very close to the waterline, and she will get the maximum of that long, straight side of hers in the water when she takes a heel. Those sharp bilges will play an important part in such a case, too, for they will give her a remarkably fine entrance. The run is the prettiest ever seen on a racer. It does not rise as quickly as Columbia's, and appears beautifully proportionate to the general lines of the hull. It is in this harmony of lines that the greatest speed is produced, and Independence should certainly have a large amount of that necessary article.

Frank P. Miller was at the Atlantic Works Friday and Saturday. Mr. Miller is to be second mate of Independence. He is very enthusiastic over the lines of the boat, and says that it will be a wonderful yacht indeed that will beat her. Mr. Miller will probably be at the yard every day until the yacht is finished. Capt. Haff has every confidence in Mr. Miller, who is one of the best light sail men in this country. He was with Haff on Volunteer and on Vigilant, and went on Vigilant at Capt. Haff's request when she went to England.

Rigger Billman had a talk with Geo. F. Lawley a few days ago, with the result that when Independence is ready to be rigged Billman will do the work. Billman is to be on Eagle in all her races, but his foreman will be on Independence, and the interests of the boat will be well looked after. The fact that Billman is to rig the Herreschoff boat will have no effect on Independence, for the best men that can be obtained will be put on her.

At the meeting of the South Boston Y. C. it was voted to remain in the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. This is a wise move on the part of the South Boston Y. C., which it will see later. There are many yachtsmen who do not realize the importance of their membership in the Association. The Association is the only means of protection that the smaller clubs have in their open races. This has been proved in the past, and there is no reason to believe that the same conditions do not exist at present.

A peculiar condition confronts the Massachusetts yachtsmen at present. Two of the clubs have arranged championship dates for the season which conflict. These championships are given principally in the 25-footers and the 21-footers, the popular classes of the Association. The dates of one of these clubs is sure to conflict with some of the open dates of the Association, but the club is going ahead nevertheless. The other club, which is an influential one, has made its dates only provisionally, and is ready to change them so that they will not conflict with the Association races.

This club is ready to consult other clubs in regard to dates, so that general racing will not be hurt, as the majority of the members believe in interclub racing. It is a well-known fact that the yachtsman will go where he

will get the biggest prizes, no matter what his means. Now if the smaller club persists in holding to its schedule it will simply become a matter of who gives the greatest inducements. In such a case the outcome of the races in the smaller club can be easily foretold. The larger club will increase its racing fleet, but general racing in Massachusetts Bay will suffer, and the popular classes will die out instead of increasing. It has been distinctly proven that attempts at confining racing to one small district are rank failures and that the sport suffers in consequence.

At Lawley's, Illinois, the Pynchon syndicate defender of the Canada cup, is about completed, and she is a very slick looking craft. The men who have worked on her are very enthusiastic and swear by her. The Sloane 85ft. schooner is all in frame, as is the Bar Harbor 25-footer. The Parsons 46-footer is all planked. The Peabody 25-footer is nearly completed. An 85ft. steamer, designed by C. H. Crane for Edmund Randolph, is ready to be laid down. The frames will be set up on the Eno 120ft. steamer this week. A 70ft. steamer and a 35-footer, of Binney design, will be started soon.

The Boston Y. C. will attempt to revive the racing spirit of its members this year by giving an open Y. R. A. race, which is to be held June 29. There will also be a club cruise to Marblehead and Gloucester on June 15, 16 and 17. Twelve new yachts have been built during the winter for members of this club, and there is a bunch of Y. R. A. racers among them.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Endymion and Ellida.

By courtesy of Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, we are able to reproduce in this issue the cabin and sail plans of two highly successful cruising boats that were designed by the above firm. Although the designs represent wide extremes as to size, Endymion being 100ft. on the waterline, while Ellida measures but 28ft., yet both the boats have been remarkably successful as cruisers.

Endymion was owned by the late George Lord Day, who did not live to take many cruises in the vessel, but who had the satisfaction of winning one of the greatest honors that a cruising yacht could achieve, that of breaking the ocean record for yachts. Endymion started on her first cruise from New York at noon on Jan. 31, 1900, and reached Bermuda on Feb. 3, the run being made in seventy-one and a half hours. From Bermuda she touched at Barbadoes on Feb. 16 (1,200 miles in five days) and arrived at Trinidad the next day. The cruise was continued all through the West Indies, the yacht finally returning to New York on April 18. From Cape Charles Lightship to Winter Quarter Shoal, about 61 nautical miles, Endymion sailed in four hours and eighteen minutes, making at times fourteen knots an hour. Endymion made a remarkable run on her outward voyage from Sandy Hook to Southampton. The following figures are taken from Endymion's log for the passage across the Atlantic. The runs given are from noon to noon, and as about one-half an hour a day is lost on the eastward run across the Atlantic, the runs were made in practically twenty-three and one-half hours, and not twenty-four hours. The upper figures are from the mate's log and the lower figures from the skipper's. The lower figures are corrected for distances through the water and are more nearly accurate than the others:

June	21, 3:32, Sandy Hook Lightship abeam.			
	22, noon	218	40.38	68.27
	23	222	40.54	63.35
	24	214	41.23	59.40
	25	264	41.55	53.52
	26	222	42.3	48.53
	27	200	43.22	44.50
	28	226	44.24	39.49
	29	270	45.11	33.34
	30	144	45.38	30.15
July	1	215	45.36	25.2
	2	268	46.46	19.18
	3	291	47.47	12.46
	4	259	49.25	6.40
		3,013		

June	22	218
	23	222
	24	213
	25	266
	26	222
	27	188
	28	234
	29	273
	30	144
July	1	230
	2	256
	3	298
	4	268
		3,032

At 12:30 passed Scilly Island, twelve days sixteen hours; at 4 P. M. passed Land's End, twelve days and twenty hours; at 5:08 P. M., July 5, passed Needles; at 6:30 anchored at Cowes.

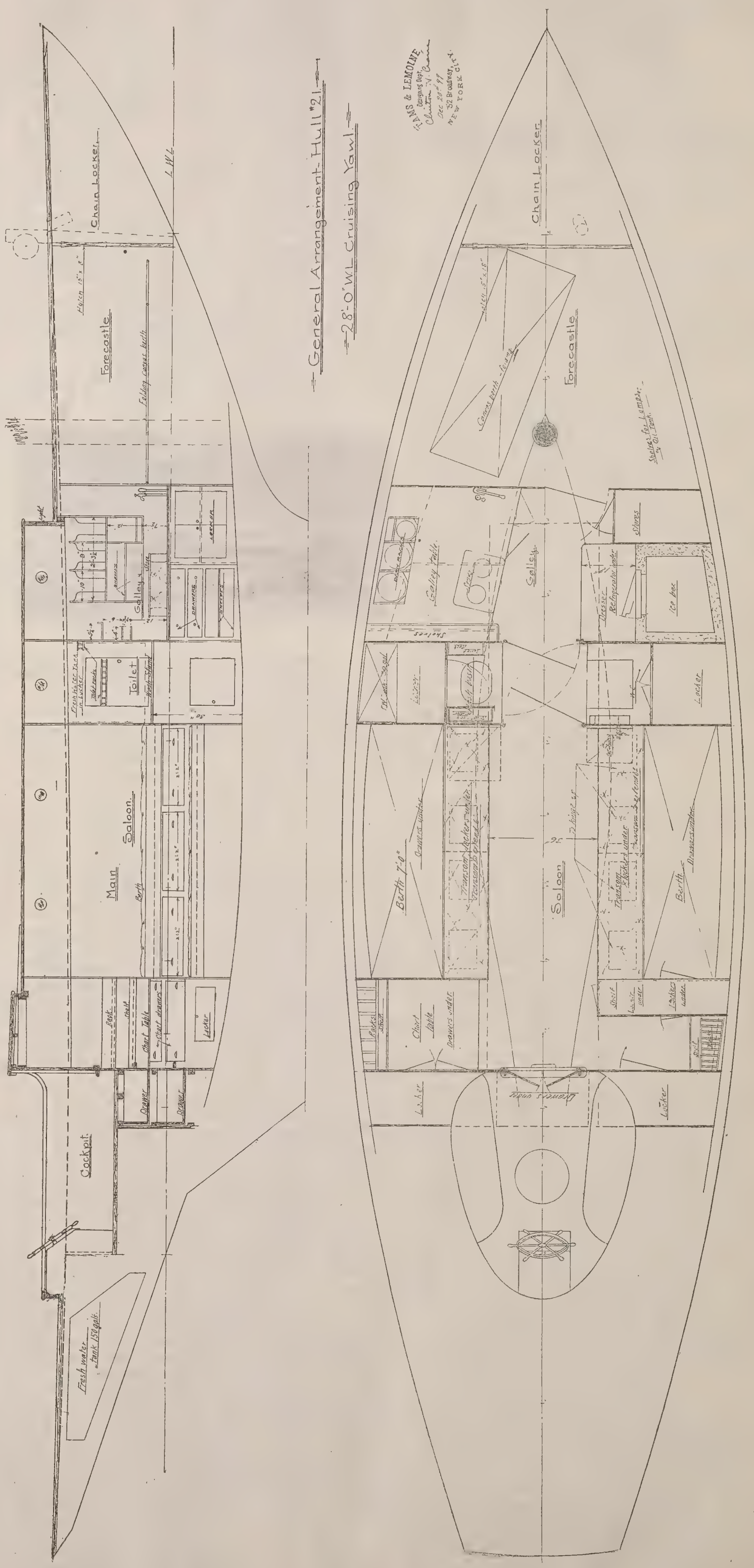
This works out a daily average for the whole distance of 236 knots per day, or nearly ten knots an hour for the whole distance. The greatest day's run showed an average of thirteen knots an hour for the twenty-four hours, which is good as compared with any sailing vessel's daily average ever made.

The largest figures shown in Crowninshield's account of the privateer America are very much less than these. She beat the record held by Mr. James Gordon Bennett's schooner Henrietta by nearly two hours. Endymion was built at the yard of George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, and was launched on Nov. 18, 1899, and is a splendid example of the fine work turned out by these builders. The yacht is of composite construction, the frames being of steel, the planking of yellow pine and the deck fittings of teak. While in England she was hauled out, recaulked and coppered. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—

Over all ..... 136ft.

L.W.L. ..... 100ft.



ELLIDA—CABIN PLAN.—Designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. Austen F. Riggs.

ELLIDA—SAIL PLAN. Designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. Austen F. Riggs.

Overhang—	
Bow	14ft.
Stern	22ft.
Freeboard—	
Bow	11ft.
Taffrail	8ft.
Least	7ft.
Beam—Extreme	24ft.
Draft—Extreme	14ft.
Depth	12ft. 9in.

Unusual care was taken to make Endymion as complete for cruising purposes as any vessel of her kind afloat. The quarters for the owner and his guests consist of five large staterooms and two bath and dressing rooms. The owner's room extends the full width of the vessel and has a dressing room adjoining. The cabin or saloon amidships is richly furnished with a divan on one side, a sofa and bookcase on the other, while a large sideboard is in the middle of the forward end, faced on the opposite side by a fireplace. There are four officers' rooms, and the officers have their own mess room. The galley and pantry are of good size, and opening from the galley is a large store room, while in the hold are the water tanks, ice room, bins for stores, sail locker and trunk room.

Ellida was built at the Jacob Yard, City Island, during the winter of 1899 and 1900 for Mr. Austin F. Riggs, who has cruised extensively in her. She has proved to be a splendid sea boat, being easily handled at all times and showing unusual speed, considering her small rig. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	43ft.
L.W.L.	28ft.
Overhang—	
Bow	6ft. 6in.
Stern	8ft. 6in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	3ft. 9in.
Taffrail	3ft. 3in.
Least	2ft. 10in.
Beam—Extreme	11ft.
Draft—Extreme	6ft.
Sail area (ex. topsail)	1,110 sq. ft.

Considering the fact that the boat is only 28ft. long on the waterline, she has an unusual amount of room below. She has full headroom throughout. Under the forward end of the cockpit are large drawers and lockers which are reached from the cabin. On the port side of the companionway is a chart table, back of which are racks and shelves for the charts. Opposite on the starboard side are lockers, racks and shelves to be used for general stowage purposes. The main cabin is 7ft. long and contains a set berth on each side with extension transoms in front, so that four can sleep comfortably in the cabin. A good sized skylight ventilates and lights the cabin. Forward of the cabin is the lavatory, which extends the full width of the boat. This compartment can be separated from the galley and cabin by folding doors. On the port side of the lavatory is a set marble wash basin, behind which are the necessary lockers and racks for linen, etc. On the starboard side opposite is the closet, behind which is a large locker. Next forward is the galley, where there is also full head room. The galley is completely fitted, having ample shelf and locker room for dishes and pans, a large ice box, a locker for daily stores, a pump that is connected with the fresh-water tanks and a two-burner stove. The lavatory and galley are lighted and ventilated by a skylight. The forecastle contains a folding berth for the paid hand. There are two fresh-water tanks, one aft with a capacity of 150 gallons, and one in the lavatory holding 30 gallons. The boat steers with a wheel. Her narrow cabin house makes her practically a flush deck boat and gives ample room to move about on deck.

Changes in Cup Conditions.

THE New York Y. C. has made public the correspondence between its Secretary, Mr. J. V. S. Oddie, and Mr. Hugh C. Kelly, Honorable Secretary of the Royal Ulster Y. C., regarding the conditions that govern the races for the America Cup. The Cup Committee declined to grant the request for a flying start, but allows Shamrock II. three weeks for preparation on this side of the Atlantic in the event of her being late in her arrival. Provision is made, however, that the races shall be begun not later than Aug. 27. The matter of measuring the yachts at the navy yard, it was pointed out, is a question of courtesy resting with the Secretary of the Navy, that being Government property. The conditions governing the coming races are very similar to those used during the last contest. The details of the racing conditions and the letters modifying the original agreement are as follows:

NEW YORK Y. C.,
67 Madison Avenue,
NEW YORK, Nov. 28, 1900.

Conditions to govern the races for the America Cup, under the challenge of the Royal Ulster Y. C., on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, dated Oct. 2, 1900, as agreed upon by the committee of the New York Y. C. and Royal Ulster Y. C.

The match to be decided by the best three out of five races.

Courses, Starting from Sandy Hook Lightship.—First race—To windward or leeward and return. Second race—Equilateral triangle. Third race—Similar to the first race. Fourth race—Similar to second race. Fifth race—Similar to first race.

In every case the course from the starting line to be laid to windward, if possible, from Sandy Hook Lightship.

The courses shall be, as nearly as possible, thirty (30) nautical miles in length.

The starting signal shall be given, as nearly as practicable, at eleven (11) A. M., and this time shall not be changed.

The preparatory signal shall be given fifteen (15) minutes before the starting signal, and a warning signal five (5) minutes before the starting signal. In case of a change in the time of starting, the same signals shall be used. At the starting signal a yacht may cross the line; the exact time at which a yacht crosses the line during the succeeding two minutes to be taken as her start, and the end of that period as the start of the one crossing after its expiration. No race shall be started after 1 P. M.

If in any race neither yacht goes over the course within five and a half (5½) hours, exclusive of time allowance, such race shall not count and must be resailed.

The races shall be sailed on the following dates, until the series be completed, viz.: Aug. 20, 22 and 24, 1901, and on the following Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. An unfinished race of one kind shall be repeated until finished.

In case a serious accident occurs to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal, she shall have sufficient time to effect repairs before being required to start, or if such accident occurs during a race, before being required to start in the next race.

Each yacht shall stand by the consequences of any accident happening to her after the preparatory signal, and upon the occurrence of any such accident disabling either vessel, the other vessel shall sail out the race.

Distinct marks shall be placed at the lower water line at the bow, and as far aft as possible on each vessel. Signed: Lewis Case Ledyard, Com.; August Belmont, Vice-Com.; C. L. F. Robinson, Rear-Com.; J. V. S. Oddie, Sec'y; S. Nicholson Kane (chairman), E. D. Morgan, E. M. Brown, J. P. Morgan, C. Oliver Iselin, Regatta Committee.

ROYAL ULSTER Y. C.,
Mountpettinger Road,
BELFAST, Jan. 30, 1901.

J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., Sec'y New York Y. C., New York.

Dear Sir: I have had a meeting of my committee upon the subject of the conditions in above, received from you a short time ago, and in reply we would like you to consider and if possible agree to the following slight alterations, viz.:

Signals—In the second paragraph, for the purpose of making the matter clear, we suggest the following words should be added: "Either" between the words "which" and "yacht," "first" between the words "yacht" and "crosses," "after the starting signal" between the words "line" and "during," and the word "yacht" instead of the word "one."

Would it not be possible for your committee to agree

to a flying start without any time allowance to either yacht? This is the rule upon our side of the water, and we find it to work very well; besides, it makes the result of the race more easily understood by the public.

New York Y. C. Rules to Govern—In the conditions for the 1899 races were the words "Unless the Shamrock be detained by stress of weather or other cause, in which case three weeks shall be given her for fitting out after her arrival at New York," and we would like those words inserted in the second paragraph after the words "following dates."

Measurements—We would further suggest that, if practicable, the measurement should take place at the Graving Dock of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, as was done on the last occasion.

All the other conditions are quite satisfactory, and if you agree to our suggestions I can interline the words referred to and forward you a copy duly signed.

Yours faithfully,

HUGH C. KELLY, Hon. Sec'y.

(COPY.)

SECRETARY'S OFFICE NEW YORK Y. C.,
37 West Forty-fourth Street, Feb. 18, 1901.

Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of Jan. 30, 1901, requesting, on behalf of the committee of the Royal Ulster Y. C., the consideration by our committee of some slight alterations in the conditions to govern the coming races for the America Cup, which were forwarded to you on Dec. 10, 1900. Your letter was submitted to our committee on Feb. 11, with the result that they cheerfully agree to the following changes, viz.:

First—That the clause entitled "Signals" be changed to read as follows:

"Signals—The preparatory signal shall be given fifteen (15) minutes before the starting signal, and a warning signal five (5) minutes before the time of starting signal. In case of a change in the time of starting the same signals shall be used.

"At the starting signal a yacht may cross the line; the exact time at which either yacht first crosses the line after the starting signal, during the suceeding two minutes, to be taken as her start, and the end of that period as the start of the yacht crossing after its expiration. No race shall be started after 1 P. M."

Second—That there be inserted under the clause "New York Y. C. Rules to Govern," a second paragraph, to read:

"The first race shall be sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1901, unless the Shamrock II. should be detained by stress of weather or other cause, in which case three (3) weeks shall be given her for fitting out after her arrival; but the first race shall not be started later than Aug. 27, 1901, and the races shall be sailed on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, until completed."

This clause allows the same period after arrival as was provided in the agreement for the last match. It was omitted from the conditions sent you through inadvertence.

Third—I am instructed by the committee to answer the uggestion of your committee that there be a "flying start" without any time allowance to either yacht, by saying that they see no reason for changing, in this respect, the conditions governing the last match.

Fourth—I am also requested to state in reference to the suggestion of your committee that the rules as to measurement be modified so as to provide for measurement at the Graving Dock of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, that our committee concurs in your opinion that the Graving Dock is the best place to measure the yachts, and will do all that they can to secure it, but in view of the fact that they have no control of it and cannot be assured, in advance, of their ability to obtain its use, it is deemed inexpedient to make this one of the conditions of the match.

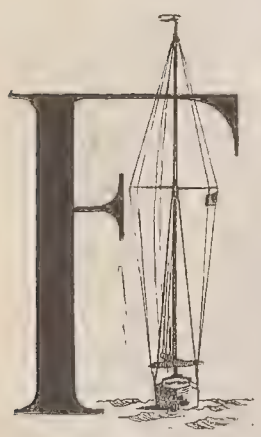
Will you kindly insert the changes herein agreed upon in the copies of the conditions that you have, and forward them to me, duly signed by your committee, that I may return one to you signed by us? Yours sincerely,

(Signed) J. V. S. ODDIE, Sec'y.

HUGH C. KELLY, Esq., Hon. Sec'y, R. U. Y. C.

How t e Commodore Made the Run in the Fog.

BY C. G. DAVIS.



FOR nine long, weary days the yacht Pontoon lay fog bound in the harbor of Newport, R. I. Three times she had started out along with many other yachts and a fleet of twenty-eight Gloucester fishing boats, and three times the fog came rolling in from the sea, a white wall that sent all hands scurrying back for the anchorage.

Most of the yachts were on their way to New London to see the Yale-Harvard rowing race, and sporty crews they carried. They it was who got up rowing matches between the dories of the fishermen and put up money prizes for them to race for, thereby relieving the monotony that hung over the fleet for one day at least. It was a regular gala day, that day, and such rowing as those hardy dory fishermen exhibited was worth going to see.

The saloons along Thames street heard that race discussed from the standpoint of every individual fisherman who could find room at the bar. And on every corner where sea boots and oilskins glistened in the lamp light we heard the if's and and's being discussed, as we made our way back to the yacht with supplies that night.

While it was principally a pleasure cruise, the cutter Pontoon was now on, there was a certain amount of business at the end of it, and the way I happened to be one of the party was this: I had not been ashore two weeks from a West India voyage in a schooner when, as I was walking up Broadway one day, I ran across a pompous young friend of mine who bore the proud distinction of having, at one time, been Commodore of a yacht club, and Commodore he is to this day.

"Say! Charlie!" was his greeting, "you're just the man I want," then he pulled at his small mustache for a moment to think, and added: "You know my yacht, don't you—the Pontoon? She used to be the flagship of this and that club."

"Yes," I answered, "I knew her," but I didn't tell him I knew her to be a deep, wall-sided tub.

"Well," continued the Commodore, somewhat puzzled, "I've sold her to a chap up in Buzzards Bay, and I can't get any one to go with me. Will you go? Say! It'll be a bully trip!"

Having no work at that time, I told him I would, and that is how I came to be spending nine miserable fog-bound days in Newport.

Every day when the fog shut down as it did regularly about 8 o'clock, we, the Commodore, the Lieutenant and myself, dressed up and were rowed ashore by Olsen, the paid man, to spend the day playing pool in a place we had found on the way up to Truro Park.

The morning of our tenth day at Newport dawned on a clear blue sky, and the few yachtsmen that remained—for all the Yale-Harvard men had left their yachts deserted at anchor and gone on to New London by train—shouted across the harbor to each other, "Thank heaven, the fog's gone!"

Certainly it looked so, and after eating a hurried breakfast, the Commodore, Olsen and I cast off the stops and hoisted the Pontoon's soaked sails, while the Lieutenant stowed things away below.

On all sides of us sails were being hoisted and anchors hove up, as the fleet of fishermen, after their prolonged spell of idleness, got under way for the fishing grounds. Being away under the stern of one schooner, luffing past

the end of another's bowsprit, and then ranging along side by side with a fisherman, the Pontoon bore out the inlet, past Fort Adams, and all hands were happy. A fresh southerly breeze sent the yacht crushing through the head seas off Beavertail, so that sometimes her bowsprit end soared dripping heavenward, then down it went, the seas going clear over the forward deck, but Pontoon pushed on, her big tub-like hull boring into the water so hard that she turned a sea off from either bow big enough to swamp a good-sized rowboat. Having been one of the first to get under way, we were now given the pleasure of seeing boat after boat walk past us as though we were anchored. It made my blood boil to see a little fishing schooner, loaded so deep that our yacht should outweather her, go storming past us, splitting the head seas that worried our old tub.

Out toward the horizon line, the Brenton Reef lightship was our goal, and we were nearly to it when, far out to sea, we saw that same gray wall of fog coming rolling in toward the shore that on three previous occasions had sent us all back to Newport, but this time I was determined. Go back? "No! Hanged if we will!" I got out the chart and found the compass course from Brenton Reef lightship to the Hen and Chickens was east half north, so setting the compass box in place I told the Commodore to keep her to that course. I squared away the main boom, while Olsen eased out the head sails, and when backstays were set up, I went aft and sat down near the Commodore, in the cockpit, while the Swede lit his pipe and sat with his legs in the forehatch.

The Commodore wanted to run in for Newport, and while I was arguing with him not to do so the lightship astern went out of sight and the fog enveloped us in its steamy folds, so our horizon narrowed down to a circle not a hundred yards across.

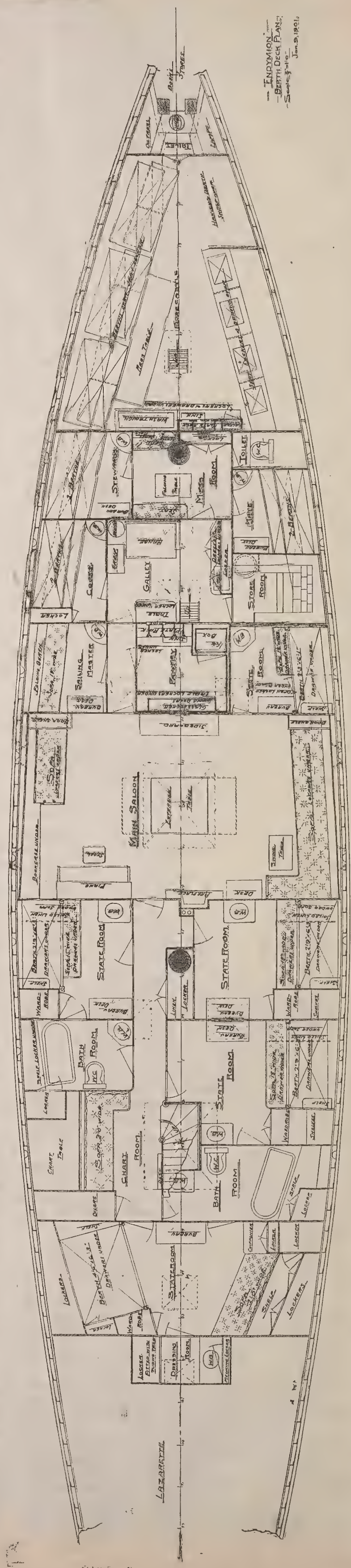
Now this was my first off-shore experience with the Commodore, but having often heard him relate thrilling experiences he had gone through on the traing ship St. Mary's, I supposed him to be a thoroughly seasoned deep-water man

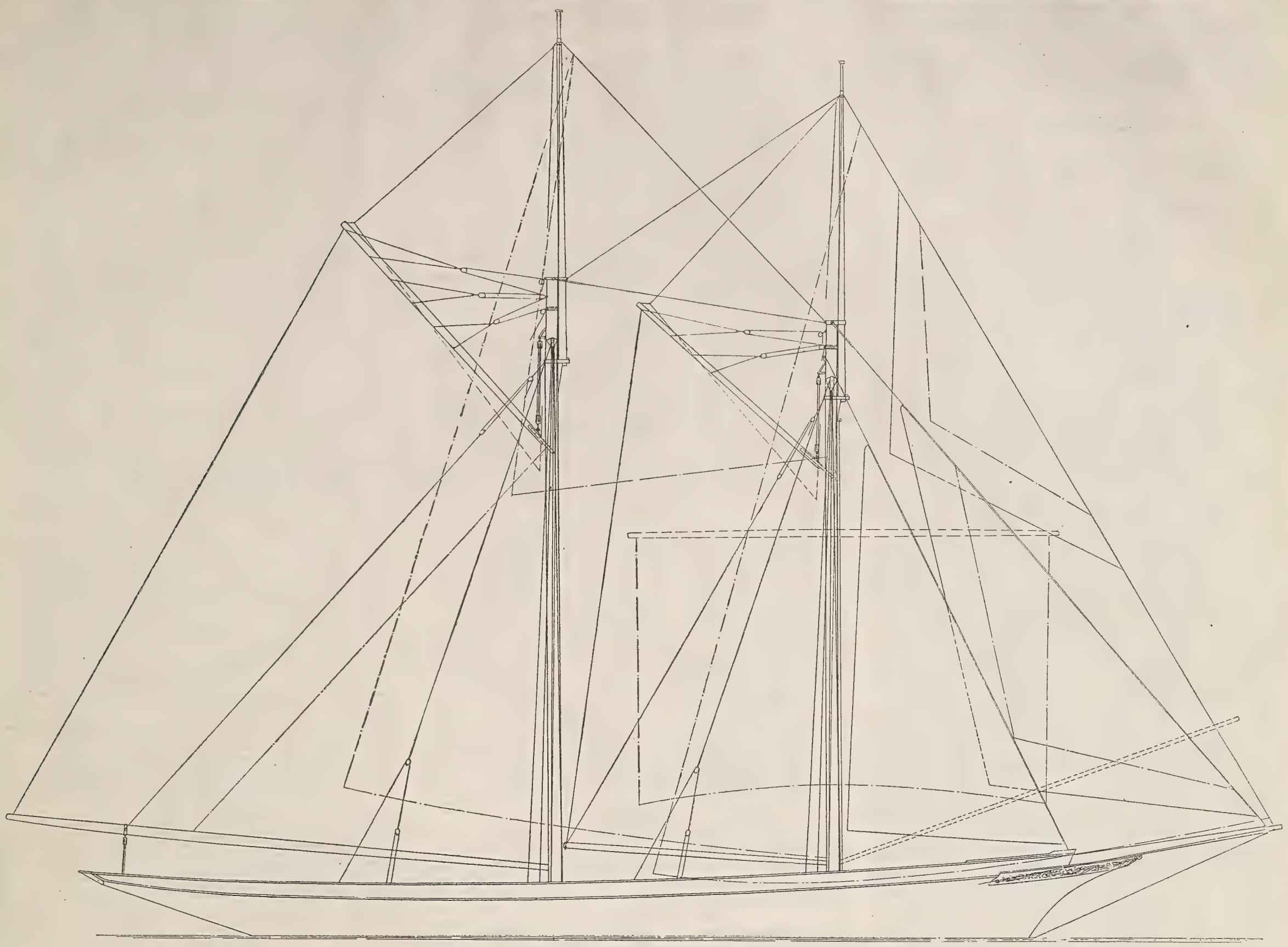
As I sat alongside of him now in the Pontoon's little cockpit, with the old Lieutenant saying nothing, but looking hard at the streams of vapor pouring through our rigging, and the yacht pushing silently along through the fog, I noticed he let her yaw about badly, sometimes two points off the compass course, so I remarked:

"Keep her steady, Commodore; we've got to run twenty miles and pick up the Hen and Chickens lightship."

He made no reply, but got up and motioned me to take the tiller. This caused me to look up at his face, and instantly I realized he was seasick. Flat on the wet deck he threw himself, with his head over the lee rail, and when he picked himself up a little later he was white as a sheet and had undergone a wonderful transformation. He was no longer the rosy-cheeked dandy. His pretty, white ducks were a sorry sight, and he looked as limp as a wet wash rag. It took all the strength and dignity at his command to sit up and explain his situation to me.

"You see, Charlie," and then the poor fellow gulped, "it's queer how I get sick"—another gulp—"every time I go on deep water, I always get sick once, and then—I'm all right."





ENDYMION—SAIL PLAN. Designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for the late George Lord Day.

"Oh! I know lots of captains going to sea who get seasick," I said, consolingly.

"One cleaning out and then I'm all right," he continued, "and I feel much better for it, too, don't you know."

"There isn't a better remedy going to clear a man's stomach than a spell of seasickness," said I, although I had never experienced it myself.

For a few moments he busied himself about, coiling down the ends of the jib sheet, and I began to think he was going to get over it; but no, poor devil, he soon grew quiet again, and going below, threw himself down on the transom, dead to the world.

The big Swede forward could not suppress a smile as I caught his eye after watching our host go below. When the fog set in, the wind came with it, and slowly, but steadily, increased to a good hard breeze.

Pontoon originally was a cat yawl with one mast stepped clear up in the eyes of her, and to accommodate it she was built so full in the ends you could stand up in the fo'castle with your hat on and put your hand against the stern. While this made her as comfortable as a Harlem flat below decks with her roomy galley, forward and aft of this a saloon with swinging table and two folding bunks above the transoms, it did not improve her sailing or steering qualities any.

Several tons of lead held this high-sided plumb bob on end, but so full and chunky was her model that running before the wind, as we now were, the rudder was working only in dead water. You had to put the helm hard over to make her mind it at all, and then she would yaw about so it would have broken an eel's back to have tried to follow in her wake. From port to starboard her stern swung with the regularity of clockwork, and from starboard to port, just as regularly I pulled with all my might on her short tiller, in vain endeavors to make her go in a straight line.

The Pontoon yawed about and I tugged and swore until tired out, and then called Olsen aft to take a trick at it, for the Lieutenant was only a passenger, knowing nothing whatever about a boat, yet unaffected, as her owner was, by the motion.

Poor little Commodore, he alternated between the lee rail and the cabin, and the fish between Newport and New Bedford were better fed on that day than any day in their recollection for many a long year. And when he couldn't feed them longer, he lay and groaned in agony on the transom. Sorry as I felt for the poor fellow, there was nothing I could do for him, as all our attention was needed on deck. Driving along through a dense fog with a half a gale screeching aloft the Pontoon was kept as near as possible to the course, and we kept careful calculation as to about the speed she was going, and made allowance for the tide.

Dinner time came and went, but out of pity for the Commodore no one mentioned eating.

About 2 o'clock, according to our calculations, we should begin to listen for the bell and horn that indicated the Hen and Chickens lightship. But all hands listened and listened in vain—not a sound save the swash of hurrying water greeted our ears, and I grew uneasy lest some unknown current had set us inshore so far we could not hear the bell. If we failed to pick up the lightship, there was nothing for us to do but heave to and wait for it to clear up; if we kept on running we would only fetch up on the mainland, or possibly somewhere around Cuttyhunk, on the Martha's Vineyard shore.

Minutes merged into half hours, and no horn was heard, until very faintly we all three heard far off to windward the sound of a fog horn.

"Heavens! we're not that far off our course, I hope," said I, as I luffed up, and we trimmed in sail to beat up toward the sound. Blown into our faces by the wind, the fog felt almost like rain, and the Commodore had to shift into the lee bunk every time we tacked, for the old Pontoon was staggering along under full sail.

From a faint moan, louder and louder grew the sound, until just as we made a tack to starboard, and the canvas stopped slapping, a roar so loud and deep that it startled all hands greeted our ears, and out of the dripping fog loomed the black hull of the Vineyard Sound lightship of Cuttyhunk, several miles to windward of the Hen and Chickens.

I swore when I saw the name in large letters along the side of the lightship, and luffing around we bore away before the wind and sea, and while Olsen steered I went below and found the compass course from this lightship to the one we wanted to find.

With the wind just abaft the beam so the headsails stoods full, the yacht sailed a straight course, and when we judged we were about where we were before we started to beat up to the other lightship, there suddenly loomed up right ahead of us the missing ship, but silent as the grave. We stood on across her bows, then jibed over and continued on the compass course for New Bedford. When we were well astern of the lightship we saw the dark figure of a man go forward along her leck, and then born down wind on the fog came the heavy clang of her fog bell, making our eardrums vibrate. "Dey never rung dot bell, dot's vye we don't hear 'im before," said Olsen, and I agreed with him.

We now had a thirteen mile run to Clark Point lighthouse, but to us it was like a midnight sail for all we could see. The fog shut us in completely. The first thing we saw to indicate land after a couple of hours' sail was a large three-masted schooner, that loomed up ahead of us on a sudden. Running close under her stern we asked her skipper, who was watching us, what the course was to New Bedford, and sailed as he directed, with the result that in a half an hour a red spar buoy loomed up ahead, and sailing by this we made our way up to within a mile of the town, although we did not know we were so close until the Pontoon suddenly ran out of the fog, and there before us, bathed in the red light of sunset, lay the old romantic town of New Bedford, with the spars of the dismantled old whaling ships standing up black against the glow in the west.

Here the water was like a mill pond, the breeze had gone down to a gentle air, and a feeling of thankfulness and rest seemed to prevail with nature, as well as us.

Then it was the Commodore, who up to this time had been forgotten, came up the companionway and said with a resurrected smile:

"I'll take her in now, Charlie." I was only too willing to surrender the tiller to him. But when a week later, bedecked in gold buttons and creased white ducks, the Commodore related to an attentive audience on the club's piazza how he sailed the Pontoon from Newport to New Bedford, "in a howling gale and fog so thick you couldn't see the bow of the yacht, and brought her right smack up to the dock at New Bedford, b'gad!" and called on me to confirm his statements, I thought of the figure he cut on that run and turned away.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Entertainment Committee of the Yachtsmen's Club has sent out the following announcement for the lectures to be given during the month of March:

March 6—"The Measurement Rule," John Hyslop, Esq.

March 13—"Ocean Steam Vessels and Their Management," Capt. P. C. Petrie, late Commodore Inman Steamship Company.

March 20—"High Speed in Steam Vessels," Chas. D. Mosher, Esq.

March 27—"Methods of Determining Position at Sea," Commander Henry H. Barroll, U. S. N.

* * *

Several gentlemen interested in yachting attended a meeting on Thursday, Feb. 28, and organized a club to be known as the City Island Y. C. The following officers were elected: Com., Howard Horton; Vice-Com., Dr. Frederick C. Lawrence; Rear-Com., Piierre Wood; Sec'y, Albert Wood; Treas., Franklin Smith; Official Meas., Charles Herold; Board of Directors, George Miller, James H. Rice and Dr. L. F. W. Seifert. A set of by-laws, rules and regulations are to be drawn up and adopted similar to the Knickerbocker Y. C.'s rules and regulations. Five boats of A1 class, centerboard sleep type, are now nearing completion, and it is expected six or seven will mark the number for the first regatta.

* * *

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. met at Sherry's on the evening of Feb. 26 and adopted the new rule of measurement which special committees of the New York, Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs recommended for consideration and adoption. The rule is to go into effect on Jan. 1, 1902. Any boats built after July 1 next will come under the new rating. The rule was adopted by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. independent of any action that the other clubs might take, but the committee of the new rule was made permanent with power to act, in order to modify the rule should a change seem desirable.

The committee consists of John Hyslop, chairman; J. Fred Tams, A. Cass Canfield, C. H. Crane and Henry W. Eaton.

The new rule, which taxes both beam and draft, is

different from anything that has been proposed before. It is as follows:

"Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline half the square root of the sail area and a quantity determined as L. and by dividing the sum of these quantities by 1.1.

$$\frac{\frac{1}{2}\,L.W.L.+\frac{1}{2}\sqrt{S.A.}+L.}{1.1}=R.L.$$

"The quantity L. is to be obtained in the following way:
"B. is breadth of load waterline plane at ⅛ of its length from fore end.
"B. is breadth of load waterline plane at ⅛ from after end.
"B. is breadth (greatest) of L.W.L. plane.
"C. is (B.+B.')—B.".
"D. is draft at MS.+2-5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.
"E.=(B."+D.)—3 1-3√ MS. submerged.
"C.+E=L.

"On all yachts launched after July 1, 1901, there shall be placed, by the owner or his agent, on every vessel to be entered for racing, marks on each side of her to indicate the waterline, and other marks vertical to and 3in. above the first named. These shall be placed immediately over the largest cross section of the submerged part of the yacht.

"The owner shall furnish to the measurer a certificate of the draft to the waterline as above indicated, and shall also include a statement of any greater draft, whether the same is at a place or places forward or aft of this point. The certificate shall also state the measurement of the yacht's greatest breadth on the load waterline and the area of the submerged section when measured to the marks at the waterline, and also to the marks 3in. above it. These marks shall be kept on hand at the club house, and supplied to all who may require them; they shall be small disks of noncorrosive metal, each having a hole in the center, through which it may be secured to the side of the vessel by a pin, the center of the latter to indicate the point measured to.

"In case of metal hulls a cross, such as can be made with a cold chisel, may be used, the intersection of the lines to indicate the point measured to. The measurements furnished by the owner to be subject to verification by the club's measurer when called in question by protest, or when required by the race committee.

"Any yacht launched before July 1, 1901, whose measurements, made under the rule of the previous year, brought her within the limits of a class, shall be eligible to race in such class, although when measured under the rule 1901 she may exceed the limits of such class, or may fall below it, and such yachts shall be rated for time allowance at their actual measurements.

"Yachts launched after July 1, 1901, shall not be entitled to time allowance except from yachts launched prior to that date whose measurements may exceed the class limit. Such yachts shall allow time to smaller vessels launched before the date named.

"When the measurer shall have to measurer, draw and compute the area of midship section or other under body dimensions of a yacht the charge for the same shall be for a cabin yacht $12, and for an open yacht $6."

The committee of the Larchmont Club is John Hyslop, chairman; John F. Lovejoy, Philip T. Dodge and E. A. Willard. The following extracts from its report explain the new rule:

"When the present rule was framed, and for some years afterward, the use of lead keels was practically unknown, and the few instances of their use, partial or othewise, were to be found in small vessels. Keels were formerly used to prevent leeway, not as levers to hang lead upon. The draft taken was moderate and proportionate to the bulk and accommodations of the vessel associated with it, and there were no flattened end frames, convex bow waterlines and shovel-nosed bows. When ballast was used inside the hull a fair amount of it had to be carried, and a corresponding extent of displacement and roominess in the yacht was assured, without extravagance in draft or other dimensions; but a time arrived when yachts having these characteristics and with roomy cabins and good accommodations were found to be classed in racing with vessels having little room and displacement, and possessing sail carrying power through the agency of a short keel or fin used as a lever on which to carry lead ballast. Another new feature also appeared about the same time in very full and convex waterlines, with correspondingly flattened and sharpened vertical longitudinal section lines and lengthened over water ends.

"It is proposed to make practicable the building of any yacht having a symmetrical and useful area of midship section proportional to the breadth and draft associated with it. It is also proposed that any yacht having a disproportionately small midship section, with large dimensions of breadth or draft, or both—providing only that the sum of the two is large—shall allow time or its equivalent in the increase of other factors, to what may here be called the normal yacht. It is further proposed to make practicable the building of any yacht with only a useful and normal amount of fullness in the ends of the load water plane.

"It is also proposed that vessels with flat or extravagantly full ends shall allow time or its equivalent to the more normal vessel. It is not proposed to in any way affect vessels which have been referred to as within normal limits, except to give to them such allowances as they may become entitled to from vessels built or to be built to which the new factors apply. From the time of the America to and including Volunteer, Titania, Katrina, Minerva and Lasca it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name a yacht built for these waters with a midship section so small relative to her draft and beam that the square root of its area when multiplied by 3 1-3 would not be equal to the sum of beam added to draft. It would be still more difficult to name one in which the sum of the two dimensions of breadth of load waterline measured at one-eighth of its length from each end would be equal to the greatest width of the waterline. The area of the load waterline of such yachts usually came under 65 per cent. of the parallelogram which would include it. To-day, in the middle and in the larger sizes, the coefficient of the load waterline may be found at 75 per cent. and over, and in smaller vessels it may run to the extreme of almost the whole parallelogram. Such vessels not only lengthen out very materially the waterlines to which they are measured, but gain for racing under average conditions much in other ways, and it is due to excesses of form of the kind indicated that great length of overhang at bow and stern can be used with advantage.

"As under the rule proposed, all vessels recently built would most likely have their measurements added to. No vessel racing with a modern vessel would be called upon to give to another the full extent due to the addition to her racing length, but only the difference due to the varying additions to each. It is confidently believed that if adopted the effect will not necessarily be to repress any variety of form whatever, but to give a new encouragement to yacht building, a new freedom in yacht designing, and to make possible the introduction, in some variety, improved, and in the view of many yachtsmen, more acceptable forms."

The committee shows the working of the rule by giving the old and proposed new racing lengths of the following well-known yachts:

	Old Racing Length. Feet.	New Racing Length. Feet.
Schooners—Class B.		
Emerald	91.07	83.35
Corona	93.07	86.13
Class D.		
Amorita	74.35	69.56
Quissetta	73.59	69.18
Sloops—Class G.		
Vigilant	94.70	89.88
Defender	100.36	.....
Class H.		
Katrina	76.08	69.16
Mineola	76.54	75.43
Class J.		
Gloriana	54.67	51.75
Wasp	54.97	52.48
Class K.		
Minerva	45.63	41.48
Syce	50.86	47.16
Class L.		
Mira	42.83	41.00
New boat	42.95	44.33
Class M.		
Countess	35.70	36.66
Musine	30.33	30.93
Class N.		
El Chico	25.00	27.21
Oiseau	29.90	37.77
Cartoon	30.00	38.75

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. G. Howland Leavitt, N. Y. Y. C., has commissioned Mr. H. J. Gielow to design for him a naphtha launch. The contract for the construction of the yacht has been placed with the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding and Repair Co., of Shooters Island, S. I. The dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 55ft. 4in.; length on waterline, 55ft.; beam, 9ft., 9in., and 3ft., 4in. draft. Forward there will be a pilot house, 6ft. long. Aft of the pilot house is a low cabin trunk 26ft. long, with the galley in the forward end. Next comes an engine room containing a Craig gasoline engine, with a passage on the starboard side and a captain's room on the port side. The saloon, 12ft. long, follows and aft of this is a cockpit covered with an awning. All the joiner work will be of mahogany. The naphtha tank in the bow will hold a supply sufficient to run 360 miles at full speed or 630 miles at 10 miles an hour. The maximum speed will be 14 miles an hour.

Mr. Charles Billman, head of the well-known firm of Charles Billman & Son, ship riggers, died at his home in Boston, on Feb. 27, aged seventy-two years. Mr. Billman had been prominently identified with yachting for many years, his firm having rigged all the America Cup defenders since 1876. Mr. Billman was born in Stockholm, Sweden, on Sept. 4, 1828. He stood at the head of those in his business. It was he who was credited with giving the late Edward Burgess his ideas about rigging and when the original cup yacht America was altered he refitted her. He leaves five sons and four daughters.

The Gas Engine and Power Co. and the Charles L. Seabury Co. have an order for a steel steam yacht that will be built at once for a yachtsman whose name is for the present withheld. She is 140ft. on the waterline, 177ft. 6in. over all, is to make 18 knots an hour and will be schooner rigged. The quarters for the owner are to be aft of the engine space, and will consist of two large double staterooms. Connecting with the owner's stateroom will be a large bathroom. There will be two single and double staterooms for guests. These rooms and the saloon are to be finished in mahogany. The dining saloon and butler's pantry will be in the forward deck house, which is to be built of mahogany. The galley will be below decks, and connected with the butler's pantry by dumb waiter. The officers' quarters and forecastle will be in the forward part of the vessel. A music room will be in the after deck house and entrance to the owner's quarters will be by a companionway from this house.

Major Fred. Ackerman, of the A. Y. C., is having a sloop built by William P. Kirk, at Toms River, N. J., from designs by Mr. H. J. Gielow. She is 41ft. over all, 26ft. 9in. on the waterline, 11ft. 7in. beam, 3ft. draft, and has 900 square feet sail area.

Mr. A. E. Lazzoro, of Hartford, Conn., has purchased the steam yacht Waiontha, formerly the Fra Diavolo.

The steam yacht Margaret has been sold by Mr. J. H. Rutherford, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. George J. Smith, of New York.

The Yachting World says: "It has frequently happened that ships have got out of their course at sea by some unaccountable means, and a warning just issued by the Admiralty may perhaps have some bearing on the matter. Their lordships say that their attention has been called to the practice of seamen wearing steel stretchers in their caps, and to the danger which may result from these stretchers becoming strongly magnetized, and being worn by men close to the ship's compasses. Instances have been reported of compasses being considerably deflected in this manner, and their lordships have now directed that the use of steel stretchers in caps is to be immediately discontinued."

The steam yacht Augusta, formerly the Egret, has been sold through Damer's agency to Mr. Paul Ames, of New York.

Mr. James Seaman, of Boston, has purchased from Mr. W. H. Bromley, of Philadelphia, through Messrs. Gardner & Cox, the steam yacht Telka.

Vice-Commodore William N. Bavier, New Rochelle Y. C., has purchased of Mr. E. Hope Norton, through the agency of Messrs Huntington and Seaman, the fin keel sloop Memory, built by the Herreshoffs in 1894.

The American auxiliary Genesee, owned by Mr. J. S. Watson, 26 days out from New York, bound for Naples, arrived at Gibraltar Feb. 28, with her steering gear deranged, bulwarks stove and launch smashed. Plans and description of Genesee appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 22, 1900.

"The charterer of Mr. William Clark's steam yacht Tucarora," says the Field, Feb. 16, "is Mr. Ballantine, of New York, and the charter will extend for four months from the beginning of June. The Tuscarora is to cruise in American waters, and will be at Sandy Hook for the cup races." This yacht was built in 1896 by Scott & Co., of Greenock. Her dimensions are 181ft. long, 26.8ft. beam and 14.55ft. draft. She is a steel vessel of 540 gross tonnage, and has triple-expansion engines.

The New York Herald has organized an excellent system for reporting yachts when in foreign waters. The following is taken from their announcement: By hoisting the proper signals, as indicated in the international code, when passing any Lloyds signal station, yachtsmen will be reported by telegraph to the Herald in New York, Paris or London, as they may direct. An arrangement has been concluded by which Lloyds undertake to forward to the Herald all such yacht movements signalled to their stations, thus enabling yachtsmen, without any other trouble than hoisting flags at the masthead under their number, to have the passage of their yacht made known to their friends throughout the whole world the next morning. In the new international code, on page 266 of the General Vocabulary, under the heading "New York," it will be found that by hoisting two flags, "U K," you signal "Send news of me to the Herald, Paris." If instead of "U K" the yacht owner hoists "U I," the same news will be sent to the Herald, London. If he hoists "U J," it is addressed to the Herald, New York.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones recently sold to Mr. Philip T. Dodge, a member of New York Y. C. the English cutter Eelin. This yacht yas built for the 65ft. linear rating class, by Summers & Payne, of Southampton, from designs of Arthur E. Payne, in 1899. This yacht is 84ft. over all, 59ft. waterline, 15.8ft. beam and 9.9ft. draft. The yacht is of composite construction, and was built for Capt. J. Orr Ewing, and is similar in design to Tutty, the fastest yacht in this class. The yacht will be fitted out for the transatlantic voyage at once, and will sail from Southampton about the middle of March, arriving here in good time to be put in commission for the following season.

The cutter Vencedore, lately sold through Mr. Jones, is being prepared for transportation to Chicago, where she will be raced by the new owner, Mr. F. A. Price, the coming season. The yacht will be taken from the yard at City Island, where she is now lying, on one of the Merritt & Chapman lighters, and placed on a flat car for shipment West. This will avoid launching the yacht until she arrives in Chicago.

The new steel steam yacht that Mr. Jones is building for Mr. Charles J. Canfield, at Wilmington, Del., will be named Cangarda. It is expected that this yacht will be completed in April, and she will immediately sail for the owner's home, at Manistee, Mich., going from New York to Halifax, and thence via the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes to her destination.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 26.
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.
25ft. shoal draft sloop, Feb. 2.
18-footer Broncho, Feb. 9.
25ft. cruising sloop, Feb. 16.
32-ft. fast cruiser, Feb. 23.
House-boat designs, March 2.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 2-16.—Madison Square Garden, New York.—Roof Garden Tournament of the National Sportsmen's Association.
March 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—The Peters Cartridge Company's two days' target tournament. Maj. E. P. McKisseck, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.
March 21.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target and live-bird shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.
April 10.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for Dupont trophy at Dupont Park.
April 12-13.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's tournament. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.
April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
April 24-25.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co.; $150 added money. H. W. Brown, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.
May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.
May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.
May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.
May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.
May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.
May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.
May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June 11-12.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.
June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.
June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.
July 23.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.
June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.
Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.
May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.
June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.
July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.
July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Roof Garden Tournament, under the management of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, is progressing with gratifying smoothness and success. All the time allowed to it is filled with active competition, and it has engaged the participation of many of America's most renowned knights of the scatter gun. Among the number are the formidable Messrs. Heikes, Crosby, Fanning, Gilbert, Parmelee, Leroy, Fox, Hull, Hallowell, Griffith, Parks, Van Allen, Banks, Taylor, Keller, and others. As the days pass the emulative struggle will grow more and more intense, and great scores may justly be expected.

In respect to his live-bird shoot at Interstate Park, on March 13 Mr. John S. Wright announces that one of the programme events will be at 10 live birds, $7.50, the main and first prize of which is valued at $75, a beautiful painting of a trout by the well-known artist, Mr. H. A. Driscoll. All the surplus above a certain number of entries will be divided into second, third and fourth moneys, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. There are other events on the programme at 5 and 7 birds. Handicaps by distance and misses as no birds and kills will be allowed the contestants of lesser skill.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, the eminent and skillful trapshooter, was the recipient of an elegant and useful present on Thursday of last week, a testimonial of esteem and appreciation from his company, in the form of a valuable heavy gold chronometer repeater, which strikes the hours, quarter hours and minutes. The obverse bears the monogram, "J. S. F.," while the reverse bears the date 1900. The inside cover bears the following inscription: "Presented to J. S. Fanning by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., in recognition of his securing the largest number of firsts in 1900." Mr. Fanning deserved it all.

On Monday of this week the very liberal contribution of $10 was received by FOREST AND STREAM from Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, as a part of the fund toward defraying the expenses of the forthcoming American team in the international team contest. The true way in a patriotic matter of this kind is not to wait to see what others do, but to show others, who are waiting, what you yourself do in the matter.

In the match between New York and New Jersey, fifteen men on a side, 25 live birds per man, at Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 27, New York won by a score of 303 to 302. The wind blew a half gale at times, with a gustiness which was most disturbing to the shooters and helpful to the birds. A return match will be arranged in the near future.

Mr. John S. Wright discovered that he had made an error in respect to the amounts due each of the four high guns in the division of the surplus money at his recent shoot for a Francotte gun, and sent a check on Friday of last week to each of the parties at interest, thus fully settling the matter.

A handicap live-bird shoot for a new 12-gauge Francotte gun, under the management of Mr. Herbert Alexander, Oxford, Pa., is announced to take place on March 12. Entries close at 2 o'clock P. M. Miss-and-out, $1 entrance. Shoot commences at 10 A. M. Two sets of traps will be used.

At Lawrenceville, N. J., the Lawrenceville Gun Club was organized on Feb. 27. The following officers were elected: President, Herbert Van Zandt; Vice-President, N. C. Chambers; Secretary-Treasurer, A. R. Scott; Manager, I. S. Kampmann.

After the team contest at Interstate Park on Feb. 27 Messrs. G. W. Page and S. M. Van Allen shot a match at 25 live birds, with the result that they tied on 22. They shot off the tie at 10 birds, and Mr. Page won by a score of 9 to 8.

The contest for the Dewar trophy between Dr. A. A. Webber, holder, and Mr. W. H. Sanders, challenger, at Interstate Park, on Feb. 26, resulted in a victory for Dr. Webber by a score of 23 to 19. Dr. Webber stood at 31yds., Mr. Sanders at 27.

On March 9, on the grounds of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, arrangements have been made between Messrs. Chas. Smith and J. J. Fleming to shoot a match at 50 targets, for $10.

The contest for the H. C. Hirschy live-bird trophy at Intercity Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 22, had eight contestants, and of these, Mr. Kribbe proved to be the victor.

Mr. J. J. (U. M. C.) Hallowell defeated Mr. I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., at Interstate Park, Feb. 26, in a match at 100 live birds, by a score of 93 to 82.

The address of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, is now 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., instead of 122 Diamond Market.

The eleventh trophy contest of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, was won by Mr. L. Thomas on Saturday of last week with a score of 10 straight.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New York vs. New Jersey.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 27.—Few shoots of importance have been held with so little surface manifestations as was the team shoot between New York and New Jersey at Interstate Park to-day. It was all arranged without any ostentatious preliminaries, but there was the greatest array of shooting gladiators and their kindly, friendly rooters that have been seen around New York in many a month or many a year past. There was the keenest of friendly interest in the competition. It was more a spirit of emulation than of rivalry. New York applauded heartily the good work of the New Jersey contestant, as opportunity offered, and New Jersey reciprocated with equal zest likewise.
The fortunes of the day fluctuated greatly. New York took the lead near the start and then New Jersey cut down the lead till the chances of the former waxed dim. Each had its strong men up at the start and finish, with some of the weaker shooters sandwiched intermediately. The close of the contest was most exciting, but finally New York won out by 1 bird.
The conditions were unusually severe as to weather. There was a strong, gusty, driving wind, which swayed the shooters betimes as they stood at the score.
The birds were a good lot, with now and then a demon which at the third flop of its wings would be near the boundary; therefore, there were a great many dead out, and a great many incidental hard-luck stories. New York went to the score first. The race was shot man against man, as follows:

Webber vs. Feigenspan.
New York.....Dr A A Webber.....222222222222222222222*202—23
New Jersey.....C W Feigenspan.....222202222202222222222222—23

Van Allen vs. Piercy.
New York.....S M Van Allen.....22222*02222202222222222022—21
New Jersey.....G H Piercy.....*012221222021221122202102—20

Thompson vs. Sinnock.
New York.....W H Thompson.....22222212222222222211202211—24
New Jersey.....F E Sinnock.....20202000222222202200222220—16

Miller vs. Daly.
New York.....Dr C E Miller.....02*01122202220222202202222—18
New Jersey.....Phil Daly.....20220201120202222222221222—20

Kay vs. Kuser.
New York.....J. P. Kay.....2*22212222021222212222122—23
New Jersey.....B C Kuser.....222222*2*211121111*201121—21

Morfey vs. Ivins.
New York.....T W Morfey.....22222002222222222222222022—22
New Jersey.....A L Ivins.....21222122010102 2*222*11222—20

Fessenden vs. Widmann.
New York.....H P Fessenden.....022222202002*202202012022—16
New Jersey.....W B Widmann.....222220222222222*202220222—21

Day vs. Koegel.
New York.....Prof Day.....202202020222222*2012222202—18
New Jersey.....H C Koegel.....22220*22222202220222222—21

Fisher vs. Bunk.
New York.....C B Fisher.....122*2202200011002022022212—16
New Jersey.....Capt Bunk.....2222200022222*222*2222202—19

Waters vs. Doty.
New York.....B Waters.....2201202*10022222222212220—19
New Jersey.....A Doty.....22202*2022222202222*22222—20

Hopkins vs. Page.
New York.....J. B Hopkins.....2200211122222*01212101211—20
New Jersey.....G W Page.....102*212201222221002210111—19

Greiff vs. Hoffman.
New York.....G E Greiff.....1122222202122220022202212—21
New Jersey.....J W Hoffman.....2220002020222*22022202222—17

Hopkins vs. Hassinger.
New York.....W Hopkins.....2221211221022201122222222—23
New Jersey.....W Hassinger.....2222122202222022222222222—23

Banks vs. Budd.
New York.....Ed Banks.....2222222212222122201201211—23
New Jersey.....I W Budd.....2112210112022222002201212—20

Keller vs. Outwater.
New York.....T H Keller.....20222*02*2222222*0020222*—16
New Jersey.....J H Outwater.....2122211222112220222*11102—22

The totals were as follows:

New York.		New Jersey.	
Webber	23	Feigenspan	23
Van Allen	21	Piercy	20
Thompson	24	Sinnock	16
Miller	18	Daly	20
Kay	23	Kuser	21
Morfey	22	Ivins	20
Fessenden	16	Widmann	21
Day	18	Koegel	21
Fisher	16	Bunk	19
Waters	19	Doty	20
Hopkins	20	Page	19
Greiff	21	Hoffman	17
Hopkins	23	Hassinger	23
Banks	23	Budd	20
Keller	16—303	Outwater	22—302

Hallowell vs. Budd.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 26.—Mr. J. J. Hallowell, of Philadelphia, and Mr. I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., shot a match at Interstate Park to-day at 100 live birds, $100 a side. The result showed an easy victory for Mr. Hallowell by a score of 93 to 82. The famous navigator, Admiral A. G. Courtney, acted efficiently as referee. The scores:

I W Budd, 30.....2000102222212121101111*021—18
2*012121221221222122111222—23
01*12*1221212222*10112212—20
2*1121*1110221222112011122—21—82

J J Hallowell, 30.....1211211211122112112121212—25
121111*111122012112012122—22
22222222*2012111021111222—22
22212*22222222222222222222—24—93

Dewar Trophy.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 26.—The contest for the Dewar trophy at Interstate Park to-day between Dr. A. A. Webber, holder, and Mr. W. H. Sanders, challenger, resulted in a victory for the former. The scores were 23 to 19. This makes the fourth victory of Dr. Webber for this trophy. Mr. S. M. Van Allen acted as referee. The scores:

W. H. Sanders, 27.....22201222222*1010102022221—19
Dr A A Webber, 31.....222222222*2222222*2222222—23

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., March 2.—The following scores were made at live birds, handicap rise, American rules:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
M Rauscher, 25	22022	200
J J Pillion, 28	22022	200
M Van Pelt, 28	**120	222
D J Heffner, 25	01021	002
T Osborn, 25	11*2	001
H Koch, 26	10021	222
Hanlon, 25	00010	000
Snyder, 25	00012	010
Capt Emerick, 25	01000	000
I McKane, 31	2222*—4	
H Kronika, 26	12012—4	
H Van Pelt, 28	1110*—3	
R Smith, 25	22200—3	
T Osborne, 25	01111—4	
A Soeller, Sr, 25	01010—3	
M Rauscher, 25	10121—4	
F Brown, 25	02002—2	
H Kronika, 26	2102*	012
I McKane, 31	20022	222
F Lundy, 26	20002	022
E Garrison, 28	2*022	022
R Smith, 25	00001	202
F Brown, 25	001*2	100
A Soeller, Sr, 25	22222	*20
A Soeller, Jr, 25	02021	000
Comisky, 25	11100	01
J J Pillion, 28	22222—5	
E Samson, 28	21*02—3	
F Lundy, 26	20012—3	
H Koch, 26	21002—3	
D J Heffner, 25	02222—4	
A Soeller, Jr, 25	00000—0	
E Comisky, 25	00*00—0	
Snyder, 25	00002—1	

Emerald Gun Club.

New York, Feb. 21.—The scores of the season of 1900-1901, made by members of the Emerald Gun Club, are as follows:

	Per Cent.	Points.		Per Cent.	Points.
B Amend	.840	20½	Mohrmann	.711	11
W Amend	.662	12	Moore	.860	21
Anderson	....	5	O'Donohue	....	4
Billings	Resigned.		Pillion	....	11
Blaisdell	.811	19	Quimby	....	0
Breit	....	12	Quinn	.722	9½
Catton	....	0	Rathjen	.832	19
Clark	.870	17	Regan	....	8
Doncourt	.740	20½	Remsen	....	0
Cone	....	9	Roberts	.712	10
Dressel	....	0	Ruyl	.800	10
Fessenden	Resigned.		Sands	....	17½
Gallin	....	8	Scheubel	.755	17
Greiff	....	7	Schortemeier	.930	23
Groehl	.580	16	Schoverling	.800	22
Helgans	....	½	Short	.733	10
Hillers	.855	16	Stuetzli	Resigned.	
Hilmer	.666	10	Swan	....	0
Hudson	.860	21½	Thomas	....	0
Joerger	.820	22	Van Allen	....	4
Kall	.710	17	Warfield	....	4
Keenan	....	15	Weightmann	....	6
Kemble	.875	18	Weiss	.780	14
Lincoln	....	6	Woelfel	.787	14
Martin	....	2			

Errors should be reported to the secretary at once.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., March 4.—The scores made by the Cuckoos to-day are appended:

Targets:	15	20	20	15	15	25	15
Dr Bill	12	17	15	12	13	19	..
F Brown	5	10	10	8	8	14	8
L Muench	10	13	14	14	12	17	..
J Jones	7	10	14	12	12	20	..
B Barlow	8	10	11	6	10	15	9
A Martens	9	7	6	8	10	16	..
A Schoverling	10	12	14	11	9	..	8

Targets:	15	20	20	15	15	25	15
A Anderson	7	12	6	7	10	..	..
J Corolan	5	5	4	7	5	7	..
F Byrne	..	..	5	3	4	10	6
Y Martin	..	..	9	8	7	..	..
O Keim	..	..	13	12	8	..	..
A Bennett	..	..	..	7	8	..	..
L Plumer	..	..	13	9	10	..	..

The Roof Garden Tournament.

THE Roof Garden Tournament opened on schedule time on Saturday of last week, and the ceaseless popping of the gun continues through the hours devoted to the trapshooting contests. The interest is keen and the competition progresses without flagging. As will be noted on referring to the scores, there are many of the famous experts present at this great shoot. There are so many shooters present that in order to give every one an opportunity to shoot, re-entries in the championship event will be prohibited or restricted.
The manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, informs us that the shoot is progressing with the regularity of clock work.
The conditions of the sportsmen's Association championship are 100 targets, unknown angles, entrance 50 cents, in addition to targets at 1½ cents each. Re-entries unlimited. Competition in this event from 12:30 to 5 P. M., excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it takes place from 10 A. M. to 1:30 P. M. The scores on Saturday were as follows, the contestants in squads shooting at 25 bluerocks:
Association Championship:

First Day, Saturday, March 2.

Targets:	25	25	25	25	
A H Fox	20	22	21	w	
P Daly, Jr	21	20	18	15	74
C C Brinton	19	20	18	16	73
J Hull	18	19	18	19	74
F S Parmelee	22	22	22	20	86
W Crosby	21	21	25	23	90
F Gilbert	17	23	24	20	84
R O Heikes	24	23	22	25	94
J S Fanning	19	23	22	19	83
J J Hallowell	15	19	20	19	73
*E Banks	16	18	20	20	74
*P Daly, Jr	22	17	20	20	79

Targets:	25	25	25	25	
H S Welles	16	18	12	12	58
A E Barry	8	12	9	10	39
*A H Fox	20	15	22	w	
*Ed Banks	21	20	20	19	80
*J J Hallowell	17	22	23	24	86
*J Hull	19	14	22	21	76
*F S Parmelee	17	19	21	21	78
*W Crosby	19	24	22	21	86
*F Gilbert	19	24	23	25	91
*J S Fanning	20	17	24	21	82
*A H Fox	23	24	21	21	89
B Le Roy	18	21	22	17	78

Second Day, Monday, March 4.

Parmelee	20	22	24	21	87
Crosby	24	23	24	23	94
Gilbert	24	22	24	22	92
Heikes	24	23	24	21	92
Fanning	24	23	25	24	96
Fox	21	21	19	23	84
Hallowell	22	19	22	19	82
Griffith	20	21	18	19	78
Le Roy	24	23	23	19	89
Hull	21	20	21	21	83
Daly, Jr	20	15	23	19	77
George	16	18	20	15	69
Rex	21	17	22	16	76
Martin	19	20	24	18	81
Van Allen	16	16	23	w	
Banks	23	20	18	w	
Mrs Park	18	15	21	15	69
W K Park	18	21	14	18	71
Ed Taylor	20	18	23	w	
*George	18	12	19	20	69
*Martin	20	19	20	16	75
*H C Scott	18	12	25	17	65
F B Stephenson	22	19	21	15	77

G G Stephenson	21	19	22	21	83
Barry	12	12	12	10	46
Delaney	14	18	19	w	
Fleming	22	17	15	15	69
Dudley	22	21	18	19	80
Keller, Jr	19	10	15	w	
*Martin	22	21	20	20	83
*Daly, Jr	20	20	16	22	78
*Van Allen	20	20	20	w	
Skelly	20	10	w		
Edgarton	20	21	19	20	80
Schwartz	11	15	11	..	
Carlough	13	17	13	w	
Rike	20	19	20	..	
T H Keller	20	19	15	..	
Welles	12	14	14	w	
P H Brinton	21	18	11	13	63
*Fox	20	18	20	16	74
*Daly, Jr	20	19	18	17	74
A L Burns	11	15	15	13	54
*Fox	22	22	14	22	80
Schneider	18	22	19	14	73

*Re-entries.

Continuous Match.—The Continuous Match is a miss-and-out, re-entries unlimited. Entrance 25 cents, targets extra. The scores made on March 4 are as follows:

W R Crosby	0	0	9	2	10	12	2	9	10	0	9	21	..	..	..	..
F S Parmelee	7	1	19	9	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Gilbert	6	10	3	2	6	4	9	5	27	57	..	..	..	..	..	..
J S Fanning	30	15	21	7	1	12	27	19	8	1	14	15	4	..	..	..
B Le Roy	1	8	3	3	14	4	3	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
B H Norton	0	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A C Griffith	1	27	4	0	7	0	9	13	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Martin	0	0	2	0	1	0	18	3	15	2	2	2	..	..	..	..
A H Fox	12	3	15	8	1	3	14	10	0	10	6	10	5	7	13	11
A E Barry	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hull	17	0	13	4	2	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R O Heikes	19	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H C Watson	11	13	0	3	1	0	1	0	1	0	..	..	..	..	..	..
P Daly, Jr	6	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Hallowell	4	2	0	1	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J E Hicks, Rex	0	0	4	5	5	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Franklin	0	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
S M Van Allen	4	0	1	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Blanford	0	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stephenson	0	2	0	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J G Knowlton	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ed Banks	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

West Chester Gun Club.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Feb. 28.—The West Chester Gun Club held, as advertised, its eighth annual live-bird shoot on its grounds today, and it was a success throughout. There were 119 entries in the main event. About 550 birds were trapped, and were a fine lot, but two refusing to fly. The number of visitors was far beyond the club's expectations, and taxed the club house to its utmost, as it was quite cold, and each was trying to keep in the best possible condition in order to win. There was also a fine lunch to be had, which I have noticed is a very pleasing feature to the average shooter.
There was but one sweepstake event, twenty-one entries, $1 miss-and-out, and it was divided by McKelvey and Jackson with 5 kills each.
The main event was started promptly at 12 o'clock, and was continued until dark, when there were fourteen in with 7 kills, and these agreed to divide. Those who figured in same were H. Alexander, C. Mink, F. B. McCoy, A. B. Cartelege, Wm. Feiles, H. B. Fisher, D. Dawson, J. Twaddell, Dr. Pepper, E. Emmers, Geo. Williamson. Messrs. McCoy and Mink had two chances shot up.
Several arrived too late to enter, as the entries closed at 2 P. M.
Among the visitors, and without showing any favoritism, were the following: J. J. Hallowell, of U. M. C. Co.; Chas. Mink, H. B. Fisher, H. B. McCoy, Dr. Pepper, A. B. Cartilage; Alexander, Barnes, of Oxford; Thomas Ambler, Buckwalter, of Royersford; Feiles, of Christiana. I also wish on behalf of the club to extend thanks to the shooters who attended and made the event one of the most successful we have ever had, and hope next year to be able to give a still better one. F. H. EACHUS, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Guttenburg.

Guttenberg, N. J., Geb. 23.—The following are scores made in a private match at Sullivan's Guttenberg race track to-day. A. A. Schoverling was scorer:

Fourteen live birds, 28yds. rise:

V Fink.....11011011111011—11
L Brenner.....00111011111011—10
A Walters.....11111001101011—10
H C West.....10111111101111—12
J Garth.....01110111001110—10
Dr Griswold....01110111010110—10
Dr Lordley.....01111110011101—10
Dr Terrill.....11110001100011— 8
Dr Burns.....11111110001110—10

A. A. SCHOVERLING.

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J.—Inclosed please find scores made at the annual all-day shoot of the Freehold Gun Club on Washington's Birthday. The day was a fine one for shooting, and a goodly number of shooters took advantage of it. Prominent among the visitors was Carl Von Lengerke, Capt. Borland, Banta, and L. Cannitz, of New York city; Will Watts, of Keyport; Farr, of Princeton; Rue and Hall, of Atlantic Highlands; Schenck, of Asbury Park; Height and Bennett, of Spring Lake, and many more. The events were run off principally over the magautrap, but a few were decided on the Sergeant system. In all about 3,000 targets were thrown. The programme called for eight events, and two extras were added. Event No. 3 was a merchandise, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, privilege of re-entry, four prizes. First prize, Winchester "Take-down" shotgun; second, sole leather gun case; third, shell box; fourth, fishing rod. In this event Vanderveer and R. A. Ellis, of the home club, were the only ones to make the possible, so took the gun, and the gun case was also landed by a member of the home club, H. D. Hance, after shooting out all the 9-men in a miss-and-out. Von Lengerke was the only man to stick to him, and he dropped his 7th target. J. T. Laird, another Freeholder, landed the shell box, and Schenck, of the Asbury Park Gun Club, landed the fishing rod. Following are the events:

Events:	1	2	3					4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	*	*	*	*	10	15	20	14	20
Winchester	5	12	9	6	7	..	..	..	10	14	8	14
Vanderveer	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	6	13	..	..	14
Wooley	6	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	5	1	6	5	..	..	..	3	..	..	3	..
Rue	8	4	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Watts	9	13	6	8	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..
Capt Borland	8	9	8	6	7	..	..	6	9	10	3	10
L Cannitz	6	7	1	..	..	..	..	2	6	7	5	5
C Von Lengerke	10	11	7	9	6	..	..	7	10	12	7	16
C Banta	10	12	8	5	6	..	..	8	12	12	9	14
W B Ellis	7	11	4	6	7	..	..	7	..	..	7	..
Schenck	6	13	8	7	..	..	..	6	13	13	7	13
Laird	6	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
R A Ellis	8	11	9	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	10	..
Burtis	10	12	8	9	4	9	8	8	12	14	9	..
Muldoon	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hance	9	13	8	7	6	9	..	7	9	..	..	..
Haight	4	8	9	8	8	..	..	..	13	10	8	..
Vandervort	..	12	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Brown	..	11	6	2	8	..	..	6	..	..	5	..
Talmage	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	7	4	.	..	..
J T Laird	..	..	7	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R A Ellis	..	..	8	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C C Snyder	..	..	8	6	6	..	..	4	..	9	6	..
E Vanderveer	..	..	10	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J H Bennett	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Donahay	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Danser	..	..	6	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	3	..
Walling	..	..	5	8	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	10
Stout	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Garrison	..	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Newman	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	9	4	..	..
Heyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..

*Indicates re-entries in No. 3.

R. A. ELLIS, Asst. Sec'y.

Moonachie Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Feb. 20.—In the match between Messrs. Outwater and Wright to-day at 25 birds the former won by a score of 20 to 17. The shooting as a whole was not up to the usual form of the contestants. The scores follow:

C Wright, 29.....12222220200020222022222*2*—17
J H Outwater, 29.....2112*10100211211222122120—20

	No. 1.	No. 2.
G Schoemaker, 27	0222022220— 7	2202*—3
Dr Brooks, 26	1020100102— 5	.....
J Mincke, 27	1221111100— 8	20221—4
L H Matthews, 29	2222120222— 9	1*222—4
B F Tracy, 29	2201221201— 8	.....
B Demerest, 27	2220221220— 8	21210—4
H Koegel, 29	0222222202— 8	22020—3
J H Outwater, 29	1110012211— 8	11202—4
C Wright, 29	2220222222— 9	02200—2

No. 1 was 10 birds, $5.50 entrance, class shooting. No. 2 was 5 birds, $3, 60 and 40.

Practice, 5 birds:

Tracy .....12212—5
Duston .....22121—5
Barbare .....01112—4
Salaraine .....20021—3
Thowart .....22012—4

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 19.—The scores made at the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club to-day in the club event are as follows:

F O Weiss, 28.....0012112222— 8
T Short, 28.....1101222022— 8
Dr O'Connell, 30..112*222202— 8
A Schoverling, 28..2212202222— 9
G E Greiff, 30.....2*12221222— 9
R Regan, 28.....2220222011— 8
B F Amend, 30....2222*00222— 7
Dr Miller, 30.....2222222222—10
W J Joeger, 28.....2012122220— 8
F J Kell, 25.....2222120102— 8
E J Clark, 30.....2222222122—10
A Duncort, 28.....2*00212202— 6
H Hillers, 28.....2022121002— 7
J J Pillion, 28.....2222021100— 7
O N T, 28.....000201*020— 3
M Weighman, 28..0121111001— 7
J H Moore, 28.....1110210211— 8
D Mohrmann, 28...2222112121—10
W Sands, 30.....0220222222— 8
J Woelful, 28.....221002*110— 6
Dr Grohl, 25.....0022201021— 6
A Warfield, 28.....1200112012— 7
P Woelful, 28.....2222220122— 9
E J Roberts, 28....20*2210220— 6
Dr O'Donohue, 25.0022222202— 7
H Quinn, 28.....0200110202— 5
A Anderson, 25.....2121001001— 6
Dr Hudson, 28.....212**21202— 7
J Gallin, 25.....1022220122— 8
Dr Stillman, 30....2221102102— 8
J P Kay, 28.....2202*22200— 6
J Rathjen, 25.....0011011110— 6
Dr Woods, 28.....2022022202— 7

Hudson Gun Club

Jersey City, March 3.—These are the scores made by the members of the Hudson Gun Club and their guests. The day was cold, and a strong wind was blowing. There was quite a crowd of spectators, as the new draw of the bridge over the Hackensack River of the D., L. & W. R. R. was put in place. Photographs were taken of the bridge, shooters, etc., by several camera fiends. The next shoot will be on March 10:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	20	10	20	20	10	5p	10	25	10
Bock	13	7	16	18	5	4	8	16	5
Dudley	17	7	17	17	7	8	9	20	9
Banta	12	9	12	..	6	8	4	18	4
J Hughes	13	6	10	..	..	..	..	15	6
Kelly	13	..	11	..	..	4	..	16	7
Fee	8	..	12	..	8	..	..	15	..
E Heritage	8	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	5
O'Brien	..	8	15	..	..	..	..	..	6
Brown	..	4	9	4	6	..	5	16	5
Tommy	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lembeck	..	6	..	..	6	..	..	17	6
Dodd	..	6	..	..	5	..	..	12	5
Hansman	..	5	..	..	4	4	..	18	6
Mertens	..	4	10	..	5	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	9	16	17	8	..	9	22	9
Whitley	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	11	..

No. 6 was at 5 pairs. No. 8 was the club shoot.

SECRETARY.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—The Washington's Birthday shoot of the Forester Gun Club was started at 10 A. M. at live birds. The club was disappointed in not getting enough birds. Each shot at 5, and all stood at 28yds. rise. The birds were very fast. Lunch was served at 12:30 P. M. The target shoot started at 1:30 P. M. It was one of the best shoots the club has ever run off. It threw about 2,000 targets up to 5:30 P. M. Six handicap events were run off during the afternoon. H. E. Winans was scorer. J. J. Fleming had charge of the handicapping, squad hustling and optional sweepstake events. Chas. Smith looked after the work on the outside and saw to it that every one was well satisfied with his day's sport. The well-known and reliable trapper of the South Side Gun Club trapped, and is always with us on our big shoots.

Whitehead and Hayes divided in event No. 3; Stanton won in events Nos. 4 and 5; Belcher won in events Nos. 6 and 7; Tighe won in events Nos. 8 and 9, and Weller in event No. 10. The handicap was carried over the same after the second prize events.

The match between Wheeler and J. J. Fleming did not come off, as Mr. Wheeler wanted all the say after he had challenged and was accepted. He wanted each to pay for his own birds, stand at 21yds. rise, and to have an 80yd. boundary. He is not a member of any club. On March 9 a match will be shot between Mr. Chas. Smith and J. J. Fleming, 50 targets, Sergeant system, for $10, loser to pay expenses.

Live birds, two moneys, $2.50 entrance:

Ferguson .....22112—5
Hayes .....22122—5
Sinnock .....2222*—4
Weller .....02222—4
D Fleming.....10122—4
Aff .....22002—3
Parker .....00122—3
Maier .....00212—3
Belcher .....02000—1

Targets:													
Sinnock	10	5	1-7	3-6	..	8	6	7	8	6	9	7	6
Hayes	6	6	2-8	1-7	..	7	8	8	7	7	6	7	..
D Fleming	8	3	3-5	5-7	2-9	7	7	7	5	2	4	5	..
Whitehead	8	9	2-8	1-8	..	9	7	..	7	..	..	..	..
Dwight	7	7	5-3	6-6	3-6	8	4	..	..	..	4	..	..
Winans	6	5	4-5	5-3	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
C Smith	6	7	..	4-7	2-5	..	..	6-4	..	8	..	..	..
Belcher	8	7	4-5	5-8	2-8	6	7	5	3	4	3	6	5
J J Fleming	10	8	1-7	2-9	1-8	9	8	7	8	5	7	..	..
Tighe	7	6	..	4-6	2-9	4-7	5	7	6	9	8	..	..
J H Cummings	..	4	..	..	..	13-6	3	6-5	5	7	6	..	..
Ripley	..	6	..	.	..	5-8	2-7	..	5	8	4	..	..
Stanton	..	8	..	..	..	6-4	2-8	5	6	6	4	..	..
Weller	..	6	..	..	..	4-5	2-5	3	6	7	4	..	..
Hooey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6-7	7	..	6	..	..
Sanders	..	0	..	..	..	8-3	4-1	3	4	..	..	..	..
Homish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6-7	7	..	6	..	..
Otta	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Ebie	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Ferguson	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Aff	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jewell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Alsop	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Velger	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Oshwald	0	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Backus	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

JOHN J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Belvidere Gun Club.

Belvidere, N. J., Feb. 28.—Five birds, $2 entrance, two moneys, A. A. rules:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Rasener	12102—4	12120—4	Hayes	12210—4	.....
Cole	10011—3	01120—3	Boardman	.....	10010—2
Pearson	20111—4	01000—1	Eilenberg	.....	12100—3
Heffe	21111—5	22210—4			

Miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

Rasener	22	1010	12011	120
Cole	0	20220	21010	212
Boardman	20	10221	20	210
Eilenberg	0	.....	.....	...
Pearson	0	.....	.....	...

WM. A. RASENER.

Trap Happenings at New Castle.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., Feb. 25.—The contest for the bronze medal emblematic of the inanimate target championship of western Pennsylvania took place Friday, Feb. 22, between Jack McNary, of Greenville, Pa., challenger, and James T. Atkinson, holder, of New Castle, Pa. Atkinson won by the narrow margin of 1 bird. This is the fourth time Mr. Atkinson has successfully defended the trophy. His scores in the preceding matches were much higher than this last one. Jimmy is one of the steadiest, nerviest shooters in the business, and the man who beats him has to shoot all the time; any "bad half hours" will be fatal to him.

L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, has challenged Mr. Atkinson for the medal. The contest will occur some time in April next. The exact date has not yet been set. This will be a battle royal, as these men are evenly matched. Fleming is one of those fellows who

"Shoots for keeps,
And lays his victims out in heaps,"

to paraphrase the lines of some fellow who wrote about a famous personage whose last name rhymed with Bill, and while he is a team mate of Atkinson's, sentiment will not debar him from doing his level best to carry away the medal.

A number of shooters were present from Pittsburg, Oil City and Greenville, and a dozen events of 10, 15 and 20 birds each were pulled off.

The scores in the medal contest were: Atkinson 79, McNary 78. This may seem, and was, exceedingly low for shooters of such ability as these two men, but when one considers the fact that it was shot during the worst weather we have had this winter—the thermometer being nearly at zero, the wind blowing a gale, with plenty of snow flurries—it was not so bad. About 80 per cent. was the best any one could do during the day.

Howard Sergeant was present to help the boys out, and right well he did his work. Standing out in the cold all day, acting as referee or scorer, he was perfectly happy.

"Papa" McNary, as we young fellows affectionately call him, has a grievance, and it is with real pleasure we take this opportunity to set him right before the shooting world and remove any cause he may have for losing sleep nights. Some ignorant or vicious-minded person circulated the report last spring at the Chambersburg, Pa., shoot that he was the oldest shooter in the world, that his age was bordering on seventy years, and that he had learned to shoot with Scott, in Mexico, during our little tilt with that country, more than half a century ago. We have made careful search through his family Bible, "rolled back the billowy ages of time," as it were, and find he is not near seventy years old. In fact he will be only sixty-seven "come next Michaelmas." We also discovered he never was in the Mexican war, although he did serve as scout and hunter for Fremont when that famous man was making his explorations in the far West.

A full score of the events is not at present obtainable. We append only the winners of each event, as follows:

No. 1, 10 birds: Fleming 10. Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 were 15-bird events, and the winners were Bates, Atkinson, Chlay, Fleming, Alex, Pills, and Watson. Fleming and Shaner won in the 20-bird events.

HENRY P. SHANER, Sec'y.

Trap at Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 24.—The contest for the Dupont Park medal to-day had forty entries. The birds were good and the weather was clear and cool. Kenyon killed 43 in the shoot-off, and won. The scores follow:

Dr Gaines, 31.....2222222221—10
Spencer, 31.....2222122222—10
Hill, 28.....1111112222—10
Nason, 29.....2211122201— 9
Bowman, 28.....22222*2212— 9
Fresch, 28.....2012112012— 8
Herbert, 28.....1220120012— 7
Mason, 29.....210120*112— 7
Orvis, 28.....1122100210— 7
Campbell, 28.....2**212*221— 7
Turner, 28.....2201210121— 8
Williams, 28.....0120100112— 6
Lee, 28.....0112011101— 7
Meier, 29.....1111*01221— 8
Dr Clark, 29.....2*12222*20— 7
Kenyon, 28.....2122212222—10
Nold, 30.....2222222021— 9
Heiligenstein, 30...22221*1222— 9
Prendergast, 31....*211122212— 9
Schwarz, 28.....2221222112—10
J Cabanne, 30.....2222222222—10
D Cabanne, 30.....2222220222— 9
Weber, 28.....11112111*1— 9
Sandberg, 28.....1201221*02— 7
Selzer, 29.....2211112211—10
C Weber, 28.....2002222222— 8
Clay, 28.....1122010100— 6
Fink, 28.....2222011222— 9
Baggerman, 29.....2221222220— 9
Wintrick, 28.....2121211111—10
Dr Smith, 31.....222*222222— 9
Kroell, 28.....121*000011— 5
Jonah, 28.....2221012110— 8
Bugh, 31.....1111121221—10
Johnson, 28.....2102211102— 8
Burrows, 28.....1110212221— 9
Reed, 28.....2221002120— 7
Miller, 27.....1012220020— 6
Barker, 27.....2222220021— 8
Courades, 28.....2212211222—10

Following was match between Chas. Bugh, holder, and W. R. Nold, for Mermod trophy, 25 birds. Birds were extra good. Nold stood at 30yds., Bugh at 31. Shot Feb. 24, 2:30 P. M.:

Nold .....2211022121 20*122221222011—21
Bugh .....2222121110221221112112*110—22

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Feb. 22.—The weather to-day was against the shooters that visited the grounds of the South End Club of this city, and in consequence they failed to put up anything like their usual showing. The attendance was good, and every person seemed to have an enjoyable afternoon's sport. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	10	10
G Smith	4	7	6	4	1	17	3	6	6	8	5	5
Gicker	6	5	6	4	7	12	8	8	8	7	5	9
Yost	5	8	5	8	9	14	9	7	8	7	6	9
Miles	7	8	7	6	7	16	6	5	6	..	..	..
Walters	5	7	8	8	4	9	8	7	6	..	..	..
Essick	7	5	7	7	6	21	6	6	3	..	..	..
Matz	6	9	8	8	7	20	9	6	7	..	..	..
Schultze	4	7	5	4	3	6	6	5	..	..	..	..
Eshelman	5	10	6	4	6	19	6	..	..	..	..	..
Dietrich	7	6	5	7	7	16	6	..	..	..	..	..
Saylor	8	6	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yeager	7	6	4	6	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Miller	5	7	3	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	7	4	9	5	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
High	4	5	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goodman	2	2	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rice	1	2	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gerhard	7	7	7	8	6	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Miller	2	1	3	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Texter	4	3	4	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Laird	5	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Larson	1	5	4	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Willson	5	4	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harrison	6	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..

A new shooting organization was formed at John A. Esterly's Farmers' Hotel, this city, Feb. 2, to be known as the Spring Valley Shooting Association. Officers were elected as follows: President, John A. Esterly; Vice-President, John A. Shaaber; Secretary, Arthur A. Fink; Treasurer, Henry J. Seidel; Board of Governors, John A. Shaaber, Chairman; Arthur A. Fink, Lee J. Wertz, Harry J. Coldren, Wilson Spatz; Captain, Lee Wertz. The new association will lease the Spring Valley Shooting Park, a finely equipped grounds with high fence inclosing the entire grounds. A fine club house is at one end of the park, where the shooters can enjoy themselves when not shooting. Arrangements are now under way to hold a three days' shoot during the coming spring—two days targets and one day live birds. Application will be made for membership in the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association at the annual meeting, to be held at Allentown in May.

The Independent Gun Club, of this city, held a target shoot on the club's grounds on Feb. 22. The attendance was light, but owing to the frigid weather many shooters who intended shooting stayed indoors, hugging a stove instead of freezing. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	15	25	Targets:	10	15	25
Moyer	9	..	21	Trout	8	14	..
Larkan	7	13	22	East	8	13	23
Webbers	7	12	..	Schmidt	8	12	..
Weidman	7	12	..	Huffert	9	13	23

DUSTER.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Feb. 27.—Ten shooters graced the platform of the Boston Gun Club at their seventh serial prize shoot on their grounds at Wellington to-day and attempted to grind bluerocks to dust in the best manner possible. Variable winds, at times blowing a gale and the next minute nothing, prevented them from carrying out their intentions as they would have liked, but as these scores were not expected to rank and be classed with roof garden participants a little thing like a few misses did not injure good fellowship a bit, only making every one wonder how the target could be so mean as to be as tricky as it had been. Straight scores were fought shy of by all except one, F. H., he thinking that there should be at least one tabulated to some one, and nobody else seeming to want the honor, kindly condescended to take it himself. In the prize match Williams, Leroy, and Spencer were running close all through, the former coming in just 1 little lonely target in the lead. Griffith was high in the average for afternoon.

Scores below, all events unknown, handicap distance, except events 8, 9, 10, which were 16yds.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Howe, 19	9	4	7	7	6	8	7	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leroy, 21	7	7	6	7	8	8	8	21	8	22	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths, 19	6	9	8	7	5	9	9	22	..	22	..	..	..	..	..
Lambert, 19	6	2	8	6	6	9	8	19	..	22	..	..	..	..	..
F H, 16	6	5	4	7	6	8	5	..	6	..	10	8	5	7	7
Sellman, 16	4	8	8	6	5	6	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams, 16	..	..	..	9	8	7	5	..	6	..	4	5	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	19	7	9	7	..	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	4	..	..
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown; handicap distance:

Williams, 16.....011111111101111111101111010110—24
Leroy, 21.....010110111111011101111011101111—23
Spencer, 18.....110101111011011101101111011111—23
Howe, 19.....101111011011011100101101111101—21
Griffith, 19.....101110011011101010001111111111—21
Lambert, 19.....101001110110111100101111101111—21
F H, 16.....110110111010101101100011111111—21
Sellman, 16.....011010110110010001111001100111—17
Henry, 16.....011111000100110010000010110001—13
Frederick, 14.....0000000100w

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 22.—The Harrisburg Shooting Association's annual holiday shoot was held to-day with a good attendance, and targets were shot in four squads up to 2 P. M., when 20 live birds, $10, were started with nineteen entries. Two sets of traps were used, and between snowing and blowing the match was shot out. A miss-and-out with $10 entrance was shot to 7, when Conway and Kreuger divided. Shooting was resumed next day, and a race between Conway and Disney was shot at 25 birds, $10, and was won by the latter, 20 to 19. Over 600 birds were used, and everything was carried along with promptness.

Twenty-live-bird handicap, 27 to 30yds. rise; entrance $10; Rose system, four moneys:

Filies, 29.....2222001221022021022 2—15
Disney, 29.....2222222222221202222 2—19
Franciscas, 28.....2102111111220221202 0—16
Wall, 29.....1220111121020111211 1—17
Rogers, 28.....1221201020002122001 1—13
Hull, 29.....1222001202111212010 1—15
Wilson, 29.....2222222*21*202222222—17
Stevenson, 29.....0211012*222221202102—15
Dorimel, 27.....2222120100210020122 1—14
Seaboldt, 27.....1111112022120020011 2—15
Kreuger, 29.....1112201211201111212 2—18
Byers, 28.....0020222222020222222 0—14
Hoffman, 28.....2112021*022022022220—14
Stall, 28.....0202220112000020022 0—10
Metzger, 27.....0220122010101001012 1 12
Conway, 28.....1222222020222100100 1—14
Peiker, 29.....2020221012222222202 1—16
Stoner, 29.....2112121101122212210 1—18
Doehne, 27.....2202010020202200220 0—16

Standard Gun Club.

STANDARD, P. O., Pa., Feb. 23.—The following scores present the result of the competition in a 50-target event to-day:

T Kline.....10101111010101010111011011010110111011101 011—33
C E Weaver.....10110101011011111011101011111011111010111—37
J F Wellman.....10101011010110101010100111101010101101011101 1011—30
V J Snyder.....10101101011011101011001011110011001101010010110111—30
H T Erdman.....11111111110111111101111011111011011011010101111011—40
C W Schaffer.....01101011010101101101100111010110110101011011—31

H. T. ERDMAN, Sec'y.

The Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 28.—Regular semi-monthly shoot at targets: Scott 27, Lewis 32, Red Wing 39, Mack 34, Brock 34, Johns 32, Harris 34, Franklin 33, Mist 21, J. F. W. 22, F. Silsby 23, Klint 13, Hopkins 31, Tamblyn 23, Winter 26, Harbaugh 23, Hogen 35, North 27, Alex 33.

No. 2: Delker 33, Lewis 33, Harris 36, Mack 30, North 21, J. F. W. 27, Brock 32, Red Wing 40, Alex 28, Hogen 37.

Colorado State Shoot.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—The thirteenth annual tournament, Feb. 22 and 23, of the Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association was well supported. It was held under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club, at Bradmoor. About 20,000 targets were thrown. It was considered as being the most successful shoot ever given by the Association.

The high average for both days was won by Mr. John W. Garrett, the captain of the Colorado Springs Gun Club, he scoring 310 out of a possible 340, a fraction over 91 per cent.

The State individual championship, which was won by Mr. Garrett at Florence in November last, with a clean score of 50 out of 50 birds, went this year to A. L. Bennett, of Pueblo, whose score was 46 out of 50. W. W. Shemwell and D. L. Macaffree tied for second honors in this match, their scores being 44 birds each. John Garrett, who was expected by local shots to win this prize, was very much out of form all Saturday afternoon, owing to the fact that for thirty-six hours he had had no sleep whatever. After finishing the shoot Friday, and making arrangements for yesterday's tournament, Mr. Garrett spent the early part of Friday night working on the score of the day, and then devoted an hour and a half to fighting fire at the club house, after which he walked in from the club house at Bradmoor to Colorado Springs and was so busy arranging for yesterday's shoot that he did not go to bed at all.

Had it not been for the prompt and long-continued efforts of three men, fire would have destroyed the building and would have prevented the completition of the State shoot to-day.

From 10:10 P. M. until midnight Charles Mann, John Garrett and one other man worked at extinguishing the flames. The means that they used was such as they had at hand, and it required the exercise of a good deal of both muscle and brain to save the building. The damage that did occur amounts to about $50, the building being fully protected by insurance.

The first fire started from the fireplace in the main room of the house. It burned through the wall, and when discovered had burned a place 2ft. by 1ft. in size out of the back of the building. There were in the club house two large milk cans filled with water and a third which contained two gallons of coffee. The water and the coffee were thrown upon the fire, but it did not suffice, and a further supply was needed. The only water connection in the building is a small pipe which furnishes water for the toilet room. This is the only tap within three or four blocks of the building. The flow is steady and quite rapid. The discovery of the fire made quick action necessary, and Garrett and Mann were not long in deciding how to avail themselves of the water supply. The pipe was cut so that the water would flow as rapidly as possible. The cut was made outside the building at a point not far distant from the blaze. A hole was dug in the ground, into which the water from the pipe would run, and the volunteer fire fighters took the milk cans and dipped the water from this hole to throw upon the fire. Had there been any wind the building would surely have gone, but the fight that was made to save it finally proved successful, and at midnight it was regarded as safe to leave the building.

Besides the two milk cans, the men had a pickaxe, a shovel and a hatchet with which to fight the flames, and these were used with good effect. A hole about 10ft. wide and as high as the men could reach was cut in the back of the building.

Had the flames not been conquered by the men who were there there would have been a decidedly interesting fire. There were in the building about forty shotguns and about 15,000 rounds of ammunition.

At the Alamo Hotel Feb. 22 the annual meeting of the Colorado State Game, Fish and Protective Association was held, and the following officers were elected: President, R. A. Creek, Denver; First Vice-President, W. W. Shemwell, Colorado Springs; Second Vice-President, Dr. W. M. Shultz, Florence; Secretary, John W. Garrett, Colorado Springs; Treasurer, A. L. Bennett, Pueblo; Directors, E. L. Deibert and A. F. Miller, of Florence, and John M. Killen, of Pueblo.

First Day, Friday, Feb. 22.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	Broke.
Dr Shultz	12	19	14	16	13	17	12	14	13	17	21	168
Garrett	13	17	13	19	13	20	13	20	14	18	24	184
Shemwell	14	19	13	19	12	15	14	19	15	16	23	179
Sharpe	13	19	15	16	15	16	14	19	9	15	18	169
Wernecke	13	16	10	14	11	16	8	15	13	17	22	155
Ellis	12	17	13	17	10	15	12	19	12	15	21	163
Creek	13	16	12	19	13	18	13	20	13	17	24	178
Pickett	15	18	13	19	12	16	12	18	12	13	23	171
Arnold	12	16	15	15	12	13	4	16	10	11	14	138
Hendrickson	10	15	12	13	13	13	12	15	13	13	19	147
J Harms	7	12	13	14	13	13	11	14	8	16	19	140
Ruddick	9	16	12	17	13	11	8	15	14	14	18	147
Johnson	11	12	8	13	7	12	9	..	8	14	15	109
Miller	14	16	14	18	13	19	13	18	..	..	..	125
Ash	15	18	12	15	13	18	10	15	11	15	16	158
Jake Harms	7	9	10	10	10	11	9	15	7	11	13	112
Lewis	15	15	15	19	14	17	13	19	11	16	20	174
Sprague	7	16	6	17	10	17	11	13	12	18	20	147
McGowan	12	16	13	18	11	17	12	13	12	15	17	156
G Diebert	12	16	11	w	..	..	..	..	..	11	23	73
Tape	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
L E Smith	14	15	13	..	10	16	14	15	10	18	16	125
W Daniels	12	..	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	31
F E Stratton	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	..	..	42
Collins	12	18	12	16	14	13	14	15	11	14	18	157
Chisholm	11	13	8	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	14	70
Wood	..	19	12	..	12	15	..	..	13	15	22	108
G Tritch	..	8	3	13	14	15	5	13	10	8	10	99
C L Tutt	..	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
Nicolai	..	..	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	26
Arey	..	..	..	..	6	11	8	..	..	..	..	25
C H Adams	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
S Aldrich	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	16
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	11
Hobbs	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	10
Mrs Bennett	..	..	..	11	..	13	11	13	..	..	10	58
West	13	17	11	12	11	13	11	..	14	..	..	102
Bulwer	15	18	15	16	13	18	13	18	14	16	20	176
Shaw	8	17	9	16	9	13	12	..	..	..	..	96
Bernhardt	13	14	10	12	9	..	13	19	13	19	22	144
Clark	9	11	9	12	9	10	3	..	8	4	12	87
Newell	8	14	11	15	12	12	11	16	11	15	12	136
Holmes	9	13	11	18	14	17	10	17	10	16	21	156
E Diebert	12	20	12	17	13	18	15	17	11	18	22	175
Legg	13	17	13	18	11	19	12	18	13	15	23	172
Sanger	6	12	6	8	13	12	12	..	..	..	14	83
Shelden	10	15	12	13	10	17	14	14	12	11	16	144
Beynon	10	15	10	14	11	15	13	18	12	16	16	150
Tribble	11	15	8	12	13	17	8	15	11	9	19	138
Burns Will	14	16	14	17	13	16	13	12	10	..	22	147
A L Bennett	13	15	15	17	13	18	14	15	13	10	24	167
Rittenhouse	7	15	..	9	8	9	11	13	..	9	16	97
Boettger	8	17	12	13	6	14	7	..	..	..	..	77
Welch	13	14	14	14	10	19	11	..	..	..	..	95
McKiernan	13	14	9	12	..	..	..	..	11	..	15	74
R M Elliott	10	12	9	15	8	15	10	18	..	..	..	97

Second Day, Saturday, Feb. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Garrett	12	19	14	20	15	17	11	18	126
Dr Shultz	11	17	13	16	11	15	13	16	112
Shemwell	14	19	8	16	12	20	13	17	119
Sharpe	12	18	12	17	12	17	14	18	120
Wood	12	18	14	17	14	..	..	18	93
Creek	12	17	12	20	12	14	9	14	120
Ellis	13	20	10	19	12	18	15	16	123
Pickett	12	19	14	16	12	..	..	19	73
Ash	11	16	12	15	11	13	13	19	110
Johnson	11	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	33
Bulwer	13	18	13	19	13	18	13	14	121
Bennett	14	10	15	20	13	18	13	18	130
Holmes	12	10	8	16	12	12	12	..	82
Collins	12	19	9	18	12	17	11	14	112
Wernecke	9	18	14	18	13	16	12	9	109
Lewis	12	16	14	18	10	16	12	15	113
E Diebert	12	13	14	17	10	17	14	19	121
Williams	7	16	9	14	12	13	10	13	94
Ruddick	11	14	7	14	6	16	13	17	98
Arnold	11	19	10	16	13	15	14	15	113
Montgomery	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Sanger	4	15	..	11	6	..	..	13	49
Mrs Bennett	..	11	10	13	7	10	6	14	71
Rittenhouse	..	..	..	14	9	..	..	..	23
Macaffree	..	..	..	17	12	18	13	18	78
Burns Will	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	15
Sprague	14	12	13	18	11	14	13	14	119
McGowan	10	15	8	17	10	18	..	14	92
Beynon	13	17	10	15	11	16	11	13	106
J Harms	12	16	14	15	8	12	14	16	107
Legg	13	12	11	15	13	..	..	15	79
G Clark	4	9	4	..	..	..	..	..	17
Shelden	13	15	11	14	11	14	10	10	98
G Diebert	12	13	11	15	13	18	9	16	107
Jake Harms	8	15	10	10	6	9	5	10	73
Newell	12	12	8	10	11	12	9	10	84
Bernhardt	12	17	14	19	13	14	12	17	118
Tribble	9	19	10	13	6	14	10	17	98
L Smith	9	13	15	13	14	14	12	18	108
G Tritch	5	7	10	13	7	9	10	15	76
Dorsey	6	..	..	9	8	3	..	..	26
Chisholm	11	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	30
Delany	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
J Shemwell	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Sill	..	16	5	14	8	10	8	14	75

High average for Friday, out of a possible 200: Garrett 184, Shemwell 179, Creek 178, Bulwer 176, Diebert 175.

High average for Saturday, out of a possible 140: Bennett 130, Garrett 126, Ellis 123, Bulwer 121, E. Diebert 121, Sharpe 120, Creek 120.

H. C. Hirschy Live-Bird Trophy.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 22.—The shoot for the Hirschy trophy yesterday was pulled off under rather adverse circumstances. The weather man turned on the cold wave valve and gave us a dose of condensed air that soon put the mercury down to 22; in fact the day was an ideal George Washington one in regard to figures—the thermometer showed 22 degrees below, the day of the month was the 22d, and the high score in the race was 22.

The weather no doubt kept away a number, but those present had the pleasure of shooting at a class of birds that would be hard to duplicate. The management had gone to quite an additional expense to secure the best pigeons that were to be had in this section of the country, and to say that we succeeded is putting it mildly. The birds were of that small, black variety that fly as though the old man himself was after them.

In addition to the above there was a very strong northwest wind blowing across the traps that gave the birds a great start, and many of the scores will show that this wind also carried, or rather helped carry, these hard-hit birds out of bounds.

French, in the race for the trophy, had things well in hand until the 19th round, when he caught on to those flying rings that he tells of, and could not, or rather would not, let go. We never accuse this fellow of being troubled with a yellow streak, but I must admit that his complexion on this day (especially after the 19th round in the race) looked to me as though he was troubled with a severe case of jaundice. I trust that in the next event of this kind he will have fully recovered from this dreaded affliction.

Hirschy thought he had discovered a new method of destroying pigeons in the Association book, and I fear that the "both barrels at once scheme" put him to the bad. Hirschy is of too small stature to stand a deal with 7drms. back of it.

Some one cut the strings on Parker's balloon, and it is said in these parts that he lost something.

Mulligan, a new shooter on these grounds, did very well, considering that he has not shot at live birds in some ten or twelve years.

Morrison come out of that trance? He said he would, but when you see him again it will no doubt be with that Winchester that has put so many of us to the bad.

Kabo may have been here to shoot, but I think he must have been thinking of something in Eau Claire, for the way he shot at his first 5 birds was something awful. From his 5th to his 25th he was himself again and made a great many very pretty kills. Now just to show you that he knows that he can beat that score he has challenged the winner, Kribbe, of Grand Rapids, this State.

Kribbe, the winner of this trophy race, is a new one at live birds, and a good one. He was somewhat handicapped by the position he was in in this, as he was tie with the best shot in this neck of the woods, and wanted that cup pretty badly. His shooting was of high order, and he was called upon more than once to show what was in him. In the shoot-off with Parker and Hirschy, his 2d and 5th birds were corkers, and the way he put the second shot into those birds drew rounds of applause from the crowd as well as from the shooters:

All I can say for Brown is that he digs up the coin for this crowd, and they write after his name, "He also shot."

Practice, miss-and-out, $3:

French .....22222—5 Parker .....22220—4
Morrison .....22222—5 Brown .....22222—5
Hirschy .....22222—5

Ten Birds:

Morrison .....222*222222— 9 Scherer .....0002220011— 5
Brown .....2222222222—10

Ten Birds:

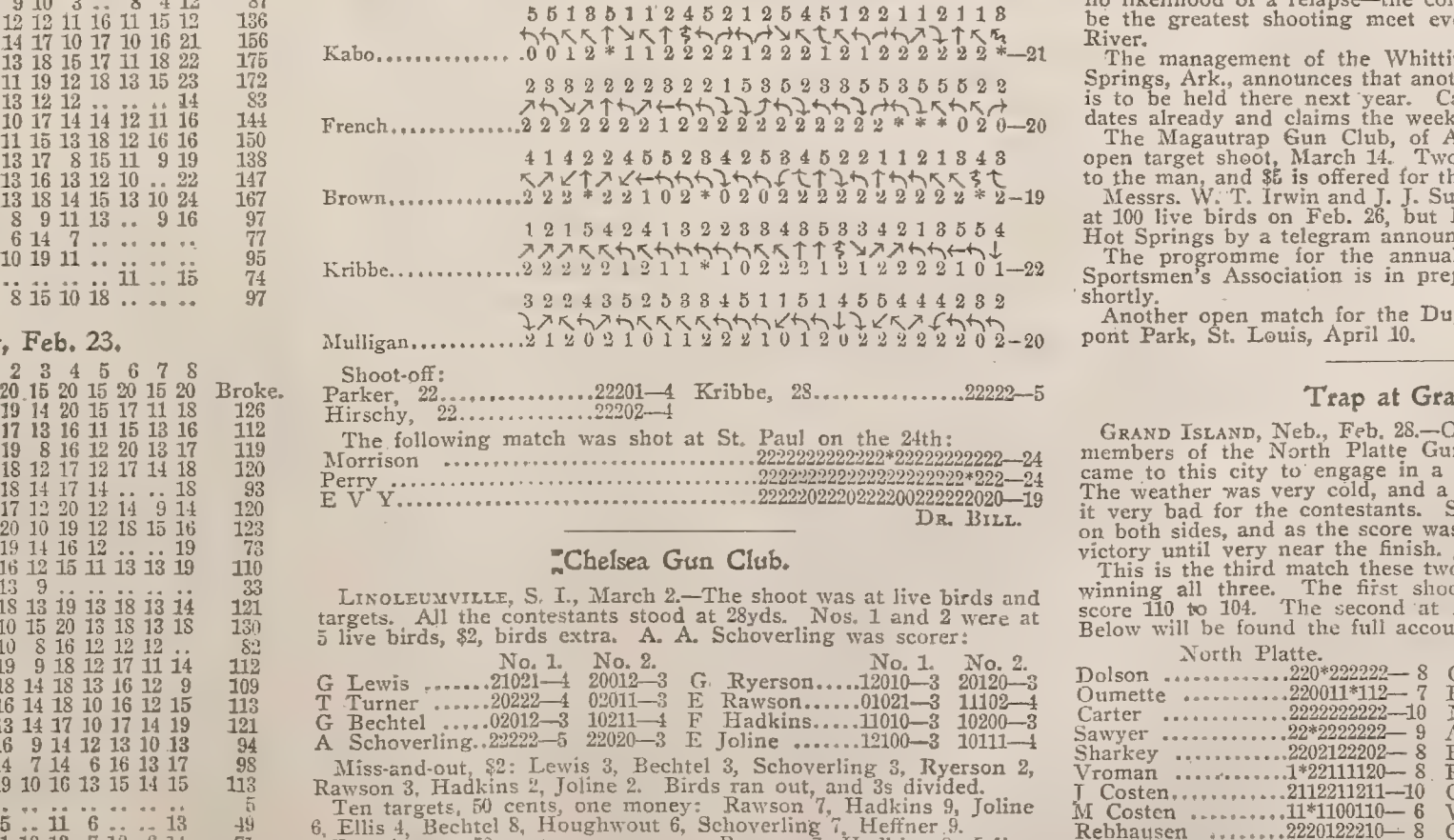
Brice .....2200222022— 7 Norongerg .....2222002222— 8
Jack .....2222222200— 8 Gerber .....2222200222— 8
Steck .....2222220021— 8 Morrison .....2222222222—10

Hirschy knows that he can't shoot live birds, but he does think that he can shoot targets, so he made a race with Morrison for $5 a corner at 15 targets. Look at the result:

Morrison .....111111111111111—15 Sprague .....111110011110111—12
Hirschy .....101101111011110—11 Parker .....111110101011111—12
Brown .....111110011011111—12

Kabo, of Eau Claire, has challenged Kribbe, of Grand Rapids, for the Hirschy trophy, the race to take place on the grounds of this park on March 2.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



Shoot-off:

Parker, 22.....22201—4 Kribbe, 23.....22222—5
Hirschy, 22.....22202—4

The following match was shot at St. Paul on the 24th:

Morrison .....2222222222222*22222222222—24
Perry .....2222222222222222222222*222—24
E V Y.....2222202220222200222222020—19

DR. BILL.

Chelsea Gun Club.

LINOLEUMVILLE, S. I., March 2.—The shoot was at live birds and targets. All the contestants stood at 28yds. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 5 live birds, $2, birds extra. A. A. Schoverling was scorer:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
G Lewis	21021—4	20012—3	G. Ryerson	12010—3	20120—3
T Turner	20222—4	02011—3	E Rawson	01021—3	11102—4
G Bechtel	02012—3	10211—4	F Hadkins	11010—3	10200—3
A Schoverling	22222—5	22020—3	E Joline	12100—3	10111—4

Miss-and-out, $2: Lewis 3, Bechtel 3, Schoverling 3, Ryerson 2, Rawson 3, Hadkins 2, Joline 2. Birds ran out, and 3s divided.

Ten targets, 50 cents, one money: Rawson 7, Hadkins 9, Joline 6, Ellis 4, Bechtel 8, Houghwout 6, Schoverling 7, Heffner 9.

Ten targets, 50 cents, one money: Rawson 7, Hadkins 8, Joline 6, Ellis 6, Bechtel 9, Houghwout 7, Schoverling 8, Heffner 5.

A. A. SCHOVERLING.

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa.—Trapshooting in midwinter, when the mercury is hugging the zero mark, the wind blowing a perfect gale, and at intervals a blinding snow veiling the targets, is not the most fascinating sport. Such were the conditions that confronted the Altoona Rod and Gun Club during its tournament of Feb. 22 and 23. The fact that a warm house, with every convenience of a home, was within a few feet of the score helped matters considerably, but even at that the longer races were too much for some of the braves, and they packed their guns on the evening of the 22d and did not remain for the 100-target handicap event of the 23d.

The visiting shooters were Warren Smith, Osterburg, Pa.; J. A. Holderbaum, Cessna, Pa.; H. B. Rumbaugh, Greensburg, Pa.; Robert Tash and Justus Volk, South Fork, Pa.; C. Wenderoth, Cresson, Pa.; P. J. Trego, D. D. Stine and L. B. Blair, Tyrone, Pa J. B. Holsinger, Henry Eichensehr and J. F. Nisley, Johnstown, Pa.; C. H. McFeeley, Hooversville, Pa.; R. S. Denniker, Kaylsdale, Pa.; Leon Brownie, Abilene, Kan.; A. H. Fox, Baltimore, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., and J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn.

The shooters began to arrive on the afternoon of the 21st, an impromptu live-bird sweep having been arranged for that date. The birds for this event did not arrive until too late in the day, and the latter part of the afternoon was devoted to target shooting.

The following scores are very good ones, considering the weather conditions:

First Day, Feb. 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Holderbaum	8	10	..	10	10	10	10	9
Dipner	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Tash	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Volk	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coon	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trego	7	9	..	..	7	..	..	..
Stine	8	7	..	..	10	..	..	..
Slingliff	6	7	6	..	8	8	8	9
Richey	4	10	..	5	..	..	..	..
Clover	6	6	3	6	9	8	4	6
Alex	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	..
Kotty	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	7
Zeth	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8

Second Day, Feb. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	25	15	10	15	20	10	10
Trego	7	11	8	11	17	10	9	16	9	6	11	17	..	..
Stine	7	11	7	12	17	10	9	18	14	7	10	13	..	..
Blair	4	10	7	8	16	11	9	22	12	7	9	14	..	..
Holsinger	6	13	9	11	14	11	7	..	9	7	..	..	..	..
Eichensehr	5	10	7	12	14	5	9	20	12	7	8	15	..	..
Killitts	7	14	8	15	19	10	9	21	10	6	9	17	9	7
Richey	5	8	8	13	18	13	8	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fox	9	14	8	15	18	14	10	24	14	10	10	19	..	..
Sands	6	8	7	13	10	6	5	17	9	6	11	8	6	3
Nisley	6	12	9	10	18	11	6	22	9	9	12	17	..	..
McFeeley	6	11	6	11	19	2	5	16	11	9	12	18	7	8
Smith	..	..	10	14	19	12	10	21	11	9	14	19	9	9
Holderbaum	..	..	9	12	19	11	9	22	13	6	12	16	9	7
Slingliff	..	..	..	..	14	10	..	18	11	9	11	15	..	..
Bender	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	4	..	..	5	7
McNaught	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Demuker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	8	14	17	6	10
Brownie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	10	16	..	..
Hinnigan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	4
Ickes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Kotty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8
Clover	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..

Third Day, Feb. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.
Killitts	22	7	22	18	9	110	88
Hull	25	22	20	23	..	100	90
Alex	15	16	10	19	17	125	77
Bender	20	17	19	17	11	115	84
Kotty	24	23	19	18	10	110	94
McFeeley	19	20	21	23	5	107	88
Sands	22	24	20	22	6	107	94

Extra events:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Kotty	8	10	7	5	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7
Smith	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bender	7	..	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Alex	8	7	..	8	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Torney	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Killitts	6	8	8	5	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9
Hull	10	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McFeeley	7	5	9	7	5	10	7	8	8	7	9	8	7	7
Sands	9	5	7	6	6	8	7	8	7	9	7	5	9	9
Hinnigan	..	8	..	3	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Slingliff	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE Indians will shortly appear in a jaunty new shooting costume, which is to distinguish the braves of that tribe at the score.

There is a well-backed movement on foot to inaugurate a series of intercity live-bird team shoots between St. Louis and Cincinnati. The arrangements are being quietly talked over by leading shooters of both cities, and it is believed that, unlike the lately attempted match between St. Louis and Chicago, this enterprise will succeed.

St. Louis is enjoying such a boom in trapshooting as the old Mound City has not experienced in many years. The semi-monthly target and live-bird shoots arranged by Dave Elliott at Dupont Park attract from forty to fifty shooters every fair day, and the competition is close and spirited. If this keeps up—and there is no likelihood of a relapse—the coming Missouri State tourney will be the greatest shooting meet ever held west of the Missiissippi River.

The management of the Whittington Park Association, of Hot Springs, Ark., announces that another big midwinter shooting meet is to be held there next year. Capt. H. C. Price has chosen the dates already and claims the week of Feb. 17 to 22 for that event.

The Magautrap Gun Club, of Alexis, Ill., announces a one-day open target shoot, March 14. Two hundred targets will be thrown to the man, and $5 is offered for the best score of the day.

Messrs. W. T. Irwin and J. J. Sumpter were to have shot a match at 100 live birds on Feb. 26, but Mr. Irwin was called away from Hot Springs by a telegram announcing the death of a relative.

The progromme for the annual meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association is in preparation and will be announced shortly.

Another open match for the Dupont trophy will be held at Dupont Park, St. Louis, April 10.

Trap at Grand Island.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Feb. 28.—On Washington's Birthday eleven members of the North Platte Gun Club, of North Platte, Neb., came to this city to engage in a live-bird contest with our boys. The weather was very cold, and a stiff wind blowing, which made it very bad for the contestants. Some very good work was done on both sides, and as the score was very close it was neither side's victory until very near the finish.

This is the third match these two teams have had, Grand Island winning all three. The first shoot took place at Grand Island, score 110 to 104. The second at North Platte, score 123 to 112. Below will be found the full account of the last shoot:

North Platte.		Grand Island.	
Dolson	220*222222— 8	G Sievers	*0*2021220— 5
Oumette	220011*112— 7	Etting	1101021**— 6
Carter	2222222222—10	Nielsen	1122222212—10
Sawyer	22*2222222— 9	A A Glade	2222222222—10
Sharkey	2202122202— 8	Fleck	*22221*11*— 7
Vroman	1*22111120— 8	Renick	1*20121112— 8
J Costen	2112211211—10	Guendel	2120220212— 8
M Costen	11*1100110— 6	Willard	22222112*2— 9
Rebhausen	2220122210— 8	Corcelius	22*2112222— 9
Graves	0210210102— 6	Reynard	*122221200— 7
Wright	1022022012— 7	H Sievers	2222222222—10

JOHN BIGELOW.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Audubon Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Ill., Feb. 19.—The sun shone on snow-covered ground. The wind blew a gale, outgoing, making most all the birds outgoers and very hard to stop in bounds. Von Lengerke shot in fine form, scoring all but 1, which dropped dead just outside the boundary.

Club contest, handicap allowance, extra birds to shoot at:

Felton, 3	201122010220101012	—12
Von Lengerke, 0	2222222222*2222	—14
C S Wilcox, 2	001*02022122010w	
Wells, 1	221201002111*12w	
Gillis, 1	1110202100000100	— 7
Amberg, 1	111102*0120*0*1w	

Feb. 20.—Mr. R. E. Ward and N. E. W. Parker shot a 50-bird match for price of birds. The weather conditions were the same as above:

R E Ward	10201000001122222122112221	—18
	10111020200000000100121110	—12—30
N E W Parker	20200010120222212102010 11	—16
	20010220222100022202011 12	—16—32

RAVELRIGG.

Garden City Gun Club

Watson's Park, Ill., Feb. 23.—There were two sweeps in the one shoot to-day, one the straight 15 score, and one with the handicap added, $2 each, three moneys.

In the straight sweep Willard won first with 15 straight, and a win on the Stone gun case also. Steck won second, 14 out of 15. Comley, Gillis, White and Barto won third with 13 out of 15.

In the sweep with handicap added Willard won first with 15. Comley, Steck, Gillis, Barto, White and Robertson won second with 14. Oliphant and Levi won third with 13.

The day was clear, bright and sunshiny; ground covered with snow. The wind from right to left across the traps. Birds very fast, as the scores will show:

Oliphant, 3	201020012222112012	—13
Comley, 1	1*111222*1111122	—14
O'Brien, 3	001121*2*121221012	—12
Mack, 3	021011112010002 12	—12
Levi, 2	*2010211211022222	—13
Dr Miller, 0	*01102121110*11	—10
Rust, 3	102021000012112110	—11
Willard, 1	112221222212222	—15
Steck, 0	221221221220222	—14
Walters, 3	201010221202220*22	—12
Bowles, 3	100022000200*10021	— 7
Roll, 0	02112*222202222	—12
Rubo, 3	2*1011022200002220	—10
Palmer, 0	020100202211222	—10
Hunter, 1	0110020001122021	— 9
Wells, 1	2210100211022222	—12
Long, 3	2200202001012020 20	— 9
Gillis, 1	2222022221022122	—14
Barto, 1	2022012211122212	—14
Day, 3	2202021012022200 00	—10
Dr. Carson, 1	0012012111210 02w	
M E White, 1	2202122211220212	—14
Amberg, 0	2202222202222220	—12
Robertson, 3	0221222222121002 01	—14

Ten birds, $5 entrance, three moneys, ties divided:

Comley	2221212111	—10	Barto 2220222221— 9
Roll	1211121211	—10	M E White 01*2021221— 7
Willard	1211221022	— 9	Palmer 1121122222—10
Dr Miller	1201212210	— 8	Hunter 1120222210— 8
Steck	21*1222222	— 9	Long 1022000110— 5
O'Brien	2200120w		Amberg 1222221022— 9
Oliphant	1011221211	— 9	Rust 1001212111— 8

Six birds, $3 entrance, three moneys; ties divided:

Comley	101221	—5	Palmer 220202—4
Roll	221122	—6	Rust 222111—6
White	202222	—5	Rubo 200212—4
Steck	022011	—4	O'Brien 222220—5
Barto	222220	—5	Miller 201111—5
Day	221022	—5	Oliphant 222122—6
Willard	212222	—6	

The unfinished shoot of Feb. 9, as follows:

There were two sweeps—one on the straight scores and one on the score with the handicap, making two sweeps in one shoot of $2 each. Levi, Comley and Long are tie for the loving cup, counting one win each. In the straight sweep Amberg won first with 24 out of 25. Comley and Roll won second with 23 out of 25. Willard, Alabaster, Odell, Irwin, Steck, Gillis and Pumphrey won third with 22 out of 25.

In sweep with handicap counting Levi, Comley and Long divided first with 25. Alabaster, Odell, Gillis, Pumphrey, Amberg, Dr. Carson, R. B. Mack and Day divided second with 24. Willard, Oliphant, Palmer, Roll, Steck and Barto divided third with 23.

RAVELRIGG.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, March 2.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the eleventh trophy shoot of the season.

L. Thomas carried off the honors of the day, as well as the bulk of the money, being the only one to go straight in the main event. The day was fine for shooting, there being but little wind and not too cold. The birds were a mixed lot, alternating between sitters, dawdlers and real screamers, there being plenty of the latter to keep the boys guessing:

Thomas, 29	2212112212—10	220*21—4
Delano, 28	0*12121101— 7	212112—6
McDonald, 29	22121102**— 7	211101—5
Dorman, 29	21222*1221— 9	020222—4
Keck, 28	1012220111— 8	22*100—3
Goodrich, 29	2211**2101— 7	121222—6
J Eldridge, 28	012212110*— 7	22*100—3
Marshall, 27	0101121111— 8	111212—6
C Eldridge, 28	111002202*— 6	0*011*—2
Dr Meek, 31	11*1201*11— 7	*11111—5
Haggerty, 29	2012112211— 9	102021—4
T W Eaton, 30	2022121122— 9	22212*—5
Barnard, 30	22*2202011— 7	2*0220—3
Dr Mathews, 29	21111120**— 7	12*102—4
Kaiser, 31	2221*20222— 8	.....

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Winchester Gun Club.

Detroit, Mich.—The annual meeting of the Winchester Gun Club was held at the Cadillac Hotel, Feb. 11, at which it was voted to change from the merchandise prize system to a trophy one, consisting of a silver cup for best ten scores in each class for first and a medal for second, the medal being also won and lost at each shoot. The classfication was also changed to 60 and 80 per cent. for C. B and A.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Gibbes; Vice-President, Thos. Reid; Secretary, J. T. Warner; Treasurer, H. H. Rackham; Captain, T. M. Brodie; Sub. Captain, Geo. Huntington; Member of Board of Directors, D. A. Hitchcock.

The first shoot of the season was held Saturday, Feb. 23, at the club grounds, with fair attendance and scores, considering the weather. The medal winners were Wood in Class A, Hitchcock in Class B, and Gibbes in Class C. The scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
Gibbes	8	6	5	5	..	14	Warner	..	6	..	7	8	15
Wood	8	7	7	7	..	16	Brodie	7	..	8	..	6	15
Rackham	..	..	6	8	..	15	Hatashita	..	..	..	..	0	6
Hitchcock	..	..	..	..	5	16							

Chicago Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., March 2.—At Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, the shoot of the Chicago Gun Club resulted as set forth in the appended scores. Quite a nunmber of the members were absent at Milwaukee to witness the contest between Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, and the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee. The scores:

Club shoot:

Miller, 30	0101011012020 01	— 8
Mack, 28	1202211112100 10	—11
Bowles, 28	20211*122222120	—12

In practice:

Miller	2201212111121120111112121222212 11222	—33
Mack	2000*200022*212	— 7
Bowles	20211*1222022*021110010011*12101	—21
Baker	11201001111021000	—10
Huff	02*120212200202221202 2022	—17

RAVELRIGG.

Providence Gun Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The Providence Gun Club opened the shooting season on Feb. 22 at its grounds in East Providence by holding an open shoot, which was well attended and a successful event. The weather conditions were hardly favorable for large scores, as it was not only cold but the wind blew hard, causing the birds to duck, and thus prevented any big averages.

The interior of the club house was warm and cozy, but was not occupied any great length of time, as the shooters preferred to be at the traps. During the afternoon something over 1,500 targets were thrown, and the traps worked well, especially after being idle all winter.

Among the out-of-town visitors were McArdle, Moore, Gavitt, and Rose from the Canochet Gun Club, of Narragansett Pier, where the Interstate shoot was held last season, and Winchester, from Carolina. Griffith, the State champion, and Phetterplace, from Pascoag, were on hand and participated.

Some creditable scores were made by some of the twenty contestants. Bain made a run of 25 straight, killing 10 straight in a 10-bird event, and then making 15 straight in the next, a 15-bird event. Several 10-straights were scored, in spite of the wind. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
F Arnold	5	10	8	12	8	11	6	Herbert	4	7	6	..	..	..	..
McArdle	8	9	8	12	7	8	6	Rose	5	9	4	6	7	6	..
Johnson	5	8	1	11	5	14	..	Budlong	8	9	5	10	5	4	..
Rust	8	10	7	13	4	9	..	Reiner	4	13	3	11	5	11	..
Moore	8	7	5	9	8	10	..	Francotte	8	12	..	..	..	..	..
Bain	8	13	6	10	10	15	8	Wheeler	..	6	6	11	5	3	..
Root	9	14	6	11	5	11	6	Griffith	..	..	10	13	9	13	9
Gavitt	8	10	7	9	10	10	..	Phetterplace	..	..	6	12	6	13	6
Greene	9	12	9	11	..	..	..	Surething	..	..	6	..	..	..	9
Winchester	8	11	5	11	8	..	..	Thoene	..	..	..	..	12	10	9	7

R. C. ROOT, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

HEREWITH please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made on the regular club days, Thursday, 28th ult., and Saturday, 2d, inst.:

Thursday:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
McAlpin	7	6	5	..	2	Heacock	2	..	..	3	..
Geist	1	0	..	..	..	Vilas	..	7	9	..	2
Peck	3	7	5	5	..	Mullen	..	6	..	..	..
McDonald	5	2	4	..	..	McBeth	..	8	..	7	..

Saturday:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	5p	10
C Blandford	8	7	8	7	7	9	7	8	21	4	..
E Garnsey	5	5	5	4	4	9	4	8	..	4	6
D Brandreth	6	6	6	4	6	..	..	..	..	6	..
S McBeth	6	6	4	4	7	1	5	..	..	..	..
W Henry	9	7	9	7	7	10	6	9	..	..	8
S Mullen	5	5	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
I Washburn	8	6	5	5	8	..	..	..	15	..	..

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. Club.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Off-hand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Feb. 17. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Weather, snow in the morning, clearing in the afternoon; thermometer 43 degrees; wind fitful, 3 o'clock. Mr. Roberts distinguished himself to-day with the fine score of 96. He now holds the record for the range, which was held all along by Mat Gindele, who has scored 95 twice. In his run of five 10s he had two that were 25s. Unfortunately he pulled a 7 on the last shot. Had he followed as he had been doing during the balance of the score he would have claimed the record on the standard target, but it was not to be. Gindele distinguished himself with three 90s to his credit to-day.

Roberts	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	7	—96
	6	10	10	10	9	7	8	8	10	9	—87
	7	8	8	10	9	8	9	8	4	10	—81
Gindele	10	8	10	9	9	7	10	10	10	10	—93
	9	10	10	10	8	10	10	8	8	8	—91
	10	9	10	7	10	8	8	9	10	10	—91
Payne	9	10	8	10	9	9	7	8	9	8	—87
	7	7	10	6	6	10	8	9	9	9	—81
	9	7	6	10	9	9	9	6	6	10	—81
Hasenzahl	9	6	9	9	10	10	9	7	7	10	—86
	9	9	10	8	7	10	9	8	7	8	—85
	7	9	8	8	7	9	8	10	10	9	—85
Nestler	8	9	9	9	6	10	9	10	7	9	—86
	8	9	8	7	10	10	9	7	7	6	—81
	7	5	7	9	7	7	10	7	10	6	—75
Strickmeier	8	10	9	7	8	8	9	10	8	8	—85
	8	10	10	10	7	7	8	8	9	8	—85
	6	9	8	8	10	10	8	8	9	9	—85
Lux	9	10	7	10	9	7	6	9	10	8	—85
	9	8	5	7	8	10	8	4	8	10	—77
	9	7	7	10	5	6	7	8	8	10	—77
Drube	10	8	7	8	9	7	9	8	10	5	—81
	9	9	7	5	8	8	7	8	10	10	—81
	10	10	8	7	5	6	7	9	7	10	—79
Jonscher	7	7	7	10	9	10	10	9	5	5	—79
	7	4	9	8	8	10	7	8	9	7	—77
	10	8	8	10	5	7	6	7	6	9	—76
Bruns	6	9	6	9	6	10	8	6	7	10	—77
	8	9	7	7	7	10	7	8	6	8	—77
	7	8	7	10	8	7	8	7	8	7	—76
Uckotter	7	8	9	7	6	6	8	9	10	7	—77
	8	9	8	8	6	5	9	6	8	6	—73
	7	6	9	6	5	7	10	6	5	7	—68
Weinheimer	8	6	7	6	7	8	7	9	8	8	—74
	7	5	10	7	7	6	7	9	7	5	—70
	6	7	6	6	10	4	10	5	6	8	—68
Topf	6	9	8	6	7	8	9	5	6	5	—69
	8	4	5	10	5	10	4	5	7	10	—68
	7	9	6	9	5	7	5	6	7	4	—65

On Monday of this week at No. 513 Sixth avenue, New York, there was a special meeting of the Metropolitan Shooting Club for the purpose of arranging a schedule of rifle, revolver and pistol matches for members of the club. It was decided that the first of the series would be held on March 4, at Conlin's rifle gallery, and continue till midnight on April 1. The chief prize will be the valuable Gastinne Renette medal. At 15yds., the standard American target, 1¾in. bullseye will be used, and at 20yds. the 2¾in. bullseye. Each contestant will have six shots at each target, and the best three targets at each distance will count. Entrance fee $3. Send entrance to the secretary-treasurer, Mr. James C. Summers, 116 Nassau street, New York. The club will hold a regular meeting on March 4.

"Sharpshooting for Sport and War" is the title of a work by Mr. W. W. Greener, who is the author of several other standard works pertaining to the gun and its use. It covers every particular of its subject. The importance of rifle shooting in its public significance as it pertains to defense; to sport, recreation, competition and afield, is fully set forth. There also is a large fund of valuable instruction as to rules, position, manner, hints to beginners, ballistics, atmospheric effects, mathematics, deeds of great riflemen, ranges, clubs, conditions, etc., which cover nearly every imaginable detail of rifle interests. It can be obtained of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 17.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club had a range full of very active shooters to-day, and lots of fine average work, for the weather conditions. Pape led with the rifle, closely followed by W. G. Hoffman and Young. Mr. Hoffman is a new member and recently from the East. He used to shoot in New Jersey, and bids fair to be in with the best of the club, as he is determined to win. It makes us feel good to secure one of New Jersey's 2,000, especially as he likes our target. He bought a new Schuetzen .38 Winchester, but couldn't get first-class results until Young doctored it up with a new bullet and King's semi and smokeless powders, which prevented him discarding the barrel. It is strange that the factories don't get a man to test their ammunition for off-hand shooting as well as rest, for rifles. We believe they do for pistols and revolvers, which accounts for it shooting better off-hand than their rifle ammunition does.

G. M. Barley was high with pistol, with Washburn close on to him, while Daiss led with revolver with all his shots in the 5-ring but one, and this so close as to cause a question, which, if settled in his favor, will give him the Cosgrove medal, which has been up a year for the first possible in the 5-ring with revolver or pistol.

Capt. Fred Kuhnle was first with the .22 rifle. He is going after the fine rifle again, and is studying how to improve his sight so he can see more clearly at 200yds. I recommend plain Lyman or large peep hole, but he may also need some sort of a glass to help him out. Dr. Twist burned his face badly and came near injuring his eyes by accidentally igniting some loose powder about two weeks ago. He was as glad to be with us as we were to see him again, and we expect he will shoot as well as ever next time we meet. Our new system at 50yds. gave good satisfaction, and the best results we ever obtained.

All hands got all the shooting they wanted, and not a jar, there being over 250 entries, 10-shot. Many visitors were in attendance and new members were added. It is hard to please either old or young rifle cranks, but we feel really pleased with the successful results of to-day, after eight years of continued effort to make our conditions at the range more modern and practical.

Scores, 10 shots, Columbia target, off-hand shooting. Rifle, 200yds.: A. H. Pape, 47, 50; F. O. Young, 50, 56, 56, 62, 67; W. G. Hoffman, 50, 50, 51, 66, 71; C. M. Daiss, 56, 69, 75; A. B. Dorrell, 64; G. Mannel, 64; P. A. Becker (Krag), 107, 111, 115; O. Feudner, 127; O. H. Fiddes, 157, 180.

Pistol, 50yds.: G. M. Barley, 37, 47, 50, 57; F. S. Washburn, 40, 40, 41, 43, 50, 53; E. Hovey, 41, 45, 49, 55, 57; F. O. Young, 44, 44, 44, 45, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 45; Dr. J. F. Twist, 60, 67, 65, 62; Mrs. G. Mannel, 60, 61, 72, 82, 94; O. Feudner, 61, 64, 67, 72, 73, 79, 81, 83, 84, 92; G. Mannel, 78, 79, 80, 91.

Revolver: C. M. Daiss, 39, 60, 63, 67, 69; P. A. Becker, 61; A. J. Brannigan, 72, 88; O. Feudner, 74, 78, 88; Treto, 90.

.22 rifle: Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 20, 20, 24, 25; G. Mannel, 26, 26.

Jan. 20.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its first shoot of the season to-day. Its first regular day, Jan. 6, was so stormy that it had to be postponed, the first time in eight years. It rained to-day, but so many were on hand that the matches were opened. Ten double sliding targets have been put in at the 50yd. range to accommodate the growing conditions of the club, and the Walnut Hill system of using 'scopes applied. This gives us twelve men shooting at the same instant.

It cleared at noon, and we got four hours of good weather.

Daiss, Kuhnle, Mannel and Dorrell fought for first place with rifle. Daiss finally put up 57 and 56, which stood high until Young made 53, then Dorrell went in at the last moment and beat his own official rifle score by 3 points, making the splendid score of 42, which is the average for the highest, bar this year. It was thought that Washburn was high with pistol, but later it was found that Barley beat him 4 points. Washburn weighs 300 and Dorrell 220, and these babies owned the range for the remainder of the day. Daiss and Dorrell challenged Mannel and Young to a 50-shot match for next shoot, and were taken on the spot. Allen was high at 50yds., making 26 with his little Stevens Favorite and Peters long rifle cartridges.

We have trouble here with rim-fire ammunition hanging fire, and I believe it is due to their being old and probably being exposed to dampness, which causes the powder to cake and deteriorate.

Scores, Columbia target, 200yds. with rifle and 50yds. with pistol and .22 and .25cal. rifles, off-hand shooting:

Rifle, 10 shots:

A B Dorrell, Pope rifle	4	3	7	5	2	3	3	3	5	7—42	67
	7	2	7	2	4	5	7	5	13	7—59	72
	5	1	3	8	5	11	4	9	8	6—60	69
F O Young	2	2	2	8	8	13	6	3	2	7—53	..
C M Daiss	3	5	1	5	7	10	4	10	1	10—56	96
	8	1	3	10	2	4	4	4	7	14—57	..
G Mannel	2	10	3	9	12	4	2	5	5	9—61	80
	7	15	2	9	4	8	12	6	8	1—72	85
	4	12	7	12	3	11	2	7	2	4—64	..

Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 92, 74, 85; G. Hoadley (Krag), 118, 151; P. Becker (Krag), 136; Dr. J. F. Twist, 131; E. A. Allen, 154.

Pistol: G. M. Barley, 39, 50; F. S. Washburn, 43, 53, 54, 59; F. O. Young, 44, 47, 46, 48, 50, 52, 53.

Revolver: P. O. Becker, 52, 56, 59, 69; Mrs. G. Mannel, 61, 71, 74; F. O. Young, 50, 56, 58, 62.

.22 and .25 rifles:

E A Allen	1	4	2	3	6	2	2	2	2	2—26	48
Mrs G Mannel	4	4	4	2	2	3	2	1	4	5—31	40

Rire, 200yds., 3 shots:

F O Young 5 5 2—12 Capt F Kuhnle 6 5 8—19

Feb. 22.—Several members celebrated Washington's Birthday in practice shooting. Young imbued our new Satyr, shooting, W. G. Hoffman with the idea that he could shoot in expert form with a pistol. He purchased a S. & W. pistol and demonstrated that he really is a wonder with that weapon without any preliminary practice, and he is so taken with it that his first love, the rifle, is sitting in the corner disconsolate and forlorn, while he is out practicing on chippies. He shot 14 sparrows consecutively in competition with a friend, beating his friend, who used a .22 rifle, and to-day he fired two consecutive scores at 50yds., counting 40 and 38, 9 of the 10 shots in his 38 being in the 4in. ring and eight of the same being in a 2in. group, a little low and to the left. He shot these two scores with Peters long rifle cartridges which Young gave him to try. The last lot of these cartridges is giving great satisfaction with pistol, and the boys all want more of them. Young took fifty cartridges loaded with King's semi and smokeless powders and his bullet, which weighs about 200grs., and U. M. C. 7½ primers, bullet crimped tight for service. He fired two scores, Daiss one and Hoffman one, making the following unprecedented shooting for 40 shots, three men using Young's revolver, which is a S. &. W. .44 and recut by Young, viz.: Revolver, 50yds., Columbia target, rings, Creedmoor:

F O Young	3	5	5	4	8	3	4	2	4	3—41	50
	1	4	8	5	5	4	3	1	1	4—36	50
C M Daiss	2	3	5	5	5	4	2	6	2	6—40	50
W G Hoffman	8	9	6	8	6	2	5	6	3	8—61	49

This was Hoffman's first score at a target with revolver, and he only took one sighter. This revolver would not shoot well before Young recut it, when he immediately beat the club record with it. He did the job in three hours' time, including the making of the tool, and he feels like a ten-year-old with a new toy.

After much experimenting covering a period of about three years he has settled down to using King's smokeless powder for priming instead of Dupont's, as it seems to work more satisfactorily with semi-smokeless. The above shooting was done with this combination after being loaded for some time and packed to the range and back. We see no reason why the factory could not load cartridges in this way. Young and others tried the same in the Colt's new service revolver, and it shot out of sight. All smokeless cartridges are more or less unreliable, but this seems the ne plus ultra of the shooters' desires. To those who wish to try it in their revolvers I would say use about 8grs. No. 1 King's smokeless and 11 or 12grs. FFF semi-smokeless and about a 200gr. bullet, crimping the same as for revolver. U. M. C. 7½ primer or Winchester No. 3 capper will also work well, and does not blow out with Young's load. Bullet 1 to 40, about.

F S Washburn	1	2	3	4	5	2	5	9	3	3—37	
	3	3	4	4	3	5	6	7	8	3—46	
W G Hoffman	1	2	2	3	4	4	4	4	4	10—38	
	1	2	2	4	4	6	6	6	6	3—40	
	2	3	3	3	4	4	5	5	6	9—44	
	2	2	3	3	4	4	5	5	3	10—45	

G. W. Hoadley, 50, 65, 66; Dr. Twist, 61.

Washburn and Hoffman used Peters long rifle cartridges.

Revolver: P. A. Becker, 59, 58, 62.

This morning's papers state that Shell Mound was destroyed by fire last night, including range and dancing pavilion. This is the place chosen for the Bund's shoot.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Four French sportsmen fired simultaneously at a rabbit, but it escaped; then they asked all together, "I wonder who missed that time?"—Tit-Bits.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901. | VOL. LVI.—No. 11. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

By the side of a pleasant river thou art otherwise pursuing thy recreation. For the gliding of waters, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, the view of delightful prospects, and the various occupations of rural life, shall dispose thee to quiet reflection; while the beauties of Nature, the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty in caring for all His creatures, the order and course of His providence, the rewards of a good life, and the certainty of thine end be thy subjects of mediation.—Charles Cotton.

ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENTS.

Continuing the illustration supplements which have been an acceptable feature of the Forest and Stream, we have prepared a new series of four pictures which will be given with the first number of the month, as follows:

May 6—**The Trapper's Camp.** Drawn by E. W. Deming.

May 4—**Rap Full.** The schooner yacht Constellation in a northeaster. From a photo by Stebbins.

June 1—**Between Casts.** On a trout stream. Drawn by W. P. Davison.

July 6—**The Home of the Bass.** Drawn by W. P. Davison.

DUCKS AND CABBAGES.

A CLAUSE which was contained in the general game bill before the Indiana Legislature was in these words: "That it shall be lawful to hunt on swamp and overflow lands, which have never been cultivated, or are not situated within forty rods of cultivated lands, without securing the consent of the owner or tenant of such lands." The provision was eventually stricken out, but had it been retained it could have counted for nothing, since it must have been declared null and void by the courts, as an invasion of property rights.

The owner of a tract of land, whether the land be uncultivated or covered with a crop of cabbages, by the very fact of his proprietorship has exclusive possession of it and exclusive enjoyment of its use, whether for growing cabbages on it or shooting game over it, or fishing on it or entering upon and being upon it. This sole and exclusive right of occupation, use and enjoyment is wrapped up in the ownership; in short, the ownership consists in just that and nothing more. To declare by statute that the public may have free run of a person's land, whether for shooting or for any other purpose, is to invade and nullify the owner's exclusive right of occupancy and use, and in effect is to confiscate the land for public use. That is precisely what this Indiana proposition would have amounted to, and no such scheme of land confiscation could have stood in the courts.

The Indiana Legislature may no more confer upon shooters the right to trespass upon private lands for shooting than they may give the right to squat upon private lands for cabbage growing. There is a widespread popular delusion in this country respecting the right to invade lands for shooting, but it might reasonably be expected that legislatures should not share these mistaken notions.

ADIRONDACK GAME REFUGES.

AN admirable measure has been introduced at Albany to provide for game refuges in the Adirondacks. Mr. Axtell is the author, and his bill empowers the Forest, Fish and Game Commission by resolution to set aside parts of the Forest Preserve, each not exceeding 10,000 acres in extent, and not exceeding in the aggregate one twenty-fifth of the preserve, as places of refuge and propagation for animals and birds. The boundaries of such places are to be stated and to consist of water, highways, railroads or townships, tract or lot lines. Provision is made for publishing resolutions to this effect and for the due posting of the limits thus set apart; and when these conditions shall have been complied with, disturbing or hunting game within the confines of the refuge is to be punishable. The having in possession of hunting appliances within the preserved area is made an offense.

This would be an admirable innovation in Adirandack game preservation, and Mr. Axtell's bill should have warm support. We have frequently pointed out the advantages of such refuges in a game country. The Yellowstone National Park is on a large scale what we might well have as protected areas, large or small, in many of the States. The private preserves in the Adirondacks are demonstrating from year to year, by the overflow of the game from them into contiguous territory, the beneficial effect they have on the game supply. There are good hunting tracts in the North Woods to-day which owe their game stock to the preserved lands adjoining them. We see the principle demonstrated on a smaller scale by the improved bird shooting in the neighborhood of posted farms. The State as a landowner may well adopt the game preserve system for a portion of its wild land holdings in the Adirondacks. With game harbors here and there through the North Woods, nature may be depended upon to maintain the stock of deer indefinitely.

What is good for the Rocky Mountains and for the Adirondacks is good for the rest of the country. Here is an inexpensive and effective expedient for game conservation which should have general adoption.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Maine Legislature has enacted a law for the protection of wild birds which is a model of its kind. It protects all wild birds, except the English sparrow, the common crow, the hawks and owls and the game birds, from being killed, caught or had in possession, living or dead, or bought, sold, offered or exposed for sale. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by the section may be sold, or had in possesison for sale, nor shall the nest or eggs be taken or needlessly destroyed or had in possession. The game birds are defined according to the terms of the act formulated many years ago by the American Ornithologists' Union, as the anatidæ, including swans, geese and ducks; the rallidæ, rails, coots, mud hens and gallinules; the limicolæ, shore birds, plovers, snipe, woodcock, etc., and the gallinæ, turkeys, grouse and quail.

The chief purpose is evidently to protect the gulls and terns of the Maine coast, whose shameful destruction in recent years has been so often adverted to in these columns. The form of the law is especially to be praised, since instead of protecting a few species by their common vernacular names, which to most people mean nothing, it spreads the mantle of the State's protection over all birds except certain named species, which are clearly defined.

The credit for the initiation of this legislation in Maine is chiefly due to Mr. Wm. Dutcher, representing the Bird Protective Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union.

The South Branch of the Potomac, to which public attention has been drawn because of the threatened destruction of the fishing, is one of the notable examples of the lasting benefits of fishculture, for the Potomac was not by nature a black bass stream. The bass was introduced into the Potomac Basin, at Cumberland, in the year 1853 by Gen. W. W. Schriner, of Wheeling. Soon thereafter the anglers began to take out noble specimens of the small-mouth, and for almost a half-century the South Branch has been counted among the best black bass waters of the East. It has attracted hundreds of anglers from Wheeling, Washington, Pittsburg and many other points more remote, and the commercial returns to the people of the vicinity in the revenues derived from visiting fishermen have been in the aggregate large and important. It would be stupid and foolish now to permit the fishing resources of the South Branch to be ruined by a tannery, as is threatened.

It is gratifying to note that the sentiment in favor of shortening the season during which wild ducks may be killed is growing. The bill passed at the last session of the Legislature of Massachusetts forbids the killing after March 1 of any ducks except the coots or scoters, a group which furnishes much winter shooting along the Massachusetts coast. These scoters, however, not being highly valued as food, are shot very little except on the coast of New England, New York and New Jersey. It may confidently be predicted that in a short time the State of Connecticut will take her place in the ranks of those who are in favor of wildfowl protection. Meantime the sportsmen of the country will watch with interest the course of the Empire State to see whether the selfish interests of the few shall override the good of the many.

INDIAN MAPLE SUGAR.

MAPLE sugar is something that is familiar to every one, and a very large number of people in the northern tier of States are not only familiar with the product itself, but with the way in which it is manufactured. In old times, when the country was new, when there were no means of rapid communication, and people lived far from one another, the annual sugar making was an important part of the year's work. In many places the maple tree furnished the only sugar that was to be had, and the failure to gather a good sugar crop meant a failure to have sugar in the settler's tea or coffee during a part of the year.

To-day many millions of pounds of maple sugar and millions of gallons of maple molasses are manufactured each year in the United States and in Canada, so that the industry of making sugar from these splendid trees is one of some importance.

Very few of the people to whom maple sugar is an entirely familiar and commonplace thing are aware of the fact that the method of making sugar was taught to the white people by the Indians, and that they made sugar long before the discovery of America. This is only one of the many things that the white people learned from the Indians. Others were the weaving of cotton, the cultivation of Indian corn and the use of tobacco.

Some of the early writers tell us that the French were the first to make this sugar, and that they learned how to make it from the Indian women. The sap was collected in a rude way, a gash being cut in the tree and into this a stick was thrust, down which the freely flowing sap dripped into a vessel of birch bark, or a gourd, or into wooden troughs hollowed out by fire or the axe. Then into larger wooden troughs full of the sap, red-hot stones were thrown—just as in old times they used to be thrown into the water in which food was boiled—and by constantly throwing in hot stones and taking out those that had become cool the sap was boiled and evaporated, and at length syrup was made, which later became sugar.

This manufacture of the sugar was not confined to any one tribe, but was practiced by all Northern Indians, and was known to those living as far south as Florida and Texas. Among the sugar-making tribes a special festival was held, which was called the maple dance, which was undoubtedly a religious festival in the nature of a prayer or propitiatory ceremony, asking for an abundant flow of sap and for good fortune in collecting it.

In "Drake's Indian Captivity" Colonel Smith speaks of the manufacture of sugar as follows: "In this month [February] we began to make sugar. As some of the elm bark will strip at this season, the squaws, after finding a tree that would do, cut it down, and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark off the tree, and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner that would hold about two gallons each. They made about one hundred of these kinds of vessels. In the sugar tree they cut a notch sloping down, and at the end of the notch stuck in a tomahawk; in the place where they stuck the tomahawk they drove a long chip, in order to carry the water out from the tree, and under this they set their vessels to receive it. As sugar trees were plenty and large here [on the southeast shore of Lake Erie], they seldom, or never, notched a tree that was not two or three feet or over. They also made bark vessels for carrying water, that would hold about four gallons each. They had two brass kettles that held about fifteen gallons each and other small kettles in which they boiled the water. But as they could not at times boil away the water as fast as it was collected, they made vessels of bark that would hold about one hundred gallons each for retaining the water, and though the sugar trees did not run every day, they had always a sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.

"The way we commonly used our sugar while in camp was by putting it in bear's fat until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself, and in this we dipped our roasted venison." Speaking of an occasion when utensils for boiling the sap were lacking, he gives an incident which shows a clear knowledge on the part of the Indians of certain properties of the maple sap. He says: "We had no large kettles with us this year, and they made the frost, in some measure, supply the place of fire in making sugar. The large bark vessels for holding the stock water they made broad and shallow, and as the weather is very cold here, it frequently freezes at night in sugar

time, and the ice they break and cast out of the vessels. I asked them if they were not throwing away the sugar. They said no, it was water they were casting away; sugar did not freeze, and there was scarcely any in that ice."

Among many if not all the Indians inhabiting the Northern United States, maple sugar was not merely a luxury—something eaten because it was toothsome—but was actually an important part of their support. Mixed with pounded, parched corn, it was put up in small quantities and was a concentrated form of nutriment, not much less valuable in respect to its quality of support than the pemmican which was used almost down to our own times.

Among all the older writers who had much familiarity with the customs of the Indians, accounts are given of the manufacture of sugar, and this custom was so general that among many tribes the month in which the sap ran best was called the sugar month. By the Iroquois the name Ratirontaks, meaning tree eaters, was applied to the Algonquin tribes, and an eminent authority, Dr. Brinton, has suggested that they were probably "so called from their love of the product of the sugar maple." On the other hand, Mr. A. F. Chamberlain has very plausibly said "That it is hardly likely that the Iroquois distinguished other tribes by this term, if its origin be as suggested, since they themselves were sugar makers and eaters." A more probable origin of the word is that given by Schoolcraft, in substance as follows: "Ratirontaks, whence Adirondacks, was applied chiefly to the Montagnais tribes, north of the St. Lawrence, and was a derisive term indicating a well-known habit of these tribes of eating the inner bark of trees in winter when food was scarce, or when on war excursions." This habit of eating the inner bark of trees was, as is well known, common to many tribes of Indians, both those who inhabit the country where the sugar maple grows and also those in other parts of the country where the maple is unknown.

On the Western prairies sugar was made also from the box elder, which trees were tapped by the Indians and the sap boiled down for sugar, and to-day the Cheyenne Indians tell us that it was from this tree that they derived all the sugar that they had until the arrival of the white man on the plains, something more than fifty years ago.

It is interesting to observe that in many tribes to-day the word for sugar is precisely the word which they applied to the product of the maple tree before they knew the white man's sugar. It is interesting, also, to see that among many tribes the general term for sugar means wood or tree water—that is to say, tree sap. This is true of the Omahas and Poncas, according to J. O. Dorsey, and also of the Kansas, Osage and Iowa, Winnebago, Tuscarora and Pawnee. The Cheyennes, on the other hand, call it box elder water. Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, who has gone with great care into the question of the meaning of the words which designate the maple tree and its product, is disposed to believe that the name of the maple means the tree—in other words, the real or actual tree, or the tree which stands above all others.

Another evidence of antiquity of sugar making among the Indians is found in the fact that a great wealth of myth and folk-lore has grown up about this tree. A story is told by the Ojibwas concerning the change of a certain Nishosha, who was a magician, into a maple tree, and another Ojibwa story, quoted as having been told to Dr. W. J. Hoffman some years ago, is as follows: "One day Nokomis, the grandmother of Manabush, was in the forest, and accidentally cut the bark of a tree. Seeing that a thick syrup exuded from the cut, she put her finger to the substance, and upon tasting it found it to be very sweet and agreeable. She then gave some of it to her grandson, Manabush, who liked it very much, but thought if the syrup ran from the tree in such a state it would cause idleness among the women. He then told Nokomis that in order to give his aunts employment and keep them from idleness, he would dilute the thick sap, whereupon he took a vessel of water and poured it over the tops of the trees, and this reduced the sap to its present consistency. This is why the women have to boil down the sap to make syrup."

Mark Morrow.

ROCHESTER, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in the issue dated Feb. 23 Mr. C. H. Ames makes an inquiry for the name of a story. Some time ago he wanted the source of a bear story, and I was fortunate enough to remember it. The same luck again. The story he asks for is named "Nick Whiffles." It was published years ago in the New York Ledger and is to be had now in book form—at least I have seen it within a year or two. Mark Marrow was one of the characters; Chris Carrier, Le Loup, a Delaware Indian and a fighting Quaker, whose name I can't remember, were some more. The location and time of the story was laid in the Northwest at the time of the rivalry between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company. He speaks of Dog-Ribbed Indians. The authority I have names them Dog-Rib, a family of the Athabascan tribe, or family of tribes. I never have seen or read Hearne's Journey, but have seen quotations and references to it, so can't say that the Mark Morrow is the same; but the one I do know is as above. E. C. NEAL.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Stone Whale of Safata.

IN the declining years of the last century, while yet Laupepa sat on the throne of his ancestors, the Malietoas, whose scepter was destined to fall from the feeble hands of his son and impermanent successor, Tanumafili, in this posture of the affairs of the Samoan kingdom, it befell that an embassy of the ruling lords of Safata toiled across the mountain chain which accentuates the east and west extent of the Island of Upolu, an embassy directed to the representative of the United States, bearing gifts and empowered to negotiate a matter which, while not political in itself, would yet call for the exercise of the not inconsiderable amount of diplomatic talent in the possession of these embassadors.

It is not often that these narratives of jungle heights and South Sea depths offend through any such attempt at the grand style of historical prose. But it might have been done; only the saving grace of a keen sense of the ridiculous has prevented. Taken seriously—and that is how Samoa has too often been taken—Samoa is a tragedy; it is the part of wisdom to see it for the farce that it must ever continue to be so long as its chiefs are allowed to think themselves a people of peculiar dignity and free from any necessity to earn their living. No little of the troubles which Samoa has brought to civilized people has arisen from the mistake of dealing with its petty squabbles as though they were worthy the pen of the historian.

Reduced to the verities of plain statement, the introductory period means no more solemn a matter than that two chiefs of the Safata district on the south coast of Upolu had come on a begging expedition to obtain funds tward the completion of the new church which was to replace the one that had been destroyed in the last war, and was destined in its own turn to be destroyed in the war about to come, that being the common fate of all the Samoan churches. Incidentally, these two chiefs intended to get any other benefit for themselves or their community that could be acquired by the island arts of compliment and cajolery. It being impossible to conceive of a Samoan as ever informal, it should scarcely be necessary to add that the two chiefs were attended by the proper allowance of talking men to make their speeches and a number of bearers who carried the presents of live stock and vegetables which etiquette required them to offer us, and for which the return presents of biscuits and cans of corned beef would make payment at a somewhat exorbitant rate, as is usually the case in such interchanges.

In the course of a few hours of making and hearing long speeches, the two chiefs, Te'o and Tuia, managed to obtain a satisfactory assurance that a sufficient contribution should be made toward the completion of their church. This was a well recognized tax on the consular corps, and was generally accounted for as an item of the political corruption fund, it being certain that any village to which had been denied the contribution for the building or repair of its church would go over to the rebel side within a month. But of much more importance to Te'o and Tuia was the acceptance of their invitation that we should pay a formal visit to their village of Vaie'e—in fact, a regular "malanga" with the fixed duration of three days of entertainment. It was impossible for any of the officials to go on malangas for less than $50 in wages and the necessary presents, and when consuls were green to the ways of the land the expense might far exceed that figure. The presents amounted to a considerable item in the village visited, and while they were religiously repaid by return presents, the exchange was handicapped by the fact that all Samoan presents were the products of the soil, and cost the donors nothing, and the Papalangi presents were such testimonials of esteem as kegs of salted beef and tins of biscuit, which grow on no trees and cost no small figure when bought of the traders on the Apia beach. A village that was visited by a malanga of one or other of the high officials was the envy of its whole district, and was considered to have done very well indeed. When Te'o and Tuia found their invitation accepted they felt the glow of the utmost satisfaction. Knowing the possibilities of slips 'twixt cup and lip, they sent a runner across the mountain with the joyful news and decided to accept the hospitality of Vaiala for the few days which must intervene before our departure to visit their village. Thus they prevented our being side-tracked through the scheming of any envious politician from some slighted village, a thing that experience had shown was always more or less possible.

This is not meant to be an account of the malanga; it differed in no particular from other such trips already sufficiently described. Its only point of difference lay in the finding of a local legend and the proof of the same lying at the bottom of the beautiful bay on whose shore the days of the visit were spent.

It also discovered another trail across the Tuasivi, one that was somewhat longer in point of actual distance, and rose to a higher altitude on the cone of Mount Suisenga, but which had the great advantage that it skirted the morass on the summit plateau into which the Ala Sopo plunged for a mile of mud march. It was not on this account that Te'o and Tuia guided us along the other trail. They thought nothing at all of the mud or the breakneck scramble that lay beyond where the trail found its way down the center of the Papapapa cascade. But they did mind Suatele, the head chief of the whole district on the south coast. He had established himself as a planter on the very summit of the Tuasivi at the edge of the morass, and the trail went by his door. He had the most suave gentility imaginable, and he never asked any questions, but he had the most observing eyes; nothing escaped his vision that went over the mountain along his trail, and when he saw anything that he thought he could put to some use, a very polite message was received, stating just what he fancied and claiming it by virtue of his superior rank. It was the part of wisdom for Te'o and Tuia to wait our pleasure and guide us over the road that was not under Suatele's very eyes. Kegs of beef are hard enough for Samoans to get, without having them snatched away by the order of higher chiefs.

The Vaie'e from which the invitation had come—Vaie'e-i-uta, that is Vaie'e inland as opposed to Vaie'e-i-tai, which lay across the bay on the edge of the ocean—is as beautifully situated as any place of human habitation in the South Seas. Here was Safata Bay, a safe though shallow harbor. On the east of the bay the beach stretched away for glistening miles of clean sand, and offshore nearly two miles away was the surf-marked line of the barrier reef, and in the intervening space good channels for such small craft as were likely to seek that still-water sailing. On the west of the bay there was little reef, and after the next point had been rounded there was nothing but the iron-bound coast of Aana, which for mile after mile offers no refuge for such boats as may be endangered in the perils of the open ocean. Looking shoreward from the sea there is nothing to cause one to suspect that behind the bright sand beach which makes the eastern cape of Safata Bay there lies a landlocked body of water. The entrance cannot be seen even from the bay until one gets fairly abreast of it. Except on just one bearing the entrance looks to be no more than a tide channel into the muddy recesses of the mangrove swamp in which there is nothing more interesting than the scrambling of fighting crabs or the oysters growing in clusters on the branches of the trees like some sort of marine grapes. On that one bearing, however, and just for a fleeting moment, the eye will be caught by the beauty of the placid inner bay and the commanding site of a large Samoan house set on the crest of a rocky bluff some thirty feet above the water. If the beauty of this single glimpse proves sufficient to attract the voyager to follow the channel before him, he will be well repaid when he has made his way between the mangrove swamp on the one hand and the cocoanut groves of the sand beach on the other. Then for the first time he discovers that this entrance, not much more than wide enough for two boats to pass without tossing oars, leads to an inner bay extending for nearly a mile on the left hand, for twice that on the right hand and about half a mile across. As he rows across it to the village that lies at the foot of the little bluff, whose crowning edifice has attracted him at the first glimpse, the village of Vaie'e-i-uta, he cannot fail to remark the appearance here and there of pools in the water of concentric ripples as though something were boiling up from below. If he follow the example set by his Samoan boatmen and scoop up the water to his mouth, he will find that from the salt sea he is quaffing water as fresh and clear and cold as from the highest mountain spring. As he comes to land beneath the bluff of the village he will see many springs issuing from the rocks above high tide level or between the tides, thus showing the existence of a very considerable underflow, which here comes to the surface. A closer search will disclose the fact that through these springs, both on the shore and submarine, so much fresh water enters this inner bay as to prevent the coral from growing. The bottom, then, of this inner bay is of thick, black mud, with recurring patches of black volcanic pebbles. These facts should be sufficient for any person at all skilled in the physics which go to mold the earth's surface to enable him to tell how this inner bay happened to be at this particular spot, and how long it will probably be before the bay turns into flat areage of rich soil. But the Samoans are not at all scientific observers; their explanation had nothing to do with physical geography, but it was so satisfying to their own ideas of the supernatural that it was only with difficulty that I was able to dig out the story, the people professing the missionary religion in fair weather, but at night or in the gale cherishing a sneaking suspicion that the old gods have not left the country or consented to the new ideas which seem to have ousted them.

With every acknowledgment of the desire of Vaie'e to make the visit enjoyable, it is fair to confess that there is a most tiresome sameness about these set visits. Daily for the three days there is the same formal drinking of kava and the making of ceremonious speeches. Daily there is the same underdone pig baked whole, proclaimed to the guests and villagers with much loud shouting; the same fish toasted in green leaves; the same sprinting chickens stuffed with a cobble stone apiece, and from the general flavor roasted with the feathers on. By day there is the unflagging political conference with the village elders that never leads to anything; by night the dreary round of native dances. At the end of this visit the pigeons had retreated so far toward the mountain summits that it would have been an all-day affair to get near them. At the upper end of the inner bay there was a fine grassy marsh much affected in the proper season by the ducks, but this was not the proper season. Along the shore scurried any quantity of birds that seemed to promise well. They looked like snipe, and good large snipe at that; they were manifestly plump and in good condition and clearly shootable. Their only unfavorable qualification was that after they had been beautifully broiled they tasted like salt codfish that had fallen on evil days. Even the Samoans, who have the most catholic taste in food, after politely nibbling the birds, confessed that they were too strong to be palatable. The only sport left was to go outside and fish. The need of the boat for this purpose brought me to my first knowledge that there was a special Vaie'e story that was worth looking into.

Although the trip had been made afoot and across the mountain, the boat's crew had gone along to carry the precious kegs of beef and other presents. From the trader across the bay they had borrowed a boat for my fishing; and while it was by no means so commodious or so clean as our own trim craft, it served, and there were no good clothes to think of. While they were rowing across the inner water and toward the passage out into Safata Bay, one of the boys (Tulifau, I imagine, since he was the acknowledged poet of the crew) began to improvise a song with local application. Now that is a very nice thing to do in Samoa, and is very highly thought of by the person or community thus honored, and any person who has a laureate under wages who is capable of doing this spontaneous poetry is greatly to be congratulated. Well, one verse passed off very well, and it was stuffed full of complimentary things about the village. But the next verse was suddenly choked off by one of the Vaie'e men who was in the boat with us, to give us the benefit of his local experience in the choice of fishing grounds. He said something to the improvisator, something which I could not catch, and the poet stopped in short order. Then Vaenga up in the bow started up some common boat song

and all hands joined in. I could not imagine why the Vaie'e man had choked off my poet when he seemed to be doing so well, and I puzzled my memory to discover what could have been offensive in the unfinished verse. As well as I could recall, he seemed to have dropped the praise of the village by name and to be busy with another theme, which involved the praise of the "sacred fish, the stone fish, the fish that leaped, the fish that broke the earth." I had been too long on the lookout for such things to pretend to take any notice of the incident at the time. The boat load would have lied me out of my face, and probably Tulifau would have had the effrontery to compose for me as being his interrupted song one of much the same sound, but far different meaning. I gave the matter no marked attention, but I knew that there was some story about the stone fish, and, as usual in such cases, I made up my mind to know all about it, all the more particularly since it was an off season for the gun.

My first application was to Simele, who was at that time performing some of the duties of a major-domo, others of a professor of the Samoan language and literature, and in general was understood to act as my talking man and make all my speeches for me. Simele was a mystery from first to last. He used English quite well, thanks to the teaching of Mrs. Bell at the mission school. He wanted to save money and become a lawyer, and he did succeed in saving as much as $15 on several occasions, but he found that to be as high as he could go, and he reclaimed his deposit and blew it in. He was not tattooed, and while he claimed that it was against his religion, his enemies had no hesitation in saying that he did not have the sand to bear the pain of the operation. He had religious scruples against war, but it was said that he was afraid to fight. In this matter of the stone fish Simele said that he felt it contrary to his religion to talk about the idolatry of the heathen Samoans, now all happily converted, and furthermore it was never safe to talk about the magic of the aitu in the place where they held sway. He gently but positively declined to yield up the story, but he made it clear that there was a story of a pretty powerful god or devil of the old times if it had the power to let Simele's heathenry appear through his smug veneer of Christianity. As a sop to my disapopintment, Simele was willing and ready to tell me once more the story of the swimming Siamese sisters of Samoa, of whom one found her name right off Safata Bay. That is the one story that seems to be free from danger to the teller; every Samoan seems willing and ready to tell about those girls on their long swim, and I felt as competent as Simele to tell that yarn.

Tonga was more pliant. Tonga had been to the Chicago Fair, where she ornamented the Midway, and she had been on a tour of the United States with Barnum's circus, and had become a pronounced rationalist in all such matters. She would express her profound disbelief in all the heathen powers and then slyly ask me if I did not think that there might still be something in them, at least for South Sea Islanders. In this instance Tonga was really ignorant; she had never heard of the stone fish; she came from a distant part of the country and the story had never come to her. But Tonga had relatives here—I never found the place in Samoa where Tonga was not able to scare up some person in native authority and introduce him as "my lashe," which is her English for "my relation." So it was here. As being a relative, she introduced to the guest house in which we were stopping an old chief, one who had been the Te'o or the Tuia of his younger days, but now was known as Mailei. It was altogether a very surreptitious narrative; the old man refused to tell his story in the presence of any Samoans but Tonga, and no person was to know that he had told the story or even that he had visited us. Tonga attended to the dispatch of all our party to a frolic in a neighboring village, and when the coast was clear insinuated Mailei into our house, which had no other light than that of the moon. Sitting close to us, yet in a shadow which prevented recognition of him by any chance passer, he told the story of the way the inner bay was formed and the part that was played in it by the holy fish, which is now the stone fish. Like all Samoan stories, it is so filled with trivial and inconsequential details and frequent repetitions that it can be told better without following the old chief's own words.

In the times close to the beginning of things, the cuttlefish was the great power of all animal life. Because of his wisdom all other animals obeyed him, and those which disobeyed his orders soon learned to fear his power to punish. At that time, indeed, until the white men came to Samoa, the waters were filled with great sperm whales, which sometimes stranded on the reefs and yielded rich store of teeth, and each tooth was worth the life of a man. Now there are no more whales in the Samoan sea; the white sailors have killed them all. But in the early time when this bay was made there was one whale that was larger than all other whales and stronger and more clever, and this whale set at defiance the orders and authority of the cuttlefish with scorn of a thing that lived in the crevices of the coral. But the cuttlefish is clever, even though he does not live in the coral. He got the shore birds to go up into the bush for him and bring down leaves of the nettle tree. These leaves the cuttlefish sprinkled over the water where the whale was feeding, and he swallowed them with his food. Then he went wild pain. You know how if you but graze it in passing it is as though you had been burned with a blazing billet from the fire. This feeding of the whale was done in the bay beyond there, for that bay was always full of feeding whales before the Papalangi came to kill them. In his agony the suffering whale ran his head ashore, for some of the nettle also had stung his eyes and blinded him. Not being able to see his way, he made a mighty spring and leaped high into the air, as I used to see them do in play when I was a boy, and the whales were not then all dead. Not being able to direct himself by reason of his blindness, the whale, instead of falling back into the sea, fell on the land. How great a whale he was you may see by looking at our inner bay. That was his length and his girth, for it was there he fell on the dry land and broke it down beneath his weight. But the cuttlefish was not yet done with the whale; the punishment for disobedience was not yet complete. When the cuttlefish saw that leap into the air and where the whale fell, he and his brothers cut the shallow passage from Safata Bay into our bay and let the water flow in around the stranded whale, but they made the passage a shoal one to keep the whale a prisoner. And at the passage there were always fish on guard to prevent the things that whales eat from coming through. All that the whale had to eat was the grass and bananas and the cocoanuts that had grown on the land that he had broken in. Really, the whale starved there day after day, and as he starved he grew smaller and smaller, until from being larger than all whales, he became smaller than any. But every day when the cuttlefish demanded if he would submit and become obedient, the whale refused, and at last he died, and the cuttlefish, being unforgiving, turned him to stone. And now he lies at the bottom of this our bay, and through the water you can see the stone which is his body. But because he was once very powerful above all other animals, that is why we do not like to speak about him here in Vaie'e, at least not since the missionaries introduced the "lotu" and taught us that it was wicked to think of our old gods since they were devils.

Mailei's story can be confirmed in one particular. In the bottom of the inner bay there is a black rock which has about the size and shape of a sperm calf. That I know, for Tonga paddled me out to the spot to which Mailei directed us, and there we saw for ourselves.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

In the Indian River Country.

INDIAN RIVER, Brevard County, Fla.—Several years ago, when I first came to this place, I met Jim Hatten, and he bore fresh scars received in a battle with a panther and a mule, which I have always thought worthy of being recorded. There came in a new boarder today, and while it rained I had Jim tell him the incident, and while it is again fresh I will record it for you, in substance, the way he tells it.

"There were three panthers," Jim says, "that had been prowling in my neighborhood, near the shore of Indian River. Their hunting range was between two big hummocks, about three miles apart, and as they cleaned up the wild pigs and deer about each, they would change their places. You remember old man Chancy, who was a scout in the Indian wars and the last war, who was always glad to get into some rough-and-tumble scrape? Him and me at one time and another killed two of them and the third one seemed to go off, I thought, for good. One day Jim Robinson and his brother came to my house early in the morning and told me they saw panther tracks in the sand in the road just outside of my orange grove. I had an old hound and two young ones, and I saddled my mule, took my gun and dogs, and Robinson and me soon had the panther up. It run up the side of a hickory tree, and Robinson shot it dead in the scrub bushes. It was a whopping big one, and before we were to tie it on my mule behind me, I helped Robinson to shoulder it, to be carried into the road. Robinson kind of hung it around his neck, and I followed on my mule behind him. My mule was jist as gentle as a dog, and I had tied many a bloody old buck on her. I noticed the mule nosing the panther and laying back her ears, but I never thought anything of that. All at once she began bellerin', and jumped on the panther, knocked Robinson down and throwed me over her head in a pile with the panther. Then she began to stomp and bite and paw us, all the time bellerin' as I had never heard a mule before. Robinson was scared to death, and stood by like a stump. I told him to shoot her, but he was too bad scared, besides his gun, an old cap lock one, was in the pile with me and the panther. Finally Robinson got the mule off me some way, and you can see how my face and ears are scarred up. I soon sold that mule, and the skin of the panther was stuffed and set up on the pilot house of the Sweeny, a steamboat that used to run on Indian River. This happened about twelve years ago, and was the last panther ever killed around here."

Did you ever see the Indian River? Do you not think it and the country around is a most beautiful spot of this earth? Just think, that in forty-eight hours you can leave behind in your city the bleak wintry winds and come here, where never a snow flake falls!

The fragments of the orange trees, left from the unprecedented freezes of 1895, have sprung again into trees, bearing the famous Indian River oranges. This narrow peninsula one day gets the winds from the Atlantic, or, better say, the next hour they are swapped for the breezes of the Gulf. They tell us Ponce de Leon, in his "Island of Florida," hunted for the spring to preserve eternal youth. Was it the ozone from the Gulf Stream that aroused his imagination? If this stream can warm portions of this terrestrial globe, where the rays of the sun themselves are powerless, old Ponce was not far wrong if he hunted for its source.

When I came here about the first of January I brought my setter Dan with me. To avoid injury, I crated him and saw him once only en route. About the time I landed on the platform of my arrival station Dan burst through the door of his crate, and came bounding to the baby. He soon raised a quarrel with an old stump-tailed pointer, who rolled off a greasy goods box where he had been watching a side of bacon put there by the merchant to air. Dan, however, contented himself by rushing at and running over the old pointer; then, without inquiring into the character of the country, ran into scrubs and palmettos, got the scent of some doves, and finally dashed into a sharp knot on a pine log and split the skin from his eye to his ear. Dogs, at least, have individual traits not unlike men. Put some of either wherever you may, and their courage and enthusiasm are always with them. No wonder the world admires these attributes. I will tell you something about Dan's experience in Florida directly.

Soon after my arrival my friend of many hunting forays and myself started out for a camping expedition. We didn't care where, for which ever way you turn your head here you find sunshine and fat pine, all that is needed for outdoor life. A native Floridian with his little trick mule to a wagon; our hunting ponies harnessed to another, both full of what a hunter can better imagine was in them than I can write, composed our hunting outfit, except a team of dogs made up of two deerhounds—one a veteran old lady, before whose relentless trailing I have seen many a deer go down, the other her son, an obstreperous, untrained creature—and setter Dan.

You know there is a kind of superstition or pride which a hunter has in not starting out with fresh meat. We expected to supply our first meal with quail, and our horses' heads being turned toward Lake Winder on the St. Johns River, this point became our destination whereat to camp for the night.

Our guide led us a near route through the prairie, which proved too wet for birds, and when camp was reached a supper of bacon was expected, when our guide told us not to worry, as the day before he had killed a wild pig and had brought half of it along. This was scarified, salted and peppered and spitted on palmetto sticks, and its dark complexion from close contact with fat pine coals did not prevent us from taking to our cots well satisfied with our supper. Our guide, who proved an excellent one, was then a stranger to us, and old Ida seeming rather dignified the next morning, we concluded to take both the hounds out. You know the best way to hunt deer here is on horseback, with a dog that does not "yelp," but which, while on the track, is careful, noiseless and slow. In this manner, if the deer are not hunted much, you may be led right up to their beds, and can shoot them when they rise—when they "rip," as it is called here. If the deer are up to this they are trailed until their lying place is supposed to be not far off, then you dismount and generally put a cord on the dog to prevent too much speed or possible loss in grass and brush, and follow thence on foot. I have never seen this mode practiced elsewhere, and no one could make me believe it could be successfully done until I saw it with my own eyes.

We had not gone far from our camp, when the trail of two deer was found and followed to a likely looking place for them to lie. We halted for a consultation, when presently we heard a crashing in the scrub clump in the pond, saw the water flying, then two white flags raised in the sedge grass beyond—and the hunter knows what this means.

The afternoon was spent by my friend and myself shooting quail. Dan started out with a long ranging gallop, feeling that he was in the brown sedge and blackjacks of historic old Appomattox, from whence I purchased him. His points were high-headed from wind scent, and as stylish as if he had found the close-lying Virginia partridge in the stubble. On our approach to flush you ought to have seen his surprise—the birds had gone on. This was repeated time and again on the same covey, and he would pathetically look at me as much as to say, "Master, I am still a dog of veracity; these creeping things smell like partridges, but where and what are they, really?" Finally they would rise, and then would come Dan's trouble in earnest—on the single birds. These half the time have to be literally run up. That evening Dan found a feeding covey among the circular clumps of low palmettos, between which was short grass. He pointed on first scent, then went to roading the running covey. Round and round for ten minutes at least they went and never a halt. Finally they went into a palmetto bunch, and then continued to run around, and Dan began to bark furiously, something I never heard him do at birds, and I remarked to my comrade that he must have run on a coon (of which there were a number about), and I stooped and looked under the fans in time to see Dan, who had grown tired of such foolishness, jump into the birds. Dan finally caught up with these tricks effectually, as I will tell you directly.

We now wanted to cross the St. Johns River, and sent our guide to discover some way to get over for a "lighter" to transport us. No one inhabits the vicinity we were in and our guide found the camp of an otter hunter after a long day's search in the swamp, and took him and brought us the lighter. From our camp to the lake was a drive of two miles through the prairie. Along the road was the single aristocratic palm, its body hoary with age and bleaching storms. Small clumps of these trees stood about, whereunder shaded the little wild cattle, running like deer before our advent. The lowing of the cows for their startled calves was like the music of the bugle. On the shore of the lake was one high sand dune covered with live oaks, palms, magnolias and oleanders. There stood a large sweet berry tree, carved high up and all over with names and dates, but, unlike the sturdy timber of my native heath, this tree repelled these scars, and they stood out excrescences, looking exactly as if pasted on, and the oldest date I saw was 1889.

Lake Winder is about three miles wide, a pretty sheet of water, with bottom of white sand. We were poled across, the water at deepest being less than 10 feet. On the other side we emerged at once into the prairie, unlike any other prairie you ever saw. Really here nature seems to have grown tired of making peaks and mountains and thundering torrents, grown lazy, and tried its 'prentice hand on landscape gardening. In this prairie are narrow strands of pine and palmetto, and the low saw palmetto in circle beds of from one hundred to three hundred feet around; some beds as high as your head, others to your knee. Here Dan left the wagons and swung out windward, of which I was glad, for did you ever find it necessary to hunt for meat? Hungry campers and their dogs must eat. So I put together my little bird gun and went out literally for meat. The Bible people of old may have had more quail, but we had enough for both men and dogs. They flew lazily and low. Here Dan got up to their ways. Finding them, he would point and hold till I came to him, then if they ran (as they nearly always did) he would road them, swing far around in front, getting them between me and him, and point, and if they failed to stop, he would disregard all his usual modes and jump on to them. What professional trainer could have put this reasoning into Dan's brain? Whose whip would crack over such an intelligent creature? The camp that night conferred on him the degree of *artium magister*.

We made two parties for the next day's deer hunt, my companion being our guide. Ida had followed for nearly an hour the tracks of a feeding doe and her yearling, when they were joined by a buck. Then there must have been some moonlight acorn dances by these three, as old Ida worked with all her skill to unravel the windings of these nocturnal orgies. I am sure the smell of the old buck's track was more to her notion, for as I sat almost hopeless on my pony, watching her circling wider and wider, she trotted off and looked back as much as to

say, "Come on, I've got the buck now." And while I was going to her she leisurely went into a pond, bathed and drank, came out and took the track and led us straight to the buck's lair. He must have been sleeping soundly in the saw palmettos by the little clear pond, for Ida led me within ten steps of him. I dropped my bridle reins, and the pony went to nipping grass, while Ida, with her ears raised, crept on to the deer, put him up, and, although the "rip" from the rattling palmetto is no tame noise, the pony never looked up while I was shooting, nor did he flinch when the buck was tied behind my saddle. Neither men nor dogs wanted for fresh venison from thence on.

In our attempts to recross Lake Winder we had to camp on its shore for forty-eight hours on account of hard winds before we made the attempt. This was not unpleasant, as quail, turkey and ducks were near in abundance. Near by our tent was a huge live oak, about 10 feet above the roots of which put out four large limbs, themselves trees. Branching out with a great stretch these limbs came together at the top, thus forming a graceful and perfect globe, all tasselated with long hanging gray moss. As our great fire of rich pine illuminated this tree, how spooky and wierd its rays appeared among the pendent moss! Now and then the glinting leaves of the magnolia, which thrust its branches among the moss, shone like a hundred little mirrors.

Well, well, this is a semi-savage life, but who of the active among us wishes the lingering basic element of man—the savage—civilized out of him? The dazzling sparkle of the electric chandelier has taken the place of the camp-fire and the goblin moss strands, but I leave it to the world to say which of the two inspires most the stirring manhood that the world relies on.

S. C. GRAHAM.

Welsh Indians.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reference, but not in answer, to Mr. Chapman's query in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 2, "What became of these Welsh-speaking Indians, that they have not been discovered by modern travelers?" I would refer him to George Catlin's "North American Indians."

Catlin spent eight years, 1832-9, among the Indians then located west of the Mississippi and in the "hospitable and gentlemanly Mandans," to quote his words. He seemed to feel quite sure that he had found the last relic of the blood of Madoc. At the time he wrote they comprised only some 2,000 souls in two villages, though their traditions all pointed to a former state of great numbers and power. They had apparently been gradually forced up the Mississippi, until they had reached a point on the Missouri near what is now the boundary between North and South Dakota.

Catlin laid great stress upon the difference in their dwellings, manners, customs, and, I think, particularly the variations in the color of the hair, comprising every shade but red or auburn, and the fact of their having hazel gray and blue eyes. His idea was that at some time after the settlement of Madoc and his followers the Welsh were all massacred, while the half-bloods had been allowed to live, and that this Welsh blood still showed faintly after the lapse of centuries in various ways in these Mandans. They had no tradition of ever having seen white men before Lewis and Clark visited them, yet Clark described them to Catlin as "a strange people and half-white."

The tribe entirely disappeared during Catlin's life time, but I do not remember that he states the cause.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

Natural History.

One Buck that Was Dangerous.

CAMP R. S. MACKENZIE, Near Puerto Principe, Cuba, Feb. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You sometimes have a column headed "That Reminds Me," and having just completed the reading aloud to my little son Mr. Wells' more than interesting article on the subject of dangerous wild animals, together with your pertinent remarks on the same subject, I am moved to give my personal experience to aid in the demonstration that a deer is a dangerous animal, and that he doesn't have to be so terribly wild either.

A few years ago I was stationed at Fort Meade, in South Dakota. One exceedingly cold day I had occasion to go to the neighboring town, and as it was so unusually cold, I concluded I would walk, for the distance was but a few miles, and I thought I would be more comfortable in going that way than by either riding or driving. I was warmly dressed and wore German socks and enormous arctics upon my feet. I was well enough adapted to walking along, but as there was a few inches of snow upon the ground, I was not exactly tricked out in the best manner for a scuffle, as events proved. As I was leaving the house, my wife called out to me, asking if I couldn't bring her a few eggs, as she was entirely out and could get none elsewhere such cold weather. I told her I guessed I might probably bring a half-dozen in my overcoat pockets. I attended to my affairs in town in due season, purchased the eggs, putting three in each pocket, and had gotten about half-way home, when I saw coming toward me in the road a pretty fair sized white-tailed buck. I had heard that one of the men had recently gotten a tame deer, and I inferred at once that this was the one and that he had broken out of his yard, so I walked along, paying no further attention to him. My setter was with me, and as he trotted on ahead, of course he couldn't resist the temptation to bark a little at the deer. The deer apparently paid no attention to the dog, but as I approached he made quite a semicircle in order to pass me on the road, holding his head down and facing toward me all the while in a most peculiar manner. In fact, his threatening aspect as he passed me awakened my suspicions, and I turned around to see what he was up to. It was doubtless well for me that I did so, for I discovered the rascal within a few feet of me, his head still lowered, and in the act of charging me from the rear. There appeared but one thing for me to do, and that was to seize him by the antlers.

I lost no time in acting upon this inspiration, and as I weigh about 175 pounds and am fairly vigorous, I had no great difficulty in holding his head so close to the ground that he was unable to use his forefeet upon me, as he was evidently attempting to do. We scuffled and tore around in the snow, my great arctics and German socks preventing me from getting any foothold whatever, whereby I could get the better of him, and though he bruised me in good shape with the points of his antlers with every rush that he made upon me, nevertheless I dared not let go of them for fear I should be attacked in the face with his sharp hoofs, so we kept up the struggle.

I have said that the day was cold when I started out, but after a few minutes' engagement with this partner I didn't find it cold at all; and even yet, after two years' service in Cuba, I can still remember how hot it was in Dakota that February morning. I was also getting pretty well out of breath, while the deer's courage appeared as good as ever, and I was beninging to wonder how I was going to excuse myself from so objectionable a partner. In the story books the hunter's faithful dog frequently rescued him from such perilous positions by bravely rushing in and seizing the foe by the throat, but mine discreetly kept at a distance, and though I believe he brought the whole mischief on by barking at the deer in the first place, instead of coming to my relief like a good story book dog, he made matters worse by continuing to irritate the deer by his barking. I had hitherto remained quiet to preserve my strength, but I recalled seeing some men cutting ice at no great distance away on my way to town, though the pond was screened from my present view by a fringe of bushes. I saw no prospect of getting the better of the deer myself, and the only way out of it seemed the chance of making those men hear me if they were still there. I called as lustily as I could, and in course of time three men came and relieved me of my troublesome antagonist. Perhaps it is needless to say that my wife never made any cake out of those eggs.

I found upon subsequent inquiry that this buck had been raised as a pet upon a large cattle ranch, and the herders had constantly irritated him for the purpose of making him show fight, until they had gotten him so cross that it was dangerous to have him around, and the manager had gotten rid of him on this account.

I trust no one will assume that I am discussing the general question of the danger from wild animals. I am merely writing for the columns of "That Reminds Me."

WM. F. FLYNN.

Another Maine Panther.

IN our issue of Feb. 16 was printed a letter from Mr. Gardiner Cram, of Brunswick, Me., relating the occurrence of a Maine panther, as within his personal experience. That letter Mr. Ames now supplements with the subjoined one from another correspondent:

SKOWHEGAN, Me.—Mr. C. H. Ames. Dear Sir: You say that Mr. Gardiner Cram, of Brunswick, Me., tells you that an animal that I saw near the Forks of the Kennebec River last fall was a panther, or that it was my strong impression that it was such. I am absolutely certain that I saw a panther, or catamount, which I understand to be the same thing, the first of last June about four miles above or north of the Forks of the Kennebec River.

I was coming from Parlin Pond toward Skowhegan, my home, on the stage that runs from the Forks to Parlin Pond on the only highway which leads from Skowhegan through the forests of Maine and Canada to Quebec. The highway leads generally north and south; we had ridden or passed through a strip of forest ten miles from Parlin Pond to the West Forks Hotel, and had passed the hotel about a mile. No one was on board the stage excepting Charles York, the driver, and myself. I was looking into a field lately cleared and covered with grass to get sight at a deer, with which the country abounded. As we passed down by the field and struck the evergreen bushes, with which the road on both sides was skirted, the driver, Mr. York, called my attention to the fact that he saw a deer jump into the bushes on the east side of the road. I immediately turned and looked carefully. I discovered nothing in the bushes, but happening to look down the road over which we were traveling, I saw an animal trotting along ahead of us in the road. I could see nothing but his rump as he was going from us. The driver remarked that that was not the animal that he saw, because that one had jumped into the bushes, but that it looked just like it.

Both of us watched the animal with a great deal of interest, for Mr. York was an old woodsman, and I have always had a great deal of interest in the wild animals of our State. We saw him for several rods plainly, and we also approached nearer to him, as our horse was trotting at a pretty smart gait. Finally the creature turned and sprang into the woods. As he did that I saw him plainly; his neck and breast were much lighter in color and he had the catamount head and form.

As near as I could estimate he was about 7 feet long from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail; his tail was something less than half his length, and curved upward toward the end exactly like that of a panther or catamount. While I never saw a panther in the woods before, I have seen them in menageries, and I have no doubt about this animal being a panther. It certainly could not have been anything else. It appeared to have an enormous development of the muscle in the hind leg and the hip, and when it sprang into the woods it scarcely seemed to make any effort. Mr. York, who has been a woodsman all his life, remarked to me that he had seen all sorts of wild animals in the woods, but had never seen anything like that before, and he expressed the opinion that from what he had heard of the appearance of such animals it was a catamount. Evidently there was a pair of those animals near together when we came down the road. One of them sprang into the woods and the other trotted down the road, as I have already stated. There was a schoolhouse a short distance below where we saw those animals, where several small children attended summer school. I requested the driver to notify the parents what we had seen, so that they might protect their children, and he promised to do so. When we reached the Forks, where there is a small settlement, I notified every one that I met what we had seen. We afterward ascertained that the people at the West Forks Hotel that we had just passed when we saw the animal had both seen and heard these creatures. Mrs. Davis Purse, the landlandy, had seen her husband's cattle running out of the woods chased by some large animal, which she took to be of the cat kind, although it was a long distance away. They had also heard the cry of some animal, which in their way of expressing it they called a "screech." The landlord had also sent his little girl to school in the charge of one of his men.

These people had said but little about this before we saw these animals, for the reason that, even in that wild country, any one who tells a story outside of ordinary occurrences is accused of "drawing the long bow," or in the words of your letter, they are "skeptical of the occurrence of a panther in Maine." There are no settlers in this country except occasionally a woodsman or river driver who lives along on the Canada road before mentioned. The country is full of deer, and I did not think it at all strange that we should discover these animals as we did. Any further information I can give you I will cheerfully furnish. Very truly yours,

S. J. WALTON.

"The Fear of Snakes."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a late number my attention was arrested by an editorial paragraph in which I am called upon to explain the fear that manifests itself in the minds of children toward snakes at an age when such fear can not have resulted either from teaching or experience. A little further on in your pages I come upon an article from the hand of my esteemed and gifted friend, Col. E. P. Alexander, who, it seems, has been sharpening a knife for me for a good while past, and who, while patting me on the back with one hand, with the other impales me upon the keen point of his logic, all unmindful of the squirms and wriggles that must ensue from such an ordeal.

Col. Alexander's adroit fencing demands my first attention, and I must even set my lance in rest to maintain my side of the controversy, with such puissance as I may, trusting to find some weak joints in the Colonel's armor.

As I understand Col. Alexander's argument, his scheme of philosophy assigns to one domain various more or less incongruous elements. The causes and activities that combine to make variety of species—in other words, the processes of organic evolution; organic functional processes, and that which lies back of all these, the great impenetrable mystery, the fundamental life principle—he combines under the general designation "sub-ego," which he holds as equivalent to my "mysterious tip."

Col. Alexander's *bete noir* appears to be the assumption that the "variation of species" in the Darwinian scheme of evolutionary development rests upon "blind chance" or unguided accident. I believe this is a "straw man" that the Colonel has set up for the satisfaction of exercising his astute reasoning powers in buffeting and discomfiting him.

In the language of one of Mark Twain's interesting characters, "There is no such thing as accidents; it's a special providence," with which doctrine the Colonel seems fully in accord. But in the language of science also, "There is no such thing as accidents." While the words "accidental" or "by chance" may have been used in a conventional sense, it is recognized as a basic principle of scientific philosophy that no phenomenon can occur except as the result of an adequate cause, and the two elements—cause and effect—are mutually interdependent for existence, and consequently inseparable, both causes and effects being absolutely under the dominion of inexorable law.

So the "chance variations" in the development of species result from the operation of natural law, the causes being found in the environment. There are many such so-called "chance variations," all caused by peculiarities of environment. Some of these confer advantages on individuals or races, giving them a superiority over their less fortunate rivals in the struggle for existence, enabling the better endowed to survive while those less favorably equipped perish, according to the universal law of the "survival of the fittest."

There does not appear to be any inscrutible mystery about this process, and certainly no "chance" in the strict meaning of that term; but all is in obedience to law, and the relations of cause and effect are not difficult to perceive. This gives an impetus to the further development of such advantageous variations, thus giving rise to the differentiation of species, all such phenomena being controlled by natural law. This is the plain story that evolution tells.

But Col. Alexander's "blue print" scheme, as I apprehend it, makes his "guiding intelligence" play the rôle of a yard master in an extensive railroad yard, who, sitting in a tower, by the manipulation of levers directs the movements of a multitude of cars, and having made a "blue print" of the train he is making up, controls by means of his system of levers the detailed movements of each car in the process. According to this theory natural laws are not self-operative, but must await the initiative of the guiding intelligence."

If the stem of the apple is detached from the tree, the "guiding intelligence" must release the law of gravity by pulling a lever before the apple can descend to the ground.

If I have misapprehended Col. Alexander's meaning as to the rôle of his "guiding intelligence" in the work of evolution, I must crave his pardon.

Organic Functions.

So far as human insight is able to penetrate, the activities that are involved in the exercise of organic functions present a mystery as unfathomable as that enshrouded in the life principle itself, of which, indeed, they seem to be part and parcel.

The two little microscopic specks of matter that constitute the germs of two distinct species of organic life, while perhaps chemically identical in substance, embody within their small compass potentialities of the life principle, and functional differentiation of such stupendous import as to cause the vast orbs of inorganic matter that revolve in universal space, notwithstanding their mere

physical magnitudes, to "pale their ineffectual fires" in comparison.

In the field of functional activities, while their phenomena are among the most common of our experiences and observations, their cause and motive power is just as inscrutible to human perceptions as the life principle itself of which they are inferentially merely attributes. We can form no conception of the power nor process by which oak germs make oak trees and chestnut germs make chestnut trees out of the same chemical substances, nor how hog germs produce hogs and human germs produce men out of the same food. Neither can we know anything of the functional workings of the stomach, of the brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver and the whole *ensemble* of the bodily organs; nor of vegetable root "tips," nor the leaves, nor of the power that raises water from the ground to the tops of trees. Then there is the force we call "gravity" and "electricity" and "magnetism," of molecular attraction and repulsion, to which we have merely given meaningless names, knowing absolutely nothing of their nature nor the processes of their activities.

Here is where science must stop and philosophic speculation may revel ad libitum. In this mysterious domain Col. Alexander is at liberty to enthrone his "guiding intelligence"—his "sub," "alter" or "anti," "ego," whose awful mills shall continually grind out "blue prints" and whose ready messengers shall constantly fly to the "uttermost parts of the earth" and the realms of boundless space, with fresh promptings to hawkdom to meet particular contingencies, etc., and there is none to say him nay.

But the necessity is not apparent of installing any of the egos to manage the details of the processes of evolution, nor of investing organisms with "innate intelligence" as a substitute for heredity, the operations of whose laws are plainly discernible and the accepted theories concerning which are based upon ascertained or clearly inferential facts.

Heredity.

Col. Alexander makes war upon the law of heredity, and cites the fact that corporeal mutilations, both of brutes and human kind, for perhaps "a thousand generations," have failed to leave their impress in hereditary transmission. Well, a "thousand generations" is a very long term. According to the conventional estimate of the length of a generation it would extend over about 33,000 years, exceeding by five or six times any period coming within the scope of human retrospection.

But there are two objections to this argument. One, suggested above, is that any period of time that could come within human contemplation as a basis of deductions upon the question of evolution would be but as a drop of time in the great ocean of the ages that must have elapsed since the process of organic evolution began.

The other objection is that hereditary transmissions are, of inherent tendencies, the effect of long persisting agencies of environment and not of individual peculiarities resulting from extraneous agencies intermittently applied. Thus, the dog in a cold climate might be shorn of his hair for many consecutive generations, and yet the effort of nature would be not to perpetuate a defect militating against the preservation of species, but to remedy it. The remedial effort, not the defect, might acquire the quality of hereditary transmission, under the compelling influence of the demands of environment. But transplant the dog to a tropical climate and in the course of time he may become hairless, in obedience to the requirements of a new environment, a modification that is transmitted by heredity. Restore the hairless dog to his original cold climate and for a time he will continue to transmit his hairless feature to posterity, but by degrees he will resume his former coat, more befitting the cold climate, through the agency of natural evolution.

The inherent tendencies are responsive to demands of environment; the extraneous agencies with destructive tendency are antagonistic to such demands. The former may become hereditary, the latter may not.

In combatting the idea of instinct transmitted by heredity, Col. Alexander cites as a conclusive argument the fact that children do not inherit fear of fire, though the fact that it will burn has been known to their progenitors for many generations. But neither do they inherit fear of water, nor of the prick of a needle, though their ancestors have long known that water will drown and the needle prick produce pain.

In the first place it is unfair to assume that because "children" do not manifest fear of certain evils there has been no transmitted instinct in that direction; because the childish mind is still in the formative stage and must reach some certain stage of development before it acquires all the furniture of the parent mind.

The distinction, however, is plain between that class of experiences which implant hereditary instincts of more or less strength, and the class above cited that do not. For example, fire and water are not aggressive evils, constituting a constant menace to the well being of mankind, and requiring unremitting assiduity in measures of defense against them. On the contrary, they are familiar objects of utility, that can do no harm except when their own domain is invaded, a contingency that is generally easily avoided.

As an example of the other class of experiences, let us consider man's attitude toward the serpent tribe. The repugnance and dread felt by mankind toward the whole serpent family possesses a universality that stamps the feeling as an inherited instinct, and it is probably true that the instinct is more pronounced in the adult mind than in the adolescent or infant stage.

The experiences that should implant such an instinctive feeling of dread and repugnance toward all forms of snake life would probably be something like the following: In the earlier stages of man's development from the animal state, or perhaps beginning at an earlier period in the history of the race, long antedating the paleolithic, and for innumerable generations thereafter, his dwelling was in a climate and with surroundings where deadly serpents abounded exceedingly and constituted his most formidable enemy as being most difficult to guard against. The most prominent characteristic of the serpent habit is that of lurking, lying in wait and eluding observation until the victim unwittingly comes within reach. It is a fact known to the writer from personal observation that the rattlesnake possesses the power to so simulate in colors the surrounding objects as to be invisible to the eye of an observer at a short distance, and without obstruction to the view, and then suddenly to flash upon the vision with startling distinctness.

This ever-present menace to the safety of the man-animal, or animal-man, under aggravated conditions of exposure with slight means of defense, requiring constant vigilance as the price of immunity, and that but partially effective, must have, with long persistence, left the impress on his mental machinery, which we find still present as an instinct, and bearing a close analogy to that propensity so conspicuous in the horse, to shy away from wayside objects that might have concealed his deadliest foe, lying in wait to spring upon its defenseless prey.

The fear of man for harmless serpents, and the fear of the horse toward innocent bushes thousands of years after they have ceased to be legitimate objects of dread, cannot be from the suggestion of a "sub-ego," nor from the promptings of an "innate intelligence," but must be the survivals of deeply implanted instincts, resulting from long exposure to dangers that menaced racial existence. Col. Alexander holds that each of his "sub-egos" is endowed with just sufficient intelligence, "no more and no less," to enable it to survive in the struggle for existence. But what of the millions that failed to survive in that severe struggle? Were they endowed with a little less than sufficient intelligence, and if so why were they so discriminated against? Col. Alexander says, "The strongest instincts and passions, and those of most universal possession and lifelong activity, seem to gain no increase of strength in a thousand generations, while many very obscure and subtle instincts, often entirely dormant through many generations, still persist in unabated vigor."

It is not clear what bearing the above statement has upon the questions at issue, but the first assumption in the sentence may be challenged on the ground of a lack of means of information by which to verify it. The process of instinct formation must have been so exceedingly slow that no duration of time coming within human observation would be sufficient to justify such a deduction.

In Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" he humorously relates that he and his party took passage on a glacier near the summit of Mont Blanc to ride down to the valley below. After waiting an hour he inquired when the glacier would start, and was informed that it moved at the rate of eight inches a day. So they abandoned that mode of conveyance. Birds and animals, if capable of such a degree of ratiocination, would conclude that the glacier did not progress. The application of this is obvious.

As to the second statement quoted, it may be assumed that the conditions that produced the dormant instincts have long since ceased, and only upon the fitful recurrence of similar conditions are they again aroused, a kind of atavism that may possibly account for the readiness with which the red-shouldered hawks responded to unusual demands upon their procreative functions.

Blue Prints.

The "blue print" theory must assume not only a preconception of ultimate types (for who can say when ultimate types are to be reached?), but a blue print must have been made of every momentary stage in the long process of development of every organic form—a conception that utterly beggars the powers of the human intellect to comprehend. Otherwise we must get back to the yard master conception of lever pulling every instant in the process, or the "mills of the gods" constantly grinding out new "blue prints" with the rapidity of electro-photography. The "sub-ego" must have for its guidance fresh patterns in endless variety, momentarily supplied, for the multitudinous steps in the onward progress of evolution.

It is true that Col. Alexander hints at a sort of autonomy of the innumerable "sub-egoes" with which the organs of plants and animals are supposed to be endowed; but they must either be supplied with "blue prints" from a higher source or have blue print apparatus of their own. This appears to me a narrower conception than that embodied in the views I have endeavored to express above—that is, that all natural phenomena, even those whose specific cause and character we cannot comprehend, are under the control of well defined and unvarying law, the source and authority of which we can never know anything, however we may indulge in ingenious speculations on these deep subjects; and the best we can hope to do in relation thereto is for each individual who cares to do so to frame for himself a "working hypothesis" which best satisfies the demands of his own mind workings.

Since writing the foregoing, I have read Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown's very interesting recital of experiments with snakes upon monkeys, from which the instinctive fear of snakes in monkeydom appears to be fully established.

COAHOMA.

Albino Hawks.

YUMA, Ariz., March 1.—Referring to the note of Mr. Ruthven Deane, in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 9, on albinism in the red-tailed hawk (*B. borealis*), I have to say that about ten years ago I had just such a bird. It had been shot by a Mexican and slightly injured in the left wing. It was an almost pure albino and a most magnificent looking bird. I had it alive for several months, and although I planned many times to kill it and make up the skin, I had not the heart to do so, and in the end I lost it altogether. I foolishly allowed myself to be talked out of it by a friend, by whom it was kept for nearly a year. Eventually it escaped and was never again seen by either of us. I spent much time and some money in trying to again find it, for I much regretted the loss of so beautiful a specimen. I hired a number of boys to locate or kill it for me, and every man I saw with a gun I told of my lost bird, but it seemed to have dropped out of sight altogether. It had been taken on the Santa Cruz; about twelve miles above Tucson. But for a faint waving of red near the base of the tail and a few flecks on the side just under the edge of the wing, the bird was a pure white. Later I saw another in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains, in the vicinity of Tanque Verde, but it had a dirty yellowish appearance and was very wild.

HERBERT BROWN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Wild Ducks Breeding in New York.

NEW RUSSIA, N. Y., March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will briefly state what I have seen in regard to the breeding of wild ducks in New York State at the present time, and also twenty or more years ago.

Within the last ten years I have made it a practice to visit Lake Champlain in summer at least twice or more times each month on fishing and boating excursions, and also have been around certain streams and lakes of the Adirondacks, my home being in the central part of Essex county. In all this time I cannot recall the memory of seeing a flock of young ducks in Lake Champlain or in the Adirondacks, neither have I seen any nests. Before this time the ducks bred plentifully in the Adirondacks on almost every lake and small pond and on every stream that had any still stretches of water having wooded or bushy banks.

I have lately made some inquiries in regard to the matter, and the answers have been about the same as the above statement, although one man says that for the last two years he has seen one or two broods of young ducks on Lincoln Pond in Essex county. This pond is mostly in the woods, and is associated with a great marsh. I used to hunt ducks on this pond years ago. Hundreds of ducks were there then. Now there is nothing worth going for. I have visited and passed by the pond many times in the past few years in the summer, but did not see any ducks.

There is a trout stream near my home with a mill dam on my farm which sets the water back and makes quite a stretch of still water. Twenty years ago black and wood ducks raised a brood or two every year. I have seen their nests not fifty rods from my house. When trout fishing I used to see young ducks in different places on this stream (Boquet River), also on nearly every small pond or lake throughout the North Woods.

To sum up, I would say that the use of a little common sense ought to settle the question of the evil of spring shooting of ducks. The spring flight of ducks are what is left after the shooting of both North and South throughout the preceding autumn and winter. They are the only seed saved, or left, for the next year's crop. These ducks come north in the spring for the purpose of setting up housekeeping and raising a family. The practice of destroying them at this time is disastrous. This ought to go without saying. For instance, what would be the result of legalizing the catching of trout when they first gathered on their spawning grounds, allowing the public to destroy the only seed (for another crop) that was left over from the last season's fishing? I cannot but think that our Legislature has sense enough to settle this question aright.

BAINBRIDGE BISHOP.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing your request for information on the subject of wild ducks breeding in this State, I offer the following:

Last summer while looking for some feathers suitable for fly-tying, I found an English sparrow's nest in the West Shore Railroad Station at Cazenovia, Madison county, N. Y. On pulling it to pieces I found about twenty-five or thirty feathers like the sample No. 1 inclosed. These are very similar to the No. 2 breast feathers of a mallard, only they are a trifle darker. The station is situated about 100 yards from a large swamp and about the same distance from Cazenovia Lake, which is about four miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide. I do not understand where the sparrows got these feathers unless it was from a deserted nest. A wood duck is known to have had a nest five years ago at the head of the lake, about four miles from the station.

I believe in giving the ducks fair play, and hope the law which you advocate will be passed. W. M. F.

[The feathers sent us by our Syracuse correspondent are undoubtedly those of the male and female mallard, but it would be difficult for any one to say whether they were from wild or domesticated birds. And even if from wild birds, their presence would not be satisfactory evidence of the breeding of the mallard near Syracuse, since the feathers might have been shed by migrating birds on the surface of the lake, blown ashore and later picked up by the sparrows.]

The Coming of the Birds.

MILHURST, N. J., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Saw a bluebird for the first time this year, Feb. 26; on March 3, Sunday, saw a red-wing blackbird and two robins for the first; also several bluebirds, and March 3 gathered several spathes of the swamp cabbage in a little ravine having a southern exposure. I see by my journal that I found a bunch of violets in bloom on Oct. 26 of last year. This morning I have seen several red-wing blackbirds, several bluebirds and quite a number of brown hedge sparrows.

A. L. LYON.

Various explanations have been suggested for the fact that most flat fish have the dorsal or upper surface colored, and the ventral or lower surface white. It has been said that the white ventral surface protects the fish, for the surrounding water with the light shining through it has about the same tint, and so an enemy floating below and looking up could not distinguish him. Recent interesting experiments to discover the influence of sunlight on the color of flat fish are noted in the Revue Scientifique. Having placed a few young fish in a glass vessel, the experimenter covered the sides and top of the vessel, placed it on a support, and beneath it so arranged a mirror that the sunlight was reflected into the water, and illuminated the ventral faces of the fish, while the dorsal faces were in darkness. The natural conditions were thus reversed. The water was frequently changed, and the fish were well fed. At the same time similar fish were placed in a glass vessel and exposed to the light in the usual way. The result was that out of thirty fish exposed to the sunlight from below, only three remained like those in the ordinary glass vessel, and the others developed greater or less quantities of pigment cells on the ventral face. This indicates that light has an important influence on the color of animals, but it evidently is not the only influence to be considered, since some animals whose habitat is dark have color.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Virginia Quail Hunt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have enjoyed so many interesting letters on shooting by your correspondents in nearly all parts of the United States that I thought a short account of quail or partridge shooting in this rather remote corner of southwest Virginia might amuse some of your readers.

Quail give us our principal diversion, and although there are ruffed grouse (locally pheasants) and turkeys in the woods, they are few and far between, and nowhere near us are they sufficiently numerous to insure a day's sport. We have also the *Lepus sylvaticus*, commonly, though erroneously, called rabbits instead of hares; two or three of these cottontails are generally bagged, especially in the early days of the season.

Our patron Saint Hubert has been good to this small town, having brought together a brotherhood of true sportsmen; and you know that this term implies gentlemen in the best sense of the word. Our little band, about six in number, are endowed with many lovable and admirable qualities, together with simple and refined tastes. All like a nice horse, a good cigar and a quiet, sedate game of whist, not extending later than 8 P. M. to 11. But above all, they admire pointers and setters and guns by first-class makers, and being constant readers of FOREST AND STREAM they are well abreast of the times and up to date in all matters relating to shooting and other gentle sports. We use guns of the latest type. Our party are divided as to the merits of pointers and setters. Having been brought up with pointers, I have always preferred this dog. Our rough country, however, would indicate the setter as the dog for the work we have. Our experience is that the dog, whether pointer or setter, should have plenty of white in his make up; this color assists materially in locating the dog when ranging in stubble with a heavy growth of ragweed.

Our sportsmen represent a variety of callings. One is manager of a large manufacturing concern—an ardent sportsman, naturalist and taxidermist; he also tells a most excellent story; the children simply worship Grandpa W. Brother Billy, statesman and legislator, looks after our game interests in Richmond; no man more thoroughly enjoys a day's outing. H. and B. are lawyers; both have served the commonwealth and are regarded with much respect by the profession as well as by the rest of the community; added to their many good qualities, they each own a fine farm of several hundred acres about three miles from town, and on these lands we do much of our hunting. Next comes Frank, the bank president, a good shot, with cultivated tastes for literature and music, and a great love for nature; a most amiable and accomplished companion. And last, but by no means least, comes another Frank, our latest addition; he also owns a fine place about two miles beyond the farms I have mentioned, and these lands, with two or three adjoining properties that we have leave to shoot over, afford ample territory for our sport.

The season for quail extends from Nov. 1 to Dec. 31; in the adjoining county to the west the season opens Oct. 15 and closes, as with us, Dec. 31. We generally run up to this western county and have a few days' sport before our own season opens.

The fall of 1900 was extremely beautiful, and we had many delightful days' sport. The beauty of the weather was enhanced by the beauty of the scenery of the surrounding country, the mountains having bold and fantastic outlines, and all through November they exhibited the most striking and gorgeous autumnal tints, often suffused with a blue haze that added an indescribable charm to the prospect. The mornings and evenings were somewhat cold, succeeded by a genial warmth during the rest of the day.

Toward the end of November I made an engagement to go out with our bank president, and arranged to walk down to his house at 8 next morning. Frank was anxious to see two puppies in the field that I had amused myself with during the summer and beginning of autumn, trying my hand at training and bringing them up in the ways they should follow—they are liver and white and rejoice in the noble names of Rex and Duke. They are not by any means "registered dogs," and one, Duke, is somewhat coarse in his lines and a little lighter about the head and heavier at his stern than is quite desirable; he will never take a prize as a bench dog. His brother Rex has much finer points, and doubtless throws back to some noble ancestry. They both have fine, sound constitutions, and have developed into large, handsome dogs. On the day we went out they were seven months old. Going down on the morning at the hour appointed, I see the rig standing at the gate all ready to start. Jake, with the light of battle in his eye—all darkies love sport—was just putting a finishing touch to the harness, and Frank soon appears, looking fit and smart in his khaki shooting things, and quickly as possible the guns, ammunition, lunch and puppies are put on board and we are spinning along the hard macadam road, through fields white with hoar frost, the sharp air making our blood circulate and ears tingle. As we have only six miles to drive, and knowing the birds will not be out till the sun has had time to warm things up and the hoar frost disappears, we begin to drive more leisurely and exchange a word or two and a little chaff with friends on their way to town. Our objective point is a long, narrow stubble field lying between the railroad and the river that winds through the valley a short distance from Frank H.'s place. We are soon there, and giving Jake directions to drive on a mile further and wait for us, we equip ourselves and strike across the railroad into the stubble, now looking almost black with ragweed.

The puppies know very well what their duty is, and begin ranging with great zeal. After working through the field without a sign of game, we come to the conclusion that we are too early, and determine to retrace our steps and rejoin Jake and go further on. As we arrived near the place we had entered the field the dogs suddenly came to a point, and almost at the same instant the birds flushed and darted into the woods fringing the river. We each fired and scored two misses. The covey had crossed the river and our chances of another shot at them were over till the afternoon. Not much elated by our opening performance, we walk up the railroad and taking a cross road, we soon come back to our wagon. We proceed along the public road to a famous stubble field on Brother H.'s land, which we reach after passing through a narrow strip of woods. Jake is sent on with instructions to wait for us on the top of the hill about two miles further on. Just after getting over the fence an outlying solitary bird gets up on my side and goes off like a little brown cannon ball, giving a beautiful quartering shot. I cut him down at 40 yards and feel better for the performance. Soon the puppies are trailing a hot scent, and after some good and careful work locate their birds and come to a dead point. They seem transfixed into marble. A fine large covey flushes, from which we fire at two birds, each missing, I with my right, Frank with the left. As they drop into thick woods close by, we decide to leave them, hoping to find them on the same feeding ground in the afternoon. On the further side of the field Rex came to a sudden stop and was at once backed by Duke. A large covey got up almost under our feet, and we managed to bring three to grass with four empty shells in our guns.

We now descended into the little valley in the direction the birds had taken. We soon came to the conclusion that they had flown over to the woods and proceeded up the valley, following a line of narrow stubble fields. Getting over the rail fence I nearly trod on a large covey. We both fired and missed, remarking to each other that out shooting the unlikely always occurs. Our attention was quickly drawn to the dogs. They were evidently either on the tracks of the birds we had just fired at or had got in fresh game. Their zeal and perseverance soon convinced us that it was another covey, and we had a most beautiful illustration of roading and drawing. Rex, with nose close to the ground, was working on their tracks, and Duke, with nose up, was carrying an air scent. The birds ran about 250 yards and were located in a clump of briers at the fence, where the dogs made a beautiful point. Leaving Frank with the dogs, I hastily crossed the fence; the birds refused to break cover, so taking up a large stone I plumped it into the brush. The effect was like taking the cover off a volcano. With a great noise and flutter the birds shot up into the air and instantly dropped into the thick woods hard by. We each got in a shot and picked up two birds. This was the largest covey we saw during the day. From here we worked in toward the summit of the hill, having one or two fields higher up that we wished to look through. We got two or three more birds, and at last came in view of Jake and the trap. It was getting on toward 1, and we were admonished inwardly that lunch would be about the right thing. We drove down to a clear, gushing cold spring on the banks of the river, and spreading out the good things Frank's wife had so thoughtfully provided, we enjoyed a meal with an appetite that only shooters, fishermen and hunters and a few other honest men are permitted to enjoy. I suppose all your readers have not tasted old Virginian ham. I can only say they have lost something.

Our birds, when spread out, were not a great show; however, we resolved we would make up in the evening. Nothing could exceed the delightful cigar after lunch. The day was perfect. Rising abruptly and close to us was a magnificent mountain; its sides, upon which the sun was shining, were a mass of scarlet and gold. The day was an ideal one, and it had turned so warm that a host of large yellow butterflies were skylarking over a wet place in the road. And so still was the atmosphere that we could distinctly hear the voices of some children half a mile away.

After an hour's rest we got to work again and had some nice sport. The birds seemed more plentiful than in the morning. We also shot better. Duke rather disgraced himself by breaking his point on some running birds and flushing them before we got within shot. Toward evening the dogs, after considerable work, located a covey in a circular depression in a stubble field. On our going up a fine strong covey flushed, and Frink did what I had never seen before; he killed three birds, one with his right and two with his left. We now observed that the sun was nearly down, and moreover we were tired, so it being too dark, we rejoined Jake, took out our overcoats and stowed away our traps, remarking that our cartridge bags were very much lighter than when we had started in the morning. However, we had some fine birds, and lighting our cigars were soon spinning toward home, where bright lights and dinner awaited us. L. C.

Maine Game Legislation.

BOSTON, March 9.—On the mild weather of a week ago some of the pickerel fishermen were out. C. H. Jones and Henry Wilkins went up to Barratt's camp, on the Sudbury River, the other day. They took over a dozen, though the size was rather small, the largest 20 inches. Mr. Jones has made several trips the past season to the same camp, with friends. On one trip a couple of weeks ago twenty-six pickerel was the score.

Probably the attempt to prevent the carrying of guns and rifles into Maine in the close season on game is arrested for this session of the Legislature. The latest reports from Augusta say that the Committee on Inland Fisheries and Game has voted that it ought not to pass. Reports suggest that the bill was wanted only by the owners of wild lands, who fear forest fires, but I am sure that the measure had the support of some of the best friends of game protection in the State. Doubtless the influence of the resident hunter, added to that of the hotel and camp proprietors, has killed the measure, and sportsmen who make August and September trips into Maine, ostensibly for fishing and canoeing, will continue to take their rifles along, just as much as their fishing rods. The same committee is considering a law compelling hunters to take out a $25 license to hunt moose in that State. I asked a gentleman yesterday, who has hunted moose several seasons in Maine, what he thought of such a license law. He replied: "That will settle it with me. Moose hunting is too uncertain in Maine any way. For one or two seasons I have had it in mind to go to Canada—New Brunswick or Nova Scotia—after moose, where they are surely more plenty, but the license fee has caused me to go to Maine again, each time without success. I believe that a license fee of $25 for hunting moose in Maine will drive about every non-resident hunter to the Provinces instead of Maine. Then what moose hunting there is left in that State will be left to the resident hunters, who are already getting to be too thick for the outsider."

The general hunter's license for non-residents of Maine has been killed again by the Committee on Fisheries and Game. This measure was referred from the last Legislature. The resolve appropriating $3 000 for scientific investigation of the best methods of propagating fish has been killed by the same committee. Leave to withdraw has been reported by the same committee on the petition of the marketmen of the State, that they be permitted to sell game legally killed in the open season, by taking out a license. The repeal of the September deer shooting license law has not yet been decided, but I learn that there has been a revulsion of feeling and that the lumber landowners who want this law repealed do not stand in as good favor as early in the session. SPECIAL.

A Market Gunner's Views.

CURRITUCK COUNTY, N. C., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The day's shooting was over and we had picked up and were on our way home. The wind was fair, though light, and three-quarters of an hour at most would see us at the house. I was sitting on the midships thwart of the skiff, leaning back over the centerboard trunk, and George, the boatman, was managing tiller and sheet, while the dog—just now receiving his first lessons in the art of retrieving wildfowl—lay at his feet.

The day's flight had been poor. Not but that we would have had a good many more birds if I had shot well, but at best a dozen or fifteen would have been the whole bag, and often hours went by without our seeing a bird, let alone getting a shot at one. Naturally, then, we fell to talking over the increasing scarcity of the ducks and the causes. "It is not strange," I said, "that they are scarce. The other day I came down the sound, and it seemed to me that every half-mile I saw a battery, and where there wasn't a battery there was a bush blind, and where there was neither battery nor bush blind there was a sloop or a skiff sailing up the birds to make them fly to some gunner."

"That's right," said George. "It's the sailing that does it. Ducks ain't fools, and if people keep chasing 'em up all the time, the ducks are bound to get tired of it and to go away so far that the boats can't follow 'em. That's the way we've drove all the ducks out of this part of the sound, and 'most everybody's followed 'em down twelve or fifteen miles below; where they was when I last heard of them. People about here are getting onto this battery shooting racket, and there's getting to be right smart of a feeling against it. I wish they'd stop it, but above all stop sailing. Up in Back Bay, you know, north of the line between Virginia and North Carolina, they have a law against sailing, just as we have here, only they enforce it there and we don't enforce it here. There, a man can take out his battery, put it overboard, rig it, and sail back to the marsh or some nearby land. He can't put sail on his sloop again until he is ready to take up his battery, and if he does put sail on, he's got to take up. Up there the canvas weigh a pound to a pound and a half more than they do down here, and so they bring a better price. We chase the fat off ours down here. We never did enforce the law against sailing in this county, but it's got worse in the last few years, since people got crazy about boobies, ye know—ruddy ducks. In old times there were worlds of boobies, and they were no good on earth. Nobody'd eat 'em or buy 'em, or shoot 'em. But after the people got to wanting them and paying for them, men and small boys took to sailing them and ringing them, and it's just got to be the fashion down here to chase the ducks all the time. Why, them boobies brings $1.25 a pair now—half as much as canvas and nearly as much as redheads."

"Well," said I, "what prospect is there of anything better? The sailing may correct itself in part by permanently driving the ducks away, but I do not see how that is likely to benefit you."

"They're pretty near driven away now," replied George. "If I had my way," he went one, "I'd fix it, I think, so that the shooting wouldn't be harmed so much, and so that an honest man would have a chance to make a living. Now you know I gun in winter, and I want to make what I can at it. At the same time, I don't want to kill every living duck there is in the sound. I want some left for next season. I ain't got much education and maybe I can't express myself very well, but I know what I want.

"There's lots of men that guns for profit that don't seem to look after their own interests. But if I had my way, I would limit the decoys that a man could own. He could own fifty if he was a bush blinder or a point shooter—that's a great plenty. On these he'd have to pay $10 before he put them out the first of the season. A battery man could have 150, instead of from 300 to 400 as they have now, and on these he would have to pay $25. The law against sailing would be put in force. If all this were done, it would put an end to this harrying of the ducks. They would stay here and every responsible person would have a chance at them."

"Now these taxes all going to the county would run up into hundreds of dollars, and would be enough to hire three or four men during the season to patrol the sound and see that the law was enforced. The men would have to be deputy sheriffs or marshals—regular law officers who had the power to arrest people who were doing things that were against the law, and to call on citizens to help them to make arrests or to give evidence. If they got the right kind of men for the work it would take only a short time to make people understand that the law meant something. The sailing and chasing fowl about would stop, and when the ducks got here they would stay all winter instead of just stopping here and then being chased off to some other place where we who need them can't get at them.

"I ain't sure but the best way would be for us to make a county matter of it altogether, not to go to the State Legislature at all, but just to make our county commissioners order an election held about this here and let us who are interested decide it for ourselves. If we did that, I believe the law could not be changed until we ourselves had voted on it again.

"The people who live in this county most all make their livings by farming in summer and gunning in winter, when the ducks are here, and we are the ones who want plenty of ducks, for they are a good share of our living. As it is now, they come and are chased away, and we don't get a half a chance at them. Men go out to sail ducks, and if they don't find ducks they sail geese, and after they have driven the geese away they sail boobies and blue peters. They don't make any money themselves, and they won't let no one else make any. It's all wrong, I tell ye, and somehow, some time before long, it's got to be stopped."

I give these remarks for what they are worth, as the opinions of a professional gunner whose living during the winter months is earned in this way. He belongs to a class whose interest it is to have the duck crop each year as large as possible.

I should say for the benefit of those ignorant of the locality, that in this county the season for wildfowl extends from Nov. 10 to March 31. Shooting is permitted on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of each week.

M. M.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XXVI.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Continued from page* 185.]

Fish Ducks.

Sub-family *Merginæ*.

THE mergansers, or, as they are often called, the fishing ducks, may be distinguished from all others of the *Anatidæ* by their narrow and round (not flattened) bills, always provided with sharp, backward-directed, tooth-like lamellæ. Except for their bills, they are like the sea ducks. They are birds of handsome plumage, always provided with a crest, which in the male may be enormously enlarged and very striking, as in the hooded merganser, or merely puffy, with brilliant iridescent hues, as in the goosander. The mergansers feed almost altogether on small fish, which they capture by diving, and as a consequence their flesh is not at all desirable. All our species are widely distributed over North America.

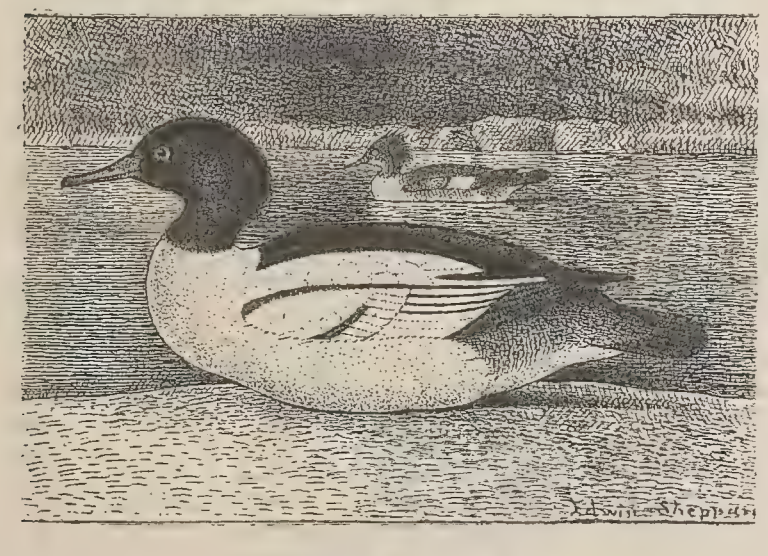
American Merganser.

Merganser americanus (Cass.).

The adult has the head and upper neck greenish black, with brilliant metallic reflections, the head being puffy and the feathers slightly longest on the back of the head. The back is black, fading to ashy gray on the rump and upper tail coverts. The primaries and secondaries are black, but the rest of the wing is chiefly white, crossed by a black bar. The under parts are white, tinged with salmon color, rosy or pinkish, which does not last long after death. In old skins, the breast feathers often become barred with ashy. The tail is ashy gray, with bill, eyes and feet bright red. Length about 26 inches.

In the female the head and neck are reddish brown, and there is a long crest on the back of the head, much more marked than in the male. The chin and throat are white, the upper parts gray. About one-half of each secondary feather is white, forming a speculum on the wing. The primaries are black, the flanks and tail gray. The lower parts are pinkish salmon color in life, fading to white. The bill and feet are red.

Valueless as food, the great merganser is certainly one of our most beautiful and graceful birds. It is a close relative to the goosander of Europe, and was long con-



AMERICAN MERGANSER.

sidered to be the same bird. The differences on which they are separated are very slight. The merganser is a resident of the extreme North in summer. It is found in Alaska, though apparently not very common there; and in fact it does not seem to be a very common bird anywhere, both the other species exceeding it in numbers. It is one of our most hardy birds, and one of the last to go South in autumn; and indeed it will remain about air holes in the rivers, where it can fish, long after most other ducks have taken their departure for the South.

It is well established that goosander breeds in the hollows of trees, wherever trees are accessible, though some observerss who have reported nests of this species from the far North, beyond where timber grows, state that it builds its nest upon the ground in the ordinary manner of many of the salt-water ducks.

Definite information as to the breeding habits of this merganser were first given by Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, of Calais, Me., to whom ornithology owes so much. In FOREST AND STREAM he says:

"Many years ago I was up at Grand Lake Stream salmon fishing, when I saw a large duck fly into a hole high up in a large birch tree. The log drivers said it was a sheldrake, and had nested there many years. I was anxious to see what kind of a merganser it was. After the log drivers' day's work was done one of them by driving spikes managed to get up. The old bird flew out, and he brought down one egg, and said there were seven more. I then got the man to arrange a noose over the hole, and the next morning we had the old bird hung by the neck, and the eight eggs were new to science. The log drivers said they had seen the old bird bring down the young in her bill to the water. Several years later Mr. John Krider, of Philadelphia, went with me to the same tree and collected eggs. He was a well-known collector. Mr. Audubon was mistaken in his account of the nesting of this merganser, since he describes it as nesting on the ground among rushes, in the manner of the *serrator*, having a large nest raised seven or eight inches above the surface."

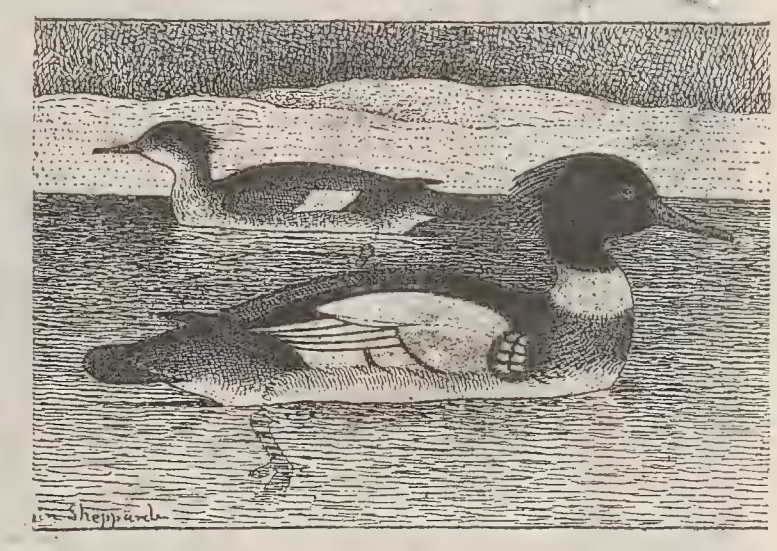
Often, while traveling along streams in uninhabited parts of the country, one may come upon a mother merganser and her brood of tiny young and may drive them before him for miles along the stream, the birds keeping well out of his way, and the mother watching over them with the tenderest care. It is a curious sight to see these tiny creatures run, as it seems, over the surface of the water, at the same time flapping their tiny featherless wing, but making extraordinary progress the while.

The goosander, like others of its kind, feeds almost exclusively on fish. It is said that in the autumn its flesh is not noticeably bad, but that in spring it is exceedingly rank and oily.

Red-Breasted Merganser, Sheldrake.

Merganser serrator (Linn.).

The adult male has the head greenish black, with some metallic reflections of violet and purple. The crest is a ragged one, chiefly on the back of the head; the feathers are irregular, but few of them being long. There is a well-marked white collar around the upper neck below the black. The lower neck and breast are pale pinkish brown, streaked with black from above downward. The back and inner scapulars are black; the lower back and rump grayish, waved with black and white; the tail grayish brown. The wing is chiefly white, crossed by two black bars. The primaries are brownish black, and the outer webs of the inner secondaries edged with the same color. On the side of the breast, in front of the bend in



RED-BREASTED MERGANSER.

the wing, is a patch of white feathers, margined with black. The sides are barred with black and white, and the rest of the under parts white. The bill, eyes and feet are bright red. Length about 22 inches. In this species the nostrils are situated near to the base of the bill, whereas in the goosander they are nearly half way between the base and tip of the bill. This will enable the observer to distinguish between the two species.

The adult female has the top of the head and crest reddish brown; the sides of head and neck somewhat paler, fading to white on the throat. The upper parts are dark ashy gray; the sides almost the same, but somewhat paler. There is a white patch on the wing, divided by a black bar. The under parts are white, often with a pinkish or salmon tinge in both sexes, but this is by no means always present. The bill, legs and feet are like those in the male, but perhaps a little duller.

Like the goosander, this species belongs to the Northern Hemisphere at large, and is found in Europe, China, Japan and other islands of the Pacific. Mr. Shepherd found it breeding in Iceland, in company with Barrow's golden-eye, and Old World observers generally have reported it as abundant in the North. It occurs regularly as a resident in Greenland, and of course in North America is quite a common species. It has been reported in summer from Alaska, and from Maine, and breeds in both sections. Mr. MacFarlane found it also breeding on the Anderson River, in the far North. The nest is reported to be closely similar to that of the black duck, and the parent often lines it with down plucked from her breast.

Like the preceding species, the red-breasted merganser is a tough and hardy bird, well fitted to endure our Northern winters, and not proceeding southward so long as there are any open waters in which it can gain a livelihood. It spends much of its time on the salt water and associates more or less with the winter sea ducks of the New England coast, but more perhaps with the whistlers than with any others.

The red-breasted merganser feeds altogether on fish, and for this reason has no value whatever as a table bird. Dr. D. G. Elliot, in his excellent work on "North American Wildfowl," gives a graphic description of their fishing which is well worth reproducing. He says: "When engaged in fishing, by their rapid diving and maneuvering beneath the waters they cause the small fish—if the schools are of any size—to become widely scattered, and many rise close to the surface. The gulls take advantage of such opportunities and pounce upon their luckless finny prey from above, and then, with ducks diving into the depths and gulls plunging from above, the scene is a very lively one. I remember on one occasion watching a number of this merganser engaged in fishing in a cove, when their movements attracted to them a large flock of Bonaparte's gull (*Larus philadelphia*), which hovered over the ducks for a moment and then began to plunge head foremost into the water, one after another, in rapid succession, emerging, frequently with a small fish in the bill. The mergansers paid no attention to their fellow fishermen, although at times a plunging gull would come perilously near one of the saw-billed gentry as he rose from the depths; and what with the rising and disappearing mergansers and the air above them filled with the forms of the darting gulls, executing all manner of swift and graceful evolutions, the scene was very spirited and full of animation."

The red-breasted merganser is swift of wing, and, as might be imagined, an expert diver. It frequently comes in very gently to decoys, dashing along at great speed, until it reaches the point where it wishes to alight, and then, without checking its flight, throwing itself breast down upon the water and sliding over it for some distance. After alighting, it looks about for a moment, alternately raising and depressing its crest, and if it sees nothing to alarm it, goes to work fishing. There is no reason for shooting it, as it is worthless for food. Among the common names applied to this bird in different sections of the country are sheldrake, saw-bill, fisherman, pied sheldrake, shelduck and big saw-bill.

Hooded Merganser.

Lophodytes cucullatus (Linn.).

Adult male has the head, neck, back and scapulars black. The very long full crest is pure white, margined with black. The wing coverts are gray, fading to ash color behind, and the greater coverts are black at the base and tipped with white, showing a distinct black and white band across the wing. The secondaries are white, the basal portion black, which gives the effect of two wide white wing bars, bordered in front by two narrow black wing bars. In front of the wing on the side of the breast are two black and two white bars, crescent-shaped. The sides and flanks are rusty brown or tawny, growing darker toward the tail, and crossed by fine black lines. The under parts generally are white; the under tail coverts streaked with dusky. The bill is black, eye bright yellow and the feet yellowish. Length about 18 inches.

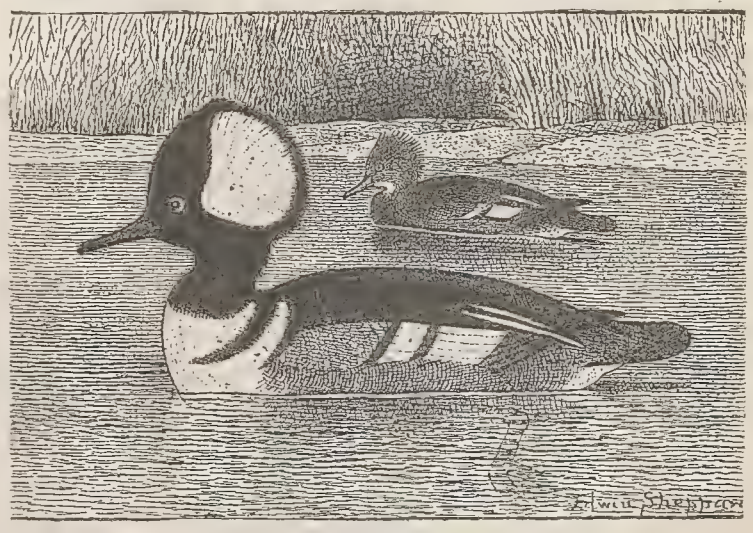
In the female the head and crest are reddish brown and the upper parts are grayish brown. The chin and throat are white; the flanks grayish brown. There is a patch on the wing, white, crossed by a black bar, and the under parts generally are white. The bill is yellowish, darkening to brown on the margin and on the nail.

The hooded merganser is one of the most striking of our North American ducks. It is exclusively a North American species, and occurs in Europe only as a straggler. Throughout the whole of North America, however, it is generally distributed, and seems to be no less abundant, for example, in Nebraska than it is on the Atlantic or Pacific coasts.

The hooded merganser breeds over much of the country in suitable localities. Mr. Boardman has found it breeding abundantly in Maine, where its nests were always found in the hollows of trees, the cavity being usually lined with grass, leaves and down. He has related the following curious incident in regard to the breeding of this bird:

"On one of my collecting trips my attention was called by the log drivers to a singular contest between two ducks—it proved to be a female wood duck and a female hooded merganser—for the possession of a hollow tree. Two birds had been observed for several days contesting for the nest, neither permitting the other to remain in peaceful occupancy. The nest was found to contain eighteen fresh eggs, of which one-third belonged to the merganser, and as the nest was lined with the down of the merganser it appeared probable this bird was the rightful owner of the premises."

Audubon states that the hooded merganser bred in Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana; and Dr. Bachman believed that it bred in South Carolina. It certainly breeds in Florida. During its migrations, the hairy-



HOODED MERGANSER.

head, as it is often called, is common in New England, and generally all along the coast, at least as far as South Carolina. In the marshes of Currituck Sound I have seen them in great numbers, sometimes in flocks of over one hundred individuals.

The hooded merganser is a bird of exceedingly swift flight, and at a little distance may often be taken for a canvasback or blackhead as it flies swiftly toward one. It is an unsuspicious bird, coming up readily to decoys, striking the water with a swift rush, and for a few moments after alighting, swimming about alertly, as if to observe its surroundings. Usually it flies with great directness, and is not easily frightened into changing its course. The hooded merganser is an extremely expert swimmer and diver, and it is a beautiful sight to watch a small body of them, as one sometimes may, when they are feeding without knowledge of the presence of an enemy. At such times the startling plumage of the male is seen to very great advantage, and one is greatly attracted by the beauty of his plumage and the grace of his motions.

This bird rejoices in a variety of names, of which water-pheasant, hairy-crown, hairy-head, saw-bill diver,

little saw-bill, swamp sheldrake, spike-bill and cock-robin are the most familiar.

Note.

The smew *(Mergus albellus)* was reported by Audubon to have been taken in Louisiana, near New Orleans, in 1817. The bird was a female. Since that date no specimens have been reported as taken within the United States. If the bird ever occurs on this continent it is only an accidental straggler. It is perhaps more likely that in the case of the specimen taken by Audubon there was some mistake of identification. However, the description is given here, taken from Dr. Elliot's "Wild Fowl": "Adult male: General plumage white. A large patch at base of the bill, including the lores and eyes, lower portion of nuchal crest, middle of back and two crescentic narrow lines on side of breast, outer edge of scapulars and rump jet black. Upper tail coverts gray, edges lighter. Middle wing coverts white, greater coverts and secondaries black, tipped with white. Primaries blackish brown. Tail dark gray. Sides and flanks undulated with fine black lines on a gray ground. Bill bluish, nail lighter. Iris bluish white. Legs and feet bluish lead color; webs darker. Total length about 16¾ inches; wing 7 6-10; culmen 1¼; tarsus 1⅛.

"Adult female: Head and nape chestnut brown, lores and cheeks brownish black. Throat and sides of neck white. Upper parts brownish gray, darkest on the rump; some feathers on back, tipped with ashy gray. Sides and flanks brownish gray. Under parts white. Tail brown gray."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Threatening Indiana Law.

CHICAGO, Ill.—There is a large threat against Chicago sportsmen, and against reasonable game protection, in a certain Indiana game bill, which bids fair to become a law at this session of the Indiana Legislature. This is the Layman bill, Senate Bill No. 73. It has passed the Senate and has been referred to the committee in the House, and has passed that committee. The Indiana Legislature adjourns a week from to-day, so there is a very good chance that the bill may go up on the statute books. A few of its startling measures may be mentioned:

It opens the chicken season Oct. 1, and closes it Nov. 10, and it carries the apparently contradictory clause that no dog may be used on chickens from Oct. 1 to Nov. 10. It brings forward the wise limitation of the daily bag to 24 quail or 24 ducks daily. It also wisely prohibits altogether the sale of quail. It opens the duck season Oct. 1, and closes it April 15. It proposes no restriction whatever on snipe shooting.

So far as the above clauses are concerned it might be tolerable, but this is but a part. No man may go upon another man's farm with gun and dog without the consent of the owner. Yet he may go upon any swamp land without asking the consent of the owner. Hence it may be seen that a Chicago man cannot hunt on a farm without permission, yet the farmer may hunt upon the Chicago man's duck preserve without any hindrance. This clause, abolishing the common law of trespass, will perhaps eventually knock out the law.

A $25 shooting license is to be required of non-residents, though none of residents, and every hunter must have his license on his person. A railroad company carrying game out of the State can be fined $50 to $200. No shooter can go out with his gun on Sunday. Lastly, there are stiff fines and imprisonments provided for each violation of the law, and on top of this fine, and assessable upon the defendant, there is to be an additional fine, or blood money, of $20 for each conviction, which $20 goes to the State Game and Fish Commission. Thus it may be seen that Indiana also has caught the idea of "raising a fund for game protection." Indiana will at least raise a disturbance, if she does not raise a fund, with this law.

An emergency clause is attached to this bill, so the law will go into effect in ten days, if it be passed.

Hearing of this sweeping measure and seeing its evident animus, a number of sportsmen have altered their plans in regard to Indiana game clubs. Several members of the Tolleston club have given up their membership. Should the law actually be passed and enforced it would make game abundant in Indiana. No one dreams that it would be enforced against the local men. It would porbably be enforced to some extent against the city shooters who visit Indiana.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 9.—A telegram from the Secretary of State of Indiana, bearing date of March 7, reads: "Game bill has passed and now in the hands of Governor." At this date the bill still remains in the hands of the Governor of Indiana, though little doubt exists that it will become a law. This law more nearly affects the shooters of Chicago than any game law which has ever been passed by any State adjoining Illinois. The test of these things is the popular interest which they create, and every shooter in Chicago is discussing this Indiana measure. It will exact a $25 license from every member of the Tolleston, Calumet Heights, Maksawba, English Lake, Cumberland, Nickel Plate, Pittsburg, Lake George and many other minor shooting clubs, whose membership is made up mostly of non-residents. It will ask the same sum from every one of the 300 or 400 Chicago shooters who each week during the shooting season throng down to such points as Shelby and Water Valley. There is going to be trouble over this law just as sure as the world. It may stick and it may not. None the less it will advertise the question of game protection in a country where there has been little enough protection. Some features of the law are good.

The bill makes the close seasons as follows: Quail, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, pinnated grouse, Jan. 1 to Nov. 10. Squirrel, Jan. 1 to June 1 and Oct. 1 to Nov. 10. Wildfowl, April 15 to Sept. 1 and Oct. 1 to Nov. 10. Dove, Jan. 1 to Jan. 1 and Oct. 1 to Nov. 10. Deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, protected entirely. Squirrels and wildfowl may be killed from Oct. 1 to Nov. 10 by permit from the Game Commissioner. Hunting on inclosed land without written permission of owner forbidden, under penalty of $10 to $25. Export of game is forbidden, except that non-resident licensees may carry with them twenty-four birds. Lawful number of quail in a day is twenty-four. Sale of quail is forbidden. The non-resident license sections read:

Sec. 13. It shall be unlawful for any person who is a non-resident of the State of Indiana to hunt, anywhere within the State of Indiana, any of the wild animals, fowls or birds that are protected during any part of the year without procuring a license to do so, and then only during the respective periods of the year when it shall be lawful to do so. Said license shall be procured in the following manner, to wit: The applicant shall fill out a blank application, to be furnished by the clerk of the Circuit Court of any county of the State, stating the name, age, occupation and place of residence of the applicant, which application shall be sworn to before some person authorized to administer oaths in the State of Indiana or the State in which the applicant resides. Upon the presentation of such application to the clerk of the Circuit Court of any county in the State, such clerk shall issue to applicant a license to hunt anywhere in the State of Indiana. Such license shall be good for one year. Before the issuance of any such license the applicant shall pay to such clerk the sum of twenty-five dollars and fifty cents, twenty-five dollars of which shall be paid to the Treasurer of State as a part of the fish and game protective fund, as hereinafter provided, and fifty cents of which shall be reserved by said clerk and disposed of as other fees of his office are disposed of. Any licensee under the provisions of this section hereby authorized to take from the State of Indiana twenty-four game birds of all kinds, killed by himself, which shall be carried openly for inspection, together with his or her license.

Sec. 14. No person to whom a license is issued under the provisions of the preceding section shall be entitled to hunt, pursue or kill game in this State without at the time of such hunting, pursuing or killing of game he has in his possession his license ready to exhibit the same to the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game or any of his deputies.

CHICAGO, March 11.—Governor Mount, of Indiana, has vetoed the new game bill as too arbitrary and sweeping in nature.

North Dakota Game Law.

The House of the North Dakota Legislature has passed the bill prohibiting the sale of game—yet another Western State to swing in line. North Dakota will probably pass a wolf bounty law,

Still another new thing for the sportsman is a paper fiber goose decoy. I saw it at Von Lengerke & Antoine's to-day for the first time, and the thing commends itself singularly to the goose hunter condemned to long voyages across country. In brief, this false goose is stamped out of a sheet of properly colored paper fiber,

THE INDIAN CAMP AT THE CHICAGO SHOW.

and is bent on a curve and fastened across the lower edge with a tin clip. The wooden neck and head are fastened by a simple clip at the front end of this curved body, which now presents the appearance not of a profile, but of the full body of the bird. Legs can be made of two clips of iron, which run up inside the hollow. The wind passes freely through the interior of the bird, so that it has no wobble. It has been tried by Western shooters, and works perfectly as a decoy. Now if you wish to pack your decoys, free the bottom clip, take off the head and neck, and pile the paper bodies out flat, one on top of the other. A dozen geese will not weigh a dozen pounds complete, and the problem of transportation is solved at once. The only thing lacking in these days of abundant devices for taking game is a little more game to be taken.

Sheep and Elk.

Last night I met at the Sportsmen's Show my old friend Jones, of Sandwich, Ill. He ought to be hired as a before-and-after sign betokening the virtues of sporting journalism. Six months ago he was a wreck. FOREST AND STREAM sent him out into the mountains, and to-day he is fat and talks bass. Mr. Jones tells me, by the way, that the elk in the Jackson's Hole country seem to him in danger of extinction, not so much from hunters as from sheep. The sheepmen are threatening to invade the winter range of the elk below the Park, and if they once get in there it is good-by elk. The local men are trying to keep out the sheep herders, but the result is still to be determined.

Game Laws in New Brunswick.

Arthur Pringle, of the New Brunswick guides here at the show, tells me that the New Brunswick Guides' Association has petitioned the Government to pass a law prohibiting night shooting of moose. This cuts off the popular form of night calling for moose, but in the opinion of the guides it is a necessity. They are going to have game in New Brunswick after we have killed all of ours in the United States.

Needs a Bear.

Mr. Oren Scotten, of Detroit, Mich., is going out into the Blackfoot country to kill a bear this spring, and he has sent out to his guide, J. W. Schultz, four bear traps.

Log Cabins and How to Build Them.

The log cabin reception room, which was one of the features at the show just closing here in Chicago, attracted considerable attention among sportsmen. Mr. George Schreiber, the executive artist at the show, and his able lieutenant, Charlie Norris, have taken orders for six of these cabins, to be put up in and around Chicago for sportsmen. Charlie Norris, by the way, was in charge of the timber operations which had so much to do with the success of the decoration scheme at the show. He got the pine here in time—nineteen car loads of it—and but for his ability as a hustler the decorations would have been up in the air. Charlie Burton, who had charge of the transportation facilities, was also mighty useful in getting these goods on the floor in time.

Interesting Things at the Show.

The trade features at the Sportsmen's Show in Chicago were, as earlier stated, made subordinate to the general scheme. The big ammunition houses did not put in booths, but were represented only by distributers. The Peters Cartridge Company, among others, made a good showing at the booth of their agents, Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., and deserve great credit for the pains taken in the selection and arrangement of the goods. Had the show continued a week longer the Peters target gallery would have made a hit, as its attendance increased daily. The arrangement furnished for this essential part of the Sportsmen's Show were the best obtainable, though not so good as might be desired.

Toboggans and Snowshoes.

The New Brunswick cabin proved to be a very winning feature. A toboggan which they showed is the result of the genius and of the years of hard study of Henry Braithwaite, and it surely would seem hard to improve upon it. The old flatbottom board is, of course, done away with, that being impractical, as I have myself discovered long ago, in spite of the sporting pictures which show a snowshoer jauntily dragging behind him a moose on a toboggan. Braithwaite's toboggan has thin wooden shoes about four inches wide, set about fifteen inches apart. The sideboards of the runners are made out of the root end of the tree and retain the natural curve. The runners rise above in a long graceful curve about twenty inches from the foot of the sled to the top of the curve. Their ends are lashed back to the frame of the sledge, which is made with light standards and cross bars, all firmly lashed together. This sledge is not rigid, but will twist and give, though it cannot break. The curve of the runners carries it clear of any little obstacle, and big Adam Moore proved to me last night that this toboggan would go over anything that a man could step over. Getting into the shafts, he stepped clear across the table and the railing of the exhibit out into the aisle. The toboggan rose by the leverage of the shafts, mounted the table and was steadied down across the railing by the same means of the shafts. This is the secret of the tractability of the sledge. It is all in the shafts. From the sides of the vertical runners, a little way back from the front of the sledge, projects a loop of hide. Now you have two long slender poles about as thick as the little end of a broomstick, one going on each side of the sledge. The ends of these poles are thrust through the loops from behind, the hide engaging in a groove cut around the lower end of the shaft. Now you throw the shafts forward, and assume the position of the horse between these shafts. A couple of feet from the front end of the shafts is a ring of hide, fastened tightly. Behind this ring you fasten the end of your neck strap. You pass this neck strap back of your neck and out under the arms, and you are hitched up. In front of you projects a couple of feet of shaft, by means of which you rest your hands and guide your sledge. Now the wonderful parts of these shafts is that they do away entirely with all the side wabble, which makes a toboggan hard to pull. The lower ends of the shafts press tightly enough against the sides of the runners to be perfectly rigid so far as side motion is concerned. The pulling on the neck strap binds the shafts against the side of the runners. The toboggan is just wide enough to come along in a

snowshoe trail, and all these guides say you can walk all day and never need to think of your toboggan. They mention 100 pounds as being about the proper load, and say that those people who can pull 200 pounds easily don't grow in their parts of the woods. This sledge is a beauty, and is one of the most ingenious specimens of resourcefulness in the woods that was ever seen at any show.

I had a good talk also with Arthur Pringle, the famous snowshoe maker. I told him that when he sent me my pair of snowshoes he left off the straps. "They must have got lost in the custom house," said he, "for I sent them on the shoes, and had them tied just the way we all tie our shoes up there." He took down a pair of shoes and showed me the tie, and it is one of the prettiest things I ever saw, and the only regret is that one cannot describe it any more than he can describe the diamond hitch, or show it any better even in a picture. Briefly, there is a permanent toe strap made out of moose hide. Now take your thong, also of moose hide, double it, and pass the free ends through the corner hole on each side. The loop of the strap is now back on the body of the shoe, and the ends hang down below the shoe. Now bring the ends up through the shoe, over the first bar braces on each side of the toe hole. Cross the thongs. Pass the left hand end under the toe strap and bring it back. Pass the right hand end under the other strap and over the toe strap. Now pull both ends free and straighten them out back on the snowshoe. Now throw each end forward, and take a half hitch over the crossed thong at the front of the foot. Bring both the free ends back again until they join the original loop of the thong, which you left lying on the shoe. Tie them of the same length as that loop. Now you have a double strap running back behind the heel. You do not change this strap at all, but kick your foot into it, or out it, when you are using the shoe. You can tighten your straps by rolling them at the heel. Now the wonderful and indescribable part of this tie is that on the toe of your foot you have something which looks as though you had started to braid some meshes with moose hide. You have not a single, thin, biting strap, but a pad of braided straps. Your foot cannot slip sideways in the shoe, friction is reduced to a minimum, and that great desideratum, firmness combined with flexibility is attained. This snowshoe tie is the ancient device of the Millicete Indians. The Micmac tribe follow this same tie, except that after making the half hitch or turn of the strap they do not bring it back and tie it behind the heel, but pass the free ends through a slit in the side strap, and confine it by a peg tied crosswise of the slit. They thus have only one heel strap instead of two. There are all kinds of snowshoe ties, but the fittest survive. There is every likelihood that this ancient tie of the snowshoe Indians, which has come down for so many generations, is the best, simply because it remains unchanged. Not even Henry Braithwaite has been able to improve upon it, and everybody from Mr. Armstrong and Harry Allen to Mr. Chestnut says that that settles it.

Wading Boots and Casting Lines.

Mr. Norman Fletcher, of Louisville, Ky., wants some information about fly-fishing outfits, which I am sure some reader of the FOREST AND STREAM will be good enough to give him. His letter follows:

"Can any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM tell me in detail how to fasten leather soles with hob nails on to the bottoms of mackintosh wading pants that have boot feet so that there will not be any leak? Until last year I have always used the stocking feet waders with canvas shoes having hob nails in soles. With this outfit I could walk over clay or smooth stone bottom without the slightest danger of slipping. With the usual boot feet waders (the soles being of rubber) I find it impossible to avoid slipping down occasionally. In 1899 and 1900 I had bad luck with enameled fly-lines. I bought the most expensive lines from some of the most reliable houses in the United States. The trouble was that the enamel was too hard and cracked off in places, leaving the lines in a limp condition. In one instance the line had no strength. It seemed to be rotten. I usually use E. & F. tapered lines. I never had any of this trouble until the summer of 1899, although I have been using fly-lines for quite a term of years."

Spring Game.

Under date of March 4 Mr. Emile Pragoff writes from Louisville, Ky.: "The first snipe of the season was killed here to-day."

Reports were received from Fred Allen, of Monmouth, Ill., to-day, March 9, that there are a great many pintails on the prairies at that point.

Ducks are reported to have appeared at the Maksawba Club yesterday, March 8. I saw a large number of bluebills in Lake Michigan to-day, March 9.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Ticonderoga Gun Club.

THE Ticonderoga Gun Club, whose motto is K. W. Y. A. A.—"Know what you aim at"—held its first annual dinner at the Yale Club, this city, on March 8. These officers were elected for the year: Edward M. Bliven, President; W. Bradford Smith, Alexander H. Weed, Paris Scott Russell, Vice-Presidents; Peter Flint, Secretary, and George Ketchum, Treasurer, 150 Nassau street, New York city; Cass Pease, Ticonderoga, and Alanson Moore, Eagle Lake, Local Secretaries; Robert Donohue, J. E. Taylor, Herbert Moore, Committee on New Members; Edmund O. Luthy Herbert Smith, J. A. Paez, B. F. Hibbard, David Abercombie, George Farrington, F. H. Russell, Charles Hanft, Albert Weed, W. C. Witherbee, Directors.

President Edward M. Bliven, of Yonkers, spoke on the Vineyard, where he has hunted for several years. He fully indorsed the purpose and liberal scope of the organization, and favored rigid laws for the punishment of the careless shooter. He said that K. W. Y. A. A. was practiced at Bunker Hill when Old Put told his men not to fire until they could see the whites of the Britishers' eyes, and that the careful placing of bullets should be taught to all young or careless hunters.

Paris Scott Russell spoke enthusiastically about the Ticonderoga hill country, and referred to the beauty of Eagle Lake for fishing and hunting.

Mr. Robert Donohue, who has returned lately from a trip up State, spoke of the popularity of the movement among central New York hunters, and that similar bodies are soon to be formed there.

W. Bradford Smith, of Newark, N. J., told of his twenty years' experience in Ticonderoga hunting, and was glad that Eagle Lake is to be the summer rendezvous of the club, where its trout dinner will be held at Eagle Lake Inn, Aug. 21, with a target shoot and boat races as additional features. There is a new post-office at the lake, which will be appreciated. Mr. Smith said that the region extending from Eagle Lake to Schroon Lake, through miles of virgin forest, was one of the most interesting hunting localities in the Adirondacks, and was unsurpassed for the beauty and number of its large and small lakes.

A hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. Peter Flint, the new Secretary of the club, for his promptness in capturing the sentiment K. W. Y. A. A., which has resulted in the formation of so powerful an alliance for protection to hunters.

Letters of regret were received from Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff, Dr. Arthur Matthewson, Charles T. Catlin, Brooklyn; Edmund O. Luthy, Cincinnati, and F. S. Russell, Chicago.

Hounds on the Northport Preserve.

AT the annual meeting of the Northport Gun Club a notable feature was the passing of a resolution prohibiting the employment of hounds on club grounds during the month of November, in order to improve bird hunting, which certainly is the noblest part of the sport. There is no doubt that the noisy hounds frighten every species of game from the preserves, and the stand the club has taken in this matter deserves the hearty approval of every true sportsman.

Ducks in New Jersey.

BAYVILLE, N. J., March 7.—There are lots of ducks on their way up. The cold snap has stopped them here. They will not stool, but stay in the middle of the bay. They will leave the first fair day. HERB.

Sam Lovel's Boy.*

THE quaint Danvis Folk with whom the genius of Rowland E. Robinson peopled the hills of Vermont have become very real beings to thousands of readers of his books. For their sterling qualities and human foibles as so truthfully and sympathetically depicted by Mr. Robinson, we long ago came to love them. Sam Lovel we knew, and Huldy we knew, and for the sake of such a father and such a mother we were prepared to take into our hearts the boy Sam, and he speedily showed himself worthy of our affection for his own sake. As was to have been expected, Uncle 'Lisha assumed the delightful office of mentor of the boy in woodcraft, and under the guidance of the old man the young Sam soon showed himself a true son of his woods loving father. The chapters which describe Sam's initiation into the mysteries of fishing and shooting and wilderness life are among the most charming in all the Danvis series. The book is filled with those pen pictures of nature in which the author excelled, and as in all the other works which came from Mr. Robinson's pen, there is throughout a play of the humor and of the pathos which make up human life amid New England hills as the world over. Keen as he was to have noted the ways of nature, and marvelous as are his graphic pictures of natural phenomena, Mr. Robinson was a searching observer of human nature as well, and it is the human nature in his inimitable books that will give them life.

*SAM LOVEL'S BOY. By Rowland E. Robinson. Cloth. 259 pages. Price, $1.25. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Beaverkill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a stream the very name of which is music to the ears of the veteran trout angler of this State, and that stream is the Beaverkill. Its praises have often been sung, but I am not sure that any history of it has ever been written. Other trout streams have been visited and are known to the present generation of anglers for trout, but this one has a history, and was known before the streams in the North Woods were ever heard of, and it has been visited by the most expert and noted anglers this State has ever produced.

The angler of to-day knows but little in his tramps, either in the Catskills or the Adirondacks, of the wealth of trout which abounded in some of our streams from a half to three-quarters of a centry ago, and there are but few living to-day who can tell of it. None of the veteran anglers who visited this stream in the forties are now living, so far as I know, and but few are now living who fished it fifty years ago.

It may be well to explain to those who have never given the subject any thought that there are two watersheds in the State of New York, one in the Adirondacks north of the Mohawk River, with Mount Marcy some 5,400 feet high, and the other and perhaps the greater of the two is in the Catskill region south of the Mohawk.

This lower watershed contains fifty-nine mountains 3,000 feet high, and upwards, twenty-five of which are over 3,500 feet above tidewater, the highest, Slide Mountan, being about 4,800 feet high.

About the year 1802 the State of New York conveyed certain lands on this lower watershed, and among the rest conveyed what is known as Great Lot No. 9, of the Hardenburgh Patent, which contained 10,000 acres and extended on the crest of the mountain from a point now known as Lumberville, 17 miles easterly to a point about five miles east of Balsam Lake.

The persons who were foolish enough to purchase this tract committed greater folly in laying out a road from the head of Dry Brook over the mountain; thence down the Beaverkill some twelve or fifteen miles to Alder Brook, and from thence over Cross Mountain to Lumberville, and this made accessible the most noted trout stream which ever existed in this State. From Alder Brook a road soon extended down the stream through Westfield Flats, and to its junction with the Delaware.

This stream has its source near the crest of the Catskill mountain range, some 3,000 feet above tidewater, and is from forty to forty-five miles in length.

For half a century it furnished from twenty-five to thirty miles of as fine fishing for bait or fly as any stream in the State, and that largely because it was so inaccessible. It was difficult to reach it without a trip of a couple of days by private conveyance.

About 1835 a gentleman in New York City found it necessary to provide a mountain retreat for a near relative, and he selected for that purpose the most delightful spot he could find on the Beaverkill, where he erected a beautiful Gothic cottage, in front of which was a charming lawn, extending to the stream.

James Murdock, then a young man, was engaged to take care of the invalid, and he was given the privilege of entertaining a limited number of anglers.

After some years the invalid died, and Murdock became the owner of the property, and continued to own it until his death, a year or two ago. No fact is better known to the angler than that the cooking of trout is an art, and no one ever excelled Mrs. Murdock in this art.

I presume that there is no angler now living who knows more than the writer in regard to the condition of this stream from forty to sixty years, or even longer. James Murdock was a close friend of mine, and I also knew and fished for many years with the most remarkable trio of anglers who ever lived in this State, and to the veteran angler of to-day I need only mention the names of "Fitch, Adams and Smedburgh." Judge Fitch lived in Catskill, William Adams, a brother-in-law, in New York and John Smedburgh, another brother-in-law, in Prattsville.

In 1838 this party took its first trip to Murdock's, starting from Prattsville, with a team of three-year-old horses belonging to Smedburgh, and repeated this trip with the same team for twenty-one years.

They always started as near the 24th of May as they could, without traveling on Sunday, and always spent just ten days on the stream. Judge Fitch, who survived the others, died some years ago, at the age of eighty-four.

In 1858 I joined the party, making a fourth member; for several years we fished together in the Beaverkill and adjacent streams, and if I have to-day a correct idea of what the true angler is and should be, and if I have acquired any skill in throwing the fly, I owe it to them. I knew them for years, and had a history of their early trips from Murdock, and during all their visits to the Beaverkill, none of them was ever known to utter a profane or coarse word, to fish on Sunday, to travel in or out on Sunday, and although abundantly supplied they were never known to offer a single drop of liquor to any one, even a guest.

It is hardly necessary to say that they fished the Beaverkill when at its best, but the angler then as now had sometimes a barren trip, for the reason that forty or fifty years ago we were almost sure to have a violent northeast storm in the last week of May or the first week in June, and in 1859 there were two, so that we had but one day's fishing during our whole trip, but this was an exception.

These gentlemen always carried a 24-pound basket (the modern term creel, which generally applies to a little basket, was not then in use), and it was an off day when they did not bring in at least twenty pounds of good-sized fish.

On one morning in the fifties they went out before breakfast, and when they came in about ten o'clock, their three baskets were full.

Early in the sixties, while I yet carried a 24-pound basket, I went down the stream and soon had it a third full, which I gave to a friend who was on his way out, and when I came in at the close of the day my basket was full.

A year or two later, however, there came a great freshet, and in a year or two it was followed by another, with the result that from one-half to two-thirds of the trout, which took refuge in the pockets on the banks, perished when the waters receded and the stream has never rallied.

After the first of these freshets I counted over seventy trout, many of them over half a pound in weight, lying dead in one pocket, and I saw many others.

I will not undertake to give the names of the well-known anglers who have visited this stream, but there is one who could give a charming history of his visits to it, enriched with sketches of his own. Mr. Joseph Jefferson has spent many days at Murdock's, and being equally skillful with rod and pencil he often devoted a part of the day to making sketches from nature, and when the sun was low and the mountains on the west of the stream cast over it their afternoon shadows, and the late flies abounded, he would take his rod for an evening fish. He has a portfolio full of sketches.

My story of the Beaverkill would not be complete if I did not mention one or two singular facts.

When the trio of anglers to whom I have referred went to Murdock's in 1838, there was not an angle worm to be found on the place or in the neighborhood, and as they had taken in a supply they planted what they had left, with the result that in a few years there was an abundance.

Another fact is this, that while many large trout were taken with bait, neither they nor I ever took a trout in the Beaverkill, nor in the Willewemoc, Neversink or Rondout, which tipped the scales at over 15 ounces.

In this respect the veteran anglers who fished our streams when at their best seem to have had less success than our modern ones, who find them almost depleted of fish, and yet so often take trout weighing a pound or upwards, perhaps—but why try to explain?

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Shepherd's Wharf.

WHEN John Smith made his famous voyage of daring exploration up the Potomac he found an Indian town of Nacochtant, just below the mouth of the Eastern Branch. The Rev. Edward D. Neill, writing on the "Founders of Maryland," quotes from a manuscript in the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of the voyage of Capt. Henry Fleet, who spent several years among the Indians here at an early date. He set sail from England in 1631, on the 4th of July, of all days, and in the following summer was doing business with the Nacostines or Anacostans, a tribe living south of the Eastern Branch, and whose name is still perpetuated in the suburb, Anacostia, that is nestled among the hills opposite Washington. Fleet said: "This place without all question is the most pleasant and healthful place in all this country, and most convenient for habitation; the air temperate in summer and not violent in winter. It aboundeth in all manner of fish. The Indians in one night will catch thirty sturgeons in a place where the river is not above twelve fathoms broad."

The sturgeon continues to attract attention from the later navigators and writers. Hugh Jones, Chaplain, etc., writing "On the Present State of Virginia," in 1724, a pamphlet of 151 pages, printed in London, for J. Clarke, at the Bible under the Royal Exchange, said: "As for carrying on the Fishing Trade in Virginia, though there be plenty of fish there, yet I believe other countries where fisheries are established, and that have little else to mind and depend upon, would outdo it in this respect. Only more whales might be taken upon the Eastern Shore and bring good gain to such people as would make it their business; and I don't question but the sturgeons (with the best of which the rivers abound) might with good management and industry be made to surpass all others, both for cheapness and goodness, for they are large, fine and easily taken; nay, they frequently leap, some ashoar and some in boats, as I have been credibly informed." And in a pamphlet of the same title, printed for John Wyat, at the Rose in St. Paul's Churchyard, in 1727, the triple authors say: "Here might be a great trade for Sturgeon, Drums, Sheepsheads and several other fish, as also Whales."

The sturgeon attains a tremendous size, and Badham in his Halieutics tells of one in the Po, of 15 feet in length and reaching 3000 pounds. But Faber, in his Fisheries of the Adriatic, while claiming seven species in that locality, of which four are distinct and local, puts the limit attained by the Po sturgeon at 7 feet and 100 pounds. A discrepancy so marked as this leaves one in grave doubt as to anything except the unusual exaggeration of the Badham account. But Houghton, always reliable, is authority for the statement, and he gives convincing details of one caught in English waters weighing 623 pounds. Six or seven feet was not uncommon for sturgeon in the Potomac up to a few years ago, but the demand for caviare, and above all the enmity of the fishermen, have so reduced them that they are now rarely caught in the upper estuary. They proved so destructive to the nets that they were destroyed whenever taken; if too small to use or too far from market to handle they were killed and thrown away. An establishment for the gathering of roe was for some time maintained lower down the river, the product of which was sent to some caviare manufactory. It has been calculated that the roe of the largest sturgeons contain three million eggs. The Caspian factories turn out or have produced as high as a million and a half pounds of caviare in a year. Most of our own product is exported. An excellent account of its history and manufacture is contained in the Bulletin of the Fish Commission for 1898.

Shepherd's wharf, in the District of Columbia, is a terminus of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, opposite Alexandria, Va., where a car ferry connects it with the Southern Railway, nearly a mile distant. The postoffice is Oxen Hill, and is an interesting instance of the corruption of names. The mansion house here, a century and a half ago was Oxon Hall, built by Col. John Addison, and named in honor of Oxon, the ancient title of Oxfordshire, where he had at Queen's College been educated; he married Rachel Dulany, of Annapolis, was a Tory impenitent, and went to England during the Revolution, but after the peace, came back and died at 72 in 1789. Oxon Hall is forgotten, save to those who care to wander through the old records, and there is left Oxen Hill for the postoffice, and Oxen Run, an insignificant stream that makes into the flats just below Shepherd's wharf, near the dividing line between Prince George's county and the District of Columbia.

From the great sturgeon so easily taken in the olden days to the little sunfish or perch which are the fisherman's reward to-day of the natural inhabitants of the river, is a long way down hill; from a hundredweight to a few ounces. But it is true of other life as well. The Canadians used to come to this region to trade for buffalo skins, and to-day the squirrel and the muskrat are the only fur bearing animals a hunter might be confident of finding. A bear has not been seen since the Revolution. It does not take long to clear out game with firearms. Rev. Jos. Doddridge in "Notes on Settlements and Indian Wars of Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from 1763 to 1783," speaks of the disappearance of the wild turkey, once so numerous, and says that while woodpeckers were still plenty the large redheaded woodpecker or woodcock was already very scarce. This bird, the ivory-billed woodpecker, called Indian hen in the West, was plenty enough thirty years ago on the lower Potomac and the heavy timber country of the Mississippi, but is now rarely seen. So rarely, indeed, that even the watchful Burroughs confesses he never heard one drum, and it's worth a ten-mile tramp to catch his rataplan, on the dry limb of a giant sycamore, in the still woods of a quiet morning, and if the wind is toward you you need only walk five.

While the indigenous life is thus declining, the artificial stocking of the woods and waters with suitable objects of the chase would be easily possible, if only they were protected by the laws and public sentiment; without the sentiment laws are not very effectual. The bass from the West is thriving here as no native fish is doing, and there are a good many other immigrants and their descendants in the Potomac, not all valuable, but at least all curious.

Among the fish often taken by the seines in this river, but rarely in any great number, is the golden ide, now called *Idus idus* by the Commission, from whose ponds it escaped into the Potomac and has there bred. When the fish was first introduced into England from Germany, our Commission in describing it called it *Idus melanotus*, or golden orfe, or golden tench, though the latter is a very different fish. The golden ide is a fine aquarium fish, the upper color a brilliant red, but reaching its best development in domestication and sunlight. In the deeper dark waters of the river as it runs wild, it goes off in color to a pink tinted white, and even in the house tanks of the Commission the specimens are losing their brilliancy. They are called sand perch by the fishermen and a few are sold in the fish markets here. The gold fish too have bred freely in the Potomac, and sometimes crossed with the carp. These crosses too are called sand perch and not easily distinguished always. It is odd to notice that the red ide fades to a sickly pinkish-white, while the red gold fish when run wild turns to the olive brown of the carp. Thousands of these wild gold fish are used for bass bait every year, and so exactly are they like the carp that specimens submitted to the Fish Commission experts were at once pronounced young carp, and it was only on close examination they found to their surprise that the bronze beauties were real gold fish. The lack of barbels, arrangement of the teeth, with some other slight distinguishing marks not apparent on a cursory examination, decided the Chinese crimson cyprinoid had got back where he started from.

The ide grows about a foot in length, and as we have very few bright colored fish in our waters, he always creates a sensation when seen swimming about in clear water. He is reputed good eating, but what is a good fish is so much a matter of taste, prejudice or habit that it is a little unsafe to call any fish good till it is eaten. It is bony, like all the carps, and there are some people so unreasonable as to insist that only one bony fish is good to eat, the shad.

We took a skiff at the dock in Alexandria one hot day in the late summer, and paddled across to the wharf, glad of the shelter of its shadow. While the sun was high and burning, we found little desire to try the shallow flats, already grown with grass, which is spreading in all the bays along the river.

We made half a dozen short trips, at intervals, up and down the shore, but there was more comfort and more reward walking along the edge of the pier and whipping the fly as far under as we could reach, or lounging in the skiff in the shadow and making side casts about the piles. Small fish were plenty, too plenty; more rises than casts, and occasionally we had a glimpse, or an offer, from rockfish or something worth while; enough to make the day pleasant and interesting. There was litttle use and little temptation to venture into the bay until evening. Then the holes in the moss beds and the channel through the grass, where Oxen Run creeps out to the river, offer first rate sport with bass, especially late in the season, when they make their fall run. They seem at this season to haunt the mouths of the creeks, whether haunting shallow waters for winter or only because they find such abundance of feed where the smaller fish play in the grasses or because the flies are thickest in these grassy bays, is still a matter of conjecture to the layman. At any rate the fishing is not to be despised here where 270 years ago the Nacostines were practicing for food what we are only doing for fun.

HENRY TALBOTT.

A Hatchery for West Virginia.

ROMNEY, W. Va., March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing my last letter we have been visited by the coldest weather we have had this winter, preceded by a rain and snow, which makes it bad for the small game. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., who is here looking for a suitable site to establish a hatchery for the propagation of bass and other fish. He has examined a number of springs in this vicinity, and says that he will return here in warmer weather and investigate more carefully before deciding upon a site for the hatchery, which was authorized by the last Congress, through the efforts of Senator S. B. Elkins and Hon. A. G. Dayton, our present Congressman. We hope that a suitable site can be found here, as it would be a help to our county and also we would then be able to restock the South Branch River with plenty of the game black bass. Our efforts, with this place in sight for a hatchery for fish, to prevent the covers or any one else polluting this stream, will be redoubled and every lover of sport will extend us his aid in this fight against the mercenary spirit of this age, which would destroy the good and pure of anything in its greed for gold. Will write again soon.

Our weather has been fine here this winter for game, and so far we have had little snow and the turkeys, partridges and pheasants have had a show for their life. A good many fish of the sucker species were killed under the ice here in the early winter by local fishermen.

J. B. BRADY.

The Cumberland News says: The contemplated building of a tannery at Moorefield, W. Va., by Leonard & Dayton and other parties at Winchester, Va., has called forth many protests from the sportsmen who for many years have enjoyed angling in the South Branch of the Potomac, which is regarded as one of the best fishing grounds in the country. The recent announcement that a wealthy Pennsylvania tanning company is also negotiating for a tannery site near Moorefield, the sewage from which must go into the South Branch, has stimulated the local lovers of piscatorial pursuits in opposition to the pollution of the stream. The hundreds of anglers from Pittsburg and other points in western Pennsylvania who annually camp on the historic stream have joined the ranks of the local sportsmen and declare that it shall be preserved from pollution at any cost.

Upon which the Hampshire Review comments: The Review agrees with the Hardy News that it is "busineses before pleasure" and as much pleasure as is to be found in angling for bass in the South Branch, if it was an absolute necessity to dump filth in the streams and pollute them, we would not, for the mere love of sport, protest or attempt to hinder it. However, public health is at stake in the pollution of the streams. It has been demonstrated time and time again that disease has been contracted by persons and particularly by cattle and other animals for miles down a stream below plants where hides of diseased animals were tanned.

Cumberland's expensive but successful fight against the pulp mill's pollution of the Potomac has shown two things—first, that the law can be enforced; second, that great industries can be operated without endangering the health of the people of a large section and destroying the beauty and usefulness of the water of the streams on which they are located.

The Review wants to see the South Branch Valley humming with industries of every kind. But it wants to see the river remain pure as it now comes trickling from the mountain sides. There is a law for the prevention of the pollution of streams, and as long as that law remains on the statute books we will stand for its enforcement. This, "with charity for all and malice toward none," but with earnestness, nevertheless.

ANGLING NOTES.

Planting Black Bass in Adirondack Waters.

A prominent lawyer in New York city, and a personal friend of the writer, asked me a short time ago about the advisability of planting black bass in a certain Adirondack lake in which it is reported that pike, the fish commonly called pickerel, had made its appearance through fair means or foul. Naturally I opposed the movement to introduce black bass, for pike can be removed and black bass cannot, and in small waters black bass do well, if at all, only for a few years. Furthermore, black bass introduced with the best of intentions in a lake surrounded by trout water is dangerous, because the bass may find their way through natural channels into trout waters, and evil disposed persons have placed at their disposal the means of doing much harm. My friend has just written me again on the subject, and I quote a paragraph from his letter: "Two points with respect to the bass: If you are clear that it is unwise to plant them in those waters, you had better keep your eyes pretty carefully out, for I had some intimation during this summer that somebody up there (I forget at this moment who) had talked about putting them in the lake on his own hook."

It may be well to call the attention of this somebody to Section 70 of the Forest, Fish and Game Laws of New York, which reads:

"Fish, or the fry, spawn or milt thereof, other than trout, lake trout and Adirondack frost fish, shall not be placed in the waters of the Adirondack region except under the supervision of the Commission and pursuant to a resolution thereof." The Commission means the Forest, Fish and Game Commission. Now as to penalty. "A person who violates any of the provisions of this article is guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto is liable as follows: For each violation of Section 70, in relation to placing fish in the Adirondacks, a penalty of five hundred dollars."

A man who, "on his own hook," planted black bass in Adirondack waters might find it an expensive experiment in fish planting. There is a provision in the law which reads: "The Commission may permit the taking or destruction of pickerel at any time in waters inhabited by trout." I suggested this to my lawyer friend, and he replied: "I feel very much afraid that your suggestion about netting pickerel will fail up there because nobody will attend to it." I expect from past experience that that is the cold truth, and no one will ever make the attempt, for it is much easier when pickerel get into a water to ask the State to furnish other fish that may destroy the pickerel than it is to net out the pickerel and preserve the water by so doing for trout that are native to it. The first movement, since the planting of black trout in Raquette Lake, to introduce the black bass into other Adirondack waters, which are natural trout waters, was begun by people interested in an Adirondack hotel, and the old Fish and Game Commission defeated it. The next was also by people interested in a hotel, and that was defeated. It is true that it would require some labor and an expenditure of money to remove the pickerel to assure the safety of the trout to a reasonable degree, but it is constantly done in Europe, where pike (pickerel) are in very many trout waters and are kept down by netting. Here it is easier to ask the State to do the work of planting other fish on the blind chance that matters can be no worse. Last summer I was one evening sitting on a hotel piazza which overlooks the lake that some one proposes to plant with black bass on his own hook. A guest had been fishing and complained to a friend in my hearing about his lack of fish. He advanced some very original ideas about what should be done to make good fishing in the lake, and I finally discovered that he was talking at me, not to me. From his tackle and his speech I thought the trouble was not so much with the fish as with the fisherman, for in my opinion he would have caught no fish had the water been stiff with them unless some one put a fish on his hook and held it on. He talked as I would expect the man to talk who once applied to the State for some black bass for fresh water, and some black bass for salt water, and some lobster spawn.

It is a very easy matter to criticise the conditions that one happens to find, without knowing what may have brought the conditions about, or what may be necessary to remedy the conditions which may operate against good fishing. If I should get a letter from someone who proposed to undo what may have been done in the way of poor fish stocking or unwise fish stocking, as a starting point, it would surprise me; but when water has been stocked with fish or found unsuitable, there is no effort made to remove them, but at once, the people who discover this condition say, "Why, put in something else, for whatever is put in, it cannot be any worse than it is at present."

Here is a case from the records: An application was made to the State for trout for a certain lake in the Adirondacks. The person to whom the application came knew something of the waters, and had reason to believe

that black bass or pike had been planted or made their way into the lake, and therefore the question was asked of the applicant if the water did not already contain black bass and the so-called pickerel. This is a literal copy from the reply of the applicant:

"It appears that you must have misunderstood about black bass being in ——— Lake. Therefore, I will state that I have no remembrance of black bass having been caught in it, and am able to show that the lake has been faithfully fished for many hours by several persons during the last year, for pickerel, with little or no success, and I cannot understand why it is not a profitable and safe lake to stock with brook trout."

If this is not an evasive reply, I don't understand what constitutes evasion. The applicant has "no remembrance of black bass being caught in the lake," but he does not say that they are not in it, and people have fished for pickerel in the lake. Why did they fish for pickerel if there were none in it? But he admits that they had little or no success. The letter concludes:

"As it is a natural trout water, my idea is that it is not folly to plant brook trout," he having been told that it would be folly to plant brook trout to feed black bass and pickerel.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Tuna in Newfoundland.

ST. JOHNS, Newfoundland, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over the current number of Munsey's Magazine I was greatly interested by an article on the tuna fishing at Santa Calalina Island, California. What magnificent sport it must be to hook or play such enormous fish as those described, with rod and gear of ordinary character. May I ask is the sport confined to this locality, or to the Pacific coast only, as I have never heard of it on our side? If such be the case I do not see why it should be so, as the fish, so well known to our fishermen as the horse mackerel, is quite abundant on our island shores in summer time.

I have seen these agile marine acrobats disporting in our bays and inlets scores of times, and have frequently attempted to shoot them, but their movements were too quick for me. It never occurred to me, nor to any here I know of, that they would afford such noble sport with rod and hook as that described in the article referred to. Only last summer I was surrounded with these sportive gentry while crossing the beautiful Humber Sound, Bay of Islands, and for days together they could be both seen and heard, dashing the water up like a miniature submarine explosion. During this time the weather was simply superb, and the surface of the water like a mirror, especially in the early morning.

I have witnessed a similar scene many times before in almost every one of our inland waters. On one occasion in Placentia Bay, a shoal of these fish, numbering thousands, was seen to advance toward our schooner, in a line of a mile or more in length. Their advance could be distinctly discerned for a long distance by the disturbed line of water, but more particularly by the continuous and extraordinary acrobatic feats, in the air, of the leaders of the van.

If hen these active denizens of the deep afford such unparalleled sport, here is the ideal locality for indulging in it to the fullest extent, and I would wish to draw your sportsmen's attention to the fact. I will be happy to furnish any further information in my possession if required.

In connection with this matter it is rather curious to find that the two places particularly alluded to in the Munsey's article, viz., Avalon and St. Catalina, should both be extant in Newfoundland, and dating back too, especially the latter name, to 1500. Catalina or St. Catherine's was supposed to be given to a harbor in Trinity Bay, by Cortereal. Avalon was the name of Lord Baltimore's colony here, and the name now applies to the whole peninsula, or easternmost projection of Newfoundland.

JAMES P. HOWLEY.

A Day with the Pickerel.

BOSTON, March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Whitehall Pond is quite an extensive body of water in the pleasant little village of Woodville, in the town of Hopkinton, some thirty miles from this city. It is one of the storage basins of Boston's water supply, and many years ago, when Col. Horace T. Rockwell, ex-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, and myself composed two-thirds of the Boston Water Board, we had considerable dealings with the entire water supply of that vicinity. The pond is liberally supplied with the usual varieties of fish common to such waters. Woodville boasts a first-class hotel, owned and managed by Mr. Leroy S. Coolidge, where the comforts of this life abound and where sportsmen are made to feel entirely at their ease.

Our day with the pickerel came about this way. Mr. Coolidge is a member of the House of Representatives this year from his town, and Col. Rockwell meeting him one day, referred to the fishing in Whitehall. He was informed that it was still good and that if he would make up a party, Coolidge would do his part to secure them a pleasant outing. And he kept his word. Tuesday, 5th inst., five enthusiastic fishermen—Col. Rockwell, William S. Hinman, S. R. Raymond, F. N. Ganong and the writer—after a pleasant ride by rail to Ashland, electrics to Hopkinton and carriage to Woodville, arrived at the Reservoir House at 6 o'clock. Supper over, the evening was passed as is usually the case when a few good fellows get together, and it didn't seem a great while before breakfast was ready. Shortly after 8 o'clock we were on the pond, where upward of sixty holes had been cut and most of the lines were in when we got there.

It had rained and snowed a little the night before, and the walking was a little soft, but we had all seen the conditions so much worse that we didn't mind it at all. For a couple of hours there was lively work—the flags were going up in all directions. Col. Rockwell and Billy Hinman might be termed heavy weights, and, of course, couldn't sprint with some of the others, therefore they took things leisurely, giving the fish plenty of time to get a good hold of the bait before they took the line to feel them out. They generally got their fish, however, as the others did theirs. The fish generally run small, though we got several of good size. As usual, the biggest fish got away. In this instance Mr. Raymond was handling the line, pulling a big fish into the hole, where several of the party could see him, when he gave a sudden flop and away he went under the ice. At noon we counted thirty-seven fish and stopped. Then to the hotel for dinner, then a couple of hours go-as-you-please, then to the city, all agreeing that though brief it was an occasion full of genuine enjoyment, and that under favorable conditions fishing is the best of sport; it is "not all of fishing to fish."

WM. B. SMART.

Cold Storage Trout Culture.

CHICAGO, March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with a great deal of interest and still greater surprise an article which appears in the Inter-Ocean of this date, which is signed by George E. Oster. Here it is:

In 1873 I was residing at Junction City, a pretty little city located in a romantic spot on the banks of Mill Creek, in central Wisconsin. I remember the date because it was my twenty-first birthday. I had wandered along the banks of the stream for a distance of perhaps two miles, when I ran on to an old hunter who had cut a hole in the ice, through which he was fishing for trout. He was meeting with great success, for scattered all around him could be seen the speckled beauties, where he had thrown them as he took them off his hook. I was invited to help myself, which invitation I cheerfully accepted, and I proceeded to put a number of the fish in my game bag.

It was just 4:47 o'clock when I returned home that afternoon, tired and hungry, and after hanging up my rifle took one of the largest of the trout and placed it out in a large cold-storage warehouse that stood near my house, intending to present it to Uncle Sam Carson for his breakfast the next morning. The fish was forgotten, and as a result lay in that warehouse solidly frozen until June 10, 1884.

On the night of the date last mentioned, just about eleven years after this fish had been placed in the cold storage, the building was totally destroyed by fire. During the process of the fire the fire department, in the effort to save the property, had thrown sufficient water to fill up the cellar, which, by the way, was walled up in rock and cement, and was, therefore, water-tight. Three years later it was decided to rebuild the cold-storage warehouse upon the site originally occupied, and men were set to work pumping the water out of the cellar, which the rains had kept well filled. To our amazement 447 fair-sized speckled trout were taken out, besides the old one, which had evidently fallen into the cellar at the time the warehouse was destroyed, thawed out and spawned. The original trout was easily identified, one of its eyes having been accidentally knocked out and a part of its tail broken off before it was placed in the warehouse.

Any one doubting the truthfulness of this story can easily satisfy himself by writing to Frank Blood or Arthur Sturtevant, of Stevens Point, Wis., or to Eugene Sheppard, of Rhinelander, Wis.

George E. Oster.

The article states as a cold fact, attested by three living witnesses, that in February, 1873, he obtained a brook trout, which was frozen solid. He further says that he deposited the trout in a cold storage warehouse, where it remained solidly congealed for a period of eleven years, when the building was destroyed by fire. Deponent further testifies that three years later the cemented cellar of the former warehouse was found to be a veritable trout pond, from which were taken 447 "fair-sized" trout, as well as the prolific mother of them all.

Of course there cannot be the slightest doubt of the literal truth of this extraordinary sequence of circumstances; and the contemplation of the facts simply excites in the minds of all laymen the most utter contempt for the addle-headed stupidity of modern pisciculturists and their alleged scientific methods. What a solemn lot of humbugs they must all be, with their array of hatching troughs, screens, running waters, artificial food, etc., to say nothing of their ignorance of parthenogenesis in trout.

A bas the scientific pisciculturist—let his name be anathema! Let the name of Seth Green be painted over with blue mud and the United States Fish Commission be forever abolished.

ZERO.

Fish in Wisconsin Waters.

LA CROSSE, Wis., Feb. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our beautiful country, one of the finest in the world and keeping apace with if not outstripping many others in its diversified and varied industries, finds problems to meet and solve made so through the mistakes of others. New species of fish which at the time were thought to be valuable additions to our commonwealth have proved to be the greatest source of nuisance which could be employed for the destruction of fish a hundred times their superior, which nature so plentifully provided homes for in our fine water courses.

The German carp is an evil worker in our finest streams, where the bass, pike, perch and many other kinds of fish have made such lucrative and pleasant enjoyment for the angler. They were introduced some twenty years ago. Advance representations were made of the wonderful properties and wholesome use of this fish. Wisconsin being for improvement, was able to secure fry at this time which came from Washington, D. C. They were planted in some of our finest streams and ponds—tributaries of the Mississippi River. Their woeful destruction of other fish is now becoming apparent, and it is said that their propensities for destroying the spawn of other fish are alarming, while they are found to be of no use, either as an edible fish or a sporting one, so they are left alone to multiply and are fast becoming the preponderating fish in the streams. What will be the outcome? We have no prophets to foretell. In recent years they can be seen below the many Government dams (for preserving the channel for steamboats) in innumerable numbers, rolling and tumbling over each other, yet they are seldom caught with a hook, as they are not a fish that bite, but are more the nature of the sucker. They are more destructive to spawn, being much larger and stronger. They have very coarse flesh.

In the spring of 1899, following a severe cold winter, which gave great thickness to the ice, a part of the water of the Neshonoc Pond, on the La Crosse River, went out, and this left the ice resting on the muddy bottom. It remained so for some time, until finally thawed out by the spring rains and warm weather. The fish which were caught under the ice and smothered were 90 per cent. carp, as other active fish had been in the channel and had escaped. The wind drifted these dead fish to the shore as they rose and came to the surface, and one could travel for a mile or more and find the shore strewn with them by the wagon load. And yet the streams show no perceptible falling off of these fish.

Our State made a great mistake in allowing their distribution in its waters. But now we have got them, and no one has a remedy for their disposal, while great fears are entertained that their final destruction of other fish will be the sequel.

We have many kinds of fish which are yet found in our streams to entice the angler out for a holiday when conditions are favorable. The speckled or brook trout may be said to head the list in choice. These can yet be found in the smaller streams in our county that are kept stocked, but not in the quantities they were nearly fifty years ago, when we first began to take them, with any kind of an alder pole, wrapping-twine fish line, and salt pork for bait, using this in the early season before grasshoppers hatched out. Grubs and angleworms were not found in these early days, and fly-fishing was unknown. The streams were quite alive with trout, and on favorable days one could secure a string of two dozen in an hour's time which would satisfy any family of the pioneers which was not very small (ours was eight).

The bass may be said to be the best sporting fish in our streams, and when it is on the table is truly a treat to the most delicate appetite. Last year there was little success in fishing, owing to the continued high water, which kept up all summer, though a few were caught above Winona, where the water cleared up to some extent. Those not previously caught are left for this year, and we hope to be favored with better conditions when La Crosse will be one of the best points on the river.

Wall-eyed pike and other varieties are also found in our waters, and when one gets a 4 to 10 pounder, as is often done, he has something worthy of notice, not only while landing him, but till the last bone is picked. The meat is delicious. There are also the croppies, sunfish of similar size, pickerel, catfish, and which are taken in considerable quantities. The angler can pick his favorite to fish for. I intended to say something about native game before I closed, but can touch on the subject in a later issue.

O. S. SISSON.

Destruction of Spectacle Pond Fish.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Where are the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island? Fish are being scooped out of holes cut in the ice on Spectacle Pond in the town of Cranston by the barrels full. An ale and lager beer brewery is said to be the cause of all the trouble. It seems that a certain brewing company was restrained from dumping refuse into Tonque Pond some time ago on account of the pollution which it occasioned, and so got permission to run their refuse over a farm. This refuse consists mostly of ammonia, which has been used in the manufacture of ice, and when the ground is not frozen is absorbed by it; but since the ground has frozen up so hard it runs over the top of the ground and into the pond, and the pond being covered by an exceptionally heavy crop of ice, the fish are either dying or dead. This pond was stocked with small-mouth black bass in 1897 or 1898, and some had been taken from there last summer of 3 pounds weight. Something should be done to stop such wanton murdering of game fish put there by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries. Mr. Henry T. Root, one of the Commissioners, told me last summer that Mashapang Pond was stocked at the same time.

The close season on bass commenced March 1, but I saw two which came from Kingston, which were caught through the ice Sunday, March 3 and which weighed 9½ pounds. There does not seem to be much protection for bass in this State; nobody seems to care whether they are caught all the year round or not.

There are two ponds in this State where there is no close season on bass; these are Moswansicut, in the town of Scituate, and Sneach's Pond, in the town of Cumberland. The trout law is lived up to very well; one seldom sees one out of season, and generally that is caught by accident. The trout season opens April 1 and closes July 15.

SELDOM.

Maine Lakes Becoming Adirondackized.

BOSTON, March 11.—The matter most discussed at Bemis and the Rangeley lakes at present is what is known as the Decker purchase. This is a strip of shore land on the earterly side of Mooselucmaguntic Lake of about three miles in length. It is situated south of Haines Landing, and is backed by a high mountain. The lots are for sale, and that fact makes them more desirable for sportsmen, or rather summer cottagers, since no other land can be purchased on that lake, or the Upper or Lower Richardson, for that matter. The heirs of E. S. Coe own all the rest of the land on the shores of these lakes, and under the policy of Mr. Coe, when alive, they still decline to sell an inch of land. The camps on Richardson and Mooselucmaguntic lakes are all on leased land at a yearly rental of $50 for five acres. That the Decker land can be owned will doubtless make it attractive to summer residents, though the seclusion that the sportsman so much loves will all be gone when camps are constructed on lots of only 100 feet lake frontage and 30 feet back. It is reported that Capt. Fred C. Barker has secured ten lots and will build camps on them similar to those at the Birches. He will also put in a wharf before the ice goes out this spring. John E. Stephens, of Rumford Falls, has bought three lots and will build a cottage this season. Clement R. Hooper, of Philadelphia, has bought two lots, and R. E. Taylor, station agent at Bemis, and A. S. Hinds, of Portland, one lot each. Alas! for the seclusion of Bald Mountain camps and Allerton Lodge! They are in danger of becoming the center of a row of summer cottages.

SPECIAL.

Editor Harmsworth Plays with Big Game.

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH, the noted editor of the London Globe and other English newspapers, who is fishing at Boca Grande, is having much sport, taking big and little fish. One day this week a monster porpoise was harpooned, one end of the three-quarter-inch rope attached to the harpoon being fastened on the steamer Belle of Myers. For three hours the steamer was hauled around by the porpoise, when it was completely tired down and towed to the shore, where it took six hours to get the fish up on the beach. The porpoise weighed fully 1,000 pounds.—Fort Myers Press.

A Cure for Nervous Prostration.

TAMPA BAY HOTEL, March 4.—Mr. Marc Klaw, of New York, with an 8-ounce rod and a silk braided line, went out into the alligator precincts of the Hillsboro River yesterday afternoon trolling for sea trout. He had been fishing about a half-hour and had laid down his pole for a moment to take a camera snap shot of a grove of palmettos, when there was a whizz of his reel and the line began paying out so rapidly that the boatman will make affidavit that it actually smoked. Mr. Klaw, who is a recent convalescent from grip, dropped his camera overboard and went sprawling on his stomach in his effort to get to the pole. His attendant was horror-stricken to witness the struggle which now ensued between a man recovering from an attack of nervous exhaustion and a big redfish just contracting that disease. Before Klaw could say Ben Hur the fish had taken out enough of his line to fly a kite, and had done it so rapidly that it wore a blister on his thumb, which he was using as a brake. After playing him for about twenty minutes the fish made a dart under the boat, the line became tangled in the rudder, and while the boatman kept the little craft waltzing around in a vain effort to untangle, Mr. Redfish got a taut line and broke it. Mr. Klaw preserves a sphinx-like silence on the subject, but to his attendant he remarked that he would wager $100 that any man who can go through the experience he had in that twenty minutes will either be cured of nervous prostration or die in the effort. The nurse says his temperature was normal at the end of the adventure, but that his pulse was about 110. The boatman, who is a reliable man, says that the fish didn't weigh less than 15 pounds. H. A. D.

Whitefish for Lake Ontario.

In his monthly report to the Fish Commission for September, 1900, State Fishculturist A. N. Cheney wrote:

"I have inaugurated a new policy in whitefish work, which will result in the saving of at least $600 as compared with the work of last year. I believe it should be the policy of the Commission to plant the great bulk of whitefish reared by the State in Lake Ontario. I am utterly opposed to planting the Great Lake whitefish in Adirondack trout lakes, where they simply consume the food of trout and serve no good purpose as food fish, as the law does not permit the taking of whitefish in nets from these lakes, netting being the only means of taking them. Whitefish is a most delicious food fish, and people should be encouraged to net them in such lakes where they are now found where licenses can be issued under Section 64."

In February of this year Mr. Cheney wrote us: "I secured from the United States Fish Commission 25,000,000 eggs. The fry from these eggs will be planted in Lake Ontario. Ten million of fry hatched from State eggs will also be planted in Lake Ontario. My belief is that, with one or two exceptions, all whitefish eggs taken from State waters should be hatched and planted in a lake where commercial fisheries are authorized. In our case, it would be Lake Ontario that would receive the benefit of whitefish eggs taken in interior waters."

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.
March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XIII.—Ranging.

(*Continued from page* 92.)

To the novice the manner in which a dog seeks his prey is a matter of but little consideration. So that the dog gallops out in search of birds, or even gallops at all if he will but continue galloping, it would seem that nothing more was necessary or to be required. It, however, is far from being such a simple matter.

In practice the novice will sooner or later find that a dog, though he be of great range and speed, may have distinctly inferior finding abilities. Good heels require good brains and noses to direct them.

The best ranger is the dog which "stays out at his work," beating out the likely ground in front and on both sides of the general course of the shooter, and all this with such method and regularity as the nature of the grounds best permits. His judgment should be so good that he forecasts the course of the shooter in a general way, or determines it by wise observation, and keeps it ever as a base of operations from which to work.

Let us assume that the dog is seeking quail. Bare or unpromising country, such as bare ground, closely grazed pasture, etc., he skirts or entirely avoids. He notes such covers to the right and left as are likely to afford a habitat for the birds, and he ranges from one of them to the other, observing due economy in following his course so that he will cover the most ground with the least galloping consistent with the work to be done. He goes through cover when in his wise judgment it is necessary for the best chances of success, or taking the wind to the best advantage he gallops along other stretches of cover which are likely to be sought by the birds as a place of refuge. Sometimes he skirts around an entire field to hit off the trail of moving birds, while at other times he goes through it, accordingly as the wind, scenting conditions, etc., dictate. From experience he learns the kinds of ground which the birds most frequent, and the times of day in which they are most likely to be found in them.

When the birds are plentiful he beats out a much smaller area of ground than he does when they are scarce.

In the broad prairie, the chicken country where to the untrained eye there is little difference of ground surface apparent, the dog may not need to exercise so much good judgment as in seeking quail, but he needs to exercise good judgment nevertheless. The prairie, from where the beholder stands to the horizon, has its lesser and greater undulations, with their innumerable miniature water sheds, forming networks of hollows, in which grow much coarser and ranker grasses than those of the higher ground. They therein afford concealment and shelter to the chickens during the night and the midday hours. In the morning and evening, their favorite time of food seeking, the chickens frequent the grain fields in the season when the grain is fit for their food or the higher ground, where the growth is shorter, and where insect life is more abundant.

Of the dogs which range at high speed, a large percentage run faster than their noses and judgment warrant if we consider the best possible results. Indeed, some run so fast and hurriedly that they do not take time to dwell even for a moment in searching out the likely places, although they have the general appearance of earnest and good industry. They simply are high-class pretenders.

A dog may be so intent in the use of his eyes to pick out the easiest going that he gives no attention to the practical use of his nose.

In a country known to contain birds he may work over great areas without finding other than the birds which he happens to run directly across. He on the other hand may have the speed and good finding intention which are shown by continuous industry and judgment, and yet, from functional dullness of the nose as an organ of scent, be incapacitated as a finder.

Before a dog can range in the best manner he must have had sufficient experience to learn what sections of ground and cover the birds prefer for a habitat and a food supply, what are their general habits of life, and what peculiar devices they exercise to evade pursuit. In a manner it is much the same knowledge that the shooter himself should possess.

Of two shooters, the one knowing at a glance what section of certain grounds the birds seek for food and shelter, the other ignorant or heedless of their habitat, habits, and the manner of working the ground to the best advantage, no explanation is needed as to which of them would be the most successful.

The intelligence and industry which the shooter must exercise in bringing success to the use of gun are not unlike those which the dog must exercise similarly in bringing success to the use of his nose.

As to working out the ground properly there is no arbitrary method. What might be a thorough working of it by one dog might not be so at all when done similarly by some other dog. The one might have a very keen nose, which would command a wide scope, and therewith might take every intelligent advantage of wind and grounds; the other, owing to a dull nose and its consequent smaller scope, might be unable to work out the ground properly if he followed the same lines set by his keener nosed rival.

Local conditions also have their importance. In a close country the range should not be so far that the dog is out of sight for appreciable lengths of time, for then the shooter cannot know what the dog is doing. If he then gets on a point he is difficult to find, and if he flushes and chases, the shooter is ignorant of it. If he points a mile away on the prairie it is more of labor than of pleasure to go so far to him for a shot.

The matter of pace is essential to consider in connection with ranging, and with it also the matter of endurance. As hinted at herein, a very fast dog, extended to his utmost in speed, is rarely a thorough hunter. Being over-extended, he has not the time to consider or search out the nooks and corners with the care and thoroughness necessary to the best finding results, nor time to concentrate his mind on anything other than mere running. On the other hand, a dog may show good speed for a while, then slow down to a trot, working a while and loafing a while.

The best pace is a steady, swinging gallop, which is easily within the dog's physical compass, and such as he can maintain all day long. If to this he has bird sense and concentrates his powers on his work, remaining out at it constantly, he as a success is in pleasing contrast to the flashy, over-speeded dog, whose mind is concentrated solely on picking out a clear course to run in. Too much speed often denotes an ignorance of hunting rather than a knowledge of it, as it relates to the service of the gun.

Aside from the matter of pace, the most common examples of bad ranging are as follows: When a dog takes his casts, be they long or short, straight out in any direction in which he first starts, generally up or across wind, then turns and comes directly back to his handler on nearly the same line which marked his course in going out. On the return, in most instances, he forgets that he has a nose while using his eye to watch his handler as he hurries straight to him. In any event, it is not then necessary that he should use his nose on ground which he a moment before ran over.

A particularly annoying phase of this style of ranging is the taking of a straight line directly ahead in the course of the shooter. Thus, most of the time the shooter and the dog are following the same line. More than half of such dog's time and effort are wasted, for it takes him as long to return as it does to go out. He necessarily is a poor finder. He knows no difference between the best and the worst ground. He may point birds when he happens to run across them, as he is sure to do sooner or later in a bird country, for even the shooter will himself walk up a bevy now and then; but so far as any real merit is concerned, such a dog has none.

Another faulty manner of ranging is when the dog turns to the rear at the end of a cast and swings in behind his handler or on to ground which he covered before in his previous cast, thus repeatedly and uselessly crossing his course.

Some dogs acquire the habit of working entirely on one side of the handler's course. If forced to cast on the opposite side, they are intent on returning to their favorite position, and soon craftily return to it. Others have the extremely objectionable fault of working behind their handlers. Still others work very close for a while, regardless of the character of the ground, then take an extremely long cast with little judgment or purpose to it, returning after a time and resuming the pottering range.

The wind and its direction are important factors in ranging; all dogs work best when the shooter is walking against it. They can then beat across it to and fro, turning up wind at the end of their casts if they turn properly, thus having the best advantages of catching scent of the birds which are within range of their noses.

If the shooter is going down wind the dog, though he can beat across wind as before, must necessarily turn down wind at the end of his casts if he keeps best in place relatively to the shooter. If the dog turns up wind under these circumstances, he turns on to ground which he has worked, making loops at the end of his casts, all of which results in inferior effort.

In their ability to work out the ground regardless of whether the shooter walks up, down or across wind, dogs vary greatly in their powers. Some dogs, good rangers up wind, seem to lose all ideas of intelligent ranging when the shooter walks down wind; others perform well regardless of the course of the shooter.

When the shooter walks straight across wind he gives the dog the most difficult proposition to range to, since, if he then casts straight across the shooter, he must go straight up and down wind. The wise dog, of good sense and good experience, works well regardless of his handler's course, for he casts out and stays out far enough to have a free fling according to the circumstances.

It is better to give the dog experience in working out the ground regardless of the wind, for many times it happens in a day's shooting that owing to the nature of the grounds and general course of the hunt, an up wind course cannot be followed.

Quartering denotes that the dog crosses to and fro in front of the shooter on lines as parallel and equidistant as may be. It is an artificial method, and no doubt is of use in a section where the ground is favorable to it and where birds are likely to frequent all parts of the ground indiscriminately. The English authorities emphasize its importance. In America, where the grounds exhibit all kinds of irregularities as to surface and covers, it is much better that the dog should beat out the ground intelligently from one likely point to another. The habitats of the birds are so irregularly placed, and there is so much barren ground mixed in with that which is fertile, that a set form of quartering is neither taught nor desired by the majority of shooters.

In quartering, the dog covers as much ground as his nose and speed will permit consistently with the size of the field or ground to be worked, and at the same time with keeping in front of the shooter. It is apparent that if the dog makes his casts too wide he will not be able to cut out his parallels and at the same time keep in front of the shooter. In sections where on the one hand the intelligent ranger succeeds in finding birds in abundance, they on the other might appear to be very scarce when sought by a dog which hunted in parallel lines across his handler's course.

A dog which does not range well naturally is capable of but little improvement from the efforts of his handler. If he comes in repeatedly as a habit, a crack or a cut of the whip, as he comes in, will tend to keep him from coming entirely in; but instead of going out to work when so unpleasantly received he may sulk. At all events, his imperfect judgment is not to be materially mended by any efforts of his handler. Constant whistling and signaling and directing may help the faulty dog to a limited extent, but the handler then is furnishing all the brains and doing the thinking for the dog which the latter, if of the right grade as a worker, would do for himself.

To teach the dog quartering, implicit obedience to the whistle and signals of the hand must be taught as a prerequisite. The course is always up wind. Then when the dog is ranging the handler walks to and fro from left to right, keeping him on the correct parallels across wind as near as he can, and turning him when at the proper distance at the end of them. This is continued day after day till the dog will from mere habit follow the artificial range thus established. It requires a world of labor and patience to teach it thoroughly. After it is taught it has certain spectacular features which appeal to the novice, but which to the expert suggest a worthless redundancy of effort.

The theory of brace work when the dogs quarter their ground is that they work on wider parallels in their casts, which alternate so that neither works on the other's ground except when turning at the end of their casts. They should cross in front of their handler at about the same time, should cast about the same distance to the right and left, and should make their turns at the ends of their casts at about the same moment. To approximate, even remotely, to this degree of refinement, the dogs must work independently, must be nearly equal in pace and industry, and in general must have the same ideas of quartering; in short, they must be fairly well matched.

Dogs develop idiosyncrasies in quartering as they do in free ranging. One may cast well on one side, turning up wind properly, while at the end of his cast on the other side he turns down wind; or he may cast irregularly wide and close, or wide on one side and short on the other, or come to his handler in the middle of his cast, or cast to the rear of his handler betimes, etc., or be working outside the boundaries which are most advantageous to the shooter's success. A point made a half mile or more away imposes a great loss of time and extra walking or riding on the shooter, as do also the long searches for the dog when he is lost on point, and the latter is a frequent occurrence when the dog works beyond bounds. The dog which so works is a semi-self-hunter, and is a very laborious dog to handle.

"Hello, Bub! Is this a good place to hunt for reed birds?"

"Y-e-s."

"Seen any round here?"

"No. Pop's been beatin' the marshes for over a week."

"Did he get any?"

"No; he didn't get none. That's why it's a good place to hunt 'em—but as to finding 'em, it's the meanest place in Jarsey."—Philadelphia Call.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.

BY F. R. WEBB.

III.

We found nothing exciting or adventurous in our first day's cruise, however, for the water was so unusually low that we were able to get our canoes down the river after a fashion, and that was all. All day we worked slowly along, most of the time not exceeding a mile an hour; generally out in the water, lifting our canoes over the ledges or off the rocks, and even when we had water enough to float us in them it was still and currentless and full of ledges which reached nearly to the surface, or projected above, in long, irregular, parallel lines, and we had to paddle slowly and cautiously along, weaving in and out among the intricacies of the reefs, which fortunately could be plainly seen everywhere through the clear water. At all of the fish dams and at the numerous rapids, where the ledges constituted natural falls of several feet in height, we were obliged to portage the canoes by lifting them carefully over and down the obstructions, much as we would ordinarily portage a mill dam, and there were no exciting shoots and jumps such as delight the heart of the cruiser.

North River is a bold, swift stream, abounding in falls and rapids, with high bluff-like banks, and with, here and there, great masses of cliffs overhanging the water, and with frequent curious, shell-like limestone reefs of gigantic size, projecting their thin, knife-like edges from the sides of the bluffs, far out beyond the line of trees, or towering aloft in fantastic, chimney-like spires, high up among the tree-tops. The general trend of the river is directly across the valley, toward the Blue Ridge; and although some twelve or fifteen miles distant, these mountains loomed up before us majestically, pretty much all day, their tree-clothed buttresses and spurs gleaming brightly in the sun, and thrown into relief in contrast with the dark, shadowy gorges between. The scenery along the river, with its wider pastoral and mountain views, is very beautiful; which, taken with its rapids and falls, makes of it an ideal cruising stream; for the falls and rapids, while swift, rough and exciting, are entirely within the ability of the average canoeist, and at an ordinary stage of water this first day's cruise would have afforded us rare sport; but at the present stage the water trickled through the stones of the fish dams, leaving their entire crests bare, and rippled in a thin, bright, transparent sheet down over the faces of the reefs, or danced in miniature wavelets down the slopes usually covered by the rapids, with an occasional channel where a canoe, by good management, and not a little rubbing and scraping and bumping, was worked down without its crew being compelled to disembark.

It by no means followed, however, that because we were deprived of all our hoped-for sport in shooting these rapids and falls we found the cruising dull, or that we didn't have any fun. On the contrary, the day's run was full of fun and enjoyment; and no party of schoolboys out for an afternoon's holiday could have had a better time or more sport than we got out of the day's cruise; for the ludicrous mishaps and misadventures incidental to the stage of water—none of them, in the least serious, or of a character to cause particular discomfort or inconvenience—that were continually occurring, caused constant merriment and furnished an endless amount of amusement; and the cheerful jibe, the lightsome chaff and the encouraging badinage dropped harmlessly around and enlivened the cruise; while the luckless George was a score of times roundly berated for forgetting the kodak, which would have been of inestimable value on this day's cruise.

Of course we were all the time wet, as to our feet and lower limbs; but as the water was warm and the day was hot, this, so far from being a source of discomfort, was a positive luxury, and but added to our pleasure; and as our costumes—consisting as they did of flannel shirts, short woolen knee trousers or knickerbockers, long woolen stockings and canvas shoes, heavily hobnailed to insure a firm footing among the rocks and on the slippery edges of mill dams, the whole crowned with a light straw helmet—were specially adapted for this work, no inconvenience or discomfort arose from it, beyond the comparatively unimportant one of getting the floorboards of our canoes wet and more or less muddy from the constant stepping in and out.

It speaks well for the strength and durability of our canvas canoes that none of them were in the least injured by the constant bumping and scraping they received; notwithstanding the fact that many of the reefs and detached masses of rock with which the river bed was profusely studded were so honeycombed that they looked like huge petrified sponges, and their sharp edges and innumerable points and corners were rough, raspy and cutting to the last degree, and wounded and scarified the hands and fingers if grasped even lightly.

We reached the Rockland Dam at 1 o'clock, and a portage was quickly and easily made by sliding the canoes over the crest of the dam, which stood up, baked hard and dry in the hot sun, a foot or more out of the water, clear across the river. Lacy and I stood on the crest of the dam and slid the boats over, while George and the Colonel stood on the apron below and let them down and slid them into the currentless pool below. Most of the water—all that did not find its way through the interstices of the dam—went down the mill race; and the short and usually swift and deep rapid below was all but dry.

We beached our canoes on the gravel bar at the head of this riffle and waded ashore, pulling the boats up after us, after which the hatches were opened up and, taking out our mattresses, camp stools, pipes and tobacco, or cigars—according to the taste and fancy of the smoker—and books to read, also the mess chest, which contained an ample lunch of cold boiled ham, tongue, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, biscuits, butter, jelly, pickles, etc., we repaired to a shady bank not far from the mill; and after Lacy had procured a bucket of water from a farmhouse near by we proceeded to satisfy the somewhat clamorous and insistent inner men of the party. After lunch an hour or more was most comfortably and profitably spent, flat on our backs, on our mattresses, our heads and shoulders supported by our air pillows and camp stools, with books and smoking materials, the which more than one of us forgot in a delicious little siesta.

I use the word profitably advisedly, for nothing is more refreshing and beneficial to the cruiser, after a hard morning's work—particularly in a hot sun (and our sun to-day was more than hot—it was broiling)—than a prolonged rest and siesta about the middle of the day, or a little after; after which, particularly in very hot weather, the evening run should be short and an early camp made.

After the canoes were packed, George rigged up his 5x8 Anthony camera and took a view of them and of the river—or, rather, of what river there was to view; after which each man picked up the stern of his canoe and shoved her, bow first, down over the rocky bar, into the deeper water below, wading alongside until she was clear of the bar and well afloat, when he carefully disposed himself after the usual manner in his seat with wet, dripping feet hung one over each side of the canoe, to let the water drip back into the river where it was needed, instead of into the canoe, where it was certainly not needed.

We had good water on down to the Brubeck Dam, a mile and a half below, the one or two little rifts being easily run, and had a rather tedious portage over this ugly, ragged, drift-covered dam; and the mile and a half between here and the mouth of Middle River was worked over with not a little difficulty, as the river spreads out to considerable width, and is correspondingly shallow; and it is safe to say that we walked over half the distance, until we reached the broad, deep pool forming the beautiful sheet of water at the confluence of the two rivers.

A quarter of a mile below the union of the two streams is a big, rough stone dam, built in accordance with the curious custom of the natives to form a ford; although just what the dam has to do with the ford we have never yet been able to determine, beyond the fact that since the road crosses above the dam it deepens the water, to what purpose we are unable to discover. At any rate, the dam is very much in evidence, with a rough fall of several feet, and some two or three canoe lengths in extent.

We had considerable fun with Lacy at this dam. Lacy, with commendable but mistaken originality, had not followed the rest of us down the regular shoot over the dam, but had tackled it in a new place; and he was discovered with his canoe hanging broadside on the verge of the dam, while he was knee deep in the water on the upper side, vainly tugging, pulling, lifting and swearing against the flow of the water that held her there, his equanimity in nowise enhanced by the advice, good, bad and indifferent, which was liberally bestowed on him by his comrades, rounded to below to see him through. He finally got his bow pointed down stream over the dam and succeeded in shoving and bumping his unlucky canoe down into deeper water below, where he soon joined us; and after a little further advice, to the effect that it is always easier to run a canoe over a dam where the water was deepest, and that it was not as a rule successfully accomplished over the almost bare rocks, we let him off.

"This is the place where I used my sail, on our '86 cruise," said I, half a mile below, as we got out of our canoes and took a walk, dragging the canoes after us, over and among the flat reefs which here extend clear across the river, with so little water over them that a barefooted boy might easily have picked his way across from bank to bank without wetting his ankles.

"It doesn't look much like sailing water along here," said the Colonel, stepping out of his canoe again, as she slid gently up onto another reef and came to a stop, while the Colonel, with one foot on either side of the canoe, and grasping his gunwales with both hands, managed to work her over into deeper water below, with a series of ludicrous, ungraceful jerks, bumps and shoves. Lacy called it doing the bullfrog act, and more than once took occasion to assure the Colonel that it was lots more work and trouble than to step clear out of the boat alongside, once for all, and, picking it up by the stern, shove it, bow first, gently and steadily over the obstruction; while George had frequently, during the day, suffered contumely and abuse from both Lacy and myself for not having that kodak just when the Colonel was particularly agile and graceful in his efforts.

"Well, no," I admitted; "I don't think a sail would be particularly useful here. In fact, my experience leads me to believe that both sails and rudders are superfluities anywhere on the Shenandoah, and that they are simply in the way. You can easily imagine how long a rudder would hang on a boat in such water as this; and even on good water it would be sure to be knocked off in jumping the reefs and fish dams. On the occasion I speak of, however, there was not only good water, but you will remember that the slack water from the Rippetoe Dam—which is now broken out—at that time covered all these reefs, and backed up in a noble, lake-like sheet of water, clear over that dam back there, below Middle River, where Lacy hung up. It was the first and last time I ever used a sail on the Shenandoah, and—— Hi! What's that, Sonny? Cantaloups? Why, certainly!" said I, driving my canoe ashore, in answer to the hail of a little group of small boys, the guardian angels of an adjacent melon patch, who were standing on the bank, watching us pass, in open-mouthed astonishment and admiration. A dime readily procured half a dozen nice cantaloups, which were distributed around wherever was most convenient, in my canoe, until we should reach our evening camping place, at the big spring at Rippetoes, which was but a couple of miles below.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A flintlock gun containing a load of irregularly cut lead slugs was fished out of a lime water spring in Virginia last month in almost perfect preservation. It is supposed to have been in the bottom of the spring for at least fifty years, and to have been preserved by the chemical action of the lime water.

Yachting.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 9.—Thomas W. Lawson gave out a statement to the press to-night in which he perfectly defines his position with regard to the New York Y. C. and his intentions in regard to the future sailing possibilities of Independence. His statement is very clear and is of the straightforward kind that sportsmen like to read. He makes no excuses whatever for building his yacht, and allows that it is the right of any American gentleman to build whatever kind of boat he likes and sail her where he chooses.

He starts from the very beginning and tells the reasons why he determined to build the Cup defender. Boston yachtsmen wanted a Boston designed and built boat, owned by Boston parties, and, as he had reason to believe that the boat which Mr. Crowninshield drew the lines for would be one that every Bostonian would be proud of, he felt no hesitancy in furnishing the necessary cash to make her a reality. He said that he gave it to be understood that all responsibility connected with the boat was his alone, with the exception of the construction. In regard to a certain feeling among some people that he would be at a large expense for nothing, Mr. Lawson pertinently quotes the old English proverb, "Never lose sleep about the pepper in your neighbor's snuff box; it is he who does the sneezing."

Mr. Lawson allows that he is not a member of the New York Y. C., and also allows that there are a number of Americans, of more or less influence, who are not members of any yacht club. He infers that the reason for his not being a member is because he has not filed any such application, a statement which is at variance with common reports that have been circulated. He says that at the time when he ordered Independence built he did not contemplate joining the New York Y. C.

In regard to the future possibilities of his boat, Mr. Lawson makes the following statement, the sense of which will appeal to all: "When my boat is finished I will cause to be announced, in as pleasing language as I am capable of using, that I am ready to race under any fair conditions against any boat in American waters; that I prefer to race against Columbia and the new boat which Mr. Herreshoff is building. If one or both of these boats will meet Independence, I will be pleased. I will not quibble as to time, place or conditions—in fact, will agree to any conditions that the New York Y. C. or any club or association composed of American sportsmen decide to be fair. If Independence should lose, I will congratulate the owners of the boat beating her; if she wins, I will be happy, and I will ask that Independence be allowed to defend the America Cup, and if it is decided by those who have the right to decide that there is some reason which makes it impossible to defend the Cup, I will cheerfully withdraw such request."

All kinds of rumors have been in circulation in regard to certain possible ways in which Mr. Lawson might overthrow the possibility of Independence not competing in the trial races. It has been suggested that he could enter her in the name of some friend who is a member of the New York Y. C., and several statements have been made to the effect that he would do this thing. Mr. Lawson knocks all these calculations to the winds in his statement. Touching on this point he shows that he is made of the true kind of American stuff in the following words:

"In regard to the statements printed that, under certain conditions, I would resort to the subterfuge of allowing some one else, who had no ownership in my boat, to be proclaimed her owner for the sake of being allowed to race, I can only say I regret there is any one connected with yachting so unmanly as to think this possible. No one has ever suggested such a thing to me, and perhaps it is well no one has made that mistake. Of course I want to have Independence race. If she does not I suppose the tides will come in and go out, and all good Boston sailors will go down to the sea in ships the same as heretofore, but rather than resort to the method suggested to obtain a race I would, without regret, sink Independence on her launching day, turning her sternpost into a permanent beacon for the guidance of future New England sailor men."

In justice to Mr. Lawson, it must be stated that the issuing of this statement was really forced upon him by the various reports which have been circulated in regard to the possible methods he would adopt. He has been placed in a very unenviable position by these suggestions and it would have been a very easy matter for many to judge his intentions wrongly. It must be very surprising to those who have put a false light on his motives to find such a manly, straightforward statement coming from him.

The Executive Committee of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. has selected the committee which will conduct and control the races for the 90-footers, 70-footers and other large classes and fishermen for the cups and prizes offered by Thomas W. Lawson, to be competed for under the rules of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. These names were suggested to the Executive Committee by Thomas W. Lawson, and were immediately adopted. It is understood that all of the men have signified their intentions to serve. The following men have been selected: James R. Hooper, Louis M. Clark, Henry Bryant, E. V. R. Thayer, William Otis Gay, George H. Richards, W. E. C. Eustis, C. E. Hodge, Henry S. Grew, 2d, and Francis Gray.

These men comprise some of the best known yachtsmen not only in Massachusetts, but in the country. They are all men of wide experience, who are capable of conducting races in the most approved manner. Some of them have been identified with former Cup defenders and all are thorough racing men. The Hull-Massachusetts is fortunate in securing such a committee to take charge of the races.

Mr. Lawson particularly specified that the proposed races for the prizes which he has offered will not take place until after the close of the regular racing season. By doing this he has taken no chances in interfering with other club dates, and leaves every opportunity for the yachts to be present. The dates set will probably be soon after the racing season closes, probably about the second

week in September, so that it will not be very late and will be in plenty of season before the hauling out time comes.

The matter of courses has not yet been decided upon, and this will undoubtedly be left to the committee. It is very likely, though, that the races will be sailed over the regular Hull-Massachusetts courses off Boston light. These courses are the finest in the country. They are in every sense ocean courses, but the land formation is such that the entire course can be seen from points of vantage on the shore. There are a number of large yachts—in fact, nearly all of those that are racing at the present time—which have not had an opportunity of trying these courses, and the Boston yachtsmen are very anxious to have their value thoroughly proved.

At Lawley's Illinois, the Chicago syndicate defender for the Canada cup, is all completed, and will be launched next week. Part of the planking is on the Sloane 85ft. schooner. An 18-footer designed by C. H. Crane, of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, for Buzzards Bay, is being constructed. The Lawley 25-footer for Buzzards Bay will be laid down this week. The 120ft. steamer for W. P. Eno is in frame. The Boreland 85ft. steamer is all planked. The plating is being put on the 50ft. steamer Bostonia, which has been lengthened out. The Parsons 46-footer is planked. The Y. R. A. 21-footer for H. W. Wiggin is set up.

The schooner Constellation is fitting out at Beverly. She will go to Bermuda, where Mr. Skinner will join her and cruise for a time in Southern waters, returning some time in May.

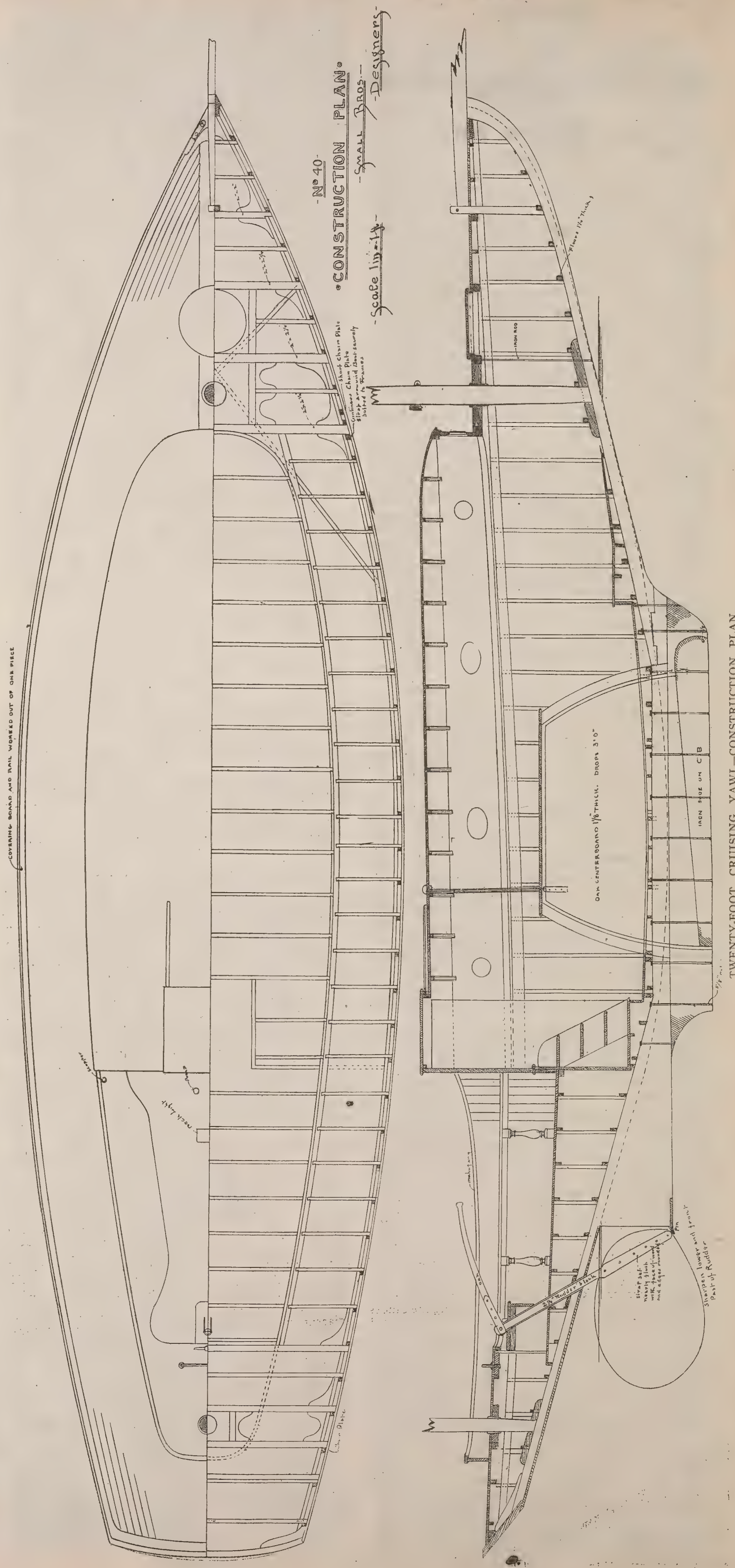
JOHN B. KILLEEN.

A 20-Foot Cruising Yawl.

MESSRS. S. N. AND J. F. SMALL, the well-known Eastern yachtsmen and yacht designers, who have already gained a splendid reputation for turning out successful boats, have formed a co-partnership under the name of Small Brothers, and have opened an office in Boston, Mass. It is the intention of the firm to make a specialty of racing yachts and fast cruisers, and the fact that the firm already has several orders on hand is ample evidence that the venture will prove a prosperous one. We publish this week one of their designs for a cruising yawl, the plans showing a very handsome and roomy boat, and she will undoubtedly be a fast one. She was designed for Mr. F. B. Rawson, of Sandusky, O., and is being built by the Wyandotte Pleasure Yacht Works. She was designed to conform to the scantling restrictions of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and was intended more for afternoon sailing and cruising on Lake Erie than for racing, as her accommodations and headroom indicate.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	35ft.	
L.W.L.	20ft.	3in.
Overhang—		
Bow	6ft.	11in.
Stern	7ft.	10in.
Beam—		
Extreme	9ft.	3in.
L.W.L.	8ft.	6in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	1ft.	8in.
Extreme	2ft.	9in.
Board down	5ft.	9in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	2in.
Taffrail	2ft.	6in.
Least	2ft.	2in.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	463 sq. ft.	
Mizzen.	148 sq. ft.	
Jib	115 sq. ft.	
Total	726 sq. ft.	
Displacement	6,550lbs.	
Ballast—		
Outside	2,000lbs.	
Inside	600lbs.	

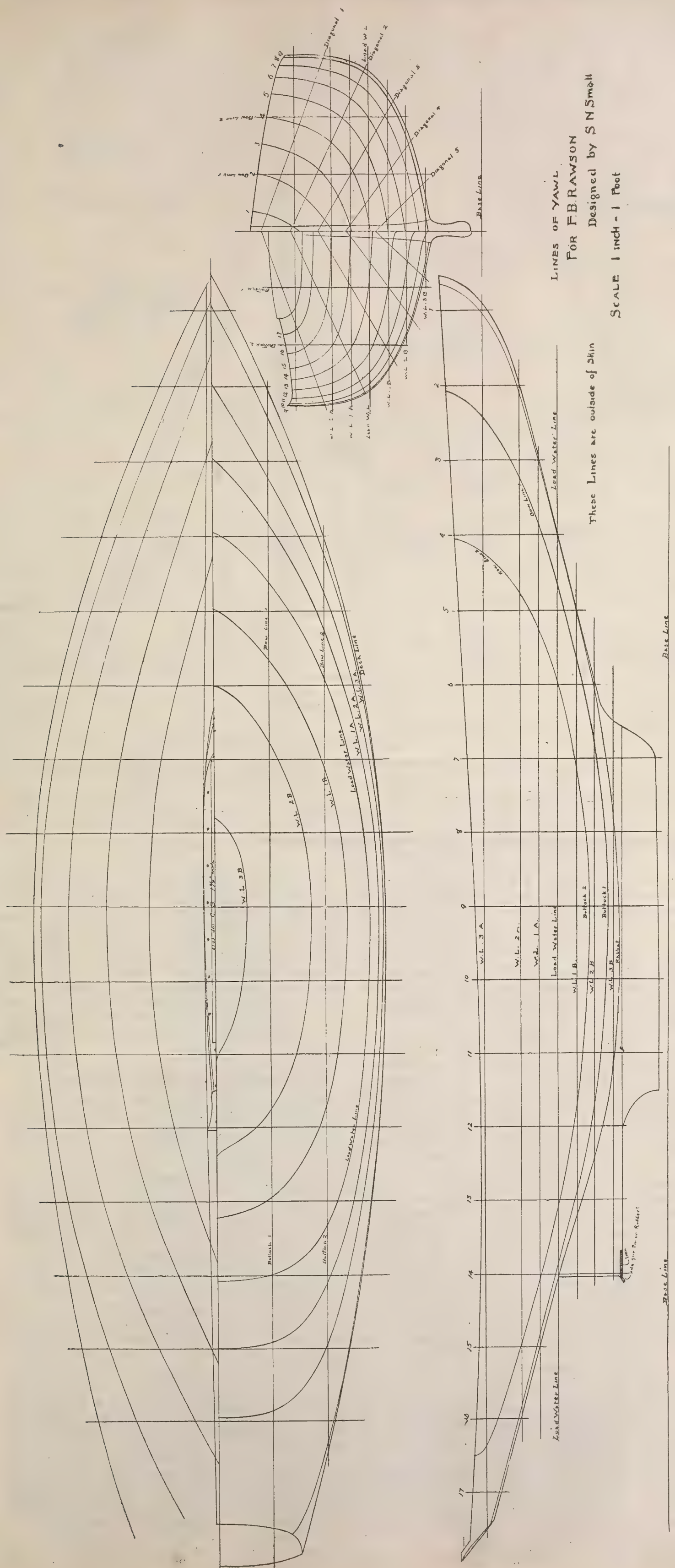


The Yachtsmen's Club.

MR. JOHN HYSLOP, the official measurer of the N. Y. Y. C., lectured before a large number of members of the Yachtsmen's Club at 47 West Forty-third street, on Wednesday evening, March 6, the subject being "The Measurement Rule." Mr. Hyslop has been identified with yachting for many years and is probably more familiar with its history than any other man in this country. In consequence of this he has had ample opportunity to see the effects of rating rules on yacht design and construction, and for this reason Mr. Hyslop was able to put his subject before his audience in a particularly comprehensive manner. After going over the effect of the early rating rules and formulas both in England and America, he led up to the new rule recently adopted by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and illustrated it by drawings, explaining how boats would be measured in actual practice under the new rule. The lecture was most interesting, and the club members extended a vote of thanks to Mr. Hyslop.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 26.
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.
25ft. shoal draft sloop, Feb. 2.
18-footer Bronco, Feb. 9.
25ft. cruising sloop, Feb. 16.
32-ft. fast cruiser, Feb. 23.
House-boat designs, March 2.
Schooner Endymion and yawl Ellida, March 9.



The Marine Exhibits at the Show.

IT is a matter of general regret that the Sportsmen's Show, now being held at Madison Square Garden, contains so few marine exhibits. No better opportunity to display their products could be offered to the many manufacturers in all parts of the country, and yet less than a dozen avail themselves of it. These few, however, make up for lack of numbers by their exhibits, and they have no doubt met with success.

The Snecker Motor Co.

One of the most interesting displays was made by the Sneckner Motor Company, of Greenwich, Conn., who build one of the most compact, powerful, economical and absolutely safe gas motors on the market. This firm exhibited a launch that has been specially built for them by Mr. L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle.

The Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co.

Perhaps the largest marine exhibit was that of the Truscott Boat Manufacturing Company, of St. Joseph, Mich. Two boats are shown, one an open launch 18ft. long, and the other a cabin boat, 30ft. in length. Both these boats were perfectly appointed in every way, and were sold soon after the exhibition was opened. The New York office of this firm is in charge of Mr. J. W. Newbury, 471 West Twenty-second street.

The Standard Motor Manufacturing Co.

Another splendid exhibit is that of the Standard Motor Manufacturing Company, of 148 East 129th street, New York city. This firm manufactures 4-cycle gasoline engines of 2, 3 and 4 cylinders from 10 to 75 horse power, all of which are equipped with automatic governors and vaporizers, speed regulators and spark timing device and reversing gear. The compactness of this engine especially adapts it for auxiliary uses; the propeller revolves without any drag when the boat is under sail. Some of the boats already equipped with this type of motor are: Trochilus, owned by Mr. Mayhew W. Bronson; Meda, owned by Dr. Morton R. Peck; Toma, owned by Mr. Bradley L. Eaton, and Sea Bird, owned by Mr. J. O. L. Wharton.

The Wolverine Motor Works.

Mr. A. V. Evans, the New York agent of the Wolverine Motor Works, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has on exhibition at space 37 a 6-horse power 2-cycle Wolverine motor. This motor shows the high class work that this firm turn out. Their 3-cylinder motor is self-starting and reversing, and can be handled the same as a steam engine; it is made in 1, 2 or 3 cylinder types and from 2 to 60 horse power. It is an ideal engine for launches, yacht tenders and auxiliaries; can be used with solid propeller or reversing screw; reversing screw can be set so that blade does not drag when the boat is under sail. Mr. Evans will have one of these motors on exhibition at his office, 105 Beekman street, New York city, and will be pleased to explain its merits to prospective purchasers. Over 1,000 Wolverine motors are now in operation, 175 of them being in working boats receiving almost constant daily use, and many are in use in the fruit trade in Central and South America. One of their boats is to be taken on a North Pole expedition by Messrs. Baldwin and Zeigler. It is an interesting fact that there are Wolverine motors in use in every civilized country in the world.

The D. M. Tuttle Co.

Still another exhibit that attracted much attention is that of the D. M. Tuttle Company, of Canastota, N. Y. This company manufactures gasoline engines, boats and launches, and has already gained an enviable reputation. The launch which is on exhibition is thoroughly constructed and is well finished; it is 16ft. long 4ft. 2in. beam and 16in. draft; the decks are finished in oak. The boat is fully equipped with a 1½-horse power Tuttle motor, an interesting feature of which is the self-wiping sparker. A written guarantee is given with each boat and a two weeks' trial is permitted. It would appear that the price asked for these boats ($200) is very reasonable. The New York agents are H. H. Kiffe Company, 523 Broadway, who will send catalogues and any desired information on request.

The Carlton Boat & Canoe Co.

The Carlton Boat & Canoe Company, of Oldtown, Me., make a creditable showing with their high grade canoes.

The International Gas Engine Co.

The International Gas Engine Company, of 26 Broadway, New York, has on exhibition a 22-horse power engine. This is a durable motor of simple construction, which occupies a small amount of floor space; it is self-starting and very economical in fuel consumption. Beside the large number of these engine in use on yachts and launches, many are used on the oyster and fishing boats of Long Island Sound and Great South Bay.

The New York Kerosene Engine Co.

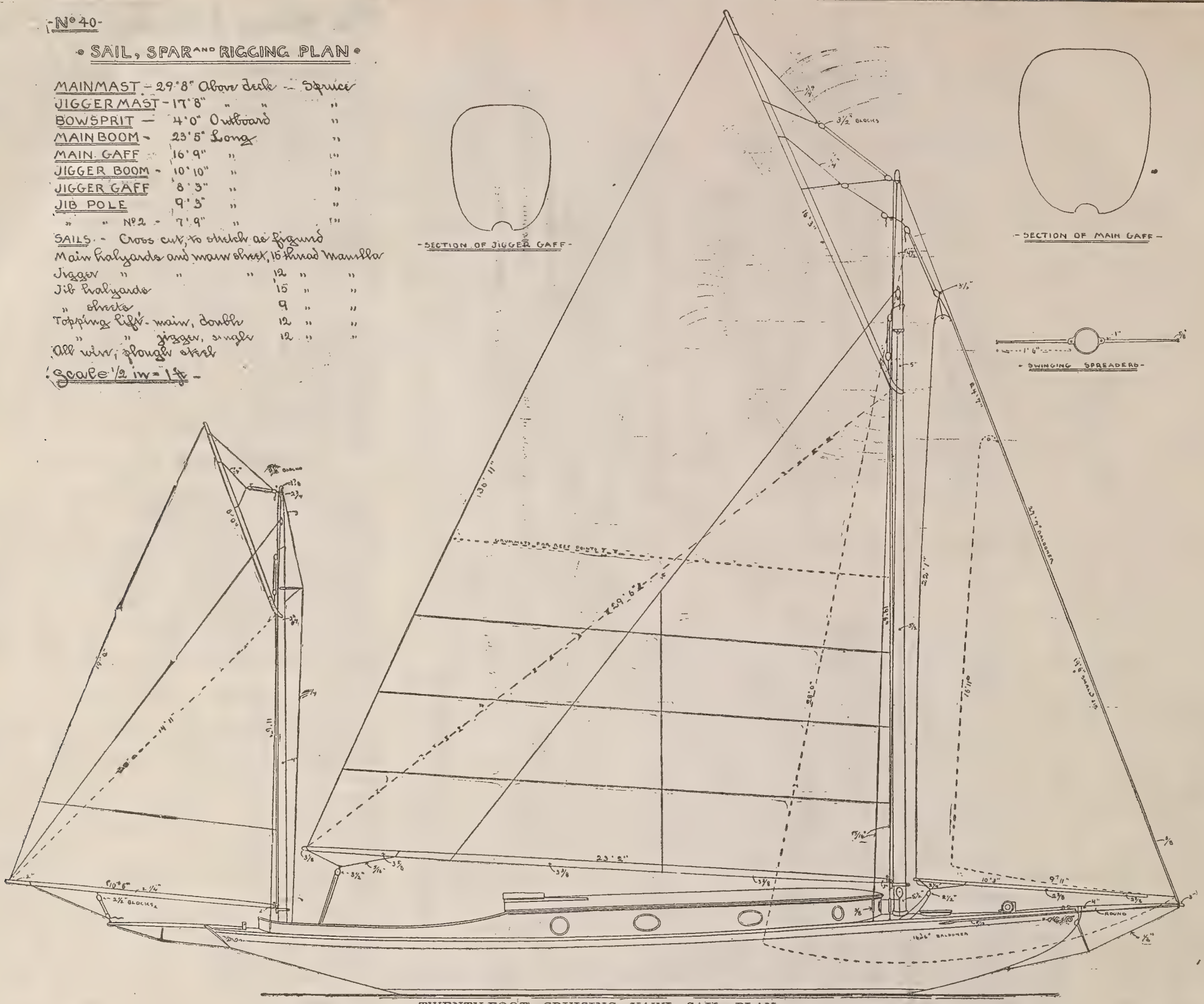
One of the few exhibitors who had a motor in full operation was the New York Kerosene Engine Company, of 31 Burling Slip, New York city. This concern manufactures the most successful kerosene oil motor on the market, and those interested can see one of these engines in operation at the firm's yard, 131st street and Harlem River.

The Craig Gasoline Engine.

Mr. James Craig, Jr., of 556 West Thirty-fourth street, has on exhibition a 3½-horse power 4-cycle engine. The Craig engine is made with 3 and 4 cylinders, by means of which they are arranged in correct balance and the explosions in the different cylinders occur in regular sequence. This provides smooth and quiet running and permits of high speed with maximum power for minimum weight. Mr. Edward F. Leeds, of Bridgeport, Conn., is the sole agent for Connecticut and Long Island.

White Star Motors.

Mr. W. R. Smith, of 868 Eighth avenue, has two White Star motors on exhibition. Mr. Smith manufactures



marine and stationary gas engines from 2 to 50 horse power. Circulars and all information sent on request.

The Indian Oldtown Canoe Co.

Spaces 14 and 15 are occupied by the Indian Oldtown Canoe Company, of Oldtown, Me. They have a very complete exhibit of canoes, paddles, etc.

The Mather Launch and Canoe Co.

The Mather Launch & Canoe Company, of Atlantic, Mass., occupying spaces 11, 12 and 13, in connection with their New York agents, Shoverling, Daly & Gales, are exhibiting canvas canoes and canvas-covered rowboats.

Clarette.

CLARETTE was designed by Mr. S. N. Small, of Small Brothers, of Boston, and was built by Messrs. Higgins & Gifford, of Gloucester, Mass., for Mr. Walter Burgess. She was planned to conform to the cabin and scantling restrictions of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. Clarette has a large amount of accommodation, there being 6ft. of headroom in the cabin. She has a large main cabin with two berths on either side and wide transoms in front. Forward is the toilet room, galley and a good sized forecastle; there is also ample locker room. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	45ft.
L.W.L.	28ft. 6in.
Overhang—	
Bow	7ft. 6in.
Stern	9ft.
Freeboard—	
Bow	3ft. 6in.
Taffrail	2ft. 6in.
Least	2ft. 3in.
Beam—	
Extreme	12ft. 2in.
L.W.L.	11ft. 4in.
Draft—	
Extreme.	3ft. 2in.
Board down	7ft. 6in.
Sail area, total	1,450 sq. ft.
Ballast	4,650lbs.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Pelham Country Club has organized a yachting department to be known as the Lark Club, its object being to promote boat racing and social intercourse among its members. The club's headquarters during the summer months will be at Pelham Bay. Races will be held every Saturday afternoon in the bay off the club house, and special open races will be held during the season. Some twelve one-design larks are being built, and special attention will be given to this class. Ten of these boats are being constructed at the yard of C. G. Downer, at College Point, L. I. Suitable prizes will be awarded to the winners in all classes. At a recent meeting of the club the following officers were elected: Com., Paul R. Allen; Vice-Com., M. St. G. Davies; Rear-Com., Frank Downing; Secretary and Treasurer, H. S. Sayers, 218 West 131st street, New York city. A number of large boats have been enrolled on the club's list, and the membership is increasing rapidly.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C., held at the Yachtsmen's Club, the following officers were elected: Com., Walther Lüttgen; Vice-Com., W. C. Trageser; Rear-Com., Alfred Carr; Secretary, T. S. Coale; Treas., J. A. Weaver; Fleet Surgeon, H. Griswold, M. D.; Meas., Mansfield M. Doty. Trustees to serve two years—George R. Bidwell, W. M. K. Olcott, W. Dixon Ellis and W. T. Colbron. Nominating Committee—J. F. Hitchcock, chairman; W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Coale.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Portland Y. C., held Wednesday evening, March 6, the following officers were elected: Com., C. W. Bray, steam yacht Maitland; Vice-Com., Edward Woodman, knockabout Banshee; Sec'y, J. E. Butler; Treas., C. F. A. Weber; Meas., D. W. Fox; Fleet Capt., P. S. Jones; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Bradford; Regatta Committee, N. Clifford, W. Noyer, F. S. Vaill, C. W. Small; Membership Committee, E. H. Rice, F. S. Macomber, F. S. Bullard. The club has 260 members, and there are eighty-three yachts enrolled. The Treasurer reports the club free from debt, with a good surplus with which to begin the year. A special smoker will be held at the club house April 26 to celebrate the thirty-second anniversary of the organization of the club.

* * *

The Canarsie Y. C. has announced the following racing dates for the coming season:

Thursday, May 30—Opening of the season, parade and review of the yachts in club's fleet; reception and review at club house, Sands Point, Canarsie, L. I.

Saturday, June 8—Pennant championship race on Jamaica Bay, over ten miles' triangular course.

Thursday, July 4—Dress parade, review and fireworks.

Saturday, July 22—Open regatta off club house on Jamaica Bay.

Saturday, Aug. 17—Corinthian regatta off club house at Sands Point, L. I.

Monday, Sept. 2—Ladies' day regatta, each boat in contending fleet to be handled by ladies.

Saturday, Sept. 21—Commodore's cup races off the club house, Sands Point, L. I.

At the annual meeting of the Greenville Y. C. of New Jersey, at the club house, foot of Linden avenue, Greenville, Upper New York Bay, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., A. G. Roemer; Vice-Com., C. N. Pinkney; Rear-Com., O. Greiff; Sec'y, A. L. Bogart; Treas., C. P. Boos; Meas., C. Johnson; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. Lange. The Trustees elected were A. G. Roemer, C. N. Pinkney, O. Greiff, A. L. Bogart, C. P. Boos, A. Renshaw, G. Ruffle and F. J. McMullen. The reading of the annual report showed an increase of 50 per cent. in the membership of the club, a total of 100 members, 40 of whom are boat owners. At the April meeting a schedule of dates will be announced for the yachting season.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The auxiliary sloop Massasoit, built at Smtih V. Rogers' yard, Sayville, L. I., for Mr. W. M. Blaisdell, of Brooklyn, was launched a few days ago. She will be the flagship of the Canarsie Y. C. The boat is 55ft. over all, 35ft. on the waterline and 14ft. 6in. beam, and is equipped with a 20-horse power engine.

* * *

Palmer Bros., of Miamus, Conn., are building for Mr. J. S. Johnson, of Baltimore, Md., a 35ft. cruising cabin launch, the power to be furnished by a 12-horse power Palmer gasoline motor. The boat will be used on Chesapeake Bay.

* * *

The New York Y. C. realized about $1,500 on the sale of the furniture that was left in the old club house at 67 Madison avenue.

* * *

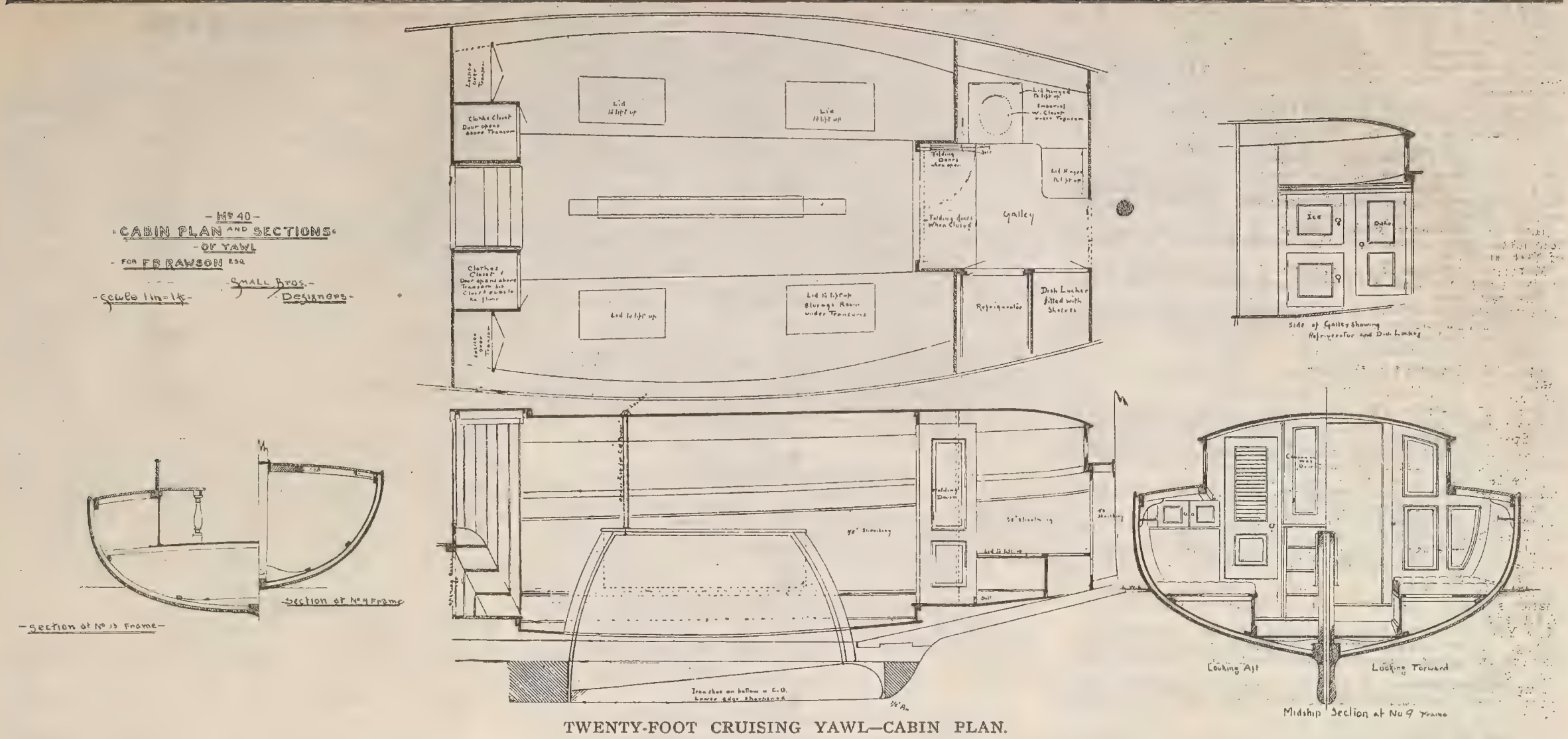
Dr. E. M. Culver, of New York, has purchased the steam yacht Cero, which is now in Florida. He will make an extended cruise on her with a party of friends through the West Indies.

* * *

The yacht Laurea that won the Coupe de France is not a total loss, as was at first reported. She has been raised by a shipbuilder of Marseilles and will be repaired in time to do some more racing before the Mediterranean season closes.

* * *

The foreign-built steam yacht May, owned by Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer, has recently been admitted to American registry. A bill was passed by the Senate and the House authorizing the Commissioner of Navigation to classify the yacht as a vessel of the United States. The May rendered the Government valuable services as a relief ship during the Spanish-American war. In a letter to Senator Frye, chairman of the Committee on Commerce, General Miles speaks most highly of the usefulness



TWENTY-FOOT CRUISING YAWL—CABIN PLAN.

of the yacht in carrying medicine and supplies to the soldiers and sailors in Porto Rico. The May was originaly owned by E. D. Morgan; she was afterward purchased by Mrs. Sarah D. Fell, and later was sold to Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer.

* * *

Work is being rushed on the Cup challenger, Shamrock II. The Yachting World says: "Fresh gangs of men were started last week on the construction of the new challenger in Denny Bros.' yard at Dumbarton, and a serious effort is being made to try and have the shell ready for launching on the tides which fall due in the last week of March. All the hands retained for the job have been turned on, and the work goes on incessantly by day and night. During the day the work is done entirely inside the shed and the shaping and fitting of the heavier pieces, which require the assistance of the ordinary machinery, are done at night, when the yard has been cleared of the men on the day shift. Capital progress has been made, but although much of the material for building her is already shaped and ready, there seems to be little prospect of the vessel being ready for launching at the time originally named. A dredger has now started work in the River Leven, opposite the yard, for the purpose of dredging a launching berth and a channel right to the Fairway of the Clyde."

* * *

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., have received from the Herreshoffs an order for three topsail hollow spruce spars for the new Cup defender being built at Bristol, R. I. These hollow spars, of the special method of construction of the Spalding Company, will be from 50 to 60 per cent. lighter weight than if of solid wood of the same dimensions, and also considerably lighter than steel tubing of sufficient weight for the purpose. Such a saving in weight aloft on the Herreshoff boat will be considerable and of immense advantage.

* * *

The following large steam yachts, among others, will have new Roberts boilers next season: Steam yacht Admiral, owned by Mr. Pliny Fish, of New York; new steam yacht (formerly steamer City of Quincy), owned by Mr. H. B. Anderson, of New York; steam yacht Say When, owned by Hon. W. J. White, Cleveland, O.; new steam yacht now being built on the St. Lawrence River, owned by Mr. W. H. Nichols, President of the General Chemical Company, of New York; three steam yachts now being built by the George Lawley & Sons Corp., South Boston, Mass.; steam yacht Venice, owned by L. C. Smith, of Syracuse, N. Y.; steam yacht Chetolah, owned by Mr. A. J. Wise, of New York; new steam yacht (not yet named), owned by Mr. James Averill, of Champlain, N. Y.

CLARETTE.
Designed by S. N. Small for Walter Burgess. Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 21.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target and live-bird shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Seventh annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. J. M. Hawkins, Sec'y.

April 10.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for Dupont trophy at Dupont Park.

April 12-13.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's tournament. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.

April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

April 24-25.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co.; $150 added money. H. W. Brown, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

April 26-28.—Chicago.—Annual spring tournament of the Crescent Gun Club. John S. Boa, Mgr.

May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.

May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.

May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League; under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

July 17-18.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

July 23.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

June —.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.

May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

E. W. Tinker, of Providence, R. I., famous in the trapshooting annals of a past school, died last week. He defeated both Ira Paine and A. H. Bogardus when they held the center of the stage in their zenith as shooting wonders. His favorite style of shooting was according to the Rhode Island rules, gun below the elbow. His last conspicuous participation in a public contest at the traps was at the Interstate shoot given under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club, July 19,-20, 1899, and although he was then well along in years he broke 21 targets out of 30. Of him, in FOREST AND STREAM'S report, Mr. Edward Banks wrote as follows: "The Old Guard was represented by Ned Tinker, one of the best-known trap shots of Rhode Island in the days when gun below the elbow and 21yds. rise were the thing, with live pigeons for targets. Ira Paine and Mr. Tinker were giants in those days, and the latter's scores in the first two events on the first day show that Mr. Tinker's blue eyes have not forgotten how to look along a gun barrel, although the sight may not be as clear as it was when feathers flew. Mr. Tinker is well thought of by the Providence Gun Club; he is its solitary honorary member."

It seems that the Indians, the new fraternity of the trapshooters, have a solemn ritual, and that all candidates are subjected to it to the end that their worthiness and stanchness are properly tested before they can properly be classed as braves. At Chicago, the famous naval man behind the gun, Admiral A. G. Courtney, was a candidate in search of membership, and was being just put through the form where his socks were turned down over his shoes and he was being led, blindfolded, round the tables and through the doors and then seated. A glass of water was handed to him. He was commanded to drink it and name it. At the first taste he shivered and said in disgust, "I never was good at naming these French drinks," whereupon he was elected to full membership by popular acclamation.

The tournament programme of the Newell Gun Club, of Newell, Ia., can be obtained of Mr. H. G. Hall, the club's secretary. It tersely sets forth that the tournament date is March 21; strictly amateur; targets 2 cents; live birds 12½ cents; purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; magautrap rules. Annual shoot May 1, 2 and 3. Eleven events are provided, of which seven are at targets, four at live birds. Two of the latter are at 10 birds, $5; one at 7, $3; one at 15, $7.50 entrance. The target events are one at 10, four at 15, and two at 20, $1, $1.50 and $2 entrance.

Mr. Franklin Stearns, of Richmond, Va., is steadily coming to the front as a skillful and successful trap shot. On Thursday of last week he shot two 50-bird races with Mr. W. A. Hammond, at Richmond, the first for the championship of Virginia, the second for the championship of Richmond city. In the first contest he won by a score of 45 to 43, losing 3 dead out. In the second there was a tie on 41, and in the shoot-off both had scored 10 when the supply of pigeons gave out, and further competition was postponed to Wednesday of this week.

In his "Century of Chinese Literature" H. A. Giles tells this: "A general was hard pressed in battle and on the point of giving way, when suddenly a spirit soldier came to his rescue and enabled him to win a great victory. Prostrating himself on the ground, he asked the spirit's name. "I am the God of the Target," replied the spirit. "And how have I merited your godship's kind assistance?" inquired the general. "I am grateful to you," answered the spirit, "because in your days of practice you never once hit me."

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Newark, and the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, have arranged a club team match, fifteen men on a side, each man to shoot at 25 live birds from the 29yd. mark. The match will take place at Riverton, March 22, to be followed by a return match at Interstate Park some time in April. The difference between 29yds and 30yds. is so slight that the latter, being a standard of the best performance, would seem to be the more desirable from an outsider's point of view.

The Baltimore Shooting Association will be represented at the Grand American Handicap by twelve or more of its members. There is evidence on every hand that this great national event has lost none of its keen interest to the shooting fraternity. Incidentally, those who are at the G. A. H., who contemplate attending the Baltimore shoot and desire information concerning it will have a good opportunity to interview its representatives and meet a fine lot of gentlemen sportsmen.

The programme of the Baltimore Shooting Association's annual spring tournament will be issued about March 20. The dates, April 9 to 12, inclusive, follow conveniently after the Grand American Handicap for the shooters who contest therein to attend the Baltimore shoot, of which the first two days are at targets, $100 added each day. Also $500 are guaranteed in the Maryland Handicap. The address of the secretary, Mr. J. M. Hawkins, is P. O. Box 454, Baltimore, Md.

The recent team shoot between New York and New Jersey has demonstrated that a competition which has new features, when properly backed, will have a strong and earnest support. The same men facing the same proposition week after week and month after month do dot need to compete to learn the results. With a new proposition and therewith the element of uncertaintiy new interest and effort are evoked. There is more trapshooting skill in America to-day than ever before, but, in a majority of instances, they have nothing new offered in the way of competition. At least, instead of offering the same events over and over again, changes could be made, team shoots one week, sweepstakes the next, trophy events the next, etc., much to the activity of the sport.

On Saturday of last week, at Interstate Park, in the continuous match, the crackerjack squad being at the score, there was extraordinarily quick action. Heikes, Gilbert and Banks missed on the first target; Fanning went out on his second, and Leroy tarried but a moment longer, retiring on his third. Eight targets were sufficient to put out the entire squad at that time, but the scores will show that such a happening is rare enough to class as an event.

Mr. E. L. Greenin, of Westwood, N. J., informs us that the Westwood Gun Club, of which he is secretary, has erected a new club house on its grounds. It was decided at a meeting on March 2 to hold its regular club shoot the third Saturday of each month. Mr. V. Van Buskirk, was elected captain of the club. The organization is in a very promising condition at present, new members being constantly added to the roll.

Mr. John Watson, Grand Crossing, Chicago, Ill., writes us as follows: "To give the shooters from the West on their way to the Grand American Handicap a chance for some practice, I will give a two days' shoot—March 28 and 29—commencing at 10 A. M. each day. Programme: Ten birds, entrance $5, divided 55 and 45 per cent; 15 birds, entrance $8, divided 40, 35 and 25 per cent. Same both days. Handicaps 28 to 31yds."

In our advertising columns, Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., calls attention to his celebrated live-bird traps, which have been adopted by many of the leading trapshooting Associations of America. Besides his celebrated automatic traps, he manufactures portable traps, a set of which can be installed in five minutes. Concerning them, for further particulars address Mr. Fulford.

The Carlstadt Gun Club, of Carlstadt, N. J., was organized on March 7. Officers were elected as follows: President, Theo A. Gemp; Vice-President, Chris Niederer; Secretary, Henry Krug; Treasurer, George Frank; Captain, Wm. Rasmus. There is a large membership. The club shoot will be held every Saturday. The club holds a meeting on the first Monday of every month.

No. 1 squad in the championship 100-target race on Saturday, at Interstate Park, did a remarkable thing. It broke 124 out of 125 targets when up to shoot at the last 25 of the 100. The squad consisted of Messrs. Crosby, Gilbert, Heikes, Fanning and Parmelee, the latter missing his 19th target. It was very careless.

The following has been communicated to us: "Alexander Stein, of the well-known firm of Conrad Stein Sons, has purchased a battle axe of the firm of Schoverling, Daly & Gales at their exhibit at Madison Square Garden, intending to send same to Mrs. Carrie Nation, inviting her to come here and try same."

In the championship contest at 100 targets, on Monday of this week, at Interstate Park, Messrs. Parmelee, Crosby, Gilbert, Heikes and Fanning each broke his first 25 straight, making 125 for the squad without a miss. Gilbert continued as he began and broke 100 straight, making thereby a perfect score.

Owing to the objections of residents whose domiciles were adjacent to Madison Square Garden, the Roof Garden tournament was adjourned to Interstate Park on Friday of last week. No shooting, further than a start, was done on Thursday, the shooting being stopped at 11:15 A. M.

The Union Gun Club, of San Francisco, Cal., whose programme for the year 1901 we publish elsewhere in our trap columns, recently elected officers as follows: President, Fritz Walpert; Vice-President, M. J. Iverson; Secretary-Treasurer, Wm. Janssen; Captain, C. M. Wollam.

Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., writes us that the Peru Gun Club's fifth annual amateur tournament will be held at Peru, Ind., May 7, 8 and 9. Two days at targets for amateurs, and one day at live birds, open to all. Mr. J. L. Head is the president, Mr. Chas. Bruck, secretary.

On Thursday of last week the return match between Messrs. J. Stubbs, of Frenchtown, and J. Hagey, of Hellertown, took place at Greisemersville, near Allentown, Pa. The first match resulted in a tie. This match was at 47 birds. The scores were Stubbs 41, Hagey 38.

The California Wing Club recently elected officers as follows: President, Dr. S. E. Knowles; Vice-President, Edw. Donohue; Secretary, C. C. Nauman; Board of Directors, the officers, with C. H. Shaw, O. Feudner and F. Vernon.

Mr. Ed Bergen, of Grand Rapids, Minn., won the H. C. Hirschy trophy in the last shoot on March 2 at Intercity Park, Minneapolis, Minn., with a score of 24 out of 25. The next contest for this trophy will take place at Grand Rapids, Minn.

We are informed that on March 15 at Bunn's Hotel, Singac, N. J., a match will be shot at 100 live birds each for a purse of $200, between A. Doty, of Paterson, N. J., and E. A. Dickson, of Newburgh, N. Y., commencing at 1 P. M.

Mr. B. G. Cushman, the secretary, informs us that the Silver Lake Gun Club, of Bellefontaine, O., will hold its fourth annual tournament June 13 and 14, rain or shine, and that the preparations are in charge of a hustling management.

The fifteen-men team match between the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, and the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, at Milwaukee, March 2, was won by the former by a score of 190 to 171, each contestant shooting at 15 birds.

The Crescent Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., announces its annual spring tournament at targets to take place at its grounds, California avenue and Forty-seventh street, April 26-28. Mr. John S. Boa is manager.

On Tuesday of last week Dr. Geo. D. B. Darby defeated Mr. C. E. Geikler in a 100-bird race, 28yds., on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., by a score of 90 to 85.

Mr. John S. Wright has postponed his shoot from March 13 to March 20, owing to the Roof Garden tournament having been transfereed to Interstate Park. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Louis Erhardt, at the shoot of the Metropolitan Gun Club, St. Joseph, Mo., held recently, won high average with 170 out of 180 targets, an average slightly over .944 per cent.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club will hold its regular club contest at targets on March 18. Targets $1.50 per 100. Mr. J. H. W. Fleming (Johnnie Jones) is secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., March 9.—There was a good attendance of shooters, and excellent shooting was the rule, as the scores will show.

Event No. 1, 7 birds, club prize. *Indicates no bird allowance. †Indicates miss as kill:

		Shoot-off.
J P Brown*, 29	1222221—7	*
Dr Wynn*, 29	2111112—7	1212222111
J H Jack, 29	2122222—7	1*
H Kryn*, 28	2122211—7	2222211222
G W Hagedorn*, 28	1211221—7	111110
C A Ramapo*†, 27	1122022—6	.....
E H Lott, 28	2221111—7	1221121111

Event No. 2, 7 birds, for club prize. *Indicates no bird allowance:

		Shoot-off.
J B Brown	2121222—7	22120
H Kryn	1222111—7	12*
G W Hagedorn	2111111—7	1212111222
C A Ramapo	2222222—7	222222212*
E H Lott	2111221—7	22211*
B H Norton*, 28	2222222—7	221120
W F Sykes*, 29	2222222—7	2222*
W H Hamilton*, 30	1121111—7	.....

Mr. G. W. Hagedorn won G. W. H. medal.

Ten birds, for club prize. *Indicates no bird allowance. †Indicates miss as kill:

J Brown*, 30	1221w	S B Jay†, 29	2122211l0w
Dr Wynn†, 28	2122121121—10	W F Sykes*†, 29	222220w
J H Jack*, 30	2211212222—10	W Hamilton*, 30	2112112211—10
H Kryn†, 28	1122000120— 6		

Five pairs: Dr. Wynn, 25yds., 6; J. H. Jack, 27yds., 7; H. Kryn, 25yds., 6; G. W. Hagedorn, 26yds., 8; S. B. Jay, 26yds., 4; C. A. Ramapo, 25yds., 4; E. H. Lott, 26yds., 7.

Crescent Athletic Club.

March 9.—The March cup had nine contestants to-day, and of these G. G. Stephenson, Jr., scored the limit of 50, with the assistance of 3 of the 4 targets allowance, therefore actually scoring 47, a 94 per cent. gait, and a most excellent performance. The scores:

March cup, 25 targets expert traps, 25 targets magautrap; handicap allowances:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
G G Stephenson, Jr.	2	25	2	25	50
H B Martin	2	25	1	24	49
C A Sykes	3	24	3	25	48
Dr J J Keyes	3	24	3	25	49
D C Hopkins	6	24	5	24	48
Jere Dott	4	25	3	23	48
F B Stephenson	1	23	1	20	43
W W Marshall	6	18	5	25	43
H C Werleman	7	18	6	20	38

Deft panel, 15 targets, expert traps; handicap allowances: D. C. Hopkins, 4, 15; W. W. Marshall, 4, 15; G. Stephenson, Jr., 1, 14; H. B. Martin, 1, 13; F. B. Stephenson, 0, 13; H. C. Werleman, 5, 13; Dr. J. J. Keyes, 2, 11.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Hopkins 13, Marshall 11.

Union Gun Club.

ON the first Sunday of each month—March 3 to Sept. 1, inclusive—on the San Francisco Trapshooting Association grounds, Ingleside, the following events will be shot. Take Mission street electric cars:

Warm Up—Ten-Bird Match.—High guns to win. Entrance to be named by captain.

Club Shoot, 25 Birds.—Not more than one score to be made up during the season of seven shoots. Club offers $8 money, divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent; 20 breaks and over will constitute first class; 16 to 19, inclusive, second class; 12 to 15, inclusive, third class; below 12, fourth class. Ties to shoot off at 10 birds or shooter's option.

Club Handicap Match.—Twenty-five to thirty birds, entrance 50 cents. Handicap to be governed according to scores made in club match. Winners of medals to wear same each month. Medals to become the property of members winning same the greatest number of times during the season. Gold medal, over 68 per cent.; silver medal, below 68 per cent. Ties to shoot off at 10 birds or shooter's option. Handicap to be done as follows: Give 11 and under 5 birds; give 12 to 15, inclusive, 3 birds; give 16 to 19, inclusiyc, 1 bird.

Ability Handicap Medal.—Entrance 50 cents, 20 to 30 birds. Shooters handicapped according to ability. Possible 20 birds. Medal to become property of shooter winning same the greatest number of times during season of seven shoots. Ties to shoot off at 10 birds or shooter's option.

Special Medal at 10 Birds.—End of season, for shooters who fail to win prize in club or handicap shoot. Shooters to enter this match must take part in five club events.

Outsiders' and Members' Match.—Entrance 50 cents. Handicaps 20 to 25 birds, 20 breaks or over being possible. Club will add money at each shoot. Purse to be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Other matches to be arranged by the captain. All shooters are invited to participate in any club or other event for birds at the rate of 2 cents a bird. Practice shooting from 9:30 to 10:30 A. M. Regular Club events at 10:30 A. M.

On March 31, June 30 and Sept. 29 this club will have three live-bird handicap shoots at 12 birds, on the San Francisco Trapshooting Association grounds, Ingleside.

UNION GUN CLUB.

Excellent Nerve.

AN exchange presents the following:

"A Chicago daily contained a paragraph recently that awoke mingled feelings of pity, disgust and sorrow. It was about a 'live-bird shoot,' the reward being a certain cup. Two men shot 200 live birds. The loser was a 'trifle nervous'; his opponent 'displayed excellent nerve.' Reverently, we wonder what God thinks when he sees men made for His glory using their wondrous powers thus—slaughtering His birds, wasting time, money and life in ignoble contests and sowing the seeds of death in their souls. 'A trifle nervous'! Strange that the delicate nerves, God-strung, do not quiver and shrink and snap when called on to do such acts of cruelty and debasement. But so fearfully and wonderfully are we made that the murderer's hand obeys his will and nerves consent to their own eternal undoing. May God strengthen the nerves and hearts and hands of women everywhere to such heroic resolve that they shall leave no task undone that may tend to the restoration of man to his glory as the 'image of god'!"

[When Robert Burns, the poet, tuned his voice lugubriously, not to say whiningly, and sang that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," he, according to the more refined, modern, thinkers, should have substituted the name of pigeon for that of man. "Oh, it was pitiful!" And yet those pigeons no doubt were made into some very excellent potpie, and people of sad features and somber thoughts have been known to eat pigeon potpie with a reasonable degree of relish, without any over-curious questions as to whether the contents therein were killed with a shotgun or the firm grip and twist of the cook. It might be hinted that in respect to veal, mutton, beef, chickens, etc., the same apathy is manifested as between the stomach and meat as food, or even as between the meat and the killer. Also it may be suggested as food for thought that the thousands of men who acquire skill at the traps serve their country in good stead in time of war.]

The West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., March 9.—At a meeting of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, held at St. Marys to-day, it was decided to change the dates for our fifth annual State tournament from June 11 and 12 and July 17 and 18. The tournament will be held at St. Marys, W. Va., under the auspices of the West Virginia Gun Club, on above dates, and programme telling all about it will be ready for the mail in due time. Besides a number of valuable merchandise prizes, there will be $250 in cash added to the purses.

If you will kindly give us the usual notice under coming events we shall be greatly obliged. ED O. BOWER, Sec'y.

National vs. Garden City.

Milwaukee, March 6.—The long-talked-of match at live birds between the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, and the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, took place at National Park, Milwaukee, on March 2, and was one of the most interesting events in live-bird shooting had in Milwaukee in some time.

There were fifteen men on each side, and each shot at 15 birds. From the time this match was first talked of, nearly a year ago, the Milwaukee shooters seemed reticent to undertake anything of the kind, knowing that the Garden City Club possessed some of the best marksmen in the country, and that ten or twelve of them were better than 90 per cent. men, so that the Nationals went into the match feeling that the chances were against them. Chicago was unfortunate in not being able to send all of her best men. Milwaukee was also unfortunate in not being able to produce all of the men that were expected to shoot on the team, yet the Nationals were on their mettle from start to finish, as will appear from the score, no man on the team falling below 10 birds out of the possible 15, and three men making straight scores—Rogers, Crane and Williamson killing all of the birds.

It may seem a hard thing for the Nationals to treat their company in such a manner, but it was birds we were after from start to finish.

Chicago took their defeat good-naturedly, as every man who came here—not alone the shooters, but the visitors—was a gentleman, and knew how to take defeat, although it is something uncommon with them.

It is understood that a return match will be shot at Chicago very soon, and Chicago has the same privileges to do up the Nationals at that time.

It is possible that there may be some changes made in the makeup of the respective teams, each endeavoring to strengthen weak points, if there are any, but it will be substantially the same as the one at Milwaukee. Should the Nationals be defeated at Chicago, then it is proposed that a third match be shot on some neutral grounds—prabably at Racine. The Nationals propose to do their best, so that a third match will not be necessary.

Following are the scores:

Chicago.

Irwin	212220222222222—14
Barto	022222212222222—14
Gillis	222122202220002—11
Alabaster	222221*22202222—13
Antoine	*1*220100022*20— 7
Odell	222222202202022—12
Rice	000000220202200— 5
Willard	122112**1211111—13
Levi	222120000222201—10
Watson	222202000022120— 9
Amberg	22212111222*222—14
O'Brien	222222221222021—14
Conley	122011211121221—14
Roll	2212122020*2220—11
Wells	220222200202211—11—172

Milwaukee.

Rogers	112222222222222—15
Deiter	222222222*2222*—13
Meixner	2*22222*2222022—12
Cantillon	2022212*22222*2—12
Blake	122211*12022222—13
Klapinski	000222112222222—12
Reed	112222022002210—11
Thomas	222222022122222—14
Crane	222222222222222—15
Collins	120222112211221—14
Potter	120112000122221—11
King	22211122202*112—13
Sherer	121020100210211—10
Case	210111021000111—10
Williamson	222222222222222—15—190

Lindley Collins, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY

Cannibal Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., March 6.—The shoot of the Cannibal Gun Club, at Trenton Driving Park to-day, was well attended. The Bechtel medal was won by Lanning. It was a handicap event at 25 targets, in which out of fourteen contestants but three qualified. In the March shoot for the gold and silver medals, a club event, C. Allen won the gold and J. R. Taylor won the silver medal. The scores:

Bechtel medal shoot: Allen (5) 25, W. Talor (7) 26, Lanning (8) 25, Ruelius (6) 24, Williams (8) 24, Vialcovitch (5) 23, Dirk (10) 23, Fell (7) 22, J. R. Taylor (5) 20, Williams (10) 19, Johnson (10) 18, Emmons (61 17, Fox (6) 16, Garry (8) 12.

Shoot-off of tie, 15 targets: W. Taylor (3) 16, Lanning (4) 15, Allen (2) 14.

Second shoot-off, 10 targets: Lanning (2) 10, W. Taylor (2) 9.

Lanning won medal and 50 per cent. of net purse.

Shoot-off for second money: Ruelius (2) 8, T. Hillman (2) 6.

Ruelius won second money, 40 per cent. of net purse.

Club event, for gold and silver club medals. None but club members eligible to compete. Fifteen targets each. Ten or better qualifies for gold medal. Under 10 for silver medal: Vialcovitch 15, Allen 12, Ruelius 11, W. Taylor 9, Howell 8, J. R. Taylor 8, T. Hillman 8, Howell 8, Dirk 7, Johnson 6, Emmons 11, Vialcovitch 11, Allen 11, T. Hillman 10, Ruelius 10.

Shoot-off of tie, 10 targets: Allen 9, Vialcovitch 4,

For silver medal: J. R. Taylor 13, Dirk 10, W. Taylor 10, Howell 6, Johnson 5. J. R. Taylor won silver medal.

Trap at Guttenberg.

March 6.—At the Guttenberg race track to-day, the contestants all stood at 28yds., and made the following scores, at 14 live birds:

H C West	11111110111111—13	Dr Griswold	10100001011010— 6
V Finck	00101001101010— 6	Dr Terril	10010001000011— 5
A Walters	10111111101110—11	L Brenner	01100100001111— 7
G W Garth	10101011011110— 9		

A. A. Schoverling, Scorer.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., March 11.—Scores were made to-day as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Banta	8	8	9	12	6	9	12	12	7	..	..	..	..
Cannitz	7	9	6	11	5	7	12	8	..	..	..	..	..
Bock	6	6	9	11	8	12	10	12	11	11	10	9	..
Spitzel	4	5	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	5	6	9	9	7	..	..	7	..	8	..	..	..
Fee	..	..	..	8	6	10	7	3	..	..	..	..	..
Altz	..	..	..	11	7	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
C V L	..	..	..	10	10	14	14	15	..	..	..	..	..
A Schoverling	..	..	11	11	6	10	12	14	12	11	11	8	8
J P Kay	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	7	12	9	12	7	..
S Brown	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	3	8	8	..	..
S Red	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	3	5	3	3	..	..
Dudley	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	14	15	14	11	12	14
Hansman	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	11	9	8	10	13	10
Merten	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	11	7	5	10	10	10
Schorty	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	15	12	14	13	12
Dudley, I	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..

A. A. Schoverling, Asst. Sec'y.

Intercity Shooting Park.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The shoot for the Hirschy trophy, on the grounds of the Intercity Shooting Park, on the 2d inst., was the largest event of the year, the number of entries being sixteen. The trophy was brought into competition by Fish, of Eau Claire, challenging A. H. Kribbe, of Grand Rapids, Minn. This crowd from Itasca county seem to have the proper thing tucked up their sleeves, Ed Bergen winning out in the race to-day. The shoot began at 1:30, and at the end of the 16th round it was decided to postpone the race until the following day at 10:30 A. M. Three of the shooters could not stay over, so were permitted to shoot out. This sort of thing should never be permitted, as it is bound to give some one the worst of the deal.

When the shooters reached the grounds on the following morning they discovered that they were up against the real thing, as there was a gale blowing across the traps. The shooting on this day was of the very hardest; some of the birds that were killed in good time would be carried out by the wind.

The good thing about the race lies in the fact that Ed Bergen, of Grand Rapids, Minn., who won the trophy, had never shot at live birds from a trap before; in fact he never saw a bird trapped until a half hour before the race. His shooting was of the very best, some of his second barrel kills being exceptionally good. Fish, of Eau Claire (Kabo), made some very good kills, this being especially true of his 10th and 21st birds. Bull was centering his better than any of the shooters; his 21st and 24th were corkers, both falling dead out. Parker missed a very easy one, his 24th. The wind was too strong for Hirschy; he has not the proper kind of steering gear for shooting in a gale. The balance of the bunch also ran.

The next race for this cup will be pulled off at Grand Rapids, Minn. I will make mention of the dates as soon as I can positively.

Kribbe, Grand Rapids	21222100202122122*222222—21
Kabo, Eau Claire	2222211021222212*222222—23
Moore, Minneapolis	0*21221212202202120221022—19
Hirschy, Minneapolis	22222222222222222*2200222—22
Lowery, St. Paul	2*112212121222122212*222—23
Parker, Minneapolis	2222222211221222202222202—23
Powers, Grand Rapids	202212*01102122102212121 2—20
J C, St. Paul	1001111211110111112111222—22
Spratley, St. Paul	1222112222221020100122211—21
Hoyt, St. Paul	21222*12102202*2*21*00002—15
Bergen, Grand Rapids	2111222112120122221122222—24
Brooks, Minneapolis	22211221121212.2221222222—22
Brown	22222*222221*220222202220—20
Bull, Minneapolis	1112222121211122222202202—23
Woodman, St. Paul	1*2222*221201212*22022212—20
Wilks, St. Paul	1222211210002*11011022102—18

Roof Garden Tournament.

Tuesday, March 5.

The weather was windy, and good scores were difficult to make. The performances were good under the circumstances, as the following will show:

Continuous match:

Fanning ... 2 1 25 7 11 0 0 1 12 7 30 35 .. ..
Parmelee ... 3 6 1 4 1 3 8 14 0 1 0 2 1 0 6 .. ..
Dixey ..... 2 1 0 2 5 1 1 .. ..
Fox 0 0 12 1 12 8 17 2 3 6 4 36 55 0 10 3 7 17 0 5
Heikes ..... 30 1 12 6 8 3 18 0 10 38 8 31 .. ..
Rex .... 4 1 9 1 6 3 9 1 1 18 0 .. ..
Gilbert ..... 0 20 2 4 7 37 65 .. ..
Griffith ..... 33 5 2 4 1 7 .. ..
Watson .... 3 0 3 0 1 1 1 .. ..
Crosby ...... 2 14 12 22 2 7 3 4 0 2 5 0 0 3 .. ..
Stephenson. 0 2 .. ..
Eastman. .. 0 2 .. ..
Le Roy..... 5 7 11 4 .. ..
Banks ..... 12 0 .. ..
Hovey ..... 0 .. ..

Association championship:

Parmelee	20 22 22 19—83	W H Henry	20 17 14 w
Crosby	18 21 23 24—86	*Crosby	22 17 23 w
Heikes	21 23 22 22—88	*Banks	21 18 23 w
Gilbert	24 24 23 23—94	J Von L	14 20 23 14—71
Fanning	20 20 22 19—81	*Rex	19 14 18 15—66
Rex	18 17 19 18—72	*Griffith	14 11 16 w
Banks	22 22 22 23—89	T H Keller	20 15 14 w
Griffith	21 21 22 16—80	H S Welles	10 18 20 w
Le Roy	22 20 19 22—83	T V Carlough	15 17 21 w
Fox	18 19 19 20—76	*Heikes	25 24 14 21—94
W T Taylor	14 8 15 16—53	L Candor	8 11 9 15—43
C W Jaques	14 22 13 20—69	A Dietzel	14 11 15 15—55
C H Allen	18 20 18 22—78	E Steffens	10 10 12 14—46
Watson	17 18 18 18—74	C North	18 20 16 16—70
W M Hovey	12 17 15 16—60	E D Lentilhon	19 15 19 20—73
Lincoln	15 15 19 11—60	*Watson	19 21 21 19—80
F M Eastman	17 13 10 17—57	E D Rike	20 19 17 22—78
G G Stephenson	15 20 18 18—71	Dr Jim	17 17 w
L Day	14 14 22 20—70	W H Sanders	10 12 w
Maynard	6 14 19 12—51	W J Simpson	22 22 15 18—78
*Fox	22 22 23 22—89	H Valentine	15 13 11 11—50
Daly, Jr	15 15 19 12—61	*Fox	21 23 23 23—90
F B Stephenson	18 13 19 19—69	*Daly, Jr	20 18 23 22—83
*Parmelee	25 22 23 20—90	E Arthur	20 18 19 17—74

*Re-entries.

Wednesday, March 6.

The weather was again of the blustering kind. Crosby, Heikes and Gilbert tied on 91, which in the following day's competition was shot off, and was won by Gilbert.

Parmelee	23 22 20 19—82	G Mott	15 20 17 11—63
Crosby	25 22 21 23—91	*Watson	20 20 19 16—75
Heikes	22 22 25 22—91	*Fox	25 21 19 25—90
Gilbert	23 22 23 25—93	*Malone	22 22 22 22—88
Fanning	19 16 18 24—77	*Gilbert	24 23 22 22—91
Malone	15 19 21 22—77	*Crosby	21 25 23 21—90
Watson	20 15 19 22—76	*Fox	22 23 22 21—88
Griffith	19 11 w	G Mott	23 19 16 13—71
Le Roy	24 22 18 21—88	C Von L	23 23 18 24—88
Fox	20 21 22 25—88	Martin	18 20 21 23—82
H S Welles	17 18 w		

*Re-entries.

Thursday, March 7.

The shooting was stopped at 11:15, and was resumed at Interstate Park on the following day.

Continuous match:

Parmelee ... 8 11 33 3 11 .. .. Fox 3 0 41 5 7 5 14
Fanning .... 3 11 4 4 0 4 .. McAlpin .... 0 5 .. ..
Gilbert ..... 33 2 5 40 34 .. .. Le Roy...... 5 .. ..
Heikes ...... 11 9 9 9 .. .. .. Vilas .... 0 .. ..
Crosby ...... 5 14 1 9 0 27 ..

*Re-entries.

Friday, March 8.

There was a good attendance, considering the disturbing circumstances and sudden readjustments. Good scores were made by several of the contestants, Fox being high man. The scores:

Fanning .... 5 25 46 19 10 3 1 20 18 12 5 12 ..
Heikes. .... 71 25 25 56 .. ..
Parmelee .... 1 2 4 1 16 2 10 1 1 .. ..
Gilbert .... 8 23 81 .. ..
Crosby .... 1 3 9 11 13 8 1 16 56 2 5 51 ..
Le Roy........ 2 4 0 7 30 1 11 .. ..
Fox 21 0 22 11 18 18 15 0 6 5 16 48 24
Hull .... 11 3 4 4 33 .. ..
F J Coe........ 0 0 .. ..
L Willcox........ 0 0 0 .. ..
Watson .... 7 0 7 .. ..
Delaney .... 0 .. ..

Association championship:

Parmelee	24 23 23 20—90	*Fox	22 20 w
Crosy	21 24 24 22—91	*Crosby	25 24 23 23—95
Gilbert	24 24 23 22—93	*Parmelee	23 22 24 22—91
Heikes	22 24 20 25—91	H S Welles	21 20 23 20—84
Fanning	25 23 22 23—93	*Heikes	25 23 25 22—95
Hull	23 21 22 21—87	*Fox	24 22 25 25—96
Watson	16 19 w	*Gilbert	23 24 25 22—94
Delaney	22 18 15 16—71	*Fanning	24 24 22 21—91
Le Roy	22 24 21 22—89	*Le Roy	22 23 23 23—91
Fox	18 23 23 21—88	*Smith	20 18 21 23—82
Keller, Jr	15 24 20 15—74	*H S Welles	19 20 18 17—74
Wanda	18 14 12 16—60	*Parmelee	18 21 23 24—86
Mrs Park	19 21 21 19—80	*Gilbert	22 24 23 22—91
W K Park	23 19 20 12—74	*Fanning	23 21 22 20—86
P Brinton	19 21 21 22—83	*Smith	20 18 15 w
J L Smith	19 19 21 20—79	Van Allen	22 22 21 21—86
*Watson	21 23 19 19—82		

*Re-entries.

Saturday, March 9.

The weather was cloudy and foggy, with a stiff fluky wind blowing during the continuous match. In the afternoon the wind subsided, the thin fog made a good background, and the contestants began to smash targets in earnest. Jack Fanning made a run of 114, which looked like the pinnacle of the day, but Fred Gilbert joined in the running and punched out 139, which proved sufficient unto the day. In the championship shooting event Crosby, Fanning and Banks tied on 99. The scores:

Heikes .... 25 0 35 46 12 .. .. ..
Gilbert 0 7 5 0 7 9 42 139
Fanning .... 1 1 31 1 9 114 .. ..
Parmelee 7 7 40 15 1 6 9 18
Le Roy .... 2 0 0 15 .. ..
Crosby .... 65 20 0 13 27 .. .. ..
Banks .... 0 5 4 24 7 .. .. ..
Fox .... 29 11 .. ..

Association championship:

Parmelee	20 23 24 24—91	W F Parker	16 20 20 20—76
Crosby	25 25 24 25—99	*Fox	24 24 22 w
Gilbert	23 24 25 25—97	Watson	25 24 25 22—96
Heikes	24 24 24 25—97	C Dudley	20 23 24 25—92
Fanning	25 24 25 25—99	Miss Mackey	16 16 16 9—57
Norton	13 10 11 15—49	*Parmelee	25 23 25 24—97
Waters	16 19 21 23—79	E W Reynolds	9 9 5 3—26
Banks	24 25 25 25—99	F F Wood	15 17 14 w
Le Roy	24 23 24 24—95	*Fox	25 21 20 w
Fox	24 23 25 23—95	*Waters	20 18 17 16—71
Hull	23 24 23 24—94		

*Re-entries.

Monday, March 11.

The weather was rainy and the light bad. The scores were:

Continuous match:

Fanning ...... 0 74 40 .. .. Fox .... 0 18 30 .. ..
Parmelee .... 10 18 2 25 25 Crosby ...... 61 45 100 4 ..
Gilbert ...... 6 14 19 16 .. Griffith ...... 6 5 0 .. ..
Heikes ...... 10 22 4 .. .. Watson ...... 1 22 .. .. ..
Le Roy ...... 26 15 .. .. ..

Association championship:

Parmelee	25 22 23 21— 91	*Crosby	22 24 25 19— 90
Crosby	25 24 24 25— 98	*Gilbert	23 25 24 25— 97
Gilbert	25 25 25 25—100	*Heikes	25 24 24 24— 97
Heikes	25 21 23 24— 93	*Fanning	25 24 25 22— 96
Fanning	25 24 22 23— 94	*Fox	25 24 22 21— 92
Fox	21 24 19 21— 85	*Griffith	21 21 20 19— 81
Watson	25 23 22 24— 94	V C Lockwood	17 16 17 16— 66
Griffith	21 25 22 19— 87	*Le Roy	25 20 24 24— 93
Le Roy	23 22 22 23— 90	Martin	23 23 22 19— 87
Van Allen	22 23 19 21— 85	*Martin	21 19 w
*Parmelee	20 25 21 25— 94		

*Re-entry.

Monte Carlo.

Friday, Feb. 15.—The contest for the seventh triennial championship has occupied the best part of this week, and has brought together more competitors than the Grand Prix du Casino, though this was due to the fact that none of the English competed for the latter. There were only eighty-three competitors for that, as against ninety-three on the present occasion, and as will be seen, the English had the finish to themselves. The intention was that the contest should be concluded in two days, but this never seemed probable, as at the close of the first afternoon's shooting only four rounds out of twenty-five had been completed. With a strong wind blowing on the second day, rather more progress was made, but for all that the contest was a long way from being finished. It is true that only three—Messrs. Beresford, Robinson and M. Faure—had killed all their 8 birds, but seventeen others had accounted for 7 out of 8, while nineteen more had missed only 2. The shooting on the second day was, however, a pretty clear indication as to how it would end, for while Mr. Beresford, after two successive misses, made 12 successive kills, and won first prize with 23 out of 25, Mr. Robinson found himself on a level with Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Vernon Barker, who, like himself, had accounted for 22 out of 25. Mr. Harold Barker, Mr. Watson, Mr. Chase, Mr. Hannam, Capt. Fielden, Mr. Hill and the Hon. F. Erskine also did credit to the English division, and it was eminently satisfactory that Messrs. Robinson and Mackintosh, who had behaved so well in regard to shooting, or, rather, not shooting, for the Prix du Casino, should have had their reward by sharing the place money with Mr. Vernon Barker, who also shot in good form. Of the six previous winners of this important prize, Mr. W. Blake, 1889, and Signor Galetti, 1892, were alone in the field, the former not being able to get beyond the seventh round, as he had made 5 misses to 2 kills, while the Italian, though he made a better score than this, had to retire in the twelfth round. Another veteran of the Monte Carlo stand, Signor Guidicini, the only man who has won the Grand Prix du Casino three times, was in the field, but he did not kill more than 3 birds, and he has not been shooting in his customary form this season. Scores:

Prix du Grand Championship Triennal; £400 and a gold medal, added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; second received 35 per cent. of the entries; third, 25 per cent.; fourth, 15 per cent.; 25 birds at 27 meters; previous winners of the championship to stand back a meter; 5 misses to put out; 93 subs: Hon. R. Beresford, E C, first of £474, 23; Mr. Vernon Barker, E C, divided second, third and fourth of £277, 22; Mr. Robinson, L. C. Smith, Schultze, divided second, third and fourth of £277, 22; Mr. Mackintosh, Greener, Schultze, divided second, third and fourth of £277, 22; M. Léon de Lunden 18, Signor Marconcini 17, Signor Fadini 17, M. Postans 17, Mr. H. Barker 17, Mr. Watson 16, M. Paul Lunden 16, Count O'Brien 16, M. M. Faure 16, M. Riols 16, M. Stephane 15, Signor de la Torre 14, M. Chase 13, Signor Gallardo 13, Mr. Hannam 13, Signor Pederzoli 13, Capt. Fielden 13, Mr. Hill 12, Hon. F. Erskine 12, Signor Queirolo 12, Mr. Hodgson 12, Signor Grégorini 11, Signor Carrara 11, M. Marghiloman 11, Mr. W. Eales 11, Mr. Ker 10, Mr. Roberts 10, M. Thomé 10, M. Teissière 10, Signor de Paratico 10, M. Poizat 10, Count de Robiano 10, Señor C. del Camino 10, Mr. Asplen 10, Herr Hans Marsch 10, M. Van den Bosch 9, Herr Langhendonck 9, Count Gajoli 8, Sir John Willoughby 8, Signor Catenacci 8, M. Journu 8, Signor J. Grasselli 8, M. Decauville 8, Mr. Green 8, Prince Potenziani 8, Mr. Haydon 7, Capt. Dancourt 7, M. Stephane 7, Signor Galetti 7, Herr von Elsner 6, Mr. Liebert 6, M. del Camino 5, M. Pellerin 5, M. Demonts 5, M. Paccard 5, M. de Maubenge 5, Signor Fortunio 5, M. de Tiele 5, M. R. Gourgaud 5, M. Wilheredit 5, Prince de Croy 5, Signor Sani 5, Signor Radelli 5, M. de Pape 4, Signor Fiachette 4, Mr. Harrison 4, Mr. R. Sievier 4, Baron de Langen 4, Mr. Roth 4, Signor Faraselli 4, Signor C. Tassara 4, M. Lambert 3, Count Siersorff 3, Signor Guidicini 3, Signor Mossa 3, M. le Bertre 3, Mr. W. Blake 2, Signor Benvenuti 2, Mr. Cross 2, the Duke of Braganza 1, M. Luzzani 1, Prince Poniatowski 1, Mr. Walters 1, M. Constantin 1, Tassara 1, Count Trutti 1. Mr. Chetwynd, Mr. Spalding, Signor Sozzi missed their first 5 birds.—London Field.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

East Alton boasts a new trapshooting club, self styled the Novices, the members of which expect to do regular practice work during the ensuing season. The first meet was held on the afternoon of March 3, and while the scores in the main will befit the club name, the degree of enthusiasm manifested is shown, however, in the number of participants, there being just thirty entries. The programme consisted of 60 targets per man, shot in blocks of 5, with the exception that events 9 and 10 consisted of 5 pairs doubles. Summary follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
James	1	1	0	3	4	1	3	3	2	4	5	4
White	2	2	3	2	4	1	4	5	2	1	1	1
Devaney	4	3	2	4	2	3	3	4	2	4	3	1
Murphy	4	3	1	3	4	3	3	3	2	1	..	..
Walter	2	5	3	2	1	1	3	2	4	2	..	..
Riehl	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5
Starkey	2	0	3	3	3	2	1	3	1	2	1	1
Deem	4	2	1	5	1	0	2	3	2	4	1	2
H Crawford	2	2	4	2	4	3	5	3	2	2	1	2
W Riehl	3	1	3	2	3	3	2	1	2	3	3	2
Ford	4	4	0	5	4	4	4	1	1	2	..	..
W Schonerte	2	1	2	3	1	3	1	3	2	2	1	2
Earle	3	4	2	2	3	3	4	4	4	0	2	1
Spinner	4	4	4	0	2	4	2	3	0	2	3	3
G Williams	2	1	2	1	2	3	1	1	2	1	3	..
Trout	2	1	0	1	2	2	3	0	3	2	2	2
Ferris	1	3	4	1	2	3	3	2	4	0	3	2
Bercow	4	2	1	2	4	4	4	4	2	2	4	2
G Crawford	4	5	3	2	5	5	1	4	2	2	..	..
Robinson	1	4	3	2	3	4	3	1	4	2	2	1
Welch	1	4	1	4	3	1	1	2	3	..	..	..
Rampenthal	3	2	2	1	4	2	2	3	1	3	2	..
J Crawford	3	4	4	4	3	4	1	0	4	..	..	..
H Schonerte	1	4	1	3	2	2	4	1	1	2	1	..
H Williams	2	3	3	2	5	1	3	1	1	2	3	..
Hendricks	2	2	3	3	3	2	2	4	3	4	3	..
Haller	5	4	3	3	5	3	1	4	3	3	4	..
Walling	0	4	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Powless	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	3	2	..
Steer	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	4	2	1	..
Rosenberg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	2	3	..

F. C. Riehl.

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 5.—No one can be found in Chicago who knows anything about the team race of last Saturday at Milwaukee between Garden City Gun Club, of this city, and the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee. The Cream City boys only beat the Chicago representatives 18 birds. One or two men on the Chicago team fell down very hard, and it was an easy thing for Milwaukee all along the line. The team total, fifteen men, each 15 live birds, stood, Garden City 172, National Gun Club 190. There has been so much talk about this race, and it has been pulled off after so many difficulties, that it is to be regretted that the finish was no closer.

Anglo-American Team Race.

Subscription books have been opened in Chicago for the fund to send an American team of trapshooters to England. One such book is placed at the booth of Montgomery Ward & Co. at the sportsmen's show. A few contributions have been received, and it is to be hoped that the outcome of this experiment will be satisfactory. Capt. Tom Marshall was in town this week and spent considerable time at the show. He did not care to express himself definitely as to the probability of success in the team arrangements, but was optimistic, as usual.

Illinois State Association.

President Van Cleave, of the State Association, has appointed his committees, including one on publicity and promotion, the latter including representatives of the sporting press, with Mr. John E. Vaughn, of the State Journal, Springfield, and Mr. M. D. Hurley, of the Peoria Star.

George Roll Looses the Race.

George Roll, the well-known Chicago trapshooter, caught a burglar at his house Tuesday evening, chased him down the porch pillar, and some distance up the street. He likewise fired a few shots at him, but failed to score, and lost the race as well as $210.

Grand Rapids Shoot.

March 9.—Away up at Grand Rapids, Minn., which is a splendid place to go if one wants a moose or muscallunge, they go in for trapshooting as ardently as they do anywhere, and the local club bears the significant name of the Itasca gun. The Itasca Gun Club will hold a rattling good shoot at live birds and targets March 16-17, the second day being devoted to targets altogether.

The attractive part of the programme will be the race for the Hirschy trophy, emblematic of the championship of the Northwest, at 25 live birds, $10, birds extra. The target programme will consist of ten events of 15 birds each, $1.50. The club has added $60 for averages in the target programme.

Shooters of the Twin Cities who wish to make this trip are referred to W. P. Brown for railroad rates, which will be at a good reduction.

The committee on arrangements have planned a good time for the shooters, and assure the best time ever had at any shoot of this kind.

The hotel accommodations are equal to the best in the State. "What more do you want?" asks A. E. Kribs, Sec'y.

Peters Amateur at Asheville.

The programme of the amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company, at Asheville, N. C., is one of the prettiest pieces of book making one is apt to see. A beautiful picture of the valley of the French Broad River is shown, along with a bit of the Savannah River, and there is an illustration of the Biltmore palace of George Vanderbilt. This latter, I presume, is simply thrown in to show the kind of house that every amateur trapshooter may hope to own some time, if he is industrious enough. The programme indicates magautrap, Rose system, $300 added, targets 2 cents, and manufacturers' agents entered for price of targets only. Asheville is a nice place to go to, and it is worth the price of admission to see the kind of house you can have if you are industrious.

Calumet Heights Club.

Calumet Heights Club held its annual meeting at the Sherman House, March 6, and elected the following officers: President, George S. Haskell; Vice-President, James R. Bruner; Secretary and Treasurer, Walter Metcalfe; Directors, E. H. Gold, A. W. Harlan, J. H. Morgan and A. E. Coon. The club will hold weekly target contests during the summer and occasional live-bird events.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garden City Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., March 9.—There were twenty-nine entries in the club event of the Garden City Gun Club, and high scores were the rule, though in some instances the bird allowance in this respect was of material assistance. The figures after the names denote extra birds to shoot at. The scores:

Palmer, 1	1121002111210112 —13
Dr Miller, 1	21120221*1111211 —14
Rust, 3	1212010222212022l0 —14
L C Willard, 0	201111110111121 —13
Bowles, 3	01*2220112211221100—13
Levi, 2	2*220210*22220212 —12
M E White, 1	221212221122121 —15
Odell, 1	222212*222112222* —14
Walters, 3	202220*20012220120—11
Roll, 0	1122220*0222211 —12
Leffingwell, 1	012012*002222222 —11
Oliphant, 3	2222222*2*22211012—15
Steck, 1	221*1221*2222112 —14
Young, 3	2221022122112211 —15
Gillis, 1	2111111121202212 —15
O'Brien, 1	22112212*1*22222 —14
Wells, 1	12211111122*1*21 —14
Amberg, 0	122112222021222 —14
Day, 3	221*222011212012l —15
Dr Carson, 1	112*1121111122120 —14
Mack, 3	22*022000211021201—11
Barto, 1	20222*2022212*22 —12
Alabaster, 1	112122111111111 —15
Sellers, 2	1102210*111222201 —13
Rubo, 3	1100002120021112w
Robinson, 3	11011*0*11222*100w
*Sheboygan	221222122212*1 —14
*Davis	001012010011001 — 7
*Mackie	222001*00220221 — 9

*Not members.

Seven birds, $4, three moneys:

Steck	222*12*—5	Barto	2202222—6
Leffingwell	1101121—6	Levi	1110002—4
Roll	2222122—7	Day	0012221—5
Willard	1222111—7	Rust	2000w
Palmer	2212212—7	Sellers	*122111—6
Dr Miller	21*1111—6	Gillis	1102112—6
Head	2022222—6	O'Brien	0222022—5
Alabaster	2102221—6	Webber	0012000—2
Oliphant	1211122—7	Robinson	002*222—4

Ten birds per man:

Palmer	2121222222—10	Wilson	1220022220— 7
Oliphant	1212201101— 8	Rine	210002001w

March 6.—Match, 50 birds per man, for birds:

Thompson	12222022220202200222022010200*2020*10222222202022*22—33
Von Lengerke	22220200222222222222*22222*20202002*2202222*22222—37

March 9.—Mr. Mackie, of Peters Cartridge Company; Mr. Head, of Peru, Ind., and Mr. Zorge, of Sheboygan, Wis., were visitors at the park to-day.

Weather cloudy, wind mild, from left to right across the traps.

Miss-and-outs, $2 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Palmer	22220	22222	Leffingwell	20	.....
Roll	22122	2220	Steck	0	0
Willard	22212	20	Barto	0	.....
Oliphant	21211	10	Day	0	.....
Miller	2120	21220	Sellers	....	22212
Head	2220	220	Rust	....	12210
Dr Carson	120	.....			

RAVELRIGG.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, March 6.—At the Boston Gun Club's eighth serial prize shoot on their grounds at Wellington to-day it was unanimously decided that whoever had the trapshooting fever enough to come out to-day was indeed a great friend of the sport. Overhead it was all that could be desired, but the wind at times, though not as strong as at previous shoots, rendered some of the birds impossible breaks. Woodruff was a welcome visitor, it being his first appearance on the grounds in the present series. Although just now getting used to a new gun and loads, he handled it well, and it certainly looks as though when thoroughly used to it the number of breaks will be well up on his side of the ledger, as in former series. Spencer secured high score in the prize match with 25, though the redoubtable Baker pushed him to the limit, forcing him to a straight score in the end to gain the coveted position.

Scores below, all shooting being handicap distance, all events 10 unknown:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Baker, 17	7	6	8	8	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Michaels, 16	8	4	4	7	8	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
Lambert, 17	6	3	8	6	8	8	8	8	8	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	5	4	7	7	8	7	5	6	8	8	8	..
Alley, 16	6	6	5	6	8	6	7	7	7	..	..	..
Yelmah, 16	2	3	4	5	4	..	2	5	..	..	..	..
F H, 16	6	7	5	4	9	4	7	6	2	7	..	..
Straw, 16	4	8	5	8	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	8	6	8	7	6	7	7	9	7	6	9	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	7	8	10	9
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown; distance handicap:

Spencer, 18	110111010110111111011111111111—25
Baker, 17	101111101111111111111100111001111—24
Michaels, 16	101110011111111101101011111011l—23
Woodruff, 17	101101111001111111101011110101—22
Lambert, 17	110010111000111111111110111101—22
Alley, 16	011110101011011111100101101011—20
Horace, 18	110111101000111101011101101011—20
F H, 16	110000101011101111111010010001—17
Straw, 18	111111101001001100011100010010—16
Yelmah, 16	100001110101001011000010110000—12

Stearns vs. Hammond.

RICHMOND, Va., March 7.—Mr. W. A. Hammond and Franklin Stearns faced the traps yesterday evening at Broad Street Ball Park, in two live-pigeon races of 100 birds each. The first was for the State live-bird medal, which has been successfully held by Mr. Hammond for some time. A number of the boys both from this city and elsewhere through the State have endeavored to win this medal from Mr. Hammond, but up to this time without success. The day was perfect, and the birds took wing at the fall of the traps. Mr. Hammond shot in good form, but drew some corkers, which preferred to get outside the boundary before stopping. In the race for the city medal he made some excellent kills with his first barrel.

Mr. Stearns also shot in good form, and seemed to catch his birds quick and in the center of the charge. In the match for the State medal he made a run of 24 straight.

The match for the city medal was a tie, and will be shot off on March 13.

The birds were a good strong lot. Referee, T. M. Tignor. Scorer, Mr. Odell.

First race, for State medal:

W A Hammond	22202222221222222*222*22—22 *222222*22222222222222*02—21—43
F Stearns	*022*22222222222*22222—21 022222122212222222222222—24—45

Second race, for championship of Richmond city, of which a gold medal is the emblem, which was held by Mr. Hammond since 1899. Fifty pigeons each. As the supply of pigeons and shells was exhausted, the shoot-off was necessarily postponed:

W A Hammond	11111212212222*2222*20222—22 121202210210222*222022*22—19—41
F Stearns	22022220202222222202*222—20 202222*01222*2222222222222—21—41

Shoot-off of tie:

Stearns .....2121222222 Hammond 2212121222

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, March 3. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the good score of 86. Weather fair; thermometer 70 wind 2 to 7 o'clock, very strong:

Strickmeier	7	9	9	8	10	7	9	9	10	8—86
	8	9	9	9	9	9	7	10	8	8—86
	8	9	7	9	9	8	8	8	9	8—83
Nestler	10	9	9	8	8	10	9	8	5	10—86
	7	10	10	10	5	10	8	7	8	9—84
	7	9	9	10	5	7	8	8	7	8—78
Payne	6	10	7	9	7	9	9	8	9	10—84
	7	8	8½	8	8	7	6	10	10	6—78
	10	10	8	6	7	10	8	5	5	9—78
Gindele	10	8	8	9	10	7	6	10	6	9—83
	7	8	7	8	8	9	6	10	10	10—83
	10	8	7	8	8	7	10	9	7	8—82
Lux	10	6	9	9	10	8	5	9	9	7—82
	7	7	9	6	10	10	8	10	7	7—81
	9	7	7	10	7	6	9	6	7	5—73
Roberts	5	8	8	8	10	7	6	10	10	9—81
	3	9	8	10	7	9	10	8	9	7—80
	7	7	7	10	7	7	7	8	10	8—78
Hasenzahl	6	8	9	10	4	9	10	6	9	10—81
	7	10	10	10	5	10	5	8	7	7—79
	9	7	10	8	10	6	9	9	6	5—79
Trounstine	6	10	7	9	10	5	8	7	8	7—77
	7	8	10	7	5	8	8	5	7	9—74
	9	9	5	7	7	6	4	8	4	6—65
Uckotter	5	10	10	4	8	6	8	8	9	8—76
	10	6	4	9	8	7	8	8	7	8—75
	7	7	5	8	8	8	5	8	5	6—67
Bruns	7	5	8	6	8	8	6	9	7	9—73
	5	6	7	9	8	6	6	8	9	7—71
Weinheimer	5	10	5	10	8	5	7	9	3	8—71
	10	7	10	7	8	3	6	7	5	3—66
	7	9	7	10	6	7	1	4	5	9—65
Topf	6	4	6	5	7	8	2	10	3	8—60
	9	6	6	9	6	6	5	5	3	2—57
	8	6	3	6	5	7	4	7	6	3—55
Surkamer	6	6	5	5	8	6	10	8	4	3—61
	3	6	2	4	7	7	4	4	9	7—53
	4	4	3	7	6	6	7	10	4	1—52

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 3.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club enjoyed the most beautiful day of the year. Lots of shooters were on hand and much shooting and good work was done by the younger element. Barley, Hoadley and Mannel each beat their rifle records. Hoffman took first honors, with Mannel close on his heels. The light was too bright for the best work. Young caught 36 on his first score, with pistol, making best group (3½in.) ever made in club on clean targets. Hovey was close behind with 38, showing that the old shots are yet in the swim. Both Hovey and Young had but one shot out of the 5 ring, thus losing the much-coveted Cosgrove medal, which was in their grasp but for one shot. Dorrell has been sick, but put up a good .22 score, and Capt. Kuhnle changed to a .25 rim-fire and could not shoot as well as with the Winchester, .22-7-45, and using Peters cartridges for that rifle.

Among the many visitors was Mr. C. C. Ford, of the Denver Rifle Club, who enjoyed the sport keenly.

Best scores, 10 shots, Columbia target, re-entry matches:

Rifle, 200yds.:

W G Hoffman, .38 Winchester	2	4	10	12	4	3	3	3	5	2—48
	7	1	13	8	3	6	1	5	6	3—53
G Mannel, Winchester .32-40	4	2	10	3	5	6	7	6	2	7—52
	11	3	3	4	6	9	7	13	8	7—71
F O Young, Pope, Winchester .33	5	2	2	4	2	8	9	9	4	12—57
	7	4	5	6	4	12	5	7	1	6—57
G W Hoadley, Winchester .32-40	4	7	9	4	3	4	7	8	10	4—60
G M Barley, Bal., Win. .32-40	6	2	9	2	12	3	9	6	4	7—60
C M Daiss, Winchester .32-40	3	12	3	11	6	8	4	3	6	6—62
	13	2	4	4	10	6	5	11	11	2—68

E A Allen, repeater, 145, 149.

Pistol, 50yds.:

*F O Young	5	5	3	2	4	7	2	2	2	4—36
E Hovey, S. & W	4	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	4	6—38
	7	5	5	5	2	5	6	4	4	2—45
G M Barley, S. & W	2	3	9	6	7	5	4	2	2	4—44
	7	3	5	6	1	10	4	2	3	8—49
Geo W Hoadley, Stevens	3	3	5	11	7	2	3	4	8	1—47
F S Washburn, Stevens	3	6	6	4	3	1	11	8	4	2—48
	4	6	4	4	7	4	1	4	5	5—49
Mrs G Mannel, Stevens	6	5	7	7	6	3	3	4	3	7—51
	5	6	5	6	11	9	7	1	2	4—56

*Stevens and Peters long rifle cartridges.

Dr. J. F. Twist, 53, 55, 55; W. G. Hoffman, 57, 61, 67; J. R. Trego, 67; P. Becker, revolver, 69, 74; Miss Seiler, 89, 91; F. W. Page, revolver, 100, 101.

.22 rifle, 50yds.: A. B. Dorrell, 18, 21, 22; Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 21, 22, 23, 24, 24.

The fire at Shell Mound range last week only burned the dancing pavilion, which will be replaced.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

New York Sportsmen's Show Revolver Contests.

THE revolver contests at the sportsmen's show are attracting much interest and active participation in the competition. As the contests are of a continuous character, no definite results will be reached till the last day of the match, March 16. The scores up to Saturday of last week follow:

Match No. 1, 100 consecutive shots; world's record is 905:

W E Petty	45	47	47	45	43	47	48	44	48	43	
	42	42	43	43	45	44	43	45	42	45	—891
J A Dietz, Jr	47	45	46	46	42	45	46	43	48	42	
	42	48	43	45	47	44	42	49	38	38	—886
Dr R H Sayre	42	46	43	40	43	40	44	46	44	43	
	42	43	43	44	45	47	38	41	45	41	—860

Match No. 2, revolver, re-entry; 5 best scores to count; standard American; 50 is possible per target:

J A Dietz, Jr	49	49	48	48	48—242
J A Smith	49	48	48	48	47—240
A L A Himmelwright	49	48	47	47	46—237
Dr R H Sayre	48	47	47	47	47—236
Dr W A Smith	48	46	45	45	45—229
J T Humphrey	47	46	44	45	43—225
W E Petty	48	45	43	42	42—220
W P Uhler	45	44	43	43	43—218
L R Piercy	45	44	44	40	40—213
H M Pope	45	44	43	41	39—212
E F M Wendelstadt	43	43	42	40	39—207
S Scott	39	38	38	38	38—191
A D Shepard, Jr	40	39	38	38	..

Event No. 4, revolver or pistol, re-entry; Columbia target; 5 best scores to count; lowest score is best:

J A Smith	7	8	8	8	9— 40
J A Dietz, Jr	7	8	9	9	9— 42
W E Petty	8	8	8	9	9— 42
Dr R H Sayre	9	9	10	10	11— 49
J T Humphrey	9	11	13	14	15— 62
L Buss	12	12	13	13	13— 63
C H Chapman	12	12	13	13	14— 64
L R Piercy	13	13	13	13	13— 65
K R McAlpin	11	16	17	18	19— 81
Dr W A Smith	13	17	..	..	..
T Keller, Jr	19	21	..	..	..

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4.—Yesterday was an ideal day, and the rifle ranges were crowded. The chief event at Shell Mound was the annual opening of the park for picnic purposes. About 5,000 people were present. A few days ago the main dancing pavilion was destroyed by fire; yet, notwithstanding, dancing space was accorded the visitors. The riflemen were busy all day, as the North German club held a public shoot. The main event was the man target contest at 200yds. F. P. Schuster won first prize with 77 out of a possible 80.

At Schuetzen Park the regular club shoots were held, but no scores of special note were made. The rifleman's atmosphere is full of buzz and stir, as the approaching Schuetzen Bund festival is not far away.

ROEEL.

A meeting of the United States Revolver Association was held in Madison Square Garden on Monday of this week. Officers were elected as follows: Dr. R. H. Sayre, New York, President; Dr. W. G. Hudson, Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, New York, Vice-President; A. L. A. Himmelwright, New York, Secretary and Treasurer; E. L. Harpham, Chicago, and J. B. Crabtree, Springfield, Mass, other members of the Executive Committee. It was decided that the annual championship contest for pistol, revolver and military revolver shooting would take place at Sea Girt during the international tournament next fall. In the revolver contest an innovation will be introduced in the shape of disappearing targets.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Washington.

THREE-DAY PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

FEW short journeys are as interesting as a trip to Washington, the Nation's Capital; and such a trip can be made most satisfactorily by participating in the three-day personally conducted tours of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The next tour of the season leaves Thursday, March 21. Round-trip rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, meals en route, transfer of passenger and ordinary baggage to hotel, hotel accommodations and guides, services of experienced touist agent and chaperon, in short every item of necessary expense, $14.50 from New York, $13 from Trenton, and $11.50 from Philadelphia, with proportionate rates from other points. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, or Ebbit House. For accommodations at Willard's, Regent, Metropolitan or National Hotel, $2.50 less. Side trips to Mount Vernon, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, and Norfolk at greatly reduced rates.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hoetl rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Dr. A. A. Webber won the Dewar trophy five consecutive times, standing at 30 and 31yds., and making the following fine record: First, open shoot, 30yds., 25 straight; second, open shoot, 30yds., 24 (1 dead out); third, open shoot, 30yds., 24 (1 dead out); fourth, challenge shoot, 31yds., 23 (2 dead out); fifth, challenge shoot, 30yds., 23 (2 dead out), with his Chas. Daly gun.—*Adv.*

Yachtsmen who have known the discomfort of leaky decks and bulkheads will be interested in a waterproof glue recently put on the market by the Casein Company of America. This glue can also be used to advantage in hollow spars, and in applying canvas to boats' decks and bottoms.

Elsewhere in these columns will be found the announcement of Augustus V. Evans, who offers a full line of launches and motors, descriptive circular of which he will be pleased to send on request.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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VOL. LVI.—No. 12. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENTS.

Continuing the illustration supplements which have been an acceptable feature of the Forest and Stream, we have prepared a new series of four pictures which will be given with the first number of the month, as follows:

April 6—**The Trapper's Camp.** Drawn by E. W. Deming.

May 4—**Rap Full.** The schooner yacht Constellation in a northeaster. From a photo by Stebbins.

June 1—**Between Casts.** On a trout stream. Drawn by W. P. Davison.

July 6—**The Home of the Bass.** Drawn by W. P. Davison.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. 1.

INDIANA.

Act of March 15. 1901.—Sec. 2. Whoever sells, or offers for sale, directly or indirectly, at any time, any quail, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

FOREST RESERVES AS GAME PRESERVES.

THE letter from Mr. Wm. Wells, printed this week, is an intelligent exposition of the conditions which prevail south of the Yellowstone Park, in and near the two forest reserves there. Mr. Wells is thoroughly familiar with the region and states clearly the existing conditions. One point, however, that he does not mention is that a very large proportion of the elk killed for winter meat are cows and heifers, since, after the month of September, no man in the mountains is likely to kill bulls to eat.

The country about the Yellowstone Park included in the Teton and the Yellowstone Park Forest Reserves is most of it high land and cannot serve for winter range. If the former reservation were extended southward, as suggested, it would take in a great deal of winter range and would be of great benefit. On the other hand, a considerable portion of that winter range having been fed over by domestic stock during the previous summer, will not support as much game now as formerly. The desert to the southward, which used to be a great winter range for game, has, we are told, already been destroyed for this purpose by the domestic sheep.

Such an extension of the reservation could be made without injury to any interests, it being understood that permanent settlers would retain their rights, and would have the use of timber according to the regulations laid down by the Department of the Interior. The hunting on this and on other reservations would be governed by State laws, and the forest rangers in the employ of the Department of Agriculture should be commissioned as State Game Wardens. On the other hand, the character of these foresters—and game wardens—needs to be carefully looked after. The position offers great opportunities and temptations for the levying of blackmail, and not a few reports have come to us recently showing that, in certain States, wardens by threatening the arrest of hunters have obliged them to pay sums of money for immunity, or in other cases on receiving from visiting hunters a few dollars, to which they were in no way entitled, have given such visitors permission to kill all the game they wanted to, promising that they should not be interfered with.

Mr. Wells' letter refers to one district only, and it is not likely that identical conditions prevail near all, or even many, of the other forest reservations. The character of the country included in these reservations varies greatly, and rules suitable for one may not apply to all. One thing, however, is clear. In each reservation there should be a considerable area, where hunting should be absolutely prohibited, which should be an actual and absolute refuge for game, where it could never be disturbed. To the country which surrounds them, such refuges would be, in a less degree, what the Yellowstone Park is to the forest reserves which adjoin it; they would be game reservoirs which would annually pour forth a surplus of wild animals to stock the surrounding territory.

These forest reservations, if wisely and reasonably administered, would not only be attractive places of resort to people from all parts of the country, but would be for all time sources of considerable and growing revenue to the States within which they lie, and to the communities situated on their borders, and no class of people in the whole country are so much interested in having the reservations made the most of as those who dwell nearest to them. The difficulty of carrying through such a wholesome change of policy is to make the very people who are to be most benefited comprehend the advantages that they will gain by a proper guardianship of the reservations as to timber and game.

For the public at large does not usually take the trouble to think for itself. No better example of this has recently been seen than the hysterical talk and writing indulged in when the great forest reservations were established by President Cleveland. For a time the newspapers—and among them FOREST AND STREAM—were full of moanings, howlings and denunciations from people who feared something—they knew not what. But the reservations were established, their purposes patiently explained and the fears of the timid set at rest; and now practically everybody in the whole country believes in forest preservation and the setting aside of forest reserves as large as practicable.

Within comparatively few years we expect to see the forest reserves set aside as game refuges on some such plan as FOREST AND STREAM has already outlined. Only by such action can our North American big game be preserved from extinction.

MASSACHUSETTS WOLVES AND PARTRIDGES.

IN his "New England Prospects," written in 1634, William Wood relates of the wolves in Massachusetts, "They be the greatest inconveniency the Countrey hath, both for matter of dammage to private men in particular, and the whole Countrey in generall"; and he thought that though the wolves were "killed dayly in some place or other, either by the English, or the Indian, who have a certaine rate for every head, yet is there little hope of their utter destruction, the Countrey being so spacious, and they so numerous, traveling in the swamps by Kennels, sometimes ten or twelve are of a company." Those were the days when the wild pigeons darkened the New England sky; and when the wild turkey was found, "forty, threescore, and a hundred of a flocke, sometimes more and sometimes lesse," so that after a fall of snow "some have killed ten or a dozen in halfe a day." Then, too, heathcocks and partridges were so common that "he that is a husband, and will be stirring betime, may kill halfe a dozen in a morning." And so of all the other kinds of game of the uplands and the waters, he relates the wonderful abundance—of the geese, of which some have killed a hundred in a week, fifty ducks at a shot and forty teal at another; of the shore birds "which one may drive into a heape like so many sheepe, and seeing a fit time shoote them—I my selfe have killed twelve score at two shootes," he tells us.

Taking it all together, it was an enticing picture of a well stocked game country, and the description is one which we may well believe appealed very strongly to the Englishmen whose thoughts were turning to America. As for any one who might be disposed to question whether the abundant game supply would continue, Wood gives the reassuring testimony, "I have seene more living and dead the last yeare than I have done in former yeares." In his simplicity he believed that there was little hope of the utter destruction of the wolves, and he had as little fear of the disappearance of the game. He thought it would last forever. This may readily enough be forgiven the New Englander of 1634; he would have had prevision beyond his day and generation who should have dreamed otherwise. But the pity of it is that from that mid-century to the last the people of New England went along with the same simple confiding faith in the inexhaustibleness of the game supply. The wolves they banished long ago and no mourning attended the departure; but the wild pigeon, the wild turkey and the heathcock were killed off as well, and they should not have been. The partridge was fast following the others to extinction, when the sportsmen of Massachusetts rallied to its protection with the enactment of the law to keep it out of the market stalls.

From the day of William Wood to the present the people of New England and of the rest of the country appear to have acted upon the belief that they had only to take as much game as they would—"to drive it in a heape like so many sheepe and seeing fit time shoote them"—and that with all the destruction, and in spite of it all, they would, as did our ancient author, see more living than dead the last year than ever before. And such, if we may judge from the common every-day attitude and conduct of the community at large, is the simple faith held to-day. It was the sportsman who was first to realize the truth and to perceive that the reckless and unthinking killing should not go on unchecked, and could not so go on without annihilation as the result. It is to the sportsman with his intelligent recognition of the need of protection that we are indebted for the game which remains to us to-day.

There is profit in going back to the old chronicles of things as they were in the primitive days, for in the review we learn of the advantages we have lost and are led to value more highly those which have been preserved to us. We should be prompted also to a wiser use of our own resources of field and stream, and to hand them down unimpaired to those who shall follow us.

NON-GAME BIRD PROTECTION.

GOVERNOR ODELL of New York signed last week the non-game bird protective bill (Senate 222) which had been introduced by Senator W. McKinney, of Suffolk. This bill amends the game laws of New York in these respects: In Sections 20 and 21 of Article II. the words web-footed wildfowl are struck out, and for them are substituted the words ducks, geese, brant and swan. This amendment is merely carrying out the spirit of the law, which was to protect what are universally understood as wildfowl. A decision by the chief protector of this State has been that as grebes and terns were wild and web-footed, they had the same protection as the true wildfowl, and no more.

Section 30 is amended by striking out the words grebe and bittern. These are in no sense game birds, and should never have been included with plover, snipe, rails, etc. This change relegates grebe and bittern to Section 33, certain wild birds protected, and includes them in the list of protected species. The sections relating to wildfowl on Long Island are amended in like manner, the changes being made in Sections 103 and 104, while from Section 105 the word grebe is stricken out, and from Section 108 the word bittern.

The effect of these amendments therefore is to protect gulls, terns, grebes and bitterns, a most desirable result to have attained.

In New Jersey, Senate Bill No. 7, which is really the old bill of the American Ornithologist Union, defining what are game birds, and fixing seasons for them and protecting all other birds, has passed the Senate, but is hung up in the Assembly.

In the State of Delaware the old A. O. U. bill was passed at 10:30 on the last night of the session.

In Michigan, a modification of the A. O. U. law has been attached as amendment to the new bill before the Legislature, and there is hope that it will be favorably acted on.

In New Hampshire the A. O. U. law has just passed the Legislature.

In all these cases it will be seen that the effort has been made to have the law-making body define the terms "game birds" and "water fowl," and then to throw all the other birds into the protected class. Legislation for game birds and for water fowl is left to the sportsman, while the ornithologists and the Audubon Society members are caring for the other species.

The Audubon Society movement, which was the first definite and concerted effort to protect our non-game birds, was set on foot by FOREST AND STREAM in 1886, and much time, effort and money were expended in educating the public—and especially the children—as to the usefulness of birds. Within the last few years these efforts have begun to bring forth an abundant fruit, and the future looks bright.

The proposal to forbid carrying firearms into the Maine woods in close time has not met with favor in the Maine Legislature. The measure is considered to be too radical and its enforcement would be difficult.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Some Boyhood Memories.

I.—In Close Quarters.

IT had been my first day's experience at one end of a crosscut saw in the woods. The day had been a long one. We were cutting beech timber. The party I was working with "had been there before" and had allowed me to "push" as well as "draw" the saw all day, while he was fairly "riding" and laughing inwardly.

By nightfall this would tire out almost any one, and as for me, a sixteen-year-old boy—well, I was done up. To make matters worse, I had poisoned myself with poison ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*) during the day and was suffering severely.

We were stopping at a log house, the owner of which, an old bachelor, was away, leaving us two boys to do our own cooking and run the place ourselves. Boy-like, we lived on fried eggs, fried bacon and bread which the bachelor had left.

Since my early childhood it had been my unfortunate luck, whenever greatly overheated or exhausted, to break out with nettle rash or Urticaria, as we doctors call it. The day's work in the woods, the food we had eaten, the poison ivy and all brought on me during the night the worst attack I had ever had. Face, hands and entire body were swollen and puffed up frightfully. Getting out of bed in the middle of the night, I lighted our home-made candle and awakened my friend, Saxon, by my grunting and scratching.

He advised me to go down stairs and rub myself with flour, and, as I was ready for suggestions, I went at once, dressed in nothing but an undershirt.

The house we were in consisted of but two rooms down stairs—a sitting room and a kitchen; the stairs came down between the two; to the right there was a door into the sitting room, while to the left the stairway opened directly into the kitchen. As I came down the stairs, candle in hand, rather a spooky looking, long-legged and half-naked boy, I glanced into the sitting room and saw the bachelor's bulldog lying on the floor. This dog was a large white bulldog, covered with scars, one eye gone, no ears, no tail and was the only dog I have ever met that I did not make friends with. We had taken a dislike to each other from the first, he growling and snapping, and I kicking and abusing him at every opportunity.

As I saw him through the open door, however, having no use for him in my then negligee attire I quietly reached in and closed the door. All would have been well had this door been secure. As it happened, however, some one had kicked a lower panel out of the door, and later had nailed a thin piece of board, such as cloth comes wrapped around, vertically over the opening, leaving a crack 2 inches wide on either side.

The kitchen was one of those old-fashioned affairs with big fireplace, barred door, overhead rafters and everything imaginable hanging on the walls and ceiling. The flour was kept in a large bin about 8 or 10 feet long by 2½ wide and 3 deep, with a good lid, this lid being on hinges and raising back against the wall.

I placed my candle on the floor, opened the bin, secured some flour, removed my shirt and had barely commenced to rub the flour on my itching skin when I heard the dog at the door. Having no idea he could get in, boy-like, I commenced to "sic" him on. The more he growled and bit at the edges of the crack, the more I angered him, until finally, after he had worked himself into a fury, I noticed that the board over the hole was not securely fastened. I quickly decided to give a final rub and make for upstairs. Grabbing up the candle, I saw the board give way at the lower end, his ugly head already through the opening, his one red eye gleaming hatred at me, his tongue out, mouth frothing and already bleeding from rough contact with the door.

Knowing that I must go right by his door to get upstairs, I realized instantly that I could never make it. One swift glance around the room and I likewise realized that I could not get out, the door and window being barred.

There was nothing in the room that I could get on to except where he could easily reach me. I might hang from the ceiling from some of the plunder there, but the ceiling was low, and it was a poor place at best. All this and more went through my brain in a flash. There I was stark naked, unable to get away and with nothing with which to defend myself.

He was coming rapidly through the hole now, madder than ever, and I saw in a moment he would be on me. What was I to do? There was only one thing to do—I jumped into the flour bin, and as he bounded across the room I closed the lid down above me.

Mad! Well, wasn't he mad!

He evidently thought he had me in fine shape, too. He fairly roared in his anger. He jumped on top of the bin, and then, horrors of horrors, he began raising up the lid by standing on the floor and pushing upward against the overhanging edge. Several times he raised it up an inch or two. I felt his hot breath on my face, and say, didn't I get hot and cold by turns, until the perspiration stood out all over me. As I floundered in the flour I came across an iron hook about 18 inches long, which had evidently been used for stirring up the flour. With this I struck at him every time he raised up the lid, being powerless to hold the lid down, as I had nothing to hold on to. Every time I struck at him his fury increased, and as his fury increased my terror became greater.

I gouged him in the tongue, tore his lips, prodded his eye, and all I accomplished was to make him worse. He was crazy—he was a devil incarnate!

I called loudly for help, but how could Saxon hear when I was buried in a flour bin? The racket, however, finally awakened him, and when I heard him coming and calling to the dog, my terror was greater than ever. I was afraid he would open the bin.

Again I called as loudly as I could and when he realized that I was in the flour bin he fairly rolled on the floor and yelled, hissing the dog on, laughing and laughing, as though it was something to laugh at.

My condition by this time had become desperate. What with the close quarters, poor ventilation, perspiration and flour, I was covered with dough and could scarcely see or hear, and breathing was becoming almost impossible.

Saxon finally drove the dog out of the house and helped me out. I was covered with dough. Eyes, ears, nose and mouth were all plugged, while a layer half an inch thick was all over my body. Saxon scraped me with a shingle and later used the broom on me as I lay under the pump. There was dough in my hair for days.

I have never had nettle rash since! C. P. A.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

II.—Old Sanger's Boat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In taking a retrospect of one's life and calling to mind some of the good times had in boyhood days, one cannot help but observe what a deal of pleasure he derived from sports then, even with very crude materials; and it sometimes seems to me that none of the modern appliances used by sportsmen, which he may now use, will produce near as much downright, first-class enjoyment for him as did that old-fashioned rifle or shotgun, or that rough, home-made boat which he used away back in the long ago.

And in looking over my own life I often think of the good times had with three companions, all of us neighbors and schoolmates then, in a boat owned by a man named Sanger, and called by us as well as by many others, Old Sanger, who lived near a pond nestled among the big hills up in northeastern Connecticut. He was the owner of a scow about half as wide as it was long, built of rough inch pine boards, unpainted, and the thwarts, or seats, as we called them, nailed on the top of the sides, and propelled by paddles worked out of chestnut planks and having very thick blades. That craft was the only one on the pond, consequently it was in great demand. The whole boating affair was about as ungainly as any one could imagine.

The price for the use of the whole business—scow, paddles and rope with stone attached for anchor—was 12 cents per day; for half a day or less, 6 cents, and if either of the paddles were lost or broken, which sometimes happened, 10 cents extra. Not much of a sum, but it seemed big to us then, but by dividing up the expense it made it quite light for each.

The pond, or lake, as it is now called, is a beautiful sheet of water, having sandy or gravelly shores, then mostly surrounded with forests of both hardwood and pine. Along its western shore has been laid out an extensive park, where, during summers past at popular gatherings, many noted men of the country did each his share of the customary speech making and hand shaking.

Among the many notables that I have seen there during my vacations were two of the Presidents; the present incumbent, then a United States Senator, was also there.

On the opposite or east shore of the lake, where there used to be an almost unbroken wildwood, are now many handsome and costly summer residences, with grounds to match, and now on the lake, instead of Sanger's lone scow, are to be seen many craft—yachts, rowboats and canoes, the greater portion of them of the latest design; also boathouses and bathing houses are there, thus making the place a well-known summer resort.

Although in recent years I have on several occasions got good catches of bass from the lake with rod and reel, as it was stocked with them several years ago and now affords good bass fishing, somehow the sport, although of a much higher order, didn't seem to bring such really unalloyed enjoyment as that I had when, in company with my three companions, without ceremony I yanked pouts, kivers and perch out from among the lilypads and into the scow with a worm-baited hook and a coarse line attached to an alder pole.

Of our gang who nearly fifty years ago patronized that boat and pond, one, George, is now a noted stock raiser, an M. D., and is also surgeon-general in one of the Eastern States; another, Jim, is an eminent divine in Pawtucket, R. I.; another, Little John, is a capitalist in the city of Providence, and the writer—well, he is down in Jersey. But no doubt each of the others, as well as myself, when taking a retrospect of life, will occasionally call to mind the jolly good times we had together on the pond away back in our boyhood days, while paddling in or fishing from or diving off the seats of Old Sanger's boat. A. L. L.

MILLHURST, N. J.

III.—Another First Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I ran across a pile of back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM a short time ago, and noticed several articles entitled "My First Trout." They reminded me of a youthful experience of my own, which I think was extraordinary. The first trout I killed was literally killed, and in a way that I believe never was duplicated. He did not die for want of water.

I have not told a fish story for many years. It is painful for me to listen to the thrilling fancies that are usually served up under this head, "The Grand Rush," "The Music of the Reel," "Giving Him the Butt," etc. Nevertheless the spirit moves me to drop you a line.

At this harsh and inclement period of the year, which in our northern climate is a close season, without any law to make it so, we will sometimes indulge in what Neighbor Cheney calls "winter fishing." Our thoughts turn longingly to the time when

"The green grass grows all around,"

and nature with lavish hand spreads before us a thousand charms.

Then we can be happy and grow strong in mind and body, whether the fish will bite or not.

But I started to tell you of "my first trout," and you are probably ready to call me to order for not talking to the question.

More than fifty years ago I was a small boy in New England, and before it took two figures to indicate my age I acquired the habit of following the brook and sitting on the grassy bank waiting for a bite. I guess I was born so and couldn't help it. My earniest recollections are that I went to school and went fishing. You can imagine which I enjoyed most.

I remember one occasion when I was instructed to come right home as soon as school was out, but some of the boys were going fishing that afternoon and asked me to go along. My moral sense being very slightly developed, I yielded to the temptation. Unfortunately I fell into the brook, and if the water had been a little deeper perhaps my brief career would have ended then and a modest fisherman been lost to the world. About dusk I sneaked home, went in the back way, told mother I didn't want any supper, wasn't hungry, guess'd I'd go to bed. At this moment my father laid down his pipe and took a hand in the game. Can you imagine a more wretched spectacle than I presented as I stood there with head down, wet and dirty, before my stern parent? My cross examination began. I made a very poor witness at that time (and always have since). I had not heard of the statute that protects a man from criminating himself. I was convicted and sentenced in short order and the penalty applied at once. Father took me by the hand, we went upstairs over the woodshed, where I took my first lesson as to respect for law, and it was a good one.

I used to think there were tyrants in those days.

I might relate many other incidents of my early days of equal interest and importance if it were not for the fact that I am fully determined to tell you about "my first trout."

Shortly after I gave up wearing of girls' clothes and the dignity of pantaloons was on my mind, I was allowed to fish in the shallow stream that ran through the meadow a few rods back of our house. I did not commence with a bent pin, a piece of sheep twine and an alder branch, as most all distinguished Waltonians have done. I got a nice, straight birch pole in the woods (there were no rods in our section then), trimmed it carefully and peeled the bark half-way up from the butt. I secured a good linen line, a real fish hook and a bit of tea lead for sinker. My worms were not carried in a tomato can, as is the universal custom now. Tomatoes, as well as the cans, were unknown so long ago. I had a flat tin box with a hinged cover (old style tobacco box), that would slip in my pocket, and to complete the outfit my mother presented me with a small covered basket with a handle over the top. My rig was rather neat for a boy in those ancient days.

The denizens or aborigines of the little stream where I began to learn the gentle art were dace, redfins, shiners and occasionally a small rock bass. Twice a week during the open season I carried home an assortment of brain food for the family. I had seen trout that were caught by the big boys who went away up in the mountains for them, but my nerves had never danced with excitement over the tug of a trout. Ambition, however, kept my blood warm, and at last opportunity knocked at my door.

We usually had school every day in the week, but one memorable Saturday there was no session, so I had the whole day to myself. I started early and planned to fish up the brook half the day and then turn and work toward home.

About noon I was at least a mile and a half above where I had ever fished before. My basket was two-thirds full of the usual small fry, but no trout. I had hoped to get one, but was disapopinted. I sat down and ate my lunch and then resolved to try once more a little further up. I soon came to a considerable pool that looked promising. It had a sandy bottom, which shelved off gradually into a deep, swift current toward the other bank. I was about to cast into the deep water when I noticed a small boulder about 2 feet from the shore and a fish lying on the opposite side of it, head up stream, of course. I could only see his head and tail where they projected above and below the stone. I felt sure that that was a trout. I put on a fresh worm, dropped in above him and let it float slowly down. It almost touched his head, when he made a rush for deep water. I fished for him a long time, but it was no use—he would not bite. I went up stream a few steps and then turned toward home. When I came to the pool again there was my fish at his old place. I said to myself if you won't bite I will try another way. I wound my line around the pole, put the butt over the stone about the middle, and when I had it just right gave a grand shove. My fish turned on his side and floated down stream, wiggling his tail feebly. I dropped my pole, rushed into the water and grabbed my prize. It was a half-pound trout. I sat down on the bank and studied him.

The supreme satisfaction of that moment I think has never been equaled during my life.

Mr. Kipling, in the story of his "first salmon," indulges in a fine frenzy. "His three feet of living silver quivering in the air," and "The remorseless reel, gathering in the thread of life, inch by inch," are in his choicest vein, but the emotions of a young enthusiast with his first trout are indescribable and cannot be communicated. No more fishing for me that day. I made tracks for home by the shortest cut.

When I dressed the fish I found his backbone broken about two inches below the head. S. D. R.

IV.—A Hunt in the Backwoods of Tennessee.

IT was a night in autumn; after the colored leaves had fallen, all the trees were freshly bare, save the pines, which stood in verdant splendor amidst the wreck of summer's foliage. The moon shone brightly, outlining even the frost on the long worm fence, and on the huge dead chestnut in the east.

The dogs were in trim for a raid, and the great wildcat of the laurel swamp was known to be stirring, for his weird cry had been heard, just after nightfall, far away on the pine-lined ridge which leads into the south from the valley.

In our party of three, one carried an axe, one the old oxhorn, and I the long rifle, freshly primed. We soon left the valley and began to climb the ridge at the upper end of the swamp. Then the dogs were urged to go. With much excited waving of tails they took to the scrub oak which covered the point. After a few moments' suspense, with wild and thrilling bay, the trail of the great cat was found. It was warm, and soon the lonely pine-clad hills were reverberating the thunderous notes from the throats of nine of the best cat hounds in all that region. With the old hunting yell we drove them on. For the first two miles they swept forward with the speed and roar of an avalanche, then in a basin formed by surrounding hills, the trail turned backward, the hounds came round like nine men-of-war at sea, and we cried frantically and joyfully, "He's circling." Soon the barbaric music

sounded through the laurel, where the wildcat made his home, telling us that the giant had sought the winding paths and darkness where it would be easier to elude the agile dogs, but they were trained, and as pups had chased the wily swamp rabbit, where now they followed fast the monster cat.

The run was to be a long one, and we waited near the border of the laurel for the unraveling of the many tortuous stretches of the trail through the windings of the stream and thorn-bordered paths. After a time the whining notes of perplexity broke again into the blood-thrilling battle cry of the hound, in close pursuit of the game. While we listened to this renewing of the chase there was a rustling in the laurel, and almost instantly the great grim whiskered head of our forest monarch peered from the bank of green where the moonlight fell, not fifty yards away. The four-foot barrel of the long rifle swept up to the range as if by instinct; the very bullet in its grooved bed seemed trembling with eagerness, as with muscles tense as steel I "darkened" on the gray brow between the eyes of fire. Just as I touched the trigger, the huge furred thing stepped out, with head held high, into the brightness. The flash and sharp report came too late. I had missed, and I was glad, for no man could rejoice at the death of such a thing of forest glory In every line of his lithe body could be seen a wilderness of strength and a world of pride. In truth he was the king of the valley. The curved rifle breech struck the log by my side, and with nose in air and long swinging trot the cat was gone on his old trail, over the hills to the south. Then came the hounds with frantic leap and cry, following the quarry, with their brute hearts aflame.

A few moments gone and their voices mellowed by the distance took on that strange, wild note known as the "tree bay," telling us that the yellow-eyed king had sought refuge amid the great limestone caves on the river, miles away. Thus we listened, while the oxhorn's braying broke the intervals of silence, echoing sadly through the lonely gorges and the tall pine trees.

The hunt was over; yet, though it happened years ago, my blood speeds faster from the memory of it.

B. M. S.

Frank Forester.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first copy of his "Field Sports" which I ever owned was given to me thirty-one years ago. It was the 1868 edition. This has not, like many works on sport, been laid aside, because I thought it old fashioned and not up to date, for I own no sporting work in which I take more solid comfort and satisfaction in reading over and over again than these writings of Henry Wm. Herbert. This does not only apply to the "Field Sports," but to his "Sporting Scenes and Characters," "American Game in Its Seasons," "Fish and Fishing" and "Fugitive Sporting Sketchings," so ably edited by Fred E. Pond (Will Wildwood). I have recently been investigating as to the likenesses which we know of Forester and find that very few exist. There may be others which some of your readers know of, and if so I hope they will communicate through your columns.

I have seen no works of Forester's which contain any likeness except in the "Field Sports," but there was none in the first edition of 1848. The 1858 edition contains the profile wood cut, which also appears in later editions. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the accuracy of this likeness. Fred. E. Pond in his "Fugitive Sporting Sketches of Frank Forester," published in 1879, says: "The portrait of H. W. Herbert in the first column of his 'Field Sports of the United States and British Provinces' is little better than a caricature. It has been pronounced by his acquaintances a base libel upon his manly features, and the gifted 'Acorn' asserts: 'It is no more like Herbert than is a horse to horse chestnut.' The most accurate likeness of 'our Frank' is the photograph by Zimmerman Bros., St. Paul, Minn—reproduced from a portrait by Meade, the last for which Mr. Herbert ever sat. This is a faithful and finely executed likeness of Frank Forester, a 'counterfeit presentment' which it is a delight to gaze upon."

The likeness which Mr. Pond styles as a caricature appeared in an illustrated article in the "International Magazine," June 1, 1851, Vol. 3, No. 3, and referring to the cut, says: "We doubt whether the wood engravers of this country have ever produced a finer portrait than the above of the author of 'The Brothers,' 'Cromwell,' etc. It is from one of the most successful daguerreotypes of Brady." I have recently secured this same likeness, an etching on vellum, signed by S. Hollyer. For the Zimmerman photograph from the Meade portrait I am indebted to Mr. Charles Hallock, who generously presented me with his only copy, and it was from this one that the likeness appeared in his famous article on "Pioneer American Sportsman" in "Outing" for January, 1901. This article has been most enthusiastically received and made all the more interesting and valuable by the twenty-one illustrations of the old-time lovers of the rod and gun, most of whom have now passed on. Mr. Henry Thorpe of Brooklyn, N. Y., to whom I am indebted for information regarding Forester's likeness, writes me that there are two portraits taken from oil paintings and that one of the originals is in his possession. It was painted by an artist named Roberts, who lived in Newark, N. J., and was probably done during Forester's lifetime. It represents Herbert seated in his library, in shooting costume, with shooting implements on the walls. Size of canvas 15 by 18 inches. A woodcut of this same portrait was given in the New York Herald, Nov. 26, 1893, in connection with an illustrated article on Herbert.

John H. Blackford gives his recollection of Herbert in "Game Land." November, 1893, in these words: "His appearance was remarkable. He stooped slightly; was prematurely aged; clothed in fustian or corduroy hunting coat and breeches, with leather leggings buttoned up above his knees; a heavy dark-gray shawl about his waist, crossed behind and passing over his shoulders and under the part in front, similar to the old Scotch fashion; an odd cap (probably Scotch) on his head; eyes downcast, oblivious to passers-by; followed closely by a couple of hounds. That is the picture of him in my mind as I saw him often, over forty years ago."

Some months ago a very interesting letter of Forester's, of early date, appeared in your paper, and under date of Jan. 19, 1901, the Sportsmen's Review published another in possession of Mr. Henry Thorpe, written in 1845 from "The Cedars." If any of your readers are fortunate in possessing autograph letters of the "mentor and coach of the Rising Sportsmen of America," I hope they will publish them. Any sportsman would read such literature with a keen relish. I recently picked up in New York a short autograph letter which reads as follows:

My Dear Colonel:

I am sick—neuralgia in the head. Get along with "The Sachem" this week. I will bring you two columns on Saturday for next week, and we will then start fair. Ever yours,

Henry Wm. Herbert.

The Cedars, Jan. 27, 1853.

Referring to the "Field Sports," edition of 1868, page 28 of the Memoirs, you will see: "In 1850 he gave much time to a paper called The Sunday Era, and in 1851 to another called The Sachem, both published in New York." I have recently received from the family of the late Jacob Pentz the following note of Forester's, addressed to Col. Isaac Andrus, Jr., but not dated:

My Dear Colonel:

I cannot say how much I am distressed about this cursed matter. I was confident of getting it yesterday morning, but in vain. I can only add that I have an article finished to send to the Democratic Review on Monday morning, which always pays me ready money, and that item I can certainly repay you.

Ever yours, Henry Wm. Herbert.

Some twenty editions of the "Field Sports" have been published, but the early issues are now scarce. I secured from the family of the late Jacob Pentz his copy, which was the first edition presented to him by his father, Dec. 25, 1848. Also the "Fish and Fishing" first edition with the supplement bound separately, presented to him by his brother, Dec. 25, 1850.

"American Game in Its Seasons" published in 1853, is written in his usual attractive style, nineteen chapters on different game, most of which originally appeared in "Graham's Magazine." Each article is prefaced by an illustration, and what gives it peculiar interest is the fact that all of these, with the exception of two, were designed and drawn on wood from nature by Herbert himself. Fred. E. Pond says in his Memoirs that the most complete record of Frank Forester's literary career is that published under the title of "Foresterian Bibliography," by the late W. I. Faddis, who wrote under the nom de plume of "Toxophilus." This serial appeared in fourteen numbers of volumes 6 and 7 of the "Chicago Field." Many of us who have not the early files of this paper would like to see this matter collected and reprinted in pamphlet form.

RUTHVEN DEANE.

Natural History.

A Peculiar Incident.

A PECULIAR incident happened to me while hunting red deer in the county of Beauce, about forty-five miles from the city of Quebec. It was on a fine day toward the end of December, at about 5 in the afternoon, and the sun had just disappeared in the west, leaving a peculiar reddish twilight known only to the Canadian woods in winter. We were very tired, as it was after a day of hard tramping—the snow being very deep we were, of course, obliged to wear snowshoes. We were homeward bound, feeling rather blue, as our luck with the deer had not been very good. We suddenly came upon a large clearing sloping toward the center, where ran a small stream, now covered with 6 feet of snow, above which appeared, like a tangled fisherman's net, a thick elder bush. At about 100 yards off I noticed something which appeared to be either foxes or hares scuffling in the snow, when suddenly a large bird rose in the air, carrying with it a struggling animal. The bird rose, only to fall again, and the scuffling was renewed. I ran up to within a few yards of the combatants, and then I saw that the bird was a large owl, which had evidently captured a hare, which was so heavy that the bird was only able to fly a few yards with it, and the owl had its talons so firmly gripped in the hare's skin that it was unable to release its hold.

At first I thought that I would end the fight by putting a bullet into one of the combatants, but upon second thought I said, "No, I may be able to capture the owl alive." I accordingly inspected them as closely as the owl would permit, for he was looking at me with very wicked eyes, and hissing like a tomcat when a fox terrier runs up to bid him good morning. The hare shoved his head deep into the snow, as if he thought I could not harm him so long as he could not see me, which I have often noticed is a very common behavior among our Northern hares.

I borrowed my companion's mits and put them on over mine, grabbed the owl by the wings and the hare between my knees, and was obliged to cut the hare's skin to release the owl's talons. As the poor hare could not live, his injuries being too severe, I put an end to his sufferings, and the next morning for breakfast we enjoyed some very good fried hare with onions.

I tied up the owl's wings and got him safely to camp and eventually to Quebec. One of the leading furriers in the city, Messrs. Holt, Renfrew & Co., requested me to loan them the bird to exhibit in their window, which I did. He sat very stately in the window, eyeing the crowd of spectators in the street, looking very wise, and now and again giving a wink to a pretty girl who might happen to be looking at him, and she would go away quite flattered at such a compliment from the king of the midnight forest. He created quite a sensation in the window, as he was probably the largest Western horned owl seen in this part of the country for a long time. He had still his fall suit on, but had adopted a white collar and white buttons to his waistcoat and also small dots of white on the tips of his wings. Notwithstanding that he was surrounded by some of the finest furs in the dominion, I think he had quite a right to believe that he was the central attraction. I brought him home, where I kept him for a week, but as he would eat nothing and had a fancy for settling on the back of Jack, my Irish setter, and was very fond of trying to break into the parrot's cage, which scared poor Polly nearly to death, I thought better to let him go; so one night I released him. He rose very high in the air and shot south, apparently in the direction of his residence, and with one long, cat-like shriek disappeared from sight.

MARK O'MEARA.

QUEBEC, Feb. 19.

Experience with Wild Animals.

YUMA, Ariz.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My observations of "dangerous wild animals and others matters" are to the end that no two men see such things alike. The temper and disposition of animals are in nowise different from those of men. I have seen some of the grandest specimens of "dangerous wild animals" scamper like frightened sheep, and again some mangy looking brute of the same breed stand his ground and tear the life out of everything getatable. Based on an experience scattered over a wide range of country, I have long believed that dangerous wild animals are like Indians—bad till their good character is proven, a something that occasionally is a little slow in showing up. Although the most ferocious brute on earth is liable to bolt on sight, there is no beforehand assurance that it is going to do so. Salvation comes more surely through steady nerves and good guns than it does through the bolting qualities of dangerous animals. It can never be foretold what the individual animal is going to do, nor is it what the majority will do that concerns the average man, but it is what the minority does do.

So far as my observations go, the common black bear is the most harmless of all dangerous animals, but at the same time the aphorism "a good Indian is a dead Indian" is applicable to him and his kind.

A partner of mine in the long ago, by the name of Leroy, while prospecting in British Columbia, saw a black bear drop to the ground and deliberately lie in wait for him. He was following a trail through timber and at some distance ahead he saw a black bear standing at right angles with it, but looking along it in the opposite direction. He walked on, expecting it to scamper the moment it caught sight of him, but it did no such thing. Apparently thinking itself unobserved, it dropped flat and lay with its nose against the lower edge of the trail, evidently intending to jump on him as he went by. The would-be biter was bit with a pistol bullet in its head. Now, I did not see this thing actually occur, but there has never been a shadow of doubt in my mind as to the absolute truth of this statement.

Again, I knew a prospector to be badly bitten and scratched by a younger bear of the black kind. It was lying behind a log and as the man stepped over it rose up and tried to hug him. Of course there can be a doubt as to this attack being premeditated, but that need not be argued here.

In the spring of 1872, in a logging camp on the Truckee River, California, a couple of grizzly cubs afforded much amusement. They were little fellows and could be held at arm's length like kittens, if taken by the back of the neck, but they were ever ready to get in a bite when the opportunity offered, and this was given by nearly every stranger that struck camp. They would cunningly stand near the post to which they were fastened and pretend to be looking elsewhere, but the moment a leg stood within limit of their chain it was not quick enough to get away without being nipped. This trick was deliberately planned and carried out. For some time it formed the standard amusement for both bystanders and bears. In my own mind, I am fully convinced that bears will not only not run at all times, but that they will deliberately lie in wait for the unwary and unsuspecting.

I once saw an adult brown bear, or a young cinnamon, I could not then tell which, deliberately stalk a man, but the moment it believed itself discovered it stood still, and bolted the instant the man again turned his head from it.

I know that many animal mothers will abandon their young at the first scent of danger, but there is still that uncertain minority to be considered. With a companion I once chanced on an old grizzly with one cub. We were on horseback and she saw us quite a distance away. She made not the slightest attempt to escape, but sat up and swung her head from tide to side, uttering "Whuf! Whuf!" as she did so. It is possible that we could have ridden off without interference had we wished, but it was plainly evident that she held the right of way in her direction and proposed to keep it. In the mixup that followed, the cub would get between her legs for protection, but she would knock it end over end without the least compunction. She was thin in flesh, but she was the longest bodied brute of her kind I ever saw.

When employed at the Plumas Eureka Mine, in the Sierra Nevadas, I knew of two miners finding a prize of young cubs as they were crossing the country from one mining camp to another. The mother shortly afterward found them and mauled one of them so badly that for a long time he was expected to die. Later another cub was brought to camp, and the man who brought it in told me that he had seen nothing of the mother, although he had been expecting her with fear and trembling.

Early in the eighties two soldiers from Fort Huachuca were hunting in the range south of the post. They found two cubs of a brown bear and were returning with them when they were overtaken and attacked by the mother. The one nearest to her dropped cub and gun and headed for a neighboring tree. As he was unable to climb he spung around it with the old bear a close second. While so engaged, his companion got in a lucky shot and killed her.

Hon. A. F. Banta, well known throughout Arizona, was, in days agone, in the employ of the Government as an Indian scout. One day he chanced on an old cinnamon bear and cubs. Without a moment's hesitation she rushed him and he killed her by discharging his gun down her open mouth. He stated to the writer that the attack was wholly unprovoked and his call for a mauling exceedingly close.

About ten years ago a Mexican returning to Tucson from a placer camp in the Santa Ritas met a bear on the trail, and was instantly attacked. When the trouble was over the bear was dead and the man nearly so. The former had twenty-nine knife wounds on its body and the latter was minus one eye, had a broken arm and shoulder and was otherwise badly used up. When found the next day, he was more dead than alive, but he eventually recovered.

Now one little story of a bear that did run and then I am done with Mr. Bear. Probably, if I did not have to write of myself I could tell a better story. In 1877 I was one of a party of prospectors in the mountains of northern Mexico. At the time in question we were camped near the mouth of a rather narrow and deep cañon, through a portion of which ran a beautiful little stream of water. It was during the rainy season, and the country thereabouts was as pretty as a picture. Turkey and deer were plentiful, and of bear sign there was no end. Every foot of the cañon was wild and grand. The intersecting cañons, of which there were many, were nothing more than great cracks in the earth, through which the stars could be seen in midday, and in which the shadows hung heavy and dark at all times. Once, when exploring it alone, I was overtaken by night while still several miles from camp. So long as I held to the cañon I could not go astray, and by keeping to the stream I was sure to strike camp. The darkness of a deep cañon on a stormy night can be felt but not seen. It had been raining pretty much all afternoon, and with the exception of short intervals it fell steadily through the night. Considering the intense darkness, I experienced but little difficulty till I reached a belt of cottonwood timber, every tree of which had been uprooted by a furious storm of apparently the year before. Shortly after entering this I was obliged to leave the water, and was slowly feeling my way over and between the prostrate trees, when I was brought to a standstill by the breaking of some sticks, apparently 15 or 20 feet in front of me. I rightly surmised that I was facing a bear, and, although I could not see it, I imagined the spot in front of me to be a little darker than the surrounding blackness. Just how long we stood and faced each other I cannot say, but on a hasty sizing up of the situation I decided to try the straight goods and go ahead. I held the muzzle of my rifle (Sharps) well in front of me, with the intention of discharging it the moment it came in contact with the bear's body, and then trust to my knife. I had, however, not taken more than a half-dozen steps when with a frightened snort it broke and ran. It was absolutely panic stricken, and in its frantic efforts to get away it crashed through a dead tree top with as much noise as a runaway team. Here, then, was clearly a case of scare, but had I done differently it is impossible to tell what the result would have been, but it could not stand the pressure of being bumped into by a stranger on a dark night. I have already been too long winded on the one subject, but I wanted to show that while the great majority of brutes will perhaps run at the first sign of alarm, there are others.

Of wolves I know but little. Although quite plentifully scattered about the country, I never had the pleasure of killing one. The theory of their pacific intentions finds no favor with Hon. M. F. Shaw, ex-sheriff of Pima county. Some years since, when driving in a buckboard between Pantano, on the Southern Pacific, and the Empire ranch, he was attacked by a big timber wolf. It ran alongside of the wagon, snapping and snarling, and but for the fact that he was driving a spirited pair of animals it would, he thinks, have been in the wagon with him.

Some three years ago I saw a fine litter of six wolf whelps. They were about a month or six weeks old, and had been brought in by a scalp hunter. He told me that although the mother was a large animal, she made no attempt to defend her young, but got away.

Last summer a statement was published in the Phœnix papers to the end that a young man of that place had been badly bitten by a mountain lion. With a brother, he was prospecting in the Superstition Mountains. One evening, while they were sitting outside their tent, they saw several large animals prowling about, and as they came uncomfortably near, a stick was thrown in their direction. Instantly one turned, sprang on the younger brother and inflicted several ugly and dangerous wounds before it could be driven off.

About four months since a Mexican rancher near this place reported that he had been attacked by a mountain lion, but that he had killed it. The animal had, however, been previously shot, the bullet having entered the left eye, ranged downward and out under the lower jaw on the opposite side of the head. By whom this bullet was fired is not known, but the animal was probably more dead than alive when met with in the Gila bottom.

Dr. H. W. Cotter, a well-known physician and a prominent citizen of this place, stated to the writer that he had once been followed by a mountain lion. In company with another gentleman, he had been visiting a piece of mining property a few miles up the Colorado, and was returning in the dusk of the evening at the time the attack was made. I do not now remember how he said the affair started, but he told me that it bounded alongside of the buggy, making one great leap after another, but made no attempt to spring in. It finally fell behind.

Once, when in the hills, I was conscious of being followed by something, and presently saw the head of a mountain lion rise from behind a rock. I walked toward the place and it ran back, but when I stopped it stopped, and when I turned from it it stood for a time and then came sneaking back. Not caring to be followed by even so cowardly a brute, I chased it with rocks, and it made no further attempt to follow me. It carried its tail low to the ground, with something like a half-curl in the end.

On another occasion, when camped in a sandy bottom, one of these same individuals walked repeatedly around us, but without daring to come in. The nearest approach, as shown by the footprints in the sand, was to within about 30 feet.

A shepherd dog we once had with us ran a lion up a mesquite tree. When I first saw it it was lying on a limb not more than 10 feet from the ground, contentedly watching the dog and slowly waving its tail from side to side. When shot it ran directly along the limb and then sprang to the ground.

In the Santa Catalina Mountains I saw a man shoot at a red lion as it stood with its head exposed from behind a thicket of brush. The bullet cut too low and knocked dirt in its face. It sprang forward and disappeared like a flash among the rocks.

When a boy in West Virginia, we had for a neighbor a very old lady by the name of Northumberland. Her people had been among the early settlers of that section of the country, and she spoke frequently of the dangers that surrounded her early life. It appears that then, as now, the natives thereabouts gathered ginseng for the market. This ginseng, as many of your readers well know, is indigenous to the woods of that State. It is, or rather used to be, gathered by women and girls, and the act of going to collect it was known as "sanging." For the purpose they used a small light hoe with a narrow blade on one side and a sort of fork on the other. An implement similar to this appears to have been long used, for Mrs. Northumberland often told of going "sanging" with such hoe when a girl, and of being once overtaken by darkness and of getting lost in the woods. As a protection against wild animals, she climbed a tree and took her "sang" hoe with her. In the night a panther came and repeatedly climbed to where she was, and every time it did so she struck it on the head with her hoe and knocked it down. In the morning it lay dead at the foot of the tree, with the skin of its head and face hacked into ribbons. It may have had pacific intentions when it climbed the tree, but if it did she failed to appreciate them.

I remember also her telling of a mare and colt that belonged to her father being driven from the woods, where they were feeding, by a panther. The colt had been badly torn by the animal. Her father and two brothers followed the trail of blood and presently met the panther, engaged in a like occupation and licking the blood from the leaves as it came along. It was supposed that when it sprang on the colt the mother attacked it and drove it away. This class of animals have always had a weakness for colts, and I merely mention the above because it is a tale of the long ago. Among the mountains of West Virginia these "varmints" were known by the name of "painters."

Now for a couple of deer notes and then adios. Deer are dangerous at both ends. I once received a kick in the pit of the stomach from one, and "subsequent proceedings interested me no more," so far as that deer was concerned.

Two acquaintances of the writer—John Dowdle and Jeff—were hunting deer near old Camp Cameron. They were in a cañon, and according to arrangements Jeff had entered the cañon lower down and was to drive the deer in the direction of John, who stood behind a bush and was to do the killing. The latter allowed two does to pass unmolested, but the third deer, a handsome young buck, he decided to kill, and stepped out for that purpose, but was instantly knocked down by it. His gun went one way, he another and the deer with him. He caught it by the horns, but was unable to protect himself from the horns and hoofs of the infuriated animal. Fortunately his shouting apparatus was in good condition, and it brought Jeff to his assistance, otherwise he would most surely have been killed.

One morning a Mexican vaquero was gathering cattle almost in the neighborhood of the above occurrence. He was attracted by the barking of his dog a short distance away, and rode to see what the trouble was. The dog had a white-tailed buck at bay, or rather the deer had the dog in that predicament. Urging the dog on, he rode up with the intention of roping the deer, but was charged on sight. He saved himself by slipping from his horse on the opposite side, and then to a tree a short distance away. The deer struck the horse just back of the left fore leg and dropped him dead. Although the skirt of the saddle did much to protect the horse, it failed to save him, as one prong struck it squarely on the heart. The horse was subsequently opened, and although the heart itself had not been broken, the point of the horn had been pressed deep into it. I was told by one of the parties who examined it that the hole in the heart was more than a half-inch deep. Kindly bear in mind that this is no cock-and-bull story, but that of an actual occurrence.

PAPAGO.

Ducks Breeding in Maine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On page 161 of FOREST AND STREAM for March 2 you ask for information about ducks breeding in the United States. I will say that they regularly breed in many of the ponds in the settled portion of Maine. Lake Pennesseewassee, here at Norway, is in latitude 44° 13′ to 44° 15′, and in pleasant summer morning or evenings cottagers and boating parties are frequently entertained by the sight of wood ducks and their young disporting themselves in the water.

The lake is six miles long, has good shores partially wooded. About half a hundred cottages or camps, one small village and several farmhouses are close to the water. The islands are inhabited during warm weather. At the foot of the lake are two villages containing 3,500 inhabitants.

A healthy public sentiment protects the birds till the young are fully grown and they have learned to come out in sight of folks fearlessly. This is only one instance, and there are plenty of others.

Quoting from Knight's "Birds of Maine," I find that of the Order Anseres family Anatidæ, that species of this class of birds are known to breed in Maine. (The numbers are those of the American Ornithological Union.)

129.—American merganser. Breeds in the lakes of the great Northern forest.

130.—Red-breasted merganser. Breeds commonly along the Eastern coast and some in the interior.

131.—Hooded merganser. Breeds in the lakes of the great woods.

The three preceding species are called geese. The next three are river ducks.

133.—Black duck. Known to breed in fifteen of Maine's sixteen counties.

140.—Blue-winged teal. Breeds in limited numbers in eastern and northern Maine.

144.—Wood duck. Common summer resident in fourteen counties and occasionally seen in the other two.

The next few are called sea ducks.

146.—Redhead. Breeds rarely.

151.—American golden-eye. Breeds in some of the Northern lakes.

153.—Buffle-head. Breeds in the forests.

160.—American eider. Breeds in a few places on the coast.

167.—Ruddy duck. Breeds in limited numbers in northeastern Maine.

Of these birds, No. 144 and several species ought to breed quite commonly in New York State, especially in the Adirondacks.

Mr. Ora W. Knight of Orono, Me., is the recognized authority on Maine ornithology, and could doubtless give you exhaustive information on the subject at issue.

Wishing you success in the campaign for bird protection.

D. C. CLARK.

Ducks Breeding in Illinois.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ill., March 16.—Just a thought—that my information regarding the breeding of wild ducks might be appreciated by you and your many readers, I will contribute my limited experience.

From the spring of 1865 to the summer of 1870 I spent on the prairies of central Illinois. During these years ducks were very plentiful, especially in the spring season. But with the prairies becoming more thickly settled, and the draining and tiling of the lands, they are few now compared with a third of a century ago.

In the early summer of 1865 I knew of three pair of ducks that hatched on these prairies near a few small ponds, and these ponds were not particularly isolated ones either. I knew the location of two of these nests while hatching.

Again, in the spring of 1870 I had occasion to pass a pond daily, just at the edge where prairie and timber met, and my passing often disturbed a male mallard. Occasionally a female was with him and rising from the pond. They together would fly away out on the prairie. To my surprise one day there were not only one or two ducks on this pond, but there were eleven. Nine of them I thought the prettiest, downiest and sprightliest little ducks I ever met. After seeing the young, I had no doubt but that they were hatched in close proximity to this pond, but I could not find the vacated nest. I saw these ducks almost daily for a period of three or four weeks, when all suddenly disappeared.

Ducks have bred in this latitude, and if undisturbed would do so again.

J. C. L.

Birds and Lighthouses.

A FEW years ago an official order was promulgated by the Lighthouse Board calling for the assistance of lighthouse keepers in the work of bird protection, and recently an order to similar effect was sent out by the General Superintendent of the U. S. Life Saving Service as follows:

CONCERNING THE UNLAWFUL KILLING OF BIRDS.

Treasury Department.—Office of the General Superintendent U. S. Life Saving Service, Washington, D. C., Feb. 26.—To Officers and Crews of the United States Life Saving Service: The attention of all officers and crews of this service is called to Section 3 of an Act of Congress, approved May 25, 1900, as follows:

Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to deliver to any common carrier, or for any common carrier to transport from one State or Territory to another State or Territoy, or from the District of Columbia or Alaska to any State or Territory, or from any State or Territory to the District of Columbia or Alaska, any foreign animals or birds the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals or birds, where such animals or birds have been killed in violation of the laws of the State, Territory or District in which the same were killed: Provided, That nothing herein shall prevent the transportation of any dead birds or animals killed during the season when the same may be lawfully captured, and the export of which is not prohibited by law in the State, Territory or District in which the same are killed.

It has been brought to the attention of this Department that a great number of sea and shore birds that breed or live in the vicinity of the several life saving stations of the United States are being killed for various purposes, in many cases contrary to State laws for the protection of birds.

The attention of keepers and crews of such stations is, therefore, called to the matter, and they are hereby cautioned against killing birds in violation of the game laws and the laws protecting birds which have been enacted by the States having jurisdiction, and are still in force; also against aiding or abetting in any way the killing of birds in violation of law. The keeper will report to the General Superintendent of the life saving service any member of a live saving crew whom he may know to be guilty of killing birds thus protected, and all members of life-saving crews, as far as they consistently can without interfering with their other duties, will give information and aid to the local authorities who are endeavoring to suppress such unlawful killing.

District officers will give their aid to the enforcement of the foregoing instructions and promptly report to the General Superintendent any neglect to comply therewith.

S. I. KIMBALL, General Superintendent.

Approved:

L. J. GAGE, Secretary of the Treasury.

Wolves Attacking Human Beings.

THE remarks about wolves in your Natural History column of Feb. 9 reminded me of an incident related by a professional hunter in the bush of western Canada, with whom I lived for nearly two months about 1865.

There were many Indians in the neighborhood, and the hunter told me that one of them, when traveling alone in winter, and armed only with a tomahawk, was attacked by a pack of wolves. (I think he said nine in number.) The Indian placed his back against a tree and killed several, but one, in whose body the head of the tomahawk was buried, made a spring, which snatched the handle from the man's grasp. The other wolves then killed and devoured him. All this was plainly discernible from the marks in the snow and the remains of the carcasses lying about.

I cannot, of course, vouch for the truth of this narrative, but the hunter always appeared to me to be very truthful and without the slightest tendency to exaggeration.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DEVONSHIRE, England.

St. Augustine Mockingbirds.

THE trees are alive to-day with mockingbirds, and the air is filled with their happy caroling. Since the enforcement of the law for the protection of song birds, our welcome little visitors are returning from the woods, whither they were driven. The law cannot be too rigidly enforced in this particular. We want the birds, and they should be as sacred as the buzzards, if we expect to prevent their extermination.—St. Augustine Record, March 9.

The hunting dagger which belonged to Col. James Bowie, and which has served as the pattern of all subsequent bowie knives, is a formidable double-edged weapon, with a horn handle and a curved blade 15 inches long and 1¼ inches wide at the hilt. Like Dr. Guillotin, Col. Bowie unwittingly gave his name to an invention that has earned for itself a rather unfortunate reputation.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Forest Reserves as Game Preserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been asked to give my opinion on the question of using the forest reserves as game preserves. This question has already been brought out by FOREST AND STREAM.

It is very plain to all who are familiar with big-game conditions in the Rocky Mountains that if something is not done to provide refuges for the elk, deer and antelope still left, the greater part of these animals will soon cease to exist. Passing protective laws by the States does not protect the game. I have already in a previous letter to FOREST AND STREAM shown why this is so. I will in this letter take up the situation here in northwest Wyoming, which section now contains the last of the great elk herds of the West, and also large numbers of antelope, deer and mountain sheep.

In the Yellowstone Park, which takes up a tract of about fifty miles wide by seventy miles long, in the northwest corner of the State, the game finds a haven where it is absolutely protected at all times. The Park provides both summer and winter range for the deer, antelope and sheep within its boundary, and of them nothing more need be said.

With the elk it is different. I suppose that at least 10,000 elk stay in the Park summer and winter. But there are at least 60,000 elk in northwestern Wyoming, including the Park, and of these about half summer in the Park, the rest outside, on the headwaters of the Snake, Green and Wind rivers, and all that cannot find winter range in the Park come south to winter, probably 50,000 in all.

The great problem is to find winter range for these elk without interfering with the live stock interests of the State. The increase of these herds must be at least 10,000 each year. The settlers who kill elk from the herds for meat number less than 1,000 all told, and only about 150 non-resident sportsmen hunt each year in the State. Thus, if each settler—man, woman or child—used three elk a year, which is a fair average, and the sportsmen killed their full allowance, the herds would increase.

As a matter of fact, the herds are fully holding their own, and I think are slowly increasing. I estimate that fully as many elk are killed by wild animals and die of starvation as are shot.

The deer outside of the Park are just about holding their own. They are so wild and shy that they are not much hunted for meat by the settlers, and sportsmen only kill the bucks. Their main enemy is the cougar, which kills great numbers. The same is true of the mountain sheep. The antelope are slowly decreasing, more through the killing of the young by coyotes than anything else. The settlers kill very few and the sportsmen kill only bucks.

Thus, if present conditions could be maintained, game would hold its own here forever. What is going to close out the game is the settlement of the game ranges and the destruction will be from two causes—starvation during the winter from lack of food, and shooting by settlers and sportsmen. By a proper system of forest reserves, it is possible to preserve the greater part of the elk herds, and to keep the deer and sheep at their present numbers.

The chance for the antelope is practically hopeless. Their range is in the open country, and nothing can prevent their being counted out of existence by the herds and flocks of cattle and sheep.

A few of the antelope even now take to the timber during the summer, but an antelope is perfectly helpless in snow that does not bother an elk or deer in the least, and for this reason cannot winter in the mountains. And what game cannot winter in the high mountain valleys must perish.

Now as regards using the forest reserves as game preserves. In the first place, the present Teton Forest Reserve, which lies south of and adjoining the Yellowstone Park Timber Reserve, should be extended eighteen miles east and forty-eight miles south, thus taking in the great bodies of timber on the Wind River, Gros Ventre and Hoback mountains. All the agricultural land of any value that would be inside of this reserve is already settled upon, and it should be provided that no vested rights held by settlers should be invaded. If this should be done, the enlarged reserve properly patrolled and the forest rangers, as at present, instructed to enforce the State game laws, the future of the game in northwestern Wyoming would be assured. Suitable regulations should govern the grazing of stock on the reserve, and only actual residents on the reserve should be allowed to graze stock thereon.

It must be remembered that the altitude of northwestern Wyoming is such that hay is the only crop that can be raised with certainty. The ranchmen are dependent upon stock growing, and without the use of the outside range the ranches are valueless, as enough stock cannot be kept on 320 acres the year round to support a family. The wild game can winter in much deeper snow than can cattle, and the proposed reserve contains winter range enough for all the game at present upon it, without encroaching on the range needed for what stock would belong to the ranchman upon the reserve. It is the tramp herds of stock belonging to men who own not a dollar's worth of real estate that are destroying the public range. The free range is no longer large enough to support all the stock upon it, and a distinction should be made in favor of the men who are improving ranches and building up the country.

It would not be necessary to absolutely protect the game upon the reserve.

The Yellowstone Park is a case in point. Neither in the Park nor in the Yellowstone and Teton reserves can the elk which summer in the Park find winter food. Three-fourths of the elk in Wyoming are now south of the Teton Reserve, on the tract which I propose should be added to the reserve. On the Big Gros Ventre and on Green River for miles the foothills are black with them, thousands being in sight at once. At Lloyd's cattle ranch, on the Big Gros Ventre, which is in the center of the winter range, it has been impossible to keep the elk out of the hay corrals this winter, and a large quantity of hay has been destroyed by them.

Northwestern Wyoming now contains as many head of game as can possibly find food during the winter, and to protect at all times the game, or to prohibit shooting on the present forest reserves, or on any which may be created hereafter, would only extend the conditions now prevailing in the Yellowstone Park—viz., not enough winter food within the reserve for the game. If the east, west and south boundaries of the Park were fenced and the elk prevented from coming out to winter, three-fourths of the elk that summer in the Park would starve the first winter. The present Teton Forest Reserve contains very little winter range, and the bulk of the elk winter on the tract which I suggest be added to it. A few elk go onto the desert between Green River and Big Sandy to winter, but less and less go every year, as the domestic sheep are cleaning out the grass, and many of the elk starve.

The proposed reserve consists mainly of high, rough country and heavy bodies of timber, though there is much park land and the valleys of the streams are more or less open. The farming land lies, with a few exceptions, in three compact bodies. The largest is in Jackson's Hole, the next largest along the Green River, and the smallest in the Hoback Basin. There would be a dozen large lakes and numberless small ones within the reserve; the waters all swarm with trout, and as a camping and pleasure ground the entire tract, including the Teton Reserve, is fully equal to the Park. The main sources of the Green River and the headwaters of some important tributaries of the Snake and Wind rivers, and the great forests which supply these streams, would be within its boundary, and if it is to be the policy of the Government to protect the forests at the heads of the streams, this reserve should be established without delay. The Teton Reserve covers comparatively little of the forests of northwestern Wyoming, and the protection of the game would be only a part of the benefit to be derived from the establishment of this reserve.

To sum up, the forest reserves, as game preserves, should not be absolutely protected, as is the Yellowstone Park, but only reasonable restrictions, such as the State laws on shooting, should be enforced. When possible, the reserves should be enlarged to take in all mountain country and bodies of timber lying on the headwaters of streams. No restrictions should be placed on the reasonable use of the range, or on cutting timber for ranch use by settlers. Any agricultural land within the reserve should be left open to settlement.

By so doing the object for which the reserves were established, the protection of the timber and the streams, would be fulfilled. And what is important, though in a lesser degree, the protection of the game and fish would also be accomplished, without interfering with the proper development of the stock growing interests of the West.

WM. WELLS.

WELLS, Wyo.

Mr. Tilden's Deer.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., March 13.—In your issue of March 2 you were appealed to by Mr. S. W. Tilden to concede him the privilege of a statement so that you might have both sides of a question in which he was interested. Inasmuch as the other side has not been given you, and inasmuch as Mr. Tilden's statement so far is entirely ex parte, would it not be well to publish the other side as viewed from Mr. Tilden's own statement published with the very praiseworthy motive of "contradicting and correcting the garbled reports that have appeared in various newspapers"? This portion of the statement refers, of course, to an event which is known far and wide owing to the importance of the matter and of the persons interested.

Statement.

Two gentlemen have a successful expedition to Maine. They bring home to Schenectady four deer obtained in four days' hunting, shipping the same by American Express to Schenectady, where the deer arrived after Nov. 15. It not being clear that it is lawful to possess venison after Nov. 15, the gentlemen consult two of the "best lawyers" in the city, who, with that intimate knowledge of the law which two of the best lawyers of any city of the size of Schenectady are supposed to possess, told them that such possession after Nov. 15 was not unlawful. Of course, such advice ought to be an excuse for all violations of the law committed by the gentlemen in having the venison in their possession.

They then generously distributed their game among their friends.

Suddenly, without warning, they are called upon by the Chief Game Protector to explain, which they say they did, but the benighted Protector evidently failed to understand that two of the "best lawyers" in this city ought to know the law better than himself. As a result, he says that they were each fined $100 by the Protector, which afterward was changed to $50, but fails to state by whom—due, one would gather, from the statement, to their threats to contest the case, which, of course, would have jeopardized the existence of the commission and the security of the State. It is not often that one meets with such enthusiastic advocates of stringent game laws, with "such various and sundry ideas" in regard to the phraseology and enforcement thereof, so that the promise of an explanation of their views awakens our curiosity and interest and makes us anxious to have these views more fully ventilated and set forth.

Under the new and economic administration of this State, it seems that the retention in office of Protector Scott with his avaricious and grasping methods could easily be prevented, with the facts as published by you in Mr. Tilden's communication presented to the Governor. One is led to inquire however, why a penalty which could have been $100 per deer was reduced to $25 or $50 from each gentleman, and ask whether or not some kind friend of the gentlemen did not make some representation to the Protector as to the circumstances, whether or not some influence was not used before the judge who imposed the fine by which extreme leniency was shown to the gentlemen and not objected to by Protector Scott, the author of and villain in the "legal holdup." Of course, being a public servant, if S. W. Tilden is to be believed the game protector cannot be honest and his action in this case was prompted by spite and envy, it not falling often to his lot to deal with such successful sportsmen.

Let us all join in an attempt to secure the passage of a law based on Mr. Tilden's ideas, abolishing the office of game protector, taking away from all officials the discretion to be lenient and rid this State of this disgraceful system, which follows up and punishes those who have in their possession game after the time prohibited by law.

And, yet, Mr. Editor, the members of the game protective associations here approve Protector Scott's position in the matter, and that of the police justice who imposed the fine, while those who aided Mr. S. W. Tilden in getting off so easily regret that they were induced to help him, for his statement misleads as to the law and its application and puts the State Game Commission in a false light as well as others here to whom he appealed for assistance.

W. J. O.

Smooth Bore and Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent Sydney G. Fisher, whose letter advocating the use of smooth bores for large game shooting appeared in your paper of Jan. 26, is not quite correct in thinking that Sir Samuel Baker was the first to introduce rifles for African shooting.

That great hunter stated that when he first went to Ceylon in 1845 he found smooth bores invariably used, and he believed himself to have been the first to introduce rifles into that island. In India they were used by some British sportsmen as early, certainly, as 1836, and probably before then.

Gordon Cumming took rifles to South Africa in 1843, and when starting on his first expedition to the interior he had one single and three double barrels, besides three double smooth bores which he stated were for rough work on horseback when quick loading was required. He seems to have rarely or never used these except for shooting feathered game. Sir Samuel Baker did not begin shooting in Africa till about 1861.

An Englishman named G. Nicholson (whose opinions as to the best weapons I mentioned in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM last April) was personally acquainted with Gordon Cumming, and attributed his want of success in killing elephants with a few shots to the fact of his not using smooth bores, because the rifles of that period had such sharp twists in the grooves that charges of powder giving sufficient penetration for efficiency against the pachydermata could not be employed without causing the bullets to strip.

It is remarkable that, although smooth bores of ordinary caliber were habitually and very successfully loaded with heavy charges for that special purpose, no one appears to have adopted rifles for such loads by the American plan of having a slower turn in the grooves, until the late Captain Forsythe, conservator of forests in central India, had a double muzzleloader made on that principle about 1860. It carried round balls fifteen to the pound, was accurate with five drams of powder and as easy to load as a smooth bore. The grooves had one turn in 8 feet 8 inches.

Some years before this Sir Samuel Baker had partially solved the problem of combining accuracy with great muzzle velocity. One of his rifles for Ceylon shooting was made to order, carrying a round belted ball of 3 ounces weight with 16 drams of powder. It had two grooves, in which the belt fitted mechanically, and thus prevented stripping, although they had the absurd rate of twist of once in 3 feet.

Two grooved rifles were invented, I think, in Germany, and, according to my experience, were equal in accuracy to the very best of those which carried round balls. Their only disadvantage was that loading was rather slow, owing to the necessity of pushing the belt carefully quite straight into the grooves.

The proper charge for the old-fashioned rifles was considered to be the bullet mould full of powder. This gave only 1½ drams for a 16-bore, 2 drams for a 12 and 2½ drams for a 10-bore. They shot with great accuracy, but had a very high trajectory and poor penetration in proportion to the weight of lead. When of very large bore, they acted well upon thin-skinned animals. For instance, General Shakespear, in his book on Indian wild sports, mentions that one of his rifles carrying ten balls to the pound with 2½ drams of powder, penetrated completely through a bear at 250 yards.

On the other hand, Colonel Campbell, in his "Old Forest Ranger," and also in his "Indian Journal," states that a bullet from his 12-bore rifle flattened against the forehead of a charging bison, only knocking down the animal for a moment.

Since then it has been proved that a ball of sixteen to the pound, if driven by 3 drams of powder, will certainly penetrate a bison's brain when striking the forehead at any distance up to 40 yards.

One reason why the majority of African hunters, in the first half of the nineteenth century, used smooth bores is that they were far easier to load on horseback than rifles before breechloading was adopted; but it is also evident that individual weapons, specially made for ball shooting, had a much longer accurate range than ordinary shotguns.

An old African hunter writing some years ago to the leading English sporting paper, after mentioning a large number of rifles which he had used (including some by the best London, Birmingham and Dublin makers, together with some by the Winchester and Remington companies), added this remarkable statement: "For my own part, I have followed the example of many of the first-rate game shots I have seen at work, and have killed most of my game with specially built smooth bore guns, varying from 6 to 16 bore, and among these I cannot remember one which shot badly. I found I could account

very well for the biggest game with a 10-bore double, weighing 10½ pounds, or even with a 12-bore weighing 8½ pounds.

"The late Mr. Oswell was certainly one of the best big-game shots who ever pulled a trigger in Africa, and he always used a heavy smooth bore Purdey of 10 bore; and several of the very best Boer hunters, whose performances I have witnessed, more than held their own with smooth bores at all sorts and sizes of game against their comrades armed with rifles. One of these used an old Manton duck gun cut down to convenient length. Another, named Knootze, who was the best game shot I ever saw, never carried any other weapon than one composed of a Brown Bess musket barrel of the 1845 issue, fitted with a rough but well-bent home-made stock, and a hair trigger. The accuracy of good smooth bores seems to depend very much on the fit and perfect rotundity of the hardest possible bullet, seated on a thick, soft wad. With a soft lead, good shooting is unobtainable.

"Most sportsmen who have tried bustard stalking know the difficulty of getting within 80 or 100 yards of them. I have, however, killed a goodly number with my favorite weapon, and in one month, some years ago, fifty-four fell to bullets of my smooth bore, with much other and bigger game to boot. When a miss occurred I believe I was personally responsible, and not the gun."

I imagine that few, if any, of the specially built smooth bores above alluded to would quite equal, in long range accuracy, the guns built on what is generally called the "Paradox" principle. Some of these are rifled for about 3 inches from the muzzle, and others have "invisible" rifling the whole length of the barrel. In the Badminton Library work on "Shooting," a diagram is given of targets made by one of these guns in 1886. Six shots from a rest at 50 yards made a group 1½ inches wide by 2¼ inches deep; and six at 100 yards a group 1½ inches deep by 4½ inches wide, all in the center of the bullseyes. The patterns with small shot were evenly distributed and equal to those of a modified choke bore.

Several makers in this country advertise guns on this principle as equal to express rifles in accuracy at 100 yards, and the reports of trials, made in presence of the editors of our sporting papers, prove this to be correct. The only drawback they have is that when of ordinary weight and 12 bore the trajectory is rather high, owing to the impossibility of using a sufficient quantity of powder without violent recoil. This defect could be remedied by increasing the weight of a 12-bore to 8½ or a 16-bore to 8 pounds. The latter would, I think, be a delightful weapon for all-round sport in the American bush.

One gunmaker in this country states that his rifled shotguns perform as well with spherical as with conical bullets. This would allow of an increased powder charge and consequent flatter trajectory without extra recoil.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DEVONSHIRE, England.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Indiana Game Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 14.—There are dozens of Chicago shooters anxiously inquiring to-day whether or not Gov. Mount of Indiana has signed the game bill known as Senate Bill No. 73, which was printed in FOREST AND STREAM last week with the qualifying telegram sent late last Tuesday, that the Governor had vetoed the bill. The confusion is owing to diverse information sent out from the office of the authorities of Indianapolis. I am in receipt of a telegram from Secretary of State Hunt saying that the game bill became law by Governor's signature March 11. As it has an emergency clause, it is a law which takes immemediate effect. Hence if you are going shooting in Indiana this spring go prepared to pay $25 license or to run up against the stiffest penalties which have ever been attached to any Western game law.

The ffect of this Indiana measure has been instantaneous so far as the Chicago shooters are concerned. A number of members of shooting clubs with grounds in Indiana to-day expressed their intention of forfeiting their membership. Another evidence of the effect of the law is in the drift of the spring shooting travel. The time-honored trails to the Kankankee are to-day practically abandoned, and every one is going to the Illinois River or to Fox Lake. There is especially heavy travel this spring to the Illinois River.

The Flight.

The spring shooters have something to induce them to go afield this week. For the past four days there has been a tremendous flight all over this latitude. The Kankankee marshes have been full of ducks and the flight yesterday was in on Fox Lake and Grass Lake, following up the Fox River Valley.

The heaviest shooting has been on the Illinois River marshes, especially near Chillicothe. A railway conductor who came through there this morning says he has never in his life seen more ducks than he did on the cornfields near the latter point. These birds were principally mallards and pintails. One gun yesterday bagged thirty-seven mallards near Chillicothe, and I have heard from another bag of thirty-six ducks at that point. Yet another man to meet good shooting there is Mr. W. G. McCarthy, who reports good sport, and says that on Tuesday last a local gunner killed thirty-four big ducks.

There reports are sending numbers of shooters down into the lucky country. One party to start to-night will be a band of hardy newspaper men including Mr. W. L. Wells of the Tribune, Mr. William Schmergten of the Record, Mr. H. Billman of the News, and Mr. H. Field of the Tribune. These gentlemen expect to wreak great havoc upon the wastrel wildfowl of the Illinois marshes. They have advices that a considerable body of birds are in to-day on that country. Some numbers of shooters will take the night train for Fox Lake to the north of here.

The burning down of the Swan Lake Club house on Lake Senachwine last week came at an inopportune time for those of the club who wished spring shooting, and who will have no accommodations at the old quarters for a while. It is the intention to rebuild the club house at an early date. The insurance only partially covered the loss.

Cause of the Stir.

One immediate cause of this stir in the Indiana Legislature this spring was the activity shown by non-resident shooters in acquiring leases on shooting properties. The widely heralded action of the Tonti Club in attempting to get hold of the John Brown tract on the Kankakee marsh near Shelby was perhaps the most immediate cause of the Indiana revolt against shooting preserves. What the action of the members of the proposed club may be, now that there has been established a $25 shooting license, is something which remains to be seen. The Tonti Club option on this tract does not expire until July 1, after which date the club may or may not go on. The general opinion seems to be that $25 is too much to pay for the sort of shooting a city man can get in Indiana. It is not a bad prophecy to predict that this gun license will be cut down to $10 at the next session of the Legislature. The non-resident license has come to stay, but $25 seems to be considered too much for a bird license, when Wisconsin asks only $10 for such license.

Minnesota Law.

Minnesota is also taking a heavy fall out of the game laws this spring. A bill this week has passed both houses of the Legislature which absolutely prohibits the sale of all feathered game and requires that any game killed by a shooter can only be taken out in actual company with such shooter. Minnesota is getting tired of having her game shipped to Chicago. This bill was not signed by the Governor at last accounts, but his signature was expected, and the result will be reported as soon as accurately known.

All these complications in our Western game laws have one very desirable effect. They stir up, agitate and advertise the question of game protection. The old difficulty was simply one of apathy and indifference. Poke up these Western men and get them to thinking about the matter, and they will wind up by passing sensible and efficient game laws. One Chicago shooter wants the sporting press to take up the question of getting a uniform non-residence license law for all these Western States. This would be a highly desirable thing, but the sporting press is too wise to undertake any quest of that sort. We may see uniform game laws when the millennium comes. A wild rumor is out to-day that the Arkansas Legislature is going to establish a $500 non-resident license. Doubtless this is a canard, but it shows the tendency of legislation in the West this year. At last it seems that our people are waking up to the value of their game and they intend to do something to preserve it. If they would, all of these States, pass a law stopping spring shooting, and if Texas would pass a law stopping shooting at Jan. 1, we would have abundance of wildfowl all over the United States, and this might once more become a shooter's country.

Michigan's Attitude.

A well-known sportsman of Saginaw, Mich., takes up the question of spring shooting in the following form, writing in a personal communication:

"About this spring shooting business in Michigan, I wish you would, right off, write me a letter that I can use, giving just what the conditions are in adjoining States. The argument that these pon-hunters use—and it is no argument at all—is that adjoining States allow shooting in the spring, consequently Michigan should do the same. It is the same old story that we have heard before. Most of them admit that spring shooting ought to be stopped, but their selfishness gets the better of them; they would be willing to see spring shooting stopped if the other States would do the same thing. I do not take much stock in this, for as I understand it, an agreement was entered into with Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan some four years ago. Michigan kept her promise, and I think some of the other States did, and two years ago went back on it and repealed the law. I want to be sure I am right in this thing. Now, I understand that the Ontario government has recently passed a law prohibiting spring shooting; New York State is making a strong fight to do the same thing. What is the condition in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin? I hope you can give me something definite and encouraging quickly."

There was a quasi-agreement about four years ago at the meeting held in Chicago by representatives of different States for the purposes of drafting a uniform game law. The movement came to general grief, as such movements seem always to do, though the result was on the whole beneficial. Reference to the Game Laws in Brief shows that the opening season on wildfowl in Ohio is March 10 to April 10, and Nov. 10 to Dec. 1. Indiana's open season is now Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, and Nov. 10 to April 15. Illinois has an open season about Sept. 1 to April 15. Wisconsin's open season is from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, except that wild geese have no protection. Minnesota's open season is Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. It may be seen that Minnesota and Wisconsin stand in line for good game laws. Michigan adways has this fight at every session of the Legislature. I hope she will keep in line with our two upper States and ntario. Ohio does not make so much difference, but Indiana and Illinois are important States in the wildfowl proposition, and they ought to be closed in the spring. As to the old dog-in-the-manger idea, it is the same idea so long entertained by Wisconsin, but now happily and intelligently abandoned by that progressive State. It is no excuse for burglary to argue that your neighbor burgles.

Wishininne Entertains.

On last Tuesday evening the Wishininne Club of Chicago sportsmen entertained some of the visitors at the Sportsmen's Exposition. The guests present were Joe Kipp of **Kipp, Mont., Billy Hofer of Gardiner, Mont.,** Jim Paul of New Brunswick, Henry Braithwaite, Adam Moore, and Arthur Pringle of the New Brunswick guides, who have been present at the Sportsmen's Show. Mr. W. T. Chestnut of the latter party had already left for home at the time of the meeting. The entertaining sportsmen were Messrs. Hempstead Washburne, J. V. Clarke, Graham H. Harris, W. L. Wells, C. S. Dennis, R. B. Organ, H. G. Maratta, William Sheahan. Every hunter and guide present was compelled by the president, Mr. Wells, to tell a hunting story. The little dinner was one of the pleasantest affairs connected with the Sportsmen's Show.

The Sportsmen's Show.

The popular inpression regarding the Sportsmen's Show here is that it was on the whole successful. The attendance ran just back of 100,000. The show was a very expensive one. Barring inevitable little hitches in the management due to short notice, hurry and occasional inadequacies, the enterprise moved off well, and Chicago is pleased enough with the affair to want another show next year.

The Peace River Buffalo Herd.

Mr. J. H. McIllree, assistant commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, Regina, N. W. T., writes entertainingly and instructively in a personal communication dated March 7, regarding the Peace River buffalo herd and other matters in the for Northwest. It is enough to make an American blush to see how they enforce the game laws in that remote and trackless country. We are all the time complaining that we cannot catch the violators of our law in our little, thickly settled communities. They do things better across the line in this respect. If we could get an executive arm in some of our State governments similar to those dinky-hatted, long-legged Northwest police, we would not be putting up our hands and hollering all the time about not being able to catch the law breakers. They catch them up there, no matter where they go, just the way our own United States marshalls used to catch the bad men out in the Rockies. This is what Mr. McIllree says:

"I saw in issue of FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 23 last, a mention by Mr. Macrea, who was up in the Peace River country last summer, of the buffalo ranging in that section, and I sincerely trust that there are as many as he states. We have a detachment stationed at Chippenwyan which visits the country as far north as Resolution. In the winter of 1899-1900 Dr. McKay, in charge of Hudson's Bay Company in the district in which the buffalo range, estimated their numbers at 400, and two well-known traders estimated their numbers at 300 and 150 respectively. So you see there is much diversity of opinion. The increase has not been great as the country is badly infested with wolves which destroy the calves. The H. B. Co. turned out six horses near Hay River to winter and the wolves gathered them all in. From information received a few days ago from Corporal Trotter, who had been up to Resolution and returned to Chippenwyan, the buffalo have increased in the past year, though the wolves are still very bad.

"The fur catch this winter has been very poor. Large game, rabbits and fish plentiful. As you may know, the buffalo are absolutely protected, but the Indians kill a few, but our men hear of every such case and haul the offenders up and have them punished. Our government gave a permit to a man last year to capture two young bulls to bring new blood into the small herd that is now in the Bauff Park and that came originally from Winnipeg, but I have not heard of the capture.

"Two of the bulls in the Bauff Park some weeks ago had a misunderstanding about something, with the result that the herd lost one of its brightest ornaments and the other chap was badly crippled. Sorry to see that the herd in the Yellowstone Park has dwindled to such insignificant numbers, and it appears queer to be keeping track of the miserable remnant after having seen the plains covered with them in former years. I send you this meager information, as I know you are interested in the subject. I am one of the early subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM and I have always taken a great interest in the paper."

Some Bear.

Arthur Pringle, of New Brunswick, told me this week that he and two trapping companions, one of whom I think was Henry Braithwaite, got eighty-four bear in the course of twenty-seven months up in New Brunswick. This covered the best part of three seasons, and it is a pretty good trapping record.

Henry Braithwaite—"Uncle Henry," most of the boys here got to calling him before he went away—told us that when he was out trapping bear he never bothered to take along a gun, but always killed his bear with an axe. "The best way to hold your bear," he said, "is to get a long pole, and stick it through the jaws of the trap. If you get one end of the pole fast in the brush or roots, you have your bear practically helpless, and it is an easy thing to break his skull if you hit him just between the ears." Adam Moore says that he once tried to kill a big bear with a club in that way, but he found it a pretty hard proposition, as the bear could take a good stiff whack on the side of the head and always turned up his head in such a way that a good blow could not be landed square.

I have as yet heard no better bear story than that told by Joe Kipp of how he and an Indian once killed a grizzly bear with rocks. This bear was old and nearly toothless. Unable to kill anything to eat, it was prowling round an Indian camp and had nearly swallowed a raw hide rope. It was too helpless to run very much and Joe and his friend actually stoned it too death.

No Home.

I saw Charlie Willard here this week and asked him where he made his home. He said he didn't have any home, and was out on the road pretty steadily now for the H. & R. Arms Co. He is just in from an extended trip in the South and is working East again.

From Aztecland.

The long-time FOREST AND STREAM contributor, Aztec, writes me from Santone, Texas, regarding the pugilistic habits of an antiquated bird which lives in the good old smuggling town of Eagle Pass.

"Mrs. S., of Eagle Pass, Texas," he says, "has a pet thrasher (*H. longirostris sennetti?*) which was captured full grown by flying into the postoffice, then in charge of her husband, over eighteen years ago. 'Tom' is a rather crabbed old bachelor now. He rarely sings, though he was once a famous vocalist. He is not amiable even with the mistress who has cared for him so long, but nips her fingers rudely. When a stranger comes about, he ruffles his feathers in a way he believes to be warlike, but which is merely ridiculous. I thought he was sick, he looked so woebegone. His plumage was unkempt, his tail drooped, and he moved mopingly about the floor of his cage. But he kept his head toward me, and from time to time picked up imaginary straws and grain, after the manner of a fighting cock. When I found he was challenging me, I was greatly amused. He was the most lackadaisical looking warrior I ever saw. Only ladies live in the house, and in the röle of protector of the fair, Tom is simply irresistible."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

To Save the Big Game.

DENVER, Colo., March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To many of us in the West the game question is a subject of more than ordinary interest.

For years the Governor of Colorado has had more or less complaint of the Indians, who were said to be slaughtering the large game such as elk and deer. When the Ute Indians were removed from White River, the treaty which was made with them provided that every fall they were to be allowed to hunt and kill game for a winter food supply. The Indians use every part of an animal, even to the entrails, which they roll on a stick and eat with great relish. They leave the horns only. They crack the bones for the marrow and make buckskin from the hides.

There is more game destroyed by pot-hunters and men who have the wherewithal to buy a repeating rifle than by all the Indians on earth. Men such as I speak of get into a band of elk or deer and blaze away right and left, losing their heads completely. It is a wonder to me they do not kill each other. The result is quantities of game are wounded and hide away to die, thereby feeding the wild beasts. Many a noble buck is left to rot, the head and horns only being taken to grace some gentleman's dining room or library.

In the years 1890-1895, at San Juan, Hinsdale county, Colo., on the headwaters of the Rio Grande, the Texas Club had its headquarters. Its members adopted a set of rules and regulations, providing for the payment of a heavy fine if more game or fish were killed than could be eaten. The result was that they had plenty of sport with no wantonness.

My friend, Mr. Chas. Christy, formerly a Government scout of more than thirty years' experience, had a talk on this question while at the Ute Indian agency with Ignacio, Cervaro, Buckskin Charlie and Nanice. He spent Christmas week of last year, 1900, with them. Mr. Christy speaks their language fluently, and brought back some interesting stories.

I do not wish to give the impression that the Indian is above reproach, but he is not half as destructive to game as many of these white so-called sportsmen I have before mentioned. Now for the remedy. Form a national game protective association that will come down to business.

Allow no man to go into a game country with anything but a single loading rifle. He will then become a better shot and liable to kill rather than wound the game.

Do away with pump guns and repeating rifles. They are well enough for war, but not for a true sportsman.

Have men appointed game wardens who are interested in game matters, with a salary large enough to warrant men of ability accepting the position.

Have these men appointed by the Government on the civil service plan, to hold the position during good behavior. Where men are appointed for two years only, or during the term of a Governor, the temptation is too great to make all the money they can, even to accepting bribes.

Make it a penitentiary offense to accept a bribe. Now is the time to strike or the history of the buffalo will be repeated.

FRANK DANA BARTLETT.

One Phase of Spring Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While this question of spring duck shooting is being discussed, I believe that we ought to show to the sportsmen of the State, as clearly as possible, who are the most formidable opponents to any bill stopping spring shooting of wildfowl. I do not know the conditions prevailing in the other counties of the State, but I can tell you what they are in Jefferson and Oswego counties. The strongest opposition in these counties comes not from the sportsman or market-hunter, but from a few persons who wield great political influence and who own or control by lease certain waters in Jefferson and Oswego counties that are open very early, or if the ice doesn't go out quick enough it is cut and shoved under to make an open water hole.

This is heavily baited, and when the ducks first come in the spring they congregate at these places in immense numbers. The sportsmen are wired and the so-called sport begins, and continues until the last duck is killed or driven from our waters, and four-fifths or more of the ducks killed are the black ducks, which if unmolested would stay and breed in this State. It seems incredible that any persons owning a game preserve should be so short-sighted as to refuse to allow the birds to remain and rear their young, or that they should prefer an old, lean and hungry duck in the spring to a young, fat and well fed one in the fall. I had a short conversation with one of the principal spring duck shooting sportsmen of Oswego county last fall, and during our conversation suggested that we compromise the matter and pass a law stopping the shooting in the spring of such ducks as we knew would breed in this State vs. black duck, mallard, teal and wood duck. He very quickly informed me that the black duck was the only duck he cared to kill in the spring, that he could kill more of them in the spring and kill them quicker at the open water hole than he could in the fall when they flew around so much; and from what I have learned since, I am inclined to believe that he can. Now I may be entirely wrong in my theory, but I honestly believe that these gentlemen are opposing their own best interests, and that the passage of a law stopping spring shooting in this State would be of greater benefit to them than to the larger and less fortunate class of shooters who have to depend upon the open waters for their shooting. And I believe also that if they would consent to try the experiment and pass a law stopping the spring shooting of wildfowl for three years, it would convince them that three months of good shooting in the fall, when the birds can be killed in a fair and sportsmanlike manner, are better than a few days in the spring, shooting mated birds in an open water hole.

W. H. TALLETT, Pres. J. C. S. A.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your editorial of March 2 you mention Massachusetts as one of the States where spring shooting is still allowed. Our Legislature passed a law last year prohibiting the shooting of wildfowl from March 1 to Sept. 1, thus adding another to those States already in line on the right side of the fence.

This law will protect those ducks which frequent our fresh-water ponds and streams for breeding purposes from being molested in the spring. These include the black duck, wood or summer duck and teal, all of which will breed here if not disturbed during their breeding season. Superintendent Brackett, of the Fish and Game Commission, tells me that the wood and black ducks breed near the ponds and streams in the State reservation, where they have been protected for a number of years. I know of the nesting places of both the wood and black duck not very far away from Boston, where the birds continued to breed until destroyed by the brute who shoots in the spring the pair of ducks whose flesh is unfit for food, and thus destroys what would, under natural conditions, produce quite a flock of birds of great food value in the fall.

I am glad to learn that New York has a bill before the Legislature for the protection of these birds in their breeding season, and sincerely hope it will pass and thus add another State to those who have turned from barbarism to civilization. I would like to learn through your correspondents how many States in the Union are still slaughtering these valuable food birds in their breeding season. Let us have the roll call and oblige,

G. L. B.

BOSTON, Mass., March 4.

Ways of Fox Hunting.

I.—In West Virginia.

ALBERT, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will try to observe your advice and not sling mud at those who do not agree with me, but I must say that I seriously disapprove of the manner in which several contributors to FOREST AND STREAM do their fox hunting. I was much surprised in reading an article entitled "The Wellman Fox," a short time ago, to find that the author was hunting foxes with a gun. In Moorefield, Hardy county, this State, where most of my fox hunting was done, one would almost as soon think of shooting a man as a fox. I have seen a good deal of fox hunting, and I never saw any one go out with a gun. Indeed, any one attempting it would decidedly lose caste as a sportsman. I suppose the Wellman incident was an isolated case, but in the last two numbers of FOREST AND STREAM I find several similar ones.

Now I contend that this is not sportsmanlike. It requires very little, if any, skill to shoot a fox by those who understand fox hunting. I cannot help but think that those who think otherwise are but amateur hunters. Indeed, the author of the first mentioned article very clearly showed that he was an amateur when he confessed that he did not know that fox hunting could be done at night. As a matter of fact, they run better by night, do their running over a smaller territory, and during dry weather the dogs can scent them much better.

In our country we leave it all to the dogs. If the fox gets away, well and good; he has shown his superiority for the time, and we will chase him another day.

With some of our packs this happens very seldom when the ground is in proper condition for running. Hiram Kuykendall, for one, has a pack from which a fox very seldom escapes. Old Hi knows fox hunting from Alpha to Omega, and I have yet to see the man who could give him a point. If the fox happens to be a gray or a bastard and he holes or trees near the home of the hunter, he is often left to be chased another day. If a good distance off, he is shaken off or dug out, given a start and the dogs put on again. A red will seldom take to a hole, but will generally die game on the ground.

I have given you my views of fox hunting; now I will give you two celebrated fox hunts in Hardy county, and my readers can judge as to which way is the more sportsmanlike. One is spoken of as the Old Fields' Hunt, and the other as the Bunker Hill Hunt.

Some years ago in February in the Old Fields, Hardy county, John Van Meter, Hiram Kuykendall, Will Harness, Arthur Cunningham, Joseph Cunningham and John Newhouse started a red fox about 7 A. M. Thirty hounds entered. It was a beautiful chase, being almost entirely through large upland pasture fields. Three times the fox went to Patterson's Creek, a distance of twelve miles. The dogs never lost him for an instant, and at 8 P. M. in the same field from which he had started thirteen hours before, John Van Meter's bitch Flash caught him. Eight hounds were in at the death—three of John Van Meter's, three of Will Harness' and two of Hiram Kuykendall's.

Now we come to the most celebrated hunt I know of—one that has been told for the last fifty-three years in Moorefield, and will be told as long as the town exists.

At daybreak one Saturday morning in 1848 John G. Harness, Sr., started a red fox in Parson's Thicket, four miles northeast of Moorefield. The pack consisted of three hounds—a bitch and her two offspring. They ran the entire day, and soon after dark went out of hearing. The next day, Sunday, about sundown, three hunters at Bunker Hill, Berkeley county, seventy-five miles away, heard some hounds running. Knowing from their tongue that they did not belong in that neighborhood, they agreed to go out and meet them. They found them on their last pegs. However, upon cheering, the dogs quickened up a bit and caught the fox. All fell in a heap and could not be persuaded to move a step. The hunters picked them up and carried them to a house. Now if any of my readers wish to verify this, there are three, perhaps more, men yet living in Moorefield who personally know the facts—John Harness, Sr., Wm. Wirt Harness and Pat Turley. A letter addressed to the sheriff or clerk of Hardy county or any business man in Moorefield could give you any information as to their veracity.

A. P. BUTT.

II.—In New Hampshire.

DUNBARTON, N. H., March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While foxes are much scarcer in this section than in years past, some seasons there are a fair number. It has been, however, during the present winter a very poor time for hunting. During December there were some good days; since there has hardly been a day when it was at all fit to run a dog—very cold, rough weather, with a continuous crust, which would just bear up a fox. During the first part of the winter I saw just six foxes, which my dog was after, and I killed the six. My old dog is the most remarkable fox hound I ever owned. He is thirteen years old and seems nearly as good as ever. I have had him out three days in succession, and he would run from four to six hours.

In years past when foxes were not hunted in this vicinity as they are now, I usually killed from twelve to sixteen during the winter. I killed that number myself, not counting those killed by companions hunting with me. In those days I killed fully two-thirds of my foxes in the woods, usually in swamps or sprout land. Foxes then with the dogs I used would play about in such places, keeping a short distance ahead of the dog. Now I seldom get one to run in such a manner. They keep a long distance ahead and seldom run over the same ground a second time. Some of those I shot this winter were fully half a mile ahead of the dog.

I was told recently by one of the Fish and Game Commissioners that foxes in what we call the north country (that is northern New Hampshire) were increasing. A good many hounds in that region have been killed on account of chasing deer, and the foxes, as my informant said, were getting to be a nuisance. Usually in places in the back woods, where I have been when hunting deer, foxes, judging by tracks, have been scarce. Aroostook county, Me., was an exception. From Patten to Atkins' camps, above Oxbow, I saw a great many signs of foxes. The dead waters around the above camps were covered with fox tracks. Over on the other side of Maine, around Parmachenee Lake, there were but few signs.

I have never tried to trap foxes, but I am told that it is very hard to trap one in the woods. John Danforth, of Parmachenee, told me that he could trap a fox pretty well out on the ice or in a clearing, but that traps set in the same manner in the woods were a failure. Foxes would walk around such traps, but seldom, if ever, get caught. I saw one fox, however, which he had caught in the woods. We were following a line of sable traps from Parmachenee to Arnold's Bog. A light sprinkle of snow had fallen, just enough to see a track in the trail we were on. A fox had gone along the line, springing every trap he came to, and taking the bait. He kept this up for some miles, but evidently grew careless, as in trying to poke the trap out of the hole in the tree, he put his foot in and we found him there. This was the only fox track we had seen, and yet within half a mile of where the fox was caught a second fox had taken the trail and followed the line, springing every trap he came to.

When hunting foxes I have seldom found it necessary to be out of sight of the fox. Many a time have I stood in plain sight (keeping perfectly still) in an open pasture and had my dog drive a fox to within easy shooting distance. Also many a time have I called up a fox my dog was after when the former was a long distance out of gun shot by squeaking like a mouse. In doing so I had to be behind something, entirely out of sight of the fox. Recently I heard of an instance where a fox was called up in a peculiar manner. Two men were crossing a lake on the ice, when they saw a fox come out a long distance away. The men stood perfectly still, and one of them called. The fox started toward them, stopped and turned to one side. The call was repeated and the fox came on. This was kept up until the fox was near enough, when he was shot.

C. M. STARK.

III.—Still-Hunting in Ohio.

NEWARK, O.—I read in FOREST AND STREAM of Dr. E. H. Niles and his partner shooting foxes in New England with their hounds driving the fox to them. But this is my way to shoot the fox: When the snow is good tracking I go out, find a trail, follow this trail with care until I find the fox lying asleep, and a shot from the old gun kills it where it lies. The gun I use is an old muzzle-loader double barrel of fine material, 11 gauge, 8½ pounds, 30-inch barrels. I also carry a Smith & Wesson revolver, which sometimes is needed. I have shot a great number of foxes in my time so far.

The first day I went out to shoot a fox the tracks were so plentiful I could not follow one far till it was mixed with others, so I gave that up. I walked down a big hollow in the woods, watching carefully, and presently I saw a nice fox lying on a log, and only 50 yards away. I drew up the gun and took a look at it lying there. It looked so pretty I hated to kill it. All at once it looked up the way which it had come from. "The next glance you will see me," and the trigger was pressed. Sharp and loud cracked the gun. The fox dropped his head. It was his only move. The BB's had done their work.

In all the FOREST AND STREAM numbers I have read so far I don't see where any hunter hunts the fox as I do. I love this sport above anything on earth.

This winter so far I have shot five large foxes. The first was shot the 26th day of December. There was not much snow, and this made the chances against me. It lay in a bad place to get at; after I saw it I tried to get close enough to kill it, but it was away down the hill, and the hill was awfully steep. I stepped as quietly and easily as possible, using my gun to help me walk. I come to a stump and some brush; it is 80 yards yet. Can't get closer. I now think of a good rifle. According to the condition of the ground, it is apt to come up the hill, the creek being below it, so I held about a foot above the fox. The gun was loaded with 4 drams of best black powder, 1¼ ounces BB shot. At the crack of the gun the fox came up the hill on time. It got about 40 yards from me. I covered it and was pressing the trigger when it fell stone dead. When I skinned it I found one shot had entered back of the short ribs, passed through and come out near the shoulder.

On Jan. 25 I went out and hunted till noon and didn't see a track. After a while, heading for home, I crossed a hog run on a walnut tree which had fallen across the creek. Somewhere here I routed a fox. The trail showed it was not much alarmed. I followed across a field, and it showed signs of lying. I got ready, and soon I saw it lying. I gave it the old reliable right barrel. This fox being an extra nice one in every way and tipped with white, I started to take it home, carcass and all, to make a fur out of it for my girl to wear around her neck. I was

lugging my fox and gun home through the big woods, when I stopped to listen to something (a bird, I guess). I looked up the hill, and there lay a monster big fox watching me. I dropped my dead fox, pulled off my mittens, cocked the gun, took sight, and the thought that came to me was, "Don't shoot; it is too far." We eyed each other. I did not move. The fox got up and started off on a walk. Now I skinned my dead fox, leaving the skull in the skin (which the girl is wearing to-day; the head looks as if it were alive, with its teeth and glass eyes, and she is proud of it).

After giving the old fox some time to get settled, I started on the trail. I routed it in a weed field, and here a chance offered for a long shot, and I would not chance it. I then watched him till he lay down in a field. There he could see far in all directions. "Now get him if you can," thought I. I crept out of sight easy as possible and went out around and came in on him on the opposite side. A bank protected me. I walked up within 40 yards of him and gave him a dead shot while he lay asleep. He was very old and large and awfully cunning. His weight was 17 pounds; length, 4 feet from tip to tip; his tusks were worn down to the jaw bone.

On the following Monday another fox hunt took place. I went east in the hills and could not find a track where I had shot three nice ones last winter and had left others. At noon I ate my lunch and was about to turn for home, when I saw a large fox cross a hollow. I followed the trail slowly to give it time to lie down. Soon a big boy came through the underbrush as though hunting cattle, "Did you see him?" he called out, loud enough to be heard a hundred yards. "Keep quiet. Are you after it?" "Yes; I shot at it once, but did not hurt it much." "You can't get it; you are following too close. It has to keep going. Do you care if I help you get it?" "No, I don't care, just so we get it."

We followed. Not far it stopped in a field and saw us and went up the opposite hill. I thought when it had come to the fence it would stop to look back; and I told Mr. Loafman to sit down. We did; but when the fox came to the fence it didn't look back, but leaped clear over the top. My hope was poor for a shot. We followed slowly two miles and came in a wood. The boy kept back a distance. The fox slowed up and I turned to the boy. "He is in rifle shot of here." "How can you tell?" I showed him the track on a log. "Now look out." Soon I saw him go out of a thicket of briers and underbrush. Turning to the boy, I said, "We can't get it this way." "Well, any way, so we get it." Again I think I have it located. "Now, boy, you follow the track and I will go in the far end of that old orchard. Give me time to get there." I got in the end of the orchard and watched the boy come. I saw him throw up his hand to indicate its coming. Presently it came near to me. Again the old gun did its prompt work. I gave the boy a dollar and took the fox, and he was satisfied.

On Saturday, Feb. 2, I took my last fox hunt. I soon found a nice trail of a large dog fox. I saw him lying asleep up on a hill, and I went around and came in behind him. The first shot did not kill him. He came toward me and the old left barrel did the work.

I will not kill the female fox if I can find a dog fox to follow. This sort of hunting takes lots of skill and experience.

F. W. PHERSON.

IV.—Also the Trap.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the benefit of Mr. Ames, who asks in your issue of March 2 for information about fox scent, I will say that the farmer was right to a certain extent. The perfume from the skunk is good "medicine" for a fox if nothing better is to be had. Mephitis himself is considered a great delicacy by the fox, and the scent not only attracts the attention of Reynard to what may mean a breakfast for himself, but it serves to cover up the human taint which may be on the trap. Of course, one who is "up to fox" will leave no taint or smell of man upon the trap; and I do not myself use any scent whatever on either trap or bait, but I carry in a closely corked vial the musk from a female fox or dog (it matters very little which), and a few drops of this is sprinkled near the trap—in water if possible, as it is not desirable that the fox should be able to exactly locate the (to him) wonderful fragrance.

Many people suppose the fox depends for his living upon the poultry yard; but such is far from being the case. Br'er Fox will thankfuly accept a chicken or a goose if opportunity presents itself, but it is only an incident with him, his main dependence being the skunks, woodchucks, rabbits, mice and feathered wild game. He will also go to very great trouble to capture the family cat (wild ones he has no use for), of which he is exceedingly fond. Many times have I found in a fox den the remains of some poor tabby whose owner will remark to her callers that she had a nice cat, "But she has gone off somewhere." In fact, I always use the meat of the house cat as bait when trapping foxes, and I may add, at the risk of being considered boastful, that I nearly always get the fox.

Yes, the fox walking into a bear trap was certainly an accident (for the fox at least), and would not happen often, although if the trap had been covered by a light fall of snow after the trapper had left, it would not be a strange occurrance.

If Mr. Ames has any foxes running loose that he really wants to catch, he might write me, and I will be pleased to tell him a lot of things about trapping this wisest of animals, or if FOREST AND STREAM would care for it, I would write up the result of my observations on the prince of poachers. I have caught and shot hundreds of them, and it is like most everything else—easy enough when you know how.

TRAPPER.

Death of Charles B. Lapham.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., March 16.—Charles B. Lapham, Esq., of this place, Chairman of the Law Committee of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, died suddenly last evening. Mr. Lapham was a son of Hon. E. G. Lapham, formerly U. S. Senator, and has been for years deeply interested in fish and game protection. He will be greatly missed by many friends.

F. A. C.

Mr. Fullerton Seizes Some Baggage.

EXECUTIVE AGENT SAM F. FULLERTON made a seizure of 100 white grouse yesterday morning at the Union Depot. They were shipped as baggage and came from the northern part of the State. The shipment was confiscated and will be sold for the benefit of the State.

Mr. Fullerton was elated yesterday at the ease with which the seizure was made. He received a message early in the morning advising him to watch for a shipment of grouse which had been checked as baggage. The number of the check was given in the telegram, and obviated all difficulty of identification.

The executive agent did not waste any time in hunting up a deputy. He decided to have the job well done, and went in person. Besides, there was no time to be wasted. The box arrived at the depot on schedule time, shortly before noon. It had evidently been timed so that it would reach here on Sunday. It was thought that the executive agent's deputies would not be on duty at that time.

The grouse were packed away carefully in a pine box with handles attached. The baggageman was informed that it was contraband goods, and in order that there might be no question, Mr. Fullerton tore the paper away from a hole in the box and exposed the feathers of a bird. The package was taken into the station and pried open. It contained an even hundred white grouse in splendid condition.

Mr. Fullerton left last night for Crookston to be present at the preliminary hearing of the men who were arrested several days ago on the charge of killing deer and caribou. He was unable to ascertain, before his departure, the point from which the grouse were shipped, but he will make further investigation.—St. Paul Pioneer Press, March 11.

The Man and the Weapon.

A SICK man lay on a big brass bed in a beautiful room. Between the two-hour intervals of the little white tablets he mostly slept. When he awoke, his lung felt as if it were in a bear-trap. Twice a day the doctor came, and listened through a machine like a little telephone. Once the man heard him tell the nurse that the infusion was spreading. Everything seemed so far away. It was tiresome to breathe. The bear-trap never let go.

The man's wife came noiselessly into the room, as women come in dreams. The man opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Dearie," said the woman, "see what has come for you. George Havens says you admired his new rifle so much that he ordered one just like it for you."

And there it was. The man said nothing, but looked. The fancy walnut stock seemed to shine of its own light, and to give out little phosphorescent waves. The short barrel looked dull and soft, and the man thought it reminded him of a tailor-made gown. The flat place on the side was engraved with curly lines, framing an impudent bear. The ivory fore-sight was like a puppy's tooth. The man put out his hand and patted the stock.

The woman opened and shut the action a few times, to show how smoothly it worked. She knew about rifles, too. Placing a pillow by the man's side she laid the gun where he could see it. Then she kissed the man, and went away.

Fifteen minutes later she looked in. The man was fast asleep with his hand lying on the walnut stock.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

Deer in Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 16.—A deer was recently captured within four miles of the center of this city. It was caught while swimming in the water, at Morris Cove—a rendezvous of the yachts of the New York Yacht Club, on their annual cruise through the Sound. The capture has occasioned considerable stir among sportsmen; as there have been rumors of an intention on the part of the captors of compelling the State to prove its property before they will release the deer; but it is now said that the captors will release it.

But, then, another question arises—what right had these persons to capture the deer when the law distinctly protects deer until Oct. 1, 1903? Why are they not liable to a penalty of $100, which the law, if it amounts to anything at all, is supposed to impose for hunting deer out of season?

The claim is made by some cranks who are antagonistic to all game laws, and who can give no rational or faintly intelligent reason for being so, that the deer may be a tame one, escaped from some preserve. On these grounds they argue that the State has no right to interfere. Some of us are looking on interestedly to see whose argument will prove the heaviest, that of people of such caliber or that of the State. And we are banking our lucre on the latter!

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Vancouver Island Notes.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An effort is being made to induce Mr. Mounce, our member of the provincial Parliament, to introduce a game law amendment at this session to prohibit the sale of all game birds. The prohibition of the sale of ruffed grouse was a wise step, and has resulted in the perceptible increase of these grand game birds. The blue grouse, once so numerous on Denman and Hornby islands, are now nearly exterminated on those islands, owing to persistent shooting, for sale, in season and out, by a few loafers who are too lazy to work. The amendment will meet with the approval of every fair minded man, and will certainly be popular in this district. Such few as would oppose it are those who make a practice of shooting game for sale, and are not worth considering—worthless plugs, lower than the Indians whose ancient rights they are usurping.

The Cumberland Game Association have sent to Wichita, Kan., for six dozen Virginia quail, which they expect to arrive in a short time, and which, should they do well, will prove a great acquisition to our game birds. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Carrie Nation will not take it into her head to smash the crates.

W. B. A.

Weights of Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When camping at what was then Smiths Lake, now Lake Lila, in the Adirondacks, during the fall of 1886, I took a stroll to a bay where ducks could occasionally be found, taking with me my Winchester .38, and accompanied by March, a favorite spaniel. As I neared the shore I saw four black ducks on the water about thirty rods away. Calling the dog to heel, I approached somewhat nearer, and selecting the largest as a target, aimed at its head and cut loose. The others flew away, but this one, having the top of its head shaved off, gyrated about until captured by March, who, after its struggles ceased, brought it to shore, and I at once cut its throat to allow it to bleed freely. I was struck with its weight as unusual, and having a spring scale in my pocket I weighed it, and it was even 3¾ pounds after having bled profusely. I am sure that 4 to 4¼ pounds would have been the "live weight."

I wish to express my pleasure in the perusal of the spicy articles from the pen of your correspondent, Fayette Durlin, Jr. Long may he continue.

E. S. WHITAKER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.—II.

Scoop-Netting on the Trent.

THE pickerel or saudre is one of our most valuable food fish, and is only inferior to the lake trout on account of its inferior numbers. It shares the habit of other lacustrine species of retreating to deep waters in the heat of summer, but swarms to the rapids and shallow water when it spawns. It is at this time of the year that a great many are caught with scoop nets, in spite of the fishery inspectors. In the lake or deep waters the trick is to catch a female fish and trail her behind the boat. The other fish follow and are easily picked up. Of course, a good many are taken with the jacklight and spear, but this is too conspicuous and therefore too risky business. But in the rapids, in shallow water, in the rivers, are the more favorite localities, because it is impossible for the inspector to be almost everywhere, and, moreover, the netting can be plied during the dark hours of night.

The River Trent is a large volume of water, draining a large portion of central Ontario on the southern watershed lying between Lake Ontario and the Ottawa waters. From a mile above its junction with the Bay of Quinte there is a continuous rapid for the distance of seven miles to Frankford. This river, affording unlimited water power the year round, is the seat of many large manufacturing interests.

A few years ago two farmer's sons, Marsh and Milton V., along with one K., went one evening to the rapids above mentioned to catch pickerel. They were just below the raceway of a large mill. It was just dusk. Marsh was handling the net in about two feet of water. Suddenly the hoop of the net, as he supposed, caught on a large log, and the force of the current was dragging him out in the stream. He called to his brother, "Come quick. A log is drawing me out." Milton rushed to his brother's assistance, and by the time he got to him the water was up to their armpits. (K. was only a spectator, not daring to go into the water.) Both being sturdy young men, they tugged the object in near shore and found it to be a very lively log indeed. When in about a foot and a half of water, Marsh grabbed him in the gills, While Milton attempted to stand astride of him, and, as he endeavored to raise him, Marsh pulled. Marsh's hands were bleeding, but he never thought of letting go. Their cries for help brought a dozen or so men out of the mill, whose excitement was, perhaps, intensified when they found the boys struggling with a monster fish instead of the treacherous waters. But, with all this help, the work was not easy. Four or five would throw themselves on to grapple with the fish, no sooner than to be thrown yards away, when their places were taken by others, only to receive like treatment. The hoop of the net just nicely fitted over the gills of the monster, and this circumstance assisted to crown their efforts. They finally landed him safely, high and dry upon the bank.

By this time a large crowd had gathered to swell the excitement. After taking a long breath, and when assured of their capture, a ringing cheer went up, which was caught up and echoed and re-echoed from the surrounding hills, such as was never heard here since the days when the Indian war whoop disturbed the wild solitudes of this river valley. The writer has often thought what would he not give to have witnessed this scene. The next day the monster sturgeon was exhibited in Trenton and brought to the city of Belleville. He measured over seven feet in length, and weighed 170 pounds—the king of all fish ever caught in the Bay of Quinte waters.

The catching of this large sturgeon revived a story related by the "oldest inhabitant," but discredited by the younger generation. It appears that in the early days of the settlement at the foot of the rapids lived an old man named Simmons. The story goes that he was seen one morning out in his canoe spearing fish, and shortly afterward the settlers along the river were startled by the old man's cries for help. He was floating down stream, apparently astride of a log, while his canoe was gliding over the water some distance away. Parties went out to his rescue and found the old man astride of a very large fish. The old man had struck his spear into the back of the fish. A sudden movement of the sturgeon threw the old man off his balance and out of his canoe. Having hold of the spear handle, there was nothing for it but to jump on the fish's back. The fish having the spear into him and the old man on his back could do nothing, and they floated down with the current. The old man was rescued and the fish towed to the shore and captured. This relation of the former generation, like all other fish stories, whether true or false, was discredited, but the sight of the large sturgeon, caught by the two farmer's boys, afforded a reasonable possibility of the truth of the Simmons narrative.

EDISON B. FRALECK.

The Massachusetts Association.

THE twenty-seventh annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at the New Algonquin Club in Boston on Thursday evening, March 14. President James Russell Reed presided and the members and guests present were:

Speaker James J. Myers, Col. Curtis Guild, Jr., Fish and Game Commissioner Joseph W. Collins, Bird Commissioner Alex. O'D. Taylor of Rhode Island, Representatives H. D. Hunt and James E. Odlin, President A. B. F. Kinney of the Central Committee, Secretary H. H. Kimball, William M. Kimball, Charles E. Whiting, Samuel M. Goodrich, Addison M. Thayer, S. F. Johnson, Clarence A. Barney, A. P. Brown, Maurice H. Richardson, A. D. S. Bell, Louis K. Harlow, W. S. Hinman, George S. Perry, James W. Hitchings, William A. Smith, George Nichols, A. C. Risteen, Dr. H. H. Hartung, Dr. Heber Bishop, Charles C. Williams, Dr. Charles W. Galloupe, Charles E. Dresser, Edward W. Branigan, William Ferguson, Waldon B. Hastings, Benjamin T. Hall, Thomas H. Hall, G. R. C. Deane, Dr. M. J. Hall, Dr. M. A. Morris, William L. Davis, Sewall W. Rich, John H. Woodman, George J. Richmond, J. Otis Wardwell, F. B. Rice, W. R. Bateman, H. L. Rice, A. O. Davidson, William O. Blake, M. F. Whiton, Granville H. Norcross, George A. Dary, Horace E. Ware, James H. Young, E. C. Bumpus, H. T. Rockwell, E. B. Parker, D. T. Curtis, William W. Morse, Horace S. Dodd, George O. Sears, E. L. Osgood, H. W. Dodd, Robert S. Gray, H. F. Colburn, J. N. Roberts, John C. Roberts, Isidore G. Sternberger, Nathaniel LeRoy, O. R. Dickey, C. W. Dimick, Frederic L. Japp, F. H. Warner, Charles W. Parker, Edmund M. Wood, George S. Baker, William R. Randall, William B. Phinney, C. J. H. Woodbury and Charles B. Reynolds.

In his address following the dinner, President Reed said:

"It is an ancient custom in our Association that once each year we meet for pleasure, not for business. At these annual meetings we have some friends interested in our cause who speak to us words of encouragement and possibly of congratulation. It is, however, a part of that ancient custom that the president should give to our members and our friends a résumé of the work of the past year.

"I doubt if many of our members, and I am quite sure that few others, know how much hard work is done by us. We work almost entirely through committees, and at our ordinary business meetings we hear and usually indorse the reports of these committees without perhaps knowing how much labor they have caused, so that it may be well to specify here somewhat in detail what we have done, and what we are doing now.

"We are, I believe, the oldest Association of the kind in the whole country, and we have been the largest factor in getting together all the various associations in this State who are interested in open air life, through whose help legislation suited to our wishes has been attained.

"Since our last annual dinner we have secured the passage of the bill which limits the shooting season to the months of October and November, and closes the markets of this State to the sale of partridge and woodcock at any time of the year. This is the heaviest blow ever given to the market and to the pot hunter. We have this present season successfully resisted all attempts to change this law, and it stands in full force and effect. We have this year caused to be enacted a law for the further protection of gulls and tern. We have caused to be passed a bill which gives Massachusetts the lead among civilized countries in preventing the taking of shellfish from waters contaminated by sewers or otherwise. A similar measure is under consideration in the British Parliament, and in the legislative chambers of France. It has been mentioned in other countries and in other States in the Union, but to Massachusetts, and to us, belongs the credit of being the first community in the world to adopt legislation on this most important subject. Under the direction of our State Board of Health, and under the charge of our State Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, it will no longer be possible for typhoid-breeding oysters, or for clams from the mouths of sewers, to be sold in open market.

"Unfortunately, legislation does not always go our way. A few benighted citizens of Marblehead have captured the great sea serpent, tamed him and induced him to bend his colossal energies to the extinction of the lobster. A few antediluvian inhabitants of Martha's Vineyard have brought sufficient pressure to bear upon their representative to induce him to take similar grounds. This latter gentleman is the chairman on the part of the House of the Committee on Fisheries and Game. One might suppose that holding that position he would be interested in protecting fish and game. Well, this good man, through some mistaken notion, has himself introduced this year three bills in the House—one of them to legalize the robbing of birds' nests; another one to practically, as we believe, exterminate the lobster, and the third one to cut away from our Commissioners much of their power to enforce any existing laws. Those Martha's Vineyard people are mighty nice, but they have always been a little queer in their views about legislation, and as a member from New Bedford once expressed it, 'The only way to satisfy those fellows is to make Martha's Vineyard a separate State, with power to pass its own laws and to tax anybody that lands upon it.'

"As a club we are also very active workers in other matters. During the past ten years we have purchased, at our own expense and liberated in this commonwealth some 4,000 live quail to restock our depleted covers. We have now 500 promised us which we shall liberate in the course of the next few weeks. We have spent some time and some money in experimenting with other game birds, but with little success. The experiment, however, was worth trying and we were the ones to do it. We were, I think, the pioneers in this work, though others have since taken it up somewhat. We print each year correct copies of the existing game laws and circulate several thousand of them throughout the State. We have at times also taken an active part in the prosecution of offenders against the game laws. At present, thanks to the energetic work of our Commissioners and their deputies, that work is taken up by them and no longer actively devolves upon us. We are the volunteer forces who support these regulars. We work to-day together. We stand behind them in the fight. We trust that we give them the ammunition of public support. We educate the people and form public opinion.

"Brothers, we are practical men who love the brooks, the streams, the lakes and rivers; we love the fields and woods; we love the mountains and the sea, and all wild creatures whom God has placed therein. We know full well from our own experience the benefits given by open air life to us and we realize the pleasure as well as the profit we have derived therefrom. Let me quote a word from our good friend, the Hon. John F. Lacey, of Iowa, who has done more than any other Congressman in our cause. He says, 'I have always been a lover of the birds, and I have always been a hunter as well, for to-day there is no friend that the birds have like the true sportsman—the man who enjoys the legitimate sport.'

PRESIDENT JAMES RUSSELL REED.

"Brothers, we have enjoyed legitimate sport; it is our aim that this legitimate sport may continue, and that for generations to come, birds and fish may thrive in Massachusetts and our people have the same pleasure, the same health-giving rest, that we have had ourselves."

A quartette under the leadership of Mr. Thomas H. Hall enlivened the evening with music, and this song, composed by Mr. Hall for the occasion, was received with great enthusiasm:

Just One Bite.

I'LL wager you've all been a-fishing,
Ev'ry one, ev'ry one,
And kept up your courage with wishing,
Ev'ry one, ev'ry one,
That something would rise every minute,
Something choice, something rare;
But somehow you never were in it,
For nothing seemed swimming there.

Chorus:

Just one bite, only just one bite;
All day fishing, and only have just one bite:
But, alas! 'tis as sure as fate,
Fish won't rise to a man who has brought no bait.

There is nothing in sport so deceiving—
Don't you know it is so?—
As to ever indulge in believing
Fish are slow, fish are slow.
For at knowing they're awfully clever,
'Mong us all, small and great,
The cranks and the kickers who never
Have even a drop of bait.

Col. Curtis Guild, Jr., having taken the company into his confidence by protesting that he had never shot at anything but targets, read some entertaining passages from William Wood's "New England Prospects," a book published in 1634 setting forth the natural resources and attractions of the Massachusetts of that day. By the courtesy of Col. Guild the FOREST AND STREAM is enabled to give a transcript of some of the quaint descriptions.

"Concerning Lyons," writes Wood, "I will not say that I ever saw any my selfe, but some affirme that they have seene a Lyon at Cape Anne which is not above sixe leagues from Boston; some likewise being lost in woods, have heard such terrible roarings, as have made them much agast; which must eyther be Devills or Lyons; there being no other creatures which use to roare saving Beares, which have not such a terrible kind of roaring;

"The Beares never prey upon the English cattle or offer to assault the person of any man, unless being vexed with a shot, and a man run upon them before they be dead, in which case they will stand in their own defence, as may appeare by this instance. Two men going a fowling appointed at evening to meete at a certaine pond side, to share equally, and to returne home; one of these Gunners having killed a Seale or Sea calfe, brought it to the side of the pond where hee was to meete his comrade, afterwards returning to the Sea side for more gaine; and having loaded himselfe with more Geese and Duckes, he repaired to the pond, where hee saw a great Beare feeding on his Seale, which caused him to throw downe his loade, and give the Beare a salute, which though it was with but Goose shot, yet tumbled him over and over, whereupon the man supposed him to be in a manner dead, ran and beate him with the hand of his Gunne; The Beare perceiving him to be such a coward to strike him when he was down, scrambled up, standing at defiance with him, scratching his legges, tearing his cloathes and face, who stood it out till his six foot Gunne was broken in the middle, then being deprived of his weapon, hee ran up to the shoulders into the pond, where hee remained till the Beare was gone, and his mate come in, who accompanied him home.

"The beast called a Moose, is not much unlike red Deare, this beast is as bigge as an Oxe; slow of foote, headed like a Bucke, with a broade beame, some being two yards wide in the head, their flesh is as good as Beefe, their hides good for clothing. The English have some thoughts of keeping them tame, and to accustom them to the yoake, which will be a great commoditie: First because they are so fruitful, bringing forth three at a time, being likewise very uberous. Secondly, because they will live in winter without any fodder. There be not many of these in the Massachusetts bay, but forty miles to the Northeast there be great store of them.

"The Ounce, or the Wilde Cat, is as big as a mungrell dogge, this creature is by nature feirce, and more dangerous to bee met than any other creature, not fearing eyther dogge or man; hee useth to kill Deare, which hee thus effecteth; Knowing the Deare's tracts, hee will lye lurking in long weedes, the Deare passing by hee suddenly leapes upon his backe, from thence gets to his necke, and scratcheth out his throate; he hath likewise a devise to Geese, for being much of the colour of a Goose he will place himselfe close to the water, holding up his bob taile, which is like a Goose's neck; the Geese seeing this counterfeit Goose, approach nigh to visit him, who with a Suddaine jerke apprehends his mistrustlesse prey.

"The Woolves care no more for an ordinary Mastiffe, than an ordinary Mastiffe cares for a Curre; many good dogges have been spoyled with them. Once a faire Grayhound hearing them at their howlings run out to chide them, who was torne in pieces before he could be rescued. One of them makes no more bones to runne away with a Pigge, than a Dogge to runne away with a Marrow bone. It is observed that they have no joynts from the head to the tayle, which prevents them from leaping, or suddaine turning, as may appeare by what I shall shew you. A certaine man having shot a Woolfe as he was feeding upon a Swine, breaking his legge onely, he knew not how to devise his death, on a suddaine, the Woolfe being a blacke one, he was loath to spoyle his furre with a second shot, his skinne being worth five or six pounds Sterling; wherefore, hee resolved to get him by the tayle, and thrust him into the River that was hard by; which effected, the Woolfe being not able to turne his joyntlesse body to bite him, was taken."

Col. Guild spoke eloquently of the rod and the gun, not as ends in themselves, but as means by which men might go back to nature, and, as the hero of old, by touch with the earth renew their strength.

Speaker Myers declared his hearty sympathy with the purposes and work of the Association, and pledged his co-operation as Speaker of the House in every way consistent with the proprieties of his position. No one, he said, who had once come under the charm of the Maine woods could fail to have a deep and abiding concern for the preservation of the forests and streams and fish and game. Fish and Game Commissioner J. W. Collins paid a tribute to the influence and achievements of the Association and the Central Committee, and deplored the backward step just taken by the Legislature with respect to lobster protection, by the reduction of the lawful length of lobsters from 10½ inches to 9 inches. Bird Commissioner Taylor, of Rhode Island, spoke of the bird protective work of the Association. Representative James E. Odlin, of Lynn, paid an eloquent tribute to the late ex-President Harrison as a patriot, statesman and sportsman. Hon. J. Otis Wardwell made a plea for the abrogation of the law which forbids shooting on Sunday, and declared his conviction that the statute forbidding the sale of woodcock and partridge was the most efficient protective measure ever adopted in Massachusetts. Col. H. T. Rockwell spoke on the short lobster law, declaring that Massachusetts by reducing the legal length of lobsters that might be taken was wantonly throwing away a resource of great value. Then some quizzical remarks by Judge Bumpus brought to a conclusion what had proved to be one of the most enjoyable of all the reunions of the Massachusetts Association.

A Day's Ice Fishing.

THE first I knew anything about it was on the morning of the day we took the trip. I was awakened about light by a loud pounding on the door, and sticking my head out of the window I found Fred there to see if Ned and I didn't want to go fishing. And he wanted to know in a hurry, too.

About 9 o'clock we were ready for the start. Fred had his brother's horse, which animal, his brother assured him, was a good roader "if you would only ply him well with the club," and Fred said that if that was the only thing lacking for fast time, he'd guarantee to supply that.

But as it proved, this sort of talk was all nonsense. The horse, we found, was right after his business, without the need of any stimulus of the club. In twenty-five minutes we were at Kezar Falls, 4½ miles, where we stopped to get bait, and soon after 10 o'clock had covered the 9 miles to the pond we had decided to strike. Finding a chance for the team at a convenient farmhouse, we were soon on the pond ready to begin cutting the holes.

In this work—which is hardly the most enjoyable feature in winter—Fred went ahead with the chisel, I followed dishing out the ice chips with the cover to the lunch box, and Ned came behind sounding and setting the lines. I thought it was kind of selfish in Fred, keeping all the fun to himself of handling the chisel, but being of a modest turn I kept my thoughts to myself.

Five holes were cut and rigged, and then Fred and Ned thought it best to go to another pond which they knew of but a few rods distant, and set some lines there, leaving me to look after those already in position. This was agreeable to me, and after the boys' departure, I began pacing expectantly up and down the line of holes, which extended across the mouth of a small cove, seeing that the lines were in working order, shaking up the "tommies" occasionally, and all the time keeping a sharp eye out for "flags."

There was one hole in particular that seemed somehow to claim my closest atention—the last one cut, away out to one end of the line. I liked the location of that hole from the first. It was offshore a little further than the rest, the water was black and deep, and I could seem to see the big fellows lying sleepily around down there in the dark depths, waiting for their appetites to notify them that they must be looking around for a meal.

"If a big one is caught to-day, it will be there," I said to myself, and I spent the greater part of my time fussing around at that end of the line. The flags were rising quite briskly all along, but it generally proved to be the work of perch, which have a provoking way of dropping the bait, and at the end of a half hour I had but two small pickerel.

After a time a boy came down from the house with his skates. He was a decidedly agreeable sort of boy, who courteously replied to the numerous questions I put to him, chiefly regarding the best fishing grounds and the character of the shooting there in season; but I didn't wholly enjoy his visit for fear he'd be where he could grab hold and haul out that big fellow I was expecting every minute to have a scrap with, although by sharp maneuvering I managed to keep myself for the most part of the time between him and the favorite hole. The perch were bothering some at the other lines all the while, and meantime I caught another pickerel. It was small, like the others, but I kept up courage by thinking that when I heard from the upper end of the line it would be different.

Well, it was soon after the boy left that the expected happened. I was at the opposite end of the line, of course, when the flag went up, but it took me only about three seconds to get on the spot. My fingers trembled as they grasped the line, which was running out rapidly, and my heart was thumping loudly. I didn't let him have it long—big ones are apt to spit out the hooks, you know, if you do—but as soon as I had my feet well settled among the ice chips, began pulling in—slowly at first, but as there was little resistance the idea seized me that he was coming the old trick of following on with the line, and fearing to give him slack I put more strength into every pull. I felt as though I was exerting about 10 horse-power, when suddenly something gave way, and the rest of the line went flying over my shoulder. The hook had lost hold, but he was still floundering around in the hole, and into it I went, both arms to the elbows and fingers going like snapping turtles. I don't know how many times I closed on him and lost hold again, before I saw his actual size—not a bit over eight inches. When I realized the fact, I discontinued operations in a hurry, and it was so still round there for the next few minutes you could hear the squirrels chattering half a mile away.

Soon after this Ned came down, on his way to the house for water. He and Fred had out nine lines, but had caught nothing yet. I had caught nothing more at noon, when Fred came down for more bait and the box of dinner. He had pulled out a pretty good one just before he left, and some of the other baits had been chewed up badly, so I decided to leave my lines and go up to eat dinner with them.

It was only about five minutes' walk. They had a fire midway their line, and looked as cozy as could be. Fred's pickerel was still flopping on the ice—a good 2-pounder, and so plump and pretty that it just made me hanker for more.

After getting all the lines in shape, we piled more wood on the fire, fixed up some seats round it, and drew up for dinner. We didn't have anything very nice to eat, but there was plenty of what we did have, and somehow everything tasted terribly good, out there in the open air, and washed down by plenty of the water Ned had brought from the house.

And right here I want to say to the uninitiated, "Don't drink dirty pond water when you go fishing." There's not a bit of need of it, for plenty of drinking water can always be had at the nearest house. And such water—why, it's almost worth while going fishing, even if you don't catch any fish—to get a few drinks of such water as you find back here among these hills. In the case of the house we resorted to on this occasion, the well was in the cellar, after a practice quite common in this section, and the water must have flown through some sort of mineral deposit at some stage, for it was of a slight reddish tinge; but this did not detract from its quality in the least, as all agreed that better water was never drunk.

Of course, we kept watch of the lines as we ate. After a few false alarms Fred landed a pickerel, and Ned got a good one almost into the hole, but lost it. Then came more unaccountables, and finally Ned captured a perch. We were not getting many fish, but what with the fine weather, the fire, the dinner—and the water—we were enjoying ourselves hugely, especially Fred, who hadn't had a day out before for months. I quite forgot about the lines I had left, in the fun we were having, but it was just as well, for on calling for them on the way back not a flag was up.

It was late when we finished dinner, and after two hours' more fishing, during which Fred and Ned each caught a pickerel, we packed up and started for home; Fred beguiling the return trip with stories of certain eccentric characters with which he had become acquainted in a sojourn in the great West.

It was dark when we reached home. We had but eight pickerel and a perch, but all three declared that it had been a great day's fishing.

TEMPLAR.

CORNISH, Me.

On Eels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Did you in the days of your older boyhood ever live in the country near some stream full or ordinary fish the very nearness of which made you unhappy unless you could steal away on Saturday afternoon for a half day's sport, or unless you could try your luck at night after the work of the day was over? And if so, do you remember that when you started out equipped with a bamboo pole, and a home-made line on which you had put a hook bought at the country store at the rate of two for a cent and a piece of cork for a float, and then brought home a string of fish on a long twig with a crotch at the lower end, you were happier than you ever have been in your more mature years as an angler?

To be sure you did not catch fish which you would look at to-day. They consisted of shiners, sun-fish, perhaps a few yellow perch and chubs and possibly a pickerel or two, and it may be you snared a few suckers. And perhaps at night you bobbed for eels or took them with a spear or in a spirit of laziness fished for catfish.

And has it ever occurred to you that if you and I were young again those happy days could never return? And yet it is only too true.

There are very few streams now in this State in which the native fish have not been largely or wholly destroyed through the introduction of black bass furnished by the State, for as fish sharks they are tenfold worse than pickerel.

There is only one fish which they do not and cannot destroy—that is the eel; and now our fish law says to the country lad that he shall not even take an eel either with a bob of worms or with a spear.

Is it not a little hard to destroy the fish natural to the stream and then say to the country lad that he shall not even take an eel from the stream which perhaps runs through his father's farm, except by angling with a hook? Yet that is the law of this State to-day.

There is not much pleasure, and certainly no skill, in taking eels with a bob, but it is certain that no other fish could be taken with it, but taking eels in running water at night with a small spear by the aid of a torch or a light held in the hand requires as much experience and skill as taking trout with a fly, and it is quite as enjoyable, and those who have never had the opportunity to enjoy this sport have certainly missed a great pleasure.

In wading a stream of swift running water by the aid of an artificial light, to be successful requires a very quick eye, a steady hand and an accurate aim. In fact it requires nights of practice before success is assured.

Is there any reason why this privilege and sport should not be restored to our farmers' boys in streams not abounding in trout? And supposing that those trying to spear eels should take a few suckers or carp, what harm could it possibly do? They are both spawn eaters and it would be well if our streams could be rid of them.

In my boyhood days I had a large experience in spearing eels and I know the skill required and the pleasure this sport affords, and the only things we ever could take were eels and suckers, water snakes and snapping turtles, but the latter two are not protected by the humane provisions of the Fish and Game law.

A section should be added to our present fish law substantially as follows:

Eels and suckers.—Eels may be taken with a bob in any of the waters of this State between the 1st day of May and the 30th day of September, inclusive. Eels and suckers may be taken with a spear in any of the streams of this State not inhabited by trout between the 1st day of May and the 30th day of September, inclusive.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Anglers' Association of Onondaga.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 12.—A large number of enthusiastic anglers braved the unpleasant weather last night and attended the annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga held at its rooms in the Betts Block. The reports show the work of the Association during the past year to have been very successful and satisfactory and indicate that it will be continued during the coming season with all the interest and aggressiveness which has obtained for the Anglers' Association of this city a reputation that is almost national.

The report of the treasurer showed the receipts during the past year to have been $764.09. The expenditures were $717.80, leaving a balance on hand of $46.29. Of the receipts $200 came from the county through the Board of Supervisors, the balance from the members.

The expenditures were chiefly for salary and expenses of the protectors and for planting fish and fry in the public waters of the county.

The fact was emphasized that this Association is not a private fishing club, has no preserved waters and does no work on private streams. All of its labors are in public waters and all of its money is expended for the benefit of all the people, and the good that it has accomplished is almost incalculable.

It was also said that the provisions of the game laws are better known and more generally observed in this vicinity than in almost any other portion of the State and the fishing in the waters of this county is second to that of no other settled locality, and there is little doubt that it is due to the work of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, John H. Forey; Vice-President, M. H. Schwartz; Treasurer, Charles H. Mowry; Secretary, J. E. Bierhardt; Members of the Executive Committee, Riley V. Miller, De Forest Candee and S. T. Betts.

President Wood on retiring from office, said: "I am proud to be the president of such a successful organization as this one is, especially so on this its eleventh anniversary. From its birth in the year 1890 I have had the pleasure of being in an executive capacity. We have had our struggles, but have maintained our noble and beneficent organization.

"Our labors the past year have been crowned with greater results than ever before in our history. We should at this period launch out and pull for the point of increased membership, and with the encouraging assistance received from so many sources retain our local and national reputation and achieve still further progress.

"A constant supply of food fish for all the people can only be maintained through the efforts of true anglers like the members of this Association, yet it behooves every person having an interest in such work to give those who are in the front of the battle against fish pirates and general indifference to the preservation of fish their earnest support. With the Anglers' Association out of existence, how long would it be before every stream and lake in central New York would be barren? A part of our work should be to educate the public up to its importance. The masses of the people are with us, yet there are many good citizens whose support we need, and which let us secure."

THE INDIAN CAMP AT THE NEW YORK SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

Wall-Eyed Perch?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In some of the very pleasant chats which you and I have had in the past few years, you have, as I recollect, expressed a very strong wish that we should have a correct nomenclature of our fishes, but your hopes have never been realized, and I fear that they never will be so long as everybody who may be in a little brief authority undertakes in his ignorance to classify our fishes, and yet it has been done and is being done to a lamentable extent.

I refer particularly to the pike (*Esox lucius*), known to our ancestors over a hundred years ago and known to us.

I will refer to only two authorities. In 1770 R. Brooks, M. D., published a book in which he refers to this fish as being then known by the name of "pike," "luce" or "pickerel," and Sir William Jardine in his book No. 3 on fishes, published in 1854, referring to the *Esox lucius*, simply calls it the common "pike," that is the generic name, and whatever distinctions are sought to be made a pike is a pike and nothing but a pike.

Last summer I received a circular from a noted fishing resort in the upper part of the State, saying that there was fine fishing for bass and pike; and when I reached there I found that there were very few pike (*Esox lucius*), and that the term pike meant wall-eyed pike, which had to be fished for in water about 100 feet deep. To me it made no difference, as I fished only for bass, but many others were sadly misled, as they hoped to catch the common pike.

If you will turn to the reports of the Fish Commissioners of this State, you will find that a large number of "pike-perch" have been, or will be, distributed in this State.

Why this name should have been applied to this fish can be easily understood, for although according to the United States authorities the wall-eyed pike is a pure perch, yet the resemblance to the pike family is so great that ignorant persons may have regarded it as belonging to that family, but why our Fish Commissioners should adopt the name of pike-perch is past comprehension.

In Lake Champlain this fish is called a pike, in the St. Lawrence and in Canada a wall-eyed pike, on the Ohio River a jack salmon, and by our Fish Commissioners a pike-perch, a name by which it has never been known in many parts of this State or Canada. It would not be a misnomer to call this fish a wall-eyed perch.

J. S. V. C.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 8.

The Sale of Fish in Close Season.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., March 16.—Our Fish and Game Protector showed me to-day three fish that he had purchased in this village. They were exposed for sale at a meat market. If I am not very much mistaken they were small-mouth bass. They did not look to me precisely like our small-mouths, but I have never been a close observer, and as they were not in first class condition and as I have never seen bass from other waters, I dislike to be too positive.

However, I feel safe in saying that they were black bass. They were between ten and eleven inches long and were evidently full of spawn.

The protector said that a large number of the fish were on sale and that the dealer told him that they were sent to him from Baltimore, Md., which statement we have no good reason to doubt.

But whether they came from Maryland or whether they came from the waters of this State, it seems to me to be the logical and inevitable result of the decision of our Court of Appeals in the case of the People vs. Buffalo Fish Co., in which the majority of a divided Court construes the word "possessed" as referring only to fish taken from the waters of this State.

If large numbers of these bass, full of spawn, are sent from Baltimore into a village of this size, the numbers that are being sent into larger villages and cities can only be guessed at. And what protection are our game fish to derive from laws that make our State a dumping ground for similar fish of another State, whether they be taken by fair means or foul, and regardless of the approach of their spawning season?

And what have the anglers of Baltimore and vicinity to say about this wholesale sacrifice of this fine fish?

Or is it possible that these fish have been taken in nearby waters of this State and that the aforesaid decision is now bearing its fruit in this no less logical and inevitable way? Who can say?

Judge O'Brien's opinion, vigorous and admirable though it be in many respects, and for anything I can say in all respects, has been, I believe, a blow to fish and game protection here and elsewhere from which it can never recover until the Legislature has passed a law making the word "possessed," or whatever word is made use of, refer to fish and game of certain kinds the world over and until it has been decided once for all that such a law does not in any way interfere with interstate commerce.

F. A. C.

Pike and Pickerel.

PATERSON, N. J., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly decide the following question:

What is the difference between a pickerel and a pike? A claims that one is overshot and the other is undershot. B claims that they are one and the same fish. B. S.

[The claim made by A is wrong. Both fish are undershot. The claim made by B is wrong. The two fish are distinct.

An unfailing method of determining whether a fish is a pike or a pickerel is found in the scales on the gill covers of the fish. The gill covers, of course, lie immediately behind the head and over the gills of the fish. In the pike, small scales are found on these gill covers reaching about half-way down the uppermost and deepest of them. In the pickerel, the whole of this uppermost and deep gill cover and the whole of the narrow one next below it is covered with scales. If you remember this distinction you will never go wrong on the fish. The pike sometimes grows to weigh about fifty pounds, and often weighs 7, 10, 12 or more. A pickerel is much smaller, averaging perhaps from 1½ to 2½ pounds, and one of 5 pounds is a large fish. If you refer to the first annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forest of the State of New York, for the year ending Sept. 30, 1895, you will find on page 121 an article by A. N. Cheney, with figures, showing the differences in the gill covers of mascalonge, pike and pickerel. See also our next week's issue.]

The Kennel.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XIV.—Dropping to Shot and Wing.

DROPPING to shot or wing are terms which denote that, at the rise of the bird or birds or the report of the gun, the dog drops instantly to the ground. It is much more ornamental than useful, and besides has some distinct disadvantages. There are many sportsmen who set an exaggerated value on what may be termed the embellishments of training, such as quartering, dropping to shot and wing, toho, etc., and who profess to take more pleasure from the manner in which the dog performs than in the material results of his efforts. The main purpose of the dog's service, however, is one of utility; the embellishments, though desirable, hold a secondary place. Living pictures, while not unpleasant to look upon, are not the main purpose of a man with a gun. If, therefore, the dog is a good and useful servant, and yet possessed of little style, he is far superior to a stylish nonentity.

While it is a matter of constant recurrence that the shooter finds it necessary to order the dog to lie down on certain occasions in the hunting field or at home, so as to prevent his interference, to stop his prowling, or to make him cease hunting, yet it is not desirable that he be made to drop in a machine-like manner when there is no real occasion for it. The contention that it puts a more artistic finish to the dog's work and is a deterrent to breaking shot and chasing and breaking in is a matter of pure fancy. It comes under the head of a trick performance, much as if the dog were to turn a summersault at the report of the gun, and is almost as irrelevant.

There is nothing in the rise of the bird or the report of the gun that can be usefully supplemented by the drop of the dog, nor is the act of special importance as a preventive of shot breaking, breaking in or chasing. If the dog is unsteady, he does not drop to wing in practice, whatever he may do in theory.

The enforcement of steadiness to shot and wind is one of the easiest parts of the dog's training to compass, and it is infinitely much easier to teach than it is to teach the dog to drop to shot or wing.

The disadvantages encountered in teaching it and after it is taught, are that, some punishment being necessary in its enforcement, there is danger that the dog unwittingly may be taught to blink or to be gunshy, or both.

The punishment, being directly associated with the report of the gun and the rise of the bird, at a juncture when the mind of the dog is intensely concentrated on the birds and his every desire centered in their capture, is by him likely to be interpreted erroneously. He may consider that he has won the disapproval of his master, and has been punished for meddling with the birds at all.

If at the report of the gun he is punished for failing to lie down, he is quite likely to consider the report as a signal for punishment for some cause of which he is entirely ignorant, or for no cause at all.

In cold rainy weather, when the ground is muddy or saturated with cold water, or when there is ice and snow, no sportsman who has a right heart would care to force his dog to lie down merely to gratify a fancy.

In briers and thorns it is often painful for the dog to drop.

Sometimes, if the dog flushes in cover, or at a distance from the shooter, where he is out of sight, he will lie a long time in the dropped position waiting for the order to go on.

Not infrequently it happens that the dog, after a time of rigid schooling to dropping to wing, anticipates the rise of the bird from every noise which he happens to hear, or from the act of the shooter in walking up to flush, and therefore drops before the bird takes wing. By degrees he becomes more deferential, dropping safely before the bird rises at all, and in time dropping to wing in anticipation degenerates into dropping on point, a most undesirable manner of pointing.

Dropping to point adds greatly to the difficulties of the shooter in reference to the dog, for the latter must then be watched unceasingly. If he happens to drop when the shooter does not see him, a long search to find him may thereby be entailed, and indeed he may not be found on point at all, it being necessary to whistle or call him from it. A little cover suffices to conceal a dog when he is lying down.

When dropped to shot, it is impossible for a dog, lying down, to mark the flight of live birds or the whereabouts of dead birds with the precision that he can do so when standing up. The marking of birds is an accomplishment which all dogs do not possess, it is true, but nevertheless it is a most useful accomplishment, and much to be desired.

The manner of teaching the dog to drop to shot and wing must be governed much by his disposition. If he is exceedingly timid, intelligent care should be exercised. In any event, he should be taught to drop promptly and cheerfully to order, apart from any considerations of dropping to wing or shot. The yard training in this respect should be specially thorough when the trainer contemplates making it a part of the work on game.

Dropping to shot should be made a part of the yard training. It is taught in precisely the same manner that the oral command and signal are taught. In teaching the dog to drop to command, with the aid of the whip, the trainer should observe the greatest care to hit the dog in the same place each time, as on the shoulder. When he feels his shoulder thus hit, he will drop instantly, after he is schooled properly. Indeed, after a time he will drop when his shoulder is merely touched. It in its way is recognized as an imperative command, for the threat of the whip closely supplements it.

Heavy charges of powder are unnecessary in the lessons. An old pistol using percussion caps is quite sufficient. The trainer, with a checkcord five or six feet long, leads the dog about, snaps a cap at a favorable juncture, taps the dog on the shoulder as aforementiond, and enforces obedience to the report in the same manner as if it were an oral order. This is repeated, lesson after lesson, till the dog will drop promptly to the report. The lesson should be given kindly and pleasantly. It can be conducted without filling the dog with terror, and the consequent desire to escape or fear of the gun. Common sense on the part of the teacher is essential to determine how the lessons should be conducted. Under no circumstances should the trainer attempt this part of the dog's education, if he shows the least degree of gun shyness, nor is it wise to attempt enforcing it in the field, if he has any faults which require punishment to correct them.

Dropping to wing should be kept in abeyance till the latter part of the dog's field education; in the early part there are complications enough without importing any unnecessary extra ones.

It is taught at first by ordering the dog to drop every time that a bird is flushed within his sight or hearing, whether he pointed it or not. The trainer endeavors also to take advantage of every opportunity which presents itself in the furtherance of his purpose, such as, for instance, walking up beside the dog when he is on point, flushing the bird then, and at the same time giving him a cut on the shoulder with the whip, as when teaching him to drop in the yard lessons. The trainer, however, should avoid the extreme of making himself too much of a factor in the rise of the bird, else the dog will drop when he is approached, in anticipation of being forced to drop a moment or two later. By many impressive repetitions of the act in conjunction with the rise of the bird, the dog in time comes to recognize the first sound of wings as an order to drop.

Patience and careful progres should be observed in giving these lessons. If there is too much hurry or violence, it is quite an easy matter to injure the dog's work in other respect.

When a dog is over fatigued it is not wise to enforce dropping to shot or wing too strictly. He may find it such a comfortable position that it is to his liking. When greatly fatigued, dogs, when standing on point for a long while, learn to drop on their intitiative, and from this as a beginning they may learn to drop on their points habitually. Once acquired, there is no way of remedying the fault.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

48

A press dispatch from Shamokin, Pa., dated March 8, 1901, reports that hunters while returning home to Treverton were passing Line Mountain when they saw a half-naked man run into a cave. They tried to get him out, but he would not leave his lair. The men pursued their journey and notified a lot of farmers, who visited the cave this morning and built a fire at the entrance to smoke the stranger out. In a short time the man crawled from the entrance. He was half naked. His face was covered with a thick bunch of hair, making him look more like a beast than a human being. He is insane. The Overseers of Washington Township took him in charge and will send him to the Danville asylum. There was nothing in the cave to indicate who he is. It is thought that in crossing the mountains he lost his way and grew insane from cold and hunger.

49

An old salt of New Bedford says that once when he was one of the crew of the revenue cutter Dobbin, stationed at Castine, Me., the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, with a party of friends, was taken on a cod fishing trip off Mount Desert. The venerable Senator was inexperienced in hauling the fish on board, and they invariably jerked the hook out of their mouths before he could get them over the side of the vessel. He complained to the captain, who ordered the old salt to get a file of the carpenter and put a better point on the hook. As the sailor was returning aft, a large cod, which had just been landed, opened wide its jaws, and the sailor stuck the file in his mouth to see him bite. The cod closed his jaws on the man's hand, who let go, and the file slipped into the fish's stomach. Half an hour afterward the steward, in cleaning the fish, brought to light the old file. His exclamation of surprise sent Mr. Hamlin to his side, who called his friends and all the officers to see what had been discovered. "That old file must have been there for years," he said. "How much will you take for it?" he inquired of the steward. Being assured that he was welcome ot it, he gave the steward a dollar for the curiosity.

50

While John Cronan and Joseph Flynn, of Belleville, N. J., were hunting for 'possums in Crane's woods at Forest Hill, they tracked one of the animals to a hollow tree trunk. They set to work to make the opening larger, and in doing so pulled out a quantity of silverware. It included a solid silver cake plate, a long-handled soup ladle and ten teaspoons, all of which were wrapped in a brown paper and rewrapped in a newspaper dated last November. They took the articles to their homes and notified the authorities. The hollow trunk lay near the Morris Canal.

51

About an ounce of pure gold was found in the crop of a quail killed near San Diego, Cal. It was in small pieces, mixed in with a lot of sand and gravel.

Yachting.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 16.—There seems to be no end to the troubles of the Boston cup defender, Independence. The latest thing to confront her builders is the prospect of a possible lawsuit over the hollow trough keel. It seems that James McIntyre, of Neponset, a prominent builder, and the builder of patent skylights for yachts and other vessels, has a patent on a hollow keel cast in one piece, in which lead is stowed. John A. Stetson, formerly Commodore of the Boston Yacht Club, is a part owner in the patent.

When it became known that the keel of Independence was certainly to be a hollow one, in which the lead was to be stowed or poured afterward, Mr. McIntyre visited the Lawley plant, at City Point, and asked to see the pattern of the casting, which was then being made ready to be sent to the Victor Metal Works, at East Braintree. After looking at the pattern he informed Mr. Lawley that it was an infringement upon his patent. Notwithstanding this claim, the pattern of the bottom of the keel was sent to the foundry, and the casting is now on the bottom of the boat.

From the time of Mr. McIntyre's visit to Lawley's nothing further was heard of the claims of the keel patent, until Friday, when there was a conference between Geo. F. Lawley and Thomas Hibbard, of the Lawley corporation, and James McIntyre and John A. Stetson. Nothing was settled to the satisfaction of either party at that meeting, and there will be another one at Lawley's Wednesday, March 20.

James McIntyre and Geo. F. Lawley were both seen by your correspondent in regard to the matter. Mr. McIntyre said that the matter was now in the hands of his lawyer, and that he had nothing to say in regard to his claims. He did say that he did not want to do anything that would hurt the chances of Independence, and that he hoped she would be successful in the trial races and also successfully defend the cup. This thing, he said, was simply a matter of business.

Geo. F. Lawley did not seem to be much bothered about the prospects of a possible lawsuit. Mr. Lawley said that the Volunteer was built with a hollow keel, in which the lead was stowed, before the patent of Mr. McIntyre was issued. He said that there is no doubt that many vesels were built with hollow keels before that time. This, it is said, may have a serious effect upon the strength of Mr. McIntyre's claim.

The claim in question is one of three which were issued under one patent to James McIntyre and John A. Stetson, half owner, on Aug. 9, 1888. The application for the patent was filed on Feb. 8, 1887. It is claimed that every separate clause in a patent is as much protected as the whole. The specifications of the invention, which is listed as claim No. 2 in the patent, is for a hollow keel in which lead can be stowed, cast in one piece, in which there are cross pieces, cast with the keel or in any other manner secured to it.

It is claimed that the casting on the bottom of Independence is an infringement on this patent, it being cast in one piece. It is not likely that there will be any delay in the construction of the boat on account of a possible lawsuit, but it will be interesting to know what the outcome will be, as it will affect all future yachts built in this manner. The claim that the idea was old when Mr. McIntyre had it patented may count for something, and there is another phase which may affect the issue. It distinctly states in the patent that the claim is on a hollow keel cast in one piece. Now the casting in question is on the bottom of the keel of Independence, and there are many plates above it that are riveted, and inside of which the lead is stowed.

The work of constructing Independence is proceeding quite smoothly at the Atlantic Works. There are over 60 plates now in position, many of which have been all riveted. About thirty-five tons of lead have been put into the keel up to date. When the boat was first laid out it was arranged that the lead would be poured into the hollow trough after sufficient plating had been put in place. It was afterward thought that there would be a strong probability of the molten metal causing the plates and frames to become twisted out of shape, if this were done. Geo. F. Lawley did not think it was best to take any chances in this direction, and it was decided to stow the lead instead of running it.

It was decided to stow the pigs as closely together as possible and then run in fine shot around them, thus filling up every crevice. The first attempt at stowing proved a failure, the pigs being placed in every position. They were all taken out, and the work started over again. The pigs are now stowed lengthwise in the trough, while many have been cut up to fill up as much of the space as possible. Fine shot is poured in around the pigs and the upper layers of the lead are hammered to make them fit closely together.

Thirty tons of shot have arrived at the works for the purpose of filling in. In the after part of the keel, where the plating is on both sides of the boat, shot will be used exclusively, it being the only thing that can be got in there. The shot will be run through the holes in the floor plates. A line has been drawn around the port side of the boat, which shows the height to which the lead will be stowed. This line, at its highest point, is 50 inches from the bottom of the keel, and from it tapers to 44 inches.

All of the deck beams have been put in place, and the deck stringers are being fitted. The plating of the deck will be partly steel and the rest aluminum, the whole covered with canvas. The brackets, bracing the frames and deck beams, have commenced to go on. These are 3-16 of an inch thick and are 6 inches wide. There is a 2-inch flange on the under side. They will be perforated for lightness. Several of the steel plates, the stringer plates, have been put in position on the deck.

A meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held at Young's hotel, Thursday evening, March 21, at 7:30. This will be the annual meeting at which the officers for the coming year will be elected and the dates of the different clubs for races to be held under the rules of the Association will be given out. There will also be two important amendments acted upon.

The first of these is to add to the rules on scantlings, that no adjustable or movable truss or other device for shortening or changing the measurements of a boat will be allowed. This law is sorely needed. It is well known that there are many boats which have been equipped with trusses, whose waterline length could be shortened or lengthened at will. There has been some severe comment upon this condition, whether just or unjust, and it seems that the only way to be sure that everything will be all right is to frame a law which will bar such trusses. This rule will apply to the open classes as well as to the restricted classes and on this account there may be some opposition on the grounds that the association is putting restrictions upon classes which are supposed to be unrestricted. This may be true, but the law is needed, nevertheless.

The other amendment will be in regard to protests, in which it is proposed to raise the sum which a protesting yachtsman who contests the length of another yacht deposits with the measurer, from $2 to $4. This is done to decrease the number of unnecessary protests. The Association allows that any man has the right to protest, but offers this law that the dissatisfied one will consider well before he enters such a protest.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

CARTOON. Designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for Mr. H. L. Parker. Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

A 23ft. Cruising Yawl.

THE prejudice against yawl rig for both large and small boats among yachtsmen in this country a few years ago was decidedly strong, but the very general adoption of the rig in cruising boats is quite noticeable. With a yawl rig, sail can be shortened very readily and boats can be handled with greater ease and comfort and with a smaller crew without great loss of speed. Racing between boats with yawl rig in the large and small classes in England has had its effect in America, as is shown by the importation of Ailsa and the change in Vigilant's and Navahoe's rigs to that of a yawl. It is generally conceded that the yawl rig is the best for cruising boats up to 40 or 50ft. waterline length. The many requests that the publishers have had from readers of FOREST AND STREAM for designs of small yawls have led them to secure plans of this type of boat from well-known designers. Last week we published plans of a 20ft. waterline centerboard yawl that was designed by Small Brothers. This week we reproduce plans of a 23ft. waterline cruising yawl from designs by Mr. William H. Hand, Jr. In a short time will appear plans of two 28ft. waterline cruising yawls, one a keel boat from designs of Mr. W. Starling Burgess, and the other a centerboard boat from designs by Small Brothers.

The plans that appear this week show a very wholesome little boat of comparatively shoal draft that should be fast under ordinary conditions. Her small size and large accommodations would recommend her to amateurs who do not wish to carry a paid hand. The boat has ample room for four persons in the cabin and there is 5ft. headroom under beams. The boat was designed by Mr. William H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., for Dr. W. C. Lambert, of Wyandotte, Mich., and will replace a boat designed by Mr. Hand for Dr. Lambert in 1897. The boat is not built to fill any class, but was intended for day sailing and cruising, and not for racing.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Lnegth—		
Over all	38ft.	2 in.
L.W.L.	23ft.	7 in.
Overhang—		
Bow	6ft.	7 in.
Stern	8ft.	
Beam—		
Extreme	10ft.	7 in.
L.W.L.	10ft.	
Draft—		
To rabbet	1ft.	8¼in.
Extreme	3ft.	6 in.
Board down	6ft.	6 in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	4 in.
Taffrail	2ft.	5¼in.
Least	2ft.	2½in.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	560	sq. ft.
Mizzen	140	sq. ft.
Jib	156	sq. ft.
Total	856	sq. ft.
Displacement	10,800	lbs.
Ballast outside	3,500	lbs.

The entire frame is of white oak and the planking is of ⅞in. pine.

Vanderbilt Wins a Lawsuit.

JUDGE BRADFORD handed down an opinion affirming the decision of Judge McPherson of the local District Court in the admiralty suit brought by William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., against Robert L. Forrest. The litigation involved the ownership of a naphtha launch. In his libel Mr. Vanderbilt said that he was formerly the owner of the yacht Carmita, which he sold through his agents, Messrs. Gardner & Cox, to Mr. Forrest for $4,000. The yacht was at the Newport ship yard, Newport, R. I., and near it in the custody of a man named Biven floated the launch, also belonging to Mr. Vanderbilt. No mention was made of the launch at the time the sale was consummated, but when Mr. Forrest took possession of the yacht he claimed that the launch was appurtenant to it. Mr. Forrest maintained that he had understood that the launch went with the yacht and that it was included in the receipt which he gave to Mr. Vanderbilt's agents. Judge McPherson decided on June 31 last that Mr. Vanderbilt was entitled to the launch, whereupon Mr. Forrest appealed. After reviewing the testimony in the case, Judge Bradford concurs in the ruling of Judge McPherson. The launch is 21ft. long and is built of cedar. It was built in 1899 and is valued at $2,000.

Cartoon.

CARTOON was designed for Mr. H. L. Parker by Messrs. Gardner & Cox and built at Wood's yard, City Island, during the winter of 1897-8. She is 25ft. on the waterline, 45ft. 3in. over all, 10ft. extreme beam and 7ft. draft. The draft of the hull alone is 12in. Her overhang forward is 10ft. 9in. and 9ft. 6in. overhang aft. The least freeboard is 1ft. 9in., and she carries 1,065 sq. ft. of sail.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

What Sailors Read.

"I RECEIVED a mighty queer present to-day," said a newsdealer on lower Canal street, "and the story connected with it is about as quaint as anything you would run across in a month of Sundays. I make a specialty of handling cheap fiction of the blood and thunder variety," he continued, "and, being rather convenient to the water front, I sell a good deal of the stuff to sailors who want to lay in something to read before starting on a long voyage. It's a curious fact that the fo'castles of nine merchantmen out of ten are full of sentimental novels and tales of the Old Sleuth brand, and when strange sailormen happen to fall together in the shop I've noticed that those dizzy romances form their only point of contact. Instead of speaking about some of the wonderful things they have both seen while voyaging around the world, the chances are that one of them will scratch his head and ask the other fellow whether he has ever read 'Demon Dick, the Terror of Dead Man's Gulch.' If he has, both become instantly engrossed; they go over the yarn in detail, exchange opinions on this and that episode and discuss the preposterous characters exactly as if they were people they had met in real life. However, all this is prefatory to what I set out to tell you, and I mention it merely to show what an important rôle trashy fiction plays in the life of the average seafaring man.

"About a year ago, to come to the point, a little English sailor wandered into the shop and told me, with considerable embarrassment, that he was looking for a novel that a bunkmate had been reading aloud to him during his last voyage. Unluckily the bunkmate had deserted at Rio and taken his book with him, and the little Englishman, who was unable to read himself, was consumed with curiosity to know how the tale ended. He had never learned the title, but he had a very distinct recollection of the plot, and thought possibly I might be familiar with the work and give him a clue. 'The 'ero was Sir Rupert Harden,' he remarked, mournfully, and, strange to say, I at once recalled the exact piece of rubbish he had in mind. I had been looking over it and chuckling at its absurdities only a few nights before, and I pulled it out immediately from the stock of cheap fiction on the shelf. 'The heroine is the beautiful Lady Claribel, isn't she?' I asked, to clinch the case. 'That's her!' said the little Englishman in great excitement, and when I put the book in his hands he recognized it at once by the design on the cover. He wanted me to allow him to pay a fancy price for the treasure, and when I positively declined to accept more than two bits he took my card and said I should hear from him. This morning, much to my surprise, a big Danish seaman came in with an inlaid workbox, which my English friend had made with his own hands and sent me clear from Durban, South Africa. On the inside of the lid is a picture in colored ink of Sir Rupert Arden and the beauteous Lady Claribel, copied from the title page of the novel. It is a striking piece of work. Sir Rupert resembles an Italian barber and Lady Claribel looks like a vaudeville ballad mangler. All the same, I prize the box highly. I shall preserve it as a unique souvenir of literature and art."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

KATONAH. Designed by A. Cary Smith. Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

Katonah.

KATONAH was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and was built by the George Lawley & Sons Corp., of South Boston, in 1896. She is 53ft. 6in. over all, 35ft. long on the waterline, 13ft. beam and draws 8ft.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Yacht Club Notes.

The racing fixtures of the Seawanhaka Y. C. for the coming season are as follows:

Thursday, May 30 (Decoration Day)—Races for raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats; open to club members only.

Saturday, June 15—First series race for the Centre Island cup. The races in this series are open to Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members.

Saturday, June 22—Second series race for the Centre Island cup.

Thursday, June 27—First of three days open races; classes to be announced later.

Friday, June 28—Second of three days open races; classes to be announced later.

Saturday, June 29—Third of three days open races, annual race for all classes; the Leland Corinthian Challenge cup will be sailed for by raceabouts owned by club members.

Thursday, July 4—Special club races; classes to be announced later.

Saturday, July 6—Third series race for the Centre Island cup.

Saturday, July 13—Roosevelt Memorial cups; open to all yachts owned by club members in the 30ft. class and under, sailing with arbitrary handicaps to be fixed by the Race Committee.

Saturday, July 20—Fourth series race for the Centre Island cup.

Saturday, July 27—Fifth series race for the Centre Island cup.

Saturday, Aug. 3—Robert Center Memorial prizes; open to raceabouts and Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members.

Saturday, Aug. 10—Sixth series race for the Centre Island cup.

Saturday, Aug. 17—Seventh series race for the Centre Island cup.

Monday, Sept. 2 (Labor Day)—Special club races; classes to be announced later.

Thursday, Sept. 5—Open races for special classes to be announced later.

Friday, Sept. 6—Open races for special classes to be announced later.

Saturday, Sept. 7—Annual fall races for all classes; races with Corinthian crews.

The Race Committee of the club is composed of C. W. Wetmore, chairman; Walter C. Kerr, Charles A. Sherman, Clinton H. Crane and Johnston De Forest, Sec'y.

* * *

The Larchmont Y. C. held a special meeting at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, March 13, to pass upon certain amendments to the club racing rules. Com. Adams presided. The principal change under consideration was that of measurement. The new system proposed was the same that was recently adopted by the Seawanhaka Y. C. The amendment passed unanimously, but will not go into effect until Jan. 1, 1902, during which time the committee in charge of the matter is continued. Changing the dates of "race week" was also considered, and the proposition to begin the week's racing of the season on Saturday, July 13, instead of Saturday, July 20, met with no opposition.

* * *

The Ravenswood Boat Club, of Long Island City, at a meeting held at Astoria, appointed a committee for a reception after Easter. The club has been in recent years as much of a yachting club as a boating organization. It has sixteen yachts, and a committee was appointed at the above meeting to organize a yachting department with separate officers to govern the yachting affairs of the club. The club adopted as its burgee for the yachting fleet a triangular flag with blue ground and large arrow head of white extending across the middle of the flag.

* * *

The Interlake Yacht Racing Association has been strengthened by the admission of the Canandaigua Y. C. As the Association races will take place on Cayuga Lake, it will be necessary for the Canandaigua yachtsmen to transport their boats by rail. The Seneca Lake Y. C. is on the point of connecting itself with this Association. Geneva yachts may be taken to Cayuga Lake via the Erie Canal and the Seneca River.

* * *

The Stuyvesant Y. C. met March 13 and elected the following officers for the season: Com., W. J. Hoag; Vice-Com., A. W. Strong; Rear-Com., S. Wright; Treas., J. H. Smith; Fleet Surgeon, F. L. Dowe, M. D.; Sec'y, C. S. Ogden; Steward, G. Wagner; Sergeant-at-Arms, G. Liginger. The Board of Directors consists of ex-Com. G. W. Ritter, A. W. Smith, A. J. McKenzie and H. Beach. On the House Committee are J. A. Miller, J. Krauss, H. P. Hough, T. Young, A. Ostinger, R. Start and Charles Yost. Com. Hoag owns the sloop Pirate and the Vice-Commodore the sloop Yankee. A report was received from a committee appointed to consider plans for a new club house, which it is hoped to have erected before the close of the season.

* * *

The Gloucester Y. C. held its annual meeting at Gloucester City March 3. The following officers were elected: Com., Benjamin Wilson; Vice-Com., John Minihan; Rear-Com., Gilbert Taylor; Treas., John Casnet; Sec'y, Frank Smith; Ass't Sec'y, Americus Brinton; Steward, George Benchert; Trustees, Robert Murray, Robert McDonald, George Kurtz; Measurers, Robert Murray, George Kurtz and John Minihan. The club is in a good financial condition and now has a membership of nearly 100. The members are actively preparing for their spring regatta on the lower Delaware.

* * *

At the regular meeting of the Pavonia Y. C. on Tuesday evening, March 12, it was resolved formally to open the new club house at Bayonne with the annual planked-shad dinner on May 5.

It was reported that the new building in process of erection there, containing lockers, workshop, sail and spar lofts, would be ready for occupancy during the coming week, and the club will take informal possession before April 1. Arrangements were completed for special races, open to club yachts only, over the new course on Memorial Day.

The Regatta Committee was instructed to arrange the annual regatta on June 17. Special races for the Commodore and McInnes cups, July 4; fall regatta on Labor Day. In addition to these there will be races for the smaller classes over the short course on each Saturday.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The sloop yacht Shylock, owned by Mr. E. M. Mound, of Jersey City, was damaged to the extent of $1,500, on March 16, by the explosion of a gasoline stove, while in her winter quarters at City Island. Capt. Dannigan, who was in charge of the boat, was cooking his supper when the explosion occurred; he was badly but not seriously burned. Owing to the prompt work of the caretakers on yachts lying close by, a bucket brigade was formed and the fire extinguished. None of the other yachts in the yard was damaged.

* * *

Mr. P. M. Inglis, a prominent English yachtsman, is having built from designs of Mr. C. F. Herreshoff, 2d., a 65ft. linear rater, at the yard of Mr. Inglis' cousins, Messrs. A. & J. Inglis, Pointhouse, Glasgow. She was designed under the English Y. R. A. measurement rule and is 54ft. on the waterline and about 85ft. over all. The midship is of moderate girth, and she will carry a large sail plan. The frames are of nickel steel, and it is said she is to be planked with mahogany. The sails will be made by Lapthorn & Ratsey. Mr. Inglis has long been a racing yachtsman. He built the cutter Astrild, now in America, from designs by Mr. G. L. Watson, and is the owner of the cutter Carina, designed by the same man, while the yawl Caress, when a cutter, was his property. William Hogarth, the brother of the skipper of Shamrock I. when she met Columbia, will be the captain of the new Inglis boat.

* * *

Mr. A. Howard Hinkle's 65ft. racing cutter Senta, from Southampton, England, for Greenport, L. I., arrived at Bermuda, March 15, after a passage of 41 days. When Senta first sailed from Southampton for America, she went ashore on Pennington Spit, in the Solent, and was compelled to put back for examination. Her hull was found to be uninjured, and she resumed her voyage on Feb. 2. Mr. Hinkle purchased Senta in December. She was designed by Mr. Fife, and was built at Fairlie in 1898.

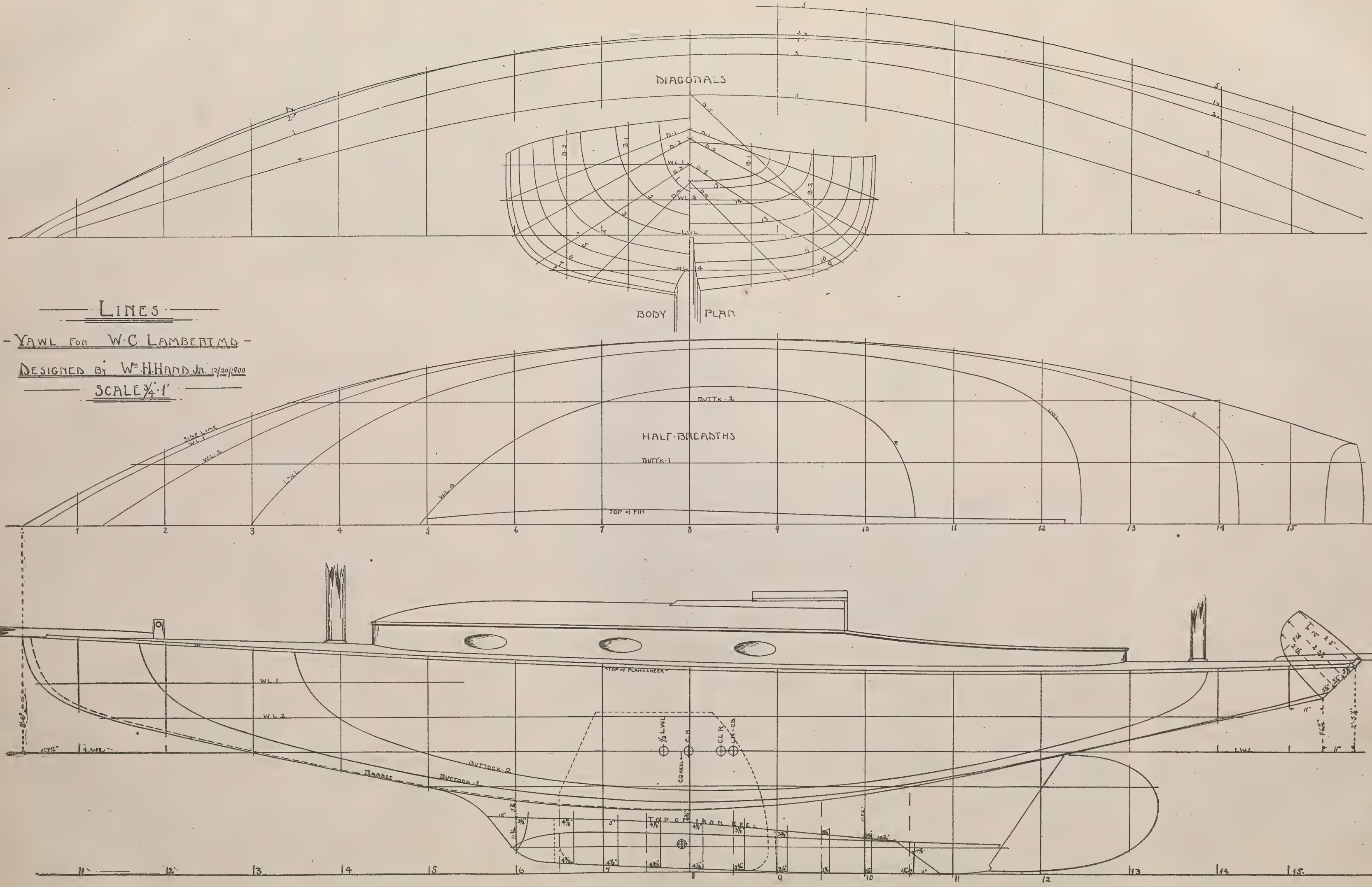
* * *

The contract for the construction of a large steel steam yacht for Mr. H. Clay Pierce, of St. Louis, from designs by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, has been secured by Mr. Lewis Nixon, and will be built at the Crescent Shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J. She will have twin screws, and will be fast. The yacht will be named Orizaba, and her dimensions are—length over all, 256ft.; beam, 30ft.; depth, 20ft.; and draft, 14ft.

* * *

The London Yachtsman devotes much space in its current issue to "Notes from the States."

It is understood that the ex-owner of one of the exported 65-footers intends to build a new vessel of the same class. Apropos of the export trade in yachts, we have often expressed surprise at the ineffectiveness of the Payne law. An explanation of this has been given us by a citizen of the United States, who tells us that it is technically known as a hayseed law. Hayseed laws are the result of bills promulgated by representatives from Central and Western States, the interests of which are agricultural, and who therefore try to get the greatest



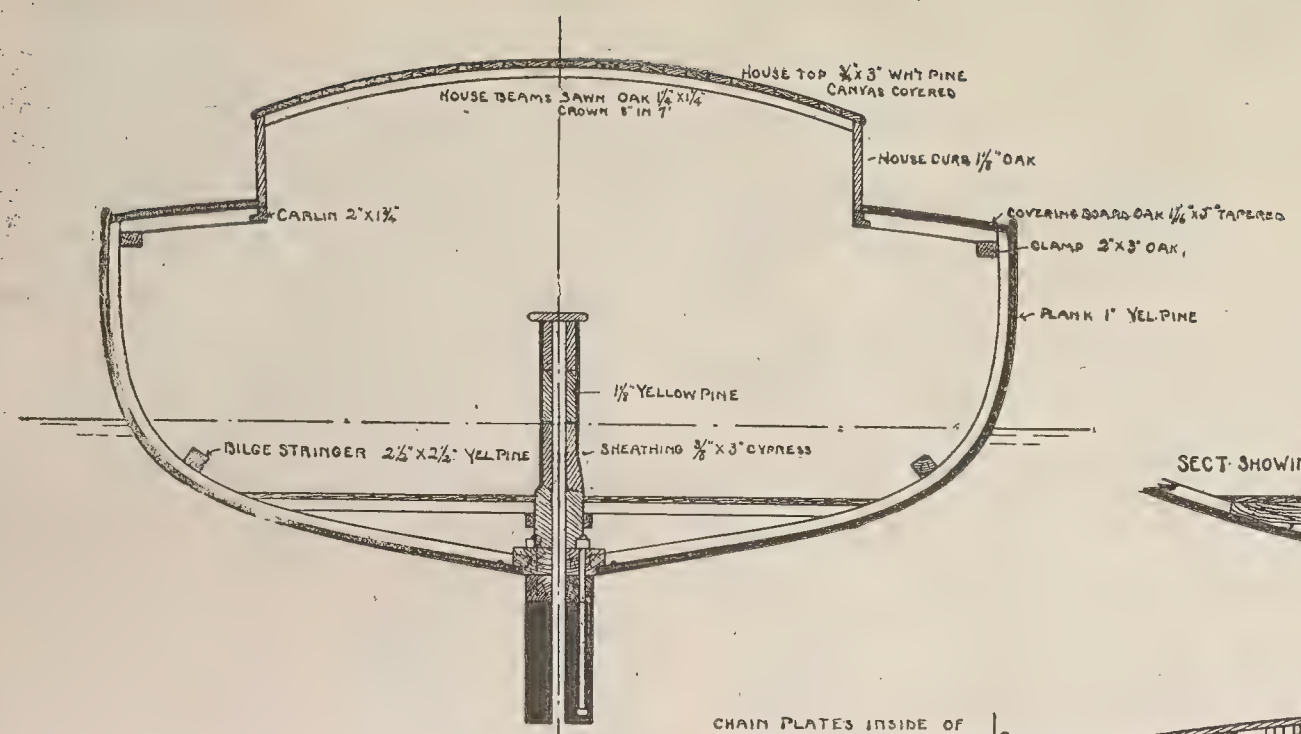
TWENTY-THREE-FOOT CRUISING YAWL—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

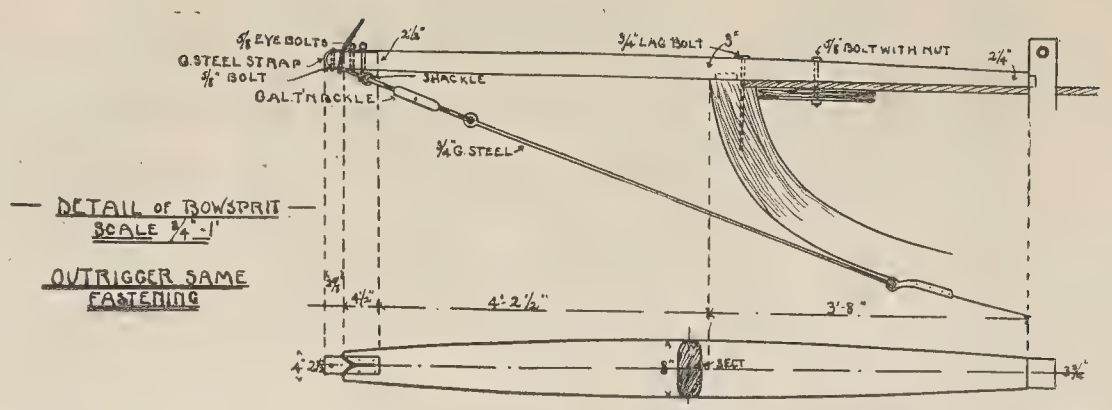
— CONSTRUCTION PLAN —

— CRUISING YAWL - FOR W. C. LAMBERT —

Wm. H. HAND JR. NEW BEDFORD, MASS. DESIGNED

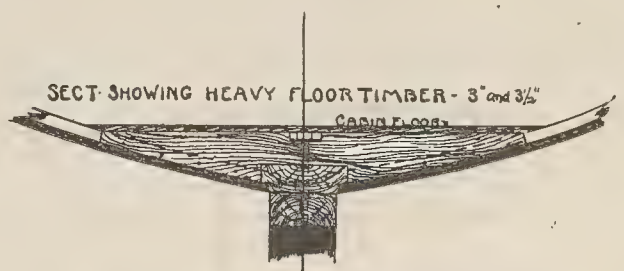
DEC. 19 1900 ——— SCALE ¾" = 1'

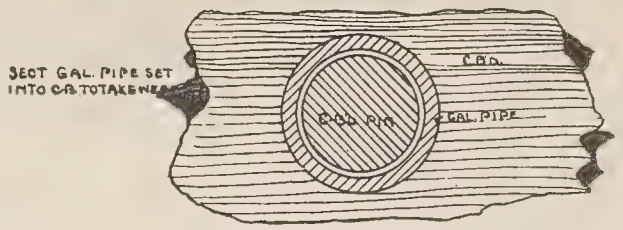




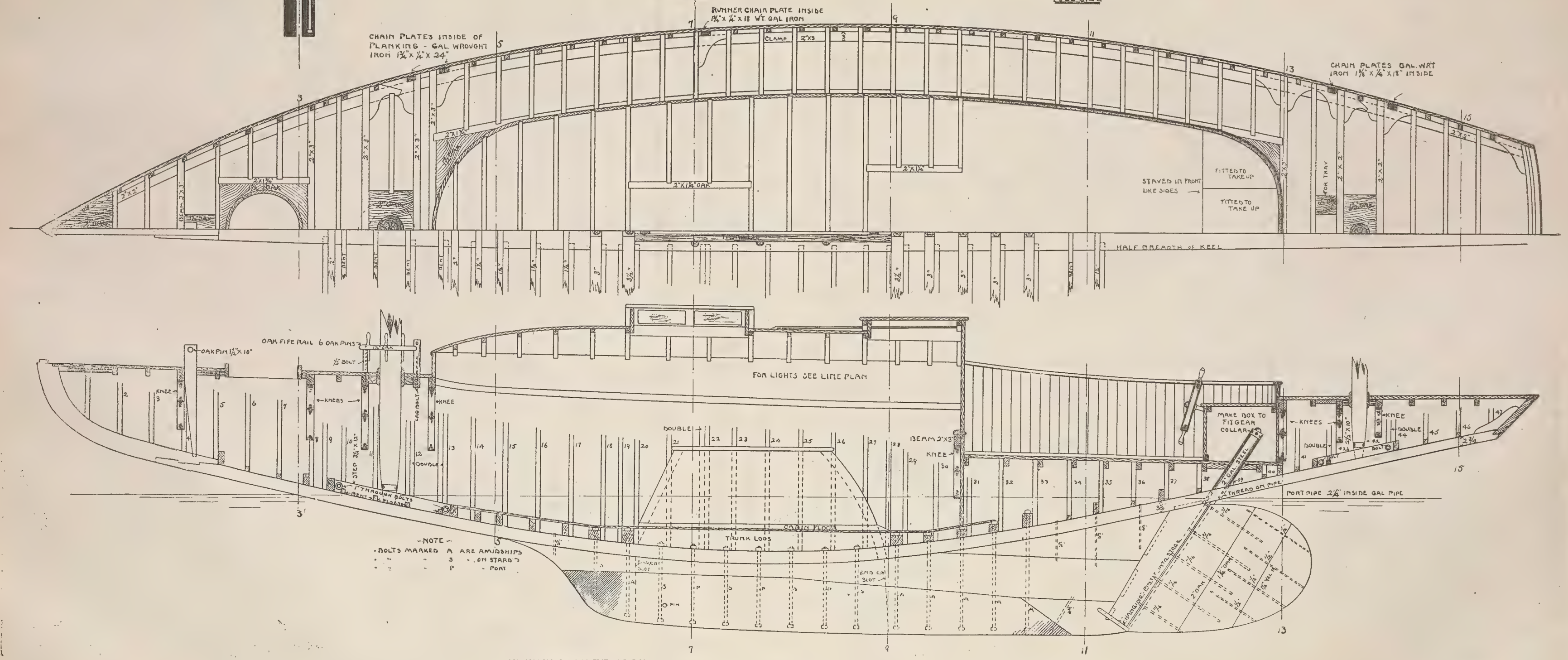
DETAIL OF BOWSPRIT
SCALE ¾" = 1'

OUTRIGGER SAME FASTENING

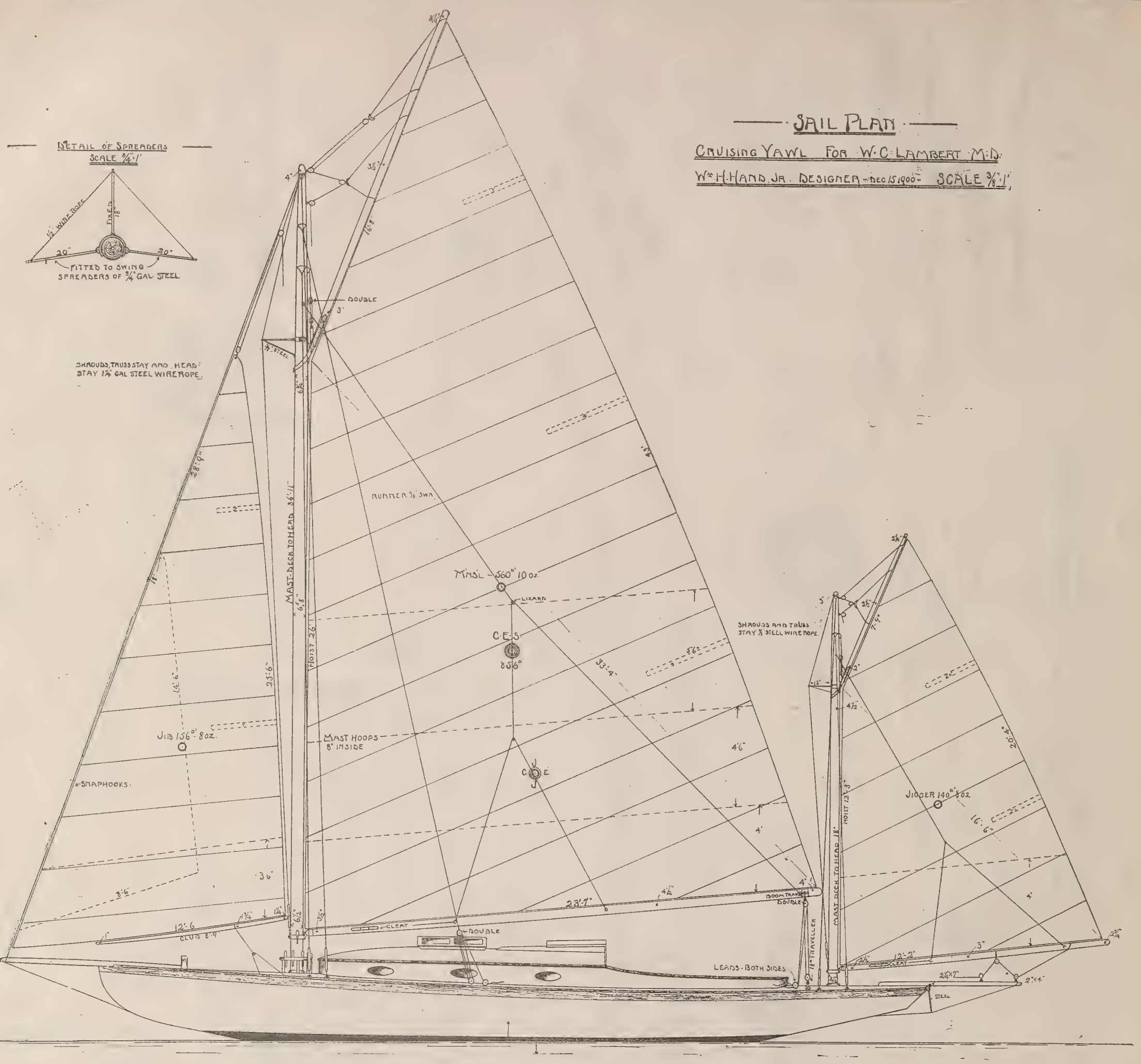




DETAIL C.B.D. HANGING
FULL SIZE



TWENTY-THREE-FOOT CRUISING YAWL. Designed by Wm. H. Hand, Jr., for W. C. Lambert.



TWENTY-THREE-FOOT CRUISING YAWL—SAIL PLAN.

possible portion of the revenue out of the manufacturing and shipping industries of the Eastern coast. These bills are placidly allowed to pass by the Eastern representatives when, as in the Payne case, they contain no penalty or means of enforcement. That is the whole secret—the Payne law is hayseed. Another coming hayseed law will enact that every auxiliary, a canoe yacht even, shall have a certificated engineer to drive her. There is no objection to this, because there will be no penalty for infringement. It is a very simple way of managing affairs.

There is now building at Messrs. T. A. Crane's Sons' yard, Erie Basin, Brooklyn, a small steam yacht for Mr. Edward M. Brown, formerly Commodore of the New York Y. C. She will be 60ft. 7in. over all, 60ft. on the waterline, 10ft. 9in. beam, and 2ft. 4in. draft. The yacht was designed by Mr. H. J. Gielow. The plans show a comfortable cabin, toilet room, galley, etc., and a large open cockpit aft. The power will be steam, consisting of a triple-expansion engine, with cylinders 4¼, 6½ and 11in. in diameter, with a common stroke of piston of 7½in. with a Roberts water-tube boiler. Being intended for shoal water in the Great South Bay, the bottom of the hull is concaved over the screw.

Capt. A. M. Sheppard, U. S. N., stationed at Staten Island, has assured Mr. David Barrie, who is looking after the interests of Shamrock II. over here, that all the courtesies extended to Sir. Thomas Lipton two years ago will be willingly accorded him during his coming visit. A number of buoys have have been placed at his disposal, and the Shamrock, the steam yacht Erin and attending craft will anchor off the Government dock at Sandy Hook.

John Harvard Biles, professor of naval architecture at the University of Glasgow, in the course of a lecture, said: "Great Britain has always been several years behind America in yacht construction. The problem is to reduce weight without reducing strength. The plea that British yachts have to cross the Atlantic has done duty as an excuse too long. Development has been steadily in the direction of lighter hulls and more sail, but we are yet behind the Americans. The veil of secrecy surrounding the conception and construction of British challengers is perhaps necessary to prevent the abstraction of secrets, but they are secrets which, if another knew them, he would only regard as things to avoid."

Mr. R. H. McCormick has bought from Mr. Frederick Conde, of Oswego, N. Y., the yacht Catherine C., which was formerly owned by Mr. M. Cudahy, of Chicago. The boat, which is now at Oswego, will be taken at once to Toronto to be put in shape for salt water uses. Then she will sail for Bar Harbor, Me.

The schooner yacht Nokomis is being altered at the foot of Twenty-third street, South Brooklyn. A 40 horsepower engine is being put into her and a new wheel house is being placed forward. The interior is also being overhauled, and when finished she will cruise in the West Indies.

Mr. Frank Tilford's steam yacht Norman, which has been lying at the docks of the W. & A. Fletcher Co., of Hoboken, N. J., since January last, is having new engines put in which are expected to give her a speed of eighteen knots an hour. She will return to Manning's Basin next week for a general overhauling preparatory to going into commission.

Com. Frederick T. Adams' schooner yacht Sachem, flagship of the Larchmont Y. C., which has been in winter quarters at Port Jefferson, L. I., is now in the hands of Messrs. Gardner & Cox for minor changes in her cabins and deck fittings.

The steam yacht Cosette, recently bought by Mr. W. S. Compton, of New London, Conn., has begun overhauling preparatory to going into commission at the Jacob yard, City Island. The yacht will cruise in Southern waters in the early spring.

Mr. Frederick G. Bourne's steam yacht Colonia is at Tebo's Basin, South Brooklyn, being overhauled and refitted for the coming season. Mr. Bourne is a member of the syndicate that owns the Cup yacht building at Bristol, R. I.

Dr. E. M. Culver, New York, who now flies the Vice-Commodore flag of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., the most southerly yacht club in the United States, has just ordered a still larger yacht from the Cero designer and builder, Mr. Ralph M. Munroe, formerly of Staten Island, N. Y., now of Biscayne Bay, Fla. The new boat will be larger than the Cero, but like her in every other way.

"The steam yacht Lady Beatrice, formerly owned by Lord Rendell," says the Field, Feb. 23, "has been sold to an American yachtsman. She has been docked by Messrs. Hamilton & Co., Port Glasgow, and will have an overhaul."

The Southampton correspondent of the Field says: "Ailsa, yawl, has been dry docked by Fay & Co., and is now fitting out in the docks for her voyage across the Atlantic." Ailsa is the property of Mr. Henry S. Redmond, N. Y. Y. C.

The question of mildew in sails is at present agitating British yachtsmen to the full extent which this subject should have aroused among yachtsmen in this country. For some months the Yachtsman has given up its columns to discussions and suggestions of yachtsmen who have experimented with various compounds and patent preparations intended to overcome this destructive nuisance. The latest suggestion, said to have proved satisfactory, is composed and applied as follows: Dissolve 2lbs. acetate of lead and 6lbs. powdered alum in 10 or 12gals. of warm water. An old-fashioned washtub is sufficiently large to hold this amount of water and the immersed mainsail of a small yacht (say up to 5 tons). Do not, however, put the sail in until the water has cooled. Keep it there for two or three hours, frequently stirring the water. Afterward dry the sail in the open air. The wind will soon blow the superfluous powdery stuff off. The correspondent states that despite the fact that it is claimed that the preparation will discolor sail, his experience has been that the claim is groundless. The experience is based on a suit of sails that were treated three years ago, and are still white and free from the mildew and sound in texture.

If the cutter Iverna, owned by Mr. J. Jameson, is not put afloat this season, the Field, Feb. 23, says, "C.

Biffiin, who has been her mate for years, will go as second hand in Sir Thomas Lipton's Cup challenger Shamrock."

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5.
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.
25ft. shoal draft sloop, Feb. 2.
18-footer Broncho, Feb. 9.
25ft. cruising sloop, Feb. 16.
32-ft. fast cruiser, Feb. 23.
House-boat designs, March 2.
Schooner Endymion and yawl Ellida, March 9.
20ft. cruising yawl, March 16.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

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Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—IV.

BY F. R. WEBB.

WE slipped easily through the big break in the old Rippetoe Dam—now fast going to pieces, much to our satisfaction, for it was always a particularly mean dam to portage—and for the first time in our experience had to wade down the two or three hundred yards of swift rapids below it, with our canoes, lightened of our weight, drifting ahead of us at the length of their stern painters, and at about 5 o'clock in the evening we made a landing at our old camp ground under the rocky bluff at the big spring, half a mile below the dam, and never were canoeists more glad to reach camp than were we, for our unusually arduous day's cruise had about used us up. The first day out on a cruise is generally fatiguing; the unaccustomed exercise and the unusual exposure to the hot sun are very exhausting to even the most robust, and our day's cruise had been particularly fatiguing, owing to the unusual amount of hard work we had to do in order to cruise at all.

We all scrambled hastily ashore, dragging our canoes after us half up on the rocks, and, taking off the hatches, began removing their cargoes, which were piled —each man's camp duffle—near the spot he had selected for his canoe.

The now nearly empty canoes were easily carried up the bank by the four of us and placed in position on the beautiful, rocky shelf below the bluff for the night, after which the last remaining drops of water in them were carefully sponged out, the rubber sheets spread in them to keep all possible dampness from reaching the bedding, the mattresses drawn from their oiled canvas envelopes and placed in the canoes.

The Colonel, with his constitutional indisposition toward anything in the nature of superfluous exertion, also because it saved time—the Colonel is great on saving time; he is always the first man to have his canoe ready at night or packed in the morning—I say the Colonel had last year insisted that it was a work of supererogation to pull the matresses out of the bags, and that they slept just as well in the bags as out, but two or three nights' experience with the cold, rough, unsympathetic oiled canvas between his blankets and the soft hair mattress did more to convince him of the fallacy of his theory than all the logic at my command—the Colonel has frequent gleams of excellent sense—he can see a thing and learn a fact or two, as well as anybody—when he bumps his head against it real hard.

The beds of blankets were then made up on the mattress and the air pillows inflated and placed at the head, after which the tents were erected over the 8ft. open cockpits, and the fore and aft hatches replaced and folded back, leaving a little shelf some 12 or 14in. wide at each end of the tent, upon which to place things, and the camp was in order.

"Where will you have the camp stove, Commodore?" said Lacy, as he approached with the sheet iron box containing the culinary outfit of the expedition, which, in cruising, is assigned to his canoe.

"Right by the spring there," said I, as I approached with the mess chest which belonged to my canoe.

"Here's the mess table, too," said the Colonel, taking from the Mary Lou two thin pieces of poplar 4ft. long by 14in. wide, which in transit were carried flat on the floor of his canoe.

"Well, it will go alongside of the camp stove by the spring, also," I replied.

"You can't drive pins in this rock," objected the Colonel, as he laid the boards down in the place indicated.

"No; but you can pile up a few rocks and place the table on them," I replied.

The well-regulated canoeist generally tries to make a fairly early camp, and always makes it a point to first get his bedding fixed and tent up for the night, with things fixed snug and shipshape about his camp. His wet clothes are then removed and dry ones put on. If the evening is chilly and if he is particularly wet and fatigued, the dry clothes matter is attended to first and the tent and camp next, after which he sets about preparing supper.

Our camp being duly fixed, we proceeded to invest ourselves in warm, dry clothing, the which being done we set about our supper preparations in our usual systematic manner, each man having certain recognized duties to perform. George took the axe and at once climbed the bluff in search of firewood for the camp stove. Lacy proceeded to fill the expeditionary tin pails and tea kettle with water from the spring close by, and placed them close to my hand. The Colonel spread out the table and placed it securely at a convenient elevation on stones gathered and piled for the purpose by himself and Lacy, while I placed the camp stove in position and fitted the pipe to it, measured the proper quantity of water into the coffee pot and wetted up the spoonful of coffee for each man, with one for the pot, in a tin cup, ready to pour into the pot when the water should boil, prepared the ham, and George having by this time returned with an armful of wood, which he threw down alongside of the stove and then went back for a further supply with which to get breakfast, I started the fire in the camp stove with the assistance of a little coal oil judiciously applied, and put my coffee pot and tea kettle on to boil, while I went on with my preparations for a bountiful supper, assisted by the Colonel, who broke and beat the eggs and chopped up the cheese for an omelette, while I fried the ham, and in a short time, after a good, refreshing washing of our hands and faces and sousing of our heads in the river, we were seated on our camp stools around the board, doing justice to a royal supper, for we were very hungry as well as tired.

Supper over, George and Lacy—whose duty it is to "clean up"—took care of the supper utensils, while I put things to rights around the camp for the night. Returning the oiled canvas bread bag to my canoe and placing the mess chest, egg bucket and bags containing vegetables high up on the rocks, well out of reach of predatory pigs, with which we have had some experience at this camp, I lighted the lanterns, which were placed one at each end of the camp, after which our evening smoke was in order.

The evening was a beautiful one as viewed from our unusually beautiful camp. Seated upon our camp stools upon the solid rock floor with the river rippling placidly in front of us, its gentle murmur as it caressingly played around and over the big boulders of an old broken-down fish dam a short distance above, falling on our ears in a soothing lullaby, while the nearly full moon riding high overhead in a cloudless sky shed a soft, silvery radiance on all around, which was reflected in countless points of light from the ripples below and fell in curious and beautiful little patches of lights and shades on the rocks around us, and on our tented canoes, through the leafy boughs of the overhanging trees, which climbed in somber wall of dense shadow high up on the side of the steep bluff behind us. No sound broke the quiet of the night but the musical murmur of the water and the gentle rustle of the breeze.

We were tired out, however, and did not sit long to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the night. We quietly and without much conversation finished our smoke, and by half past eight were all snugly ensconced in our little cabins, and the only signs of life about the camp were the dim gleams of light from the lanterns, placed on the rocks at each end of the camp; the dull twinkle of the coals of dying fire through the door of the camp stove and the gentle sigh of the kettle on the stove.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., at the Astor House, New York city, on the evening of Saturday, March 23, 1901, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Ducks and Geese in Patagonia.

On either side of the long straggling settlement spreads the uninhabitated desert—uninhabitable, in fact, for it is waterless, with a sterile, gravelly soil that only produces a thorny vegetation of drawf trees. It serves, however, as a breeding place for myriads of winged creatures; and never a season passes but it sends down its hungry legions of one kind or another into the valley. During my stay pigeons, ducks, and geese were the greatest foes to the farmer. When the sowing season commenced the pigeons came in myriads to devour the grain, which is here sown broadcast. Shooting and poisoning them was practiced on some farms, while on others dogs were trained to hunt the birds from the ground; but notwithstanding all these measures half the seed committed to the earth was devoured. When the corn was fully ripe and ready to be harvested then came the brown duck in millions to feast on the grain. Early in winter the arrival of the migratory upland geese was dreaded. It is scarcely possible to keep them from the fields when the wheat is young or just beginning to sprout; and I have frequently seen flocks of these birds quietly feeding under the very shadow of the fluttering scarecrows set up to frighten them. They do even greater injury to the pasture lands, where they are often so numerous as to denude the earth of the tender young clover, thus depriving the sheep of their only food. On some estates mounted boys were kept scouring the plains and driving up the flocks with loud shouts, but their labors were quite profitless; fresh armies of geese on their way north were continually pouring in, making a vast camping ground of the valley, till scarcely a blade of grass remained for the perishing cattle.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

Near the south end of Lake Welokennebacook is a sort of sea wall, built many years ago to facilitate the operations of the lumber men. A Massachusetts lady who came down to the lakes on a fishing excursion went home and told her friends that one of the most curious things she saw was a wall in one of the lakes for the purpose of keeping the bullfrogs from jumping out and frightening the deer! Some wicked guide had imposed on the dear.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 21.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target and live-bird shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
March 25-26.—Tunkhannock, Pa.—Two days' amateur tournament of the Tunkhannock Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds. Spencer D. Reed, Sec'y.
April 1-2.—Houston, Tex.—Two days' tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company.
April 1:—Cleveland, O.—April shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club Company.
April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Seventh annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. J. M. Hawkins, Sec'y.
April 10.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for Dupont trophy at Dupont Park.
April 12-13.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's tournament. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.
April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
April 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Klein-Barmeister's third annual target tournament; $50 added each day.
April 24-25.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co.; $150 added money. H. W. Brown, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.
April 26-28.—Chicago.—Annual spring tournament of the Crescent Gun Club. John S. Boa, Mgr.
May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.
May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.
May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.
May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.
May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.
May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.
May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.
May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.
May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.
June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.
June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.
July 17-18.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.
July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.
May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.
June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.
July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Under date of March 13 Mr. Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, Mo., writes us as follows: "The Missouri State Game and Fish Preserve Association will hold its twenty-fourth annual tournament in St. Louis, on May 28, 29, 30, 31 and June 1." The following clipping is taken from the Globe-Democrat of even date: "The St. Louis Shooting Association held a meeting last night for the purpose of discussing the coming tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, which is to be held under the auspices of the former organization again this year. The most important business transacted at the meeting was the claiming of the dates from May 28 to June 21, inclusive, for the tournament. Outside of this, the plans for the tournament came in for a general overhauling. The Association will make an attempt this season to make the tournament more attractive to the purely amateur shooters than has been the case heretofore, and less attention will be paid to the professionals who represent the gun and ammunition companies. If this plan is carried out, the amateurs will get a chance and the number of shooters present should be larger than ever before. The principal events to be shot at the coming tournament are the Interstate, State and State team shoots, all three of these being under the auspices of the State Association. At least one other live-bird trophy shoot will be held during the week, and probably two. A full programme of target events will be provided. The added money in the events will total about $1,000. This will be the third successive year in which the State shoot has been held in St. Louis, and if the indications go for anything it should be the most successful of the lot. Another meeting will be held next Tuesday, at which a programme will be arranged."

Mr. J. L. Head, special passenger agent of the Wabash R. R., calls our attention to his purpose in respect to conducting a special party to the forthcoming Grand American Handicap. He says: "I have devoted considerable time for the past five or six months in endeavoring to secure for every shooter in the United States, regardless of his location or over what route he intends to travel, a reduced rate for the Grand American Handicap of 1901, but this is a thing which cannot be accomplished. However, if you contemplate going to New York, and will travel in my party, you will be able to save something from the regular rate, as we will have a party rate of $16.75 from Chicago to New York and vice versa. Our train, the Continental, Limited, by way of the Wabash Line, will leave Chicago at 11 A. M. Saturday, March 30, going by way of Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester and Utica, and will reach New York Sunday afternoon at 3:30 P. M. This train, in point of equipment, dining car service, etc., is unexcelled. I have been connected with the Wabash Railroad Company for a number of years, and have perhaps devoted as much time to shooting as any amateur shooter in this country since I have taken up the sport, and think I am in every way fitted to care for a party made up of America's representative sportsmen. It is true I am a member of the handicap committee, but this will in no wise interfere with my party, as I expect to return to Chicago in time to go with the train. While I am in New York on the 27th inst., I will be pleased to reserve any hotel accommodations you may direct me to secure for you, whether you travel via our line or not. If there is any further information or particulars in regard to this trip you desire, please address me at Room 310, Marquette Building, Chicago; or Peru, Ind."

The programme of the Binghamton Gun Club's amateur tournament, April 24 and 25, is ready for distribution. This tournament is given with the assistance of the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati and New York. There are ten events for each day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Extra events will be shot if time will permit. Added money, $1.50. The following information is also contained in the programme: "John Parker, manager. A handsome gold charm will be given for highest average for two days' target shoot. Any profit accruing from this tournament will be added to an extra event at close of the second day's programme for those who have shot the entire programme. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents apiece. Two sets of traps will be used—the magautrap and Sergeant system. All even events will be shot over the magautrap, and the odd events over the Sergeant system. Target purses will be divided Rose system—5, 3, 2 and 1 in the 15-bird races, 7, 5, 3, 2 and 1 in the 20 and 25-bird races. The referee's decision will be final, except in case of doubt, when he may appeal to contestants in squad. American Association rules in connection with magautrap rules will govern all target events. Manufacturers' agents barred from contesting for the purses, but can shoot for price of targets. Guns and ammunition shipped to H. W. Brown will be delivered to the grounds free of charge." The grounds are located at Exposition Park, only five minutes from hotels. For programme or information, address H. W. Brown, Binghamton, N. Y., or The Peters Cartridge Company, 80 Chambers street, New York.

The Cleveland Gun Club Company has issued its programme for its shoot on April 1, to be held on its grounds on Kershaw street. This shoot is the first of the kind it has ever given and it will strive to make the event specially agreeable to all. Every one is invited; no one is barred. There are four events. Nos. 1 and 2 are at 40 targets, 75 cents entrance, ten merchandise prizes. No. 3 is at 40 targets, 75 cents entrance, ten prizes. Prizes and conditions remain secret, but the competitors are advised to shoot the best they can. No. 4 is at 40 targets, 75 cents entrance, ten prizes for handicap point winners. There are four general average prizes. The programme presents further information as follows: "Any kind of a gun may be used. Lunch for sale in the club house. Targets will be thrown dead easy. Any kind of powder may be used. Any amount of powder may be used. Ammunition for sale on the grounds. Any amount and size of shot may be used. No one shooter can win more than one prize in any one event. You may enter any time during the day if you have the price. Shooting will commence at 9 A. M., and will continue until programme is complete. You may stand at any distance you please, provided it is considered safe by the captain. You may figure average any way you please, provided you break one or more targets in any event. Any man making a perfect score will be fined a suitable amount to fit the crime." For programme, address Mr. J. L. Decker.

The recent contests at Interstate Park, technically known as the Roof Garden tournament, accentuate what has been repeatedly demonstrated before, namely, that the 16yd. mark is too near the traps for the modern ammunition, modern guns and modern shooters. Scores of 100, 99, 98, etc., out of a possible 100 were so common that anything less was looked upon with indifference. But long habit governs most of us in our thought and action. It is difficult to make new departures from the established order of things, which has always been an explanation of why progress is made slowly. It is likely that shooting will continue at the 16yd. mark for a long time to come, if for no other reason than that somebody's daddy stood at that mark, and thereby made it the standard for all time.

On March 13 Mr. W. R. Crosby, in the continuous match, made the sensational run of 345 breaks, thus surpassing all prior records of the shotgun. His nearest competitior was Mr. J. S. Fanning, who on March 15 scored 225, an excellent performance in itself. The feat of either is a great test of skill as well as endurance, for few men could handle a gun accurately after using the left arm so continuously even if they had the skill. Mr. Crosby's record in all probability will stand many a year before it is equaled. The longest previous continuous run, 175, was made last year by Mr. Fanning, on the roof of Madison Square Garden, on the thirteenth day of the Roof Garden tournament.

The New York State shoot will be held in connection with the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo. The present purpose is to hold it with the tournament to be held under the auspices of the Exposition. The committee in charge of the sporting interests has guaranteed $2,000 in cash to be applied as added money. This, in addition to other valuable prizes, will be of keen interest to shooters. Under the advantages which will accrue to the Association by the change President W. A. Sykes, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, will submit a proposition to the other members, which will authorize him to make the change.

The Tunkhannock Rod and Gun Club, of Tunkhannock, Pa., has issued the programme for its tournament on March 25 and 26. There are ten events each day, of which nine are at targets and one at live birds. Each live bird event is at 5 birds, $5, birds extra. The target events are at 10, 15 and 20, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Bluerocks at 1½ cents each. Purses divided 50, 30 and 20. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets. Gun and ammunition shipped to the manager, Mr. Spencer D. Reed, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., desires that its friends will endeavor to be present at its tournament April 12 and 13, as it has made special arrangements to give its patrons an enjoyable time. There will be no delays in the programme. A good lunch and comfortable quarters will be provided, and good fellowship will dominate. Programmes will be ready for distribution on March 25, and can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. J. J. Fleming, 21 Waverly avenue, Newark, N. J.

The interesting letter of Mr. Paul North, which treats of the International trapshooting team match, and which is published elsewhere in our trap columns, is worthy of earnest consideration. The preliminaries have been arranged to the stage where it is a matter now of ways and means. If each shooter and each gun club contributes his and its mite, there will be no delay. Do not wait to see what the other fellow does; set the example for the other fellow by deeds.

Keep in mind that Saturday of this week is the day on which the Grand American Handicap entries close. Send in your $10 forfeit to the secretary, Mr. Edward Banks, 318 Broadway, New York, if you intend to participate in America's greatest trapshooting event. Penalty entries may be made after March 23 and before the last contestant fires at his second bird by the payment of $10 extra, a total of $35.

Mr. C. C. Nauman, Jr., of San Francisco, Cal., who has shot in previous Grand American Handicaps with all the grace of a drum major, and with much more accuracy, and Mr. Tod Sloan, who knows something about horse ballistics, will wend their way hitherward from San Francisco in a few days to participate in the greatest of America's scientific expositions, the Grand American Handicap.

On Wednesday of last week, at Philadelphia, James Cowan defeated J. W. Orth in a match at 50 live birds by a score of 43 to 37. Orth stood at 25yds., Cowan at 28. Orth shot at pigeons, Cowan at sparrows. Orth was not in his u. g. f. On the 11th inst. he defeated C. Johnson in two 50-live-bird matches, winning the first by a score of 44 to 39, and the second by a score of 46 to 40.

The amateur championship of North America, originally fixed to be held under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Interstate Park on March 30, has been postponed to some date after the Grand American Handicap. The conditions are 25 live birds, 28yds.; entrance, price of birds; open to all except paid professionals, for a valuable trophy, which is donated by the N. U. G. C.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner took flight to Pittsburg on Monday of this week to take a much-needed rest after two weeks and more of strenuous work managing the Roof Garden tournament. He will return on Monday of next week to prepare the way for the Grand American Handicap, which, under his thorough organization, is as pleasing and consecutive as a panorama of beautiful pictures.

The Trenton Shooting Association shot a team race with the White Hill Gun Club, March 13, on the grounds of the former. There were six men on a side, 25 targets per man. Score, 102 to 76 in favor of the Trenton team. A return match will be shot March 23, on the White Hill Gun Club's grounds.

On Monday of this week at Interstate Park, L. I., a match, which has been pending several weeks, between Messrs. T. W. Morfey and C. W. Feigenspan, Jr., of Newark, was shot. The conditions were 100 live birds each, $100 a side, 30yds. The scores were Feigenspan 95, Morfey 90.

Under date of March 16 Mr. L. H. Schortemeier informs us that the annual inanimate merchandise handicap and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club will take place July 30 at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, instead of July 23, the Interstate Association having fixed upon the latter date also.

The fifteen-men team race between the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club and the Riverton Gun Club, fixed to take place on March 22, has been postponed for a few days.

The Ambler and Lansdale gun clubs shot a ten-men team race at Ambler, Pa., on March 13, 25 targets per man. Lansdale won by a score of 169 to 156.

In an event at 17 live birds, eight contestants, at Fort Worth, recently, Captain A. W. du Bray killed straight, his nearest competitor being two less.

The programme of the Baltimore Shooting Association's tournament is published in full elsewhere in our trap columns this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., March 12.—The final shoot for the Dorp prizes took place to-day at the shoot of the Florists' Gun Club. The first prize was won by E. A. Massey; second by J. Burton. The weather was pleasant, though windy. The scores:

	Known.	Unknown.	Hdcp.	Total.
Westcott	21	18	20	59
Massey	20	20	15	55
Whitaker	16	20	19	55
Anderson	22	22	8	52
McKaraher	18	16	18	52
Umholtz	13	16	20	49
Haywood	21	16	12	49
Sheeler	16	13	19	48
Coleman	19	20	8	47
Pechin	13	14	20	47
Hallowell	20	22	4	46
Parsons	19	16	10	45
Dorp	14	16	13	43
Bell	12	16	14	42
Brown	14	8	20	42
Moffett	20	22	..	42
Burton	16	14	9	39
Campbell	14	17	..	31
Hause	7	3	20	30
Reichman	12	8	..	20
Eisenlohr	23	21	9	53

The points scored in the series of shoots for the Dorp prizes: Massey 8, Burton 7, McKaraher 6, Westcott 6, Dorp 5, Anderson 5, Sheeler 4, Coleman 3, Parsons 3, Barrett 3, Whitaker 3, Smith 3, Eisenlohr 3, Haywood 2, Umholtz 2, Clark 1.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., March 16.—Good weather and good sport were enjoyed by the members of the New Utrecht Gun Club who participated in the competition to-day.

Sweepstakes, 7 birds: Jack 7, Lockwood 7, Weightman 7, Feigenspan 6, Edey 6, Henry 5, Reynolds 3, Hallowell 3.

Trophy event, 7 birds: Feigenspan 7, Weightman 7, Hallowell 7, Waters 7, Jack 6, Lockwood 6, Edey 6, Henry 6, Reynolds 5, Jack 5, Hamilton 4. The ties in this event were shot off miss-and-out as a part of the following event.

Club shoot, 10 live birds: W. S. Edey 10, M. R. Weightman 10, John J. Hallowell 10, Ben Waters 10, Cornelius Furgueson 10, John Gaughen 10, J. P. Kay 10, C. W. Feigenspan 9, H. M. Brigham 9, F. B. Stephenson 9, W. T. Hamilton 9, Captain Jack 8. The tie was then shot off between Hallowell and Waters, miss-and-out, the latter winning.

Sweepstakes, 7 live birds: Furgueson 7, Brigham 7, Jack 7, Gaughen 7, Stephenson 7, Brooks 7, Hallowell 7, Reynolds 7, Kay 6, Henry 5.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Furgueson 6, Gaughen 5, Jack 2, Hallowell 2, Reynolds 1, Brigham 1, Brooks 0.

Sweepstake, 10 birds, $5 entrance: J. A. R. Elliott, 30yds., 10; S. M. Van Allen, 30yds., 10; F. Gilbert, 30yds., 10; J. S. Fanning, 30yds., 10; E. C. Griffith, 30yds., 10; F. Parmelee, 30yds., 10; B. Le Roy, 28yds., 10; A. H. Fox, 30yds., 9, E. Banks, 29yds., 9; B. H. Norton, 29yds., 9; Ralph Parker, 28yds., 8; A. E. Hull, 28yds., 7, withdrew; Watson, 29yds., 6, withdrew; Root, 29yds., 6, withdrew.

Sweepstake, 7 birds, $2 entrance: Norton 7, Griffith 7, Banks 7, Fox 6, Root 5.

Sweepstake, 10 birds, $5 entrance: Van Allen 10, Morfey 10, Crosby 9, Fanning 9, Hopkins 9, Gilbert 8, Parker 8, Wood 6, Watson 5.

Sweepstake, miss-and-out: Morfey 7, Van Allen 7, Parker 6.

Richmond Pigeon Club.

RICHMOND, Va., March 15.—The Richmond Pigeon Club held their monthly handicap shoot at the baseball park on Wednesday, March 13. There was a very fair attendance, and a goodly show of spectators. The weather was fine, but a little warm for some of the birds. The majority of them, however, were very good ones.

Before the club shoot the tie for the city championship medal between Messrs. W. A. Hammond and Franklin Stearns was decided. This was held over from the previous week. Mr. Hammond has been the holder for several years, but Mr. Stearns on this occasion proved the victor by a score of 23 to 22:

Hammond vs. Stearns for city championship medal:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

	4	1	2	5	3	2	5	4	1	1	5	3	4	5	4	5	3	2	2	1	1	4	1	1	2
Hammond	0	2	*	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2—22
	3	5	3	3	1	4	2	1	4	4	4	5	4	2	2	5	2	3	1	1	5	4	5	3	5
Stearns	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	*	2	2	2	2	2	2—28

In the club handicap the shooting was very good as a rule, and the light was fast failing ere the last bird was trapped.

Club shoot, handicap, 20 pigeons per man:

Hammond, 30	22022222202222222222—18
Colquitt, 30	0221222*222222111212—18
Harrison, 28	11002121012112110222—16
Deep Run, 28	*2222220022220202201—14
Tignor, 28	2*012121002222222101—15
Powhatan (a), 28	22002222002*0*02122—12
Powhatan (b), 28	*2221222222222100202—16
Forest Hill, 29	12200222202222222*02—15
Stearns, 30	22222222222022222222—19
Fairfield, 28	22121111211000222102—16
Johnson, 28	22111122*222202002*2—15
W Green, 29	02221002012211002202—13

R. F. BANKS.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, March 16.—The regular weekly shoot of the Keystone Shooting League had fine weather and good birds to favor the competition. Mr. F. B. McCoy distinguished himself by some exceptionally skillful shooting. His first effort was a match for $25 against specially trained birds, of which he had to kill 12 out of 15 to win. He scored 13 out of 15. The main events, scores, etc., were as follows:

Challenge cup shoot, 10 birds, 29yds. rise, open sweepstake, entrance $2.50:

Henry	*111212111— 9	Morris	2101221002— 7
Anderson	2*22022022— 7	Schenck	0012021202— 6
Hobbs	0202022220— 6	Russell	012120202*— 6
Harrison	1101010*01— 5	Orth	1212021222— 9
Budd	100*222222— 7	Van Loon	1021202200— 6
Sanford	2222222222—10	Fitzgerald	102221*110— 7
Darby	2202222022— 8	Geikler	2222020022— 7
McCoy	2222222222—10		

Club handicap, 10 birds, handicap rise, open sweepstake, $2.50 entrance:

Morris	1020100102— 5	Henry	1*22111121— 9
Schenck	2201002220— 6	Hobbs	0022002222— 6
Russell	2222012010— 7	Harrison	00122111*0— 6
Orth	0202222220— 7	Budd	2202222110— 8
Van Loon	2110221111— 9	Sanford	0022*2220*— 5
Fitzgerald	1221110022— 8	Darby	0222212222— 9
Geikler	2222002222— 8	McCoy	2222200222— 8
Anderson	*022221222— 8	Leedom	2202221012— 8

Fort Worth Gun Club.

FORT WORTH, Tex., March 9.—The Fort Worth Gun Club had a shoot on the North Side grounds to-day. Among the guests of the club who participated in the shoot were Messrs. Du Bray, of New York, and Dargan, of Dallas. There were several interesting events, the results being as follows:

First event, 17 live birds:

V C	122012122111022222—15
Du Bray	22222222222222222—17
Starling	01102012102222222—13
Howe	101*2211110*022 —10
McDowell	22*11221000122222—13
Packsaddle	22202201021100122—13
Bicknell	22022222201 2*2012—13
Moore	20111*111211**121—13

Second event, 17 live birds:

Bicknell	22022222201 2*2012—13
Moore	20111*111211**121—13

Bluerock shoot, 20 targets: V. C. 17, Starling 11, Moore 11, McDowell 11.

The International Trapshooting Match.

CLEVELAND, O., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received word from the committee handling the London end of the team match that they will not be able to make the match for $5,000 a side, but can make it at $2,500, and we are willing to accept the match for the smaller sum in order to have a chance to compare our shooters with theirs. They also write that the pigeon shooters are all very anxious to have the American team come over, and will arrange some individual and team matches at live English bluerocks.

Every shooter in America is anxious to know how our best shots will compare with the best in England on the famous English bluerock pigeons, and while I did not have much opportunity to see live pigeon shooting while in England, I saw enough of their pigeons and of their best shots to feel that our best shots can render the best possible account of themselves in a match at anything that flies.

The shooting of live pigeons as well as targets on this trip will make it all the more interesting, and all that now remains is to finance the American team as far as expenses are concerned. There is no doubt but that the shooting public will come to the rescue and make the popular subscription now being made up fully large enough to cover the expenses of the team.

PAUL NORTH.

The Roof Garden Tournament.

WHILE the change to Interstate Park from Madison Square Garden stripped the title of its significance as a shoot on the roof of Madison Square Garden, it nevertheless is its correct technical designation. On the fifth day, March 7, at 11:15, the shooting on the roof was stopped, and resumed at Interstate Park the next day, March 8.

The competition was under the management of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the efficient manager of the Interstate Association, and it is hardly necessary to add that it was conducted with the ease and smoothness which are characteristic of his management. The staff of assistants were pre-eminently skilful and efficient. Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, was cashier, and managed his office with perfect efficiency. Mr. F. C. Snyder made a most painstaking and efficient referee, and Mr. J. H. W. Fleming kept his eye and mind on the scoring, and therefore was accurate and trustworthy. The other members of the staff were: Blackboard man, John Wright, of Pittsburg; trap puller, Harry A. Kerr; trappers, Frank Keating and Max Dugas; shell man, Alphonse La Vigne. Mr. Wright's writing was as clear and regular as print, and therefore easily read. In fact, as Mr. Shaner remarked, the staff was excellent in every respect.

The following is a list of the shooters who qualified for the finals: Fred Gilbert 100, F. S. Parmelee 100, Edward Banks 99, W. R. Crosby 99, J. S. Fanning 99, E. C. Griffith 98, R. O. Heikes 98, H. C. Watson 98, H. M. Martin 97, J. A. R. Elliott 96, A. H. Fox 96, B. Le Roy 96, H. S. Welles 96, J. R. Hull 94, J. H. Cornwall 94, P. Brinton 92, C. Dudley 92, J. J. Hallowell 92, L. B. Smull 92, H. W. Bain 88, F. W. Getchell 88, J. R. Malone 88, C. Von Lengerke 88, S. M. Van Allen 86, F. B. Stephenson 84.

The following is a list of the loads, guns, etc, taken by the management and used by the competitors who shot in the final:

Guns and Loads.

Gilbert, Parker, 38 Dupont, 1¼ 7½, Leader.
Heikes, Parker, 3¼ E. C, 1¼ 7½, Smokeless.
Fox, Winchester, 3 Dupont, 1¼ 7½, Leader.
Crosby, Smith, 12 E. C, 1¼ 7½, Leader.
Fanning, Smith, 10 L. & K., 1¼ 7½, Acme and Leader.
Parmelee, Parker, 39 S. G. K., 1¼ 7½, Acme.
Elliott, Winchester, 10 Hazard, 1¼ 7½, Leader.
Griffith, Parker, 10 L. & K., 1¼ 7½, Leader.
Banks, Winchester, 3 E. C No. 2, 1⅛ 7½, Smokeless.
Martin, Daly, 12 Troisdorf, 1¼ 7½, Leader.
Le Roy, Remington, 3 Dupont, 1¼ 7½, Smokeless.
Watson, Scott, 3¼ Dupont, 1¼ 7½, Smokeless.
F. H. Brinton, Parker, 3¼ Schultze, 1¼ 7½, Smokeless.
C. Dudley, Parker, Rifle, 1¼ 7½, Leader.
J. J. Hallowell, Smith E. C, L. & K. and Dupont, 1¼ 7½, Smokeless and Acme.
F. B. Stephenson, Daly, 3¼ Dupont, 1¼ 7½, Smokeless.
H. S. Welles, Winchester, 24 Ballistite, 1⅛ 7½, Leader and Acme.
J. Hull, Parker.

The general averages, date and scores, out of a possible 1,100 of the Continuous match follow:

March:	4	5	6	8	9	11	12	13	14	15	16	
F S Parmelee	87	83	82	90	91	91	91	100	98	94	93	—1000
F Gilbert	92	94	93	93	97	100	88	100	100	98	98	—1053
W R Crosby	94	86	91	91	99	98	92	96	99	99	96	—1041
R O Heikes	92	88	91	91	97	93	88	98	96	93	90	—1017
J S Fanning	96	81	77	93	99	94	90	98	98	96	97	—1019
B Le Roy	89	83	88	89	95	90	86	96	96	93	92	— 997

March 12, Ninth Day.

Continuous Match.—The weather was windy, the wind being about 12 o'clock. In this match no large runs were made:

Gilbert	87	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fanning	1	9	3	9	1	1	3
Crosby	3	63	19	1	..	..	..
Heikes	1	4	5	..	..	..	..
Parmelee	7	3	2	18	19	16	11
Le Roy	1	42	..	..	..	..	..
Banks	1	7	3	10	..	..	..
Griffith	7	1	2	1	..	..	..
Watson	2	8	6	..	..	..	..

Association championship:

Parmelee	23	25	21	22	—91	J Delaney	15	23	22	16	—76
Crosby	22	23	24	23	—92	Slade	17	15	16	13	—61
Gilbert	21	23	20	24	—88	*Fox	22	21	20	21	—84
Heikes	22	24	19	23	—88	*Heikes	25	23	24	23	—95
Fanning	23	23	22	22	—90	*Gilbert	24	24	25	24	—97
Watson	20	20	21	22	—83	*Crosby	22	25	24	25	—96
Griffith	23	22	21	23	—89	*Fanning	22	25	23	25	—95
Banks	20	22	24	23	—89	*Watson	21	23	22	23	—89
Le Roy	22	20	21	23	—86	*Griffith	23	21	24	22	—87
Fox	24	23	20	20	—87	*Banks	23	21	21	22	—87
G G Stephenson	20	18	19	18	—75	*Le Roy	21	23	23	24	—91
F B Stephenson	19	22	23	20	—84						

*Re-entries.

March 13, Tenth Day.

The day was calm and perfect for good scores. The sensation of the day was Crosby's run of 345:

Continuous match:

Crosby	53	76	345	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fox	2	2	4	2	1	50	0	1	11
Parmelee	12	6	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	1	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heikes	40	44	2	68	12	..	..	..	..
Gilbert	30	158	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fanning	99	1	92	52	..	..	..	..	..
Watson	3	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffith	35	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Le Roy	16	41	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Association Championship.—Parmelee and Gilbert made the possible to-day, thus doing perfect shooting:

Parmelee	25	25	25	25	—100	Martin	23	22	24	25	— 94
Crosby	23	25	24	24	— 96	Bain	23	20	22	23	— 88
Gilbert	25	25	25	25	—100	Brinton	24	23	23	22	— 92
Heikes	24	25	24	25	— 98	*Martin	24	25	23	23	— 95
Fanning	25	24	25	24	— 98	T W Morfey	17	21	w		
Watson	24	24	25	23	— 96	*Martin	25	23	24	22	— 94
Hull	21	24	22	20	— 87	*Fox	25	25	23	23	— 96
Griffith	23	23	25	19	— 90	L B Smull	22	24	23	23	— 92
Le Roy	23	23	25	25	— 96	J H Carey	16	20	19	23	— 78
Fox	23	25	24	21	— 93						

*Re-entries.

March 14, Eleventh Day.

Continuous Match.—Fox was high man with a run of 125. The weather was calm, with bright sunshine:

Heikes	36	7	82	107	..	..	..
Fox	8	5	6	43	5	7	125
Parmelee	4	36	3	28	60	..	..
Fanning	24	53	4	52	102	..	..
Crosby	98	1	..	..	..	..	..
Gilbert	108	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffith	32	58	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	0	2	..	..	..	..	..
Le Roy	0	20	..	..	..	..	..
Hallowell	0	..	..	..	..	..	..

Association Championship.—Gilbert again scored the possible, while Crosby and Banks were but 1 less, 99:

Parmelee	25	25	25	23	— 98	Everett	17	18	17	17	— 69
Crosby	25	25	24	25	— 99	Keller, Jr.	18	16	17	22	— 73
Gilbert	25	25	25	25	—100	Wanda	21	18	15	19	— 73
Heikes	24	23	25	24	— 96	H S Welles	25	24	24	23	— 96
Fanning	25	24	24	25	— 98	H W Blair	21	20	20	23	— 84
Watson	23	25	25	25	— 98	F W Getchel	23	22	23	20	— 88
Banks	25	25	24	25	— 99	Martin	23	24	25	25	— 97
Griffith	25	25	23	25	— 98	B Waters	18	21	22	20	— 81
Le Roy	24	24	25	23	— 96	*Banks	24	24	24	24	— 96
Fox	24	25	24	22	— 95	*Hallowell	22	23	21	22	— 88
Hallowell	23	24	22	23	— 92	*Dorp	20	21	19	20	— 80
V V Dorp	13	14	18	19	— 64	*Sheeler	21	18	21	21	— 81
J G McKaraher	21	20	22	19	— 82	*McKaraher	23	23	21	16	— 83
Sheeler	17	19	23	20	— 79						

*Re-entries.

March 15, Twelfth Day.

Continuous Match.—Fanning made the extraordinary run of 225. The weather was cold and raw, with spits of snow:

Fanning	25	225	..	..	..	Elliott	40	2	46	..	..
Gilbert	107	..	..	..	..	Parmelee	12	14	6	5	..
Heikes	51	6	39	82	..	Le Roy	87	..	..	..	..
Crosby	37	66	2	..	..	Griffith	19	28	..	..	..
Fox	16	27	24	8	70						

Association Championship.—Crosby was high for the day with 99:

Parmelee	24	24	21	25	—94	Brinton	19	23	21	22	—85
Crosby	24	25	25	25	—99	G G Stephenson	23	20	22	16	—81
Gilbert	24	24	25	25	—98	J H Carey	20	21	18	20	—79
Heikes	24	22	24	23	—93	J H Cornell	23	23	20	23	—89
Fanning	23	25	24	24	—96	L B Smull	20	23	22	25	—99
Watson	22	22	21	23	—88	*Fox	21	22	23	w	
Elliott	23	25	24	24	—96	Hendrickson	20	10	18	16	—64
Griffith	24	22	22	25	—93	*G G Stephenson	14	22	22	24	—82
Le Roy	24	23	22	24	—93	*Smull	23	22	23	24	—92
Fox	18	w				*Carey	19	23	21	21	—84
*Fox	19	23	w			*Cornwall	24	22	23	25	—94
Root	15	20	21	15	—71						

*Re-entries.

March 16, Thirteenth Day.

There was a large crowd present to witness the finals in the Association championship, and there was exceeding close competition up to the last, as the appended scores will show. Gilbert drew ahead at the finish and won. The scores:

Parmelee	22	24	24	23	—93	Fox	23	21	25	22	—91
Crosby	24	23	25	24	—96	Elliott	21	23	24	22	—90
Gilbert	25	24	25	24	—98	Martin	22	19	19	17	—77
Heikes	21	24	23	22	—90	F B Stephenson	20	19	21	18	—78
Fanning	25	24	24	24	—97	H S Welles	21	17	18	w	
Watson	17	23	16	w		P Brinton	22	16	18	19	—75
Griffith	21	21	24	24	—90	Hallowell	20	21	22	22	—85
Banks	23	24	23	22	—92	Hull	17	20	24	18	—79
Le Roy	23	22	24	23	—92	Dudley	20	20	19	17	—76

The Cleveland Gun Club Co.

CLEVELAND, O., March 7.—Some of our members who go East to find hot company will find it warm enough to take care of the boys in their own town. Mr. Ralph Worthington, a man of 59 years of age, who always shoots under the name of Red Wing, is the best pigeon and target shot in Cleveland. Any one thinking to the contrary can prove same by competing against Red Wing in the regular club shoot where he can always be found. We will bet that nobody will find time to beat Red Wing, if you listen to their tale of woe. He is a little man. He is an old man, but he can give you all cards and spades. He is the daddy of them all in this city. You can't beat him nohow.

Red Wing won first prize. Hopkins won second prize.

Steele, 31	0220000222222—10	Red Wing, 31	1111222222122211—15
Johns, 30	1221101212222012—13	Drake, 28	2022100102101101— 9
Latham, 30	2212022221221120—12	Johns, 30	1222122021202222—13
Hopkins, 27	1002120221121102—13	Hopkins, 27	1222020222202222—14
North, 29	1121001211202212—12	Dale, 31	22022— 4
Franklin, 28	1221110001100020— 9	Red Wing, 31	11222— 5
Dale, 31	2222222222222212—15		

Hopkins allowed 2. Drake allowed 1.

March 14.—Regular semi-monthly club shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club Company resulted as follows:

Brown	0000111110110110000011001111110101100010—21
Franklin	1111101110111100111101111011111001101111—31
Winters	1011000111000001010010010101111000110111—20
Red Wing	1101111111111111011111110101011111111111—35
Klint	0001000000110001001000000000001000010011— 9
*Hopkins	1111111011111100111011101111011111101111—33
Tom	1011100101010000101100010101110011111011—22
J I C	1101111000110111111110111100111101001111—29
Long	1101111011100011100001101011011001011111—25
Dale	1111010111111111111111011010111100111111—33
Hogen	0110011111111010001111110101011100111100—26
Mist	1101110011101110011010011011011000101111—25
Black	1001001111100011100101000010100001110111—20
*W Tamblyn	1111111111111111111111011011111111011111—35
*Smith	1111111111111111111111111111101111111111—39

*Indicates point winners.

The weather was not pleasant, and the targets were thrown very hard, but our friend smith put up a score of 39 out of a possible 40, and the one he missed was dusted very hard.

SECRETARY.

Trap at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 11.—Dupont Park medal shoot, March 10, 24 entries; weather disagreeable, rain and snow and high wind blowing from traps. W. D. Kenyon, who won at the last shoot, was again victor, killing 9 in the shoot-off.

White Rock, 27	2222022*20— 7	C C Crossman, 28	.20*2022012— 6
C Turner, 28	2210*01010— 5	Chas Bugh, 30	2011211120— 8
Jess Lee, 28	0211212020— 7	Dute Cabanne, 29	.2222*21222— 9
A E Koch, 28	1211120020— 7	J M Selzer, 29	0*02112212— 7
F E Arvis, 28	222222**22— 8	W Baggerman, 29	.22*2*01121— 7
J W Bowman, 28	2222222202— 9	Fred Fink, 28	0111121221— 9
Dr Gaines, 31	2**22*2120— 6	W E Barker, 27	12*0021011— 6
W E Nason, 29	22010*0202— 5	Johnson, 28	0122220122— 8
W D Kenyon, 28	2111011122— 9	John Cabanne, 30	.*122212222— 9
Chas Spencer, 31	2022202222— 8	P O Pfiel, 28	001*102*00— 3
Joe Walker, 28	1111100211— 8	Frank White, 28	.22*202*120— 6
Paul Davis, 27	012*112222— 8		

Match for Mermod medal, March 10: Bowman, challenger, stood 28 yards; Bugh at 31.

Bugh	2202212221221*22102122121—35
Bowman	2222222*02222201002120012—18

Team race, 10 birds, gun below elbow; 28 yards rise. Jute M. Selzer, who was not on either team shot with them, under same conditions, and killed 10 straight.

Dute Cabanne	2002220222— 7	Dr Gaines	2012222110— 8
Joe Walker	1122221121—10—17	John Cabanne	.*022220112— 7—15

Team race, March 3, for price of birds. The Cabanne family won.

John Cabanne	202222202*220022220211110—18
Dute Cabanne	22112122111122*121*220212—22—40
Dr Smith	122222220222*022220022202—19
Dr Gaines	12222 0*022020.0102222222—17—36

Ten-bird sweep, $5 entrance, March 3, high man take all.

John Cabanne	12021*01**— 5	Dute Cabanne	22211222*2— 9
Dr Smith	22222020*0— 6	Dair Elliott	1111111112—10
Dr Gaines	2220211222— 9		

Ten birds, practice, March 3.

Joe Walker	1111121102— 9	Nason	22122210*2— 8
Orvis	11121**1*2— 7	Barker	1222020201— 7
Bowman	2222220202— 8	Davis	0021100*01— 4
Leggett	2212*2*202— 7	Pfiel	1002012212— 7
Hamilton	0121222220— 8		

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 11.—The Aquidneck Gun Club held its initial shoot at its new club house in Middletown yesterday afternoon. A cold rain and fog did not deter ten members from coming out to try their hands, or, rather, their guns, showing that we make up in enthusiasm what we lack in experience. No regular programme of events was shot, simply a practice shoot at 50 targets. The scores:

Clarke	1100101000101001110011000010001010111000010000111—21
W Champion	0011010300000000000003010010311011001100000100000—12
G Champion	0011010000011101103010001000100000100011011101100—20
Plumer	110101001111100w — 9
Dring	1101101011011110011111100101101111000000000101111—30
Griffen	0000010110100100110111111101101110010010101011111—28
Coggeshall	1100011100110010010001111001010010110000000011000—20
Hughes	0010000011001011030110100010100011110001001010000l—19
Gosling	1100011001110001010111101011100000111100000000l011—24
Lawton	0010000000w

J. S. COGGESHALL 2D.

Ossining Gun Club.

SING SING, March 16.—The following scores were made at the Ossining Gun Club's regular club shoot to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p	5
S Macbeth	1	3	4	3	5	3	2	5	..
A Bedell	6	7	5	..	..	..	..	4	..
George	2	4	3	..	..	..	..	3	2
W Fisher	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
C Blandford	5	7	7	8	7	8	7	5	5
E Garnsey	7	8	6	5	5	8	..	6	..
I Washburn	6	8	6	6	..	9	..	w	2
Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. Club.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Forester Gun Club.

March 9.—Regular monthly shoot at bluerocks was held to-day. Drizzling rain and a heavy fog; small attendance; 10-bird events; sweeps could hardly see the targets, as in the edge of the meadows the fog is like a veil. The club has arranged to give every one a good time April 12 and 13, with a warm club house; no delay in shooting and a good lunch at noon. Programmes can be had by March 25 by addressing J. J. Fleming, secretary, 21 Waverly avenue, Newark, N. J.

D. Fleming	8	8	8	7	6	4	7	8	7	8
Jamson	5	6	4	6	5	2	7	8	9	3
Krohel	..	5	7	6	7	8	4	7	6	5
J J Fleming	..	..	8	7	9	7	9	7	..	..
A Smith	..	..	..	7	5	5	8	..	..	..
Disbrow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	6	7
Ayres	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	5	..	..

Match between A. Smith and J. J. Fleming; conditions, 50 bluerock targets; interstate rules for $10 a side, losing man to pay expenses:

A Smith	11111011100100111111101110—18
	10110111111101011101101110—18—36
J J Fleming	11111111111011011011111011—21
	11100111111010111111110101—19—40

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., March 13.—The attendance to-day was good, in spite of the threatening weather. The morning broke in dull fashion, but about 9 o'clock the sun came out in glorious splendor and the indications promised fine weather; but before noon Old Sol hid his face behind a bank of clouds and refused to smile for the rest of the day. Besides the regular badge shoot the programme provided two merchandise sweeps with turkeys as the prizes, and also a team race with members of the White Hill Gun Club. Six men on a side, 25 targets per man. The visiting team made a plucky effort, but circumstances were against them, and they went down with the score of 76 to T. S. A.'s 102. A return match will be shot on the White Hill grounds March 23. C. Jaques distinguished himself by winning both turkeys and the gold badge in the medal shoot. Billie Widmann dropped in without bringing his gun and tried the experiment of making scores with a borrowed gun. After it was all over Billie said either the guns that he tried were no good or else his eyesight played him tricks. He got satisfaction, however, in locking the door on the crowd inside the house and regaling them with the tale of how he won the piano at Freehold with 100 straight:

Turkey shoot:

Jaques	1111101111101110—12	J Thropp	1111101101011101—11
Thomas	1001110111000000— 7	Cochran	0000000001000001— 2
Cole	1010111111001111—11	Cockerell	1101001110111100— 9
Harding	0100101000110100— 6	G Sinclair	0001001011000010— 5
Mickel	1011111111100110—11	Widmann	0111000011100000— 6
P Thropp	1000101101001000— 5	Platt	1000000011000000— 3
F Thropp	0010001110001000— 5	Gaskill	0000000000000011— 2
Maddock	1110000011011011— 8	Barwis	0101000111100001— 7
H Sinclair	1000110110011111— 9		

Those breaking 10 shot in the gold badge class, and those breaking less than 10 in the silver class.

Gold badge squad:

Cole	1100011111110001— 9	Jaques	1111011111111101—13
Mickel	1111010011101110—10	J Thropp	0101011111111001—10

Silver badge squad:

Thomas	1101111000111111—11	H Sinclair	1011011110010 1—10
Harding	0001111110101111—10	G Sinclair	0101000000010111— 5
P Thropp	0110001100000010— 5	Barwis	0011000100100001— 5
F Thropp	1110010111111011—11	Widmann	1011000111101111—10
Maddock	1010100001100001— 6		

Tie for silver badge shot miss-and-out: F. Thropp 1, Thomas 0.

Team race, Trenton Shooting Association vs. White Hill Gun Club:

Return race to be shot on the White Hill Gun Club grounds March 23.

White Hill Team.

Platt	0000000000111100100110010— 8
Begnell	0100111000100001001101000— 9
Cochran	0111001110110100110101000—13
Cockrell	1101011110011100101011011—16
Ferth	1001101101111011111001100—15
Sadler	1000010011111100111111100—15— 76

Trenton Shooting Association Team.

Widmann	1010110111011101010001110—15
Thropp	0010100111001101111111100—15
Jaques	1111011110110111011010011—18
Mickel	1111101011111111011010111—20
Cole	1111010111111101001011111—19
Harding	1111001011010011011011100—15—102

Events 1, 2 and 5 in the following were cash sweepstakes. Events 3 and 4 were for turkeys.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Thomas	9	7	5	7	9	Barwis	..	7	..	..	..
Jaques	7	8	10	9	7	F Thropp	..	7	7	7	..
Platt	5	6	5	..	5	H Sinclair	..	6	7	7	..
Cochran	4	3	..	..	4	Gaskill	..	2	4	1	..
Cockrell	3	4	7	..	3	Henry	..	4	..	..	..
Ferth	5	7	..	..	5	Frank	..	4	..	..	..
Harding	6	6	5	..	5	C M J.	..	6	..	..	..
J Thropp	5	8	7	6	7	Widmann	..	..	8	..	..
Maddock	7	3	2	..	4	Comp	..	..	5	..	..
Mickel	4	6	8	7	5	Cole	..	..	6	..	..
G Sinclair	5	7	3	6	8	Duncan	..	..	..	6	..
P Thropp	6	8	4	5	5	F E T	..	..	..	6	..

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 17.—We are expecting to have the largest tournament yet given by our club, and hope those shooters who can remain over week after the big handicap in New York will stop over and give us a trial.

Our programme is as follows:

Tournament will be held on grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, on Pimlico road, opposite Halstead's Hotel and about twenty-five minutes' ride from center of the city. Take either the Druid Hill avenue, Carey or Gilmor line of cars, and transfer to Pikesville, or West Arlington cars at Fulton avenue.

No one barred. Shooting to commence at 9:30 A. M. sharp. All shooters will be handicapped by distance. Amateurs, 14yds. Semi-experts, 16yds. Experts, 18yds. The management reserves the right to change handicaps at any time during tournament. In the live-bird events, first and second event, high guns. All shooting from 30yd. mark. In the 15-bird race, Pimlico handicap, all shooters will be handicapped according to their records, from 25 to 32yds. Purse divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., birds included. All target events will be at known traps, unknown angles. Old system of four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Tournament will be under the management of Messrs. James R. Malone, L. D. Thomas and J. M. Hawkins. Ship your shells in care of Alford Sporting Goods Company, 212 E. Baltimore street, who will see to delivering them on the grounds. Black powder barred.

The first and second days, April 9 and 10, will have $100 added each day. Programme each day: Four 15-targets events, entrance $1.50; seven 20-target events, entrance $2. Dropping for place will not be tolerated, and any one detected in so doing will have his entrance money refunded and be debarred from remainder of tournament.

Third Day, April 11.—Baltimore Introductory, 7 birds, $5 entrance, birds included; 30yds. rise; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; high guns, not class shooting.

Suburban Sweepstakes, 10 birds, $7 entrance, birds included; 30yds. rise; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; high guns, not class shooting.

Pimlico Handicap, 15 birds, $15 entrance, birds included; handicaps 25 to 32yds; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; class shooting.

Fourth Day, April 12.—Maryland Handicap, 25 birds, $25 entrance, birds included; handicaps 25 to 32yds.; class shooting; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. A handsome gold medal, suitably engraved, will be given the winner of this event. $400 guaranteed and all surplus money added. Regular entries in this race must be made on Thursday, April 11, by 12 o'clock noon, accompanied by $5 forfeit. The remaining $20 may be paid up to the time the last man fires at his third bird. Post entries $5 additional.

J. R. MALONE.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Spirit Lake Shoot.

Chicago, Ill., March 16.—Russell Klein and John Burmeister claim April 23, 24 and 25 for their third annual target tournament at Spirit Lake, Ia. There will be seven 15-target events at $1.50, and five 20-bird events at $2. The first events are for amateurs, the second events being open, $50 a day added money. This should be a clinking little shoot.

Peters Shoot at Houston.

The Peters Cartridge Company will give a two days' tournament at Houston, Tex., April 1. Particulars from C. L. and Theo. Bering, Jr., 614 Main street. Trapshooting is picking up a good deal in Houston, and there will be a lively season. Mr. Bering writes that there have been a great many visiting sportsmen in Houston this season after snipe and ducks, and that snipe have been especially abundant. He says he can put any visitors on to where the best shooting can be found in season. The South is a good place to keep in mind all the time.

The most important live-bird race show at Houston recently was that between Alf Gardner, of Brenham, Tex., and A. W. Daniels, of Houston, a 100-bird event, which was conceded by Daniels at the 87th round, the score being then 72 to 67 in favor of Gardner. Mr. Gardner will be among the entries at the Grand American Handicap.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, March 16.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the twelfth trophy shoot of the season. Dr. Shaw carried off the honors of the day and most of the filthy lucre by going straight in the main event. The birds were in the main a very fast lot, mostly left-quartering outgoers, aided in their flight by a stiff southwest wind:

R Kaiser, 31	2220122222— 9	2*2212—5	122222—6
Dr Shaw, 31	2111122122—10	2202*0—5	222222—6
Franenholz, 30	2*21121112— 9	121112—6	.....
Keck, 29	*022000212— 5	*21220—5	.....
Sanbardo, 30	0002022200— 4	212000—3	121100—4
Dr Meek, 31	21[illegible]201111— 8	*21212—5	.....
T Eaton, 30	11[illegible]02120*— 7	201211—5	.....
Dorman, 28	*021120020— 5	011012—4	.....
Delano, 27	1122222120— 9	1110*2—4	.....
Davis, 27	0220000211— 5	111210—5	.....
Marshall, 28	1112121O*1— 8	111210—5	.....
Allen, 30	2102121*22— 8	012122—5	.....
Dr Huff, 28	220210*021— 6	.....	10*102—3

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., March 15.—Five participated in the club shoot of the Chicago Gun Club at Watson's Park to-day. The scores:

No. 1 was club medal shoot. No. 2 was 7 birds, $3.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Dr Carson, 30	112202101212222—13	0112211—6
Mitchell, 27	1202021012121101—11	1201211—6
L Willard, 30	2201*211*122121—12	2112112—7
De Wolf, 28	000012121122001—9	.....
Morton, 30	022211210210122—12	1022212—6
Oliphant —	.....	1022212—6

Miss-and-outs:

Carson	1* 120 ..	Willard	11 121 1
Oliphant	10 110 0	Mitchell	20 ... ..

March 15.—Team race, 25 birds per man. White and Odell, and Amberg and Barto; $5 per man to high gun; losers pay for birds:

White	0222222220*222022012012*0—17
Odell	0222002222022222211202*102—18—35
Amberg	2*01201112021212212000212—18
Barto	2222222222202222222221222—24—42

Barto wins high gun.

Miss-and-out, $2 entrance, birds extra:

Amberg	22121122222	Barto	21212210
Odell	11122111220	White	22220

RAVELRIGG.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, March 13.—While only twelve shooters attended the ninth serial prize match of the Boston Gun Club to-day it did not prevent some of those twelve from taking full advantage of as good a trapshooting day as has been experienced in this vicinity for some time. It was no use to make anything but 9s and 10s or you were nowhere near in it. To be sure we had a welcome tutor in Mrs. Park, who had favored us with her presence for this afternoon, some taking advantage of the tutoring and others not, though one and all were more than pleased to again see her on the old grounds in the same position as in former shoots. High totals were made in the prize match, Mrs. Park and Spencer placing a 27 to their credit, which comes within one of tieing Leroy's high score of two weeks ago. Baker was a good second with 26, though it needed a straight score in the end to get it.

Scores below, all shooting handicap distance. All events 10 unknown except Nos. 9 and 13, which were at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Mrs Park, 18	8	10	9	7	7	10	9	8	7	10	7	..	..	..	..
Baker, 17	9	8	9	6	9	9	7	10	9	9	10	..	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	6	7	8	6	9	8	8	6	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Banks, 14	7	4	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lane, 16	5	7	7	6	4	6	7	5	3	6	6	4	..	..	..
H J K, 16	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams, 16	..	7	..	6	5	6	8	8	7	8	..	5	4	..	..
Blake, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	4	8	..	4	5	4	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	10	10	9	10	8	7	9	8
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Heffner, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown; distance handicap:

Mrs Park, 18	111111111111111111011111101111101—27
Spencer, 18	111101111111111111111111111101101—27
Baker, 17	011111111111111110010111111111111—26
Woodruff, 17	111110101111111110111010101010011—22
Williams, 16	111010110010110111111101101111—22
Blake, 16	111111000110100100101111111110—20
Lane, 16	010111011000111101110001110110—18
Banks, 14	011110111011000100011001110000—15

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 13.—Fine weather favored the regular monthly shoot of the New Haven Gun Club to-day.

The first 25-bird race was the club race, to which the club donates $4, which is divided into five moneys. Capt. Bartlett, of the Marlin Fire Arms Company, took first money alone with 24 kills.

During the shoot a monstrous hen hawk came floating over the grounds, seemingly about 80yds. high. Mr. Frank Potter stepped out just in time to get the first crack, and scored a most beautiful kill. It is said that this hawk has ruined a number of hen families and pigeon lofts, and a short time ago carried away a young pig. The community is grateful to Mr. Potter.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	25	15
Orty	5	4	4	4	3	6	..	..	..	..
Bristol	9	9	7	..	..	..	18	22	..	..
Bartlett	8	9	9	8	7	9	24	17	21	..
Brown	5	9	8	4	9	..	21	22	..	..
Hooker	8	10	8	7	..	..	16	18	..	..
Kelley	9	9	10	8	8	8	20	16	..	13
Penn	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	7	9	6	8	..	7	22	17	..	..
Potter	9	7	5	5	..	..	17	17	..	9
Whitney	7	7	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Wilson	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robertson	10	8	..	..	..	..	11	20	..	..
Savage	8	6	10	..	..	8	23	19	..	..
Link	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Richardson	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Parker	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

R.

Keystone Shooting League Programme.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Philadelphia, Pa.—In presenting the following programme, the Keystone Shooting League trusts it will meet the approval of all shooters as well as the members of the league. It is the desire of the league to encourage the sport of inanimate target shooting. By doing away with all entrance fees and sweepstakes it hopes to bring out and develop new shooters, as well as to stimulate to renewed activity those who now or heretofore have derived pleasure from the sport. Intercity matches in this branch of the sport, on a scale befitting our city, are looked forward to. State championships, at Allentown, during May, and National championships, at Interstate Park, Long Island, during July, are to be battled for, and what better preparation could be had than is herein offered? Come out prepared to shoot, as we are sure you will have a pleasant afternoon's sport.

Programme—Three Series of Semi-monthly Inanimate Target Contests.—Season of 1901:

First series: March 20, April 3 and 17, May 1 and 22, June 5. Prize for series, handsome gun case to total highest number of points for series.

Second series: June 19, July 10 and 31, Aug. 7 and 21, Sept. 4. Prize for series, fine shell case and 100 hand-loaded shells to total highest number of points for series.

Third series: Sept. 18, Oct. 2 and 16, Nov. 6 and 20, Dec. 4 and 18. Prize for series, fine dress suit case to total highest number of points for series.

Additional prize: Total highest number of points for entire season of three series, gold watch charm, emblematic of target championship of Philadelphia, donated by A. B. Cartledge. Points awarded as follows: High score, 5 points; next highest, 3 points; third highest, 2 points. All contests will be at 50 targets—20 known angles from expert traps, 20 unknown angles from magautrap, 5 pairs of doubles from magautrap. Contests and prizes open to all members of organized gun clubs in Philadelphia. No entrance fee. No sweeps. Targets 1½ cents. Members of league 1 cent. Distance handicap system. Committee on handicaps: H. L. David, Howard Ridge, A. B. Cartledge. Shooting to commence on arrival of 1:50 P. M. train from Broad Street Station.

KEYSTONE SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Union Gun Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Grand open to all handicap live-bird shoot, Sunday, March 31; Sunday, June 30, and Sunday Sept. 29; to be held on the San Francisco Trapshooting Association grounds at Ingleside. Take Mission street electric cars for Ingleside. Shoot commences at 9 A. M. sharp. Six-bird race, high guns to win; entrance $1.50, birds extra. Club shoot at 12 birds; handicaps from 26 to 33yds. Club cuff buttons for members only. Gold cuff buttons, over 75 per cent; silver cuff buttons, 75 per cent. or less. Prizes awarded at final shoot, Sept. 29. Ties decided by lot or shooters' option. Entrance $3, including price of birds. Side pool entrance $2. Three moneys, class shooting.

Six-bird race: Class shooting; entrance $1.50, birds extra.

On April 7, May 5, June 2, July 7, Aug. 4, Sept. 1, this club will hold their regular bluerock shoots at Ingleside.

UNION GUN CLUB.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich., March 9.—Owing to a high head wind no very good scores were made in the Winchester Gun Club's shoot at their Highland Park grounds yesterday. Dr. Gibbes, who used a light charge, was especially handicapped. Reid and Shiell tied for the medal in Class A, each making 20. In the shoot-off Reid won. Lewis won Class B with 23 birds, and Dr. Gibbes took Class C with 8. The scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
Brodie	4	7	9	9	8	17	Shiell	..	..	6	..	7	20
Gibbes	2	1	3	1	..	8	Lewis	..	..	..	..	6	22
Reid	9	9	..	6	9	20	Langdon	..	..	..	..	10	17
Warner	6	6	6	..	8	20							

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Revolver and Pistol Tournament.

THE revolver and pistol shooting tournament of the Sportsmen's Association's show, Madison Square Garden, New York, March 2 to 16, given by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Company and represented by Mr. C. F. Small, who was manager, was a success both in respect to the support and the excellence of the competition.

Capt. W. E. Petty broke the record with a score of 908, beating the previous record of 905 points in the 100-shot indoor revolver match, and won the gold medal. The minimum trigger pull on pistol or revolver was 2½lbs. The gallery was open from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M.

One-hundred-shot Indoor Record Revolver Match.—Conditions: 100 consecutive shots with any revolver; distance 20yds., standard American target with bullseye (count 8, 9, 10) 2¾in. in diameter. To be shot in series of 5 shots on a target, the 20 targets counted in order to constitute a score. Entrance $5, re-entries permitted. Prizes: 1. The competitor scoring the highest count, if breaking the present 100-shot record of 905 points, will receive a handsome gold medal, suitably inscribed, to be held permanently; or, if preferred, a Colt New Service target revolver, suitably engraved and handsomely mounted. 2. A Colt New Service target revolver, adjustable sights, checked stocks, etc., value $25. In case the record is not broken the medal will not be awarded, but the revolver becomes the first prize, and is awarded to the competitor making the highest score. In case of ties, each to receive the prize above designated:

W E Petty	46 44 43 48 45 46 45 45 45 44	
	48 43 47 38 49 45 47 46 46 48	—908

—Breaking the record of 905.

Dr R H Sayre	44 44 47 43 46 46 47 47 43 44	
	47 47 46 36 42 47 42 44 46 44	—892
J A Dietz, Jr	47 45 46 46 42 45 46 43 48 42	
	42 48 43 45 47 44 42 49 38 38	—886

Revolver Re-entry Match.—Conditions: Revolver, target and distance as in Match 1. Entrance 35 cents a target, 3 targets for $1. Strings of 5 shots each; the best 5 strings to count. Entries unlimited; all ties divide. Prizes: First, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $15; fifth, $10; sixth, $8; seventh, $7; eighth, $6; ninth, $5; tenth, $4; eleventh, $3; twelfth, $2. Standard American target:

J A Smith	49	49	48	49	48—244
Dr R H Sayre	50	49	48	48	48—243
J A Dietz, Jr	49	49	48	48	48—242
J T Humphrey	50	49	48	47	47—241
W E Petty	49	48	48	48	47—240
A L A Himmelwright	49	48	47	47	47—238
Dr W A Smith	48	46	45	45	45—229
L R Piercy	46	46	46	46	45—229
K K V Casey	47	45	45	44	42—223
W P Uhler	45	45	44	43	43—220
H M Pope	45	44	43	42	42—216
E F M Wendelstadt	43	43	42	42	40—210
J B Crabtree	45	41	41	41	40—208
L C Huntley	42	42	41	41	41—207
A D Shepard, Jr	42	40	39	39	38—198
S Scott	39	38	38	38	38—191

Revolver or Pistol Re-entry Match.—Conditions: Any pistol or revolver within the rules; distance 20yds.; Columbia target (reduced); bullseye (count 1, 2, 3) 3in. in diameter; entrance 35 cents a target, at which 5 shots may be fired, three targets for $1; five targets to count as a score, not necessarily consecutive; re-entries permitted. Prizes: First, Colt New Service target revolver or Colt automatic pistol, handsomely and suitably engraved; second, Colt New Service target revolver; third Colt new Police target revolver;

J A Smith	6	6	7	7	7—33	L R Piercy	9	9	10	10	11—49
J A Dietz, Jr	6	7	7	7	7—34	W Rosenbaum	8	11	11	12	13—55
J B Crabtree	7	7	7	7	7—35	C E Tayntor	11	12	12	12	13—60
W E Petty	6	7	7	7	8—35	C H Chapman	12	12	12	13	13—62
A L A Himmelwright	6	7	8	8	9—38	L Buss	12	12	13	13	13—63
J Humphrey	6	8	8	8	9—39	T Keller, Jr	11	12	13	14	15—65
Dr R H Sayre	6	8	9	9	9—41	K R McAlpin	11	15	16	17	18—77

Indoor championship matches of the United States Revolver Association, under auspices of committee of this organization.

Indoor Revolver Championship, 1901.—Conditions were: Any revolver; 50 consecutive shots in series of 5 shots at a target; distance 20yds., standard American target, with a 2¾in. bullseye; entrance $5. Prizes: First, the championship and a championship cup to be shot for annually and a gold medal for the winner, to be held permanently; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal; also bronze medals for fourth and fifth prizes if sufficient entries are received. Time limit, one hour:

W E Petty	46	43	38	43	47	43	45	47	45	42	—439
J A Dietz, Jr	48	48	44	44	45	49	39	38	43	41	—439
Dr R H Sayre	40	43	47	44	34	49	40	46	41	49	—433
A L A Himmelwright	35	39	43	43	40	45	44	42	42	46	—419

Indoor Pistol Championship, 1901.—Conditions: Fifty consecutive shots with any pistol, in series of 5 shots at a target; distance, 20yds.; standard American target with 2¾in. bullseye; entrance $5. Prizes; First, the championship and a championship cup to be shot for annually and a gold medal for the winner, to be held permanently; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. Time limit, one hour: Dr. R. H. Sayre 433, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 429, J. B. Crabtree 427, A. L. A. Himmelwright 426.

Perfect scores with revolver: J. T. Humphrey one of 50 (five shots), Dr. R. H. Sayre one of 50 (five shots).

With pistol: J. B. Crabtree one of 50 (five shots).

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House and Reading road, March 17. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 91. Weather clear. Thermometer 72. Wind light 4 to 6 o'clock:

Strickmeier	9	10	10	10	8	8	9	7	10	10	—91
	8	10	8	8	7	7	10	10	8	8	—84
	8	9	8	9	6	6	9	8	10	9	—82
Gindele	10	6	10	10	8	9	10	7	10	8	—88
	8	7	10	10	8	6	10	10	7	10	—86
	8	7	10	10	7	6	9	10	10	8	—85
Nestler	8	10	9	7	8	8	7	10	10	9	—86
	6	9	10	9	10	9	6	7	9	8	—83
	7	10	7	9	8	10	7	9	8	8	—83
Lux	10	9	10	7	7	10	8	7	10	7	—85
	9	10	6	9	9	8	8	6	9	7	—81
	6	6	5	9	10	5	7	10	8	7	—73
Roberts	9	5	10	8	9	10	9	10	6	8	—84
	10	9	8	8	9	7	8	10	7	8	—84
	8	9	8	7	8	7	8	9	10	7	—81
Payne	10	10	7	10	6	8	9	7	9	8	—84
	10	8	7	8	9	5	9	8	7	9	—80
	8	8	9	9	8	9	7	4	9	8	—79
Speth	6	10	8	7	8	9	7	8	10	10	—83
	10	7	10	8	7	10	8	9	8	5	—83
	9	10	8	5	8	8	8	9	8	7	—80
Drube	10	7	8	9	10	6	8	9	7	7	—81
	8	6	9	6	10	9	6	7	6	9	—76
	7	5	9	8	8	10	7	9	4	8	—75
Bruns	8	6	10	9	7	10	7	9	10	6	—82
	8	7	9	7	6	6	10	8	9	8	—78
	8	5	7	8	5	10	7	10	8	9	—77
Trounstine	9	10	6	10	8	1	9	8	7	8	—79
	8	10	6	10	6	7	8	9	8	5	—77
	10	7	7	6	5	8	9	9	10	8	—78
Jonscher	10	8	8	8	7	7	7	7	9	7	—78
	9	6	9	7	7	10	6	10	7	6	—77
	9	7	10	9	9	5	7	5	8	7	—76
Weinheimer	10	8	9	8	8	10	6	8	3	3	—73
	6	9	10	6	5	6	7	7	9	7	—72
	10	5	5	9	8	5	7	9	6	7	—71
Topf	5	8	7	7	8	9	9	7	6	6	—72
	10	4	7	6	7	9	5	8	5	5	—66
	9	5	2	7	9	6	10	3	7	5	—63
Surkamer	5	5	5	5	8	6	5	9	10	8	—66
	3	8	7	4	7	4	10	7	7	8	—65
	3	3	5	7	6	3	10	7	7	5	—56

At a recent meeting of the Schuetzenbund, at San Francisco, the committee reported that the burning of the pavilion at Shell Mound would not in the least interfere with the forthcoming bundesfest, to be held July 14 to 23. Numerous additional special prizes have been received, notably a solid silver dinner service, donated by Claus Spreckels. Many associations throughout the East and West have signified their intention to participate. The San Jose sharpshooters recently joined the bund.

The Metropolitan Shooting Club has extended the Gastinne Renette medal contest to midnight of April 11, to enable out-of-town revolver shooters to compete for this prize. Additional prizes have been added.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington.

SIX-DAYS TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The third of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, March 23. Tourists will find these three places of great interest and at the height of their Lenten season, Old Point Comfort especially being sought by those wishing to enjoy the early Spring season.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of $34.00 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; $32.50 from Trenton; $31.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of $15.00 from New York; $13.50 from Trenton; $12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Puttee Leggings have proved their usefulness in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and for riding, shooting and walking in general there is nothing better. Within the past few years these leggings have been quite generally adopted in this country by upland shooters and golf players, as well as by riding men, and they are likely to reach a wider popularity. Stohwasser & Winter declare that their legging is the ideal one.—*Adv.*

Every one who has shot much knows what gun headache is. When suffering from this, decent shooting cannot be done. Mr. J. R. Winter's pneumatic recoil pad promises freedom from this and other ills the gunner is heir to.—*Adv.*

This is the age of combinations, but the Conley Combination is different from most others. It enables the camper to carry about with him in a single piece a coat, vest, hammock, sleeping bag and rain coat. Just what this is, and how it works, may be learned by sending to the Conley Manufacturing Company for their illustrated booklet describing it. Their advertisement, with a cut, is found in another column.—*Adv.*

Some people care more about the way in which they catch their fish than about the fish they catch. On the other hand most anglers go fishing for fish. The "Expert" Wooden Minnow is said to be more attractive to fish than live bait.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. II.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Act of March 20, 1901.—Sec. 4. If any person shall at any time within this State buy, sell, offer or expose for sale any woodcock, partridge or ruffed grouse, he shall for each bird . . . be fined . . . or imprisoned.

Atte the least the angler hath his wholesome walke, and is mery at his ease; he hath a swete aiyre of the swete savoure of the meede flowers that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodious armoury of fowles, swannes, duckes and cotes; surely thenne no man is merier in his spryte than he.—Dame Juliana Berners.

NOT SO BLACK AS PAINTED.

Now that the snows have gone and the frost has left the ground, and under the sodden brown herbage that still clothes the fields is springing the tender verdure of another summer, an active harbinger of spring thrusts himself on our notice. From his hue we might take him for a mourner still attendant on the death that for months that has reigned over the landscape. Yet at this season his actions are not that of a mute at a funeral, for of all the creatures of early spring time none is more noisy, boisterous and good humored than he.

Early in the morning, from their home in the cedars or in the thick dark wood that clothes some rough hillside, the crows sally forth by little companies to their favorite feeding grounds, and there for hours forage busily, keeping up meanwhile a constant flow of conversation, debate and oratory. Such a tumult is never heard in a well-conducted American club, though from accounts of the proceedings of certain legislative bodies of Europe we may gain some idea of the order prevailing at one of these crow assemblages.

A month or two ago, when the land was covered with snow and the waters sealed by frost, the crows resorted daily to the mud flats, where at low tide they lived on the fish and clams and winkles and worms left bare by the retreating waters; but now they are searching the still neglected grain fields and grass lands. If the farmer has failed to garner some part of his crop, or, overtaken by the winter, has left a few shocks of corn in the field, we may be sure that the crows have found it, have burrowed their way into the deepest recesses of the store and have stripped the husks from the ears and the grains from the cob. Rejected nubbins and ears dropped from the wagon on its way to the barn have been detected and used. They have found too the little patches of buckwheat which the thoughtful sportsman, anxious for the well-being of the quail and ruffed grouse which winter in his swamp, has sowed along the fence rows and by the edges of the wood and left standing as food for the game birds. To this buckwheat the sable crew resort and glean with care the three-cornered grains which the fall and winter winds have shaken from their loose panicles.

After the first warm rains have come, removing the last of the frost and tempting surfaceward the thoughtless angleworm, the crows are busy and happy. Full well they know this storm, and what it means, and no matter how hard the rain may pour nor how blustering the wind, the crow is early abroad and feeds fat on the lucious worms which rashly emerge from among the swelling grass roots.

After their hunger is satisfied the dark multitude resorts to the topmost branches of some nearby piece of woods and there holds a council, in which, no doubt, the oldest and wisest of the crows give much good advice to their younger brethren. Before long now these conventions will break up, the crows will pair and build their nests and then suddenly it will appear to the casual observer as if all the crows had disappeared. From being the noisiest and most obtrusive of the dwellers in our fields, they become shy and secretive, going quietly to and fro, without calling or in any way attracting attention—intent on the safety of their nests.

His color and some of his habits have given our friend the crow a bad name which he does not altogether deserve. He does not profess to be more perfect than the rest of us, yet for him we may well have the same charity that we should like others to feel for us. He wishes to earn a livelihood, as honest as may be, and perhaps in his way he does as little harm as most others. If he eats a few quarts of grain during the year, they are not worth much, and if he were not here, the increasing horde of field mice, whose young he unearths from their snug nests of dried grass, would eat as much or more.

Give the crow a chance; he is not all bad.

ETHICS AND ORACLES.

WHILE the ethics of sportsmanship have certain well-defined principles which have been established by experience and common usage, there are certain interests which, being debatable, are still in the realm of opinion. As a general proposition, each man has a more or less accurate knowledge of matters which directly concern his vocation. He knows that certain causes will produce certain effects. His theory and practice are in accord as a result of long experience. All his fellow craftsmen will in their vocation in the main agree on matters of practice. But, on matters outside of their own knowledge, there are many men who, with the merest superficial knowledge, arrogate to themselves the full power of censorship over their fellows and their fellows' doings. Religion, politics, the justice or injustice of foreign or domestic wars, etc., all come within their self-constituted purview.

The ethics of sportsmanship to the ego authority is a matter to be settled quickly out of hand. It consists chiefly in denouncing the beliefs or doings of all who think differently or act differently. The arbitrary personal standard of the self-constituted authority is paraded as the only true ethical one, while all others are of the "game hog," the game butcher or the man who is other than a sportsman. Even men, otherwise of sound judgment, are prone to believe that, in matters of sportsmanship their opinions are laws. They are not conscious that their ideas are opinions; they feel that they are in possession of knowledge, and that their words flow therefrom. On the other hand, they are keenly alive and assertive concerning that the other fellows possess opinions only. For himself, the self-constituted authority waives all consideration of his personal prejudices, his different environment, his limited point of view, his absence of experience or thorough investigation, while yet for others he lays down hard and fast lines for the government of his fellows, with all the abandon which comes from ideas based on superficial examination and the freedom which comes from irresponsibility. Sentiment, prejudices, personal idiosyncrasies and theory are many times by the individual mistaken for true ethics.

From this source many times come ex cathedra utterances in respect to how much game one may kill in a day, or whether one may justly kill any at all, or may kill it in certain ways. The man who in his own community may be a failure, an impertinent upstart, or an example of worthlessness in general, feels free to anathematize men whose doings are at variance with his opinions, or whose doings are opposed to his own selfish interests. Often it is a combination of the selfishness and demagogism. At a distance of a few hundred miles, the man whose existence may be law in the social, business and mental scale does not hesitate to hurl disapproval at the man who may be infinitely his superior, and in whose presence he would be overwhelmingly abashed.

It is not to be understood that there are not men who are sound in their knowledge and their advocacy of sportsmanship, and who discuss all matters pertaining to it with fairness. Such a class exists. But there is a class which is intolerant in opinion and arrogant in its assertiveness, which does not hesitate to denounce all who go contrary to its opinions in matters of sportsmanship, while reserving to itself freedom to act for itself regardless of the opinions of others.

The true principle of action should be tolerance and consideration. The opinions which a man has to-day may not be the opinions which he will have ten years hence, nor may not be those which he had ten years ago. The opinions which a man holds may be good for his own environment, and utterly bad for the man who lives a thousand miles away in another environment. Also in matters of sportsmanship as in politics, law, etc., there are men who like to hear their own voices, or see their names in the public prints, or hold the center of the stage regardless of the merits at issue if their egotistical craving for notority can in any way be satisfied.

MOIETIES.

THERE is a well-defined prejudice against any police system which rewards an officer by a part of the penalties recovered for law violations. This prejudice sometimes works against the prosecution in a game law case, where half of the fine goes to the warden, and on occasion a jury will feel so strongly on the subject that it will find for the defendant when the evidence, no matter how strong and clear it may be, rests upon the testimony of an officer whose zeal they think to be prompted by a regard for his pocket. We know of game protectors in New York who have repeatedly found this prejudice a serious obstacle to securing convictions which otherwise would readily have been obtained, and they have declared that they would gladly see the moiety system abolished. Such protectors, however, are the exception; the average warden or protector or constable will work harder and accomplish more because of the reward a successful prosecution will bring to him.

It is quite unlikely that the cases lost because of this prejudice of juries against the moiety system amount to enough to constitute an argument against its retention. On the other hand, the fact that each specific piece of detective work will be rewarded if successfully carried through has a direct effect not only as a stimulus to the warden but as a deterrent of the law violater. As Mr. A. B. F. Kinney said the other day in a hearing before the Massachusetts Legislature, under the moiety system if a shooter who is potting partridge out of season sees a game warden in the neighborhood, he will say to himself, "That man will get something if he catches me, and he's going to catch me if he can." But, on the contrary, if there were no reward, a poacher would reason that as there was nothing in it for the warden, he would much rather take things easy and not bother to make an arrest.

Considering the imperfections of human nature as constituted in the twentieth century, a system of game law enforcement which carries with it the moiety feature is wise and expedient.

SNAP SHOTS.

Governor Odell of New York last week named De Witt C. Middleton, of Watertown, as the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner, and appointed Messrs. Woodruff and Babcock, of the old Forest Preserve Board, to serve for two years as associate commissioners. At the expiration of that term Mr. Middleton will be the single commissioner; as a member of the former commission he has proved himself capable and efficient, and his appointment to the new position is regarded with satisfaction by those who are familiar with his record. In thus reducing the two boards of eight members to what in time will be a single-headed commission, Governor Odell has performed a public service of very great value.

Among the unpublished manuscripts left by Rowland E. Robinson was the chapter of Danvis life which we print to-day. It is marked by the clear and sympathetic insight into human nature that marks all of Mr. Robinson's writings, and it goes without saying that this new glimpse of the Danvis folks will be extremely welcome.

They are making a strong fight in Michigan against spring shooting. We are glad to print the letter from Dr. MacCallum, of the Ontario Commission, correcting a misapprehension of the attitude of that Province as to the protection of wildfowl.

The Cincinnati Cuvier Club is sending around to the game dealers of that city a circular containing the full text of the Lacey Act, and thus is adding to many ways it has found for promoting the game interests of Ohio.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Buttles Gals.

of the Danvis Folks.

THE failure of Bascom, the new store keeper at the Forge Village, fell upon none of his victims more heavily than those ripened spinsters who pronounced their name as it was spelled—Buttolph—but were known to all their townfolk as the "Buttles gals." They were tailoresses, who made the clothes of half the male inhabitants of Danvis, sometimes at their own home and sometimes at that of their employer, as was the declining custom of the shoemakers.

A few Danvis people who had become tainted with aristocratic ideas had their clothes made by a tailor in Vergennes. A larger number, who were free from such high notions, had theirs made entirely by their own women folks, who treasured almost as heirlooms paper patterns of trousers, waistcoats and coats, by which the various garments were cut, with occasional variations to conform somewhat to the changes of fashion.

When Mrs. Gove lost the pattern of her husband's trousers she put him to that use, laying him down on the cloth spread out on the floor and marking around his legs with a bit of chalk, but the completed result was not a sartorial triumph, and the innovation was not followed.

Exclusive of the few who employed the fashionable tailor and the many who employed no tailor, the Buttolphs found customers enough to give them a comfortable living and something to lay by for a rainy day.

Now, through confidence in an unscrupulous adventurer, these savings were all gone as utterly and hopelessly as if consumed by fire.

It was two months or more since the blow had fallen but the two women still felt stunned by it. They went mechanically about their work as if in a dream, with a dull, hopeless expectancy of awakening to a less hard reality.

"I don't see what makes folks want to be so wicked," said Lyddy, the elder sister, as she ran the hissing goose along a seam. She was a thin little woman, so short of stature that she had to stand on tiptoe to reach the shoulders of her tall customers when she measured them. The flush of youth had faded from her wrinkled cheeks, but there was an afterglow of kindly light shining in her gray eyes that warmed one's heart more than the brighter glances of her sister's black eyes, though the embers of youth still shone beside the corkscrew curls that dangled from each of Nancy's temples.

"What makes folks want to be sech fools?" said Nancy, tossing her curls and twitching at the needle which came reluctantly through the stout full cloth.

"You mean us?" Lyddy asked.

"Yes, or anybody that'll go an' trus' anybody that they don't know no more about 'an we did about that Bascom."

Lyddy considered in silence while she moistened the seam with a bit of sponge wet in a convenient cup of water, and set the goose to more vigorous hissing before she answered.

"I s'pose we was fools, but we hed comp'ny. There's Samuel Lovel, which he'd ha' ben wus off 'an we be if that ore bed hedn't turned up just as it did—I wish 't we could find one in our garden—an' there's Mis' Purin't'n, she trusted him some, she says, herself, an' has tewed more abaout it 'an what we hev, an' that 'ere Jones boy put in nigh a hundred dollars, an' young Varney, he owns up to losin' all his father left him in the bank, an—wal, I do' know who all, but the's enough of 'em besides us."

"It don't make us aout no less fools 'cause other folks was jest as big ones."

"An' he was a candid 'pearin' man, the' can't nobody deny," Lyddy continued in extenuation of the fools and their folly. "I do' know as I ever see a nicer 'pearin' young man."

"Han'some is 'at han'some does, I say," Nancy declared, with a desperate twitch at the reluctant needle. "There! There goes another o' his needles—jest as onreliable as he is! I sh'd like tu feed 'em to him."

"Nancy Buttolph!" her sister exclaimed in mild reproof. "You know it'd kill him, an' we're tol' tu fugive aour enemies."

"Scissors! You can yourn if you're a'min' tu; I shan't."

"If your looks didn't deceive you, you didn't allus feel so hard toward him," said Lyddy, bearing down on the goose with both hands, while the steam wreathed up about her face and intensified the odor of hot woolen stuff that pervaded the room.

"Puh!" Nancy's scornful ejaculation rose above the sound of her sister's implement, and she dropped the broken needle into the black depths of a crack in the window casing. "It's a pity if folks can't treat folks 'decent' 'thaout a-hevin' it flung in' the' face!"

"You can't deny 't he wa'n't more'n common takin' tu you, Nancy."

"Is the' anythin' cur'us abaout that?" Nancy asked. She did not finish threading the new needle before she studied the effect of the black eyes and the curls in the looking glass in the door of the Seth Thomas clock.

"No, indeed, the' hain't, Lyddy assented, heartily, pausing a moment as she lugged the heavy goose to the stove to let her eyes follow her sister's and glance at her now unadorned image. She had given up the fight against the inevitable conquerer of youth, and wore a plain white cap like a flag of truce over her thin grizzled locks and time-scored cheeks, and her dark gown was like a garment of mourning for hopes dead and departed.

Nancy smoothed the hair upon her side combs with a moistened needle-worn finger, and gazed out the window, seeing only the visions of a day dream.

"Wal, that hain't neither here nor there," Lyddy sighed, "but what I sh'd like to know is what's goin' tu become of us?"

"I shan't go tu Middlebury tu visit Cousin Seliny, that's one thing 'at 'll become o' me," said Nancy, resuming her sewing.

"I'm dreffle sorry," and Lyddy sighed again, "You'd ha' seen so much s'ciety."

The younger woman looked in the glass again and shut her lips tightly while the other continued:

"I was cal'latin' 'at we'd hev this floor painted an' the walls whitewashed, now the flies is gone." She looked over the yellow floor to the white wood in the most exposed places, and sighed again.

The scrupulously neat room, warmed by a polished cook stove, was kitchen, sewing room and sitting room. In front of it was the bed room of the sisters and the "square room," always dark in the day time, with its green window curtains down not only for the full display of the remarkable landscapes painted on them, beyond comparison with anything in the outer world, but also to keep the rag carpet from fading, for in those days a rag carpet was an article of elegant luxury.

"I be turrible glad, though, 'at we got that carpet done an' them curtains whilst we could afford tu," Lyddy said, looking at the door and speaking as if she saw through it. "They make it pleasant for young folks. It don't make much odds tu me, but it's diff'ent with you." She took a snuff box from her pocket and regaled herself with a pinch, whereupon Nancy laid down her work and retired to the bed room, whence she presently came forth returning a handkerchief to the pocket of her apron and with her nostrils all a-bloom. Snuff taking did not comport with youth.

"I do' know haow nor where we're a-goin' tu git aour winter's wood, ner yet aour pertaters, since aour gardin dried up so an' didn't du nothin'. I was cal'latin' on the intres' money for your goin' tu Middlebury an' tu git the wood an' pertaters; we c'n git along wi'aout much meat. Oh, hum a day! The Lord giveth an' the Lord taketh away."

"He took away more'n he give, seem 's if. Jest look at Bascom an' aour money, an' the gardin a-failin' up so, an' not skeerce any work a-comin' in; seems 's 'ough men folks hed gi'n up wearin' clo's," said Nancy, looking out of the window to a world that at a casual glance seemed clad in universal whiteness by the first available snow of the season. But as the eye dwelt on it farmsteads asserted their places in gray dots, roofed with deeper blue of shadow and brighter silver of sunlight; gray patches of deciduous woods bordered and jutted into the white fields; thin gray lines of fences severed farm from farm and field from field, and beyond all these rose the mountain barrier of darker hue, with grizzled black growth, rugged with ridges and ravines that leafy summer never revealed.

"If brother James hadn't acted so," said Lyddy, returning to her troubles, "an' gone off. Bein' a man, he wouldn't ha' be'n took in by that Bascom, nor yet ha' let us. The fust Buttolph 'at ever took tu drinkin' as fur as I ever heard—an' him as good a cooper as ever drove a hoop. An' naow he's goin' back sailin' tu the eend o' the airth on that turrible canawl, an' I can't sleep o' nights fur thinkin' of him a-perilin' his life on the deep. An' he might be safe on land a-makin' pork berrils an' cheese casks, which everybody is a-wantin,' for they say 'at Uncle Rus'ell Raymond has got most past duin' any sort of a job o' cooperin'."

"It's jest another case o' takin' away," said Nancy, and she made further expression of her rebellious thoughts in the quick, spiteful jerks of her needle.

For a considerable time the sisters preserved a silence that seemed the more intensified by the faint click of the thimbles on the needles, the drawing of the thread through the thick cloth, the tick of the clock and the snapping of the fire in the stove.

At length Lyddy broke the long silence by frugally replenishing the fire, saying as she came from the shed with a few sticks of wood, "When Darkter Stun pays us for turnin' this 'ere overcoat, we shall hev tu git us some wood; there hain't no tew ways abaout it." Then glancing out of the little window over the sink, she exclaimed, "There's a snag o' teams a-comin' up the hill. It looks like a percession."

"You don't s'pose the' 's a fun'al an' we hain't heard on't?" asked Nancy. "It's jest what anybody might expect, holed up in the winter like woo'chucks."

The women fluttered to the bed room window, which commanded a better view of the road.

"'Tain't no fun'al," Nancy declared. "It's a string o' wood teams a-goin' tu the village."

Relieved that a funeral had not escaped their attendance, they returned to their work, which was hardly resumed when they heard the creaking of the snow under many pairs of feet, and heavy-laden runners and the long drawn shout of five teamsters halting as many yokes of oxen, each with its full sled load of stove wood crowned by a plethoric two-bushel bag.

"What on airth!" exclaimed Lyddy, peeping out of the small window with but one eye exposed to the outer world, while Nancy took as guarded an observation at the opposite side. "Why, it's all Danvis turned loose. There's that gre't, awful John Dart 'mongst 'em. Be they all crazy, or what ails 'em?"

"Come, go in, some of ye and find aout where the ol' gals want these 'taters dumped and this wood onloaded," Dart called in a tone of cheerful impatience, as he came up from the rear to join the group that stood in bashful hesitation beside the front team. They looked from one to another, each hoping that some one would volunteer for the duty of spokesman.

"You go, Joel," Sam said, when it appeared that no one would offer. "You're uster speakin' in meetin'."

Joel Bartlett slowly shook his head, crowned with a broad-brimmed hat over a woolen cap of sanguinary and most un-Quakerly hue.

"I don't feel clear, Samwel. It is thy place, seein' thee was the fust tu stir in the matter."

"No, I only happened tu speak fust; you was all fast enough tu come. Let Solon go in; he can' allus find suthin' tu say."

"I hain't legible tu the office," Solon objected; "but here's Mr. Dart, he'd ort tu be oudagious enough not tu be embarrasted."

"You don't ketch me in there alone," said the giant. "I hain't acquainted an' I'm afraid of ol' maids, an' more'n all that, Sary Ann's l'arnt me not tu speak tu no womern but her. We'll send in Jozeff. Come, Jozeff, you hyper in."

After much urging and many excuses and an elaborate clearing of his boots of snow upon the plank doorstep, Joseph Hill knocked and was bidden to enter.

"Good mornin', gals," he said, with great volubility. "Be ye well? An' the chil—I mean your fam'ly, be they well?"

"We are tol'able well, Mr. Hill," said Lyddy, hoping he might be a customer, and while she spoke mentally measuring the broad figure before her. "Take a cheer an' set up tu the fire."

"I'm 'bleeged tu ye, I don't care 'baout settin' arter ridin' all the way over here—that is to say, I might ha' rid, only I'd ruther go afoot. I jest run in of an arrent. The fact on't is—the way on't was, you see, Samwel kinder thought mebby—we didn't know but what you a-hevin' sech tormentin' luck wi' that 'ere plagued Bascom, you might be kinder short on't for your winter's wood—not hev quite so much, you know, as you might ha' hed if you'd hed a leetle mite more, you see, an' so, as we-all happened tu be a-goin' over tu the village, we jest, each on us, hove on a leetle jag, an' whilst we was abaout it we kinder flung on a bag o' 'taters, jest tu stiddy the load, an' we don't want tu kerry 'em back, 'cause we all got more'n we want, an' naow if you'll show us where tu empty 'em we'll onload the wood jist where you say."

When he stopped speaking for want of breath, he was still more disconcerted to perceive that his message was not received in a kindly spirit. Lyddy's mouth was pressed so tightly that it was scarcely distinguishable from the wrinkles which surrounded it, and she regarded him with a stare made colder by the glitter of her spectacles, while Nancy's black eyes flashed and each separate ringlet shook with indignation.

"We're turribly obleeged tu ye," Lyddy said, "but we hain't objecks o' charity."

"When we be," Nancy interjected, "we'll send you word. You can take your wood an' pertaters right stret home ag'in."

Joseph was so taken back by these rebuffs that he could not find a word to offer in apology, but made a precipitate retreat, gasping in a frightened undertone as he joined his companions:

"Sam Hill! the 'tarnal critters is drif'l pudchiky—madder'n tew settin' hens! You can't tech 'em wi' a ten-foot pole, not scarcely, an' they won't hev the wood nor nothin, an' say we c'n take it hum again! Think we're insultin' of 'em. My land!"

"Dum their stinkin' pride," John Dart growled. "What be we goin' tu do? We can't turn 'raound here loaded, an' if we could I wouldn't haul my load back over these cajullucks for it. Le's 's fling it off, an' if they don't like it they can lump it."

"An' what'll we du with the 'taters?" Joseph queried. "Jes' 's like 's not they'll let 'em stay aout here an' freeze. An' anyways, they don't look 's if any one on 'em could wrestle tew bushel o' 'taters, nor both on 'em tugether."

"Oh, we can take the 'taters back an' give 'em tu Antwine. He won't turn up his nose at nothin' you give him," said John Dart.

"Perhaps we can persuade Lyddy and Nancy to buy the wood for a small consideration," Joel Bartlett suggested. "They've got a worldly pride nat'ral tu the old Adam, ag'in takin' charity, an' we've got tu consider it. If you'll all fall in with the idea I feel free tu go in an' talk with the gals."

"I've got the idee. See here," said Sam Lovel, "let's go in an' git measured for some clo's 'at we're agoin' tu hev made an' let the wood go toward the pay."

"It looks sort o' decaitful," said Joel, but I do' know but it's kinder accordin' tu what was said by one formerly abaout not lettin' the left hand know what the right hand dueth. Aour women folks do' know."

"If I was 'quainted with these 'ere idgits, I'd go in an' spank 'em," John Dart declared. "But I don't know 'em. Go ahead, Lovel."

"I do' know what M'ri'll say," said Joseph. "I hain't said nothin' tu her 'baout hevin' of me any clo's."

"We hain't got tu hev 'em cut till we git ready, only git measured," Sam whispered loudly. Thereupon he made for the door and entered without ceremony, followed by the others crowding upon his heels, except Joseph, who kept well in the rear.

"Good mornin', Lyddy. Good mornin', Nancy," Sam said, heartily, and then without waiting for a return of the salutation, "I'm afeared Jozeff here didn't du aour arrent plain. The idee is, we all on us got tu hev us some clo's, an' we hain't got no money, so we cal'lated you'd be wantin' some wood an' 'taters, mebby, an' we could pay ye, part in barter in advance, an' the rest on't bimeby in cash or in barter, if that kind of a dicker will be agreeable."

"Why, land sakes!" exclaimed Lyddy, her countenance changing its severe expression to one of surprise. "He never said one word abaout clo's. He kerried the idee 'at you was a-givin' it all tu us as if we was a couple o' poppers."

"Well, ye see, it kinder slipped my mind. I tol' M'ri 'fore I started 'at I'd got tu hev me some trowsers, an' she said she'd lost the partern an' I'd hafter git measured. Sam Hill! I do' know haow I came tu fergit."

"I darsay we can use the wood an' the pertaters," said Lydia, "if we can agree on the price. Haow much du you gentlemen think they're wuth?"

"Wal, it's all body wood—beech an' maple—an' all ready fer the stove, an' I cal'late it's wuth tew dollars a cord, an' each on us has got a good half cord on, shouldn't you think the' was?" he inquired of his companions, while he winked very hard at them.

"Not no more'n that," said big John Dart, and Solon thought "That was a estimatin' on't liberal," while Joel, whose conscience wouldn't permit him to assent to such a glaring deception, coughed and made his mouth so round that it almost whistled a note of surprise.

"I shan't be able tu fetch ye the cloth for a hul suit ontil I git my sheep shore nex' summer an' kerry the wool tu the fact'ry an' git it made up; but if you're a min' tu measure me naow, I guess I shan't grow no more," said Dart.

"An' I want thee to cut me a plain coat," said Joel, single-breasted an' stan'in' collar—thee knows, Nancy—an' skirts not tew full."

"You put crows' feet tu the corners of every pocket o' mine an' three pairs o' buttons on the tails," resumed

Dart, "an' if you're a-goin' tu measure me, you might as well git out a cheer an' begin at the top, or shall I gid daown on all fours?"

"While you're a-measurin' him an' Joel, Jozeff an' Solon an' me'll fetch in the 'taters an' put 'em in the suller. They're Buckeyes an' Long Johns an' English Mutes, an'll be ninepence a bushil. You light a light, Nancy, an' show us the way daown suller."

With that Sam went out, followed by Solon and Joseph, while Lydia brought her tape line and book and began the measurement of her huge customer, and Nancy handed a lighted tallow candle in its shining iron candlestick to Sam as he passed down the cellar stairs.

"Wal, their 'tater bin's pooty nigh cleaned aout," said Joseph, as he carried his full bag down the narrow stairs and emptied it on the bare boards.

"Some time we've got tu bring them gals some cloth an' let 'em work it up. They'll feel 'nough better," said Sam, laying a brown paper roll on top of the potatoes and going up the stairs.

"I'm a'goin' tu see if this 'ere pork berril corroberates, so to speak," said Solon, hanging his emptied bag on his left arm, taking off the damp cover and holding the candle down inside the cask. "The' 's a leetle layer o' salt left, but not no nutrigotious food tu eat. Wal, I shall be killin' nex' week if it keeps col'."

"It 'most seems 'ough them ol' gals 'd ruther work 'an tu set still. What critters!" said Joseph.

"What was 't Samwel depositoried here?" said Solon.

"Feels like sa'ssiges, er mebby it's lean meat fer fryin' er suthin' else," said Joseph, trying the roll with his thumb and finger. "They won't heave it away if they hain't porpers. I don't scarcely b'lieve they will."

With the cellar somewhat replenished and ten cords of wood under the shed, which Pelatiah had told Sam he should like no better fun than to pile up in good shape evenings, "bein' he couldn't be spared no other time," the kindly neighbors departed, leaving something better than food and fuel in the little brown house.

As the sisters watched the slow ox teams going down the hill, Nancy admitted, "Arter all's said an' done, folks hain't all Bascoms, an' it does seem 's if men folks 'ould hev 'em clo's a while longer."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The Appalachian Park.

CONSIDERING the fact that Congress has approved the bill establishing the National Appalachian Park, and that it is only a question of time when its formation will be completed, it may be of interest to all concerned, who are really every man, woman and child,

"Who loves to lie with me
Under the greenwood tree;
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat;

to know something of this most interesting region. So we may stand on the top of Satula Mountain, at the foot of which, on the plain, lies the picturesque village of Highlands; but this plain is 4,000 feet above sea level, which gives a height of something under 5,000 feet to this picturesque, even charming, mountain. And from its top can be seen an almost uninterrupted ocean of verdure, surging in colossal waves of forest, against the numerous crests of other mountains, the whole view appearing to one who has crossed the ocean very much like the lines of billows, with their intervening hollows, rolling in vastness until sight reaches them no longer, and the blue sky meets the horizon.

Rising from this undulating ocean are seen the outlines of the highest points of the Blue Ridge and the Smoky mountains, some of which tower over 6,000 feet above sea level, and many over 5,000 feet, while the plateau on which Highlands stands is something over 4,500 feet. In every direction from the point of view lie these rolling waves, on the south closed in by the blue horizon, on which on a clear day the smoke of the Southern Railroad is seen forty miles distant; on the other sides by this undulating ocean, with here and there, only, a small clearing on which the isolated settler has made a solitary home, and lives and rears his numerous children on the familiar sour-dough corn bread and the milk of his cow, sometimes getting a feast of hog meat enlivened by a string of speckled trout or a few of the abundant pheasants, and in the season a turkey, which he captures in the inwardly sloping rail pen baited with an ear of corn. It is true that these men are numerously addicted to the so-called moonshine business, and the solitary stranger is not always received with the traditionary welcome, but is viewed with cold suspicion. These mountains are covered with timber to the top, except in the case of some of the highest "balds," as they are called, the smooth tops of which are covered with rich black soil and abundant grass, this being pastured by cattle ranged in the woods by owners living at a distance or nearer, who hire a resident to attend to the salting of the stock at regular intervals. And this being done by each one at some fixed place, the herds all become under easy control.

Of course, the fine timber of the region is as yet without actual value, on account of the impossibility of getting it out of the country. Every tree known to North America on the East grows here, except the live oak, and there are two specially indigenous here. These are a distinct variety of the hemlock, which is distinguished by its doubled leaves, that grow in clusters, and not singly or in pairs, as the leaves of the common hemlock do; and one other very rare tree, only found naturally here, a variety of the camellia family, *Stuartia pentagyna*, a specimen of which is growing in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, and was carried from this locality.

I send an illustration of this flower (*Stuartia pentagyna*), which has thick fleshy cream-colored leaves, and is three inches across. It much resembles the common dogwood in habit, excepting that the flowers have five petals, while the dogwood has only four. The dogwood is exceedingly abundant, covering the hillsides in the spring with its bloom, so that one might think he might be viewing a dense orchard.

The rhododendron and all its tribe of evergreen shrubs fill the woods; this shrub, or tree, as it is here, grows 25 feet high, and a specimen, of which I have a photograph, had over two thousand of its large conspicuous panicles of flowers on it. The woods in June blaze with the azalea blooms of all colors, from pale lemon yellow to the deepest scarlet; whole hillsides are thus covered quite frequently, while the beautiful kalmia (with its six-sided cups and recurved stamens, each bent into a small niche in the petal, and at maturity springing back suddenly with a jerk, thus automatically scattering the pollen on the pistils) grows in equal abundance, in company with its more modest but exceedingly sweet-odored azalea viscosa (the clammy azalea), so called from the stickiness of its tubular, creamy-white bunched flowers. This is a dwarfed variety of this family, and completely covers whole acres under the towering forest over it. This variety of azalea has the odor of the tuberose, and on the calm summer evenings the sweet scent fills the air everywhere. Why it is not very common in gardens is a surprise. The white fringe *Chionanthus virginica* is common along river banks, which in places are wholly bordered with this and the beautiful *Philadelphus grandiflorus*, both of which are popular flowering shrubs on Northern lawns. Indeed, from the first appearance of the white flowers of the service tree—here a timber tree—in the spring, all through the year until the sour wood hangs its sweet flower clusters early in the fall, and the witch hazel shows its curious blooms in November, after its leaves have fallen, the woods are gorgeous with continual bloom. I should not forget the grand tulip tree (*Lyriodendron tulipifera*) with its sweet cup-like flowers, and the cucumber tree (*Magnolia acuminata*), with its conspicuous creamy blossoms, followed by its scarlet fruit,

STUARTIA PENTAGYNA.

shaped like a cucumber—whence its common name. These two trees furnish the most valuable timber, commonly called poplar, and grow to enormous size. The butt log of some trees has at times cut into a thousand feet of boards. I have measured one tree over 7 feet in diameter at the stump, and 132 feet to the first limb, where the trunk was still 3 feet in diameter. The chestnut grows to this size. I have measured sassafras trees 3 feet through, and the common black cherry larger still. All other trees are in equivalent proportion.

The mountain laurel, so called (the *Kalmia latifolia*, botanically), has enormous roots, the grain of which is gnarled, curled and colored in a beautiful manner, and furnishes material for the finest finishing work for railroad cars and houses; also for ornamental turned work: the rhododendron also furnishes beautiful wood for similar work. Indeed there is not a tree growing in these vast woods but has a high value for use as soon as transportation is provided for its removal or manufacture.

Under scientific arboriculture these forests will be self-sustaining from the first, and a reasonable estimate which I venture to make, after nearly twenty years' residence here, and during which I have been engaged in preserving and improving the forests on my tract of 4,000 acres, is that ten dollars an acre may be made from fully one-third of this territory (which is nearly all virgin forest, such as I have described) as a permanent income from the timber alone, most of which may be sold to manufacturers, who will cut and remove the selected trees and preserve the young growth for future use. And in the meantime, indeed for all time, these woods may remain in a resting and breathing place for the overtired business men who love to carry a rod or a gun and seek real and actual recreation, either in the summer or the winter. For while the summers are cool, averaging from 60 to 80 degrees at noonday, and under 60 at nights in the summer, these being the extremes, the average in the winter ranging from occasional drops for a few hours to zero, up to 60, with but little snow that lies on the ground, may tempt strangers who would avoid the severity of the Northern winters, but yet, too, the too warm more Southern localities, to seek here one of the most pleasant resorts between the two extremes, where the air is the purest possible, being above the reach of injurious germs, and the water is as it is distilled from the clouds, and flows from the clean subsoil in myriads of clear springs, pure and fresh, forming innumerable rills, which grow into rivulets, which supply the streams, and every drop is washed and washed by the pure air as the water tumbles over the innumerable rocks and cliffs, making beautiful views (and music, too) everywhere as one rides along the roads, or to be seen by glimpses through the woods.

There is nothing which may be called magnificent here. It is all beauty—scenery that charms one, that quiets the worn, weary nerves and fills one up with restfulness. The climate is a specific for all lung and throat diseases; the poisonous mosquito is a rarity; one rests during the cool summer days, and sleeps under the needed blankets at night, enjoying the rest of the satisfied mind and body. This is a mere sketch of what this Appalachian park will be, and may be easily so made to be. The whole must be seen to be realized in full.

HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

Natural History.

Experience with Wild Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to me that Juvenal's letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 23 requires an answer. It is not right to ridicule a statement made in good faith, but there is no reason why one should accept such statements without question.

It is of course unsafe to generalize from a limited personal experience, but my acquaintance with *Felis concolor* extends over so many years and covers so many hundreds of instances that several volumes of FOREST AND STREAM would be required to publish them.

Both the cougar and the big gray wolf are common everyday animals to us here in the Rockies. How common and how destructive to stock the following items from a State paper show: "Wolves are so thick on the New Forks that all stock must be corraled at night." "The bill for the destruction of predatory wild animals which has just passed the legislature carries with it an appropriation of $40,000."

For fifteen years I have made a close study of the cougar. For two months each year for four years, Mr. A. G. Wallihan and myself spent our entire time photographing cougars under all circumstances, and we have a large collection of fine negatives. I have followed on foot the trails in the snow of dozens of the animals where every move, every step, that the cougar took for days was as plain as if I had walked alongside. I know how the cougar lives, what he eats, how he catches his game, and what he does with it after he catches it. I followed one big male cougar for seven days before coming up with him. I have followed numbers for forty-eight hours, and I know cougar nature as well as I know my own.

Not only this, but I have talked with men who have hunted the animal wherever he is found. All agreed with me in what I had noticed as to the habits of the brute.

North and South, East and West, *Felis concolor* is the same.

Let us take up the case of the man on horseback who was chased by the panther. Nothing is more likely than that a panther would jump at a horse. Thousands of horses are killed by them every year in the West, horse flesh being a favorite food. As to the chase and repeated jumps, I do not believe it. The cougar can move with wonderful speed for a hundred yards. On level ground any horse can outrun one in a quarter of a mile. The cougar simply has not the lung-power to run any distance. Time after time I have jumped a cougar out of a tree into the midst of the dogs. Before the dogs got started the cougar would be fifty feet away. He would run a hundred yards while the dogs ran twenty-five. If the cougar was fat the dogs would have him before he was two hundred yards from the starting place; if the animal was thin it might go four hundred yards before being overtaken. If the cougar was lucky enough to get into a tree before being pulled down its sides would be going like a pair of bellows, and if promptly poked out of the tree it could not get away from the dogs. We used to try to get a photograph of a cougar during the first dash. As an illustration of the cougar's speed, the camera that would show every detail of a horse or dog crossing at full speed fifty feet away would show nothing but a blurred object for the cougar. In the case referred to by your correspondent, the panther probably jumped at the horse. Finding a man on its back it let go and slid off, scratching the horse's rump and tearing the man's coat. No panther, after making its dash and leap, has wind enough left to catch any animal as fast as a horse.

I have seen repeated instances where a cougar has missed its rush, and it never attempted to pursue its prey, but went on hunting something else.

As far as a cougar following a man is concerned, that is a common thing—they are forever at it. So is a wolf, a coyote or a fox, for that matter. A number of times I have trailed a cougar all day, and had it turn right around and trail me back to camp after dark. When a cougar is being closely followed it barely keeps out of sight ahead of its pursuer, and will often, double around and drop in behind. No one that knows cougar nature ever thinks twice of danger when being followed by one.

For instance, ten years ago I was staying alone at a place I had in the mountains, looking after some cattle. I had a haystack and corral a mile and a half down the creek from the cabin, and kept my saddle horses there, walking back and forth morning and evening. One day it snowed a couple of inches, clearing up at sunset, and as it happened it was after dark before I got my horses taken care of. The next morning the snow showed the following: A she cougar and three full-grown cubs came down the creek early in the evening. They were very hungry and were hunting. Coming to the cabin they prowled around for some time, going into the stable, and making quite an effort to get into the store house, where several deer were hanging. Failing in this they went on down the creek, and met me half a mile below. Going off the trail thirty feet or so they crouched down until I had passed, then followed me home. Then they went down the creek to a bunch of cattle, but the cattle were nearly all big steers, and bunching up kept the cougars off. At daylight the cougars left the cattle and went on down the creek. A little way below they saw a deer up in some scrub oak and went up and killed it. They were so hungry that they nearly cleaned up the deer, a full-grown doe. When I went down in the morning I saw magpies and knew what was up, as I had seen the cougar tracks. Going a little closer I saw that the cougars were still at the carcass, so went back, and getting a rifle killed the old one; the cubs bolting into the brush. Then I went back and got a lot of No. 4 traps, which I set all around what was left of the deer, and next morning had

all three cubs. Now, why did not those four hungry cougars tackle me when they had every chance in the world? And this is only one of many like instances.

Is there a case on record of a grown man having been killed by a panther? A panther is no bigger and no stronger than a man, and what is there to be afraid of? I have killed several by cracking them over the head with a six-shooter, and one blow did the business. An active man with a club, a knife or even a stone in his fist can kill any panther or wolf that ever walked. One heavy blow on the head, one rip with the knife, and the job is done. I had a cougar hook his claws into my hand once, and not having any weapon I kicked all his ribs loose and made him let go. If the man told of by your correspondent, who was a captain in rank, had gathered him a club and gone after that panther he would not have been followed any more that night.

Now as to the men who heard the wolves howl and thought the horse saved them. Wolves like horse flesh, they often follow people, and they are very fond of howling. If a pack of wolves were hungry they would follow a horse and would howl like blazes. If they saw that a man was with the horse, they would howl some more, but they would not think of taking hold of that horse as long as a man was along. If the horse was alone it would probably be good-by horse.

When a wolf is hungry and lean it is a pretty fast animal. It takes a good fast greyhound to outrun a wolf in that condition, though when a wolf is fat and gorged with food a good horse can beat one. When the men with the fleet horse ran away the wolves naturally followed in the hope that the men would climb a tree or otherwise desert the horse, and according to wolf nature when hunting in packs they howled. If they had wanted to catch the horse it is very likely that they could have done so, because a hungry wolf can outrun a horse in harness.

Whenever anyone brings forward an undoubted case of a man in America being killed by either wolf or panther, I will believe that they will make an unprovoked attack on man, not before.

The truth of the matter is, our forefathers came to this country loaded up with all the old world tales of wolves and were-wolves, and finding in the panther a sly, bloodthirsty beast and a great killer of game and stock, they at once concluded that the beast was a man-killer also.

And so the fireside tales, without any real foundation in fact, went down from generation to generation, until the bloodthirsty wolf and ferocious panther are so firmly implanted in American folk-lore that they can never be eradicated.

And all this in face of the fact that there is not on record the death of a man by either one.

My people have fought Indians and wild animals on the frontier for a hundred and fifty years, and in all the family tales there is not one that even indicates that either wolf or panther is to be feared. Now let us hear from the other side. WM. WELLS.

WELLS, Wyo.

MONROE, Neb., March 13.—One day, while marching in the Big Horn country, in 1865, one of our scouts jumped off his horse and ran into some chokecherry bushes to get some of the cherries. He disappeared in the bushes, but almost immediately reappeared, running, with a big grizzly after him.

He came out of the brush on the edge of a steep cañon, and just then the bear overtook him and made a stroke at him with her paw. She caught the Indian on the side of his head and took his ear off as clean as you could cut it with a knife.

Both bear and Indian disappeared over the bank into the cañon, and by the time we got to the edge of the cañon the bear was climbing up the opposite side and the Indian was lying at the bottom insensible, with the muscles all torn out of one arm. He got well, but was minus one ear and had a badly crippled arm.

He said the bear was about 40 feet from him when he first saw it, and it immediately charged him without any provocation.

We killed the bear before it got out of the cañon. It was a large female, and I think the editor of FOREST AND STREAM has seen the skin in my brother's (Maj. Frank North) house. L. H. NORTH.

A Singing Mouse.

ELVERSON, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For more than a month we have had a singing mouse with us. Our house is an old-fashioned stone building 108 years old, and is not drummed, although it is, of course, plastered and papered within. It has, however, the common washboard in all the rooms. Behind the washboard in the north wall of the library lives our singing mouse. He sings only at night and at rare intervals. This evening while I was reading, one of the ladies called my attention to him. I am rather deaf, but easily heard the mouse at least 10 feet away. Then several of us collected around the place and the little fellow seemed to realize his audience, for he gave us a selection of beautiful songs with all manner of trills imaginable. Once by keeping my eyes on the musical spot in the wall where there was a slight opening between the washboard and paper, I got a bare glimpse of him. Even then, when he was again out of sight, the song kept up. A door was opened and we walked around, but our fearless songster kept it up for some minutes longer. OCTAVIUS BULL.

There is a well attested story about Daniel Webster and a Marshfield farmer. Mr. Webster was out shooting, and in his rambles came to a deep creek. Seeing a skiff moored to a stake and the farmer cutting salt hay near by, he begged to be paddled across. The farmer dropped his scythe, unhitched the skiff and took Mr. Webster over, and then, after declining a proffer of payment, lingered a moment to hold this dialogue: "This is Daniel Webster, I believe." "That is my name," Mr. Webster replied. "Well," said the farmer, "it seems to me that if I could earn my living by pleading cases up in Boston I wouldn't be trying to get it by wading through these marshes in hot weather shooting little birds."

Ducks Breeding in New York.

PENN YAN, N. Y., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest the articles lately printed in FOREST AND STREAM on the breeding of ducks in the United States, and have thought that it might be of interest to relate a little incident that I observed while on a trout fishing trip to the North Woods last season—1900. I think it was the 20th day of June that I was fishing down the Jordan River, a very narrow and tortuous stream that empties into the Raquette, at the head of the Upper Hollywood Stillwater. I was fishing from a canoe, as it is impossible, except in a very few places, to fish from the shore or wade. The veteran Norm La Roe was paddling me.

We had dropped down the river quite a distance, when, rounding a bend, we ran on a brood of duck quite close to us. Away they went, skittering down stream, and we saw no more of them till we had drifted down perhaps a half-mile further, when we came on them again. This time they did not act nearly so shy, and only went down stream a short distance and dropped in a little cove where a stream from a spring opened in the river. The river at that point was not six yards wide.

Paddling as close as we could to the opposite shore, we kept as motionless as possible till we were nearly opposite them, when Norm held the canoe stationary, and we watched them for several minutes. It was a flock of redheads, the little ones only a little larger than a robin. There were thirteen of them. I counted them over two or three times to be sure. They scarcely acted more shy than domestic ducks, and were the cunningest little things I ever saw.

To me it was worth the trip there to see them. They would dive, splash the water and play just like their tame relatives, while we were but little more than a rod from them. Oh, for a kodak! but none was at hand. It was a beautiful sight and one that I shall not soon forget.

E. P. S.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have interviewed a sportsman of my acquaintance on the subject of ducks breeding in this State. When I told him that there was a question as to whether they did breed in this State, he said, "Mallards, black duck, teal and all that class of birds used to breed on the west side of Onondaga Lake until a few years ago, when they had to clear out on account of the advance of the city. One day last spring when I was out snipe shooting west of this city a big mallard flew up from under a bush, and before I thought I let drive and dropped her. When I went to pick her up I saw that under the bush there was a nest with three eggs in it. In a tree near my cottage on Lake Ontario a wood duck has bred for several years, and time and again I have seen these little wild ducks all covered with yellow down out around the islands, where no one disturbs them.

"If Long Island wants spring duck shooting, let her have it, but we want a law for the inland part of the State to stop this spring duck shooting. I am decidedly of the opinion that if the ducks are let alone they will breed here in numbers and we will have an increase in the fall. This everlasting banging is enough to drive anything to the North Pole."

The gentleman who told me this is well known in this vicinity, and anything that he says may be accepted as the truth. W. M. F.

A Thrilling Experience.

STATE COLLEGE, Pa., March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the past three weeks the press of this State has been giving prominence to the following hair-raising story, with apparently no attempt to discover the truth:

MAN HAS THRILLING FIGHT WITH WILDCAT.—Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 10.—O. H. Holmes, a young man of State College, had a thrilling experience with a wildcat recently, and it was only after a terrific fight that he succeeded in getting the better of the animal. Holmes was attacked by the animal when he had nothing to defend himself with and was badly bitten before he could secure a club. Homes' flesh was badly lacerated, and when speaking about the affair he said that he thought for a time that he was done for. He is just now recovering from the effects of his encounter.—Philadelphia Inquirer, Feb. 20.

With the above was published a photograph of O. H. Homles, of this place, and of a man holding a gun and of an animal in crouching attitude, which was doubtless intended to convey to the mind of a reader the impression of a wildcat, but as it more resembles a common raccoon than a wildcat, we must conclude that either it was with a coon with which Holmes had his "terrific fight" or that the "newspaper artist" had never seen a wildcat, and to him "all coons look alike."

It is the serious duty of all persons who are in position to learn the truth in such circumstances to do what they can to prevent such travesties on nature from going unchallenged before the public. While naturalists are earnestly striving to establish the truth concerning our native animals, such published falsehoods as the above will do much toward tearing down the work of years of careful study and keeping us in the realm of darkness, superstition and unnecessary fears.

As the undersigned lives at State College and has ascertained the facts of the above occurrence, he feels it his duty to make them known in order that nervous women and timid children may not be afraid to go abroad in our woods and fields and enjoy their beauties with the sense of full security, whether it be by day or by night.

The morning after this bloody (?) encounter Mr. Holmes came to the museum of the Pennsylvania State College to have his wildcat mounted. He appeared as "calm as a May morning" with no evidences of nervous prostration and not a scratch upon his body. The element of truth in the yarn from which the cloth was fabricated is as follows:

On Feb. 16 Mr. Holmes was hunting, and although that looks suspicious in this State, as it is "out of season" for all kinds of "game," he was "only after foxes and wildcats, of course." He related the occurrence: "I was hunting foxes, and my dogs treed something in a brush pile. They went in under the brush from opposite sides and soon commenced to fight some animal. I laid my gun down in the snow and got down on my hands and kees to see what was going on. One of the dogs had a wildcat by the back and was shaking it. As I was there in the stooping position he threw it with force and it happened that it struck me in the breast. As its back was broken and it could not use its hind legs, and as I did not have time to pick up my gun, I grabbed it by the back of the neck and pressed it down in the snow and choked it to death."

The writer identified the animal as a fine specimen of the American wildcat (*Lynx rufus*), which is really not very rare in central Pennsylvania. There have been many instances reported of this animal attacking mankind, but we have never seen it possible to find one authenticated, and we do not believe there is one true case on record where either the wildcat or the lynx has attacked man, woman or child, either in self-defense or through extreme hunger. It is a shy retiring animal, and we recently saw one flee away with all possible speed the moment it sighted a person, even at some distance.

There is quite a difference between strangling a wounded and consequently defenseless animal and being attacked and forced into an open-handed encounter with a bloodthirsty brute. We hope readers of this article will help circulate the truth about similar misstatements concerning our harmless animals—as are nearly all of those which are left in America.

H. A. SURFACE,
Professor of Zoology, the Pennsylvania State College.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

An Adirondack Deer Hunt.

IT was on the afternoon of Nov. 6, 1900, that a party of hunters, answering to the names of Ted, Fred, George, Frank and the writer—five of us—packed up our camp tackle, consisting of tents, sheet iron stoves, blankets and catables, such as bacon, beans, potatoes, onions, coffee, milk and a dozen loaves of bread, and boarding a train on the Auburn branch of the New York Central R. R., started for a week's hunt among the deer of the Adirondacks. At 4 o'clock in the morning of the next day we reached our destination, a point on the Adirondack division of the New York Central R. R., about ninety miles north of Utica. Arriving there in a cold drizzling rain storm, securing a hand car, we pushed our baggage up the track about a mile, and at once proceeded to put up our tents and make our camp comfortable for the week's stay. As soon as the camp was completed we partook of a good breakfast of fried bacon, potatoes and hot coffee, then we were ready for hunting.

Ted, Frank, George and the writer were all armed with Winchester rifles, model '92, .44-40, weight 6¾ pounds. Fred carried a Savage .30-30 of about 8 pounds. Ted, Frank and George had never hunted deer before, nor had they ever seen deer running in the woods. Fred and the writer had hunted deer for several years in Michigan, Pennsylvania and New York State, and we considered ourselves fairly successful as deer hunters. So much for the personnel of our party. We employed no guides. Each man carried a good compass, and no trouble was experienced by getting lost.

It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon of Nov. 7 when we struck out in the woods for game, each man taking the direction which he fancied was the best, and hunting from a mile to five miles from camp. The first day all the party saw from one to three deer, each getting running shots at them. The writer succeeded in wounding two deer, but failed to get them, as it came on to rain hard soon after we got in the woods. I am satisfied that these two deer were shot too far back, so as to fail of striking a vital place, but the shots were difficult, and it would have been better that I had not taken them. So the day ended in a cold driving rain storm, with no deer taken.

A good hot supper was eaten and then when the pipes were filled we settled down to the hunter's happy hour, and then filling our stoves up full of wood and wrapping ourselves in our blankets, we fell into such sleep as only the hunter knows about.

The next day was a bad day in the woods. Fred killed a young buck—saw him as he got up out of his bed and put a .30-30 through his neck, which was instant death. No other deer was seen by the party that day.

The morning of the 9th found it snowing hard, and it continued to snow all day. Nothing seen.

The 10th George shot a fine yearling buck—his first deer. He saw him standing in a clump of bushes. Got him through the neck.

The 11th nothing was done.

The 12th was cold and clear, and found us in the woods at daylight. Frank got a nice young buck this day, which was his first deer. Several others were seen by the party and a few shots were fired, but without results.

The 13th was cold—9 degrees below zero. This was Ted's day. He secured a large doe, which was his first deer.

The writer also crawled up on to two deer lying down. They were about three rods away when seen. Killed one and the other was away before I could get a shot at him, it being in a very thick swamp where the deer were. All the party sighted game that day.

The 14th and last day of our hunt opened cold and clear. George got a standing shot at a doe and killed her instantly. The writer started a buck, which he did not see until the deer was twenty rods away. He put in a couple of shots in quick succession, one of them shattering the hind leg at the gambel joint. It was 9:30 when the deer was wounded, and I put the final shot into him at 11:30. This proved to be an eight-prong buck, weight 175 pounds. Fred got a standing shot at a doe this day, but made a clean miss, and so ended our hunt for the fall of 1900, this having proved one of the most enjoyable and successful hunts that the writer ever took part in. It is needless to say that all parties voted to make our next hunt on the same grounds in the fall of 1901.

EZRA G. SMITH.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Excitement Over Indiana Game Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 23.—According to the proverb it is a long lane which knows no turning, and the adage seems to be verified in the history of game laws in the West. Ten or twelve years ago this part of the West was practically lawless so far as the protection of game was concerned. We had laws, but they were not observed. The great bulk of the people were either absolutely ignorant or absolutely indifferent in regard to what game laws might or might not be on the statute books. In those days the sporting papers and the sportsmen's associations were almost the only sources of any protest or agitation regarding better laws or better enforcement of the laws. Puerile enough were the methods of those days in the organized bodies of sportsmen. We "unanimously resolved," and we let it go at that. We passed resolutions condemning spring shooting, and then we went out and killed as many birds in the spring as we knew how. We believed in protecting the game, but we believed then, as a good many of us do now, that it was fit and seemly for protection to begin with the other fellow. We wanted all the other States to agree to keep their fingers out of the game pie before we would agree to do so ourselves. In short, we gave to the observant world, so far as the observant world cared a copper about it, a very fine example of what human nature can do when it moveth itself aright.

That was ten years ago, and game protection then surely seemed a forlorn hope. Yet the sporting press kept dinging away at the matter, and naturally had a great deal of influence, for I presume no sort of journal printed has more influence among its readers than a good sporting paper. No doubt the sporting press did very much to start the ball rolling, and perhaps even the sportsmen's associations, with their solemn annual enactments of "We do solemnly resolve," had a certain influence in their way. Meantime there went on all over this Western country the changes incident to continually spreading civilization, encroaching always upon the natural resorts of the game, and continually cutting down its numbers. The people in general began to take an interest in matters which had before interested but a few. The leaven of good principles began to work, the preachments of the sporting press began to make converts. We heard more and more about game laws, about localities for wild game, about the scarcity of game where once it was abundant. Then, a few years ago, there came up the idea that it would be a good thing to protect this game, and to do so at the expense of those who got the most enjoyment or benefit out of it. Herein lay the origin of the idea, fallacious, but very human, that it would be a good thing to establish a shooting license for the purpose of raising a fund for game protection. The idea of charging a free born American a sum of money to shoot in a country where once every man had been at liberty to shoot, excited first the surprise and then the anger of the American shooting public. Yet the effect of this sentiment was not to remove the non-resident license from the State where it first got its hold, but to establish other non-resident licenses in adjoining States. Thus a system of retaliation grew up among all the Western States, one after the other putting on a non-resident license as a matter of self protection. It is yet to be proved that the non-residence license has really come to stay, for a system of mere retaliation may break down as rapidly as it builds up. Yet it is no doubt true that the non-resident license has come to stay at least for the time in practically all the Western States which have any game. With it has come a code of game laws of increasing severity in all the Western States. The long lane has had its turn. We have been wanting protection, and now we have got it—more of it than a good many care to have.

There is more excitement in Chicago shooting circles over this Indiana game law than has ever been seen here over any question pertaining to sportsmanship. Heretofore we have always looked upon game laws as being more or less vague and remote things, good for the other fellow but really not coming very close home to ourselves. Just to raise a fund for game protection, as the theory goes, we put on a $10 non-resident license in Illinois at the last session of Legislature. Wisconsin also had a $10 license, and Michigan threatens one. In order to show that there was no coldness, and to prove that she was not behind the times, Indiana tucked on a $25 non-resident license. Hence these tears.

The immediate origin of the movement which led to the passage of this Indiana law is differently assigned in different quarters. It is stated that the members of a couple of sporting clubs of Rensselaer, and of Indianapolis, which had grounds near the Kankakee River, were the first to raise the protest which led to the enactment of this law by the Indiana Legislature. Yet others say that the first movement for the present law originated at Gilman. Still others state that the story about the preserving of the John Brown tract near Shelby was the cause of the uprising across the line in Indiana. There may be truth in each of these stories, but no one locality can make a State law, and it is likely that the Illinois statute asking a $10 non-resident license was the determining factor when the question came up before the Indiana Legislature.

This week much confusion still existed in Illinois regarding the law, and regarding the question whether the authorities in Indiana intended to enforce the law. Some Chicago men have been shooting in Indiana without a license, and yet others have taken out their licenses, though the latter are but few in number. All around Shelby, Water Valley, Roselawn and other towns near the Kankakee a number of Indiana wardens have gathered in. They are watching each other, and incidentally watching for Chicago shooters. Tolleston Club has been one of the early victims. The son-in-law of Otto Young, a member, is reported arrested for not having a license. The old Lake George Club, which had quarters at Water Valley, on the Kankakee, has practically pulled up stakes and quit. Mr. Hempstead Washburne, who secured the lease from John Brown on the big tract near Shelby with the intention of forming the Tonti Shooting Club, this week surrendered his option to Mr. Brown. The grounds near Shelby, therefore, remain open as before.

As before indicated, one immediate result of the Indiana law has been the turning of the tide of Chicago shooting to Illinois points. All the shooting places along the Illinois River and around Fox Lake to the north of here are fuller of shooters than they have been in a dozen years. The price of every share in an Illinois shooting club has been marked up nearly double. Thus E. M. Steck, of this city, who this week went down to the Lone Tree Club on the Illinois River, at once bought a share in that club. He killed 30 birds one day, 15 on the next, and 17 on the day following. A great many other Chicago men will take up membership in Illinois clubs and resign their Indiana shooting.

One result, perhaps still some distance in the future, is now nearer to being a possibility than ever before. This throng of shooters crowded into the Illinois regions will surely cut down the supply of game, so that eventually self-interest may look toward the stopping of spring shooting in this State. It would be unwise therefore to decry this action of the Indiana Legislature, or to call it anything but beneficial to the cause of game protection. We have wanted game protection, and now we have got it, and the probability is we are going to have still more of it. It was stated confidently many years ago that the West would never protect its game until it had nearly disappeared and hence attained great value. All this question of more stringent game laws in the West simply bases itself on the disappearance of our game.

Great Abundance of Ducks.

And yet, in apparent contradiction of the latter statement, arises the fact that this spring, without any doubt or question, we have more ducks in Indiana and Illinois than we have had stop with us for the past ten years. We hear again the old cry that there are "just as many ducks as there ever were." The unthinking cannot realize that we simply have a large proportion of the flight, stopping with us for a little while, and that soon the flight will pass on beyond us, compactly and not strung out. On the face of the facts, however, every spring shooter of Chicago is gnashing his teeth over the thought that the Kankakee marshes are alive with ducks and that it costs $25 to go and shoot them.

There can be no doubt as to the temporary abundance of wildfowl in all our shooting country, for every shooter comes back with practically the same story. Mr. T. A. Hagerty on Thursday a week ago was down at Shelby, and he said that he saw what seemed to him literally millions of ducks. They were all over the flats in such numbers that they literally blackened the air when they arose.

From Cumberland Club, Maksawba Club and from all the pushers around Water Valley come the same stories of thousands of ducks all along the Kankakee. A large proportion of these birds are mallards, with a good many pintails, and they are feeding out on the cornfields to a great extent.

Along the Illinois River the shooting has been superb. Mr. Hempstead Washburne, who has just returned from Swan Lake Club, got about forty birds in two days, and reports fine mallard shooting in the timber. At the Undercliff, on Lake Senachwine, there are a number of shooters stopping now, and most of these are having good sport. The best flight that can be located at this writing is now in at Havana. Along the Mississippi marshes and the lower Illinois River, near Monmouth, New Boston, etc., there are still thousands of birds, but it is thouhgt the flight is beginning to get past those lower points.

At Fox Lake the ice is not yet out, but the river is open and there is a heavy body of birds reported there today. Billy Wells is at Fox Lake for a week, and should meet this flight. His friend, Eddie Pope, may join him within the next forty-eight hours. There will be some heavy bags turn up from that locality this coming week. On all the mashes west of here, at Mineral, Sheffield, etc., there is a heavy flight at present. Indeed, on every hand one hears stories of good shooting.

Among bags reported this week are John Burmeister and two sons, 75 mallards in two days, at Shelby, Ind.; John Hood, 50 in one day, at Havana. At Hennepin on last Friday Frank Willard killed 57, and on the day following 33, and on the second day after that again 33. Mr. Meine at the same club on three days of this week killed respectively 8, 22 and 62; Mr. Warder on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday killed 26, 15 and 50. Mr. Trail killed 25 ducks at Hennepin Club on last Wednesday. There were 166 ducks killed at Hennepin on last Wednesday, and the shooting since then has probably been still better.

There will be a big exodus of shooters to-night for different points in Illinois. Mr. H. M. Van Hoesen has left for Round Lake, Ill., with his friend, Mr. Buckmeister. Mr. E. A. Bournique goes to-day up to Fox Lake. Mr. William Werner, who is just in from Knox, Ind., says that the prairies and marshes near that place are literally alive with ducks; he wants friends to join him.

Now, whether all this big flight is in because of the advanced attitude of game protection in Indiana may perhaps be an open question, yet we surely have the Indiana law and we have this unparalleled spring flight.

New Game Warden.

It was reported that Mr. A. J. Lovejoy, of Roscoe, is slated for the office of Game and Fish Commissioner, vice Harry W. Loveday, who was appointed by Governor Tanner. Governor Yates has not yet sent any commission to an appointee, but there is likelihood of a change in the office.

Champion Pot Shots.

Mr. H. K. Kuhn, of Nevada, Mo., gives some interesting stories about championship pot shots which some of his neighbors made in the early times. He says:

"I owned the first reel ever made by Mr. W. H. Talbot, of Nevada. Mr. Talbot is a friend of mine, and very well knows my hero, William Warden, a market shooter who used to kill duck where the Union Depot of St. Louis now stands. Mr. Warden was in the habit of crawling on a bunch of ducks and discharging both barrels of a No. 10 heavily loaded at the same time. At one time he made this performance, and by some means he broke his collarbone, and to show you the nerve of the man, he gathered all of his ducks off of the water—twenty-eight in number—mounted his horse, which he had tied in the timber, and arrived home, some four miles distant, but he shot no more for six weeks. At another time Mr. Warden, his son, Arthur, and Jess Lowe were out, and they made the sneak on to a vast flock of mallards. They fired five barrels, three at them sitting and two as they rose—one of Arthur's barrels failed. Result: 148 dead mallards that they got.

"At another time Mr. Warden, his son, John, and Jess Lowe were out one calm, beautiful November day, and had killed some ducks going from lake to lake, but it was comparatively dull, and finally about 3 o'clock they came to Back Bone Lake. At the south end they saw a small bunch of ducks in the north end. Mr. Warden told John to make a wide circuit and see if he could not get a pot shot, while he and Mr. Lowe would remain hid and try to get a wing shot as they came by. John made the rounds and the first thing he did, after getting as close as he could, was to divest himself of all clothing. There had been a heavy frost in the morning and some ice; the water was cold. It was shallow at the banks and muddy. John crawled to the bank on his stomach with his gun held in one hand above the water, keeping some bushes between himself and the ducks, and finally got within forty yards of them. He was in about 3½ feet of water. With his first barrel he killed sixteen. One flew, and, of course, he got it with the remaining charge. You can imagine what the men at the other end thought. I will state that Mr. Warden is now an earnest advocate of game protection, and what laws we have (which are too limited) he obeys strictly."

A New Sporting Country.

Mr. H. H. Marks, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., gives me a tip on some new sporting country, regarding which FOREST AND STREAM is probably the first sporting paper to print any notice. There is a new railroad now going straight north from Sault Ste. Marie to the icy shores of the Hudson Bay, the whole course of which will lie through an ancient and untouched wilderness. Forty miles of this road is now constructed out of the total length of 490 miles. This road is the result of the energy of Mr. F. H. Clerg, who promoted the enterprise in England. The company will develop the copper and iron mines and put up saw mills and pulp mills. In short, this ancient country of the Indian woods tribes, over which the early French made their perilous way more than 200 years ago to attack the feeble English trading posts on Hudson Bay, will now be put under the hammer and axe and forced to conform to the ways of civilization. Between that time and now there will be some splendid hunting and fishing along the new line. If you wish to find out about it, watch the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Along the Rivers Ossipee and Saco.

OUR sportsmen have been pretty quiet through the winter, except for a little rabbit hunting and fishing through the ice. The latter sport has been actually good, numerous heavy strings of pickerel being taken, and not a few handsome trout—our law allowing the taking of these by citizens of the State after Feb. 1. On a pond but a few miles from this village a man and his boy, in a few hours' fishing, captured four speckled beauties that weighed 8 pounds, and several 3-pounders have been taken this season from the same pond.

Fox hunting, once so popular in this section, has been practically ruined by the trappers' deadly work. Once you had only to step outside the village any day with favoring conditions to hear the cry of the fox hound resounding among the hills. Now one will rarely come upon sly Reynard's footprints if he tramp across country for miles. The former followers of the hounds bitterly decry the trappers for robbing them of their favorite sport, and in spite of all that has been said in these columns in the latter's defense, I am emphatically of the opinion that it is one of the most unsportsmanlike of practices (as relating to the fox), and should be promptly stopped. Nothing is more absurd than the principal argument of the trapper, that the fox should be exterminated for the war he wages on other game, for now, when his numbers are so sadly depleted that a specimen is rarely to be seen, we find that the ruffed grouse, among which he is alleged to make such havoc, instead of increasing are actually scarcer than ever before, which shows clearly that the gun and not Reynard is responsible for the decrease of this game.

And in relation to the alarming scarcity of grouse, squirrels, etc., I may say that most of our sportsmen have come to the conclusion that there is not enough of such game left to make it worth one's while to hunt for it, and many are exchanging their shotguns for rifles to take advantage of the bit of deer hunting afforded each season in Oxford county, adjoining. There are probably a dozen good repeaters owned right here in the village, and moreover, the owners of these arms are trying to perfect themselves in their use by frequent work at the target. Much speculation has arisen as to the best shot in town, and I should not be surprised to see a rifle club organized in the near future.

As to the brook trout, we are all looking ahead with considerable anxiety to the coming season because of the terrible drought that prevailed last summer. Many of our best brooks went completely dry for long distances from their mouths, and in some cases, I am informed, hundreds of dead fingerlings were to be found on the dry beds of these vanished streams. I saw nothing like this, but on the other hand was encouraged to find a goodly number of trout in brooks which I visited while hunting in the fall, and which I knew to have gone dry as above described; so I am inclined to think that in such cases instinct teaches the fish to work up to the head of the stream, where it is largely fed by unfailing springs, and thus find enough pure water to tide the great majority of them over the period. Of course the quality of the fishing, when the time comes, will tell the story, but meantime I should appreciate advices from any of your readers who may have had experience in the matter.

TEMPLAR.

CORNISH, Me., March 9.

Spring Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream

In my article in FOREST AND STREAM of Saturday, March 9, I made the statement that in 1892 a law was passed making the close season March 1 to Sept. 1, excepting Long Island, and that one year convinced the sportsmen of this county that ducks would breed here. Better black duck, mallard, teal and wood duck shooting was had that fall than was ever had before or since. Not only this, but the fall ducks—broadbills, bluebills, redhead, whistler, etc—came earlier and stayed longer, etc. In looking over FOREST AND STREAM of that year, 1893, I find in No. 25, Dec. 23, an article, entitled "Niagara County Duck Shooting," by M. H., which shows that in the fall of the only year that the ducks were ever permitted to pass through our State unmolested by the spring butcher the sportsmen of Niagara county were also repaid for their self-denial in the spring.

Doubtless Long Island, Oswego, Erie and other counties were benefited to the same extent. It would be interesting at the present time to hear from the sportsmen of these counties in regard to the shooting in the fall of 1893. I take the liberty to quote as follows:

> At 5 o'clock the hunters started for home, reaching the city of Locks two hours later, tired, it is true, but with a happy weariness. The day's sport had been uninterruptedly fine, and they felt well repaid for their trip in every respect.
>
> After a hearty dinner Metropolis took up the New York papers, which had left the presses at 4:30 A. M. and reached the State's remotest city twelve hours later, with a gratified air.
>
> "Well," said he, "this is all like a fairy tale. I have spent the day on a most romantic steamer, enjoyed the invigorating breezes of the lake, and at the climax found myself surrounded with as many aquatic birds as the coasts of Labrador could afford. After a day of superior pleasure such as only a sportsman may know, I return to find in my friend's house the New York papers of the day at my service. All this within twelve hours' ride of my home. Astonishing!"
>
> In a measure, old residents of the country this year, however, can share the New Yorker's astonishment at the plentifulness of wild ducks and geese. They seem to visit this section this fall in countless numbers. Burt Green, of Lockport, and Will Windsor, United States plumber at Fort Niagara, one day this week secured eleven large Canadian geese in Niagara River. A Wilson hotel keeper, whose place is charmingly located on Wilson Harbor and overlooking the mouth of the creek and Lake Ontario, writes that on Monday morning of this week, rising at daybreak, he went outdoors to attend to his chores. He looked out upon the stream and rubbed his eyes with astonishment. He could not believe what his optics told him. The water as far as he could see was covered with ducks. That day he and a local attorney secured fifty-seven plump birds. The lawyer employed no legal entanglements with which to ensnare the game, either, but he says he used a very superior smokeless powder. No. 3 shot did the business.
>
> A Wheatfield farmer sent word to a Lockport friend on Tuesday that the ducks were so thick on Tonawanda Creek his young boys were trying to knock them down with poles as they flew back and forth to the lake. Never within the memory of the present generation have the different varieties of waterfowl been so plentiful in Niagara county. This section is happily located any how as relates to the migratory game birds.

It's a kind of funny happening that in the only year that we ever stopped spring shooting in New York State Niagara and Jefferson should have had more ducks than the oldest inhabitant ever saw or dreamed of, and that Long Island, Oswego, Onondaga and the other counties shouldn't have noticed anything unusual. If you want spring shooting stopped, get after your representatives. If you don't want it stopped, just drive what birds you don't kill up into Jefferson county. We want them, for we are going to stop spring shooting of wildfowl in this county for three years, and I hope forever.

W. H. TALLETT, Pres't J. C. S. A.

WATERTOWN, March 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to say that I was somewhat surprised to read in one of your late editorials that "Ontario has recently passed an act prohibiting spring shooting," and then again last week Mr. Hough, who ought also to be up in the game laws of Ontario, allows a correspondent to make the same statement without comment. If there is one thing we in Ontario are proud of, it is the fair treatment we give the migratory birds. We have had an act in force continuously for the last ten or twelve years prohibiting spring shooting of all migratory birds except geese and swans, and it should include these. We give FOREST AND STREAM credit for advocating so ably the prohibition of shooting birds when they are mated and about to make their nests, for it is no credit to the Americans to allow their destruction then, especially as all varieties of bird life are showing a marked decrease. It is true that Quebec allows spring shooting of some birds, but Quebec has always been slow to adopt improvements. However, now she has a Premier in the Hon. Mr. Parent who is thoroughly with us in this, and he will amend their law and prevent spring shooting. I wish as much could be said for New York and some other States—wish they were so advanced as Quebec.

Why, sir! the ducks themselves are beginning to take the matter into their own hands and will not only not stop to breed in such States, but thousands of them of their own instinct did not go south at all last fall, but stayed all winter on our open waters. Such birds as canvasbacks, bluebills and redheads could be seen any day during the whole winter in the lake near Toronto. Of course any one who has hunted these birds will give them credit for knowing a thing or two, and no doubt they have reasoned that if they went south among a people who have no kindly feeling for them except when roasted, it was to their interest to stay where they are unmolested and treated decently.

It is true that we have in Ontario a class of men who grumble against our law, which only allows wildfowl to be taken between Sept. 1 and Dec. 15 in each year. They say we are only protecting the birds for the Americans, especially such birds as wood duck and teal, which go south in September, and are not protected at all by the Americans, but the law is inexorable, for we consider that these birds especially are fast becoming very scarce, and possibly should be protected for a term of years. Instead of doing this, however, our friends across the border shoot them during at least eight months of the year, for after they have killed all they can in their own neighborhood, it is quite the proper thing to do to take a trip to the birds' southern winter home and there continue the slaughter until the birds come north again, shot at all the way, until they reach the Canadian border, where they are safe until Sept. 1. As soon as the birds reach our southern border they begin to nest in all suitable places, and in the southern tier of counties along Lake Erie may be found breeding such birds as black duck, mallard, blue-winged teal, wood duck, bluebills, shovelers, etc. It may be safely said that all of these birds would breed in any of the States on the way north if they were allowed to do so.

G. A. MACCALLUM.

Maine Legislation.

BOSTON, March 23.—The Maine September deer shooting license law is no more. It will be remembered that the timber land owners of that State bitterly assailed that law early in the session of the Legislature just closed, both by petition and argument. They claimed that it subjected their lands to great danger from forest fires. They were much opposed to the letting loose of irresponsible persons in the guise of hunters, to roam unrestrained over their wild lands in the month of September, one of the worst months in the year for forest fires. Their arguments were met by the theory that hunters, in charge of registered guides, were a source of protection against fires. But this did not satisfy them. The proposition to repeal the September law came before the Committee on Fisheries and Game. That committee was equally divided—five for the repeal and five against it. Hence two reports were made. The House on Tuesday voted to repeal by a very large majority. Just before the matter came to a final vote, Mr. Carleton, Chairman of the Fish and Game Commission, also a member of the House, got in the following amendment to the bill to repeal the September law:

Section 2. It shall be unlawful for non-residents of the State to enter upon the wild lands of the State with intent to camp and kindle fires thereon, while engaged in hunting or fishing, without being in charge of a registered guide during the months of May, June, July, August, September, October and November; provided, that the provisions of this section so far as entering upon the wild lands in this State with intent to camp and kindle fires thereon while engaged in hunting or fishing, stop at any hunting or fishing camp which is owned or under the control of any registered guide or registered camp owner.

Whoever shall catch or kill any deer, or enter upon the wild lands in this State with intent to camp and kindle fires thereon while engaged in hunting or fishing, without being in charge of a registered guide during the months of May, June, July, August, September, October and November, in violation of the provisions herein contained, shall be fined forty dollars and costs of prosecution for each offense and be subject to imprisonment for thirty days.

This amendment went through with the bill to repeal the September law without dissension, and since the measure has passed both branches of the Legislature it is a part of the statutes of the State. The reading of the amendment, as above, may not be entirely correct, though it is all the text I have at this writing, since there is some obscurity concerning the meaning of words "Provided * * * stop at any hunting or fishing camp which is owned or under the control of a registered guide or camp owner." It is evident that the meaning of the amendment is that hunters and fishermen stopping at hunting camps, or the owners of such camps, are not subject to the fines or other penalties of the law. I have seen one of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners today, and he says that it is not the intention of the law to interfere with camp owners or their guests, but to stop transient hunters and fishermen from entering upon the wild lands of the State without being accompanied by registered guides. Several Boston sportsmen that I have seen since the passage of the above bill are glad that the September license law is repealed, and they fully agree with the Commissioners that hunters and fishermen ought to be in charge of careful guides when entering upon the wild lands of Maine.

BOSTON, March 25.—The Maine Legislature has positively adjourned without date, and there is now no danger of further fish and game legislation in that State for two years. No license laws now exist there, the September license law having been repealed at the last moments of the session. The bill to make moose hunters take out a license costing $25 passed through a good deal of discussion, the principal reason given for such a measure by its friends, being revenue. But it was assailed by the interests of the camp owners and guides, as well as hotel and railroad interests. It was amended but finally referred to the next Legislature. The measure, referred from the preceding Legislature, to make all non-resident hunters going into Maine take out a license came up several times, but was finally indefinitely postponed. The resolve to establish a fish hatchery and nursery on a large scale at Moosehead Lake failed of a final passage, through a desire for great economy. The Fish and Game Commissioners were shorn of none of their powers, although it was proposed early in the session to take away their power to prevent any and all hunting and fishing in any part of the State, if they deem expedient. Neither were the Fish and Game Commissioners required to prepare and forward to the Governor and Council an itemized statement of all that the Commission has cost the State for a series of years, as was proposed early in the session by the enemies of the Commission. They got no extra appropriations, since the Legislature was "in for economy."

The bill repealing the September law was finally passed in a form, as far as I am able to learn at this writing, that simply requires a non-resident to be accompanied by a registered guide when entering upon the wild lands of the State with intent to hunt, fish, camp and build fires.

SPECIAL.

Scent to Attract Foxes.

WELLS, Wyo.—In the issue for March 2 Mr. C. H. Ames asks about a scent for attracting foxes. In the spring take the musk sacs of muskrat, the same of skunk, and beaver castor; put them in a tightly corked bottle and hang the botttle up in the sun until fall. When you want to catch a fox dip a twig into the mixture and stick it in the ground near the bait. If a fox gets wind of it half a mile away he will come to investigate, but if the trapper lives with other folks I advise him to change his clothes before going home.

WM. WELLS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

New York's Forests.

From the Poughkeepsie Eagle.

ONE of the recommendations of Governor Odell in his annual message was that a radical change should be made in the State control of forests, fish and game, abolishing the two present commissions and committing their duties to a single head. A measure embodying this change has just passed the Legislature, and in connection with it we copy a letter from President Wadsworth, of the present Commission, to the FOREST AND STREAM, which sets forth his views as to the policy that should be adopted.

Undoubtedly, though it was put there for a praiseworthy purpose, the constitutional provision which holds the State forests in such a way that nothing can be done with them whatever has already become a serious obstacle to proper management, and will rapidly become still worse in its effects as time goes on. Mr. Wadsworth states that there are 5,974 separate lots of land owned by the State covered by this provision of the Constitution. Many of them are too small to be valuable for game, timber or water supply, but are surrounded by hotels and settlements, and valuable for lease, sale or exchange. The Commission, or Commissioner, whichever it may be in the future, should certainly have power to dispose of these isolated lots, and to provide for the rational care and culture of the big remaining tracts, including the clearing away of all dead and decaying timber, and the cutting and disposal of such mature and valuable trees as can be removed without injury. Before this can be done, however, there must be a constitutional amendment, which will require four years to get through and put in operation. In our opinion, the Legislature ought to take the first steps toward such amendment without delay.

Canvasbacks in Central New York.

SAYRE, Pa., March 4.—Robins, bluebirds, song sparrows and numerous other varieties of migratory bird life have returned. I hear bluebirds reported as returning in larger numbers than usual, an item of information especially pleasant to contemplate. The scarcity of bluebirds has been remarked for several years, and it is to be hoped that FOREST AND STREAM contributors will make particular note of the presence of these inspiring migrants and report accordingly.

Great numbers of wildfowl have been moving northward over the central New York lake country during the past fortnight. The presence of canvasback ducks upon Cayuga Lake during the past fall and winter has been the subject of lively discussion among sportsmen generally. In some instances canvasbacks were found to outnumber any other variety on Cayuga Lake waters, a fact all the more remarkable when it is remembered that for a number of years canvasbacks were practically unheard of as pausing even briefly upon these waters.

If spring shooting could be abolished for a term of years, or, better still, permanently, a good proportion of the old-time wildfowl shooting might be in due time restored.

Meantime the sportsman may put aside his breechloader for the fly-rod and otherwise prepare to face the unrelaxing business cares which must shortly prove the white man's burden.

M. CHILL.

Ducks on Long Island.

EAST QUOGUE, L. I., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Never in years as at the present time have so many ducks been in this bay. I have at present eleven geese hanging under my piazza, and they weigh on an average of 12 pounds each. And as for the black ducks, I never knew them to be in better condition. They are as fat as can be.

I certainly would like to have writers like Mr. W. H. Tallett give proof of the statements they make in regard to the poor lean ducks. There are things that men who write such pieces to the FOREST AND STREAM do not know what they are writing about. They have no knowledge of the condition of ducks or they have a theory to advance, and so eager are they to advance that theory that they are willing to jump at a conclusion. Never are ducks in better condition than they are in the spring, and I can prove my statements at any time.

E. A. JACKSON.

Deer in Orange County, New York.

IT was reported on Sunday that a deer had been killed by a West Shore train on Saturday near the New Windsor brickyards. The report could not be verified. Railroad men said, however, that there had been a deer for some time in the vicinity of the brickyards. One day last week it swam from the trestle of Hedges' brickyard to Plum Point. There are quite a number of wild deer in Orange county now, and any person who kills one is sure of a good deal of trouble. The open season is from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15. The penalty for killing a deer is $100.

A week or two ago dogs dragged down a deer on the farm of J. G. Holbert between Sugar Loaf and Wickham Pond. The curs were driven off and the deer was taken to Mr. Holbert's barn, where it died of its injuries. Game Protector Kidd was informed and has learned the names of the owners of the dogs.—Newburgh Journal, March 18.

Dr. Franklin used to observe that, of all the amusements which the ingenuity of man had ever devised for the purpose of recreation, none required the exercise of most patient attention so much as angling—a remark which he frequently illustrated by the following:

"About 6 o'clock one fine morning in the summer," said the doctor, "I set out from Philadelphia, on a visit to a friend, at the distance of fifteen miles, and, passing a brook where a gentleman was angling, I inquired if he had caught anything. 'No, sir,' said he; 'I have not been here long—only two hours.' I wished him a good morning, and pursued my journey. On my return in the evening I found him fixed to the identical spot where I had left him, and again inquired if he had had any sport. 'Very good, sir,' says he. 'Caught a great many fish?' 'None at all.' 'Had a great many bites, though, I suppose?' 'Not one,' was the answer, 'but I had a most glorious nibble!'"

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Far Rockaway.

When spring revives frost-buried hopes,
And Arctic storms have fled our shores;
When beaming skies from fecund slopes
Coax forth the flow'rs the bee explores;
When swallows twit a glad return,
And bluebirds pipe their vernal lay,
Beyond the meadow road's brisk turn
I see thee rise, Far Rockaway.

Enthroned upon a gentle swell,
The ocean hymning at thy feet,
Skirts into bays whose islets tell
Of secret nooks where shore birds meet.
From distant shores come finny tribes,
That cleave the seas to tribute pay
To waters mirroring thy skies—
Thy glorious skies, Far Rockaway!

How grand was once thy country 'round!
Thy woods and fields a dream of dreams!
Where, now, like then, can there be found
Such woods, and glades, and forest streams?
Thy meadows, though, remain as when
I trod their mazes to the bay,
In quest of hern and meadow hen,
In hopeful days, Far Rockaway.

Alas! that nature's face should hide,
And leave no trace save mem'ry's shade!
The march of greed, of vice, and pride,
Has stormed thy fields, thy swamps invade!
Civilization's vandal hand
Shall shroud them in the nearby day—
May thy loss sorrow's tears command,
From me for aye, Far Rockaway!

ABEL ROSTEY.

The Striped Bass.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

THIS is not a story of a prophet, nor is it a prophecy. It but sings the praises of a noble fish, the king of the North Atlantic coast. I think that outside a limited circle of enthusiasts there is less general knowledge of the habits and qualities of the *Roccos lineatus* than any game fish of this part of the country.

Everybody is familiar with the beautiful brook trout and the vigorous black or small-mouth bass; but the striped bass, or rockfish, coasts along our rocky shores in all his beauty and strength, sought by comparatively few and known more as an article of food than for his sterling game qualities. We find in the "Natural History of the State of New York" and "Commission of Fish and Fisheries of the United States" some interesting, if rather antequated, accounts of this fish, from which a few brief extracts may not be out of place:

"The striped bass occurs in all the waters of our coasts from Florida to New Brunswick. In the North it is called striped bass and in the South rockfish or rock. Large sea-going individuals are sometimes known as greenhead or squid-hound. They are not migratory, but are found at all seasons along our coasts. They are voracious in their habits, preying upon small fish, and frequent the rocky shores of the bays and sounds at high tide in search of crabs, shrimps and squids, and they are said to feed upon clams and mussels, which they obtain by delving with their snouts.

"The largest striped bass on record is said to have weighed 112 pounds. Fish taken in traps and seines frequently weigh from 35 to 60 pounds. Twenty years ago striped bass were taken in large numbers by heaving and hauling with a hand line from rocks and steep beaches all along the coast from the Delaware capes to Cape Cod. In the early days of the colonies this fish formed a principal source of food supply, being caught in great numbers and very large. Captain John Smith saw so many in a river that he fancied he might have walked across on their backs.

"Eight thousand fish were caught in less than a week by three fishing gangs from Bridgehampton in 1874. One man took on one set of a seine 1,672 bass, weighing three and one-half tons. They breed in fresh water in the spring, and in the cold weather are believed to hibernate in the mud when left in shallow tide ponds."

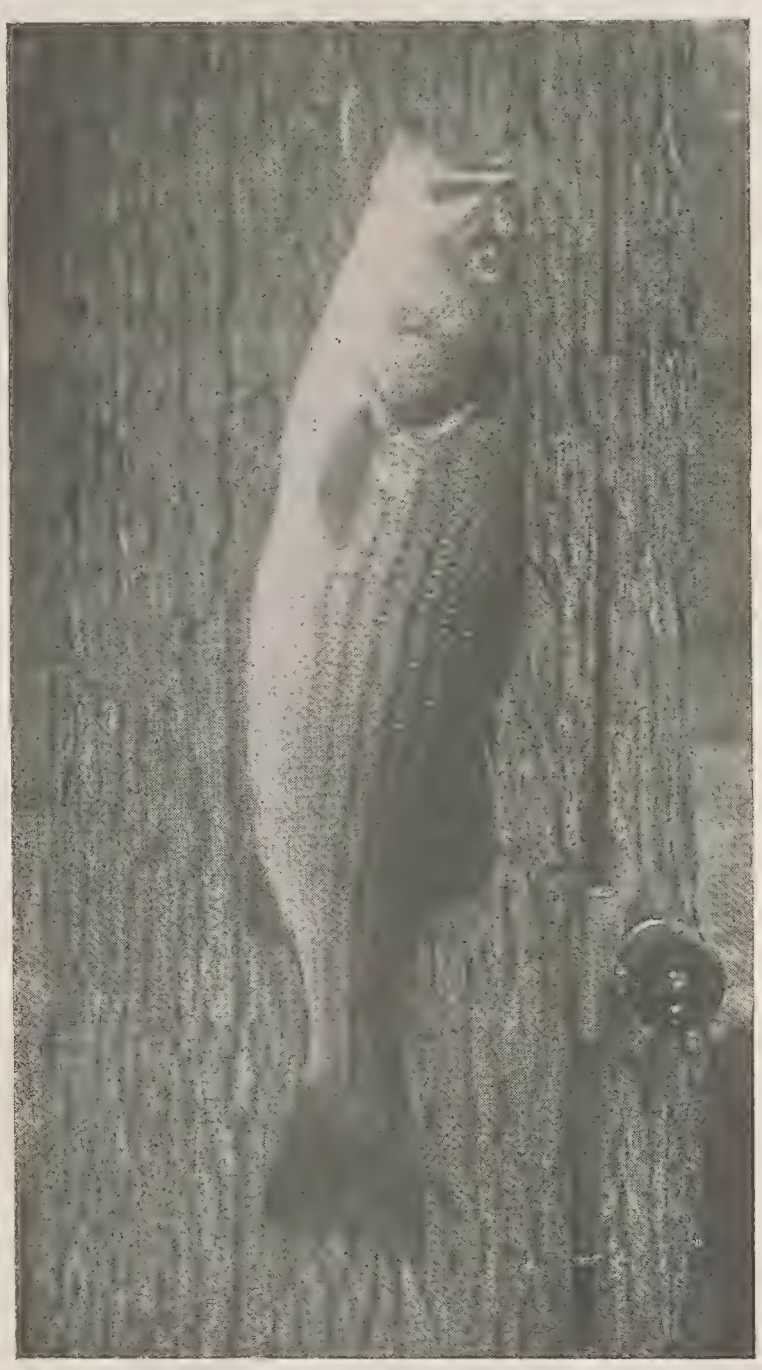
It has been my good fortune this summer for the first time to know of and learn a sport which lies at my door, and which has repaid a patient study. Locating on the shore of Long Island Sound not many miles from New York city, I happened to fall in with a little coterie of fishermen, amateur and professional, who excited my interest with tales of monster fish taken trolling with rod and line. Although it was early in the summer, I started out one day to try my luck. All day long, until the rising wind became too heavy for further attempts, I pulled along the shores with no results, but a fisherman who was also out showed me a 4-pounder.

Subsequent attempts brought fair returns in small fish, until one day, after a slight thunder shower, while pulling in rough water in a rocky cove, my wife had a strike which set the reel singing with that shrill note which sends the thrills through every nerve. Out went the line, until, the click happening to slip on the reel, the line overran and knotted, catching her thumb in the crank. I at once took her rod, slacked off until the line went free and began work in earnest. Meantime my boatman had pulled directly off shore to clear all rocks, and as the fish was well hooked I could feel reasonably sure of success. For twenty minutes he bored and surged about, but in this instance, probably because of the hot weather, made few rushes. Meanwhile the problem presented itself as to how to save him, as our net was too small to be of any use, and we had no gaff; but necessity suggested that we improvise a gaff by means of a large cod hook, luckily in my kit, lashed to the handle of an ancient umbrella.

As soon as the demand for quick work with the oars was somewhat relaxed, Jerry deftly lashed the weapon, and when by a steady rise and sweep I swung our beauty toward the bow, a quick snatch set the hook into the throat and a heave brought him aboard before a flap could be made. He thrashed then all right, but was quickly quieted. The scales showed just 12 pounds and the tape 31 inches in length and 17 inches girth. He was heavy and fat and as handsome a fish as swims. Then came days of non-success and small school bass. We knew that big bass were about, for they were frequently seen by the eel jackers feeding in the coves at night.

"Why, there's one old bumper that I seen twice last moon in Clam Cove that is more'n four foot long and must weigh over 50 pounds," said Jim Stone, one of the fraternity. "I was skeered to jab him with my spear."

So we fished after dark and in heavy weather, in season and out of season, with only moderate luck. Then came a day when weeping skies combined with a light fog to wrap the sea in a soft wet blanket. There was little wind, and the constant drizzle called for rain coats and rubbers. Pulling boldly out to the islands, not accessible



STRIPED BASS.
Nineteen pounds. Length 32 inches, girth 18 inches.

in heavy weather, we got a few bass off a sedgy point, but they were small and not plenty. Then we went further on to a lonely islet, and landed on a half-moon beach in a quiet cove for luncheon. Just at top of tide we again started, pulled around the rocky point and back into the cove, when "Whir-r-r!" came the magic note, and this time it was no sulker. He had my hook, so not a second was lost.

Away went the boat for the open, dangerous rocks being all about. First one way and then another went the bulldog rushes, every atom of resistance that I dared use being held against him, but with it all the line constantly escaped. Further and further from the shore we moved, until good bottom was assured, and then we slackened speed a bit. In a moment, nearly 200 feet away, a big body surged into view with a foaming splash and again the reel sang. We began rowing slowly, as it was evident that he must be tired out as rapidly as possible or he might escape by a sudden rush or tackle parting.

And so began a fight as fierce and stubborn as can well be conceived. For nearly an hour every attempt to get him anywhere near the boat was met by sudden rushes and powerful tugs, which kept the nerves on edge for fear of accident.

We towed him and he towed us nearly two miles. Then inch by inch I began to recover line, until he was within 40 feet. Here he balked and nothing could induce him to come closer. My arms were getting tired with the constant strain of the pole spring kept full on. I made a bold try and raised him so we could see that his mouth was open. Then the wonder grew why he didn't drown—but not he.

Inch by inch he came in, until he was only about 10 feet from the boat under water astern. Then I set to "pumping" him, raising my rod at full spring as high as my arms would go, then letting him settle. This is moderately severe on both man and beast. As my wife was wild with apprehension over the constant chance of a breakaway and as I detected just a shade less ambition in the captive, I determined to make one strong attempt to bring him to gaff.

Standing up and slowly but strongly lifting him, I got a chance to swing him to the boatman, who gaffed him neatly.

It was a noble fight. The rod was a light split bamboo trolling rod with a fine spring, the hook a 0000 and an ordinary Skinner spoon. I had about 400 feet of line. Bloodworms were used for bait.

This fish weighed 13 pounds and measured 32 inches in length and 18 inches in girth, just 1 pound heavier and 1 inch each way larger than our first.

ROBERT N. CURTIS.

NEW YORK CITY.

ANGLING NOTES.

Black Bass as Butchers.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to FOREST AND STREAM as follows: "I have been a reader of your paper, off and on, for more than twenty-five years, and am an ardent advocate of the black bass as a game fish, a fish for the multitudes, and have caught him in all legitimate ways in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Maine. I have watched them early and late, and I know they are game, pugnacious, etc.; but I have heard so many stories about the black bass being regular 'saw bellies,' ripping pickerel fore and aft and letting out their entrails as easily as if the pickerel were in a vise, and the bass took his time to hack and cut away as he chose with those terrible fins of his, that I have lost sleep trying to think how it was done, unless on the Christian Science principle of thought. Will you tell us in FOREST AND STREAM if there is any record of a black bass cutting a pickerel open in the way it has been credited with doing?"

Perhaps the easiest way to answer this would be to say, "No," and stop; but perhaps I ought to explain why I say no.

More than one man has told me that a black bass could rip a pickerel open with its dorsal spines, and they had seen such circumstantial evidence of it that it could not be questioned. One case always stands out conspicuously in my mind, for the man saw the bass do the slashing, and later caught the pickerel on his baited hook with its entrails hanging out.

The reason I say no is because I have tried it myself by holding a pike in one hand and trying to cut its belly open with the spines of a black bass held in the other hand, and this is something any man can try for himself when he can secure the two fishes. A black bass will fight a pickerel or pike by darting under it repeatedly, and after one or two such attacks the pike seems to realize that it cannot cope with the bass, but the only marks that I have seen made by the dorsal of the bass is a red line across the belly of the pike, as though the blood had settled there, but the skin was not broken. In the case of the man who caught the pickerel after the bass had practically disemboweled it, cross examination developed that he did not actually see the cutting done. He did see the bass dash at the pickerel repeatedly and later believed that he caught the identical pickerel as described. Some years ago, after seeing a black bass charge into a school of yellow perch of large size and charge several times, I caught some of the perch with the blood red line on the belly, as though the line had been made by the dorsal fin of the bass. I still think this was a fact, but I cannot give positive evidence of it. Before and after I caught in the same lake yellow perch with a similar blood line on the belly, and charged it to the black bass, though it may have been done in the ordinary course of securing a meal; but I never have seen or known of a bass cutting another open, and am convinced from the experiment mentioned that it is a physical impossibility, for the dorsal fin of a black bass to do the act with which it is charged. It requires a sharp knife and some force to slit the belly of a pickerel in eviscerating it, and the spines in the dorsal of a bass will not do the trick.

Trout Fry at Sportsmen's Show.

One of the tanks at the sportsmen's show in Madison Square Garden contained 10,000 brook trout fry, and I considered it one of the best exhibits in the fish tanks, and yet it attracted far less attention generally than the larger fish in the other tanks. On several occasions I watched the people as they passed along the line of tanks. The first tank contained brook trout four years old (one man, by the way, who was explaining to a friend about the kinds of fish, looked at the brook trout and said they were rainbow trout, and the descriptive card was wrong. What explanation he offered when he came to the rainbows I did not hear), and they would hold the attention of the people, but the fry in the next tank evoked scarcely more than a glance. They were well distributed through the water, and were strong and in good condition, so that I did not discover a single dead one in five days. Those which had completely absorbed the yolk sac "swam up" and displayed themselves to best advantage, and those which still had traces of the sac hung to the bottom, so that the characteristics of the fish at this age were plainly marked, and once in a while a fisherman apparently would stop long enough to examine them, while the great majority moved on to bigger fish. In planting fish it is necessary to plant more of fry than older, such as fingerlings or yearlings, and this exhibit showed just what fry were, and how they conducted themselves. In the next tank were yearling trout, and the contrast was marked, though they were not the largest of yearlings. If the people who receive trout for planting would take the trouble to plant fry where they should be planted, good results would be obtained; but too often they are turned into a stream at the point most convenient to reach instead of taking them to the very source of the stream it is desired to stock, and all the labor savers naturally ask for fingerling fish, and it is impossible for lack of water and food to rear all fry to fingerlings.

Planting Fry.

Fry are often sent out just before the yolk sac is completely absorbed, and sometimes an applicant objects to this, thinking it injurious to the fish to be sent out in this condition, while the reverse is true, and if it were possible all fry would be sent to the waters for which they are destined before the sac is entirely gone, as the young fish feed through the mouth in part before the sac is

completely absorbed. They become accustomed to their new homes and know where and how to seek food when the time comes, far better, in my opinion, than fish that have been fed for a few weeks in the hatching troughs and then suddenly planted to shift for themselves. Some people object to planting fish fry when there is ice in the streams. This is fact, not fancy. It seems to be overlooked that trout hatched naturally in a stream would suffer far more if cold water was injurious, for the eggs are deposited in the autumn and remain in the ice cold water all winter, and the embryo does not appear until spirng. As a matter of fact the water in the hatchery from which the young trout are sent is fully as cold as the water in the brooks in which the trout are planted, and cold water does not kill or injure trout, no matter how cold the water may be. The great objection—and the only valid one—to planting fry is that too often they are not properly planted, but are turned into the main stream, where other and larger fish may prey upon them, instead of planting them in the tributary rivulets. Naturally fingerling fish are better than fry, for they are larger and less likely to be eaten; but fry properly planted will give good results.

Mascalonge.

The report of the State Fishculturist, made to the Board of Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners, gives the distribution of fish for the month of February as 17,698,600; 17,000,000 of this number were whitefish fry, distributed in Otsego Lake, Canandaigua and Hemlock lakes and Lake Ontario. The balance are brook, brown and rainbow trout, fingerlings and fry.

A number of letters and newspaper articles, which complain of the injury that the spearing law is doing to mascalonge in Chautauqua Lake, were embodied as part of the report, and it was shown that the operations at Chautauqua Lake in hatching mascalonge, which began in 1896 at an expenditure of $670.34, had increased annually until in 1900 the expenditure was $1,034.72. The increase of fry was from 1,248,000 in 1895 up to 4,860,000 in 1899.

In view of this exhibit instructions regarding the future work of the Commission at Chautauqua Lake were asked for. The Commission, after discussing the matter, passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Commission that so long as the law allowing spearing of mascalonge in Chautauqua Lake is in operation, it is not advisable to continue the work of propagating mascalonge in those waters."

The report further shows that contracts have been let for building four fishways in Salmon River, at Pulaski, where the salmon made their appearance last year and the year before, in sufficient numbers to warrant considerable outlay in opening the river for them.

A. N. CHENEY.

Talks to Boys.

XIII.—Bass Fishing.

APPROACHING the subject of bass fishing, I would ask my young readers to do just as they should do in entering any line of activity not familiar to them. I would ask them first to sit down and think about it.

If you are going to undertake the capture of any animal, bird or fish, and if you wish to do this in the most successful way, the best thing you can do is to sit down and study the habits of that particular animal. Therefore, before you go out fishing for bass, I would suggest that you first study the habits of that fish.

You will find that the black bass, known in pretty much all the States east of the Rocky Mountains, comprises two species—the large-mouth and the small-mouth. Generally speaking, the small-mouth bass will be found in clear and cold waters, and over sand or rock bottom. It is found in lakes as well as streams, but it prefers cold and fresh water to water of high temperature and little movement. The large-mouth bass, upon the other hand, will live in warmer waters, is often found in the shallower parts of lakes, and over muddy bottom. It lives much among the bullrushes and weeds. This species grows heavier than the small-mouth bass, and weights of 6, 8, 10 and even 12 pounds have been reached in States north of the Ohio River, and in some of the Southern States it has been taken weighing as much as 20 pounds. Although this speices grows larger than the others, it is hardly so bold a fighter on the average. Sometimes both species are taken in the same waters, as in the lakes and streams of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. If both fishes are living under practically the same conditions, the one species will fight pretty nearly as well as the other, though if you compare a warm-water big-mouth with a cold-water small-mouth, or even a cold-water big-mouth, you cannot fail to note a superiority in the gameness of the latter over the former. Either fish is a grand game fish, and we have no better in America. Neither have we one more widely distributed or easier to get at, hence we may call the black bass one of our most valuable game fishes, and we may regard its study as very well worth while.

Now this is where you will find the black bass. If you know some clear deep stream, tributary to the Mississippi waters, which runs full the year round, and which is not cut off from the lower and larger waters by dams or obstructions, you will probably find that it holds black bass. There are thouasands of other waters not tributary to the Mississippi or its branches which also hold bass, but nearly all of the thousands of streams which eventually run into the Mississippi have, or have had, a supply of black bass, if they offer food and water enough to hold a stock of that fish. If a stream is too shallow or too muddy or too small, the bass will not go into it. They like a good bold water where they can move around and get plenty of food. The upper part of the Mississippi River is a favorite home of the black bass of both species. There are thousands of lakes in Minnesota and Wisconsin which are, or have been, alive with these splendid fish. Some of these lakes have outlets, and some of them seem to have been stocked by bass long ago, in some way unknown to us, although they are landlocked, so that no fish can run up into them from streams.

If you are fishing a bass stream you should expect to find your fish, ordinarily speaking, in the deepest and best hidden parts of the stream. The bass is a very shy fish, and is fond of keeping out of sight. If there is a deep cut bank with a cave or hole in it, he will get back into that hole where you could never see him. He will push back into a washout under a root or a log, where he will be quite out of sight. In the morning or evening you might see him splashing around, but though you passed his den a hundred times you might never know he was there. In the spring, when the bass are moving up stream, they are more often to be seen in shallow water, where the bass of a pound or two in weight sometimes feed on flies. Sometimes in the evening the bigger bass will also feed on the riffles of the stream, but usually speaking the biggest bass will be found in the deepest water, unless it be during the spawning season, or in some good frog country, where the bass are out chasing the frogs in the edge of the shallow water.

If you will open the gullet of a bass you will find that he has been feeding on crawfish, minnows, frogs, perhaps on little mice, sometimes on insects, sometimes on little snakes, or perhaps on helgramites—indeed on almost anything which moves and which he can swallow. This will give you an idea as to the proper bait for him. The minnow and the crawfish are very good baits for the small-mouth bass. The frog or the minnow will be good for the big-mouth bass, though either species will at times feed on almost any of the baits above mentioned.

If you will watch the movements of a bass while it is feeding you will get a good notion of how to present a bait to it. If a dead minnow comes floating through a pool, a bass will move out and look at it, but perhaps will never strike it. If a crippled minnow or frog comes through the same pool and all at once begins to move or struggle to get away, you will see the same bass rush at it at once. The moral is plain. Always keep your bait moving when you are fishing for bass. Never allow it to be still for a moment. A bass will strike at almost anything which is moving. Thus it is well known that the bass can often be taken on an unbaited spoon hook. In the fall of the year the bass drop back down stream and all of them gather in the deep holes. Sometimes numbers of them can be taken out of one hole in that season by a spoon hook, or on a live minnow moved through the hole. In wild and little fished waters a piece of red flannel will sometimes kill a bass. In the South a great many bass are taken by means of what is called a bob. The latter is nothing but a bunch of deer hair and red flannel tied about three big hooks, yet when it is pulled along the surface of the water at the end of a long pole the bass will jump at it as though they could not get along without it. This method of fishing is called skittering.

In stream fishing for bass you will do well to study the feeding times of the fish. Usually this will be in the morning and in the evening, though as the weather grows cooler the fish feed more in the middle of the day. If you are fishing in May or June you will do better to fish close to the bank, moving your bait up and down from the bottom to near the surface. Use a frog or a minnow. For stream fishing the minnow will probably be better. A good chub is the best minnow. Bait it through the lips, as you should also bait a frog. Imitate the swimming movements of your bait as well as you can, and never let it lie still. Raise it up and down, and move it along in front of any bank, and into any hole under a log or root where you think an old bass may be lying. For this sort of fishing you may use a rod of 10 ounces or more in weight and 10 to 11 feet in length, as you are not going to do much casting of the bait. You must not use any float or bob on your line, though probably you will find it easier to handle the bait if you have a lead sinker on your line heavy enough to pull the bait down into the water. Your theory is here that the fish is lying deep and is hid, and you want to take the bait to him so he can see it. If you see a little deep and dark pocket among the weeds, drop your bait down into that. In the evening, if your stream is shallow, so that you can wade, get out into the middle of it and let your bait swim down on a long line ahead of you. A bass can see you further than you think, and you will notice that you get most of your strikes after your bait is out of sight. If your stream is too big to wade, and you cannot fish it well from the shore, you will want a boat and some one to row it. In boat fishing you will need the short casting rod, of which I will speak later in describing lake fishing for bass.

Of course it is very nice to have good fishing tackle, but not all boys can afford costly rods and reels for bait casting. I would be far from discouraging any boy from the use of the cane or bamboo rod, such as he can buy in the country stores, but I would suggest that he try not to get the biggest rod he can, but the smallest and slimmest. A reel will cost him but little, and he can tie his own guides on his rod. Thus rigged up, he can have a lot of fun walking along the bank of a bass stream and working his bait up and down the likely looking places. I say that he should use the smallest rod he can get, meaning by that that such a rod will give him the most pleasure and be most apt to save him his fish. He should never try to throw the fish out on the bank with the strength of the rod. This will lose a great many bass.

When a bass strikes it does so with the savage rush, and if you snub him up at once he is apt to break something. When you feel a bite, do not strike at once, especially if you are fishing with a frog bait. A bass will strike a frog or sometimes a minnow and then move off with it a little way before it swallows the bait. After this first run of 10 or 20 feet it will lie for a moment, and then like a flash turn the bait in its mouth and swallow it, head first. Then is your time to strike, when the hook is inside the bass' mouth, and not outside.

I have very often seen a big bass hold a frog by the middle, both ends sticking out its mouth for some moments. This was when the fish was not very hungry. Yet a bass has a kind of bulldog way of hanging on to a bait sometimes. Shy as they are, I have often pulled them up within a few feet of a boat, grimly holding on to the frog and only letting go at the last moment. This happened, too, at a time when the bass were not very hungry and seemed to be striking more for fun than anything else.

You will observe this creature, as, indeed, any other wild creature, doing strange things at times. At times black bass will strike in plain sight and close to a boat, apparently showing no fear whatever. For the most part, however, he is one of the very shyest of fishes, I think even more shy than the brook trout, and in going after him you must remember the one great rule of keeping out of his sight until after you have hooked him. There is no fish which fights more boldly for liberty. A trout will try to roll over on the line, but the favorite trick of the bass is to spring out of the water and try to shake the hook out of his mouth. I have known small-mouth bass to jump six times in this way before they were brought to the landing net. The big-mouth bass will also jump, but not so often as the small-mouth. His favorite trick is to bore down into the roots or weeds, where he can get a wrap of the line about something and so tear free from the hook.

These fish show a surprising amount of strength, and it takes careful handling to land them. Hence, I suggest that you have a reel of some kind on your rod. When the bass makes a rush, let him go, and when you get a chance reel up your line again. You will not be able to do this with the reel as fast as you like sometimes. I always play a bass with my left hand on the line, especially if I am using a fly-rod, and I do not try to recover the line on the reel, but let it lie in folds on the ground or in the water until I get time to reel it up. If a bass is coming toward you, you want to keep the line tight on him all the time, and you can recover the line faster by pulling it through the guides with the left hand than you can by the use of the reel, unless you have an automatic reel. By all means have a reel of some kind, for you cannot enjoy bass fishing without it. It enables you to lengthen or shorten your line at will, when you are moving your bait about, and is of the utmost service. The general idea of the reel is that it is of most use in playing the fish. Such is not the case. Indeed, as I will presently show you, the greatest purpose of the reel in scientific bass fishing is not to get your fish in to you, but to get your bait out to the fish.

You will learn this river fishing for yourself very easily, always remembering that you must keep out of sight and that you must keep your bait in motion, and that you must expect to find your fish in the hard and tangled places, and not in the open shallow water, unless they are feeding there in the evening. Your frogs you can carry in a little cheesecloth bag, even in an old stocking, for a little while, if you have nothing better. If you are using minnows, you must keep them alive, and hence must change the water in your minnow pail as soon as you see the minnows come up to the top for air.

I would advise you always to have a landing net with you when you are bass fishing, and for river fishing, where you are on a bank, sometimes several feet above the water, I would advise using a net with a handle 2 or 3 feet long. Have a button sewed at the back of your collar, and a little loop at the end of the ring of your net. Fasten the loop on the button, and the shaft of the net will hang down your back and so be out of your way while you are fishing. Let your line swim down along the bank and under the trees ahead of you. Keep on fishing. Don't be discouraged. Fish all day if you are out for a fishing trip. Although bass bite best in the morning and evening, you may pick up a nice one at any moment, for a bass is naturally a hungry sort of creature, and will eat even when his stomach is full.

Opening Day.

BOSTON, March 17.—As the season for trout draws near, the local angler begins to feel a deepening interest in the progress of spring.

It is taken for granted that he must be on the old brook, April 1. The day was set aside a month before, a sacred day, to be used in no other way.

As he looks back at former fishing years, his mind calls up his varied experiences of the opening day. He well remembers the first sight of the stream, how springlike its murmer sounded, of the long, long wade with never a fish to reward him, and then at last in a favorite spot his line has known for years, the thrill of the first bite, the short sharp play and the netting of a beautiful quarter-pounder.

But it is usually no summer day. With waders well lined with socks, heavy coat and sweater, and even gloves, the fisherman may look more like a February eel-spearer than an angler for trout, but he has been there before and smiles at the scoff of outsiders. He has fished the opening day with the thermometer at 28°, perhaps in a snow flurry, when his line froze tight in the ferrules, and his hands refused to obey his will when he tried to put on a livlier worm. For this is all bait fishing, and empty-handed is the man who casts the fly.

Let us wish for a springlike day on April 1.

J. C. PHILLIPS.

A highly original observation upon the behavior of fish in deep water is attributed to a long-experienced captain of a steam fishing smack, so remarkable as to deserve special notice. The fishing boats belonging to the southern portion of the North Sea found in their catch lately a disproportionately small quantity of cod-fish. The captain maintained that he had foreseen this for eight days, because most of the fish caught had sand in their stomachs. He claims to have often observed that just before the fish left the shallow water of the southern banks they took sand into their stomachs, and soon after fish caught in deeper northern waters showed the same peculiarity. Then when the time for migrating from these deep waters came again, the fish disposed of the sand. The theory has been advanced that the sand is taken in as ballast, and is rejected when shallow water is to be returned to. The sand often differs in color and grain from that of the bottom where the fish are found. It is claimed that this sand may supply a guide for the fishermen.—Hansa.

The pastor was calling at the house of Brother Billings, and the small boy was entertaining him until the parents came down.

"Do you ever go fishin'?" inquired the youngster, who had inherited his father's fondness for the sport.

"I am a fisher of men," responded the good man.

"Do you carry your bait in a jug, like papa does?" was the next question, just as Brother Billings appeared with a seraphic smile lighting up his genial countenance.—Detroit Free Press.

Massachusetts Game and Fish.

BOSTON, March 25.—Although every lover of the succulent lobster will regret the action of the Massachusetts Legislature in passing a so-called "9-inch law." which will practically take away all protection if the bill is signed by Governor Crane, the fact must be conceded that, generally speaking, the fish and game laws of this State have been much improved in some particulars this winter. It is true that action on several bills yet remains to be completed, but it seems opportune to invite attention to those which have become laws, and to indicate the legislative status of others.

Among the first to become law was an amendment to the act relative to taking or killing gray squirrels, hares and rabbits, so that the season for hunting these opens on Oct. 1 instead of on Sept. 15, thereby preventing the probable shooting of game birds by rabbit and squirrel hunters before the opening of the bird shooting season. This is an important step in the right direction, and will make it easier to enforce the game laws.

The next act in point of time, and perhaps second to none in importance, received the Governor's signature March 7, and becomes operative thirty days after that date. Section 1 reads as follows:

"Whoever takes, catches or has in possession, at any time, trout less than 6 inches in length, shall be fined ten dollars for each and every such trout taken, caught or held in possession: Provided, that this shall not apply to any person engaged in breeding or rearing trout, or to any one who, on taking such trout, immediately returns it alive to the water from which it was taken."

Section 2 provides that "this act shall not apply to the county of Berkshire."

This exception is due to the fact that it is claimed that the trout in the brooks on the mountains and hillsides of Berkshire are small in size, and to prohibit the catching of 6-inch trout would materially limit fishing in that region. It is the opinion of many sportsmen, however, that this law will produce beneficial results in other sections of the State, for it is well known that the unsportsmanlike fish hog is found in Massachusetts as well as elsewhere, and well-authenticated stories of "slaughtering the innocents" are too common. When one hears of brooks being depleted by the capture of from 300 to 900 baby trout it is difficult to feel otherwise than indignant with the "hog" who will thus rob the waters, nullify the work the State is doing and make impossible the fine sport which otherwise might be enjoyed by anglers. The porcine fisher in search of record strings of infant trout will get into trouble this year unless he observes the law.

By the repeal of Chapter 138, Acts of 1891, the open season for trout is made uniform throughout the State—from April 1 to Sept. 1.

The limitation of snaring of partridges, hares and rabbits by an owner upon his own land to the two months of October and November, which constitute the open shooting season, is of large consequence, since thereby there is now no excuse for having partridges in possession except during the open season, while hares and rabbits are protected another month from the destructive influence of snaring. This act was approved by the Governor March 12.

On the same date Governor Crane signed the bill entitled "An act to prohibit the taking of shellfish from contaminated waters."

Considered from several standpoints, it may perhaps be said that the legislators of this State have seldom enacted a law relating to the commercial fisheries that is more far-reaching than this, and it may justly be a matter of pride that Massachusetts has led in this, as she has in many other important matters intended to benefit the health and well-being of the public at large. The full text of the bill is as follows:

Section 1. The Commissioners on Inland Fisheries and Game shall, whenever so requested in writing by the State Board of Health, prohibit the taking of oysters, clams, quahaugs and scallops from the tidal waters or flats of any part of the Commonwealth, for such period of time as the said Board of Health may determine.

Section 2. The State Board of Health shall have power to examine all complaints that may be brought to its attention in regard to contamination of tidal waters and flats by sewage or other causes, to determine as near as may be the bounds of such contamination, and mark the same when necessary, and to request the Commissioners on Inland Fisheries and Game to prohibit the taking therefrom of any oysters, clams, quahaugs and scallops, as provided in Section 1 of this act.

Section 3. Whoever takes any oysters, clams, quahaugs or scallops from any part of the tidal waters or flats of the Commonwealth from which the taking of the same is prohibited as above provided shall forfeit not less than five nor more than ten dollars for the first offense, and not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars for each subsequent offense: Provided, That the Commissioners on Inland Fisheries and Game shall cause notice of such prohibition, with a description or bounds of the premises concerned, to be given by publication in some newspaper published in the town or county in which or adjacent to which are situated the tidal waters or flats from which the taking of oysters, clams, quahaugs or scallops is prohibited as above provided, at least one week before said penalty shall be incurred.

The fact having been scientifically established that shellfish can be and are contaminated by sewage, it becomes of the highest consequence that public confidence in the healthful condition of such articles of food should be fully established. In no other way can the trade in such food products—among the most delicious we have—be promoted to the same extent. When once the fact is fixed in the public mind that the public welfare is being scrupulously looked after in this particular by the State government, the shaken confidence of citizens will be restored and thousands who have doubtingly shaken their heads over clams and oysters and refused to eat them will gladly welcome them again to their bill of fare. Thus, while the public health is the chief motive of this law, its enforcement will incidentally be a blessing to the fish trade.

An act prohibiting for a period of five years all fishing in Lake Quinsigamond between Sept. 1 and April 1, and prohibiting the sale of any fish taken in the lake, has become a law.

Among the important bills that have passed both houses is the following:

"Whoever takes or kills a plover, snipe, sandpiper, rail or any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds between the 1st day of May and the 15th day of July, or a wild or passenger pigeon, or a gull, or a tern, at any time, shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for every bird so taken or killed."

The black back gull and herring gull are exempted from the provisions of this act, but the protection of the wild pigeon, the tern and the laughing gull and the kittiwake is complete.

The act relating to shooting or pursuing wildfowl in Boston Harbor has been amended so as to define what is meant by mechanical means, by specifying that any boat or floating device propelled by steam, naphtha, gasoline, electricity, compressed air or any other similar motive power cannot be used. This does not, however, exclude rowboats or sailboats.

Fishing in Lewis Bay or its tributaries with drag nets or seines is prohibited by a bill that recently passed the Legislature and is now probably before the Governor. A similar bill relating to fishing in Pleasant Bay has also passed both houses.

The 9-inch lobster bill is now before the Governor. It passed by large majorities in both houses, and many are on the anxious bench in anticipation of executive action. Many hope he will follow Governor Wolcott and veto the act, and these include lobster dealers and lobster fishermen; but others, of course, believe he will take the opposite action.

The Fish and Game Commissioners hope to get through an amendment to the law for the collection of statistics, so that they can obtain figures of some practical value as statistical data. The bill has passed its third reading in the House, and as there seems to be no objection it will probably reach the Governor before long.

Nothing of importance has yet been done with the Sunday laws, but the bill relating to Sunday fishing, which has been recommitted, will doubtless be soon brought back in a new form.

I learn that Webster Hart, of Conway, who was before the court last fall for killing a deer, and appealed, has recently paid his fine without waiting for the decision of the higher court. Killing deer in this State has become rather too expensive for the average man to indulge in, and the influence of the two convictions obtained last fall within a few days of each other was far reaching and effective. There can be no question about the increase of deer in the Old Bay State, and in some sections it is reasonably numerous.

The North Adams Transcript of Jan. 14 makes the following statement:

"Deer are becoming remarkably frequent in this section. A herd of eight was recently seen near the Vermont line, and this noon passengers on a car from Williamstown saw a large buck at the Braytonville crossing. The animal was frightened and ran rapidly into the woods to the north."

The following extract from the North Adams Evening Herald of Feb. 6 is also of interest in this connection:

"Ed. C. Barber, who lives on the outskirts of Pownal, saw the other day a scene that has not been equaled in these parts. A short distance from his home on a sloping hillside, just as the sun was going down, he saw pass along a short distance from him twenty-two deer, all following in each other's tracks, varying in size from a large buck down to the size of a lamp, and were seemingly tame and the scene was certainly a treat."

When occurrences like these on or near the northwest boundary of the State are recorded and wild deer are seen within view of the gilded dome on Beacon Hill, there is convincing evidence of the possibilities of protection even in a thickly populated State. OCCASIONAL.

The Salmon Angling Excursion.

NEW YORK, March 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received inquiries concerning a projected salmon fishing excursion to be furnished by the St. Lawrence Steamship Company this summer. The trip will be a most attractive one for men who have not been down on the North Shore, and there will be abundant fishing for brook trout and sea trout. The excursionists will probably kill a few bears and seals, and will enjoy the sight of the great nesting grounds of wildfowl, but the salmon fishing feature of the trip will not be very important. Let me say a word or two about the rivers that are to be fished. The Olomano is the best one of the lot and furnishes grand salmon fishing for one or two rods during about fourteen days of the run. It furnishes fair sport for one rod for another week. Any more rods on the river would ruin the sport for all. The salmon run into the Olomano about the last week in June. The water is usually too high at that time. During the first two weeks of July the salmon rest in two pools near the sea, and if carefully fished will furnish magnificent sport for not more than two fishermen. After that time the salmon ascend the river and stop again under the Smoky Falls, about two miles up stream. There is only one small resting place a few yards in extent behind an island on the eastern side of the falls, and the salmon are very shy and not easily approached at that sport. After they pass the Smoky Falls they will not rise to the fly. There are very few brook trout in the Olomano. There is a run of sea trout after the middle of July.

The Wash-she-cootai is the next best river of the lot. It is a cold river and salmon will not rise to the fly there until after July 15. The salmon remain in the two pools near the sea during July and August, and are very capricious. It is a fine bit of salmon water for one rod, if the fisherman is very expert, otherwise the river is of no account. Two fishermen on the Wash-she-cootai would probably ruin the fishing a day or two, as the fish rest in shallow water and are very shy—an odd lot of salmon in that river. Salmon do not take the fly after they have passed above the fall at the head of the upper pool. Brook trout fishing is inexhaustible in the lakes above the fall, and one can catch charrs in deep water in the lakes with bait. There is fair sea trout fishing in the Wash-she-cootai after the middle of July.

The Coacoacho is not a salmon river. It abounds in sea trout and would furnish sea trout fishing for a dozen fishermen at some time during the July run, for a couple of weeks. The Musquarro is not a salmon river to any considerable extent. It is a clay river, and the fish do not like it much. The Etamamion has a high fall about two miles from the sea that prevents salmon from ascending. Salmon run in and out during the latter part of June and early part of July, and one rod will sometimes get good sport in a pool beneath the high fall, if the fisherman is patient and contented with exploring while he is waiting for a salmon day. There is a sea trout run in July in the Etamamion.

The St. Augustin I have not fished, because my Indians told me that there was only one resting pool in the west entrance, and that was so full of rocks that two or three fishermen who had tried the river lost their lives promptly. I intended getting a permit and risking some old lines there three years ago on my way down from the north, but was told that no salmon remained in the pool so late in the summer. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

At the National Capital.

AT the annual meeting of the Game and Fish Protective Association of the District of Columbia, March 20, the first steps were taken toward the holding in Washington of a convention of representative men of the District, Virginia, Maryland and West Virginia, the object of which will be to secure legislation to prevent the pollution of the waters of the Potomac.

The matter was brought before the meeting in the annual report of Major Richard Sylvester, chairman of the Association Committee on Legislation, and was referred to the Executive Committee to make the necessary arrangements. The Executive Committee reported a plan by which it is hoped to enlarge the Association's field of work. It is proposed to have the officers of the Association consist of a president, secretary and treasurer, a vice-president from the District and from each of the three States named, and an honorary vice-president from each State and Territory in the Union. There is also to be a large list of committees, the members of which, numbering about sixty, with the officers, will constitute the Executive Committee. The object of this proposed reorganization is to actively enlist a large number in the Association's work, instead of having it all fall on the shoulders of a dozen or so, as has been the case heretofore.

The plan of proposed reorganization was offered in the form of an amendment to the Constitution, and that it may be acted upon at once the meeting was adjourned for two weeks. In the meantime the proposed amendment will be printed and circulated by the secretary among the members. With this in view, the annual election of officers was deferred until the next meeting.

Major Sylvester's report was the first business to come before the meeting. He dealt first with the history of early efforts to prevent the ruthless destruction of game before the Association had been formed and secured the enactment of penal laws. "Since the inception of this Association," he said, "new game and fish laws have been enacted, and it is a pleasure to note that they are generally respected. Now and then a seine is drawn in the District waters contrary to law, but not many examples of the law's violation have been cited, and the education carried on through your efforts has had a most wonderful and beneficial effect. You live to look upon the greatest protected spawning grounds in the country. So it should be. Here at the National Capital, with its headquarters of the Fish Commission, exists a wonderful basin wherein hundreds of species are fostered. It was once said that when you find a man with a rod on his shoulder, no matter what his appearance may be, there's something good in him. So in the fishermen who work for a living along the lower Potomac. They love the work; they appreciate any effort for improving and multiplying the fish, and to-day they have joined in this laudable undertaking of ours and condemn and reproach him who would bring short fish into the market for sale.

"Here hard working people send for copies of the laws and give orders to have them respected. The common carriers eagerly watch for the close of game and fish seasons, in order to be within the scope of the legitimate. The merchant dealers, with few exceptions, do not keep game out of season.

"It is remarkable what an army of boys, youths, middle-aged and old men and women, prompted by the health, recreation and skill which attach to use of the rod and reel, has sprung into existence through the agitation due to your Association, individually and collectively. They study the weather, the water, the forests and mountains, and have learned the Potomac. They know its beautiful features and can intelligently talk of its pollution.

"Now we want Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia to join us, that concerted action may be had which will result in the condemnation and eradication of some of the impure and disagreeable features of the Potomac which filtration will not relieve. No clearer, more logical or more scientific paper was ever presented on the subject of the Potomac's pollution than that read by Henry Talbott, of this Association, which was authorized printed by Congress.

"During the last session of that body I have to report the amendments recommended by this Association, both fish and game, became law. Up to the present time Congress has granted every request made by your chairman on legislation in the way of legislation, and as your warden I have endeavored to enforce these laws. I do not care to multiply words on the subject. Members of the Association who are not familiar with the laws as they now prevail will obtain them in new books, which, I presume, will be authorized to be issued at another meeting of the Executive Committee.

"During the year there were sixteen cases prosecuted for violation of the fish law and seven cases prosecuted for violation of the game law, and in all except one conviction resulted. I have here the names of those who were charged with such violations. As they have paid their penalties, it is not necessary perhaps to make public their names, but the list is with the secretary for perusal."

Following Major Sylvester's report, Mr. Henry Talbott read a very able and scientific paper dealing with the pollution of water in general and Potomac River water in particular. He contended that the emptying of sewage and the refuse of mills and factories into rivers is not only a menace to public health but it is destructive of fish. Although this pollution of water may not in all cases be sufficient to kill the fish directly, he said it destroys the smaller plant and animal life in the water and leaves the river uninhabitable for fish. The Association will have Mr. Talbott's paper printed for general distribution.

As a concluding number on the evening's programme,

Prof. Charles H. Townsend, of the Fish Commission, gave an illustrated talk on the cruise of the Albatross through Southern Pacific waters. The Albatross took soundsings and dredged a course of more than 3,000 miles, and her crew made many interesting inland trips through South Pacific islands. The results of the dredgings, Prof. Townsend said, were not particularly interesting, as the bottom of the Pacific is the most barren of any waters where the Government experts have dredged. On the islands, however, they found much of interest, and with these his lecture mainly dealt.—Washington Post.

The Kennel.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XV.—Breaking Shot, Breaking In, Chasing.

The different manifestations of unsteadiness are termed breaking shot, breaking in, and chasing, and all have their origin in the desire of the dog to capture the bird. It is all quite in keeping with the dog's nature, and his natural manner of acquiring possession of his prey. Breaking shot is when the dog breaks away at the report of the gun. Breaking in denotes that the dog, as the term signifies, breaks in and flushes the birds, either before or after making a point, and chasing signifies according to its common meaning.

The amateur, whose prejudgments are based on his own purposes as being the true data for estimating the dog's duties, is prone to consider the different forms of unsteadiness as manifestations of perversity or malicious harmfulness. From the dog's standpoint, the handler has no more relevancy in the pursuit of game than he would have in a bone which the dog might be gnawing. While the dog takes a certain degree of pleasure in the pursuit of game, a material purpose, the capture of the prey, dominates, and thus his eager pursuit has a basis of self-interest. The latter must be preserved, therefore it is seldom good training to attempt to check his unsteadiness too suddenly. It is better done by easy degrees, even if the dog is distinctly hard headed in his obstinacy.

It is one of the easiest parts of the training to enforce when the trainer engages in it seriously, although it is one of the most difficult for the average shooter to enforce, on account of his failure to methodically control the dog by mechanical means.

Some nice judgment should be exercised as to how much freedom to give the dog, on the score of timidity, apathetic interest, natural indolence, etc. Some dogs, whose self-interest is exceptionally assertive, will hunt with the greatest enthusiasm for themselves, while exerting themselves with half-heartedness for their masters. Thus the matter of how much restraint shall be exercised is one of expediency, which must be determined by the good judgment of the trainer.

While giving the puppy's unsteadiness serious consideration, the amateur should avoid any exhibitions of it himself. If he breaks shot to capture a wounded bird, or manifests undue haste and excitement when in the vicinity of birds, it is unreasonable to expect steadiness under such circumstances on the part of the puppy, or indeed on the part of a thoroughly trained dog. The enormity of the offense as manifested by the puppy consists not so much in the error itself as in spoiling a shot for the trainer. Most amateur trainers are more intent on the pleasures of the sport than on the advancement of the dog's schooling, and therefore the error of the puppy is in the nature of a personal injury to them.

Chasing rabbits should be corrected first. Viewed from a schooling standpoint, the act may be a fault or not, accordingly as the dog may or may not need an incentive to effort. Timid dogs gain self-confidence and boldness, while lazy dogs acquire more industry and enthusiasm from indulging in it

When the trainer attempts to teach the dog to forbear chasing, the theory is to make the act painful instead of pleasurable. The trainer proceeds to establish in the dog's mind an association of unpleasant ideas in reference to the rabbit. This is quickly done by shooting a rabbit ahead of the dog, on favorable opportunity, of which many present themselves when a dog is addicted to the habit of chasing. The dog will manifest the greatest elation. However, the trainer fastens a checkcord to the dog's collar, and with the rabbit and whip in the left hand a good whipping is administered to him. At intervals, the rabbit is thrust in his face, the trainer at the same time exclaiming Hi! Hi! Hi! with some cuts of the whip sandwiched in. The dog credits all the hurts of the whip to the rabbit, and learns to associate it with pain accordingly. It is commonly held to be bad training to shoot a rabbit ahead of a dog. It is so if one indulges in it with a thoroughly trained dog. Discrimination between what encourages a dog to chase and what deters him from chasing should be considered. Shooting a rabbit ahead of a dog in pursuit of it, and punishing him for it, bring the act and the object in direct and painful association. After a time, if the dog at the first view of a fleeing rabbit, forgets himself on the impulse of the moment, and starts to chase, the warning cry Hi! Hi! Hi! will check him, and on second thought he will desist. The punishment must be persisted in till the dog ignores the rabbit temptation reliably.

The correction for unsteadiness in respect to shot and birds is also administered on the theory of associating the errors with pain, but in practice much more care needs to be exercised than in breaking the dog of rabbit chasing. By injudicious punishment, it is quite as easy to teach the dog to forbear hunting birds at all as it is to forbear chasing rabbits. There is a degree of punishment which will deter the dog from chasing and breaking in; there is a further degree which will deter him from hunting at all, and there is still a further degree which will cause him to blink. He never should be punished so severely or so persistently that he shows hesitation or loss of confidence in himself or handler. It is much better to make haste slowly, accomplishing advancement safely, step by step, than it is to take the chances of establishing all necessary steadiness in a moment or ruining all at the same time.

Dogs of a sensitive, deferential disposition may be steadied by the warning cry, Hi! Hi! Hi! and words of disapproval alone. On a dog of a bolder nature, the check cord is put while he is pointing, and when the birds rise he is permitted to dash forward fifteen or twenty feet before being snubbed and brought back to the place whence he started.

Aged, experienced dogs which have become confirmed shot breakers may be dealt with still more severely. A spike collar is effective in making a prompt cure of one of this kind. Place it upon his neck when he is working. Tie the choke with a piece of twine, so that it will not slip backward and forward as a choke collar, thus resting on his neck in manner similar to his ordinary kennel collar. When he points, the trainer walks up to him quietly, fastens the check cord into his collar, adjusts it so it will uncoil freely, then shoots and permits the dog to run into the collar when he breaks shot. The impetus of the dog breaks the twine, and the collar then hugs his neck tightly. The trainer forces him back to place with the collar and cord. Few dogs have the courage to break shot after two or three experiences with the collar applied in this manner. If the dog is self-willed and obstinate above the ordinary, it is better to engage the assistance of a clear-headed friend to do the shooting, while the trainer devotes all his attention to the dog. Play to give the dog every opportunity to break shot, and let him go to the full length of the check cord as often as he will do so. If he at length hesitates to break, the trainer by feigning to break shot himself may encourage him to do so, but at every offense he is brought back to place with a pull of the collar, and if necessary he is still further punished with the whip. The most resolute dog will not persist in lawless breaking away under such treatment, and it has the further advantage of being lasting in its effects. Concerning the use of the spike collar, the trainer will do well to read and heed the remarks upon its use presented in another chapter.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

Carping writers may question the propriety of including here these fiends—52 to 57—on the ground that they relate to a period too remote and were not the finds of fishermen. But as to the time of their happening, be it said, for such incidents we must go back a long way—our age is too prosaic for their like; and as to their not being finds by sportsmen, what is there to show that the fishermen who caught the several fishes were not all true sportsmen of the very truest sort?

52

There are many legends paralleling the gospel story of Peter's finding the piece of money in the fish's mouth. Thus St. Cadoc, of Wales (sixth century), was walking one day with Gildes, the historian, and, putting his Virgil under his arm, began to weep at the thought that his beloved poet was even then perhaps with Satan and the lost. A gust of wind caused him to lift his arm, and, to his great grief, his book was blown out to sea. Next day a fisherman brought him a fine salmon for a present, and in its stomach was the lost Virgil, uninjured.

53

St. Benno, Bishop of Meissen, in Saxony (June 16, 1106), left his see and went to Rome to avoid the persecution of the Emperor Henry IV., and ordered that the keys of his cathedral should be thrown into the sea when Henry was excommunicated. When he returned he found them in a fish.

54

St. Egwin, Bishop of Worcester (Jan. 11, 720), wanted to punish himself for his worldly life when a youth, and put fetters on his feet, throwing the key into the sea. On his way back from Rome the seamen caught a huge fish, in whose stomach was the key, which the saint considered a sign that his penance was abridged, and he released himself.

55

St. Atilan, Bishop of Zamora (Oct. 5, 10th century), wanted to surrender his bishopric, and threw his Episcopal ring into the Douro. But a fish brought it back to him, and he concluded that he should continue to bear his burden.

56

The salmon and the ring in the coat of arms of Scotland are explained by a remarkable legend. A young Scotch lady had dropped her ring into the Clyde, and her husband suspected her of having given it to a lover. St. Kenttgernor Mungo, Bishop, prayed for her on the river bank, and a salmon came up with the ring in his mouth. The Bollandists tell the story differently, not putting the lady in as innocent a light, though they state that she reformed.

57

St. Maurillus, Bishop of Angers (Sept. 13, 5th century), is represented holding a fish out of whose mouth or gills keys protrude. The legend tells that he let a child die without baptism (others say confirmation), and was so convinced of his unworthiness as pastor that he fled to England, where he worked as a gardener. On his voyage he threw the keys of his cathedral (or of the reliquaries) into the ocean, but people following him caught a fish in whose stomach were the keys, and the sight of them convinced him that he should go back.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—V.

BY F. R. WEBB.

No two cruisers have just the same ideas in regard to equipments, or go out with exactly the same outfit. One man scorns all superfluities and goes flying light in the matter of baggage. He rolls himself in a single blanket and sleeps on the floor boards of his canoe; with a coat for a pillow and a rubber sheet thrown over a paddle laid lengthwise of the cockpit for a tent, perchance elevated at one end by being lashed to a mast if he has one; if not a couple of forked sticks will elevate it. He scorns a camp stove as useless lumber, and boils his coffee and fries his bacon and eggs (upon which he chiefly lives while on his cruise, for eggs may be procured at any farmhouse, and potatoes, onions, etc., are heavy and bulky) on a little bed of coals.

He finds ample occupation on Sunday forenoons in washing out the extra shirt, pair of socks and the couple of handkerchiefs he has burdened himself with, and in scraping the mud off and darning the holes in his one pair of trousers.

Another goes to the other extreme, and loads his canoe down with superfluities. I have never actually cruised with a man who took a dress suit along, although I have read of canoeists who did so; but b'iled shirts have not been unknown among the men I have cruised with, and umbrellas, silk hats and feather pillows have been heard of in a canoeist's outfit.

A happy medium is the best plan. Camping, even under the most favorable circumstances, is roughing it, and all the little comforts and conveniences to which a man is accustomed at home are set aside for the time being, and it is not advisable to go to too great an extreme and make too radical a change. Our party had perhaps rather more conveniences and even luxuries than most cruisers enjoy, but we had no trouble in finding stowage room for everything, and we have found that the carrying of them along with us not only entails no special inconvenience upon us, but adds greatly to our comfort and pleasure; therefore we carry them.

There are three points upon which we insist on being well provided. They are, first, absolute protection from the weather day and night; second, good, wholesome, abundant, well cooked food; third, good comfortable sleeping accommodations.

In providing for the first point we take plenty of clothing along—woolen by all means—consisting of one good stout coat, two pairs of trousers, one of which at least must be short, or Knickerbockers, and two pairs are better so that when making a morning start after a night's camp a dry pair may be at hand to put on in case the pair worn the day before are wet.

These short trousers, with long stockings and hob-nailed canvas shoes, are worn in the canoe while cruising. Two medium-weight flannel shirts, one light ditto or pongee shirt to wear on the trip home or on occasion where anything in the nature of "dress up" is required—extra shirts, ties, etc., are best preserved from "mussing up" or rumpling in the clothes bag when tightly rolled up in paper, as when they are received from the furnishing store. I also carry an extra heavy flannel shirt to sleep in, but this may be dispensed with.

Two changes of underwear in addition to the suit worn, two pairs of long heavy bicycle stockings, three pairs of socks (if a pair of long trousers be taken), and half a dozen handkerchiefs complete the equipment of clothing. Half a dozen towels, a cake of soap in a tin box, a brush, comb and tooth brush in a leather case, and a small mirror make up the toilet articles. These latter, including one of the towels, are carried in one of the side pockets which are strung along under each side of the cockpit coaming—four on each side. A small waterproof bag will hold what stationery is required. Stamped envelopes will be found more convenient than the other kind, as loose stamps are apt to absorb moisture and stick together.

A small muslin bag may be carried, in which is stowed a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends, such as needles, thread, thimble, pins, buttons, hooks and eyes, safety pins (both the latter articles are quite handy and useful for a variety of purposes), tape, small rubber bottle of ink, fountain pen, dropper for filling, etc., while in another small bag may be placed a stick or cake of shaving soap, razor, shaving brush (one that is reversible, with brush that can be screwed inside of handle is best), and leather strop rolled up and tied.

All clothing, towels, smoking materials (except a small temporary supply for present use, that may be carried in one of the cockpit pockets) and the two small bags just mentioned are carried in a round-bottomed, well-oiled bag of very light duck or heavy drilling 22in. long and 42in. in circumference, with a stout double drawn-string in the top. This bag may be made by the canoeist himself at a cost of about 25 cents.

For use in the canoe a helmet, either of straw or of cork, is worn, while a soft felt hat or yachting cap for shore use is a luxury which, once used, is appreciated. An extra heavy pair of stout leather shoes for shore use should be carried, and a light pair of low canvas rubber-soled tennis shoes or heavy slippers for camp use will be found well worth their slight weight and room.

Some protection from the weather is of course necessary. Some canoeists carry a suit of oiled muslin, consisting of coat and pants and a heavy sou'wester hat; and these are highly recommended by canoeing authorities. I used a suit of them for several seasons, but did not like them. Perhaps I may have been unfortunate in my choice of goods, but I found them very heavy, bulky, sticky and generally disagreeable; and I now use and much prefer a long, heavy rubber coat for shore use, and a light cape of best quality heavy gossamer (which I had made with special reference to carrying on all day trout fishing trips) for use in the canoe. An oiled cape of

heavy muslin or drilling will do as well, except that it is much bulkier and heavier, and may be made by the canoeist himself at an expense not exceeding 25 cents; it should be from 30 to 32in. long from collar to hem, and is the two-thirds segment of a circle. These articles, with the before-mentioned sou'wester hat, give effectual proctection from the rain ashore or afloat.

As to the second point—good, wholesome, well cooked food—the great standby of the average canoeist is bacon and eggs. This is an excellent diet as far as it goes, but when indulged in two or three times a day for an entire cruise it has a tendency to grow monotonous, and the boarders around the camp-fire may well be excused if they feel like the boarders immortalized in verse at the celebrated boarding house where they had ham and eggs three times a day, and should want to yell, too. Potatoes, onions, fish and fresh meats when procurable all give healthful variety to the bill of fare, and, although a little bulky and heavy, are well worth their carrying, and room may generally be found for them in some of the other fellows' canoes.

There is a great deal of romance and poetry about a camp-fire, but for good, quick, effective cooking a sheet iron camp stove is infinitely preferable, and I would almost as soon cruise without my canoe as without my camp stove.

Our stove, in connection with the expeditionary tinware and cooking utensils, has been fully described.

The club supplies consisted of bacon, eggs, potatoes, onions, biscuits, cheese, pickles, olives, a boiled ham, a boiled tongue, with canned goods, such as ham, tongue, sardines, boned turkey and chicken; coffee, sugar, salt lemons, pepper, corn meal, coal oil, candles and matches.

The coal oil was carried in a flat-topped half-gallon can with a brass cap over the spout, which was packed in the camp stove. There is a great deal of prejudice in the minds of many canoeists against carrying coal oil, but when packed as above described we have never yet experienced any inconvenience from it, and we consider it indispensable for starting fires, especially on a rainy day; also a lighted lantern or two around a camp has a good effect in keeping off prowling "varmints." Coal oil lanterns are, however, objectionable for use in the small canoe cabins, and we use candles in our tents. The eggs are carried in a couple of half-gallon lard buckets; the potatoes, onions, biscuits, cheese, lemons, candles, etc., in bags of drilling or sheeting. We generally lay in a supply of four or five dozen biscuits at a time, and the bag containing these, as well as the smaller bags containing crackers, cakes, etc., are carried in a large round-bottomed oiled canvas bag. The matches are carried in large-mouthed bottles—one in each canoe—securely corked and with a small brass screweye in the top of each cork, to which is attached a string, which is tied around the neck of the bottle and is the means of preventing much bad language and vexation of spirit. The coffee, sugar, butter, lard, salt, pepper and corn meal (in which to fry fish) are carried in small tin cans—generally of the square kind procured at any drug store. The bacon is procured in coarse sacks, in which it remains until used up. The ham and tongue are packed in muslin bags.

The mess chest is a small box, 12 by 18in., and 6 or 7in. deep, covered with oiled canvas. It contains one tin can each of coffee, sugar, butter, lard, salt, corn meal and pepper, a small bottle of pickles or olives, a small bag of biscuits, one or two cans of potted goods or sardines, a piece of cheese, a couple of hard-boiled eggs, some sliced ham or tongue or both, a couple of lemons and whatever else is intended for each day's noonday lunch, for it is our custom to get up a hot meal for breakfast and supper only, and to have a midday lunch, picnic fashion, instead of dinner, and everything necessary for this lunch is prepared and stowed in the mess chest by me, every morning after breakfast, so that all the unpacking required for our midday meal is to get out the mess chest. It also contains all the expeditionary graniteware plates, knives, forks and spoons—each man carries his own drinking cup in his own canoe. Extra cans of coffee and sugar were stowed in my canoe, and the small mess chest cans replenished from time to time as required. All the small canned goods are stowed in a large oiled canvas bag, and the provisionary supplies were distributed around among the different canoes as equitably as might be.

Our bacon, coffee, sugar and canned goods were laid in at Staunton for the entire cruise, while but a small supply of butter, lard, vegetables, eggs and biscuits were laid in, as owing to the heat generated below decks they will not remain in good condition longer than two or three days, and are easily replenished at almost any farmhouse.

We are by this time quite well known along the river, and generally make it a point to procure supplies at certain houses on each cruise, where we know by experience that good butter, lard, bread, etc., can be had, such as Rippetoe, Kygers, Bear Lithia Springs, Coffman's, Keyser, Fleming, the Kenner House, at Riverton, and Osburn's.

The third point—good sleeping accommodations—I consider also a very important one, for after a hard day's work a good refreshing night's rest is surely more beneficial than a night passed in turning and twisting around in the vain endeavor to find a softer spot on the pine floor boards of the canoe; consequently our party carried each a small folding hair mattress, specially designed and made to our order, which, when extended, spreads over a floor space of 5ft. in length by 18in. wide, and which, when folded for transportation, presents two cushions 18 by 20in., upon which to sit, which, with a third cushion of the same size placed in an upright position against the swinging back rest, forms a most comfortable seat, and the room it occupies is not noted. The mattress is incased in an oiled canvas bag, which is slipped off when preparing the bed for the night. A small air pillow is slipped inside of the mattress bag for transportation and used at night.

A good thick pair of blankets incased in an oiled canvas bag and a piece of rubber sheeting, such as is used in carriage tops, about 5 by 7ft., complete the sleeping arrangements.

A good serviceable tent is also to us at least a necessity, as the crude shelter afforded by the rubber sheet and paddle arrangement does not come up to our ideas of comfort. Our tents are of the square or oblong-topped Mohican pattern, made of blue and white striped awning cloth, with white duck tops. The tents are 5ft. long on top and 8ft. long on the bottom, covering the entire cockpit. The canvas roof extends a few inches beyond each end of the tent, and these ends are looped to receive light spreaders of bamboo or pine, which are slipped in when the tent is to be used. A light line is rove into each end of the looped top, so as to pass the bight of the line around the spreaders, and a metal hook or snap similar to those used on hitch reins is rove into the free ends of the lines to hook into the rings at bow and stern of the canoes. Tents of this class are usually erected by lashing the lines to the masts, but as our canoes carry no masts we use a simple device in the shape of a couple of standards. Each standard is made of two pieces of light pine bolted together at one end, the other ends being left free, so that they spread out like the legs of a pair of compasses. They are about 3½ft. long—a little longer than the height of the tent. To raise the tent in position for the night, throw it loosely over the cockpit, insert the spreaders into the loops at each end of the top, hook the hooks at the ends of the lines into the bow and stern rings of the canoe, spread and raise the standards one at each end of the tent, with the lines passing through notches cut in the tops, which also raises the tent; place the feet of the standards (also notched) on cleats screwed on top of the gunwales on each side of the canoe for this purpose; fasten the tent all around at bottom and corners to stout screweyes screwed under the gunwales or fenders by means of loops of stout fish line slipped through button holes worked for this purpose, and there you are! It is a much simpler and neater device than tying the tent ropes to masts, and there is no strain on the decks of the canoes.

The advantages of the canoe tents over a shore tent for a cruising party are obvious. Good smooth camping places affording room for a shore tent are not always to be found when camping time arrives, whereas when canoe tents are used a camp may be made wherever room can be found for the canoes. We have not infrequently camped on the side of a high bank or placed the canoes for the night on the rocks and reefs at the water's edge, and I have even put up my tent and slept with my canoe afloat safely moored to the bank with bow and stern painters.

Our mess table—two thin pieces of poplar 4ft. long and 12in. broad—mounted upon four buggy wheel spokes driven into the ground, upon which they are sustained side by side on cross-pieces fitted to the spokes at each end of the table (in transit the boards are laid flat on the floor boards of one of the canoes, and covered with a piece of rubber sheeting to prevent soiling by muddy shoes), and our dining fly of striped awning cloth of the same material and pattern of which our tents are made and erected on two of the light bamboo pike poles carried by each canoe, will doubtless be considered by most canoeists as superfluities that might be dispensed with, but we have found both to be such conveniences that they are worth more to us than their room and weight in the canoes. On a rainy day in camp the fly comes out specially strong and proves to be a convenience that is well nigh indispensable. We each of us also carried another superfluity in the shape of a small light folding camp stool, which we find such a comfort and convenience that it could not well be dispensed with. This, when folded flat and placed on the floor of the canoe under the mattress, is entirely out of the way, and its weight is but a trifle.

We carried two small coal oil lanterns for use around the camp, but for use in the canoes each one was provided with an ingenious little candle lantern, constructed in my workshop out of a couple of blocks of pine, a yard of stout wire, a piece of bent tin and a large lamp chimney. The piece of tin was tacked to one side of the wooden base of the lamp, and bent so as to hook over the cockpit coaming, where, so placed as to come between the eyes of the canoeist and his book as he lies at full length in his blankets, its convenience for reading purposes is inestimable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE following men have been proposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.: Arthur C. Whittemore, West Medford, Mass.; Philip A. Hutchins, West Medford, Mass.; F. B. Howard, Medford, Mass.; Frank H. Hamilton, Medford, Mass.

Yachting.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 23.—The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has been held, the dates for open races to be sailed under its rules selected, and it now looks as though the season had commenced in earnest. This will be a great yachting year in Massachusetts, not only for the Association but for all kinds of club racing. Many new boats have been built and the old ones are not leaving the district in very large numbers, so that there should be a very respectable racing fleet throughout the entire season.

Several of the clubs will have more than one Y. R. A. race day. The custom of having a series of races has grown very popular in Massachusetts during the past few years, and there is no doubt that it is a very good thing, for it has been noted that when a series of races have been given there have been more boats attending than if a single race was held. This year the Hull-Massachusetts Club has taken four dates, three of which will be for invitation races. The American Y. C., of Newburyport, has taken three dates, all of which will be for open races. It is expected that the town will have an anniversary celebration on June 25, and the American Y. C. is expected to arrange an elaborate programme of races on that day. Newburyport day will come on Aug. 13 this year, and two days' racing will be held. The Annisquam Y. C. started in last year giving series of races, and it will do the same thing this year. The Burgess Y. C. will have two days' racing and the East Gloucester Y. C., which did not hold any Y. R. A. race last year, will this year give two.

The following list of race dates was taken by the different clubs:

May 30, Thursday—South Boston, City Point.
June 17, Monday—Hull-Massachusetts, for classes over 18ft., Hull. Dorchester, classes 18ft. and under, Dorchester.
June 25, Tuesday—American, Newburyport.
June 29, Saturday—Boston, City Point.
July 3, Wednesday—Columbia, City Point.
July 4, Thursday—City of Boston, City Point.
July 6, Saturday—Mosquito Fleet, City Point.
July 20, Saturday—Winthrop, Winthrop.
July 25, 26 and 27, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull.
July 29 and 30, Monday and Tuesday—Burgess, Marblehead.
Aug. 5 and 6, Monday and Tuesday—Manchester, West Manchester.
Aug. 7 and 8, Wednesday and Thursday—East Gloucester, Gloucester.
Aug. 9 and 10, Friday and Saturday—Annisquam, Annisquam.
Aug. 12 and 13, Monday and Tuesday—American, Newburyport.
Aug. 17, Saturday—Wollaston, Quincy Bay.
Aug. 26, Monday—Cape Cod, Provincetown
Aug. 27, Tuesday—Wellfleet, Wellfleet.
Aug. 29, Thursday—Plymouth, Plymouth.
Aug. 30, Friday—Kingston, Kingston.
Aug. 31, Saturday—Duxbury, Duxbury.
Sept. 2, Labor Day—Lynn, off Nahant.

It has been decided by the Yacht Racing Association that all movable trusses must go. The yachts which have been built for the unrestricted classes have become lighter and lighter in construction with each succeeding year, until they have reached the point where trusses are absolutely necessary to hold up the long ends that are not sufficiently strong to maintain their original form. The Yacht Racing Association realizes that these trusses are necessary and has no intention of attempting to bar them altogether, but it does insist that, when they are used, they shall be sealed by the official measurer in such a manner that they will become immovable, and an official seal put on them.

This year there will be but one general circuit of races to be held under the rules of the Association. Last year the season's races were divided into three circuits. It has not been discovered that any good came of this change, but, on the contrary, if persisted in, it might have proved dangerous for the Association. One Association is absolutely necessary in these waters, and only one. If that one Association were to be divided into three districts, it would be only a forerunner to the existence of three associations. This would be a severe blow to yachting in Massachusetts, for there would undoubtedly be scantling and classification rules which would conflict, the general classification that exists now would become a thing of the past and the yachtsmen would not feel encouraged in building new boats.

The present classification with its scantling restrictions is a good thing for yachting. First of all it provides uniform classes, all of the boats for which are built to the limit of waterline length. The limit of waterline length being maintained under the rules, permanent classes are obtained—that is, a 25-footer is built to be a 25-footer, with a waterline length between 24 and 25ft., and not a 22-footer or a 23-footer or a 24-footer. The scantling restrictions provide a boat that is staunch and seaworthy and which will not become useless after a few seasons of racing. With the assurance of permanent classes and restrictions that will insure well-built boats, the yachtsmen have every inducement to build, for under these conditions a yacht becomes marketable at any time and the owner is not offering for sale an obsolete type of boat.

But with all the good that the Association has done and all that it is possible for it to do in the future, there are always some who want constant changes which will bring things nearer their way of thinking, regardless of the interests of others. These things have always had to be met since the present Association was formed and in similar associations before it. There is now a movement on foot to form another association that will directly conflict with the principles of the present one. Parties have been to some of the clubs with the object of having them leave the present Association and join the new one. If this movement was started for the purpose of elevating yachting it might receive the attention of reputable clubs, but there is every reason to believe that it has been started because of purely personal grievances and that the promoters want to form an association in which they will have their own sweet way, regardless of the harm it might do yacht racing and without any thought of fairness to others.

Independence is fast taking form at the Atlantic Works. More than half the plating is already on her, and the plates are being turned out every day. All of the plates of the second strake from the bottom of the fin have been put in place. As soon as these are all riveted the remainder of the lead will be stowed. Nearly all of the steel plating of the deck, with the exception of the partner plate and those which go between it and the stringer plates, has been put in position. The brackets that brace the deck beams and the frames have all been riveted to place on the starboard side. The intercostal plates that brace the floor plates are nearly all in and the steel bulkhead, that strengthens the fitting around the mainsheet traveler, has been bolted to place. It has been found necessary to cast a new frame for the balance rudder, as the one already cast did not prove flexible enough under test. The new one will be cast at the Bath Iron Works of Hyde metal.

The committee appointed to conduct the races for the cups and prizes offered by Thomas W. Lawson held a meeting this week and appointed a sub-committee to arrange all necessary details. It has been decided to hold the races on Labor Day, Sept. 2, or one week from the close of the America Cup races. If these races are finished one week or more before Sept. 2, the races for the Lawson cups will be held on that date, but if they are not finished until less than a week before Sept. 2, the Lawson cups races will be held one week from the time they are

finished. For instance, if the America Cup races are finished Sept. 2, the races for the Lawson cups will be held on Sept. 9.

Hanley has an order for a Canada cup defender from Detroit parties, and the keel of the boat is now set up in the shop. He also is building a Y. R. A. 25-footer for ex-Com. A. W. Chesterton, who formerly owned the champion 25-footer Hermes. He has an order to build a Y. R. A. 25-footer from Crowninshield's design for T. B. Wales. The 18-footer for Humphrey and Lauriat is well along. Yachtsmen in the East will be glad that Hanley will have a chance to show his work in the Canada cup races. It was desired by those building other defenders and by B. B. Crowninshield that a Hanley boat should compete.

At Lawley's the Sloan 85ft. schooner is about half planked. The Parsons 46-footer is being finished up inside and has been painted outside. The Binney 70ft. steamer is partly planked and the 86ft. steamer of the same design is having her house put on. The deck beams are being laid on the Douglas 18-footer. The Bar Harbor 25-footer is all planked. The lead keel of a centerboard 25-footer will be set up this week. The frames of the Eno 120ft. steamer are being set up.

Kiley's Marine Agency has sold the passenger steamer Montvale to a syndicate, which will convert her into a house-boat; also the naphtha yacht Gladys to Edward F. Shumway, of Falmouth; the schooner Fiona to Elmer P. Broadbent, of New Bedford, and the catboat Foam to Frank Comer, of Fall River.

Crowninshield has sold the steam yacht Columbia, formerly owned by Col. Albert B. Pope, to Montgomery Rollins, and, in connection with F. Bowne Jones, the yawl Scarpha to Mr. Fallett, of Brooklyn. He has an order for a 21ft. cat for A. T. Brownell, to be used at Newport.

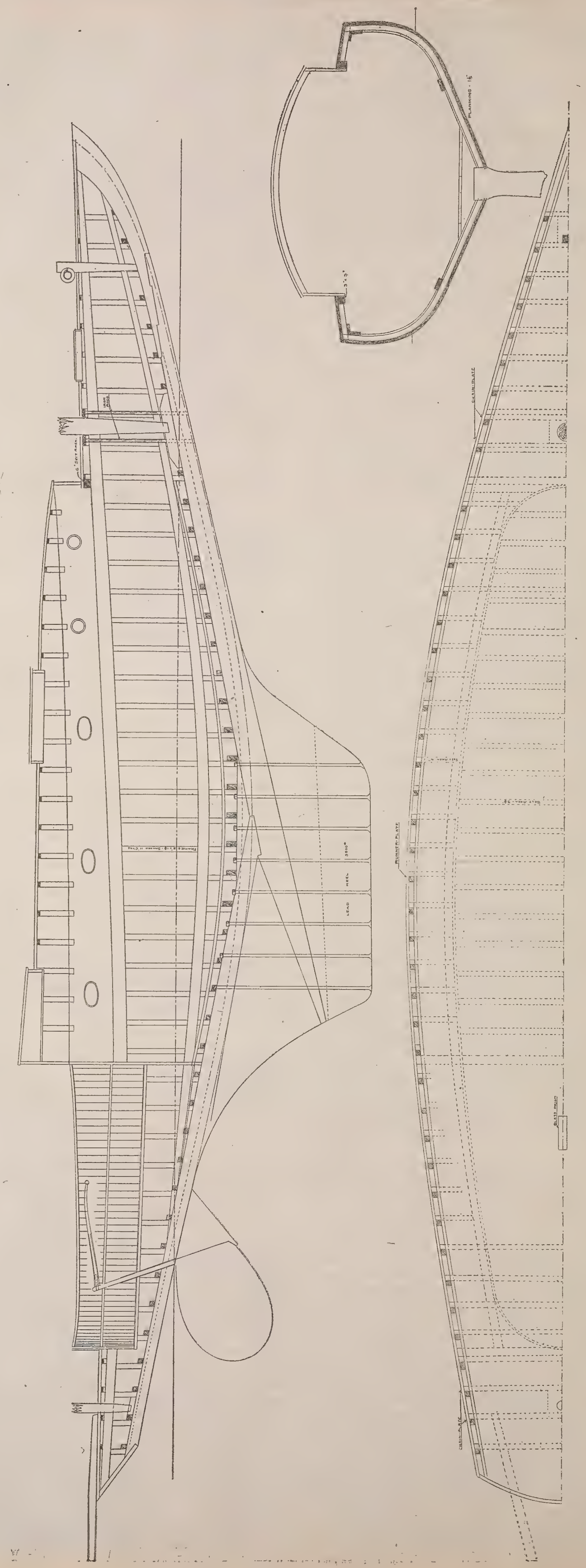
Fenton has the Y. R. A. 25-footer designed by Crowninshield for F. B. Macomber all planked and the deck is now being laid. He is building a Y. R. A. 21-footer from designs of W. Starling Burgess for T. K. Lothrop. New topsides and deck are being put on the 25-footer Khalifa, which was damaged by the recent fire.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

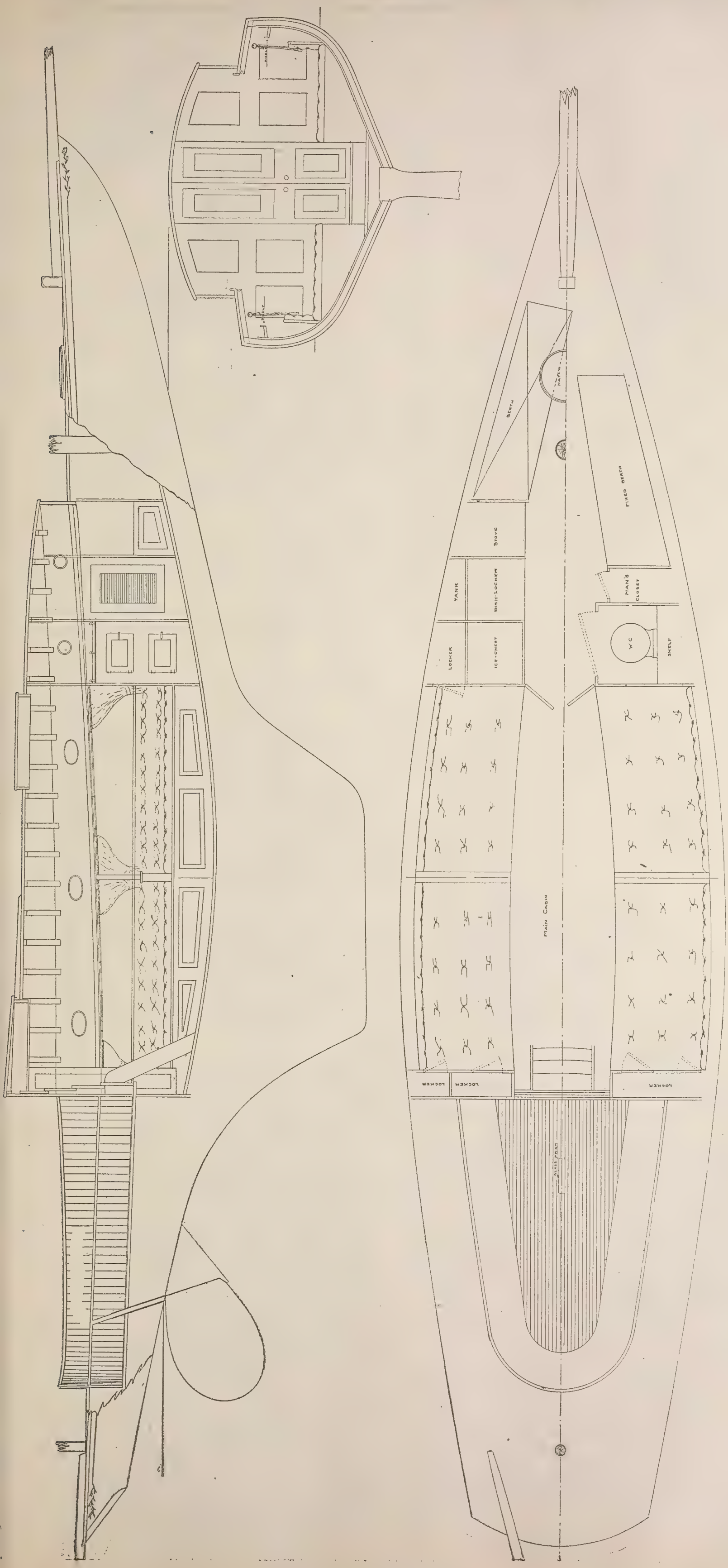
American Yachts and Yachting.

Lecture by Professor Biles.

THERE was a crowded attendance, including many well-known yachting people, in one of the class rooms of the Glasgow University on Monday evening, when Prof. Biles lectured on "American Yachts and Yachting." To all who have a love for the sea, said the Professor in his introductory remarks, the subject of yachts is always an interesting one and frequently an enchanting one. In clear, bright weather, when the sea is smooth and the winds are light, the yacht glides through the water with an almost imperceptible motion. After patient watching, a breath steals over the water, develops to a breeze, and when the vessel responds, the cooling breath of air, the swish of water on the bow and the heeling over of the vessel all betoken the flight of the great bird ship. Later on the wind increases, and the sailors reluctantly take in the lighter of the beautiful white wings, and with a good anchorage not far away the steersman prudently makes for it. This is yachting in its pleasantest aspect; but the yacht must be made so that she can face the sea if she cannot find shelter or happens to belong to the yachting enthusiast who detests fine weather and is only happy when he is at sea in a gale of wind. Generally strength can be added to a structure by putting in more material, but the construction's problem is to get as much strength as possible for a given weight. The problem of development in yacht design is one of reducing weight without strength. At any rate, in America the yacht designing has been developed on these lines, the question becoming largely one of lightening construction and thereby increasing the weight available for sails and ballast, or reducing the displacement, and generally thereby increasing the speed. The first American yacht was built, he said in 1614, and the first English yacht ten years earlier. In the eighteenth century there was little yachting in America, and it was not until the arrival of the schooner America and the winning of the Squadron cup that British yachtsmen began to take any interest in the doings of the yachting men on the other side of the Atlantic. The America was first in that historic race, with an English sloop, Aurora, second; but as the America was 160 tons and Aurora only 47, it looks, according to our up-to-date ideas of time allowance, that Aurora should have been awarded the cup. Up till about 1870 the America Cup races which were sailed were very like our cruiser races, except that they lacked the refinement of an official handicapper. The racers were chosen from boats already in existence, sometimes as much as thirteen years old, and the American boats especially had usually been experimented on by the fitting of different rigs at different times. How different was the present-day fashion of building a yacht for international racing! A veiled secrecy surrounds it in conception and construction. The newspapers, in hushed, whispering paragraphs, print day by day inviolable secrets, and when the vessel is launched and completed she is to be seen by an interested and wondering public only at a distance of miles, for fear some one might see her shape or material. Success justifies almost anything, and these precautions are taken to preserve the secrets which each designer considers vital to his own success, but which probably the other, if he knew them, would only look upon as something to avoid. In 1881 the Americans began to build defenders specially to meet our challengers, and the principle of light construction began to be pushed to its limits. This was seen particularly in the epoch-making Gloriana, and no yacht designer can be successful until he has learned the lessons which that boat helped to teach. Light construction is the essence of speed in yachts, but weakness and lightness were not synonymous any more than were heaviness and strength. When amateur naval architects took to fixing scantlings in order to insure strength to the yacht they showed a belief that heavy scantlings meant more strength. The Gloriana and other American boats have proved that when the different stresses which come upon a yacht are taken as the guide to the scantling or each individual part, lightness is more apt to give strength



CLARICE—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.



CLARICE—CABIN PLAN.

than weakness. A striking example of the possibilities of light construction was shown in a small American yacht, the work of one who was now among the students of that university. She was 12ft. on the waterline and 6ft. wide; 19½ft. over all. She weighed only 225lbs., and with two men weighing 400lbs. aboard she sailed eleven miles an hour and beat the 30-footers. He regarded that boat as one of the most remarkable specimens of naval architecture ever produced. [Applause.]

Touching briefly on steam yachting, Prof. Biles said that the owners of steam yachts were not apparently sufficiently well informed or sufficiently interested to care whether their vessels obtained the maximum speed from the amount of fuel burned. In cross-Channel steamers the owners had an unhappy habit of wanting as much as possible for their money, and for steamers of about the same dimensions as some of the yachts they would not be content to get 16 or 17 knots for 4,000 or 5,000 h. p., but they wanted 19 or 20 knots, and had to get it. If they only wanted 16 or 17 they expected to get it on about half the power given to some of the yachts.

Reverting to the Cup races, the lecturer said that the result of the Shamrock races was a continuation of that monotony of defeat to which we had grown so accustomed, and for which so many reasons had been given. There was only one real explanation, and that was that the American boats had always been a little faster. The plea that our yachts had to cross the Atlantic and must therefore be heavier had nobly done its duty as an excuse, and it was time it was relieved. There had never been any regulation against the temporary strengthening of a boat for the passage, and it was apparent to any one who had considered the matter that the greatest strains to be provided against came when racing and not when at sea under snug jury rig. The development of our own yachts had gone in the direction of lighter hulls, but we had always been a little behind the Americans. Let us hope, he concluded, that with the happy combination of the best designer, our most scientific shipbuilder, and our most successful yachtsman, nobly supported by great public spirit and a long purse, we shall have better luck this time.—Yachting World.

Clarice.

MR. W. STARLING BURGESS, eldest son of the late Edward Burgess, has opened an office in Boston, where he will conduct a business as a yacht designer and broker. Mr. Burgess is a member of the Class of 1901 Harvard, and during his course at College ranked high in his studies. He has been a boat sailer all his life, and has had much practical experience as a yachtsman. Aside from his being a practical yachtsman, Mr. Burgess has followed yachting closely for a number of years past, and has studied naval architecture under several able men. He has owned several boats, among them being Sally and Helene, and during the war with Spain he served on the auxiliary cruiser Prairie. Owing to the unusual ability shown while in the service, Mr. Burgess was rated as gunner's mate. He already has a large amount of work on hand including orders for both large and small boats. Shortly after starting in business Mr. Burgess was burned out and lost several valuable models of boats designed by his father and a number of drawings of his own.

The yawl, plans of which appear this week, was designed by Mr. Burgess for his uncle Mr. Walter Burgess, and was built by Embree, of Quincy. She is a good looking boat with excellent accommodations, and although she was intended primarily for cruising, she was designed to conform to the rules and restrictions of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. The lines show a well-turned boat, and she will undoubtedly show considerable speed. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	44ft.	
L.W.L	28ft.	6 in.
Overhang—		
Bow	8ft.	
Stern	7ft.	6 in.
Beam—		
Extreme	10ft.	4 in.
L.W.L	9ft.	8 in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	2ft.	5 in.
Extreme	6ft.	4 in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	6 in.
Taffrail	2ft.	5 in.
Least	2ft.	1½in.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	882 sq. ft.	
Mizzen	171 sq. ft.	
Jib	175 sq. ft.	
Total	1,228 sq. ft.	
Ballast—		
Inside	400lbs.	
Outside	5,500lbs.	

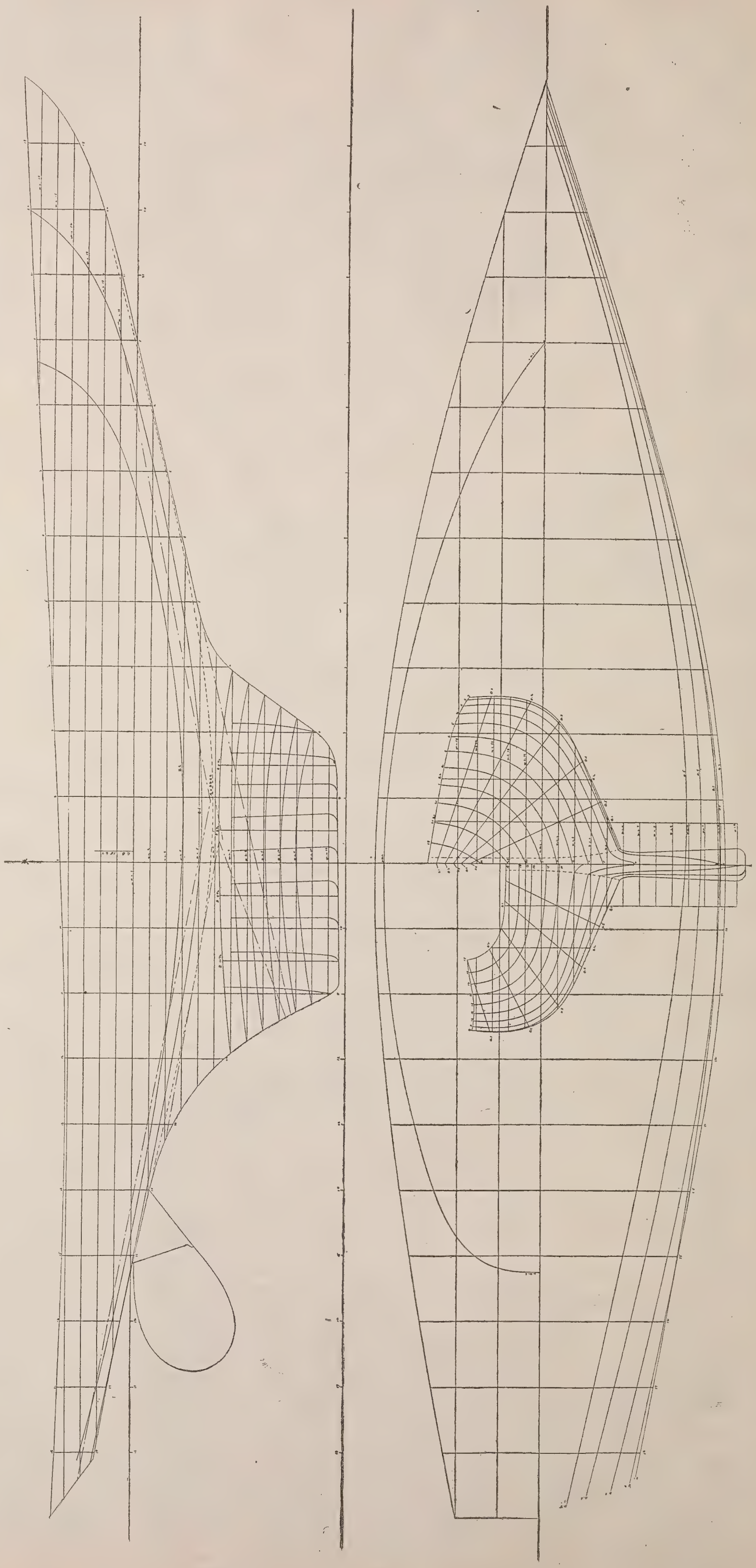
The sail plan shows a large mainsail and a small jib and mizzen. The cabin is large and is well arranged and fitted. There is 6ft. of headroom under carlines.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5.
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.
25ft. shoal draft sloop, Feb. 2.
18-footer Broncho, Feb. 9.
25ft. cruising sloop, Feb. 16.
32-ft. fast cruiser, Feb. 23.
House-boat designs, March 2.
Schooner Endymion and yawl Ellida, March 9.
20ft. cruising yawl, March 16.
23ft. cruising yawl, March 23.

Redskin III.

THE 35ft. schooner Redskin III. was built by Embree, of Quincy Point, for the Sturtevant Brothers, and was launched in May, 1900. She is a centerboard boat of the new Skow type, and her original plans were made by Gardner & Cox, but numerous changes were made during the course of construction, and they do not lay any claim now to the design. She is 61ft. over all, 34ft. on the waterline, 16ft. beam, 4ft. 6in. draft and 3ft. least freeboard. Bolted to the hull is a hollow fin 13ft. long on the bottom and 3ft. deep. A centerboard 12ft. long and 3ft. wide houses in the fin. It is a solid steel plate 4in. thick and weighs about 2½ tons. The rudder is hung on the after end of the fin and the steering wheel is in the forward end of the cockpit. The rudder fin centerboard and fittings weigh nearly 7 tons. The centerboard is raised by a powerful winch in the cabin. The hull is built with oak keel and frames and double planking, the inner being of cedar and the outer of yellow pine. The outer planking is screwed to the inner from the inside, so that the boat is free from all plugs that would cover fastenings. About 60,000 screws were used in this work. The cabin house is 24ft. long with over 6ft. headroom throughout its length. There is a stateroom with two berths on the starboard side of the companionway and a toilet room on the port side opposite. The cabin has the usual berths, lockers, etc., and is very roomy. Forward is the galley, reached by a companionway in the forward end of the cabin house. The pole mainmast is 71ft. and the foremast is 70ft. long. The main boom is 42ft. and the gaff 27ft. long.



CLARICE, CRUISING YAWL—DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS, 1901.

Yacht Club Notes.

The members of the Rochester Y. C. have unanimously accepted the invitation of the Buffalo Y. C. to attend the rendezvous of the L. Y. R. A. at Buffalo during the Pan-American Exposition next summer. The Buffalo Club has offered $2,500 in prizes for the races which have been planned.

The success of the contests carried on during the last season of the Seawanhaka Y. C. for the Centre Island cup has led the donor to offer a similar prize for competition during the coming season. This cup will also be known as the Centre Island cup, and will be open to competition by Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members. It will be awarded to the yacht having the highest record in a series of seven races on June 15 and 22, July 6, 20 and 27, and Aug. 10 and 17, based on the following system of scoring:

In each race each yacht shall be credited with a number of points equal to the number of yachts she defeats, with one point added as a premium for entry. A yacht which starts and does not finish, or is disqualified, will receive no points, but will be counted as a defeated yacht in assigning points to her competitors. In order to qualify for the series prize a yacht must start in at least five of the seven races above scheduled. No yacht shall be counted in awarding points to others after it has become impossible for her to qualify in this series.

The record of a yacht shall be the percentage which the total number of points to her credit at the end of the series bears to the total number of points she would have received had she won every race in which she started. Two yachts at least must start to constitute a race.

In addition to the cup to be awarded to the winner of the series, the club will present a second prize to the yacht finishing second on the same system of scoring, and to the winner of each individual race the usual pewter mug, provided no other prizes are arranged for.

Should the yacht winning the first or second prize in the above series have been manned with a strictly Corinthian crew in all her races the club will present individual Corinthian prizes to each member of her crew.

Should the offer of the Centre Island cup result in arousing sufficient interest, the donor purposes continuing the gift annually, for such classes as may be determined upon, as long as the interest justifies it.

The Race Committee of the club will continue the "Corinthian list" the coming season. Of it, the committee says:

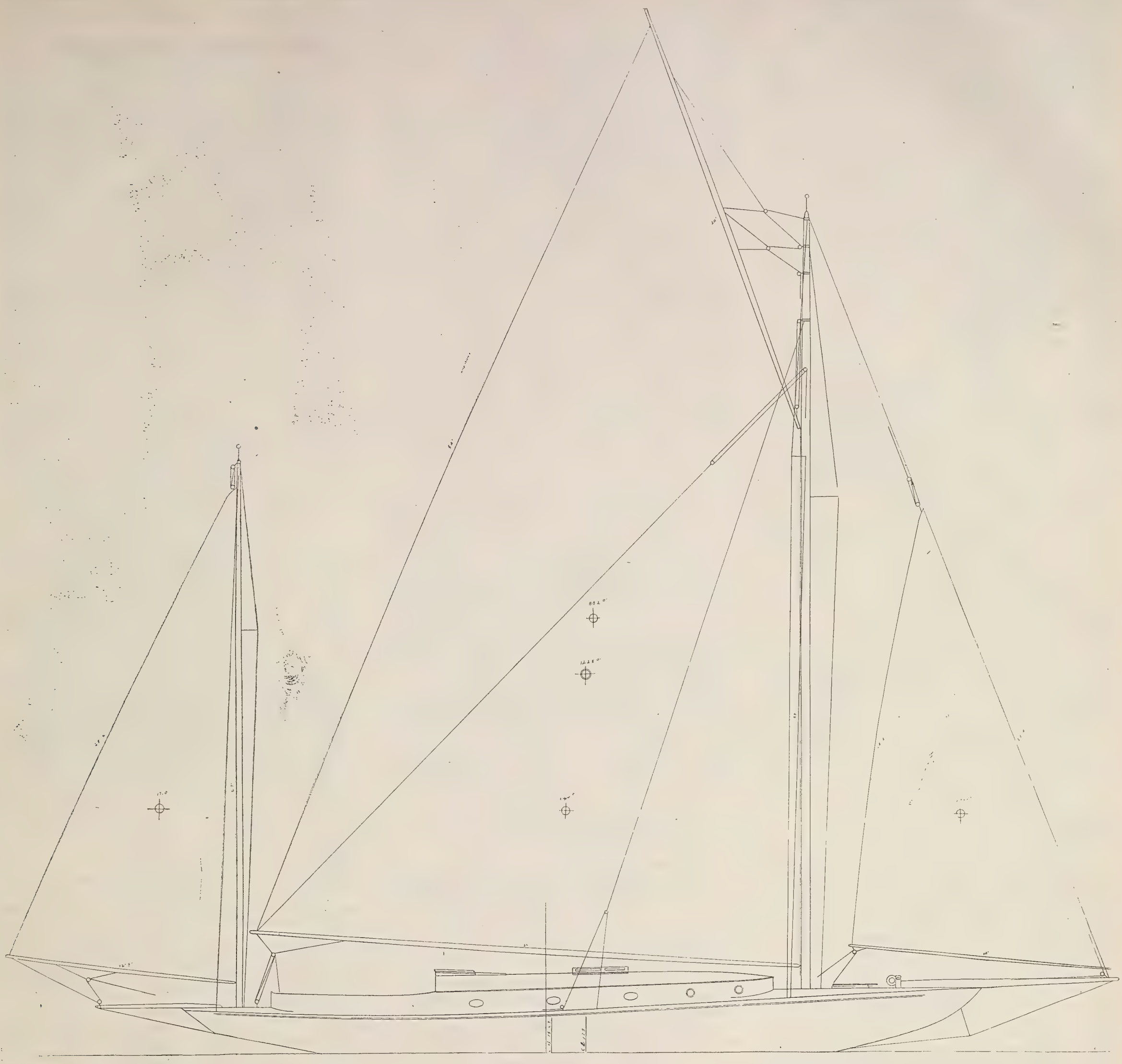
For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the purposes of this list it may be well to say that it is intended to be a record, or list, of amateurs who may desire to act as members of crews of racing yachts during the coming season, and who will be willing to attend at races and for practice purposes with as much regularity as may be practicable. The "Founder's Fund" has been established, the income of which is to be applied for the purpose of "encouraging racing in small yachts manned by amateurs, and of encouraging attainment of proficiency in all other matters relating to seamanship."

When the list is made up the committee will send a copy to the owners of racing yachts and invite them to organize their crews from the persons appearing on the list.

"The club," the committee says, "has had an enviable record for amateur racing in the past, and we hope that the junior members especially will co-operate with us in this renewed effort to revive the old spirit."

The general yachting fever due to the coming international races extended to Auburn, N. Y., on Monday, March 18, when delegates from central and western New York yacht clubs, representing a membership of over 700, met at the Osborne House to form an association to be known as the Interlake Yacht Racing Association. The delegates were from the following clubs: The Syracuse Y. C., the Lakeside Y. C., of Ithaca; the Sheldrake Y. C., the Frontenac Y. C., of Union Springs; the Canandaigua Y. C., the Skaneateles Y. C., the Seneca Falls Y. C. and the Owasco Lake Y. C. The object of the Association is to promote amateur racing and yachting and to systematize the racing plans for the coming season. The first two weeks in August were named for the first series of races on Cayuga Lake. On Decoration Day a race will take place at Ithaca, and a regatta, course to be decided upon, will occur on July 4.

Mr. Charles D. Mosher lectured on "High Speed in Steam Vessels" to a large number of the members of the Yachtsmen's Club, on Wednesday evening, March 20.



CLARICE—SAIL PLAN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Glasgow Exhibition Committee at a meeting held on March 21, fixed June 7 and 8 as the dates for yacht races, open to the world, over the Royal Northern Y. C. course, at Rothesay, for cups of the value of $2,500. One of these cups will go to the boat that crosses the finish line first, irrespective of her rating, and another to the yacht that wins on time allowance. It was agreed to invite American owners to participate.

The Emperor of Germany's new racing yacht now being built at Oertz & Harden's Hamburg yard, has been named Samoa II.

Mr. D. M. Armstrong, of Bridgeport, Conn., has sold the stea myacht Tide, through Messrs. Gardner & Cox, to Mr. Clarkson Cowl, of the N. Y. Y. C.

The cutter Norota has been sold by Mr. D. B. Burnham, N. Y. Y. C., through Messrs. Gardner & Cox, to Mr. C. F. Hofer, of Cincinnati. Mr. Hofer has a summer place at Camden, Maine, and Norota will be used along that coast.

Mr. Henry F. Noyes, N. Y. Y. C., has sold the steam yacht Katrina to Mr. L. F. Heublein, of Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Julia Curtis has sold the steam yacht Calypso to Mr. E. M. Post, of New York.

The auxiliary schooner yacht building at the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, for Mr. Henry T. Sloans, N. Y. Y. C., from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, will be named Idler.

Mr. William H. Langley, the new owner of Mohawk, has had that schooner practically rebuilt at Poillon's yard, South Brooklyn. The interior of the yacht has been greatly altered and her ballast has been taken from the inside and put on the keel. Sawyer is making a new suit of sails for her, and her color has been changed from black to white.

The schooner yacht Fortuna, now owned by Mr. Henry R. Wolcott, N. Y. Y. C., is being overhauled and refitted at New London. As soon as she is ready she will go into commission, and will take a short cruise in Southern waters.

The schooner yacht Ramona, now at Port Jefferson, L. I., owned By Mr. B. M. Whitlock, N. Y. Y. C., is being changed in her cabins and other improvements are also being made.

The cutter Carmita, owned by Mr. R. K. Forrest, N. Y. Y. C., is at Hawkins' yard, City Island, and will soon be fitted out. She will sail for Old Point Comfort early in April and return the latter part of May.

Mr. J. J. Hill's steam yacht Wacouta has sailed for Baltimore, and will make a short cruise in Chesapeake Bay and in the Potomac and James Rivers.

The 70-footer Virginia, owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., N. Y. Y. C., is at Burlee's yard, Staten Island, being strengthened and repairel under the direction of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

Col. Francis L. Leland's schooner yacht Ariel is being overhauled and refitted at Port Jefferson, L. I.

Mr. Charles Hayden has sold Empress to Mr. August Heckscher, of Huntington, L. I.

Mr. A. Howard Hinkle's 65ft. cutter Senta sailed from Bermuda a few days ago for Greenport, L. I, where she will refit for the racing season. It is reported that she arrived at Bermuda in a very good condition.

We have received from Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, the secretary of the Yachtsmen's Club, a copy of the club book for 1901.

Alterations are being made on the steam yachts Neiara and Elreba, at Tebo's, South Brooklyn, preparing to go into commission.

Now that it has become almost a custom to equip yachts, both large and small, with searchlights, it is interesting to note the progress that has been made in the direction of perfecting this most valuable invention. There are a number of different makes on the market, one of the best of which is the Baldwin acetylene searchlight, manufactured by A. H. Funke. One of the desirable features of this splendid light is that the annoyance of carrying a gas generator in the cabin is wholly avoided. In the case of the Baldwin searchlight the generator is attached to the back of the lamp itself, no pipes or tubes being used.

About fifty-five species of wild birds make themselves at home in the city of Paris and find their living there. All of the others, except perhaps the climbers, are represented among them. One bird of prey, a pelerine falcon, established himself on the towers of Notre Dame a few years ago, whence he hunted the pigeons of the quarter, and a fisher martin leaving the marshes he was accustomed to frequent, when the water became too low for him, came to hunt insects and little fishes in the midst of the city near the Pont des Arts. A number of woodcocks and rails, a season or two ago, haunted the ponds of la Glacière, and a few pairs of water fowl made their nests in the same place.

The huntsman who brings home the antlers proves that he has been able to get a head of the game.—Elmira Gazette.

The Cruise of the Tule Belle.

I WAS sitting in my room reading one lowering evening in November in the early '70's, when a Celestial visitant (China boy in English) knocked at my door with a note, which said, "Come and go sailing to-night."

"Where is the Captain?" I asked.

"Down factly."

"All right; tell him I'll come," and the messenger faded away. I found the Captain at the "factory," and three of us with a lot of nondescript plunder squeezed into a buggy and set out over our apology for a pavement for Long Bridge. There were neither moon nor stars in sight, and in those days the bridge was not lighted, and the chance that the horse would put his foot in a hole in the planking by no means unlikely; but the cherub who looks after real sailors d'dn't desert us amateur ones, and we presently found ourselves in safety at our destination, where the schooner Peerless was to be dimly discerned pitching at a sea that already had some scend in it. The wind was in the southeast (our storm quarter) and everything looked decidedly dubious.

Why we were starting at this hour I have no idea, but it must have been about 10 P. M. when we reached the landing, and there was a good deal to do before we were under way. The purpose of the expedition was, I discovered, to tow a hunting ark or house-boat which the Captain had just built, about fifty miles up the bay and San Joaquin River, where she was to be left as a hunter's rendezvous for the winter. She was the first of her kind, and better adapted for what she was intended for than for what she had to go through. We had shipped one or two extra hands—in the darkness I couldn't tell how many—and about midnight got clear of the anchorage, and with the Tule Belle sousing along behind us like a grand piano case, set out before a stiff S.E. gale.

Now the Belle had been designed with a single eye to the comfort of her occupants, and her capabilities as a sea-going craft had never been inquired into. As there was no rule prohibiting the shifting of ballast aboard arks at any time, that matter had been left to take care of itself, and the weight of the man at the helm had no perceptible effect upon the cooking range, parlor stove and a few other trifles stowed away forward of the center of buoyancy. She was, in sea parlance "mightily down by the head."

Running before the wind along the city front we managed fairly well, but the sea was rising, and by the time we had crossed the channel and were abreast of Angel Island there came from out the darkness strenuous sounds which plainly told that the crew of the Tule Belle was not enjoying itself.

We had in our company another yacht, the staunch and ever-faithful Lotus, commanded by The Ancient Mariner, and a hasty conference was held by the two commanders, who shouted their remarks to each other at the top of their lungs "in the teeth of the booming gale," and it was decided to run into Raccoon Straits and seek an anchorage for the night before disaster befell us.

I had myself sought and found a refuge on that side of the island in a somewhat similar case, so I tried to pilot our argosy into the cove I had in mind but as you are probably aware, on a dark stormy night the shore, especially if a high one, looks much nearer than it really it. As a result, the nerve of the Captain failed him and he ordered the anchor let go long before, in my judgment, it should have been. Now the bottom of Raccoon Straits is composed of rocks solely—I don't think there is any mud—and it slopes from the island toward deep water like the roof of a New England meeting house; added to this, the Captain never used a heavy anchor if he had a light one aboard. The result can be easily imagined: the Peerless waltzed for deep water, and her tall spars and top hamper catching the wind, carried her slap aboard the Belle. You ought to have heard the glass in her windows go, and you ought not to have heard her crew swear!

Meantime the Lotus luffing up to see how we were enjoying ourselves, split her jib from top to bottom, and squaring away faded into the darkness and we saw her no more on that cruise.

The big anchor was now let go, which brought us up, but well out in rough water instead of in the shelter I had planned for, and we set about getting things a little to rights. The Captain noticing that the skiff, which had got between the two vessels, was half full of water, promptly jumped into her to bale her out and she as promptly sank under him. I heard his cry for assistance, and found him with his arms over the bulwarks, trying vainly to raise himself. Although he stood in the skiff, she afforded him no base to spring from, as she was awash, and everybody was too busy to hear him, even if the infernal hubbub of the slatting and banging of sails and ropes and hulls had allowed anything else to be heard.

The Captain was far from a featherweight, and I was no Hercules added to which was the fact his clothes fitted him "like the paper on the wall," and there wasn't so much as a wrinkle to lay hold of. I couldn't reach a leg, and I thought I had torn all my nails off in my endeavors to make an impression on his rotundity, but at length the Peerless gave an extra big roll before the skiff could get down, and I got hold of a leg and he rolled himself over the bulwarks, pretty well blown, but none the worse for his adventure otherwise—he was drenched before he got into the skiff.

We got things clear at last, turned the Tule Belle end for end and lashed her tiller, converted the rudder into a cutwater, then we veered her astern with a good scope, had some coffee and a pipe and turned in somewhere between 2 and 3 in the morning.

The storm blew over in the night, and the morning showed bright and clear, and breakfast put us all in pretty good humor, though the crew of the Belle was evidently not quite easy in its mind; but when she proved to tow excellently stern first and the crew found itself relieved from the necessity of even pretending to steer it, smoked its pipe and dozed the day away in placid contentment.

We traversed the length of San Pablo and Suisun bays without accident or incident, but when we got into the San Joaquin River something happened—I can't remember whether the tide turned against us, or we ran aground, or what it was, but the Captain became firmly imbued with the idea that he ought to be back in the city. Now it happened just at that time that it didn't make any particular difference to anybody whether I was back in the city or not—I had, if the truth were told, a good deal more time than money on my hands—but if he wanted to get back I had no objection to keeping him company. We filled a pumpkin-seed-shaped affair we carried for a dinghy with some things to eat and drink and smoke, and bidding good-by to the fleet, set out for the next landing, where we expected a steamer could be boarded.

My first discovery was that the sail which had been made in the "trimming shop" of the factory was the most ingeniously mal-contrived affair I have ever seen, was a good deal larger than it had any business to be, could only be reefed by cutting away the upper stops—which I promptly did—and set like a nightcap. However, we started, and had got a mile or so on our way when it began to rain. It was no "snizzle-snozzle drizzle-drozzle, but a right down good pour," and we hastened to run the boat among some tules, dowse the sail and spread a rubber blanket over our heads and shoulders. Here we sat and laughed and smoked while the rain beat down on our rubber shelter, until it got tired, and then we set out again.

We reached the landing at last and boarded a schooner to make some inquiries, but by some curious freak of fortune—for it isn't the rule—we struck the most inhospitable gang of Souwegian Yahoos that I have ever met in all my experience, and they almost put us off, they were so anxious to get rid of us. They plainly took us for a couple of shipwrecked greenhorns, who would ask to be carried home, but we got enough out of them to convince us that no steamer stopped at that landing, and the next was too far off to make seeking it advisable in that weather, and set out to return to the yacht.

When we got so far away that nothing they could throw could reach us, we uncovered the basket and lunched sumptuously in their sight, not forgetting to toast them politely with every drink we took. Then waving them a parting salute appropriate to the occasion, we hoisted our ridiculous sail and sped away. It came on to rain again before we got back, and fearing the boats might set off without us, we kept on, arriving in time, but drenched. A good fire in the galley helped matters some, but as we stood there divested of our outer garments and drying those we had on in installments, a brilliant idea occurred to me, which I lost no time in putting into execution. Jumping into the small boat I boarded the Belle—we were under way again—and with the least possible loss of time had a roaring fire in the stove in the saloon. This was not a very large apartment, and I soon had a fine glow on the temperature, and pulling a rocking chair before the genial blaze, got a magazine, and occasionally glancing at the passing landscape, which was a little monotonous just here, whiled away the afternoon, got dry and enjoyed myself hugely. I remember that I decided that if I ever got rich I would have a boat which should be entirely cabin, staterooms and galley (this last at the extreme stern) with a slave of a tug to drag me around. I haven't built that craft yet. Several times the Captain hailed me to come aboard for various purposes, but I only shook my outstretched fingers at him and answered that he had better join me and be comfortable.

About dinner time, however, I surrendered and rejoined him aboard the Peerless, and we spent the evening amicably together, turning in rather early to make up the lost sleep of the night before. We got the Belle safely to her destination next day and returned in the Peerless without any more shipwrecks, and I believe the Belle is somewhere up in those sloughs yet, though I think she long since sank from her high estate to the position of storehouse for hunting boots and such truck.

The genial Captain (who was Podgers) passed away a few months ago, and the bones of the handsome Peerless were long since laid on a reef on the coast of Australia; the Ancient Mariner has gone, and the Lotus, or her bones, is somewhere in the South Seas too. ***

A curious story is told of a fox that was being hunted the other day by the Fitzwilliam hounds. He was found at Wadworth Wood, and gave a good run to a withy bed, from which he was again driven, and on this he made for a railway, "lay down in the permanent way and refused to budge." Whether he was acquainted with the local time table or whether he heard a train approaching, the chronicler of the incident does not state; but he infers that the fox knew it would be dangerous to the hounds to venture on the line. The calculations of the sagacious animal were right enough, as they very often are. A train was approaching, the huntsman saw that the hounds were likely to be cut to pieces if they ventured on the line, and he whipped them off accordingly—with some difficulty, it is said, for the hounds were less experienced in the matter of express trains than the fox. Keenness in pursuit of his prey and obedience to the huntsman are the two chief features of a fox hound, and the two must have clashed considerably in the Fitzwilliam pack when they actually saw their fox before them and were not allowed to have him. "The fox maintained his position till the express got within a short distance, and then quietly made off." Every one will congratulate him on his escape.—London Standard.

The Duke of La Tremouille has a shooting preserve in the forest of Rambouillet, and to protect it against poachers has studded it with man-traps of his own invention. The other day the game keepers heard the electric alarm jingle, and rushing to the designated poacher trap found the Duke, who in roaming about his estate had stepped into one of his own snares and found himself in the twinkling of an eye dumped into a deep narrow pit, out of which he could not climb.

A curious cause of death has recently been recorded in India. A native who was fishing in a stream caught a flat, eel-like fish, about 15 to 16 inches in length. Being desirous of killing it, he put it into his mouth in order to bite off its head. The fish slipped through the man's fingers into his mouth and conveyed itself partly down his gullet. The situation now was bad for the fish, but still worse for the man, for owing to the sharp fins on the back of the fish it was not possible to withdraw it. The man died in great agony within an hour.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Zettler Rifle Club Tournament.

THE rifle tournament given by the Zettler Rifle Club ended on March 16, after seven days of keen and interesting competition. The range is 75ft. long as against 90ft. in the Garden, a difference of 15ft. All the winners in the tournament used Peters .22 short, and no less than six men broke the indoor 75ft. record. A large number of the contestants in the revolver and pistol matches also used this ammunition.

One-hundred shot gallery match for the championship of 1901, entrance $5; 100 shots to be fired in 10 scores of 10 shots at any time during the tournament; the regular 25 (¼in.) ring target. In case of a tie for the championship the highest 10-shot score of the contestants shall decide; all other ties divide. The winners were as follows:

F C Ross, Brooklyn, Z R C, Stevens—
243 247 245 243 245 242 244 248 248 246—2451
L P Ittel, Allegheny, Pa., Iroquois R C, Stevens-Pope—
247 245 243 247 246 244 245 244 246 244—2451
H M Spencer, Dunmore, Pa., Electric City R C, Stevens—
246 243 243 242 241 244 241 243 246 249—2439
C Zettler, Jr, New York, Z R C, Ballard—
244 243 244 247 244 244 241 244 247 240—2438
L P Hansen, Jersey City, Z R C, Stevens—
244 241 240 246 245 245 242 248 241 242—2434
Dr W G Hudson, New York, Manhattan, R & R A—
242 245 243 243 240 242 242 246 244 244—2431
M Dorrler, Greenville, N J, Z R C, Ballard—
244 240 244 245 245 243 242 241 244 243—2431
E S Pillard, New Britain, Conn., Z R C, Ballard-Pope—
244 236 241 241 247 245 247 241 245 243—2430
T R Geisel, Springfield, Mass, Springfield R & R A, Winchester—
243 241 240 235 248 242 245 246 245 243—2428
L C Buss, New York, Manhattan R & R A, Ballard—
241 245 244 240 236 242 239 247 247 246—2428
P J O'Hare, Jersey City, Cottage R C, Ballard, Winchester—
238 244 241 247 238 242 241 246 242 248—2428
Gottlob Worn, Brooklyn, Williamsburg S S, Ballard—
244 241 240 244 245 242 240 245 243 243—2427
W A Tewes, Jersey City, Cottage R C, Ballard—
240 245 245 246 246 236 240 244 239 245—2426
A Kronsberg, New York, Z R C, Ballard-Winchester—
245 245 246 240 240 242 238 244 239 243—2422
J T Humphrey, Boston, Mass., Massachusetts R A, Stevens—
244 242 241 235 243 243 243 242 241 242—2417

Special target for the Gus Zimmerman trophy; re-entry match, 3 shots on a 4in. bullseye with rings; entries 25 cents; best 3 shots on one bullseye to count. In case of a tie the second best score of each man shall count, etc.: L. P. Ittel, 75, 75, 74, won the trophy; other good scores were made by A. Kronsberg 74, H. D. Miller 74, E. S. Pillard 73, M. Dorrler 72, R. Busse 71, W. Koch 70, Col. Keller 68, S. Buzzini 68, L. Maurer 67.

Ring target; target of 3 shots 35 cents, three for $1; re-entries unlimited; the best 3 targets to count for the first five prizes; the best 2 targets to count for the next five best prizes; one target for the rest; the 25 (⅛in.) ring target; all ties divide. No fewer than 38 men took part:

Best 3 targets:

H M Pope	75 75 74—224	C Zettler, Jr	75 74 74—223
W A Tewes	75 75 71—224	T R Geisel	75 74 73—222
L P Ittel	75 74 74—223		

Best 2 targets:

L P Hansen	74 74—148	G Schlicht	74 73—147
L Flach	74 74—148	G Worn	74 73—147
E S Pillard	74 73—147	F C Ross	74 73—147
M Dorrler	74 73—147		

Best single targets:

W A Hicks	74	J Rebhan	73
R Goldwaite	74	P Kossek	73
J T Humphrey	73	R Busse	73
C Buss	73	H M Spencer	73
F Kost	73	P Muth	73

Premiums for the best 5 targets:

L P Ittel	75 74 74 74 74—371	$4 50
H M Pope	75 75 74 74 73—371	4 50
W A Tewes	75 75 74 73 73—370	3 00

Bullseye target; bullseye of 3 shots, 35 cents for each bullseye, three for $1; re-entries unlimited; the best shot by measurement to count for prizes, etc.; all ties divide. The number of entries reached nearly fifty:

	Degs.			Degs.	
L P Hansen	16½	$25 00	C Bayer	21	$4 00
R Busse	18	17 50	R Gute	21	4 00
M Dorrler	18	17 50	Gus Zimmerman	21½	3 00
Geo Zimmerman	18½	10 00	H D Miller	22	1 60
L P Ittel	19½	8 00	G D Weigman	22	1 60
L C Buss	20	6 50	J Schmitt	22	1 60
J Kaufman	20	6 50	H M Pope	22	1 60
A Kronsberg	20½	5 00	H Mahlenbrock	22	1 60
T H Keller, Sr	20½	5 00			

Premiums for most bullseyes:

Keller	204	$5 00	Miller	183	$3 00
Zimmerman	189	4 00			

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 1.—Cleveland, O.—April shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club Company.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Seventh annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. J. M. Hawkins, Sec'y.

April 10.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for Dupont trophy at Dupont Park.

April 12-13.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's tournament. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.

April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

April 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Klein-Barmeister's third annual target tournament; $50 added each day.

April 26-28.—Chicago.—Annual spring tournament of the Crescent Gun Club. John S. Boa, Mgr.

May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.
May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.
May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.
May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.
May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.
May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.
June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.
June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.
June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June
July 17-18.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.
July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.
May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.
June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.
July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.
July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

April 1-2.—Houston, Tex.—Two days' tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company.
April 23-24.—Olathe, Kans.—Peters Cartridge Company's amateur tournament, assisted by Mr. Frank Hodges.
April 24-25.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co.; $150 added money. H. W. Brown, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Under date of March 23 Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, sends us the following communication: "I desire to announce through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that the office of compiler of scores during the Grand American Handicap live-bird tournament will be filled by Mr. Edward Banks, business engagements preventing Mr. John D. Regan from being present as per schedule. While the announcement that Mr. Banks will again fill his old position will be pleasing news to intending contestants, I know that it will be a very serious disappointment to the gentleman personally, as he was counting on 'mingling with the boys' and having a good time generally at this tournament. The system in vogue at the Grand American Handicap is such as to require a man to be thoroughly familiar with the routine and all details in connection therewith, making it clearly out of the question to fill the position in a satisfactory manner with a new man at this late date. However, Mr. Banks has kindly consented to help out on this occasion, and his loyalty is fully appreciated by the Interstate Association."

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting target tournament, given for the Jacksonville Gun Club, Jacksonville, Fla., April 17 and 18, is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., or Mr. B. W. Sperry, secretary of the club, Jacksonville, Fla. There are ten like events each day, of which seven are at 15 and three at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. Shooting commences at 9:30. To reach the shooting grounds take the Main street cars at Bay and Main streets. The club has secured a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip on all railroads running into Jacksonville. The Rose system, ratios 5, 3, 2, 1, will govern. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Mr. B. W. Sperry will be delivered at the shooting grounds. Targets 2 cents. Lunch served on the grounds. Manufacturers' agents for targets only. Duval House will be headquarters.

The shooting interests of the Pan-American Exposition are gradually taking organized shape. Mr. Harry D. Kirkover, who has these interests in charge, is working most energetically and successfully in arranging the details. It has been arranged that this shoot will take place in July, in the week commencing on the 15th of that month. A valuable list of merchandise prizes will be offered for competition, and $2,000 in cash will be added. The members of the executive committee are Messrs. H. D. Kirkover, Buffalo, chairman; E. E. Shaner, Pittsburg; Edward Banks, New York; Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.; G. W. Loomis, Omaha, Neb.; Hon. T. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill., and B. Waters. The programme committee consists of Edward Banks, Elmer E. Shaner and B. Waters.

Mr. Harold Money added new honors to his record at the great annual tournament of the Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia, Pa., last Saturday, by killing 98 pigeons out of 100, and beating all competitors. This and his recent win of the Carteret Gun Club championship, wherein, in each instance, he was competing against the pick of America's best amateur shots, distinguishes him as being the best amateur with the scatter gun.

Mr. Geo. R. Schneider, the secretary, writes us as follows: "At a recent meeting of the Fulton Gun Club the following officers were elected for the year: President, Patrick May; Vice-President, John Blake; Treasurer, A. Woods; Secretary, Geo. R. Schneider; Captain, Samuel Giles. The club decided to have a regular club shoot every two weeks, the first day of the week, at Dick Oseing's farm, Crescent street, near Old Mill, Brooklyn. The first shoot will be held March 31."

In our trap columns this week we publish an interesting letter from Capt. A. W. du Bray (Gaucho), in which he narrates in a charming manner some shooting incidents of his Southern travels. He, in a personal letter to us, mentions the regrettable circumstances that, owing to the illness of his daughter, he may not be able to attend the Grand American Handicap this year.

Keep in mind that the Baltimore live-bird tournament follows the Grand American Handicap, the dates being April 9 to 12. The shooters in attendance at the Grand American Handicap who contemplate attending the aforementioned event will have opportunity to learn all particulars from representatives on the grounds, as a large delegation of the Baltimore Shooting Association will be present at the G. A. H.

The E C cup, emblematic of the target championship of the United States, and for that matter of the world, since the competition is open to all comers regardless of boundaries, will be put in competition at the forthcoming great Pan-American tournament. It is now held by a shooter of mighty deeds with the shotgun, Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.

April 23 and 24 are the dates announced for the Peters Cartridge Company's amateur tournament, at Olatha, Kan. Mr. Frank Hodges will assist in conducting the tournament. Also April 1 and 2 at Houston, Tex., and April 24 and 25 at Binghamton, N. Y., this company gives tournaments.

The secretary of the club, Mr. Dana P. Foster, writes us as follows: "The Waterville, Me., Gun Club will hold its annual shoot June 20. There will be $75 added money; eleven events—five at 15 targets, five at 20, one at 25. This will be the first shoot on the club's new grounds."

Six teams competed in the Boston Gun Club's shoot on March 20, namely, Portsmouth, Haverhill, Birch Brook, Fitchburg, Brockton and Boston. Brockton won by a score of 105. There were five men on a team, each shooting at 30 targets.

Messrs. Clarence Mauman, of San Francisco; Mr. "Dick" Merrill, of Milwaukee, and Mr. Tod Sloan, arrived in New York in the early part of this week with a design on the possession of the G. A. H. trophy.

In the second match of the series between teams of the Trenton Shooting Association and White Hill Gun Club the former scored another victory by a score of 85 to 81. There were six men on a team, 25 targets per man.

At Spring Valley, N. Y., a new trapshooting club has been organized. Dr. W. S. Taylor, of that place, is actively working in promoting its interests. The grounds will be in readiness as soon as possible, and the club will then engage in active competition.

On Tuesday of last week the Ambler Gun Club, of Ambler, N. J., and the Highland Club, of Germantown, held a twelve-men team contest, each man shooting at 25 targets. The scores were Ambler 206, Highland 212.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, has been engaged to manage the great Pan-American Exposition tournament.

Messrs. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, and Henry Koegel, of Newark, N. J., contemplate shooting a 100-live-bird match at Interstate Park in the near future.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club holds its bi-monthly shoot at Rockaway Park, L. I., on the first of next month.

BERNARD WATERS.

Riverton Gun Club's Tournament.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 23.—There were nineteen contestants in the eighth annual amateur handicap live-bird tournament of the Riverton Gun Club, the conditions of which were 100 birds per man, handicap rise, 27 to 30yds., 50yds. boundary, $100 entrance. The championship cup and $760 to first, $475 to second, $285 to third, and $190 to fourth.

Among the visitors present were Messrs. J. H. Carstairs, W. R. Ellison, W. C. Downey, F. T. Chandler, J. M. Saule, Charles McAlister, Thomas E. Agnew, R. F. Harned, J. R. Painter, W. C. Davis, H. E. Murphy, J. B. Ridge, Dr. G. D. B. Darby, C. F. Moody, S. D. Stinson, J. F. Alburger, Dr. Shoemaker, Col. Frank Pleasanton, R. C. Harding, E. D. Showell, Stanley Hart, and Walter Sterling.

At the end of the fiftieth round the race seemed to be narrowed down to Messrs. H. D. Kirkover and H. Money, each having killed 49 out of 50, thereby leading all the other contestants. The scores:

H Money, 30, New York.....2222222222212222222222222—25
2222222222202022222222222—24
2222212221122222222222222—25
2220222222222222222222222—24—98

D Bradley, 30, New York.....2220212222222221222222212—24
21*0122222222222222111221—23
1222222120222221122222222—24
2222222222222222222*2222—24—95

R S Peirce, 28, Richmond, Va.....2220222022222222222222202—22
2022222222222222222222222—24
*2222222222202222222222222—23
2221222222220221222222122—24—93

Capt A W Money, 29, New York...2122222020012122212222221—22
2222222222122212222222222—25
2222222122221120221222222—24
20212222*202222222222222*—21—92

F C Butler, 28, Riverton G C.....2222222222222222*2222*222—23
2222222222212222*222222*22—23
2222222222222222220222222—24
0222222222222*20222222222—22—92

Dr Wilson, 30, Savannah, Ga.....2221222222222222222222222—25
222**2220222222222222222—22
2022222222222222222222*222—23
222222*2222202222022222—24—92

H D Kirkover, 30, Buffalo, N Y....2222222222222222222222222—25
2222222222222222222222*22—24
0222222222222*02222220222—21
222*222222222*22222022022—21—91

H Carson, 29, Riverton G C.....1022222212212102221211221—23
2222222102222222222221222—24
2122*222111221*2221221122—23
01222112*1222020222222222—21—91

J Davis, 27, Riverton G C.....[illegible]
2122222222222222222222202—24
[illegible]
112121111121211*0222221*1—22—91

D A Upson, 30, Cleveland, O.....2222212099999999*21999*99—90
2221211122222222222022222—24
1222222222222222222022224—24
2221220222222202222022222—23—90

C W Feigenspan, 30, Newark, N J..2022222022222*2222222*0222—20
2222222222222222222222222—25
2222222222022222*2220022—21
0222222012112221211111221—23—89

C Stanley, 29, Cleveland, O.....2222202222222222222202220—23
2222222222222222022022222*2—22
2*22222222*22222222222*22—22
0222220022222222221212222—22—89

T R Hostetter, 28, Pittsburg, Pa....2022222222222*22202222220*—20
2022022222222222222222222—23
2220202222222222202222222—21
2222222202222222222222222—24—88

Geo Clifford, 29, New York.....2222222222222011212222222—24
1221222022222022222O*0102—19
2221202020112222222221221—22
12112222*1222012222222222—23—88

J T Douglass, 30, Riverton G C.....2222222220202022222*2212200—20
2202222220222222222121201—22
2221221220122*22222222202—22
2221222222122220120122222—23—87

D Elliott, 28, Cleveland, O.....0*22220202222222122222222—21
0022222222212201122122222—22
2222*2022222022122222222*—21
2211220222222222221222212*—23—87

W Whitaker, 27, Riverton G C.....2222202022222202222222222—22
2202222222202222220022222—20
0002222202222222022*01222—18
2222112111211101211221112—24—84

H Eckert, 27, Reading, Pa.....1221222102222222021222222—23
2222212212212222222202220—23
2002222210122022211222021—20
2*1120w

I Eckert, 27, Reading, Pa.....2201012022211221111111000—19
2212211212111122000w

Boston Athletic Association.

BOSTON, March 25.—Our Association last spring decided to put in a set of expert traps on our outdoor grounds at Riverside for the purpose of encouraging trapshooting among its members. The result is that in one year's trial the sport has become so popular that we are now going into it for fair, and started last week to put in two sets of five traps, a set of three traps also for doubles and a magautrap, all fitted with electric pulls. We are also erecting a large club house 50 by 22 for the use of our gunners only, and when all is finished we think we will have the finest shooting grounds in New England.

A match shoot at 250 inanimate birds between Harvard University and B. A. A. took place last Saturday afternoon, March 23, on the B. A. A. grounds at Riverside, and proved to be one of the most exciting matches held in this section for some time. The Harvard team won by only 2 birds.

Phelps, of Harvard, and Farmer, of B. A. A., did the best work, each getting 48 of their possible 50. The scores:

Harvard.			B. A. A.	
Blake	8 8 9 8 8—41		Farmer	10 10 10 10 8—48
Poore	9 10 8 9 10—46		Clark	9 10 8 9 10—46
Phelps	10 10 10 9 9—48		Baxter	10 7 10 10 10—46
Bancroft	8 9 8 10 8—43		Hallett	7 9 9 10 7—42
Leonard	8 10 8 10 9—45—223		Hill	5 8 8 9 9—39—221

Above scores made over expert traps, all unknown angles. Judges were Mr. C. H. North, of Chamberlin Cartridge Company, Cleveland, O., and Leroy Woodward.

At the close of the match between Harvard and B. A. A., the latter club held its regular weekly handicap shoot for the Hunter cup. There were fourteen entries, and very good scores were made. Mr. W. B. Farmer, an 85 man, was the leader with a total of 94, and T. F. Baxter, another 85 man, was a close second with a total of 92. The scores:

										Hdcp.	Total.
Farmer	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	8	5	15	94
Baxter	8	8	10	10	7	10	9	10	5	15	92
Hallett	..	..	..	8	9	9	7	9	9	40	91
White	..	..	..	9	7	9	9	8	8	40	90
Clark	9	7	9	9	10	8	9	10	3	15	89
Dewey	..	..	..	7	8	8	8	7	10	40	88
Blake	10	8	8	9	8	8	9	8	4	15	87
Moore	..	7	9	10	9	8	8	7	8	20	86
Strout	..	..	..	8	7	5	7	9	9	40	85
Hunter	..	7	7	8	7	9	9	7	4	25	83
Hill	..	7	6	8	5	8	8	9	9	20	80
Warner	..	..	5	5	5	8	8	6	5	35	77
Howell	..	..	..	3	6	6	7	7	7	30	76
Clewley	..	..	..	4	3	6	7	5	5	40	70

Our method of handicapping is perhaps a little out of the ordinary, but we find it to be as good as, if not better than, any other we have tried, excepting, of course, distance handicaps: 85 men shoot at 85 birds and to their score add 15; 80 men shoot at 80 birds and to their score add 20; 75 men shoot at 75 birds and to their score add 25; 70, 65, 60, etc.

We would be pleased to have other clubs of amateurs try this method and let us have their views through your valued paper.

J. H. DAGGETT, Capt.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Guttenburg.

March 22.—At Guttenberg racetrack, in an event at 13 live birds, all standing at 28yds., the following scores were made:

H C West.....1102121210111—11
A Walters .....1201111112001—10
V Fink .....2220101122020— 9
H Greenwall ...2122020221101—10
Dr Terrell.....0120122201001— 8
L Brenner .....2010111211110—10

A. A. SCHOVERLING.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., March 23.—Each of the events was at 10 targets in the shoot of the South Side Gun Club to-day. The scores were as follows:

Hayes	9	10	6	5	10	9	7	9	7	..	..
W H Smith	7	8	10	6	9	7	8	9	7	9	..
Mihlon	5	5	7	6	10	7	7	8	5	9	..
Weller	8	5	7	8	8	6	8	8	8	8	..
Terrill	10	8	..	..	7	9	7	8	7	..	..
Sinnock	..	..	..	8	8	9	6	9	8	9	..
Dr Gardner	..	..	6	6	5	7	9	7	8	9	9
Day	..	..	..	6	7	5	6	5	..	..	..
Leroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	8

Event at 25 targets: Smith 24, Weller 21, Gardner 15, Leroy 22.

I. H. T.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., March 24.—The following scores were made by the members of the Hudson Gun Club at its last shoot. The day was bad, as it was raining and cloudy. Next shoot April 7:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	10	25	10	15	20	20
Schorty	24	22	10	21	9	15	17	15
Dudley	..	..	10	23	10	13	17	16
Banta	13	17	9	21	8	8	14	14
Bock	20	20	10	22	9	12	17	..
Hughes	12	20	6	..	7	12	..	..
Hansman	..	..	6	13	6	12	14	12
Caunitz	..	..	7	10	6	8	12	12
See	19	20	6	14	..	..	..	..
Whitley	..	..	..	17	..	9	..	..

No. 4 was the club shoot. No. 8 was at 21yds.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

Missouri State Shoot.

EAST ALTON, Ill., March 22.—Announcement is made this week of the twenty-fourth annual tournament and conclave of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, which will be held at St. Louis during the week of May 28 to June 1. It is stated by Secretary Herbert Taylor that the amateur will be well taken care of in this programme, which will carry cash prizes and added money to the amount of $1,000. Programmes can be had by addressing Herbert Taylor or David Elliott, Chemical Building, St. Louis, Mo.

F. C. RIEHL.

Cast-Off and Bend.

THE following, treating of fitting the gun to the shooter, is taken from "Experts on Guns and Shooting," by G. T. Teasdale-Buckell:

Correspondence is frequently taking place on the question of bend and cast-off, and it seems to be believed that the latter is a new thing introduced by the try-guns. This is not so. Some believe because they can shoot without either of these that other people can do so too. This is a very common mistake. It does not argue a very great acquaintance with the world to believe that what suits one must necessarily suit others. The late Sir Victor Brook could kill rabbits shooting from the hip, but he did not make the mistake of believing that therefore the hip was the best place to shoot from, either for other people or at other game.

The man who would abolish cast-off and cast-on might just as well attempt to abolish bend of stock also. The only use of either is to enable the eye to get in a straight line with the center of the rib and the sight. Of couse, if any individual is so gifted that he can shoot without getting the eye in this alignment, neither cast-off nor bend is of the smallest service to him. But a man who attempted to do this could only shoot moderately well in any case. Certainly a stock can be so bent that the eye can align the barrel without cast-off or cast-on, but this can only be done by means of a totally unnecessary bend. Put it the other way: Cast-off might be made so violent as to admit the eye into alignment without any bend whatever. But the general consensus of opinion of experts is for a little of both, for the reason that it makes a more sightly gun, and an equally effective one.

We cannot discuss the question of cast-off or bend with any one who shoots without getting his eye into alignment with the center of the rib and the sight. He is unique, and disarms criticism by placing himself outside the rules of the game. If, however, any one desires to imitate that style of shooting, we would suggest the following experiment before new guns are ordered. Take a try-gun, make it as straight as it will go—so straight that it is mechanically impossible to align the eye with its rib—and then load it and shoot at a bullseye target 40yds. away.

If this is a success—which it is 99 to 1 it will not be—then it is not to be taken for granted that perpendicular and side shots can be equally well taken; they must be actually tried and succeed before the gun can be called a success, and when they have come off satisfactorily, our advice is to discard such a straight tool. The reason for this is that if a man can shoot well without the power of alignment, he is in the most perfect health. Some day it may happen that, like poor city men, he will go out with the gun in search of health. Or, to do less violence to imagination, he may be a bit off color, and then he will find that hand and eye do not work with perfect agreement.

The reason why cast-off and bend were invented was probably not to compel a man to take unnecessary aim, but to enable him to see his mistake when it arose. When bad shooting comes on, confidence is shaken, and without confidence good shooting cannot be restored. We believe that the ability to align the rib is a ready means to the restoration of confidence. It has often happened with our experiments in trying new guns for gunmakers that we start by doing really good shooting with a gun that we are unable to align. Then suddenly shooting goes off; and this very inability to alight has always prevented us getting into form again, whereas with our own guns nothing is easier than this recovery. The reason is that with a gun that can be aligned we know what we are doing, and where we shoot, whereas with another weapon we only know we miss, nothing more. Now we are not going to fall into the mistake we condemn of judging others by our own weaknesses. We prefer to take the majority as our own guide when we can. In advocating bend and cast-off, we are merely repeating the arguments that have influenced all experts from Joe Manton, the father of gun making, to the makers of to-day. We have frequently been told that our bend and cast-off are abnormal, but we do not think so. The very straight-stocked guns—the outcome of pigeon shooting—are abnormal, inasmuch as they are special tools for special work. Some days ago we were in a gun maker's place, when he gave us an old Joe Manton gun, and upon putting it up we found it was precisely our bend and cast-off, both at comb and heel. The gun has a particularly low comb, very different from the majority of the guns made to-day. Our opinion was challenged by the gun maker in question, but on measurement it proved to be correct to within 1-16in. of bend at the comb, and to 1-10in. at the heel, and if we shoot with abnormal cast-off, one at least of Joe Manton's customers must also have done so. We have had precisely the same stock for thirty-five years, and we got it, like everybody did in those days, by trying several until we found the right one. It is probable that the country gun maker from whom we got this stock had not designed himself, but copied from some weapon by Joe Manton, for there are such a multitude of possibilities in the shape of a gun stock that no two could ever be so near alike unless they were copied, indirectly perhaps. Bend and cast-off then have been considered a necessity from the days of Joe Manton at least. To alter or even modify opinion will be found a very difficult task, and one that does not appear to us worth the undertaking.

Without bend or cast-off, or some of both, it is mechanically impossible to align the rib of a gun. The object of a perfect fit is that the eye should not have to feel its way to this alignment, but that the touch of the cheek upon the stock should insure the correct position of the eye in respect to the line of the rib or of the rib in respect to the eye. The advantage of this arrangement can best be understood by those who have struggled to find a peep sight on a rifle that does not fit while shooting at moving deer. It is that, whether the shooter wants to align or not, he sees by simply looking at the game or the point of aim, whether the gun is pointing at it or not.

If a sharp pencil or a table knife, or any other pointed and knife-edged object, be taken in hand it is easy to bring it up quickly to cover an object just as if it were the sight of a gun. Most people can do it with one hand or the other and with one eye or the other. There are some who, using the right hand, will make the right eye the aligning eye, and in using the left hand will make the left eye do the aligning. This is an old test for sight, and to discover which is the master eye. But when one takes hold of a gun it is with two hands, not with one only, and it seems therefore that in order to test sight for shooting, both hands should be engaged. The simplest way is the way of our fathers—put up a gun and let some one tell you if it covers the object. But, although this covers most of the ground, it cannot prove whether the man needs cast-off or cast-on naturally and independently of acquired habit. When a gun is put to the shoulder there is a mechanical influence on alignment always more or less present. This mechanical assistance must be got rid of if it is desired actually to find out whether there is any advantage in "fit"—that is, whether a perfectly straight weapon, made like a fishing rod or a walking stick, could be used with accuracy to shoot from the shoulder.

In order to test this it seems to be necessary to take two sharp-edged pointers, and holding them in a vertical position, one in either hand, to endeavor at the same moment to cover an object with both of them. In the ordinary way of shooting the pointer in the right hand will represent the breech end of the rib of the gun, and the pointer in the left will represent the fore sight. Put them up smartly, and if the two points are in exact alignment between the eye and the object looked at, without any after correction whatever, then it is possible that the fitting of a gun is all lost labor in such a case. But we believe that there is absolutely no individual who can bring these two points to bear exactly at the same instant of time—that is, so that one should exactly cover the other, and both cover the object looked at. We have seen many shooters attempt the single point held in one hand, generally to their own satisfaction. But this test, representing the foresight and its alignment, is no use whatever unless it is presupposed that the eye is brought mechanically into line with the breech end of the gun. The pointers in both hands coming up at the same time will show how much that time-honored phrase "hand and eye working together" has been abused. The man who fancies hands and eyes work together with extreme accuracy will on trial generally be as much disappointed as when he discovered how little he could hold a rifle still on first looking through a telescopic sight. He will generally find himself neither able to keep the line or the elevation either. And yet this ought to be easy to a man who can shoot with any bend or any cast-off or cast-on. It is a lesson which proves just how much time is lost in correcting the "put up" of a gun by sight alignment when that gun does not mechanically come into position with the eye at the breech end. When it does come into mechanical position all the alignment necessary is between the sight and the object; when it does not there is the same trouble, only worse, as there is to find the true alignment with a pointer in either hand. We say worse for two reasons: First, it is optically impossible to get the breech of a gun and the sight in alignment with the eye when the stock is much too straight. Second, there will always be a mechanical influence in putting a gun up to the shoulder, and when that influence is not in the right direction it is obviously in the wrong. So that it is not only a question of hand and eye going together, but also one of hand and eye working together in spite of undue interference or mechanical pressure in the wrong direction.

We are aware that people who have given but little time and study to shooting matters will tell us that we know nothing of the matter, that you should never look at the sights, but only at the game. And they argue from this that neither sights nor ribs are any good whatever, and that therefore bend and cast-off don't matter. We have had it pointed out to us that men have shot just as well as ever when they have lost their sights by accident and have been unaware of the fact. We do not think that this proves non-alignment. The flash of light down the rib of the gun is always more conspicuous than the sight itself, and is certainly as good a guide to correct alignment. As for not looking at the sight, nobody ever suggested looking at it, but it is impossible to look at an object and then cover it with another object without seeing the latter. We are quite willing to admit that almost any shooter can hit a 6ft. target with almost any gun. But for good game shooting it is necessary to hit a 6in. target, and there are 144 6in. targets in one of 6ft.

Quickness is so absolutely the essence of good shooting, especially with driven game, that any gun that "comes up" in such a manner as to require correction cannot be the best. So that whether a shooter can bring up one pointer correctly or not, he will always save time if the second pointer—i. e., the breech of his gun—is mechanically and automatically brought up for him by the perfect fit of his stock; by the cast-off that allows the pressure of his cheek to tell him when his eye is opposite the breech in respect to the horizontal, and by the bend which tells him that when his cheek touches the stock his eye has the correct elevation for the center of the rib.

Grand American Handicap Entries for 1901.

Alkire, F. D., Woodlyn, O.
Arno, Syracuse, N. Y.
Ahlers, L. F., Cincinnati, O.
Alabaster, J. L., Chicago, Ill.
Angier, Clarence, Atlanta, Ga.
Buzby, Willis J., Chatsworth, N. J.
Bill, Thos. P., Middleton, Conn.
Bates, H. D., Ridgetown, Ont., Can.
Burk, Chas. A., Long Branch, N. J.
Budd, C. W., Des Moines, Ia.
Blamey, J. R., Holyoke, Mass.
Barto, J. B., Chicago, Ill.
Bond, R. B., Jessups, Md.
Burnside, Guy, Knoxville, Ill.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP TROPHY—1901.

Budd, I. W., Pemberton, N. J.
Banks, Edward, New York.
Brownell, C. M., Stroudsburg, Pa.
Courtney, Col. A. G., Syracuse, N. Y.
Collins, H. P. Baltimore, Md.
Crosby, W. R., O'Fallon, Ill.
Cartledge, Dr. A. M., Louisville, Ky.
Canon, W. S., Newark, N. J.
Clay, T. H., Jr., Austerlitz, Ky.
Cook, Myron H., Dover, N. J.
Cella, Tony, Atlantic City, N. J.
Chapin, Brookfield, Mass.
Claridge, B. W., New Haven, Conn.
Comstock, G. A. Racine, Wis.
Coe, E. B., Baltimore, Md.
Cooper, F. W., Mahanoy City, Pa.
Darby, Geo. D. B., Philadelphia, Pa.
Daly, Phil., Jr., New York.
De Long, C. E., Hot Springs, Ark.
Dickey, O. R., Wellington, Mass.
Duston, J. S., Jersey City, N. J.
Duncan, Dr. Ellis, Louisville, Ky.
Dover, A. B., Wilmington, Del.
Doc, Waterville, Me.
Desmond, T. J., Hagan, Ga.
Du Pont, P. F., Greenville, Del.
Du Bray, A. W., Avondale, Cincinnati, O.
Douglas, J., Springfield, Mass.
Doty, Aaron,, Haledon, N. J.
Davis, J. H., Philadelphia, Pa.
Donley, Thos., St. Thomas, Ont., Can.
Casey, Dr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Emmers, E., Royersford, Pa.
Elliott, J. A. R., Kansas City, Mo.
Edey, H., New York.
Feigenspan, C. W., Newark, N. J.
Fanning, J. S., Jersey City, N. J.
Farmer Jones, Cincinnati, O.
Foster, Waterville, Me.
Fulford, E. D., Utica, N. Y.
Froeligh, P. D., New York.
Fox, A. H., Baltimore, Md.
Fort, E. C., Fostoria, O.
Frazier, J. B., Fairmont, Minn.
Gardiner, Alf., Brenham, Tex.
Geikler, C. E., Philadelphia, Pa.
Glover, Simon, Rochester, N. Y.
Gilbert, Fred, Spirit Lake, Ia.
Guild, Rupert, Vt.
Geoffroy, E. A., Newark, N. J.
Gottlieb, Chris, Kansas City, Mo.
Greiff, C. E., New York.
Griffith, E. C., Pascoag, R. I.
Gaughen, J., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hallock, John H., New York.
Hanlon, J. H., Ligonier, Pa.
Henry, H., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hallowell, John J., Philadelphia, Pa.
Howard, L., Easton, Pa.
Heikes, Rolla O., Dayton, O.
Hopkins, W., Aqueduct, N. Y.
Henry, C., Newark, N. J.
Hughes, H., Easton, Pa.
Hunnewell, G. R., South Danville, Me.
Hickman, Ed., Kansas City, Mo.
Head, J. L., Peru, Ind.
Hathaway, S. H., Madison, N. J.
Hood, Baltimore, Md.
Hassinger, W. H., Newark, N. J.
Hull, J. R., Meriden, Conn.
Hawkins, J. M., Baltimore, Md.
Hicks, John C., Baltimore, Md.
Hoffman, J. W., New Germantown, N. J.
J. R. P., Philadelphia, Pa.
Johnson, E. S., Atlantic City, N. J.
Johnson, A. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Kaufman, F., Two Rivers, Wis.
Keenan, Jas. P., New York.
Kommodore, Salem, N. Y.
Knowlton, J. G., New York.
Linderman, C. D., Lincoln, Neb.
Langdon, C. E., Rockville Center, N. Y.
Lockwood, C. A., Jamaica, N. Y.
Lentilhon, Edw. D., New York.
Lyons, H. J., Louisville, Ky.
Loomis, Geo. W., Omaha, Neb.
Lambert, C. F. Lynn, Mass.
Le Roy, Campello, Mass.
Lincoln, C. M., New York.
Losee, W. L., New York.
Lilly, John M., Indianapolis, Ind.
Mink, Chas. E., Philadelphia, Pa.
Merrill, R., Milwaukee, Wis.
Morris, Geo. McG., Cincinnati, O.
MacWilcox, F., Atlanta, Ga.
Morris, John, Philadelphia, Pa.
McCarney, Edwin W., Buffalo, N. Y.
Marshall, T. A., Keithsburg, Ill.
Malone, Jas. R., Baltimore, Md.
Mitchell, Frank, Sarnia, Ont., Can.
Money, Capt. A. W., Oakland, N. J.
Money, Harold B., Oakland, N. J.
Morrison, J. L. D., St. Paul, Minn.
Maier, Frank R., Newark, N. J.
Mills, H. J., Bristol, Conn.
Massey, Wm., Wilmington, Del.
Mathewson, Frank, Wilmington, Del.
Morfey, T. W., Queens, N. Y.
Mack, F., New York.
Munson, C. H., Jr., Dover, N. J.
Mosher, G. A., Syracuse, N. Y.
Mingo, Ravenna, O.
Norton, B. H., New York.
Nutting, Ralph, Washington, D. C.
Nauman, C. C., San Francisco, Cal
North, Paul, Cleveland, O.
O'Brien, J. A., Dover, N. J.
On-da-wa, Salem, N. Y.
Outwater, J. H., Carlstadt, N. J.
Popham, B. F., Memphis, Tenn.
Piercy, Geo. H., Jersey City, N. J.
Parmelee, F. S., Omaha, Neb.
Puck, Boston, Mass.
Phil, Mechanicsburg, O.
Peirce, R. L., Wytheville, Va.
Parker, W. F. Meriden, Conn.
Page, Geo. W., Trenton, N. J.
Parker, L. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Parker, John, Detroit, Mich.
Quimby, W. Fred, Newark, N. J.
Rex, Columbus, O.
Rogers, M., New York.
Rogers, Jack, New York.
Ranger, Peru, Ind.
Rahn, R., Pittsburg, Pa.
Roll, Geo., J., Blue Island, Ill.
Red Wing, Cleveland, O.
Robertson, J. B., New Haven, Conn.
Rhodes, Chas., E., Altoona, Pa.
Reed, S. D., Tunkhannock, Pa.
R. G. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
Stevens, M. D., Guilford, Conn.
Stephens, C. R., Moline, Ill.
Scott, J. A., Miami, Fla.
Stearns, Franklin, Richmond, Va.
Sperry, A. D., Rock Island, Ill.
Stubener, Philip, Washington, D. C.
Steffens, Emile, New York.
Sloan, J. T., New York.
Simmonds, Marcy, N. Y.
Sen-Sen, Rochester, N. Y.
Snyder, Dr. H., Allentown, Pa.
Schimmell, Howard, Easton, Pa.
Stroud, John, Hamilton, Can.
Savage, J. B., New Haven, Conn.
Sampson, Jas., Trenton, N. J.
Schwarz, Fred, Jr., Bridesburg, Pa.
Stroh, W. H., Pittston, Pa.
Sherburne, J. A., Philadelphia, Pa.
Tramp, L. R., Chicago, Ill.
Tar Heel, Tarboro, N. C.
Thompson, Walter J., Savannah, Ga.
Trumbauer, H., Royersford, Pa.
Tallman, Isaac, South Millbrook, N. Y.
Teal, Columbus, O.
Townsend, W. D., Omaha, Neb.
Tripp, E. H., Indianapolis, Ind.
Trimble, R. L., Covington, Ky.
13-27, Herman, Neb.
333, Buffalo, N. Y.
United, C. K., Schenectady, N. Y.
Von der Bosch, O. W., New York.
Van Allen, S. M., Jamaica, N. Y.
Voss, John H., New York.
Voris, Ed, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Vermont, Rupert, Vt.
Von Lengerke, Carl, Jersey City, N. J.
Von Lengerke, J., Orange, N. J.
Von Lengerke, O., Chicago, Ill.
Werk, Emil, Cincinnati, O.
Woodruff, Aaron, Elizabeth, N. J.
Wellbrock, John T., New York.
Wagner, W., Washington, D. C.
Ward, J. Quincy, Paris, Ky.
Wolstencroft, W. H., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.
Weller, J. L., Rochester, N. Y.
Wheeler, F. G., Buffalo, N. Y.
White, E. G., St. Johns, Quebec, Can.
Young, C. A., Springfield, O.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va.—The Chesapeake Gun Club held an interesting shoot on March 20. Mr. Franklin Stearns, of Richmond, Va., was a visitor. The scores were: T. F. Stearns 24, Franklin Stearns 22, E. S. Robinson 22, R. Lee Robinson 21, B. B. Semmes 19, G. B. James 17, A. G. Fifer 16, H. J. Moyer 14, Frank Latimer 13, W. K. Stow 13, E. W. Milstead 12, Joe Hautz 12.

ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENTS.

Continuing the illustration supplements which have been an acceptable feature of the Forest and Stream, we have prepared a new series of four pictures which will be given with the first number of the month, as follows:

April 6—**The Trapper's Camp.** Drawn by E. W. Deming.

May 4—**Rap Full.** The schooner yacht Constellation in a northeaster. From a photo by Stebbins.

June 1—**Between Casts.** On a trout stream. Drawn by W. P. Davison.

July 6—**The Home of the Bass.** Drawn by W. P. Davison.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, March 20.—Wednesday, March 20, the occasion of the second annual team shoot, was not what could be called a good day for a trap shoot, but nearly fifty shooters congregated on the well-known platform to help make it one of the most enjoyable and successful tournaments held in this vicinity for a long time. The tournament was in charge of the usual Boston Gun Club managers, with the addition of Mrs. Park, of Philadelphia, and C. A. North, of Cleveland, and with their help it is needless to say that nothing was wanting from that direction. The accommodation for trapping was most complete, two magautraps throwing all the targets, one at the usual place and used for all handicap events, and the other at a separate stand 40yds. to the left with extra platform for all 16yd. events. The programme called for 150 targets, 85 at 16yds. and 65 handicap distance. The shooting was exceedingly difficult, especially in the afternoon, when a light rain was falling and was blown by the variable wind directly into the faces of the shooters.

The club offered for a special prize a best leather cover to the amateur shooter who had the highest average in the programme events. This was evidently what Cutler was waiting for, as he started in in the lead and held it to the end, coming under the wire 8 birds in the lead over his nearest competitor. Leroy's shooting was the feature of the day, and was easily high gun, but could not enter into the amateur race. Shooting from the 21yd. mark one time, mixing in with the 16yd. mark, shooting singles, doubles or anything that was called for, he averaged over 81 per cent., and though not the percentage that would carry honors at roof gardens, taking in consideration everything, it would more than compare with them.

The team match was the center of attraction this week, and was entered into by six teams, representing the following clubs: Portsmouth, Haverhill, Birch Brook, Fitchburg, Brockton, and Boston. After a spirited contest, in which there was amusement for every one, it was found that the Shore City experts had done the same trick as in last year's contest, and won by 8 targets. At the end the winning team was presented with a sterling silver-mounted cut-glass loving cup by the Boston Gun Club, which it hopes will be the means of adding interest in their trapshooting on their own grounds.

In the prize match of the Boston Gun Club's serial prize shoot the winners of the honor position were Worthing and Cutler, who tied on 25 out of the 30. Next in line were Michaels and Howe, the latter from the 19yd. mark, with 23 each. Leroy from the 21yd. mark, and North were third with 22.

Dinner was served up stairs in the club house, with the compliments of the club, and those who were unfortunate enough to have missed a few targets in the morning's sport made straight scores in that direction, and felt repaid for their hard work.

Extra events Nos. 2, 13, 14, 15 and 16, 10 unknown, 16yds.; extra events Nos. 8, 9 and 10, 15 unknown, 16yds.; extra event No. 12, 20 unknown, 16yds.; extra event No. 4, 5 pairs, unknown, 16yds.; extra events Nos. 1, 5, 6 and 7, 10 unknown, distance handicap; extra event No. 3, 15 unknown, distance handicap; extra events No. 11, 5 pairs, unknown, distance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
Baker, 17....	9	9	8	10	9	..	5	9	12	10	10	..	16	..	..	..	..	.740
Mrs Park, 18	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	11	..	15	..	..	6	..	.693
Leroy, 21....	9	..	..	..	9	..	4	8	13	12	11	6	17	8	9	9	8	.815
Worthing, 16.	7	6	8	12	..	6	9	10	10	..	10	6	14	..	..	..	..	.606
Leonard, 16.	6	9	6	8	7	5	4	6	6	13	7	5	7	..	..	..	..	.556
Michaels, 16.	7	8	7	10	4	6	8	9	13	12	11	5	16	5	..	..	..	.711
Cutler, 16....	7	8	7	11	5	8	9	8	14	11	13	7	17	..	..	..	..	.775
Converse, 16.	9	8	7	7	6	5	5	5	9	10	11	4	11	..	..	..	..	.662
Wilder, 16...	5	7	7	10	6	2	5	5	9	5	7	..	13	..	..	..	..	.540
Taylor, 16...	7	5	4	10	6	5	3	7	9	11	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	.593
North, 16....	7	5	4	12	5	7	8	7	12	7	13	..	17	..	..	..	..	.693
Grant, 16....	9	6	6	9	..	8	7	..	..	12	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	.723
Bowen, 16...	6	6	5	10	4	8	5	7	9	10	13	..	17	..	..	..	..	.600
Horace, 18...	6	7	8	10	6	..	7	..	12	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	6	.691
H J K, 14...	1	3	3	5	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	.320
G W, 17.....	..	..	..	..	9	6	3	7	8	8	12	13	4	11	5	..	..	.613
Tozier, 16...	..	..	..	..	6	5	3	9	7	5	9	10	1	12	4	..	..	.578
George, 16..	..	..	..	..	8	2	4	6	7	7	5	10	3	12	7	6	..	.513
Tuck, 16.....	..	..	..	..	9	6	6	6	9	8	12	11	3	17	9	..	..	.757
Howe, 19....	..	..	..	..	9	5	9	5	9	11	9	..	20	..	..	..	..	.716
Philbrick, 16...	..	..	..	10	7	7	5	9	11	9	14	..	15	..	..	..	..	.725
Cake, 16.....	..	..	..	..	2	4	7	5	5	12	8	10	4	11	6	8	..	.546
Bailey, 16...	..	..	..	..	4	5	4	6	1	5	6	10	..	13	..	..	..	.450
Frizzell, 16..	..	..	..	..	6	7	3	5	4	9	5	11	..	12	..	..	..	.516
Storer, 16....	..	..	..	..	3	1	0	3	2	5	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	.233
Winn, 16.....	..	..	..	..	3	5	6	2	7	8	13	8	..	13	..	..	..	.541
Goodwin, 16...	..	..	..	..	8	..	4	5	6	6	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	.555
Wild, 16.....	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	4	5	11	6	3	..	14	..	..	2	.400
Lyman, 16...	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	6	8	7	10	..	8	6	..	..	.557
Prouty, 16...	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	10	..	..	6	12	8	4	..	.633
Lambert, 17.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	9	7	..	12	..	..	..	.661
Webster, 16.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	10	9	5	13	5	..	..	.623
Alton, 17....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	8	11	..	16	..	..	..	.723
Hawkins, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	..	..	..	..	9	3	..	..	.380
Mason, 16...	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	.400
Gonzales, 16.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	11	8	4	..	5	6	..	.585
Graffam, 16..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	11	..	6	..	2	6	..	.527
Merwin, 16..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	..	..	..	4	..	3	0	..	.220
Hastings, 16.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	10	8	5	..	4	4	..	.542
Zelmah, 16..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	6	0	..	..	..	..	.360
Straw, 16....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	2	8	..	..	4	..	..	.420
Wood, 16....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	.700
Hodsdon, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	.300
Fairbanks, 16.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	.100
Fredericks, 14.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	.400
Sylvester, 16.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	.200
Wallace, 16..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.100
Henry, 16....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	.400

Team match, 30 unknown singles per man, 5 men per team; all shooting 16yds.:

Brockton Gun Club.

Leroy	1101011111111101111111011100101—23
Grant	1111111101100110001111101111111—23
Baker	1011011001111010100101111111110—20
Leonard	1101111101111111000001011010—20
Wood	0111000110111010110111001110111—19—105

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

Cutler	1001110111011111001111111111111—24
Converse	0101001111111011100101101111111—21
Taylor	1001101111111101111101001110111—21
Alton	1001101110101001101111101101110—19
Wilder	0010001101001001000010011011101—12— 97

Portsmouth Gun Club.

Philbrick	1101011011010111011111111111111—23
Goodwin	1101011100101111010010111111111—21
Winn	1011011111111111010110011101001—21
Frizzell	0000000110101010111111111101100—16
Bailey	0010000010111101100111110101l0—16— 97

Boston Gun Club.

G W	1111111011111101011111111100111—25
Mrs Park	0101101111101111011111110001111—22
Horace	0011011101101111111010101111101—21
North	1011010010000011111111011011111—20
Wild	1011000010011000000000001000110— 9— 97

Haverhill Gun Club.

Tuck	1110111010111111101101111111100—23
Tozier	1011111110001001111110001110l0—19
Gonzales	1001011111110111000101000111—19
Webster	0000111110111110111101001011l0—19
George	0110000001000110111001011110l1—15— 95

Birch Brook Gun Club.

Hastings	1100011111101010101100101001l1—18
Lambert	1100111011110000111l0010100010—16
Zelmah	0000101111010100000010101111l00—13
Mason	0100001110010001100011100000l0—11
Straw	0100100000000001000011110001l1—10— 68

Merchandise prize match, 30 singles, unknown; distance handicap:

Worthing, 16	0011010111111111101111111111111—25
Cutler, 16	1110111011111110111111111100111—25
Howe, 19	1111011111010110111000111111l0111—23
Michaels, 16	0011111001111101011111111111101—23
Leroy, 21	1011111100110111101100111110111—22
North, 16	1101011011011111011101101101l1—22
Tuck, 16	1001111100111001001111111101111—21
Philbrick, 16	0111011011010001110011111111l1—21
Bowen, 16	1111001111011000110101101111l0—20
Baker, 17	0111001010100011101011111111110—19
Tozier, 16	0001001100111111101110011011l1—19
Mrs Park, 18	0001100011110110111001101111l0—18
G W, 17	0011000001100111101101111101l1—18
Prouty, 16	1010101101111101000100011001l1—17
George, 16	1011100000110110011001111011l1—17
Cake, 16	0100111111110000110111100l0001—17
Leonard, 16	0010111010001001110001011101l0—15
Converse, 16	1110100010010100111011010001l1—15
Taylor, 16	1000010111011000000110011111l1—15
Winn, 16	0110111100100001000001111100111—15
Lyman, 16	1100010011010010010000011011l1—14
Wilder, 16	0000001100100100101100100111l1—12
Frizzell, 16	0010001001110000101100000l1111—12
Bailey, 16	0100001011110010110100100000l0—11
Wild, 15	0000001010101091100001111100001—11
Storer, 16	0000000000001100000100001100l0— 5

Peters Cartridge Co. Tournament at Asheville.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., March 21.—To-day saw the closing of the three days' shoot given by the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, under the auspices of the Battery Park Hotel.

The morning of the 19th saw quite a number of shooters gathered upon the club grounds, which are situated in the bounds of the driving park, which faces the far-famed French Broad River.

Owing to the programme getting out late many telegrams of regret were received by the management from shooters who would have attended.

The conditions for the first and second days were anything but agreeable. The first day a stiff, strong breeze blew off the river directly in the faces of the shooters, accompanied by clouds of dust. The second day the wind held from the same quarter, and with a steady downpour of rain. Many shooters quit and went up to the city. This in itself was a great drawback, but the shooters one and all were unanimous in their praise of the smooth management of the shoot by that genial and popular manager Jack Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Company, assisted by Harry Lemcke.

The third day saw a much larger attendance than on the second day, as the sun came out bright and warm, and the wind shifted to the backs of the shooters. The day was most delightful, and scores increased accordingly.

The veteran, Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., won the handsome $100 silver loving cup, which was presented by Maj. McKissick, of the Battery Park Hotel, for the amateur making the highest average for the three days.

The Colonel used Peters Ideals, and at once began to forge ahead, and he landed a winner. The Colonel says the load is what the name implies—an ideal.

Maj. McKissick was a close second, and if his gun had not broken down he would have given the Colonel a close race.

Mr. John Avery, of the Peters Cartridge Company, was also in attendance, and shot a good race. Mr. John Parker was high gun, but as he was not eligible for added money or prizes, he was out of it.

Harry Lemcke shot in good form, and he is fast coming back to his old form, as before his late illness, but a severe bruise on his face caused by his gun put him out of the game. He shot some after the first day, but left-handed.

Jim Carrier, of Asheville, has got a new gun, as has also French Coxe, and these boys will make it hot for the amateurs of this section before long, as both are promising young shooters.

The last day saw many ladies present to witness the shooting, as the beautiful weather brought them down from the hotels. This must have had something to do with the boys being on their metal. Every one of the participants shot Peters Ideals, and they are all enthusiastic over the same. The very quick action of the shells was noted in a miss-and-out by Anthony, McKissick, Avery and Parker, on the last day, from the 32yd. mark.

In August Maj. McKissick and Col. Anthony will give a shoot here, open to the world, dates to be selected later on, and the writer will say right here to all shooters: "Don't miss it, or fail to come to the 'City in the Sky.'"

First Day, March 19,

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	25	Broke.
Anthony	10	6	8	11	20	12	17	13	17	21	135
McKissick	10	7	11	5	19	10	13	13	12	15	105
Avery	6	12	8	9	22	14	15	11	15	21	133
Carrier	11	12	11	8	17	10	15	10	14	17	125
Coxe	10	7	14	12	15	8	15	8	11	15	115
Parker	12	12	13	13	17	10	15	13	18	21	144
Lusk	8	7	15	9	16	8	15	9	14	17	118
Maltby	6	7	9	..	13	..	9	8	..	9	61
Lemcke	11	12	15	9	16	11	16	11	15	19	135
O Rutledge	..	..	..	6	15	..	..	1	..	..	22
Leifel	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
McCloskey	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Rayner	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	17
F Rutledge	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	5	..	..	18
Atkinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12
Dr Cheesboro	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	3
P Clayton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2
F Cox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	4

Second Day, March 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	25	Broke.
McKissick	8	10	12	11	19	12	13	9	13	16	123
Coxe	10	9	10	9	17	12	13	10	13	15	118
Avery	11	10	13	6	21	9	18	13	17	16	134
Anthony	13	13	16	13	21	13	15	10	14	21	149
Parker	10	13	18	10	20	12	16	12	16	23	150
Carrier	10	10	16	12	16	9	15	11	11	16	126
Lusk	8	11	15	13	16	6	12	10	12	15	118
Lemcke	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21

Third Day, March 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	25	Broke.
McKissick	6	12	17	13	20	13	17	14	15	20	147
Avery	10	10	17	13	19	10	15	9	17	17	137
Anthony	10	11	15	11	23	14	14	12	17	16	143
Carrier	12	9	10	11	20	12	17	11	19	21	142
Lusk	14	10	13	11	17	13	17	12	17	16	140
Parker	11	8	17	13	18	13	12	11	17	21	141
Coxe	9	..	10	11	16	6	..	..	12	18	82
Lemcke	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	9
Cars	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	8
Hungerford	..	..	..	..	4	5	8	6	3	6	32
Atkinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	30
Jordan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9
Maltby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12

Trap at Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Match between Tramp Irwin, of Chicago, and Dr. Gaines, of St. Louis, at Dupont Park, March 17. Birds good, day fair and warm, with no wind:

Tramp Irwin	2121121111211212211 2*1201—23
	1122120122212201121211111—23—46
Dr Gaines	2211211212112122121202222—23
	22222211*2222211222122212—24—47

Match between Joe Walker, of Carlyle, Ill., challenger, against Chas. Bugh, for Mermod championship medal, on March 17. Both stood at 31yds.:

Walker	2222211211111122112111111—25
Bugh	2222212021101212001*11201—19

Practice event at Dupont Park, March 17.

Jesse Lee	0122100111— 7	Dr Gaines	1101221222— 9
White Rock	1222010122— 8	Dr O Smith	2121201122— 9
A E Koch	0211211112— 9	C C Carson	0111100111— 7
C Turner	1012111111— 9	W E Nold	2222022220— 8
F E Arvis	2201110112— 8	A A Schwarz	2222212112—10
J Walker	2222210111— 9	Johnson	1212112121—10
Campbell	2200121112— 8	Dr Sims	2202020110— 6
Williams	202221111*— 8	J M Selzer	1102112111— 9
Meier	2011121211— 9	W E Barker	1111112111—10
F White	2102010111— 7	H S Taylor	0210111212— 8
P Davis	0212211111— 9	W B Scott	1211101112— 9

Concord Gun Club.

CONCORD, N. H., March 15.—The scores made by the Concord Gun Club to-day at 50 targets were: Tuttle 42, Nardini 40, King 44, Martin 44, Morris 46, Sanbon 45.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Shooting Notes in the South.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As another year comes and goes, the sportsman of an observing turn of mind is given opportunities of adding to his store of gun, dog and game lore and thereby to his fund of general information on kindred subjects.

The season of 1900-1901 has in most places been a good one, added to which the weather, favorable in most Southern States, has afforded those so inclined many bright and cheerful days afield—days so short as hours go, yet so replete of nerve-stirring events that many of them dwell in our memory for all time.

The writer enjoyed, while at Greensboro, N. C., a few afternoons' quail shooting with that incomparable sportsman, Mr. J. F. Jordan, than whom no greater nimrod or more amiable companion can be found. To tell the truth, we did not have much sport, owing to a combination of causes which seemed to thwart us on every occasion. When the dogs were at their best the wind was so high that they could not show off to advantage, and when we had what might have been a good day, it rained up to noon, and our best dog turned out lame and quite unfit for service. So, all in all, we may be said to have had many of the fates against us, which, as every true sportsman knows, will happen in best regulated kennels and in best timed affairs generally. Fact is, the middle of January in North Carolina is a bit late for great bags, but splendid for good hard shooting.

In this connection I wish to relate what in my humble opinion is the very finest and most brilliant shooting done afield by any man that has ever come under my observation. Mr. Jordan has always been a great advocate of and believer in small-bore guns, and as soon as he knew he could obtain one of reputable American make of 28 gauge he immediately ordered it. So now he is using exclusively a 26in. barrel, 28 gauge, Parker gun, right barrel improved cylinder, left modified choke; and to see him perform with this little toy of a weapon is nothing short of a marvelous feat. He gets his ammunition loaded by that most skillful sportsman and careful of gunsmiths, Mr. William Wagner, of Washington, D. C., using 1½drs. of powder and ½oz. No. 8 Tatham's chilled shot. Mr. Wagner, himself a staunch and firm believer in small bores, has probably had more experience in hand loading small gauge ammunition than any one else in America, so that to say his loads are perfect is merely to paint the lily. At any rate, one must see Mr. Jordan chop birds down in doubles and singles, far and near, and hardly ever miss, to fully appreciate what such apparently insignificant loads can do in a well bored gun with such an artist behind it.

I will say this, and make as simple a statement of the absolute facts as I can, knowing fully well dozens of other men have been afield with Mr. Jordan this past season, and feeling absolutely certain any one of them would frankly and freely indorse all I will say and go far beyond what I would dare tell.

In the first place, we shot together part of three days, and in one instance only did Mr. Jordan fail to get his pair out of a covey rise, and then the bird that escaped went off badly wounded, and had we taken more time I have no doubt the dogs would have found it in the dense thicket into which it flew. I saw him kill and gather birds in such close and tangled places that nothing but a glimpse of fast fading brown could be seen for a single instant, some being killed at less than a dozen paces. On the other hand, we saw him kill some at distances which I cannot bring myself to give, knowing full well that such would certainly invalidate my whole statement, for after all there is a limit to the credulity of even one's own personal friends and admirers, and in all modesty, I trust I may claim to have some of both.

Mr. Jordan candidly admits that he never in his whole shooting experience of twenty-seven years has had so handy, serviceable and deadly a little gun, and to realize the truth and correctness of this statement one has but to see him handle it. It was such a revelation to me that all great scores at the traps fade into insignificance by comparison—really there can be no comparison. To say that a man seldom misses simply conveys no information whatever, because a man may pick his shots and poke about and yet not do anything worthy of mention. But when a man takes every offer, fair or foul, and then seldom misses—why, that is quite another thing, and stamps him a past master in the art of shooting, raising him to a plane seldom reached by any one and never topped by living mortal—and all this with 1½drs. of powder and ½oz. of shot. Think of it, gentlemen who use a handful of ammunition to bag a bird not as big as your fist, and then ponder which of the two is really the more sport.

Of course, we had no such dog as our dear old lamented dog Dash, nor will we again have. The man who owns one such dog is more than fortunate; to ever have two would make the rest of mankind envious. To shoot with a man like Mr. Jordan has an exhilarating and yet depressing effect. It just makes one warm all over to see a man cut down bird after bird anywhere, anyhow, at any rate of speed, angle or from any position, and one feels a glow of pride in knowing such a man, especially when you know him well enough to quite thoroughly appreciate his modesty. But then again comes the reaction when you yourself bungle along and miss shamefully, and suddenly hear a pistol-like report and see a brown ball of feathers and stuff come tumbling down away off through tree tops—ever so far and in never so tangled a place; and so it goes from morning to night—the little gun cracks, the little birdie collapses, nothing is said, but a great deal is done. Bravo, Jordan! We all think we can shoot, but when with you, why, we get another think.

Leaving Greensboro with regret, I wended my way on my Southern trip, and soon reached Macon, Ga., where, with my friend, Mr. F. C. Etheridge, I had a morning's dove shooting. Unfortunately birds were very scarce, so we had very little sport. All the same, I hugely enjoyed the company of the men with whom we spent the evening and following morning. A day or two spent with so thorough a sportsman as Mr. Etheridge is always delightful, game or no game. The companionship of such a man is always a treat, so I look forward to another jaunt toward Macon.

At Jacksonville, Fla., I lodged with mine host B. W. Sperry, proprietor of the Hotel Duval. Mr. Sperry has the knack without showing it of making his guests feel comfortable and instantly at home. Can one say more of any hotel man?

Here we had a little trapshooting, and also one day afield, during which we bagged a few quail and doves, and had a splendid walk and good long chat, if not very much game in our bags. But game is cheap, any one knows that; a good chummy fellow is scarce, so give me Sperry.

At New Orleans I ran up to my old chum, Mr. John W. Phillips, and together we went on our annual snipe shooting trip to Beaumont, Tex. There we found Mr. Geo. Oliver, ready as of yore to pilot us and this year to show us his young pointer dog George work on snipe.

Regarding this dog as a game finder I can safely say I have never seen his superior, and perhaps might add, his equal. At any rate, he is a most promising yooung dog of tremendous courage and endurance, and possessing a really wonderful nose. Some two or three years ago I wrote a full account of our shooting at Beaumont over Dr. Oliver's dog Bill. Well, George is a half brother to Bill, and for me, give me George all the time. He is more tractable and has quite as good or even better nose, and most certainly will make a better dog.

This year, owing to high winds and finding the snipe principally on burns bare of corn, which of course made them wild as hawks, we could not make as big a bag as usual. Still we got plenty—i. e., seventy, eighty and seventy in three days' shooting, two guns—barring a few birds bagged by Mr. Oilver, say a dozen or so.

The snipe shooting was nearly all at extreme ranges, and never could one have a better opportunity for trying out to fullest extent the quality of ammunition or range of gun.

GAUCHO.

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Va., March 22.—In the two 25-target events to-day in the shoot of the Staunton Gun Club the following scores were made:

Event No. 1:

Garber	1111101110111111110001110—19
Sillings	1111111110011011111111111—22
Kiracofe	1011101101111101111111110—20
Smith	0000111111110111011111111—19
Davis	1110101101111110111010101—18
Merriken	1011111111111101011111111—22

Event No. 2:

Garber	0101011111110111111111111—21
Sillings	1111111111111111011111111—24
Kiracofe	1111111111111101101101111—22
Smith	0110011110110111111111111—20
Davis	0100111101011101101011110—16
Merriken	1111111111111111111111101—24

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Interstate Park.—John Wright's Shoot.

Interstate Park, L. I., March 20.—A rainy morning was inauspicious for a good day, but, while there was drizzling rain betimes and heavy, dull sky, the conditions of the weather did not seriously affect the competition. There was a good attendance of shooters. Mr. Donald Deacon, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, acted efficiently as referee. The scores:

Extra event No. 1, 10 birds, handicap; Rose system; three moneys. Gilbert (31), 10, Crosby (31) 10, Piercy (28) 10, Fanning (30) 9, Dr. Shaw (27) 9, C. E. Cady (26) 9, Van Allen (29) 9, Morfey (30) 8, Dr. Martin (27) 7.

Extra event No. 2, same conditions as No. 1: Crosby (31) 10, Fanning (30) 10, Gilbert (31) 10, Shaw (27) 10, Daly (28) 10, Morris (27) 10, Cramer (26) 9, Piercy (28) 8, C. E. Cady (26) 8, Dr. Miller (28) 8, Van Allen (29) 7, Martin (27) 7.

Regular event No. 1, 5 birds, handicap; two moneys, class shooting: Morris (28) 5, Piercy (28) 5, Shaw (27) 5, Fanning (32) 5, Crosby (33) 5, Anderson (26) 5, Daly (30) 5, Kay (28) 5, Cramer (27) 4, Miller (28) 5, Cady (27) 4, Gilbert (33) 4, James (27) 4, Martin (27) 4.

Regular event No. 2, 7 birds, $5, was shot as No. 3: Miller (28) 7, Piercy (28) 7, Langdon (26) 7, Crosby (31) 7, J. P. Kay (28) 6, Rogers (27) 6, Gilbert (31) 6, Fanning (30) 6, J. G. E. (27) 5, Lockwood (26) 5, Daly (29) 5, Gardner (26) 2.

After deducting $75 for the price of the painting, there was $25 left. After deducting 50 per cent. of this sum, there was $12.50 to be divided among the winners of second and third, so that the values were $87.50 to first, $7.50 to second and $5 to third. The share of third was 70 cents. Instead of a miss-and-out the ties were shot off under the same conditions as the main event. Following are the scores:

Morris, 28	1221221222—10	Crosby, 33	12222*1210— 8
Martin, 26	1112221221—10	Waters, 28	1210022222— 8
McManus, 27	2222122212—10	Kay, 28	2212220022— 8
Gilbert, 33	2022212222— 9	J G E, 26	2222220021— 8
Cramer, 27	2121012112— 9	Cady, 27	2022120221— 8
Shaw, 27	2211112210— 9	Daly, 30	2222220210— 8
Rogers, 27	1110121211— 9	Piercy, 28	1202220100— 6
Lockwood, 27	2222222202— 9	Blauvelt, 27	0220022022— 6
Fanning, 32	0220111121— 8	Anderson, 26	1202022100— 6
Miller, 28	1111002222— 8	Hyde, 26	02202200*0— 4

	First Tie.	Second Tie.
Morris, 28	2122112222	212*222222—9
Martin, 26	2211111121	2120110121—8
McManus, 27	1112010w	.....

Event No. 3 of the programme was shot as No. 2, and was the main event, the prize being a painting of a trout. The programme was arranged very awkwardly, as follows:

"First prize will be a $75 oil painting and 50 per cent. of entrance money over and above fifteen entries. Second prize, 30 per cent.; third prize, 20 per cent. above fifteen entries. Class shooting, handicap rises. All 25 and 26yd. men one lost bird as dead. All 27 and 28yd. men one lost bird as no bird. Ties, miss-and-out, but any contestant can draw his share pro rata before shooting ties if desired."

A fair forecast of the number of shooters would have been twenty, the number which actually participated. After deducting the price of the birds, there was $100 left.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Dexter Park, Brooklyn, March 15.—In the club shoot Job Lott won the medal in Class A, C. Bohling in Class B.

Challenge medal:

C Meyer	2012222212222211—14	G E Leoble	222021010012112—11

Club shoot:

F Ehlen, 28	22220*22*1— 7	C Bohling, 25	2220221202— 8
Job Lott, 30	1121222222—10	M Rush, 25	0*20000120— 3
C Meyer, 28	2211120212— 9	J Mohrmann, 28	2222020000— 5
J Bohling, Jr, 28	0022220220— 6	F Karstens, 28	0112100121— 7
Kid Peters, 28	222*211221— 9	W Rolphs, 28	0211202002— 6
J Hainhorst, 28	*011211121— 8	C Meyerdicks, 25	20000020*2— 3
N Brunie, 28	2202221210— 8	H Shumacker, 25	2000011100— 4
J Vagts, 28	2221222020— 8	J Kroeger, 28	2120010112— 7
G E Leoble, 28	2*0*111122— 7	W Rinckkoff, 28	0*01111001— 5

Team race:

Myer	21222—5	Lott	12010—3
Hainhorst	02211—4	Leoble	20101—3
Bohling, Jr	22200—3	Ehlen	22012—4
Brunie	22221—5	Vagts	02020—2
Karstens	01212—4	Mohrmann	1*211—4
Peters	02002—2	Kroeger	11*26—3
Meyerdicks	02001—2	Rolphs	20221—4
Rinckkoff	01122—4	C Bohling	01112—4
Shumacker	02211—4—33	Rush	00010—1—28

Emerald Gun Club.

Dexter Park, Brooklyn, March 19.—As usual there was a good turnout of the club members. The handicaps and points are given with the names of the contestants. Messrs. A. Schoverling and M. Rogers killed their 10 birds straight. Following are the scores:

		Points.
R Regan, 25	1*2202010*— 5	6
Dr G V Hudson, 28	2221201121— 9	7
Wm Joerger, 28	1*21*10222— 7	7
A Schoverling, 28	2222222222—10	7
F J Kall, 25	0*00202220— 4	6
J C Henry, 28	121**0*120— 5	6½
G B Hillers, 28	1010100222— 6	6½
O N T, 28	202202012*— 6	6½
G K Breit, 25	1020001112— 6	6
J J Pillion, 28	0212222000— 6	6½
I McKane, 28	2202202220— 7	6½
A Doncort, 25	0222202212— 8	6
E J Clark, 30	21*220*2*2— 6	7
B Amend, 30	2220102222— 8	7
W Catton, 28	2021020012— 6	6
G E Greiff, 30	2222212022— 9	7
C H Cone, 28	0021*20020— 4	6
M Rogers, 28	1211111111—10	6
T Short, 28	0122212221— 9	6½
J H Moore, 28	0010122102— 6	7
H Quinn, 28	0000121220— 5	6
Dr Stillman, 28	21*2002122— 7	7
Wm Sands, 28	00022202*0— 4	7
C F Wash, 28	2002222022— 7	7
A G Roberts, 28	010*202102— 5	6
H Rathjen, 28	10*0210120— 5	6
O Brown, 25	1201100100— 5	6
D Mohrmann, 28	21112*2012— 8	6
Dr Miller, 30	0222*02022— 6	7
Dr O'Donohue, 28	12212*0020— 6	6
F Hansman, 25	1000100000— 2	6
Dr Grohl, 25	11*1012202— 7	5
J Woelful, 25	2002121020— 6	6
W J Amend, 25	1022112**2— 7	6
Dr O'Connell, 31	2000212222— 7	7
J P Kay, 28	2*22002220— 6	7

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., March 23.—A balmy day, clear and bright, with a touch of springtime to gladden it, favored the shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day. There was a gathering of shooters, club men and visitors of mighty fame with the shotgun. All the visitors were scratch men, while many of the club members had a lost bird as a no bird or a kill. The result shows that the handicapping was excellent. There was no wind, but it was not an easy matter to make full scores, for the birds were a mixed lot, with now and then a three-flap bird, one which goes out of the boundary in three flaps of its wings or more.

Mr. Walter F. Sykes managed the shoot. A number of the club members further honored and dignified the event by bringing their wives. To the club members the day had an added significance, inasmuch as the club rooms in the Casino were officially opened for the use of the members—and elegant rooms they are. The reception room is elegantly furnished with a view both to the comfortable and the beautiful. Pictures and mounted heads grace the walls, a cabinet contains articles all in keeping with the theme of sport, while elegant furniture and furnishing satisfy the taste of the most critical. The second room is equipped with lockers and things useful in respect to the members' shooting paraphernalia.

The prizes in the 20-bird event, of which the scores are herewith appended, were furnished by the club. The entrance was price of birds. There were prizes of mounted heads of different animals, and mounted birds—five prizes for members and five prizes for guests. The scores as a whole were excellent. There were thirty-six entries, and of these thirteen scored the limit.

F A Thompson, 29	220202122112*22*2022—15
Dr Wynn, 28	1121222122211211212 2—20
J A Bennet, 28	2212222222221221222—20
B H Norton, 29	1222222212222212121 2—20
J H Jack, 30	2222222222022221212—19
B Waters, 28	1122112211211211222 2—20
A A Hegeman, 29	2211122122122122222—20
C M Lincoln, 29	2222221221111122022—19
J P Kay, 30	22222200222*02222220—15
C A Ramapo, 27	2222222211112122211—20
P Daly, 30	1112112222222212122 2—20
H P Fessenden, 29	222222*2222222220222—18
W L Losee, 28	00011*w
G H Piercy, 29	*12020212222202012*2—14
T W Morfey, 30	2222222202222222222—19
J J Hallowell, 30	2222221101211222221—19
C Furgueson, 29	2222222222222222*2—19
Buckskin Jack, 28	2220221121012102222 1—17
W H Hamilton, 28	1111211111221101010—17
C Furgueson, Jr, 28	2222202002**2222*222—14
M Rogers, 28	1221222221001112202—17
E H Howard, 28	1211222222212122212—20
S B Jay, 29	2222212101001120211 2—16
C W Chapman, 29	2221221212121222120—19
Edey, 28	2122221221122112221 2—20
E Banks, 29	2222102111*211012210—16
J R Gaughen, 30	2222222222212222222—20
Dr Shepard, 28	2222102*012222210112 –16
D Swiveller, 28	22221012010*122011*2—14
J Fanning, 30	2220112222211122111 1—19
Crosby, 30	2222211110122222222—19
Parmelee, 30	2222222212222122222—20
Gilbert, 30	2222222222222222222—20
Hull, 30	2000122221121021222 21—16
Reynolds, 28	0121122120*1002021*0 —12
Elliott, 30	1122221111221222222 2—20

Shoot-off:

Ramapo	1121212211212112 11—18
Dr Wynn	1111212221121121210 -17
J R Gaughen	2222222222222210 —14
A A Hegeman	21222222221 10 —12
Daly	22221220
Howard	2122120
Waters	121110
J A Bennet	0
B H Norton	0
*Gilbert	2212222221122 2 —14
*Elliott	2222222221122 0 —13
*Parmelee	2222210 — 6

*Guests.

Fanning and Crosby with 19 each in main event win fourth and fifth.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 23.—The honors in the March cup event were captured by Mr. Louis C. Hopkins, who scored 48 out of a possible 50. The scores:

Shoot for March cup, 25 targets, expert traps; 25 targets, magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
L C Hopkins	6	23	5	25	48
H M Brigham	2	23	1	24	47
C A Sykes	3	20	3	24	44
F B Stephenson	1	19	1	24	43
G Stephenson, Jr	2	20	2	23	43
G Stephenson, Sr	10	20	8	23	43
Dr J J Keyes	3	20	3	23	43
W G McConvill	7	19	6	23	42
H C Werleman	7	17	6	21	38
W W Marshall	6	16	5	19	35

Shoot-off for the Werleman trophy, same conditions: Rasmus 28, Brigham 27.

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, expert traps; 15 targets, magautrap; handicap:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
J W Borland	3	14	3	15	29
L C Hopkins	4	15	3	14	29
G Stephenson, Sr	6	13	5	15	28
G Stephenson, Jr	1	14	1	12	26
W W Marshall	4	14	3	11	25
H M Brigham	1	11	1	13	24
T W Stake	2	11	2	13	24
F B Stephenson	0	10	0	11	21
Dr H L O'Brien	3	10	2	10	20
C H Chapman	4	10	4	8	18

Shoot-off, 15 targets, magautrap: Borland 15, Hopkins 14.

Sweepstake, 10 targets, expert: Brigham 10, F. B. Stephenson 9, Townsend 8, Hopkinson 6, Keyes 5, Marshall 5, McConvill 4, Werleman 3.

Sweepstake, same conditions: Sykes 9, G. Stephenson, Jr., 8, Brigham 7, McConvill 4.

Sweepstake, same conditions: Brigham 7, Stephenson, Jr., 7, F. B. Stephenson, Sr., 5, McConvill 4.

Sweepstake, same conditions: F. B. Stephenson 9, G. Stephenson, Jr., 8, Brigham 8, McConvill 5, G. Stephenson, Sr., 5.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., March 23.—Two—Messrs. R. Smith and F. Taylor—succeeded in making straight scores in the club event out of the twenty-five contestants who entered. The event was at 7 birds, a handicap:

R J Smith, 25	2122222—7	M J Rauscher, 25	1020222—5
F Tyler, 25	1122221—7	J J Pillion, 28	0221010—4
G E Greiff, 30	2221022—6	F Lundy, 25	2022020—4
G McKane, 27	1222*22—6	E Heffner, 26	0020221—4
H Koch, 26	2202222—6	H Kronika, 26	0210012—4
H J Montanus, 26	222121*—6	T Osborn, 25	1000211—4
L E Allen, 25	1021111—6	H W Lepke, 25	12*0120—4
I McKane, 28	2222020—5	E Garrison, 30	0220002—3
D Sloan, 28	1201201—5	I Hyde, 26	1001001—3
W Van Pelt, 27	1022120—5	A Goeller, 25	2100100—3
G Morris, 26	0202121—5	F Von Fricken, 25	2010200—3
D Heffner, 25	1022210—5	Dr Wood, 25	0210100—3
F Brown, 25	0212022—5		

Sweepstake, 3 birds: Garrison 3, I. McKane 3, Montanus 3, Tyler 3, Kronika 3, Koch 3, Greiff 3, Brown 2, Sloan 2, Pillion 2, George McKane 1, Rauscher 1, Allen 1, Van Pelt 1, Morris 1, Dr. Wood 1, Lundy 1, Hyde 1, Von Fricken 0, Smith 0.

Trap at Dexter Park.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 20.—The shoot at Dexter Park to-day for the benefit of J. L. Brewer started at 2 P. M., after the rain ceased. The scores follow:

Ten live birds:

Dr O'Connell, 31	2021012222— 8	C Meyer, 30	2221112221—10
S Van Allen, 31	2222202222— 9	J Brewer, 33	1222222221—10

Miss-and-outs, $2:

Van Allen	22	2	0	O'Connell	0	2	2122
Dietzel	0	0	0	Kay			20
Meyer	21	*	1111	Lebohner			2220

Seven birds, $5; 6, 3, 1:

R Parker, 28	2220222—6	Dr O'Connell, 30	2222112—7
S Van Allen, 30	2222222—7	Dr Miller, 28	2222222—7
W Hopkins, 28	0211212—6	J P Kay, 28	2222220—6
C Meyer, 30	0201112—5	W Sanders, 27	2222122—7
R Packard, 27	2200100—3	C Matzen, 28	2121221—7

Merchandise event, $2 entrance, birds extra:

S M Van Allen, 30	2222222222222222222222222222	—30
W Hopkins, 28	1221211121211211112111212112112	—30
C Meyer, 30	2211121221211112122111211112*	—29
R Packard, 27	22222220	— 7
Dr O'Connell, 30	122222*	— 6
Dr Miller, 28	1222120	— 6
J P Kay, 28	2202	— 3
W Sanders, 27	2*20	— 2
C Matzen, 28	2220	— 3
F Hansman, 28	2220	— 3
F Lebohner, 28	020	— 1

Five birds, $4:

Van Allen	22122—5	22222222—8
O'Connell	12022—4	12*12112—7
Matzen	11120—4	.....
Miller	*2202—3	.....
Dietzel	20222—4	.....
Hansman	00222—3	.....

WESTERN TRAPS.

Butte Rod and Gun Club, of Montana.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 23.—The annual meeting of the Butte Rod and Gun Club was held last week in the Owsley block, with a good attendance. The treasurer's report showed $1,022.23 on hand, and other assets are a house and lot at the range and 22,000 bluerocks. The secretary's report showed nine members, including those elected during the last year. Carl Engle was elected to membership last night. For non-resident members annual dues were reduced from $6 to $1. The election of officers resulted in practically a reinstallment of the present board as follows: President, J. M. Steward; Vice-President, J. M. Spargo; Treasurer, A. Wehl; Secretary, C. H. Smith; Captain, A. J. Walker; Trustees, Gus Bird, Joe Slemons, P. A. Allen, J. E. O'Brien and G. W. Morse.

The new magautrap was discussed, and it was said that the Anaconda men will attend the installation ceremonies on the 24th of this month. A large number of the club members will go to Great Falls to attend the State tournament, which is to open on May 19.

Garden City Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., March 23.—The regular monthly handicap shoot of the Garden City Gun Club took place at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, to-day. Several of the competitors scored the limit in the club shoot, as the following scores will show:

Dr R B Miller, 0	122021102221121	—13	
J Pumphrey, 1	1*01221201111121	—13	
Martin, 3	2222121100*1110222	—14	
Oliphant, 3	1122102212*1010001	—12	
Rust, 3	*010110121121110 21	—13	
White, 1	22210202*20*2222	—11	
Roll, 0	212212202221112	—14	
Odell, 1	2011212111110112	—14	
Gillis, 1	0112121222111111	—15	
Young, 2	110211211101 01*00	—11	
Alabaster, 0	222012221011102	—12	
Dr Carson, 1	001110221021012w		
Steck, 0	220212*02212122	—12	
Barto, 1	222222221*222222	—15	
Mack, 3	2*00*1110*12110012	—10	
Amberg, 0	222212112212211	—15	
Jay, 2	1110210101211222 2	—14	
Card, 3	2221122100221220 00	—13	
Knickerbocker, 3	2022211022022112 2	—15	
Wiggins, 1	2221211221202211	—15	
Long, 3	0201*0112012002w		
Upham, 3	121*2202221212222 2	—15	
O'Brien, 1	201122221202102	—12	

Ten-bird sweep, entrance $5:

Roll	2212222211—10	Barto	2022222020— 7
Alabaster	2222212201— 9	Pumphrey	2211021222— 9
Martin	2222202121— 9	Oliphant	2202110101— 7
Clempson	1202211222— 9	Rust	110121112*— 8
Steck	1020102222— 7		

Miss-and-out, entrance $2: Roll 3, Pumphrey 3, Clempson 3, Alabaster 0, Oliphant 1, Rust 2, Martin 0.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., March 22.—Here find scores made at a live-bird shoot of the Portsmouth Gun Club March 21. Seven hundred birds were trapped, all good, fast birds. Among the visitors were some crack shots from Baltimore, Md., and Richmond, Va.; also "Jolly Jack," of U. M. C. fame. The shoot was ably refereed by L. D. Thomas, and everything passed off quietly and enjoyably to all:

Event No. 1, 5 birds, $5, 30yds. rise, two moneys, high guns:

Shuttiz	21210—4	Dr Foster	22220—4
Hazard	22222—5	Winslow	20012—3
Malone	11122—5	Thomas	21102—4
Leland	22020—3		

Event No. 2, 7 birds, $7, three moneys, high guns:

Malone	2121211—7	Hallowell	1111102—6
Hazard	2*22122—6	Garritt	2110221—6
Shuttiz	2221202—6	Phil	2020002—3
Dr Foster	20*2222—5	Stearns	2222222—7
Thomas	0120210—4	Leland	1122102—6
Winslow	*120220—4	Hurst	2122222—7

Event No. 3, 10 birds, $10, handicap, two moneys, class shooting:

Malone	1101111220— 8	Hallowell	1211211111—10
Hazard	2*222122*2— 8	Hurst	221011*222— 8
Winslow	22022*2020— 6	Stewart	1211112221—10
Dr Foster	0022222222— 8	Garritt	1222222202— 9
Shuttiz	2122222222—10	Phil	2222222222—10
Dr Hudgins	0011112101— 7	Stearns	0122212222— 9
Leland	2110112121— 9	Noel	0022120220— 6

Event No. 4, 7 birds, $7, three moneys, high guns, handicap:

Malone	21*2121—6	Phil	2222022—6
Hazard	2022222—6	Stearns	1202222—6
Winslow	2022222—6	Noel	201001*—3
Dr Foster	2222222—7	Thomas	0012020—3
Shuttiz	2222122—7	Lindsay	0100211—4
Dr Hudgins	0000200—1	Fisher	1102001—4
Leland	1102120—5	Ridd	*022*22—4
Miller	0*22*22—4	Grant	0012012—4
Hallowell	1112212—7	Stewart	22*1202—5
Hurst	2020222—5		

Event No. 5, miss-and-out:

Hallowell	20	Dr Foster	2220
Stearns	22210—4	Shuttiz	12112—5
Hazard	22222—5	Phil	22220—4
Malone	12122—5	Garritt	20

Event No. 6, 5 birds, $5, high guns, handicap:

Hallowell	11122—5	See	10112—4
Stearns	01122—4	Dr Hudgins	10112—4
Malone	11112—5	Lindsay	12220—4
Hazard	**222—3	Stewart	*122*—3
Dr Foster	22220—4	Hurst	221*0—3
Shuttiz	22222—5	Fisher	22000—2
Leland	12122—5	Parker	21110—4
Phil	22102—4	Ridd	22220—4
Garritt	22222—5	Hunn	01222—4
Miller	21120—4		

Event No. 7, same as No. 6:

Hallowell	21212—5	Dr Foster	02000—1
Stearns	20222—4	Malone	12211—5
Leland	22210—4	Garritt	20220—3
Hazard	22220—4	Phil	22212—5
Shuttiz	22222—5		

G. P. GRANT, Cor. Sec'y.

"What makes you so sure that Wrighter is going into fiction? Has he ever done anything in that line?" "No, but he's planning to spend two weeks on a fishing trip."—Buffalo Commercial.

"Captain, will you kindly tell me what time it is?" asked Jonesby from the cabin of his yacht. "Six bells, sir," returned the captain. "Oh, hang the bells!" said Jonesby. "What time is it on shore?"—Harper's Bazaar.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The quaintly worded advertisement of Jos. A. Marks & Co. shows that the wants of sportsmen can be provided for in Detroit, and it might well enough be to the advantage of each one whose vacation is likely to be spent in the Northwest to send for their free catalogue.—*Adv.*

Acetylene gas has come to stay, and when its brilliancy is considered it is not strange that it should have been applied to searchlights. Yacht and launch owners interested in such matters will be inclined to investigate the Baldwin Acetylene Searchlight.—*Adv.*

The camper who has been in the habit of lumbering up his tent with a choice collection of wood as a precaution against rainy weather will appreciate the comfort, convenience and compactness of the Khotal Camp Stove, whose advertisement we carry in another column.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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If we are content with an ungainly fly, we will be satisfied with inferiority of rod and tackle; and although the fish may not see the difference, the angler may become from neglecting one point slovenly in all. A well-made fly is a beautiful object, an ill-made one an eyesore and annoyance; and it is a great satisfaction both to exhibit and examine a well-filled book of handsomely tied flies.—R. B. Roosevelt.

THE REAL THING IN MINNESOTA.

THE Hallock, Minn., Enterprise reports that the poachers of Beltrami county have discovered that in their conflict with the game wardens they have "run up against the real thing." That is to say that they are now dealing with an executive agent who means business. And this means that the Minnesota interregnum of make-believe protection for political purposes only has come to a sudden end.

For two years politics ruled. The deputy game wardens were appointed with a view to the votes they could control. The game protection force was a part of the political machine. The result was precisely what it has been everywhere else and always will be. The poachers had things pretty much all their own way. Game was killed out of season, and was shipped to market in violation of the law, and the illicit destruction was proceeding on a scale and at a rate that promised extermination.

The change came with the appointment of a new commission and of a new executive agent. The commission is composed of Messrs. Uri L. Lamprey, W. P. Hill, D. W. Meeker, H. G. Smith and Samuel F. Fullerton, Executive Agent. Mr. Fullerton, it will be remembered, was the very efficient agent of two years ago. During his former term he did most excellent service and had acquired a thorough knowledge of the ways of offenders and the means of enforcing the law. He had, in fact, so well demonstrated his fitness for the place and his usefulness in it that there existed not an iota of justification for dismissing him from office. Had the public business of Minnesota at that time been conducted on the principle by which individual business is controlled, Executive Agent Fullerton would have been retained to carry on the good work he was doing. Now that he has been reappointed, the citizens of Minnesota have the right man in the right place doing the right work in the right way. As the Beltrami poachers put it, game law enforcement is now "the real thing."

Some of Executive Agent Fullerton's acts are startling in the light they throw upon the conditions which prevailed under the old régime. For instance, his predecessor had been told of a tannery established in the wilds of Itasca county for the tanning of moose and deer hides; but the story met only official pooh-poohing as a fake concocted for political purposes. Within ten days after taking office Mr. Fullerton discovered the tannery, raided it, seized 137 deer skins and fourteen moose hides and nineteen sacks of hair collected from other skins; arrested the proprietor, took him before a magistrate and had him roundly fined. This Itasca county tanner had employed a gang of hunters to kill moose and deer for him, and had sold the meat to lumber camps. Agent Fullerton arrested the lumbermen, haled them into court and collected the penalties. Another lumberman, one of the most prominent in the State, at latest accounts was dodging arrest and trying to arrange a compromise. Another seizure was of a taxidermy establishment some seventy miles from Thief River Falls, whose proprietor had three men killing deer and moose for the heads, which were mounted for sale, the meat being sold to lumber camps. The man was fined and his business was broken up. Both taxidermist and tanner averred that they had been running full time for two years and never before this had they been "up against the real thing."

The lawbreakers in the cities are "up against it" too. Last Saturday the steward of the Minneapolis Club was fined $50 for having venison in possession. In St. Paul, Carling and Magee, two of the principal restaurant keepers, and R. E. Cobb, a commission man, have just been made to pay $70 each for game unlawfuly in possession. These are but examples of numerous convictions of game law violators secured by Executive Agent Fullerton in the first weeks of his new term of office. He may be relied upon to carry on the work in the same vigorous way. The new administration means business; it is showing itself to be "the real thing." We congratulate Minnesota upon the change and upon the outlook.

THE GUN IN CLOSE SEASON.

ONE consideration which was strongly urged in opposition to the Maine bill to forbid the carrying of guns into the woods in close season was the use made of firearms for signaling purposes by those traveling in the forest. There are men of experience and a good degree of woodcraft who are nevertheless unwilling to trust themselves to go from camp without a gun to fire as a signal in the event of their getting lost. Another argument advanced was that shooting at a mark is one of the common diversions of camp life, and it would be felt as a hardship by many visitors to be deprived of this.

Whatever may be the cogency of these considerations in their application to the wilderness, they may not reasonably be urged with respect to the common practice of carrying firearms into the home game covers in the close season. On the contrary, there are good reasons for keeping firearms out of the woods and fields in the close season.

For one thing, it would simplify the enforcement of the game laws. A game protector would not be obliged to discover the actual killing of game; it would be enough for him to find firearms in possession.

Another reason is that to keep the guns out of the game covers would secure to the game the conditions of peace and quiet essential to their breeding and well being. From the last day of the open season to the first day of the lawful shooting again the game country should be unaffrighted by the sound of shooting.

The system would be welcomed as a decided relief by the farmer, for it would in a large measure lessen the nuisance of trespass and invasion of lawless strangers. It would stop the hordes of wanton shooters who swarm out from the large towns at times when there is no legitimate game to shoot. The farmer would have greater security for his fences, crops and cattle. The law would go far to solve the problem of the armed hoodlum.

By exempting from the prohibition the landowner—that is, by reserving to a person the right to carry guns on his own lands—no possible hardship would be entailed by the adoption and enforcement of such a law. It would cut off no legitimate privilege now enjoyed by any one as to the carrying of arms in the field.

If we assent to the premises that guns should be used to kill only game, and not chippy birds, and that game should be killed only in its season, we may adopt the conclusion that guns should be carried in the game fields only in the time when game shooting is permissible, and that at all other times they should be forbidden.

Why should we not adopt the absolute prohibition of firearms from the game covers as an essential feature of game protective legislation? Why may we not make it another platform plank?

THE TRAPPER'S CAMP.

WHEN the days begin to lengthen and the cold to strengthen, when January winds send snow whirling through bare branches until it is piled deep in the woods; when quiet waters everywhere are locked in ice and only the swiftest brooks and rivers are open, then the trapper puts out his line of traps and gathers his harvest. In this time of hard cold, when the ground is snow covered, food is scarce. The carnivorous woods dwellers have a hard time to make both ends meet, for, of the creatures which are their prey in summer and autumn, many are now safely enjoying their long winter sleep, and fox and marten and mink are forced to work double tides to keep life in body. But now their fur is prime, and will be so until the snow is gone.

If about to start in on new ground, the trapper built his camps in the autumn and gathered for himself a good wood pile. He looked over his steel traps, of which he had no great store, prepared the material for his deadfalls, and also the boards on which to stretch his small skins. Then, when the time to start had come, he started out from one cabin and set his traps to the other, and then perhaps put out a second line by another route back to his starting point. Over these lines he moved back and forth, collecting his fur, resetting and baiting his traps, always busy and often happy. There is pleasure, excitement and health in the life, even if to-day there is much hard work, frequent disappointment and little or no money.

For in these days—except in the furthest north—the progress of civilization and the energy of earlier generations of his kind have so reduced the supply of fur bearers that to-day the trapper's harvest is but a slender one. No longer may he hope to see hanging about his cabin, drying on their frames of green willows, great circular beaver skins, beautifully glossy brown on one side and smoothly dark on the other; rarely may he secure an otter, such as is seen lying in the snow before this camp; and he who may kill a deer and so have fresh meat for weeks may think himself fortunate.

Nowadays most trappers must be content to skin the casual mink, the humble muskrat or the occasional fox or wildcat, for the day of trapping is past. Yet it was not many years ago that one in three weeks from the settlements secured twenty-seven beaver and one hundred and forty good mink; but he was a trapper and his like is hardly to be seen to-day.

Trapping grounds in the United States are few. Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and one or two other States along the border offer a little fur, but not enough to pay the trapper day's wages. Yet he who can endure the winter's cold and loves an outdoor life may well enough, if he has time, put out a line of traps and for a little time live as did the pioneers.

ELK AND SHEEP.

Judge J. L. Smith, of the Missouri Court of Appeals, whose experience in the Rocky Mountains has made him familiar with the game conditions there prevailing, has published in the Kansas City Journal a stirring appeal for immediate action by the Secretary of the Interior to stay the threatened invasion of the Snake River Basin by the sheep men. We reprint Judge Smith's letter in another column. It bears out the representations of the elk situation already given in our columns by Mr. Wells and others. The facts are familiar. The elk driven from the high ranges by the snows depend upon the pasturage of the low country for their winter subsistence. Of this winter range they have been in a measure deprived by the inroads of settlers. They have been menaced, and now are threatened again by the sheep men, who have attempted and will attempt again to pasture their immense flocks on the public lands. Such an invasion will mean inevitably the destruction of the feeding grounds of the game and the starvation of the elk. If there were no recourse, if to state these facts were to describe a situation for which no remedy were possible, to bring it thus to public attention would be without purpose. Judge Smith suggests that the Secretary of the Interior could by an order forbid the pasturage of sheep on public lands. Congress has authorized the Secretary to make regulations governing the forest reserves, but the constitutionality of the statute has been questioned. Congress should at the very earliest opportunity remove any such question now existing by enacting specific regulations for the forest reserves on the lines of those already enacted and in force for the National Park. The conditions described by Judge Smith give new force to the FOREST AND STREAM's proposition that the national forest reserves shall be made game preserves.

THE ARGUMENT FOR SPRING SHOOTING.

THE common contention, and the chief argument in defense of spring shooting, is expressed in a sentence—"Because others do we must." You may consume hours in talk and use up reams of good stationery to discuss the economic phases of the question, to show the foolishness of killing birds in the breeding season, to demonstrate that the stock cannot stand the drafts made upon it by the spring shooter, and to all your talk and writing the one all-sufficient and conclusive and unanswerable retort is, "Because others do we must."

If spring shooting of game on the way to its breeding grounds, or on grounds where it would stop to nest if it were given a chance—if this shooting has any good and sufficient reason for continuance, it is not found in the plea, "Because others do we must."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Glimpses of Seminole Life.

The Seminoles of Florida occupy a unique position with respect to the United States Government, as being unconquered and unsubdued, having no legal existence nor allegiance to our nation—in short, so far as the United States are concerned officially, there are no Indians in Florida. The tribe to-day numbers over 600 souls, living at peace with all mankind, independent but suspicious of Washington officials and only asking to be let alone, refusing all Government assistance—a homeless people in a free land, ever pushing on as the white man approaches.

Many of the tribe have never been outside the confines of the Florida swamps; they hold to the belief that this land is theirs—theirs by right of the pledge made to the "gallant Worth," who was the first of the eight generals who had not disastrously failed in fighting the daring and wily Seminole.

Two years ago Tom Tiger, chieftain, reached Kissimmee after a ride of 160 miles. Dressed in the regalia of a chief and mounted on a rawboned horse, he might have been mistaken for a sheik of the Arabian desert. He had come on a friendly visit, incidentally, but to tell the white friend his trouble over a horse which had been stolen by a white rascal. The story is a long one, but suffice it to say proceedings were instituted, and with the result that Tom Tiger, Seminole chief, was the first Indian who had ever stood up in a white man's court, making, as spectators remarked, the most imposing picture they had ever witnessed. The tall, magnificent looking savage, with uplifted hand, took the oath on the holy Book of God, and with a perfect understanding of the act. It was told that the State attorney made the most thrilling speech of his life as he pleaded for the barbarian of the swamp.

The case was lost to the Indian on a simple technicality and the white man escaped penitentiary.

On this wonderful visit of Tom's, which was lived over and over again around the camp-fires, traditions and heart thoughts were revealed, as the chief sat evening after evening, putting forth his best efforts to entertain.

Tom had a love for wyomee (whisky) and was not averse to taking it, and in speaking of a friend whom he admired much, he would say, "Captain —— good man; five Indians go in saloon, five drinks give 'em. No money take. Five white men go in, money take." But when Tom was asked to not take whisky in Kissimmee, he promised *ungah*, "all right."

A day or two after, when the white friend stepped out of his office, and looking back saw the tall form just passing into the saloon, headed by three cowboys, his spirits fell. Tom returned to the office, and his friend chided him for going to the saloon. Whisky, me no take 'em; lemonade me take; cowboys, whisky." The white man's trust had not been betrayed.

In this Indian's visit many chapters were revealed of the character and home life of this tribe. Savages, 'tis true, but honor, justice and religion shine forth in their tribal life. During his absence, his squaw and piccaninnies were attending to the corn patch and caring for the hogs. Tom came as an ambassador to the white friend's home. "Martha Tiger tell me old too much, Kissimmee city too far; want to see white squaw; want white squaw to come to Seminole camp."

A few months after the long promised and anticipated visit was made. Preparations in the Seminole village were going on for the green corn dance; the hunters were out for game; the corn was ripening and an air of festivity was all around. Dogs barked as the white guests approached, but a commanding Seminole reprimand soon drove them away; piccaninnies came around with timid advances and squaws greeted with handshaking. A wigwam was built at once by hospitable hands, and the visitors were assigned to this point in the camp.

What a world of interest, both romantic and tragic, hovers around the wigwams of a Seminole family! Tallahassee is the patriarch of the Cow Creek tribe, and every deference is shown him by members of the band. To Tallahassee was left much of the entertaining, he directing the movements that would add to the pleasure of the white guests. Without giving thought to it, we hitched to a pole that stood in the open. It proved to be the festal pole for the dance, and the spot was sacred for that occasion; but the innate courtesy of the old chief prevented his showing any offense, and in the morning he waved his hand in the direction of the horses and asked, "Horses, you want 'em there?" Learning what the pole was for, we were the ones to beg pardon and feel chagrin.

Then came the attention to us, in showing around the little fields, telling the names and kinship of the various members as they came into camp. This devolved upon Tallahassee, and the honor was two-fold. As the shadows fell and the camp-fire flickered, it was the old chief who regaled the company with history dating back over 150 years. "My grandfather tell me, old, old man; me tell my boys," and so history and tradition is kept and handed down from generation to generation.

The old patriarch rambled in low monotone, living over again in dreamy reminiscence his hunting days, and, with a record of seventy bears, to say nothing of panthers, deer, coons, possums and turkeys, how the mind of the nineteenth-century hunter was put on fire. As the old chief drew closer his tunic, we asked, "Tallahassee, last winter cold much; Kissimmee city ice come; what you do?" A young brave spoke up, "Tallahassee old, get cold heap; blankets put on him and big log fire make."

Then came the jokes, as told by one member on another; and how these children of the forest would laugh, as the tales were recounted. They are children only in mind, yet are full of discernment and strong in character. A present of a book containing Tallahassee's picture had been sent to the old chief the year before, and this must now be brought out to show to the visitors. Spelling and copy books were the occasion of much comment and much praise from the white friends. The older Indians said, "Me no write; old too much. Little Tiger make letters by and by; write good; keep store." Who shall say there is not hope for their civilization and a bright future for this picturesque tribe?

The utensils hanging around the wigwams would do credit to many a white family; there were buckets and pans of agateware, also a sewing machine or two, and well-made wagons, purchased in Jacksonville.

In the past they have lived a happy, care-free life, migrating from place to place, taking squaws and piccaninnies with them, the men hunting alligators, deer and coon, while the women would gather the koontie (cassava). With the depletion of the game their livelihood is being taken from them, and they are becoming a helpless people, but still proud as the old race.

A purse of $10 was once made up for one family when the husband had died; but the cowboys, ever ready to alarm the Indians, had told them that the money was

HANNAH.

A slave owned by the Seminole Indians. In Tallahassee's Camp, making sof-ka for dinner.

from the Government, and the older members held a talk, with the result, "Money no take 'em; squaw no want 'em." With mouth-watering glances the little ones at the same time refused candy and sweet cakes; they had been forbidden to accept what the old Indians believed was from Washington, the home of the "big white chief."

A character holding a position unparalleled in Uncle Sam's domain is Hannah, the negro slave belonging to Tallahassee's family. She is a full-blood negress, with thick lips, broad, flat nose and kinky hair, which may or may not have been combed in the last quarter-century. Hannah is the last vestige of Seminole slavery, the one

CHIEF TALLAHASSEE.

Indiantown, Fla., June, 1899.

great subject of warfare seventy-five years ago between the Seminoles and the Southern planters, and upon which, truly speaking, was based the seven years' war.

Hannah does the work of the family, and though she is kindly treated, yet a certain contempt is felt for her, for Hannah is an "este lustee" (a negro), and to the haughty Seminole a negro is the lowest of human creatures.

The occasion when Hannah's picture was kodaked is fresh in memory. All preparations were being made for the feast, but Billy Ham, Tallahassee's son, had not been able to get a deer, and so had purchased beef from a market thirty miles away. With pots and kettles in readiness, Hannah was preparing the beef, when the little box-like instrument was gently rested on a rail near by. Hannah's eye detected the object and she turned away and began busying herself around the boiling kettle on the ground. The camera was adjusted, finger on button ready to snap and a masked indifference affected and an animated conversation begun with one of the Indians near by, when Hannah again retured to her work about the table. Snap! went the button, and Hannah's ebony face and twisted, string-tied locks were photographed on the plate, and proud was the owner to possess so good a likeness of Uncle Sam's one and only unfreed slave.

Minnie Moore-Willson.

Kissimmee, Fla.

The Fort Myers Press of March 21 reports: Mr. and Mrs. Austin H. Hart, who have spent the last five or six weeks at Fort Myers, have had an experience that falls to few, and, in fact, Mrs. Hart has the unique experience of penetrating into the very heart of the Indian camps in the Everglades, going further into the glades than any lady has hitherto ventured. They started out from Thompson about two weeks ago, with Mr. Geo. M. Hendry as guide. The Devil's Garden was visited, but not content with a visit to this famous spot, they pushed on further to the southeast, until they reached the main camp of Charlie Osceola and his band of Seminoles. A new camp was made every day as they moved about from place to place. Mr. Hart shot three catamounts and one wildcat, while Mrs. Hart brought down a fine turkey weighing 15 pounds. Game was seen in great abundance on every hand, the turkeys being so tame that Mrs. Hart succeeded in photographing one in front of their tent. Her description of the peculiarities of the Indians is very graphic. She says the Indians were engaged in building seven canoes or dugouts out of great cypress logs, one of these dugouts being intended to carry eighteen persons. The food is all cooked in one large pot, and when ready all take turns in eating out of this pot with one spoon to go around. Had not their provisions run short they would probably have succeeded in going through to Miami. As it was, they traveled twenty-five miles south of Wilson's store in the Everglades.

Some Boyhood Memories.

V.—An April Afternoon.

This afternoon was more than fifty years ago, and the man with a gun was four and one-half years old. He had been shut up in the house all winter, and was so tired of it that he wondered if there would ever be summer again. But as all things come to an end, so did that long and dreary winter, and one morning in the first week of April he was awakened by the sun shining in his face, and it actually felt warm. All out doors seemed to have been awakened too, for the bluebirds were twittering, and there was actually a robin in the old apple tree that stood at the kitchen door doing his best to tell the whole neighborhood that spring was come. The little boy could hardly wait to get his breakfast, for he thought surely mother would let him get out of doors now, and his disappointment was greater when mother said it was still too cold for boys that had just got over the measles, and then the little fellow's patience was at an end, and he took it so to heart that his father promised to take him to the sugar camp in the afternoon if the weather still got warmer. Afternoon was a long time coming, but it came, and when father came to dinner he said it was warm enough for the boy to go, and after the dinner the two set out together, the little fellow holding his father's hand, the hand that for many years did its best to guide him into all the ways that led to good, but too often they were ways the boy would not walk in after he grew older and became wise in his own conceit. As the little fellow walked with his father he rejoiced exceedingly, for he was not weighed down with the cares and responsibilities that beset men in later life, and supple limbs and robust health made it a joy just to be alive, and at every step the world unfolded something new before him.

Through the sugar camp there ran a clear babbling brook, in which were many chubs and suckers. The fish in this brook were all the youngster thought of, and so soon as the camp was reached he broke for a certain big log that lay across the stream with drift piled against its upper side and a deep hole under and below it. Lying flat on the big log he peered over its side, and in the limpid water below saw hundreds of suckers from four to eight inches long. He watched them for an hour, then ran to his father and begged for hook and line, and after much importuning the indulgent father left his work and went to the house for the coveted tackle. The hook was big enough for the largest bass that ever swallowed a minnow; the line was a carpenter's chalk line, and the rod a beech limb. Some worms were dug and then the father took the boy up the brook into the thick woods, where another log lay across the stream—a big old oak log three or four feet through and covered with beautiful bright green moss. In the deep water under and just below this log there were scores of chubs, mostly small, but there were a few that were five to six inches long. In a few minutes the happiest boy in the world was on the log, eagerly watching the rushes of the small fry to get the worm, but there soon came disappointment, for the little fellows stripped the hook and were not caught, for the hook was too big. The big fellows were too shy to come out from under the log. For more than an hour he baited and rebaited the hook, only to see it stripped and no fish caught. So intent was he about the fishing that he gave only a glance at a mink that started to cross on the log. The only thing he did pay any attention to was the startling whimper of a screech owl that came out of its hole with the lengthening shadows and quavered its greeting to the approaching night.

Finally patience and close attention to business were rewarded, for one of the big fellows made a rush from under the log and was caught. Then the youngster stood on the log and let out a series of childish whoops that brought the father in quick haste, for he thought the boy had surely fallen into the water. When he arrived the boy was still dangling his prize over the water and was told to bring it ashore at once for fear it might drop off and be lost. Father took it off the hook, and put in a pail of water it was carried alive to the spring, where, as it could not get out, it lived for several years, but never grew any. At last there came a freshet that overflowed the spring, and when the water subsided the fish was gone. It was only a little chub, but it was the boy's first fish, and he was one of the proudest boys that ever lived. For weeks afterward he watched the road to tell passers by that he had caught a fish. It was more than fifty years ago. The big logs that lay across the brook

are gone; the big trees that shaded the water are gone; the fish are gone, for the brook is no longer a brook, except for a few hours after heavy rains have fallen; but that boy has not forgotten that first fish he caught. Its capture, to the minutest detail, is remembered more vividly than the taking of four-pound small-mouth from a Michigan lake one delicious morning last June.

O. H. Hampton.

VI.—Gray Squirrel in a School House.

If the grown-up people would retain in their memory the keen suffering and pathos of sensitive childhood they would have more sympathy for the little ones about.

When I was a kid a neighbor told me he was looking for some fice puppies at his house pretty soon, and that he would give me choice. I heard of their arrival at once, and I scarcely waited for their eyes to open before I went to get mine. I chose a tawny one, with a white ring around his neck, white breast, blaze in his face, white feet and a white tip on his tail. He was about the size then of a half-grown rat. My two little cousins, Sam and Arch, went with me, and I snuggled the wee thing in my bosom and we struck for home. On our way we named him Tip. Along the road lived a neighbor who had five or six pet deer, which we met, and the old doe came up scenting about us, and I pulled Tip out and stuck his nose to the deer's, and he began to wiggle and whine, whereupon we pronounced that Tip would be a great deer dog. The prophecy came true. I have since owned as good hounds as ever loped the red brush after a buck, and as good bird dogs as Virginia afforded, but none of them has ever filled just the place of that great little fice. How many ground squirrels that little dog would put to hole that I would dig out, or run out by pouring in water; how many rabbits I would cut out of hollow trees or tear down rock piles to get; how many gray squirrels would I throw rocks at half a day and worry until they would jump out of the tree and Tip would catch them. Our darky playmate taught him all manner of tricks and used to paint the white places on him with poke berriers or indigo and call him his show dog.

Of course now and then we had to go to school. An old school teacher by the name of Donald McDonald took up with my daddy, and for years made his home at our house. He was the Scotchiest old Scotchman you ever saw. He had had a mail contract in some of the Southwestern States and got lost in a swamp and canebreak, and the hardship had wrecked his health. He was a stern and pious old Presbyterian, and my cousins and myself, who were far from being pious, made life miserable to that good old man. His school house was a log cabin, out of which, at the rear end, a log was cut and a row of window pane glass was put in the place. The benches were made of split logs, the flat side up and wooden pegs for legs, and no backs. We boys would never go around the road with old Donald to school, but preferred a new way, as we claimed, across a steep ridge and through the woods. One morning Tip treed a gray squirrel in a hickory and we set the dinner bucket in the weeds, and the other two boys agreed to carry the unhulled hickory nuts to me by hatfuls if I would knock the squirrel out. I threw many a nut before I brought it down, but when I did Tip gathered it, and I ran and caught it by the back of the neck, still alive. With it we ran for school, of course leaving our dinner bucket. We put on a bold front and went into the school house, and there sat old Donald McDonald upon his plank pedestal, mad as a hornet, his white, palsied head shaking and a switch about eight feet long trembling in his hands. We went to the ash trough (which was a sugar trough) and turned it over our squirrel, and Tip curled up on top of it. We got our books and went to spelling aloud with the others, swinging our bodies as we pronounced the syllables. Toward noon, when Donald had turned his back, I whispered to my cousins that we ought to look after our squirrel. We went over and raised the edge of the trough, and Tip turned his alert little head to one side, made a dash for the squirrel, turned over the trough, and through the door to the fence went squirrel and dog and every one of the thirty boys and girls in the house. Old Donald followed with his switch, and from some cause Sam hung up on the fence, and Donald gave him a furious lick on the right place, whereupon Sam, rubbing the stinging skin, made the air blue for a while with words shocking to a Presbyterian. For three hundred yards along the fence we chased that squirrel until it finally took refuge into a barn near by, and we tore hay and at least fifty dozen bundles of oats to pieces before the old lady of the house drove us all out.

Poor old Donald was prostrated when we returned and dismissed us early that day and went home. We went after our dinner bucket, and accusing Arch of losing it ran off and left him. In trying to overtake us down the steep hill he ran headlong against a shellbark hickory and nearly knocked his brains out. We were in no hurry getting home that evening, and although Donald had summoned our daddies to hear his charges against us, he had, with the Scotch love of fairness, disclosed nothing.

The escapade of the morning and Arch's bloody head made an ugly looking case for us. As soon as we were in Donald began his narration, telling the scrupulous and exact truth, and his vivid picture served more to amuse than to anger our daddies, for in their feeble attempt to reprimand us each kept his back turned; but they could not keep their sides from shaking. In the meantime we had fixed Arch so as his tale would not go hard with us.

Tip would run about of a night now and then, and he was not particular as to whether the company he kept was with big or little dogs; so he fell into a disorderly gang of the large size, and one night was killed by a big blue bull dog belonging to a near neighbor. His fate was promptly reported to us by our darky playmate (for it seems that he and Tip had been prowling together that night), and the day was a sad one for us. The stern old folks about the house seemed to have lost something, too, and looked very thoughtful.

We dug a grave in which to bury Tip; we would put him in and take him out and cry over him. Although Arch lisped badly, still he could sing like a bird, and he sang "Lily Dale," while the tears streamed down his cheeks; then he prayed that Tip might go to heaven, and we covered our brave little dog up.

We had, however, scarcely performed these sad rites until we began to plan how we might kill old Ring, the bull dog that had murdered Tip. We had recently and clandestinely procured a cheap single-barrel shotgun, so we beat a bullet out of some bar lead and loaded this gun, with a solemn promise never to shoot it again until we had shot Ring. Ring himself was given to nocturnal perambulations, but many was the moonlight nights we laid in the corners of the lane fence before we put an end to Ring; but we did, and then we got into sure enough trouble.

Graeme.

Virginia.

Natural History.

An Outing in Acadia.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

My description of the aphides and their peculiarities interested the Murrays very much, and Phœbe declared that she would avail herself of the first opportunity for watching the curious little insects while they were being milked.

"Yes," added Mrs. Murray, "and I hope also to have a chance to see the operation. The ants are singular little creatures. I have read somewhere that some species are very quarrelsome and they fight with their neighbors and make slaves of them; is that true?"

"Oh, yes," I replied; "the battles of the ants have been witnessed by a number of good observers, and there is no doubt whatever of the slave-making proclivities of some species."

"What horrid little wretches the red ants are!" exclaimed Phœbe. "I have been bitten several times by them in the woods; they are very savage when they are molested."

"But what do the ants need of slaves?" asked Mrs. Murray. "I always supposed they were among the most industrious of insects."

"Yes," added Phœbe; "their industry has passed into a proverb."

"We can only conjecture as to the cause or the origin of the habit," I replied; "but it is now so thoroughly established that some species depend absolutely on their slaves to do all their work."

This slave-making habit is one of the most curious phases of ant life, and it has been carefully studied by many prominent naturalists.

Pierre Huber was one of the earlier students of this singular trait, and to his observations have been added those of Darwin and many of the later entomologists.

The account given by Darwin is most interesting. He states that the species known as the *Formica rufescens,* which Huber studied in Switzerland, is absolutely dependent on its slaves. "Without their aid," he says, "the species would certainly become extinct in a single year. The males and fertile females do no work of any kind, and the workers, or sterile females, though most energetic and courageous in capturing slaves, do no other work. They are incapable even of making their own nests or of feeding their own larvæ.

"When the old nest is found inconvenient and they have to migrate, it is the slaves which determine the migration and actually carry their masters in their jaws. So utterly helpless are the masters that when Huber shut up thirty of them without a slave, but with plenty of the food which they like best, and with their own larvæ and pupæ to stimulate them to work, they did nothing; they could not even feed themselves, and many perished of hunger. Huber then introduced a single slave (*F. fusca*), and she instantly set to work, fed and saved the survivors; made some cells and tended the larvæ, and put all to rights."

Darwin also describes another slave-making species found in England called the *Formica sanguinea,* and in comparing their habits with those of the other species says: "Let it be observed what a contrast the instinctive habits of *F. sanguinea* present with those of the Continental *F. rufescens.* The latter does not build its own nest, does not determine its own migrations, does not collect food for itself or its young, and cannot even feed itself—it is absolutely dependent on its numerous slaves. *Formica sauguinea,* on the other hand, possesses much fewer slaves, and in the early part of summer extremely few. The masters determine when and where a new nest shall be formed, and when they migrate the masters carry the slaves. Both in Switzerland and England the slaves seem to have the exclusive care of the larvæ, and the masters alone go on slave-making expeditions. In Switzerland the slaves and masters work together, making and bringing materials for the nest; both, but chiefly the slaves, tend and milk, as it may be called, their aphides, and thus both collect food for the community."

"Well, but does nothing prey upon the ants?" asked Mrs. Murray. "Surely they must have their enemies."

"Yes, indeed, many of them, too. Some of the birds devour them greedily, as, for example, your golden-winged woodpecker, that handsome species that the boys call the highholder, flicker, pigeon woodpecker, etc.

"The toad also loves to take his position on an ant hill, and thrusting out his tongue, with the quickness of a flash picks off great numbers of them; the bear is also very fond of ants, and we often find dismantled nests that he has destroyed."

Among the insect tribes the ant appears to have but few enemies. One of the most interesting of these is the so-called ant lion, which in the larvæ form catches and eats a considerable number. This curious larva is furnished with long, formidable toothed jaws; it excavates a funnel-shaped hole in sandy soil and buries itself in the sand at the bottom with its expanded mandibles scarcely appearing above the surface. In this position, according to Sanborn, the entomologist, it awaits the approach of ants or other small insects, which losing their foothold on the loose sand fall easily into its open jaws; if, however, one of these should be warned of its danger and endeavor to escape, the ant lion is said to come forth from its concealment and by means of its broad, flattened head to throw quantities of sand from the bottom or sides of the cavity toward its victim; this has not only the effect of deepening the hole and making its sides steeper, but also of striking and overwhelming its prey, causing it to tumble within reach of the ant lion.

The ants of our American species do not as a rule molest the larger animals unless they are attacked, but there are some species in tropical countries which cause all animated beings to flee from their approach. An officer who was engaged in a Government survey in Honduras recently published an account of the movements of an

LARVA OF ANT LION.

army of warrior ants, which is very interesting. He was sitting in his hammock one intensely hot afternoon under the thatched roof of his bamboo hut, when a native came running in, and with excited gestures bade him follow him. He did so, knowing that something important was transpiring or he would not have acted so excitedly. The native pointed to an open place. There on the rolling savanna stretched a wide black belt extending far back into the deep shadows of the adjacent forest. It rose and fell with every formation of the ground, and like a huge snake slowly crept toward the village. "The warrior ants," exclaimed the native. "They will soon be here;

ANT LION—ADULT.

you had better untie your dogs or the ants will kill them."

Acting upon his advice the officer loosed his dogs, and retiring to a safe distance watched the approach of the warriors. In countless multitudes they swarmed over the plain, marching in compact order, like a well-drilled army. Before them scurried a heterogeneous mass of lizards, grasshoppers, frogs, beetles and other reptiles and insects in a wild scamper to reach a place of safety.

Soon the advance guard reached his hut and disappeared within, then the main column appeared, and in a few moments the floor, roof, walls and rafters were black with them. Like the soft rustle of dried grass stirred by a gentle breeze, came the sound of their presence in the

LARVA OF ANT LION IN ITS PIT AWAITING ITS PREY.

leaves of the thatched roof. The sounds increased in loudness as the rats, mice, lizards, cockroaches, centipedes and others of their ilk who had long made the roof their home tried vainly to escape. Some succeeded in getting away from the house, but only to fall victims to the surrounding hordes without. One large cockroach made a plucky fight, but overpowered by numbers, he gradually relaxed his efforts and was soon dismembered, each ant carrying off a portion of his body as a trophy."

The most exciting battle was with a snake about three feet in length that tried to slip away unseen. The ants quickly surrounded him, however, and fought with terrible ferocity. With every switch of his tail the snake killed a score of his tormentors, but their places were soon

NEST OF A COLONY OF TERMITES.

filled by the black swarm which swept unceasingly on. Finally the writhings of the snake became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased entirely, and then, and not until then, did the ants relinquish their attack. All day long they marched through the house until at sundown the end of the column had passed and was lost to view in the thickness of the forest.

Another interesting group of ants, usually called the white ants, are the *Termitidæ.* They are not true ants, however, as they belong in the great order *Neuroptera,* or nerve-winged insects, in which occur the dragon flies, etc., while the ants proper belong to the *Hymenoptera,* in which are included the wasps, bees, etc.

The termites of Africa live, like the ants, in large colonies, and the structures that they sometimes rear are

immense. An observer in writing of these insects states that "Each termite colony is founded by a fruitful pair, called the king and the queen, who are placed in a chamber devoted to their sole use and from which they never stir when once inclosed. These insects produce a vast quantity of eggs, from which are hatched remaining members of the colony, consisting of neuters of both sexes, the females being termed 'workers' and the males 'soldiers,' the latter being distinguished by their enormous heads and powerful jaws; of larvæ of two forms, some of which will be fully developed and others pass all their lives in the worker or soldier condition; of purpæ of two forms, and, lastly, of male and female perfect insects, which are destined to found fresh colonies.

"The neuters of either sex are without wings; the king and queen are chosen from a large number of perfect insects, and when the selection is made they are imprisoned in a cell, from which they are not permitted to escape, although an aperture is left which is sufficiently wide to permit the ingress and egress of the other termites. After a short time the body of the female increases prodigiously in size, becoming three or four inches in length and nearly two inches in diameter; all this while the head, thorax and legs retain their natural size.

"One can imagine how strange the form becomes as she progresses in maturity. At length she begins to deposit the eggs, which are dropped at the rate of eighty thousand a day. These are at once removed by the workers and placed in suitable places in the nest, where they are looked after until the larvæ are hatched."

The termites are sometimes a sad pest; it has been stated that nothing, unless cased in metal, can resist their jaws, and they have been known to destroy the whole woodwork of a house in a single season, and this without the mischief being discovered until it was too late to remedy it. They work in darkness and out of sight. Instances are numerous of their boring through the boards of a floor and tunneling the legs of tables, chairs, etc., leaving nothing but a mere shell no thicker than paper, which crumbles to pieces. A householder has on more than one occasion had his chair fall to pieces beneath him, or his staircase crumble to dust as he tried to ascend it.

Sometimes the nests of the termites in the forest are so numerous and so large in size, their height being often from ten to twenty feet, that they have the appearance of a native village, the nest being covered with a triple roofed dome, which is strong enough to support the weight of an ox.

"There is one thing to be said in favor of the ants," said Phœbe, after a short pause; "they do no injury to the farmer—at least I never heard that they do."

"No," I replied; "on the contrary they are beneficial to a considerable extent, for they often overpower and kill some of the more noxious species. And it is well that this is the case, for the ants are very numerous, and if they were inclined to be mischievous they could do considerable damage. The farmer has a hard struggle at the best, and his crops become less profitable and his enemies increase as the years roll on."

"Yes," said Mrs. Murray; "it seems to me that the injurious insects are increasing every year, and the farmer is obliged to fight them all the time."

"Yes," I responded; "the aggregate of injury done by insects in direct money loss is enormous, and if it were not for the beneficial species of birds, mammals and predacious insects man could not exist."

The multiplication of injurious insects is traceable far back and to the action of man himself. Humboldt has said that wherever man appears on the earth he provides the conditions for his own extinction in the destruction of forests. The wisdom of this statement is not generally appreciated, but the great scientist was right, and we already find as some of the results which have followed that destruction the drying up of rivers, droughts with their attendant failure of crops, the loss of fertility of lands and, as before stated, the enormous increase of insects, which, "deprived of their natural food by the removal of forest trees and shrubs and the other indigenous plants that once covered the soil, have now no other resources than the cultivated plants that have taken the place of the original vegetation." (Dr. Harris.)

The superficial observer cannot readily see why cutting down the forests causes the rivers to dry up, but that such is the case has been noted time and again, and it is now a well-recognized fact.

A most interesting example of the effect on the volume of rivers and rainfall by the destruction of forests has been recorded by the late Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, of Boston. He was riding on horseback through Andalusia in Spain, accompanied by a very intelligent peasant, who had been Washington Irving's guide when he was writing his books, "The Alhambra" and "The Conquest of Granada." He was an old man, and as they were riding along the bed of a brook, which was perfectly dry, Mr. Saltonstall said, "Does water ever flow here, Manuel?"

"No," he replied, "except in winter, and then it is a torrent. It used to be a river in old times, as long ago as when the Romans were here."

"How do you know that?" was asked.

"I will show you," he replied, moving on. In a few minutes they came to a precipitous rock, where there was a large bronze hook or bolt in the rock. "There is where the Romans made fast their galleys in the old times," said the guide.

"No better illustration of the evil effects upon rivers of cutting down the forests as they have been cut down in Spain, where hills have been denuded of them, could be given," was Mr. Saltonstall's comment on this interesting incident.

As I have already stated, the extent of the injuries that are annually inflicted by insects upon agriculture is enormous.

Many years ago this damage was estimated by competent authorities to be over $20,000,000 in the United States, and it undoubtedly is now at least double that amount. Every crop suffers in greater or less degree, and it is unquestionably the fact that the products of the farm are lessened in value every year at least one-tenth by the pests which destroy them.

Fortunately, as I said before, nature has provided agents to keep the pests in subjection, and it is, therefore, of great importance that the farmer should be able to recognize them and learn to appreciate the work they are doing for his benefit. Among these active agents are included a number of species of mammals, most of our birds, many of our familiar reptiles and myriads of rapacious insects; the efficiency of all these is increased by the manner in which each, while working in its own sphere, supplements the labors of the others.

COMMON BROWN BAT (*Vespertilio carolinensis*).
Three-fifths natural size.

Among our insectivorous mammals none are more familiar to all than the bats. These interesting little animals destroy immense numbers of moths and other injurious insects, and, subsisting as they do upon nocturnal species, which would probably elude the birds, they are of the greatest value to the agriculturi t.

They are constantly busy every night, darting about in all directions in pursuit of their prey, and this work is continued through the summer, as long as there are insects on the wing. Now, manifestly, in such a climate as ours for half the year, at least, the food supply of

FLYING FOX OR ROUSSETTE (*Pteropus rubricollis*).

these insect-eaters fails. Are they then to starve? Certainly not. Nature has provided against that contingency, for when cold weather approaches they conceal themselves in old buildings, caves and hollow trees, where they hibernate through the winter.

These animals occasionally fly into dwelling houses, where they sometimes cause no little alarm. They are harmless, however, and far from deserving the rough reception that is often given them.

Occasionally a female bat is captured in one of these visits with a young one clinging to its body. This habit is common to all the species, the young being carried about by the mother, clinging to her breast until they are old enough to wean.

We cannot but admire this example of nature's wise provision for the continuance of the species, for our bats, as a rule, have no permanent home, and they lodge during the day wherever they may chance to be. Now, in such a wandering life if some such provision for the care of the young were not made, they would starve, for the chances would be against the parent returning to the place where the young were born. She therefore carries them about with her, and they are thus protected against all chance of being lost or destroyed. There are over four hundred species of bats known to science, and they vary in size from the enormous flying foxes or roussettes, which are as large as a small dog and which subsist on fruits, to the little red bat of America which is not much larger than a wren.

Bats are not uninteresting as pets; on several occasions I have kept them in confinement, and they afforded me good opportunities for studying their habits. During the day time they remained perfectly still, their little eyes shut, their wings folded, hanging head downward from their perch, suspended by the sharp claws of their hind feet.

If they were disturbed during the day, they opened their mouths, which bristled with fine teeth and emitted a chattering melancholy little shriek. If a fly or other insect or small piece of meat was put in their mouth, they quickly swallowed it, after masticating it a little. If much disturbed they left their perch, and, after flying about the room for a few moments, again alighted on another convenient resting place. The vision of these animals is, in daylight, very defective; they are almost entirely nocturnal in their habits; but when flying about the room, though there were many objects hanging from the walls and chairs and tables and other pieces of furniture were scattered around, not once have I known a bat to strike against them or against the walls or ceiling; they were guided entirely by their exquisite sense of hearing and by that touch in the sensitive membrane of their wings.

When twilight commenced my pets were all activity, and through the greater part of the night seemed busily engaged in catching the flies that were on the ceiling and walls of the room. If a lamp were lighted they generally, after a few moments of nervous flight, reoccupied their perches, but if all was still they soon resumed their hunt for insects.

Notwithstanding I have had several of these animals at different times, and have kept them through a period of five or six weeks, I have never been able to detect any considerable amount of intelligence in them. After a while they became accustomed to being handled, and would lie passively in my hand. I think that they were able to recognize me from a stranger, as they seemed less uneasy when handled by myself; but as for affection, they seemed entirely devoid of it. Other animals when fed and cared for will in time recognize their keeper and seem pleased at his company. I have known a gray squirrel to really pine for my company after having been in my possession but a few days, and have known a flying squirrel to recognize its keeper and approach him with manifestations of pleasure at the fifth or sixth day after its capture; but the bats seem to have no desire to make friends, and are as well contented to be in the possession of one person as another.

Another beneficial animal on the farm is the mole, of which we have two species—the common and the star-nosed mole. Although it is generally believed that earth worms are almost their exclusive diet, there is no doubt that they eat great numbers of cut worms and the larvæ of the destructive beetle known as the June beetle or Dor beetle, that familiar insect which enters our lighted rooms in the evening and startles every one with its noisy buzzing as it flies around. The grub of this beetle, a fat yellowish-white grub that is often turned up by the plough, is among the worst pests of the farm, destroying as it sometimes does whole fields of mowing lands by eating the roots of the grasses.

It has been stated that a mole can dig through the ground much faster than a man can shovel after it, and I have no doubt of the correctness of the statement, for its strong forepaws, armed as they are with long, sharp chisel-shaped claws, enable it to burrow very rapidly.

The home nest of the mole is a curious affair, being constructed with two galleries or sections, which are connected by a number of passages. The star-nosed mole is an odd looking little animal, its nose or proboscis being surrounded by a fringe of tentacles or rays which it can expand or contract at will.

The moles are pugnacious little creatures, and when two males meet, the fight which is almost sure to ensue usually ends in the death of one or both of the combatants.

The opinion is often expressed that these animals have no eyes, but this is an error; they have eyes, very small ones, of course, and they are buried in the dense fur on their head, for in the subterranean life they lead their organs of vision need to be but poorly developed; their sense of hearing is, however, very acute. There are other mammals which are insectivorous, among which are the weasel, raccoon, skunk, etc., but their unfortunate propensity for devouring birds and their eggs and young neutralizes in a great measure the benefits they confer.

Among birds there are a great many insect-destroying species, and as a class they are nearly all beneficial. So valuable is their work that it has been said of them that had they not been created man could not exist. Different species seem to have been formed expressly for destroying insects at different points, and in different stages of existence. For example, the thrushes prey upon the larvæ and imagos of insects that are found on the ground; the flycatchers and sylvias or warblers seize the species which hover in the lower air; the woodpeckers kill the grubs of boring beetles in the bark and wood of trees; the creepers and titmice eat the eggs and small insects that hide in the bark and foliage of shrubs and trees, and the swallows and swifts flying in the upper air seize the moths and other injurious species which have escaped these other enemies, and at night the night hawks, whippoorwills and small owls capture the large moths which are abroad only in the nocturnal hours.

There are a great many species of insects which destroy the injurious varieties. Among these the dragon flies are constantly at work through the summer, and as the insects they kill are among the most noxious species they should be spared by the farmer on all occasions instead of being killed at every opportunity. These insects are popularly known as the "devil's darning needles," and are regarded by country people as injurious, but they are among the best friends that nature has given the farmer.

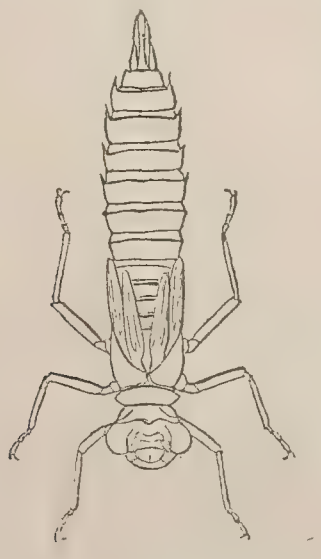
My old friend, the late F. G. Sanborn, who was one of the best observers I ever met, says of these insects: "The dragon flies are to be seen during the whole summer, swiftly darting and circling through the air, seizing and devouring the moths and butterflies that cross their path. In passing a pool or brook the sharp rattle of their thin, crisp wings strikes on the ear and calls the attention to the sportive flight of these terrible destroyers. Moths and butterflies laden with eggs, that venture from the security of the foliage to wing their sluggish flight to some appropriate place to deposit their burden, are quickly snapped up by the watchful dragon fly, who tears off the

STAR-NOSED MOLE (*Condylura cristata*, Harlan).
a, Front view of nose.

lean and useless wings and makes a rich repast on the plump body of his victim. It would be perhaps considered unnecessary to advert to the childish tradition of the terrific effects of the dragon fly on the human system—namely, its alleged powers of sewing up the eyes and of stringing men and animals—we should rather consider them as benefactors, knowing that they are incapable of injuring ourselves of our domestic animals, and that the powerful mandibles and sharp claws with which they are armed are only terrible to our enemies—the moths and butterflies. It may be here stated as a well-ascertained and authenticated fact that there is not one of our native moths or butterflies but what is more or less injurious to the

DRAGON FLY.

agriculturist. The thousands of species known to science subsist on vegetable food with scarce a dozen exceptions; and these destroy furs, woolen clothing and other household property. To return to the dragon flies: their eggs, which are laid near the surface beneath the water, hatch, not into winged insects like the parent, but into oddly shaped animals, which are chiefly remarkable for their masked mouth and the power of moving by means of a jet of water expelled from the tail. They pass most of their lives during the larva stage in crawling about upon the bottom and feeding upon other aquatic insects or even small fish; after some months they become full grown, having changed their skin many times, and now are in the pupa state, appearing with short wing cases; now



PUPA OF DRAGON FLY.

emerging from the water, they cling firmly to some stone or other substance a few inches above the surface, and, the skin on the back splitting open, the insect slowly disengages itself and works its way out, having now wings and other organs like its parent; these at first are moist and crumpled, but in a few hours become expanded and hardened, and the brilliant colors gradually become apparent. The larva can in its earlier stages be distinguished from the pupa by the absence of the four wing cases of a long, triangular form just behind the bases of the posterior feet."

In addition to the dragon flies there are many other rapacious insects such as the tiger beetles, etc., and supplementing their work are the ichneumon flies, those little insects which somewhat resemble wasps in their general appearance, but are generally much smaller in size; the work done by them is of the most interesting and important character.

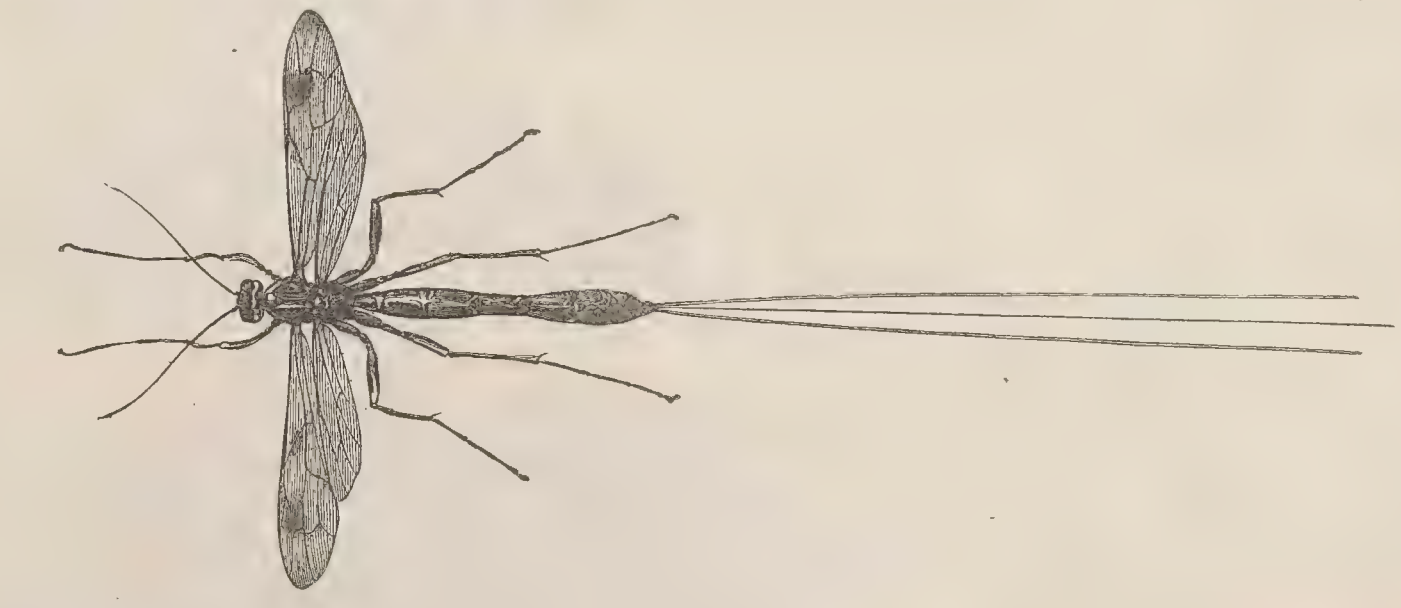
They are named from the fabled little creature which was said to enter the throat of the crocodile and prey upon the vitals of its huge enemy; their mission is to deposit one or more eggs in the bodies of the caterpillars by puncturing the skin and thrusting the eggs in the orifices. The ichneumon hovers about the body of the caterpillar and at a favorable moment darts against it and pierces its body with her ovipositer, which is a bristle-shaped little organ at the extremity of her abdomen, and with this the egg is deposited in the wound. The larvæ when hatched from those eggs which have been deposited devour the fleshy parts of the victim until fully grown, when, emerging from their succulent home, they each spin a cocoon on the skin of the caterpillar in which they remain until they become perfect insects, and this transformation being completed they are ready to lay their eggs in other caterpillars. Sometimes the egg is laid on the outside of

ICHNEUMON FLY.

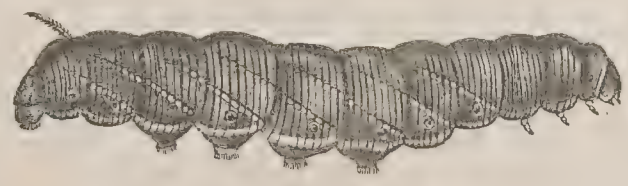
the body and the larva, when it hatches, penetrates the skin and does its allotted work.

"There are many species of ichneumons; it has been estimated that there are at least two thousand kinds in America alone, and were it not for them we would be overrun with insect pests—in fact, the services they render to man are of inestimable value."

An example of their great value lately came to my knowledge. An entomologist wished to raise from the caterpillars a number of the so-called potato-vine moths, which are large, green caterpillars, often found on potato and tomato vines. He collected a number of dozens of them, but not a single moth did he succeed in obtaining from them, for every caterpillar bore in its fat body one or more eggs which the ichneumons had deposited there; the parasites hatched and the caterpillars died a lingering death. Singularly enough there seems to be a special species of ichneumon for each noxious insect. For instance, the tobacco worm has its ichneumon, which deposits its eggs so abundantly that, according to the late



YELLOW SPOTTED PIMPLA.



POTATO OR TOMATO CATERPILLAR.

New York State Entomologist, Dr. Fitch, there are enough of the parasites hatched to destroy 2,500 other tobacco worms.

"There are some species which bore their ovipositors through solid wood to reach their victims, one of them the yellow spotted pimpla, carrying an ovipostor five inches in length, with which it reaches the larvæ of boring beetles deep in the wood."

There are other rapacious insects which prey upon noxious species such as the wasps, hornets, etc. Many of these subsist entirely on flies, and a large proportion of them upon the caterpillars of various lepedoptera. The white-faced hornet is a well-known species, its great paper nest often being found in the woods and orchards. It is very industrious in its pursuit of insects and sometimes enters dwellings in quest of its prey. The spiders are also well-known insect eaters, and the services they render are very important, but they are generally regarded with antipathy by the unthinking, who, forgetting the valuable work that is done by them, destroy them whenever they meet them.

My descriptions of insect life interested my listeners and the evening passed very quickly.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Murray as the clock struck 11; "we are keeping late hours, indeed."

CATERPILLAR WITH COCOONS OF ICHNEUMONS ON ITS BACK.

"Yes," I responded, taking my night lamp, which she lighted for me; "our natural history discussion made the time fly rapidly. I hope I have not tired you."

"No, indeed," was the reply; "I have enjoyed it more than you can imagine."

Good nights were soon exchanged, and in a short time the occupants of the cottage were wrapped in the quiet, refreshing slumber which is always found in a Nova Scotia farmhouse.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Tragedies of the Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One day in the fall of 1888, in the mountains of northern Colorado, while engaged about the ranch, I saw up at the head of the meadow a half mile away a bunch of a dozen antelope coming down from the hills at full speed, closely pursued by some black animal. I knew that it must be a black wolf, since an occasional one had been seen, and nothing else that I could think of could run as this was running. All who are familiar with antelope know how wonderful is their speed; there are a very very few animals which can equal them.

When I first saw them the wolf was perhaps five or six rods behind, and during the distance I could see them (possibly eighty rods) it was gaining steadily but surely, and as they went out of sight into the hills on the other side of the meadow it was seemingly only about two jumps behind, and they began to scatter as it was closing in on them.

I was so intensely interested that I was fairly riveted to the spot, and not until they had disappeared did I waken to action. I ran to the bunk house, got my gun and ran up a steep timbered hillside for a near cut to an open valley, for which they were headed, believing it would catch one within a short distance. When I got to the edge of the timber on top of the hill I saw the antelope all huddled together and stannding still, just as sheep do after being chased or scared. The antelope would have offered a good shot if it had been meat I was after, but I cared nothing for getting an antelope, but did want a shot at the wolf.

Judging from the actions of the others, I felt certain it had caught one, but the surrounding country was composed of ridges, ravines and patches of timber, and notwithstanding my careful search I failed to find any trace of the wolf and its prey.

As I trudged back home after my fruitless chase I meditated, as I have often done since, on the long unwritten history of wild animal life in regions where man has not broken in upon the natural conditions; of the contests and conquests among nature's wild creatures, from the smallest up to the monarchs of the forest, all unknown and unrecorded, save on rare occasions when we by chance see for ourselves or see the evidence thereof, terminating of course in the "survival of the fittest."

At one time I was passing along the edge of the woods in winter when there was snow. I saw the track of a lynx where it had been leisurely traveling along, when the tracks showed where it had stopped behind a pine bush and squatted down in the snow, then made a tremendous leap out into the open field and run a few rods, evidently at its best pace.

There was the track of a jack rabbit coming down at right angles with the course the lynx was going, until directly opposite where the lynx was crouching behind the bush and about fifteen feet away, then a sudden turn and their tracks were mixed together in the race for life or a meal; but soon the tracks showed where jack had left his pursuer behind, and the lynx went on his way at his regular gait, but, we will suppose, not rejoicing, thus showing the "survival of the 'swiftest.'"

Had jack failed to get out of reach and the lynx had made the proposed connections there would have been a bloody, trampled spot on the snow, a few patches of white fur, and only the lynx track leading thither. Written on the snow like the great white pages of a book the observer may read most interesting tales as he passes along, and learn the life and habits of nature's wild creatures.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Telegony.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Without meddling in the discussion between Col. Alexander and Coahoma, I would suggest that conclusions as to heredity must be qualified by consideration of embryology, as twists from the latter sadly mar fine theories on the former. Telegony is dead in the face of heredity, and pestiferous rot as the idea is of its being an invariable result of mesalliances, that it does occur in rare cases seems well established. The confusion and contradictions of inheritance of abnormalities which are commonly seen in certain breeds is another upsetter; bobtails as a case in point: The offspring of a pair of naturally long tailed "bobtail sheep dogs" mated together have produced a born tailless dog, so potent that his get were invariably deformed in tail, no matter what the breed of the dam of such offspring might be. The grandam of this very potent dog uniformly had full-tailed puppies until she passed her seventh year; from that time on she never had a litter that did not include some tailless or half-tailed puppies, and, as in the case of her grandson, it mattered not what the breed of her mate was—bull terrier, mongrel collie or black and tan terrier was as efficient in begetting deformed tails as a very potent natural bobtail. These cases came under my own observation, and I saw accounts of the same vagaries of heredity, mentioned in connection with the Manx cats, in the London Stockkeeper, and something on the same general lines in the American Naturalist. Mr. H. T. Payne, editor of Field Sports, had some very clear accounts of the Mexican hairless dog in his native country, showing just the eccentricity of heredity that I cite as to bobtailed animals, and, as far as that particular breed goes, he demolished Coahoma's hypothetical case on why dogs are hairless. I cannot remember Mr. Payne's statements exactly, as they were published long since, but if anybody has a file of that paper, Mr. Payne's demolition of the theory of "maternal impressions" and his exposition of heredity of hairlessness will be found well worth reading. W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., March 15.

Two Kinds of Crows.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading your article on the crows, it reminded me of Dr. John Burnham, my father's family physician when I was a little boy. The old doctor was exceedingly bright and sharp, and was known all over Hancock county and a large part of eastern Maine for his shrewdness. One year he concluded he would like to go to the State Legislature. There was a war on the crows among some of the farmers. They declared they destroyed their corn and others declared they were a great benefit by picking up the grub worms that always cut down the young, tender corn as soon as it came out of the ground. There was a bounty of eight cents on each head. As soon as the doctor was nominated and commenced his canvass, the farmers met him with a petition to have the bounty taken off and a petition to have the bounty remain. To keep friendly with all sides, the doctor signed both petitions. He was elected, and when the Legislature met both petitions came up, and those that knew him best thought they had him in a tight place. One of the members made a grand speech on the bills, and said: "I see the member from Hancock county has signed both of these petitions, and I would be pleased to have him explain his position." The old doctor got up quietly, with every member watching him and wondering how he was going to get out of the dilemma he was placed in, and said: "Mr. Speaker, I signed a petition to have the bounty taken off of these little pasture crows that do no harm. I signed a petition to have the bounty remain on these great island crows that will stand and pick a man's eyes out of his head."

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Experiences with Wild Animals.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have been properly admonished by you not to "sling mud" or say hard things about those whose views do not harmonize with ours along certain lines.

I have just read Mr. Wells' article in this week's FOREST AND STREAM on the fear of animals in general and the panther, or mountain lion, in particular.

With all respect for those who may differ with Mr. Wells, I just felt like throwing up my hat and saying "Bully for Wells!" Coming from a man with his surroundings and opportunities, who devotes so much time to observing, that ought to be a "clincher" in this discussion. EMERSON CARNEY.

The Snake and the Jug.

A party of Jacksonville mechanics were at work on the Matanzas River some months ago raising a sunken dredge boat. They lived on board of the big lighter on which they worked in a small house on the deck. One noon their bill of fare was somewhat strengthened by some wild turkey eggs which had been found by some of the party while hunting on shore. After the hungry engineers had destroyed a heavy dinner they left their dining room and returned to work. The doors and windows were all open, and the cook did not clear off the table for some time.

In this interval a large water moccasin of near 6 feet crawled on board the lighter, and wriggled into the dining room through the open door. In his prospecting tour he climbed the table leg, and here, with a snake's fondness for eggs, he went in for a feast. One of the turkey eggs lay alone by a plate, and the rest were in a dish on the other side of the table. In the center stood a large water jug, and right here the wily serpent slipped up. After swallowing the lonesome egg, he started for the main supper, and in his artless manner crawled through the handle of the jug. It was a rather tight fit, and he had to stop about half-way through on account of the egg, which enlarged him somewhat. So stretching forward he bolted another egg, and thereby fastened himself.

On each side of the jug handle was an egg on his inside, and he could move neither backward nor forward, practically riveted in position. He was soon found in this peculiar situation by the cook, who speedily killed him.

The reporter was shown the skin of the snake with a crease still in the middle from the tremendous pressure, and he was also permitted to gaze on the jug whose handle proved so fatal.—Florida Times-Union.

The Linnaean Society.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, April 9 and 23 at 8 o'clock.

April 9.—C. William Beebe: "A Summer's Study of Nova Scotian Biology." Illustrated by lantern slides. (Postponed from meeting of March 26.)

April 23.—Louis B. Bishop: "The Summer Birds of Warren, Conn.," and "The Winter Birds of Pea Island, North Carolina. WALTER W. GRANGER,

Secretary American Musuem of Natural History.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Spring Shooting.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I fear that I have already presumed too much upon the good nature of FOREST AND STREAM and the many readers who are not directly interested in this question of spring shooting in New York State. But while looking at a map of New York State and admiring the new duck preserve of Jefferson, which we hope to annex to the old and well-stocked preserve of Ontario, my eye happened to rest on the little county of Oswego, the county which is willing to stop spring shooting—that is, if Long Island does. What a great county this must be for black ducks—the only kind the Oswego county gentleman cares to shoot. My map shows one small river, two little creeks and the canal. But then they are so centrally located, bounded by six counties, and most of them seem to have plenty of lakes and small ponds, and they are so easy to get to from Oswego. It is such a short distance up to Woodville Pond in Jefferson, and it's dollars to doughnuts that he has killed more black duck at Woodville than he ever could in Oswego county, and such a nice easy trip to his little preserve at Black Lake, near Cayuga Lake. Oh, yes! Oswego county is a great place for black duck with such a lot of nice lakes and ponds all around it. Of course she don't want to stop spring shooting, and if Long Island is excepted we have got to except Oswego county. It seems to me that this bluff has been worked plenty long enough, and Jefferson is going to call Oswego's hand and make her show down what she's got.

Now the black duck is the only duck this gentleman from Oswego cares to shoot in the spring, and I would like to have him show me the place on the map of Oswego county where he ever killed a black duck at any time of year. I wonder how many black ducks the Oswego gentleman would kill next spring if we should call his bluff and put a protection fence that he couldn't climb over or crawl under around his little patch of sand.

Jefferson is going to put up a section of that fence this year. Why won't the other five counties join in and put up the rest of it? The Oswego spring shooter is not the only one that is liable to get tangled up in this fence. There are several duck shooters in New York city who are not satisfied until they have followed the spring flight through the State to the St. Lawrence River and taken a parting shot at them as they leave our hospitable shores for Ontario. Syracuse, Rome, Utica and Rochester are also represented; even Boston, Mass., sends a delegate every spring. Boys, we like to have you visit us, but we should like to have you arrange your business so as to do it in the fall. We hope that the rest of the State won't object to our extending the duck preserve of Ontario down into Jefferson, for we believe that we can then have just as good fall duck shooting as they have in Ontario, and we won't tax you twenty-five dollars to come up and try it.

W. H. TALLETT.

Mr. W. B. Mershon writes in the Saginaw Courier-Herald of the Michigan situation:

"Those shooters here in Saginaw who have advocated spring shooting of ducks and water fowl have, as a rule, made the argument that they should be allowed to shoot these birds in the spring when they are ready to nest and breed again and destroy the seed for another crop, because other States permitted it; but if other States would stop spring shooting they would be willing to have it stopped in Michigan. Now here is a chance to test their sincerity: The following are the facts in relation to our neighboring States: It is true that as yet Ohio does permit the shooting of water fowl between Nov. 10 and Dec. 1, and again between March 10 and April 10. I believe, in some portions of the State, however, it is allowed during open season but three days in the week.

"Indiana and Illinois season opens Sept. 1 to April 15. But our next neighbor, on the west, Wisconsin, does not allow spring shooting, the open season being from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, and the State of Minnesota, next adjoining to the northwest, has identically the same laws as Wisconsin. Our neighbors of the north, Ontario, have just passed a law prohibiting spring shooting. A strong effort is being made in the State of New York to pass a law at this session to prohibit spring shooting, and the indications for success are excellent. Massachusetts has put a stop to spring shooting, and Connecticut is expected to follow. Now here is a line of territory from the Atlantic coast to the margin of Dakota with only two black spots in it so far—Michigan and New York. The gap above us is filled in with the good work of Ontario, a natural breeding ground for water fowl. It is absolutely necessary to shorten the season, or the birds will become extinct. Is there a better way to shorten it than by stopping spring shooting? Ten years ago these stringent measures were unnecessary, and almost anyone could go out and get all the ducks necessary. Twenty years ago this was true of the buffalo and wild pigeon. But there are more hunters to-day and there are better guns and better ammunition and less woodland cover and marsh feeding and breeding ground for the birds, so that stringent measures are necessary to prevent the annihilation entirely of not only water fowl but other game and fish.

"With the showing of our neighboring States, will not our spring shooting friends turn in and help pass a measure that will put a stop to the slaughering of water fowl at this unnatural season? W. B. MERSHON."

An Appeal for the Wapiti.

From the Kansas City Journal.

During my summer vacations I have at one time and another visited various places along the chain of the Rocky Mountains between the Spanish peaks and Targee pass in pursuit of "fur, fin and feather." I have had the pleasure of successfully fly fishing in the head waters of the Columbia for the black speckled trout (*Salvelinus purpuratus*) and then crossing the chain, and there with equal success taking from the head waters of the Missouri the wary grayling (*Thymallus signifer*).

Early in August, after the frost king has exhaled his icy breath and paralyzed the myriads of blood-sucking insects which swarmed along the streams during the preceding month, the angler may unmolested cast his fly in the dashing and foaming waters for Salvelinus or Thymallus with results that will fill his heart with gladness; but by the end of the month he will find his heart surfeited on this invigorating and delightful sport. However, the open season on "fur and feathers" begins with September and he may now transfer his camp from the mountain stream on to the high ranges in quest of both.

In this latter location he will have more than one kind of sport. Mounted on his hardy and sure-footed cayuse and armed with his deadly Savage he may ride forth in search of big game, sometimes found lying high up on the mountain sides, or quietly grazing in the little secluded, grass-covered glades, surrounded by a perfect chevaux de frise of fallen timber, or by a seemingly impenetrable hedge of standing forest trees, or at other times hidden in the deepest woody solitude or darkest and narrowest cañon recesses. Here are found the wapiti—commonly though erroneously called the elk—the black and white tail deer, moose, sheep, bear, puma—or Rocky Mountain lion—lynx and wolf, the hunting of which in season affords the most exciting sport.

While moose are not common in the Rocky Mountains, they are found in Wyoming around the Tetons, up near the snow line and in the high mountains northwest of there, near the sources of the Yellowstone and Buffalo rivers.

The black-tail deer, though found everywhere along the Rockies, are perhaps more numerous than anywhere else in those mountains that are situated in that part of Colorado that lies between Hahn's Peak and the head waters of the White and Bear rivers. In October these animals migrate southwest into the basin of the Colorado River, and there remain until the following spring, when they return, greatly reduced in flesh and numbers.

During the migratory season, while camping for a couple of weeks near the base of old Sleepy Gap, I had the pleasure of seeing as many as 100 of them a day. And while their numbers are being gradually reduced, still under the restrictive laws of the State, which are fairly well enforced, it will be many years yet before they become extinct.

The wapiti, though found in various localities along the Rockies, are far more numerous in Wyoming than elsewhere. During the summer months the habitat of most of these animals is in the Yellowstone National Park. There they find abundant pasturage and fine water, and under the protecting care of the United States authorities enjoy absolute immunity from molestation; there, too, they bring forth their young.

As to the number in the National Park and its immediate vicinity, various estimates have been made. Mr. S. E. Osborne, a deputy game warden of Wyoming, who has faithfully served the State in that capacity for many years, and who has followed every wapiti trail from the south boundary of the National Park to Hoback's River, and whose opinion on the subject is, I think, entitled to more weight than that of any other person, puts the present number at 25,000. And while the opinions of others professing to have some knowledge on the subject differ, some estimating the number above and others below that named by Mr. Osborne, I am inclined to think the latter's figures are approximately correct.

Last summer while in camp with two other hunters on the head of Thoroughfare Creek, a few miles south and west of the southeast corner of the National Park, a snow fell to the depth of 12 inches and remained for several days. During the prevalence of this storm great numbers of wapiti abandoned their summer pastures on the high mountains in the National Park and directed their course toward the low-lying buttes situated in and along the basin of Snake River.

In going about we here met small bands of old bucks, numbering from three to a dozen, and larger ones composed of bucks, cows and calves, sometimes numbering hundreds, all heading south. They were often quite gentle, allowing us to approach within less than 10 yards of them. Many of them had doubtless never before seen a man nor heard the crack of a rifle. It is safe to say that in three days more than 1,000 were seen by us within easy range of our rifles; but notwithstanding this not a shot was fired by any of our party, we having previously each killed as many as our license authorized. Then, too, we had as much meat and as many heads as any true sportsman would care for during any one hunt.

The wapiti have learned by sad experience that during the winter in the high mountains in the National Park and its vicinity the snow falls to a depth of from 3 to 7 feet, and that during this time they cannot remain there, or if they do they must perish. Hence, as soon as the snow begins to fall they leave these mountain ranges, gradually moving southward, many of them going as far as Hoback's River, where they find excellent winter pasturage in the basin of Snake River and its confluents. They remain at this latter place until the snow disappears in the National Park, when they return to their summer breeding grounds.

They cannot exist in the National Park during the winter, and but for the pasturage afforded them in the Snake River Basin they must perish, for they can find it nowhere else. They cannot go west on account of the population covering the Madison and Henry's Fork

basins. Nor can they find winter pasturage among the barren snow-clad mountains to the east and southeast. Pierre's Hole, sometimes called the Teton Basin, which was once a part of their favorite pasture grounds, is now densely populated, and they can no longer go there. And so they are now restricted for winter pasturage to the Snake River Basin.

On my last trip through Jackson's Hole and the country lying south of the National Park, I discovered that a new peril threatens them. Sheep graze upon the same grasses and herbs and browse upon the same kind of twigs as the wapiti; and an expanding and profitable sheep industry is demanding the right to enter and occupy that part of the basin of the Snake which now affords winter pasturage for the wapiti.

Last summer thousands of sheep were driven to the southern rim of the basin of Hoback's River, and other thousands from the Idaho side were driven to the top of the Teton range overlooking the basin of the Snake from the west, where they were stopped by the show of armed resistance offered by the irate people of the Snake River Basin.

The sheep men threaten to invade the basin during the coming summer with their great herds, and the Snake River Basin people have pledged themselves to resist such invasion, if needs be with force of arms. A serious conflict therefore seems to be impending, and unless the sheep men are restrained by the Secretary of the Interior many lives may be lost and much property destroyed. If this threatened invasion shall be successful the inevitable consequence will be that the wapiti will next winter find their pastures barren, with no alternative left but to there die of starvation.

These noble animals, which, under the protection afforded them by the laws of the United States and of the State of Wyoming, have thus far been preserved, must at last be sacrificed in the interests of the sheep industry. One of the most attractive features of the National Park is its magnificent fauna. To protect this against a wanton destruction, prohibitory laws have been enacted and enforced at much public expense. Shall a few sheep men, to enrich themselves, be allowed to render the National Park practically a barren game preserve? Will the United States Government permit the noble wapiti, the property and pride of the people of the whole country, to be thus destroyed?

The winter pastures of these animals are almost exclusively on the public domain. Not one acre covers private land. The Secretary of the Interior could, without doubt, by an order forbid the pastuarge of sheep within the well-known pasture ground of these animals. Such an order, to be of any avail, should include all the public domain lying south of the National Park between the longitude of 110 and 111 and extending to the 44th parallel. This would give these animals a winter pasture in area about equal to that of the National Park—their summer pasture.

Has neither Wyoming nor any other State a Senator of Representative at Washington who will champion the cause of the poor, dumb, helpless wapiti and invoke the interposition of the National Government in its behalf, to the end that this threatened catastrophe which is about to overtake it may be averted?

Will the sportsmen of the United States and others interested in the preservation of these game animals stand idly by and permit this great public wrong to be committed without entering even as much as a protest against it?

The wanton and needless destruction of buffalo which was permitted to take place is a standing reproach to the people of the United States, and one which will last forever; and to allow the threatened and inexcusable destruction of the wapiti (next in importance and number to the buffalo) to take place will constitute a "mea culpa, mea maxima culpa" that ought to cause our people to hang their heads with shame. X. X. X.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Duck Flight Still On.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 30.—The unprecedentedly heavy flight of ducks which has excited so much interest this spring still continues in unabated numbers, although already a good body of the birds has passed on to the northward. The usual amount of mystery attends the actions of the wildfowl, and no one at this writing is exactly certain whether the best of the shooting is to come or whether it is all going to end suddenly by a general north-bound exodus.

Any duck shooter knows that it takes water to bring ducks, and the reason that we have more ducks in Indiana and Illinois this spring than we have had for fifteen years is that we have more water than we have had for fifteen years. The Mississippi River is reaching high-water stage, the Illinois River is away out of its banks and all the tributaries in this latitude are boiling full. Instead of dwindling, trickling streams, our rivers and marshes are vast lakes, and our lakes are seas. The north-bound fowl coming over such stretches of water naturally drop down to stay a while. It is the common report that the extremely high water is affording a good protection to ducks. They band up far out in the open water and hence are practically safe. This is the report from Savanna in the western part of Illinois, where there are a great many ducks, but where the shooting has not been of the best, although some very creditable bags are reported.

Millions of ducks still remain in Indiana and the extraordinarily good shooting has been a good thing for the new Indiana game law. The Tolleston marshes are full of birds and the members have generally taken out licenses. Nor is the general public behind the club members, and scores of shooters who go to Water Valley and Shelby go with licenses in their pockets. Dick Turtle, who is just back to-day from Water Valley, says that this is the second shoot he has had on his license. He reports literally thousands of ducks in on the overflowed flats of that point. He says he did not see many mallards, but mostly pintails, and says the latter could hardly be worked to any advantage at all. They were out in the open in the shallow water, and when put up would go away in a vast body, their wings making a roar that could be heard for half a mile. They showed the usual pintail perversity and refused to work to decoys. Some birds when killed showed crops full of corn. It is likely that they go out very early in the morning and feed on the cornfields and spend the rest of the day taking care of themselves on the marshes. There has been fine mallard shooting in the timber along the Illinois River this spring; but just now there does not seem to be very many mallards along the Kankakee near Water Valley.

Reports from the lower Illinois River country are confusing. Mr. Hempstead Washburne, of the Swan Lake Club, and Mr. J. V. Clarke, of the Hennepin Club, were yesterday expecting telegrams advising them to start, but at last accounts had received no word. The country around Swan Lake, Lake Senachwine and Hennepin Club is literally afloat, and there is any quantity of water for the ducks to choose from. It is possible that the birds are working a little further north than these points.

The ice began to move in Fox Lake, Ill., this week. Shooters who have spent the past week at that point reported no sport worth mentioning. The general supposition is that the flight is not yet up to Fox Lake, yet Eddie Pope, who returned from there the middle of the week, said that when out on the wet prairies he saw thousands of birds going over very high and headed north. Koshkonong, Lake Poygan, Winneconne and the Horicon marshes would be strong tips this coming week were Wisconsin an open State, but it should be remembered that spring shooting is not now permitted in Wisconsin. Hence there will be a splendid body of birds well used to the Wisconsin marshes this spring, and in all likelihood the fall shooting will be fine. Fox Lake is just south of the Wisconsin line.

The Indiana Law.

Shooters should not go down to Indiana on the supposition that the new law is not going to be enforced. It is being enforced against non-residents, the wardens not siding in with the hotel keepers in their beliefs. Mr. R. B. Stiles, of Chicago, comments upon the workings of the law as below:

"The people around Rose Lawn are very much opposed to this law, and it being a typical Indiana swamp village, a very considerable portion of the people's money is now cut off. I was informed that 'deputy game wardens' were 'selling' licenses at Shelby, and as the law authorizes clerks of the Circuit Courts that authority only, I presume these 'licenses' are very valuable, and perhaps sold below market price of twenty-five bones.

"The vigilance of the game warden at Shelby is very likely toward collecting fees above all other restrictions of the law, as I met a traveling pot-hunter who had come through Shelby, Thayer and all along the river, having openly in his wagon two sink-tubs, boat and live decoys. Shelby is notoriously the field for the sink-tub, and it is used by almost all the market-shooters.

"I have shot on the Kankakee River for fourteen years and naturally feel a pang of regret that I will have to look elsewhere in future—not that I can't 'raise' the twenty-five, but look upon the act as bending to a deliberate and legalized case of hold-up."

Mr. Stiles calls attention to the fact that there is nothing in this Indiana law which prohibits non-residents from shooting jacksnipe and rabbits. It will seem that the industrious legislator experiences difficulty in the avoidance of loopholes in his handiwork.

No New Illinois Warden.

As stated last week, no commission has yet been issued by Governor Yates for a new State Game and Fish Commissioner, and advice from Governor Yates to-day states that no new warden has as yet been appointed. State Warden Harry Loveday is exerting himself to retain the office. I do not hear of any organized effort on the part of any other candidate, and indeed do not know of any other Chicago man who is in the field for the office.

"Chinese" Quail.

The heathen Chinese still seems to retain his reputation for ways that are dark. Moy Ung, a South Clark street Chinese restaurant keeper, this week sprung a trick which was vain. He was caught selling quail, which on the bill of fare were called Chinese quail. Inquiry proved that they came from Kokomo, Ind., and as it is just a little late for Kokomo quail, Moy Ung contributed $25 of American money with a view to supporting the dignity of our institutions. He said he thought Kokomo was in China, but he knows different now.

Wisconsin Acclimatization.

Mr. Howard Bosworth, of Milwaukee, paid this office a visit during the week. Mr. Bosworth, as will be remembered, was one of the first and most successful breeders of Mongolian pheasants in the State of Wisconsin. His pheasantry was located at his summer place, on Pine Lake, and his superintendent there occasionally took a hand at fish protection, with the result that he got some local fishermen fined for illegal net fishing. These local men resolved to get even, and one night not very long ago paid a visit to Mr. Bosworth's pheasant pens. They hammered off the lock of the gate and left it open. About 300 out of the 500 birds escaped, or, at least, were missing on the following morning. There is a bunch of about forty of these birds at the head of Pine Lake and another of about twenty-five lives near Mr. Bosworth's place. They are at the tender mercy of the people, and it is up to the birds to prove that they are able to survive and hold their own. Every once in a while some farmer kills some of them, but there are other farmers who believe in protecting them. Mr. Bosworth's experiment in acclimatization was somewhat involuntary and a little expensive, but it bids fair to solve the question as to the game qualities of the Mongolian pheasant.

Indiana Building a Railroad.

In Wyoming the Burlington Railroad Co. is building a line into the Big Horn country, and the contractors have engaged a number of Indians from the Crow reservation near by. These Indians were put at handling scrapers, and at first they thought the scraper was a good vehicle for a chariot race. It took some time for the bosses to settle them down, but they are said to make fairly good workmen now.

Another instance of progress in the wild West was in evidence here last week. There is a mail contractor out at Depuyer, Mont., who has a sixty-mile stage route. He has taken a notion in his head that an automobile would beat a buckboard to death on this run, and he commissioned his friend, Joe Kipp, who just left here last week, to look into the automobile business for him while he was here. I should not be surprised if we should see a horseless carriage carrying mail on the Blackfoot reservation before very long, and from that it is only an easy stage to equip each cowboy with his own automobile.

Grub List for a Mountain Trip.

That is going to be what my friend Warren Powell, of Taylorville, would call a "historical old bear hunt" when Joe Kipp and Old Man Brown and Billy Hofer and I, and maybe Jack Monroe, and certainly a cook or horse wrangler or so meet on the Blackfoot reservation some time this month and head into the hills after my long lost grizzly. Billy Hofer doesn't belong up in that country, and we will probably lose him, but Joe Kipp wants him to come up and see what a really good hunting country is, so Billy has agreed to join us. This is going to be a lodge trip. We may allow one little wall tent, but the cooking and story-telling is all going to be done in an Indian lodge, which is the only kind of a house fit to be occupied when one is after his long lost grizzly. We may go up Badger Creek, may try Ole Creek, may go to the Two Medicine—I don't know where, so only that it is away from Chicago. We would rather get far to the northwest of the St. Mary's lakes, but that is more than 100 miles from the base of supplies, and I fear we shall not have time.

Billy Hofer, having nothing but time on his hands, has been elected commissary-general. The grub list has been placed in his hands, and if it runs short we shall know whom to dislike. He figures on a party of six for twelve days in camp the following supplies: 30 pounds pressed bacon, 30 pounds side meat, 50 pounds flour, 2 pounds cream baking powder, five 3-pound tins of butter, 5 pounds of table salt, 5 pounds of coarse salt, 18 cans of St. Charles condensed milk, 6 pounds Eagle brand condensed milk, 18 pounds sugar, 10 pounds maple sugar, 1 pound best black tea in four tins, 3 pounds evaporated apricots, 5 pounds evaporated apples, 5 pounds evaporated peaches, 10 pounds of coffee 20 pounds onions, 80 pounds potatoes, 12 cans baked beans, 10 tins 1 pound each corned beef, 5 pounds navy beans, 12 cans tomatoes, 12 cans jams, ¼ pound pepper, 5 pounds Graham flour, 4 pounds Pettijohn's breakfast food, 4 pounds rolled oats, 4 pounds farina, 3 pounds lard, 5 pounds cheese, 4 pounds maccaroni, 4 pounds of rice, 4 bars Ivory soap, 5 yards muslin, 12 cans succotash. He insists on having a steam cooker for the oatmeal, and has itemized several other frills, which I have edited out of the scheme. The above list may be useful to some one else going into the mountains, since Billy Hofer has had a long experience in outfitting parties for the mountains.

Meantime Joe Kipp is out on the reservation putting up flags of all the bear dens and getting things ready for a sudden start when the rest of us hit the reservation. If we had a full month out there it is far more than even betting that we would get our bear in the game sack, and as it is, we may be lucky enough to run across him. Joe says all his bears are trained to fight at the drop of the hat, and any grizzly that fails to start to the gun is a disgrace to his tribe. I have hunted grizzlies over one hundred days all told one place or another and never was lucky enough to see one yet. Maybe Joe is going to deliver the goods—at least, we all hope so. George Thorne, of Montgomery, Ward & Co., may go with us, the party dividing and meeting at the Summit Station now and then, just at the crown of the Rockies. It is a lovely country, and maybe we will never come back, but just go on living chiefly by hunting and fishing, as they do in the geography.

What Shall We Do with Them?

What shall we do with the dog trainer who takes fifty-seven dogs to train, who sells a good dog now and then and reports it dead to its owner, who returns a dog mangy and sore-eyed, and only takes a dog out for exercise when its owner sends word he is coming to have a look at it? What shall we do with such a man as that?

What shall we do, also, with the sportsman who is a liar; who goes into the woods, for instance, and buys a big moose which some lumbermen have killed, but which he never saw until the day after it was shot; who comes home and spins a long story of his adventure and his steady nerve, posing as that which he is not? What shall we do with such a man as that?

Oddsfish! and also zounds! what a lot of little fakes and frauds there are in this sinful world. I wish we didn't hear of such things.

Pretty Slow.

Mr. F. B. Davidson, the holder of the long-distance bait-casting championship of the world, is now, and for some months has been, a citizen of New York, his business having been removed from Chicago to the latter city. Frank was out here last week, and expressed himself glad to see old friends again. He says New York is a nice place, though a trifle slow, and thinks it may grow if times continue good.

First Tarpon.

The first tarpon of the season at the Tarpon Club, off Rockport, Tex., fell to the rod of a Chicago man, Mr. Hobart, a fish measuring 6 feet 2 inches.

Going West.

Mr. Edward Kemeys, the sculptor of wild animals, has, owing to failing health, decided this spring to give up his Chicago residence for a little while and go out to the mountains to live. He will reside at Taos, N. M., for the coming summer.

Spring Shooting Situation Good.

Advice from headquarters of the Michigan anti-spring shooting movement, at Saginaw, says that they are pegging away and hope to succeed in abolishing spring shooting for keeps in that State. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Turkey Hunter's Bull Luck.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 25.—A suit in the Superior Court here against the Seaboard Air Line Railway has developed one of the most novel accidents known to the annals of jurisprudence.

A vestibuled passenger train from Atlanta was bowling along toward Raleigh on a down grade at the rate of fifty miles per hour at 10 o'clock in the morning. William Watlington was on his way to a wild turkey blind which he had baited, and had his double-barreled breechloading shotgun on his shoulder, two cartridges being in the chambers. On reaching the railroad track, which was on an embankment about 10 feet high at this place, Mr. Watlington heard the train in the distance and stopped on the side of the track about 50 feet away to view the train as it swept by. He could not see over the embankment to the other side of the track.

Alongside the embankment, on both sides of the track, are the usual ditches, which were filled with water. Mr. Watlington was standing between the embankment and one of these ditches on the north side of the track with his gun on his right shoulder. On the other side of the track were a number of cattle nipping grass, which Mr. Watlington could not see. A few seconds before the train passed these cattle commenced to straggle across the track to the side on which Mr. Watlington was standing. The bovines all got safely across except one small Jersey bull, which was caught on the cow-catcher and hurled away with terrible velocity.

As misfortune and luck both would have it, the animal struck Mr. Watlington about amidships, knocked him down into the ditch, and landed on top of him. The bull was stunned, and struggled, but could not get up, and the water was drowning both man and beast. The engineer was watching the cattle and had not seen Mr. Watlington. When the fireman told him what had happened he stopped the train, hurried back and got there in time to pull Watlington and the bovine out of the ditch before they were drowned.

Striking Mr. Watlington and knocking him into the water saved the life of the bull, and the water prevented the blow by the bull from killing Watlington. Further examination showed that when the bull struck Mr. Watlington, the shock knocked the gun some distance away, and when it struck the ground it was discharged and killed one of the cows and wounded another so badly that it had to be killed. The gun was not injured.

On these facts Judge Brown held that the railroad company was not liable in damages to Mr. Watlington. Since the trial the owner of the two cows has sued Mr. Watlington and recovered $100 in full of damages for their killing.

Since all this happened Mr. Watlington has had a great piece of good luck. He has been working for H. N. Snow at High Point, in the furniture business, and the latter, who is getting old and tired of the business, retired and gave the whole plant and business, worth $20,000, to Mr. Watlington, who was of no kin to him, but simply a faithful employee.—New York Times.

Minnesota Game.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—About Oct. 21, 1898, a party of four of us went to Devils Lake, N. D., for a short hunt, principally after geese, but were unfortunate enough to encounter a heavy snow storm, which lasted a great part of the two days that we were to hunt, and we were disappointed as far as geese were concerned, only securing four. The birds did not fly in and out of the lake during the storm.

There were quite a number of mallards flying, so we turned our attention to them and succeeded in bagging eighty-one, including a few redheads and gray ducks.

The mallards were the largest I have ever seen, and out of curiosity I weighed three males out of my bunch on return to Minneapolis, or about forty-eight hours after being shot. They weighed 14¾ pounds. One of them weighed a trifle over 5 pounds and the other two very near 5 pounds each.

Our shooting last fall was very poor, the duck flight being very irregular and not very heavy. I heard of a few good bags being made, but not so good as former years.

On account of the favorable season, prairie chickens were strong when the season opened, and I regret to say the law had not been observed.

I find the bicycle to be quite an important factor in the violation of the game laws, as it is a very easy matter to jump on a wheel with gun strapped to it (it is not always necessary to have a dog when the coveys are once located), take a run of three or four miles out of the small towns near which the chickens abound, start say about 6 P. M., get half a dozen or more birds and return just after sundown. It was the experience of a good many hunters as well as ours to find the coveys broken up and very wild, and this as early as Sept. 1. It has always seemed to me that we can always hear from good authority how the game laws are violated, but the deputy warden who lives, as you might say, on the grounds is usually blind and deaf to such violations. I am glad we have our former game warden back with us again—I mean Mr. Fullerton. He has done more for the protection of game the last month than his predecessor did in two years. K.

The Platform Plank of Forest and Stream.

DUNBARTON, N. H., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At last New Hampshire has to a certain extent adopted the Plank of FOREST AND STREAM, as I am told that it is now illegal to sell at any time or to offer for sale within the State any ruffed grouse and woodcock. For some time the sale of brook trout has been illegal.

It was intended to include deer, lake trout and salmon in the law prohibiting the sale of woodcock and grouse; but as there was considerable opposition from the north country (the home of the deer and lake trout), it was considered best to leave the law on them as now in force. This has been a wise movement on the part of New Hampshire. With the open market in Massachusetts closed, the market shooters of the above State have come into New Hampshire and hunted steadily through the season, finding a ready sale at pretty good prices in our local markets. A prominent market man when talking about the law now in force said to me: "I am not sorry I had to keep a supply of woodcock and partridges on hand, as my customers wanted them. There was very little profit in handling them at the prices I had to pay." New Hampshire should have had such a law earlier, but it is better late than later. Great credit is due to FOREST AND STREAM inasmuch as it has shown clearly that other States were realizing the absolute necessity of the Plank.

The ruffed grouse is the bird we count on in New Hampshire, and with its extermination our bird shooting would practically end. So far as I can see or hear from reliable sources, the attempt to introduce foreign game birds has not proved a success. Under the law just passed, our grouse possibly may fail to increase to any extent. If they can hold their own, which I am sure they have not been doing, there will be enough for those who can kill them to get all they need or should have.

C. M. STARK.

Bob White in British Columbia.

CUMBERLAND, V. I., B. C., March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This week the Cumberland Game Association received a shipment of six dozen Virginia quail from Wichita, Kan. The birds were liberated the same evening between this place and Courtney. Most of them were quite lively, there being but two which showed any sign of weakness. The loss en route was sixteen. However, as eight extra birds had been shipped by the dealer gratuitously to cover losses, the actual loss was eight birds. It is to be hoped that people will unite in protecting the little fellows for some years, when they will afford grand sport. It is the intention of the Association to attempt the importation of the English partridge next season, if suitable arrangements can be made.

California quail turned out on the southern end of Vancouver Island have done well, and there is no reason why Bob White should not flourish and increase.

W. B. A.

Ducks Breeding in Vermont.

NORTH FERRISBURG, Vt., March 29.—I very much hope you will all be successful in putting a stop to spring shooting. Here on Little Otter, teal, wood and black ducks have nested for years, and I am quite sure that some seasons the mallard nests here, as on several occasions I have seen them on opening day, Sept. 1, and I hardly think they would come in from other places so early. This is the condition of things on the Otter, and only half a mile to the north is Long Point, on which are nearly fifty camps, and with from one to twenty-five boats going up the stream each day. Why should the ducks nest here unless protection in the spring is responsible for it?

I have thought an honest sportsman did not need a law to protect the game in the mating season, but I must be in the wrong or they are not all honest.

H. B. CHASE.

Trout on Long Island.

THE trout season opened on Long Island Friday last. The day was cold and blustering. The wind was so strong from the northwest that it was almost impossible to keep a fly in the water.

Mr. Rhinelander, of Manhattan, is credited with having landed the first fish, at the Southside Sportsmen's Club.

Col. Wagstaff and some others returned from the Southside preserve, Friday afternoon, with a fair basket of fish. Many of the other sportsmen there and to the eastern end of the island remained over until Monday.

Green Creek and Brown Creek, at Sayville, were not fished on account of the wind. The favorite fly for the windy days was a big fat *Lumbricus terrestris*.

Markets and Game.

SAUK CENTRE, Minn.—The markets here have been closed against prairie chickens for a year. That is all right; I was in favor of it years ago. This winter a law has been passed prohibiting the sale of ducks; that would be all right if the markets in all the States were closed. Now we will raise and feed the young ones for some one else to kill and sell. There are quite a few quail here this winter. They, as well as chickens, are wintering well. The chickens, however, are getting more scarce every year; if they would only close the season two or three years it would give them a start again. C. W. V.

Massachusetts Game.

DANVERS, Mass., March 21.—Game has wintered well. I never saw less snow. Saw first spring birds to-day—bluebirds, robin and meadowlark. We are having good rains, and the trout will run up the brooks. The new law that cuts off a month shooting on black ducks will not be welcome to the duck shooters, who have their best shooting in April. Many muskrats are being trapped on the river. Usually they are flooded out of their abodes by the spring freshets and boat loads killed. This winter, without snow, will be in their favor.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Ducks Wintering in Ontario.

TORONTO, Canada, March 25.—A month ago a gentleman while ice-boating on the bay caught a live canvasback duck; its feet were frozen to the ice. Thousands of wild ducks stayed all winter in the Western Gap and the open lake. As far as I could distinguish, they consisted of at least four varieties. They all seemed to know that the law would protect them near large cities, for they loved to swim around the mouth of the sewers when the water was warm. G. H. CORSAN.

Long Island Ducking.

NEW YORK, April 1.—While down at East Quogue, L. I., last week, Mr. E. A. Jackson (guide), of above place, and myself killed eighteen black ducks, seventeen sprigtails, four geese and a few other ducks. The ducks were all very fat, and the geese averaged 12 pounds.

ALBERT A. SCHOVERLING.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Talks to Boys.—XIV.

Bait Casting for Bass.

Now we come to another sort of bass fishing—that is, lake fishing—and it is here that you will need all your wits, as well as a long experience, before you may become perfect, or get to be what we call a scientific bass fisher. In your roving along the streams you have had some advantages on your side, and you have only been doing such fishing as almost any one might do. When you come to catching bass in the open water of a lake, where you have to fish from a boat, where there is no concealment, and where the bass can see you for a long ways, the whole question takes a different form. Again I am going to ask you to sit down and study the matter before you go to fishing.

You will observe that in the spring time the black bass makes its spawning bed out in the shallow water close to the shore. It feeds in this shallow water also, all day long in cloudy weather, though usually only for an hour or two in the evening of a warmish day. It follows these habits up till late June or early July, when its habits undergo a change. It leaves the shallow water and goes to the deeper part of the lake, where it feeds on minnows, small fish or crawfish. In late summer you can therefore catch it by still-fishing in deep water, or better speaking, along the face of some bar which drops off into deep water. This form of bass fishing sometimes will do, when there is nothing better going, but it is not the sort which will give you the most sport, and not the sort of which I wish now to speak.

The best form of this lake fishing for bass is known as bait casting, and the bait commonly used is the frog. I would not counsel you beginning to fish for bass in these lakes until they are well through their spawning season, as that is a time when no fish should be disturbed. If we killed the setting hens we would never have any chickens, and it is the same way with fish. We must give them a time to rear their little ones. There is ample time for this, and also for bait casting, in the early summer, along the shores of our bass lakes.

You will get the theory of this thing when you will observe that a bass can see you in this bright, clear, shallow water, and will dart away like a flash while you are still 40 or 50 feet away from him. You will note also that in the evening the bass will come and feeed right up at the edge of the grass, and in among the rushes and lily pads where the frogs live. I have often seen bass with their backs out of water, chasing frogs almost up on to the dry land. If a frog drops off of a lily pad and tries to swim, a bass will nab him in a rush so swift that it can hardly be followed by the eye. Now, there ought to be room here for you to make a litttle argument for yourself. If you can get a frog to that bass without his seeing you, and if you can have a hook in that frog; and if you can make the frog move as though it were alive, you are sure to get a strike from that bass if he sees the frog. He is sure to strike it on the surface of the water, and to strike it mighty hard and swiftly, since he will be afraid it is going to get away from him. That is sport, and that is your problem in this sport.

You will find that you cannot get at your bass from the bank, because a bank where there are frogs is too soft and marshy for you to walk upon, even if the bass could not see you there. You therefore get into a boat, and you approach your bass not from the shore side, as you did in your river fishing, but from the open water side. Now the problem is how to get your frog out to the bass without his seeing you.

As a boy you have often thrown a crab apple off a stick. Well, now you are going to learn to throw a frog off a rod. Your rod is short, slight and stiffish, and in its best form is not over seven feet in length. It would be a beautiful thing for throwing a crab apple, but it costs you $10 or more, and it is to be devoted to throwing frogs and not crab apples. Your old bamboo pole will not do in this game. Your rod must be made for this purpose and for no other purpose. Your old linen line will not do, but you must have a fine braided raw silk line, which will slip through the upright guides of the rod with perfect ease. The line is very thin and fine, and though it is strong enough for your purposes it will only wear a few days if you use it steadily.

But though you have your rod and your line, you have not yet got control over your frog. Here is where the casting reel comes in. The perfect casting reel is a quadruple multiplier, and it runs as smoothly as a watch. It is an expensive reel, but it will wear a long time if you take good care of it. It will run so easily that you can give the handle a twirl and it will keep moving for 15, 20 or even 30 seconds.

You will at once observe that if you give your frog a good pitch off the end of your rod, it will pull this little line off this smooth running reel very easily indeed. Now practice sweeping the rod from a point half way down your body and opposite your elbow, upward and forward over your shoulder. Hold the rod with the three lower fingers of the hand. Let the pressure come on the side and base of your forefinger. Your thumb will rest gently against the spool of the reel, and you must feel the line all the time lightly with your thumb, but you must be strictly careful not to push with your thumb. You must learn to think with that thumb.

As your rod tip goes up and over, your frog makes a long shoot out ahead of you, just as your crab apple did off the stick, only it does not go quite so high. As the frog goes out and down, follow it with the tip of the rod, so that as the frog lands, the tip of the rod will point directly toward it. This will allow the line to be pulled out straight through the guides, and will enable you to cast much farther than you otherwise could, and it will also

keep your reel from tangling so much as it will if the line does not run out smoothly and evenly.

Now remember this one thing absolutely. Think of it over and over again before you begin to cast, and sit down and think over it again after you have made failures in casting. Remember this, your thumb is your trigger finger. You do not grip with it, you do not push with it; you only regulate the reel by it. The push of the side of your forefinger will come on the side of the rod parallel with the face of the reel, and the reel, as you deliver your cast, will be standing on its end, the handle revolving on top of the reel, so that your thumb will be turned in toward your body. This will seem to you a most awkward sort of position, and so it will be for a long time, but it is the position which has been determined to be the best and most scientific one for bait casting with the reel.

It will be advisable for you to take lessons in the use of the casting reel of some man who knows how to cast. It is no use trying to get a good style without good tools for this kind of sport. Do not try to get a cheap casting outfit, but save your money and wait until you can get a good one, for you can never learn to do it properly with a bad outfit. Your rod can be bought for as low as $5 or $6, but see that it is selected by a man who knows what a casting rod is. Your reel will probably cost you not less than $10, and the best casting reels run from $20 to $30. Such a reel will last you all your life.

You may take lessons with your outfit after you get it, casting with a lead bullet which weighs a half ounce or so. You will at once observe that your reel has a most frightful faculty of tangling up the line. You start out a cast splendidly, and your bait goes over your head and flies on as though it would never stop. Then all at once it jerks and drops down. You look at your reel, and there is your line all bunched up and tangled, so that it may take you several minutes to get it straight again. The trouble was in that thumb. You forgot to think in your thumb. You pressed a little too hard, or let the line run a little too freely, instead of using just a gentle easy pressure all the time. Perhaps you were guilty of the very common fault of using too much force with your arm. The way to do is to make the rod do most of the work. Don't swing your arm too hard, but use your wrist and make the rod switch steadily from your wrist clear to the tip. This will give the bait all the force it needs and leave you a little more room to think of that thumb and to think with it.

Some men who have taken up bait casting late in life, have never been able to master it. It is far better to begin this, as all other manly sports, in youth. A boy will get the hang of this sort of thing before a man will. The art of bait casting, properly practiced, is one of the most skillful and beautiful forms of angling. It is very much more difficult to learn than fly casting. When you have learned how to cast a bait for bass, you may call yourself a bass fisherman, and you will then be able to take more bass than can be done in any other way with rod and reel.

Now we will suppose that we are in our boat, rowing along the edge of the lake some time of a summer afternoon. All around the edge of the lake there is a fringe of rushes, and we know that where these rushes cease and the open water begins, there is apt to be a drop off into deep water. At the edge of this bar the bass are apt to lie during the day. When they get hungry and want to go frog hunting, they move in among the rushes, and lie around keeping a sharp eye out for their food.

We will keep our boat 50 feet outside the line of the rushes as we begin our work. A good bait caster can cast 75 to 100 feet without any trouble, and at that distance can hit within eight or ten feet of his mark with fair regularity. Now, since you have learned to cast a bait, you begin at this sport.

Your frog makes a long, low flight, and lands in among the rushes. As he lights, the tip of your rod flies up just a little, so that he seems to make a little jump in the water. At the very instant that the frog drops and you twitch your rod, you transfer your rod to your left hand and begin to reel up with the right, not very fast, but just fast enough to make the frog move nicely in the water. As you reel up, you give the tip of the rod little bobs up and down, which jerk the frog a little in the water and make him look as though he were swimming. You cannot see all this, for your frog is away out there 50 or 60 feet away, and all you can see is the little ripple he makes on the water as he comes in toward you among the rushes. Then all at once you see a tremendous splash in the water right where the ripple of your frog was showing! With a jerk your line runs out under your thumb. You see the rushes bend where the great fish is dragging the line across them.

D not try to stop him. Do not get up and shout. Do not move your rod at all. Just gently feel the spool of the reel with your thumb, and let the line run on out. The old bass has caught your frog, but he has not swallowed it. For 10, 20, 30, 40 feet he runs, as swift as an arrow. Then your reel stops turning. Then your rod tip twitches gently, two or three times. Wait then, just a moment yet. Don't be in a hurry. That bass has never seen you, he does not see the line, and he does not care for the hook. If you leave him alone, he is going to swallow that frog, hook and all. I have sat and waited two minutes by the watch for a bass to swallw the frog before I would strike him. If after this little wait he starts off again, you will know that he is on his second run, and that he has probably swallowed the bait. Now strike hard! Don't remember any foolishness about hooking a fish with a fly rod with a turn of the wrist. This is an altogether different thing. Your fish is far away and your line may be bowed over the rushes. Reel up quickly until the line is as nearly tight as possible, then take a stiff, strong sweep of the rod upward with your whole arm, so that you will strike the hook home, deep into the hard mouth of the fish.

The instant you strike you feel the blood bound in your veins. The fish now knows that he has been the victim of a trap. The wit of man has outwitted him! He feels fright, terror, surprise and anger all in one—sometimes you will think more anger than anything else. He is not hurt very much by the hook, for he is used to the sharp fins of the perch and other fish, and his jaws are not sensitive. Yet he wants to get away from that restraining hook and line. He rushes for the weeds, springs into the air, shakes his head, and is all over the place in an instant. Keep a steady line on him, but do not try to hold him yet. When he is well hooked, back him out into the open water, if you can, and then let him swing on the rod. He will get enough of it after a while, and then you can reel him in slowly. When he sees the boat he will probably run again two or three times, but at last he will stick his mouth out of the water, and that means he is whipped. Now reel him in and pass the landing net gently under him.

Kill your bass at once with the thrust of a sharp knife through the back of the neck. If the day is warm, remove the gills and entrails and throw your fish on top of a chunk of ice, if you have any ice along. If you want to keep the fish alive on a string, pass the stringing needle through both lips of the fish, and never through the gills, as that will kill it almost at once. A nice string of these grand game fish following along by the side of the boat as you come into camp at night will seem a prize worth having, and you will even think it repays you for all the trouble you had in learning to cast the bait.

A Pair of Bass.

I was heels over head in work at my desk one Saturday morning, when Lou, my angling chum, came in with a cheery smile, which I knew boded good fish news.

"I received word from Joe this morning and he wishes us to come down to the station to-night, as there is a school of bass outside."

Joe was one of the crew of the ——— life-saving station, who had few equals as a boatman, and who was above all a thorough sportsman and angler. Under his guidance we had enjoyed many a day's good sport.

We packed our traps that evening, and arrived at the Beach about ten o'clock; the hotels were closed for the season, and the watchman on beat was the only mortal we met as we left the train.

It was a bright moonlight night in October, and as we walked along the beach toward the station we speculated about our chances for the morrow, and reminiscences of our last successful trip were gone over again.

As we neared the house Joe's dog Pepper announced our arrival, and after a cursory examination, having recognized us as old friends, led the way to the house. Most of the crew were enjoying their pipes and reading, while a party of four, including Joe, were engaged in a partner game of pinochle, in which Joe and the cook seemed to be getting the worst of it.

After the customary greetings we saw to it that our traps were carefully stowed away, and then we sat down to a chat regarding the luck during the week past, and were told that weather conditions had beeen such as to make trolling impossible. Joe promised good weather for the morning, and Lou and I had learned to have great confidence in his predictions.

After a good night's sleep we were awakened by Joe about six o'clock, and were soon sitting down to a breakfast of bacon and eggs and steaming hot coffee. Joe in the meantime had gotten everything ready, and putting our traps in the boat were were soon off for the grounds.

The day for fishing was all that could be desired, bright, crisp and clear, and hardly any swell on. By the time Joe had reached the grounds Lou and I had rigged up, and each putting a couple of large sand worms in our gang hooks we dropped them over, working the line out slowly until we had reached the 100-foot mark.

Joe headed for the first row of spiles, and in a few minutes I had the first strike, and soon landed a bass of about two pounds weight.

We went over the same ground again several times, but it seems it was the only bass in that locality.

Joe then started for the broken jetty, which as a rule turned out some nice bass.

Here we caught four, Lou getting one weighing 2½ pounds, and although we went over this ground again a half-dozen times, we failed to get another strike. The bracing air had again sharpened our appetites, and when I proposed a little lunch with a smoke afterward the others agreed willingly.

"There were quite a number of bass at that jetty," remarked Joe, "and if something hadn't scared them away we would probably have caught a dozen more."

"There they are now," suddenly said Joe, pointing toward the old jettty. Lou and I couldn't see anything, but Joe's practiced eye had caught sight of the school, and hurriedly arranging our baits, Joe rowed silently toward the spot.

"I've got one," I cried, suddenly. "So have I," answered Lou, "and he's bigger than any we've got." Mine being a small bass, was soon in the boat, and Joe then turned his attention to Lou, who was having his hands full with his 12-ounce rod. Several times he brought him close to the boat, only to let him go again, when he became "contrary," as Joe called it. When finally brought to the net and safe in the boat Joe estimated his weight at a little over five pounds, but from the way he fought Lou and I expected him to be larger.

We were still talking about his game fight, when Joe admonished us to hurry, having no time lose, as in another hour the tide would be flood and the fishing over.

On the way back it was the same story over again, two strikes and two bass; Lou again getting the larger one of about four pounds. We now had nine, and as they lay in the bottom of the boat they were a pretty sight with their beautiful striped sides.

As we had plenty of worms, Joe urged us to put on nice fresh baits, and on the next troll I hooked one, which from the strike he gave rather disappointed me, as I was now anxious to also catch a large one. Suddenly he started to run out my line at a lively rate, and I made up my mind he wasn't so small after all. I tried to turn him several times, but it was no use, and before I knew it he had over 300 feet of my line out.

"Careful now, don't hurry him," warned Joe, and as he rowed slowly toward him I commenced to reel in and gradually worked him to within about fifty feet of the boat. Then he made another run, and after this he was rather easy, and slowly but surely he was coming toward the boat.

Lou was on his knees, on the stern seat, ready to land him when the opportunity came. "Be careful," cried Lou, suddenly; "you've got a pair," and sure enough there were two bass, which Lou netted skillfully, and were soon safe in the boat. One was a mate to Lou's largest one, and the other was about two and a half pounds.

It seems I had first hooked the smaller one on the upper hook, and the larger one had then taken the trailing worms on the lower hook, and he it was that had suddenly run my line out after I had the first strike.

Before the change of tide we caught three more, all of about two to two and a half pounds, and Joe then hoisted his sprit sail and we started for the station. We arrived there just in time, and sat down to a dinner of roast beef, baked potatoes and cranberries, and which was enjoyed by Lou and I more than any dinner we have since eaten.

The scales were then brought out and the catch was found to weigh 38 pounds.

After bidding the crew good-by, Lou and I wended our way back to the railroad, where we took the train for home, but agreeing that for many days to come we would remember that day in October with Joe.

Argus.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.—III.

The Commodore and the Judge.

Moira Lake, as its name implies, is an enlargement of the river of that name, but some distance northwest of Stoco. Lying in the northern part of the second tier of townships from the Bay of Quinte, it extends about ten miles from west to east, and is about a mile and a half to two miles wide. It is a picturesque sheet of water, here and there studded with islands and bold rocky shores. It possesses some geological importance, as it marks the boundary in this locality between the Trenton limestone and the Archæan or older formations. On the north shore lies a valuable bed of talc and of marble and valuable mines of both hematite and magnatite iron. Cross the lake and you are in one of the most important mineral regions of Canada. Here lies the world's future supply of arsenic, besides gold, iron, zinc, galena and other economic minerals.

The shores of this lake are dotted with summer cottages, neat in appearance and comfortably supplied with all the requisites for summer outing, belonging to the prosperous and well-to-do families of the town of Madoc, lying about two miles to the north. In summer the water affords excellent fishing for black bass, pickerel and maskinonge, and is enlivened by steam yachts, launches and various other craft.

Coming by rail from the south, as you emerge from a rocky cut and skirt the western shore of a bay by a high grade you observe a point of rock away to the northeast, off from the shore. At low water this solitary rock looks like a huge porker taking his ease in a water hole. The early settlers, practical in everything, from the appearance of that boulder, gave this beautiful sheet of water the unromantic name of Hog Lake, and it is so laid down in the early maps of the country.

The island in the center, which is crossed by the railway as well as by the public road, was settled by one Robert Perry, who at one time kept a tavern here; the old building still stands at the end of the first bridge, and this property is still owned by some of his children. Perry, when a young man, while traveling through the then Indian woods, now the township of Tyendinaga, was set upon by some drunken Indians, beaten, robbed, thrown over a log by the wayside and left for dead. He was shortly afterward discovered, taken by friendly hands to the nearest house and cared for. He recovered from his wounds, but was never the same man. From the beating about the head his mind was affected, which made him somewhat eccentric. From this, and from his dwelling by the lake, he was facetiously called the Commodore—no doubt after that other Commodore Lake Erie fame. I am not aware that he ever disclosed a taste for music, or any weakness for the higher realm of poetic fancy, but his labors were enlivened and his peaceful slumbers soothed by the loudest chorus of bullfrogs. The aquatic minstrels were therefore known to the Madoc boys as "the Commodore's band." Perry, notwithstanding his eccentricities, was no fool. The loudest man at a logging bee or a raising, and the noisiest at a political meeting. Many a good story is related of Perry and among the rest is the following:

Years ago old Judge S., who was then county judge, being a skillful angler, whenever he had a short court at Madoc frequently enlisted the old Commodore to assist him in his favorite sport. In a certain circuit the court was unexpectedly short, and it was arranged that the two should spend the balance of the day upon the lake. The lunch basket was filled and every convenience supplied which forethought could suggest for a successful day's fishing. A horse and wagon was in requisition, and they found themselves at the shores of the lake.

Now, it so happened that the Commodore's favorite fishing ground was on a bar which ran out from this very porcine rock from which the lake had received its unsavory name. Thither they rowed, and cautiously making fast the boat commenced to fish with encouraging success. After a time, in looking through the lunch basket, however, it was discovered that the one thing most needful to a successful day's fishing, alas, was lacking, being an oversight of mine host at the hotel—there was nothing to "grease the rod," and besides, it being dog days, dring lake water was not conducive to health without diluting by a little of Corby's "family proof."

It was arranged that the Judge should remain upon the rock fishing while the Commodore should row over to land, go to the village and return with the needful, as fast as his legs could carry him. With strict injunctions as to celerity, he started on his errand. When he arrived at the hotel, being of convivial habits, the Commodore found a lot of his boon companions going in for a "good time." Of course, he joined in, forgetting his mission, and in a short time forgot everything else. He was soon overcome, and lay down on a bench to sleep off the fumes of the whisky. After hours of slumber, and when the sun was away down in the west, he awakened, and it began to dawn upon him there was something wrong. He thought it could hardly be possible that he had left the Judge on that rock all day in

the blazing sun, without a leaf of shade, and only decent standing room for one. He imagined it must be a dream. However, he made his way to the lake, and there, sure enough, was the Judge, like Prometheus of old, bound fast to the rock of fate. When he arrived to relieve the Judge, the scene that ensued is more easily imagined than described, and I shall not attempt it. Suffice it to say, in after years, whenever the old Judge related his experience, he could not enter into the joke so heartily as his hearers.

EDISON B. FRALECK.

New England Fishing. I

BOSTON, April 1.—The legal open season for trout in this State began to-day. Considerable preparation had been made early last week by the anglers, but the hard freeze of Friday and Saturday took away their enthusiasm. Ice formed of nearly an inch in thickness both mornings, with the mercury below freezing Sunday morning; not favorable conditions for outdoor trout fishing. Still some of the Boston anglers are off for the streams and preserves on the Cape, and in that part of the State. Some of the members of the Tihonet Club started Saturday evening, and others went down yesterday. Gen. Stevenson has planned to be one of the first at the Monument Club. F. G. Simpson goes down early to fish a stream of his own, though the cold weather may delay him for a couple of days. The cranberry bog streams in the vicinity of Dennis will be thoroughly fished early. Most of these streams are either controlled by leases or agreements to private parties, or the owners charge a fee for fishing a given length of time. The streams in the northern and western portions of the State are still too full of ice and ice water for trout fishing.

A display of trout in Appleton & Basset's window, on Washington street, has attracted considerable attention for some days. Even friends have walked into the store, with indignation depicted on their faces, and asked the proprietors: "Don't you know that it is close time?" "Are you not aware that you are liable to prosecution for showing trout before the first of April?" In response the firm have answered quietly, and called for the trout to be brought from the window. Behold, they are china; a good imitation of half of a brook trout, and a part of the plate. So well is the painting and firing done that, with the aid of a little parsley laid around the pseudo fish, even some of the more ancient anglers have been deceived. In the same window a couple of mounted albino wild, or Canada, geese were shown for some days recently. They were grayish-white all over, except a black spot on each side of the head. They are the property of Mr. C. H. Munroe, and were shot at Silver Lake, late in February. Mr. Munroe is proprietor of a fine hunting lodge at that lake.

It is too early for prognostications as to the departure of the ice from the Maine fishing lakes, but great preparations for guests are being made by hotel and camp proprietors. Improvements are in progress at nearly every important point. The Kineo House and surroundings, at Moosehead, are being much improved. At the Rangeleys great preparations are being made. Capt. F. C. Barker is making repairs and improvements. It is understood that he will have a number of new cottages at Haines' Landing, or just below, on the Decker lots, with a landing of his own. The steamer Capt. Farrar, sunk at the Upper Dam, will be raised and again run on Mooselucmaguntic Lake. Steam launches are growing to be more and more a feature at both the Rangeleys and Moosehead, and a number of new ones are to be put in for renting to sportsmen and camping parties. The same is true of Sebago Lake and Lake Auburn. One or two Boston parties are already planned for Sebago as soon as the ice is out. The ice sometimes goes out of that lake in April, but oftener early in May. SPECIAL.

The Scarlet Ibis.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., March 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A list of bass flies is before me, and I find included therein both red ibis and scarlet ibis. Is there a difference, and, if so, wherein does it lie? Up to last August I was, to put it mildly, quite indifferent to the fly I have known as the scarlet ibis.

It came about in this way. Some years age we formed a fly-fishing club here, with a membership of nine impecunious and irresponsible souls. We have fished together upon every possible occasion for ten or twelve years. Our fishing has been almost exclusively with the fly, and has been confined, with few exceptions, to the waters of the outlet of Canandaigua Lake, where occasionally a good small-mouth bass is taken. Our knowledge of the art has been acquired wholly from one another and from individual experience, and I doubt if any one of us ever saw a fly-rod in the hand of an expert. So that a great deal of our work is necessarily crude, and some of it perhaps grotesque.

Nevertheless, we all mean to live up to and encourage the laws for the protection of fish and game, and we have by degrees established an unwritten code of ethics of our own which we in most instances respect and apply. And one of the propositions that has become axiomatic among us is that it would be a lasting disgrace to our organization for one of its members to use or to be possessed of a scarlet ibis fly. And it was formally resolved that if a prototype of the said scarlet ibis fly ever did actually exist it was the unanimous opinion of the club that it never had any valid excuse for it.

I remember that two of us once met an angler of some repute from a neighboring county. We heartily accorded him the hero-worship which we considered his due, until he exhibited to us his fly-book, which contained one white miller, one Gov. Alvord, one dark Montreal and eleven huge and gorgeous specimens of the scarlet ibis. He informed us that he often fished with three of these on his leader at the same time, and the disenchantment was complete. We hurried home and reported to the inner circle, and we unanimously and without discussion classed the gentleman as a savage.

But time went on and some of us devoted six days of the last week of August, 1900, to fly-fishing for bass. Before going I had been reading of the virtues of the scarlet ibis, and in a spirit of lawlessness, and forgetful of the solemnity of my unsworn vow, I surreptitiously and feloniously tied up a couple of misshapen and hideous imitations of that unearthly fly, and in the darkness of the night secreted them in my book.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday I fished faithfully and legitimately, using the old tried and respected flies, but did not take a single fish which I could put in my basket.

Then, on Friday afternoon, with a feeling of guilt in my bosom and a frightened look over my shoulder, I attached one of my flaming monstrosities to the leader. After a few terrible minutes, observing that the bottom still remained in the stream and that no hills had fallen on me, my confidence returned, and inside of two hours I had taken four good bass, and, wonderful to relate, the largest three, including two two-pounders, had succumbed to the charm of the ibis.

The next afternoon I went back to the old flies. I worked hard, but could get nothing. Then I put on the remaining ibis, and within a half hour I had taken on that fly a bass that weighed 2 pounds and 15 ounces several hours afterward.

I did not make another cast. Perfect happiness was mine. I felt no remorse because such a noble bass met so ignominious a death at my hands. It was plain that I had fallen in the estimation of my brethren, but I bore it cheerfully and manfully.

Henceforth that scarlet ibis (or is it the red ibis) shall have a peg in my fly-book, and at times a loop on my leader.

But, oh my! oh my! I wish its color could be tampered with.

F. A. C.

At Mississquoi.

OVID, N. Y., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the spring of 1899 I went to Mississquoi Bay, Vt., for a day's pike fishing, leaving the train at Alburg on the western side of the bay. My experiences on that day were varied, and as thought of now were extremely pleasant, although some of them did not so impress me at the time. Shortly after the ice leaves the bay, the wall-eyes go in procession up one side of this arm of Lake Champlain and down the other side, biting steadily at everything biteable, although small tender minnows are preferred. In clear water the schools can be seen moving easily along near shore. This continues for a few days and then the run is over, the pike having retired, it is believed, into the deep waters of the lake. While the peregrination lasts, school doesn't keep on the shores of Mississquoi Bay. Old graybeards, strong men and tender striplings have but one duty—to take as many as possible.

I reached Alburg at 8 A. M., with a bucket of lively minnows caught by my own hands in the cool waters of the Chazy River. Who would be able to take more pike than I with my old bass rod, fine silk line and leader? Would it be difficult for so skilled a fisherman as myself to show these plebeians how to do it? "Pride goeth"——.

As I left the train the baggagemen were lifting large strings of pike into the car. There were fifty or seventy-five fish on each string, and there were six or seven strings. At least half a ton of pike was loaded. You can imagine the rise in my expectations.

The landlord gave me his only remaining boat. I soon knew why it was his remaining boat. Throwing out the anchor a few rods from the railroad bridge, I baited the hook with nervous fingers and—the boat was half full. She was a beautiful creation, built on the St. Lawrence model, but she leaked in bow, stern, middle and both sides. I barely reached shore. After such a beginning, I should have considered myself a victim of the gods and quit for the day. But when my head became cool—my feet were already so—I went out on the bridge with the crowd and cast in with them.

Soon there was a sharp tug, the old rod did its accustomed work, and a 4-pound pike came to surface thrashing around. I, 8 feet above him, watched him thrash. No landing net, no gaff, no spear, no gun, no way to kill him. After a time he departed, and was probably caught a few minutes later by some boy with a pork hook, a clothesline and a tamarack tree. Fall No. 2.

After this my eye fell on a boat nearby not entirely filled with men. I tried with offers of liberal stakes to secure a place in it. The owner was a callous man, and he calmly, suavely refused. Then I fell from grace, being much irritated by his manner, and assured him of my belief in several flaws in his ancestry. Feeling safe by position, I was very candid with him. When I finished my estimate, his countenance was no longer serene, nor his tones suave. This was my only successful operation during the day.

Then some good Samaritans appeared. Two gentlemen from St. Albans pulled up to the pile on which I was sitting and thanked me for the able manner in which I had risen to the occasion just past, and gave me a place in their boat. How they did catch pike! I saw them lift eighty fish from 2 to 5 pounds weight, while I could not, and did not, catch one that day.

After a time I became resigned, and took pleasure watching the rest do it. There were a dozen boats within a few rods, and I was kept busy. One old gentleman of ministerial garb and bearing, dubbed "Grandpa" by the crowd, tried to play the pike as one does bass. He usually lost the fish and caught the ha-ha!

Soon a rustic called to him, "Say, Grandpa, you want to do it like this!" He explained by a mighty lift on the long lever in his hands, whereupon a huge pike hurriedly left the water some 16 feet away and described a parabola toward and into the boat, Rusticus adroitly ducking to avoid the blow.

Then Grandpa tried it. His fish left the water just as hurriedly, but instead of falling into the boat it swung like a pendulum to the extremity of its arc, came back, struck Grandpa on the shoulder and caromed away into the water. The laugh which went up set those calves of Lake Champlain, the bullfrogs, a-bellowing.

When train time came, I went ashore, had some small dealings with a small boy, took my string of fifteen pike and went proudly, on the exterior, back to my home, explaining how wonderfully the fish bit.

BENJ. E. BIRGE.

Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., March 30.—The resources of our New Hampshire lakes will be in evidence to visitors at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, as the State will have an exhibit of game fish. Among them will be lake trout from this lake and Sunapee trout from Lake Sunapee, and other fish, it being the intention of Gen. Crofts, New Hampshire's commissioner to the exposition, to see that we have a good representation of our inland lakes. Seven lake trout have been taken from here and under the supervision of Mr. Ed Rike taken to the U. S. hatchery at Nashua, there to be kept in tanks, fed and cared for by Waldo F. Hubbard, U. S. Superintendent, until the exposition shall open.

Fish Commissioners Wentworth and Hughes, accompanied by Mr. Waldo F. Hubbard were at this lake March 26, and thought they would try their luck at bobbing through the ice for the elusive trout. The Commissioners drew a blank, but Mr. Hubbard hooked on to a big (?) one, but the U. S. official did not have "pull" enough to land that trout in Buffalo.

The trolling season is expected to commence about April 20, as the ice is not so thick this year, and signs are of an early breaking up. As the lake is kept well stocked by the Commissioners, there is every indication of the season being beneficial and instructive to fishermen who annually visit these waters for trout and salmon.

S. H.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

THE last indoor meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club for the season was held on the evening of March 21 at the Hotel Bismarck. In view of the interest shown last season in team contests, it was decided to devote three of the six contest days the coming season to team contests, to divide the club into three teams, under the direction and instruction of Messrs. Bellows, Hascall and Peet. The advantage claimed was that the members would thus receive the benefit of the experience of their respective captains and mutually assist each other.

Club action was also taken in the direction of raising the plane of lure-casting nearer to that of fly-casting in scientific angling by instituting an event in practice contests, in which a ¼-ounce rubber frog is to be used instead of the 1½-ounce. The innovation met the approval of all members present.

Instructions were given to the Executive Committee to prepare suitable resolutions relative to the departure of the Rev. C. A. Lippincott to Flint, Mich., and charter member J. M. Clark to Kansas City, Mo.

During the evening the members were entertained with a rousing song by Mr. Perce; an interesting description of a winter fishing trip by Mr. Orr, who has just returned from the South; a sketch of the development of bait-casting rod, from the old 16-foot bamboo to the present 5-ounce 6½-foot gem of rod construction, by J. M. Clark, and also the speech of the season on "The Lottery of Scientific Angling," by President W. T. Church.

Carp in Toronto Bay.

TORONTO, Canada, March 25.—Toronto Bay is now full of carp of from 4 to 8 pounds in weight. They may eat all the wild celery and rice from the ducks, but they are better than no fish at all. I have much fun spearing them in the summer time. Taking a spear about 15 feet long and donning a bathing suit, I enter the water at any old place. Then thrusting the spear in the water ahead of me and drawing it back without splashing, I soon see a single file of carp on the way to investigate. I hit one, and you would laugh to see the rest of them get. They never come back after once smelling blood. They are cunning, brainy beggars. Hit them hard, for their scales are large and hard. The leather species are those which have had their scales injured; they then shed the remaining scales, and the skin is a little tougher. What do I do with the carp I spear? Why, as a joke, I give them to those who ask me for them. As the song goes, "They never ask again." Have you ever eaten flannel?

Here is a German recipe for cooking boarding-house carp: Boil in one quart of lager beer, in which is dropped a bit of cheese; the carp will emerge white, firm and free from bitterness. But the liquid will be so bitter that it would be rejected by the thirstiest bunco-steerer that ever roamed the plains. Another receipe is Jewish: Stuff with bread crumbs and egg, onions and garlic, salt, pepper, etc., and bake in the oven.

G. H. CORSAN.

Not Too Dangerous.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On page 249 of FOREST AND STREAM for March 30 your compositor makes me say that the salmon pool at the west entrance of the St. Augustin River is so full of rocks that two or three fishermen who had tried the river lost their lives promptly. I have fished some pretty dangerous waters but none that is quite so bad as that. If your compositor at work with my simple handwriting makes "lives" out of "lines" it makes me skeptical about the accuracy of archæologists' translations from more ancient hieroglyphics.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, March 28.

Striped Bass in the Hudson.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* They are soaking the striped bass up here, the several nets catching a ton a day. There have been three caught that tipped the scales at 38, 39½ and 40 pounds. As soon as the silt gets down on the bottom where it belongs—first warm spell—the hook and line fisherman will have some rare sport.

C. G. B.

"The Striped Bass."

THE paper under this title in our issue of March 30 should have had the signature Herbert N. Curtis, instead of Robert N. Curtis, as printed.

Thomas A. Edison is tarpon fishing in Florida.

The Kennel.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

For the Dog on Chain.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find in the Hampshire Gazette note of a tragedy at Forest Park, in Springfield, Mass. It is related that "Dinah, the black bear which was brought to the park over seven years ago, when a cub, had two cubs born about the first of last month. Dinah was separated from the other bears and given the den, runway and cage to herself. When the young bears were little over a week old the keeper noticed that the mother bear had appeared in the cage connected with the den, while before she had kept closely within the den. This aroused his suspicions, and he dropped the grating, shutting her into the cage. A thorough search was then made of the den, but the cubs had disappeared, and no trace of them could be found. It is supposed that Dinah yielded to what appears to be a common impulse among bears in captivity, and devoured her offspring. She had been treated with the utmost care, and every precaution taken against disturbing her. The only person allowed near the den was the keeper that brought the animal's food once a day. The park authorities very much regret the occurrence. It is rare to have cubs born in captivity, and these were the first youngsters that had ever been at the park. People are always asking, "Have you any cubs out there?" In a few days more the cubs would probably have been taken from their mother and brought up by hand in a separate cage."

One thing is certain, that the keeper could have saved the cubs if he had not starved the dam! One meal a day is not near enough for the nursing mother of two cubs. The old bear should have had plenty of meat, besides cereals, fruit, nuts, or any odd thing to vary her diet and amuse her. Animals want playthings, especially dogs which are on chain. An old shoe, old hat or rag baby will keep them from whining and barking. After snow passes, the best hygiene for a hunting dog is to tie him to the springy limb of an apple tree, with not enough scope of rope or chain to allow him to get snarled up in it. It is like one of those children's baby jumpers.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Mascoutah Kennel Club.

THE list of judges, with the breeds assigned to each, in respect to the forthcoming show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, follow: James Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I.—St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, mastiffs, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, bloodhounds, English fox hounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, Dalmatians, poodles, bull dogs, Boston terriers, French bull dogs, Schipperkes, Chihuahuas, Italian greyhounds, pugs, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, Pomeranians, Griffons, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, ruby spaniels, Prince Charles spaniels, Japanese spaniels, American fox hounds and miscellaneous.

T. S. Ballin, Minneapolis—Bull terriers, smooth fox terriers, wire fox terriers, Airedale terriers, Welsh terriers, Bedlington terriers, black and tan terriers, Skye terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers and Scotch terriers.

Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont.—Great Danes, Clumber spaniels, field spaniels, cocker spaniels and Irish terriers

J. A. Graham, St. Louis—English setters, Irish setters and Gordon setters.

T. Donoghue, La Salle, Ill.—Pointers and Irish water spaniels.

John A. Long, St. Louis—Collies and Old English sheepdogs.

Arthur Froembling, Chicago—Dachshunds.

Mrs. E. Oughton Giles, Stockenchurch, Bucks, Eng.—Beagles.

Points and Flushes.

The celebrated veterinarian, Mr. H. Clay Glover, of New York, has for some time been residing on Long Island, where he enjoys the freedom and advantages of country life while still being within touch of his business at 1293 Broadway, New York. His dog remedies have won their way to the front and have long since been recognized throughout this country as standard. They are specially prepared for all the ills to which the dog is subject.

Rush to the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

IT is probably due to the influences of the many campaigns in which the United States troops have been engaged in the last year or so in foreign climes, and the extremely arduous duties which they have performed with such distinction that the number of applications for treatment at the American Carlsbad—the Hot Springs of Arkansas—has increased to such an extent that from the present indications it looks as if the applicants could not be taken care of. Our Uncle Samuel keeps a great hospital there for the exclusive use of the officers and men of the regular and volunteer army—the Government Army and Navy Hospital is the way it is called, for the navy has a share of the benefits, too, and in the last few years it has become an immensely popular place.

The world-wide reputation which this resort bears for the prompt and permanent alleviation and relief of such ills as service in the semi-tropic regions involves, and that in connection with its remarkable climate and healthfulness of location—its altitude is just right—and its easy accessibility combine to make it a spot much sought after by officers and men.

The surgeon in charge of the Government Hospital estimates that the applications for admittance this year will be much in excess of the capacity of the hospital to care for them, although it has been extensively improved and everything done that could be done in anticipation of just such a rush. It looks as if at least a few of the applicants would be disappointed by their failure to get there.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—VI.

BY F. R. WEBB.

FIVE o'clock of a summer morning in camp seems fully as late as 7 o'clock at home in a darkened bedroom; so when we turned out next morning at this seemingly early hour, after a good, sound, refreshing night's sleep, it did not seem much if any earlier to us than our usual hour. To the habitually late riser, the exquisite charm of early day—particularly in the summer—is lost. The rising sun; the fresh, dewy atmosphere; the delicious quiet; the feeling that all nature has been refreshed and purified by the night's rest—all combine to make this the most attractive and enjoyable part of the day. I presume that, as a rule, the members of our party were fully as little accustomed, when at home, as most people are, to viewing and enjoying nature at this early hour; therefore when we turned out this morning in the delicious, fresh purity of the new-born day, and had plunged our heads, faces and hands in the clear, refreshing water of the river, from whose smooth surface the mists were rising; drifting away in delicate little wreaths, and melting into the translucent atmosphere, just tinged by the sun's slanting rays, and washed the night's sleep out of our systems, it was with a keen sense of enjoyment that we took in all the beauties of the fresh, cool morning; and we sat down to our 6 o'clock breakfast of bacon, fried potatoes, soft boiled eggs and coffee with a much keener appetite than usually attends us at our matutinal meal at home fully two hours later.

The Colonel is a quick packer, and, naturally, his tent was struck and his canoe packed and ready for launching before it had occurred to the rest of us that our canoes were to be packed at all. While I was preparing breakfast, George and Lacy packed their canoes, and while they were washing up the breakfast things I packed mine, and by 8 o'clock everything was again afloat.

The three miles from here to the Shenandoah, at Port Republic, is a beautiful and interesting run. For the first mile and a half the water is still and deep, with hardly a ripple to break the surface. It is a beautiful sheet of water, flowing between soft, velvety, green banks, whose overhanging trees are reflected again from the mirror-like surface of the water, while the long, down-stream vista is closed by the towering peaks of the southern end of the Massanutton range of mountains, which loom squarely across the vista and are reproduced faithfully, bottom upward, in the river.

The river turns sharply to the right at the end of this long still reach, and an enormous fish dam, right in the elbow, or bend, straggles across the breadth of the river; which is here considerable. I am not aware that there is any particular advantage in this method of construction, but we meet with a number of dams in this river, built in this particular location—right in the angle of a sharp bend; the dam continuing across the river in a straight line with the inner bank. We usally shoot this dam near the right bank, where it is not more than a foot high, but at the present stage we were unable to find water enough flowing over the dam to do this, and the canoes were easily slid over by hand into the still water below.

The remaining mile and a half presents a formidable series of rapids or falls, as the long stretches of reefs and ledges, with considerable drop or fall, are not inaptly termed in local parlance—by far the worst we have yet experienced, and quite as extensive and rough as most of those to be found in the Shenandoah below. The first half mile is a wilderness of reefs, extending, particularly for the first 200 yards below the dam, in long, regular parallel lines, clear across the river, slanting away considerably down-stream as they cross. At the present low stage most of these reefs stood, baked hard, white and dry in the sun, considerably above the surface of the water, and as viewed from the dam the river bed presented a bewildering conglomeration of rocks with no apparent thoroughfare. The water between each line of reefs is still and deep, and we easily threaded our way along these little terraces, taking advantage of the frequent little gaps or chance channels through the "saw-tooth" ledges, to drop over each ledge into the terrace below. Our progress was thus quite slow, but we worked our way along the mazes quite successfully. Below the reefs the channel shoots swiftly to the left of a flat, grassy island, narrowing as it proceeds, until it finally ends in a nasty, crooked little pitch over a ledge, some three or four feet in height, with an equally nasty, crooked, rocky little channel below it, and we were all liberally thumped and banged about in here, before we succeeded in making our escape into quiet water below.

The next half-mile is a majestic still reach of river, imposing and lake-like in its dimensions; flowing between high, tree-clad banks on either side—a most lovely and impressive reach, with here and there masses of reefs large and small, exposing their white lime-encrusted surfaces above the water, and adding picturesqueness to the scene. This is followed by half a mile of falls similar to those above, but steeper and rougher.

We paddled slowly and cautiously over the calm surface of this lake-like reach; breaking the water into ripples and little furrows, as our paddles disturbed the surface and our sharp bows cut their way along through the water, which furrowed away in two long slanting lines far toward either shore from the bow of each canoe—the furrows broken into confused masses of little wavelets where the long diverging lines chanced to cross each other. A sharp lookout was necessary, as great masses of reefs, reaching nearly to the top of the water from the depths below, were plentiful, and the currentless surface showed no indications of their presence save where the little furrows from the bows of the canoes broke over a crest but just beneath the surface, and reuniting beyond passed on, leaving a series of little rings of water dancing and lapping round it.

A low wall of reefs and matted bush covered islands stretched clear across the river like a dam, below this reach, and marked the beginning of the last half mile of falls above Port Republic and the Shenandoah, down which the whitened waters tumbled and foamed; sparkling lightly in the rays of the morning sun among the masses of black, ugly, grinning reefs, which everywhere darkened the water and obstructed its passage, while the dull, threatening roar sounded ominously in our ears as we approached, with the long iron bridge at Port Republic stretched lightly across the end of the vista, outlining its slender filaments in faint, dark tracery against the great green background of the Blue Ridge.

We slipped into the narrow little boat channel between the two flat, grassy little islands in the middle of the river, and wound our way in and out among the rocks and ledges, along the winding little canal among the reefs, without touching a rock, until we passed through this chain; below which the water rests in a still terrace, 100 yards in extent, before foaming and tumbling down a reallly formidable series of ledges and reefs. A narrow little boat channel, close to the right bank, two or three hundred yards long, affords a tolerably safe passage through, although plentifully sprinkled with loose rocks, especiallly at the lower end, where it divides into two passage over the inevitable fall into the deep water below. Through this short, still reach we now paddled, directing our course toward the channel at the right, while George took occasion to produce his bugle and bray forth most unmelodious blasts thereon, with a view of arousing the sleepy inhabitants of Port Republic and notifying them of our approach. His musical efforts were speedily rewarded by the appearance of a litttle crowd of men and boys, who gathered in a curious little group on the bridge to see us come down over the falls, and doubtless hoping to see some of us score a capsize in the attempt.

"Now look out! This shoot is no child's play on this water, and we are all likely to strike at the last pitch down at the bottom. If any of you strike, jump out promptly, or there will probably be a canoe to repair!" said I, as we approached the head of the boat channel, and the long narrow lane of water could be seen, straight away down hill before us, with the big waves glittering and tossing their shaggy manes in the bright sunlight.

"Hold back a little, and let each man get half way down the rapid before the next man enters the shoot!" was my parting injunction, as my canoe was caught in the powerful suction over the verge of the rapid, and shot swiftly down the race. It was a rattling plunge and headlong rush down, while my canoe rode the big waves like a duck. The run was made without a mishap until I reached the shallow foot of the shoot, when in spite of skill and alertness I was swept broadside over a flat mass of reefs, where there was not water enough to float me, and my canoe careened helplessly over, high and dry on the rocks.

Of course all that there was left for me to do was to open my 'midship hatch and step out and lift her off and then scramble aboard again as nimbly as I could, with the whirl of waters tugging at my canoe, which I succeeded in doing, just in time to close my hatch again with a snap, and without waiting to see whether it was properly adjusted or not, hastily jerked the waterproof apron up to my chin, when my canoe dived head first over the final four-foot fall, and was buried in the yeasty suds below.

I paddled leisurely across the reach of still water below this fall toward the next and final fall of the series, keeping a careful lookout for the sunken reefs which everywhere abounded, and which were the more difficult to avoid because the still surface of the river gave no rippling indications of their presence, and looking back from time to time to enjoy the predicament in which the other fellows were finding themselves—all in a bunch, and stuck on the rocks, and all in the water; finally freeing themselves and getting aboard their canoes again as they best could, in time to make the final plunge over the fall.

Pretty well over to the left bank a channel some 50 or 75 yards long afforded us a straight, easy shoot through the last of the reefs just above and under the bridge, which (after a final sharp dodge to the right to avoid the reefs just below the bridge, which lie directly in line with the channel and are not easy to dodge, owing to the swift water which sets squarely across them—the Colonel broke a paddle here last year, merely in sweeping the water, in an unsuccessful attempt to swing his canoe around them) brought us into the still, deep pool in front of the village of Port Republic, into which South River pours its rippling waters, and the falls were run.

We stepped ashore, cup in hand, at the spring in the bank, at the foot of the main street of the village, which consisted of a bottomless barrel sunk in the ground, close to the river margin, and full to top with clear, cold water, which could be seen welling up in little eruptions of golden sands all over the bottom of the spring.

After a good drink, we closed and locked our hatches to protect the contents of the canoes from the swarm of little darkies of all ages, sizes, sexes and conditions, previous and present, who appeared to spring up out of the ground, so promptly on hand were they when we landed.

and were swarming over the fences and high banks, and from whose pilfering little fingers nothing exposed was safe. After locking our hatches our canoes were made fast to the rickety fence which straggled down the steep, high, clay bank into the river, and the paddles stacked against the bushes, and a good-sized darky boy subsidized to watch the outfit. All being made secure we separated for an hour, George and Lacy making as straight a course as possible for the railroad station and express office, half a mile away, across South River, to get the kodak, while the Colonel and I made our way to the village store to replenish our supplies and mail our letters and cards.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Canoeing in California.

CANOEING in California is widely different sport from canoeing in any other place in the world. In England, on the Continent and in the East it is taken up to pass away the few idle hours that are not used in the pursuit of the "might dollar." Men and women paddle around or hoist a bit of a sail in a slight zephyr that would hardly be a cat's-paw to an ordinary yacht. But in this State all the canoeing is done on the waters of the bay or its tributaries. The wind is never less than six miles an hour, enough to pull off an international race, and up to fifty miles. All the canoes have the hyking board, and the skippers spend most of their time when sailing out some 5ft. on the end of this contrivance. It is constant work of the most exhilarating kind. Slovenly sailing means a dip in the cold water. The canoes go over on the slightest provocation. There is no great danger, however, from such accidents, as the modern canoe is so built that it cannot sink, and it is a matter of but a few seconds to right it and go on sailing. In some of the races the leading boat has capsized and before it has been righted has lost the position, but by hard sailing has managed to win out.

The only canoeing organization in California is the Oakland C. C., which has its club house on Sessions' Basin, on the San Antonio Estuary. The club was started on Jan. 23, 1886, with but a handful of enthusiasts. The first club house was at the foot of Alice street. In a short time the club grew to such a size that the quarters had to be enlarged. Everything seemed to favor its existence, until they began to improve Oakland Harbor, when the club was forced to move to its present quarters. This was a hard blow, for it moved the club out of the way and the membership decreased until there were but some twenty left. For a few years it had a hard time to keep alive. At last the tide began to turn, and now the club is one of the best supported organizations on the coast.

Indirectly the club has been responsible for a large number of the expert yachtsmen on the bay. It was through the Oakland C. C. that the Oakland Navy was started some seven years ago. This association was a purely racing organization and for two years some of the best sport on the bay was had in its races. It finally gave way to the California Y. C., which put up a club house on the estuary below the bridges. When the scheme of the Navy ceased to exist its workings were taken out into the bay and the Pacific Interclub Yacht Association was formed. This latter body is part of the present history of the sport of yachting on the bay. So it may be claimed that from the Oakland C. C. the present success in the "sport of kings" on the bay originated.

The officers of the Canoe Club are: Com., Philip Caduc; Vice-Com., Howard S. Byxbee; Sec'y-Treas., Charles Stewart. Com. Caduc owns the sloops Annie and Zephyr. Annie is the noted craft in which Bill Tweed, the New York politician, escaped from that city years ago. Zephyr belongs to the mosquito fleet. Vice-Com. Byxbee owns the canoe Whim and a half interest in the raft-rater Ninette. Sec'y Stewart owns Beatrice, the smallest cruising sloop on the bay. Besides these boats there are some twenty-five others on the club roll.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Oakland C. C., recently held, the officers of the past year were re-elected—Com., Philip Cadue, of the sloop Annie; Vice-Com., Howard S. Byxbee, canoe Whim; Sec'y-Treas., Chas. Stewart, sloop Beatrice; Membership Committee, S. A. Hackett and Chas. L. Taylor, Jr.

With us in California our season is without a definite beginning or an end, every month, winter included, lending some days that add to our round of sport. The regular trade winds, however, that make our sailing so full of exhilaration, generally begin in March and last through September and October, November to March being marked with but light zephyrs during pleasant weather, and as these trades can be depended on an average to give us a breeze of fifteen to eighteen miles an hour, with the combination of large expanse of open waters, canoeing is almost entirely confined to the sailing model, paddling having found but little vogue about our bay.

During 1900 our club held but few regattas or races, its energies being devoted to remodeling and renovating our quarters, recruiting strength and inducing new members to take out some of the older boats that had not seen much service for the past two or three years, so that now we have a roll of twenty-two active members regularly in attendance—six life, eight honorary and some six or eight members on the absentee list—with an enrollment of twelve racing and cruising sailing canoes, one paddler and two Eskimo skin paddlers in the house, which, with six open and four cabin sloops at moorings, make up our mosquito fleet.

The club house, a comfortable old rambling home, is situated on Session's Basin, a small arm of Oakland Estuary, some three miles distant from the bay proper, and in easy access of Oakland Basin, from the sailing canoeist's view point, an ideal body of salt water about two and one-half miles long and a mile wide, confined within low surrounding land that offers no impediment to a clean, free sweep of the westerly winds. Here racing courses are staked out, and this year bids fair to see a deal of activity, regattas and various races and cruises being well dispersed throughout the months from February to December. CHAS. L. TAYLOR, JR.

MONROVIA, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you refer me to persons or literature on the navigableness by canoe of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers from their sources to their mouths, also on the lower parts of the Snake and Columbia rivers? I would be greatly obliged for such information, for I am arranging for a long cruise on these rivers. I would also be obliged for the name and address of the present secretary of the American Canoe Association.

What are the best maps covering these rivers? I was referred to you by Mr. N. H. Bishop, who is spending the winter here. This service will greatly oblige.

N. C. STAATZ.

TROY, N. Y., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write to ask for advice and information regarding a proposed canoe trip which a friend and myself have been contemplating. We want to know if it is possible and feasible to travel through the Adirondacks by canoe from Old Forge through the Fulton Chain, Raquette, Forked and Long lakes; then Raquette River to a point where we could carry to the Saranac lakes, through them to the Saranac River, thence to Plattsburg.

How much of this waterway is unvavigable for canoes and which part of it? We expect to go unaccompanied except by map and compass, and about how long would it take to accomplish this trip? Or if others have made the same trip, can you tell me who and where they are, that I may write them? You may answer through your much valued paper, FOREST AND STREAM. A. S. JOHNSON.

A LETTER received by Mr. Joseph F. Eastmond, Purser Atlantic Division A. C. A., from Mr. H. Garrett Rolt, A. C. A. No. 3269, and member of the Royal C. C. of England, 16 Eastbury Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, England:

Purser Atlantic Division, A. C. A.

Dear Sir: If any of your members are coming over to England this summer and would let me know at the above address, I would fix things up for them so that they could come down and see some of our races and inspect our new boats, which are marvelous little crafts, and if they were in England during our fortnight's outing, which is to be held at Hayling Island in salt water, close to the Isle of Wight, I feel sure they would never regret spending a few days down here. Our cruisers carry two comfortably, so they would get plenty of sailing, and also witness some close racing, as even after a four-mile race it frequently happens that only a few seconds divide the winning boats. There is capital accommodation down there, either in rooms or hotels, and excellent golf links, and a good many of our members take their wives and children down, so they would be sure of a good time.

H. GARRETT ROLT.

Toronto Canoe Club.

THE Toronto C. C. held their annual dinner at the club house on Friday evening, March 8. The event was a most successful one and was participated in by over 200 canoeists. The interior of the large club room upstairs was a mass of bunting, flags and canoe trophies, which looked very pretty and spoke well for the racing element of the club. Among those seated at the head table were Com. Howell, of the Toronto C. C.; A. P. Galt, President of the Argonaut Rowing Club; Herb Begg, Secretary-Treasurer of the American Canoe Association; Alderman Loudon, of the Queen City Y. C.; Vice-Com. Forbush, of the Central Division; W. Ewart, of the Toronto Rowing Club, and W. E. Rundle, President of the Canadian Club.

After a most excellent menu had been disposed of, Com. Howell, who acted as toast master, proposed a toast in memory of the late Queen. "The King" was responded to by the singing of the national anthem. "Canada" was proposed by G. R. Wilkie, past Commodore, and responded to by President W. E. Rundle, of the Canadian Club. "Our Club," proposed by G. A. Howell, was responded to by Dr. Powell. "Canoeing" was proposed by Vice-Com. R. N. Brown and responded to by Harry Ford. "The A. C. A." was proposed by Sec'y-Treas. Herb Begg and replied to by C. P. Forbush, of Buffalo, in the absence of Com. Britton. "Kindred Sports" was proposed by W. G. MacKendrick and responded to by the representatives of the other clubs present. "The Ladies" was proposed by Com. Howell and replied to by Dr. Fowler.

The following talent contributed to the pleasure of the evening: J. Clegg, Master Clegg, Adam Dockray, Percy Hood, the Canoe Club quartette and P. C. Smeall.

Prospects for a successful racing season at the T. C. C. appear very bright. Gymnasium classes start on April 1 and will continue for a month. The Regatta Committee have ordered a new four racing boat, which will be ready about May 1. Dean, of Toronto, will build same.

Atlantic Division Meet.

THE Executive Committee of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A. met on Saturday evening, March 23, at the Astor House, New York, and decided to hold the Division meet at the Lime Kiln on the Hudson River, May 30 and 31 and June 1. The camp dues were fixed at 50 cents.

The Camp Site Committee were authorized to proceed to get the site ready for the meet and to prepare material for a circular to be issued later.

A. C. A. Membership.

MR. HENRY A. BODWELL, of Andover, Mass., has been proposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.

Mr. E. T. Keyser, 27 Park place, New York city, has applied for membership to the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A.

The following have applied for membership in the Northern Division of the A. C. A.: John Morris, Kingston, Ont.; Fred J. Skinner and C. H. Bird, Gananoque, Ont.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

International Canoe Race.

ANOTHER international race on the water is in prospect. It is to be for canoes, and the Winchester Boat Club, of Winchester, Mass., will be the challenger, the prize being the international challenge cup offered by the Royal C. C. of England for a sailing race of ten miles. The race has been an annual affair for about ten years past, and occurs in August in Langston Harbor. The prime mover in the plan for American participation is Herman D. Murphy, of Winchester.

The trophy can be won with two races out of three, upon which plan it would be brought over to this country. But the following summer, as Mr. Murphy understands it, it would have to be taken back to England to be raced for there. T. W. Lawson will pay all the expenses for the building of the canoe and the trip of the challenger. The boat is to be designed by B. B. Crowninshield, and will be, roughly speaking, 17ft. over all, with a 15ft. waterline.

Mr. Murphy is a skillful canoeist, having participated in many races with Paul Butler, Dr. J. Arthur Gage and Howard Gray, of the Vesper Club, Lowell, who for years won most of the sailing honors at American Canoe Association meets.

Around the World in a Canoe.

FRANK SAXBY, a prospector of Victoria, B. C., who has been in this vicinity for about a year, is having a large Indian war canoe decked over, and in company with a companion will attempt to encircle the globe in it, going first to Hong Kong, via the Pacific Islands. The canoe is a very large one, such as the British Columbia Indians use in their travels up and down the coast, and when properly handled can withstand almost any kind of weather.

Atlantic Division Dinner.

NEW YORK, April 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There will be an informal dinner of the Atlantic Division A. C. A. at the Arena, Thirty-first street, near Broadway, New York city, on Saturday evening, April 13, at 7 o'clock P. M. The price per plate will be $1.50. Members desiring to attend should notify Vice-Com. Henry M. Dater, No. 68 Broad street, New York city, not later than April 11, inclosing price for plate. HENRY M. DATER.

Vice-Commodore Atlantic Division A. C. A.

Yachting.

THE secretaries of all yacht clubs not belonging to the Massachusetts Y. R. A. or the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound in the United States and Canada are kindly requested to forward to the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM a list of all their racing dates for the season of 1901 at their earliest convenience.

Our Boston Letter.

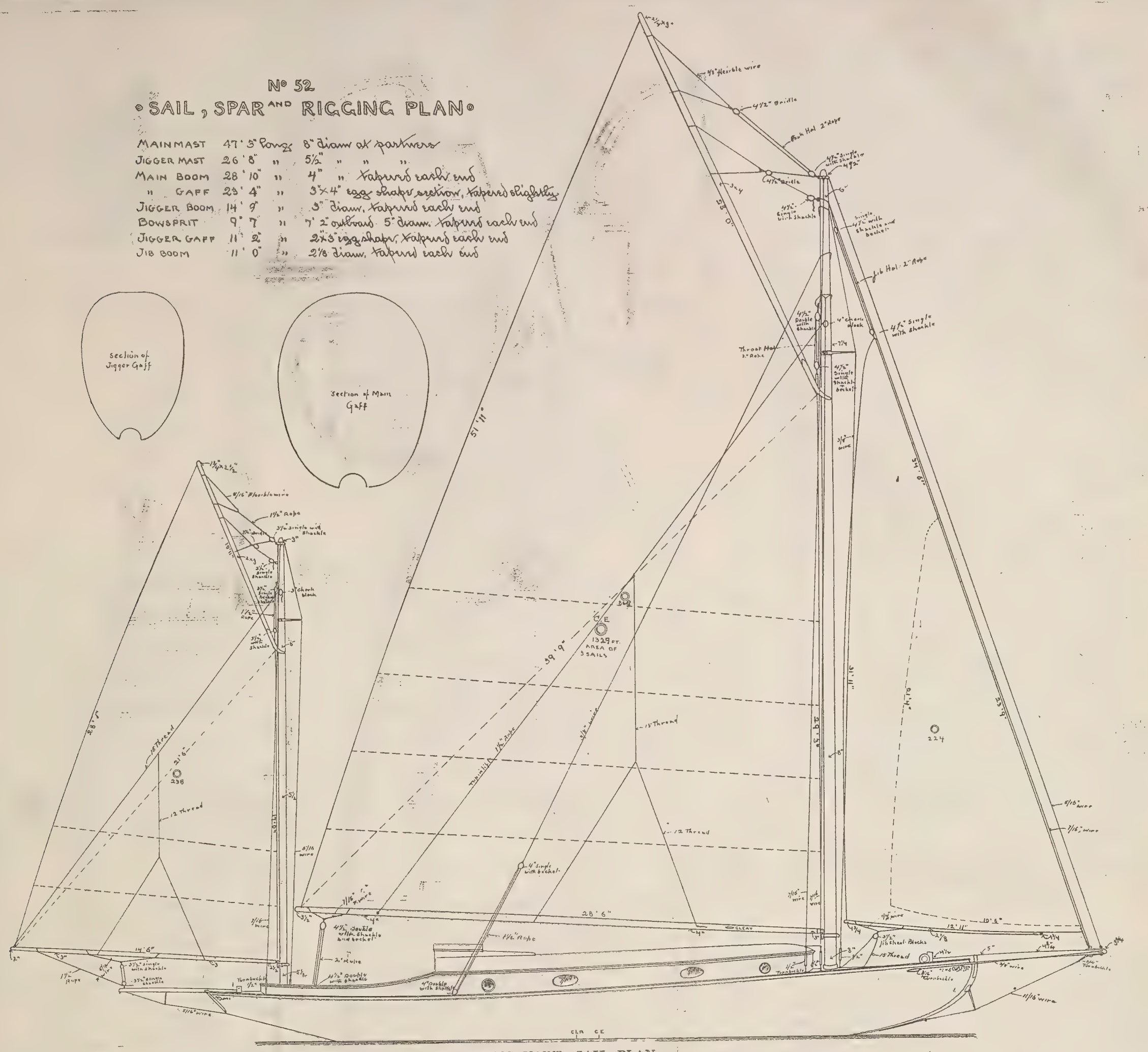
BOSTON, March 30.—Active preparations are being made by the clubs throughout New England for the season's racing. Many of the clubs have made up their lists of events, while others are expected to be heard from long before the racing season opens. This will probably be the greatest yachting year in the history of the sport, and regatta and other committees are taking time by the forelock.

At Marblehead the Corinthian Y. C. has already made up its list of dates. The club house will be opened on April 1, informally. This is to enable the yachtsmen who wish to make an early start to obtain their meals and to have a landing place. The opening of the club at such an early date speaks for itself in regard to the amount of yachting that is expected for the coming season. The Corinthian Y. C. is essentially a summer club, the majority of its active members being summer residents at the Neck and on the Marblehead shore. It is usually the custom to open the club house informally on May 1 and to have the formal opening of the season on May 30. This year the formal opening will be on May 1.

The Eastern Y. C. is making immense alterations in its already spacious quarters. Recently the property of the Samoset House, which adjoins the club house, was purchased with a view of enlarging the club quarters. The present club house is also to be enlarged. From this it may be expected that the Eastern Y. C. is again to go into racing extensively. For a number of years racing in this club has fallen off. There have been plenty of boats owned by members of the club, but there have not been many classes for them. The result has been that in order to race they have had to join the classes of the New York Y. C., either on its cruise or in the races off Newport. With the prospect of a racing visit of Sir Thomas Lipton, it may be possible that interest in the larger classes will be renewed and that big races will once more be the feature of Massachusetts Bay.

At present the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. seems to be the most active racing club in New England. It has not yet made provisions for any of the very large classes, but the instituting of these classes is sure to become a feature of the club. The first boom in this direction will be the races for the cups and prizes offered by Thomas W. Lawson, which will be held under the auspices of this club. With this feature once started, there is no doubt that races for the larger classes will be permanent annual events in the future. The prospects of the club are immense. In coming up to its present magnitude it has not jumped into conditions which the size and prestige of the club do not warrant, but the growth has been steady and strong, and the gain made will never be lost. The club is liberal in its policy while still maintaining the dignity that becomes the leading yacht club of Boston and vicinity, if it does not, indeed, become the leading club of Massachusetts Bay.

It is expected that the classes in the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be larger this year than in any previous year since 1896. There have been many new boats built for the restricted classes, which is the best possible proof that these classes are finding favor with the reasonable yachtsman. While the classes have fallen off during the past five years, it has been something which might only be expected under the circumstances



CRUISING YAWL—SAIL PLAN.

A change was made in the rules in regard to racing length, time allowance was abolished and restrictions were put upon certain classes.

When a radical change is made in the racing rules of any club or association of clubs it takes considerable time for the majority of the yachtsmen to become accustomed to them. There was no more to be expected from the changes made by the Massachusetts Association than from those of any other association. When once a permanent change is made yachtsmen are always suspicious that others are to follow of a like nature, and consequently they are not very anxious to build new boats. In this case it has been found out that the general rules with regard to sailing length and scantling restrictions will not be changed and the yachtsmen are now confident of protection in building new boats.

Outside of these permanent rules, there are many things to be perfected in the Association. This is admitted by all, and its strongest supporters do not claim that the Association is perfect. The sliding scale of restrictions in regard to the ratio of sail area to ballast and waterline beam is one of the hardest problems that any association or regatta committee has to face. This has been the point that has been most discussed by the enemies of the Association. The Association has tried to make rules in this respect that will be fair for all, for it is by this means that the racing chances of all yachts in a class are expected to be made equal. So far it appears to have done all that is required in the only class where a fair comparison between different types of boats could be obtained. But if it should prove to be wrong, so that one boat would have a decided advantage over another, the Association is ready to make the necessary changes, provided, of course, that the present system of measurement and the scantling restrictions are not interfered with.

The South Boston Y. C. will give the opening Y. R. A. race of the season on Memorial Day, May 30. It has been the custom of this club for the past twenty-four years to open the racing season in Massachusetts Bay. This year an elaborate programme is to be given. For the first time in the general circuit there will be a class for the 18ft. knockabouts which conform to the restrictions of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association. One of the members of the Association has guaranteed the presence of at least a dozen of these boats, and one of the members of the Duxbury Y. C. has said that he will send his boat up and as many more as he can get. There will also be classes for sailing tenders, which have become very popular in Dorchester Bay during the past three years. The following schedule has been made up by the South Boston Y. C. for the season:

May 30, Y. R. A., open; June 8, club handicap; June 15, 16 and 17, club cruise; July 6, ladies' day; July 20, club handicap; Aug. 17, club handicap; Aug. 24, ladies' day.

Work on Independence is progressing smoothly. About two-thirds of her plating is now in position, and it is expected that another week will see her sides entirely covered in. Some of the plates have not been put on because of the non-arrival of those which go at the tuck. These have now been received and have been turned out. They will be put in place the first of the week, and the others, which have been cut out and bored, will soon follow. Most of the steel plates have been put on the deck, and the plate for the mast step is now in position. Another coupon was cut from the balance rudder frame and sent to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for testing. This time the metal showed a tensile strength of 58,000lbs. to the square inch and an elongation of 38½ per cent. This is considered strong enough and no new frame will be cast. One complete suit of sails has been turned out by Wilson & Silsby.

W. Starling Burgess has another order for a Y. R. A. 21-footer. She will be a centerboard with about 9½ft. beam and an over all length of 35ft. She is for Boston parties, who do not want their names mentioned just yet.

Fred Lawley has an order for a 16-footer for Marblehead parties. He is also working on the lines of a 15-footer for Pawtucket parties, and a 46ft. schooner.

Crowninshield, in connection with F. Bowne Jones, has sold the Bar Harbor 25-footer Dickey to C. V. Brokaw, of New York.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

A Cruising Yawl.

IN our issue of last week there appeared complete plans and description of a cruising yawl designed by Mr. W. Starling Burgess, of Boston, Mass. This week we reproduce plans of a cruising yawl designed by Small Brothers, also of Boston, Mass., for Mr. Joshua M. Dill, of Newton Center, Mass. The Burgess design is for a keel boat, while the Small design is for a centerboard boat, and as both are of exactly the same waterline (28ft. 6in.), it may be interesting to note the different points shown in the designing of modern centerboard and keel boats by representative men.

The plans of the boat for Mr. Dill show a very roomy and comfortable craft with good beam, shallow draft and moderate overhang. She will make a fine cruiser and will undoubtedly be fast.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	42ft. 3in.
L.W.L.	28ft. 6in.
Overhang—	
Bow	6ft. 9in.
Stern	7ft.
Beam—	
Extreme	12ft. 3in.
L.W.L.	11ft. 4in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	2ft. 2in.
Extreme	2ft. 8in.
Board down	8ft. 5in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	4ft.
Taffrail	2ft. 7in.
Least	2ft. 3in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	869 sq. ft.
Mizzen	236 sq. ft.
Jib	224 sq. ft.
Total sail area	1,329 sq. ft.
Ballast—	
Inside	1,000lbs.
Outside.	5,500lbs.
Total ballast	6,500lbs.
Displacement	15,000lbs.

The boat is well constructed and her cabin accommodation is very spacious for this size of boat. The centerboard trunk is short and does not project much above the cabin floor, so that this usually objectionable feature of centerboard boats is in this case reduced to a minimum. There are two large berths on each side of the cabin with wide transoms in front. The partition between the after berth and the transom may be removed, thus giving a very wide double berth. The toilet room, with a folding wash basin and closet, is on the port side of the companionway, while opposite on the starboard is a large clothes press. Forward is a light and roomy galley with a large ice box, sink, lockers, dish racks, etc. There is 6ft. headroom under the cabin house.

Yacht Club Notes.

Commodore Cass Ledyard presided at the second general meeting of the New York Y. C., which was held at the club house, on West Forty-fourth street, on Thursday evening, March 28.

The committee on the new club house made its final report, and received a vote of thanks for the diligence and ability which it had shown in carrying out its work. Upon the suggestion of Secretary Oddie the date of issue of the club book was postponed from June 1 to July 1, so that the many changes occurring in the fleet and otherwise may be correctly given. In the future the private signals of the non-yacht owners will be omitted from the book, but provision will be made for the permanent display at the club house.

Owing to the Cup races being set to begin on Aug. 20, it was decided that the fleet should rendezvous for the annual cruise on Monday, July 22. The place was not announced, but it will probably be at Glen Cove, as usual.

The constitution was amended so that the price of life membership will be $500. The amended article now reads:

"Article VIII.—Life members—Any member whose name shall have been upon the role of the club, and who shall have paid annual dues for fifteen consecutive years, shall be entitled to become a life member on the payment of $500, which shall be in lieu of any further annual dues."

Changes in the racing rules were ratified by the club. These chiefly are as follows:

"Rule I., section 7, page 180—After 'halyard block,' in line 13, add 'if in the judgment of the measurer there is any question as to the location of the hounds, the lower point of measurement for the topmast will be the upper side of the sheave in the upper throat halyard block.'"

"Page 181—Insert after first paragraph a new paragraph, to read: 'In pole-masted yachts and those not carrying topmasts, the distance between the under side of the sheave in throat halyard block and the under side of the sheave in the uppermost halyard block or sheave in the mast shall be used for determining the length of the base line, in the same way as is the topmast, when one is carried.'"

"Page 181—Strike out last paragraph and substitute: 'When in any case, owing to peculiarity of rig, the sail area of a yacht cannot, in the judgment of the measurer, be fairly measured in the cutomary way, he may, with the sanction of the Regatta Committee, take such measurements as will enable him to compute the actual area of sail carried or that may be carried on the spars used.'"

"Rule XVII., Section 3, Page 193—Alter the present section to read: 'Should a yacht, after having been officially measured, take on board any dead weight as ballast, or make alterations in her sail plan by lengthening any of the dimensions which have been measured, and start in a race without a remeasurement, or without notifying the Regatta Committee, in writing, that such changes have been made, together with a request for remeasurement, she shall be disqualified.'"

Secretary of the Navy J. D. Long was elected an honorary member of the club. He was proposed by Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, and seconded by former Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan. Honorary members have to be elected at two meetings. This was the second election of Secretary Long.

* * *

The Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound held its general meeting at the Yachtsmen's Club, West Forty-third street, on Tuesday evening, March 26. Mr. Charles T. Pierce, of the Executive Committee, was in the chair. Slight amendments to the racing rules were made: One was to provide for the measurement of yachts rigged like the Altair and the Shark, and another amendment was that a yacht after having been measured must not take in ballast without being remeasured, and a request for remeasurement must be made before a yacht may start in a race.

The following Executive Committee was elected: Charles T. Pierce, Chairman; Frank Bowne Jones, Robert C. Mitchell, C. H. Crane, E. M. MacLellan, T. H. Macdonald and Charles P. Tower, Secretary.

The following schedule of races for the season was adopted:

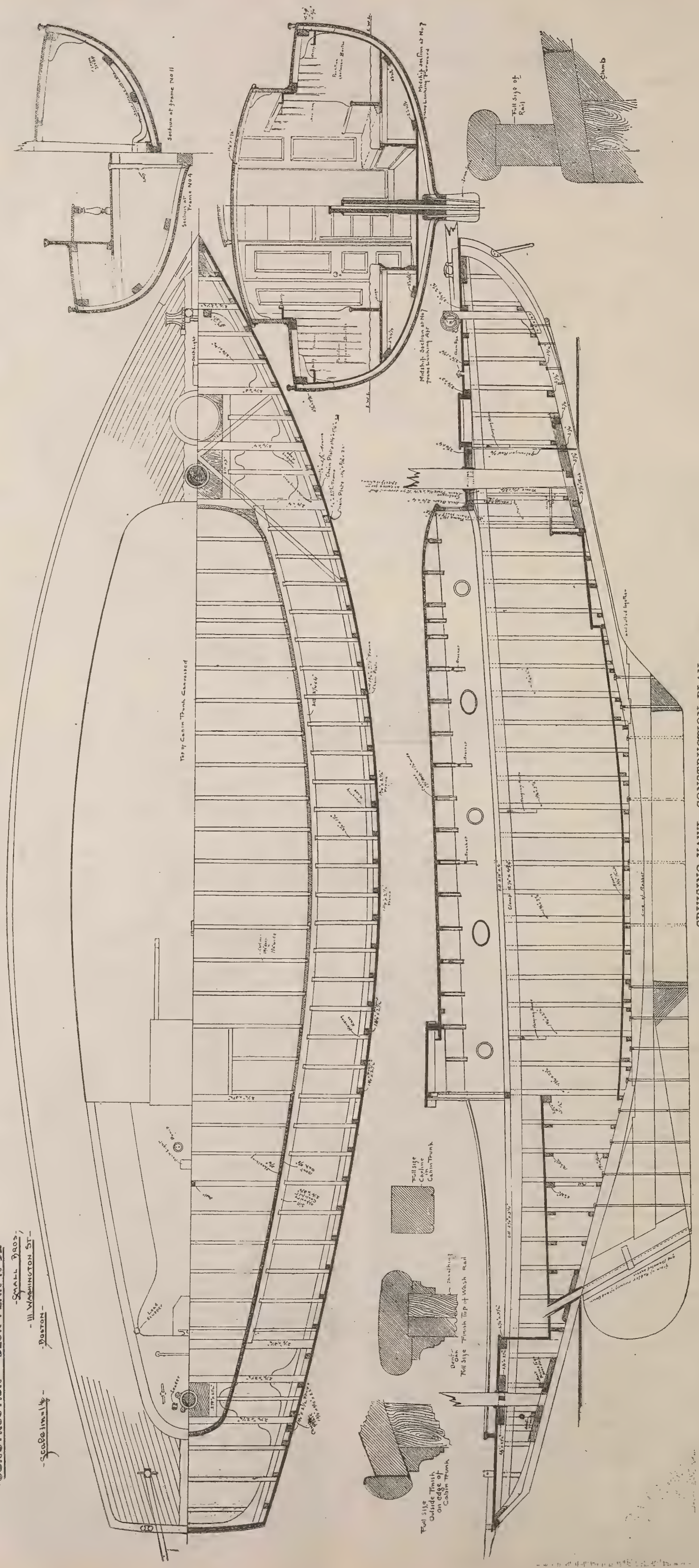
Saturday, May 18, Huguenot Y. C.; Saturday, May 25, New Rochelle Y. C.; Thursday, May 30, Harlem Y. C., Indian Harbor Y. C. and Bridgeport Y. C.; Saturday, June 1, Knickerbocker Y. C.; Saturday, June 8, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Saturday, June 15, Norwalk Y. C.; Saturday, June 22, New Rochelle Y. C.; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 27, 28 and 29, Seawanhaka Y. C.; Tuesday, July 2, Indian Harbor Y. C.; Thursday, July 4, Hartford Y. C.; Saturday, July 6, Riverside Y. C.; Monday, July 8, Norwalk Y. C.; Saturday, July 20, Corinthian Y. C., of Stamford; Saturday, July 27, Sea Cliff Y. C. and Northport Y. C.; Saturday, Aug. 3, Hempstead Harbor Y. C.; Saturday, Aug. 10, Bridgeport Y. C. and Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.; Saturday, Aug. 17, Indian Harbor Y. C.; Saturday, Aug. 24, Huguenot Y. C.; Saturday, Aug. 31, Hartford Y. C. and Huntington Y. C.; Monday, Sept. 2, Norwalk Y. C. and Sachem's Head Y. C.; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5, 6 and 7, Seawanhaka Y. C.; Saturday, Sept. 14, Indian Harbor Y. C.; Saturday, Sept. 21, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Saturday, Sept. 28, Riverside Y. C.

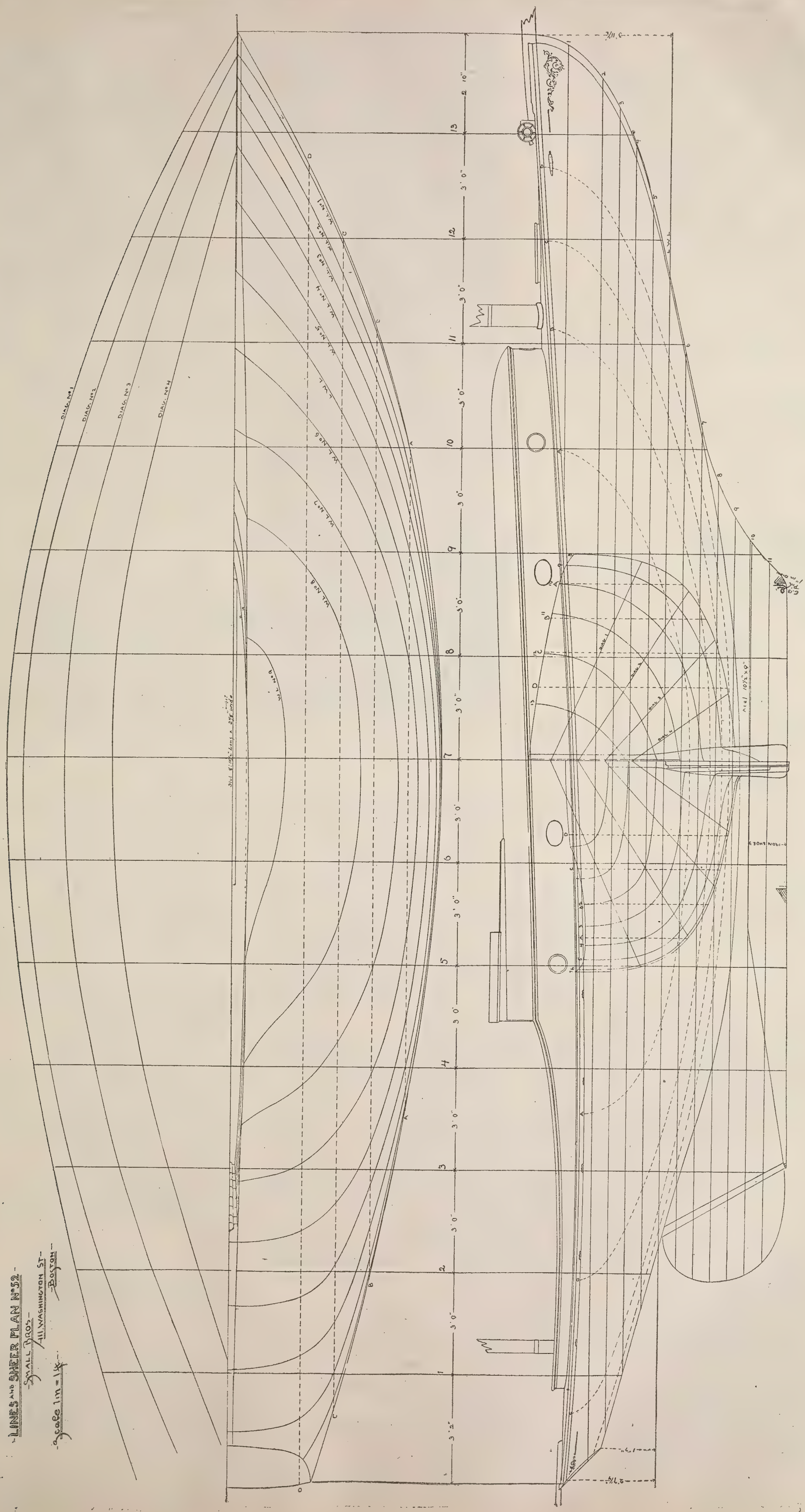
The racing circuit begins on June 22 and ends July 6, including the New Rochelle, Seawanhaka, Indian Harbor, Hartford and Riverside clubs.

* * *

Owing to the difficulty the several clubs having their anchorages and races in Gravesend Bay have had during the past few years it is probable that there will be an association formed for the mutual protection of the clubs in that vicinity, to be known as the Gravesend Bay Yacht Racing Association. Last season it was not unusual for two or three of the clubs to hold races on the same days and over the same courses, and unfortunate complications arose owing to the confusion that was bound to exist. As the interest in yachting is steadily increasing in that vicinity it is essential that steps should be taken at once to avoid further friction. At no time since the decline of the former organization has there been the same interest and rivalry that exists in the other waters of Long Island Sound at the present time.

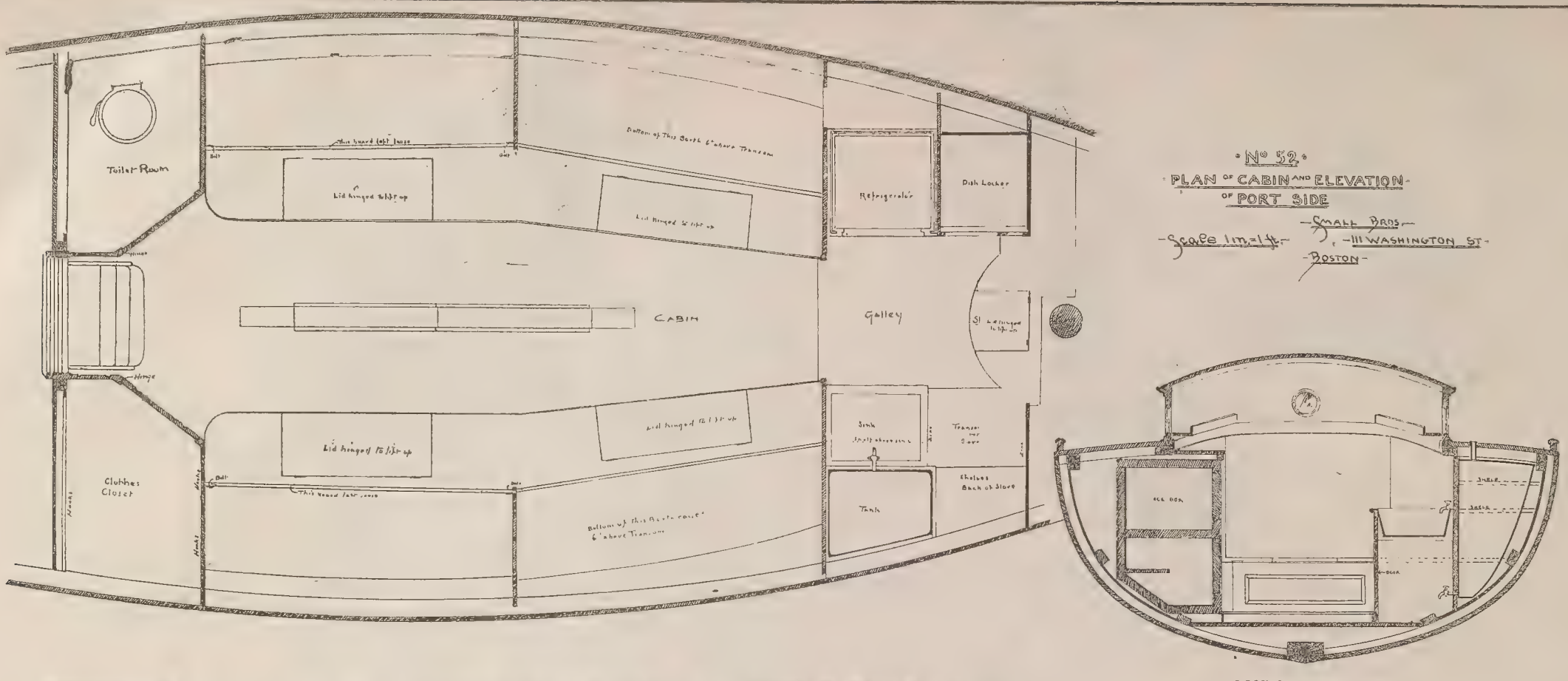
The clubs so far interested in the movement are the





CRUISING YAWL—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR JOSHUA M. DILL, 1901.

LINES AND SHEER PLAN No 52
SMALL BROS.
111 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON
Scale 1 in = 1½



CRUISING YAWL—CABIN PLAN.

Marine and Field Club, the Brooklyn Yacht Club, the New York Canoe Club, The Royal Arcanum Shore and Royal Arcanum Outing Clubs, and possibly the Atlantic Yacht Club. A preliminary meeting of delegates from all but the Atlantic Y. C. was held at the Brooklyn Y. C. house, in Bensonhurst, a few days ago, to talk over the advisability of forming a local league. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and each representative pledged the support of his club to the proposed association. It was decided not to take final action in the matter until the Atlantic Y. C., which is the largest on the bay, could be heard from.

* * *

At the first annual meeting of the Bergen Beach Y. C. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Robert E. Stillson; Vice-Com., George E. Fitzmaurice; Treas., Edward Chapman; Sec'y, Edward Wells; Measurer, L. Miller. Yachtsmen who are interested in furthering yachting interests at and around Bergen Beach are invited to communicate with A. MacDougal, 455 Broadway, who will be pleased to give any information regarding the club.

* * *

The Larchmont Y. C. announced its racing fixtures for the coming season. A spring regatta, open to all classes, will open the season on June 15. On Thursday, July 4, the twentieth annual regatta, open to all classes, will take place, and on Saturday, July 13, will begin the club's race week. Exclusive of the Sunday intervening, there will be races all that week, beginning on the 13th and ending on Saturday, July 20. During race week, series races will be given in class D of schooners and classes I, K, the Larchmont 25-footers and the 21ft. raceabouts. First and second prizes will be given for each race in each class. In addition thereto, Com. F. T. Adams offers to the winners of the greatest number of points in classes I, K, the Larchmont 25-footers and 21ft. raceabouts during the week, prizes to be known as "The Adams' Cups," and to the winners of the next greatest number of points in each class the club will award second prizes, also a prize to the winner of the greatest number of points in class D. Points to count as follows:

The winner is credited with twice the number of the second yacht, the second yacht with twice the number of the third, the third with twice the number of the fourth, etc., the last yacht being credited with one point.

During race week, should the owners of two or more yachts in any one class not provided for desire to race, the Regatta Committee will, upon application, provide for same, and suitable prizes will be awarded.

On Aug. 31 there will be a regatta open to Class D of schooners and for Class I, 70ft. R. L., and for Class K, 51ft. R. L., and for Class L, 43ft. R. L. The fall regatta will take place on Monday, Sept. 2, Labor Day, and will be open to all classes. The last regatta scheduled for the season will take place on Saturday, Sept. 14. This will include the race for the Larchmont cup for schooners; race for Class G yawls; race for Class I, 70ft. R. L.; race for Class K, 51ft. R. L., and race for Class L, 43ft. R. L. In all classes where two or more yachts start in a race with full intention of completing the course, a prize will be awarded. When three or more yachts start with like intention, a second prize will be awarded, and where five or more start with like intention, a third prize will be awarded.

* * *

The Newport Yacht Racing Association is arranging for next summer's races off that place, and has already decided upon two series, one on July 18, 20, and 23, and the other during the week succeeding the New York Y. C. cruise. There will also be the usual contests between the thirties and seventies, and a new series for the forty-fives.

* * *

Commander Henry H. Barroll, U. S. N., talked to members of the Yachtsmen's Club, New York city, on Wednesday evening, March 27, on "Methods of Determining Position at Sea."

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At Huntington's yard, at New Rochelle, the 51-footer Huguenot is nearing completion. The outside planking is all on and the second layer of the deck is in place. Joiners will soon begin work on the cabins. The boat will be launched shortly and taken to City Island to have her fin put on. It is the designer's intention to have the boat in commission as early in the season as possible, and there is a possibility of her being tried out with Hussar II., now that that boat has been altered and improved. It is thought that she will do far better work to windward than she did last year, and will make a good showing in her class.

* * *

The publishers of FOREST AND STREAM have received a copy of the book containing the signal code adopted by the Yokohama yachting clubs for their uses. The book is carefully compiled, and is of considerable interest.

* * *

At Abram's yard, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., the following boats are hauled up: Dagmar, Lapwing, Scimitar, Clara, Penguin, Humming Bird, Lazana, Sea Gull, Loyalty, Corsair, Dovite, Oceonda, Nina and Gracie. Myerra, Guide and Idelwild are lying in mud berths. The bad weather that has prevailed for the past few weeks has greatly delayed the work of fitting out all these boats. The well-known sloop Penguin, recently purchased by Mr. A. Holland Forbes, N. Y. Y. C., is being entirely refitted; she is to have new decks and the sides of the cockpit and cabin house will be of mahogany. Below decks she is to be completely modernized and newly upholstered and carpeted throughout. Plumbing of the most improved make is being put in. A new gig has been made for this boat by Huntington, of New Rochelle.

* * *

The cutter Lotowana has been sold by Mr. T. O'Connor Sloane, through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh, to Mr. John M. Knapp. Her rig will be changed from that of a cutter to that of a yawl.

* * *

The Herreshoff Mfg, Co. are completing three raceabouts for Massachusetts yachtsmen.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Fallert, of the New Rochelle Y. C., has purchased the yawl Scalpha from Mr. T. W. King, of Boston, Mass.

* * *

The Spaulding St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., have received an order from Mr. C. L. Watson, for a number of hollow spruce spars, to be used on the club topsail for Shamrock II.

There will be still another boat built to sail in the trial races for the defense of the Canada cup. She will be turned out by the Michigan Yacht & Power Co., from designs made by Capt. Wilds, of Toledo. The boat will be 47ft. over all, 25ft. on the waterline and 11ft. 6in. beam.

* * *

Mr. Percy Chubb has ordered a new suit of sails for Vigilant from Ratsey & Lapthorn, of Cowes, England.

* * *

Mr. Henry C. Rouse, former Commodore of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., has bought the English built brigantine rigged steam yacht Rosabell. Mr. Rouse formerly owned the schooner yacht Iroquis.

* * *

Mr. Harrison I. Drummond, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh the English built bark rigged auxiliary yacht White Heather, and she is about to leave Cowes, England, for New York. White Heather is built of steel, and is 180ft. long on the waterline, 220ft. over all, 28ft. 6in. beam and 16ft. 6in. draft. She was designed and built by Messrs. John Reid & Co., of Port Glasgow, Scotland, in 1890. White Heather has been around the world and is well known as an ocean cruiser. Mr. Drummond formerly owned the steam yacht Sapphire.

* * *

Lord Reudel, of Newcastle, England, has sold through Manning's yacht agency his steam yacht Lady Beatrice, to Mr. E. V. Douglas, of Philadelphia. Lady Beatrice was designed by Mr. W. C. Storey, and was built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, at Leith. She is 175ft. long over all, 22ft. 6in. beam and 12ft. 6in. deep. Mr. Douglas will change the boat's name to Aroc. She is now at Tyne, fitting out for the voyage across.

* * *

Mr. J. R. DeLamar, former owner of the famous schooner Fleetwing, has purchased the English built steam yacht Sagitta. She was built by Messrs. W. Hamilton & Co., of Glasgow, Scotland, and is 191ft. long over all, 177ft. long on the waterline, 25ft. beam and draws 13ft. 6in.

* * *

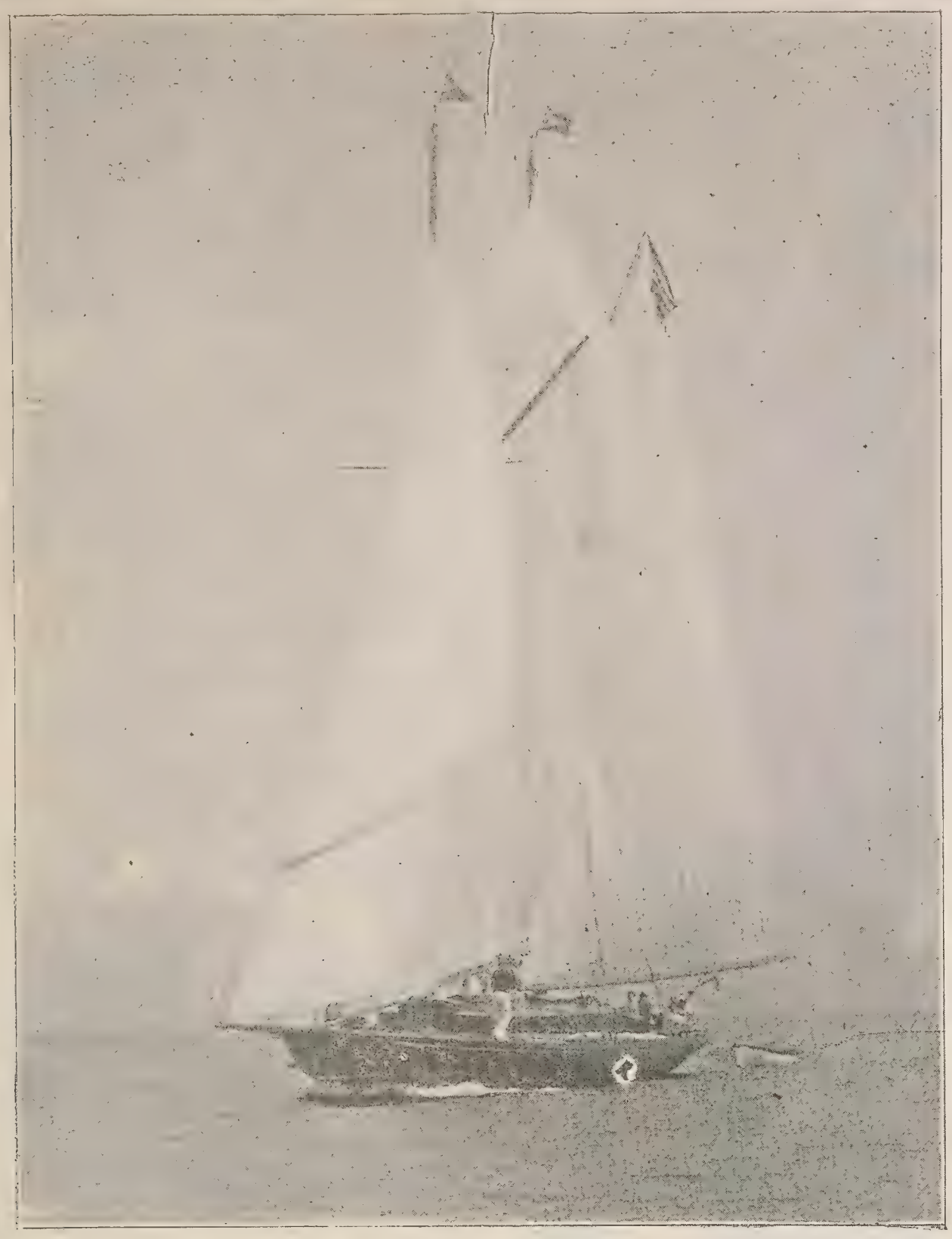
Mr. H. A. Hutchins, former owner of the steam yacht Jathneil, has chartered the English steam yacht Gunilda. She was built by Messrs. Ramage & Fergueson, at Leith, in 1897, from designs made by Messrs. Cox & King. She is 177ft. over all, 166ft. 6in. long on the waterline, 24ft. 6in. beam and 14ft. 2in. draft.

* * *

Dr. C. H. Ward-Humphries, the well-known British yachtsman, has purchased from Mr. Howard Gould the 20-rater Niagara, and she will be put in commission at once. She will be renamed Japonica. Niagara was designed and built by the Herreshoffs in 1895 for Mr. Gould, and was shipped to England on the deck of a steamer. She was raced with great success in English waters.

* * *

The large English yawl Brynhild, which has raced so successfully in the handicap classes in England, has been purchased by a New York yachtsman, whose name is withheld for the present. She was designed by Mr. C. E. Nicholson, and was built at Gosport by Messrs.



REDSKIN III.
Photo by Jackston, Marblehead.

Camper & Nicholson for the late Mr. J. Selwyn Caverly, of Portsmouth, England. She is 83ft. on the waterline, 20ft. beam and 12ft. 9in. draft. In her first season the Brynhild won eleven firsts and four prizes out of twenty-three starts, the total value being £530. Last year she started forty times, won fourteen firsts and nine other prizes valued at £785. Brynhild will meet Ailsa, Navahoe and Vigilant during the coming season.

Messrs. W. S. and J. T. Spaulding, former owners of the steam yacht Avenel, have commissioned Mr. J. Beaver Webb to design for them a steam yacht 200ft. long over all, 24ft. 6in. beam and 11ft. 6in. draft. The vessel will be ready for delivery to her owners May 1, 1902.

It is said that Captain Skeats, former master of the cutter Bona, will command in American waters during the coming season the yawl Ailsa, which Mr. H. S. Redmond, N. Y. Y. C., purchased from Mr. F. B. Jameson, of Glasgow.

Mr. C. M. Bush, of New York, is having a steam launch built by the Michigan Yacht & Power Co. The boat is being built for speed, and will have a 60 horse-power engine. She is 65ft. long and 8ft. 6in. beam. The same firm has completed a power launch for Mr. George Hill, measurer of the Atlantic Y. C. She is 30ft. long on the waterline, and will have a 12 horse-power motor.

Manning's Yacht Agency has sold for Mr. Charles A. Tatum the steam yacht Cosette to Mr. George H. Kimball, of Worcester, Mass. The same agency has chartered for Mr. James C. Hamlen, of Portland, Maine, his schooner yacht Beatrice to Mr. F. B. Hussey, of Pittsburg, Pa. The yawl Polly has been sold for Mr. Gustav E. Kissell, by the same agency, to Messrs. C. S. & E. A. Randall, of Portland, Maine.

Redskin III.

Owing to lack of space the photograph of the schooner Redskin III. was unavoidably held over until this week. A complete description of the boat appeared in last week's issue.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

San Francisco, March 17.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club did itself proud on St. Patrick's day, more shooting being done than on any other day in the club's history—about 4,000 shots were fired. Pape made the fine score of 37, and was expected to break the rifle record when he had his first 6 shots in the 4-ring, but it was too close work to stand. Young, also with pistol, should have broken the record, but only succeeded in tieing his own record of 32. Hovey had a remarkably fine target, 8 of his shots being inside the 3½in. ring, with two high 9s. This target counted 41. Strange to say, these two scores (32 and 41), if measured by the standard American, would have tied Otto Fuedner, who is one of America's greatest shots with the shotgun, and is also a convert to pistol, and to-day demonstrated that he can wield it with the sharpshooters. After firing 200 shots and gaining 93 points on his 10 best scores for a bar, which is only 9 points short of the sharpshooters' average, he declared that he had enjoyed it intensely. He has ordered a Winchester rifle, .32-40, and will try his hand with that also. Fuedner had a new handle on his S. & W. pistol, which is longer and larger than the regular one. A. J. Brannigan did some fine revolver shooting; in fact, it is most remarkable for a beginner, being expert work. He uses the new .38 S. & W. Capt. Fred Kuhnle went back to his .22-7-45 and Peters cartridges, and led in that contest with 17, only one point behind the club record. J. R. Trego made a pistol out of the new .22 rifle action of the Winchester's latest model. It was too heavy at first, but he lightened it and got Young to try it to-day, and on his first trial Young made 2, 2, 2, 3, 3, 1, 1, 2, 6, 2—24, which is within one point of Mr. Partridge's great run. Trego had Partridge's style of sights. The pull of trigger was about 1½lbs., which is under the limit (2lbs.), and the score was made in practice. Young followed it with a 43 and 45. The Winchester Company should make one after this model. Young will test it further, and find out its actual merits, with proper pull of trigger.

Scores, Columbia target, 10 shots, off-hand shooting:

Rifle, 200yds.: A. H. Pape (Pope rifle), 37, 66, 61; F. O. Young (Pope rifle), 53, 65, 54, 54; W. G. Hoffman (Winchester .38), 54, 61; G. M. Barley, 62, 71, 84, 85; G. Mannel, 77, 79; G. W. Hoadley, 90, 108.

Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young (Stevens pistol, Peters long rifle cartridges), 32, 44, 46, 46, 38, 43; E. Hovey (S. & W. pistol), 38, 45, 47, 49, 41; C. M. Daiss, 46, 48, 56, 56, 61; Dr. J. F. Twist, 51, 63, 65, 70, 72, 72, 75, 75; G. W. Hoadley, 53, 64, 71; O. Fuedner, 54, 57, 58, 60, 61, 63, 64, 68, 67, 69; Mrs. G. Mannel, 58, 60, 70, 82, 82; G. Mannel, 80, 82, 89; E. A. Allen, 79, 92, 96, 99; W. G. Hoffman, 83; Mrs. Waltham, 97.

Revolver, 50yds.: A. J. Brannigan, 60, 66, 52, 45, 47; P. A. Becker, 60, 64, 65, 66, 72, 71; J. R. Trego, 75, 86. Brannigan had 43 out of 50 8in. bullseyes, consecutive shooting.

.22 rifle, 50yds.: Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 17, 22; A. B. Dorrell, 20; O. Fuedner, 30, 39; E. A. Allen, 31, 32; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 32, 38.

F. O. Young, Rec. Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, March 31. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 91. Weather cloudy, thermometer 40, wind unsteady, 7 to 8 o'clock.

The day was devoted to a 100-shot individual championship match. The weather conditions were not very favorable for making good scores, the wind letting up at times, and at others requiring 1 to 1½ points windage:

Gindele	10	10	9	7	10	9	10	10	9	7—91
	9	9	8	10	10	9	9	10	8	7—89
Strickmeier	8	8	8	8	10	9	10	10	10	8—89
	10	7	10	9	9	9	8	7	8	9—86
Roberts	9	10	7	10	8	10	8	9	8	7—86
	8	10	8	9	10	6	7	7	9	9—83
Nestler	8	10	8	9	9	8	9	8	6	10—85
	9	8	10	7	10	10	10	6	6	9—85
Payne	8	7	10	10	8	8	10	10	9	8—83
	8	10	10	9	6	9	10	10	10	5—87
Jonscher	9	9	7	9	5	10	8	9	9	8—83
	6	7	7	10	5	10	9	9	10	10—83
Drube	5	8	10	9	8	7	10	6	10	7—80
	7	7	10	10	9	10	6	4	8	7—78
Lux	8	8	7	9	9	7	8	8	5	8—79
	9	8	10	6	9	8	7	6	6	7—76
Uckotter	7	5	10	8	10	4	4	10	9	8—75
	10	6	7	4	10	8	6	8	6	7—72
Topf	9	6	7	10	6	6	8	7	5	7—71
	8	9	6	5	4	8	8	7	7	8—70
Surkamer	5	4	9	9	5	4	9	8	8	7—68
	4	7	10	9	6	5	7	6	7	5—66
Speth	6	9	6	9	9	8	7	10	9	10—83
	10	7	7	8	8	5	9	8	9	9—80
Trounstine	10	10	4	6	10	7	10	9	8	6—80
	6	6	10	9	10	6	10	9	8	5—79

Gindele	80	87	85	77	76	84	85	89—843	
Strickmeier	78	84	75	86	81	85	79	75—818	
Roberts	77	83	80	79	79	80	76	78—801	
Nestler	75	79	76	79	83	75	80	81—798	
Payne	77	77	72	81	77	78	71	86—794	
Jonscher	65	70	80	75	70	73	66	69—734	
Drube	71	75	64	77	69	70	78	68—730	
Lux	73	76	74	74	66	69	62	71—720	
Uckotter	71	54	62	65	71	69	54	67—660	
Topf	67	67	65	62	66	57	67	61—652	
Surkamer	60	46	52	56	52	55	60	59—574	
Speth	73	78	73	79	78	75	..	..—619	
Trounstine	64	63	73	74	72	..	..	..—505	

As the kinds of revolvers which were used in the tournament during the week of the sportsmen's show are of interest to our readers, we present the following information concerning them. In the 100-shot indoor championship Sergt. Petty, Dr. R. H. Sayre, John A. Dietz, Jr., and J. A. Smith used Colts; J. E. Stoneman used Smith & Wesson.

In the revolver re-entry match Smith, Sayre, Dietz, Jr., Petty, L. R. Piercy, H. M. Pope, E. F. M. Wendelstadt, A. D. Shepard, Jr., and S. Scott used Colts; Dr. W. A. Smith and W. P. Uhler used Colts and Smith and Wesson; J. T. Humphrey, A. L. A. Himmelwright, K. K. V. Casey, J. B. Crabtree and L. C. Hundley used Smith & Wesson. In the revolver or pistol re-entry match Smith, Dietz, Jr., Petty, Sayre and Piercy used Colt revolvers; Crabtree and K. R. McAlpin, Smith & Wesson .22 pistol; Himmelwright and Humphrey, Smith and Wesson revolver.

In the indoor championship of the U. S. Revolver Association Colt revolvers were used by Petty, Dietz, Jr., Sayre and Smith, and Smith & Wesson by Himmelwright.

The revolver contests held in connection with the sportsmen's show, in Madison Square Garden recently, demonstrated that for accuracy the revolver can hold its own with the single shot to a degree heretofore considered impossible. In the 100-shot indoor re-entry match Sergt. W. E. Petty made 908 points, using a Colt New Service revolver, as did also Dr. Sayre, who won second. The Colt revolver took first, second and third in each one of the four events in which revolvers were eligible.

The Brewers' Protective Association of San Francisco, Cal., voted $1,500 in prizes, to be given at the third national bundes shooting festival, Shell Mound Park, July 14 to 23.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

April 6.—Bulls Head, S. I., N. Y.—A live-bird shoot for the championship of Richmond county, S. I., at Chelsea Heights Gun Club grounds. John S. Lewis, Sec'y.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Seventh annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. J. M. Hawkins, Sec'y.

April 10.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for Dupont trophy at Dupont Park.

April 12-13.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's tournament. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Pella, Ia.—Jim Sheehy's amateur target shoot.

April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

April 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Klein-Barmeister's third annual target tournament; $50 added each day.

April 26-28.—Chicago.—Annual spring tournament of the Crescent Gun Club. John S. Boa, Mgr.

May 1-2.—Toledo, O.—First annual handicap shoot of the Edgewater Gun Club. F. W. Dyar, Sec'y.

May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.

May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.

May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.

May 30.—Dansville, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Dansville Gun Club, on Decoration Day. Norman Tompkins, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

July 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Pan-American Exposition tournament. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.

May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

April 23-24.—Olathe, Kans.—Peters Cartridge Company's amateur tournament, assisted by Mr. Frank Hodges.

April 24-25.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co.; $150 added money. H. W. Brown, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Concerning the recent roof garden target tournament, the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung, a German newspaper published in New York, dignified its pages with the following, which inversely bristles with wisdom and accurate knowledge. It may be considered as settling nothing further than the fact that the Zeitung didn't know the difference between bluerock targets and live birds, and that all shooters know that it didn't know the difference. The excerpt is as follows: "It has been resolved by the board of directors of the sporting exhibition to stop pigeon shooting. This is a very laudable purpose, still we cannot repress the remark that this cruel and aimless sport should not have been permitted from the start. Merely to shoot at animals which have even been maimed to serve the purpose in order to break again a cursed record is to be considered as distant from the true meaning of the word 'sport' as is the numerous killing of birds while migrating." Ja!

In appreciation and recognition of Mr. W. R. Crosby's great bluerock feat, Capt. A. W. Money, in behalf of his company, presented to Mr. Crosby last Saturday a beautiful gold repeater, intrinsically valuable in itself, and a perfect encyclopedia on all matters concerning time, for on pushing a button or something of that sort it chimes off the hours, quarters and minutes, etc. The obverse side bears, in beautifully engraved letters, the initials W. R. C., while on the reverse in drop figures is engraved the number of the great run, 345. The inner case bears the inscription: "Presented to W. R. Crosby by the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., in recognition of his record-breaking run of 345 straight at Interstate Park, Queens, N. Y., March 13, 1901."

Mr. E. Macdonald, of New York, writes us as follows: "I beg to advise you that on Dec. 14 of last year the Aschenbroedel Gun Club was organized with the following officers: President, Robert W. Iverson; Vice-President, Robert Ruhlender; Secretary, E. Macdonald; Treasurer, Paul Grunert. The regular club shoots will begin Friday, April 5, and will take place every other Friday thereafter. This club is composed of members of the Aschenbroedel Verein only, which in its turn is composed of the leading musicians of New York city. Therefore every member of the gun club is a musician, and a soloist, and if they will only shoot half as good as they play, they will soon be the champions of the metropolitan district."

Three officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were at Interstate Park on Monday of this week, in their official capacity. In deference to their wishes, courteously expressed, Manager Shaner suspended shooting a half hour shortly after midday and sent the force of trappers to gather the dead or wounded birds that were out of bounds. Thirteen were found. The space within the boundaries is kept clear of dead and wounded birds at all times, as each bird is gathered as killed. Manager Shaner will suspend the shooting at intervals each day, to clear up the outlying grounds.

The Edgewater Shooting Club, Toledo, O., announces its first annual handicap bluerock shoot, open to all, to take place May 1 and 2. The events are at 15, 20 and 25 bluerocks, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Event No. 8, the first day, has the Peters Cartridge Company's trophy for a prize. Handicaps 14 to 21yds. Targets 2 cents. Shells sent in care of the secretary, Mr. F. W. Dyar, will be delivered on the grounds. One cent for each target thrown will be deducted for average money.

Mr. John Barker, of the Peters Cartridge Company, has a busy season ahead. Besides his other duties, he is engaged to manage the Peru, Ind., Gun Club's shoot, May 7-9; the Zoo Gun Club's shoot at Sioux City, June 11-13; Binghamton, N. Y., April 24-25; Warm Springs, Ga., Southern Interstate tournament, June 17-20; the Michigan State Trapshooters' League, Saginaw, Mich., May 28-30, and a prospective shoot at Bristol, Tenn, June 24 and 25.

The prizes at the New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot last Saturday were miniature cups, six in all, of which three were for members and three for the visiting shooters who participated in the shoot at 25 live birds, handicaps 27 to 33yds. The cups have the following inscription: "Preliminary G. A. Handicap, Interstate Park, March 30, 1891. New Utrecht Gun Club. Won by ——."

The number of men of the 208 entered standing at each of the handicap distances in the G. A. H. is as follows: 25yds., 1; 26yds., 36; 27yds., 84; 28yds., 54; 29yds., 15; 30yds., 10; 31yds., 5; 32yds., 3. It will thus be noted that at 27yds. and less there are 121 shooters; back of 27yds., 87. Back of the 28yd. mark, the skill dwindles rapidly, as shown by the numbers, 15, 10, 5 and 3.

Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., will mail, free of charge, a copy of their calendar for 1901 to the secretary of any gun club who will send them his name and address. Also a copy to any one remitting 10 cents to them to pay mailing expenses. It contains portraits of many eminent shooters who use Parker guns, with their most recent records, etc.

After the shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, on Saturday, march 23, Mr. Frank Parmelee presented to the club the deer head which he won. In appreciation of his generosity, the club through its president, Mr. Walter F. Sykes, on last Saturday presented Mr. Parmelee a calendar watch.

Over 200 entries were in the Nitro Powder Handicap, an event at 16 birds, on Tuesday of this week. There was but little wind, and the conditions were therefore better for good scores than were those of the preceding day.

Capt. Money and Messrs. Denny, Vandegrift and Harold Money, members of the Carteret Gun Club, have entered the Grand American Handicap this year. Several of them have resigned from that club.

Mr. J. L. Head and party arrived safely last Sunday, after a pleasant trip. The number of Western shooters in attendance this year exceeds that of last year.

A novel and useful suggestion concerning the utility of professionals as squad captains at tournaments appears elsewhere in our trap columns this week.

The Dansville, N. Y., Gun Club, announces a Decoration Day amateur tournament. Mr. Norman Tompkins is secretary.

Mr. Fred Whitney informs us that Jim Sheehy's amateur target shoot will be held on April 23 and 24, at Pella, Ia.

BERNARD WATERS.

Grand American Handicap.

APRIL 1.—The preliminaries to the Grand American Handicap commenced to-day. The weather was ideal for pigeon shooting—a clear light, good birds and a stiff northwest wind, which as to the traps was about from 7 o'clock. There was a good number of contestants in the events to-day. No. 1, the Interstate Park Introductory, had 136 entries, and of this number 31 killed straight and each received $21,90. This event was at 8 birds, 30yds. rise, $5 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. High guns, ties divided. The scores:

J A R Elliott	22022222—7	T H Clay	20222222—7
C R Stephens	21222112—8	J Q Ward	12002001—4
A D Sperry	20211122—7	B Leroy	22222222—8
H P Collins	20220222—6	Parmelee	22222222—8
Hood	12020222—6	F Stearns	22202222—7
Popham	02222222—7	A B Dover	22202222—7
E C Fort	22222022—7	Hanlon	022220*2—5
Farmer Jones	22002221—6	A W du Bray	22012222—7
Tramp	20220011—5	L E Parker	20222222—7
Hallowell	12221212—8	H C Hirschy	22200222—6
F D Alkire	2101w	J M Hawkins	02221112—7
Hoffman	2 222222—8	J R Malone	11121222—8
Ondawa	02021111—6	Nutting	22222122—8
Vermont	22210122—7	A H Fox	22222222—8
Kommodore	01100110—4	R S Teal	22222022—7
Mosher	21101010—5	J E Rex	02222220—6
Guild	22201222—7	P F Dupont	12122022—7
Arno	22222222—8	W Massey	02222220—6
Simmonds	00222022—5	C K United	21222222—8
A S White	22*01120—5	Ed Voris	02222222—7
Von der Bosch	02012011—5	Ed Hickman	22220222—7
Tallman	22011222—7	E H Tripp	00222022—5
C A Young	21022200—5	H Henry	20122020—5
Phil	12222222—8	G D B Darby	20022222—6
G McG Morris	02*22220—5	Jim Jones	21112220—7
J R P	02202222—6	Mink	22222010—6
W D Townsend	22012221—7	W S Allen	22222202—7
C D Linderman	012 2222—6	Ranger	11020112—6
B-27	20222222—7	J L Head	21222222—8
G Burnside	222222*2—7	W H Wolstencroft	22222*20—7
T Marshall	22222222—8	J Gaughan	22202222—7
J R Hull	02111222—7	T J Desmond	02222202—6
C F Lambert	22222222—8	Red Wing	01012121—6
R L Trimble	22222222—8	R B Bond	12122222—8
J L Alabaster	22022222—7	E B Coe	20222210—6
G Roll	22222 22—8	B Claridge	02122122—7
T E McKay	21012222—7	Puck	21101100—5
J L D Morrison	2020222 1—5	O R Dickey	22222022—7
Dr W P Brown	02222222—7	Kaufman	22222202—7
Crosby	22222222—8	W M Hayes	22222202—7
Gilbert	02222222—7	W M Smith	22210101—6
Merrill	02*11220—5	E Duncan	12220222—7
Werk	12020222—6	J A Scott	11020002—4
Sloane	21200021—5	McPherson	22222222—8
Naumann	12210120—6	W Hopkins	02022222—6
Heikes	02221222—7	J B Hopkins	12222222—8
Lilly	22001212—6	Ed Banks	0211110w
H C Burtell	11002200—4	Herbert	21212201—7
C E Rhodes	02220222—6	A Gardner	22222202—7
Doc	20222222—7	E Johnson	202202*2—5
S M Van Allen	22222222—8	Knevels	22020222—6
C Budd	02222211—7	W F Parker	22220220—6
J P Kay	22220020—5	Wagner	12210111—7
333	20222222—7	Stubener	01202211—6
J Mack	20110201—5	H D Bates	22222222—8
Gottlieb	12222222—8	B H Norton	00222222—6
S Glover	12222222—8	Cella	21010012—5
J C Hicks	22220202—6	P North	22221010—6
Schimmel	2022 20—6	Hamilton	22200222—6
C Angier	221*2221—7	T O'Rourke	12222222—8
Fanning	22222021—7	G A Comstock	02222022—6
Pierce	22022022—6	Geoffroy	02222002—5
Tar Heel	12222222—8	Feigenspan	22222222—8
Laflin	22221221—8	I W Budd	22220022—6
Sen Sen	111*2221—7	A L Ivins	20002021—4
J B Barto	22222222—8	D P Foster	01200120—4
E C Griffith	21112020—6	Rahm	22222222—8
D Lefever	0000w	Fulford	22222222—8

No. 2 was the Borough of Queens Sweepstakes. In this event the conditions were 12 birds, $7 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, high guns, ties divided. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. Twenty killed straight, and each received $40.70. Thirty-two killed 11 each, and each received $4.30. The scores:

J A R Elliott	2*2211201222—10	O R Dickey	2022222222201—10
C Stephens	2*1222222100— 9	F Kaufman	222022*2w
A D Sperry	101222122211—11	E Duncan	22022022222—10
H P Collins	222022022202— 9	J A Scott	211101122222—11
Hood	222122222022—11	McPherson	222222222220—11
Popham	022 2 20 2 2— 8	W Hopkins	222220122220—10
E C Foot	202220222222—10	J B Hopkins	222022222112—11
Farmer Jones	1100 100w	Ed Banks	021121221112—11
F D Alkire	220220222102— 9	Herbert	10020w
Tramp	222222*22022—10	S Van Allen	2222222222222—12
Hallowell	102222222211—11	C W Budd	2122022222221—11
J Hoffman	222222222222—12	333	2220 2020w
Ondawa	02201022w	Gottlieb	2222122022220—10
Vermont	122222202012—10	S Glover	21012220w
Kommodore	20202202w	J C Hicks	20222220 2022— 9
Mosher	222202*0w	C Angier	20021100w
Guild	021011121121—10	Fanning	021212120201— 9
Arno	222222222222—12	Pierce	202022222222—10
Simmons	222222222222—12	Tar Heel	111212222221—12
A S White	00201221w	Laflin	22*11201w
C A Young	222222022222—11	Sen Sen	221212112020—10
Phil	222222122022—11	E C Griffith	212211212202—11
G McG Morris	202222202022— 9	J B Barto	022202222220— 9
T H Clay	220222222222—11	D Lefever	0101220w
J Q Ward	220222222222—11	Geoffrey	2202022102220— 8
B Leroy	222222222222—12	Feigenspan	222202220222— 9
Parmelee	222222222222—12	I W Budd	122222212222—12
F Stearns	20202220w	A L Ivins	110122220212—10
A B Dover	222222220202—10	D B Foster	12020020w
Hanlon	20202220w	Rahm	22*220222222—10
A W du Bray	2222 002w	Fulford	220222220222—10
L E Parker	222022222222—11	W F Parker	222022222220—10
H C Hirschy	222222222202—11	Wagner	111211112100—10
J M Hawkins	220212222222—11	Stubener	202112210222—10
J R Malone	212222111211—12	H D Bates	222222222222—12
Nutting	222222220222—11	B H Norton	222220222222—11
A H Fox	222221222222—12	J P Kay	22000222w
R Teal	222222222222—12	J Gaughan	222220222220—10
J E Rex	222022222220—10	J Mack	202212202201— 9
C K United	211122222212—12	Dr Miller	022222220222—10
Ed Voris	222201122212—11	S Hathaway	20222000w
E H Tripp	222222222000— 9	W Massey	222222222022—11
Ed Hickman	202202222022— 9	P F Dupont	00002022w
H Henry	111112222012—11	Von der Bosch	112120011112—10
Darby	02222020w	G C Palmer	022202222002— 8
Jim Jones	222220222222—11	R L Trimble	222222222202—11
W Townsend	212222222220—11	E W Bird	222220022222—10
C Linderman	222222202222—11	Woodruff	222222222222—12
J R P	222220222222—11	Tallman	121220212120—10
B-27	222211021222—11	C F Lambert	222222222220—11
G Burnside	222222220220—10	J J Drake	20220022w
T Marshall	222222020222—10	J Stoud	222022020222— 9
J R Hull	222202202222—10	J Pastorms	222022222202— 9
J L Alabaster	02202002w	G Greiff	0022w
G Roll	022222222222—11	W M Hayes	221022220022— 9
F E McKay	221022221220—10	W M Smith	221102102022— 9
J L Morrison	222222222200—10	H Money	222222222222—12
Dr W P Brown	0222222222*2—10	A Gardner	221212222020—10
Crosby	222222222222—12	Ed Johnson	220202222022— 9
Gilbert	222222222222—12	Doc	202220222222—10
Merrill	222212222222—12	C E Mink	00221202w
Werk	20002012w	Comstock	2022222220222—10
Sloan	10102220w	Schimmell	222222202222— 9
Naumann	022221222220—10	A Cella	110122010210— 8
Heikes	022222222202—10	W Thompson	21001202w
Lilly	220222200002— 7	T O'Rourke	21112201w
W Sallen	222222022222—11	S D Reed	20222000w
Ranger	202122120000— 7	W H Stork	222022220022— 9
J L Head	221220w	J Parker	212222022222—10
W Wolstencroft	222122220222—11	T Keller	022022222220— 9
T J Desmond	222222222220—11	M Rodgers	20201021w
Red Wing	222122222212—12	Capt Money	221222220222—11
R B Bond	12122000w	Courtney	20220220w
E B Coe	202222202222—10	G Loomis	202222220202— 9
B Claridge	122222222222—12	J S Weller	222220222012—10
Puck	21101020w		

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J.—The main feature of the shoot was the return match between teams of the Trenton Shooting Association and the White Hill Gun Club, six men per team, 25 targets per man. The result was as follows:

Trenton Shooting Association.		White Hill Gun Club.	
Taylor	17	Hill	17
Thomas	17	Sadler	16
Harper	16	Rossell	14
Wilson	15	Griffith	9
Cochran	10	J Hessley	10
Bignall	10—85	Cottrell	15—81

The White Hill Club is a young organization and has been making rapid strides in shooting circles lately.

The local team had to secure two White Hill team club shooters in order to make up its squad. Two of the local team could not get off.

Chickens, ducks, cigars and cash sweepstakes were held during the afternoon, and the local contingent had a good share of the prizes when it reached this city Saturday night.

The prizes made many of the Sunday dinners yesterday.

The "lobster" match between P. E. Wurfflein, of the True American, and Frank Thompson, of the State Gazette, finished in a defeat for the Gazette man by 1 target.

One dressed chicken to first: Thomas 2, Wilson 1, J. Taylor 3, J. Hessley 4, Harper 3, Hill 3, Platt 3, Kelly 0, Cottrell 4. Hessley won tie shoot-off.

One dressed chicken to first: Taylor 3, Wilson 4, Firth 3, Griffith 2, Rossell 3, Sadler 2, Cottrell 5, Taylor 2, Hessley 3, Thomas 4, Kelly 1, Griffith 2. Cottrell won.

Cash sweepstake, 5 pairs doubles: Taylor 6, Thomas 4, Wilson 4, Hill 4, Matthews 5, Cochran 5, Sadler 5. J. R. Taylor won.

Cash sweepstake, 5 pairs doubles: Taylor 6, Thomas 6, Matthews 4, Cochran 5, Taylor and Thomas divided.

Box of 50 cigars to first: Cochran 2, Thomas 5, Taylor 0, G. Hessley 1, Harper 5, Platt 3, Kelly 1, Griffith 1, Cottrell 3, Rossell 3, Hill 3, Hessley 3. Shoot-off of tie won by Thomas.

One dressed chicken to first: Thomas 2, Taylor 4, Harper 3, Platt 5, Hill 1, Cochran 3, Sadler 3. Won by Platt.

One dressed chicken to first: Taylor 2, Wilson 4, Thomas 3, Harper 4, Taylor 2, Hill 4, Hessley 3. Shoot-off of tie won by Taylor.

One dressed chicken to first: Thomas 5, Taylor 2, Cochran 4, Stanton 2, Hessley 1, Harper 4, Wilson 4, Cottrell 4. Dr. Thomas won the bird.

One chicken to first: Griffith 5, McHugh 0, Sadler 3, Kelly 0, Hill 4, Bignall 4, Taylor 1. Shoot-off of tie won by Cottrell breaking 15 straight to Harper's 14.

Pair of black wild ducks to first and mallard to second: Thomas 3, Harper 5, Taylor 2, Rossell 1, Stanton 3, Wilson 4, Griffith 4, Hessley 3, Hill 4, Bignall 4, Sadler 3, Kelly 2, Cottrell 3, McHugh 1. Won by Harper. Bignall won mallard in tie.

Pair of wild ducks to first: Taylor 1, Thomas 3, Wilson 4, Hessley 3, Harper 4, Hill 5, Sadler 5, Griffith 2, Stanton 2, Cottrell 2. Shoot-off of tie, miss-and-out, Sadler won.

Match race for lobsters: Wurfflein 1, Thompson 0.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, March 27.—The eleventh weekly prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club was but lightly attended, though the weather was a little bit in our favor. Straight scores were few and far between, though Leroy managed to secure two, one at 21yds. and one at 16yds., with the use of two barrels, and Woodruff one from the 17yd. mark. The interest has again been aroused and is now up at the highest notch, due to the fact that Leroy put in a nice big 25 in to-day's score and jumped up 5 points, now being in first position tied with Spencer at 145. As there are now only four more shoots in the series, it will necessitate considerable hustling for either to make a decided gain. Baker, who is at present second, may have something to say yet, as he is only 5 points behind, and has a low score to throw out. Howe and S. W. were second in to-day's match, and, though as yet they have not put in enough scores to qualify, a couple of good scores would do them a world of good on points. Scores below:

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, 10 unknown, handicap distance; all others 16yds.; event No. 8, 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Howe, 19	7	8	5	8	7	8	8	7	9	..	..	..	..
Leroy, 21	7	7	7	7	8	10	7	8	10	..	..	..	..
G W, 17	7	8	5	5	10	8	7	5	8	9	6	..	..
Lane, 16	6	3	9	5	3	7	5	5	2	7	2	..	..
Barry, 16	5	3	5	4	2	7	8	4	4	7	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	5	7	7	7	8	4	9	8	7	5	7
Williams, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	2	7
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown; distance handicap:

Leroy, 21	111111010010111111101111111111—25
Howe, 19	101101111111110111011100111111—23
G W, 17	100011100111111111111101110111—23
Spencer, 18	101101111011101011011111110101—22
Williams, 16	111011001111101011110010010000—17
Lane, 16	101000011000001100110111101110—15
Barry, 16	011000010100000110000111100111—13

Aquidnick Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The Aquidnick Gun Club held its regular shoot on Wednesday of last week. Eight members participated and three events were shot—a 15 unknown and a 15 and 20 at known angles. The small number of events and targets is explained by the fact that for the present we are shooting one man up, with a single expert trap, but expect to soon make better arrangements for trapping. The scores are as follows:

Known.	Unknown.	Known.
Plumer—		
010100100001000— 4	11000010001110— 6	10101000001001001110— 8—18
Dring—		
110111111111010—12	001011011100001— 7	10010010100111010100— 9—28
Coggeshall—		
111011110010011—10	011101111011001—10	11110100111110011110—14—34
G Champion—		
111000101000100— 6	100100111100110— 8	10000100000010001000— 4—18
Griffin—		
100101011001011— 8	000000100001100— 3	10110101001011111111—14—25
Manchester—		
011100000011010— 6	001010010111011— 8	01000111001101001100— 9—23
Openshaw—		
100000100000000— 2	001001000100001— 4	10001000000100001101— 6—12
Mason—		
000100010100000— 3	011100110011011— 9	11010110000101111001—11—23

J. S. COGGESHALL, 2D, Sec'y.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

ROCKAWAY PARK, L. I., April 1.—The scores made at the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club's shoot under high wind conditions were as follows:

Johnnie Jones	20	20	20	25	20	20
F Brown	17	19	14	19	18	13
Dr Bill	16	18	16	25	16	..
J Hughes	11	10	10	15	11	..
S Charles	14	11	10	20	11	..
H Clifton	15	15	18	..	17	12
A Harris	13	9	12	14	..	..
B Mull	8	11	10	16	..	..
H Bock	13	17	11	..	..	..
F Tommy	8	..	..	..	..	..
F Coleman	..	..	11	..	..	..
J Brewer	..	..	..	22	..	..

IN NEW JERSEY

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., March 30.—Nos. 1 to 6 were at 10 targets; Nos. 7 to 10 were at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Hayes	8	7	9	9	6	7	21	..	..	..
Wilson	10	9	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..
L W C	8	6	9	9	7	10	17	22	21	20
W Smith	9	7	9	10	7	8	21	23	19	..
Mihlon	8	9	8	5	8	6	18	..	..	..
Terrill	6	9	8	7	9	7	20	..	..	..
Whitehead	8	6	9	8	10	10	21	..	..	..
Geoffery	8	8	10	8	8	5	21	20	18	17
Weller	..	..	..	..	..	6	20	22	19	..
Dr Gardner	..	8	7	6	6	5	18	15	20	20

I. H. T.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, March 30.—To-day's shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club was the final shoot of the season. Mr. H. W. Brigham won the March cup, and Dr. J. J. Keyes the annual trophy. Scores:

Shoot for March cup, 25 targets expert traps, 25 targets magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
Dr H L O'Brien	5	25	4	25	50
G Stephenson, Jr.	2	24	2	22	46
W W Marshall	6	21	5	24	45
H W Brigham	2	22	1	23	45
G Stephenson, Sr.	10	21	8	22	43
F B Stephenson	0	23	0	19	42
Dr J J Keyes	3	19	3	22	41
L C Hopkins	6	21	5	16	37
C G Rasmus	0	20	0	16	36
H C Werleman	0	14	0	16	30

Shoot for panel, 25 targets, expert traps: F. B. Stephenson (1) 23, G. Stephenson, Jr. (2) 23, Dr. H. L. O'Brien (5) 22, C. G. Rasmus (6) 16, W. W. Marshall (6) 21, L. C. Hopkins (6) 20, H. C. Werleman (7) 19, H. C. Chapman (6) 13. Shoot-off: F. B. Stephenson 23, G. Stephenson, Jr., 20.

Shoot for trophy, 25 targets, expert traps: H. W. Brigham (2) 25, L. C. Hopkins (6) 25, F. B. Stephenson (1) 25, Dr. H. L. O'Brien (5) 21, W. W. Marshall (6) 20, G. Stephenson, Jr. (2) 20, Dr. J. J. Keyes (3) 20, C. G. Rasmus (6) 18, H. C. Chapman (6) 18. Shoot-off: Brigham 25, Hopkins 24, F. B. Stephenson 22.

Sweep, 5 pairs, magautrap: F. B. Stephenson 8, Townsend 7, Keyes 6, Rasmus 5, G. Stephenson, Jr., 4, Chapman 2.

Sweep, same: G. Stephenson, Jr., 9, F. B. Stephenson 8, Townsend 7, Brigham 6, O'Brien 6, G. Stephenson, Sr., 4, Hopkins 3.

Sweep, 15 targets, expert: F. B. Stephenson 13, G. Stephenson, Jr., 12, Marshall 11, Brigham 11, Townsend 11, Hopkins 9.

Sweep, 10 targets, expert: G. Stephenson, Jr., 10, F. B. Stephenson 9, Marshall 9, Brigham 9, G. Stephenson, Sr., 3.

Fulton Gun Club.

The following scores were made at the Fulton Gun Club's shoot at the Old Mill grounds on March 30:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	10
A Woods	4	6	5	7	5	..	..	..	6	7	6	..	..	..	..
Hansman	5	4	3	9	13	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
P May	6	5	7	7	7	8	4	..	6	8	2	..	..	..	..
S Giles	2	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mayser	..	3	2	6	7	6	6	5	2	6	4	6	4	4	4
Snyder	..	8	8	13	9	9	9	7	9	13	9	10	10	..	..
Merten	..	4	9	8	7	10	5	6	7	7	5	9	8	6	7
Schmidt	..	3	6	7	8	9	4	5	3	6	4	8	7	7	6
Ely	..	1	..	6	4	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Woods	..	4	7	6	7	..	..	..	6	7	4	..	..	..	..
Kessell	..	4	5	..	..	7	5	..	..	8	4	..	8	..	..
Schubel	..	..	9	..	..	12	7	..	..	11	7	13	8	..	..
Schading	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Lammers	..	..	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilhart	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	4	7	8	8	..	..
Burns	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Scorer.

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

Interstate Park, March 30.—The 25-live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club held to-day was a distinct success, as the scores will show:

S M Van Allen, 30	0222222222222222222222202—23
C M Lincoln, 27	1122221202111212121120222—23
Dock, 27	0212120002211000102221201—17
D P Foster, 27	1222011221222222122222121—24
Tramp, 28	1212212122112202222222211—24
Chapman, 27	2022200101222202102222211—19
Parker, 29	2010221022122222222222222—22
Wanda, 26	0010211020020*1221011120—14
Norton, 28	1222222202021122002122202—20
Glover, 30	222202122220w
Collins, 28	2222202022202222220222222—21
Lambert, 29	2020200220222220*22202222—17
Jack, 28	2210022010222022122220*11—18
Rogers, 28	211210222000*012201010000—13
Goodwin, 28	0222202022220202222000222—17
Losee, 27	2010121222122120001222011—19
Johnson, 29	2222212221121222222212222—25
333, 28	2202200221022202202222202—18
Fanning, 31	0110222211222022121212222—22
Schoonmaker, 28	1222121211110122000121212—21
S B Jay, 28	2222200200021202222***002w
Reynolds, 27	0200022222202020222*22010—15
Hyde, 27	1120020120220100221000101—14
Gardiner, 28	0222012012222012121122212—21
Capt Money, 28	1212012222220220222222122—22
R O Heikes, 30	0222222222222222122122221—24
Parmelee, 30	2222222222222222222222220—24
Keller, 28	2222222022022222222202222—23
Annie Oakley, 27	2220110121221102101111111—21
C C Naumann, 28	2221221121211122222122101—24
E D Fulford, 30	2002222220020222*2222022—18
J Von Lengerke, 28	2222022222202222222222*2—22
Le Roy, 29	2222222222022222*2222222—23
Phil Daly, 30	2222222222221212202222120—23
Tod Sloan, 28	1222112121O*2211211202220—21
G H Piercy, 28	2222222222122212222222*—24
Crosby, 32	2222022220222222222222222—23
Gilbert, 32	2222221122102222*222211122—23
Budd, 30	2002222221022122222222222—22
Feigenspan, 30	2222220222222222202222222—23
Fort, 28	2122022211222220112220122—22
Buckskin Jack, 27	0122220222200120*21110w
Kay, 28	2022222000202222222220220—18
Greiff, 29	2222222022222202*1222222—22
Belden, 28	2212220222222022220222222—22
Lockwood, 27	2201012222212120001222011—19
Creamer, 27	0120100121010212210012201—16
Shevlin, 27	2202001110122212102*21**11—17
Laschelle, 28	1112110020012220000*011100—14
MacPherson, 28	2222222222222222222222*222—23
Edey, 28	2012122120101110110112122—21
Cattus, 28	0001211212020220112200*1—16
Brooks, 27	1112112010110111111101010—19
Gaughen, 28	2222222020222222202220222—21
Col Martin, 30	2222022202222202211222220—21
Bates, 31	2202202222222222202222222—22
Donley, 29	2220222221201012111111121—22

E. S. Johnson first prize to visitors.

Ties on 24:

Heikes	2222222	Tramp	22220
Foster	2111212	Parmelee	210
Naumann	221211*		

Heikes second, Foster third.

Members:

G. H. Piercy first.

Ties on 23:

Feigenspan	22w	Daly	21
Lincoln	21		

Lincoln second, Daly third.

Tunkhannock Rod and Gun Club.

TUNKHANNOCK, Pa.—The amateur tournament of the Tunkhannock Rod and Gun Club, March 25. Following are the scores at targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	20	5	Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	20	5
Hull	9	10	8	10	15	17	..	Wright	7	7	4	6	11	..	4
Fanning	10	9	10	8	15	19	..	Graham	9	10	9	7	12	..	..
Stroh	9	10	6	9	11	14	5	Cleveland	6	8	8	8	9	11	..
Wells	3	7	10	8	9	11	4	Reed	8	8	8	10	13	13	4
Williams	9	9	9	8	10	13	4								

No. 6 was at 10 pairs. No. 7 was at 5 live birds.

The weather being bad prevented the attendance being very large. Mr. Hull, representing the Parker gun, and Mr. Fanning had their usual good nature with them.

S. D. REED.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Watson's Preparatory Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 30.—John Watson gave a little exercise shoot for a couple of days this week for the Western men who drifted into Chicago en route to the Grand American Handicap—a score of good men and true who all expect to win the big prize down East, and who have as good a right to hope so as anybody who will be there. The programme for Thursday and Friday was at 10 birds, $5, and at 15 birds, $8. The little meeting was very pleasant for all, and it served to tune up a man or two who needed only the finishing touches.

To-day saw most of the pilgrims off on their way to New York. Mr. J. L. Head has about a dozen in his party in all, seven or eight going by different routes; among these Messrs. E. S. Rice, J. L. Alabaster, Geo. Roll, Oswald Von Lengerke, etc. Gilbert, Hirschy, Neal, Ernie Fish, of Eau Claire; C. R. Stephens, of Moline; Jim Bush, of Milwaukee; J. S. Morrison, of St. Paul; W. P. Brown, of Minneapolis; W. D. Townsend and Frank Baird, of Omaha; H. P. Sperry, of Rock Island; Frank Kaufmann, of Two Rivers, Minn., and qite a lot of other well-known Western trap shots were at Watson's one time or another this week. Mr. Bush will not go on to the big shoot, but ran down to have a little fun with the boys, and to see whether Garden City Club would like a pigeon race with anybody up in Milwaukee. All these good fellows deserve to win, but not all can, no matter how wisely the purses be divided. In a few weeks they be stringing back through here, and each one will be telling just what kept him from taking the bakery home with him. The Grand American Handicap is a bigger gamble each year as to the winner, in these times of many fine shooters. Take the field against any dozen shooters anybody will pick and you will have the best of the betting. Pick a dark horse, and pick him from the West.

Important if True.

Tom Marshall did not seem dead sure that the team race between America and England would be brought off this summer, but maybe Tom doesn't know as much about it as some of the daily newspapers. Here is what a Chicago paper prints as news from London, and it is a good sample of daily paper shooting news:

"London, March 27.—The inanimate bird shooting clubs were delighted to-day by a dispatch from the United States announcing that the American clubs agree to their challenge to meet the English clubs in this country during the coming summer. A meeting will be held in London to-morrow evening to discuss the arrangements. Interest in the contest is enhanced by the fact that the American team is confirmed to the use of a single-barreled gun, which employs a larger charge, while the English team will use the national double-barreled gun. The result is expected to determine which is the better weapon, and it may lead to a revolution in the English gun trade."

This is important if true. Gread shades! where are those American single-barreled guns? Most of us laid them away when we were boys!

Sportsman and Editor.

Hon. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, will on May 1 retire from his office as State Insurance Inspector and take up the editorship of a morning paper at Springfield. All the really good men are in the newspaper business, or are getting there.

Hirschy Trophy Race at Grand Rapids, Minn.

The Hirschy trophy, live-bird shoot, was pulled off on the grounds of the local club on March 16 under the most favorable conditions. The weather for the three days of the tournament was all that the most exacting could have wished for, and the birds were fine, healthy fellows, that kept the contestants guessing. Many of the twenty shooters for the trophy were in the best of form, and until the last three or four birds were shot at it looked as though quite a number would have to take part in the shoot-off. The fun began promptly at 1:30 P. M. Saturday, but Bergen, the holder of the trophy, made a clean miss of the first bird liberated, which tended to handicap him for the rest of the event. At the close of the 10th round, when an adjournment was taken until the following morning, Wilkinson, of St. Paul; Morrison, of St. Paul; Kribs, of Grand Rapids, and Wells, of Grand Forks, N. D., had each a clean score, and Hirschy and Parker, of Minneapolis; Fulton, of West Superior; Brown, of St. Paul, and Powers, of Grand Rapids, had each 15 birds to their credit. At 9:30 Sunday morning the trap was again sprung, and Kribs and Wells each fell down on the first bird, the latter much chagrined to see his fall dead just over the line. This left Wilkinson and Morrison in the lead, but Morrison's 18th got over the line, and he missed his 19th and 25th. Wilkinson failed to weight down his 24th sufficiently, and it got over the line, tieing him with Fulton, of West Superior, who let his 10th get out of bounds, but scored the balance of the string. The scores:

Bergen	0221112111111*011111111*—21
Wilkinson	1111122112111121122222*1—24
Hirschy	2222221222202222222202222—23
Morrison	1122222222221222*0222220—22
Parker	2121122*122222122222*2222—23
Kribs	2222222222122222202122222*—23
Fulton	211121212*222111121222122—24
Brown	2222222222*2222220222*22—22
Novotny	2222011121022120210012212—20
Powers	2202121222212121202022211—22
Kremer	1111201201101011122*112—20
Warren	1220212*212212211221022222—22
Ezymony	02221*0120*010110112202*0—15
Wells	1221222211212222*22220120—22
Champlin	111120*2211112222212021222—22
Haner	*2221202101100*22202201w
Robinson	001000020222w
Morrisey	210*01201200w
Bueneman	0111010212021121101222221—20
Clair	020021*10000w

In the shoot-off Wilkinson missed 2 in his first 5, and Fulton scored 4 straight, giving him the match and the cup.

Immediately following the live-bird event a clay-pigeon event of 150 to the man was pulled off with the following result: Hirschy 148, Parker 141, Morrison 139, Wilkinson 128, Warren 126, Powers 127, Brown 121, Bergen and Kremer each 115, Kribs 113, Wells 111.

On Monday morning a 10-live-bird match was shot; entrance $7.50, including birds, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The scores were as follows:

Morrison	2222222222—10	Bergen	2210210221— 8
Hirschy	2222212222—10	Brown	2220122222— 9
Wilkinson	2202202202— 7	A Kremer	1222111120— 9
Kribs	2222222222—10	Parker	2221112121—10
Powers	2202222121— 9		

This closed the tournament, the most successful one ever pulled off here. The local club entertained their visitors at a banquet given at the Hotel Pokegama Saturday evening and the sportsmen from out of town were profuse in their compliments to the management of the Grand Rapids Club for the royal manner in which they were entertained.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Trap at Watson's Park.

March 26.—Practice:

Dr Parker	21121*1222122210111002111—21
	020*1212122101222021021 21—19—40
Dr Shallenberger	1121102001010011210001121—16
	011021010101*001101122211—16—36
Palmer	1012221112011222212021120 —21

White vs. Cantillion, 25 birds, for birds:

White	2222222020202*2222*222222—20
Cantillion	2022222222212122 12*022222—22

March 29.—Oliver and White vs. Barto and Bergam, 25 birds, for birds:

Oliver	*0*22*1222002200***2*1121—13
White	22222222222*0002222222202—20—33
Barto	222022222*2222012222221222—22
Bergam	2021102222*11222222222022—22—44

Oliphant vs. Jones, for birds:

Oliphant	0212212101101200012022201—17
Jones	2010110110021102212202201—17

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Alabaster, 29	2222122222122211—15	.....	.....
Roll, 30	2112121111220 21—14	22220—4	21212—3
McKay, 28	2220220220111 12—12	22122—5	20220—3
Kabo, 28	2121220121221 12—14	02202—3	22022—4
Stephens, 29	02221*201112212—12	01212—4	221*2—4
Neal, 30	2222222211202 22—14	.....	.....
Gillis, 28	*1221112112100 2—12	.....	.....
Dr Parker, 28	1221022022121 1—13	.....	.....
Dr Shaw, 29	*12112112122221 14	.....	.....
Barto, 29	*2222120202222 2—12	.....	.....
Hirschy, 29	*2222202222200 2 —11	.....	.....
M E White, 29	2220202211002 21—11	.....	.....
George, 28	0100210010100 20— 6	.....	.....
L E Parker, 28	2112222222202 20—13	.....	.....
Bush, 29	1220120222*2222—12	21202—4	21222—5

	No. 4.	No. 5.
Roll	2022*21011— 7	1011121111— 9
McKay	2222222220— 9	2222012022— 8
Kabo	2122200112— 8	222*110022— 7
Stephens	0211202212— 8	2222*22222— 9
Alabaster	1012121222— 9	2222221222—10
Bush	2222211102— 9	2222122001— 8

	No. 6.	No. 7.
McKay	222222200*— 7	0202221122— 8
Kabo	1221111201— 9	22*1*22220— 7
Stephens	2022111111— 9	1022202212— 8
Roll	*222221222— 9	2221211221—10
Alabaster	2112112020— 8	2020112122— 8
Dr Parker	2012221112— 9	2121220211— 9
Neal	2222122222—10	2221222222—10
Dr Shaw	1111110121— 9	.....
Bush	1211122100— 8	.....
Barto	.....	2222222222—10

March 29.—Second day of practice shooting. No. 1, 15 birds, entrance $8:

McKay, 28	2122222202122221—14
Alabaster, 29	2222210122211 11—14
Parker, 28	1201222112112 22—14
Roll, 30	2110112211012 22—14
Willard, 29	1111221101111 10—13
Kaufman, 28	0212212221212 1*—13
Head, 28	1222221222211 22—15
Stephens, 28	1111202102011 20—11
Sperry, 28	1111111012122 2—14
Hirschy, 28	1212212212122 21—15
Kabo, 28	1211101201122 12—13
Neal, 30	2222210*2221211*—12
J R Graham, 29	2202222222222 22—14
E S Graham, 29	2222*2222222222—14
Dr Shaw, 29	0222121212221 7*—13
J M Gillis, 28	2122000022122 11—11
J B Barto, 29	2122220112122 1—14
J H Amberg, 29	2122122201022 1—13
M E White, 28	2221122212212 2*—14
Morrison, 29	2222222222222 22—15

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance $5:

McKay, 28	2121112122—10	Hirschy, 28	2222222122—10
Parker, 28	2111212222—10	Dr Bill, 28	2222220222— 9
Kaufman, 28	2122222221—10	Neal, 30	2211112122—10
Willard, 29	1112121211—10	E S Graham, 29	2222222220— 9
Roll, 30	2211222120— 9	J R Graham, 29	2222222222—10
Kabo, 28	1211122022— 9	Sperry, 28	2111211122—10

No. 3:

Alabaster, 29	1122212021— 9	Parker, 29	12221220*2— 8
Stephens, 28	1020202211— 7	McKay, 28	2222200*22— 7
Kabo, 28	2222202212— 9	Head, 29	*222120221— 8
Hirschy, 28	222*122222— 9	Kaufman, 29	2202022120— 7
Sperry, 29	1021111002— 7		

No. 4:

McKay	2012012222— 8	Neal	2211121212—10
Alabaster	*222101212— 8	Stephens	1021012121— 8
Parker	22222212*2— 9	Sperry	1122212211—10
Roll	2222012211— 9	J R Graham	2220222202— 8
Willard	2011212222— 9	E S Graham	2202222222— 9
Kabo	1220121212— 9	Barto	220*222222— 8
Hirschy	2222222222—10	Amberg	2112011222— 9
Kaufman	1021102220— 7	White	02022222222— 8
Dr Bill	1222222222—10	Morrison	2222222222—10
Dr Shaw	2122222100— 8		

Trap at Richmond.

RICHMOND, Va., March 23.—Members of the various gun clubs in this city had a shoot this afternoon at the baseball park, and disposed of about 300 English sparrows and some pigeons. This was the second sparrow shoot ever held in this State, the first having taken place about a month ago, and the sport of sparrow shooting seems to have excited a good deal of interest, but owing to the great difficulty experienced in catching the little feathered aliens it is doubtful if it will ever become a permanent institution. On this occasion sparrows had to be imported from Indianapolis—and, goodness knows, there are plenty in Richmond and vicinity!

Mr. W. C. Lynham, the expert in pigeon matters, has succeeded in making a set of five traps suited to the size of the occupant, which appears to be an adaptation of the old three-sided conical pigeon trap, and which, with a little alteration, will answer the purpose admirably.

What a capital target these plucky little pests make! Certainly the still warm afternoon did not tend to make them hard, but occasionally the breeze blew freshly across the ground, and then the ciphers began to show up pretty lively. Some of the boys did some really good work, notably Mr. Stearns, who, after missing his third and fourth sparrows, killed 36 straight, and also went straight in the next event, which was at 10 pigeons, making a run of 46. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Stearns	1100122212— 8	2222211212—10
Hammond	2222222222—10	1111011111— 9
Pump	0121212111— 9	1211121112—10
Buckner	1101121012— 8	1211212111—10
Green	2110210111— 8	0220010010— 4
Hawes	1001212212— 8	2012211011— 8
Younger	.....	0110201011— 6
	No. 3.	No. 4.
Stearns	1122111111—10	2212121111—10
Hammond	1211101101— 8	1221021221— 9
Pump	1111012111— 9	.....
Green	2100011121— 7	21020
Grundy	2001101102— 6	1110021100— 6
Hawes	1011011100— 6	0111110111— 8
Johnson	0111011022— 7	111010222
Younger	2010111101— 7	01112
Hart	.....	1101122212— 9
Buckner	.....	1211221111—10

Ten pigeons:

Stearns	2222222222—10	Grundy	0022022110— 6
Hammond	222*222222— 9	Johnson	*1**001*11— 4
Hawes	0102201220— 6	Buckner	0202*22222— 7
Green	2*2*211202— 7	Lakeside	200*121010— 5
Wood	2122222021— 9		

R. F. BANKS.

Gardner Rod and Gun Club.

WEST GARDNER, Mass., March 23.—The traps of the Gardner Rod and Gun Club were opened up this afternoon, for the first time since Christmas. Outside of being muddy, it was a very pleasant day.

Only eight of a membership of thirty took part in the shoot.

About 600 pigeons were thrown, and as this is the first time the boys have been out for some time the scores are exceedingly small. Will show you something warmer later on:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
D W Garwin	110	87	W Pratt	60	9
J H Knight	105	68	H Shattuck	45	25
F Lenoir	105	58	C L Leland	40	28
J L Paine	85	58	C J Crabtree	35	23

J. L. PAINE, Sec'y.

The West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In order to avoid having our dates conflict with those on which the Pan-American tournament is to be held, we have decided upon another change, going back to our old dates, June 12 and 13. Please correct our notice to read as follows and oblige: The fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association will be held at St. Marys, June 12 and 13, under auspices of the West Virginia Gun Club; $250 added money, and merchandise prizes.

ED O. BOWER, Sec'y-Treas.

Grand American Handicap Entries.

On Wednesday of last week the Handicap Committee met at the Astor House, New York, immediately after a session of the Tournament Committee, at which said committee passed upon the list of entries. Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., was unanimously elected chairman. Owing to business reasons Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, Tenn., was unable to attend. The other members were Messrs. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg; Will K. Park, Philadelphia; W. R. Hobart, Newark; Bernard Waters, New York. The committee completed its labors expeditiously and pleasantly, as usual. Suitable resolutions were passed concerning the death of Jacob Pentz, an esteemed member of the Handicap Committee.

THE order of shooting, addresses of the contestants and the official handicaps are appended herewith:

No.	Name.	Address.	Yards.
1.	J. B. Robertson,	New Haven, Conn	26
2.	J. L. Weller,	Rochester, N. Y.	26
3.	G. W. Page,	Trenton, N. J.	27
4.	M. D. Stevens,	Guilford, Conn	26
5.	L. F. Ahlers,	Cincinnati, O	27
6.	Dr. Casey,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
7.	J. B. Savage,	New Haven, Conn	28
8.	R. L. Trimble,	Covington, Ky	28
9.	C. A. Burke,	Long Branch, N. J.	27
10.	C. M. Brownell,	Stroudsburg, Pa	26
11.	E. Werk,	Cincinnati, O	26
12.	Franklin Stearns,	Richmond, Va	28
13.	Phil Daly, Jr.,	New York city	30
14.	G. H. Piercy,	Jersey City, N. J.	28
15.	Dr. A. M. Cartledge,	Louisville, Ky	27
16.	Doc,	Waterville, Me	26
17.	B. H. Norton,	New York city	27
18.	Ed Voris,	Crawfordsville, Ind	28
19.	C. Von Lengerke,	Jersey City, N. J.	28
20.	Col. A. G. Courtney,	Syracuse, N. Y.	29
21.	C. C. Naumann,	San Francisco, Cal	28
22.	J. Stroud,	Hamilton, Ont., Can	29
23.	J. H. Hanlon,	Ligonier, Pa	26
24.	C. W. Budd,	Des Moines, Ia	29
25.	C. A. Tuttle,	Anaconda, Mont	28
26.	P. F. Dupont,	Greenville, Del	27
27.	F. Kaufman,	Two Rivers, Wis	26
28.	Alf. Gardiner,	Brenham, Tex	28
29.	J. G. Knowlton,	New York city	29
30.	C. McG. Morris,	Cincinnati, O	27
31.	J. R. Hull,	Meriden, Conn	28
32.	Tod Sloan,	New York city	27
33.	W. R. Crosby,	O'Fallon, Ill	32
34.	A. H. Fox,	Baltimore, Md	30
35.	John C. Hicks,	Baltimore, Md	28
36.	Frank Maier,	Newark, N. J	27
37.	B. W. Claridge,	New Haven, Conn	28
38.	J. A. Scott,	Miami, Fla	26
39.	S. M. Van Allen,	Jamaica, L. I	30
40.	W. Hopkins,	Aqueduct, L. I	27
41.	E. D. Lentilhon,	New York city	26
42.	J. S. Duston,	Jersey City, N. J.	26
43.	Jim Jones,	Philadelphia, Pa	27
44.	E. G. White,	St. John's, P. Q., Can	28
45.	W. F. Parker,	Meriden, Conn	27
46.	R. Nutting,	Washington, D. C	27
47.	Teal,	Columbus, O	28
48.	R. L. Peirce,	Wytheville, Va	29
49.	L. Howard,	Easton, Pa	27
50.	E. Steffens,	New York city	26
51.	J. P. Keenan,	New York city	27
52.	J. M. Hawkins,	Baltimore, Md	29
53.	A. B. Dover,	Wilmington, Del	27
54.	C. E. Mink,	Philadelphia, Pa	27
55.	Sim Glover,	Rochester, N. Y	29
56.	Ranger,	Peru, Ind	26
57.	13-27,	Herman, Neb	28
58.	S. D. Reed,	Tunkhannock, Pa	26
59.	M. H. Cook,	Dover, N. J	27
60.	Dr. E. Duncan,	Louisville, Ky	26
61.	W. H. Wolstencroft,	Frankfort, Pa	28
62.	333,	Buffalo, N. Y	27
63.	C. E. De Long,	Hot Springs, Ark	28
64.	W. W. Hassinger,	Newark, N. J	27
65.	W. L. Lossee,	New York city	26
66.	I. Tallman,	South Millbrook, N. Y	27
67.	F. W. Cooper,	Mahanoy City, Pa	29
68.	Fred Gilbert,	Spirit Lake, Ia	32
69.	Simmonds,	Marcy, N. Y	27
70.	R. B. Bond,	Jessups, Md	27
71.	O. R. Dickey,	Wellington, Mass	29
72.	Arno,	Syracuse, N. Y	28
73.	J. H. Voss,	New York city	27
74.	Thomas Donley,	St. Thomas, Ont., Can	27
75.	A. D. Sperry,	Rock Island, Ill	27
76.	E. Emmers,	Royersford, Pa	27
77.	J. L. D. Morrison,	St. Paul, Minn	29
78.	Sherburne,	Philadelphia, Pa	27
79.	H. Hughes,	Easton, Pa	27
80.	A. W. du Bray,	Cincinnati, O	28
81.	F. Matthewson,	Wilmington, Del	27
82.	O. Von Lengerke,	Chicago, Ill	28
83.	D. P. Foster,	Waterville, Me	26
84.	A. C. Johnson,	Grand Rapids, Mich	27
85.	Clarence Angier,	Atlanta, Ga	27
86.	J. Douglas,	Springfield, Mass	27
87.	C. D. Linderman,	Lincoln, Neb	28
88.	G. D. B. Darby,	Philadelphia, Pa	26
89.	W. D. Townsend,	Omaha, Neb	27
90.	L. R. Tramp,	Chicago, Ill	28
91.	J. Mack,	New York city	27
92.	R. Rahm,	Pittsburg, Pa	27
93.	G. W. Loomis,	Omaha, Neb	28
94.	C. F. Lambert,	Lynn, Mass	27
95.	F. MacWilcox,	Atlanta, Ga	27
96.	F. Mitchell,	Sarnia, Ont., Can	27
97.	R. O. Heikes,	Dayton, O	30
98.	S. H. Hathaway,	Madison, N. J	26
99.	Edward Banks,	New York city	27
100.	T. H. Clay, Jr.,	Austerlitz, Ky	28
101.	C. A. Young,	Springfield, O	29
102.	Henry C.,	Newark, N. J	28
103.	Aaron Doty,	Haledon, N. J	28
104.	Chris Gottlieb,	Kansas City, Mo	29
105.	L. E. Parker,	Minneapolis, Minn	28
106.	Jack Rogers,	New York city	26
107.	I. W. Budd,	Pemberton, N. J	27
108.	Philip Steubener,	Washington, D. C	27
109.	G. R. Hunnewell,	South Danville, Me	27
110.	Jack Parker,	Detroit, Mich	28
111.	O. W. Von der Bosch,	New York city	27
112.	J. J. Hallowell,	Philadelphia, Pa	29
113.	M. Rogers,	New York city	26
114.	J. H. Hallock,	New York city	26
115.	J. Gaughen,	Brooklyn, N. Y	27
116.	John Morris,	Philadelphia, Pa	27
117.	F. E. McKay,	Minneapolis, Minn	27
118.	Herbert,	Boston, Mass	28
119.	J. L. Head,	Peru, Ind	28
120.	Leroy,	Campello, Mass	28
121.	C. R. Stephens,	Moline, Ill	27
122.	J. W. Bramhall,	Kansas City, Mo	28
123.	G. J. Roll,	Blue Island, Ill	30
124.	R. G. C.,	Philadelphia, Pa	26
125.	C. E. Rhodes,	Altoona, Pa	27
126.	W. F. Quimby,	Newark, N. J	27
127.	C. H. Munson,	Dover, N. J	27
128.	G. A. Mosher,	Syracuse, N. Y	27
129.	C. M. Lincoln,	New York city	26
130.	Chapin,	Brookfield, Mass	27
131.	E. H. Tripp,	Indianapolis, Ind	28
132.	J. R. Blamey,	Holyoke, Mass	26
133.	W. J. Buzby,	Chatsworth, N. J	27
134.	John M. Lilly,	Indianapolis, Ind	27
135.	J. L. Alabaster,	Chicago, Ill	27
136.	R. R. Merrill,	Milwaukee, Wis	29
137.	Capt. A. W. Money,	Oakland, N. J	28
138.	H. Schimmell,	Easton, Pa	27
139.	On-Da-Wa,	Salem, N. Y	27
140.	T. W. Morfey,	Queens, L. I	30
141.	Hood,	Baltimore, Md	29
142.	Harold Money,	Oakland, N. J	31
143.	E. S. Johnson,	Atlantic, City, N. J	28
144.	J. W. Hoffman,	New Germantown, N. J	27
145.	J. R. Malone,	Baltimore, Md	31
146.	J. B. Barto,	Chicago, Ill	28
147.	Tony Cella,	Atlantic City, N. J	27
148.	P. D. Froeligh,	New York city	26
149.	T. P. Bill,	Middletown, Conn	27
150.	G. A. Comstock,	Racine, Wis	27
151.	F. S. Parmelee,	Omaha, Neb	30
152.	F. D. Alkire,	Woodlyn, O	28
153.	E. C. Fort,	Fostoria, O	28
154.	J. A. O'Brien,	Dover, N. J	27
155.	B. F. Popham,	Memphis, Tenn	26
156.	Mingo,	Ravenna, O	26
157.	Rex,	Columbus, O	26
158.	Puck,	Boston, Mass	26
159.	C. W. Feigenspan,	Newark, N. J	30
160.	W. S. Cannon,	Newark, N. J	25
161.	Vermont,	Ruppert, Vt	27
162.	H. J. Mills,	Bristol, Conn	26
163.	H. D. Bates,	Ridgetown, Ont., Can	31
164.	James Sampson,	Trenton, N. J	27
165.	W. H. Stroh,	Pittston, Pa	27
166.	Wm. Wagner,	Washington, D. C	27
167.	J. T. Wellbrock,	New York city	27
168.	E. D. Fulford,	Utica, N. Y	30
169.	A. Woodruff,	Elizabeth, N. J	28
170.	H. Henry,	Philadelphia, Pa	28
171.	J. H. Outwater,	Carlstadt, N. J	29
172.	C. E. Langdon,	Rockville, Center, N. Y	27
173.	J. R. P.,	Philadelphia, Pa	26
174.	Wm. Massey,	Wilmington, Del	27
175.	Tarheel,	Tarboro, N. C	28
176.	W. J. Thompson,	Savannah, Ga	27
177.	A. L. Ivins,	Red Bank, N. J	28
178.	C. A. Lockwood,	Jamaica, L. I	26
179.	C. K. United,	Schenectady, N. Y	27
180.	E. N. McCarney,	Buffalo, N. Y	27
181.	J. B. Frazier,	Fairmont, Minn	27
182.	J. Q. Ward,	Paris, Ky	28
183.	Paul North,	Cleveland, O	27
184.	T. J. Desmond,	Hagan, Ga	27
185.	P. Schwarz, Jr.,	Bridesburg, Pa	27
186.	J. S. Fanning,	Jersey City, N. J	31
187.	H. Trumbauer,	Royersford, Pa	28
188.	Phil,	Mechanicsburg, O	27
189.	J. A. R. Elliott,	Kansas City, Mo	32
190.	Dr. H. Synder,	Allentown, Pa	27
191.	Red Wing,	Cleveland, O	28
192.	Guy Burnside,	Knoxville, Ill	28
193.	H. P. Collins,	Baltimore, Md	26
194.	H. Edey,	New York city	26
195.	F. G. Wheeler,	Buffalo, N. Y	28
196.	Guild,	Ruppert, Vt	27
197.	Kommodore,	Salem, N. Y	26
198.	G. Greiff,	New York city	28
199.	C. E. Geikler,	Philadelphia, Pa	26
200.	Sen Sen,	Rochester, N. Y	26
201.	H. J. Lyons,	Louisville, Ky	28
202.	E. B. Coe,	Baltimore, Md	28
203.	E. A. Geoffroy,	Newark, N. J	27
204.	E. C. Griffith,	Pascoag, R. I	28
205.	Farmer Jones,	Cincinnati, O	27
206.	T. A. Marshall,	Keithsburg, Ill	31
207.	Ed Hickman,	Kansas City, Mo	28
208.	J. Von Lengerke,	Orange, N. J	27
209.	E. W. Bird,	Fairmont, Minn	27

Professionals as Squad Captains.

THE following appeared in the Republic, of St. Louis, March 24:

A great many of our local sportsmen have shown a decided interest in the coming St. Louis shooting tournament, which is to be held at Dupont Prak the week of May 28, 29, 30, 31 and June 1. The prominent feature of this tournament will be the final contest for the Republic cup, which is now held by Jim Elliott, who is the recognized champion of the United States, with no one to challenge him. He has held undisputed possession of the Republic cup for almost a year, and no one has come forward to claim his title. However, Mr. Elliott will relinquish the cup to the Missouri State Association, and a contest will be given to decide a new owner. The winner, whoever he may be, will not wear his honors long, for immediately after the open shoot is decided the winners of the cup in former years and those who have held it by winning it by challenge will meet in a 25-bird race to decide the final ownership.

The target races are a departure from previous tournaments. The St. Louis shoot has been famous for the liberality of the purses in the target events.

"We are going to be just as liberal this year, only in a different way," says Herbert Taylor. "The professional shooter—that is, the man who shoots at the traps representing a manufacturer—will not compete with the amateurs at this tournament in the target events. He will be here to display his skill and meet the boys from Salt River, but will shoot for exhibition only. The Association will ask Messrs. Gilbert, Elliott, Heikes, Fanning, Crosby, Parker and others to become captains of different squads, composed of amateurs, with no two professionals allowed in any one squad. The professionals will have the same incentive to make high scores as before, and it will break up the Indiam squad business which is such a terror to the heart of the amateur.

"This, by the way, is only a suggestion to these gentlemen. The Association does not presume to dictate to them how they shall shoot, but they will come here with the understanding that the Association would like to see this experiment tried and to give the amateur the chance to become intimately acquainted with the famous shots of the country.

"Another point which will arouse interest in the heart of the amateur is the merchandise events. There will be 15-bird races, in which everybody will get a prize. These prizes will be donated to the Association and shot for under the regular rules—a man can win a fine hammerless shotgun or a pair of socks, a silver tea set or a clock. All he has to do is to shoot for it and win it.

"The cost of attending this shoot will be very much less than at any other tournament. The target entries will cost only a dollar for the 15-bird races and a dollar and a half for the 20-bird races. This is a material reduction from last year. It will enable the amateur who shoots in hard luck to shoot longer for the same amount of money, and will also enable him to win as much as before, because first and second moneys will not be cut up by the professionals."

The Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association is twenty-four years old. It has done its share to promote the noble sport of shooting, and also by influencing legislation and the distribution of literature to preserve game and fish and prevent the killing of game out of season.

Trapshooting provides a means for the sportsman to work off his enthusiasm when the closed season is at hand. It also makes him an expert with the gun in the field.

A trapshooter always makes a good soldier; a good soldier makes a good citizen, and a good citizen makes this country worth living in.

The tournament is given to promote a better feeling among sportsmen and to give them an opportunity to try their skill with men of their own kind.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, March 30.—Herewith find scores of the regular Saturday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. A gusty wind pulled the averages down somewhat. Events 1 to 10 (exclusive of No. 9, which was at 5 pairs) were at 10 targets each; No. 11, at 5 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
W Smith	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0
C Blandford	6	7	8	6	7	7	7	7	5	7	4
S Macbeth	4	3	5	4	3	6	2	..	3	..	3
E Garnsey	9	7	6	8	9	5	8	9	9	5	..
I Washburn	5	6	7	8	9	..	..	..	5	..	3
A Bedell	4	2	5	4	..	..	..	..	4	..	2
S Mullen	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Barlow	4	5	9	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Burdick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1

C. G. B., Capt. O. Gun Club.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., March 27.—The Chesapeake Gun Club had a shoot to-day, and in the club event Mr. Thomas F. Stearns won the medal, with a score of 23 out of 25. The scores follow: T. F. Stearns 23, W. K. Stowe 21, E. S. Robinson 21, C. B. James 19, E. F. Milstead 17, Dr. C. Perkins 16, B. B. Semmes 15, F. K. Latimer 13.

In the second event, at 25 targets, Mr. Stearns again scored 23, and in shooting at doubles he made the excellent score of 23 targets out of a possible 26.

The Cleveland Gun Club Co.

CLEVELAND, O., March 28.—The regular semi-monthly club shoot at targets to-day resulted as follows:

Decker	1101010110100011111011111110111110111111	—29
Red Wing	0111111111111111011110011111100111001101	—31
Steele	1101111001101101001111111011111110101011	—29
Harris	1111101101110100101110010101111011101111	—28
J I C	1101111111010011001101111011010010011101	—27
Lewis	0001101110011101111001100111111010101110	—25
Snow	1101110011011111111111111100111111111111	—34
Brewster	0011111001101011001011111110111010010011	—26
Tom	0001000010010001000111101111010110100111	—19
Franklin	1111101111111111011001010011111111111011	—32
Smith	1111111111101010111111011111111111111111	—36
Scout	0011101001100001100101011001111101010010	—20
Mist	1011111010111000001001010010010011010111	—21
Hopkins	1101111001011000011111111101011111011111	—29
Tamblyn	1010011000110110011101010101101111101101	—26
North	1001100001010000011011001111000100110010	—17
Hall	0101100000000011001001000000111110110010	—15
Goodwin	1101011011100000001001111111101111011101	—25
Mcekel	1100011100001001001110111000101110010110	—20
Luntz	0010100101100010000011000101010001111010	—16
Harris	1101111101111101010111101101011110001000	—26
Johns	1100110111011000000100111111011011011101	—25
J I C	1001101110111011111100101111011010111001	—27
Smith	1111110111111111111111111111111111111111	—29
Lewis	1001101011011111111011011001101101101101	—27
Hopkins	1101011010111011001101101011100101000100	—24
Franklin	1101101100101001101011010111111101111010	—26
Red Wing	0111111111101111011111111111011111111110	—35
Stanford	0010011111011010011010111101111110111000	—25
Harris	1111001011111110011010001101001110111111	—27
Smith	1111111110111111101110001111111110111111	—34
Decker	0000011111101111111011101101100111010110000	—25
Meekel	1000000100100010011011111001001110111011	—20
J I C	1101101111011011100010011011101000111111	—26

Trap at Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The 10-bird handicap for Dupont Park medal, March 24, thirty-seven entries; birds good; weather bad:

Herbert, 28	212*222222	9	Wintrick, 30 1112112211 — 10
Mason, 28	11*0011211	7	Dr Sims, 28 0120002**2 — 4
Koeb, 28	0012212221	8	Ffiel, 27 020101010* — 4
Turner, 28	211202120*	7	Horton, 27 0202202100 — 5
White Rock, 28	1012211202	8	Dr Johnson, 28 2201011112 — 8
Dr Gaines, 31	2211121221	10	Heiligenstein, 30 2210222122 — 9
Dr Bond, 28	101221*122	8	Cummings, 28 *11012**20 — 5
Nason, 29	122211*122	9	Barker, 27 1022111102 — 8
Arvis, 30	2222212211	10	J Cabanne, 30 2221222112 — 10
Bowman, 28	2222022*20	7	E Prendergast, 31 *011220222 — 7
Meier, 29	1222221021	9	Sandberg, 28 *022222121 — 8
Kenyon, 28	2111211211	10	Spicer, 28 00101*2221 — 6
Campbell, 28	1111212222	10	Baggerman, 29 22112221*2 — 9
White, 28	220202*201	6	F Fink, 28 122**202*2 — 6
Walker, 28	1201211110	8	G Prendergast, 28 1222212220 — 9
L D Cabanne, 29	2212*22222	9	P Weber, 28 2022121112 — 9
Rock, 30	2121121111	10	C Weber, 28 2122102102 — 8
Spencer, 31	2222222222	10	Jonah, 28 11*22*2110 — 7

In the shoot-off Kenyon missed his 2d, Arvis his 4th, Spencer his 11th, Cabanne his 19th, Dr. Gaines his 21st, Wintick his 5th, while Campbell and Rock both missed their 30th, and Campbell his 37th, leaving Rock winner.

Match between Joe Walker, holder, and W. D. Kenyon, challenger, for Mermod championship trophy, March 24. Birds first class:

J Walker, 31	122112121**212112122*2102	—21
W D Kenyon, 30	112111121221*01*122112212	—22

Team race, gun below elbow; 10 birds; for price of birds:

J Walker	120**20110	5	Dr Gaines 11202*0012 — 6
Dute Cabanne	1121210*00	6—11	F Meier 1202111101 — 8—14

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—A fine spring day favored the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Winchester Gun Club Saturday, the 23d inst., at their Highland Park grounds. A good attendance and a very pleasant time were the result. Although some good shooting was done, the club event scores show a lack of form. The Class B men are very grateful to Mr. S. G. Lewis, who, as the true sportsman and genial fellow that he is, voluntarily surrendered his place in Class B, where this year's classification put him, to take his chance among the Class A men.

T. Reid successfully defended his right to wear the A medal another two weeks.

Hitchcock and Lane tied for the B honors, Hitchcock winning out in the shoot-off by 19 to 16, and the C medal was again won by Dr. Gibbes. The scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Lane	..	7	4	..	..	6	..	..	..	16
Black	8	6	7	8	8	6	..	..	..	19
Hitchcock	..	5	..	..	4	7	..	5	6	16
T Reid	..	..	7	..	8	9	..	..	..	23
Dr Gibbes	..	5	..	..	2	10	6	5	..	8
Brodie	..	9	..	..	..	9	8	9	9	16
Warner	..	..	6	5	7	..	..	8	8	14
Randall	..	..	7	..	..	2	..	5	..	..
Rackham	..	..	4	..	3	3	..	..	..	15
McClintock	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	3	14
Cox	7	7	..	..	7	..	10	10	9	20
Lewis	8	6	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	18
Marks	8	9	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	19
A Reid	9	9	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Vartray Water Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., is to be congratulated on its exceptional victory at the Paris Exposition of 1900. In competition with the leading manufacturers of the world, in a class numbering 611 exhibitors, it was awarded the gold medal, the only and highest award for the superior excellence of its Vartray Ginger Ale.—*Adv.*

With the warm weather and the preparation for the season's outing comes the inquiry as to where camp outfits, sleeping bags, tents and sails for yachts and canoes may best be had. The National Tent and Awning Works, of Lockport, N. Y., will send catalogue of the goods they can supply.—*Adv.*

The Alligator brand of fishing tackle is familiar to FOREST AND STREAM readers through long advertising. It now appears in our columns again, and Mr. James L. Van Uxem offers to send a catalogue of his goods.—*Adv.*

Within easy reach of Chicago there is a splendid area of fishing ground used by sportsmen of the middle West in summer. The L. S. Wilkinson Company, whose goods are made especially for this region, will send their catalogue on receipt of a 2-cent stamp.—*Adv.*

No portion of an angler's outfit is more important than his landing net, which must be light, strong and easily handled. The Harrimac landing net, advertised by A. F. Meisselbach & Bro., will bear comparison with any other.—*Adv.*

The ice is going out of the Canadian lakes, and before long anglers will be visiting the Northern fishing ground. Many of them will go by the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway to the home of the ouananiche and the far-famed Saguenay River, through what has been called the Canadian Adirondacks. This railway sends out a beautifully illustrated guide book to those who apply for it.—*Adv.*

The name J. F. Marsters, of Brooklyn, is familiar to Eastern anglers, and Mr. Marsters is putting himself in closer touch with his patrons by offering to send for 3 cents in stamps a colored plate of 88 trout and bass flies.—*Adv.*

The familiar name of S. Hemmenway & Son, the old established firm of sail and tent makers, again appears in our advertising columns. Messrs. Hemmenway offer tents, camp furniture and yacht and canoe sails, and the prospective purchaser of any of these articles would do well to send for a catalogue to this old, reliable firm.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. III.

MISSOURI.

It is declared unlawful for any person to sell or offer to sell, buy or offer to buy any quail, pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, wild deer or wild turkey in this State for a period of five years from the passage of this act: Provided, this section shall not apply to game shipped into this State from any other State or Territory.

IT WILL PREVAIL.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank, that the sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons, declares a principle which is coming to have universal recognition.

To forbid the sale of game is accepted as a necessity.

It is conceded to be an essential component feature of any efficient scheme of game protection.

Seven years ago, when the proposition was first made in these columns, the plan was warmly indorsed, but by many was regarded as Utopian.

To-day it is a familiar, established, practical part of the protective systems of many States.

Every year adds to the list of Legislatures which absolutely forbid the sale of game.

No extraordinary prescience is needed nor unduly sanguine faith in the principle required to predict the early coming of a day when the wild game of America shall not anywhere be a market commodity.

Even in those States which refuse it now, it is bound to come. The defeat of the principle in 1901 is only a temporary check. A check, not a final rejection. The actual working of the system wherever it is in operation is so conclusively for good, that its results carry their own argument. And against such an argument not even the corrupting lobby of the game dealers can always prevail. Just so soon as the people of a State shall come to a full understanding of the demonstrated fact that an anti-sale game law protects the game, they are going to have the system for themselves, Pennsylvania among the rest. The game bill introduced at Harrisburg by Hon. Frank G. Harris, by request of the State Board of Game Commissioners, contained a prohibition of the sale of deer or any feathered upland game killed within the Commonwealth, but allowed the sale of game killed elsewhere. The measure was fought by the cold storage interests, and they corrupted votes enough to defeat it. That is the record for the Legislature of 1901. It will be different in 1903. If not then, there will be another session in 1905. The principle is right. Temporary checks may be regarded with complacency. They do not in the least impair confidence in the final result. The sale of game will be "forbidden at all seasons" in Pennsylvania. Because, we repeat, the experience of the States which have made proof of the working of an anti-market law is uniformly and overwhelmingly in support of the wisdom and utility of the system. No other restrictive expedient has accomplished so much. To cut off the market solves the problem of abating the partridge snare. When Massachusetts stopped the sale of ruffed grouse and closed the Boston market, the bird strangler went out of business. That is precisely what will happen in every State, including New York, when the New York city market is closed to snared partridges, as it shall be some day.

THE MICHIGAN GRAYLING.

IN the current biennial report of the Michigan State Game and Fish Warden the fishery interests are divided into two classes—that of commercial fishes and another of "sentimental fishes." Sentimental fishes, we assume, are not such as are given to sentimentality in themselves, but such as provoke and promote it in the human breast. In this class the report includes the brook trout and the grayling, and by implication, though not specifically named, the landlocked salmon. Another category of "semi-sentimental fishes" is provided for "the sunfish and perch family." The black bass is not placed, nor the pickerel, nor the Johnny Grindle; we are all at liberty to class them according to individual estimation.

The Michigan fish to which most sentiment attaches is the grayling, for it is an example of a rare species of exquisite beauty which is doomed to an early disappearance unless the conditions now affecting it shall be changed. The grayling of Michigan is reduced to an extremity not unlike that of the heath hen of Massachusetts. Whether the heath hen is to be spoken of as in the present or the past tense is uncertain; it is known that a few lingering birds on Martha's Vineyard were alive last summer, but whether there are any living today is a grave question. The Michigan grayling is now said to be represented only by a remnant in the upper waters of the Manistee River, and unless it can there be given absolute protection its early extinction is inevitable.

Michigan should not permit this destruction of a form of life to come to pass. It need not come to pass if the preventive shall be applied. The grayling may be given new lease of life by stopping the fishing for it. Put an all-the-year-round close time on grayling and close the upper waters of the Manistee to all fishing. This is the simple expedient proposed by Mr. W. B. Mershon, of East Saginaw, who is thoroughly conversant with the Michigan grayling problem in all its bearings, and whose counsel in such an affair should be heeded by the Legislature. Opportunity has not gone by for action at the current session. There should be sentiment enough in the Legislature to provide for the preservation of this most "sentimental" of all Michigan fishes.

BITS OF TALK.

THE MAN TARGET IN THE MAINE WOODS.

IT was in Boston, and they were sitting about a large round table, after the meeting had broken up and the early birds had gone home. The talk was of Maine. When a knot of Boston sportsmen get together the talk is always of the Maine woods or of the Cape. They all go to the one or the other, and many to both. All have at one time or another been over the same grounds, made the same carries and camps, fished the same pools, lost the same big fish and missed the same old monster moose with the rocking chair on his head. So now it was Maine.

"And a moose would be vastly more frightened," said the Cambridge man, "if he knew just what it meant when the rifle cracked and the bullet whistled by him."

"Well, if he did know all about it, he couldn't get away any more quickly than that fellow disappeared after my shot," said the Back Bay member, who had been telling how he had missed the big moose he had been hunting for for five years.

"That is a nice point in moose psychology," suggested the President. "My moose have invariably taken such immediate and expeditious leave, and have kept on leaving for so long, that I have always considered them frightened to the limit of their capacity."

"No moose was ever so scared at a shot as I was last October," testified the man from Haverhill. "I had my boy with me, and a fool with a gun took him for game and blazed away."

"No man who loves his son will ever take him into the Maine woods in the hunting season," said the man with the trout preserve on the Cape.

"What did you do to the fool shooter?" asked the President.

"Do? I didn't do anything; he was scared too, and ran like a moose himself—and I forgot I had a gun."

"I'll tell you a little experience of my own down in Maine last season," said the President. "Two of us were deer hunting. A third man saw the motion of the scrub where we were forcing our way through and fired at us. The ball went between my companion and myself. We yelled, and the fellow instead of running away, as your man did, came to us. He said in a frivolous manner that he was sorry; he had seen the motion of the bushes, and had thought it was a deer. Then he grinned at the joke on himself and on us.

"We did not see it that way. We had been getting madder and madder, and it took us just about a minute and a half to give that fellow a jury trial and to make believe we were in Dover, Delaware. We undressed him and tied him to a big tree, face side to the bark; cut two good birch switches——"

"Is this a true story?" interrupted the Cambridge man.

"Every word of it; I am telling you precisely what happened. We laid on what we thought the Delaware code would give an idiot who shot at a motion made by a man; then we made him dress himself, bound his hands behind him, tied his gun on his back and told him to get. And he got."

"He also got what he deserved," observed the Secretary, "and is the first fool shooter I ever heard of who did."

"There would be others," said the man from Haverhill, "if Maine would borrow the Delaware whipping post and set it up on some convenient and central carry where the birch flourishes. Then these shooting at a noise or a motion idiots could be 'whipt into their senses,' as the Earl of Strafford said of Hampden."

The Cape man was right; a wise father will not take his son into the Maine woods in the hunting season. In fact, the prudent man will not betake himself there. The risk is too great. If the fool shooters multiply in some parts of the Maine woods for a few years more at the rate of the few past seasons, it will be impossible for a sane person to go there and avoid the charge of intending suicide.

The Maine Legislature has at length been moved to take long-needed action against the careless shooter. Chapter 263 of the Laws of 1901 provides that "Whoever, while on a hunting trip or in the pursuit of wild game or game birds, negligently or carelessly shoots and wounds or kills any human being, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars."

This law should be posted at every railway station and boat landing and tacked up on every carry and displayed in every camp in the hunting region. It should be so impressed upon the mind of every shooter that the thought of it may be with him constantly to restrain his hand from the "careless" or "accidental" shooting which is now an ever-present menace to human life.

SNAP SHOTS.

Senator Malby's bill to extend the term during which deer hounding shall be forbidden in the Adirondacks has passed the Senate and gone to the Assembly. There it is encountering opposition by certain interests in the North Woods. And our old friend appears once more upon the scene, the genius who argues that hounding really tends to increase the stock because it makes the deer wild and hard to get. If this were not so utterly foolish on the face of it, abundant evidence of the exact contrary, namely, that the deer increase immediately the hounds are barred, would be afforded by conditions prevailing in the Adirondacks, where the great abundance of deer has in part resulted from the operation of the law forbidding the use of hounds. Contributing also to this increased stock is the admirable law which forbids shipping venison from the woods except that an owner may bring out one carcass. The anti-hounding law has another year to run: it will not expire until August of next year. It should not expire then. Of deer hounding in the Adirondacks we should be permitted to say, as was written in one of the death notices in a Washington paper the other day—

My darling daughter has gone away,
She has gone for good and gone to stay.

The new Indiana game law forbids the use of field dogs for hunting. The law reads: "Whoever hunts with dog or dogs, or whoever hunts or shoots with any kind of firearms upon any inclosed land without first securing the written consent of the owner or tenant thereof, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than ten nor more than twenty-five dollars."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Lost.

WERE you ever lost in the woods?

By this question I do not mean were you ever lost in some ten-acre woods lot back of a village farm.

What I do mean is this: Let us suppose that on some beautiful morning you set out from camp or settlement into the vast forest, in which you could roam for days and days without coming in contact with any civilization, when suddenly the sun becomes obscured, or in the excitement of the hunt you lose your reckoning and simply will not believe your compass. Then to my mind unless you have the homing instinct of the pigeon you are indeed lost.

As a hunter and scaler in the Maine woods for twenty-five years, I have been asked the question many, many times, "Were you ever lost?" But on account of never having been bewildered to this extent I have not been able to give a very satisfactory answer to those seeking a story. But my ability to reach camp at night, be the day rainy or cloudy, has always been perfectly satisfactory to myself.

When I was a young boy, however, there was one exception which is the excuse for the story; but to this day I have never conclusively made up my mind whether it was my companion or myself who was the lost one.

The wild lands of the State of Maine are laid out into townships. All these townships originally were six miles square, and the greater part of them remain to this day as they were originally located. The limits of these townships are defined by spots or blazes on the trees from 5 to 6 feet from the ground. A succession of spots constitutes a line, and is called either the north, east, south or west line of the town as the case may be.

Beginning at the eastern limit of the State between Maine and New Brunswick, and running north and south, is a series of lines or spotted trees just six miles apart and running parallel with each other. These lines of spotted trees define what are known as ranges.

Intersecting these lines at right angles, and also just six miles apart, is another series of parallel lines; thus by the intersection of these parallel lines or spotted trees we have townships laid out just six miles square and containing each thirty-six square miles.

The corners of each town are plainly marked by a cedar post about 6 feet long, hewed square like an ordinary piece of timber, marked with a gouge or marking chisel, indicating the number of the township, as well as the range in which it is, and driven well into the ground; so that instead of a name for every six miles of space in our wild lands we have Township 7, Range 9; or Township 3, Range 4, according to location.

It often happens that these range lines become very obscure, owing to age and the bark of the tree lipping or growing over the spots. This condition sometimes makes respotting necessary, and worldly wise is the timberland owner who not only keeps his lines plain and well defined but also has a trusty man go over the lines once or twice ever year to see that no one has trespassed.

The lumberman or operator who takes out a permit on one town often gets across the line on an adjoining town. This is called a trespass, and is either willful owing to a superior chance for getting fine lumber and a plentiful supply of it or unintentional owing to obscure lines. Be the case willful or not, if discovered, competent men are sent in after the snow is gone, who count the stumps, measure the distance from the stump to the top of the tree which is left lying on the ground where it fell when the log was hauled away, take the diameter of the top, and the scale rule will give the board measure of the log which has been taken. In this way they ascertain the scale of the trespass.

It was on just such an errand as this that Sylvester, the scaler, and I went many years ago. Poor lines and a willingness to take advantage of the fine timber just across the limit and a hope that because the region was so remote they would never be found out, caused the operators to "jump the line."

I was a young boy then, and my woods experience was very limited. My companion was at that time in the prime of life and was considered one of the best explorers and general all round woodsmen in the State of Miane. But unfortunately he was very deaf

Driving from Bangor to the town of Carrol, we here left our team. In order to reach the trespass which had been described to us by the explorer who had found it we were obliged to cross a part of the town of Carrol and then cross the dreaded Baskahegan Bog. This Baskahegan Bog was almost limitless in extent and was very treacherous. As we walked over it the bog water often reached our ankles. Hackmatack trees covered the bog, all apparently of the same height and shape. One locality looked exactly like every other on that bog. As I was young and not particularly strong my heavy pack, each moment made heavier by my increasing weakness and the fast-falling rain, caused me often to stop for rest, but I had succeeded so far in keeping my companion in sight, although his strong, vigorous strides set me a pace that was fast telling on me; but not a complaint did I make.

At last, thoroughly tired out, I lay down to get a drink at a little bog brook. I must have stayed there longer than I realized, for on getting up I could see nothing of Sylvester. I immediately began to halloa, but remembering that Sylvester was as deaf as a post I decided not to waste my breath in that manner. "I can't follow him on this trackless bog in the fog and rain. He is much more capable of finding me," I said to myself, and seating myself by the brook I patiently awaited results.

Now I had in my pack, besides the greater part of the food, Sylvester's tobacco—and what a luxury this was to him no one knew better than I; so I made up my mind that, taking everything into consideration, my best place to put in the night was right there by that little brook, and trust to luck that he would look me up the next day.

In the drizzling rain I took my supper of hardtack, a slice of raw pork and bog water—a fire was out of the question.

To say that that night, alone, in the rain, on that dreary bog, without a shelter of any kind, without companionship of even a dog or a star, was pleasant would hardly be correct; but my condition was infinitely better than that of Sylvester, for he had no food. To try and describe the long sleepless night would be impossible. During the seemingly endless hours I tramped back and forth in the darkness by the side of the brook in order to keep my blood circulating, and when at last daylight appeared I eagerly watched and listened for the approach of my companion.

Starting at break of day, Sylvester had retraced his route step by step hallooing as he came, and when at last we caught sight of each other great was the rejoicing.

"Had you attempted to follow me," said he, "I doubt if I ever could have found you. It was almost dark before I discovered that you were not following me. Something caused me to glance behind, when to my surprise you were nowhere in sight. No use for me to do anything till daylight. Then I remembered that the last time I saw you was at this little brook, and my only hope was that you would be woodsman enough to stay there and not attempt to follow me. Please can I have something to eat? Is my tobacco dry? But it's all right, son; I have put in a worse night than you."

Resuming our journey we crossed the bog without further adventure, and located the trespass.

Was I really lost?

I certainly have never been able to answer the question to my own satisfaction. Had Sylvester not returned I should have followed the brook down to Baskahegan Lake, followed the outlet of the lake to the river, and so have reached civilization. I planned this all out during the lonely hours of the night. I can truthfully say that I was neither excited, turned about nor hungry, and as long as my food lasted I was all right; but to stand alone on that bog in the rain, without fire or shelter, another night—never!

A few years later I was destined to meet a man in a very wild and remote part of the State who neither then nor since has ever had a shadow of doubt as to whether he was lost or not.

My Story.

It was late in the summer of '79 that I was at my camp on the beautiful Ebeeme Lake, entirely alone, making preparations for my fall hunting and trapping, meanwhile awaiting the arrival of my hunting companion, Joseph Rollins. I spent the great part of my time in filing the teeth of the massive bear traps, looking for signs of bear and occasionally catching a string of brook trout.

On the last day of August I decided to follow Babel Brook away upon old Ebeeme Mountain, and besides catching some brook trout, look for sign of bear. Putting a luncheon in my pocket and a notice on the door of the camp, written on birch bark with a small piece of charred wood from the fireplace, notifying any hunter or woodsman who happened that way that I would be back at night, and launching my canoe, I paddled up the lake, singing as I went.

How little did I realize what an experience was to come to me that day, and how different would be the conditions of my return!

Arriving at the outlet of the brook, and drawing the canoe out of the water, I slung my carbine on my shoulder and cut a small alder pole for fishing. I remember distinctly looking back over the pond as I adjusted my fishing line, and thought what a glorious day it was, and how beautiful to be alone with nature. There was a man within five miles of me who did not think as I did that day. Fishing the brook, pool after pool, I soon caught my string of fish.

Hanging them to a low bow of a tree, as I expected to return that way, I struck off up the mountain, looking about for a chance to set a bear trap later.

About four miles from the canoe, and in one of the most inaccessible parts of the mountain, I heard a faint halloo. As the halloo of the bear is almost identical with the halloo of man my only thought was, "Perhaps, old fellow, later on I'll have your pelt."

"Hall-o-a!"

"Holler away, old fellow."

"Hall-o-a!" again comes floating to me through the clear air.

"Can that call be that of a bear, so very human in its sound? I almost fear not; and if by chance any one should be lost in this wild place I pity him!"

Unslinging my carbine, I shoot.

"Halloa!—Halloa!—Halloa!"

No bear would call after hearing a rifle; so advancing and shooting occasionally after traveling a long distance I catch sight of a white object away up on the mountain. Behind a tree I remain perfectly silent and watch. Can that man possibly be sane? Coatless, hatless, vestless, he looked, as his eyes bulged out of his head, like a raving maniac, and so weak that he could walk with difficulty. On my approaching him he broke down completely and cried like a child.

His Story.

"Stopping at the Katahdin Iron Works for a few days to recuperate my tired body and mind, and hearing that you were in this locality, I engaged a man and team to take me to the Prairie, a settlement seven miles this side of the iron works. Here my man and team left me and I started to try to find your camp, much to the regret and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the two men who lived near by.

"'You will never in this world find that camp—never! There is no road leading to it—no trail. He gets there by canoe as well as by land. It is a blind trip for a stranger, and you better let one of us guide you.'

"Thinking they were after the money more than anything else, and in order to obtain the job were perhaps trying to scare me a bit, I decided that I was competent to find you myself. So bidding the men good-by and getting the general course to your camp, I started. Traveling for a while on an open ridge on horseback, as they had directed, I looked off to the left and saw a body of water, which I took to be Ebeeme thoroughfare, so leaving the ridge I struck out for it. No sooner had I got down into this low, boggy land than I was completely turned around. My reasoning faculties left me. I shouted. I hallooed. All to no purpose. I was terrified. Starting on with no fixed point in view I would travel on a while and then stop and halloo. To add to the horror of the situation I had only a small luncheon; no gun, no axe.

"I traveled on in this manner till dark. The night was not very cold, but oh! the lonesomeness of it! Alone, and with the fear of so remaining as long as my strength might hold out, and then starving to death. The morning found me weaker from exposure, loss of sleep and lack of nourishing food, but I felt as though I must keep on. About an hour ago I reached the climax, and in sheer desperation I threw away my coat, my vest, my hat and ran I knew not whither, hallooing as I ran."

For a long time I could not convince him that I knew the way out myself. Traveling short distances at a time and resting often we finally reached the canoe. Placing him carefully in the bottom of the canoe, I paddled out into the lake, well pleased with my day's work, if my string of fish was left hanging on the tree.

Before I got to camp my man was sound asleep—completely worn out. For two days he did not leave his bunk, and in two weeks he had hardly regained his equilibrium. Night after night he would moan and halloo in his dreams. During the day he was my shadow, and when at last he was well enough to return home he begged me to come out of the woods, for fear that some time I might meet with an experience similar to his own.

He has never been in the woods since then.

JOSEPH A. THOMPSON.

BANGOR, Me.

A Good Friday.

WHO does not like occasionally to leave the turmoil of the town, go to the woods and there lean up against a great tree and listen?

> Shuddering drums, trumpets hailing,
> Woodwinds moaning, strings weird wailing,
> Harps and viols rising, failing—
> All these are heard and more than these
> When wild winds wake with blast and breeze
> The music of the forest trees.

Gone were the merrymakers; hushed the music. Under the spreading elms the wide verandas of the great hotels echoed no longer to the tread of throngs on pleasure bent. The rustle and color which made gay the pavements during the floral fête had flitted to the treetops where the autumn cradle song was making drowsy the "Queen of the Spas."

The Colonel, sated with the social whirl, glanced from his paper to his wife sipping her coffee and remarked, "What's this dull town to me? Quail are ripe in Michigan; we better be moving."

And so it came about that one day when Jack and the Doctor had gone after a setter, the like of which never was on land or sea, the ladies declared their intention to drive out with us and witness the antics of men and dogs hunting quail. With guns and a brace of setters under the seats we were soon speeding northward, the crisp air and bright sunshine being pleasantly exhilarating. What is there in the ride to the shooting grounds which makes it an unmixed pleasure to sportsmen? Probably chief among conspiring elements may be mentioned good-fellowship, then pleasant anticipations and the imagination which endows every bushy pasture and wide stubble with a wealth of feathered possibilities.

Looking across an old meadow with here and there a clump of bushes. Lady J. remarked, "That looks like a good place," and in less time than it takes to tell it, Cap and Boy were beating up wind, the guns following leisurely, and the ladies keeping an eye on us from the carriage. Cap soon winded a bevy and roaded to a point. A glimpse of rushing wings and two sharp reports were productive of noise, nothing more. Fortunately we were not visible from the carriage; they did not come to see how not to do it. Fortunately, also, one or two of the bevy dropped in a brush pile, in full view of the ladies, and they so advised us. The dogs were worked up to the place, and did their part handsomely, amid many exclamations of appreciation. At the flush the Colonel with deliberate promptness pressed the trigger and the quail pitched upward and then onward and downward to the tall grass, whence Boy retrieved and delivered him to his master's hand. Quoth Lady B: "That was worth coming out to see; now I know how it is done."

About five miles from Alma is a place pleasant to the eye of a sportsman, about a hundred acres of lowland through which a little stream winds its sluggish way. Stretching back from its western bank, majestic swamp elms rise with occasional patches of willow between. Its east side is deeply fringed with alders having a deeper backing of deciduous trees merging into the cool, green gloom of hemlock and tamarack.

> If such you find, go, mark it well,
> For there ruffed grouse and woodcock dwell;
> There may be heard the plaintive pipe
> Of quail, and scaipe of Wilson's snipe.

Just as we emerged from the woods into the alders a grouse flushed unexpectedly, and at the crack of the gun another went away, only to be cut down instanter. Was the first one hit? After picking up the second, shaking out the loose feathers and admiring that blending of gray and brown which is the despair of artists—there was Cap staunchly standing, and before him slowly crossing an opening in the bushes was a wing-tipped grouse, head erect and tail spread, as proud as a peacock. O for a Wizard! There are times when "the lens is better than the gun."

Dropping the bird in the hand I rushed for the bird in the bush, and the next instant stretched my length over a trailing vine. Truly, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," for Cap went by my prostrate form like a flash, and caught what I could not. The value of a dog depends upon his master, and severe correction

for chasing would come with bad grace after such an example. As I took the struggling bird from under his paws and confronted the necessity of taking a life in cold blood, shadows of sadness followed twinges of regret. But when one considers freedom from cares of business and professional life, the refreshment of body and mind incident to field sports, and the privilege of laying a trophy at the ladies' feet, of leaving a plump brace at the door of an invalid friend, the accusing voice is hushed and one is easily persuaded that "the end justifies the means."

From a short distance the Colonel called out, "What are you shooting at?"

"Grouse."

"What luck?"

"Great luck; a brace of grouse."

And then, "Mark! mark!" Bang!

"What was it?"

"Woodcock."

"Get him?"

"Sure, and a groundkeeper, too."

The woodcock is not the least among the prizes offered by woodlands to sportsmen. What mystery envelops his career! Solitude is his joy and gloom his chosen habitation. Swift as a ghost he wings the moonlit space on long vernal and autumnal flights—here to-day; to-morrow, where? What music in the whistle of his wings! What light in those Madonna eyes, deep, dark and fathomless!

The Colonel meets the rhapsody with, "Yes, in cover or under cover, he's all right; and now if we could only pick up a snipe what a varied bag we should have." Joining the carriage a little later the ladies held the dogs in leash, while we tried to stalk a wisp of ring-necked plover, which settled in an open field near by. They were wary and took wing, their cries growing faint and fainter, but we waited motionless, confident of their return. Back they came and wheeled just near enough to draw an ineffectual volley, and then away on swifter wing to pastures new. Plover are grub, not game, anyway. Who cares for plover!

Just as we came to the rushy intersection of two open ditches, up jumped the fellow we were looking for, and with a 'scaipe, 'scaipe, was away on erratic wing. The first shot served only to change his flight to due west, but at the second, he wilted in mid air, done to death at 60 yards by a featherweight Daly. A fine shot that, and rewarded by a salvo of applause from the carriage.

Beating across the field a few quail were added to the bag, and then some calves gave chase to the dogs, but they could easily beat three of a kine. The shadows lengthened; top coats were donned, and bowling homeward, Lady J. declared, "I have seen it done; I can do it. And when Jack gets back I will do it." And she did.

And when the contents of the bag, from the lordly grouse to the slender "shad-spirit," were laid in state on the center-table that evening, we were all of one mind: For variety of wings and comfort of sportsmen and dogs a day with the upland game birds of Michigan is easily first.

ALMA.

Natural History.

A Herald of Spring.

BY J. HOBART EGBERT, A.M., M.D., PH.D., WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC KNAB.

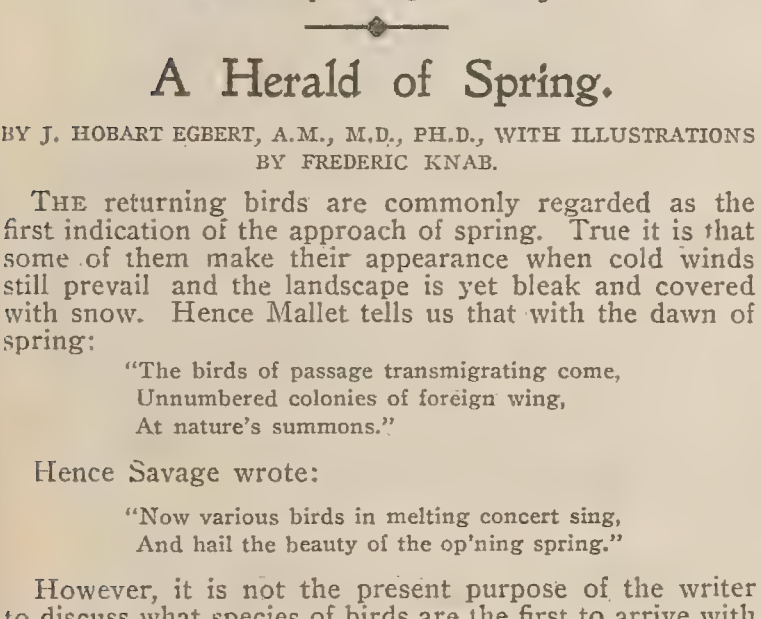
THE returning birds are commonly regarded as the first indication of the approach of spring. True it is that some of them make their appearance when cold winds still prevail and the landscape is yet bleak and covered with snow. Hence Mallet tells us that with the dawn of spring:

"The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumbered colonies of foreign wing,
At nature's summons."

Hence Savage wrote:

"Now various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the op'ning spring."

However, it is not the present purpose of the writer to discuss what species of birds are the first to arrive with us, nor, in fact, to treat of our feathered friends at all. The creature we are about to describe shows itself before

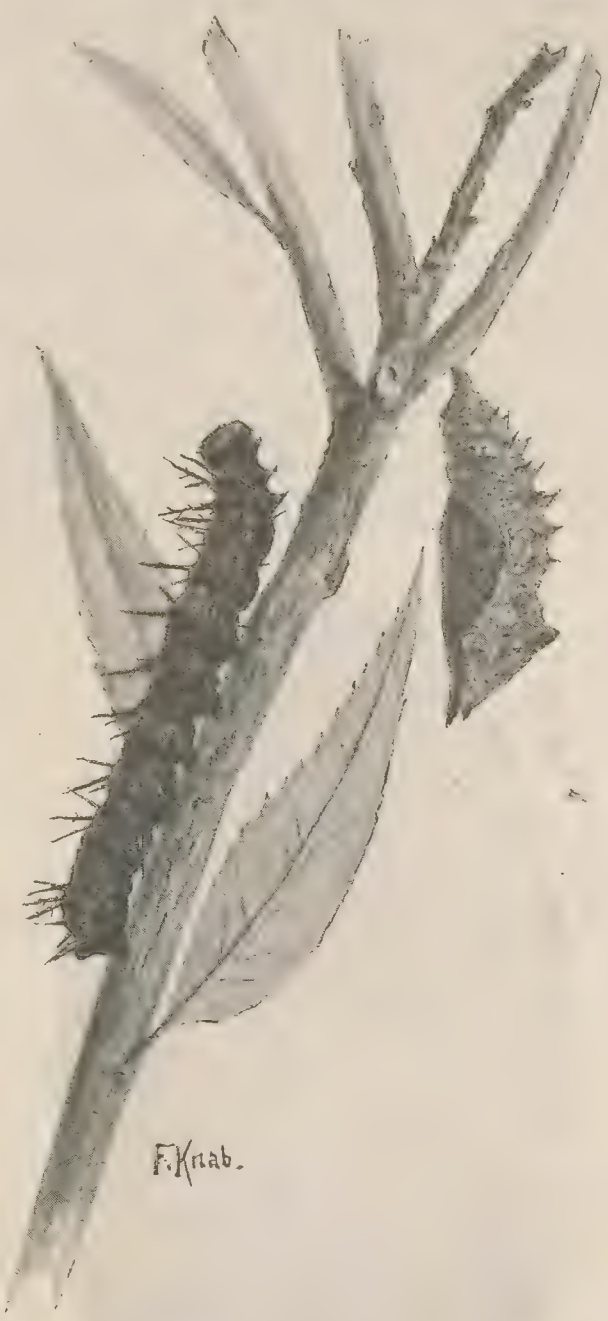


VANESSA ANTIOPA.

even the very earliest avian arrival from the South, and many will be surprised to learn that it is a frail insect.

Even in our cold New England, winter is brightened and cheered by occasional days of warming sunshine, especially as the days begin to lengthen. On such days the outdoor world irresistibly attracts the lover of nature and he sallies forth to drink in the beauties of air, of sky and of landscape, and to look for the first signs of returning spring. After the bitter cold and raging wind of the storm just past, the peace and quiet are indeed most enjoyable. As yet there is little indication of the awakening of animal life from its winter's sleep, or evidence of new arrivals from warmer climes. A flock of the ever busy little chickadees flit about among the leafless bushes, a woodpecker darts across our path and perhaps a squirrel is seen, lured out of his retreat by the warming sunshine. At length we come to an open glade in the woods; sheltered, and the temperature noticably warmer than elsewhere. Suddenly, almost from under our feet, a butterfly starts up and darts away into the air. A butterfly? In the dead of winter? Yes, and by no means the only one for, as he mounts above the treetops, he is joined by another—either mate or rival—and the two whirl about in rapid, constantly ascending flight till at last they separate, and each darts back to its favorite resort.

The butterfly in question is a common species with us. Its scientific name is *Vanessa antiopa*, and popularly it is known as the "mourning cloak." In England, where



VANESSA ANTIOPA—CATERPILLAR AND CHRYSALIS.

it is extremely rare, it is called "Camberwell beauty," and specimens which have actually been captured there are valued very highly by collectors. Unlike most species of the great insect order Lepidoptera, to which it belongs, it is distributed very widely and is not only found over the greater part of North America but also in Europe and many parts of Asia. It is one of our handsomest butterflies, and measures about three inches across the extended wings, the outline of which is notched and irregular. Above, the ground color of the wings is a rich purplish-brown, shading into black toward the body, and on the outer edge is a broad border of pale yellow. A row of blue spots on the purplish ground follows the border around. Beneath the colors are dark gray and brown with irregular black lines and mottlings. When at rest, with the wings closed, it closely resembles a chip of bark, and is then very difficult to detect, especially when perched on the trunk of a tree, as is often the case. However, the specimens found in winter and early spring have quite a different appearance, having suffered considerably from exposure to intense cold and stormy weather. The ground color becomes a faded reddish-brown, the border a dirty white, and the spots fade to palest blue. The wings are more or less tattered and worn, and no wonder, for he has lived all through the long winter in such poor shelter as he could find in some crevice or under a stone, and must have been frozen quite solid during the severe cold.

The Antiopa is one of the few butterflies which hibernate as fully developed insects. The others which are known to do so are close allies, such as *Vanessa J. album, Vanessa milberti* and the species of *Pyrameis* and *Grapta*. However, these others are much more rarely met with than the Antiopa, which one can count on finding with certainty during the first calm days of approaching spring. They prefer wooded tracts, and are generally seated on some damp spot sipping the moisture or on the side of a tree trunk, from which sap exudes. Like many of their tribe they seem to be much attached to a chosen spot, and often when pursued for some considerable distance will again return to it. This habit is, of course, taken advantage of by the experienced collectors of Lepidoptera.

These butterflies evidently enjoy the balmy days of returning spring, but their pleasure is short-lived, for by the first of May the most of them have disappeared, and only occasionally a female can be seen feebly flittering about in search of a proper place to deposit her eggs. These eggs, about two hundred in number, are laid on a twig of the caterpillar's food-plant, usually the willow or elm, but also the poplar, birch, and some others. The caterpillars are gregarious and voracious feeders. Branches and even small trees may often be seen completely defoliated by them, and the black masses of caterpillars are then very conspicuous. When full grown these caterpillars are nearly two inches long and black, with a row of brick-red spots along the back. All except the first of its twelve body-rings are armed with long stout spines, which are beset with small spikes, and arranged over the body in seven longitudinal rows. The head is bifid and beset with many short spikes. Through the black ground-color of the caterpillar's body are irregularly scattered very small white spots, from which rise fine long hairs. In persons with delicate skin, contact with the spines is said to occasion itching, as from nettles, but personally we have never suffered discomfort from handling the larvæ.

When the caterpillars have attained their full growth they become restless and wander about in search of a suitable place to assume the pupa state. As the chrysalis hangs downward, suspended by the tail only, the under surface of a projecting branch or similar situation is preferred, in order that it may swing clear. In color, the chrysalis varies in different individuals from yellow-brown to gray, is sometimes almost black, and is more or less mottled, so that it assimilates well with its surroundings and is not easily detected. Such protection is quite necessary, since in its horny case it is quite helpless and incapable of any motion except a wriggle by means of the abdominal segments. The head of the chrysalis—if we may speak of such, for the creature is now merged into one continuous whole without specialized external organs—ends in a couple of pointed projections, while on the sides there are other elevations, and along the back there is a double row of spines. On the flat and smooth side of the chrysalis, which corresponds with the under surface of the future butterfly, the legs, proboscis, antennæ and wings—all folded flat against the body—can already be traced. When reversed and viewed from the side, a superficial resemblance to a human profile can be discerned, and this has, in olden times, given rise to some curious notions and superstitions, which may be found scattered through various ancient learned works.

In Massachusetts the Antiopa, being double-brooded, may be seen on the wing nearly all through the warmer weather. The caterpillars of the first brood reach maturity by the middle of June, and early in July the butterflies appear. These give rise to a second brood from which the imagos emerge in September, and it is these that sleep through the winter and fly forth at the first sign of spring.

But these butterflies are by no means the only insects of early spring. A multitude of different species hibernate and come forth from their hiding places as soon as the sun's warming influence is felt. Indeed, it seems that a number of species, like our Antiopa, though matured in the fall do not until spring provide for the increase of their kind.

A number of peculiar species of insects find in the first days of early spring the conditions suitable to complete their development, and can be found at no other time. Among these may be mentioned *Boreus*, the snow insect; certain *Podurids*, or spring-tails, and some *Neuroptera*, as well as many species of *Diptera*, to which latter order belong the swarms of midgets which many have doubtless seen dancing in the sunshine on a quiet winter's day. Among the Lepidoptera, a considerable number of species, belonging to many different families, appear very early in the season. Even in Massachusetts newly-emerged moths may be found as early as January and February. The adults of the well-known destructive canker worm (*Anisopteryx vernata*) begin to leave the ground as soon as the snow melts. The beautiful little *Brephos infans* is found only in the early spring when the ground is still partly covered with snow. Still, on account of its size, its beauty, and its habits, the Antiopa remains the most notable of our insects of early spring.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

"The Woodpeckers."

AMONG the books on nature study, about which it is hard to say whether they are more useful or more attractive, Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's "The Woodpeckers," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., easily stands in the first rank. It is devoted to a consideration of the North American members of the family, and though only five species are carefully considered as to their habits, the volume affords the means of identifying each one of the many species and subspecies scattered over the continent. Moreover, those chosen for special study—the downy, yellow-bellied sapsucker, California woodpecker, the red-head and the flicker—are so widely distributed, that it is quite certain that any one wishing to observe these interesting birds can find two or three at least in the locality where his observations will be made.

The woodpeckers are among the easiest of birds to recognize, and from ancient times have been highly regarded. They take their name from Virgil's character Picus, who was skilled in augury, and the birds themselves were used in divination. Mrs. Eckstorm's foreword seems to carry out his idea, and she suggests a great variety of questions to be asked about the birds—as indeed there are about many others—and in the happily written chapters of the book she answers many of them.

Some of the things which she explains are how to know a woodpecker, how the woodpecker earns his living, courts his mate and makes his house, and also how a flicker feeds her young. We are told much about the friendly downy, the wicked sapsucker and the industrious carpenter of California, as well as of the provident—but sometimes criminal—redhead woodpecker found as far West as the Rocky Mountains. Some of the extraordinary changes of habit acquired by the woodpecker through his association with civilized man are described, and then Mrs. Eckstorm passes to the woodpecker's tools—his bill, his foot, his tail and his tongue. The last two chapters treat of how each woodpecker is fitted for his own kind of life and the argument from design. This is followed by an Appendix, containing a Key to the Woodpeckers of North America and Descriptions of Them.

Although the woodpeckers are so generally useful, they are, like most other people, not without some faults, and about some of these we learn not only in reading the chapter on the sapsucker, but also in Mrs. Eckstorm's chapter on acquired habits.

Concerning the redhead, she says: "There is positive proof that sometimes the redhead has been guilty of crimes which would give a man a full column in the newspapers with staring headlines. If such deeds were not a

thousand times less common among woodpeckers than they are among men, the redhead would be declared an outlaw. He has been proved to be a hen roost robber, a murderer and a cannibal. In Florida he has sucked hen's eggs. In Iowa he has been seen to kill a duckling. There is a record in Ohio that he pecked holes in the walls of the eaves to swallows' nests and stole all the eggs, and that he was finally killed in the act of robbing a setting hen's nest. Within the space of fifteen years, from Montana, Georgia, Colorado, New York and Ontario, in addition to the records mentioned already from Florida, Ohio and Iowa, come accounts of his stealing bird eggs and murdering and eating other birds. The evidence is indisputable.

"It is charity to suppose that this is the work of natural criminals, or of degenerate, underwitted or demented woodpeckers. Why should there not be such individuals among birds? One point is certain; so notable a habit could not long escape detection, since it is a barnyard crime. He who robs hens' nests gets caught—if he is a bird. Either these occurrences are very rare, not seen because of their extreme rarity, or they indicate a new custom just coming in. And the same is true of the habit of hoarding food. It is rare, or it is new.

"The frequency of such occurrences can be determined only by observation, but the time of their origin might be approximated in another way. If we could fix the date when the bird could not have done what he is now doing for simple lack of opportunity, we might say that the habit has been acquired since a certain date—as we said of the English sparrow eating maize, of the chimney swift nesting in chimneys, and the cliff swallow building under the eaves. But we have no such help in the case of the redhead, which has never been without opportunities to get birds' eggs and to kill other birds.

"But there is a parallel case in another species, where the date of an acquired habit can be proved. In Florida the redbellied woodpecker has earned the name Orange Borer and Orange Sapsucker, because he eats oranges. It is true that he is not charged with doing damage, because he attacks only the overripe and unmarketable fruit; it is known that the habit is not general yet, for even where the birds are abundant only a single bird or a pair will be found eating oranges, and always the same pair, proving that it is a habit not yet learned by all of the species. Close observers declare, too, that it is but a few years since the bird took up the habit; and finally we know that this must be the case, for, though the wild orange was introduced by the Spaniards, the sweet fruit was not extensively cultivated until recently. Here is a habit which undoubtedly has been acquired within twenty years or so, which will in all probability increase until, instead of being the exception, it is the rule.

"Why may not the redhead's occasional cannibalism, unless this is mere individual degeneracy, and his more common custom of hoarding, be habits which he is acquiring? Why, indeed, may not the California woodpecker's distinguishing trait be a habit which began like these among a few birds here and there, wiser or more progressive than the rest, and which in time became general and established? Why may not the two observed instances of the Lewis' woodpecker be examples of a similar habit just beginning? The very differences in their methods point to that explanation. The Lewis' woodpecker that had seen the Carpenter's work tried to imitate him; the one that lived outside his range adopted a way of his own, unnoticed before among woodpeckers, and shelled and quartered his nuts before he stored them."

The volume is charmingly illustrated by five full-page colored plates drawn by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, as lifelike and as true to nature as his drawings always are, and by many cuts in the text by Mr. Jno. L. Ridgeway. The colored plates appear to be made by the so-called three-color process, and the colors are not quite as successful as one might wish.

Mrs. Eckstorm requires no introduction to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, for, as Fannie Hardy, before her marriage, she contributed to these columns many delightful letters of life and travel in the Maine woods. The daughter of Manly Hardy, and brought up under the tuition of that keen woodsman and ardent naturalist, her early training was such as to especially fit her for the work, to which, it may be hoped, she has now definitely set her hand—the writing of nature books.

The Bird Book.

"THE BIRD BOOK," by Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, has just been issued by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. as one of their supplementary readers. It appears at a happy time, just before the coming of the birds, and should be a most useful introduction to field study, which it is especially designed to encourage. The ends which Mrs. Eckstorm has held in view in arranging the books are two. She has striven to adapt its study to the school year, and so to present it that when the pupil begins field work he shall be able to do this with some general idea of what is worth observing.

The volume is planned quite differently from most of the bird books with which of late years we have become so familiar. It is divided into four parts, of which Part I. treats of "Water Birds in Their Homes," Part II. of "Structure and Comparison," Part III. of "Problems of Bird Life," and Part IV. of "Some Common Land Birds." Of these the first and the fourth have to do with living birds, their surroundings and their modes of life, while Parts II. and III. deal with questions of structure and with certain broader principles of zoology.

The method of the book is a happy one. The reader is introduced first to the bird living its life, and is told how the grebe, the loon, the gull, the petrel and many other birds pass their days and nights; how they gather their food, rear their young and avoid their enemies. And these accounts take us to many different lands—New England and Alaska, Florida and Labrador, California and the Great Plains.

Having become interested in what these birds do and so in the birds themselves, we are naturally interested in their characteristics, and wish to find out how one differs from another, but first of all how birds differ from all other animals. Following this come the questions why are all these things as they are, on what is classification in birds founded, how do birds receive their Latin names, together with the answer to the three great questions—which the birds care far more about than they do about the names which men give them—the problems of food, of safety and of reproduction. Following these come brief but pregnant chapters on protection by color, distribution and migration.

The fourth part treats of certain habits of many of the land birds, but does not profess to give life histories nearly so full as those given in Part I. Finally, in the appendices are very short divisions on the zoogeographical divisions of the world, migration, hints on observing birds and on identifying living birds that are strange to the observer. Then the book closes with a list of useful bird books.

It is quite impossible in the limits of such a notice to do justice to this admirable volume. From title page to finis it is packed full of information, given in short chapters and in such extremely attractive fashion that it cannot fail to interest any one who may read it. Much of the matter also is original, much of it novel, and all of it so happily put—often from an entirely new and unexpected standpoint—that the volume is certain to be very effective and to do a great deal of good. It may truly be said that it is likely to be as interesting to the practical ornithologist as to the boy or girl who, knowing nothing about birds, would like to know about them.

Our older readers must still have a warm personal interest in the writer who, as Fannie Hardy, a few years ago contributed to the FOREST AND STREAM a notable series of papers on the Maine woods. Her vivacious letters descriptive of canoeing excursions with her father, Manly Hardy, were characterized by a rare knowledge of woodcraft; and when she wrote of the vexed and perplexing problems of Maine game protection, there was shown throughout such a sympathetic insight into actual conditions as to command respect. The man of the Maine

MRS. FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM.

woods—the hunter, trapper, guide, who was confronted by a fast-coming changed order of things, who found it hard to give up the old ways and to face the new, who held stoutly to what he believed were his natural and inalienable rights, who was misunderstood or perhaps willfully slandered by the outside world—this man who could not speak for himself, found a friend and an advocate and champion of Fannie Hardy. No one may know the real history of those times who shall not have read her letters then published.

It is because of this interest in one so well known to FOREST AND STREAM readers that we have asked permission to print the following personal notes written by Mrs. Eckstorm at the request of her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

I was born in Maine some thirty-five years ago, and remained here on intimate terms with all outdoors until I went to school and college. From Smith College I carried away with my degree some of the rewards of hard work and some of the satisfaction of profitable leisure. Among the latter are to be numbered long and usually solitary walks in the woods and over the mountains; the organizing of the Smith College Audubon Society with Miss Florence Merriam, as recently related by her in "Bird Lore," when John Burroughs came to help us, and the rummaging of all of the old historical collections and old French narrations that were accessible.

Returning home, I acted two years as superintendent of schools, and then went into a publishing house to see what it was like. And in the course of time I went to the Pacific coast and was married.

As a clergyman's wife in the far West and later in the East again, I had little leisure for any of my old avocations, though my husband enjoyed them all and encouraged the preparation of the books about to be issued. He was an excellent naturalist, and our few outings were spent in woods and fields, trout fishing and watching the birds. Since his death, I have once more come back to my old haunts in Maine.

Yet it is the first period of my life that accounts for my tastes. As I recall it, it seems to me that few could have enjoyed a childhood so nearly ideal. It was all fairy land and romance, out of school hours. Most of the people I knew had met adventures or done large things—sea captains, hunters, trappers, missionaries, travelers to all lands. Each one told his story and went his way. The books on the shelves were books of adventure—Capt. Cook, Moffat, Livingstone, Sir Samuel Baker, Kane, Hall, and every other notable Northern voyage and African exploration as it appeared. And before I could read, Virgil was a nursery tale and Homer a fairy story. All the time a world as wild as theirs lay just outside, and men built on these large epic lines—trappers, moose hunters, deer stalkers, scalers, lumbermen, river drivers, crack watermen—were coming and going and breaking bread with us. When I teased for a story, I got, it might be, the "Trojan Horse," or Ulysses bending his great bow, or Thoreau's guide, Joe Aitteon, going to his own death in the rush and welter of Island Falls to save his boat's crew. Everything was of heroic size. King Arthur and Jack Mann, Robin Hood and Jock Darling were names of about equal weight and vividness, with the odds somewhat in favor of the one who could walk in to dinner and speak for himself as an abler man than the one who, for all his valiant deeds, had yielded and become a ghost.

It was my father's business that brought such a diversity of woods life to our doors. He and his father before him had dealt in all the products of the woods; had hunted, fished and trapped all over the Maine forests and knew most intimately everything that lived in the woods. With sixty years of such life behind me, it was impossible not to appreciate all the fine points of a bear skin a moose hide, a snowshoe or a canoe. Such knowledge was my inheritance. And I was taught as well the tricks of woodcraft that all hunters use; to know how to tell who caught a lot of fur by the way the skins were stretched and handled; and something of the differences almost inconceivably fine, but which my father could tell with all but magical correctness, the very section of country where a given mink or sable skin was taken.

Then there were the Indians, who came constantly, often a score of them in a day. They told me stories, brought me baskets and little birch bark or carved cedar canoes, and made a pet and plaything of me. I loved them all, without regard to comeliness, though perhaps my favorite was one of a scarred countenance, who explained that "She 'n' I 'n 'nother fellow we b'en fight; she bit it my nose off," meaning thereby that only two had joined battle, and that the nose was still in evidence, though very much damaged. With all the white hunters I was the daughter of the regiment. I levied tribute of spruce gum, and if my doll needed furs some lonely trapper far in the wilderness was sure to remember to save the skins of the weasels that entered his traps for a gift to me.

When I played school it was with fox skins stuffed with hay for my pupils. I remember how their black legs used to hang down and their pointed noses would stick up as they were ranged in line. I was permitted to play with all the skins except the black and silver foxes. Mink, sable with orange throats, otter, fisher, beaver, lynx and bear, I could roll and tumble among them as much as I desired, though the best fun was to slide down a great pile of foxes—a thousand or more in a heap sometimes—as they lay waiting the semi-annual shipment to London. And in all the packing, pressing and finishing of the bales I was permitted to help.

So my earliest associations were chiefly with the mammals. Birds came later. It was not till I was ten years old or so that my father began to collect and study birds. As I was his inseparable companion and adoring follower, it was inevitable that I should do as he did. For many years we worked together, making a representative collection of North American birds, doing most of the taxidermal work ourselves. And continually we were driving, walking or canoeing all through the woods near home and in the deep woods gathering notes of their habits. To grow up with a science under the tutelage of an accomplished naturalist and in surroundings adapted to one's pursuits is a good fortune that comes to few. So I had a childhood rarely happy and complete, nor can I think of anything more likely to gratify that "healthy curiosity" of which you speak than an account of these earlier years.

A Pest of Band-Tailed Pigeons.

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, Wis., March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a clipping from the Milwaukee Daily News of an article copied from the San Francisco Bulletin regarding a pest of pigeons:

"Immense flocks of wild pigeons have made their appearance in Santa Barbara county. The birds have never before been known to come down into the valleys. In former years they have always inhabited the mountains. They are so plentiful in the farming districts that they have proved a nuisance, and on many ranches poisoned wheat has been thrown out to them.

"In many sections of the country the birds have entirely destroyed newly planted fields of grain, and in some instances the farmers have been compelled to replant their fields, as the birds come down in large flocks and devour the seed before it can be harrowed into the ground. The birds have furnished great sport for local sportsmen, who are after the pests in large numbers."

I would like to ask if you know anything about the authenticity of this story, and whether they are the same kind of wild pigeons that were so plentiful about this part of the country twenty or twenty-five years ago. Bluish gray in color, some parts pale gray, green reflections on sides of neck, and breast purplish red. Over twenty years ago they were so thick here that at times they would obscure the sun from view when large flocks were flying over, but for many years they have been extinct through the country, as far as I have learned, except an occasional mention in FOREST AND STREAM of a stray few in some remote section.

W. C. THOMAS.

[These California birds are the band-tailed pigeon (*Calumba fascieta*), found from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast. They are not the same bird that was formerly so abundant east of the Mississippi—the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*).]

Experience with Wild Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the talk concerning wild animals and their nature grows apace, it brings out more reliable information and becomes in turn more intersting. When the stories of our grandfathers' days began to appear again I thought the subject had as well be dropped if a rehash of tradition was to be the entire result.

In those days we had witches and goblins, but they have receded before the glare of the torch of reason, even as the panther that was chasing a man on horseback was abashed by the glare of light through the open door. We all have our traditions which are dear to us because grandmother told them. And what grandmother told "was so, whether it was so or not," but tradition and history have two separate and distinct places in literature. Let us be in earnest in matters of history.

To clear up the fog that has gathered round the subject of animal nature, as well as many others, is a field by no means overworked. It is a ripe subject, and fakism is crowding into it from all sides. Fakism is even more insistent than tradition. The leading magazines of the country are nearly all dabbling in it more or less. Only last night I read a review which stated that some magazine had sent an eminent writer into the wilds to write up the beaver in his native haunts. This had been supplemented by sending an eminent artist to illustrate him. The article, which was to appear in a current number, was expected to be a stunner, and I can readily imagine it will be, if the reader chances to know anything of the subject.

A good many years ago I spent three winters in a country where beaver were fairly plentiful. I learned to know their workings very well. One winter I caught thirty in steel traps. I spent much time prying about their dens and trying to pry into their secrets, but the results were meager. About the only thing I learned was to doubt the assertion that they plastered up their houses with their tail. I do not believe a beaver uses its tail as a trowel other than as the tail drags in the mud as they move about.

In three years I never saw but one beaver alive that had not been trapped, and he would have made a poor subject for illustration, as he lay far back in a dark den under the river bank, or as he shot through the water like a fish. Yet these men are expected to go from the land of the effete East and find out all about beaver in a few days. In my beaver experience they were quite plenty; now they are a rarity. I doubt if any great number of beaver are congregated in any part of the United States.

If the men had gone to some city park where beaver are kept they might have found out a little; in the wilds they can only vivify their imagination. The trouble is that what we don't know is so much more wonderful than what we do, that what we do know is lost in the shuffle. The greater part of what there is to learn of wild animals is how much of what we already know is false and without foundation in fact.

FOREST AND STREAM, with the aid of such correspondents as Wm. Wells, is in a position to advance the cause of truth in the matter. It is an unfought field. Let the good work go on.

The grimace made by some of the sportsmen in swallowing recent game protective laws reminds me of one of Capt. Hurd's favorite yarns: A party went out for a camp hunt, and decided to draw lots to see which should do the cooking. Whoever drew the prize was to officiate until some one found fault, and then the fault finder was to step in and do the work. The first dish at the first meal was soup. The first man to taste it looked blank and said, "well, if that ain't the dashety dashed mess I ever—but, but—er, I like it first rate."

E. P. JAQUES.

ELMO, Kan.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE efforts FOREST AND STREAM is making, backed by the personal experiences of many practical hunters, to do away with the old yarns of men being wantonly attacked by wild animals should meet with the success it deserves. I think, however, human nature likes to be harrowed by the blood curdling tales of furious combats between men and panthers, wolves, snakes or even eagles and hawks. (For further particulars, see Philadelphia Sunday Times of any date.) For my part, I think almost any animal will fight when wounded or cornered, but if given half a chance it will put as many miles of country between itself and the genus homo as possible. And this seems to be the general opinion, though sometimes there are exceptions. Personally, I believe I've been in considerably more danger from a savage old sow or cross-grained bull than I ever was from any other animal, though it's only fair to say that I have hunted more feathered than fur game. I had an adventure with an alligator, however, some eighteen years ago, which, for a few minutes, was rather exciting.

I was in Florida at the time, and one morning a neighbor rode over to ask me to go out on the lake and shoot a couple of alligators in order to get their oil for rheumatism or something of the kind. My boat was a small double-ended affair, just about capable of carrying two men, and in that we paddled out on the lake. I soon had a shot at a rather big fellow, hitting him in the back of the head and killing him, as I thought, as he turned over and waved one foot in the air. We ran the boat up to him, and leaning over the bow I was in the act of passing a line around him, when he came to life very unexpectedly, made a vicious sweep with his tail, just missing my head, and dove. My friend promptly backed water and the boat was some little distance from where he had gone down, when he came to the surface and rushed at us, mouth wide open and displaying a fine set of teeth.

I had picked up my rifle, so fired directly into his mouth at six or eight feet. This shot laid him out again, and we got the line around him and towed him into shallow water, but when he touched bottom he came to life for the second time, and before we could do anything to prevent he was half in our cranky boat. We would have been willing to get out, but the saw grass was full of snakes, and I couldn't shoot for fear of hitting Jim, but he ended the excitement by splitting the 'gator's head with his hatchet. That time he stayed dead, and we towed him down to the landing.

I had shot lots of them before, and also after that adventure, but never knew one to show fight. And I don't know that that particular alligator knew what he was doing. He was doubtless stunned by the bullet and may or may not have charged with evil intent.

I had a tamish episode with a mountain lion in the Sierra Madres four years ago. We had gone part of the way up Wilson's trail and were camping for a couple of weeks. There was a small, two-roomed frame house with a gallery along the front, and at one end I put up my tent, in which two of us slept, while my daughter and little five-year-old boy had cots in the living room of the house. The weather was very warm and as the windows were covered (except one) with heavy wire netting, she only closed the doors at night, while we slept with the tent flaps open.

I had been told that a pair of lions had been recently seen near there, but that didn't trouble any of us. One day my daughter went down to the village to be gone till the following afternoon, leaving the little fellow to sleep in the house alone. Somehow that unguarded window was left open, and I was awakened by a crash of falling tinware in the kitchen. I dashed into the house, and all I could find was some tin plates and cups on the floor. I had no light except some matches, so couldn't see very well, but fearing the youngster might be frightened if he found himself alone, I gathered him up and carried him into the tent, where I soon fell asleep.

Before long I heard another rattle-to-bang in the kitchen, and made a rush, catching up my hunting knife, and that time I heard a soft thump as an animal of some kind jumped out of the window. Procuring a light from a candle in the tent, I discovered, as before, tin things all over the floor, and a leg of mutton gone from the kitchen, that had just been sent up. I at once surmised that a lion had been there, but in making his exit the first time he must almost have jumped over the baby. Fortunately he preferred dead mutton to live kid, or there would have been serious trouble in the camp.

The next day when my daughter came back I told her of our visitor, and she expressed some objection to sleeping in the shack by herself, but as I closed up the open window and told her the beast could get in no other way, she was at length satisfied. Besides, I didn't believe it would come back, and wasn't sure that it was a lion anyhow.

Well, that night was dark as pitch, but I laid my rifle handy and would have stayed awake had it been possible to see. About midnight I heard a scream and rushed out, but a frightened girl was all I found. She said that she had been unable to sleep, and lay on her cot for hours. All at once she heard the floor of the gallery creak, and some heavy, soft-footed animal walking up and down, occasionally giving a sniff; she lay still, hoping I was awake and would hear it, but when it presently reared up and putting its paws on the wire netting, looked in the room, her nerves gave way and she screamed. She had a good look at it, as its head was against the sky, and it was undoubtedly a mountain lion. I afterward made a pointer dog stand up on her hind legs under the window, but a person inside could not see her head over the window sill.

The next night I was resolved to get a shot. There was no moon, so we all moved into the house, and before tuning in I fried a bit of bacon and carried the pan outside the house in order that the smell might float around, then spilled a trail of hot grease along the gallery up to the window, and hung what was left of the meat inside the netting. I then made a bed for myself on the floor so I could see the head of any animal against the sky. Well, I did this for three nights, and thought it a good scheme, but—the cat didn't come back, and I lost the best part of a good story.

CLIFFORD MORRIS.

EASTON, Md., April 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your discussion of the wolf and man subject reminds me of a very effective painting which I saw in the art gallery of the World's Fair at Chicago. It pictured a winter night scene. In the distance was a cottage, the door open, and in the doorway, through which the light was streaming, stood a woman looking out and watching, as if for the return of some one. And in the foreground was a wolf devouring the some one. It was all very gruesome and effective, but as the scene was laid in a foreign land we may not cite the artist's canvas as any evidence that in this country the wolves eat up the good man of the house when night overtakes him abroad from home.

SARCEL.

Southern California Notes.

NORDHOFF, Cal., April 2.—Southern California, after passing through three excessively dry years, has been restored to previous conditions by heavy rains this winter, and now the surface of the country is covered everywhere with luxuriant verdure and rich with pretty streams of the clearest water, thus insuring a good crop of quail and plenty of trout in the near future. The first heavy rainfall occurred about Nov. 18, a deluge of nearly half a foot, and ever since there have been spells of wet weather. My sleeping tent was leveled by a hard storm, and living in the house since has been almost a new experience to me, for I had lived chiefly in the open air for twenty months. But one grows accustomed to the change. Outdoor air, sent up from the sea and mixed with mountain sparkle, had been an elixir quite wholesome.

The first downpour was nuts to pupils of the Thacher Schools in the Ojai, our valley. Every boy up there has a pony. All the creeks were dangerously flooded. Boys at Nordhoff were ambitious to get to the schools, and those at the schools just had to get to Nordhoff. There was a fine mix-up. Many had to go around Robin Hood's barn to make the trip. In a few instances horses accomplished deep fords only by swimming. Then the head of the schools, at the end of a telephone, assumed charge, and some of the pupils were housed at the hotel near town; others no doubt were closeted up there. Much to the joy of the valley people, who take great interest in the schools, an unusual sentiment, there were no mishaps except a few delightful duckings, a phase of the sport that makes this item strictly suitable for your paper.

For a week this winter the sprouting grain in the valley suffered from the presence of thousands of ban-tailed or collared pigeons, a variety not unlike blue Antwerps, specimens averaging a pound, and I crossed the creek one day to guard a piece of barley on the mesa beyond, only to find every tree, bush or ditch occupied by a gun. It was a wearisome wait then. Toward evening, flocks began to drop into the field from a near-by range of hills; but these assaults were warmly received by every man doing his duty. No large bags were made, yet it was lots of fun—for us. Perhaps those millions of passenger pigeons that used to visit the East in the "good old days" were something of a nuisance in spite of all the sentimental regret we read in the papers; perhaps the good old farmer shed a tear or two with a better thought in mind when he saw the sprouting grain destroyed.

California has just passed a new set of game laws. One feature of them is that they cannot be modified by county regulations. The open season for deer now begins Aug. 1 instead of July 15. If a dog chase or destroy game out of season his owner becomes liable. I have seen only a brief synopsis of what has been done, but hope to get fuller information. Ventura county, so far as I know, has not a game club. Santa Barbara and Los Angeles counties, though, have live associations of this kind, and these by rewards are doing a great deal to prevent illegal hunting. Public sentiment everywhere favors rigid measures to protect sport.

H. R. STEIGER.

A Bit of Buffalo History.

YUMA, Ariz., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following curious item appeared in the Citizen, a newspaper published in Tucson, Ariz., June 17, 1871:

"Time's wonderful changes never realized a more marked illustration than by the introduction of a bill in the House of Representatives prohibiting the indiscriminate slaughter of buffaloes along the line of the Pacific Railroad, and providing for the preservation of the bison, which, under the present system of wanton destruction, would soon be exterminated. The author of this game preserving article, Mr. McCormick, of Arizona, informed the House that in passing over the Kansas Pacific Railroad last winter he was snowed in, and for ten days the only food for about one hundred passengers was buffalo meat, and had this not been at hand they must all have starved. It is in view of the probable recurrence of circumstances of the same character for years to come that, as a measure to preserve those animals, the bill was suggested and will be supported. When the idea of a Pacific railroad was first broached in Congress a quarter of a century ago, the opponents of the 'improvement' insisted that no railroad could ever be maintained on the plains for a single week, because of the herds of buffaloes that would trample the tracks and sleepers out of place and deep into the soil, and now, before the Pacific Railroad has been an actual fact for three years, it is deemed necessary to protect the buffalo that he may serve as food to the passengers crossing the continent over the very roads that his vast and roaming herds were to render an impossibility."

The Mr. McCormick referred to is the Hon. Richard McCormick, then delegate to Congress from Arizona, but more recently delegate to Congress from the First District, New York city. To Arizona then belongs the honor of having first introduced a bill in Congress for the preservation of the buffalo. Notwithstanding the fears of Mr. McCormick, Congress could not be induced to take action and prevent the total annihilation of the vast herds it was feared would trample a railroad out of existence, and which were themselves trodden out of existence by the iron hoofs of the very thing it was feared they would destroy.

PIMA.

The Elk and the Sheep.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Upon reading Judge Smith's "Appeal for the Wapiti," published in FOREST AND STREAM of April 6, I am constrained to join my voice in the protest which I hope may be effectually raised against the invasion of the Snake River Basin by those bleating besoms of destruction, the domestic sheep, and the consequent annihilation of the noble wapiti.

While my acquaintance with the West is not as varied and intimate as that of many others, yet I have had some opportunities there to observe the results of the invasion of the game ranges by large bands of sheep. In my opinion Judge Smith's statement of the case is not exaggerated, and if the sheep come in, the wapiti and the ranchmen's cattle as well must go. In feeding over a range the sheep utterly destroy for that year the food resources of every acre they scarify with their cloven hoofs, and they also defile the country to such an extent that all game as well as other animals will avoid it for the season.

Last autumn, after traveling for several days into the game ranges of the Hoback's (or Fall) River Basin in northwestern Wyoming and encamping late one evening in what was known to be an excellent country for wapiti, we awakened the next morning to the discordant bleating of thousands of domestic sheep, which before our arrival had been bedded for the night within less than a mile from us. During our absence on a hunt our camp was overrun by the advancing horde. Upon our return the feed for our horses was gone and about all that remained of vegetation after the passage of the destroyers were the ashes of the camp-fire, and even those were polluted. It is scarcely necessary to say that no wapiti were found in that region. I had previously seen large tracts of country which had been devastated by sheep, but this experience impressed more deeply than ever before upon my mind their destructive qualities. Small wonder that the Jackson's Hole settlers are ready to expel the woolly invaders *vi et armis*. If the combined action of sportsmen can accomplish anything toward preventing the sacrifice of the last small remnant of our noble wapiti to the sheep industry, I for one am ready to lend a hand.

CHAUNCEY P. WILLIAMS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Black Duck on the North Shore.

THE well-known ring of the alarm clock wakes us. It is 11 P. M., and we have been snoozing for some hours. We get up, yawning and reluctant, for it is February, and somehow ducks don't seem as important as they did over the pipes a while ago.

Stepping outside the door, we find ourselves in the full beauty of a midwinter moon, lighting up for miles the long stretches of ice-coated marsh and glistening tidal creeks. There is hardly a breath of wind, the tide is nearly full, and altogether the prospect for a successful night in the float is so good that we take heart and disregard the warning mercury, which has dropped to 12 degrees.

In a few moments we have assembled our outfit, consisting of two horse blankets, a skulling oar and an 8-gauge and 12-gauge gun. Observe that the 8 has an enormous drop, and when we come to take a sitting shot while lying nearly flat the advantage of this is readily seen.

Dressed in white from head to waist, we hasten to the float, which is lying well above the water mark on the great blocks of ice along the shore. It is painted as white as its surroundings, and when seen from the front looks almost exactly like the ice itself.

We embark with as little noise as possible, for there is no telling how near the crafty old black ducks may be lurking. I take my place in the bow, lying flat on my back, with my head elevated just enough to enable me to see over the rail. T. is furnishing the means of propulsion. His feet are on each side of my head, and he, too, is flat on his back. I wrap a blanket carefully about my feet, cock the 8-gauge and lay it across me with the stock almost in shooting position and the muzzle in the bow.

Once off, I have a chance to recall the fascination of a winter night in the marsh. The clear air, the silent and mysterious motion, and the Arctic surroundings, are such a change from the city I have left only twenty-five miles away that it seems hard to realize it is the same world. We glide ahead just as the ice cakes are floating up the creeks, only we gain on these and slip by them silently. To the east the snow-covered dunes of Plum Island loom like a mountain range along the horizon and shut out the ocean, while on either side the frozen creek banks rise strangely tall and shine like marble. Nothing can be heard save an occasional gurgle as the ripple from the passing float strikes the hollowed edges of the ice. But what is that whitish mass ahead? It is slush ice forming, and we can do nothing but try to make through it. With a slight hissing sound the bow of our craft pushes in, and a quack, a roar of wings, a dozen shadows in the air bring me up like a jack-in-the-box. A warning from T. and I lie flat again, for the ducks are too far, and we never take a shot unless it is a good one, for the noise will stir up many birds which otherwise might give us a chance.

We push through the slush, and soon see three ducks in a streak of white water ahead. They must be over 200 yards away, but so wonderful is the light that they loom as big as geese. Now the utmost science of the skuller is brought into play. We creep ahead without the slightest ripple or sound, our bow pointed exactly at the ducks, whichever way they swim. The moon is ahead, there is floating ice enough to make our deception perfect, and we are pretty sure to get a shot. I have pulled my hands from under the blanket, and now they are freezing against the cold steel. In a few moments I feel they will be too cold to pull the trigger. Fifty yards! My eyes are glued to the water, and when I see one long neck stretch up I know I must shoot, and do it quickly. I push the butt under my arm, rise very slowly for a few inches, and then catching two together, pull on them and see only one rise.

By the way, it is very strange how plainly you can often see these ducks a long way off, and then when it comes time to shoot and you raise your gun all trace of them vanishes, or at best a shadowy sort of blur remains.

We pick up our pair, one of which gives us a chase, and then skull still further northward. We see ducks continually, and hear now and then the whistle of wings as a bunch changes its feeding grounds, but something always prevents our getting near enough for a shot. Perhaps the moon or wind is wrong, or perhaps the birds are sitting where it is impossible to skull a float, or again the surroundings may be so dark that the shy old fellows stretch their long necks at fully 150 yards, and then with a parting quack disappear in the gloom.

We are now ascending the Rowley River against a searching westerly breeze which has just risen and is fast penetrating to the innermost parts of my body. The beauty of the night fails to impress me any more, and all my senses are on the alert for ducks. Another hour of this and even the ducks will fail to interest, as I lie shivering in the bow, counting the minutes till we can reach the stove side.

A whisper from T., and as I peep over the ice bank to our right I catch sight of a black mass on the thatch. They are ducks, a large bunch, and carefully the float is worked up till its side touches the bank. We discuss the advisability of a shot, for it is a long way, and then I decide to try it. Carefully slipping in a BB shell, I point the gun, elevate it some inches, and shoot, stopping one bird.

We disembark, pull the float across a piece of mud, and while T. paddles after the duck I dance frantically up and down the bank in a vain attempt to start the blood going.

By this time the tide is ebbing fast, and we drift toward home, keeping along close to the mud banks, which, newly arisen from the water, and scraped clean by passing ice, offer a good feeding ground. A pair whirl up not 15 yards from the bow, but before I have brought the gun to bear on them they are 80 yards away, and I lie down, muttering a few adjectives. Buz! Whiz! and two more shadows are hurled into the sky. This time I am a little better, and in the blur of the distance I can just see a falling shape. I get out on to the marsh and look around everywhere, and after narrowly escaping a ducking in a salt hole, I see about 2 inches of the tail of my bird projecting above the snow.

Our cruise is again continued with varying success. We hear the wheezing of drakes and soft chatter of ducks, and soon see a bunch of nearly one hundred lying like a great black raft ahead of us. Just as we think we may get a shot the ever troublesome slush ice intervenes, and with a roar the flock rises like a great fan, shooting into the sky.

I succeed in making another wing shot on a single, and then as we swing round the corner of a high mud bank I catch sight of a small flock just in time to pull on them before they scatter. We pick up four ducks, and well satisfied give it up for the night, and start for home. I seize an extra paddle, and soon the exercise has warmed me so that when at last our bow grates on the pebbles I can scarcely believe that I have been suffering from cold.

We find it is 3:30 A. M. We have been out four and a half hours, and have eight black ducks to show for it. Not a large bag, but one to be proud of when it is taken into account that of all the wildfowl race the old blacks that use off the New England coast in winter have developed the highest intellect. From constant persecution, these birds have become practically nocturnal, spending the day in the open ocean and resorting to the creeks and marshes after dark, or in daytime only under great stress of weather.

The time-honored custom of "creeking" after sunset, which is practiced almost everywhere along the shore, is not nearly so successful as it used to be, and the above is a sport which has been to me one of the most exciting forms of duck shooting. Floating at night is sometimes quite successful; at other times only fairly so, and more often not successful at all. It can only be used on calm, bright nights, so that sometimes during a whole moon there may be only one or two really favorable opportunities.

J. C. PHILLIPS.

New Jersey Deer and Flickers.

MR. CHARLES A. SHRINER, ex-game protector of New Jersey, writes in the Paterson Chronicle of the game law blundering by the last Legislature:

Croake James in his "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers" quotes a high English authority as saying that laws would be a great deal better if lawyers had no hand in framing them. If the same authority had lived in New Jersey at the present day there is no doubt that he would have amended his remark by advising the people of this State in future to elect none but farmers and blacksmiths to the Legislature of New Jersey. Lawyers are supposed to know a great deal about law, but they evidently never passed through a school in which the framing of laws was taught. Only a few pages of the laws passed by the last Legislature have been printed, but there is already enough to indicate the methods pursued in making these laws. A glance at one kind of laws, those pertaining to fish and game, will show some amusing errors.

Deer have never been extinct in the southern tier of counties in this State, and by reason of legislation and enforcing the laws the deer were permitted to exist. In order to keep up the breed, the laws provided that they should not be killed excepting for ten days in each year, from Oct. 25 to Nov. 5, or some such period. For a number of years between fifty or sixty deer annually were killed until two years ago, when the Legislature passed a law providing that no deer should be killed for three years. This law was enforced for two years, and recently a complaint was heard from some deer hunters that the deer had increased in such numbers that a limited amount of gunning would do no harm. The State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners accordingly provided in their bill that deer might be killed every Wednesday in November, a law something similar to that which obtains in Long Island. In the last clause of the bill, of course, there was a repeal of the law prohibiting the killing of deer for three years. The bill passed the House as drafted by the Commission, the assemblymen believing that the Commissioners ought to know what was wanted. But the Senators had to do some tinkering. It was there argued that if the law were left as it was the deer would increase a great deal more and that there would be glorious sport if the hunters would wait only another year. So the section permitting the killing of deer in November was stricken out, but the Senators forgot to strike out the clause repealing the three-year limit law. Of course any blacksmith or farmer would have seen the result, that by such legislation all protection would be removed from deer, but the wise lawyers in the Senate and those in the House, for the amended bill passed the House, failed to see it and so New Jersey now enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the only State in the Union which does not protect deer.

Another section in the same law is calculated to excite laughter at the ignorance of the lawyers. Some one wanted to shoot flickers and so amended the section providing for open and close seasons by declaring that flickers might be shot in September and October, but neglected to impose any penalty for shooting these birds at any other time of the year. Of course, any farmer or blacksmith would have known that permitting the killing of flickers in September or October would mean license to all the pot-hunters and bird-killers to pursue their alleged sport and that every other kind of game would also be killed off, but the wise lawyers did not see this. Any farmer or blacksmith would also have known that the bird known as flicker devotes his whole life to killing the insects and that there is perhaps no bird more deserving of living than the flicker. But this is not the end of this chapter. In the very next section the law just passed imposes a penalty of $20 for every woodpecker killed or had in possession. Now a flicker is a woodpecker every day in the year, the word "flicker" being merely a provincial term common to the southern part of the State, where the bird is also frequently called a clape. So in one section of a law killing flickers is made legitimate and in the next a crime. But this is not all. Immediately after the passage of this bill the Legislature passed Senator Cross' bird act, which is a very extreme measure. It mentions a number of game birds and then declares that no person shall ever kill or have in possession any other bird or part thereof. The act is aimed at the women who insist on adorning themselves with the feathers of birds. So the Legislature provided that the murderous bird-killers might go on, but that the women who wear feathers shall be subjected to the rigors of the law. Of course any blacksmith or farmer would have known better, but unfortunately the Legislature was composed principally of lawyers.

Then the Legislature provided that $750 should be at once spent in improving the sturgeon fishing in the Delaware, but not a cent was appropriated for that purpose.

In this way the laws might be dissected, showing some astounding ignorance or carelessness. Such might be expected from the Governor who signed the bills and thus made them laws, but it is certainly a pity that there was not at least one farmer or blacksmith in the Legislature to teach a little law to the lawyers.

Perils of Fashion.

UNDER this heading the London St. James Gazette recently printed these remarks: "An incident pregnant with moral lessons for society leaders has occurred to a young lady in Berlin, who wore a fox's head at the end of her boa. A dog, which seemed strangely well informed for a German dog, was seized with the delusion that he was 'up against a good thing,' got into full cry at once, and, after an exciting run, made a good kill of the dead fox, the young lady being so much mauled that she was nearly in at her own death. At the flower garden period of millinery not long ago cab horses used constantly to browse on fashionable hats in Bond street, with the intention of stealing a march on the cab proprietor and securing unauthorized fodder. Some day a lady wearing an up-to-date farmyard bonnet in the country will get shot by a sportsman who mistakes her mounted collection of poultry for a covey of birds. Conversely, a newly arrived Yeoman at the Cape is said to have mistaken a sleeping ostrich for a tree the other day, and tried to pick the feathers of it. The shrub, when awakened, nearly murdered him."

Almost precisely what the Gazette predicted actually occurred not long ago in Colorado, as was noticed at the time. A man, who was wearing his sweetheart's feather-trimmed hat to shade his eyes while focusing a camera, was shot in the head and killed by a gunner who saw the hat moving over a bank behind which the couple were concealed from him, and took it for a bird. It might be advanced as an argument against the authenticity of this statement that the feather trimming worn on women's hats within the last few years resembles no bird that ever was on land or sea, but this is really no argument at all, since there are gunners who would rather than not shoot at an unrecognizable object in the hope that it may prove either some rare species never seen before in his locality, or the last individual of some extinct and vanishing form. There are some who would rather shoot the last dodo, great auk, pied duck, wild pigeon or buffalo than kill many canvasbacks or lions, so singular a thing is that human nature which we all share.

There has been much discussion as to whether these shootings of human beings for game should be classed as accidents. In this particular case it was so considered, for the General Accident Assurance Company of Perth, Scotland, paid the heirs of the man who was killed the amount of the insurance that he was carrying.

Spring Shooting.

TORONTO, Ont., April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The good work of education—thanks to FOREST AND STREAM—in game and fish protection matters is becoming a live issue. The prospect of inducing spring shooters to repent of their unwise and destructive system and conform to the laws of nature and common sense is becoming more hopeful. All that is required for the conversion of reasonable advocates of shooting birds when breeding—if there are any such—is for them to let the birds pass to the breeding grounds unmolested for a season or two. I often wish your versatile Western correspondent would refrain from reporting the doings of those who glory in their shame by making public the amount of birds shot by them, full of eggs and unfit for food. When reading these reports I am apt to become very uncharitable, and conclude that it would be in the interest of the public at large and certainly to the benefit of posterity if a special gun were invented for spring shooters that would have a simultaneous discharge from both ends.

There is no possible excuse for such vandalism now. Many years ago we were met with the excuse that spring shooting was done for practice. This was before the advent of glass balls and clay targets, which for some years has enabled shooters to have all the practice they require during nature's close season for game.

There is at the present time far more urgency in having spring shooting abolished than heretofore, in consequence of the immense increase of wing shots the trap shooting has developed.

It is a fair inference, if we desire to perpetuate the love of manly field sports and a fair supply of game that we must meet the constantly increasing destructive facilities with corresponding legislative restrictions. How can this be accomplished? By having wise and well-considered laws enacted and honestly enforced in the interest of the general public irrespective of party exigency. No matter how perfect game laws may be, there will always be a number of chronic grumblers, men who have such an exaggerated opinion of their own abilities that they fondly believe that if the work of creating this world of ours had been left to them they could have made a better job of it. This class are sometimes annoying, but not dangerous; the result of their efforts are similar to those of pig-shearing—more noise than wool.

There has been considerable discussion during the past year of gun licenses. Such action would be unpopular in consequence of guns being private property. But game being the property of the State, there should be few objections to a reasonable general license fee, covering the

killing of all kinds of game during the respective open seasons for same.

The non-sale and license clauses of the game laws will be the principal factors in game protection. These measures will have a tendency to prevent the boy with the gun killing everything in sight during the close season. It is a source of gratification to those who have for many years fought for game protection, to have the increased interest taken by the better class of true sportsmen, as evinced by the attendance of leading men from many of the States and Provinces at the recent meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association in Montreal, all intent in doing all possible to assist in the good work of perpetuating and preventing the extermination of the game and fish of this vast continent.

One of the most pleasing features at that meeting—to me an Englishman, and all that the word implies—was the eloquent tributes of respect paid to the memory and character of our beloved Queen by the gentlemen from Maine, Vermont, etc., in terms eloquent and sincere, insuring them for all time a warm place in the heart of

RANGER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Ducks Still Coming.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 6.—The unprecedentedly good duck shooting of this spring still holds on. We have not had such shooting in this part of the country in any spring that I can remember, and it is like the old times come back again. The mallards and pintails made the bulk of the first flight, as was reported at the time. There are still large numbers of the marsh ducks at the better localities on the Kankakee and the Illinois rivers, but the likelihood is that the bulk of this marsh duck flight has now swept on past and is well up across Wisconsin or even further north. Singularly enough, the season seems to have been even earlier in the far West than it has been in the Mississippi Valley. The geese and ducks were as far north as the Blackfoot reservation in Montana a month ago, and by this time may have left even that far northern latitude.

It is the bluebills, redheads and other deep-water ducks which are making this second flight and prolonging the spring shooting season in this region. Ten days ago the bluebill flight struck in at Lake Senochwine, and the shrooting has been good around Putnam ever since. They have also landed in the Shelby, Cumberland and lake regions of the Kankakee Valley, and every one who has been at those places this week reports very heavy shooting. Still further north, at the Fox Lake and Grass Lake country, just below the northern edge of Illinois, clouds of bluebills appeared this week. Billy Wells and Eddie Pope left there at just about the time the best flight was coming in. Mr. Wells killed eighteen on his last day, and might have gotten many more the day following. Charlie Grubbs returned last week from the Illinois River, near Putnam. He and a friend bagged between seventy and eighty ducks in two half-days, mostly bluebills. The weather continues very capricious, one fair day being followed by a day of rain and half-snow and overcast skies. It has been an ideal spring for ducks and for duck shooters. There is every likelihood that the last week of the spring season of 1901 will furnish the best shooting on deep-water ducks that we have known here for a very long time.

As stated earlier, this wonderful flight of ducks has called out the Chicago shooters across the Indiana line in spite of the non-resident license tax. Nearly all the members of the leading clubs have taken out their licenses and consider that they are getting their shooting cheap. It is rather amusing that this unusual duck supply should follow close upon the enactment of this non-resident law. The explanation of the heavy flight, as previously mentioned, is simply that we are having an unusual amount of water all over this country. I can remember that out in Iowa, where I did my boyhood shooting, whenever the old Skunk River bottoms were overflowed we always had lots of ducks. A dry year meant poor duck shooting.

Duck Flight in Nebraska.

Mr. John W. Carpenter, of Whitman, Neb., who is an experienced hunter and knows what he is writing about, states that this spring has shown the biggest flight of wildfowl known in Nebraska for years. There has been good shooting on all the adjacent lakes. He says a party of hunters went out with his son George to a point forty miles north of Whitman, were gone about a week and killed 150 ducks and four geese, about half the ducks canvasbacks and mallards. Mr. Carpenter says that the hunters in his part of the hills are worked up over the stopping of market-shooting, but he "thinks they will get over their mad spell." "If we can stop spring shooting," says Mr. Carpenter, "we shall have plenty of ducks and geese. They breed in this country if not bothered, and do not need to go to Alaska to nest." Curlew and all kinds of snipe are now near Whitman, Neb., and Mr. Carpenter thinks there will be no more cold weather in his part of the country this spring.

Italian Joe.

Our old-time Italian Joe came in from his place at Summit, at the southwest edge of Chicago, this week, in order to get his spring supplies of ammunition. He was buying shells loaded with No. 2 shot. "I killa the duck sure," said he, "when I hitta him with the bigga shot. I not lika to hit duck four, five times witha the shot and no getta the duck." Joe's theory of loading is not quite that of the average duck shooter, but as a matter of fact, when he goes out he nearly always manages to "getta the duck," big shot or not. Joe openly bewails the clause of the Illinois law which stops plover shooting April 25 as he says that is just about the time the plocer flight is on in this country. He says next week he will go down to Gilman, Ill., and he hopes there to get a little of his favorite decoy shooting on golden plover. He says mysteriously that if I will join him he can put me on to some very fine jacksnipe shooting next week. I do not think I would care for any spring shooting, unless it were on carp. Roll Organ and I have been figuring out for two or three years that we could take a bow and arrows and have more fun shooting carp on the Kankakee Marsh than we could doing anything else in the wide, wide world. I do not know what the Game Commission of Indiana would think about our project, but at least presume they would not bar us from shooting jacksnipe or cottontail rabbits with the bow and arrow.

In Wisconsin.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., seems to live in a rather arctic region, the ice at the time of his writing, April 2, not having left the lakes in his vicinity. He writes: "I took a walk up on the ice in the lake today. It is still quite firm, but beginning to soften up, and will be out in a week or ten days probably. A big flock of geese were sitting out on the ice about a mile away. I walked up to within about 100 rods of them and turned the old Mauser loose at them as they got up, but did not manage to connect with one. Lots of ducks here in pond holes and the country boys, and some town boys, too, are shooting a little, but there is not much of it done. An effort is being made to kill our law prohibiting spring shooting, but we do not think it will succeed—hope not, any way."

Mr. Hotchkiss states on April 5 that the ice is still in Fox Lake, Wis., and that numbers of geese and swan were to be seen on the ice. One gunner by the name of Dooley killed five wild geese near Portage this week.

Wisconsin Quail.

Mr. Howard Bosworth, of Milwaukee, advises me that the Legislature has established a five-years' close season on quail. This, in the opinion of most Wisconsin shooters, was an altogether unnecessary measure, for quail have not been so abundant at any time in the history of that State as they were last fall. The northward march of this bird is one of the most distinct changes of the fauna of the West. Mr. Bosworth says that he has shot all over Illinois and Indiana, and indeed in some of the best quail covers of America, yet he knew of no place where he could get so good quail shooting as he could at one or two points in the Wisconsin River valley. He said that he could easily kill seventy-five birds a day if he had cared to do so. Under such circumstances the five-years close season would seem to be unnecessary. At the end of the five years' term, as many, perhaps more and perhaps less, might be in that State as there are to-day. A country will only stand about so much of a stock of game of any kind. This, however, only goes to corroborate earlier statements regarding the peculiarly progressive, not to say aggressive, methods of Western protective legislation within the past year. We are surely waking up in game law matters out here, not only in the way of enacting statutes, but in enforcing them.

Chief Thunder Dead.

Chief, or more properly speaking, Doctor, John Thunder, medicine man of the Winnebago tribe of Wisconsin, died at Black River Falls this week. This I take to be the same Doctor John Thunder who was here with the Tom Roddy Indians at the Sportsmen's Show last month. He did something of a business as a doctor while here. There was very much sickness among all the people who were obliged to be at the Coliseum a great deal during the show, and it is quite likely that Chief Thunder did not long survive his visit here.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Iowa Fields, Marshes and Waters.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia.—The slaughter has been great among the ducks this spring. Press dispatches from all over the northern and central part of the State are full of the bags made by the various parties of sportsmen. The Wapsipinicon bottoms, the northern lakes and sloughs have been alive with ducks and hunters this spring, and if there is any shooting for the fall it will not be because the shooters were merciful. Bags of 100 are reported by single parties.

From Clinton a reliable correspondent of the Marshalltown Times-Republican stated that the people of his city were unable to rest by reason of the clamor of the ducks and geese that filled the reaches of the Mississippi and its bayous. Ducks and geese were so plentiful in the markets of that city as to be sold for 15 cents each, and a drag on the market at that. It is certainly time for concerted action against spring shooting. Over on the Wapsipinicon River the farmers turned out and slaughtered and sold ducks until the markets of Clinton and neighboring towns were glutted, and mallards sold at $1.50 per dozen. This is an unusual thing for farmers to do, and shows how plentiful the genus anser was in Iowa this spring.

They are not all gone from the northern lakes, and a party of Marshalltown sportsmen are at Lost Island Lake near Ruthven, where U. S. Consul S. C. McFarlane, of Nottingham, England, and Congressman Robert G. Cousins will be guests of a bunch of Marshalltown field and trap shooters at their shack on the banks of this very good body of shooting water. Charley Cook, Pete Densel, Chas. Hull, Sam Abbott, P. S. Balch, C. J. Lander and Dr. W. B. Kebbey are among the party. All are good shots and carry good guns.

From appearances fishing will be good this year. The old gang are waiting patiently for the season to open, and the new ones are fairly frothing in their anxiety. One of the more recent converts here keeps his reel in a burglar-proof safe and worries over every burglary reported in press dispatches.

Iowa people on the Coast are having good luck fishing. As a letter from Paadena says: "Marvin Gates, of Clinton, in company with some Chicago gentlemen, had fine luck fishing at Coronado. So fine a string of fish has but seldom been caught in so short a space of time, even at Coronado. It consisted of thirty-two Spanish mackerel, weighing in all 320 pounds; one yellowtail of 27 pounds, and eighty-seven barracuda which tipped the beam at 696 pounds; 1,043 pounds of fish for the time devoted to the sport was quite enough to make the members of the little party particularly happy."

Game Warden Delavan, who has lately been succeeded by Lincoln, of Cedar Rapids, did some elegant work on market shooters and trappers during the last days of his incumbency. He captured poachers at Webster City, Union and other points in the State by watching the Chicago express offices and pinching consignments of game. The poachers paid for a number of quail and chickens trapped and shot since Jan. 1. Advices from Sioux City tell of the capture of seiners and the confiscation of seines. It may be that the game laws are going to be strictly enforced, but a wager that Sept. 1 will find ninety-nine coveys out of one hundred broken would be a reasonably safe one.

There is talk of a fishermen's club at this place. It is needed, and might be made extremely effective toward the conservation of the game fish in the Iowa River. Much seining goes on and a club might do what individuals neglect.

MOSCRIP.

The Quebec Association.

QUEBEC, April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Every sportsman who comes to Canada, and especially every member of a fish and game club in the Province of Quebec, is deeply interested in the matter of fish and game protection, and consequently in the work of the newly established Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec. Portions of this Province may aptly be termed the poacher's paradise. As many as twenty-eight moose have been known to have been butchered by one Indian in a single season. Caribou have been snared by the hundred and partridges by the tens of thousands. A local newspaper reported only a few weeks ago that one tannery not very far from Quebec, had three to four hundred deer skins in process of tanning, which had been obtained from poachers, though investigation showed this report to have been somewhat exaggerated. The spearing and netting of salmon in rivers leased for angling purposes was carried on as a regular business, while trout were caught in large quantities through the ice in winter for commercial purposes, and netted in such enormous lots in summer that over thirty tons were exported last summer from Montreal to the United States. It is of course absolutely certain that no country, no matter what its supply of fish and game, can long withstand this constant drain, and consequently the initiative in the formation of a practical, working fish and game protective association has been undertaken by a number of sportsmen in the city and district of Quebec, in the confident belief that they would receive the moral and material support of every sportsman who comes to this Province for his fishing or hunting. Although very little has yet been noised abroad concerning the new Association and its work, I am glad to say that most of the members of two of the fish and game clubs holding preserves in this Province have already joined us in a body. We hope to obtain a membership of several hundred sportsmen, which, we trust, will enable us, if not to entirely prevent poaching throughout the Province, at least to very materially restrict it. We are incorporated under the laws of the Province of Quebec and are assured of Government assistance and support.

Our influence with the Government has already proved to be very great. Upon our representation, the Prime Minister of the Province, who is also Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries, has appointed an additional guardian for a portion of the territory traversed by the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. It is our intention to appoint and employ fish and game guardians of our own, as soon as our means will permit, and knowing that there is plenty of work for any number of them to do, I make this special appeal to all sportsmen who are interested in the work of protection in this Province, to forward me their subscriptions and applications for membership without delay. In the meantime we are far from resting upon our oars. Until we can afford to employ our own guardians, we are, with Hon. Mr. Parent's kind permission, utilizing those of the Government.

Early in March three prominent young men about town left for the woods by Quebec & Lake St. John R. R. with guns and other paraphernalia. One of our officers heard of the expedition, and feeling sure that the guns had not beeen taken to the woods for the sole purpose of firing at wooden targets, he telephoned the Department of Fish and Game, asking that an officer meet them at the station on their return to town. His request was at once acceded to, but Mr. Joncas, instead of waiting for their return home, sent the detective up the line to meet them. His presence on the train was quite unknown to the returning party, and when they reached the city and complained to the baggageman that two large pieces of baggage were missing, the officer stepped forward to assure them that they had not been lost, but were quite safe in his possession. One package consisted of a part of the carcass of a caribou and the other of a quantity of brook trout. The gentleman who claimed the baggage was proceeded against in the courts, pleaded guilty and paid the fine and costs, amounting in all to quite a round sum. He is a well-known physician of this city, and the facts that neither his high social and professional standing nor yet the powerful influences that were employed in his behalf could succeed in preventing his prosecution and punishment will have a splendid effect in strengthening the hands of our Association when it comes to deal with professional and other poachers in the country districts.

We are interesting ourselves with the improvement of the laws as well as in their maintenance and enforcement, and consider that we have every reason to be proud of the work which we have already accomplished in this direction. At the sole request of our Association, Mr. Parent has amended the game laws so that lessees of hunting territories from the Government can now prosecute trespassers upon such territories and recover damages from them if they invade any of their rights. Heretofore this right was reserved by the Government. In company with a delegation from a sister club in Montreal, which has done much excellent work, several of our members waited upon Mr. Parent some days ago in connection with suggested amendments to the fish and game laws. The delegation urged upon the Minister most of the recommendations made by the North American Fish and Game Association at its recent meeting in Montreal, and it is gratifying to note how many of them were accepted by the Minister and are now the law of the land. The sale of partridges has been prohibited up to Oct. 1, 1903. Instead of being permitted to kill two moose, two caribou

and three deer in one season, a hunter can now only kill one moose, two caribou and two deer. While the Minister could not see his way clear to entirely prohibit the spring shooting of ducks, the season has been materially shortened, so that now ducks can only be killed up to March 1, instead of April 15, with the exception of the bufflehead ducks, commonly known as pied ducks or divers. We have gained much, but not all that we want. For the balance we shall continue to agitate and to struggle. Mr. Parent is doing all that he reasonably can to aid us in our work, and we are looking to him for financial assistance as well.

I have only to add that we look for similar aid from all sportsmen interested in this work, that the annual subscription of members has been fixed at the low figure of two dollars a year, in order that all angling and hunting visitors to the Province of Quebec may be induced to join us, and that I shall be glad to receive their subscriptions and applications for membership.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS,
Secretary Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec.

No Spring Shooting in Jefferson.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have finished that protection fence around Jefferson. Governor Odell drove the last nail on April 4 when he signed the bill prohibiting spring shooting in Jefferson for three years. It is perhaps needless to say that we are proud of our job and that nothing would please us better than to have the gentleman from Oswego try to sneak under that fence and let us catch him at it. Up here in Jefferson we think just as much of the fellow that shoots a hen grouse on her nest and then sucks the eggs as we do of the spring duck shooter. Now, boys, you who want spring shooting stopped, pull off your coats and get to work and stop it. If Long Island wants to shoot in the spring, let her. If Oswego wants to shoot in the spring, put a protection fence around her and she can't. I am talking to you, Lewis, Oneida, Madison, Onondaga and Cayuga. Oswego will never consent to stop as long as you permit her to kill ducks in your counties in the spring. She's a great county for ducks, and the black duck is her favorite, but she would get mighty few of them on her own side of that fence. What a splendid duck preserve those five counties would make. Almost as good as Jefferson. If the other counties want to come in let them, but if I had my way about it I wouldn't let Oswego in if she wanted to. Just think of it, boys, every year since 1894 we have had a bill at Albany to stop spring shooting, and every year Oswego has bluffed us to a standstill with this same old gag. "We won't stop unless Long Island does." Let Long Island shoot; we can't stop her. But we can atke Oswego by the neck and expel her, and stop it in the rest of the State, and if you want Jefferson to help you to do it next winter, and if you more than willing.

And now before I close this article, which is probably the last I shall be permitted to inflict upon you, I wish to express our sincere thanks, 1st, to FOREST AND STREAM for their kind and courteous treatment, and for their earnest fight in our cause, for which we hoped so much and secured so little; 2d, our new Commissioner, Mr. De Witt C. Middleton, who has given all our bills his earnest support. I have known Mr. Middleton for over twenty years, and if honesty, good executive ability and a determination to enforce the game laws are what you want, you have got it in your new Commissioner. 3d, Senator Brown and Assemblymen Bryan and Roberts for their earnest and persistent fight for the State, as well as the county bill. (By the way, have you noticed that since Senator Brown has been chairman of the Senate Fish and Game Committee, no bad bills have ever come out of that committee?) 4th, Governor Robert B. Odell, who signed the bill that started the fence we are going to put up around Oswego county.

W. H. TALLETT,
President Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association.

Michigan Quail.

ALMA, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* March has been hard on our little friend Bob White. Sunday, March 10, ushered in a long storm of high winds, rain and sleet that froze as it fell, so that by Monday morning forest trees as well as the grasses and weeds of the field were ice coated. It moderated by the 13th, so weed seeds were available then; then we had a heavy snow storm—the severest of the season. The 16th and 17th were sweet and mild as one could desire, then another storm of wind and snow set in, until Wednesday night, when everything was again in crystal mail, which held till the 21st ult. I have heard of no dead quail being found since the storms, and as there were many left over for seed, should think the prospects were good for next autumn. ALMA.

New Brunswick Moose.

PERTH CENTRE, N. B., April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I just returned from the hunting grounds of the headwaters of the Tobique and Miramichi rivers, where I have been looking after my camps. I found game very plentiful, especially moose and caribou. The moose are looking fine, as they have had a good winter. The snow is not very deep this year—about half as much as last year—so the moose and deer have had no trouble to get all the feed they wanted.

This spring is much earlier than last spring here.

GEO. E. ARMSTRONG.

Monomoy Brant Club.

BOSTON, April 5.—The "Boys' Party" of the Monomoy Brant Club held its annual dinner at the Boston Tavern on Saturday evening. Thirteen sat down to table, and though the number is considered unlucky, the "Boys" are ready to pin their faith on excellent luck in "the boxes" next week. There were present James Wright, Edward Gray, William Colburn, Benjamin Dorr, Joseph Dorr, Edward Bigelow, George Hopkins, H. R. Burbick, H. D. Reed and George Hall. The plan of the party is to be on the shooting grounds this week and next, and they are hopeful of great success. The parties that have already been shooting at the preserve have not had the greatest of luck, but have had a good deal of cold weather and high winds to contend with. A great many brant have been seen flying, but they have been far out, and have not come well to the decoys. SPECIAL.

Narrows Island Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Narrows Island Club was held Monday, April 8, at the Hoffman House, New York city, at 8:30 P. M. There were present Messrs. F. B. Austin, W. J. Boardman, B. Dominick, Chas. Greer, G. B. Grinnell, E. N. Lawrence, J. B. Lawrence, Dr. F. H. Markoe, C. R. Purdy, R. H. Robertson, Henry Sampson, Norman Schultz, Wm. Trotter and T. S. Young, Jr.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. B. Lawrence; Vice-President, Henry Sampson; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. Trotter; Executive Committee, R. H. Robertson, T. S. Young, Jr., G. B. Grinnell and the officers.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Aflalo Pad.

ANY one who has the pleasure of knowing Mr. Frederick G. Aflalo would probably guess that any pad with which his name was associated would be either a writing pad or a fishing pad, for he is one of the best known of English angling writers, and he who guessed the last would guess right the very first time. Mr. Aflalo has sent me one of the pads from London, and it is designed to hold a fish with spines, like a black bass or a fish covered with slime, like an eel, while it is taken from the hook. One who has tried to hold an eel in one hand while trying to remove the hook with the other will appreciate the Aflalo pad. In shape the pad is very like the palm side of a mitten, solid from wrist to tips of finger, with a projecting thumb piece. This is of canvas-like material and to this is attached what I might call a wire brush that is very flexible, the ends of the wires being so close together that they hold rather than pierce. On the pad are two loops, one for the hand and one for the thumb, and the hand and thumb slip into them easily. The pad is made for use on the left hand, and once it is wrapped around an eel with a man's hand in the loops, the eel will stay put until its captor desires to release it. It strikes me that the Aflalo pad is a most convenient invention, and its use will obviate lacerated fingers and strong language when an angler is fishing for the kinds of fish that it is designed to be used upon.

Supplement to "Bibliotheca Piscatoria."

The first edition of "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" was printed in 1861, and the second in 1883, by Westwood & Satchell. The preface of the second edition states that "The Waltonian Library of Dr. Bethune, the able, erudite and sympathetic editor of the American edition of 'The Complete Angler', * * * contains about threee hundred entries, * * * The new 'Bibliotheca Piscatoria' included six hundred and fifty distinct works on the sport."

In a postcript, Messrs. Westwood & Satchell say: "There are 3,158 editions and reprints of 2,148 distinct works here registered."

Mr. Marston has now issued a supplement to the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" of Westwood & Satchell, and I find that he gives 869 titles of what may properly be styled books upon angling, sixty-nine titles of books on fish-culture and 118 titles of books on fisheries, or a total of 1,056 titles. Who can say in the face of this evidence that the interest in angling, fishculture and the fisheries is not advancing with mighty strides? I have had no time to analyze Mr. Marston's list, but a glance shows that there are just forty titles relating to Walton, or Walton and Calton.

I will note here but one omission. Marston gives: "Garlick (Theodotus, M. D.). A treatise on the Artificial Propagation of Fish. 2d ed. 8 vo. New York: A. O. Moore, '58.

["Bibliotheca Piscatoria" does not mention this, but gives the third edition, which it refers to as the second.]

Just before the death of Dr. Garlick (who spelled his first name Theodotus) he sent me six copies of the first edition of his book, which bears the imprint: "Cleveland: Tho. Brown, publisher. Ohio Farmer Office, 1857."

What I have hitherto called the second edition was presented to me by Dr. Elisha Sterling, a classmate of Garlick's, and the only American to witness the experiments of Remey in Paris, when under Prof. Coste he hatched trout artificially. This edition declares on the title page: "Second Edition (enlarged), published by the Kirtland Society of Natural Sciences. Cleveland, Ohio. J. B. Savage, printer, Frankfort street, 1880."

Dr. Sterling wrote on the title page, "This, second edition, has been published by the Kirtland Society at the expense of R. K. Winslow, its president."

Dr. Garlick, "the father of fishculture in America," read a paper before the Cleveland Academy of Natural Sciences on Feb. 17, 1854, in which he described how he artificially hatched the first trout in this country. The Cleveland Academy subsequently changed its name to the Kirtland Society, as Prof. Jared Potter Kirtland was its founder, and to him Dr. Garlich dedicated what I have called the second edition of Garlick's book, the same that Westwood & Satchell called the second, and which Marston proves to be the third.

Only last week I read a paper before the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences on the "Development of Fish-culture," in which I tried to correct some errors and incidentally show that Garlick was really the first to hatch trout artificially in this country in spite of the claim of another, and now I shall ask Brother Marston to include Garlick's first edition, it being the first publication on the subject in America. Marston's list can be obtained in this country at the office of the Publishers' Weekly, 59 Duane street, New York city, the cost being nominal. The editor's note in the list concludes: "I shall be greatly obliged to collectors of angling books and others who will send me a note of any corrections in or omissions from this list which they may notice. They should be addressed to R. B. Marston, Editor Fishing Gazette, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter lane, London." Mr. Marston credits the Hon. D. B. Fearing, of Newport, R. I., with many of the entries in his list, and Mr. Fearing is said to have one of the most complete angling libraries in the world.

Fishes of Porto Rico.

Dr. Barton W. Evermann's report on the investigations in Porto Rico of the United States Fish Commission steamer Fish Hawk in 1899 is a sumptuous volume, containing, as it does, plates of forty-nine fishes in colors. The fishes are drawn in colors by C. B. Hudson and A. H. Baldwin, and are remarkable for accuracy in drawing and coloring. The reports of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York have never contained more than sixteen colored plates in one year, but here are forty-nine, every one striking in coloration. The New York reports have been almost universally commended at home and abroad. I say almost, for I have seen one adverse criticism, and while it is not now before me, the chief objection seemed to be that a report should not be issued that a taxpayer could not obtain, and some taxpayers could not obtain the New York report. As there are seven thousand New York reports printed by law, and as there are more than seven thousand taxpayers in the State, and as public libraries and school libraries and fishery commissions at home and abroad are supplied with copies, it is quite certain that some taxpayers have to go without a report. If reports of other State commissions would serve, I think all taxpayers could be supplied, for I think I saw five cords of the reports of one commission carted off to the paper mills. The true solution of the matter is to prepare a report that no one, taxpayers or otherwise, will accept, and there will be no trouble. Now I am curious to know how the United States Fish Commission will come out in supplying all the taxpayers with copies of the Porto Rico report. A. N. CHENEY.

District of Columbia.

THE Game and Fish Protective Association of the District of Columbia held its adjourned annual meeting on April 3 in the parlors of the Ebbitt House, Dr. Walter S. Harban presiding. A scheme of reorganization was adopted broadening the proposed field of operations and adding to the officials and committees. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Admiral Robley D. Evans; Vice-President District of Columbia, Dr. Walter S. Harban; Vice-President Maryland, George Dobbin Penniman; Vice-President Virginia, Capt. Joseph E. Willard; Vice-President West Virginia, John J. Cornwell; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. W. P. Young; Warden, Major Richard Sylvester; Chairman of Executive Committee, Harrison Dingman. Chairmen of Committees—Membership, John Breen; Press, H. L. West; Ways and Means, George W. Rouzer; Auditing, Rudolph Kauffmann; State Laws, I. W. Sharp; Fish Stocking, Frank B. Curtis; Fish Places, Jesse Middleton; Game Stocking and Hunting Grounds, Dr. George Henderson; Library and Literature, Dr. Thomas S. Palmer; Entertainment, E. H. Neumeyer; Pollution, Henry Talbott; Foreign Relations, Charles A. Neale; Headquarters, J. Robert Sutton; Transportation, W. S. Bronson.

In line with the new purpose of the Association, the following resolution was offered by Major Sylvester, and adopted:

"Whereas the neighboring States of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, with attractive resorts that are a perennial delight to nature-loving citizens with camera, rod and gun, and from whose wooded slopes and pretty valleys come the streams which furnish the District with its water supply, have an interest common with our own in their preservation; and

"Whereas the health and pleasure resorts, hotels, boarding houses, boatmen, liverymen, merchants, railroads and various other interests derive a large financial support from the tourist sportsmen and temporary sojourners from the cities, all of whom are interested in clear and pure water; and

"Whereas the streams in these States are being rapidly despoiled of their beauty and their fish and rendered unfit for human use by their abuse as sewers for corporations and sluices for factories; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That this Association invite every interested organization and individual in these States, officials, legislators, municipalities, protective associations, scientific and educational institutions, the press and citizens, to cooperate with us to save the streams which yet remain uncontaminated and in redeeming those already polluted."

Hon. John J. Cornwell, of Romney, W. Va., editor of the Hampshire Review, and Vice-President of the Association for West Virginia, addressed the Association on the subject of the impending ruin of the South Branch of the Potomac, and a further threat to the already polluted water supply of Washington by the proposed establishment of new tanneries on the only pure stream left in West Virginia.

Mr. Wm. Cornwell, County Attorney from the same locality, spoke briefly of the legal aspects of the case, announcing that the laws of West Virginia were ample to prevent such outrages if they could be enforced.

On motion of Major Sylvester, the Chairman of the Committee on Pollution was directed by the Association to confer with the presidents of the Board of Trade and Business Men's Association of the city of Washington, looking to a more general organization in defense of the city's water supply and incidentally the famous and loved fishing places in the upper river.

Talks [to] Boys.—XV.

Trout Fishing.

IN approaching the subject of fishing for brook trout, I must first of all ask you, as I did when we were speaking of the question of bass fishing, to use your judgment and your reason. In order to be successful in the pursuit of any wild creature, it is necessary for one to know the habits of that creature, and in order to know those habits it is essential that one be familiar with the surroundings of the creature itself. Now, when we come to study the country in which the brook trout is found, we find that it lives, not in deep, quiet and rather warm streams, or in broad and shallow lakes, as does the black bass, but, on the contrary, it is always found in rapid and cool streams or in deep and cold lakes. The best of our trout country is situated in the northern part of the United States, or across the line in the British possessions, or high up in the mountains which cross this country in the eastern or western parts of the United States. The brook trout cannot live in shallow or muddy waters. It is a creature of the wilderness, and goes with the forests of pine, spruce and balsam, with the granite rocks of the mountains and with the cold and spring-fed streams which issue from the floor of the ancient forest. You will find bass in the eddies of deep and sluggish rivers, and you will sometimes find big trout in the eddies of the rivers which they inhabit; but the trout stream is apt to be flat, shallow, wide, uneasy and turbulent, and its deepest holes will perhaps not exceed a few feet in depth. One would think it impossible for a fish to live in so heavy and turbulent a water. Yet the trout finds himself quite at home there and is able to make his living under what would at first seem to be very hard conditions.

Now your reason will readily teach you that an animal that has survived in these peculiar surroundings must be one of great vigor and of great shrewdness and alertness. These qualities fit perfectly in the description of the brook trout. It is not a very large fish. The heaviest specimens, taken from deep and still waters, where there is abundant food, rarely go over eight or ten pounds, and the average trout of the forest stream rarely attain a weight of over a pound or a pound and a half. Yet it is a fish of great muscular vigor for its size, its combat with the waters having given it a firm muscular condition. Moreover, being obliged to seek its food amid the foam-flecked, rushing waters of rapid streams, it has long been necessary for this fish to be possessed of great quickness of sight and of great rapidity of motion. The little half-drowned insect which is floating down a trout brook is hardly visible to the eye of the angler. Yet the trout must not only be able to detect it among all the drift wood of the streams, but able also to grasp it as quick as a flash, without any hesitancy or any delay in making up its mind about it.

Now, if you have used your reason you will see that these very peculiarities of the brook trout make it desirable as prey for the angler who uses the artificial fly. There is no creature, no matter how shrewd it be, which cannot be outwitted by man and his superior mental acuteness. A long time ago, no one knows just how long, some man discovered that even the quick vision of the trout could be deceived, and that it could be induced to strike at an artificial fly which more or less resembled the natural insect upon which the trout sometimes feeds. From this ancient discovery all the modern evolution in fly-fishing and fly-fishing tackle has come. Of all the sports of the field or the stream, this fly-fishing for trout has perhaps the most distinct fascination for those who follow it persistently. One may always learn something about fly-fishing, and there never was a man who knew it all. It would, therefore, clearly be of no avail for us to try to tell you all about fly-fishing, for that is something which no one has ever done or ever will do. The main thing for you is to learn a few of the broad principles of the art, and then to do your own experimenting and your own thinking afterward.

We will say that you and I are on the banks of a typical trout stream, situated in the far north woods of Canada, or Maine, or Michigan, or Wisconsin. Perhaps the stream is so large that we are obliged to use a boat, in which case each angler must have a boatman to handle the canoe or the boat as it slips down stream while the fly-fisher is plying his rod along the likely places. In so large a stream as this we may expect to take larger fish than in the little brooks, for there seems to be a rule that big waters produce big feed, and that big feed means big fish. Perhaps, for our purposes, however, since we intend to study rather the first principles of fly-fishing for trout, we may do better to conduct our experiments in the smaller streams, one shallow enough for wading. Here our first question is one of proper preparation for the sport. If you are young and vigorous, you may perhaps be able to stand exposure to the cold weather all day long if you are provided simply with heavy woolen clothing and with heavy shoes to protect your feet in the wading. For myself, I have grown too old for that sort of thing, and I usually provide myself with a pair of wading socks, which may be bought at the sporting goods houses. Over these water-proof wading socks, which come up to the hips, or perhaps about the waist, I draw on a pair of light canvas overalls to protect the mackintosh against snags and sharp stones. Over the feet of the waders and over the bottoms also of the overalls I pull on a pair of very heavy wool stockings, and over these stockings use a pair of stout shoes provided with plenty of hob nails on the soles. This sort of an outfit you will find gives you a good footing on the bottom of even the most slippery and rock-strewn stream. If you use only the ordinary rubber-soled boot-foot of the mackintosh wading trousers, you will find that you are not secure upon a slippery bottom and are especially in danger if you are wading in a deep bold stream where, once in a while, you strike a streak of slippery clay along the bottom. In such case you might, perhaps, take a rapid slide and get a bad ducking in a deep hole at the end of the riffle. It is unpleasant to be submerged when you are wearing a high pair of wading trousers. In some streams, such as the bolder rivers of lower Michigan, anglers sometimes use a wading staff to help them against the heavy current.

For the rest of your costume, I would advise plenty of heavy woolen underwear, a short jacket with pockets in which you can put your fly-books, your lunch, etc., and almost any kind of light hat, into which you can stick your spare flies when not in use. If it is in midsummer and you are in a country much infested with black flies or mosquitoes, you may need perhaps to wear a netting over your head, dropping the net inside the collar of your coat. I find it well to wear soft gauntlet gloves with fingers cut out. This protects the hands against the flies. Personally, I never wear a net, but sometimes tie a handkerchief over the back of the head and neck, protecting the face by using a "fly dope" made of vaseline, tar and pennyroyal. The mosquitoes will bite you sometimes through this unless you keep it constantly renewed; but I would not advise you to be what is known as a dude or tenderfoot fisherman. Learn to take a little punishment along with your sport and you will be all the better sportsman for it.

For rod I should counsel about a five or six pound split bamboo as a practical tool. It will cost you some money, but it will wear you for many years. You may save money by getting a lancewood or a Bethabara, but some do not fancy these latter materials so much. Some use a heavier rod than that above suggested, and others go to so light a weight as four ounces. A four and a half ounce rod may be a very deadly tool, provided that its length do not exceed about eight feet. I fancy these shorter rods more than the extremely long ones, as they are much handier in getting about on the trout streams and quite powerful enough to subdue even a heavy fish when properly handled.

For your line, you will use a heavy, smoothly finished enameled line, just the opposite from the soft, raw silk line which you employed in your bass fishing. This heavy line is tapered at both ends, and is so smooth that it slips readily through the guides of your rod. With it you may cast 40 or 50 feet. Some experts are able to cast 100, 110 and even 125 feet, with a heavy rod and heavy line. Do not concern your mind about such things, for they have nothing to do with practical fishing. On the trout stream you will not need to cast more than 30 feet on the average, and you may perhaps catch a great many of your trout at distances of less than 20 feet, contrary to the general belief of most anglers, who have firmly fixed in their minds the old ideas about casting a long line and a light fly.

Your leaders, made, as of course you know, from the gut of the Spanish silk worm, should be of the best quality, drawn fine and neither too light nor too heavy for the purpose in hand. You must remember that the eye of the trout is very keen, and that he looks up and sees the latter between the eye and the background of the sky. Some anglers prefer their leaders stained a light blue or mist color, but it is questionable whether the color makes so much difference. The main thing is to have the gut as fine as is consistent with strength, and then to lay it out straight and not allow it to sag or belly in going down stream, so that the leader shows to the trout in advance of the fly. Of course, after your first day's trout fishing you will know that you should soak three or four leaders in a wet pad of flannel before you go on the stream to fish. This delicate gut when dry breaks almost like glass, but when wet it grows very must stronger. It is well enough to soak your leaders in your leader pad over night before going out on the stream.

As to the flies which you are to use, I shall not attempt to tell you anything, nor try to settle all the infinite controversies which have arisen over the question of the artificial fly since the first days when anglers went after trout. In general, there are two schools of fly-fishermen—those who believe in imitating the natural insect, and those who believe that the trout does not strike at the artificial fly because it takes it to be a real insect. No one can settle the ancient difficulty between these two schools. There is no law under which the trout of all streams can be classified. Sometimes on one stream and for an entire season, a bright, gaudy fly, unlike any winged insect on earth, will prove most killing, and on the same stream during the next year this same fly will not prove effective. Sometimes the same will be true in regard to the small and dark-colored fly. It is the common belief that in bright, clear streams, in meadow brooks and in waters very much fished, a small and dark colored fly is the best to use; this is, however, merely theory, and I have seen it entirely controverted in actual experiments on more than one much fished stream. I shall not attempt to give you specific directions in regard to the choice of your fly, but will advise you only in a general way to use, on the ordinary Northern stream of the United States, a fly not larger than No. 8, with perhaps a brown body and scanty hackle and wings of white, brown or gray. I would not counsel gaudy flies. You yourself will find that on one stream a certain fly will do which will not do on another, and you will also learn in your experience that at different times of day on the same stream the trout will want different flies. Thus you see the infinite range which is before you in the way of theory and experiment.

Suppose you use for your first fly (the stretcher or the one furtherest from the rod) a coachman, which is a white-winged fly having a peacock body. Your leader should not be over six feet, for you cannot handle your flies well with too long a leader, since sometimes you want to get at your last fly and you do not want the leader knot to strike the guide at the tip of the rod. Now you will find that by pressing on the leader on each side of the knots which fasten its links of gut together, you can nearly always open this knot, so that it shows a little slit between the two ties of the knot. I would suggest that you cut off the loop attached to the snell of your fly and poke the head of the snell between the two strands of the knot thus opened. Now pull them tight again and you have your fly fastened to your leader, perhaps a couple of feet above your stretcher fly, in such way that the knot shows but very little in the water and much less than the double strand of the loop would show. You will see that we are trying to fool the sharpest witted fish that swims, and we do not want him to see any commotion on the surface of the water.

Suppose we are contented with two flies to start. I am sure you will cast much better with two than with three flies. Personally, I rarely fish with more than one fly, and I do not care to cast too long a line.

It is about 9 o'clock in the morning. The sky is a little overcast and there is a light wind blowing. The surface of the water is all broken up into ripples and swirls, so that one would think that no fish could see through the water any distance. Yet I must assure you that the trout can see you at a considerable distance, and if he does see you, he is not apt to take your fly. This, however, must be said with certain qualifications. Personally, I have very often taken trout which, it seems to me, must have seen me. The great secret of successful trout fishing is to move along quietly in the water, putting the feet down gently on the bottom and making as little disturbance at the bottom of the stream and on the surface of the water as can possibly be made. Go along slowly. Keep your eyes alert as the Indian does who is hunting for game. Watch every little log and every dark place under the overhanging bushes, every pocket under the roots of the trees which overhang the waters. Early in the summer the trout may be out in the shallows in mid-stream, but these are not apt to be big trout. The old fellows lie down under the bank, and if you go splashing down stream you would never know there were any big trout near you. Go slowly, and do not be in any hurry. Some think it is better to fish up stream, and for the skillful angler on a much-fished stream this is no doubt true; yet, as we are beginning, I will take you down stream, as that is the pleasantest and most successful way for the beginner to do his angling.

You see a little winged fly struggling across the water ahead of you. It dips into the water now and again, unable to keep on further in its flight. In an instant there is a little flash and you do not see the fly any more. A trout has seen it and has made it part of his morning meal. Again and again, if you watch closely, you will see these little splashes along the edges of the water, most often at the tail of some pool which lies at the bottom of the stretch of fast and shallow water. You will hardly ever strike the trout at the upper part of the pool, but as your fly goes drowning down in the middle of the fast water, until it gets into the deep water at the tail of the pool, then you will see that the trout knows what is going on.

You have learned to cast, of course, before you have gone upon the trout stream. I must counsel you not to try to let out too much line. Run out your line to 25 or 30 feet. Your rod will handle it perfectly and keep it straight all the time. Take plenty of time in your back cast, always looking around to see what is behind you. A long line is always apt to be tangled in the tree tops. There are, however, trout streams in the upper part of the United States where one can wade and cast nicely with a long line. Having seen your way clear both in front and behind and taken plenty of time with your back cast, as you have been so often told before, you will not whip off your fly. Just the instant your line straightens out behind, pitch it forward with a turn of the wrist. Your fly will go forward the full length of the line in front. Aim at some point just a little above the water. This will make your fly light upon the water more delicately. Pick along in this way at all the likely spots next to the bank as you go down stream, and allow your fly to drift out into mid-current, moving it all the time with a gentle twitching of the wrist. This is the common or conventional way of fishing for trout in a rapid stream, and it will kill trout. Ordinarily it will take the most trout just about the time the line straightens out in midstream. You may also let your fly drift on ahead of you in the pools which lie between the riffles. The water will give it a certain motion and you must give it a little different motion with this same tremulous twitching of the wrist.

Presently you feel a sharp twitching tug. You do not know where it came from, for it has been done so quickly you could not tell. Perhaps you saw the flash of the fish as it turned and struck your fly. Perhaps you hooked the fish, and, again, very likely you did not. In regard to striking the fish as it rises to the fly, I can only say, do so as quickly as you possibly can, for the trout, unless it hooks itself, will at once leave the fly, if it finds it is the real article. It is not an unusual thing for a trout to hook itself. Do not jerk back with your arm as you strike, but just strike with a little motion of the hand and wrist. It will not take much to hook the fish.

Once having hooked your trout keep the top of your rod up and let him swing. He will be up, down and all over the stream, all in a flash, as quick as a bird in the air, but if you keep a tight line on him he cannot very well break away from the spring of the rod. After awhile he will try to get down to the bottom or undertake to get under some root or snag. Swing him away from that if you can without breaking your tackle. It is in such times that the biggest fish usually break away, for as quick as they get resistance enough from the rod they tear away or break the gut. The rod is just to give the fish all the strain that the tackle will stand and so keep him plunging until he becomes tired out. Then you may reel him up and pass the landing net under him. Break his neck gently and place him in your basket, already lined with grass or green leaves. Before you put him in the basket, hold him out in your hand and look at him, for he is the loveliest creature you will find in all the wild wilderness, as sweet as a violet, as handsome as a rose, as clean as the clear blue sky.

W. G. DE GROOT.

Food Fish and Fertilizers.

A BILL now in the New Jersey Legislature provides that it shall be unlawful to catch by the use of pound nets or in any other manner, "for the purpose of converting or manufacturing, or attempting to convert or manufacture, or by disposing of the same in any manner for the purpose of manufacture or converting into oil or fertilizing material of any kind whatsoever, by any kind of chemical or manufacturing process, any of the following food fish: Shad, bluefish, weakfish, striped bass, sea bass, porgy, sea trout, salmon or kingfish." The measure is needed, and the bill should not fail to be made a law.

Dr. George P. Rowell and Capt. Toten returned Saturday from a hunting trip into the Devil's Garden, where they had a wonderful experience, seeing great quantities of all kinds of game, including thirty-five deer.—Fort Myer (Fla.) Press, March 7.

Notes from Quebec.

THE arrival of the crows and the dwindling of the snowdrifts are not the only indications of the near approach of another fishing season. The letter carrier's burden grows heavier, and almost every day I find among my mail matter one or more letters on matters connected with fishing. I am asked all kinds of questions concerning the fishing season of 1901, and the probable date of its practical opening, of which, so far, I am totally ignorant. The season in which trout may be legally taken commences, of course, on May 1. But the leopard of the brook sets all State and Federal fish laws at defiance, and may not be taken by fair and legitimate angling at any fixed date or season. Upon this point I can only say that we have winter still with us. We are no longer, it is true, rubbing our ears to keep them from freezing, but some people are still to be seen on the streets wearing fur caps, and though wheeled vehicles have commenced to appear upon the principal city thoroughfares, four to five feet of snow is still piled up upon many of the country roads. The winter has been unusually severe so far as frost is concerned, though the snowfall was lighter than that of last winter. No rain fell from November till March and there was no thaw during that period. Consequently there is no ice on the ground under the snow, and the thaw is likely to be rapid and to cause heavy freshets. In rivers where logs are to be floated there is therefore reason to hope that they will be driven out before the best fishing of the season commences.

The prospects for northern travel during the coming summer are said to be very promising, the number of inquiries for accommodation at the various angling resorts being in excess of those of former years. Never were there so few salmon pools offered for lease or so many disappointed anglers seeking for salmon fishing. Salmon rivers in Canada are safer investments than gold mines.

Several American parties of anglers from the New England States are expected upon their preserves in the country due north of Quebec during the third and fourth weeks of May, and some of them write that they are bringing guests with them. Lake Edward has booked a number of angling guests, who are to come north as soon as notified that the ice is out. The hotel at the Grande Décharge will not be opened until the month of June, but there will undoubtedly be good ouananiche fishing from soon after the middle of May around the shores of Lake St. John, though it is astonishing how very few take advantage of this earliest spring fishing.

Among the fish and game clubs which will be represented in the first angling arrivals from the United States are the Triton, the Metabetchouan, the Tourilli and the Amabalish. Some members of the Nonantum Club may also be here early in the season. I shall endeavor, as usual, to keep you posted as to the progress of the season.

A most determined effort is now being made to put an end to the poaching that has so long been indulged in upon the limits of the different clubs in the Lake St. John district. The story of the good work now being done in this direction finds a more appropriate place in another letter which I am sending the editor, but the remark may fitiingly be made here that every member of a fish and game club in the Province of Quebec and every sportsman who comes to Canada should extend a helping hand to the newly established Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec, which has its headquarters in this city. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC CITY, April 6.

Trout Waters.

Some Good Trout Streams in the States of New York and Pennsylvania.

WE will first take a few first-class streams on the line of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, because the waters on this line have never been advertised, consequently are not generally known and overfished.

We will select to start with the country surrounding the Utica Branch, as the waters are central to the large inland towns of New York State. First and foremost among these streams is the Geneganset Creek, which is the outlet of the lake bearing the same name. For twenty miles from Geneganset Lake it winds in and out among rolling hills until it reaches and empties into the Chenango River, five miles below Greene's Station. Throughout its whole length it is a perfect trout stream; dozens of fish are annually taken that weigh from 2 to 2½ pounds each, while occasionally one of even 4 pounds is recorded.

If there is one part of this stream better than another it is Smithville Flats, and up to the lake the biggest fish are most likely to be found in the mill dam at Smithville. Several small streams empty into the Geneganset, all of which contain trout.

In this stream and its tributaries is enough good water for a hundred sportsmen to fish at the same time. No angler worthy of the name can come away from Geneganset Creek after a few days' acquaintance without feeling satisfied with the result, and a determination to pay it another visit as soon as time and opportunity offer.

At Green's Station we find Wheeler Brook. It is a first-class piece of water, yielding some good large fish, and if thoroughly fished will always yield an ordinary sized creel of trout. Below the dam the stream is full of bass, therefore has but few attractions for the trout fisherman.

At Hubbardsville we come across the headwaters of the Chenango River, which are well stocked with trout, and some of the best trout fishing in New York State is to be found in the Chenango above Hubbardsville. At Chenango Bridge we come across the Thomas Brook, an excellent little trout water.

For the trout fisherman who enjoys a good scramble over rocks and through the woods, and a healthful walk after his speckled friends, we can recommend the streams in the Pocono Mountains; there are plenty of them, and all have trout. Get off at any station from Stroudsburg to the top of the mountains, and the angler will find good streams within reasonable distances. At Henryville especially there are some excellent ones. Passing to the opposite side of the mountains we find a pretty little stream running alongside of the railroad track. Moscow is the station of this stream. Walk up the track a couple of miles, strike the stream and fish down to a couple of miles below Moscow. There are two magnificent streams about ten miles from Moscow, in an easterly direction; two years ago it was an easy matter to catch a hundred in a day in either stream.

We will now take a few streams on the line of the Erie Railroad, which have been advertised, and are therefore known.

Mongaup River, reached from Port Jervis, 6 to 10 miles. It is a large open water, and after the first week in may excellent for fly-fishing. It contains. many large trout that can only be tempted with minnows.

Carpenter's Brook is reached from Pond Eddy. Go back 3 miles and fish down to the Delaware. It is a first-class early stream for bass fishing.

Shohola Brook is reached from Shohola Station. Drive back to the falls 10 miles distant, and fish down. About two miles below the falls are a series or 20 or 30 large, deep pools. These pools all contain some enormous trout, but they can only be taken with either minnows or spoons—they will not rise to a fly, and but seldom can be tempted with worms.

About a mile below these pools a stream runs into the Shohola on the left, about half a mile above the farmhouses. The pool where this feeder joins Shohola is very deep under the bank. On a fine day if one approaches carefully he can generally count from 30 to 40 trout lying out in the pool, any one of which would reach ¾ to 1½ pounds.

If the readers of FOREST AND STREAM want another list of trout streams, we shall be glad to give them, but as all fishermen know, trout want catching. As an old Maine guide once said to the writer, "Tre-out be the most cussedest of fish. Always a-biting at what you haven't got." Still the pleasure of seeing a fair catch beautifying one's creel more than repays for the hard trudging, bramble scratches and torn gorments that are generally the accessories of a trouting expedition.

J. CHURCHWARD.

NEW YORK, April 8.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Tarpon Club of Texas.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 6.—Mr. Ralph H. Hobart, briefly mentioned as having taken the first tarpon of the season at Aransas Pass, Texas, has been good enough to forward a little account of the doings at the Tarpon Club this spring, writing interestingly last week as follows:

"TARPON CLUB, Texas, April 1.—The first tarpon of the season to be caught off the coast of Texas were taken from the waters of Aransas Pass on March 24. Two were landed on that date by guests of the Tarpon Club. Charles P. Frame, of New York, took the first fish, a large one, measuring 6 feet 3 inches. The second, measuring 4 feet 10 inches, was landed by myself. Although in previous years tarpon have been taken at the Pass as early as the middle of March, the month just past has been an unusually poor one for fishing, owing to the prevalence of high winds, which have kept the water muddy. During the last few days conditions have improved materially. Several fish have been taken, and from the large number seen jumping it is anticipated that the season will be a good one.

"Within the last half-dozen years the attention of fishermen from all parts of the country has been directed toward the magnificent sport to be had at Aransas Pass, and many who had heretofore been going to Florida waters for tarpon have of late been visiting Texas. The method of fishing at Aransas Pass differs materially from that generally followed in Florida. At the Pass trolling with rod and reel, some 300 feet of line being carried, is followed exclusively. The bait, a live mullet, hooked through the mouth, is kept near the surface of the water, generally not more than four feet below. This means that the boat must be kept in constant motion except when a strong tide is running.

"The Aransas Pass is a channel of water from two to four hundred yards wide, and perhaps half a mile in length, which separates two long islands and connects the Gulf of Mexico with Aransas Bay. Practically all the tarpon that are taken in the locality are caught in this limited area of water. Both the Tarpon Club, located on the island to the north, and the town of Tarpon, on the island to the south, are within a few minutes' row of the Pass, and it is in the town of Tarpon that the men who pull the boats live. A hotel is run at Tarpon for the accommodation of sportsmen not members or guests of the club.

"The Tarpon Club, now entering its third year, and having a membership of 330, is an organization somewhat unique and certainly one which appeals to the man who has ever felt the thrill that comes when the gamy tarpon makes his strike. The club owns and keeps open throughout the year a large and well-appointed club house. The building, wharf, etc., are lighted by electricity, the lounging room is provided with a most entertaining electric piano, and a naphtha launch is at hand when an excursion to some other point is desired. The club house is of comparatively easy access to the mainland, it being a matter of a twelve-mile sail in the mail boat, or if time is an object, a more speedy trip in the naphtha to the town of Rockport, located on the mainland.

"Rockport is 160 miles from San Antonio, and is reached in an afternoon's ride on the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railway. Rockport is located in the heart of one of the finest duck shooting localities in the country, and it is doubtful whether better redhead and canvasback shooting can be found than was had in this vicinity last November. As the tarpon are not caught at Aransas Pass later than October, some members of the club put in the winter months at duck shooting, and many are the good bags made.

"A glance at the roster of the Tarpon Club is interesting. Some fifteen States are represented, and while Texas naturally has a large preponderance, there are fifty-four members who hail from St. Louis, twenty-four from Denver and fourteen from New York. Among the New York members are found the names of Edwin Gould, Henry C. Rouse, the late Collis P. Huntington, John W. Gates and several others of prominence. Among the Chicago contingent are T. H. Wickes, vice-president of the Pullman Company, and Dr. Nicholas Senn. Mr. E. H. R. Green, of Terrell, Texas, known before he came to the Lone Star State and made a name for himself as president of the Texas Midland Railway, as the son of Hetty Green, is president of the Tarpon Club, and it is largely owing to Mr. Green's efforts that the club was established."

The Spring Run.

The first of the Western fishes to begin the spring run are the pickerel, suckers and wall-eyed pike. Most anglers are unaware of the numbers of these fish in the streams or the destruction to which they are subjected, for the reason that the regular angling season does not begin until May or June, whereas the first run of the fish in the little creeks and overflows begins in March and April. In the neighborhood of Beaver Dam and Fox Lake, Wis., the carp and suckers have been running for a week, and the residents of the farming precincts thereabout have been spearing them by wagon loads. The pickerel in that vicinity are also being speared in very large numbers over all the marshes. A good many parties are thought to be spearing for the market. Of course, in this blind spring run of the spawning fishes they are altogether careless and practically helpless. While seining for minnows in a little creek running into the Fox Rixer, I have more than once taken twenty or thirty pounds of big suckers which had crowded up into the little run, seeking to get as far up as they could into the shallow water. With a spear one could have done a great amount of destruction in such a place, and there are many such places visited by many men who have no scruples about spearing the most fish they can. Were it only carp and suckers which got killed, the matter would not be so bad, but the better class of fishes also suffer. Of course, there are laws against it, but what would you have? Is not this America, the land of the free? E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, April 5.—According to his usual custom the president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association opened the trout season, at the preserve of the Tihonet Club. His first trout was one of a pound and a quarter, a good one for Massachusetts waters. One or two others were about as large, with several of smaller caliber. Secretary Kimball took a good one (?) weighing several ounces. The weather was very cold, with need of fur coats and mittens. Some fourteen miles of stream was covered on Monday, by the shore fishermen of the party, while others tried to fish from boats, but the wind blew and the water was very rough. Altogether it was a cold and rough opening of the trout season. Only a few trout were taken by the Monument Club members who went down for the opening. The weather was so severe that members of the party fished but little, some not at all. Mr. George N. Talbot and F. H. Warner have gone to their Connecticut trout preserve for the opening of the season. There are no reports of success there yet. Mr. Charles Sias, who is a member of the same club, and is usually there at the opening of the season, is still in the South with Mrs. Sias.

A Bangor, Me. report of Thursday says that the first salmon of the season has been taken at the Big Pool, and that a lady was the captor. The fish weighed 18 pounds, and sold for $1.25 per pound. The first salmon of the season there is usually purchased and donated to the Governor of the State or the Mayor of the city. It has been several times proposed to send this first fish to the President, but I am not sure it has ever been done.

BOSTON, April 8.—Now it seems to be likely that the entire Rangeley region is to be opened up by a further extension of the Portland & Rumford Falls Road. It has long been understood by sportsmen that there is a region of fish and game country above the Rangeleys and to the north and west that has been visited but little, because not easy of access. This region lies between the Rangeleys and Megantic region. A crew of surveyors and prospectors will commence looking out the route from Bemis to Haines' Landing as soon as the snow is out of the way, and that part of the road is soon to be built. It is also reported that the Canadian Pacific is desirious of a more direct connection with Portland, and is planning a connection with the Portland & Rumford Falls line at Haines' Landing or Indian Rock. It is not known what the course will be from the Megantic country to Indian Rock, but it will follow one of the water courses, either of them good fish and game sections. Thus a large section of country will be made easier of access to the sportsmen.

A handsome string of brook trout was shown in Faneuil Hall Marekt Thursday, and the captor claimed that they were wild trout. He is mum as to where he caught them, however. Some of the brooks to the northeast of Boston were fished early in the week, but the weather was too cold and the water too high. The fishermen brought back nothing. Fish Commissioner L. T. Carleton, of Maine, is in receipt of several communications asking as to the probabilities of the departure of the ice from Lake Cobbosseecontee. The writers desire to be first at the opening, since some good salmon are usually taken at that time. The lake is easily reached by rail to Gardiner.

The measure for an appropriation of $5,000 for a fish hatchery at Moosehead Lake, Me., was not defeated after all. This hatchery is to be arranged to furnish as many young fish as all four of the other hatcheries of the State, and should give superior propagating and restocking facilities. SPECIAL.

Four miles west of Thomaston, Conn., on an unfrequented road, stands a house which shows evident signs of age. In front, beneath a shady maple, are two tombstones of persons who died in 1776 and 1778. A long, lank individual named Worrell lives a sort of hermit life in the house, which is reached by a long pair of stairs. The house within is a veritable curiosity shop, the walls being covered with huge hornet nests, wreaths made from potato bugs, all grasses of the field, besides innumerable butterflies and insects fastened to the walls with pins. A shelf room in the rear is a museum in itself—cases of stuffed birds and snakes, frogs, owls, hawks, pigeons, minerals, a chair 120 years old, a wreath of snake skins, another of potatoes, a third of eggs, a whisky bottle 160 years old, lizards of all species, a frame inclosing a wreath made of the claws of animals, 4,800 in all, and all sorts of odd things from the woods.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal contests, series 1901, contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake, March 30. Wind, light, southwest; weather beautiful:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting%
Battu	81	80.8	90	70.10	80.5	..
Brooks	84	81.4	88	71.8	79.10	..
Brotherton	95	88.4	88	75.10	81.11	..
Golcher	110	88	80.4	75.10	78.1	..
Grant	92	78.4	85.4	72.6	79	..
Mocker	88	63.10	88	76.8	82.4	.
Muller	92	93	82.2	75.10	79	..
Mansfield	...	92	93.8	81.8	87.8	..
Edwards	92	87.8	87	72.6	79.9	..
Babcock	...	91	..	..	..	..
Smyth	...	68.8	82.8	79.2	80.11	..

Judges, Mocker and Battu; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake, March 31. Wind, southwest; weather, beautiful:

Smyth	...	86.8	87	72.6	79.9	..
Kierulff	68	60.4	91.4	74.2	82.9	..
Muller	91	92	83.4	75.10	79.7	..
Brooks	87	91.4	89.4	68.4	78.10	..
Battu	86	88	91.8	66.8	79.2	..
Roos	67	47.8	76	69.2	72.7	..
Heller	72.6	90.4	90.4	75	82.8	..
Daverkosen	95	87	95.8	75.10	85.9	..
Turner	77	82.8	92.4	71.8	80	..
Golcher	105	90	95	67.6	81.3	..
Reed	91	90	91.4	69.2	80.3	..
Blade	72	90.8	87	60	73.6	..
Mansfield	...	93.4	97	77.6	87.3	..
Grant	95	90.8	81.4	69.2	75.3	..
Brotherton	96.6	94	91.8	74.2	82.11	..
Foulks	71	90	86.4	71.8	79	..

Judges, Mansfield and Grant; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Rhode Island Notes.

Providence, R. I., April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The trout law went off at midnight Sunday last, and at that hour there were many anxious anglers ready to throw their lines into the brooks in every section of the State. The best trout fishing in Rhode Island is down through the central part of the State, and the trolley cars which now invade these sections have carried many a fisherman to these destinations during the week. The catches reported indicate that there is plenty of fish to be caught.

Dr. Arthur C. Pierce, author of "The Man for Corpus Christi," is seriously ill at his home in Riverside, R. I.

The Providence Telegram of March 31 published the following in its Olneyville correspondence: "Since the ice has thawed on the small ponds a great number of fish has been found dead and the lovers of sport greatly deplore this. This condition is noticeable in the small ponds near Hartford avenue. At these places the late Fred French stocked the ponds with pout and pickerel. During the past winter the ponds were frozen solid and the fish killed. The shores are now lined with the dead fish, some of which weigh one and two pounds."

Large flocks of geese going north have been reported from various parts of the State the past fortnight. One flock estimated at containing thousands of birds was reported as flying northward over Pawtucket Valley.

Flatfish are commencing to bite in Narragansett Bay, and good catches are reported.

Most of the early birds have arrived and from the numbers already in evidence it is apparent that the song birds will be more numerous this year than in several years past. Ospreys are reported as unusually plentiful this spring at Bristol. W. H. M.

The Kennel.

Notice.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XVI.—Retrieving.

Although in America retrieving is made a part of the dog's field work, it is not a natural quality in the sense that pointing, roading, etc., are so. There are those, however, who maintain that it is instinctive, and moreover that it is so implanted in the dog's nature for the especial benefit of man. The fact that an exceptional puppy will grasp a bird in his mouth on opportunity in his first experiences afield and carry it with more or less directness to his master is cited as proof of its natural origin. The fact that the puppy will grasp the bird on his own account, even if his master is absent, is entirely ignored.

Whether in a wild or domestic state, if his prey is of a size which permits of his doing so the dog frequently carries it to his home. That he should attempt to carry it when in the presence of his master has therefore no special significance as an instinct whose purpose is the furtherance of his master's interests.

When the puppy first grasps the bird and makes what is termed a natural retrieve his every expression and purpose denote that the act has an entire reference to himself. His eyes glare with the triumph of possession; he grasps the bird with unnecessary firmness, oftentimes rolling and crushing it in his mouth, and he goes near to where his master stands as being the most secure and restful place under the circumstances. He would do precisely the same thing when he ceased work and wished to rest. At the juncture when the dog is near to him the trainer interposes, and by intimidation and restraint robs him, as it were, of his prey. If he is of a mild or timid disposition he may yield his prize to his trainer at the first stern word or act in reference to it. Under similar circumstances he would in like manner desist from any other purpose or act in which he was engaged. But if the puppy is left to his own pleasure in the matter he retains possession of the bird, lies down in a place to his liking and proceeds to devour it.

The mere picking up of the bird in the presence of the trainer and the success of the latter in plundering the dog of his prey are exceedingly limited data on which to found a theory that the act of retrieving is instinctive. Intelligent retrieving in the service of the gun is the result of education.

If the dog retrieved naturally for the benefit of man he would exhibit and maintain a consistent purpose of doing so, instead of a consistent purpose to possess and eat the bird. Furthermore, it would seem that if the dog retrieved naturally for man the latter would know instinctively why the dog pointed and retrieved, but man has to be taught these things before he knows them.

Some dogs, it is true, learn to retrieve much more quickly than others, and take a great interest and delight in it. But this may be said of any other work imposed on the dog by man.

The average dog is exceedingly susceptible to praise or flattery, and if he is skillfully handled in this respect he will do many things of no special interest or benefit to himself other than the vain gratification which he feels from evoking the approbation of his master. His keenness of observation and discrimination in determining what acts are pleasing and what are displeasing to the latter are purely matters of mental discernment.

The fact that almost any dog, whether he be cur or well bred, may be taught to retrieve indicates that the act is not a matter of instinct peculiar to setters and pointers. When done with any degree of finish and intelligent purpose it is an educational act quite as much as is the act of shooting the bird when displayed by his master. Incidentally, is it not strange that the dog should instinctively retrieve the bird which his master has learned to shoot, not instinctively, but by skill derived from education? It would seem that instinct would work alike in respect to both man and dog.

Dogs, as individuals, whether pointers or setters, vary greatly in their aptness for retrieving. Some manifest the greatest delight in it, and in fact in any other act within their compass which wins the approval of their masters; others perform in an indifferent or perfunctory manner, while still others detest and rebel against it heartily.

As a general proposition, by far the greater number of pointers and setters may be taught to retrieve with some degree of satisfactory ability. However, dull nose, weak intellect or constitutional indolence will affect the dog's performance adversely in this respect as they will in all the other parts of his field work.

As a matter of good training it is much better to defer all attempts to teach retriveing till the dog's second season. When the teacher attempts to combine retrieving with the dog's other field schooling he retards instead of advances it.

The disadvantages consequent to retrieving are as follows: Nearly all puppies—and indeed many old dogs—take an unbounded pleasure in capturing their prey. Each one has a keen desire to have individual possession of it. In their own eagerness to be the first to the dead bird and gain possession of it they forget or disregard their training or obedience, so far as it refers to steadiness to the gun. The desire to retrieve incites the dog to break shot; to be riotous when drawing on birds instead of being careful, and to lawless casting about after the gun is fired in search of a real or imaginary dead bird, the report of the gun having to him but that one significance. The energetic efforts of the trainer at such junctures avail but little. The dog furiously charges about to find the bird. When at length the trainer gets control of him, his mind is still filled with the ardent desire and purpose to find the bird, and if freed he again begins his riotous search. If at length the trainer, by energetic effort, gets control of him and leads him away a quarter of a mile, more or less, from the place where the dead bird is supposed to be, when released the puppy returns and persistently searches for it till he is pleased to desist, regardless of his handler's whistling and ordering in the meantime. At every report of the gun the puppy's misbehavior is amplified or modified, accordingly as the circumstances permit. If there are scattered birds about, his riotous charging is sure to flush them all, while he, heedless or oblivious of them, is absorbed in the one idea and effort to possess the dead bird.

This lawlessness, incorporated as a part of his field work, complicates matters seriously and harmfully. It lowers the standard of all his work as it relates to the service of the gun. The idea of possession incites him to lawless alertness. The real or imaginary dead bird is a constant inducement to independent and lawless effort.

If the dog has been properly schooled the first season, he is steady to shot and wing, besides having acquired an interest in working for the success of the gun. In the second season retrieving may be taught as a special branch, the dog having a preparatory good schooling to steadiness in his work to the gun as a finder. It requires no argument to prove that it is easier and better to perfect the dog first as a finding dog one season and second as a retriever the ensuing season than it is to attempt to perfect him in both branches at the same time.

Nevertheless, some dogs will exhibit all the undesirable traits enumerated; other dogs one or more of them, while others again may engage in retrieving with discouraging indifference. As a general proposition the majority of dogs may be educated into being good retrievers, while a part may be educated into excellent ones.

Dogs of superior "bird sense" learn to engage in all the details of field work with an intelligent comprehension of what constitute proper effort and action in every part of it.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages which are likely to accrue when the dog is used both as a finder and retriever, the demands of sport as conducted in America require that the dog be so used. The average American sportsman owns but one or two dogs, and he desires that they serve him as finders. He has neither the time nor inclination to bother with a dog whose sole specialty is retrieving, and as a matter of economy some sportsmen would not consider that his services counterbalanced the extra expense.

The average American sportsman has but a few days of shooting in each season, and therefore his one dog in his service must be broadly proficient. While the dog may not be so good a finder if he retrieves, nor so good a retriever if he finds, a compromise may be established which will insure at least passable performance in both finding and retrieving, thus affording to the shooter the advantages of both. Moreover, two dogs, the one a finder, the other a retriever, could not be handled at the same time by the average American sportsman, who, as a rule, finds quite enough difficulty in handling one dog at a time.

Without a retriever the success and pleasure of a day's shooting is materially impaired. Birds which fall in heavy weeds or grass or bushes are extremely difficult to find, and such as fall in mud or marshes, though in plain sight, are gathered with much difficulty and discomfort. When the shooter does his own retrieving a large percentage of dead and wounded birds and much time are lost.

As to the specific injuries to the work of the dog employed as a finder-retriever, they are as folloys: The best manner of seeking live birds, in respect to the manner in which the dog uses his nose, is distinctly different from the best manner of using it in retrieving. The best manner of finding is with a high nose, and therewith the dog cannot go to the birds too quickly consistently with steady performance. His work then is on both bevies and single birds. As a retriever his work is entirely on single birds. He has a puzzling single trail to follow if the bird is wounded, and none at all if the bird is dead. To best find the wounded or dead bird it is essential that he carry his nose close to the ground and trail slowly, and this manner of retrieving the average dog soon learns. Unfortunately, this manner may be used after a time by the dog when seeking live birds, thus using the one manner whether seeking or finding.

It is comporatively easy to mar the best manner in which the dog uses his nose in finding, and when so marred it is beyond the power of the trainer to correct it.

Canoeing.

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Official organ, Forest and Stream.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—VII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

The early settlers of the valley and mountain regions of the Virginias seem to have been blessed with a singular paucity of invention when it came to naming their rivers. The scarcity of Indian names is readily accounted for when we recall the fact that, numerous as they were in the lower countries and along the seas and bays, no Indian tribes dwelt in the valley or in the mountain regions, only visiting these regions from time to time when on hunting or other expeditions, and affixing their names to but few streams besides the Shenandoah and Potomac among the mountain streams; hence the settlers were called on to name the streams themselves, and the numerous North forks, South forks, North rivers, South rivers, etc., bear testimony to their lack of ideas in this respect. There is the North Fork and South Fork of the Potomac; the North Branch of the South Fork and the South Branch of the South Fork. There is also the North Fork and the South Fork of the Shenandoah, besides the North River of the Shenandoah, also the North River of the James, both of which latter streams are in Augusta county.

There are two South rivers of the Shenandoah—the South Fork, as the larger stream or main river, upon which we were now cruising, is termed, above Front Royal, where the North Fork unites with it, and the smaller South River of Augusta county, which, with North and Middle rivers, unite to form the South Fork or main stream of the Shenandoah, and there are also two North rivers of the Shenandoah—the North Fork, which, emerging from the mountains through Brock's Gap, in Rockingham county, meanders down the beautiful Shenandoah Valley and unites with the South Fork, the main stream, at Riverton, near Front Royal, and the smaller North River of Augusta county, which, rising in the Alleghany Mountains, flows out into the valley through the wild and picturesque North River Gap, its bold, swift, cold waters affording fine trout fishing among these fastnesses, and meanders directly across the valley and the county until, just at the Rockingham line and almost at the foot of the Blue Ridge, it receives the waters of Middle River, which zigzags across the middle of the county in a remarkably sinuous course, to become merged into its sister stream. Five miles further down the third and smallest stream—South River—comes in, after pursuing a more direct and rapid course along the base of the Blue Ridge in the eastern part of Augusta. At

this point of junction in Rockingham county, with the dilapidated little village of Port Republic nestled in the forks, with a river on either side, the three crystal-pure mountain streams lose their individuality and become the bright, sparkling Shenandoah (South Fork), the "Beautiful Daughter of the Stars" of the Indians, which winds its sinuous, silvery way along down the base of the Blue Ridge for 100 miles, vainly seeking an outlet to the sea, until, mingling its waters with those of the Potomac, the two united streams burst their way through the mighty barrier at the point of junction in the world-famous gorge at Harper's Ferry.

These streams are all navigable for canoes, even at the lowest stages, excepting, perhaps, the Augusta South River. The waters are usually clear and of a slaty blue tint, but are apt to get very muddy after heavy rains, the color then being of an ugly brick red from the Virginia red clay soil.

As is natural in a mountain stream of this character, the entire bed of the river from the sources of its triple head streams to its final swift, glad union with the Potomac is literally ribbed and seamed with great limestone reefs or "saw-tooth" ledges. Owing to its very considerable descent, the river abounds in rapids and falls, some of which are several miles in extent, and in all of which the ledges and reefs play a particularly prominent part. They seem to generally run in a course parallel with the mountains, or directly up and down the valley; consequently when the rapids occur in reaches of the river that lie in the general line of the valley, they are bold, open, swift rushes of water, always liberally bestrewn with rocks and reefs, of course, but as these occur in more or less regular lines, which run with the stream, they form but little obstruction and are not difficult to avoid. Where, however, the rapids occur—as is frequently the case, particularly in that part of the river between Massanutton and Riverton—in the reaches that lie directly across the valley, they then present peculiar difficulties, as the reefs and ledges appear in innumerable parallel lines directly across the river, more or less regular in their formation, and the falls or rapids, instead of being bold and open, become simply so many little pools and falls, the river being literally terraced. It would be impossible to safely navigate many of these places were it not for the boat channel—an artificial relic of the days before the Shenandoah Valley Railroad was built along the river and down the valley, when all the products of the numerous mills and mines of this fertile region found their only outlet to a market by means of the river, being carried down in gondolas (or "Gunaloes," as the common flatboats are termed in local parlance) to Front Royal or Harper's Ferry, where railroads were reached, and at which point the boats were sold for lumber, while the crews returned home overland.

The Blue Ridge section of the Appalachian system presents a curious feature in that being a part of this general system of mountains, and presenting the same parallel chain, yet it stands so far off from the other mountain ranges as to present a separate range by itself. It preserves a general average distance of about twenty to thirty miles from the nearest parallel range on the west, and the broad, beautiful, fertile valley lying between is designated in different sections by various names, as north of the Potomac and across Pennsylvania it is called the Cumberland Valley, while south of the James and across the Carolinas it is known as the Valley.

Nowhere in its whole extent, however, is it so beautiful, so fertile and so salubrious as in that portion which lies across the Virginias from the Augusta county highlands to the Potomac, which is designated as the Shenandoah Valley, or in local State parlance "the Valley."

With an elevation averaging throughout its extent considerably over 1 000ft., its climate is pleasant and salubrious. Malaria is unknown, its atmosphere is always bracing, even in the hottest weather, while, protected by its massive mountain walls, its winters are mild, and severe and destructive storms are warded off. With its rolling floor and general downward trend toward the Potomac, its drainage is perfect, the considerable fall of the rivers and streams quickly carrying off all surplus waters.

The valley is drained by the two Shenandoahs and their tributaries, which, owing to the close proximity of the mountains on either side, while numerous, are all small, there being no room to develop length or size.

A peculiar geological feature is presented in the Massanutton Mountains—a complete, isolated range, standing out in the valley and dividing it into two unequal parts.

This range rises abruptly from the valley in the southern part of Rockingham, and extends in bold, rugged peaks and parallel ranges some fifty or sixty miles down toward the Potomac, where it sinks into the plain again as abruptly as it rises, the peaks at either end looking remarkably alike.

The great strategist, Stonewall Jackson, was thoroughly familiar with this topographical feature, and made effective use of it in his memorable and remarkable valley campaigns, and played hide and seek around and among their fastnesses in a manner both bewildering and detrimental to the Northern invaders. The Confederate signal stations on the peaks at the ends of the range were familiar institutions at intervals throughout the war.

Although, as a rule, not so lofty as the neighboring peaks and domes of the Blue Ridge, from which they are separated by the narrow Page, or Luray, Valley, not over from three to six miles in width, the Massanutton Mountains are much more rugged, precipitous and wild, and add much to the picturesque beauty of the landscapes. The beautiful and diversified panorama of rich, green forests, rolling fields, sparkling, rippling rivers and bold, rugged mountain peaks, with the gentle, soft blue background of the more distant ranges and ridges, the prospect changing with every elevation or from every point of view, make up a region unsurpassed for exquisite beauty of scenery, perhaps, in America.

As before stated, the North Fork rises among the mountains west of Rockingham, and winds down through the broader Shenandoah Valley west of and along the base of the Massanutton Mountains and passed close around the base of its northern peaks to unite at Riverton with the South Fork, or main stream, which, after drawing its primary supplies in Augusta county from the entire breadth of the valley, from the pastoral slopes of the Blue Ridge on the east to the wild fastnesses of the Alleghanies on the west, and draining pretty much the entire broad surface of the county through its triple head streams, takes its sinuous course down the narrow defile between the Blue Ridge and the Massanutton Mountains, descending more than 500ft. in its fifty miles' extent.

The entire fall of the river proper, from Port Republic to Harper's Ferry, a distance of ninety miles in an air line, but in which distance the river develops a length of 156 miles, is 797ft. The river may be divided into three nearly equal lengths or sections, for convenience in describing. From Port Republic to Massanutton, opposite Luray, which lies three miles inland, a distance of forty-nine miles, the fall is 304ft., and except for the backsets from the numerous mill dams and an occasional eddy, the river is practically one continuous rapid. In this section of the river it is, while very winding, not so tortuous in its course as it becomes lower down, and as the trend of the river is more lengthwise of the valley, without so much zigzagging back and forth across it, it happens that the reefs are more generally to be found running lengthwise with the river instead of across it, consequently these upper rapids are more bold, free and open than those further down.

The next section of the river, from Massanutton to Riverton, is fifty-two miles in length with a slightly diminished fall of 282ft.

In this section the character of the river materially changes. It is remarkably crooked, the entire length being a never-ending succession of great letter S loops back and forth across the narrow valley. The rapids or, more properly speaking, falls occur entirely in the long cross reaches of the river, with deep, still pools or eddies in the angles or bends, and, as a consequence, these rapids, instead of the bold, swift, down-hill rush of the upper rapids, present a bewildering succession of long lines of saw-tooth ledges, which stretch across the river from shore to shore in more or less regular parallel lines, forming little cascades or falls of from 1 to 3 or 4ft. in height. In some few instances a single line will form a fall of several feet, but more generally they occur in innumerable parallel lines several miles in extent. Frequent large masses of stone, some of them of considerable size and more or less overgrown with scrubby bushes and grasses, rise from the bed of the river and add a savage wildness and picturesqueness to the prospect. The boat channel, which is an artificial channel, blasted out through these reefs and ledges, is generally found close up against one bank or the other—so close that the passing flatboats would frequently brush along under the overhanging trees—and provides a tolerably safe and very interesting run down through these troublesome and often formidable falls, which could otherwise be navigated only at some risk to canoe and canoeist, if at all.

This portion of the valley does not seem to be so rich, prosperous and well settled as the upper portion; only occasional mills and houses are seen—the latter, with some few creditable exceptions, generally poor and small, and occupied chiefly by the mountaineers, and the general impression made by the river on the mind of the canoeist is one of solitude and loneliness—sometimes no sign of human habitation will be seen for hours at a time, and the constant procession of forest trees marching solemnly by up-stream—with the imposing, towering mountain walls shutting in the view at either end of the long reaches, and the wildness of the long falls and rapids, with their rugged masses of reefs and rocks studding the waters, create an oppressive feeling of awe in the mind of the cruiser as he communes face to face with nature in her most beautiful but impressive aspect; while the only sounds that break the Sabbath-like stillness are the occasional scream of a fish hawk, the far off cry of the loon, the rustling murmur of the breeze through the treetops, and the ever present, hoarse complaint of the river, as it frets and stumbles in foam-crested waves over and among the illimitable ledges and reefs that perpetually obstruct its course.

The third section, from Riverton to Harper's Ferry, between the mouth of the North Fork and the Potomac, comprises the Shanandoah River proper, both forks having now united, and embraces a length of 55 miles, with a fall of 211 feet, more than 100 feet of which is found in the lower six miles of the river, between Bloomery and Harper's Ferry. This short section is highly dangerous to any but the most expert boatmen and canoeists. The river is a perfect chaotic wilderness of reefs and rocks, and in many places becomes absolutely lost to sight among the huge masses of limestone—water-worn and gullied to an inconceivable degree—that completely fill its bed; around and among which the water rushes and roars through a labyrinth of crevices and channels, worn and gullied deep in the heart of the solid rock; as it cuts its way deep down to the very foundation sills of the mountains—which tower aloft close at hand, on either side—in its irresistible course down to the bottom of the gorge, through which the Potomac has eaten its way out to the sea.

Above this chaotic section—from Bloomery back up to Riverton—the river flows broad, stately and majestic, broken by frequent long, beautiful rapids, most of which are quite rough, but owing to the boat channels, present no special difficulty to the practiced canoeist.

The broadest and most beautiful, historic and interesting portion of the valley lies in this section also. The Massanutton Mountains have long ago ceased to divide the valley, which here sweeps in beautiful undulations, in an unbroken expanse of fertile fields and beautiful woodlands from the Blue Ridge to the Alleghanies; dotted with thrifty farmhouses and imposing old mansions, some of which date back to the Colonial period. Here too, at a later day, the contending armies of a divided nation swayed back and forth in a death grapple upon which the world looked with interest; and the battle-scarred towns of Strasburg, Harper's Ferry and Winchester are all close at hand.

The entire stream, from Port Republic to Harper's Ferry, is exceedingly beautiful; with its bold, blufflike banks and rocky headlands, its grand and imposing mountain scenery, and its sparkling, limpid, slaty-blue waters, reflecting the bright rays of the sun from their foam-crested waves and surges. In places the river in its gigantic letter S loops, impinges squarely against the base of the Massanutton Mountains, whose rugged, rocky sides, their harshness toned down by a dense growth of scrubby, hardy oak, pine, hemlock and other trees, tower aloft almost perpendicularly from the water to the summit of the range, from one to two thousand feet above, and in many places long lines of perpendicular or overhanging cliffs rear their beetling, tree-clad brows a couple of hundred feet or so above the dark, still water at their bases; and in whose black, reflective depths they are faithfully pictured in an inverted position, suggesting mysterious, unfathomable depths to the beholder.

Fierce, gamy bass abound in the entire river, clear up into the remote headwaters of the Augusta county forks, and as they usually rise readily to the fly, fine sport is afforded all along the river when the water is clear.

The people living along the river are uniformly kind, hospitable and obliging, and supplies can readily be obtained at any farmhouse at reasonable prices, and a small party of canoeists might easily run the river without any camping outfit, by stopping at farmhouses. My first cruise on this stream was made alone, some years ago. It was a short cruise of five or six days, and during this cruise I only camped one night; the other nights were passed in farmhouses; the night's lodging, with supper and breakfast, being freely and cordially given me for the asking, with a true old Virginia hospitality, and on my tendering payment it was in no instance accepted.

The oldest inhabitant has no recollection of ever seeing the river so low as it was on this cruise, and in all our experience we never found it so low; yet after entering the Shenandoah, at Port Republic, we experienced but little difficulty on account of low water, although with from six to twelve inches more water than we had—which is about the usual low water stage—the cruising would have been much better and safer. I cannot say that, as a rule, we ran any very great personal risks; for where the water is swift and studded with rocks, it is correspondingly shallow, and in case of disaster we could doubtless have easily waded ashore, but it required great care and patience to preserve our frail canoes from damage, which would entail inconvenience and delay, and which might easily terminate the cruise.

The river never gets so low but what it can be cruised without special difficulty, in a light draft canoe, handled by an experienced canoeist. It is, in fact, an ideal cruising stream for the experienced canoeist, but the novice should, perhaps, acquire a little experience on a more placid stream before attempting the Shenandoah. Dame Nature presents a smiling face in this favored region, but she is stern and relentless, and is no respecter of persons, and therefore one not skilled in the management of canoes or not versed in the vagaries of rough, rocky streams had best be cautious about courting the good dame under such circumstances, or he will be pretty apt to come to grief.

Above all let no one attempt this stream in an ordinary open skiff or rowboat. Nearly every year parties from various points along or near the river, attempt to run it in such boats; and I have never yet heard of such an attempt that did not end in disaster, and in some of them lives have been lost. Open canoes can no doubt be used by those accustomed to their management, but when I recall how our canoes are completely buried in the big waves of the numerous falls and rapids—their decks and closed hatches alone preventing them from swamping—I am strongly of the opinion that the only suitable boat for this swift, rocky stream is a light, flat-bottomed, decked canoe, well rounded away at both ends, and without keel (other than a broad, flat, oak strip half an inch thick by three or four inches broad), centerboard, rudder or other projection on the bottom, and with the bottom and sides well protected with bilge keels.

An experienced canoeist in such a canoe may safely and comfortably run this beautiful mountain stream on any water, high or low, with the exception of the few miles immediately above the Potomac. This should be avoided in high water, as it can then be run only at the risk of life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

Mr. F. H. Whiton, of Wollaston, Mass., has been proposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.

Mr. Frank Declinch, of New York, has been proposed for membership in the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A.

Yachting.

MR. W. B. DUNCAN, JR., has announced that the name of the Cup defender now being built at Herreshoff's for the syndicate composed of Vice-Commodore August Belmont, James Stillman, Frederick G. Bourne, Col. Oliver H. Payne and Henry Walters is to be Constitution.

THE Boston Globe of Sunday, April 7, in speaking of Illinois, says:

The Chicago Cup defender Illinois was launched yesterday at Lawley's yard, and also had her first tryout under sail. No further trial is necessary to convince the Chicago men that they have the fastest boat of her inches in the country, but she will go out again to-day to get her rigging in easy running order.

On board the Illinois were B. B. Crowninshield, the designer; George M. Pynchon, head of the syndicate that built the boat; Benjamin Carpenter, who made her sails; Morrill Dunn, one of the members of the syndicate, and Albert de W. Erskine and Stewart G. Shepard, Chicago amateurs, who will make up the crew.

Mr. Pynchon had the tiller, and headed his boat down the bay in a light southeaster, under which the water lay as smooth as glass. But the Illinois slid along as if she had auxiliary power, her speed surprising those on board and the large crowd of yachtsmen who were watching her from the shore.

She was tried all around in the light air of the upper harbor, and every hitch brought out some new strong point. Close hauled she stood up as squarely as when running free and slipped along fast. In stays she is

the quickest thing in the keel type ever seen in these waters, and that is saying a great deal.

After this maneuvering Skipper Pynchon steered for the open sea, looking for more wind and rougher water, and his search was rewarded. The wind was blowing a good capful, but the Illinois only bent into it a little more and began to run through a fleet of fishermen. She left them with ease, although one of the fastest, the Edna Perry, spread every kite and tried to hold the saucy little wonder, which carried four-fifths less sail. The fishermen were not downcast at being vanquished by such a diminutive opponent, for with cheers, horns and bells they gave her a sailor's welcome that also carried warm wishes for success.

The Illinois remained outside about four hours, going through every point of sailing on and off the wind, and gave the same satisfaction as in the lighter air. She returned to her mooring at Lawley's, where Mr. Crowninshield and Mr. Pynchon had a consultation over a few minor changes in arrangement of rigging, which were made very easily. The boat was then formally accepted.

It was remarked by many who have seen the boats that the Illinois is a miniature Independence. She has the flattest of flat floors. If the big one only shows as great superiority over the 90-footers as the Illinois promises to develop in her contests, the America Cup will again be defended by a Boston boat.

Mr. Pynchon can hardly find words to express his gratification at the showing made by the Illinois. He expected a fast boat, as Boston men designed and built her, but she is far superior to his anticipations, he said: If she does not win he will be the most surprised man in Chicago. He, of course, does not say that it is a "cinch" for the Illinois, but it is beyond his comprehension what kind of a boat can be built to defeat her. He is sure the club which he represents will be proud of the Illinois.

The Cruise of the Foam.

IN our latitude the weather in May is generally so unreliable that few owners of power boats care to go in commission before the first days of June.

Should there be, however, any desirous of making an early start, this short account of a cruise of the Foam to Annapolis, Md., where May is usually very pleasant, and her return later to Shelter Island, may prove of interest.

Annapolis Harbor has already become the resort of steam yachts during the graduating exercises at the U. S. Naval Academy. If my yarn induces some power boat owner to take the same trip, I believe he will be amply repaid.

The Foam is a 42ft. cabin naphtha launch of the regular Gas Engine and Power Company type, with a 12-h.p. engine. She was put overboard at Morris Heights at the beginning of May, and after several preliminary trials to ascertain whether all was in order, was provisioned and prepared for her contemplated trip.

The crew consisted of the Skipper, a seasoned sea dog; of Billy, who was unseasoned and had no great fondness for the water, and of Edward, styled Ed for short, who filled the billets of engineer and cook.

On the morning of Saturday, May 8, Billy and the Skipper arrived at Morris Heights with their traps and found the Foam ready for the start. The valises were stowed away, the naphtha and water tanks filled up, the remaining stores and also the many little odds and ends that seem to be always omitted until the last minute were taken on board; then at 10:40 A. M. the Foam left the dock and stood to the northward through the Harlem River, a hand from the shops acting as pilot as far as Spuyten Duyvil. On reaching that point we found the bridge down, so ran up to the trestle, landed our pilot, and, after waiting some time for a belated train, passed through the draw and into the Hudson River, bound south.

Everything promised a fair trip, the barometer being steady at 30.28, the sky clear though hazy, and a gentle breeze blowing from the N.N.E. Tide, flood.

At noon the Foam was off 106th street, keeping as much out of the tide as possible, dodging tugs, tows, steamers and ferry boats as the need presented itself. The Battery was reached just at the turn of the tide. As the sea was smooth, the Skipper steered for the Narrows, deeming it better to pass outside of Staten Island, under the circumstances, rather than through the Kills.

Past the Statue of Liberty went the Foam, then by Bay Ridge (at this season without its usual complement of yachts), close around the end of the wharf at Fort Tompkins and along the shore of Staten Island. As the engine was running smoothly and well, Ed started up a fire and soon had a piping hot bowl of ox-tail soup on the table, with cold roast beef, baked potatoes, bread, butter and crackers, for our dinner. Ed then relieved the wheel while the Skipper and Billy set to with fine appetites to do justice to the fare.

At 4:11 P. M. the Foam was abreast of the Great Beds Light, standing for the mouth of the Raritan, and at 4:40 passed under the railroad bridge and up the river, fighting a strong ebb.

This being new ground to the whole party, the Skipper was obliged to trust entirely to the chart, the study of which, the steering and the desire to take in the landscape kept hands and eyes quite busy. After many a twist and turn, at 7 we locked into the Delaware & Raritan Canal at New Brunswick.

Though late, the Skipper decided to seek a more quiet berth to tie up, for canal boatmen are not always pleasant neighbors, especially of a Saturday night, so he ran on to Lock No. 12, and in the stretch above, near Bridge No. 25, at 8 P. M. the Foam was made fast to the bank. Barometer 30.18.

SUNDAY, MAY 9.

Clear, cool and pleasant; barometer at 8 A. M. 30.10. That so fine a day could not be utilized seemed a pity, but both Delaware & Raritan and Delaware & Chesapeake canals are closed to traffic from Saturday at midnight until 12 of the following night.

The Skipper and Billy spent the morning quietly on board, and toward noon walked up the tow path about a mile and a half into Bound Brook. They had a look around the town and finally sat down to dinner at the best hotel the place afforded, but afterward regretted that they had not dined on board.

The barometer continued to fall slowly during the day; the sky also clouded over slightly.

MONDAY, MAY 10.

The day opened calm and pleasant, but hazy, cirro-cumulus and cirro-stratus clouds with hard, oily looking edges showing on the western horizon. Barometer at 5 A. M. 29.78.

At 5:10 the Foam's head was shoved off from the bank; Ed had been stationed aft with a boat hook to push her stern well out, but was so taken up with a pretty girl in a market wagon that he neglected to do so. On starting the engine a propeller blade struck a projecting stone; the jar aroused Ed, who then, to the great amusement of the girl, shoved off so vigorously that he nearly fell overboard.

The Foam was passing Trenton at noon, it being then very hazy and the barometer still marking 29.78. Reaching Bordentown at 1 P. M., we locked out of the canal into the Delaware.

A telegram was sent to the home folks to apprise them of our whereabouts, and then the launch started down the river with a fair tide. Wind, W.S.W., blowing in squalls that were at times quite fresh, the weather warm with a great deal of haze, while the clouds banking to the westward looked threatening. As we worked down stream the squalls increased in frequency and force, they and the tide being contrary, causing a short, ugly cross sea, in which the boat at times pounded heavily.

The strong tide and rough sea made an attempt to land just below Torresdale dangerous. Notwithstanding all our care, the boat struk the wharf, but fortunately without injury. Billy found it impossible to hold on unaided, yet both engine and wheel required our constant attention to prevent accident. The Skipper therefore gave it up, backed off and continued down the river.

The barometer had not marked 29.78 all day for nothing. The clouds that had banked to the westward were now rising rapidly, and it was evident that we were to have a heavy squall. Being then north of the railway bridge, the skipper decided to run in, anchor among some yachts near shore and ride out the blow. Fortunately he noted their bearing per compass and the set of the tide, for before the Foam could reach her berth the squall struck her, coming very heavy and with blinding rain. Thanks to the precautions noted above, the launch fetched in among the yachts, where, dropping our heaviest anchor, we veered our line almost to the bitter end.

The downpour of rain completely killed the sea, and the river was soon as smooth as a mill pond. About an hour later it began to clear, and the tide changed to flood. During the slack water, on account of the long scope at which we were riding, while the other yachts were moored, it required care to avoid fouling our neighbors.

At 5:15, though still drizzling, we got under way and continued down the river, passing Philadelphia and the League Island Navy Yard, where could be seen the battleship Iowa lying at the wharf.

Here we were made the victims of a practical joke that might have entailed serious consequences. The river being nearly clear of shipping and perfectly smooth, Ed put dinner on the table; not far from us was a large tug, crossing the river from Red Bank, and apparently bound into the Schuylkill.

This tug, if she kept her course, would pass well astern of the Foam, so no further attention was paid her, and Ed went forward to relieve the wheel. After taking a look at the chart, the Skipper and Billy sat down to a bowl of scalding hot soup, which they were unable to eat immediately. The next instant, above the noise of the engine, was heard the rush of water. Through the after doorway we caught a glimpse of a tug close astern. Jumping up, the Skipper rushed into the pilot house and grabbed the wheel; Billy hurried aft. With the whole river before her, that tug had altered her course so as to cross not 5ft. from us, her bow wave tossing our stern high in air and making us roll deeply, the engine racing badly. This upset the table, threw the scalding soup over the seat we had vacated but a few seconds before, smashed some dishes, while the tender on the roof broke adrift and went sliding down to leeward. With a jeer from her crew the tug ported her helm and stood away for the Schuylkill, having lost half a mile for the sake of perpetrating that joke.

Had the Foam not been an excellent sea boat she might have swamped or upset and the lives of her crew been endangered, all for a senseless joke.

We righted matters, opened a new can of soup, and, as soon as it was hot, finished our meal in not the best of tempers.

The Foam passed Chester in the twilight, Wilmington and New Castle during the night. Finally at 11:15 P. M., having made a long day of it, we dropped anchor on the Bulkhead Shoal, north of Pea Patch Island, within the red sector of Finn's Point rear light, and just south of the line of the New Castle range.

Having thus secured quite a safe berth, we hoisted our riding light, made all snug for the night and turned in.

TUESDAY, MAY 11.

The day dawned clear and pleasant, with a light breeze from the N.W. At 5 A. M. called all hands; the barometer was then 29.90 and rising. Got under way at 5:40 and stood for Delaware City, which was reached at 7 A. M., where the Foam locked into the Delaware & Chesapeake Canal. We landed at this quaint old town to purchase fresh bread and a few other necessaries, starting away at 7:30.

At 8 we entered St. George's lock. From this point the scenery is wild and bold—for a canal, that is, all things in life being relative. Reached Chesapeake City at 9:45, where we locked out into Back Creek. The channel of this creek being changeable and the chart unreliable, the Skipper thought it advisable to take a pilot, especially as it was dead low water. A boatman was soon found, and under his guidance we started off at 10 A. M. The weather was then partly cloudy and hazy, with light airs from the S.E.; barometer 29.98. At 10:40 dropped our pilot at Bohemia Manor wharf and stood down the Elk River. Turkey Point Light bore abeam at 11:25, and we then entered the Chesapeake, standing to the southward against a flood tide.

Spesutie Island, with its gun club, was left to the right. On past Sassafras River, Poole's Island, Tolchester Beach (then getting ready for its summer visitors) and the mouth of the Patapsco went the Foam.

During the afternoon we had southerly airs; the weather was warm and sultry, with an occasional sprinkle of rain.

At 4 P. M. sighted Sandy Point Light ahead. An hour's run brought the State House dome, Annapolis, to view. Soon the Foam was passing close to the bug light off Greenbury's Point, and after saluting the keeper, made for Spa Creek. At 5:45, after tooting awhile with the foghorn, the draw was opened, and five minutes later we dropped anchor off Boucher's boathouse.

The Dinghy was soon lowered, Billy and the Skipper stepped in and Ed rowed them ashore.

The ladies of the party, who shirked the discomforts of a long trip when possible, were already in Annapolis; to the Skipper it was familiar and oft-trodden ground.

The reader might ask, Has Annapolis anything to offer a prospective visitor during the latter part of May which he could not find in any other town of like size?

Yes; it has. There is the U. S. Naval Academy with its park-like grounds, monuments and buildings, also new buildings now in process of erection that will be a credit to the nation; morning and evening concerts by a fine band; practice ships and others, one of which, the Gloucester, won for herself and commander undying fame off Santiago de Cuba; other relics are also there of that Spanish-American war which was not even dreamt of at the time of our visit. A State Capitol that saw many scenes of the American Revolution, and in which Washington resigned his commission; St. John's College; also many old colonial residences, the counterparts of some of those mentioned in "Richard Carvel."

Then the surrounding scenery is fine. There are beautiful stretches of water for the yachtsman; the harbor itself, the Severn River with Round Bay at its head, the Chesapeake, South and West rivers, the Magothy and Patapsco rivers to the north, and many points of interest on the Eastern Shore can also be visited from Annapolis as a base.

In the afternoons the drills at the U. S. N. A., both ashore and afloat, occupy and deserve a large share of attention.

I would warn possible visitors, however, that as graduation day approaches the town fills up with friends and relatives of the cadets. He who comes late and without having pre-empted a lodging may find himself without a place wherein to lay his head.

The programme of exercises during the annual examination of 1897 is here given:

Monday, May 31.

10:45 A. M.—Reception of the Board of Visitors.
3:00 P. M.—Seamanship drill (Monongahela).
6:30 P. M.—Dress parade.

Tuesday, June 1.

9:00 A. M.—Battle drill afloat (Standish and boats).
10:30 A. M.—Target practice (Standish).
3:00 P. M.—Machine-shop drill.
6:30 P. M.—Dress parade.

Wednesday, June 2.

9:00 A. M.—Battalion of artillery.
3:00 P. M.—Boat drill.
6:30 P. M.—Dress parade.

Thursday, June 3.

9:00 A. M.—Battalion of infantry.
3:00 P. M.—Fencing, setting up and gymnastics.
6:30 P. M.—Dress parade.

In the evening the dinner of the U. S. N. A. graduates. Around those tables met many officers and ex-officers, some gray-headed and venerable, others middle aged, but the majority men in the prime of life, full of promise and enthusiasm. The President of the Association (also the oldest graduate) had worn the gray, others were business men of standing and ability, who were delighted to meet old class and ship mates of former years; others again there were whose names, all unwitting to them, would shortly be borne on the nation's roll of honor. The speech-making and toasts carried the thing well on into the night.

Friday, June 4.

10:30 A. M.—Graduation ceremonies.

And that night the ball.

During the week there were three promenade concerts, the Academy grounds being lighted by Chinese lanterns, and also a serenade to the Board of Visitors.

After the graduation ball the town empties rapidly. Some few parents remain with their boys until the practice ships sail, and then Annapolis resumes its wonted aspect.

As for ourselves, we saw all that was to be seen; enjoyed the music, the drills, the concerts, also meetings with old friends and acquaintances. The Foam took many sailing parties up the Severn, round the harbor and across to Kent Island, besides following the drills afloat, but was carefully kept from interfering in any way with the maneuvers.

After all was over, the engine was overhauled, the hull outside given a touch of paint and the tender was revarnished. These preparations for our return trip and a rainy spell kept us in port until June 12.

TABLE OF DISTANCES SAILED.

	Miles.
In the Harlem River	2.5
In the Hudson River and to Great Beds Light	36.0
Raritan River	13.0
Delaware & Raritan Canal	44.0
Delaware River	68.0
Delaware & Chesapeake Canal	14.0
Chesapeake Bay and tributaries	57.5
Total	235.0

WM. P. CLASON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

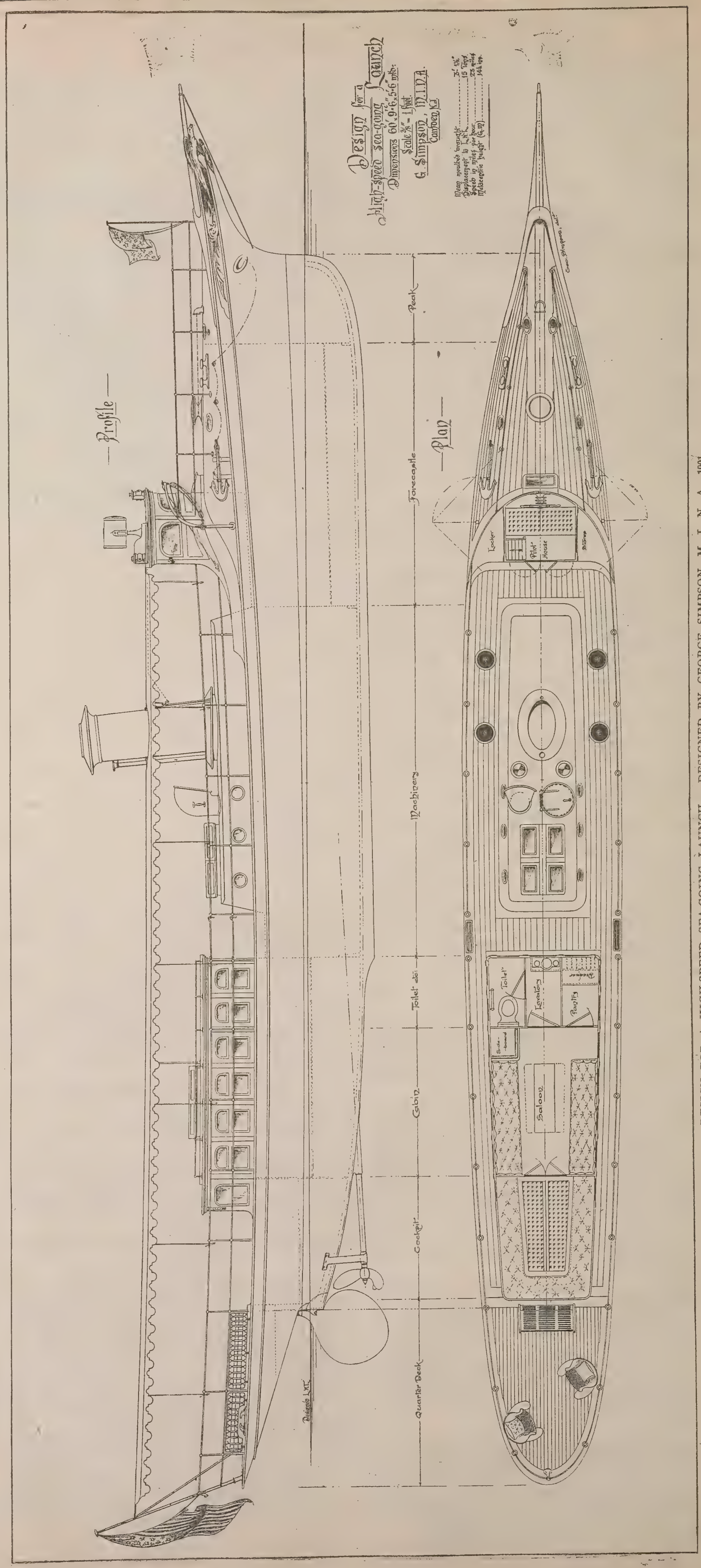
Mr. A. C. Aborn, of New York City, is having Messrs. Rogers and Baker, of Bay Shore, L. I., build for him, from Mr. Mower's design, a 20ft. knockabout. This boat will have a summer cabin and a large cockpit. She will not be fitted with a bowsprit. She is 31ft. 6in. over all, 20ft. on the waterline, 10ft. beam and 20in. draft.

A High Speed Sea-Going Launch.

THE accompanying design is for a high-speed day boat for use on rivers or inland waters, although having sufficient metacentric height for sea-going cruising. The launch would be diagonally built of cedar to insure lightness combined with the necessary strength, although watertight bulkheads, boiler, deck casings and bunkers would be constructed of about 17-gauge galvanized nickel steel plating. The dimensions are: Length on load waterline plane, 60ft.; beam, moulded, 9ft. 6in.; depth, moulded, 5ft. 6in, with a 9in. bulwark all round. The maximum draft of water to bottom of propeller in cruising condition is 5ft. The long, graceful counter stern permits of building a roomy, raised quarter deck, giving a freer space for deck lounging than the cockpit, which itself is quite a spacious one.

The dwarf deck house has the panels arranged for two windows each, the upper and smaller ones being made to hinge inboard at top for ventilation. An additional panel has been fitted to after end of house to form a wind shelter for corners of cockpit. This deck house incloses the owner's accommodation, comprising cabin, pantry and toilet. The forward part of vessel has been arranged as crew's quarters—that is for skipper, engineer and deck hand. The launch is steered from the pilot house right forward, and the steering leads tiller, etc., are fitted below deck. Although designed with a clipper stem, a straight or a ram bow could readily be substituted, as in some recently built high-speed launches by the same designer, without in any way militating against the speed estimated—viz., 23 statute miles.

The propelling machinery would consist of a set of compound surface condensing engines with a large ratio L. P. cylinder. Steam to be generated by water tube boiler at working pressure of 250lbs., making engine revolutions of about 700 per minute. The launch was designed by Geo. Simpson, M. I. N. A., of 116 North Sixth street, Camden, N. J., who has designed a number of the fastest launches and yachts on the other side, including Scud, 20½ knots; Orel, 18½ knots; Zaida, Xarifa, etc.



Yacht Club Notes.

The Ocean Y. C., of Stapleton, S. I., has elected the following officers: Com., Herman Seimer; Vice-Com., Fred Rierson; Rear-Com., Theodore Tompkins; Fin. Sec'y, John H. Schron; Cor. Sec'y, Otto E. Schroeder; Treas., Charles H. Robinson; Meas., James A. Dunn.

Com. A. Curtis James, of the Seawanhaka Y. C., has appointed Mr. D. Le Roy Dresser Fleet Captain. The third regular meeting of the Seawanhakas for the year will be held at Delmonico's, Forty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, on Wednesday, April 10, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening. Supper will be served after the meeting.

Com. David Banks, of the Atlantic Y. C. has appointed Mr. George Hill Fleet Captain, and Dr. Robert Millbank Fleet Surgeon.

Com. Frederick T. Adams, of the Larchmont Y. C., has appointed Mr. Joseph H. Sterling Fleet Captain.

The annual meeting of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. will be held on Wednesday evening, April 17.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The racing sloop Ashumet has been sold by Mr. Richard C. Kipp to Mr. Gouverneur Paulding through the agency of F. Bowne Jones. This yacht will be raced by Mr. Paulding in the 36ft. class on Long Island Sound, and will probably be taken to Buffalo for the Exposition races there.

The raceabout Jolly Roger, owned by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, was sold to some members of the Northport Y. C., who will race the boat throughout the season in her class. This sale was made through the agency of F. Bowne Jones.

Mr. F. Bowne Jones has sold one of the Bar Harbor 25ft. knockabouts to Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw, lately owner of Queen Mab, and the raceabout Spindrift to Mr. Samuel Comly, of the Indian Harbor Y. C.

The steam yacht Rapidan, owned by Mr. R. Hall McCormick, has been chartered through the agency of F. Bowne Jones to Mr. H. P. Shippy for a part of the coming season.

Capt. Howard Blackburn, the Gloucester navigator who last year crossed the Atlantic alone in a 25ft. sloop from Gloucester, Mass., to Gloucester, England, in sixty-two days, and who now wants to race Capt. Andrews or any other man in the world a similar race for $500, has a unique plan for visiting the Pan-American Exposition in his famous sloop.

Capt. Blackburn's idea is to go to the Buffalo Exposition by an all-water route and return home to Gloucester by water. His idea is to sail from Gloucester in August upon his return from his trip to Lisbon Portugal, to New York, up the Hudson River, via the Erie Canal into the lake to Buffalo. After taking in the sights of the Exposition for several weeks, Capt. Blackburn will continue through the lakes to the St. Lawrence River, down by the Thousand Islands, stopping at all the principal cities to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and down the Atlantic coast, putting into Halifax, St. John and other principal ports, until he arrives home in Gloucester.—New York Sun.

The steam yacht Tide has been purchased by Messrs. Thomas & Post. The new owners will change her name from Tide to Taro, owing to the confusion arising from having two steam yachts in this part of the country of the same name. Taro is the ocean lily of the Pacific and the name is also applied to a food product of Polynesia.

Mr. George J. Gould has chartered the English steam yacht Sybarite, owned by Mr. Whittaker Wright, through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox. Ever since Mr. Gould sold his steam yacht Atalanta to the Venezuelan Government he has been looking for a suitable vessel for the coming season. Sybarite is a steel steam yacht schooner rigged and 924 tons Thames measurement. She is 220ft. long on the waterline, 29.15ft. beam and 18.9ft. depth. She was built by the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, of Barrow (now Messrs. Vicker's Sons & Maxim), in 1893 for Lord Ashburton, and was named Venetia. She was bought in 1897 by Mr. Whittaker Wright.

Mr. Howard Gould has ordered from the Herreshoffs a steam yacht 80ft. long. She will be similar to Scout and Mirage, the tenders to the 70-footers that were built by the Herreshoffs last season.

Mr. Charles D. Mower has a number of new orders for cruising and racing yachts, both large and small. A prominent artist has commissioned Mr. Mower to design for him a motor house-boat. She will be 60ft. over all, 16ft. beam and 2ft. draft, and will be fitted with a 20-horse-power motor that will drive her about eight miles an hour. The accommodations are spacious and well arranged. Forward is the owner's stateroom, 7ft. long and running the full width of the boat. Aft from the owner's room to the main saloon is a passage 3ft. wide. On the starboard side of the passage is a smaller stateroom 7 ft. long; opposite on the port side is a bathroom fitted with a porcelain tub, set marble wash basin and patent closet. Next aft comes the main saloon, which is 17ft. long, extending the full width of the boat. The room is fitted with sideboards, bookcases and transoms. Aft of the main cabin is the engine room, with a large and well-fitted galley, 11ft long on the port side, and on the starboard side is a stateroom for the engineer and steward. There is 7ft. headroom under the cabin house, and the top of the cabin house will be protected by an awning, and used for a promenade deck.

Mr. Benjamin Carpenter, of Chicago, Ill., has ordered a racing boat to be built from designs made by Mr. Mower. This boat will race in class A of the Inland Lake Yacht Racing Association. She is 25ft. 6in. on the waterline, 38ft. over all, 8ft. beam and 6in. draft of hull. She will have a metal dagger centerboard, and will carry 500 sq. ft. of sail.

The American Y. C. have selected a design made by Mr. Mower for a small one-design class. Eight of these boats are being built by E. G. Emmonds, of Swampscott, Mass. These boats are intended for afternoon sailing, and are 19ft. 8in. over all, 15ft. on the waterline, 6ft. beam and 8in. draft. They have a jib and mainsail rig, which contains about 200 square feet of canvas. These boats are decked over forward, and have a roomy cockpit aft.

Mr. Mower has gotten out plans for a single-handed centerboard yawl for Mr. Thomas F. Day. She will be built by Huntington, of New Rochelle. She is 20ft. on the waterline, 25ft. 6in. over all, 8ft. beam and draws 2ft. She will have a small compact rig.

The 25-footer building at Thomas Fearon's yard, at Yonkers, for Commodore Gabriel Reeves, of the Yonkers Y. C., was designed by Mr. Mower. The boat is now in frame, and the work of planking will soon commence.

Mr. Adrian Iselin, Jr., N. Y. Y. C., has chartered the English steam yacht Christabel, through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, for the coming season. She will sail for New York about June 1. The same firm has chartered to Mr. William Salomon, N. Y. Y. C., the English steam yacht Clementina, who will join her at Gibralter for a short cruise in foreign waters. Upon the expiration of Mr. Salomon's charter the Clementina will sail for New York, as she has been chartered for the balance of the season to Mr. Walter Jennings, N. Y. Y. C.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. has received definite word from Captain J. H. Fearnside, of Hamilton, Ontario, that he has under construction a 35-footer for the trial races for the Canada cup challenger under way. The keel of the boat was laid some six weeks ago.

The steam yacht Alcedo, Mr. George W. Childs Drexel, N. Y. Y. C., has been chartered for the coming season to Mr. Daniel R. Reid.

The twin screw steam yacht Franeda has been sold through the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co. to Mr. J. H. Oliphant. The same corporation has sold the steam yacht Allegra to Mr. Alexander Stein.

The steam yacht building at Morris Heights for Mr. Guy Norman, of Boston, from Arthur Binney's designs, is to be named Hope.

Mr. A. L. Pope, of Hartford, Conn., has sold the steam yacht Columbia to Mr. Montgomery Rowlands, of Boston.

Mr. Winthrop Rutherford has bought from Mr. Almerich Paget the 30-footer Pollywog.

Mr. Oscar Lipton has sold his yacht Lawrena to Mr. James Harkness, of Burlington, Vt.

Mr. F. N. Smith, owner of the 36-footer Effort, has placed another order with the Herreshoffs for a boat to race in the 43ft. class. She will be named Effort II.

Mrs. Nancy McKinney, who died recently near Cadiz, O., at the age of one hundred, had the unique experience in her infancy of being carried off by a bear. The incident occurred in the fall of 1800. After several hours' scouring of the woods the crying of an infant directed the searchers to some underbrush, where the child was discovered. The bear ran away when the party approached it, leaving the infant unhurt.—New York World.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Seventh annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, $100 per day added; two days live birds, $500 guaranteed. J. M. Hawkins, Sec'y.

April 10.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for Dupont trophy at Dupont Park.

April 12-13.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's tournament. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 15.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Henry Koegel vs. S. M. Van Allen, 50 live birds, for $100.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Pella, Ia.—Jim Sheehy's amateur target shoot.

April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day open handicap shoot. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

April 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Klein-Barmeister's third annual target tournament; $50 added each day.

April 26.—Owego, N. Y.—Amateur shoot of the Owego Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

April 26-28.—Chicago.—Annual spring tournament of the Crescent Gun Club. John S. Boa, Mgr.

May 1-2.—Toledo, O.—First annual handicap shoot of the Edgewater Gun Club. F. W. Dyar, Sec'y.

May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, East New York. Team race: Oceanics vs. Fultons. Address Bob Schneider or A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.

May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.

May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.

May 30.—Dansville, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Dansville Gun Club, on Decoration Day. Norman Tompkins, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 26-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June

June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

July 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Pan-American Exposition tournament. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.

May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

April 23-24.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—The Peters Cartridge Company amateur tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Trapshooters' Club. Dr. Robert S. Henry, Capt.

April 23-24.—Olathe, Kans.—Peters Cartridge Company's amateur tournament, assisted by Mr. Frank Hodges.

April 24-25.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co.; $150 added money. H. W. Brown, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Forest and Stream's graphic trap score type in the report of the G. A. H. gives a condensed history of America's greatest shooting event, such as no other journal can have, because Forest and Stream years ago appreciated the importance of trapshooting and made and copyrighted a trapshooters' sign language.

The programme of the second annual trophy tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, May 14 to 16, Elwood, Ind., can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. J. M. Livingston. Mr. John Parker will manage the shoot. The first day there are fourteen events at 10 and 15 targets, $1 and $1.50 entrance. The programme has the same number of events for the second day, each at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance. Live-bird shooting is provided for the third day. The first event is at 5 birds, $3, three moneys; the second is for the live-bird championship of the State of Indiana and the Leiber trophy, at 25 birds, $20 entrance, birds included. Only residents of the State are eligible to compete for this. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Live-bird events open to all. All events are at 30yds. rise. Pigeons 25 cents; targets 2 cents. Shooting commences at 9 each day. Ship guns, shells, etc., to the secretary.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club will observe Patriots' Day, April 19, with a target shoot, which will be held on its grounds. It will be an open handicap shoot. There will be fifteen events, each at 10 targets, with a uniform entrance of $1. Handicaps: Shooters whose average is 60 per cent. or under, 15yds.; 70 or under, 16yds.; 80 or under, 17yds.; 85 or under, 18yds.; 90 or under, 19yds.; over 90, 21yds. The amateur breaking the greatest number of targets in events 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 will receive a sole leather gun case; second, a Powers cleaning rod; third, a Tomlinson cleaner. Money divided by the Rose system. Targets included in entrance at 1½ cents each. Sweepstakes optional. Loaded shells for sale. Lunch served free. Take Main street cars for Dustin square. S. G. Miller, Secretary.

The amateur shoot of the Owego Gun Club, Owego, N. Y., April 26, has a programme of twelve events, 15 targets to each event, 180 in all, with a total of $18 entrance and $36 in added money. Bluerocks, 2 cents. A magautrap will be used. Class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Guns and ammunition shipped to Frank B. Tracy will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. This shoot takes place the next day after the Binghamton shoot. Owego is only one and one-half hours' ride from that place. The famous expert, Mr. John Parker, will manage both shoots.

The programme of Jim Sheehy's three-day amateur shoot, April 16, 17 and 18, at Pella, Ia., provides twelve events on each of the first two days, at 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. The third day will be devoted to sweepstakes and private matches at live birds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Black powder and 10-bores barred. Targets 2 cents. A smoker will be given on Wednesday evening. Ship shells to Jim Sheehy. Mr. C. W. Budd and F. C. Whitney, of Des Moines, will manage.

The Frankford (Pa.) Gun Club announces an all-day shoot to take place May 4, on its grounds, at Summerdale Station, on the Frankford branch of the P. & R. R. R. The conditions of the main event are twelve-men teams, 25 bluerocks from a magautrap per man, for a challenge trophy. Targets 1 cent. Optional 50-cent sweep, Rose system. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Team match at 2 o'clock. The programme has twelve events, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, optional sweeps.

Mr. H. D. Kirkover, of Fredonia, N. Y., who is actively engaged in furthering the interests of the Pan-American shooting tournament, was energetic in presenting its claims to recognition during the G. A. H. at Interstate Park, and he succeeded admirably in his efforts. The dates are July 15 to 20. There will be $2,000 added money. The E C cup will be put up for competition.

The Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, through its secretary, Mr. J. H. McKibben, announces that on April 23-24 the Peters Cartridge Company amateur tournament will be held at Chattanooga, Tenn., under the auspices of the Chattanooga Trapshooters' Club. Dr. Robert S. Henry, captain.

We have a query, dated at Jamaica, L. I., in respect to whether a certain shooter is a professional or not. If the party in question receives free ammunition or a free gun in consideration of his shooting, he would be classed as a professional. Otherwise, he would not.

The first bird or the last bird? A shooter is due to miss at any moment. Therefore, whether the miss is the first or the last or intermediate, it is not necessarily a question of nerve. If a contestant's miss is not the first nor the last it is purely a question of chance.

A return match will be shot between Mr. Henry Koegel, of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, and Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of the Emerald Gun Club, 50 birds per man, for $100, the afternoon of April 5 at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Friday of this week there will be a match between Mr. Charles Meyer, of the Jeannette Gun Club, and Mr. John T. Wellbrock, of the New York German Gun Club, 100 live birds per man, for $100, at Interstate Park.

Messrs. L. Duryea and T. W. Morfey have arranged a match for $100, at 50 live birds, 33yds., 8-gauge Francotte guns, each to weigh over 12lbs., at Interstate Park, if the Carteret Gun Club will permit Mr. Duryea to shoot.

On April 13, the Spring Valley Shooting Association, of Reading, Pa., will hold a target tournament. Besides sweepstakes, there will be merchandise shoots and a contest for the individual target championship of Berks county.

John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces that he will hold a target shoot each Saturday of this year, commencing April 13, and will throw targets at 1½ cents each.

There will be a team contest between the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club and the Fulton Gun Club, Crescent street, East New York, May 12. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

A large contingent of the G. A. H. contestants started thitherward for Baltimore, to be present and participate in the great shoot which there obtains this week.

For the last two meetings Col. J. H. Voss was the only member who responded to the call.

Bernard Waters.

The F. Van Dyke Memorial Fund.

Mr. J. Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, was present at the G. A. H. last week, and called the attention of the shooters present to the Van Dyke Memorial Fund, with a result that $152 was subscribed toward it. There now is a total of about $300 in the fund. Mr. Hildreth desired that his thanks be expressed to the stenographer at Interstate Park for gratuitous work in making copies of the list of subscribers, as follows:

R. O. Heikes, F. E. McKay, Fred Gilbert, R. L. Trimble, S. M. Van Allen, H. C. Hirschy, J. R. Painter, C. W. Budd, Wm. Wolstencroft, J. M. Lilly, E. H. Tripp, Wilbur Parker, T. A. Marshall, J. B. Mosby, A. L. Ivins, E. D. Fulford, C. F. Ayling, C. A. Young, Tramp Irwin, Leroy Woodard, H. P. Collins, F. S. Parmelee, J. C. Timmons, J. Hathaway, Dan Lefever, A. H. Fox, Ed Hickman, E. C. Griffith, W. L. Townsend, C. F. Lambert, J. J. Drake, C. R. Stephens, H. D. Bates, Chas. North, C. C. Naumann, T. H. Keller, Jack Parker, C. W. Phellis, Guy Burnside, W. C. Beers, W. P. Brown, Allan Willey, T. H. Clay, Jr., J. B. Savage, J. W. Hoffman, F. D. Creamer, E. S. Johnson, W. S. Cannon, C. Angier, H. W. Lempke, Haro'd Money Murray Ballou, W. Sherer, Phil Daly, Jr., J. Tod Sloan, J. O'H. Denny, G. R. Hunnewell, J. S. Fanning, R. E. Merrill, F. D. Alkire, W. R. Crosby, R. S. Rhoads, G. D. Darby, R. L. Peirce, Emil Werk, O. R. Dickey, C. Gottlieb, J. A. R. Elliott, Paul North, H. C. Bridgers, H. H. Stevens, M. M. Mayhew, B. F. Popham, W. S. Allen, F. Stearns, Hood Waters, Tom Laflin, C. M. Lincoln, A. W. du Bray, I. W. Budd, J. R. Malone, J. B. Barto, J. J. Hallowell, Ed Voris, P. F. Dupont, J. L. D. Morrison, A. Woodruff, B. H. Norton, C. W. Feigenspan, Geo. Roll, R. S. Waddell, U. F. Bender, F. P. O'Leary, J. B. Ward, A. G. Courtney, H. B. Wallack, C. R. Hooker, G. H. Piercy, Henry Koegel, J. M. Williams, J. M. Bramhall, J. A. Ross, J. L. Weller, Dr. Hudson, Ralph Worthington, B. W. Claridge, U. M. C. Thomas, J. A. H. Dressel, Irby Bennett, L. J. Gaines, T. W. Morfey, Mingo, Will K. Park.

Interstate Association Tournament.

THE Grand American Handicap for 1901, with its incidental events, like its predecessors, was a distinct success in every particular, and thereby justified the confidence of its friends in its present and future greatness.

The ruling of the Carteret Gun Club in respect to its own members who shot on other grounds with professionals no doubt caused the loss of a few entries, but such loss was more than counterbalanced by an increased number of new contestants. The Western shooters were present in greater numbers than they were last year, although there was not the same organized effort in the West to induce their attendance. Notwithstanding the few but important seemingly adverse conditions, the entries numbered 222. As the total number of entries last year was 224, that of this year was but two less. Last year 13 forfeited; this year 21 forfeited, so that the actual number of contestants this year was 201. Of the total number of entries, New York and the New England States furnished over 30 per cent. If therewith are included New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North and South Carolina, the sections producing over 60 per cent. of the entries are accounted for, leaving less than 40 per cent. of the entries for all other sources.

E. C. GRIFFITH—WINNER OF G. A. H., 1901.
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In respect to the weather, the greatest shooting event was distinctly unfortunate. As a week, it was one of rain, with little wind, during the days on which the handicap was contested. Therefore, while these conditions were much against the comfort of the shooters, they, on the other hand, were much in their favor as against the birds. The latter were a remarkably good lot, and had there been any wind to help them the scores in general would have been much lower than they were.

The social features of the gathering were novel in respect to this shoot, and pleasingly diverting to the participants. Of these features the initiation of Mr. C. C. Naumann, of San Francisco, into the Modern Order of Buffaloes, on Tuesday, was the event of the evening, and was well attended. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Hon. T. A. Marshall and Mr. F. S. Parmelee were the masters of ceremonies, and they presided in due and modern form. A goat was purchased for the occasion, but as the ritual of the order is recent nothing is known to the unitiated other than that now Mr. Naumann is a Buffalo in good standing, tried and proved worthy. On Thursday evening the management provided a vaudeville entertainment, artistic and pleasing, which was much appreciated by the audience present. Professional and amateur talent rendered vocal and instrumental music of a high order.

There are four sets of traps, which last year were numbered from 1 to 4 in regular order, but this year No. 1 is what was No. 2 last year. The shooters started in at No. 1, thence went to Nos. 2 and 3, then returned back to No. 4, which was No. 1 last year. This change in the numbering was found necessary for several reasons. It brought the commencement of the competition on the set of traps in front of the Casino, where it could be seen by the spectators; it was nearer to the large assembly room and lockers, where the contestants congregated, hence it saved time in getting them in readiness and to the scores. The arduous labor of the squad hustlers was much lessened thereby.

The scoring of the G. A. H. was kept in double form—that is, one set on sheets which went to the office of the compiler of scores, the other on large sheets on the outer wall of the shooting boxes, where they were in plain view of the contestants. Thus each contestant had ample opportunity to observe precisely what he was scored at each set of traps.

At No. 1 set of traps the veteran expert referee, Mr. Harold Wallack, of Long Branch, N. J., presided. No 2 this year was in charge of Mr. Geo. S. Mott, manager of the shooting grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club at Babylon, L. I., who is a gentleman of vast experience as referee, and who acquitted himself with skill and satisfaction in this great event. No. 3 was in charge of Mr. Charles North, of Cleveland, O., who was one of the referees last year, and who also presided with ease and grace, and who had some of the most important problems of the event to decide, notably in the matter of misfires and opening of guns thereafter by the contestants. No. 4 was in charge of Mr. J. Frank Kleintz, of Philadelphia, also a gentleman of thorough experience as a referee. Though this was the first appearance of Messrs. Kleintz and Mott as referees in the Interstate Association's competitions, they were fully qualified from thorough prior experience. Messrs. Ed Taylor, T. H. Keller, W. R. Hobart and B. Waters acted as assistant referees whenever their services were required.

The programme for money had two events, the Interstate Park Introductory and the Borough of Queens Sweepstakes, the scores of which were published in full in FOREST AND STREAM of last week.

Second Day, April 2, Tuesday—Nitro Powder Handicap.

The second day was ideal as to weather. There was a springtime balminess in the air, while the sun was lightly obscured betimes in a manner which mellowed the light to the advantage of the shooter. There was hardly any wind.

The event of the day was the Nitro Powder Handicap, in which the shooters stood at the marks allotted to them in the G. A. H. There were 199 contestants. The conditions were 16 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; 25 to 33yds.; high guns. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries. As there were over 150 entries there were thirty moneys, divided as follows, 10½, 9, 7, 6, 6, 5½, 5½, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1½, 1½, 1½, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. The conditions further stated that "This event cannot be carried over, and it must be finished the same day; therefore should the entries be so numerous that it will be impossible to finish by adhering to the 'three misses out,' the Association reserves the right to change the rule for this event at any time it may be deemed necessary to do so, and drop all who have missed one or more birds."

There was much surprise manifested by those who had missed but one bird, and to avoid the constant answering of the same question concerning what the 15s would have, a notice was put up in the compiler of scores' office, as follows: "The 15s get nothing. See?" The preliminary events are really miss-and-outs, so far as those who miss are concerned.

Thirty-one tied with straight scores, and the purse, $1,990, was divided, each receiving $64.20. J. J. Drake's gun burst during the afternoon, from an overload of powder, loaded differently from the plain direction of the manufacturers, but fortunately he and the referee, Mr. Wallack, were not injured. The scores:

J. A. R. Elliott (32) 16, G. E. Mink (27) 16, A. S. Teal (28) 16, Dr. Ellis Duncan (26) 16, R. L. Trimble (28) 16, A. H. Fox (30) 16, I. W. Budd (27) 16, A. B. Dover (27) 16, F. M. Bird (27) 16, E. S. Johnson (28) 16, George B. Darby (26) 16, A. D. Sperry (27) 16, R. Rahm (27) 16, H. D. Bates (31) 16, George J. Roll (30) 16, J. L. Alabaster (27) 16, W. R. Crosby (32) 16, Fred Gilbert (32) 16, P. Steubener (27) 16, H. C. Hirschy (28) 16, J. Von Lengerke (27) 16, F. Emmers (27) 16, C. Gottlieb (29) 16, L. Howard (27) 16, D. B. Foster (26) 16, Col. Tom Martin (28) 16, O. W. Von der Busch (27) 16, J. S. Fanning (31) 16, G. H. Piercy (28) 16, W. F. Parker (27) 16, H. M. Herbert (28) 16, S. M. Van Allen (30) 15, Simeon Glover (29) 15, J. Quincy Ward (28) 15, T. H. Clay, Jr. (28) 15, George McG. Morris (27) 15, F. D. Alkire (28) 15, A. W. du Bray (28) 15, Edward Voris (28) 15, C. W. Feigenspan (30) 15, J. W. Hoffman (27) 15, A. S. White (27) 15, B. Leroy (28) 15, F. S. Parmelee (30) 15, L. P. Tramp (28) 15, O. R. Dickey (29) 15, E. B. Puck (26) 15, J. R. Prince (26) 15, A. L. Ivins (28) 15, Alfred Gardner (28) 15, E. B. Coe (28) 15, James R. Malone (31) 15, R. B. Bond (27) 15, W. Massey (27) 15, J. Gaughan (27) 15, J. L. Head (28) 15, Frank Matthewson (27) 15, R. L. Pierce (29) 15, M. M. Simmons (27) 15, C. C. Naumann (28) 15, Guy Burnside (28) 15, M. H. Cook (27) 15, R. Merrill (29) 15, C. Angier (27) 15, B. Claridge (27) 15, T. Laflin (28) 15, J. B. Hopkins (27) 15, W. M. Hayes (27) 15, C. A. Tuttle (28) 15, J. S. Senn (26) 15, C. D. Linderman (28) 15, J. Bennett (28) 15, Fred Swartz (27) 15, G. R. Hunnewell (27) 15, H. B. Ondawa (27) 15, S. D. Reed (28) 15, J. W. Bramhall (27) 15, W. D. Townsend (28) 15, W. C. Clark (27) 14, C. H. Munson (27) 14, E. C. Griffith (28) 14, E. D. Fulford (31) 14, W. J. Thompson (28) 14, John Parker (29) 14, J. F. Wellbrook (27) 14, R. O. Heikes (30) 14, Howard Schimmell (27) 14, G. A. Geoffroy (27) 14, Col. A. G. Courtney (29) 14, Aaron Woodruff (28) 14, C. A. Lockwood (26) 14, W. S. Cannon (25) 14, J. W. Orth (26) 14, W. L. Ferguson (27) 14, G. A. Comstock (27) 14, H. Trumbauer (28) 14, Edward Hickman (28) 14, Edward Banks (27) 14, B. F. Popham (26) 14, W. Chapin (27) 14, P. F. Dupont (27) 14, C. A. Young (29) 14, W. Wagner (27) 14, Fred E. McKay (27) 14, J. L. D. Morrison (29) 14, W. P. Brown (27) 14, R. G. Cook (26) 14, S. McPherson (28) 14, Harold Money (31) 14, J. W. Knevels (27) 14, E. H. Tripp (28) 14, R. Wing (28) 14, Edward Leek (28) 14, W. Wolstencroft (28) 14, J. J. Hallowell (29) 14, F. MacWilcox (27) 14, J. E. Rex (26) 14, J. A. Scott (26) 13, J. Mack (27) 13, T. S. Desmond (27) 13, T. A. Marshall (31) 7, C. R. Stephens (27) 7, J. Schleeman (27) 5, C. W. Phillis (27) 12, F. Jones (27) 5, H. J. Lyons (28) 9, C. K. United (27) 1, H. P. Collins (26) 5, J. Mingo (26) 6, Ralph Nutting (27) 6, Hood Waters (29) 10, P. North (27) 9, C. Y. Arno (28) 6, Willis J. Busby (27) 8, I. Tallman (27) 0, D. Swiveller (27) 13, H. H. Henry (28) 12, H. C. Heel (28) 10, J. Stroud (29) 7, C. F. Lambert (27) 9, J. B. Frazier (27) 8, J. O. Hanlon (26) 13, J. R. Hull (28) 4, Capt. Money (28) 13, C. M. Brownell (26) 13, J. M. Hawkins (29) 10, S. H. Hathaway (26) 12, J. J. Drake (27) 9, J. A. Sherburne (27) 13, E. C. Fort (28) 13, F. Kaufman (26) 10, J. P. Kay (27) 12, J. S. Dustan (26) 8, L. E. Parker (28) 12, O. Von Lengerke (28) 13, John Morris (27) 5, F. Stearns (28) 12, J. Donley (27) 8, J. B. Robertson (26) 8, L. Savage (28) 13, W. S. Allen (28) 13, P. D. Freehligh (26) 12, F. W. Cooper (29) 13, C. E. Rhodes (27) 13, T. P. Bill (27) 13,

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP TROPHY

J. Hamilton (28) 8, I. W. Budd (29) 12, George W. Loomis (28) 13, J. A. O'Brien (27) 5, J. Jones (27) 12, T. Ranger (26) 11, W. Hopkins (27) 13, W. M. Smith (26) 2, John M. Lilly (27) 11, Allen Willey (27) 13, H. Hughes (27) 3, Henry Court (28) 13, J. B. Barto (28) 13, Dr. Weller (26) 13, M. F. Vermont (27) 7, E. C. Guild (27) 13, Dr. Miller (27) 13, W. H. Stroh (26) 13, E. B. Pastoriou (28) 8, J. C. Hicks (29) 9, Emil Werk (29) 1, W. West (30) 3, C. E. Geikler (29) 13, A. Cella (27) 11, H. D. Kirkover (29) 13, F. G. Wheeler (27) 13, E. Steffens (26) 12, J. H. Voss (27) 13, Tod Sloan (27) 6.

Third Day, April 3, Wednesday.

The weather was exceedingly tempestuous. An easterly gale of wind and a downpour of rain prevented all shooting. Hopes were entertained that the main event might be commenced according to programme, but as there was no sign of good weather, and some of the shooters becoming impatient at the irksome delay and expressing a wish to return to New York between 1 and 2 o'clock, Manager Shaner announced that shooting for the day was declared off, and that those who wished to might shoot at the traps. Soon thereafter the weather cleared up nicely, and with such a peaceful atmosphere that one could know only as a matter of memory that a short time before the sky was heavily overcast and a gale and driving rain prevailed instead of sunshine. As the programme had set forth that the G. A. H. would begin on this day, there were a few who could not find it convenient to continue. It was set forth that, as the shoot had been set for to-day without any reservation, and that as it had not been begun according to agreement, those who desired to do so had a right to cancel their entries entirely. The point was considered as being well taken. Their forfeit was returned to them, and also to all the others who did not fill their entrance, whether they contemplated competition

E. S. Johnson. R. R. Bennett. R. L. Peirce. R. B. Bond. G. E. Greiff. F. E. McKay. J. L. D. Morrison. Dr. J. G. Knowlton. F. S. Parmelee. C. C. Naumann. R. R. Merrill. C. Gottlieb. E. C. Griffith H. C. Koegel. C. W. Feigenspan. H. Trumbaur. A. H. Fox. W. D. Townsend. J. B. Barto. J. L. Alabaster. Ed. Hickman. C. A. Lockwood.

THE STRAIGHTS. Copyright, 1901, by Joseph Hall.

or not. This action cleared up the record fully, but the incident calls attention to the need of having the conditions properly qualified to safeguard the great event when unforseen circumstances arise for which the Association is in no wise to blame.

However, while the storm was raging without, all was not idle within doors. The matter of the international shoot was much discussed, and it was thought advisable to take some public action then and there. Mr. Justus Von Lengerke mounted a chair in the large assembly hall and made a sound speech, in which the merits of the match were set forth. The need of money to pay the expenses was mentioned as the question of the present.

There was a popular call for Capt. Money, and in response he made a short speech, in closing which he hoped that the shooters would have a good time.

Expressing the sentiment of the West, Mr. J. M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, Ind., made a witty speech, but he assured his audience that the people of the West would do their part toward the expense, and closed with the advice to his hearers, "Don't be show to put up money, and put up plenty."

Col. T. Martin, of Bluffton, S. C., speaking for the South, delivered an exceedingly sensible and diplomatic address, which was marked by an absence of announcing any victories before they were won.

Mr. Paul North next had the floor, and he gave an interesting résumé of how the contemplated match originated. He mentioned that the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company would contribute $1,000 to the expenses of the shoot.

There seemed to be a general consensus of opinion that the match would be an easy one for the American team, the use of one barrel against the use of two on the part of the English team, but in these matters it is always best to win the match by competition rather than by assertion.

The Grand American Handicap.

The weather again was unfavorable. The sky was overcast, and there was rain all day, which betimes was a drizzle or a good commonplace rain. There was no wind of importance, hence the conditions were decidedly against the birds and in favor of the shooters. After noon the light became better for a while, when it again darkened and the rain fell persistently. Nevertheless, the shooting was not easy to a certainty, for, while the birds were good as a whole, an occasional bird would spring from the traps and dart toward the horizon with a swiftness which taxed the skill of the best, and drew forth a pathetic gaze, full of broken hopes, from him who, looking backward at the bird as he himself walked in from the score, saw with it trophies and cups gone a-glimmering for a twelvemonth at least.

The shooting was kept actively going all day, and by this energetic management the 20th round was finished by evening. A review of the scores showed that there were forty straights, and about fifty who had missed but 1 bird, so that there were prospects that there would be a record-breaking number in moneys. Quite a number shot below their form, and either retired or withdrew in the 8th, 12th and 16th rounds, as will be noted on reference to the scores. Fred Gilbert was the only man still in the straight scores at the 20th round out of those whose mark was back of 30yds., Elliott, Bates, Fanning, Malone, Crosby, Marshall and Harold Money having lost one or more. Of the 30yd. men only Fox, Parmelee and Feigenspan remained at the end of this round.

While the handicapping was received well as a whole, there were a few individuals here and there who, according to their best belief and their best information, could have done it in whole or in part much better. The results in many instances did not vindicate their wisdom. It is an easy matter to have brave opinions when there is an entire absence of responsibility. The average mushroom handicapper bases his estimates on a 25-bird race being a race like all other 25-bird races. That is his data. All races of that number are alike. He knows that a certain man has shown a form so and so in shooting at 25 birds, and therefore he should be placed at a mark so and so. It is an easy problem for the irresponsible mushroom handicapper. But the official handicappers look upon the matter from an entirely different point of view. The records show that only men of the very highest class skill are likely to hold their competitive form through the contest. There is no opportunity to get keyed up to the proper tension. The contestant shoots one bird at one set of traps, then walks 100yds. to the next set of traps, etc. After shooting 4 birds, there is a long wait. The nervous shooter gets still more nervous; the phlegmatic shooter loses in part his power of concentration. At each set of traps there is a difference of background, a difference of slope of the ground, probably a difference in the force of the wind—all of which is quite different from shooting 25 birds at one set of traps with relatively short intervals of waiting, as in ordinary shooting; yet all of which is quite sufficient to make differences in the handicapping.

The fact that such a majority of the shooters were bunched up so closely at the end of the 20th round speaks volumes for the accuracy of the handicapping.

There were twelve post entries, which raised the total number of entries to 222. The post entries were Messrs. "S. McPherson," Pittsburg; J. W. Orth, Philadelphia; W. C. Clark, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.; W. P. Brown and H. C. Hirschy, Minneapolis; A. S. White, Syracuse; J. Thompson, Granville, N. Y.; J. W. Knevels, Orange, N. J.; T. P. Laflin, Rock Island, Ill.; H. Kirkover, Fredonia, N. Y.; J. B. Hopkins, Jamaica, L. I., and Col. T. Martin, Bluffton, S. C.

Arno, G. A. Comstock, A. B. Dover, Doc, J. Douglas, Jim Jones, Dr. Casey, Farmer Jones, J. H. Hanlon, H. Henry, L. Howard, C. Henry, Herbert, Hood, J. R. P., Kommodore, Le Roy, Losee, F. MacWilcox, Wm. Massey, J. Hack, Mingo, On-da-wa, Puck, Phil, Rex, M. Rogers, Jack Rogers, Ranger, R. Rahm, Red Wing, R. G. C., J. A. Scott, Simmonds, Sen Sen, Dr. H. Snyder, J. A. Sherburne, L. R. Tramp, Tar Heel, Teal, 13-27, 333, G. K. United, Vermont, and S. McPherson are shooting names.

Those who forfeited were Ahlers, Casey, Mitchell, Jack Rogers, A. C. Johnson, Mosher, On-da-wa, J. H. O'Brien, Guild, Kommodore, Tripp, E. G. White, Vermont, Massey, Tar Heel, Bramhall, Edey, Arno, De Long, J. C. Hicks, A. Cella and W. J. Thompson.

The officers of the S. P. C. A. were in evidence on the grounds, and while they asserted that the shooting was properly conducted, they were rather inclined to super-officiousness in the discharge of their duties. The shoot was stopped betimes and all outlying birds gathered far out in the grounds. Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, a member of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was quite a conspicuous personage in the interests of anti-cruelty, and while he admitted that the whole shooting proceeding was legal, he deplored the existence of the law which made it so. He talked a great deal during several visits, and then went away.

Fifth Day, April 5, Friday.

The weather conditions were again favorable for good scores. A damp and cloudy morning gradually changed to clear weather, so that by the middle of the forenoon the day was pleasant.

Still, though there were but five rounds to go, what with the high grade of the birds and the strain of the competition, eighteen fell out of the straiglit scores in these rounds. Mr. J. Von Lengerke was unfortunate at No. 3 in having a misfire, whereupon, without thinking, he opened his gun, and the referee declared it a lost bird. Mr. C. W. Budd had a similar bit of ill luck on the previous day. Under the Interstate Association's rules the referee has no discretion whatever in such cases. It is then mandatory upon him to declare the bird lost.

There was no division of the money this year among the straights. So far as is known they shot it out to a finish. E. C. Griffith, winner of the trophy, received $600; Mr. J. L. Morrison, the runner up, received $500, and Mr. R. R. Bennett (R. Rahm) received $400. The remaining amounts were: J. B. Barto, $255.15; C. Gottlieb, $218.70; Dr. J. G. Knowlton, $182.25; Messrs. R. R. Merrill and H. Trumbaur, $127.55 each; Messrs. C. W. Feigenspan, R. B. Bond, Ed Hickman, and C. C. Naumann, $109.35 each; Messrs. Fox, Pierce, Townsend, Henry C., McKay, Alabaster, E. S. Johnson, Parmelee, Lockwood and Greiff, $72.90 each.

THE TWENTY-FIVES.

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5 3 1 2 3 5 5 5 1 3 5 1 3 3 3 1 5 2 1 4 3 5 5 1 2

21 C Naumann, 28,
San Francisco...2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

5 1 1 5 1 3 1 4 5 1 3 5 2 2 2 4 2 5 3 1 5 5 1 4 4

29 J Knowlton, 29,
New York.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

3 1 2 3 1 5 2 5 3 1 4 3 2 5 1 5 5 3 1 5 2 2 1 1 1.

84 A H Fox, 30,
Baltimore, Md..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 2 5 5 3 4 3 5 2 3 1 1 1 2 2 5 2 1 1 3 3 3 2 2 5

48 R L Peirce, 29,
Wytheville, Va..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 1 5 1 3 3 2 4 2 5 3 4 4 2 5 2 5 2 5 1 3 3 4 2 1 4 2

70 R B Bond, 27,
Jessups, Md.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—25

1 3 1 1 4 4 1 4 3 1 2 3 5 5 5 2 4 1 5 1 5 2 1 1 3

77 J Morrison, 29,
St. Paul, Minn..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

5 1 2 5 2 2 5 5 2 3 2 1 2 4 1 4 2 4 2 2 4 5 2 4 3

89 W Towsend, 27,
Omaha, Neb.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 5 2 1 2 5 4 5 1 1 5 1 2 3 1 5 5 3 5 1 4 3 5 3 5

92 R Rahm, 27,
Pittsburg, Pa...2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 1 5 5 2 5 5 5 2 2 3 5 4 3 5 4 2 3 5 4 2 2 5 3 3

102 Henry C, 28,
Newark, N. J...2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

3 5 5 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 3 5 2 2 1 5 2 1 3 3 2 4 1

104 C Gottlieb, 29,
Kansas City, Mo.1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2—25

4 2 1 1 1 5 1 3 3 5 1 1 3 5 2 4 1 2 2 4 3 2 3 2 5

117 F E McKay, 27,
Minneapolis ....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

1 2 1 4 3 3 5 4 3 4 1 1 1 5 4 4 4 1 3 2 3 2 2 3 3

135 J Alabaster, 27,
Chicago, Ill.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 3 5 1 1 4 2 1 2 4 5 4 2 2 2 1 3 5 5 1 2 1 1 4 1

136 R R Merrill, 29,
Milwaukee, Wis.2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

4 3 1 4 4 3 5 1 2 4 2 1 3 3 1 1 1 5 3 4 1 3 2 3 2

143 E S Johnson, 28,
Atlantic City....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

3 4 5 4 3 1 1 1 1 3 1 1 1 1 5 4 4 5 5 4 3 3 2 3 3

146 J B Barto, 28,
Chicago, Ill.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

3 3 2 2 5 5 2 5 2 5 5 5 1 5 4 5 3 3 5 2 2 5 1 4 3

151 F Parmelee, 30,
Omaha, Neb....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 2 2 5 4 5 3 4 1 5 5 4 1 2 2 1 2 2 3 1 5 2 2 4 5

159 Feigenspan, 30,
Newark, N. J...2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

4 5 3 5 4 4 4 5 2 5 5 1 2 2 3 4 1 5 2 1 2 4 1 4 2

178 C Lockwood, 26,
Jamaica, N. Y..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 5 2 5 2 4 4 1 3 2 4 1 3 2 1 5 2 2 3 4 1 4 1 3 5

187 Trumbauer, 28,
Royersford, Pa..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 1 4 3 5 1 2 4 2 5 1 4 3 2 3 3 3 1 5 3 3 2 1 3 2

198 G E Greiff, 28,
New York.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

3 1 3 2 4 5 2 1 4 2 4 4 4 1 2 4 4 3 5 4 2 5 3 2 5

204 E C Griffith, 28,
Pascoag, R. I...1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—**25**

1 1 5 5 3 1 1 4 1 2 4 4 2 4 3 1 1 2 4 3 3 3 1 1 4

207 E Hickman, 28,
Kansas City, Mo.2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

THE TWENTY-FOURS.

1 5 1 1 4 1 1 3 2 5 2 5 1 4 4 3 4 5 2 3 1 3 2 3 3

12 F Stearns, 28,
Richmond, Va..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

1 1 2 5 3 4 4 5 5 4 1 4 3 5 2 3 1 3 2 2 5 3 2 3 3

28 A Gardiner, 28,
Brenham, Tex..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

3 4 1 2 4 1 1 1 5 4 3 2 2 1 5 1 2 2 3 5 5 2 5 1 4

30 G Morris, 27,
Cincinnati .....2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

4 4 2 2 4 3 2 1 5 5 5 2 3 3 2 1 5 2 2 3 1 5 2 4 1

33 W R Crosby, 32,
O'Fallon, Ill....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

1 5 2 3 5 5 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 5 1 4 2 2 1 5 2 5 1 3 3

40 W Hopkins, 27,
Aqueduct, L. I..1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 2—24

2 4 2 4 4 3 2 4 5 4 1 4 1 3 2 5 2 4 3 1 4 2 5 4 3

42 J S Duston, 26,
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58 A B Dover, 27,
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64 W Hassinger, 27,
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68 Fred Gilbert, 32,
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14 G H Piercy, 28,
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37 B Cla idge, 28,
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38 J A Scott, 26,
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71 O R Dickey, 29,
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78 J Sherburne, 27,
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80 A W du Bray, 28,
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93 G W Loomis, 28,
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101 C A Young, 29,
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109 Hunnewell, 27,
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115 J Gauhgen, 27,
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123 G J Roll, 30,
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2 5 5 1 2 4 2 5 1 3 2 3 1 5 5 2 1 5 5 4 3 3 2 3 5

124 R G C, 26,
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140 T W Morfey, 30,
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3 1 2 3 1 1 2 4 1 3 2 3 4 2 5 4 2 2 3 5 2 2 5 1 1

142 H Money, 31,
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156 Mingo, 26,
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5 2 1 4 2 4 4 1 2 4 2 1 5 3 4 2 3 1 3 3 1 3 2 2 1

157 Rex, 23,
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4 5 5 1 1 1 2 5 2 1 1 5 3 5 2 2 3 5 1 4 2 5 5 3 2

158 Puck, 26,
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1 2 2 3 2 5 2 1 3 5 5 2 1 1 5 1 4 2 1 1 4 3 5 3 3

163 H D Bates, 31,
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1 5 2 4 4 3 2 4 1 3 2 4 1 5 4 5 3 5 5 4 1 1 2 1 2

168 E D Fulford, 30,
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5 1 2 1 4 1 2 1 2 2 5 4 5 5 4 3 3 4 4 5 1 5 2 1 2

171 J Outwater, 29,
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5 2 2 1 4 1 2 5 2 4 3 1 5 2 5 3 2 4 4 1 4 1 3 3 3

181 J B Frazier, 27,
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5 1 5 5 4 5 3 4 2 1 5 5 4 3 4 3 3 5 2 3 1 5 3 1 1

182 J Q Ward, 28,
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1 2 2 4 3 1 2 2 2 5 5 4 3 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 2 2 3 1

183 Paul North, 27,
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3 4 3 4 2 1 4 3 4 3 2 5 4 2 5 3 2 4 1 2 2 5 2 1 3

195 F Wheeler, 29,
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2 1 2 1 3 4 2 5 2 4 1 5 3 3 2 1 5 3 2 1 3 3 1 4 1

185 Schwarz, Jr., 27,
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206 T Marshall, 31,
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213 W C Clark, 28,
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7 J B Savage, 28,
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18 Ed. Voris, 28,
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27 F Kaufman, 26,
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45 W Parker, 27,
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51 J Keenan, 27,
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186 J Fanning, 31,
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189 J A R Elliott, 32,
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192 G Burnside, 28,
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210 W S Allen, 28,
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17 B Norton, 27,
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22 J Stroud, 29,
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25 C A Tuttle, 28,
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31 J R Hull, 28,
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91 J Mack, 27,
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134 J M Lilly, 27,
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119 T P Bill, 27,
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85 C Angier, 27,
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3 4 1 1 5 4 4 5 2 3 2 1 3 3 2 1 3 5 1 1 3 1 1 2

95 Mac Wilcox, 27,
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4 3 5 5 4 1 2 4 4 4 1 1 3 5 1 3 4 2 5 3 4 5 5 1

97 R O Heikes, 30,
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98 S Hathaway, 26,
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112 J Hallowell, 29,
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141 Hood, 29,
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5 5 5 2 3 3 2 5 4 3 1 4 3 4 5 2 2 5 4 4 5 5 1 1

162 H J Mills, 26,
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4 1 4 4 5 1 4 4 2 2 2 5 1 3 1 2 4 2 3 5 5 3 3 1

179 C K United, 27,
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5 5 4 4 4 3 5 1 5 4 2 4 5 2 4 2 5 1 2 4 3 2 2

94 C Lambert, 27,
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9 C A Burke, 27,
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5 4 5 5 2 5 5 4 3 1 2 4 3 2 4 4 3 5 3 3 1 2

23 J H Hanlon, 26,
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1 J Robertson, 26,
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11 E Werk, 26,
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24 C W Budd, 29,
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36 F Maier, 27,
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2 2 2 1 2 3 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 1 2 2 5 5

74 T Donley, 27,
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4 4 3 5 1 1 2 4 5 1 1 4 2 1 5 4 4 3 4 4

107 I W Budd, 27,
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108 P Steubener, 27,
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118 M Rogers, 26,
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118 Herbert, 28,
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1 4 4 1 2 1 1 4 3 3 5 5 5 5 3 4 2 4 2 4

127 C H Munson, 27,
Dover, N J.....2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0

1 4 5 4 2 4 4 1 1 2 2 1 2 3 1 5 3 3 5 3

160 W S Canon, 25,
Newark, N J....1 1 2 2 2 * 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 0

1 4 5 5 1 3 3 1 2 3 5 4 3 4 4 3 5 3 2 2

177 A L Ivins, 28,
Red Bank, N J.0 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2

3 1 2 1 3 4 2 4 2 2 2 4 2 2 1 4 1 3 4 4

201 H J Lyons, 28,
Louisville, Ky..2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 * 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2

1 2 2 1 3 1 5 2 3 5 5 5 3 3 2 1 1 3 4 2

219 T P Laflin, 28,
Rock Island, Ill.2 1 1 * 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 * 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1

4 1 2 1 4 1 2 5 2 2 1 4 4 1 4 5 3 3

130 Chapin, 27,
Brookfield, Mass.2 2 0 0 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0

4 4 2 4 2 3 4 4 2 5 2 5 2 5 1 5 4 5

209 E W Bird, 27,
Fairmont, Minn.2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 0

3 5 5 4 2 1 5 4 3 4 2 4 1 3 3 4

10 C Brownell, 26,
Stroudsburg, Pa.1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 1 0 2 0 1

3 4 2 1 3 1 5 4 4 1 2 4 2 1 3 4

16 Doc, 26,
Waterville, Me..0 2 2 2 0 1 1 0 2 2 * 2 0 0 0 0

1 5 1 5 2 5 4 4 5 5 2 4 3 5 2 1

100 T Clay Jr., 28,
Austerlitz, Ky...2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 2

3 4 5 4 2 3 4 2 3 3 2 4 2 3 2 3

116 J Morris, 27,
Philadelphia ....0 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 *

2 1 2 5 3 5 3 1 4 4 4 2 2 2 3 1

129 C M Lincoln, 26,
New York.....2 0 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0

3 4 2 4 2 5 2 5 1 4 2 1 4 2 4 2

172 C E Langdon, 27,
Rockville Center..2 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 0 1 1

1 4 2 2 2 2 5 3 1 4 2 2 1 2 1 3 4

184 T Desmond, 27,
Hagan, Ga.....1 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2

2 4 2 2 5 1 5 2 3 1 5 3 4 1 4 1 3

220 H Kirkover, 28,
Fredonia, N Y..2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0

5 1 4 3 5 5 2 4 5 3 5 3

62 333, 27,
Hot Springs, Ark..2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 0 2

2 2 4 1 2 3 4 4 3 1 2 1

65 W L Losee, 26,
New York.....2 2 2 2 0 1 0 0 2 1 1 *

4 4 3 1 1 5 1 1 5 2 2 4

88 G Darby, 26,
Philadelphia 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2

3 4 2 4 3 4 2 4 3 3 5 4

103 A Doty, 28,
Haledon, N J...0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 0

4 5 4 5 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2

109 Dr. Snyder, 27,
Allentown, Pa..2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 * 1 1 1

1 1 3 4 2 2 5 2 3 2 1 1

193 H P Collins, 26,
Baltimore, Md..2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0

2 1 2 2 2 4 1 5 4 1 5 2 1

205 Farmer Jones, 27,
Cincinnati, O...1 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 0 0 0 0

1 4 2 1 5 3 1 4 1 3 2 1

211 McPherson, 27,
Pittsburg, Pa....2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0

4 3 4 4 2 4 2 4 4 4 2 1

221 J B Hopkins, 27,
Jamaica, N Y...2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 0

5 1 3 3 1 1 2 1

2 J L Weller, 26,
Rochester, N Y.0 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2

5 4 2 5 5 2 1 1

20 Col Courtney, 29,
Syracuse, N Y.2 2 2 0 0 0 1 0

5 1 2 3 5 4 2 4
46 R Nutting, 27, ↖↗↖↗↘↗↘↖
Washington, D C.2 2 1 0 1 2 0 *

4 2 1 3 5 3 3 5
52 J M Hawkins, 29, ↴←↖←↰↑↗↰
Baltimore, Md..2 2 0 1 0 2 0 2

2 2 1 1 4 1 4 5
61 Wolstencroft, 28, ↖↗←←↗↖↘↴
Frankfort, Pa...2 0 2 2 0 2 1 *

5 4 3 4 1 3 2 1
119 J L Head, 28, ↖↖↙↗↖↖↘↘
Peru, Ind.....,0 1 2 0 2 0 2 1

5 4 2 2 4
217 I Thompson, 27, ↴↖↓↑↘
Grandville, N Y.2 2 0 0 2

The Shoot-off.

The main event was finished about noon. As soon as score sheets could be adjusted in the office of the compiler of scores to prepare for the shoot-off, with the other incidental details to be rearranged, the shoot-off was begun. There was a great crowd of gentlemen and ladies present to witness the closing scene of the great competition. A great mass of them were on the balcony of the Casino. Some of the more enthusiastic shooters were massed around the No. 1 set of traps, where the shoot-off took place. Mr. Shaner at length walked up and down the dead line and notified all those who were not contestants or their handlers or members of the press that they would have to retire. After some delay the space was cleared. Mr. Harold Wallack was the referee.

So far as exteriors were concerned, the contestants were cool and steady of nerve, yet each one had a serious look of earnest purpose. Mr. Shaner announced at about 12:45 that the shoot-off of the tie should begin. Soon after the shooting commenced Mr. Shaner stopped it while he requested some of the S. P. C. A. officers to withdraw from within the boundary line. This they refused to do. Under the threat that an officer would be immediately ordered to arrest them if they did not comply they reluctantly obeyed. Their egotistical personal desire to be conspicuous seemed to excite their zeal greater than did their official duties. The shoot was then resumed and concluded without further interference.

The contestants shot in the order of their numbers. Of the twenty-two, five went out on the first round. Fox, Pierce and Townsend, respectively caught swift straight drivers, which were out of the boundary in a twinkling, while McKay from No. 5 and Lockwood from No. 2 drew right-quartering incomers. Apparently the five birds escaped untouched. Alabaster was the only contestant to lose in the second round, his bird, a straightaway from No. 3, dying out not far away from the boundary.

The third round was disastrous for Johnson, the expert from Atlantic City. He caught a twisting driver from No. 2, which went away faster than Johnson could negotiate, and escaped untouched.

The fourth round was an evil one for Henry C. (Henry C. Koegel), one of Newark's steadiest shots, as it also was for the Indian from Omaha, Frank Parmelee, the former retiring in good order on a left driver from No. 1, while Parmelee gathered a cipher from a hot left driver from No. 3.

The fifth and sixth rounds abounded with good shooting. Greiff retired in the latter round on a circling right driver from No. 1, seemingly a bit over-careful with his second, thereby letting the bird get started for a through trip.

The seventh round was gloomy in spots. Naumann drew a leathern right driver from No. 3, which, though hit with deadly aim, lived till it got out of the boundary. It was a tough bird. Bond drew a left driver from No. 2, and though it was hard hit it winged its way strongly into the ambient ether. Feigenspan, one of New Jersey's greatest shots, was shooting in fine form. He was the object of much friendly applause after each kill. A right-quartering incomer detached him from further participation. Hickman, eminent in the shooting annals of Kansas City and the West, drew an assertive bird, which circled boldly but hurriedly as a right driver, and roamed away as free as a bird.

There were still eight left in when the eighth round began, but two tarried by the wayside before the finish. Merrill drew a left driver from No. 2, which went like a rocket, and it dropped dead out. Trumbaur drew a right-twisting driver from No. 5, and as the load did not twist accordingly as the bird did, the latter did not tarry.

There were six men left in, all of whom were shooting in fine form. Dr. Knowlton drew a warm right-circling driver from No. 1 and missed it with precision. Two rounds afterward Gottlieb, of Kansas City, drew a lively driver from No. 2, and waiting on it too long with his second, there then was a narrowing of the competition to three contestants.

Barto, of Chicago, dropped out in the 12th round on a hot bird which started from No. 2 as a right driver, and finished merrily at the coops unhurt.

It was now narrowed down to three, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, each against the others, and each performing magnificently. Morrison was shooting his Winchester repeating shotgun in masterly style. He was catching his birds quickly, putting in his shots in excellent time, without a hitch or readjustment, and it was rarely that each load did not center the bird. His gun failed to extract properly once, but it was, after examination, declared a no bird by the referee, after which he killed his next neatly.

"Rahm," of Pittsburg, was doing some good work, though he was quite a bit slower in time than were his two competitors, and therefore now and then having harder birds in consequence. In the 15th round he drew a hot driver from No. 5, and then there were two competitors left. "Rahm" is Mr. R. R. Bennett, of the Herron Hill Gun Club.

It now seemed a very close race between Morrison and Griffith. Each was shooting in admirable time and with admirable precision. The preference seemed to lean toward Morrison, for he lived in Minnesota, a large State, and had a fame as a pigeon shooter, while Griffith came from Rhode Island, wherein pigeon shooting is prohibited by law, even though its boundaries did not prohibit it as a matter of space. However, Griffith was shooting pigeons as a fact. He was negotiating all kinds of birds freely right and left, but so was Morrison. The latter, however, seemed to be showing up slightly in his time. In the 18th round he drew a good bird, a left driver from No. 1, which he missed entirely, apparently, and then it was left to Griffith to win if he could kill his next bird. At such a juncture one might quite reasonably expect to see some signs of nervousness or determination or anxiety, but Griffith went to the score with the calm and stolidly beneficent expression of an Indian cigar sign, killed his bird in the same manner that he had killed the others, and the cup and first money were his.

Then there were doings. Hearty applause greeted the victor. The winning bird was captured, and handed to the victor hero. Mr. Irby Bennett bore on his shoulders the giant victor off the grounds, with a man holding him steadily on each side as he lurched to larboard and starboard, yet keeping carefully the dead bird from further injury. Congratulations and handshakings came from all points, and for a while it was a bewilderment. After a time, amid the great assemblage in front of the Casino, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel presented the cup to Mr. Griffith in well chosen words, much to the rejoicing of those who were directly interested and those who were onlookers. The account of the finish is set forth in more condensed form as follows:

Shoot-off, miss-and-out. Commenced about 12:45 and ended at 1:52 o'clock:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

2 4 2 3 5 5 3
↗↗↙↗↗↗↗
21 C C Naumann, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 2 *

4 5 3 1 3 3 2 2 1
↗↓↖↗↖↖←↑↑
29 J G Knowlton, 29.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0

3
↑
34 A H Fox, 30.....0

3
↑
48 R L Pierce, 29.....0

5 3 2 4 1 1 2
↙↗↙→↖↗↖
70 R B Bond, 27.....2 2 2 1 1 2 0

3 2 1 5 4 2 3 4 2 5 5 4 3 3 1 2 4 1
→↗↑→↖↖↖↗↑↖↗↗→↑↗↗↗↖
77 J L D Morrison, 29.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0

2
↗
89 W D Townsend, 27.....0

4 5 2 5 5 1 2 5 4 1 3 3 2 2 5
↗↘↗→↗↗↗↗↘↙↖↗→↗↗
92 R Rahm, 27.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0

3 3 3 1
↗→←↖
102 Henry C, 28.....2 2 2 0

2 2 2 1 3 3 4 1 3 4 2
↰↗↖↰↑↙↘↖↗→↑
104 C Gottlieb, 29.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0

5
↘
117 F E McKay, 27.....0

3 3
↑↑
135 J L Alabaster, 27.....2 0

2 2 3 2 2 2 5 2
←↖↘→↙→↖↖
136 R R Merrill, 29.....2 2 2 2 2 2 1 *

1 4 2
↗↗$
143 E S Johnson, 28.....2 2 0

2 5 5 5 5 5 1 5 1 5 2 2
↗↖↖↑↗↗↙↖↙↑→↗
146 J B Barto, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0

4 3 1 3
↘↓↓↗
151 F S Parmelee, 30.....2 2 2 0

3 2 2 1 3 5 2
↗T↙↑↑↗↘
159 C W Feigenspan, 30.....2 2 2 2 2 2 0

2
↓
178 C A Lockwood, 26.....0

2 5 3 2 2 3 5 5
↖↗↗↗↱↑↘↗
187 H Trumbauer, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0

3 1 2 5 5 1
↖←↗↰↗↑
198 G E Greiff, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 0

2 5 2 1 3 4 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 3 3 5 4
↘↗↗↖↖↖↖↑↑↑↑↖↖↖↗↗↘↗
204 E C Griffith, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2

2 1 3 2 2 5 1
↑↖T↗↖→↗
207 Ed Hickman, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 2 0

Guns, Loads, Shells, Etc.

The guns weighed under 8lbs. The following gives the equipment of the winners, those who tied on 25 and 24:

What the 25s Used.

C. C. Nauman used Clabrough gun, Trap shells, 3½ Dupont powder and 1¼ No. 7 shot.

J. G. Knowlton—Greener, Leader, 38 Rifleite, 1¼ No. 7.

A. H. Fox—Winchester, Leader, 46½ Dupont, 1¼ No. 7½.

R. L. Peirce—Purdy, Trap, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

R. B. Bond—Baltimore Arms Co., Leader, 3¼ Dupont, 1¼ No. 7½.

J. L. D. Morrison—Winchester, Smokeless, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

W. D. Townsend—Parker, Trap, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

R. Rahm—Parker, Trap, 42 Dupont, 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

Henry C.—Smith, Acme, 43 L. & R., 1¼ No. 7.

Chris. Gottlieb—Smith, Trap, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7½.

F. E. McKay—Smith, Pigeon, 3½ Hazard, 1¼ No. 7.

J. L. Alabaster—Greener, Smokeless, 3½ Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

R. R. Merrill—Cashmore, Leader, 43 Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

E. S. Johnson—Greener, Acme, 45 L. & R., 1¼ No. 7.

J. B. Barto—Parker, Smokeless, 44 Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

F. S. Parmelee—Parker, Acme, 45 L. & R., 1¼ No. 7.

C. W. Feigenspan—Parker, Trap, 3½ E C, 1¼ No. 7.

C. A. Lockwood—Riley, Smokeless, 3 E C, 1⅛ Nos. 7½ and 7.

H. Trumbauer—Parker, Smokeless and Trap, 3¼ and 3½ Dupont, 1¼ Nos. 7 and 7½.

E. C. Griffith—Parker, Leader, 45 L. ½ R., 1¼ No. 7.

G. E. Greiff—Francotte, V. L. & D., 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

Ed Hickman—Smith, Trap, 3¾ Schultze, 1¼ No. 8.

What the 24s Used.

Franklin Stearns—Parker, Acme, 42 L. & R., 1¼ No. 7.

Alf. Gardiner—Smith, Leader, 45 Hazard, 1¼ No. 7.

G. McG. Morris—Parker, Leader, 3½ Dupont, 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

W. R. Crosby—Smith, Leader, 48 E C, 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

W. Hopkins—Parker, Acme, 45 L. & R., 1¼ No. 7.

J. S. Duston—Smith, Trap, 48 Schultze, 1¼ Nos. 8 and 7.

Jim Jones—Scott, Acme, 28 Ballistite, 1 3-16 No. 7.

Teal—Parker, Smokeless, 3½ Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

C. E. Mink—Winchester, Leader and Pigeon, 42 Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

Sim Glover—Parker, Trap, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

13-27—Smith, Smokeless and Trap, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ Nos. 8 and 7.

W. W. Hassinger—Smith, Acme, 49 L. & R., 1¼ No. 7½.

F. W. Cooper—Smith, Peters, 3¼ Kings, 1¼ No. 7.

Fred Gilbert—Parker, Leader, 3½ Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

J. H. Voss—W. Richards, Smokeless, 3½ Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

E. Emmers—Parker, Leader, 29 Ballistite, 1¼ No. 7½.

O. Von Lengerke—Francotte, Trap and Leader, 3¼ and 3½ Schultze, 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

C. D. Linderman—Parker, Smokeless, 3¾ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

Edward Banks—Winchester, U. M. C., V. L. & D. and Leader, 3½ E C and 29 S. G. R., 1¼ No. 7.

L. E. Parker—Parker, Leader, 3½ Hazard, 1¼ No. 7.

J. H. Jack—Daly, Acme, 3½ E C, 1¼ No. 7.

Leroy—Remington, Trap, 3½ Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

W. F. Quimby—Smith, Smokeless and Leader, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7½.

W. J. Buzby—Smith, Smokeless, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

Capt. A. W. Money—Parker, Trap and Leader, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

H. Schimmell—Francotte, Smokeless, 26 Ballistite, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ Nos. 8 and 7.

J. W. Hoffman—Francotte, Smokeless, 3¼ E C No. 1, 1¼ No. 7.

J. R. Malone—Parker, Trap, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

G. A. Comstock—Francotte, Trap, 3¼ E C, Nos. 7½ and 7.

F. D. Alkire—Parker, Smokeless, 3½ Dupont, 1¼ No. 7.

E. C. Fort—Cashmore, Robin Hood, 3¼ Robin Hood, 1¼ No. 7.

Wm. Wagner—Parker, Trap, 3½ E C, 1¼ No. 7.

A. Woodruff—Parker, Trap, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

Phil—Parker, Leader, 43 Hazard, 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

C. E. Geikler—Smith, Leader, 44 L. & R., 1¼ No. 7.

Sen Sen—Smith, Trap and Smokeless, 3¼ and 3½ Schultze, 1¼ Nos. 8 and 7.

E. A. Geoffroy—Greener, V. L. and D., 48 Schultze, 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

J. Von Lengerke—Francotte, V. L. and D. Lightning, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7½.

W. P. Brown—Parker, Trap, 3¾ Schultze and E C, 1¼ Nos. 8 and 7.

H. C. Hirschy—Smith, Pigeon, 3½ Hazard, 1¼ No. 7.

J. W. Knevels—Remington, Acme, 44 L. & R., 1¼ Nos. 7½ and 7.

Col. Martin—Parker, Smokeless, 3½ Schultze, 1¼ No. 7.

The Tie on 24.

Immediately after the ties on 25 were shot off, Mr. Shaner called out through the megaphone an inquiry in respect to what the 24s wished to do, whether to shoot off or divide. There were numerous calls for a divide, and the tie was divided, each of the contestants in this tie receiving $34.05.

The Consolation Handicap, a 16-bird event, $10 entrance, birds extra, high guns, followed the Grand American Handicap immediately. All winners of money in the G. A. H. went back 1yd. Naumann, Bates, Brown, Sperry, Parmelee, Gottlieb, H. Money, Griffith, Col. Martin, Tramp, Greiff, Merrill, Lilly and Steubner killed straight. Each received $55. There were sixteen in the second ties, each of whom received $4.20.

Previous Winners.

The previous winners were: 1893, R. A. Welch, Dexter Park; 1894, T. W. Morfey, Dexter Park; 1895, J. G. Messner, Willard Park; 1896, O. R. Dickey, Elkwood Park; 1897, T. A. Marshall, Elkwood Park; 1898, E. D. Fulford, Elkwood Park; 1899, T. A. Marshall, Elkwood Park; 1900, H. D. Bates, Interstate Park. All the previous winners were participants this year with the exception of Mr. Welch, who was restrained by the ruling of his club from contesting, and Mr. Messner.

The Staff Personnel.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner managed the tournament. He had all the departments fully organized before the shoot began, and as each man was an expert in his special branch the shoot proceeded without any friction. The office of compiler of scores was in charge of Mr. Edward Banks, and he had for assistants Messrs. J. K. Starr, H. H. Stevens, J. Mockridge and F. Young. Mr. A. Myerhoff was cashier, assisted by Mr. L. Lautenslager. The scorers were: No. 1, Mr. J. H. W. Fleming; No. 3, H. Kerr; No. 4, Walter P. Everhard. Squad hustler, Mr. G. Schneider. Messengers, Messrs. J. Purcell and F. Keating.

Saturday, April 6.

The competition of this day was under the management of the Interstate Park Association. There were two great events on the day's programme. The first was the Gilman-Barnes international trophy, which was placed in competition through the kindness of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit. The conditions governing it were 25 live birds, $15 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 32yds.; class shooting; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. When won three times by a contestant it becomes his property. Those who had scored wins on it were Mr. H. D. Bates, who had two wins. The following had one each: Messrs. L. T. Duryea, R. O. Heikes, A. H. King, R. Merrill, Clarence Lane, J. H. Bortle, Jacob Klein, Thomas W. Latham, W. R. Ellison and Jas. Coffey.

The second event was the Sportsmen's Association's trophy at 25 live birds, $15 entrance, class shooting; handicaps 25 to 33yds; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. In addition to first money the winner received a trophy presented by the National Sportsmen's Association.

The weather was consistently rainy. The wind was about 12 o'clock, blowing in the face of the shooter when at the score. The conditions were such that the event was changed to 15 birds instead of 25. It was near midday when the shoot began.

Gilman-Barnes Trophy.

In the Gilman-Barnes trophy contest there were forty-one competitors. There were a number of ties, and it was agreed among them that they draw for the prizes. Mr. J. L. D. Morrison won the cup. The shooting of the latter was admirable, he having missed but one bird in the whole programme events. The scores:

Gottlieb, 29	222202212222122—14
Hickman, 28	222212211110222—14
H Money, 31	120022220112222—12
Cavanaugh, 26	221210222212222—14
Capt Money, 28	221222222222022—14
Allen, 28	222202222222202—13
Townsend, 27	120220220121121—12
Naumann, 28	111111111111111—15
Sloan, 27	101222222222122—14
E Pierce, 29	222222222222222—15
Fort, 28	222222012002222—12
L E Parker, 28	222222022222222—14
Bird, 27	222222012220222—13
Murrill, 29	202222121122222—14
Geo Roll, 30	222122202221222—14
McKay, 27	220220222222222—13
Bates, 31	222022222222222—14
Hoffman, 27	222222200220222—12
Alabaster, 27	222222222222222—15
F Stearns, 28	222202222222222—14
Marshall, 31	202222222202222—13
B-27, 28	022121221001122—12
Le Roy, 28	222222222222222—15
Tramp, 28	201221222222222—14
Gilbert, 32	222222222221122—15
Crosby, 32	222222222202220—13
Parmelee, 30	222222222221222—15
Budd, 29	111122021221112—14
Loomis, 28	202222222021212—13
Van Allen, 30	222222222222200—13
Morrison, 29	222222222222222—15
Brown, 27	222022212122120—13
Linderman, 28	222222222222222—15
Fanning, 31	022012221201212—12
J L Head, 28	0120102122010
Heikes, 30	222222222222222—15
Col Martin, 28	222011121222211—14
D P Foster, 26	112022222222112—14
E C Griffith, 28	222202022222210—12
J M Thompson, 29	222222122202112—14
John Parker, 28	222222200222222—13

The Sportsmen's Association Trophy.

This event also, on account of the inclemency of the weather, was reduced to 15 birds. There were thirty-six contestants. The ties were decided in this event as in the other—by chance—and Mr. F. S. Parmelee won it. His shooting was admirable. He missed but one bird in all the programme events. The scores:

Gottlieb, 29	101121112212101—13
Hickman, 28	212101222202222—13
H Money, 31	222222222222222—15
Cavanaugh, 26	122021022220222—12
Capt Money, 28	122222222222222—15
Allen, 28	221221222222222—15
Townsend, 27	222212121222222—15
Naumann, 28	120122121211122—14
Sloan, 27	202222222022102—12
Pierce, 29	222222022222222—14
Fort, 28	220221202022001—10
Merrill, 29	222222222222222—15
Geo Roll, 30	222021222122102—13
McKay, 27	222222222222222—15
Hoffman, 27	222222202222222—14
Alabaster, 27	222222222222222—15
Stearns, 28	222222220222222—14
Marshall, 31	222222202222022—13
B-27, 28	220122221222212—14
Le Roy, 28	222002202222222—12
Tramp, 28	222122212222112—15
Gilbert, 32	211122211222222—15
Crosby, 32	022202222222222—13
Parmelee, 30	222222222222221—14
Budd, 29	221112221221222—15
Loomis, 28	202222222222222—14
Van Allen, 30	222222222222222—15
Morrison, 29	222222212222222—15
Brown, 27	220100112112222—12
Linderman, 28	222222222212222—15
Fanning, 31	122121020202222—12
Heikes, 30	212222212222222—15
Col Martin, 28	122201222221112—14
L E Parker, 28	222222222222222—15
E C Griffith, 28	122221122222212—15
D P Foster, 26	012121212222112—14

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., March 30.—The last two shoots of March 27 and 30, in spite of the disagreeable weather, were well attended, and every one, shooters and visitors, enjoyed himself immensely. Of the many different plans that have been tried from time to time which had for their object the awakening of more enthusiasm and interest among the members, none have succeeded so well as the "capon sweeps" that were provided for in all the programmes for visiting different shooting organizations for the purpose of noting how they ran things. I observed carefully and inquired into the methods and plans that were used to hold the interest and keep up the attendance of the members. After experimenting with various plans, we found that until we began offering something good to eat in the shape of turkeys and capons we had not hit the correct combination. We ran 5 targets, entrance 25 cents, targets included. Scores:

March 27:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	25	15	20	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	5	10
Thomas	21	12	14	7	9	8	4	5	3	..	5	4	10	4	..	5
F Thropp	17	10	15	5	6	8	3	..	3	..	3	..	6	..	..	4
Maddock	11	9	12	6	5	5	1	..	4	..	3	..	5	..	..	..
Lutes	..	10	17	8	6	7	3	..	2	..	4	..	6	..	..	..
Farlie	..	..	..	8	9	7	3	..	5	4	5	4	7	4	5	3
C Brokaw	..	..	..	6	7	5	3	..	2	..	4	..	5	..	..	2
Applegate	..	..	..	5	6	7	3	..	2	..	3	..	5	..	..	..
J Thropp	..	..	..	5	9	9	4	2	3	..	4	..	10	3	..	5
Widmann	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	5	5	5	3	7	4	4	..
Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	..	1	..	5	..	..	..
W K	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..
Sprague	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, cash sweeps; Nos. 7 and 8 for capons; No. 9, for capons and added purse; Nos. 10 to 16, cash sweeps, with tie shoot-off.

March 30:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	10	10	15	25
Duncan	2	1	2	2	1	2	..	..	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	3	3	..	..
Wilkes	4	2	4	3	2	3	..	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	..	3	4	..	..
Thropp	9	8	3	3	2	4	5	4	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Maddock	5	8	2	4	4	4	3	..	5	5	8	4	1	..	..	4	5	..	..
Smith	3	..	2	1	4	2	..	..	3	..	7	..	..	..	..	2	3	..	..
Taylor	4	8	5	2	4	4	5	4	4	..	9	..	..	..	..	7	8	11	..
Thomas	9	7	3	..	4	3	..	..	..	..	8	4	4	4	5	8	7	11	19
Farlie	7	9	4	1	5	4	5	4	4	..	9	..	..	..	..	8	8	12	19
Blitz	..	5	4	..	..	2	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Comp	..	5	2	4	4	3	..	..	5	4	8	4	4	4	4	9	..	7	..
Johnson	..	3	2	3	3	3	..	..	3	..	6	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..
Sinclair	..	..	3	4	4	3	..	..	5	3	8	4	..	..	..	6	4	..	..
Gaskin	..	..	2	3	1	2	..	..	2	..	2	..	..	..	..	1	5	..	..
Barwis	..	..	4	..	3	3	..	..	3	..	6	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	..
Brokaw	..	..	..	..	0	1	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kirby	..	..	..	..	4	3	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	..
Broker	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Banks	..	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	1	..	4	7

Nos. 1 and 2, sweeps; Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, capon sweeps; Nos. 7 and 8, tie shoot-off; Nos. 9 and 10, capon sweep and tie shoot-off; Nos. 11 and 13, cash sweeps; Nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15, tie shoot-off.

SECRETARY.

April 6.—In the teeth of a fierce northeast storm and a driving rain nine members and one visitor shot through a programme of fifteen events, and Messrs. Thomas, J. R. Taylor, J. E. Thropp, Jr., Frank Wilkes and Harry Smith will partake of roast capon for Sunday dinner. Our magautrap again broke down just at the time we did not wish it to, and after pottering around it for an hour we closed it up, and finished the programme on the five-trap battery. The scores are away below par, but the man that won in either the capon or cash events certainly earned all that came his way, for old Jupiter Pluvius outdid himself in the way of handing out a sample of his stock of a cold spring rain. In spite of the discomfort of wet feet and clothing, every one was in the best of humor and enjoyed himself immensely. It is proposed to hold Saturday afternoon shoots from now until fall, in addition to our regular monthly badge contests, which are fixtures for each second Wednesday in each month.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Thomas	4	..	3	3	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J R Taylor	5	..	2	4	..	2	1	2	4	1	4	4	3	3	4
Thropp	6	5	4	3	..	2	4	4	4	4	..	..	..	..	2
Wilkes	7	..	3	3	..	2	3	1	4	3	3	1	4	2	3
Duncan	..	3	2	3	..	2	0	2	4	2	1	3	2	3	..
Hinckley	..	0	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	0	0	2	2	..
Barlow	..	2	..	..	0	..	0	0	1	1	..	..	..	..	..
Gaskill	..	2	..	..	4	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tom	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	..	..

Events 1 and 2, cash sweeps; events 3 and 4, capon sweeps; event 5, capon and purse sweep; event 6, capon sweep; events 7 to 15, cash sweeps.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, April 8.—The scores made to-day at the Hudson Gun Club's shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15		
L Shorty	14	14	13	13	14	23	15	15	130	121
H Bock	12	8	8	11	11	..	9	..	90	59
F C Brown	7	6	8	8	7	15	8	..	115	59
A A Schoverling	12	13	10	13	12	15	13	..	115	88
J Hughes	10	7	9	..	..	16	..	..	70	42
F Hansman	12	10	12	10	8	21	..	..	100	73
H Fee	8	13	9	8	..	..	10	..	75	48
J P Kay	..	11	8	11	10	18	11	..	100	69

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Ass't Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, April 3.—Wednesday, April 3, the date for the Boston Gun Club's twelfth weekly prize shoot, was a corker of a day, as the five trapshooters present are willing to testify. After once reaching the grounds no one thought of improving their scores and one went so far as to say he did not want to shoot. But when two of the five began to shoot and burn up powder and shot with very little success, his enthusiastic gun nature cropped out, and when his turn to shoot came he was in his place and on both feet. Only in the match events did any one care to take advantage of their handicap, and then only two, Howe and Horace, and as the youngest member present stated for just a few shattered targets got a good soaking. Scores below. All shot from the 28yd. mark, except events 5, 6 and 7, where Abbott shot 28yds. and the rest at handicap distances:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Abbott, 17	1	6	1	1	2	4	6
Howe, 19	3	6	4	6	6	5	5
Horace, 18	3	2	2	1	8	7	6
Frederick, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	1

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown; distance handicap:

Horace, 18	111111101010110010111010110101—20
Howe, 19	001110101100001101110011110010—16
Abbott, 17	100001000101000110010101111001—12

Brockton vs. Harvard.

BROCKTON, Mass., March 30.—The Brockton Gun Club to-day defeated the Harvard Gun Club in a five-men team match by 2 targets. The weather was cold and very windy, and the shooting was difficult. Scores:

Harvard.	
Blake	0100111011111101011011111011111—22
Dana	1110111001110110011010010000—17
Williams	0010000111101101111001000000101—14
Bancroft	1001110100101111001100011011111—18
Phelps	0010101100011110001011111111111—19—90
Brockton.	
Worthing	1110110101101111111111111011100—23
Grant	1010110111010110001010111100011—18
Woodard	1010110100110110011101100100000—15
Leonard	1011011101100100011101111010011—19
Stock	1000101001011010111011111011100—17—92

A. F. LEONARD, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Audubon Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., March 30.—The Audubon Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot here to-day. The weather was very bad; there was snow and rain, and the birds were hard to see. The bad weather kept most of the members from coming out. Scores:

C E Felton, 2	2*022210221011220—12
J M Gillis, 1	2002120*11*12011 —10

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill, April 6.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the thirteenth trophy shoot of the series. R. Kuss was handling his new Greener in a very killing style; so much so as to go straight in the main event, and being the only one to do so. The birds were an excellent lot, being extremely fast and erratic in their flight. A strong and very chilly northeast wind blew directly across the traps, and a very large majority of the birds took advantage of it and started promptly for Peoria, and, for all we know, many of them went there. One more shoot closes our pigeon series, and then for the bluerocks.

The annual meeting of the club was held on Wednesday, April 3. The secretary reported the club in fine condition, all bills paid and the membership full to the limit, with eleven applicants on the waiting list. The treasurer reported about $225 in the treasury. Three new directors were elected, viz., W. A. Jones, A. D. Dorman and A. Hellman. Election of officers resulted as follows: President, W. A. Jones; Vice-President, A. Hellman; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Meek; Treasurer, Thos. W. Eaton; Captain, A. D. Dorman.

Classification of shooters remains same as before, viz., A, B and C. The club has glowing prospects for a prosperous and active year ahead. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Kuss, 31	2212222222—10	1222110202— 8	*12122—5
Dr Shaw, 31	1*11211212— 9	22201*2222— 8	111111—6
T Eaton, 30	1212*01012— 7	2002*02*11— 5	221111—6
Dr. Meek, 31	011*12*220— 6	.....	*11111—5
Marshall, 27	*2*2011**2— 5	1200212121— 8	210121—5
McDonald, 29	02101*0101— 5	11122*2001— 7	2110**—3
A McGowan, 28	1112120*21— 8	.....	021110—4
Thomas, 28	1011100012— 6	1210010110— 6	000121—3
Keck, 28	211*111012— 8	.....	.....
Midgley, 28	220122222*— 8	.....	.....

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 1.—The following scores were made at Intercity Park to-day. The live-bird event was for the Review cup, and should have been at 25 birds, but the express company failed to deliver the birds till late in the day, and this made the 25-bird event impossible. The strong wind made the live birds a good lot and the targets very erratic. Scores:

No. 1, 10 live birds:

Perry	1212022221— 9	Johnston	0111*20*11— 6
Earl	1212*21101— 8	Mrs Johnston	2222122222—10
Wilkinson	2222220222— 9	French	2121212212—10

No. 2, 25 targets, magautrap: Perry 17, Earl 21, Wilkinson 19, Johnston 21, Mrs. Johnston 19.

No. 3, 25 targets: Perry 16, Earl 21, Wilkinson 20, Johnston 23, Mrs. Johnston 21, French 22.

SECRETARY.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

The Twin City Gun Club, of Pekin and Peoria, has claimed May 16 and 17 as dates for its annual spring target tournament. The boys will operate two sets of expert traps, and the shoot coming thus just ahead of the Illinois State meet will be sure of a good attendance. This club has twenty members entered to contest for honors in the State tourney.

The programme of the twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will be issued next week, and it will present to the trap shots of Illinois and the middle West one of the best all-week entertainments of the year. The splendid grounds of the Illinois Gun Club have been turned over in toto to the State Association for this event. There is not a better ground anywhere in the West for a big gathering of this kind, and it seems as if nothing can bar this being the finest meeting in the history of the sport in Illinois. There will be a full target programme for six days, besides live-bird sweeps, the various State trophy contests and the big match for the Dupont trophy, which the Messrs. Dupont de Nemours & Co. have redeemed and offer in competition here as a special feature.

The programme of the twelfth annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Leavenworth, April 16, 17 and 18, presents a very tempting layout to the shooters of the West. The Kansas boys are noted among the best of the host of good fellows who make up the shooting aggregation of this big basin, and three of the merriest and most popular of them all—to wit, Jim Sexton, Harry (Jap) Kooler and Louis Erhardt—are the guiding spirits in this big event. Their introductory address to the shooters, while not exactly suited to be classed as an epic, will appeal with keen humor to every reader and prepare him for the good time coming if he attends this shoot. The regular programme carries sixteen 15-target events daily; $5 added in each. Besides, there will be the Kansas State championship and Rochester Brewing Company interstate championship cups to be contested for. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. Money divided on the Rose system, 4, 3, 2, 1; and manufacturers' agents will be permitted to shoot in programme for targets only, at a charge of 1 cent for targets.

And the St. Louis boys are still whooping things up as never before for the State meet the last week in May. There are from thirty to forty entries whenever manager Dave Elliott hangs up a programme at Dupont Park.

The genial Chas. Spencer is winning success and friends in his new capacity as the local representative of the King Powder Company, while Alex Mermod is creditably filling the position formerly held by Mr. Spencer, with the Rawlings Sporting Goods Company.

F. C. RIEHL.

The International Team Match.

A MEETING of influential trapshooters was held in New York city on Monday of this week. Hon. T. A. Marshall in the chair, Mr. R. O. Heikes secretary.

The following resolution was passed:

That Paul North be authorized, on behalf of of the American team, to send to A. H. Gale, representing the English team, a challenge accompanied by a forfeit of $500, to bind a match at inanimate targets for $2,500 a side, such a match to commence on or about Aug. 12 next.

Matters of further interest are as follows:

The International Inanimate Target Team Match.

In behalf of the trapshooters of the United States, this challenge is sent to trapshooters of England, Ireland and Scotland for a series of contests to be shot under the following rules and conditions, and as an earnest of good intentions, inclosed find New York draft for $500 to bind the match. Paul North.

Rules and Conditions Governing International Match.

Match to consist of a series of contests for a stake of $2,500 a side and the winner of the best three in five contests to be declared as winner of the match and stakes.

A forfeit of $500 to be deposited with A. H. Gale, honorable secretary of the Middlesex Gun Club, on the sending of the challenge, and the balance of the stake, $2,000, on or before July 15.

Match to be shot between Aug. 10 and 20. Exact date to be mutually agreed upon and shot upon the grounds most suitable, and the American team to have the privilege of a week's practice on the grounds selected for the match.

Match to be play or pay.

All gate receipts to be equally divided between the teams. Teams to consist of ten men on a side, and to be composed of any ten men from the United States and any ten men from England, Ireland or Scotland.

Each team to have the privilege of using an unlimited number of substitutes in the series of contests, but no change to be made during any one contest.

Contest to consist of 100 targets per man, thrown from Ely traps, or 1,000 per team, and to be shot on as many successive days as is necessary to decide the match.

I. B. S. A. rules to govern, with following exceptions: Targets to be thrown not less than 40 nor more than 60yds. Targets to be thrown not lower than 6ft., nor higher than 10ft. at a point 10yds. from the trap.

One judge to be selected by each team, and these two to select a referee, and in the case the judges disagree, the referee to decide, and his decision to be final.

Shooting to be in squads of six men, and composed of three from each team. This would leave last team with one man each, and team can be filled up with substitutes, whose scores will not count.

American team to use one barrel only, and to be allowed 1¼oz. shot, struck measure, 1106 Dixon's or American Shooting Association measure.

English team to use both barrels, and I. B. S. A. rules to govern as to charge of shot. Any length of shell, and any charge of powder allowable. Twelve-gauge guns only.

Aschenbroedel Gun Club.

NEW YORK, April 6.—The following scores were made at our first regular club shoot, Friday, April 5:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	5	5	Total.
R Ruhlender	7	6	8	7	3	3	34
P Grunert	2	3	5	6	1	3	20
H Heiser	5	2	2	3	2	1	15
J Knittel	2	1	1	2	2	0	8
E Macdonald	7	7	7	6	2	2	31
E Wagner	6	6	4	7	2	3	28
C Waters	..	..	4	3	1	..	8
J Siemers	..	..	7	2	4	..	13
J Sprague	..	..	0	9	5	..	0

These scores are not as good as they will be later on, this being the first time in many months that several of our members handled a gun. This was proven when the gun of one of those whom we call "Splinters" for short, went off and blew a hole in the side of our shooting box. (He was called Splinters before he made this break.) When asked how it happened he said he was just practicing. We will hereafter furnish him with blank cartridges for that purpose.

J. Sprague's score of duck eggs was not made in view of the approach of Easter, but was caused by that gentleman insisting upon wearing a Prince Albert coat while shooting, the tails of which being blown up by the wind rather spoiled his aim. At least this is the most charitable explanation we can find for his performance. Our next shoot will take place Friday, April 19.

E. MACDONALD, Sec'y.

Crawford Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., April 5.—The following scores at clay targets were made by members and visitors of the Crawford Gun Club on Good Friday afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	15	20
Selwitz	5	7	4	8	..	..	5	7	..
Epright	6	11	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Waite	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	9	w
Shatzer	5	8	8	5	5	7	8	3	..
Peters	6	10	6	11	10	15	9	..	14
Kelly	5	8	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Martin	3	8	..	..	4	5	..	..	..
Wright	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shoenfelt	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hurley	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burkholder	..	..	5	11	..	..	8	..	..
Rampling	..	..	2	2	..	..	..	..	..
Bastain	..	..	..	..	8	8	10	6	14

Nos. 5 and 7, walking match; No. 6, 10 pairs.

F. C. WRIGHT, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—Several members of Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club went to the range for a 50-shot revolver match to-day. Brannigan carried off the honors with a fine score, beating his own record, and it was expected that he would beat the Coast record on his fourth score, which he spoiled by ending with a 9. He uses a .38 Smith & Wesson.

Mr. J. B. Bradley, of Wyoming, was present and shot well with this weapon, expressing himself well pleased with his day's sport and a desire to be with us.

Daiss' shooting was experimental, and not up to his average. Scores, revolver, 50yds., Columbia target:

A J Brannigan	6	6	3	7	2	9	3	5	6	3—50
	10	6	4	10	11	4	6	6	6	3—66
	5	4	9	6	4	4	3	3	7	3—48
	2	2	1	3	6	6	5	4	2	9—40
	5	6	8	5	5	5	6	9	7	4—59—263
F O Young	65	61	58	57	49—279					
G M Barley	54	50	52	76	68—300					
C M Daiss	83	54	56	55	60—308					
J B Bradley	70	99	89	72	89—119					

Brannigan had 43 shots out of 50 in 8in. ring, Young had 42 and Barley and Daiss each 41; E. Hovey 64, 70; S. Carr 77, A. J. Brannigan 53, 55.

With pistol Young made 40 and 48.

Dr. J. F. Twist, who had just got the powder burns cured from his recent accident, and who was looking rather improved in his facial appearance over his former self because of the ruddy glow of youth being imparted to the new skin, took a spin on his wheel for a change to-day. He was thrown from his wheel and came home with the right eye blackened and that side of his face badly lacerated, several stitches being needed over the eye. He and Young are trying to think up a new sport where accidents have no place.

F. O. YOUNG.

The contemplated international rifle contest between American and English teams was definitely abandoned recently. The Englishmen declined to challenge the National Rifle Association, on the ground that they had not a sufficient number of skilled men available for the contest.

A post card, dated at Hanover, March 22, bearing the portraits of Cooke and Clinton, American rifle and pistol shots, bears the following kindly inscription, for which we thank the fair experts who sent it: "Compliments and best wishes to FOREST AND STREAM, from Cooke and Clinton, Wintergarten, Berlin, Month of April."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mr. A. G. Cuthbert, who comes into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM for the first time this week, is one of the few yacht and boat builders of this vicinity. His place, on an island in the Calumet River, is a picturesque and happy one. In his indestructible metal skiffs Mr. Cuthbert has a new idea. These are wonderfully easy running boats, and it seems literally true that you cannot sink them and cannot hurt them.—*Adv.*

In Mr. J. H. Rushton's new catalogue of rowboats and canoes may be found almost everything in the way of pleasure boats—not power boats—that the summer outer could desire. Mr. Rushton's boats have won high praise on many waters, and those who are considering the purchase of a boat or canoe, or anything connected with either, would do well to see this catalogue.—*Adv.*

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The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. IV.

QUEBEC.

R. S., Art. 1400 a.—It is forbidden to sell, expose for sale or to have in possession for the purpose of sale, any birch= or swamp=partridge before the first day of October, 1903.

In his many sided nature were an infinite gentleness with weak things, a vigorous hatred for those who inflicted suffering unnecessarily on man or beast, that came from a sympathy which made him feel the extent of that suffering. This may seem a strange claim to make for a man who was so keen a sportsman, but it is an essential part of the true sportsman. There is as fundamental a difference between a true sportsman and a man who loves inflicting death or suffering from sheer love of cruelty as there is between either of these and the nervous lady who shrieks at an earwig and takes to the table top when mouse or beetle claims the floor.—Mary H. Kingsley's Memoir of George Henry Kingsley.

MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS.

A WEST VIRGINIA correspondent wrote the other day in criticism of the New England mode of fox hunting, which is to drive the fox by dogs within gun range and then to shoot it. The West Virginia view was that this was not sportsmanlike, but that the better way was the one pursued in the South, of driving the fox with hounds until it is overtaken and killed by dog or huntsman. And in illustration of truly sportsmanlike fox hunting, two famous cases were cited. In one thirty hounds started a fox in the morning and kept him going all day, until, eight dogs having stayed in to the finish, at the end of thirteen hours the fox was overtaken and killed. In the other case cited three hounds having started a fox on a Saturday morning went out of hearing of the hunters who had put them out, and ran the fox until sundown of the Sunday following, when, at a point seventy-five miles from the start, being cheered on by three men who had been attracted by the cries of the chase, "the dogs quickened up a bit and caught the fox. All fell in a heap and could not be persuaded to move a step." Whether the fox died of exhaustion or not is not told. In this case it appears that the sportsmanship consisted in starting the dogs on the trail of the fox and leaving them to do the rest; to keep up the hunt through the night while the huntsman was asleep in his bed at home, and during Sunday while he was in church, and enjoying his Sunday dinner and his siesta. It would be more nearly accurate to say, however, that while this incident affords an illustration of the extraordinary staying powers of fox and hound, it is not a typical Southern fox hunt, in which the hounds are followed by mounted huntsmen and the enchantment of the sport is found in the glorious cross country riding.

When a fox hunter, by which is meant the rider to hounds, contemplates the New England mode of hunting the game with dogs and gun—where the hunter concealed behind the stone wall shoots the fox when it comes within range—he very naturally decries and condemns the sport because it is in all respects so different from his own hunting. And on the other hand the fox hunter of the New England hills, where riding to hounds is unknown and for many reasons impracticable, makes an equally strong argument in advocating his methods as the one best adapted to local conditions and affording abundant satisfaction in its successful, or on occasion unsuccessful, pursuit.

But "sportsmanship" is so much a matter of individual training, custom, prejudice and partiality, and these in turn are so largely or so wholly determined by local conditions of opportunity and restriction, that instead of the followers of one practice denouncing those of another as unsportsmanlike, it is much more sensible for each to consider that the other, though different from his own, may yet be quite as correct and defensible and commendable. Certainly no person may justly set himself up as an oracle to pass judgment in condemnation of either, until he shall have made test for himself of both, the exultation of the gallop and the satisfaction of the shot.

It is in our modes of recreation, as in many other phases of life, we are given to disapprove certain things just because they are different from what we are accustomed to for ourselves. We have a notion that our own way is the right way, and any other way is the wrong way. Intolerance of fox hunting methods is only another expression of that human nature which makes us intolerant in politics and art, and has caused the history of religion to be in large measure a record of persecution. We ridicule the foreigner who does not dress or walk or eat or smoke as we do, and we persist in making shirts for the heathen and insist upon their wearing them, when the heathen think that the more sportsmanlike way is to go about clothed only in their pristine purity. In sport, as in religion, we "lengthen the creed" even if we do not "shorten the decalogue."

The accepted ethics of sport are for the most part purely artificial in origin and development, although they may not be for that reason any the less deserving of recognition nor any the less binding. For instance, the rule that a sportsman should not sell his game is accepted only because of lively appreciation of the game depleting effects of market hunting. The rule that forbids shooting at birds on the ground is accepted because of the recognition of the higher skill required for wing shooting and the satisfaction one finds in the attainment and practice of that skill. The rule that one must not kill an excessive amount of game is based upon economic grounds and considerations of justice to others—namely, that the parent stock must not be unwisely reduced, that wanton waste is wicked and that other shooters have a right to their share of the game. Aside from these considerations, there is no wrong in the making of a big bag of game, for if on other grounds there is nothing censurable in the killing of one quail, there can be nothing censurable in the killing of a hundred quail, since one hundred times nothing is nothing, and a thousand times nothing remains nothing still.

The restrictions provided in our game codes are based upon economical considerations and not upon ethical whimsies. The statute which forbids certain modes of capturing game, such as deer crusting, partridge snaring, shooting ducks with swivel guns, netting quail or game fish, taking game and fish at certain seasons, or taking more than prescribed numbers—all these are concerned only with so limiting the destruction as not to imperil the perpetuity of the breeding stock.

The whole purpose and theory of game protection as embodied in the statutes is the application to wild game of the principles which govern us with respect to domestic animals—namely, to breed for use, deer as sheep, moose as cattle, prairie chickens as domestic poultry, wild ducks and geese as barnyard fowl, wild turkeys as domestic turkeys. The several species are protected and conserved and kept in existence, that successive generations of them may be hunted and killed and eaten by successive generations of mankind. This purpose aside, we would have no game protection to-day nor any game.

The conditions which affect the supply of a game species may differ in different localities or in different countries, and with the varying conditions there will be found a corresponding variation both of ethics and of what are regarded as necessary laws. An example in point is one to which we have more than once alluded, that of the big bags of game which are common in European countries and there approved and warranted on economic grounds because the game is artificially bred and the supply may be kept up equal to the demand, but which are not sanctioned in America because here the conditions as to supply and demand are quite different.

Again, in America we anathematize the big gunner who steals upon the wild ducks in the night and rakes them with a pound of swan shot, and our feeling against the poacher and our laws which forbid it are amply justified by the ruinous effect night ducking and the use of big guns have upon the local shooting. But in the waters of Great Britain the punt gun is an approved appliance of the wildfowler's art, and the most decided satisfaction is experienced by the fowler who by arduous toil and consummate craft succeeds at last in training his cannon on the fowl. Here is a paragraph from a chapter on the art of wildfowling as set forth by an authority:

Another hour passes; it is 3 o'clock, and we can now begin to gauge the chances of the night. So far, everything points to this being our "night out," the lucky one in a hundred (mostly blanks). To-night the fowl are setting in toward the mussel beds of the highest bank, the last to be covered by the tide; hence the most favorable for a shot, since the big gun is at least twice as effective on fowl ashore as on fowl afloat. Yes; we are indeed in luck to-night, for, as the punt draws in to the final advance, we just clear the point of the high land with its dark loom; and now, full in the bright water and the horizontal rays of the sinking moon, we at length perceive our friends. They are still in full "flock"; but anxious moments remain ere that last hundred yards is made good. In no other sport within my knowledge is there more concentration of excitement, more prolonged suspense, than is experienced during these critical moments of yet undecided fate, with the noisy masses of wildfowl already almost in shot, and the trigger lanyard tightly twisted around one's fingers—no, not even when at length, for the first time, the fore sight of the rifle dwells in thrice-refined aim on the shoulder of some grand beast one has sought out in his haunts, hunted or stalked, perhaps for days, it may be for weeks on end; or when the rod bends to the first mad rush of a 30-pounder. There before us are the ducks we have worked for all night—aye, for a score of nights; there they sit, five hundred of them, all crowding in the moonlight on to that last low mussel scaup that in five more minutes will be submerged. What a spectacle of animation they present during those few seconds while the punt shoots silently forward. The dark outline keeps altering as outsiders spring on wing and attempt to wedge themselves into the center of the crowd. All is life and movement, while a torrent of sibilant voices, of purrs and growls, rolls along in undulating waves of sound. A record shot now seems a certainty. Yet well we know that a score of mischances may ruin the game at the last moment—one untoward noise of man, boat, gun or gear; the touch of the iron-shod setting pole on a stone; the boat taking the ground forward, and swinging round with the racing tide; straggling ducks springing and giving the alarm. A cruel mischance is a distant shot from another gunner; but cruelest luck of all, a misfire; and one may have to pull homeward with an empty boat and a deadly sickness about the heart. But luck is not always bad. In all things, even in wildfowling, the hardest and most precarious sport of all, one occasionally has a moment of bliss, and this serves to leaven the rest. And of those happy hours, none exceeds in sense of true triumph that glorious moment when one sees the wary widgeon at last out-maneuvered, and their ranks well raked at close quarters by a pound of No. 2. The man who has done this has done something of which he may be proud for life, for he has surmounted one of nature's stiffest barriers, and that at no gap or gateway, but precisely at that point where she has made the handicap the most severe.

What with the growing number and ubiquity of tramps, it is strange that the gentle angler pursuing his art removed from the protection of the propinquity of the crowd does not more often fall victim to thieves. We have chronicled from time to time highway or streamside robberies of fishermen by muscular hoboes, but such cases are after all extremely rare. A new and ingenious mode of robbery in the woods has been devised. The perpetrators are, in given cases, game wardens, real or pretended, who find their victim in the unhappy fisherman or shooter who by an infraction of the law has made himself amenable to the attack. The non-resident shooter afield without a license is the favorite prey of these gentry. The warden, or pretended warden, appears in camp and demands that the stranger shall accompany him to headquarters, it may be forty or a hundred miles away by arduous trail. If the victim scares, as he is likely to do, he begs for a compromise. The warden compromises. Usually he takes all there is in sight. Then he tells his victim that he may now kill game, when, where and as much as he will, without regard to the law. When a warden gives such license as this, the man who has paid the money may be sure that the warden is a thief who has put the money into his own pocket.

From the peaks and glaciers of British Columbia to the sand dunes of Long Island the outdoor world is for the enjoyment and delight of the sportsman tourist. Whether one follows Mr. Frisbie on a far journey into a strange country, or with Mr. Moonan finds interest in familiar nearby scenes, there is abundant reward for going afield. The world is very beautiful all about us if only we would give ourselves the opportunity and privilege of looking upon it.

Mr. J. von Lengerke's account of beaver existing in a wild state within fifty miles of New York city is one of the most interesting natural history records we have ever printed. It is an excellent illustration of the persistence of wild life if only immunity be assured, and we trust that these enterprising colonists may be jealously guarded by Mr. von Lengerke that their stay may be permanent.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sailing Amid the Peaks and Clouds of British Columbia.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

Amid the peaks so dark and high,
With rugged sides that mist enshroud;
Along the lakes with rock-bound shores
That mirror back each passing cloud;
Down streams that rage thro' cañons deep,
Thro' riven mountains, that strive in vain
To hold the rushing waters of the North,
And keep them from the distant main.
We sail along 'mid cloud and peak so grand,
In this the enchanted Western land.

IT was my good fortune in 1894 to make a tour of the Canadian Northwest via the Canadian Pacific Railway, a full account of which was published in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 6, 1895, and subsequent numbers.

So charmed with this country did we become that it has been one of the desires of our hearts to visit again the "enchanted land." But the years have passed on "wings so swift" that no time seemed to be opportune. The summer of 1900 was nearly gone before the "signs were right," and it was decided on the spur of the moment to round up a few missing wonders of the British Columbia land. Our former trip was very satisfactory, but we had missed a few things, and we wanted to "fill in the chinks."

As the descriptive article* referred to is quite complete, we will ask any reader who would like to know all about the journey to read the back files of the FOREST AND STREAM. We might say more about it here, for each journey to the far West unfolds new wonders and charms, but it is not our intention to rewrite old matter, but to describe the new points visited, and which were only mentioned in the last article.

ANTELOPE IN CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.

Banff, the beautiful, was our first stop, and the six years that had rolled past had not detracted from the charms of this paradise of the Rockies. Neither had the years added many new attractions worthy of note, excepting the game park, which the Canadian Government has made a prominent feature. Here, in as near a primitive state as possible, are confined in a very extensive area a herd of about twenty-five buffalo and a number of antelope. As the buffalo are fast becoming a great curiosity, to see them in and among such wild surroundings is worth a long journey. The territory over which they roam is of such great extent that they do not seem to be in confinement, and the sight brought back vividly to the writer the old days when, on his first trip West, he hunted these great bison of the plains. Then there were thousands, and instead of making snap shots with a camera he made snap shots with a six-shooter and pot shots with a Sharps' old reliable. The buffalo at Banff are in good condition and include some large bulls in the herd. The herd bids fair to increase, and it is to be hoped that the Canadian Government will continue to take good care of them. The herd was purchased near Winnipeg from a private party, and it was a very wise move to preserve them.

The antelope in the park were not doing as well as the buffalo. They were mostly young ones, and any one who is posted knows that it is hard to raise young antelope. However, there are hundreds of antelope in the Canadian Northwest to-day where there is not one buffalo, and the stock can be renewed.

The Canadian Government has also completed its museum in the national park, and many things of interest to the sportsman and tourist are being added every year.

The fishing at Banff has neither improved nor become much poorer. One has to get away from the vicinity of the hotels if he wants good sport, though a few fish of good size can be taken by the persevering angler right below the C. P. R. Hotel.

Banff of to-day is still the beautiful spot of six years ago, and man can never change the face of nature in this garden spot. Old Cascade, Rundle and the others of the great family will continue to look down into this charming valley when he who pens these lines has ceased to be and when the countless thousands who will come after him to gaze upon the wonders of the Rockies have also crossed the dark river, for, as Ruskin says, "Mountains are the beginning and ending of all things."

On to the west, and this time we give more than a passing glance and notice to the Lakes in the Clouds. At Laggan, thirty-four miles from Banff, we leave the train, and in a rain storm start for the chalet at Lake Louise. The conveyance was an open buckboard, and it was all the sturdy team of bays wanted to do to pull the outfit up the mountain road. We were offered the option of riding a pony up the trail, but as it was decidedly wet we concluded that the buckboard, even if open, would give us a better chance to keep dry. The ride of three miles is a pleasant one—on a pleasant day—and is a climb from the start. We follow up through the dense forest the creek that comes dashing down the mountain side—Louise Creek it is called, a mountain torrent fed by the melting snow and ice of the great glaciers above. It looks very fishy, and no doubt many a trout lies hidden under the rocks and logs that fill the bed of the ice-cold stream. One does not see Lake Louise until right at the chalet, and then such a vision bursts upon our sight as is not often given to mortal to behold.

BUFFALO IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.

Here nestling amid dark green forests flanked by high snow-capped peaks and bounded by an immense ice field lies a lake of crystal——. "Blue, did you say?" "Or green?" cries the other. An indescribable color, either blue or green, or both, or neither, ever changing, ever beautiful. Mirror-like at times, its placid bosom gives back to the clouds and peaks their counterparts, only enhanced in beauty. Ruffled with gentle breezes it changes from a splendid mirror to a dancing lakelet. A mile and one-half long, did you say? Never! Why, it is not a stone's throw to yon ice field. So clear is the rarified air of this home of the ice king, that distance is annihilated. On the shores of this enchanted lake has been built by the sacriligious hand of man a hotel. It seems out of place, but mortals must live and the best has been done that could be not to destroy the primitive wildness of the primeval forest, just enough of which has been cut down to make room for a little chalet, the exterior of which is surrounded by broad porches from which the beautiful vista may be seen. The interior is a pleasing combination of the primitive and the modern. The main room of the building is a combined lounging place and dining room. At one end is an immense fireplace, in which a huge fire of four-foot wood is burning all the time. The side toward the lake is one immense window, or more properly a series of windows, out of which one may gaze while dining and see across the shining waters, the sun gleaming on the glistening blue ice, or watch some cloud hover lower and lower, until the white crest of Victoria Peak is hidden from view.

We must not be selfish and try to keep all the good things of this world to one's self, but part of the great charm of this spot will be lost when people flock in as they are beginning to do. This year it was necessary to engage accommodations several days ahead, and to meet the demand the chalet has been enlarged to double its former capacity. The fly-fisherman can have some sport here, which if not of a very exciting nature, serves to pass many hours if he becomes tired of the beauties of the mountains and lake. The trout taken are of the beautiful rainbow variety, and average small, but they rise nicely to the fly and are fine in the pan.

BUFFALO IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.

There are numerous trips to be taken from Lake Louise, and ponies can be hired or one can climb the trails. The altitude is about 6,000 feet, and one gets up some 500 to 800 feet more at various points without going on to the peaks. A climb of two miles takes us to the second lake, Mirror Lake, which lies on a bench 550 feet above Lake Louise, into which its waters flow underground. About 300 feet higher up lies the third lake, which forms the group known as the Lakes in the Clouds. This Lake Agnes is fed by the everlasting snows and ice of the high peaks back of it, and its waters run down the steep side of the mountain into Mirror Lake. From a point back of Lake Agnes all three of the lakes lie below one and present a scene of beauty seldom rivaled. From the steep trail between Mirror and Agnes a grand view is had of Hazel Peak and Glacier. As you stand above Lake Agnes you look down over the three lakes and see the little chalet far below you, just peeping above the dark green forest, the light blue smoke curling lazily above the red chimney and floating upward into the darker blue of the cloud flecked sky, and still on your gaze wanders down, down, into the valley, and here you can just trace the Silvery Bow, beyond which again rise the rugged peaks of the Rocky Range. No fairer view mortal eye has gazed upon, and no description or photograph will ever tell or show its grandeur and charm.

Another day and we are off in just the opposite direction to climb the Saddleback for a peep into Paradise Valley. Little shelter chalets have been built at Lake Agnes and at Saddleback, where one could camp if desired. Storms are frequent in this locality, and clouds hang low for a large portion of the time; but these clouds tend to enhance rather than detract from the charms of the place. No more entrancing effects can be imagined than the rolling down, as if of some immense curtain, of a vapor laden mass of clouds over the snow-white crests and darker sides of these peaks that surround Lake Louise and its sisters. Then as they break into various forms and give the god of day an opportunity to send his shafts of light down to play with the glistening ice and dance over the white snow fields, just disclosing glimpses of the blue ether beyond, one stands in awe, silent and enraptured, and if moved to speak can only say, "Great are thy works, O Nature." All who visit Louise yield to her charms and many linger weeks beside the crystal waters of this lakelet in the clouds.

One old English gentleman with his wife, who were trotting round the world, went up with us on the buckboard and remained with us while there, and have since written, "That of all the spots visited on their long journey, Lake Louise was the gem." Oh, that vacations could run on like the brook, forever, but time and tide

HAZEL PEAK AND GLACIER FROM THE TRAIL.

wait for no man, and though loth to do so, we journey on toward the setting sun, leaving behind us

The three sisters of this upper world,
That 'mid the snow and ice of ages hide,
And from unruffled bosoms reflect the giant peaks,
'Adown whose sides the avalanches glide,
With dark green forests encircled round,
With rocky shores and ice-bound bay,
Around thy feet the mossy ferns abound,
And o'er thy depths the flying clouds doth play.

Back at Laggan we catch the west-bound and once more enjoy one of the grandest rides that can be found on this or any other continent. I am almost tempted to risk the censure of the editor and again tell of the grand thrilling ride through the Kicking Horse Pass and Cañon, and I know that no matter how much I might write, not half of the beauties of this trip could be told. However, the reader is once more asked to see the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM referred to.

Fifty-one miles soon are left behind, when each mile one passes over has new charms and excitements. So ere we know it, we are in Golden, and here the Kicking Horse pours its flood into the Columbia, the great river

Which thro' continents pushes its pathway forever
To fling its fond heart in the sea.

On our former tour we were obliged to pass Golden and could not take the trip up to the source of this mighty river of the West, but this time it was our intention not to miss what we had been told was one of the finest of all the side trips. So we left our good friends on the train and were soon established at the Columbia House in Golden. The town of Golden is a thriving little place and a good point to outfit for the mountains round about. The British Columbian Government has a mining district recorder here and a very interesting museum, where one can see specimens of all the rich ore of this and other districts. No one who has not been in British Columbia has any idea of the great mineral wealth of the country, but as I have no mines to sell, it is not my intention to go into details. Suffice it to say that Golden has a future, and it is a "golden" one, too.

We had arranged our plans so as to reach Golden on the day the steamer for the up-river trip departed, so we could make close connections, and in the evening we went aboard the Duchess (as she left before or just at daylight the next morning, and every one was supposed to be on board). The very pleasant and accommodating general manager of the line did the best he could for us, but we had to take a berth in the main saloon, the staterooms having all been taken, as a number of gentlemen were going up to some new mines. The Duchess was a typical Western river steamer, about 100 feet long and built to run in a heavy dew. She was a "pusher"—that is, she was propelled by a great wheel in the stern. All these light draft boats of the West are of this type.

The next morning we were up betimes to see the wonders of this great river, and found most of our fellow

*See FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XLV., No. 1 to No. 6, July 6 to Aug. 10, 1895.

passengers out. We were a very cosmopolitan crowd—miners, prospectors, capitalists, a minister and some lady tourists, a mining promoter and his two boys, who were enjoying the novelty of the trip into this wild Western country, and last but not least, the Yankee tourist. What a ride it was up this swift flowing stream! The river here comes down through the great ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks, over which hang low great banks of clouds, while the bare and jagged peaks of the well-named Rockies rear their heads into the sky above us.

Twisting and turning through the rocks and the low-lying thickly wooded shores, the steamer struggles up the swift current. Now and again it seems as if all further progress is barred, but our skillful pilot gives the wheel a quick turn and we run into some little channel nearly hidden by the thick underbrush that grows to the water's edge. Then we come into quiet reaches, where the smooth water reflects back the mountains, clouds, trees and bush

LAKE AGNES.

in marvelous distinctness. Next we pass high straight cliffs of a peculiar formation that take the form of spires, monuments and pillars. The rolling table lands stretch away until they blend with the mountains beyond. On wide sand bars flocks of geese are seen, as we come quickly round some bend and go off with a great flapping of wings. Ducks are startled from their hiding places by the puffing steamer and sometimes fly along with her for some distance. A great trip for the sportsman would be to ship a boat or boats upon the steamer and then lazily drift down with the current. Large game can be found back in the mountains, and one or two points are pointed out as being the home of the white goat. As we get up the river, beautiful park-like expanses are seen, dotted here and there by clumps of pines and other timber. The evening shades are with us before we get into Columbia lakes, and we run on to a gravel bar, but by twisting, backing, turning and steaming ahead again, we work over.

At the mouth of the river proper we pass over the salmon beds. Here before the days of the net, the fish wheel and the canneries the salmon used to come in

VIEW FROM SADDLEBACK TRAIL.

schools and work the gravel up into ridges, where they would deposit their eggs. Here ended the great struggle of the game fish. For 1,200 or 1,300 miles this noble fish of the sea would fight its way up one falls, through rapids and whirlpools, through shallows and cascades, up, up, until worn, weary and spent it reached this haven of rest and after depositing its eggs, probably gave up its life. It literally gave its life that the species might live. These beds are yet plainly to be seen, though the countless numbers of fish are no more. So perish before the advance of civilization all wild things; as the old Indian said, "White man he comes, kill all the deer, catch all the fish, cut down all the trees and then wear plug hat."

A very short, concise way of expressing the ambition of the white man to make way with everything in his pursuit of wealth.

It is dark when the Duchess ties up alongside her dock at Windemere, the town of the Columbia lakes. But early the next day we are out sight-seeing. Here we are at the headwaters of the great Columbia, that is the main source. The real source, it is claimed, where the first water that starts the ball rolling, as it were, is a spring at the head of the lakes. Just above the Fiftieth Parallel lie the two Columbia lakes, and from these the river flows northward between the Selkirks and the Rockies, until it can get round the Selkirks; it then turns to the south, and with a sharp bend starts down between the Gold Range and the Selkirks. It comes back to the Forty-ninth Parallel and goes into the United States, and then down through Washington into Oregon and then westward into the Pacific. The first discovery of this river was in 1792, and it was first called the Origon or Oregon by the natives and old fur hunters. Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, was the first real discoverer, and he named it the Columbia, for his ship, the Columbia Rediviva. The river has only been navigated about 100 years. It is now navigated in spots, there being many falls and dalles which are insurmountable, and which make the river unnavigable through its entire length. The first stretch is from the lakes to Golden, 100 miles; then from Revelstoke to Northport, 200 miles. After the river gets into the United States there are other stretches of good water. It drains a great extent of territory, about 245,000 square miles, or, to make it plainer, a territory larger than New England, the Middle States, Maryland with Virginia and West Virginia thrown in. The lakes at Windemere are very beautiful, the immediate shore being a high rolling table land, and this runs back into the mountains. When the lakes are calm the reflections from the crystal-like surface are marvelous. The water is clear and remains so after it flows into the river, until some of the creeks that come down from the mountains join it.

A freak of nature is to be found in this part of British Columbia in the Columbia and Kootenay rivers. The Kootenay rises away up near Parallel Fifty-one and flows to the south. At the Columbia lakes it is only a mile away from them, and a canal has been cut through connecting the two bodies of water. But the Kootenay flows on to the south, entering the State of Montana. It then turns to the north and flows back into British Columbia, forming with other feeders what is known as the Kootenay Lake. From this lake the river flows westward, and 350 miles from where it passed the Columbia on its journey south it pours its flood into its mightier brother, so that man with his little pickaxe comes along and by cutting a ditch of a mile can save some of the water of the Kootenay a journey of 350 miles on its trip to join its brother.

FRANK F. FRISBIE.

The Sand Dunes of Long Island.

FOR miles and miles they stretch along the coast—those lonely sand dunes, cut off from the mainland by the broad waters of the Great South Bay. To the casual observer they have but one aspect, that of barren and drear monotony, but to him who observes closely and has withal a little imagination they present variety enough.

Rising in their highest part to not more than fifty or sixty feet, they run along generally in a single row, but sometimes in rows of two or three. Among these latter the wind makes a tremendous commotion—rushing and whirling and eddying—the result being that their outlines are constantly changing. After a severe storm you will often see one-half blown away, while its neighbors have grown perceptibly higher. For the most part they are covered with spear grass, thick in the more sheltered spots, but sparse and ragged in the exposed. On the inner side there is an occasional growth of bayberry bushes or other scrub, and more rarely a stunted cedar; beyond this wide sedgy marshes stretch down to the bay. On the outer side a shelving strand runs along, very smooth and clean, but with blackened timbers of ships sticking out of it at irregular intervals, gruesome reminders of the tragic fury of the ocean.

The best season in which to visit the dunes is the spring. Then there is a charm about them that is very potent. The grass has taken on its vernal tint, as have the contiguous marshes. Here and there, even amid the sand, little wild flowers bloom, or a marsh mallow puts forth its passionate emblem. The redwings and the wrens and the meadowlarks have returned and the air is musical with their chorusing. Old Ocean has changed his murky complexion for one of azure, and is now wreathed in smiles. And the south wind blows, laden with ozone, and happy he who can be there to taste of the exhilaration of it all.

The spring melts into summer and Old Sol takes complete possession of the scene. The grasses begin to droop and the sand grows white in the fervid heat. Redwing and wren and meadow lark have lapsed into silence and nothing is now audible but the drowsy murmur of the waves on the beach. Overhead the gulls hover more lazily than is their wont, and a ship on the horizon seems to stand still. The air is bathed in peace and sunshine and the long day is like a lotus eater's dream.

Then comes autumn with its mists and wailing winds, or its long spells of amber sunshine. The dunes and the marshes grow grayer day by day, hardly relieved by the flaming of a leaf or a weed here and there, and a melancholy atmosphere broods upon them. Instead of the songs of the spring visitants, now is heard the honk of the wild goose or the quack of the wild duck frequenting the waters of the bay. But the cricket lifts up its cheery voice and tries to dissipate the gathering gloom. In vain. The march of the season is inexorable. At length the cricket falls silent and then the tide takes a moaning note, full of fearpul presage of what is at hand.

Winter! Now indeed can it be said truly that the dunes present a picture of barren and drear monotony. But there is variety still. It is, however, in the way of a further accentuation of the chilling aspect of the scene. For when the blizzard has swept over it all is cold and somber desolation. Like great marble tombs the dunes stretch along, while the hungry ocean seems to be demanding of them to give up their dead—now in hoarse and sullen tones, and again in wild and thundering accents. No conception of the terror of this, especially at night, can be formed by one who has not been there to see and hear.

It will hardly excite wonder that around these dunes, so invested with solitude and an air of mystery, as it were, legends should have gathered by the score. Some of these date back to the aboriginal Indians, but for the most part they are connected with Capt. Kidd or other congenerous sea rovers. It is not so very long since the legends found a ready credence among the good people who inhabit the adjacent mainland, and indeed there are not a few there still, at least among the older generation, who have more than a lingering faith in the bizarre or uncanny legends. Let two or more graybeards be gathered together, with their pipes going and the weather at all suggestive, and the chances are ten to one that some allusion will be made to the traditional associations of the dunes. And at such times it is most interesting to note the lowering of the speaker's voice, or the manifestation of awe which steals over him.

Perhaps the legend which most appeals to the popular fancy is that of the old sea captain, the treasure seeker. This worthy, so the legend goes, was of the belief that the beach was a veritable gold mine, and despite years of fruitless search and keen disappointment he did not lose his faith. It does not appear that he placed any reliance on the mineral or sounding rod, an instrument held in such favor by others of his ilk. His method was to walk the beach after every storm, when, owing to the washing away or displacement of the sand, he hoped to discover some clue to the dear object of his search. At length fate relented in his regard, or perhaps it would be more correct to say seemed to relent.

It was in the fall of the year, and the first equinoctial storm had come up. The old captain, all excitement, lay awake through the night listening to the whistling of the wind and the booming of the surf on the distant beach, speculating the while on what the morrow would bring him. The morrow came at length and the captain lost no time in reaching his boat, and having trimmed his sail he shot across the bay. Arrived at the beach he shouldered his old flintlock (without which he never ventured thither, and, indeed, always carried a few silver bullets for special emergencies) and set out on his patrol. The storm had completely passed, and the sea, subsided to a long, even swell, was shimmering in the bright sunlight. Along the beach our gold seeker pursued his way, observing closely the base of the dunes, where the fury of the tide had left its greatest mark. Albeit so eager in his search, the captain had a way of falling into a revery anent what he should do after he had made his find, and he now fell to planning his ship and fitting her out for sea, that being his favorite scheme. So intent was he on this that he only half observed something bright or glistening which stuck out of the sand at a certain point, but he remembered it, and hadn't gone very far before he came to a halt and turning round said: "I b'lieve I'll go back and just see what that was." As he approached the object he could plainly see that it was part of a jar, and immediately his heart began to thump against his side at a fearful rate, while a feeling of superstitious dread took possession of him. For some moments he stood transfixed, gazing at the object and then up and down the beach. The supreme moment had come—he felt it—he knew it—and yet after all perhaps that piece of earthenware was only——. The doubt nerved him, and calling himself a "Darn old fool!" he stooped down and began to dig away the sand from the jar with a trowel which he had taken from his hip pocket. Suddenly he stopped, fearing he might be surprised, and pulling off his coat he threw it over the jar and rushed to the top of the dunes. Up and down the beach and then across the marshes and the bay he peered, but no human shape was visible. Drawing a sigh of relief he returned to his find. In a little while he had exposed the jar completely to view. It lay on its side and its opening appeared to be corked and sealed. Taking it up with trembling hands the captain found it was heavy—heavy as gold. Such was his agitation that he let it fall from his hands involuntarily. Once more fearing surprise he rushed to the top of the dunes, peered about as before, but finding the coast clear, returned to his work. Then sitting down he took the jar upon his knees and producing a jackknife proceeded to cut away the seal. But suddenly he stopped, and throwing the jar from him with an exclamation of fear, sprang to his feet. What if it contained a genie such as he had read about when a boy in "The Arabian Nights"! With eyes bulging from his head he gazed about him in a genuine panic of superstitious fear and awe. The day seemed to him unnaturally still and bright and this added to his panic. He was on the point of picking up his gun and taking to his heels when—his intense desire to have the wherewithal to build the ship sobered him. For the second time he apostrophized himself, only in somewhat more emphatic terms than before, and sitting down resumed his labor of opening the jar. The seal being cut away he attacked the cork, and in this attack his knife broke, which he took for a bad omen, and his panic was about to return. But conjuring up the vision of that ship he was able to resume his attack on the cork with all of the blade that remained. Presently the cork was cut away and the captain, putting his eye to the opening of the jar, saw something white, which for the moment he took to be smoke about to issue forth, preparatory to the appearance of the genie, and gave himself up for lost; but no smoke appeared, and the captain taking heart inserted his finger and found that the white substance was nothing more harmful than cotton. Seizing it between his fingers, he pulled it out, and then applying his eye again to the opening of the jar, lo! there was the glitter of gold! Oh, the ecstacy of that moment! Our old salt jumped up and danced and cut capers about the beach in such a manner as must have convinced any one observing him that he had gone stark mad. But in the middle of his antics he stopped short and flew back to the jar. Turning it upside down he shook it and out poured a stream of golden coins. They had an odd, foreign look, with strange inscriptions upon them, but what of that since they were gold? Gloatingly the captain took some of them up, one by one, and examined them. All he could make out was "Hispan-et-Ind," and this, of course, was Greek to him; but he concluded that the coins were Spanish doubloons, and he was right. From examining them singly he took to lifting a handful at a time and allowing it to fall back among the glittering heap—the jingle being to his ears the sweetest music he ever heard. While thus engaged the sun passed behind a cloud, casting a shadow over the captain. He started as if shot, and excitedly pulled his coat over the gold. Then observing the cause of his alarm, he dealt himself an uppercut with his clenched fist, while apostrophizing himself for the third time that day.

"But I'll take no more chances," he added. "This 'ere dust has got to be carted away, and that pretty quick!"

Suiting the action to the word, he proceeded feverishly to refill the jar, and this done he wrapped his coat about it, tucked it under his arm, and picking up his gun flew rather than ran for his boat. He reached home in safety and deposited his find under the floor of his cabin. In course of time the ship was built and then upon a day when the wind was fair the captain sailed proudly out of Fire Island Inlet—and never came back!

Such is a sample of the legends that have gathered about the dunes, and which lend them a romantic interest more fascinating perhaps than the splendor of a range of mountains. However this may be, it is sad to think that these famous little sand hills, which have so long offered to the voyager his first and last glimpse of America, may some day be a thing of the past, for the encroachments of the ocean upon them never cease, and it would seem but a question of time when the waves will roll over them and picturesque charm, legends and all will be forgotten.

F. MOONAN.

Some Boyhood Memories.

VII.—A First Visit to the Adirondacks

NOT long ago I read a very interesting letter from a middle-aged sportsman in which he said that his first visit to the wilds of Pennsylvania, made in his youth, left such a profound and lasting impression that every incident and detail was indelibly fixed in his memory. It could not have been more indelibly fixed upon his memory than is my own first visit to the Adirondacks fixed in mine, for at the time I had a vague idea that one incident of that visit was seared into my vitals. It was with me sleeping and with me waking, for nights and days after, and for weeks the rustling of the bushes in the wind or the snapping of a twig brought it to my mind's eye in a flash. My first visit was made to the Adirondacks when I had arrived at the mature age of twelve years, and I accompanied my father's superintendent to a lumber camp on the Cedar River, near the line which separates Hamilton from Essex county. There were no tourists in the woods in those days; no hotels worth mentioning; no roads nor bridges that were spoken about except with a big D to impress upon the hearer the fact that they were poor. Stage coaches and the modern buckboards would have been as much out of place on the roads and bridges as a Waterloo cup winner in a dog-churn. At Roots, now North River, where we entered the wilderness, a pair of heavy horses that were used in lumbering operations and consequently familiar with the roads, or the lack of them, were harnessed to a heavy wagon to take us into the camp or lumber shanty. I thought the drive from Roots to Indian River was the roughest pleasure jaunt of my short life, and this opinion held good until we left Indian River on a winter log road for the camp. A winter log road is not intended for summer travel, except as the gallant soldier of the story returned from the war. He went on horseback, and came on foot, back. The nature of my relation to the builder of the road from Indian to Cedar River made it impossible for me to find fault with it, even when both horses went through the first bridge we came to. The horses were used to that kind of sleddin' evidently, for they made no protest whatever, but remained as quiet as wooden horses until the harness was removed and they were fished out of the dry bed of the stream under the rotten bridge. By the way, these horses, young, powerful beasts, were broken to pile logs, and were used single, without bit or rein, and obeyed the command to "haw" or "gee" more quickly than well broken oxen, and they were named Buck and Bright. I had often heard of the exploits of these wonderful animals that "knew as much as a man" and were always kept "up in the wood," and I knew that my father valued them for their intelligence and training, and when they went down through another bridge I protested for them. The men said that my father never had seen his private road in summer, and I resolved that if I lived to get home he should have such an account of it as to cause him to appoint a committee of means to fix his ways.

My fondness for sport was developed some years before the time of which I write, for I was a precocious youth in this direction, and it led to my entering into a compact with my father that on my part I would not monkey with firearms until I arrived at a certain age, and that on his part he would buy me a rifle when I arrived at that fixed age. This compact was faithfully kept on both sides, but as I walked along ahead of the wagon during that eventful journey I sincerely wished that the time had arrived for me to have a gun, if only for personal protection. Darkness had fallen when we arrived at the camp, and I could see little of the lay of the land; but the next morning I found that it consisted of two log houses, built side by side, with several log barns and sheds for horses, cattle and forage, and storehouses for provisions and lumbering implements. The buildings were in a small clearing on the river bank, with the finest crop of tree stumps that I had seen up to that date. I wasted little time after breakfast in examining the place from a commercial point of view, for I had gone there to fish for trout, and the fishing demanded my chief attention. When my rod, reel, line, leader and flies were joined I asked Antoine Robbins, the camp keeper, to show me the way to the rapids in the river, which, during the previous evening and at breakfast, he had assured me were stiff with large, delicious trout. From the camp door he pointed out a path which led into the woods on the west of the clearing, only a pistol shot away, and told me that a continuance of it led straight to the rapids, which were about a quarter of a mile up stream. I walked along that patch and entered the woods with my rod over my shoulder, big with expectations of new and glorious sport that I had dreamed of for months previously. The path was none too conspicuous after I left the clearing, for in places the bushes on either side met in the middle, and I proceeded cautiously, that I might make no mistake. Suddenly, in front of me, I saw a huge black moving object, and quicker than thought it raised itself up into a bear, to the best of my judgment at the time, about 25 feet high and 15 feet wide, and shut off travel in that direction. As the bear elongated himself up into the tree tops his appearance and his solitary remark of "woof"—at least that is all I heard him say—paralyzed my limbs, froze my marrow and stopped my circulation, but only for the subdivision of a second of time, for before he was fairly done rearing up on his hinder legs I had turned and was sprinting for the clearing with my rod in my hand and my heart in my throat. Not once did I look back, but every instant I expected to feel the bear's claws fall upon my unprotected rear. Once in the clearing, I glanced over my shoulder without slacking speed, and to my intense relief found that I had escaped.

Sitting down on a log close to the shanty, I waited for my heart to stop beating like a pump out of repair, and for my viscera generally to settle back into its normal position. When my mouth got moist enough for me to talk intelligibly, and I had repaired some ravages in my tackle, I went to the shanty and took from the wall a sheath knife I had noticed hanging there, and secreted it upon my person, and then sought out Antoine and stormed at him for sending me off on a path that lost itself in the woods. I told him he must go with me, and stay with me, so I could be sure of getting back again. If any one thinks that I went into those woods again, Antoine ahead of me, without a desperate struggle with myself to face the music, even as a reserve, it is a mistake, for I did nothing of the sort. When we got to the place where I had met the bear Antoine discovered his tracks. I might have discovered them if I had been in advance, but I happened to be in the rear, so the glory of the discovery of the tracks was not mine. In places in the path water from a recent rain had stood, and finally soaked into the earth, leaving a glossy black deposit of mud. After an examination of the tracks for a little distance, Antoine announced to me that the bear had been walking along the path, and probably heard me and turned and ran at full speed on his back track, and that if I had not made a noise to frighten him I might have seen him. Seen him! Great Scott! I can see him to this day, and it is over thirty years since I met him. I am not entirely sure, but I think I laughed at Antoine's suggestion that I frightened the bear. I also made a mental note of the fact that it was the noise that I made that caused the bear to dig his claws so deeply into the muddy places as he performed his desperate retreat, and I resolved that in the future, in a bear country, I would be accompanied on my fishing excursions with a fife and drum, and carry a tin horn in my fish basket. As we walked on to the river I became very much interested in the natural history of certain animals and their relations to man, particularly the bear of the Adirondack region. I asked if it was not dangerous for Antoine, for instance, to go roaming around the woods unarmed, as I noticed that he was. He smiled at the idea, and said that the black bears of that precinct would run every time at the approach of man. I wished for data from personal experience on the subject, and I got all I asked for. Only once had Antoine met a bear that did not turn out promptly and give him all the path, and on that solitary occasion the time was evening and Antoine was loaded with a saddle of venison on his shoulders, returning to camp, and the bear was hungry for venison. I asked if bears were fond of fish—so fond that if a man with a full fish basket should meet a bear the man would feel called upon to divide the contents of the fish basket. Antoine thought not, but if such a thing should happen one had only to "shoo" the bear out of the path. While I was storing my mind with information about bears I was also fishing and trying to think of questions to put to my instructor that would keep him sitting on the bank. The fishing was good, the trout were plentiful and of good size, and little by little I worked away from my guardian, absorbed in my sport. Once I looked up and Antoine was gone—gone beyond the reach of my voice. I had some fine fish, and there were more to be had for the catching, but I was surfeited sooner than I had expected, and concluded to return to the shanty. To do this there were two ways open to me—one through the woods by a fairly good path, the other by wading, climbing, floundering down the bank through the water and over rocks and dead timber, and after duly considering both avenues I chose the latter, taking my sheath knife with me.

A. N. CHENEY.

Natural History.

Beaver in New Jersey.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Very few of the millions of people in and around New York city have any idea of the natural romantic beauty and varied fauna of many square miles of country which begins almost within sight of the tall sky-scrapers of the metropolis. Even among those classes of people who spend their summer vacation somewhere among the highlands of northern New Jersey, or whose love for shooting, fishing or wheeling has brought them within the boundaries of this bit of God's country, are very few who appreciate the grand and wild character of this region, and who have a correct knowledge of its fauna. Nor do many of the natives living within its borders. I refer to parts of the counties of Passaic, Morris and Sussex, especially in New Jersey, as well as Rockland and Orange counties in New York State.

If I should tell my readers that I can take them to places within twenty-five miles, in direct line, of Greater New York, and show them abundant wild deer signs; or that I have personally run across the fresh tracks of a full-grown black bear, while grouse shooting, within a few years, and this within 30 miles of Greater New York; and that some wildcats are being killed annually within the same distance from New York city, I am afraid that either my veracity or sanity would be questioned by a good many well meaning persons.

Of course, red and gray foxes, otters, raccoons, opossums and many of the other smaller mammals are more or less common and numerous throughout the region I speak of.

But it will be news and of interest to most of even those men who intimately know this whole wild mountain country, who have shot over much of it and who, like myself, have fished in many of the sixty or eighty mountain lakes, that the beaver (*Castor canadensis*) is thriving in a perfectly wild state within less than fifty miles from the New York City Hall. I, myself, was a doubting Thomas when I observed for the first time the strange tracks in the snow and heard one of the mountaineers describe some work which in his opinion could have been done only by big muskrats or otters.

Ever since I was a boy big enough to read Cooper's Leatherstockings and similar works of fiction or natural history, the beaver appealed to me as one of the most interesting animals in our whole fauna. As the great Audubon wrote, fifty years ago, the sagacity and instinct of the beaver have from time immemorial been the subject of admiration and wonder, and beaver stories have been part of every boy's education.

Judging by the general interest shown in the beaver exhibits at our late sportsmen's shows—and I believe no single exhibit was watched with keener appreciation—the general public, like myself, looked upon these few specimens as of a race of animals practically extinct within the limits of modern civilization, and certainly within many hundred miles of the city of New York. Yet I was mistaken, and I take pleasure in presenting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a few photos of some of the beaver workings taken by me on the spot. While the home of these animals is not on a property which I acquired last year by purchase, it is within a mile

TREES CUT BY BEAVER AND DROPPED INTO THE LAKE.
Photo March 24, 1901.

or two of it, and that some of their more venturesome spirits have ascended to my own waters, some 200 feet higher up, I have good proofs.

I had my first experience with my new friends about 1 o'clock one dark night last summer, when I had my brother-in-law waiting in a nearby field with a team, while I crawled on hands and knees through the underbrush along the edge of the pond by the light of an old lantern looking for an old boat to take the same to another pond where we intended to try the fishing in the morning. I was then repeatedly startled by a succession of sharp whistling sounds and the plunging into the water of some animal which, judging by the noise, sounded to me to be as big as a Newfoundland dog. At the time I put down the noise as the doings of some scared muskrats. Still, I had never heard rats make such a splash and commotion before.

This was right along a part of shore where there are now numerous old and fresh workings, where I also by

TREE CUT BY BEAVER WHICH FELL THE WRONG WAY.
Photo March 24, 1901.

chance found a beaver burrow and store house. This had a broad entrance under water and ran some dozen feet upon the bank. The frost was just leaving the ground and one of my companions noticing a small cave-in, put his foot through it and discovered the store room, nearly three feet in diameter, filled with a great mass of willow twigs, roots and pieces of split sticks from about 4 to 8 inches in length. As this was underground, it was impossible to take any photograph of it, which I regret, for it was very interesting.

I have never seen any of the animals themselves, and have no idea of their probable number. However, they are there, and I mean to have a look at them some time, in either moon or day light. There are hundreds of big sticks and trees up to a foot in diameter which have been cut. The biggest tree attacked is more than 12 inches in diameter, and was gnawed about 4 inches deep. It was marked at upper and lower limits and at the center, where it is to break. This was fresh work, and the white chips are deposited all around the tree.

The only house or hut which I found had evidently been partly destroyed by men on the ice last winter, but had

been patched up by the animals, as the photos show. No doubt there are others. As the ice was thoroughly soft and rotten and no boat could be brought near, it was dangerous work to get into position for a picture. I had to jump from partly frozen tussock to tussock, while a 10-foot pole could be put out of sight between them.

I also discovered the remnants of two beaver dams across the inlet brook. They, however, were made during the low state of water. One or both, I understand, were partly opened by a native, and the rush of water from recent rains has flooded and partly destroyed them.

Whether these beaver are any old original stock or where they came from I do not know, but they have evidently been here several seasons and are doing well, and I learn upon further inquiry that there are other places within a few miles in this same region where beaver are at home.

These highlands of northern New Jersey are easily reached by the Lackawanna and Susquehanna railroads and are about as good a natural upland game country as can be found anywhere in this part of the country. Ruffed grouse are quite numerous in many places. No better woodcock covers can be found, and while some of this country, much of which is between 1,000 and 2,000 feet above tide water, is rather rough and severe in winter for quail, these can be made to do better with a little artificial care. Sussex county holds the health record for the State, and it alone has nearly fifty lakes, and most of them teem with fish. The time will come when with proper game laws and their enforcement, and more preservation and propagation, this whole region will again be a paradise for the sportsman.

JUSTUS VON LENGERKE.

Experience with Wild Animals.

SCOTCH LAKE, N. B., March 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 9 is an article on dangerous wild animals, by Wm. Wells, that is very interesting to me. I had always supposed that there were some dangerous wild animals in the West, but not dangerous to any great extent; but it seems by this article by Mr. Wells that there are none, and I don't doubt it in the least, as it is just my experience with big game in the East. The greater part of my time is spent in the wildest and most remote parts of the New Brunswick forest, and right in the home of the moose, caribou and black bear, and I have yet to see the first dangerous animal. If a little caution is used in approaching wounded animals, if they are not very badly wounded, they will, as in every case that I have seen, use all their strength to get away.

We hear a great many stories about dangerous bull moose, and are told of many hairbreadth escapes from them by getting up a tree in the nick of time, and being kept there for hours until nearly frozen; but I believe it to be "all rot." I have seen hundreds of bull moose at all times of the year and in all kinds of places, and never yet saw one that wanted to put up a fight.

About twenty-five years ago I was working in the lumber woods, and one of our party came in to camp on Saturday night with a wonderful story about a narrow escape from a bull moose that afternoon. He had been away alone cruising for lumber and had come on a bunch of moose—a bull, two cows and a calf. The bull had charged him on sight, and to escape he had crawled under

BEAVER HUT NO. 1.
Photo March 24, 1901.

a big windfall that lay up some two feet from the ground, and by doing a lot of dodging from one side to the other he had managed to escape with his life, after being kept in there for hours. This happened in December, and there was a good tracking snow. The next day, Sunday, I took my gun and started to investigate. I found where he had started the moose all right, and where he had crawled under the windfall, but I failed to find any tracks near the windfall to show that the moose had tried to get at him. The fact was that the tracks all pointed in the opposite direction, and that the bull was not the last one to go, also that they had lost no time in going.

Now this man was a good, reliable fellow, with more intelligence than the ordinary woodsman, and every man in the crew believed him, and I have no doubt that he believed himself that the moose was after him when he went under the log. But the snow the next day told the whole story and told the truth. I was alone that day, and what I saw I kept to myself, and there was not a man in that crew but believed it was a narrow escape, and that a bull moose was a dangerous animal to meet.

Again last December I stayed all night at a lumber camp far up on the headwaters of the Tobique River. About dark the foreman came in with his rifle and related some wonderful yarns about a big bull moose that chased every one who went out on a certain ridge, and had treed several men, but all had so far escaped with their lives. That day he had been out cruising in that locality, but had not dared to go without a rifle to protect himself. But I came to the conclusion that he had no license to hunt, as the law requires, but that there were some big moose tracks out there, and that he carried his rifle in hope of meeting the moose, and told these stories to justify himself in killing the moose without a license if he got a chance. All the men in that crew believed him, and so did a young fellow who was with me. I didn't contradict the story; why should I? Let them believe it if they wanted to, but the foreman never got the moose and it is not likely that he ever will.

These are two of the reasons why such stories are told—one from imagination and fear, the other from

TREE 14 INCHES IN DIAMETER IN PROCESS OF CUTTING BY BEAVER.
Photo March 24, 1901.

mercenary motives. I know of a great many such stories as told by others, but these two cases cover the ground pretty well.

On June 20, 1898, I was paddling through a shoal lake with one of my men in the bow of the canoe, and we saw a two-year-old cow moose feeding right ahead of us. I paddled directly toward it, facing the wind. It saw us when about eighty yards distant and stood still, facing us, while I paddled slowly directly toward it, until within about five yards, when the man in the bow seized a pole and shoved the canoe back, as he didn't want to get any closer. We did that three different times, and the moose never flinched. The last time the canoe was within ten feet. Then we went round it and left it standing there, and it was there when we went out of sight around a bend. Three different times since I have paddled up to a young moose till the bow of the canoe struck it, but it didn't want to fight, nor was it in the least dangerous; it was simply the curiosity of a young animal that had never seen a man before.

I see every summer many cow moose with their calves; they generally have two, and I have passed the calves with a canoe close enough to touch them with a canoe pole, and the cows always run away and leave them. I never even saw one make a bluff at showing fight, but as they run away they nearly always call their calves after them.

Last spring I was crossing a lake in a canoe with two friends four days after the ice went out. We saw a cow moose and calf swimming the lake, and when they got to the shore the calf was so chilled with the cold water that it could not get out on the bank. We helped it out, rubbed it dry and left it on a mossy knoll after taking some photographs of it. It could not have been more than one day old; its mother went slowly into the bushes when we were working with the calf, but returned as soon as we left it, and took it with her, yet she showed no signs whatever of being dangerous.

An old moose in the rutting season wants to know what he is running from before he starts, and his curiosity often gets him into trouble, but when he finds out that it is a man he does not wait to do any fighting. Caribou have a whole lot of curiosity, but it takes a lively imagination to consider them dangerous if a reasonable amount of care is taken in approaching a badly wounded animal.

My experience with the black bear is that he is the greatest coward of them all. Even when caught in a steel trap he will rarely show as much fight as a muskrat. I have killed a good many and some big ones, but have not met a dangerous one yet. I make a business of hunting and trapping bears, and I go into the wildest and most remote wilderness after them, right into the home and breeding ground of all kinds of Eastern big game, and I have never yet seen the need of carrying firearms for protection against dangerous wild animals.

Two years ago Charlie Cremin and I were trapping bears on the headwaters of Nepisiquit River. We went part way over our line of traps with a canoe, and walked part of it. We started Monday, May 29, by canoe down the river; we took five bears going down, and on Wednesday, as we were coming back up, we found a big one that had just got into a light but powerful trap. I proposed shooting him at once, but Charlie said, "No; let us see how much fight is in him," and as we were feeling pretty good over our success in taking six bears on one run, we agreed to see what this big fellow would do. So we cleared away the brush from round him to give him a chance to fight if he wanted to; but he didn't want to and didn't. The only thing he would do to try and defend himself was to catch the blows on the pad of muscle on top of his head. Trapping bears will seem cruel to most sportsmen, and it certainly is, but if they have seen caribou and moose torn by bears as I have and consider how very hard it is to get a chance to shoot the cowardly brutes, they will say there is some excuse for it.

We have no wolves in New Brunswick and no panthers, but we have the Canada lynx and the bay lynx, or bobcat. They kill deer and caribou and young moose, and sometimes they act very independent about getting out of a man's way; but they can't be called dangerous, though they are large enough to be so if they wanted to be.

There are comparatively few readers who will believe this, as their information has generally been got from the Sunday papers and from story tellers such as I have written about, and not from actual experience. Occasionally a writer for the daily papers will strike us old hunters for a story, but when it comes out in the paper we would scarcely know it for what we had told them, and if any experienced sportsman should happen to see it he would say, "That man is an awful liar," and they would be right if we had told the story as it is generally printed.

ADAM MOORE.

Heredity and Telegony.

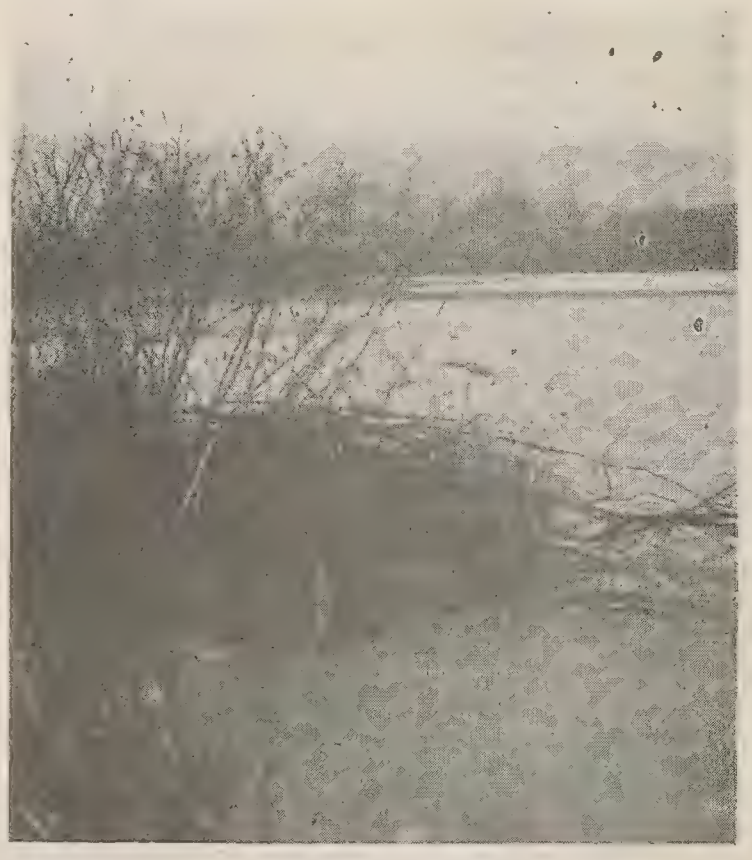
Editor Forest and Stream:

PERMIT me a few words in reply to Mr. W. Wade in your last number. I quote Mr. Wade as follows: "Telegony is dead in the face of heredity, as pestiferous rot as the idea is of its being an invariable result of mesalliances, that it does occur in rare cases seems well established."

The above sentence is somewhat obscure as to the meaning intended to be conveyed, but Mr. Wade makes his position clearer in his subsequent remarks, from which I gather that he sets up "rare cases" of "abnormalities" as grounds for overthrowing the palpable and all-prevailing course of normal transmission by heredity. Indeed, he overshoots his mark, and disproves his allegations by the examples cited, as, for instance, the potency for hereditary transmission of his "born tailless dog."

The interruption of the regular course of heredity by occasional but rare departures from the normal type of the parents, together with "freaks of nature" and deformities, may be attributed in many cases to atavism or "telegony," as Mr. Wade prefers to call it, which is in itself very strong proof of the persistence of heredity. Parents having light hair and blue eyes as a rule bear children of the same type, and when there is an occasional departure to black eyes and hair the persistent influence of a former ancestor asserts itself. Many of the more radical abnormalities may perhaps be attributable to "twists from embryology," as Mr. Wade suggests, which expression I interpret to mean the results of certain abnormal agencies, physical or psychological, exerted upon the sensitive embryo which may in their turn become sources of hereditary characteristics.

As to the Mexican hairless dog, I used him for the purpose of a general illustration, with very little specific knowledge of the creature. Having seen quite a number of them, however, and heard or read something more of them, I have the impression that the hairless dog of Mexico constitutes a type in which hairless parents usually give birth to hairless progeny by hereditary transmission, and that the type developed in response to the demands of environment. Certain it is that no thin



BEAVER HUT NO. 2.
Photo March 24, 1901.

haired dogs are to be found in the Arctic regions, and none with thick fur in the tropics. It is equally certain that Arctic furry animals produce furry offspring, and that the proximate cause of the furry characteristic of the offspring is its existence in the parents. The same principle controls in tropical types, and this we call heredity.

COAHOMA.

An Albino Hawk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I recently saw a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM relating to albino hawks. Mr. Samuel Nixon, whose address is Eldora, W. Va., has now a very fine specimen of albino hawk in his possession. It is of the redtail species, and save for a few feathers is pure white. Its plumage is in good condition and would make any naturalist a fine specimen. I have no doubt that it could be procured of Mr. Nixon for a very reasonable sum. The bird was caught uninjured in a trap, and I should guess it to measure 4 feet from tip to tip of wings.

C. L. SHAVER.

Toads in the House.

THE toad spends the winter in the ground in a dormant condition. The warm days of April soon wake him up, and the first business of the year is attention to the eggs which are destined to maintain the supply of toads. For this purpose toads of a given vicinity betake themselves to the nearest pond. Though silent the rest of the year, their piping soon fills the air. It is thus when they come down to the water to lay their eggs that the mischievous boy "lays" for them and kills by dozens, often destroying together with the mother the thousands of eggs which are needed to keep up the number of the species. The eggs are laid in the water, and if the weather is warm they hatch out in a few days into tiny black tadpoles. When freshly laid, the eggs resemble strings of black beads embedded in a clean gelatinous matter. It is a fascinating study for a child to watch the transformations from egg to tadpole and from tadpole to toad. To arrange for this the eggs should be placed in a rather shallow dish of water two or three inches deep with mud from a pond sufficient to cover the bottom and come up to the surface of the water on one side. A little green slime and a few aquatic plants will afford the tadpoles their natural food and keep the water fresh if it is allowed to stand in a sunny window. These plants obviate the necessity of changing the water, and the only attention required is to keep it from drying up. In doing this, many children are apt to put in too many eggs and try to raise too many tadpoles. The result is that all are weak and half-starved and are soon killed by fungus or other diseases. Neglect to provide mud, plants and sunshine is also a frequent error which frustrates the experiment. Ten eggs are often enough for a dish six inches in diameter, and not more than three or four tadpoles should be allowed to grow up in it. The rest should be put back into their pond soon after they hatch. If plenty of aquatic plants are kept in the dish, the tadpoles will require no further feeding. Solid food left in the water kills the inhabitants of the receptacle. Their natural food at this stage is usually stated to be exclusively vegetable, and consists of the microscopical plants which form the slime on the stems and leaves of water weeds. The "tads" can easily be seen scraping this off with their little horny jaws. As this slime is swarming with microscopical animals, their food must contain considerable animal matter as well, and if water plants are not obtainable tadpoles may be fed on bits of bread, with now and then a piece of raw meat to suck at. All pieces of bread or meat should be carefully removed, however, before they become sour.—Springfield Republican.

New Game in America.

THE muskox of Greenland and the northeastern portion of this continent known as Ellesmere Land and Grinnell Land has been discovered to be a different animal from the muskox of the Barren Grounds, which is the form with which we are most familiar, if the average man can be said to be familiar with any form of muskox. In a recent publication of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. J. A. Allen, curator of birds and mammals of that institution, describes at considerable length the differences between the Barren Grounds muskox and this new form, which he calls Peary's muskox, after the well-known explorer. It was this form which Peary found in northern Greenland, and which, many years ago, formed a portion of the food of the unfortunate Greely expedition.

From the far Southwest, in the Province of Chihuahua, Mexico, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, Washington, describes a new mountain sheep, or big-horn, under the name *Ovis mexicanus*. The species is based on specimens obtained by Mr. E. W. Nelson in the barren desert region about Lake Santa Maria. It is closely related to the Northern mountain sheep, but is somewhat paler, has the hoofs and molar teeth larger than in that species, while the ears are very large.

Dr. Merriam finds also that the mountain sheep of the bad land and prairie country east of the Rocky Mountains differs subspecifically from the type which came from the Rocky Mountains and Alberta. The chief differences are the great size of the molar teeth and the massiveness and depth of the lower jaw. The new form is called *Ovis canadensis auduboni*.

From the same region in Mexico which furnished the new mountain sheep, Mr. Nelson brought eleven pronghorned antelopes, differing from the antelope of the North, and called by Dr. Merriam *Antilocapra americana mexicana*. This form is characterized by paler color and some slight differences in the head markings.

A Lost Type.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—
A boy with freckled face,
With forehead white 'neath tangled hair
And limbs devoid of grace;

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows flare;
Whose knees are patched all ways;
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise.

A boy who's born with an appetite;
Who seeks the pantry shelf
To eat his "piece" with resounding smack—
Who isn't gone on himself;

A "Robinson Crusoe" reading boy,
Whose pockets bulge with trash;
Who knows the use of rod and gun,
And where the brook trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair,
With his hat on his tousled head;
That his hands and feet are everywhere,
For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father "old man,"
Nor deny his mother's call,
Nor ridicule what his elders say,
Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy
Of a good old-fashioned clay;
God bless him, if he's still on earth,
For he'll make a man some day.

—Detroit Free Press.

[Why did the man who wrote that entitle it "A Lost Type"? The type is not lost. That boy is still on earth.]

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Reminiscences and Things.

I HAVE an uncle who very much resembles the characteristic portrait of Uncle Sam. As a pioneer of eastern Indiana he was one of the hunters and was a fine shot and knew the habits of game. He had a brother-in-law of Pennsylvania descent, who likewise had ways of his own, as most men have; but the twain were companionable, and very successful, considering their facilities. They usually hunted together, the Pennsylvanian, whose name was Shaneyfelt, astride an old mare, and Cunningham, the taller of the two, afoot. Their larger and most destructive rifle was a walnut-stocked flintlock, running some twenty balls to the pound. This the man on horseback carried, leaving a lighter gun for the one on foot. Deer were plentiful. However, the custom of following the trail often led the hunters some miles from home. When deer were sighted the old flintlock was brought into action, and a click-fiz-z-z-z-bang! was followed by a commotion among the deer that usually were found in herds. One day while crossing a small prairie in the southern part of Adams county they saw two deer—a doe and a buck. The doe was standing broadside, while the buck was looking at the hunters over the doe's back. Shaneyfelt, who was on horseback and carrying the old flintlock, said, "Here, Bill, take my gun—she shoots furder as yours—and draw on the buck's head; if she don't carry up you'll hit the doe." Bill took the big bore and aiming at the buck's forehead pulled the trigger. Shaneyfelt sat on the old mare with his eyes riveted on the spot he had advised his companion to aim at. The old gun clicked, then fizzed, then roared, and the buck dropped in his tracks. The strain was too great for the Dutchman. As he saw the ball hit the mark he dug his heels into the old mare's sides, starting her at a gallop across the prairie and yelling at every breath, "She's down, Bill! She's down, Bill!" About half-way across the prairie the old mare stumbled and Shaneyfelt went rolling over her head on the ground. Quickly regaining his feet and paying no attention to the mishap, he went on as fast as his legs would carry him, shouting, "She's down, Bill! She's down, Bill!"

While camped at Witbeck, in the upper peninsula of Michigan in '92, I took a walk one Sabbath to the Michigamme River in company with Messrs. Bishop and Proper. After loitering a couple of hours among the rocks that line the stream, we started campward through the forest. We climbed a hill and were in the midst of a thick growth of sugar, the boys something like fifty yards to my right, when a large buck got up directly in front of me and ran by the boys. He had been lying there, probably watching my approach, and concluded that if he remained I would run over him, for he was just eight steps from me when he flushed. Of course he saw that I did not have a gun.

In the year '78 my father and I were footing it to the home of a friend at the southwest edge of the Cranberry Prairie, in Mercer county, Ohio. When within a couple of miles of our destination we saw where two deer had crossed the road going north. As we wished to go north of east, we followed their trail in that direction. I don't know how far we had gone, but it was woods everywhere—fine open woods, and some of the largest trees that grew in the middle West. "Look out, now! They have separated here and have lain down not far away," said father. There was a fallen elm about 200 yards away, and I think yet it was the pioneer of all the elms. It was east of us, and had fallen to the south. It lay about two feet off the ground, and when one of those deer sprang up between us and the log and taking a few preparatory bounds cleared the log like a bird, I stood in open-mouthed amazement. That was the first deer I had seen, and hoping for another glimpse I ran to the fallen tree, and stepping on a limb near the lower part of the trunk tried to see over, but my head did not come to a level with the top of the log, though I was a man in stature.

The next day while passing betweeen the reed-covered prairie and willow and prickly ash thickets, a terrible commotion among the snow-covered willows brought me to a sudden halt. I saw the bushes swaying for a few seconds, then the diminishing sounds of a fleeing animal told me that I was neither in danger nor likely to see any game to shoot.

Curiosity prompted me to investigate, and I found the fresh beds of a large buck under a thick growth of willows that had been bent over by an accumulation of snow until their tops almost touched the ground. The buck frightened at my approach had made tracks, and when I parted the torn and shredded willows and stepped the distance, I found he had cleared 21 feet the first jump. A railroad passes by where our host's house stood. A fine gravelled road crosses the outlet to the prairie. The prairie is a cornfield.

Six of us were camped by the side of a mud road in the southeast part of Paulding county, Ohio. We had a mule team and wagon, but no tent. We made a bark shelter by a large log with a log fire a few feet away. One morning I seated myself on the root of a large upturned tree near a ditch in the woods, where deer had a crossing. I had a muzzleloading rifle, and up to that day had had no opportunity to try it. I sat at my lookout from about 8 until 10 A. M., at which time I concluded to give it up. I walked to the crossing to see if any deer had used it in the night, then went on up the ditch some fifty yards and returned as I heard a shot at camp. I started to go back, when a dark object seemed to glide through the brush and stop behind a large tree. It seemed to me like a half-hour that I stood there with gun in left hand, my right grasping the grip, thumb on cock and finger on trigger, then a deer's nose was pushed past the tree and a deer's eye took in the situation.

Slowly I began to raise the gun, and had the breech nearly to my shoulder when one leap of the deer cleared the ditch and a second bound hid it from view behind the root on which I had spent the morning.

While twisting and winding between cedar and tamarack swamps last fall within a couple of miles of Witbeck Station, Mich., I heard a faint sound of man and saw. It was swamp and hill and hill and swamp, some of the swamp open and covered with a coarse grass, but mostly with dense cedar or tamarack. Finally I struck a wagon road that for crookedness would hold its own with any politician of the age. When I struck the chopped-out road I was west of the man and saw. After tramping awhile I was north of them, and presently I found myself east of them, so fearing that I had started toward the wrong end of the road, I left it and went up hill to a small chopping that shortly came to view. Here I found an old man, grizzled and feeble, trying to cut and split cordwood. Neither his strength nor his tools were able to accomplish much. He worked mostly while on his knees or on one knee, and seemed to be so stiff and sore as to be able to move only by a great physical effort. I trid to engage him in conversation, but he could not converse in English, so after satisfying myself that the old man was being offered as a sacrifice, without concluding a theory as to its being voluntary or not, I walked out into the clearing, which at best did not exceed one and a half acres. Before I crossed it I discovered that the ground was literally cut up with deer tracks. Then I stopped and looked back at the old man down on his knees sawing a black birch limb, and then my mind went 500 miles south and dwelt on books, notes, walls and things, where deer come not to cut up the earth, and I wondered if he knew. Yes, I wondered if the old man knew what a city man bred from a race of hunters found to enjoy in the woods.

What he would give to be allowed to remain in the woods an indefinite period!

To ignore business and wander about, figuring out the weight of the deer that made this track or that, noting the great Northern woodpecker as it drummed the stubs in search of worms or in answer to its mate, watching the saucy little squirrel make an evening meal from the kernels of a pine cone, or a partridge picking buds from the topmost branches of a hard maple. To-day the little clearing stands out in relief. I see the deer tracks, I hear the trickling and bubbling of the water among the cedar roots. The walk to camp is realistic. The greeting of comrades genuine.

It is not a dream—it's memory.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

After the Woodchuck.

THE hunting of the woodchuck furnishes the inveterate powder-burner with sport outside of game seasons, and so enables him to go shooting well nigh the year round. By the time the law ends his shotgun practice on duck and snipe in the spring, if he has been so unwise as to persecute them at that season, the woodchuck is abroad, foraging in the new grass of meadow and pasture and presenting a tempting target for the sportsman's rifle. The judicious shooter, however, looking to the chances of future sport, will no more kill the quadruped in the spring than the bird. He needs in his business the crop of young and reckless chucks now being produced. They will help out his scores later in the season, when the wary old ones hunt their holes at sight of the prowling marksman. Furthermore, a proper humanity will restrain him from killing the mother of the family while the chucklets are still too young to live on grass, as they are until pretty well through the spring. I have found them in the middle of May none too well able to dispense with their original nourishment. Unfortunately, about this date grass and weeds get so high as to hide the animals more or less and materially interfere with the shooting, and the best of it comes after haying.

So woodchuck hunting is essentially a summer sport, for the lazy creature, having got fat on the meadow's second growth, generally takes to his nest by the time the fall game shooting has fairly begun, thereby losing one or two of the months when, if he only knew it, it is best worth while to be above ground. Hunting gains as well as loses some charms by being done in the summer. The air, if not exhilarating, is balmy. The woodchuck hunter misses the stimulating hint of frost that goes with an autumn morning or evening, but he escapes the bleakness of the duck hunter's favorite days, and travels over grass rather than snow. He sees nature at her loveliest. No one knows better than he how the glory of the summer broods over our Northern hills, even before the calendar calls for it. He follows the cow paths to the springs and rests with the cattle in the shade of green trees. He walks among the daisies and sneaks through the rank corn to some advantageous firing point. He sniffs the new-mown hay and marks the billows that travel with the breeze across the oats. The crow and the meadowlark know him. The marsh hawk is out hunting with him, and the jolly jingle of the bobolink is in his ears. If he lifts his gaze from the little sand heap which he is momentarily expecting to see crowned with a woodchuck's head, he may watch the cottony clouds drifting across a blue sky and trailing their refreshing shadows over some near-by wheat fields or perhaps some great upland far away. It is not all of hunting woodchucks to hunt.

Yet there is good hunting needed if one is to score high on old chucks that have been hunted before, and this gives zest to the sport and makes it worthy of pursuit. One must often do some very respectable stalking to get a fair shot at a gray clover-fed veteran that knows what it means when the rifle snaps out yonder and the gravel jumps close beside him. Nor will it do to be shaky or careless in the shooting. The top of a woodchuck's head is a small mark, and to hit it at a fair distance is a trick worthy of the marksman's steel.

While the woodchuck is often stupid or foolhardy, he is sometimes wild as a hawk, and chases himself to his hole when his enemy is yet a long way off. His most fatal weakness is to underestimate the speed of bullets and to fancy he can get from the mouth to the bottom of his burrow any moment he pleases, and that he is therefore safe in looking out from his sand heap or "peek hole," no matter what he sees. Curiosity brings many a chuck to grief by luring him to his sally-port when he ought to have stayed down in his bomb-proof. Generally old woodchucks in a hunted region are pretty well able to take care of themselves. In my neighborhood some of

them live in the embankment under a railroad track, and they show their discrimination between a real though innocent looking danger and a harmless though threatening disturbance, by skipping, when the hunter appears, into their burrows, where every passing train must make a tremendous roar and jar.

Other things being equal, the ablest walker will get the most woodchucks. Yet this is a kind of hunting which a man can continue when too old or otherwise infirm for long tramps. In favorable grounds he may seat himself in a shady spot commanding a number of burrows, and the occasional appearance of a woodchuck, or even the chance of it, will sustain his interest for hours. Or he may drive slowly along the country roads, looking out for the crawling speck in the hillside pasture or the little brown pillar that suddenly rears itself amid the meadow grass. When this is spied there come the stalk, the shot and the return to the carriage, elate or disgusted, as the case may be. Hunters of this game have the same propensity as fishermen to forget the number of their victims, and it has been found necessary to lay down the rule that, in determining the results of a hunt, it is the tail, not the tale, that counts.

The woodchuck hunter from town has the satisfaction of being welcome on the farms where he operates, so long as he respects the crops and fences and minds where his bullets are going. The farmer does not care to preserve his woodchucks unless for his own hunting, and he is not usually a hunter. He begrudges the garden "sass" which the sassy chuck sometimes appropriates. He has better uses for grass than to pave woodchucks' runways with it or line their insides. He does not like to have four or five bushels of gravel thrown up here and there in a smooth meadow, necessitating a "balk" in mowing, or to have a horse step into a woodchuck hole, with the chance of a broken leg. So he speaks the gentlemanly hunter fairly, and merely asks him if the minister is coming. The hunter feels, or should feel, himself the more justified in killing woodchucks on account of their being troublesome vermin.

It is hardly necessary to say that they should be hunted only with the rifle. If they can be brought within range of a shotgun, the hitting with such a weapon is too easy for a man's sport, while the killing is too uncertain for the humane sportsman to attempt it. Much of the time the animal is only wounded, and often it can hardly be reached at all with the scatter gun when within fair rifle range. Shooting woodchucks with shot is the next thing to pinching their legs all night in a steel trap and pounding their heads with a club in the morning. They can be killed with any rifle, but the .22-caliber bullet has not the size to make sure work unless placed just right, which cannot be done infallibly. The .25 is usually quick death to them, but the larger calibers are still more certain, especially at the longer ranges. Many sportsmen find that their rifles throw round bullets, patched with linen or muslin, with great accuracy at woodchuck distances, and this style of loading avoids the bother of lubricating. The round bullet of .30 or larger is very killing as well as accurate within its range, and is all the better for use in settled places for having a comparatively light weight and short flight.

Almost any one who has lived or hunted on an Eastern farm can write, or at least tell, reminiscences under some such head as "Woodchucks I Have Met." There was the one that I saw feeding in clover several inches high and undertook to approach as nearly as possible in plain sight. While down on all fours, he could not see about him, and in those moments I walked straight toward him. When he had snipped off a mouthful of clover he would stand on his hind feet while chewing it, staring at me where I stood motionless, having stopped the instant he rose. This maneuver was repeated until, when he at last bolted for his hole, it was but fourteen steps to where he had stood. He showed no alarm at the mere sight of me, enlarged as I must have seemed after each advance. Perhaps he finally scented me. Some hunters think woodchucks have this power, and it certainly is likely enough. That would account for the failure of my first demonstrations against them. Near my home, when I was a boy, there were in a pasture some huge stone heaps, under which woodchucks lived. Seeing one now and then at some distance from his castle, I fancied I could steal quietly up at such a time on the opposite side of the stone pile and rush around quickly enough to cut him off from his burrow. But, no matter how slyly I approached, or how smartly I charged at last, when I got to where the woodchuck was, he never was there. If he did not see or hear me he may have scented me. I have carefully gone with the wind to the top of a knoll and found one missing, which was feeding but a moment before on the other side. Most wild animals are protected by their scenting power, and it would be only natural that woodchucks should have this gift. So far as I know, however, little or no attention is paid to it in hunting them.

The first of these animals that I killed were trapped, after the barbarous manner of boys. One of them was entirely black, and I afterward saw a black one with a brown face. The combination hoodooed me so that I missed him beautifully at close range. White ones are more rare, but two or three have been killed in my neighborhood. I remember well the first chuck I went for with my rifle on the home farm. He was dozing on a big stump fifty or sixty yards out in a meadow. The first shot did not even wake him up. At the next he went sailing off the stump, and I had no doubt of finding him dead where he landed. To my surprise, he was nowhere to be seen; but in due time the horse rake gathered in a dried-up woodchuck skin and skeleton just about there, and I credited myself with a hit. In the same meadow there lived one which I missed so many times in my early days of marksmanship that we called him the Invulnerable. In an evil day I bowled him over, at the eleventh shot, and had to look elsewhere for practice. In that field there was a smooth-topped stump that bore a V-shaped mark made by two bullets fired from different directions at a woodchuck that used to pose there. Close by was one of those stump fences which may still be seen in regions that have been timbered with pine. The stumps of these trees are so fortified against decay by their filling of turpentine that they outlast the farmers who dig them up. A row of them, somewhat trimmed and stood on edge, makes a formidable fence. It takes room, however, and harbors briers, weeds and vermin. It makes a veritable citadel for hunted woodchucks. Peering out among roots and briers they can see without being seen, and they find cover at any point of such a fence when scared out of the neighboring grass ground. I plotted in vain against the woodchucks that stuck to the stump fence. The present owner has burnt it up, reclaimed the ground from the brambles, and left the woodchucks to such shelter as they can find. Thus does life become a harder and harder grind for the more "feeble folk" that inhabit this world.

It was years after I began observing woodchucks that I first heard one use its voice, if it may be so called. At the edge of a bit of woods a shrill staccato whistle challenged me. It is a queer sound to come from a quadruped, but from descriptions I suspected what it was, and looked about upon the ground for the whistler. Under the edge of a big log sat an old and a young woodchuck, at the mouth of their burrow. The whistle seemed intended for the young one's benefit, as at each repetition it dodged down into the hole, only to reappear immediately and get another warning. It was a pretty glimpse of wild life, and I should not have felt like shooting if my rifle had been in hand.

In shooting at woodchucks the misses are disgusting at the time, but rather amusing to think of afterward. I remember crawling scientifically to the top of a knoll with one of my few remaining cartridges devoted to the certain death of a chuck known to be out on the other side. With a good elbow rest, that should have insured a perfect shot, I missed the intended victim, and was so rattled that with the other cartridges I could not so much as drive him into his burrow. He seemed to know my ammunition was gone, and took a very deliberate header only when I had walked up close to him. This recalls another time when the elbow rest failed me. Climbing part way up a railroad embankment, I saw a woodchuck in the field beyond. Not hoping to shoot well off-hand hanging on my my toenails, I planted my elbows in the ballast at the end of the ties and aimed just over the further rail. In the moment of pulling trigger one elbow settled a bit in its soft resting place, the barrel sagged a trifle, the bullet spread itself on the rail a few inches from the muzzle and the iron-clad woodchuck hunted his hole. With some such experiences, and having scratched my rifle barrel by resting it across a perfectly smooth-looking boulder, I concluded one season to shoot strictly off-hand, no matter what happened. This is a good rule if one wants to improve his marksmanship; but it takes considerable virtue to live up to it, and the entertainers of the traditional minister might remain "out of meat" if it depended on accurate shooting in this style. My resolution was sorely tried by a rapid series of five or six shots at a rather distant woodchuck, which only produced some frolicsome capers like those of a tenderfoot with a hilarious cowboy shooting at his toes.

But along with such reminiscences of failure the hunter of the meadows and pastures can usually recall shots to be proud of, to which the luckless animal could only respond with that languid motion of the tail with which a woodchuck waves a farewell to life. When the sportsman intends taking to the woods for a deer hunt, he will hardly find better practice in tramping, stalking or shooting than is afforded by woodchuck hunting, and the rifleman who cannot get beyond the farms has in this sport the best available substitute for an expedition after big game.

Bristol Hill.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Snipe.

Chicago, Ill., April 13.—Six days ago, or on April 7, the first jacksnipe of the season were killed. Dr. C. W. Carson, of this city, got four birds, but they were extremely thin and very wild. There has been no word received from the better shooting grounds below here to the effect that any considerable amount of birds has appeared, but there is little doubt that during the coming week we shall hear of them in good numbers, for spring seems at last to have come to this region, and the appearance of the green grass and the breaking of the buds on the trees gives proof that winter is at last leaving us. The jacksnipe come in here just about the time the grass begins to spring up and show green across the marshes and meadows.

The name of Indiana causes every shooter in this vicinity this spring to thrill as with threat of sudden death. While the restrictions of the new Indiana law seem not to apply to jacksnipe as to ducks, there are very few who are including Indiana in their snipe shooting for the coming week, and nearly everybody is looking out for Illinois snipe shooting ground. Of the latter there seems to be a fair supply this spring, for the high water has left a good deal of wet ground all to the west and southwest of this city, which is just now drying out sufficiently to make good feeding grounds for the birds. I heard of some gentlemen who went in near Mineral, Ill., last spring and had very good luck with the jacksnipe. There is quite a bit of marsh of the spring bog sort on the high prairies back of that point, and some very good bags were made there last year. This would seem a good place to keep in mind for this spring.

Italian Joe says that he can put somebody on to some good jacksnipe shooting, and as he rarely hunts very far away from Summit, it is reasonable to suppose that his grounds are not very far from that point. In this time of very high water the big marshes are very apt to remain sour for some time, and I should rather suggest that one try the smaller sloughs and dryer uplands back in the hills away from the big marshes. This at least for the earlier part of the snipe shooting.

Italian Joe will hardly be able to do much at his favorite sport of plover shooting before the close of the season. He says that he has not heard of any birds yet, but they may come up with a rush if we get settled warm weather. It is all a guess at this writing.

Indiana Fish Law.

The Indiana fish law, whether through intent or through lack of wisdom, remains about as lax as the game law is strict. It is legal to go fishing in the lakes of Indiana as early as April 1, and a good many Chicago anglers are taking advantage of this fact this week. Mr. W. H. English leaves to-day for a trial trip to Cedar Lake, Ind., and he will be followed a week from to-day by several members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, who are in the habit of opening the season on that water, the earliest bass water situated anywhere near Chicago.

The Indiana fish law limits the daily catch of bass to twenty for each rod, or thirty-two to one boat, if there be two rods in the boat. This provision does not cut much figure one way or the other, as it is rarely that one crowds that limit very close nowadays.

I am afraid that Roll Organ and I may not be able to go bow and arrow shooting for carp this spring as we had intended. The new Indiana fish law says that one may not shoot at any sort of fish. It also forbids spearing, and I suppose that between the clauses forbidding spearing and shooting the bow and arrow would be included. It looks like a poor man has no chance in these times out here.

Wisconsin Law.

Our trout law begins April 15 in Wisconsin. The same provision which prohibits taking out of the State more than 20 pounds of game fish obtains under the new Wisconsin law. Wisconsin also retains her law prohibiting spring shooting of ducks, though goose shooting is still allowed in the spring. The deer season in Wisconsin will be Nov. 10 to Nov. 30, and each deer must be tagged as soon as shot. The daily bag on ducks is set at fifty, and only twenty-five partridges may be killed in a single day by any one man. The closed season on quail will be made to end at 1903, and not set for five years, as was originally embodied in the measure. I ought to say that these facts are a little in advance of the actual records of the Wisconsin Legislature, but they are taken from the bill which was reported for passage this week and which is considered sure to pass and to be signed by the Governor. In these days of rapidly shifting game laws, the only safe thing to do is to buy a copy of the *Woodcraft Magazine and Game Laws in Brief*.

In Minnesota.

The friends of the Minnesota National Park have scored what seems to be at least a good move in the passage by both houses of the Legislature of Minnesota of a legislative memorial to Congress asking that all the lands in the several Indian reservations of Minnesota which are unfit for agriculture be set apart for park, sanitarium and forest reservation purposes. The success of this memorial is due largely to the able efforts of Mrs. W. E. Bramhall, of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. Originally there was considerable opposition in the Minnesota Legislature to the idea of a national park, hence the passage of the memorial, as above indicated, would indicate a certain change of sentiment. The measure is made conditional on the favorable result of the investigation which has been ordered by Congress, and it will perhaps hasten or make surer the appointment by Congress of the proper commission. It was always the idea of all the earnest friends of the Minnesota park that if an unbiased committee from Congress could be gotten up into that country and could see the actual conditions which obtained, there would be little doubt of speedy action on the lines desired. At least it was decided that, if such a commission did not agree with the original proposition for the park, nothing more would ever be said of it. There was never any desire to dictate to Congress or urge any selfish claims, but only to have Congress learn the actual and unbiased facts.

Sand Hill Cranes on the Calumet.

Among the lucky bags made by Chicago shooters this spring may be classified that of Mr. R. C. Head, who at the Calumet Heights Club two weeks ago succeeded in killing an entire flock of three sand hill cranes which came in over his blind while he was out duck shooting. Mr. Head had drawn what is known as the Second Bend blind, the one behind the big black stump. He was sitting behind the stump when he heard a hoarse croaking sound and looking up saw the cranes coming to him. They passed his blind at long range, and he succeeded in breaking the wing of the leader. The other birds were confused, and as Mr. Head did his best to imitate their calls, one came close to him and he dropped it at 20 yards from the blind. The third bird seemed still more confused, and circled over the timber, coming to Mr. Head as he resumed his calling. He dropped this one on the hard ground back of the blind. The three birds when taken to the club house and stretched out on the piazza, end to end, measured a little over 16 feet. Another shooter at the same club was lucky enough to kill two Canada geese on one day, and several other decent bags of ducks have been made.

This spring has shown an unusual abundance of deep-water ducks in Lake Michigan, and the fly up from the big lake to the marshes southwest of Calumet Heights has been sometimes a very heavy one. On one evening the flight of birds coming in to Lake Michigan was almost continuous past a given point near the club house for an hour and a half. Every one is commenting on the unusual number of ducks which have come to this vicinity this spring.

Lake Michigan is not so slow as a sporting resort in itself these days, and there has been quite a lot of shooting done off the piers. A gentleman living in Evanston says that this week he saw a splendid flight of ducks off the Dempster street pier, and he believed that a bunch of decoys at that point would have been good for a hundred birds to the gun in a few hours. There was a tremendous body of birds, mostly bluebills, in the lake not very far off shore. The same is true all along the city front. Off Sixty-fourth street water works there has been pretty good shooting at different times this week, and as far south as Chicago. The numbers of ducks have been enough to attract the serious attention of all shooters.

Fox Lake Ducks.

A stiff flight of bluebills and redheads still continues at Fox Lake, but the birds are highly educated now and decline to work satisfactorily. In two more days the season will end for the spring shooting. It has been altogether the most remarkable spring for wildfowl seen here for the last ten or fifteen years. There have been thousands of ducks killed over the shooting grounds of Illinois and Indiana, just how many thousands no one

will ever know. The best of the big ducks in Chicago markets have brought at times not over $2.75 per dozen.

The Return of the Birds.

Master Clarke Washburne, a young sportsman of the mature age of twelve years, is good enough to send to FOREST AND STREAM his observations on the song birds and game birds of this locality. Master Washburne is growing up in the right way as a sportsman, and in the company of his father, Mr. Hempstead Washburne, has already attained considerable proficiency with the rod and gun.

The birds are returning from their long winter migration. Many varieties can be found any morning in the parks in this city, while in the country they are everywhere. I am glad to see that others have noticed the increase of the bluebirds this spring. I have seen several large flocks this spring, whereas in past years I saw only a few single ones. I have seen the following birds so far this spring: Bluebird, song sparraw, junco, fox sparrow, meadow lark, Bonaparte's gull, ringbill gull, crow, phœbe, robin, blackbird, bluejay, pintail duck, mallard, blue and green wing teal, chickadee, redwinged blackbird, white-bellied nuthatch, blackheads, bluebills and canvasbacks. That is about the order in which I saw them. I do not doubt that many other people have seen more birds than I have, as I have only been out looking for birds a few times so far.

The great flight of mallards, pintails and other early ducks is almost over, as they will soon be moving north in the warm weather. Soon we will have the blackheads, bluebills, canvasbacks, etc., here and I expect to go and meet them at the Swan Lake Shooting Club next week. I will attempt to give you a description of the shoot as soon as I get back from it.

I look forward to good times with rod and reel next summer and I hope that each and every reader of FOREST AND STREAM shall have a pleasant summer.

An Alarm for Safety.

The paradox of an alarming device for increasing the safety of the sportsman is sprung by Mr. W. T. Baggett, of San Francisco, who has devised an electric battery to be located in the stock of the rifle, which continually advises the hunter of the fact that his gun is cocked. This is accomplished, according to reports, by means of a small dry battery and buzzer located in the stock of the gun. Directly underneath the hammer on top of the grip a spring-controlled push-button is placed, the motion of the hammer when being cocked pressing the button downward until the electric circuit is closed, which starts the buzzer in the end of the stock. This little device keeps up a continual clicking, which may be felt rather than heard, if desired, the vibrations being plainly noticeable to any one carrying the gun. When it is desired to stop the vibrations, as when the gun is in action, the thumb of the shooter is pressed against a second spring button, which acts as an interrupter and breaks the current.

Learning the Diamond Hitch.

It will pain a great many friends of Capt. R. E. Bobo, of Bobo, Miss., to hear that the operation performed on his eye last fall proved unsuccessful so far as the future use of his eye was concerned. With a brave man's decision, Bobo determined that, rather than have an inefficient eye, more or less motionless in the socket and a source of considerable annoyance, he would have the entire eye taken out. Last week he came to Chicago and had this heroic operation performed, and at this time he is lying in a hospital, declaring that he is better in his mind again, can see much better out of his good eye, and that all he needs is a little exercise! The doctors say that Bobo is a wonderful man physically, and confidently express the belief that his head could be cut off and that it would grow out again in the course of a couple of weeks. It is pretty sad for the old bear hunter to lose his shooting eye, and it is sad for his friends to know of this fact, but it is a matter of very great congratulation that he is recovering so nicely from so serious a trial.

Pending his ultimate release from the hospital Bobo sits up and tells bear stories to his friends. Billy Hofer, who is still in town, has spent some time with him during the past week, and the two have been together studying the intriciacies of the "diamond hitch," which Billy has been endeavoring to explain to the bear hunter. Bobo declares now that he can throw the "diamond hitch" as well as anybody, and says that, when he goes home, he is going to get a pack saddle or so, and after this will hunt bears the same way they do in the Rock Mountains.

"I can put a little tent and a couple of weeks' grub on the back of a mule," said he, "and take one or two men and just go flying anwhere we want to, and we don't need bother about where we are going to stop. If we run out of corn or grub, I can send a man and a mule back with the pack saddle. I am just going to kill all the bears there are left in Mississippi this spring, and this is how I am going to do it."

I don't think there is much doubt that Bobo will wreak a horrible revenge on the bear family when he gets turned loose again in good shape.

Whether to Hunt or to Fish.

I presume every outdoor man has had occasion to answer more than once the question "Would you rather go hunting or go fishing?" and I presume he has often a difficulty in his own mind in regard to answering. This is how Mr. George K. Andrews, of St. Louis, figures it out:

"You are right about us spending our time after we are rich at fishing, instead of hunting. It is so much easier—so much more a philosopher's resource. Here I am just in from the duck club, I got up at 1:30 this A. M. rode 5 miles to take the train, slept 70 miles, and then staggered out with a lot of heavy ducks to another suburban train. Last night, up the "wet" prairie my pusher and I started to the club house, landing against a heavy swell and a head wind, he poling and I paddling and the water splashing in on us. It was a constant struggle for over an hour. The two hen tame decoys when we released them flew up into the boat, while the three mallard drakes swam alsongside, but the wind soon put them far astern, and the hens called lustily all the way down to guide them. Once one of the mallards flew into the boat and rested a few moments

"Then, too, when I go home after awhile I must pack ducks around to the neighbors. Hereafter I fish—unless the fever seizes me again—just once.

"I was wading in a water covered bottom where mallards were dropping in, and a fox squirrel came down her tree to drink at the unusual water lapping at the trunk. I barked at her, and she ran up the tree and sized me up, and presently began to bark back at me. I told her in bark talk what a fool she was to get water bound down there in the bottom, and oh but she swore at me. She told me I wasn't respectable; and she came down on the lowest limb, no thicker than your finger, and shook her tail over her head and used language I'm ashamed to repeat. And then another one, on a tree nearer to me than she was, came down and joined in. This one threatened to "jump" me. One was about fifteen feet from me and the other about six. Finally I abandoned squirrel talk and said in my own tongue, "You both know perfectly well you have a nest full of children up there, so what's the use of denying it?" Scampered.

E. HOUGH

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Brant at Monomoy.

BOSTON, April 13.—There are reports of an abundance of brant at Monomoy. A gentleman came up from Chatham Wednesday and volunteers the information that the "bay is full of brant." He says that a couple of gunners, belonging to one of the Monomoy Brant Club shooting parties, came over to Chatham early in the week with over thirty brant. They reported that their party had over 100 brant in camp and ready to bring home. This naturally set the members of the "boys' party" that started for that shooting ground yesterday "wild with enthusiasm." They are to remain till the 20th. There are also great reports of duck shooting at several points along the coast, and those who indulge in spring shooting are reaping a harvest. A gunner came up Tuesday from Chatham, or thereabouts, with a big string of black ducks, which he probably landed in Faneuil Hall Market, since he was headed that way. He says that the continued dull weather and deep fogs have made the ducks and brant pause in their northward flight. The local gunners seem to be getting a good many, as mentioned in reports from several locations along the Cape. I learn from dealers that the markets here have received over a hundred Canada geese within a few days. They sell hard. The marketmen say that they are "good for nothing," being poor and thin. From 50 to 75 cents a pair is all they have brought. Even the marketmen say that it is a pity to shoot them in the spring. Massachusetts game laws do not protect geese at all, and brant are reckoned as geese. But ducks of all kinds are protected from April 15 to Sept. 1.

SPECIAL.

Spring Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw an article in my last FOREST AND STREAM (April 13) which rather surprised me. It said, "This winter a law has been passed stopping the sale of ducks; that would be all right if all the markets in all the States were closed. Now we raise and feed the young ones for some one else to kill and sell." This was signed by C. W. V., but I think the writer made a mistake when he said "for others to kill and sell." For this reason, as soon as the ducks learn that they are not going to be banged at and shot, and that they can come to a place and stay there in peace (ducks soon learn), they are going to come to that place, and, of course, when the law permits there will be good shooting in that place, so the good work will benefit the ones who protect the birds in spring and hurt those who do not follow a good example. Ducks are not going to stay in a place where they are shot to death every spring, week after week, providing they can find a place where they will not be harmed. So C. W. V. will benefit and have good sport, while others who have no law will lose. I think in course of time spring duck shooting will have to stop, because if the law does not stop it it will stop itself—there will be no more ducks.

C. K. W. BYRNE.

Ducks Breeding in Michigan.

HARTFORD, Mich., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are having very cold weather for this time of the year; but the robins and bluebirds came back from the sunny South, and we have not had as many bluebirds for twenty years as we have this spring, and they are a most welcome visitor.

As to ducks breeding here in Michigan, twenty years ago every cove or bayou on the river had its flock of young wood ducks or mallards or teal; every fall our stubble fields were visited every evening in September by hundreds of ducks. But with spring shooting we hardly ever see any ducks till the fall flight brings them down from the North. I was in hopes our Legislature would pass a gun license bill, and that would stop the irrepressible boy who bangs away at every bird he sees and does not know a duck from a mud hen. Every duck killed in March or April means ten or twelve less in September.

SULLIVAN COOK

An Adirondack Deer Snarer Convicted.

CANTON, N. Y., April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A lumber jobber named Bonno was convicted here yesterday of snaring deer and fined $100 and costs. The offense was committed in December, in the township of Clare, some fifteen miles from here, I believe. At the first trial the jury disagreed.

J. H. R.

The April Woodcraft.

THE April number of the *Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine* has been delayed by the great mass of tardy legislation in numerous States.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

ANGLING NOTES.

Suggestion for Fly-Books.

THIS is the season when anglers get out their fly-books, even though they live in the land of frost and snow and the time for rising trout is yet some distance off, while the fishing season, as provided by law, is close at hand. It may not be a general custom to get the fly-books out before the snelled hooks are examined or provided, but it was called to my attention one night late when I was going to bed very tired and very sleepy by noticing my tackle trunk in which I kept rods and things. This trunk, by the way, is upholstered and has a spring top to disguise it as a small couch, but as my eyes fell upon it I opened it and then forgot to go to bed, for in one of the top trays was a fly-book brought to me by a dear friend from London, and as I turned over its leaves sleep fled from my eyelids. When first it came to me I intended to write a note about it, or rather a feature of it, but it was not in the fishing season, and it passed from my mind until I was seated on the spring top of the box, held up by the fly-book on my way to bed.

Salmon anglers in speaking of killing salmon are prone to give the number of the hook of the fly on which some particular fish was killed, and this is because salmon anglers are given to knowing the size of their flies as they use them. Trout fishermen do this to a more limited extent because there are more trout than salmon fishermen, and as a rule it is not a matter of pride with them to know just the size of the fly they use, and often they cannot tell the size if asked the question, for they are not familiar enough with the sizes to carry them in their memory, and they have no other means of telling if the package in which the flies were received from the maker or dealer happen to be lost. My particular fly-book solved this difficulty. It is a book from Farlaws, and a parchment leaf is put in to protect the flies in the first leaf of pockets from injury by the pigskin cover. On this protecting leaf is stamped two rows of hooks with their numbers. There is a row of sneck bend hooks and a row of old Limerick or O'Shaughnessy hooks of sizes most affected by English fly-fishers. If the angler is in doubt as to the size of the fly he is about to mount on his cast and desires to know it, he has but to put the fly on the stamped row and find its counterpart in size and the number brushes away the doubt from his mind. This, of course, can be done just as well after the trout is killed and it is necessary to know whether the 2-pounder was killed on a No. 8 or No. 12 hook, for in telling the story to round it out the number of the hook must be given to the elect. Then, in addition, if one makes to order a particular size by number, the comparison is resorted to.

If this idea is to be carried out to its nicest point, I would advise American makers of fly-books to use two series of numbers, the old style and the new, or the Redditch or Pennell styles of numbering. Ever since Cholmondeley Pennell revolutionized the numbering of hooks there has been some confusion in ordering flies by number, as an old style No. 12 is a new style No. 3, and an old No. 1 is a new No. 14. They do not come together at any point, the nearest being that an old No. 8 is a new No. 7, and an old No. 7 is a new No. 8. In preparing a cut it will be an easy matter to give the old and new numbers, and in doing a thing of this kind it should be done to the limit.

Lampreys.

When the State of New York began some experiments ostensibly to destroy lake lampreys in Cayuga Lake, but at the same time to study their habits and the habits of other fishes that might be captured with them, it was not unusual to hear that the lamprey did no particular harm to so-called game fishes, and that it was the bullhead which suffered chiefly from the attacks of the lamprey. Admitting this to be true, the bullhead is one of our most valuable of the fresh-water fishes from a commercial standpoint, and if this excellent food fish was the only one to suffer it would be unnecessary to look for other reasons for destroying the lamprey. The argument is that the lamprey could attach itself only to sluggish fishes like the bullhead, and that the trout would be too active and the scales of the black bass would shield it from attack.

Mr. Dean Sage read the article on the lake lamprey in the fourth annual report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, and wrote me a letter, from which I make the following extract: "The article on the lamprey attracted me, as I have never seen anything on that subject approaching it in information. I caught, on a fly, in the Ristigouche River a few years ago, a fresh-run salmon with sea lice on him and a good-sized lamprey clinging to him just behind the right pectoral fin. I do not think the fish could have been out of salt water ten hours, and the lamprey looked just like one of the kind common to Cayuga Lake when I made my first acquaintance with the brutes when a boy." There are more than a dozen species of lampreys, from the great sea lamprey to the little brook lamprey, and very likely the lamprey which Mr. Sage found on his salmon was a sea lamprey, but it was a lamprey, and it was found on the king of game fishes, and about as active a fish as swims, and what one lamprey can do others may do, so it is not safe to say bullheads are the only fish which the lampreys attack and destroy.

Fish Rising at Night.

It is safe to say that a score of times each year I am asked how to lure fish of some kind that refuse all kinds of natural and artificial baits, and almost always I reply to try the fish at night. In the case of the brown trout

they require finer fishing, smaller flies and thinner leaders than our native brook trout at any time of the day, but some large brook trout and black bass that turn up their noses, figuratively, in scorn in the day, will take a fly at night as though they had been waiting all day for it to appear. A gentleman wrote to Mr. Archibald Mitchell in regard to several things of interest to anglers, and Mr. Mitchell sent me the letter and I quote a part of it now, leaving another part to be used later. The letter is dated in Connecticut: "At present what little fishing I can get is confined to the small-mouth black bass here in our little lake. This season" (the letter was written last fall) "has proven very poor indeed. I don't know why, unless the extreme lowness of the water has something to do with it. Even at the best of times they are very difficult to get here, although of splendid proportions when captured. On July 4 I landed my first and best, scaling exactly 6 pounds. Since then I have retained in all perhaps a dozen of 3 pounds and over. I invariably return all black bass under 2 pounds in weight to the water. Last Friday night I was tempted by the glorious moon to try a cast by moonlight, and got one of 4 pounds at 11:30 P. M. on a Parmachenee-belle. I never can get them to rise to a fly lure except at night. It may appear rather like poaching, but to me there is a certain glamour and attraction about the lake by moonlight, and playing a heavy bass in and out of shadow, steering him clear of pads and obstructions, is by long odds a more difficult task than to capture the same fish in the broad glare of day. Last year I landed my largest bass in this way. He weighed 6¼ pounds. I hooked him at 11:30, and slipped the landing net under him at 12, after a magnificent battle." I doubt if many will indorse the ethics of returning all black bass under 2 pounds to the water, commendable as it is, but let those who have not, try fly-fishing at night.

A. N. Cheney.

Talks to Boys.—XVI.

Trout Fishing.

(*Continued from page* 289.)

Now as we step down stream we find many things of interest, and we learn more and more about the habits of the beautiful fish that we are pursuing. We shall still adhere to the old-time, or conventional, methods of fishing for trout, and I shall only counsel you, as you gain confidence in your own casting, to go closer and closer with your fly up to the banks of the stream and along the black water which runs under the overhanging limbs or roots. The big trout are always hidden back under these recesses, and in order to get them you will have to go close in to them with the fly, for they are too shy to come out unless they can get something to eat with a very little run, or unless they think they will get a big piece of food without very much exertion. I must tell you of the way in which I have seen a few anglers fish, which has proved successful in their hands and which has certain merits to recommend it. These men claim that by slapping the fly down pretty hard on the water in front of the hiding place of the big trout, the fish is deceived into believing that there is a big insect near by quite worth his while to seize. Others think that the trout will rush out at this time because it is angry or annoyed or teased. I do not pretend to say, but I can only reiterate that I have seen many large trout taken in this way by men who were never able to take them by means of a long line and a lightly landed fly. There seem to be no universal rules in trout fishing, or at least no rules without their exceptions, and this is one of the most curious exceptions that I have ever noted in trout fishing.

As the sun grows brighter and warmer on the water you will perhaps notice that the trout do not leap so much for their food, and that you do not have so many strikes as you go down stream. Perhaps at the middle of the day the sport will nearly have stopped. We might then as well go out on the bank, find a nice place to rest up a little, eat a little luncheon and think things over. We can now change our flies, draw off our boots to rest our feet and make ourselves comfortable as we may until later in the afternoon. At 2 o'clock I shall want you to take the stream. At 4 o'clock the sport will be pretty good again, and just before evening, especially the evening of a warm day, when the flies are beginning to appear on the surface of the water in good numbers, we ought to have our best sport. If we have taken a dozen trout each during the day, we shall now be apt to take two dozen in the course of a comparatively short time in the evening. Should we get a couple of dozen nice trout in a day, we ought to feel satisfied. Certainly you will have spent a day among pleasant surroundings, and if you are as observant as I hope you are, you will have learned something which I hope you will never forget. A few days more of this and you will think that you have learned all there is about trout fishing. This is the wisdom of inexperience. Follow this art for five years, ten years, fifty years, and then you will find that you do not know all about trout fishing, but, on the other hand, know but very little. It is an art that is the embodiment of science and which does not adjust itself to any scientific restrictions or to any hard and fast rules. I can only advise that you go out as often as possible with some one who is skillful in trout fishing and that you follow his ideas in regard to tackle. You need not ruin yourself in the purchase of expensive material. Do not stock up with dozens of bright and gaudy flies. Take a few of each pattern, and when you find that a certain fly is useful, renew your stock as you need it. If you are fishing in a certain locality, you will be apt to find that half a dozen flies, and very much more likely two or three flies, cover all the range you need in pattern. Your reel in trout fishing is simple and inexpensive. Your greatest outlay should be for a rod. Trout fishing is not a delight unless you have the proper tools, and a good rod is an essential part of your equipment.

Much the same advice as above applies in case you are running a deep river in a boat. In this case as much depends upon your boatman as upon yourself. He must drop down stream quietly and be careful to keep you from getting spilled out into the cold and deep water. You use your line just as you do in wading, perhaps availing yourself rather more of the drift of the stream in carrying down your fly. Do not allow the belly of the line to precede the fly, and remember always to keep your fly in motion with that little tremulous twitching of the tip of the rod. When you strike a trout, do not be in a hurry. He will go out of the water and roll and tumble in his endeavors to free himself from the hook. Do not pay much attention to this, but keep your rod up, as I have before told you. If you are fishing with a small click reel, you cannot recover your line very rapidly. I use this sort of a reel, but I always handle the line with my left hand. When I am wading in the water and strike a fish, I play him with the rod held in my right hand and the line held in my left hand. Then if the fish wants to run away, I let him pull the line out through the guides and through the fingers of my left hand, always playing him carefully. If he starts to me very fast, I pull the line down through the rings and allow the bight to float down the water ahead of me. Some anglers call this method clumsy, and perhaps it is, but I have always found it effective. You may try it if you like, or you may try to play a fast trout with the use of the reel alone, if you prefer that sort of thing. Each angler has methods and peculiarities of his own, and if I should attempt to debar you from this privilege I should be shutting you out from one of the greatest joys of angling.

Now it may happen that in your trout fishing journeys you very often fall upon some stream where it is impossible to fish with the fly. Out of ten streams which you will find in the northern part of our angling country, you will scarcely find one where the proper use of the fly is possible. Yet the brushy streams, covered with interspaced boughs and filled with interlocked logs and brush heaps and piles of stone, are very often the homes of the best sort of trout. Then springs up the ancient question of whether it is ever correct to fish for trout with bait. I unhesitatingly say that it is sometimes permissible, though I should not ask you to depend upon bait-fishing or to practice it where you find fly-fishing a possible thing.

In bait-fishing you do not use your fly rod, but take a short, stiff rod, suitable almost for bass casting, but perhaps a trifle longer and a bit more flexible. Sometimes you will wish to drop your hook into a deep hollow which lies between some log jam or under some pile of driftwood or overhanging brush. You may, therefore, need a good heavy sinker to carry down your bait. You could not handle this sinker on a light and whippy fly-rod. Use a good-sized hook if you feel obliged to do bait-fishing, and on this hook string your bait or angleworms, for you will find angleworms about the best all-round bait that you can discover for the trout stream. When you come to some open water where you can let your line run out ahead of you, let it drop down stream under the banks and through the deep pools. Draw it as closely as you may to the roots of the overhanging trees, always remembering to keep your bait in motion and never making any more disturbance than you can help. In this way you will take large trout. You will not feel the same strike that you feel when the trout hits the artificial fly, for he knows that the worm is not so fast as the insect, and hence he is apt to strike at it a bit gingerly and delicately at first. As quick as you feel him run, strike him well and firmly, and then play him just as I told you before when speaking of the artificial fly. Do not get in a hurry. Never try to throw your fish out on the bank, and never crowd him too much. Just keep him firm and free from snags and let him run about in the middle of the stream all he can. Of course, if you are fishing through a log jam or some obstruction of that sort, you may have to lift your fish out bodily. This is not very much fun, though sometimes one takes trout in that way. I would not counsel you to go bait-fishing too often or too hard. A stream can be entirely depopulated by bait-fishing. Suppose that you find a wild stream where you cannot use the fly, but where bait is a most killing way of fishing. Suppose you can catch a hundred fish a day there if you like. By no means should you feel yourself justified in doing this. Content yourself with a dozen or a couple of dozen nice fish daily. Then when you come back there next year with your friends, you will still have some fish left to offer you sport. A trout stream is not a large water, and it is never populated by any overwhelming numbers of trout, so that it can, without a great deal of difficulty, be fished out. Trout streams which lie near railroads and which are much visited never offer very good fishing for more than one or two seasons unless they are continually stocked and carefully watched. By no means allow yourself to join that vast number of persons who go out to catch all they can and in any way they can. I should not care to waste my time in telling you about these things if I thought I were only turning out a fish butcher or a selfish person who had no regard for the rights of living creatures and no consideration for the claims of other men.

Sometimes you may discover that there are some large trout in a stream which you are unable to raise by any means, no matter how steadily and carefully you use the artificial fly. If you be on a preserved stream, one much fished or one where you do not absolutely need any fish, I should advise you to take these fish on the fly or not to take them at all. If you are in a wild country where you need something to eat and cannot take the trout in any other way, then you will very often find that a small minnow will very often raise a good-sized trout where nothing else will tempt him. You can hook your minnow through the lips or pass a hook through the gills and then under the back fin. Do not mutilate the bait any more than possible and allow it to swim down stream gently in as nearly the natural position as possible. Sometimes a very large trout will strike even a good minnow bait in a very delicate and gingerly way. Wait until you feel that you have something on the end of your line, and then strike hard and firm. You will be very apt to take the largest trout on minnow bait. As to the use of the spoon hook, I counsel you to avoid it absolutely. If you cannot take trout in any other way than by the use of the spoon, then let them alone. The spoon hook is legitimate for certain sorts of game fishes, but we have not enough trout in this country to warrant the employment of a device like this. There are certain things which seem fit and proper. I cannot classify the use of the spoon hook in trout fishing as a sportsmanlike thing, and I would advise you to keep free of it, and also free from those who resort to these devices. If it is a possible thing, stick to the fly. If the fly is impossible, use bait only to the extent of taking a reasonable amount of decent fish. Do not allow yourself to deceive yourself. Learn a bit of self-denial. It is the fault of the student and of the beginning, as well as of the selfish and improvident man, to want to use any kind of device to take the fish if he finds they are not coming easily to the fly. You will find that the really scientific fly-fishermen, the high class gentlemen anglers of the old country and of this country, will stick to the fly absolutely and will not use any other artifice. Now, if such a gentleman as this strikes a bad day, when the sun is too bright or the water too clear, the insects too stupid or any other condition obtaining which prevents the fish from rising, and if he passes the entire day without taking more than two or three fish, he will none the less go home contented and feel that he has had his share of pleasure, even though he did not outwit the trout. That sort of gentleman will go again the next day, and again the next day after that, and so keep on until he finds a bit of that sport which to him means everything in trout fishing. He knows, as I wish you would learn to feel also, that it is not a necessary thing that you take fish. It is not essential that you go home and hold up a large string of fish and boast to your friends that you have done thus and so. It is not necessary that you should take more fish than your neighbor did when he went fishing. Learn to set aside all this sort of thing, which is only the vulgar part of angling. Learn that the main result in fly-fishing for trout is not the taking of a lot of fish, but the learning of a great many pleasant and enjoyable things. I am called a sportsman, and I have all of the sportsman's eagerness to obtain some results when I go fishing. I do not ask you to take your sole pleasure either in looking at the sky or the forest. I want you to take some fish and to believe that that is why you are out fishing. Yet I do not want you to feel discouraged or cast down if you do not catch a great many fish. If you will read the stories of army campaigns, you will see that there is a great deal done in preparation, that there are many marches and counter marches before there are any great and decisive battles fought. Therefore, believe me when I tell you that in trout fishing you must expect many unsatisfactory days. You must make many marches and counter marches before you come to the day of battle when you can feel that you are entirely satisfied and victorious over the handsomest and most alert creature of the wilderness.

In fishing for the mountain trout of the Rocky Mountains, much the same advice applies as I have given you in regard to fishing for the brook trout of the more Eastern States. These mountain trout average larger, and the mountain streams are bolder and stronger than the brooks of the Eastern forests. The Dolly Varden trout, the rainbow trout, the Mount Shasta trout, the cutthroat trout are all species which are native to the Western States and which are not found in the East, except as they have been transplanted there. Each of these fishes, in its way, offers good sport, and any time after you have finished your apprenticeship among the brook trout of the East, I should advise you by all means to see some of the noble streams of the Rockies. Perhaps after that you may some time aspire to visit the grand angling streams of the Canadian Provinces, where you may take sea trout, and even the magnificent salmon. Do not be impatient, and remember that there is as much solid pleasure in catching a dozen 10-inch trout on an Eastern stream as there is in killing a brace of salmon in the best pool of Canada. Everything is relative, and everything depends upon yourself and upon your own view point. Angling is called by some a selfish art, since it is a solitary one. Others more justly call it the most unselfish of all sports. I have been giving you some advice, and this is the final advice which I wish to give you in regard to fly-fishing: Learn to be unselfish. That means to learn self-denial, and self-denial is the price of all success in this world, and quite as much of all success upon the trout stream.

W. G. De Groot.

The Maine Ice.

Boston, April 15.—The interest begins to increase among Boston sportsmen as to the time of the departure of the ice from the Maine trout and salmon lakes. Prospects are discussed in the tackle stores, as the rods are being brought in to be put in order. Somehow the impression is general that the season is to be an early one. Late reports from Sebago say that there has been a good deal of water on the ice which still binds that lake in the sleep of winter. This water soon works to the edges and under the ice, with the action of melting it more rapidly. Hence the clearing of the lake is expected to be early. The recent rain lasted for ten or twelve days with more or less severity all over Maine, raising the rivers to a tremendous pitch, and clearing them of ice. In the more northerly lake regions, however, the rain fell with the mercury anywhere from 32 to 36 degrees. This melted the snow but little, and only covered the ice with a deep slush. Elliot Russell, a well-known Rangeley guide of many years' experience, was in Boston Saturday, having left Rangeley the preceding day. He says that there is not a bit of bare ground there yet, with the snow quite deep on the lakes. His idea is that the slush of the late rain will take all the snow off the ice, leaving it exposed to the sun's rays, which will quickly melt the clear, blue ice that covers the lake. He claims that snow on top of the ice constitutes a covering that protects the solid ice from the rays of the sun. He expects an early clearing of the ice and an early season. Reports from Lake Auburn predict an early clearing of that lake, as well as the Winthrop and Monmouth lakes. Cobbosseecontee is expected to clear early. At Belgrade they are planning for the lakes to be clear of ice earlier than usual. All this early clearing is based, however, on the fact of the long continued rain having taken the snow off the ice and raised the ice up to high-water pitch.

Muskrat shooting has been the prevailing sport along the lines of the swollen rivers and smaller streams during the recent stormy weather. The water has evidently washed out the muskrat holes and set these animals to swimming for a living. Along the Concord River the gunners have had great sport shooting muskrats. Early in the week a couple of Boston gunners went up to a camp on the Concord and stayed over night. They found the

stream swollen to full banks and a good many muskrats swimming. There was a gun or two at the camp, and they were soon brought into requisition. One of the gunners—he may be called James, for short, since his name is not to be mentioned—thought he would go out in the canoe, while his friend John took the safer boat. He did not want John to get a ducking, and the canoe is very cranky. The gun had been loaded for some time, or at least the shells had. James saw a rat swimming in the dim twilight. Sitting in the canoe, for he could not stand in it, he shot crosswise. There was a tremendous explosion and a splash. John saw his shooting companion feet up and overboard. He started to fish him out with the boat, but James had seized the canoe and soon rolled the water out of it, after the method of the experts at the Boston Sportsmen's Show. He climbed into the canoe and pulled for the shore. The water was ice cold, but they soon had a good fire in the camp and James is now all right. The gun is in the bottom of the river, and no effort will be made to recover it till the water subsides. The muskrat was killed, and the pelt will ornament the camp in memory of the good ducking James got. He says that he shall not attempt to shoot from that canoe again with shells loaded for deer—about two years ago.

SPECIAL.

Canoeing.

Notice.

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'Mid Reef and Rapid.—VIII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

"WELL, there's George with the kodak," remarked the Colonel, as we scrambled down the steep clay bank to the water's edge where our canoes lay, their painted canvas decks blistering in the burning rays of the sun, and scorching our fingers as we unbuttoned the aprons from over the well, readjusted our back rests and mattresses, preparatory to stepping aboard and rejoining George, who was observed approaching the river bank, where his canoe lay moored under the spreading branches of a gigantic oak tree a quarter of a mile away below the mouth of South River.

"Where's Lacy, I wonder?" I asked, as I picked up my paddle out of the bushes where it had lain concealed with the others while we were gone up into the village; gave the colored youth a dime for watching them, and stepped aboard my canoe.

"If you'll untie his canoe and make her fast to the stern ring in my boat I'll tow her down there; I expect he is not far behind George," I continued, as I settled myself comfortably in my seat, arranged the open hatch and apron in front of me and grasped my paddle preparatory to shoving out from the bank.

"No; there he comes now across the South River bridge," replied the Colonel as he settled himself in his own canoe.

We pushed out into the stream without waiting for Lacy, and paddled gently across the mouth of South river and into the Shenandoah, while George experimented on us at long range with the recovered kodak as we approached to ascertain if it was in good working order, the experiment appearing to prove satisfactory, as he said nothing to the contrary when we joined him a few minutes later to wait for Lacy; the Colonel improving the opportunity to load and light his perennial pipe.

As Lacy approached we re-embarked and joined him, turning our bows down stream and beginning the descent of the most beautiful Shenandoah, whose bright, sparkling waters stretched away before us invitingly the full length of the river, as with steadily moving paddles, their dripping blades flashing mirror-like in the sun as they rose and fell on alternate sides of the canoes, with the water falling in a spray of living diamonds at each stroke and furrowing away in snowy little ripples from our bows, we gladly and with light hearts responded to the invitation.

The landscape at the head of the Shenandoah is a lovely one. On the right, close at hand, tower the domes and walls of the Blue Ridge, clothed in living green to their summits. On the left the bluff-like banks rise steeply from the water, while behind them, and almost in our front, as the river winds a little to the left, the towering peak at the southern end of Massanutton, some six or seven miles away, rises in a grand, sweeping slope from the trees near the river to the sharply pointed summit a couple of thousand feet or so above; with the long, wall-like crest of the range sloping away behind the peak in a diminishing blue haze down the valley in a converging line with the wave-like slopes of the Blue Ridge, until the two ranges melt away in a faint blue haze and sink into the nearer tree tops before apparently uniting and closing the narrow valley into which our rippling stream boldly plunges.

We easily portaged the loose stone dam a mile and a half below Port Republic by lifting and sliding the canoes over its crest and down its sloping face into the swift water below.

We found a mile or two of splendid rapids between here and the Lewis dam, the entire distance being one more or less continuous down hill shoot, the river being quite narrow and the shoots down the steep and short gravelly pitches consequently deep, and the water strong, rough and rolling in spite of the unusually low stage; and shout after shout went up from the lungs and throats of the party as the canoes pitched over the verges and down the rough, foaming slopes of the successive shoots, testifying to the delightful and exhilarating character of the sport.

"Commodore, wasn't the battle of Port Republic fought along here somewhere?" asked Lacy as we landed on the broad, flat crest of the massive four foot log and stone dam above the Lewis mill, and, seeking a shady spot, sat down to enjoy a rest and a smoke before portaging the dam.

"Yes," I replied, as I applied a match to the end of my cigar and puffed it into a good light. "We are right opposite the battle field. The fight was thickest and hottest all along out there in the fields and over toward the mountains. The mill race below there was full of Federal soldiers at one time, and they made it very hot for Jackson's men. Lewiston, the old Lewis mansion over near the mountains, was in the very thick of the fight. A Federal battery of artillery was stationed in the dooryard and did deadly execution among Jackson's troops before it was finally captured and held after a desperate hand to hand struggle which followed a flank movement along the mountain side in which it was taken and retaken several times, being finally held by the Confederates, which terminated the battle, the Federal forces being utterly routed."

"It was a pretty hot little battle, I have always heard," the Colonel remarked, as, having finished his pipe, he, according to his usual custom, lit a cigar "to take the taste out of his mouth," Lacy always declared, as that pipe of the Colonel's was strong and rank to a degree that not the bravest and most inveterate smoker in our party—barring the Colonel—would have had the courage to tackle it.

"It was a hot fight," I replied. "It was not a great battle, like Gettysburg or Malvern Hill, with a hundred thousand men on a side. I think there were not more than twelve or fifteen thousand men on either side in this fight, but, considering its size, there was not a bloodier or more deadly battle in the entire war. General Jackson is said to have remarked at its close that the dead outnumbered the living."

"Jackson shut Fremont out by burning the bridge over North River at Pork Republic, didn't he?" asked George.

"Yes," I replied, as I lit a fresh cigar. "He had defeated Fremont at Cross Keys, a few miles away on the other side of the river, a day or so before, and then, withdrawing his army across North River, or to the Port Republic side, he burned the bridge and thus cut Fremont off from rallying and coming to the assistance of Shields."

"Couldn't they ford?" asked George.

"No; the river was high and could not be forded. I met a gentleman a few years ago who was in the fight

"AFTER SLIDING OUR CANOES OVER THE DAM."

with Jackson's army, and in speaking about it he told me a thrilling account of how he saw a young Confederate officer drowned right before his eyes in attempting to swim the river on his horse. In company with a few others, who remained on Fremont's side on some detail or other, he was cut off by the burning of the bridge, and to avoid capture he attempted to swim the river just below the bridge—you know how full of reefs that pool is. Well, his horse became entangled in the reefs in some manner, and both horse and rider were drowned."

"Couldn't anybody help them in any way, I wonder?" queried the Colonel.

"I suppose not," I answered. "My friend said there were no boats at hand, and no one dared ride or swim out into the river after him for fear of sharing the same fate."

"I can readily understand that," said George, "for in high water this is not a stream to take any liberties with."

"I should think not," I replied.

"How about the rest of the party? Were they also drowned?" George asked.

"He did not say," I replied, as I threw away my cigar stump and walked over toward my canoe, "but I suppose not. We might as well portage the dam and go on; its getting toward lunch time, and we want to make Walker's for lunch."

"Yes, I am getting hungry already," Lacy said. "How did Jackson's troops cross South River to reach the battle field, I wonder?" he added, as the others rose and followed me to the canoes. "There was no bridge over that stream at that time, and the battle field is this side of it, so they must have crossed it."

"Jackson extemporized a bridge by running wagons out across the stream, the water being a little over axle deep in that small stream. A plank was laid down across the running gear and a narrow little bridge thus formed, wide enough for one man at a time, and the troops hustled over in single file on the run."

"That must have been a tedious operation," said the Colonel.

"Yes, and it would have been a snap for Shields' troops if they had been at hand to receive them," said George.

"Yes, it would indeed," I replied, "but the battle was fought a couple of miles or so down the river, and there were no Union troops at hand to obstruct the crossing," as I pulled my canoe up out of the water, half her length on to the broad, flat, road-like crest of the dam, "and while it was tedious work, Jackson's men got there just the same."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

The following names have been proposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.: Edward Johnson, Willis E. Burkman and Fred E. Leathe, all of Woburn, Mass.

Yachting.

Notice.

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SIR THOMAS LIPTON has cabled his American representative, Mr. David Barre, that Shamrock II. would be launched on Saturday, April 20, and that the boat would be christened by the Marchioness of Dufferin. The alterations that have been made on Shamrock I. have been completed, and the first race between the two boats is scheduled for May 4. Shamrock II. will continue to race in English waters until about the second week in June, sailing her last races during the Glasgow exhibition on June 8 and 9. She will then be dismantled and prepared for the ocean voyage. Shamrock II. will come across under the same rig that was used on Shamrock I. in 1899. It is expected that she will arrive in American waters early in July.

History of the Development of the Racing Yacht.

MR. THOMAS H. MACDONALD, of the Bridgeport Y. C., delivered the following lecture at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, New York city, on Wednesday evening, April 3, 1901. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views:

The history of yachting is the history of the development of the racing yacht. Just as speed contests among horses have served to develop the thoroughbred, so have the rivalries engendered among boat owners contributed to improve the "going" qualities of racing yachts.

The origin of the sailing vessel is lost in the gloom of antiquity. Ages before the dawn of history, perchance, some primeval savage ferried himself across from shore to shore upon a simple log of wood. True to the same instinct that taught him to point his stone arrow, he sharpened one end of the log, and thus mayhap contrived the first vessel's bow. It may have been that the first sail was nothing more than the branch of a tree, held aloft, that favoring breezes might aid his short passage.

When this occurred we have no means of knowing. Certain it is that it was a period so remote that the mind falters in attempting to grasp the immense space of time that must have elapsed since then. Records of the Stone Age, as revealed in the Swiss débris and the Irish bogs, have preserved for us many types of the primitive boat. These were, for the most part, logs hollowed out. Many of them present evidences of no mean degree of skill on the part of our ancient brother mariners. This style of boat building exists even to the present day. In the National Museum in Washington is a boat of this description, and a remarkable craft she is; over 60ft. in length and of 8ft. beam, she was hewn by the natives of Noothan for Moquilla, one of their chiefs. The immense log was hollowed out, then filled with water. Bark fires were lit near the sides, sufficient to heat the log, but not to burn it. By this means was formed what experts have decided to be a well-modeled boat, and one whose lines are said to resemble those of the American Line steamer New York.

Probably the oldest type of sailing vessel in existence to-day is the Chinese junk. The Chinese, as a race, have practically stood still for 2,000 years. It is little wonder, therefore, that the Mongolian boat of to-day should differ scarcely at all from its prototype of twenty centuries agone. The Chinese vessels present the germ of many points of merit in design, but, like all things Chinese, they seemed to have been stopped in their development in some past age, and to never have progressed beyond that point. The Chinese junk is a fairly good sea boat, and in running with wind free makes fair speed, but in a thresh to windward is hardly to be considered with our fin-keelers of the present time.

About the most progressive, or at least aggressive, of the nations of Europe of 1,000 years ago were the Norsemen, or Vikings, of what is now Norway and Sweden. Those fierce sea rovers, half pirate and half trader, covered the bleak northern seas with their swift ships, and placed all contiguous countries under tribute.

A viking ship was exhibited in Chicago in the World's Fair of 1893. In many respects the lines of the hull of this vessel closely resemble those of the best modeled yachts of to-day. She was built in exact duplicate of the hull of a viking ship that was dug up in Norway a few years ago, and that had lain in its grave for over 1,000 years. The original was undoubtedly the property of some famous leader of those old freebooters, as it was the custom to inter the ship with the dead body of such as those who by unexampled bravery or ferocity had made their mark as leaders among their fellows.

Tradition says that the Dutch galliott was an evolution of the viking ship. This vessel has the high after deck so familiar in the ships of Columbus, models of which were seen in this country during the Chicago Fair.

They were for their time fairly good sea-going vessels, and when down wind or with sheets well started pretty fair sailers.

There is little or no evidence to be found, however, in the meager data at hand, that would lead us to believe that pleasure vessels were in use much before the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is true that the word "yacht" had entered into our language at a much earlier date, but it is also probable that it was used to designate merely a fast boat.

The word "yacht" means speed. It is a Dutch word and, literally translated, means "to hasten" or "to hurry." It found its way into the English language in 1660. In that year the Dutch East India Company presented Charles II. of England with a boat named Mary, and which they designated a "yacht," meaning thereby a fast vessel. Charles was pleased with the present, and in the following year designed for himself a vessel of 25 tons, which he also called a "yacht." The name was then taken up and has become a part of the language. Accounts state that Charles matched this vessel against one owned by the Duke of York for one hundred pounds.

The course was laid from Greenwich to Gravesend and return. Charles II. steered his own vessel and won the race—the first record of a match race between yachts, and also of an amateur helmsman.

The First Regularly Organized Yacht Club.

The first regularly organized yacht club was the Cork Harbor Water Club, now the Royal Cork Y. C., and which was organized in 1720 in Cork Harbor, Ireland. Available records tell us little of interest about the number, size or character of the boats of their fleet, and it is probable that they were for the most part simply rowboats.

The present Royal Yacht Squadron, the premier yachting organization of England, was organized in 1812 at Cowes, Isle of Wight. There were no boats of more than 35 tons enrolled; all were heavily built, and it is likely that they were, for the greater part, merely modified revenue cutters. It is with the organization of the Yacht Squadron, however, that the true yachting age begins. Prior to this time the interest had been but spasmodic, and there was no organized movement looking to the promotion of this truly royal sport.

About this time there had been developed—one in England and one in America—two distinctive types of one-masted vessels of comparatively small size. The English vessel was known as a "cutter," and the American type as the "sloop." The cutter derived its name from the work that it was principally used for, that is the cutting out of smugglers and other vessels engaged in unlawful traffic by the customs authorities of England. The cutter was a vessel that was obliged to go to sea at all times, and in all conditions of weather, and consequently a rig was devised that would admit of the greatest degree of safety at all times and still give a maximum of efficiency in speed, as a vessel that was not fast would be of little use in chasing the fleet smuggling craft that abounded in English waters in that day. The cutter rig consists of a mainsail, fore staysail, topsail, jib and flying jib. The peculiarities of the cutter rig consisted in the fact that the jib was set flying, and the bowsprit was so made that it could be "housed"—that is, taken inboard in heavy weather. This enabled them to reduce sail in a very complete and expeditious manner. The cutter rig is a very graceful and well proportioned sail plan.

In the sloop rig there were but two principal sails—the mainsail and the jib. The mainsail was an immense affair, laced to the boom; the jib was almost as big and was also laced to a boom. Sometimes a sloop carried a gaff topsail and sometimes a flying jib, but these sails were really auxiliary, and only used under favorable conditions. This rig was found to be all right for sailing in inland waters or in well-protected roads and waterways, but was not a very manageable one for outside, deep-water sailing, where heavier seas and winds were to be met with. The great amount of canvas, especially in the jib, rendered quick handling somewhat difficult.

As far as I have been able to discover, the first yacht designed for specific purpose, namely, that of defeating a rival who had been rather too successful, was the case of Pearl, designed by Philip Sainty for the Marquis of Angelsey, some time between the years 1820 and 1830. Capt. Kenealy, the yachting editor of Outing, states that Philip and his brother Robert were originally boat builders of Wivenhoe, England. Finding, however, that building and sailing smugglers was more remunerative, if more hazardous, than constructing and selling fishing smacks, they engaged in this illicit occupation. Philip's skill in designing and their combined skill in handling their boats soon made their name a terror to the revenue officers. Many a fine cargo of rum, silks, tobacco and other highly dutiable goods did these bold sea rovers run into some sheltered cove on the English coast. It is said that when very hard pressed they would seek some sure retreat with their vessel, and after disposing of the cargo would burn the boat for the purpose of obtaining the copper fastenings in her. Philip Sainty would then design another and faster craft, and with this new law evader they would continue their profitable smugglings. The longest lane must have a turning, however, and in the fullness of time these bold smugglers were caught and ignominiously jailed. King George, however, is said to have had a soft spot in his heart for smugglers, remembering the work they had done on the English ships in Napoleonic wars, and so the brothers Sainty were not submitted to any indignity in prison.

About this time Pearl, the Marquis of Angelsey's fine cutter yacht, was getting some unceremonious drubbings from the Duke of York's Phœbe. This was more than a hero of Waterloo could reasonably stand, especially as the Duke of York began to crow over his victories in a most provoking manner. The Marquis knew that the only man that could build a boat which would lower the colors of York was Philip Sainty, and he was in jail in Chelmsford Prison. The Marquis arranged for an interview with Sainty. He asked him if he would build him a boat that could beat the Duke of York's craft, provided he obtained a pardon. Sainty thought that he could, and is said to have replied that he would do so, provided that he could also get a gun brig to build at the same time. The Marquis obtained a pardon for the brothers and the new yacht was built. She was also named Pearl, and it is on record that she lowered the colors of the Duke's yacht in such a decisive manner that she soon found no competitor to race against.

The next time Pearl was heard of was in Bermuda Harbor in the first international race on record. In 1849 the old cutter put into Bermuda on a cruise. Brenda, an American schooner, flying the burgee of the New York Y. C., which was then just organized, happened to touch at the same point for stores. A match was arranged, and the American won the race by about 55 seconds, the length of the course not being stated. Pearl was the first yacht with the distinctive cutter rig. Her owner, the Marquis of Angelsea, may be said to be the father of British yachting, and all his descendants have been patrons of the sport in its best form

In this country the first yacht, in the modern sense, was one built for and owned by Capt. George W. Crowninshield, of Salem, Mass., in 1808. She was of 22 tons burden, and said to be very fast. In 1812 she was made a privateer, and is said to have captured three prizes. In her old days she became a Gloucester fishing boat. In 1816 was built in Salem Cleopatra's Barge for Benjamin W. Crowninshield, another of the famous family of Crowninshields, and direct ancestor of B. B. Crowninshield, the young Boston designer who is building Independence for Mr. Thomas W. Lawson. This vessel was magnificently fitted up, and is said to have cost $50,000. She was said to have been almost the exact dimensions of the sloop Mayflower, but, of course, very different in appearance and lines.

In 1839 came the centerboard schooner Sylph, Martin Van Buren, Gladiator, Petrel, Rapids, John C. Stevens, Mary Taylor, and finally, in 1846, Maria, of which more later, for here dawns the world-famous America, and with her advent rises the glorious sun of the golden age of yachting.

The New York Y. C. Organized.

The New York Y. C. was organized in 1844 on board the famous old schooner Gimcrack in New York Harbor.

Com. Stevens undertook the management of the helm of this newly born organization, and right well he cared for his trust. As in England, there were few yachts even in the cruising sense, and but one that could be called a racing yacht, that just mentioned, Maria, from the design of Robert Livingstone Stevens, and was built by William Capes, of Hoboken, in 1844. Maria was a scientific racing machine, and in many particulars may be said to have been the prototype of the modern racing yacht of to-day. She was 110ft. over all, 26ft. 8in. beam, with a draft of water 6in. under the forefoot, and increasing to 5ft. 3in. aft. Her bow was long, hollow and very sharp. She carried her great beam well aft, and tapered but moderately to the stern. Her boom was 100ft. long and built hollow. She carried outside and bolted to her bottom about 20 tons of lead ballast, and was provided with two centerboards, the forward one lowering about 20ft. She was provided with the ordinary sloop rig of that day—that is, the jib and mainsail. The foot of the mainsail was 98ft., and that of the jib 70ft. Maria's speed is said to have been marvelous. Authentic records state that she logged 17 nautical miles per hour in a smooth sea and a strong wind. She was beaten but twice, once by the schooner Coquette and once by the far-famed America. Both races were sailed outside in strong winds and a jump of a sea, conditions under which Maria was at her worst.

About this time there was in the city of New York a shipbuilder named William H. Brown, who had made a national and, in fact, an international reputation on account of the advanced, scientific work turned out by his shipyard at the foot of Twelfth street, New York. In the year 1850 had taken place what was then and would be now a most remarkable event. This was the triple launch of three ocean-going steamers, in one of which all of the machinery was set up and steam made in the boilers so that the vessel started immediately on her trial trip under her own steam. Her paddle wheels began to revolve the instant she touched the water. This occasion was graced by a number of the most distinguished names in the history of this country. Among those who sat down to a banquet in the moulding loft immediately succeeding the triple launch were Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K. Collins, James T. Brady and many others. Daniel Webster made the first address, and in concluding said:

"Among the names that were not born to die there will be none in the history of America more entitled to honorable mention than that of William H. Brown. He is worthy of his noble Scotch ancestors. He has impressed this age in finance and mechanics, as they shook their own hills by their eloquence and their works more than a century agone. I greet you, sir, as a worthy successor of Hamilton and Cobden—giants of genius, who have made the world better for their lives—and I am proud to have the honor of proposing your health."

A Remarkable Prophecy.

Mr. Brown in his reply, among other things, said:

"I came to this city twenty-five years ago on a visit to my Uncle Noah, then engaged in shipbuilding. He launched a vessel or two every year, and persons came miles to see the event. After a time I felt interested in his work. I walked along the wharves and noticed the vessels as they arrived from foreign ports. I got the idea that ships to sail well ought to be sharp enough to cut the water easily, and those that I saw would go either way. You could hardly tell the bow from the stern. I asked my Uncle Noah to let me make a model. He laughed at my first attempt, and nothing I could say would convince him that such a boat as I favored would sail at all or be seaworthy. After that I got tired of being ridiculed, and worked along for three years without any encouragement for my ideas of the proper shape for a vessel. One day I branched out for myself. It was hard pushing, but I was determined, and though unknown, I would not give up. I shall never forget those years. First I built a sloop, then a schooner, then a brig, and last a ship. All this in three years. My black days were over and success had crowned my efforts.

"My vessels sailed well and were popular. I made one rule from which I never deviated; that was to use the best timber to be had without regard to the cost, and always to combine strength with speed. I have done that by using hollow lines. I have altered all models gradually, just a fraction, these twenty years, but never to sacrifice strength. Some of my first vessels are as good to-day as when first launched. Greater speed can only be gotten now by increasing the size of the ship, not the shape of the model.

"The Arctic, just launched, will cross the water in nine days. I will guarantee to build a steamer of 6,000 tons to go over in seven.

"I have built to date over 300 vessels, and not one has yet been condemned or rejected.

"Gentlemen, the day of wooden ships is nearly over for the present. Iron will take its place. The paddle must give way to the screw propeller for ocean traffic, as the screw will yield more profit, but not comfort.

"We are living in a wonderful age. In less than fifty years, before this century closes, we shall astonish the world, and then if we don't lead the age we shall drop away from the spirit of it.

"I have a few thoughts to offer: First, we must have our canals worked by steam or we may lose our preeminence through our trade being diverted by railroads in years to come.

"Next, we must have a railroad across the continent to California, to bring China to our doors. You can promote both of these enterprises, and who is more capable of doing it than the gentlemen of Wall street that I see before me to-day?

"We need and will have an ocean telegraph. In this I can aid you. I shall lay the keels to-morrow for three steamers for my own use. If you, gentlemen, will form a company and make the wire, I will put in one of those vessels, to be done when you are ready to lay it in the ocean, and we will have a telegraph in one year. I ask your serious thought to this matter. We can breakfast with the morning news from London just as well as wait ten days for it, and what a gain that will be for the world and for yourselves! I would like to join you in other enterprises, and would take some stock in steam canal boats, but my hands are now nearly full.

"The steamers I am now building are the pioneers of a line that will go around the world. They shall be vessels that for speed, safety and comfort shall make our people proud. My route is to Aspinwall, rail across the Isthmus, Panama to San Francisco, thence across the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Bombay, Suez—we will rail or cut a canal across here—Marseilles, Liverpool and then home. My steamers will run to Liverpool in five days. They will be finally 1,200ft. long, 120ft. beam and will make 25 miles per hour. You look surprised, gentlemen, but there's no trouble about doing it. My steamers are braced diagonally, and the larger they are to a certain point, with proper depth, the better sea boats they are; the more waves they can cut, and the faster they will go. The plan is entirely feasible, but it will take me ten or fifteen years to get around as far as Liverpool, and by that time I expect Mr. Collins to join me, that the two lines may not conflict. You see, gentlemen, that this will prevent me from taking very prominent part in other enterprises."

What a remarkable series of prophecies! Remember that all this was said over fifty-one years ago! The telegraph was then just six years old. At that time only the most progressive regarded steam ocean-going vessels as little more than an experiment. Over fifteen years later, when a number of California capitalists proposed to build the very road prophesied by Mr. Brown, they were ridiculed the length and breadth of the country as impossible dreamers. Many of my hearers are familiar with the reception of the proposition to build the first ocean telegraph cable met with in this country and England. Here we have the prediction of the five-day steamer to Liverpool, a prophesy that has been practically realized to-day. Mr. Brown stated the length of the steamer would be 1,200ft.—we have reached two-thirds of that already. He noted the passing of wooden ships, the substitution of the screw propeller for the paddle wheel, the building of the Suez Canal and the 25-mile an hour steamer. Truly, a wonderful series of prophesies.

There is one statement in Mr. Brown's remarkable series to which I wish to call particular attention, as it is of peculiar interest from the yachting standpoint, and that is where he says he obtained the normal lines by abolishing the bluff-bowed vessels and substituting the hollow lines that were afterward made so famous in America.

That Mr. Brown built America in his yard on East River, New York, of course cannot be doubted, and from a careful examination of such data as I have been able to obtain, I am forced to the belief that to Mr. W. H. Brown should also go much of the credit for the design of this truly wonderful and epoch-making boat.

Who but a man that knew exactly what he proposed to do would write such a letter as this?:

Dated in 1850, the same year that the prophecies I have cited were made, every expression it contains shows the confidence of the man in what he proposed to do:

New York, Nov. 15, 1850.—George L. Schuyler, Esq. Dear Sir: I propose to build for you a yacht of not less than 140 tons custom house measurement on the following terms:

The yacht to be built in the best manner, coppered, rigged, equipped with joiner's work, cabin and kitchen furniture, table furniture, water closets, etc., ready for sea.

You are to designate the plan of the interior of the vessel and select the furniture.

The model, plan and rig of the vessel to be entirely at my discretion, it being understood, however, that she is to be a strong, sea-going vessel and rigged for ocean sailing.

For this vessel complete and ready for sea you are to pay me $30,000 upon the following conditions:

When the vessel is ready, she is to be placed at the disposal of Hamilton Wilkes, Esq., as umpire, who, after making such trials as are satisfactory to him for the space of twenty days, shall decide whether or not she is faster than any vessel in the United States brought to compete with her.

The expense of these trials to be borne by you.

If it is decided by the umpire that she is not faster than every vessel brought against her, it shall not be binding upon you to accept her and pay for her at all.

In addition to this, if the umpire decides that she is faster than any vessel in the United States, you are to have the right instead of accepting her at that time to send her to England, match her against anything of her size built there, and if beaten, still to reject her altogether.

The expense of the voyage out and home to be borne by you. The test of speed in England to be decided by any mode acceptable to you and consented to by you in writing. Respectfully yours,

W. H. Brown.

How many builders to-day would undertake such a task? How many even of our best naval architects would care to design and build a boat under such a guarantee?

English Press Comments on America.

In the issue of the Illustrated London News of March 15, 1851, appeared this description in the news columns of the paper:

"The yacht, of which we have engraved a sketch, is now building at New York to compete with the English yachts next summer at Cowes.

"The builder, Mr. William H. Brown, is to receive about one-third more than her value (say 24 pounds a ton) if she succeeds in outsailing any competitors of the same tonnage in England. Her construction is on a novel principle. Drawing 10ft. of water aft, she tapers away forward to but half that draft, and is totally without any gripe.

"Aft, her keel is about 30in. deep, diminishing in depth forward and gradually ascending in a graceful curve into cut-water and stem. Her tonnage is to be 175; length over all, 94ft.; extreme breadth, 23ft. 6in., and depth of hold, 9ft. Her timbers are spaced a foot apart, and filled in on both sides with 18 pigs, or bars, of iron, which weigh 1,200lbs. each and have small projections or shoulders which let into the timbers and prevent any contact with outside planking.

"In addition, 18 pigs of 1,200lbs. each are placed on the main keel, fitting exactly between the timbers. She has, therefore, upward of 21 tons of ballast, built and tightly wedged into her sides. As she only requires about as much more ballast, it is easily calculated that she will be able to stow it and leave plenty of room inside.

"She is cross-braced inside with long iron bands, well secured to the timbers.

"The intelligent foreman, Mr. Steers, as well as the American gentlemen who are to own her if she succeeds, are very sanguine of success.

"This is an original and spirited undertaking, and will, if successful, completely alter the present system of yacht architecture.

"We do not, however, think she can compete with the sharp and deep English yachts.

"Whatever the result may be, it cannot fail of being extremely interesting and valuable for both countries.

"As a model she is artistic, though rather of a departure from old-established ideas of naval architecture."

In this account there are two or three things that are of great interest at this time as bearing on the real originators of this famous craft. You will note that the first paragraph states that her builder is Mr. William H. Brown. In another paragraph Mr. Steers is spoken of as the foreman of the yard. And again mention is made of the "American gentlemen who are to own her if she succeeds," leaving the inference that if she is not a success they are not to accept her.

I am aware that most of the yachting authorities of to-day give to Mr. George Steers the entire credit of the design and construction of the America. And I am also aware that the journal I have just quoted, the Illustated London News, in a later article, says that America was designed and constructed solely by George Steers and his brother Henry.

It seems to me that there can be little doubt as to where the vessel was built. That this credit should go to Mr. Brown, I cannot question. That he was the sole author of her lines, I, of course, cannot say. Mr. Arthur Brown, late of Fairfield, Conn., a son of Mr. W. H. Brown, states in a letter signed by him that Mr. Steers was a foreman in the moulding loft, and that he cut the model of America after Mr. W. H. Brown's immediate direction.

In any event, America was completed in the spring of 1851. She was tried out in a couple of races in New York harbor, against the Maria, in one of which she was beaten by the sloop, and the other of which she won. The latter was outside the Hook and in a jump of a sea.

She was then fittted up for the ocean voyage and sent across the Atlantic to Havre, where she shipped her racing rig, and, taking her owner, Com. J. C. Stevens, aboard, she sailed for Cowes, then as now the yachting center of Britain.

The English yachtsmen hardly knew how to take her. Her rig was somewhat of a surprise, the absence of a jib-boom and a foretopmast being comparatively noticeable. Then, too, her hull was such as they had never seen before.

The London News said of her as she lay just outside Cowes: "Accustomed as we have been to witness the symmetrical models of our own yachts, we confess our opinion falters when a model of an entirely different construction, so contrary in every respect, both in build and rig, is presented to us. In our former remarks we termed America to be a departure from established ideas of naval architecture, which all must candidly confess to be the case. In lieu of straight lines we have curved and hollow lines; instead of spars loaded with rigging, top hamper and numberless small sails, we have stately masts with scarcely a rope to support them; the propelling power being in substance rather than in sum. In fact we have before us, instead of 'the phantom ship,' a 'rakish, piratical-looking craft, whose appearance in bygone days would have struck terror into the soul of many a 'homeward-bounder.'"

America carried on this occasion a crew of seven men before the mast, and thirteen all told. A lucky number.

The fast new English cutter Laverock had come out of Cowes to America's anchorage to courteously show her up and incidentally have a scrub race with her and get an inkling of her quality, as far as speed was concerned. Capt. Kenealy says that the racing fever was hot in Com. Stevens' veins. As soon as he saw Laverock tack and lie to with her jib sheets to windward he could not, for the life of him, resist having a brush with the Britisher. Quoting here from Com. Stevens' own words as reported on his return:

"The news had spread like wildfire that the Yankee clipper had arrived and that the Laverock had gone down to show her the way up. The yachts and vessels in the harbor, the wharves and even the windows of houses were filled with spectators watching with eager eyes the eventful trial. They saw we could not escape, for the Laverock stuck to us, sometimes lying to and then tacking around us, evidently showing she had no intention of quitting us. We were loaded with extra sails and with beef and pork enough for an East India voyage, and were 4 or 5in. too deep in the water. We got up sail with heavy hearts; the wind had increased to a six-knot breeze, and after letting Laverock go for about 200yds., we were ashamed to wait longer, and started in her wake.

"I have seen and have been engaged in many exciting trials on sea and shore. I made the match with the horse Eclipse against Sir Henry, and had heavy sums both for myself and friends on the result. I saw Eclipse lose the first heat, and four-fifths of the second without feeling one-hundredth part of the responsibility or trepidation I felt at the thought of being beaten in this eventful trial by Laverock. During the first five minutes not a sound was heard, save, perhaps, the beating of our anxious hearts or the ripple of the waters upon her sword-like stem. The captain was crouched down upon the floor of the cockpit, one hand upon the tiller and his stern, unaltering gaze upon the vessel ahead. The men were motionless as statues, with their eager eyes fastened upon Laverock with a fixity almost supernatural. Over us swelled the beautiful curves of her sails. It could not and it did not last long. Slowly but surely we crept upon her. Inch by inch we moved to windward of her wake, and in a few tacks fairly weathered her. The agony was over, and we came to anchor fully a quarter of a mile ahead of her."

This little scrub race is said to have destroyed all the plans which Com. Stevens and his friends had in view. None of the English yachts seemed particularly anxious to try conclusions with the speedy Yankee.

After many offers to sail a match race with any schooner in the English fleet, and then with any cutter, Com. Stevens found it practically impossible to make a match. He then determined to enter his boat in the regatta for a $500 cup arranged by the Royal Yacht Squadron, to be sailed on Aug. 20, round the Isle of Wight, and without time allowance. From the yachting point of view, this was the most momentous decision ever made by a yachtsman. For that comparatively insignificant cup, costing less than an ordinary 21ft. catboat, that piece of metal, neither particularly well designed nor executed, has become the most famous and most coveted sporting trophy the world has ever known, the blue ribbon of the seas, the America Cup.

America's First Race in England.

To-day this one-time humble trophy stands at the head of everything yachting; won in a most unusual and unexpected manner, and successfully defended against every and all challengers for a full fifty years. A record to be proud of for all our days.

The interest shown in the race was something enormous. It was unprecedented in quiet, rather stolid England. Again quoting from the Illustrated London News:

The race of Friday furnished our yachtsmen with an opportunity of 'realizing,' as our transatlantic cousins would say, what those same dwellers beyond the sea can do when afloat and in competition with ourselves. None doubted that America was a very fast sailer, but her prowess had not been measured heretofore.

When it became known that she was entered for Friday's contest for the Cup, the most intense interest was developed by all classes, and even Her Majesty and the court felt the influence of the universal curiosity to see how the stranger, of whom such wonderful things were said, would acquit herself.

Eighteen vessels were scheduled to start, ranging from Brilliant, a three-masted schooner of 392 tons, down to Volante, a cutter of 48 tons. Fifteen actually started. The preparatory gun was fired at 9:55 and the starting gun at 10 o'clock.

America had provided herself with a new jib topsail and spread it to the breeze for the first time. A thing of life and beauty she was as she moved off in the great procession.

The beauty of the cut and set of her sails attracted universal attention. She seemed in no disposition to hurry, however. Gypsy Queen, which had the full strength of the tide, took the lead and kept it for some time, with Beatrice, Volante, Constance and Arrow hunting her in the order named.

The smallness of America's rig, as compared with the others, also attracted attention. Her gaff topsail, for instance, hoisted to the short and slender main topmast, looked insignificant indeed. The flying jib, hoisted to the foremast head (she had no fore topmast), seemed neither of use nor ornament.

Steamers, shore boats, yachts and craft of all descriptions buzzed along each side of the course and stretched away for miles over the sea.

It was a sight such as the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice. Such a sight as, beaten though we were, no country on earth else could offer, and confessedly was never seen here before. America gradually forged ahead, and at No Man's Land buoy was fifth boat. Here a fresher breeze struck her, and careening gracefully to it, she soon began to drop one after another of the leaders, till within a half hour she had the entire fleet behind her. From this point to the finish it was simply a procession, with America a sure winner, barring accidents. There was a time in the race when she was fully six miles ahead of the nearest boat. After she rounded St. Catherine's Point she had only Aurora in sight behind her, and as the weather grew thick shortly afterward she too was lost to view.

At the Needles America passed and saluted the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with the Queen and Prince Consort on board. The Queen waited till Aurora reached the Needles and then put back to Osborne, passing America in the Solent. At 6 o'clock Aurora, still the second boat, was six miles astern. As victory was now assured to America, all the excursion vessels returned to Cowes.

Thousands of people fringed the southern shore from West Cowes to the castle, eagerly awaiting the result, in spite of the gathering gloom and the threatening rain clouds that loomed up black along the northern shore of the strait. Just as darkness was settling down over the sea the well-known rig of the Yankee schooner was observed, and a few minutes later the boom of a gun from the flagship announced that the race was over, that the pride of the English yachts had been laid low, that the Cup was lost and won, and that the name of America had taken its place among the immortals.

Aurora was the second boat in, her time being 8:58. It appears that while America was bucking the tide near the finish and almost becalmed, Aurora got a lucky streak of wind and came in a comparatively good second.

There were three points in the race that Mr. George Schuyler thought were worthy of attention; they were:

First. That starting with a light westerly wind at 10 o'clock, the yachts turned No Man's Land buoy about 11:30, and while beating to the westward the wind freshened to a good six-knot breeze for a short time, at the end of which America's position was two miles to the windward of the nearest yacht. The wind then died away and the yachts beat slowly against a head tide, America constantly widening the distance. At 3 o'clock the wind again freshened, and when America rounded the Needles Aurora, the nearest yacht, was, by all English account, fully eight miles astern, and the rest of the squadron were not to be seen.

Second. That the wind again becoming light, the tide being ahead, America anchored winner of the Cup at 8:34 and Aurora at 8:58. Had there been an allowance for time, according to Acker's scale, in use at that time, America would still have been a winner by two minutes.

Third. That the owner of Brilliant sent in a protest the next day against awarding the Cup to America on account of her turning one buoy from the wrong side. As the instructions, however, were not explicit on this point, the protest was not allowed.

The day after the race America sailed for Osborne, as the Queen had expressed a desire to see her. Her Majesty, with the Prince Consort and suite, spent over half an hour on board, and had a thoroughly good look at the vessel, whose praises were being sung by all the papers.

The Race for the Queen's Cup.

On the following Monday a race took place at Ryde for a cup presented by the Queen, in the expectation that America would start. As there wasn't a six-knot breeze America would not start, but as the Illustrated London News said the next day: "Just before the vessels got in the rakish looking America was seen making her way round the Nab Light, and with a most extraordinary movement, made one reach from the light to Stroke Bay, and by another tack rounded Brilliant in grand style. To accomplish the same task that America had just performed, Alarm took ten tacks and Volante at least twenty. She had started one hour and five minutes after the fleet and finished but twenty minutes behind the winner. She thus gained forty-five minutes on the entire fleet. Had she started in the race the same fortunate result would have greeted her as at Cowes."

There were three important features in America which account for her success. In my opinion the first and most important of these was her sail plan. Her sails were made in Port Jefferson by a Mr. Wilson, the father of the Adrian Wilson who is the senior member of the well-known sailmakers of Boston at the present time. Her sails were laced to the boom, and they were flat. Not flat like a piece of board, but flat as it is understood to-day by the best yachtsmen. There was draft in the sails near the luff, but the after part was very flat. Another feature of the sails that, in my opinion, influenced her windward work very materially, was the exceedingly long luff in each sail. They were very long on the mast. This is a very important feature in windward work.

The second was the marvelously well-moulded midship section. So well was this designed that to-day, in Columbia, admittedly the fastest yacht yet afloat, the same outlines are practically preserved.

The third was the handling of the yacht in the race. The sailing master, Old Dick Brown, a well-known Sandy Hook pilot, was one of the best sailors of his day in this style of craft, and there is no doubt that his magic touch upon the tiller was a very important factor in the final result.

The subsequent history of America is very interesting. She was sold in England by her owners to Lord Blaquire, who finally took her on a long cruise to the Mediterranean, and there sold her to Lord Templeton. He cruised in her one summer and then laid her up at Cowes, where she remained some time. She was then sold to Mr. Pitcher, a boat builder of Northfleet, who practically rebuilt her. The lines were, however, carefully preserved, and when she left the yard she was in practically the same condition as when launched.

In 1860 she was again sold to a Mr. Decie and taken to the West Indies. She was rechristened Camilla. Just before starting on her cruise she defeated the schooners Wildfire and Galatea in a race arranged by the Royal Western Y. C., of Plymouth.

She returned from the West Indies in 1861 and in that year she sailed a few races with indifferent success, which is not to be wondered at, as she was then over ten years old and was in anything but good condition for racing.

Mr. Decie then changed the name back to America, and in the following year sailed for Mobile, Ala., with her. Here she became a blockade runner in the War of the Rebellion, having been sold by Mr. Decie to a gentleman who for good reasons preferred to remain unknown.

In April of 1861 she arrived off Savannah, Ga., as the blockade runner Memphis, her name again being changed. She was chased by the U. S. gunboat Wabash, and to avoid capture was scuttled and sunk in the St. John's River, Fla.

She now rested quietly in her watery bed for nearly five years. After the war the Government raised her, as she was an obstruction to navigation. She was found to be sound and seaworthy, and instead of breaking her up, as might have been done with a less famous vessel, the Government repaired her and fitted her out for a practice ship for the naval cadets at Annapolis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A contract for a cabin launch has been awarded to the Gas Engine Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co. by Mr. Frank Bement, of Toms River, N. J. She will be 60ft. long 10ft. beam, 32in. draft. There will be cabins fore and aft with deck space all around the houses. Between the two the deck will be flush, and at the after end of the forward house the wheel will be fitted. In the stern of the boat there will be a roomy cockpit. The machinery will consist of a 25 horse-power motor, which will be placed in the center of the boat. A stack will be placed over the engine room so as to give the launch the appearance of being driven by steam. The funnel will be used for ventilating the engine room. She will be named Franeda.

* * *

Former Com. Henry C. Rouse, of the Seawanhaka Y. C., has chartered through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane of this city the English built steam yacht Lady Godiva. She is an auxiliary screw schooner, and was built by the Laird Brothers at Birkenhead in 1890 from designs by Mr. St. Clare Byrne. She is 150ft. long and 23ft. beam.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 13.—Everything now points to the coming yachting season being the greatest in the history of the sport in Massachusetts. All of the clubs are making great efforts in the racing line, and those who are looking for this kind of sport will have no occasion at the end of the season to find fault with the inducements offered by the regatta committees of the different clubs. Nearly all of the clubs of any prominence have made up their list of racing dates and from a glance at the total, when it shall have been compiled, it will be seen that all of the clubs are alive to the occasion and realize that this is the year for Massachusetts, when it is possible to create a lasting interest in the sport, much greater than has ever been shown in this State, which has always been noted for its aquatic sports.

On the North Shore, at Annisquam, Gloucester and Newburyport, an unusually successful season is expected. The Annisquam Y. C. has already been heard from, and news of the racing dates of the American Y. C. is expected every day. It is known that this club is making great efforts and that it will present more than its usual number of open events. This, of course, will mean that the interest in local yachting, in the events which are confined to club members, will increase accordingly. For a yacht club is most favorably known by its races. The social conditions of a club may attract a few, but the majority of the men who become members of yacht clubs always keep in mind the distinct purpose for which these clubs were founded.

The East Gloucester Y. C. is one of the North Shore clubs which is preparing for a great season. In fact yachting generally around Cape Ann is taking a sudden impetus which bids fair to become permanent. The East Gloucester Y. C. is now well housed, and is attracting a large membership. There are now about 250 members enrolled, and it has a fleet of more than fifty yachts. This may not seem a great number to some of the clubs that have a great membership, those which are wealthy and have fleets of yachts accordingly. But when it is considered that many of the members of this club are from the summer colony, the membership seems to be very creditable.

For a number of seasons past the club has made a feature of evening races, which have become very popular. The courses for these are not very long, but there is an element of danger connectd with a race in the dark which becomes exhilarating without the uncertainty of dire results. It makes a good school for the yachtsman, too, for it teaches him to sail by bearings and to find marks which he cannot see, even when close to them. The first of these evening races will be sailed on June 5 and every succeeding Wednesday evening they will be continued up to and including Aug. 7. There will be a club championship in every class, the prizes, as in previous years, being pennants. The fixtures for the other races are as follows:

May 30—Opening club race.
June 17—Club race.
July 4—Open race for all Cape Ann boats.
Aug. 7 and 8—Y. R. A. open races.
Aug. 31—Club race.

Club cruise will be called at the option of the Commodore. The principal event in this line will be sailed immediately after the race on Aug. 31. The fleet will proceed to Marblehead and Nahant, to participate in the Lynn Y. C.'s Y. R. A. open race, and afterward will sail across the bay to witness the races of the big yachts and fishing vessels for the Lawson cups.

On the South Shore the clubs are no less active. The Duxbury is probably the most active of any of these clubs, and has laid out a good season's racing. This club, like many of those on the North Shore, is made up principally of members of the summer colony. Great interest is manifested in the 18ft. knockabouts by members of this club, so great, in fact, that they were called last year the "Duxbury 18-footers." Commencing June 22, there will be races every Saturday for these boats until the close of the season. The schedule of the other races is as follows:

June 17, Monday—Club race.
July 4, Thursday—Club race.
July 20, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 3, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 31, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
Sept. 2, Monday—Ladies' day.

The great interest which has been aroused in yachting in New England is not confined, by any means, to the Massachusetts coast. At Bar Harbor there is growing up a fine, healthy fleet of yachts, and Islesboro and vicinity bids fair to become one of the greatest Eastern yachting centers. The Maine coast has long been known as a summer resort, but within the past few years its popularity has grown wonderfully. With the coming of greater numbers of summer visitors, it is not to be wondered that yachting should become the principal sport. At Bar Harbor there is a fine fleet of 25-footers, which have furnished sport for the past three seasons. It started with a one-design class which was organized by a Boston man, and the fleet has grown steadily since. The interest in yachting is not confined to Bar Harbor, but has extended all along the Maine coast.

The House Committee of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. has adopted a novel manner of placing interesting club matters before its members. A little paper called the Log has recently been issued which gives a prospectus of the coming season's features and calls upon its members to send in any interesting news of the club for publication. It is suspected that the editor-in-chief of the little paper is John L. Amory, but he, being a modest man, will probably deny it. At all events the enterprise is a good one for the club, and is a credit to its organizers. The column in which the news notes will be printed will go by the inspiring title of "Slivers."

It is announced that the club house at Hull will be informally opened on April 19. The landing stages will be put in place there on that date and also at the town house on Rowe's Wharf and at the Dorchester club house at Commercial Point. The Hull club house will be opened for the season on June 8, and the Dorchester house will be opened April 18. The dormitories at the Hull club house have been thoroughly renovated and improvements have been made in the bathing department.

Hanley has started on the Canada cup defender Cadillac, which is being built for a syndicate of Chicago yachtsmen headed by Mr. John C. Shaw. During the past week the moulds have been put up and from now on the work of construction will be rushed. It is Mr. Hanley's intention to have her all ready soon after the middle of next month. As might have been expected, Cadillac will be an improved Genesee. As Hanley has had great experience and much success in building certerboard boats of her size, there is every reason to expect that she will give a good account of herself in the trial races.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts a rule was framed that every yacht competing in an Association race shall carry a racing flag at the peak of the mainsail, which shall be hauled down immediately after the race. The flag will be 18in. square, having a blue ground with a white star in the center, the size of the star to be one-third of the length of the flag. This rule will commend itself readily to any yachtsman who has been deceived by yachts carrying the racing numbers throughout the entire season, which have hung around the starting line with no intention of racing. The official measurer was instructed in case of protest to measure the protested yacht immediately, if possible, and, if not possible at the time, to inspect the yacht and take a complete inventory of everything on board and to measure as soon afterward as possible. The fact that sails are wet shall be no reason for not measuring. This is sort of legislation that has been awaited from the Association, and it will do much to strengthen its cause among yachtsmen.

The readers of FOREST AND STREAM are probably by this time familiar with the details of Independence's sail plan, which is a very large one indeed. Several yachtsmen have expressed the opinion that it is too large and will be a drawback to the boat, but this is a thing that can only be proved in practice. But the giving out of the sail plan, so that Herreshoff and Watson, who are already familiar with the lines and construction, can put the two together and draw comparisons, seems to be rather indiscreet, to say the least. It does not seem reasonable that the designer of the Boston boat can give all of his powder to the two greatest yacht designers living and not have them beat him. A certain amount of publicity makes a yacht popular, but there is a limit to all things. In this case it is the opinion of many yachtsmen here that Crowninshield has made the mistake of his life.

Illinois, which has had several trials, has not proved the success which first reports would lead people to believe. It has been found that she carries a strong lee helm, which is not as it should be if the yacht is to have any great success. Many changes were made, but all to no avail. It has been finally decided to give her a new mainsail and to shift the center of effort aft. This will be done by shortening the jib and giving greater area to the mainsail. About 200lbs. of lead have been cut from the fin. It is expected that she will be put on the flat car and shipped West Monday.

The work on Independence is progressing smoothly. Her deck is nearly all laid and many of the plates for the steel mast have been turned out. The sternpost rudder is now being plated.

Fred Lawley has an order for a centerboard 18-footer, which will be built by Shiverick, of Kingston. He is also hard at work on a 15ft. racer, which he hopes to have ready to enter in the opening race May 30.

McIntyre, of Neponset, has three of the 18-footers of Starling Burgess design well along, and a fourth has been started.

MacConnell Bros. have made the following sales: Knockabout Agnes to P. S. Estes, of Harvard College; J. and M. Praline to F. W. Bird, of Wnithrop; cutter Tomboy to Joseph Battles, of Lawrence; sloop Nokomis to Dr. W. B. Osgood, of Boston, and the cutter Ouida to a member of the Boston Y. C.

Embree, of Quincy Point, has launched the 25ft. rating yawl, designed by Starling Burgess for his uncle, Vice-Com. Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C. She will take her maiden sail Wednesday.

Smith, of Quincy Point, has the 25-footer for Oscar B. Webber, of New York, and the 25-footer for W. D. Turner, of the Boston Y. C., ready for launching. They will go into the water next week.

At Lawley's the Sloane 85ft. schooner is all planked. The Parsons 46-footer and the Gibson 25-footer are about ready to go overboard. The Douglas 18-footer has been painted and her deck has been caulked. The deck is being laid on the Binney 70ft. steamer, and the house is being finished up on the 86ft. steamer of the same design. The Hurter 35-footer and the Lowell 25-footer are all planked. In the west shop the plating is going on the Eno 120ft. steamer, and the frames are out for the Crane 70ft. steamer.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Senta.

THE English-built cutter Senta arrived safely at Greenport, L. I., on the morning of April 10. Senta crossed the Atlantic in the worst season of the year and met with head winds and severe gales throughout the entire trip. She was the lightest built boat in her class in England and was constructed solely for racing, and it is really remarkable that she made an ocean passage with less injury to herself and those on board than large schooners have met with of twice her size that have been built for cruising.

Senta was purchased by Mr. A. Howard Hinkle, of New York city, last December. Soon after she was bought work was begun on her to prepare the boat for the trip to America. Misfortune followed Senta from the beginning; first she went ashore in the Solent, and then put back for repairs. After being hauled out and surveyed she was found to be uninjured. On Feb. 1 she again started for Bermuda, and for forty-two days nothing was heard from her, and it was feared that she had been lost, but on March 16 she reached Hamilton, Bermuda, after encountering revolving winds and heavy seas nearly all the way, and being struck in mid-ocean by a hurricane. The boat behaved admirably, but the great strain was too much for her main rigging, and it parted. Temporary gear was rigged to save the mast from going over the side. A steamer nearly ran them down one morning about 4 o'clock. In spite of the signals from the yacht the steamer did not change her course until she was almost aboard the yacht. The steamer was painted a drab color, and in the dim light of the early morning it was impossible to read her name.

After spending several days at Bermuda getting the yacht in shape for the balance of the trip, Senta left for Greenport on March 19, but she ran into heavy weather and was obliged to put back, starting again the following day, March 20. She had been out from Bermuda a week before the first of the gales was met. Nothing but the smallest bit of a square sail could be used to keep the yacht from broaching to. For three days she rode in this way, and was blown 254 miles to the south southeast. In spite of the oil bags heavy seas broke over the yacht. The starboard shrouds parted and the sail came down on the run at the same time. Temporary stays were used. About 250 miles from Montauk Point another gale was struck, and she was again driven off her course. Before she left England a temporary bulwark of planks heavily braced and fastened was built up around the sides of the yacht to protect the crew and support the life lines. One of the seas stove in this bulwark on the starboard quarter. Capt Esson's mate left him at Bermuda, owing to a misunderstanding. All of the crew were made up of deep-water sailors, and all agreed with Capt. Esson that it was the worst weather they had ever encountered.

At the City Island Yards.

THE bad weather that has prevailed up to last week has greatly delayed the work of fitting out yachts everywhere. In all the yachts at City Island rapid progress is now being made on nearly all of the boats laid up there. Hawkins' yard looks rather empty now that Columbia has been launched. She is lying in the stream getting her spars and rigging in place; her mast was stepped with the aid of a large wrecking tug. Carmita is also lying at an anchorage; she is fully rigged, and her crew is aboard awaiting orders. Some work has been done on the 70-footer Rainbow; her bottom is in much better condition than last year. The 70-footer Mineola has not been touched as yet. Work has begun on Emerald and Colonia.

At the Jacob yard the schooner Amorita has been put overboard, and is lying in the basin; during the winter her lead has been lowered and a metal centerboard substituted for the wooden one. The handsome cutter Queen Mab has been painted white, but the change is hardly an improvement. The cutter Hester will receive a new mast. The sloop design by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for Mr. Otto Lohrke is practically finished, and has been run out of the shop ready for launching; she is a good looking boat with very fair accommodation in her cabin and a large cockpit. Mr. John Hyslop's keel yawl is nearing completion; her cabin work is being put in place. She has a large amount of room below and a small cockpit. Her narrow cabin house gives ample deck room. The launch that was designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey for Mr. E. Wetherbee is planked and the deck beams are in place. The centerboard knockabout, also designed by the same firm for Mr. Wetherbee, is ready for launching.

At Wood's yard the 43-footer designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox is being planked; she is an extremely handsome boat in every particular. Her frames and floors all through the center of the boat are of steel, as are her deck beams, while the frames and deck beams in the ends are of wood; she is double planked. Wood has done remarkably fine work on her throughout. This boat bids fair to surpass in good looks any boat yet turned out by Messrs. Gardner & Cox. The Fife cutter Jessica is ready for launching. The raceabout designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has been launched and is now anchored in the harbor. This boat is built of mahogany and looks very well as she lies at her mooring.

At Byle's yard the centerboard sloop Wacondah is undergoing a number of changes, and a gasoline engine is being installed.

Yacht Club Notes.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Southern Y. C., New Orleans, La., took place Thursday, April 4. The following officers were elected for the season of 1901-2: Com., A. Baldwin; Vice-Com., Theo. Grunewald: Rear Com., A. M. Cooke; Sec'y, L. D. Sampsell; Treas., James Buckley. Governing Committee, Charles Janvier, Thomas Sully, Fritz Jancke, J. B. Campbell, P. S. Schneidau. House Committee, H. A. Hamilton, C. W. Smith, T. G. Stehle, W. M. Stout, Dudley Selph. Regatta Committee, Emile J. O'Brien, H. L. Burton, A. M. Aucoin. Fleet Surgeon, Dr. R. L. Riley; Meas., Holmes Harrison.

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The New Rochelle Y. C. met April 12 at the Yachtsmen's Club and decided to lease Harrison's Island in Echo Bay for club purposes. The island is owned by Adrian Iselin, Jr. Com. Edward Kelly presided, and after the meeting entertained the members at supper.

* * *

The Columbia Y. C. on the Hudson river will have a new house at the opening of the season. It has been erected on the site of the former club house at the foot of West Eighty-sixth street, and contains a number of fine rooms, including a club room, dining room and ladies' room. A spacious balcony skirts the front of the house, from which an excellent view of the Hudson is afforded.

* * *

Mr. Irving Cox will deliver the last lecture of the series at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, New York city, on April 24. "The Steam Yacht, Its History, Design and Development," will be the subject.

The Spaulding St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has recently issued a handsome catalogue which contains descriptions, illustrations and prices of alco-vapor, naphtha, gas, gasoline and electric launches in all sizes from 16ft. upwards. This firm will gladly forward to any address this catalogue on the receipt of application.

Fifteen Years' Development of the 90ft. Racing Yacht.

IN pursuance of their commendable policy of satisfying the very natural and perfectly proper public curiosity as to what manner of yachts are being put afloat for the defense of the America Cup this year, Messrs. Lawson and Crowninshield, the owner and the designer of Independence, have furnished the Scientific American with the sail plan of Independence, which is herewith reproduced from the original blue-prints. At the same time, by the courtesy of J. Beaver Webb, the designer of the famous old Genesta and Galatea, we are enabled to present the sail, sheer and deck plans and midship section of the latter yacht, these plans being also reproduced from the original working drawings.

It will be fifteen years ago this summer since the 90ft. cutter Galatea (her actual waterline length was 87ft., but she classes with the 90ft. Independence) came across the Atlantic to make the second attempt on the part of the typical English cutter to secure the America Cup. She and her sister, Genesta, may be said to have opened the latest period of the Cup contests, a period which has been far the most brilliant in the history of this memorable and long-drawn-out struggle. Although her genial owner, Lieut. Henn, one of the most thorough English yachtsmen that ever crossed the water, sailed Galatea, not merely in the Cup races, but throughout the yachting season of the following year, she did little to add to the prestige of her predecessor, Genesta, whose performance stands to-day as the most creditable among the many English yachts that have competed for the Cup. We have chosen Galatea, however, for this comparison, because on the basis of waterline length, by which the modern racing yacht is classed, she lends herself admirably to comparison with the 90ft. Independence of 1901. In our drawing the cutter of 1886 is thrown in shadow upon the cutter-sloop of 1901, and the two drawings being exactly to the same scale, they tell the story of the development which has been taking place during the past decade and a half better than would a whole volume of verbal description.

Speaking in a general way, it may be said that among the many conditions surrounding the Cup contests there is only one, at least as regards the dimensions of the yachts, that is strictly negative, and this is the rule that neither yacht must exceed 90ft. in length on the waterline. They may be as deep, as broad, as long on deck, as their respective designers may care to make them, but in length, while they may be many feet less than they must not be a fraction of an inch over 90ft. Subject to this restriction, then, the problem is to design a yacht which shall carry a maximum amount of sail upon a hull that shall have the smallest possible displacement and wetted surface, and shall present the easiest form to drive through the water. At the time of Galatea-Mayflower races, the American and English yachts were widely different in form, the English cutter being of narrow beam and considerable depth of body, the American sloop being of shallow draft and great beam, and depending upon the movable centerboard to give her the proper lateral plane when sailing by the wind. The initial stability of the sloop was large, the center of buoyancy moving out rapidly to leeward as the vessel heeled, and thus automatically, as it were, maintaining the margin of stability. In the narrow cutter, the initial stability was small, the center of buoyancy moving to leeward but little as she listed, although the righting moment increased rapidly with every increase in the angle of heel. On equal displacements, the greater initial stability of the sloop enabled her to carry a considerably larger sail plan, and hence in light winds she was invariably faster than the cutter. At higher speeds, however, the finer form of the cutter showed to advantage against the bluffer lines of the sloop; there was less wave-making resistance, and hence in the second race between Genesta and Puritan, which was sailed in a piping breeze, the cutter was practically a match for her shallower-bodied competitor.

The narrow beam of the cutter was due to an English rule of measurement which put a heavy tax upon beam, but none upon draft. As soon as this was removed, and a rule of measurement based on waterline length and sail area substituted, the English designers reverted to the more generous breadth of the original cutter type, Thistle having a beam of 20ft. 3in. to a length of 86ft. 6in., as against Galatea's beam of 15ft. on a length of 87ft. Valkyrie II. of 1893, which, with her sister, Britannia, may justly be termed the type from which the modern racing craft has sprung, showed on a waterline length of 85ft. a beam of 22ft. 6in., and a depth of 17ft. 6in. Simultaneously with this lowering of the lead and widening of the beam, the forefoot was cut away, the sternpost and rudder brought well forward of the after end of the waterline, with the result that the wetted surface and, therefore, the frictional resistance of the yacht was considerably reduced.

On the American side, development had been in the direction of deeper draft and a lowering of the center of gravity, until in Vigilant, the competitor of Valkyrie, we see a boat with the enormous beam of 26ft. and the deep draft, for a sloop, of 13ft. 6in. With such a draft it was evident that the days of the centerboard were over, and in the next yacht, Defender, Herreshoff produced a keel boat of similar contour to Valkyrie, but with even 2ft. greater draft than that yacht. It was at the time of the Valkyrie-Vigilant races that the forward and after overhangs of the racing yacht began to be carried out far beyond the load waterline, and so great has been the development in this direction that in Independence we have a forward overhang of 27ft. 5½in. and an after overhang of 23ft. 5in. These exaggerated overhangs have the advantage of compensating for the increase in beam (compare the deck plans of Galatea and Independence) by permitting the fore and aft lines to be practically as fair and easy as those of the old cutter type.

It will be seen in the comparison of the midship sections that the modern yacht embodies two points of excellence of the cutter and sloop, for it has the low center of gravity of the one and the high center of buoyancy of the other. The bottom of the lead of Independence is 6ft. 6in. lower than that of Galatea, and her beam is 8ft. 5in. greater. Thanks to her great length, her lines are at least as easy, and by carrying the flat floor of the hull well out into the overhangs, Mr. Crowninshield has secured the unmistakable advantage that when the yacht is heeled, even in a moderate sailing breeze, she lengthens her waterline from 90 to 105ft. The cutter, on the other hand, lengthens but little; as will be seen by comparing the listed waterline of both yachts. The comparison is not made on the same degree of inclination, for the reason that the relative tenderness of the cutter would cause her to heel about 30 degrees in a breeze which would only incline the cutter-sloop by 20 degrees. With her straight stem the cutter, of course, gains nothing when heeled forward and her gain aft, at the given inclination, is not more than a couple of feet.

In considering the form of Independence, as shown from the midship section, we must bear in mind not only that she possesses all the initial stability of the sloop type due, as we have seen, to great beam and shallow body, but that the height of the center of buoyancy, when the yacht is heeled, is increased by the great lengthening of the waterline and consequent submersion of the full ends of the yacht, as shown in the plan of the listed load waterline. Under 20 degrees of heel, the center of buoyancy of the submerged portion of the hull moves out to leeward until it is 2.75ft. from the vertical axis of the boat and only 2.83ft. below the normal waterline. Compared even with Columbia, she shows in this respect a remarkable gain; and it is probable, moreover, that the center of gravity of the boat is lower than that of the last Cup defender. That this is the case is suggested by the fact that Independence will spread 1,476 sq. ft., or 11 per cent., more sail than Columbia, although the displacement of the latter vessel is greater.

The increased power of the cutter-sloop over the cutter is not, however, to be all attributed to form and disposition of weights; for a corresponding gain has been made both in the materials and methods of construction. Looking at the hulls of the two boats, as shown in outline and in shadow, it is seen that although her displacement is less, in bulk or cubical capacity Independence is enormously larger than Galatea. She is 39ft. longer on the deck, 8½ft. greater in beam, her deck area alone being two and one-quarter times as great as that of Galatea. Although nominally in the same class by virtue of her waterline length, Independence, measured by her actual superficial area, is a vastly bigger boat. The same disparity is present in the spars and sails. Nevertheless, as will be seen from our comparative table of dimensions, the total weight of the hull, spars, rigging, sails, etc., of the bigger boat is less than that of the cutter by 8.9 tons, or 11 per cent.—a structural paradox which tells more eloquently than words the story of the advance which has been made during the past fifteen years, not merely in the quality of the materials themselves, but in their scientific adaptation to the problem in hand. Doubtless Galatea, as designed by Webb, embodied the latest ideas in the way of lightness of construction known at that date to the naval architect. Her hull was of steel, but the deck was wood planked, and the spars were solid throughout. Although she was lightly constructed, as things went in those days, nothing was sacrificed to the determination to make her a perfectly staunch and seaworthy vessel, and doubtless today she could snug down and thrash her way, without starting a rivet or loosening a spar, through a gale that would send Independence or, in fact, any of this year's 90-footers to the bottom. Still, the America Cup contests are not supposed to be, or, at any rate, have had the luck never as yet to be, sailed in a gale of wind. Therefore Independence is a perfectly proper and legitimate craft for the work she is called upon to do. Allowing then that staunchness has been somewhat sacrificed to lightness, as compared with the cutter, we may still attribute the remarkable lightness of Independence, both in hull, spars and sails, to the far greater strength per unit of weight of her materials of construction, and to the great care which has been exercised to dispose this material to the best structural advantage. To particularize, we may mention the substitution of nickel-steel framing and Tobin bronze plating for the mild steel frames and plating of Galatea; the substitution of steel and aluminium plating for the heavy wood deck, and the use of plow steel, having a strength that runs pretty close to 100 tons to the square inch, for the standing rigging, and the substitution of hollow steel and hollow wooden spars for the solid pine sticks which were used on the earlier boat.

It must be confessed that the sail plan of Independence is very impressive. We were prepared for an increase over that of the last contestants, but not for such an increase as this. The ring or cap of the mainmast is 108ft. and the topmast is 150ft. above the deck, while the head of the topsail will be 172ft. 7in. above the same level. What these dimensions are can best be realized when it is stated that were Independence to range alongside the center of the Brooklyn Bridge, the topmast would be level with the passenger foot walk, while the peak of the club topsail would tower 20ft. above the top of the chord of the trusses. Compared with Shamrock and Columbia, it will be noticed that the gain in sail area has been in the direction of greater height. The base line from end of bowsprit to end of boom is only 3½ft. greater than that of Columbia, and is, indeed, 4ft. less than that of Shamrock. In height, however, there is a gain of 11ft. over Columbia and not less than 17½ft. over Shamrock. The English yachting journals are crediting Shamrock II. with a base line of 185ft., which is exactly that of Independence, and a mast measurement of 148ft. It is not stated whether this measurement is over all or whether it is from the deck. Shamrock's boom is given as 112ft., or 3½ft. longer than that of Independence, but as the measurement from the forward side of the mast to end of bowsprit of Shamrock is said to be 71ft., as against 74.5ft. in Independence, it is evident that the mast of Shamrock is to be placed several feet further forward and that she will probably show a larger area in her mainsail.—Scientific American.

Lysistrata.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S new steam yacht Lysistrata, designed by George L. Watson, and built by W. Denny & Bros., has just completed her trials, and is said to have given great satisfaction to her owner, designer and builders. Over an 80-knot course on the Clyde Lysistrata showed a mean speed of 19½ knots, and without forced draft 16½ knots. The yacht handles admirably, has twin screws and 6,500 horse-power. In her high speed trial the machinery acted faultlessly. There was no heating or complication of any kind, and so cool were the bearings at the end of the trial that the chief engineer said he was prepared to drive her another 300 miles at the same speed without fear of the results.

Lysistrata is of 2,800 tons, has a perfectly straight stem, has a storm deck fore and aft, a single huge funnel, with one mast abaft it, and one square yard for signaling purposes. The interior arrangements are novel, and, generally speaking, she is unlike any yacht built. She has no bowsprit, but features at the stern and bow are large owls, with electric eyes, amid a scroll work of mistletoe. More striking than all else in the yacht are the anchors, which are stockless, like those used on board warships, the shaft being drawn into the side of the ship. The hull has the appearance of being made out of a solid piece of metal, so highly is it polished and finished.

Harbinger.

THE catboat Harbinger, owned by Mr. William W. Genet, was destroyed by fire at 1 o'clock on the morning of April 9. She was hauled out on the grounds of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club at Bayonne City, N. J. All that remains of the once famous Harbinger, built in 1889 by Hanley, at Monument Beach, is a charred keel with stumps of frames sticking up and stem and part of her transom and deadwood. Her entire cabin, planking, deck

HARBINGER after the fire.

and frame were so completely consumed that the ashes were carried away by the strong northwest wind that was blowing at the time. Her iron work is intact, and bolts and galvanized nails strew the ground. The brass screws of her planking must have melted. The galvanized rods that ran through her centerboard stand out all twisted. Her rudder was burned off, but the quadrant of her steering gear was saved. Her iron traveler lies on the sand on the beach. She was blocked up on the cradle of a small set of marine railways; this cradle was burned and the heat caused the rails of the track to bulge badly. Another catboat owned by Mr. Thomas J. Parker, called Tiche, was also completely gutted and her stern burned off. The fire is thought to be of incendiary origin. Harbinger was valued at $1,500 and Tiche at $1,000.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The boat being built by Capt. Fearnside for the Canada cup trial races is from a design made by Father O'Brion, of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The yawl Ailsa, owned by Mr. H. S. Redmond, N. Y. Y. C., sailed from Southampton for New York on April 5. The 65ft. cutter Eelin, owned by Mr. P. T. Dodge, has also left England for America.

The steam yacht Neckan which was burned last fall while in winter quarters at Rockland, Maine, has been rebuilt and now measures about 125ft. over all; her original length was 109 feet. She is owned by Mr. H. C. Baxter, of Brunswick, Maine.

Manning's yacht agency has sold for Mr. Edward S. Renwick his steam yacht Giralda to Mr. Charles G. Conn., of Elkhart, Ind.

The 70-footer Virginia, owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is being strengthened at Burlee's yard, Staten Island, under the direction of Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Yankee and Rainbow were practically rebuilt at the Hereshoffs'.

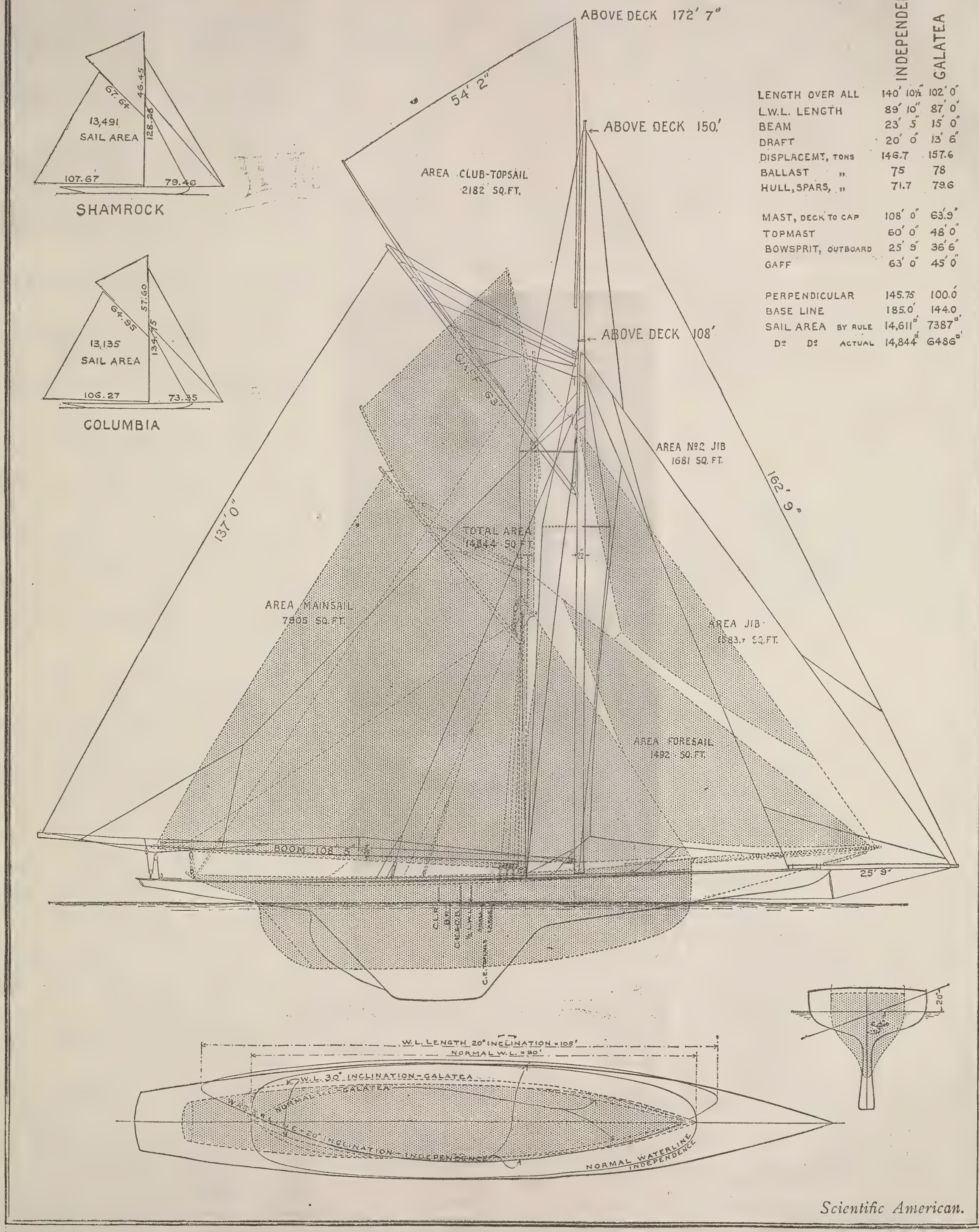
The schooner yacht Clarette which was reported off Highland Light in distress on April 1, was towed to Boston by the fishing schooner Tecumseh. Capt. Coomey, of the fishing schooner Tecumseh, received $300 from the owner of the yacht.

Com. Robert L. Stilson, of the Bergen Beach Y. C., is having a 38ft. naphtha launch built at College Point, L. I. She will be completed about May 1.

The steam yacht Radha has been chartered by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane to Mr. W. L. Bull for the coming season.

The steam yacht building at Lawley's for Mr. W. P. Eno, N. Y. Y. C., from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, will be named Aquilo.

The following sales have been made through the agency of Huntington & Seaman: Seawanhaka Senta sold to R. C. Mitchell, Sachem's Head Y. C.; Sewanhaka Ruby sold to George E. Edwards, of New Rochelle; Sewanhaka Vagrant sold to Messrs. Brown & Low, of Brooklyn; Marine Field Club Sweetheart sold to Stephen H. P. Pell, of New York; knockabout Wideawake sold to R. I. Carter, of Baltimore, Md.; sloop Adelaide sold to W. C. Sutherland, of Pittston, Pa.; yawl Dulwich sold to George C. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia, Pa.; auxiliary yawl Ontiora sold to J. Murray Watts, of Philadelphia, Pa.; alco-vapor hunting launch Zolfo sold to F. B. Van Doon, of Brooklyn.



FIFTEEN YEARS DEVELOPMENT OF THE 90 FOOT RACING YACHT.

As shown by a comparison of "Galatea" (cutter, 1886) and "Independence" (cutter-sloop, 1901).

(Reproduced by the courtesy of the designers, J Beavor Webb and B. B. Crowninshield, from the original working drawings.)

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 30.—Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights.—Tournament of Our Own Shooting Society.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

The Gastinne—Renette Medal.

THE great revolver tournament of the Metropolitan Revolver Club, at Conlin's gallery, New York, was concluded at midnight of April 11. It was a very close competition, and excited a great deal of interest. The winner was the oft-victorious Police Sergeant W. E. Petty, who captured the Gastine-Renette medal, the trophy, with a score of 179 at 15yds., and 180 at 20yds., making a grand total of 359 out of a possible 360.

J. W. Christiansen was second with 358. J. A. Dietz, Jr., was third with 356, and A. L. A. Himmelwright fourth, 347; Dr. J. A. Hicks fifth, 329, and J. C. Summers sixth, 252.

Mr. Thomas Anderton, of Boston, Mass., April 13, at Walnut Hill, with a Colt's new service target revolver, made 915 at 50yds., the previous amateur record being 903, also held by Mr. Anderton.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas Sportsmen's Association. W. H. Koehler, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Pella, Ia.—Jim Sheehy's amateur target shoot.

April 18.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's target shoot. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass.—Shoot of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association. Dr. Keith, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day open handicap shoot. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

April 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Klein-Barmeister's third annual target tournament; $50 added each day.

April 26.—Owego, N. Y.—Amateur shoot of the Owego Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

April 26-28.—Chicago.—Annual spring tournament of the Crescent Gun Club. John S. Boa, Mgr.

May 1-2.—Toledo, O.—First annual handicap shoot of the Edgewater Gun Club. F. W. Dyar, Sec'y.

May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 4.—Summerdale Station, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Frankford Gun Club. Main event, twelve-men team contest. D. D. Mercer, Secy, 4461 Frandford avenue, Frankford, Pa.

May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, East New York. Team race: Oceanics vs. Fultons. Address Bob Schneider or A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475.

May 14.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Shoot for naphtha launch; 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; surplus divided; seventeen entries to fill. F. Lebohner, Mgr.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.

May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.

May 15-16.—Zanesville, O.—Spring tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

May 21-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.

May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.

May 30.—Dansville, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Dansville Gun Club, on Decoration Day. Norman Tompkins, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

July 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Pan-American Exposition tournament. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

April 17-18.—Jacksonville, Fla.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. B. W. Sperry, Sec'y.

May 8-10.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

April 23-24.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—The Peters Cartridge Company amateur tournament, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Trapshooters' Club. Dr. Robert S. Henry, Capt.

April 23-24.—Olathe, Kans.—Peters Cartridge Company's amateur tournament, assisted by Mr. Frank Hodges.

April 24-25.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co.; $150 added money. H. W. Brown, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

May 21-23.—Henderson, Ky.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Company; two days targets; one day live birds. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Pigeons for shooting. Private matches a specialty. Antwerps for breeding.—L. M. Gilbert, 1128 Palmer St., Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

The programme of the Peters Cartridge Company's amateur tournament at Chattanooga, April 23 and 24, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Trapshooters' League, can be obtained of the Peters Cartridge Company, Cincinnati; Dr. R. S. Henry, Chattanooga, or J. H. Mackie, Cincinnati. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents apiece. The Rose system will govern. The Peters Cartridge Company will give a handsome gold trophy for the highest average of the two days. The profits of the shoot will be placed in an extra event at the close of the second day. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for p. o. t. o. Lunch served on the grounds. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Reduced rates on railroads. Headquarters, Read House. The programme is alike for each day—

THE ROBIN HOOD TROPHY.
Emblematic of International Team Championship.

six at 15, three at 20 and one event at 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target, and $5, $10 and $15 being added to the events in the order mentioned. The Peters Cartridge Company's tournament, at Olathe, Kan., April 23 and 24, T. F. Norton, manager, has a similar programme.

Our Own Shooting Society, whose headquarters are at 110 Grand street, Hoboken, N. J., announces the following: "Cash prize tournaments for cash prizes is the event now being arranged for by the popular Our Own Shooting Society, of Hoboken. The tournaments will be held at Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights, Thursday, May 30, Decoration Day, from 10 A. M. on. The shooting conditions and programme are as follows: Tickets 35 cents; three for $1. Two best tickets to count. Any .22cal. short cartridges and rifles allowed. Prizes: $18, $12, $10, $8, $6, $4, $3, $3, $2, $2, $2. The bowling rules and programme are subjoined: Tickets 25 cents; three best to count. Prizes $18, $12, $10, $8, $7, $6, $5, $4, $3, $3, $2, $2. There are premiums on both the shooting and bowling of $5, $3 and $2, which will go to the marksmen and bowlers turning out the five best tickets in the several tournaments."

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, captain of the New York team, 201 Pearl street, New York, writes us as follows: "The return match between New Jersey and New York teams will be held on the East Side Gun Club grounds, Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, on the last day of the New Jersey State tournament, Friday, May 10. Conditions ten to fifteen men on a team; 25 live birds per man. This should be a corking race, as New York won by only 1 bird in the first race, the score being New York 303, New Jersey 302."

Under date of April 13 Mr. F. Lebohner, of Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., writes us as follows: "On Tuesday, May 14, at Dexter Park, a naphtha launch will be offered as a prize to be shot for, under my management. Seventeen entries to fill. Conditions: Ten live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; handicap rises; surplus divided among winning scores; launch to be shot for miss-and-out as to ties. Winner of launch not entitled to division of surplus."

The programme of the third annual tournament of the Newell Gun Club, May 1, 2 and 3, Newell, Ia., provides open and amateur events each day, the first two days at targets, the third at live birds. Targets 2 cents; live birds 15 cents. There is $2.50 added for high average each day, $3 for general high average, and $1 for second general high average. Magautrap rules. Moneys divided, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Mr. H. G. Hall is the secretary.

Mr. H. W. Brown, Binghamton, N. Y., writes us as follows: "Every indication points to our having one of the largest tournaments of the season.. We are well equipped to handle ours. We have a set of expert traps and a magautrap. Scores are covered. It appears in our programme that the tournament was to be held at Exposition Park, but the high water prevents. We shall use the Chenango street grounds, reached by street car every fifteen minutes."

In our columns elsewhere is presented a cut of the Robin Hood Powder Company's trophy, emblematic of the international team championship at inanimate targets, which was won July 5, 1900, at Swanton, Vt., by the Union Gun Club, and is subject to challenge. Mr. Geo. B. Watson is the secretary.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, left for his home on Thursday of last week, after a pleasant visit with old friends. Mr. Von Lengerke was of the number who killed 24 in the Grand American Handicap in the first week of the month.

Mr. John H. Mackie, of the Peters Cartridge Company, writes as that the Peters Cartridge Company will give an amateur tournament at Henderson, Ky., on May 21, 22, and 23, two days at targets, one day at live birds. Mr. Mackie will manage it.

The match between John H. Welbrock and Charles Meyer, at 100 live birds, at Interstate Park on Friday of last week, resulted in a victory for the latter. At the end of the seventieth round the score was 64 to 51, and Welbrock then withdrew.

Mr. F. T. Sherwood, secretary-treasurer, informs us that the Trapshooters' League of Indiana on April 10 granted to the Peru Gun Club sanction for a tournament on May 7, 8 and 9. Mr. Chas. Bruck is the secretary.

The Zanesville Gun Club, of Zanesville, O., will hold its spring tournament May 15 and 16. Mr. D. D. Gross, of Urbana, O., will manage it. The club has adopted the equitable system for the division of the moneys.

Mr. Franklin Stearns, of Richmond, Va., now holds the medals emblematic of the championship of the State of Virginia and the City of Richmond. His shooting of the season has been of a very high order of merit.

In our account of the shoot-off of the ties in the report of the G. A. H. last week it was erroneously stated that Mr. Morrison's "gun failed to extract properly once." The cause of the incident was a misfire.

The Trenton Shooting Association and the Freehold Gun Club have fixed on Wednesday of this week for the third and last contest of the series of team races.

Mr. Edward Banks will be present at the Interstate shoot at Jacksonville, Fla., this week. He started last Sunday for the land of the cypress and myrtle.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner and wife made a short stay in New York last Saturday while en route to Jacksonville, Fla., where Mr. Shaner manages an Interstate shoot.

The match between the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., has been postponed to April 27.

The opening shoot of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association will be held at Springfield, Mass., on April 19.

BERNARD WATERS.

Richmond Pigeon Club.

RICHMOND, Va., April 10.—The Richmond Pigeon Club finished the first season of its existence this afternoon with a very successful shoot. The scores must not be taken as a criterion of the shooting, as Lynham, as usual, had got together a clipping lot of birds, which, with the aid of a gale of wind dead in the shooters' teeth, gave a whole lot of trouble. Many birds that under normal conditions would have been scored to the shooter were whirled over the dead line and had to be marked with an asterisk, while others simply corkscrewed out of everything. To-day's shoot decided the ownership of the club medal, given to the shooter making the highest aggregate score for the season, and this, like the State and city championship medals, now rests in the possession of Mr. Franklin Stearns. Messrs. Hammond and Wood were respectively second and third. Scores:

Wood, 29	12111202221102202*—16
Colquitt, 30	202*022022*022011202—11
F Stearns, 30	22222222*2222222222*—18
Boyd, 28	00212*1020002*12112*—11
T F Stearns, 28	0000202222020201220—10
Harrison, 28	2*02020120021221211—14
Vaughan, 29	20222012201222212*2—16
Hammond, 30	22*0022222222202222—15
Buckner, 28	2*222220*02202022*1—13
J C Tignor, 28	22y*0202*12211111112—15
Greene, 29	2022202222202220020—14
Johnston, 28	1222022201201*2*2112—14
Wood, 29	2*021*1122122211012—16
Ellyson, 30	0101021*1210012222212—14

A sweep at 10 birds was afterward shot off at 30yds. rise, $2 entrance, but the rapidly waning light made the shooting very erratic. Scores:

Ellyson	2221221012—9	Harrison	1011210102—7
Stearns	202222*120—7	Johnston	1222222101—8
Hammond	1222002*12—7	Wood	000*1w
Buckner	2221012220—8	Anderson	0*102w

R. F. BANKS.

Trap at Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The Dupont Park medal shoot April 7 had a fair day. Birds mixed. No wind. Baggerman won shoot-off on the eleventh round. The scores:

C Fresch, 30	2111111212—10	N Crosby, 30	01111112*1— 8
Dr Gaines, 31	2212222212—10	W Baggerman, 29	1222222222—10
F White, 28	1112122212—10	G Prendergast, 28	1212222222—10
F Fink, 28	1120021110— 7	C Carson, 28	112*222102— 8
White Rock, 28	0112211210— 8	J Selzer, 29	1202122122— 9
J Bowman, 28	2212112212—10	C Sandberg, 28	2221022122— 9
P Davis, 27	*111122*22— 8	W Kenyon, 28	1211121111—10
W Thompson, 28	0122220221— 8	Campbell, 28	2111222102— 9
W Barker, 30	1*1221122*— 8	Dr J Smith, 31	2222222222—10
L Page, 28	2121122*201— 8	A Schwarz, 28	1121211*1— 9
C Spencer, 31	2222222222—10	A Candle, 28	2202001111— 7
C Rock, 30	2111122221—10	J Cabanne, 30	2222222222—10
F Orvis, 30	1111212*11— 9	L Cabanne, 29	2221210102— 8
H Collins, 30	1221221212—10	Mrs Cabanne, 27	0221121210— 8
J Wintrick, 30	1100212212— 8	Taylor, 30	2022222222— 9
Dr Sims, 28	2212021221— 8	Dr Bond, 28	1012221112— 9
C Heiligenstein, 30	2220222012— 8		

Trap at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 13.—The Athletic Gun Club, of Philadelphia, and the Florists' Gun Club shot a team contest at Essington to-day, twelve men on a side, 50 targets per man. The Florists won by 436 to 375. The scores:

Florists' Gun Club—Dorp 39, Haywood 26, Parsons 43, Massey 42, Hause 18, Burton 42, Hallowell 46, Bell 36, Anderson 45, Westcott 33, Whitaker 33, Pechin 33; total 436.

A. C. of P. Gun Club—Perrine 36, Muller 28, Barrett 33, McKaraher 32, Carlisle 33, Sheeler 29, Eisenlohr 30, Edson 20, Dare 22, Suttle 30, Purviance 40, Edwards 42; total 375.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., May 21.—The main event to-day was won by Robert Smith.

W Van Pelt, 27	1022120—5	J Lubcke, 23	12*0210—4
I McKane, 28	2222020—5	*H Tyler, 25	1122221—7
J Pillion, 28	0221010—4	F Von Fricken, 25	2010200—3
D Heffner, 25	1022210—5	E Heffner, 26	0020221—4
F Osborn, 25	1000211—4	G Morris, 26	0202121—5
E Garrison, 30	0220002—3	R Smith, 25	2122222—7
A Loeller, 25	2100100—3	*G Greiff, 30	2221022—6
G McKane, 27	1222*22—6	Mr Hyde, 27	1001001—3
D Sloan 28	1201201—5	H Kronika, 26	0210012—4
F Brown, 23	0212022—5	H Montanus, 26	2221210—6
F Lundy, 25	2*22020—4	L E Allen, 25	1021111—6
H Koch, 26	2202222—6	Dr Wood, 25	0210100—3
Rauscher, 25	1020222—5		

*Guests.

IRA MCKANE, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, April 13.—There was a small band of busy shooters at the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day, and the following events were shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	30	Targets:	25	25	25	25	30
H H Blauvelt	23	18	22	..	30	Griffith	..	20	22	..	..
P O'Day	16	17	15	..	24	Green	..	..	19	18	29
Shepard	15	15	..	..	22	Dr Miller	..	..	..	16	23
Wright	17	17	16	19	25	Chambers	..	..	..	8	.
Osterhout	20	..	..	20	25						

No. 5 was at 15 singles and 10 pairs.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Cannibal Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., April 4.—Nos. 1 and 2, 10 targets, practice; No. 3, 15 targets, club gold and silver medals, for members only; No. 4, 15 targets, for gold medal; No. 5, 15 targets, shoot-off of tie; No. 6, 15 targets, for silver medal; No. 7, 5 targets, tie for silver medal; No. 8, 25 targets, for Bechtel medal, handicap, three prizes; medal and first money to high gun, second for next highest; three ties; No. 9, 10 targets, shoot-off of tie; Nos. 10 and 11, 5 pairs, cash sweep; No. 12, 25 targets, special match race.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather but few shooters turned out at the regular monthly shoot of the Cannibal Gun Club. But what was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm. We had Dr. Thomas, of the Trenton Shooting Association, as a visitor. You will see by the Doctor's scores that he had his eyes on the targets.

It is very likely that the Cannibals will organize a team of seven men for a team shoot with the Trenton Shooting Association in the near future:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10	Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10
Dr Thomas	6	7	13	..	5	8	Williams	..	6	..	..	..	..
T Hillman	7	..	12	.	..	..	Dirk	..	8	7	..	5	..
J R Taylor	8	..	7	..	3	9	T Hillman	..	..	10	..	3	..
Vealkovitch	4	..	9	..	3	..	Dr Mickel	..	..	13	11	7	7
Vanarsdale	5	..	12	..	7	6	Lanning	..	..	10	..	6	5
Emaan	..	6	11	12	5	6	Brook	..	..	6	..	..	..
Dr Mathews	..	4	10	4	..	..							

Handicap at 25 targets:

Vealkovitch, 5	1111100011111111010101001—22
J R Taylor, 5	1110101011111010110001—21
Dr Thomas, 5	1111101011111111111011111—27
Emaan, 5	0001101111011111011011111—23
Dr Mickel, 5	1111111111110111011011111—27
Vanarsdale, 4	1111011111111111111110111—27
Dirk, 6	0001001011000101010100110—16
T Hillman, 5	1111110010001100111011110—20
Lanning, 5	1111110110010111101101111—24

Match:

J R Taylor	1111111000011111101111101—19
Dr Thomas	1111111111111110010011111—21

MINCH.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

THE New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association has issued the following circular letter:

"It is the desire of the N. J. S. S. Association to secure a ten or fifteen men team from New Jersey to shoot against a similar team from New York State and wipe out the defeat we suffered by the narrow margin of one bird.

"For this purpose the Association has decided to set the last day of the tournament which is to be held May 7-10, at Smith Brothers' grounds, corner Ferry and Foundry streets, Newark, N. J.

"It is not the intention to select a team at the present time, but to draw the men present at the tournament.

"A very attractive programme has been prepared, but not as yet ready for distribution. Several medals and cups for team races and individual championships, also high averages at clay and live birds, will be contested for.

"You are earnestly requested to be present.

"New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association."

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., April 13.—Nos. 1 to 7 were at 10 targets; Nos. 8 to 12 were at 25 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
L W C	6	7	8	8	7	9	9	23	24	16	22	22
Feigenspan	7	7	8	8	9	10	9	23	20	21	22	21
Heinish	6	5	5	6	7	8	..	18	14	14	..	..
Van Rensselaer	4	9	5	8	10	8	5	23	12	..	..	..
Babcock	4	5	..	..	6	5	..	14	..	..	..	..
Terrill	8	9	..	..	8	9	..	21	..	..	..	..
Housman	..	..	3	8	7	5	..	20	..	..	..	..
Bereough	..	..	6	6	6	7	20	13	..	..	..	..
Althouse	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	19	21	18
Dr Gardner	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	20	18	19	18

I. H. T.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich., April 6.—By breaking 23 targets out of a possible 25, in spite of a cold head wind, Lewis carried away high honors in Class A at the regular club shoot. Warner came out first in Class B, while Randall was the best man in Class C. The scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Brodie	..	..	8	..	..	9	8	20
T Reid	9	8	..	8	..	6	..	19
Randall	..	..	2	4	..	4	..	10
Warner	..	..	6	..	..	5	7	19
McClintock	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	14
Hitchcock	8	10	..	5	9	..	5	17
A Reid	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	..
Shiell	7	0	..	..	8	..	..	17
Lewis	..	9	..	..	9	..	.	23

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., April 4.—The monthly shoot of the John F. Weiler Gun Club to day resulted as follows:

No. 1 event, at 25 targets: J. Rehrig 19, O. Acker 14, Dandt 16, McHugh 9, C. Trexler 17, C. Miller 17, Mauser 17, C. Bladen 15, E. Morrow 16, Berk 14, Franch 14, Griesemer 19, C. Trexler 17, Dandt 17, Rehrig 18, I. Benner 17, McHugh 9, O. Acker 16, Kramlich 21, Weiler 15.

No. 2, at 25 targets: Weston 15, Grove 17, Zellner 10, Franch 16, W. Ludwig 19, B. Keiser 5, C. Miller 20, Berk 10, Weiler 9, Straub 11, Murry 13, E. Morrow 15, Bladen 16, Acker 17, Dandt 20.

Ten live birds, $2 entrance, for birds only:

Keiser	2101010010— 5	Dandt	0010222011— 6
Franch	1112202001— 7	Weston	2201020002— 5
Berkemeyer	2211200112— 8	I Benner	1222210122— 9
Zellner	0210122111— 8	Trexler	0022102200— 5
Mauser	2220202012— 7	McHugh	2101000100— 4
Acker	0101220110— 6	Rehrig	2122222222—10
Bladen	1101111221— 9	Kramlich	1021212211— 9
Flickinger	0112102101— 7	S Weiler	1111220112— 9
C Miller	2222021111— 9		

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, April 10.—The closing weeks of the Boston Gun Club's spring serial prize shoots do not seem to be on the good books of the weather clerk, if Wednesday, April 10, is any criterion. The last three weeks have all been very poor days for trapshooting, and improving scores has been out of the question. The shooting to-day was extremely difficult, caused by the fact of our magautrap being on the sick list for about an hour. It is the first real illness it has encountered since its arrival here two years ago, so we can easily forgive it. The shooting for the first hour was over a single expert trap, which was keyed up to a good strong target, and accounts for not a few of the misses which found their way into the scores. After shooting on that for a while and then going back to the magautrap made another change, and taken all in all the conditions were too much of a handicap. In the prize match Howe secured first place with 24, G. W. second with 20, and Spencer third with 19. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Howe, 19	9	8	7	6	7	8	7	9	10	8
G W, 17	5	6	3	3	7	7	5	8	..	..
Abbott, 17	7	6	6	6	4	8	5	6	4	..
Spencer, 18	6	5	3	7	8	5	8	6	8	7
Williams, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	9	..
Horace, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Frederick, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..

Match score, 30 bluerocks, unknown angles:

T Howe	1100111111001111101111111110111—24
G W	1011011101111011000011111111100—20
Spencer	1000110011110111011111100111100—19
Abbott	0111011010000001111O
Williams	0000110100111011111

SECRETARY.

St. Louis Shooting Association.

ST. LOUIS, April 13.—A great many trapshooters have written to the secretary of this Association asking for programmes, which indicates at this early day a decidedly strong interest.

We are going to give a good shoot, and if we have fine weather the twenty-fourth annual tournament will go down in history as a record-breaker.

A synopsis of the programme is about like this: On Monday, May, 27, will be a preliminary practice day, to give the amateurs the opportunity of shooting over the live-bird traps and getting the range. The target traps will be in operation all day long, so that those who prefer bluerocks can take their measure.

Dave Elliott has made Dupont Park more attractive than ever before. The regular weekly shoots which are held there are so large that his force of trappers, pullers and live-bird boys are trained perfectly. This competent help will add greatly to the enjoyment of the sportsmen. In the box office Mr. Whitney, who is the best that ever was, will probably officiate.

To the gentlemen of the press we can only say that we will treat you as well as last year in the matter of scores, and will give E. Hough, Frank Riehl and Fred Pride, and any other that comes this way, a glad hand.

The magautraps will run all the time. Something will be doing ing with the State Association team shoot.

On the second day the Republic cup will be the attraction. This cup is a $1,000 guaranteed purse. It is a bona fide championship with no strings, and we place it in this prominent position so that everybody can enter and shoot for it.

The magautrap will run all the time. Something will be doing at the targets, either in the regular events or practice.

A few words about the target events: They are short, 15 and 20 bird races. Most of them carry liberal added money, and those that don't will have a string of prizes, like a eucher party. Every article will be of value to a shooter. They have been donated to the St. Louis Association, and we can afford to be liberal. The prizes range in value from a shotgun down to a pair of suspenders. A case of Mumm's extra dry has been offered through Mr. Henry Griesedieck.

Blake Collins and Frank Orvis have sold stocks and bonds in order to make money for the shoot.

George Rawlings, as chairman of the prize committee, has written to the manufacturers delightful letters, which no doubt they were glad to receive, as most of them have sent their contribution, realizing that the Missouri State shoot is of such importance that they will derive material benefit.

Our president, Dr. Starkloff, is the champion of Carondelet. He will take care of your health when you come to St. Louis, and at the present time is looking after the interests of the tournament in a careful manner.

To our squad captains we wish to say that there will be special prizes of a substantial nature for you, and we want you one and all to help make this tournament a greater success than ever before.

HERBERT TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Auburn Gun Club.

THE annual meeting of the Auburn Gun Club was held March 30, and the following officers were elected: President, O. L. Barker; Vice-President, H. A. Fletcher; Treasurer, C. E. Conner; Secretary, L. A. Barker; Assistant Secretary, H. L. Snow. The club is in a good financial condition, with a membership of about fifty, and everything looks favorable for a prosperous year. The club has good grounds, with a set of five expert traps, a magautrap and a fine two-story club house. They will shoot every Saturday afternoon, beginning the first Saturday in May and ending the last Saturday in September.

There will be a programme of four events every Saturday, consisting of 10 known angles, 25 known, 10 unknown and 25 unknown, over the magautrap, making 70 targets in all. The 25 known will be the club championship for a handsome gold badge, and in this event the same handicap will be used as in the past two years, namely, 90 per cent. men on the scratch, 85 per cent. men one dead bird, 80 per cent. men, two dead birds, and so on down to 60 per cent. The score is kept by points, 25 counting 10 points; 24, 9 points, and so on. The system has been very successfull, as shown last year, when four men scored as follows: 140, 139, 138, 137, with a dozen men close up. The 25-target, unknown angle, event will be for four fine prizes, and will be shot under a distance handicap from 16 to 21yds., with handicap revised every four shoots, same as other events.

The club has made a contract with one of the stables in town and will have a buckboard run to the grounds from Post Office square, Auburn, once an hour every Saturday, commencing at 2 o'clock. This will enable shooters to ride direct to the grounds for 10 cents, any time from 2 P. M. until 5 P. M.

The Auburn Gun Club boasts of some of the best shots in the State. Among them are G. R. Hunnewell, who won the individual championship of Maine last summer, and L. M. Norton, who held the championship in 1899. In 1898 the club held the team championship of the State, having won it from the Waterville Club, the team consisting of Hunnewell, Norton, Conner, Colb, and Berry. Mr. O. L. Barker won the gold badge presented by the Club last year, it being won in 1899 by G. R. Hunnewell, in 1898 by L. A. Barker, and in 1897, the first year of the club's organization, by Mr. O. L. Barker. Then they shot over one trap and had five members. To-day the club is one of the most prosperous gun clubs in the State, with the best of fitted up grounds and house. The members take a lively interest in the welfare of the club, and visitors are always welcome. Aug. 21 and 22 there will be an Interstate tournament held at the Auburn Gun Club grounds, under the management of Elmer E. Shaner. This will give people an opportunity of seeing many of the professionals shoot, among whom will be some of the crack trap shots of the United States. The club also will hold an annual tournament on Decoration Day.

L. B.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 13.—The scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Saturday, April 13, were as follows. All events at 10 singles except No. 6, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
E Garnsey	5	8	8	8	6	6	5	5	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	9	9	8	9	..	7	7	9	8	..	..	..
D Brandreth	8	6	9	10	..	6	7	7	..	..	..	..
I Washburn	10	8	5	9	7	8	6	7	6	8	6	4
Floyd	4	2	6	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Bedell	7	..	..	..	..	6	4	10	8	..	..	..
S Macbeth	..	..	..	3	4	2	5	4	5	3	..	..
C Barlow	..	..	..	6	7	..	8	3	0	6	..	..
J Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	8	6	5	8
G Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	4	5	4	5
Dr E Sherwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	6	..	..	..

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. Club.

Pigeon Shooting at the Traps.

The Selling of Newspapers.

FOR a few weeks before the recent Grand American Handicap the class of newspapers of New York city which are commonly known as the "yellow journals" devoted much space to setting forth the cruelties of pigeon shooting at the traps. Furthermore, in the week of April 1, coincident with the commencement, continuance and conclusion of the Grand American Handicap, America's greatest shooting event, the press, yellow and otherwise, of New York city abounded with editorials, special articles and letters from contributors in which pigeon shooting at the traps was denounced, not for its unlawfulness, but for its cruelty.

The newspapers catering to class sentiment set forth the cruel features as they were assumed or imagined to be; the event as a whole was classed as a slaughter; but the letters from correspondents were consequent to the false information which was published.

Much of what was written against the contest was from the standpoint of the demagogue, the professional notoriety seeker, and the men who endeavor to manufacture highly sensational literature to the end that a market may be secured for it.

There was no fairness in the discussion. The question was begged in its parts and as a whole. Everything advanced as data was assumed to be proven. To all who had a personal knowledge of it, exaggeration, perversion of fact, and ex parte purpose were evident in every line. To all others, the recountals portrayed cruelty indeed, as the following, which is presented as a fair sample of what was published, will show:

"MANY BIRDS SLAUGHTERED.

"Over Three Thousand Pigeons Shot at the Interstate Park Traps.

"WOMEN WATCH THE BUTCHERY.

"Maimed Winged Targets Allowed to Suffer in Full View of Sportsmen and Spectators at Queens.

"Pigeon slaughter—and maiming—was continued yesterday at the trapshooting tournament at Interstate Park, Long Island, and there was no official action taken to mitigate the sufferings of the birds. Agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were on the grounds; so were uniformed policemen. The spectators and crack shots numbered 400. More women viewed the butchery than on Monday. Conditions were about the same as on the first day. A show of gathering in the 'cripples' outside the 50yd. boundaries of the four sets of traps was made several times in the day. At the best, it was perfunctory, as maimed birds were allowed to suffer in several places during the entire day, especially near the house at the road entrance to the park. The lads in the pits were more merciful as a rule to the pigeons they gathered within the boundaries, as they wrung their necks before casting them into the pits under the traps."

So much for the picture of the wounded birds. Now for a picture of the shooter and doings. The same journal stated that "The pigeon that furnishes a living target finds itself, just before its sacrifice, in a small box 90ft. from a deadly arm loaded with nitro powder and No. 7 shot. At a signal the winged prisoner finds itself in naked liberty through a contrivance in the trap box, which exposes it free to fly. Before this chance for life—one in thirty on an average—is given it the shooter has announced himself as ready to shoot. He has also leveled his gun in the direction of the line of trap boxes, so that in many instances his sight along its rib is in the line of the released bird, an advantage in favor of the man not had in wild birds' haunts, where the game may spring in the air from any point of the grass or brush, and the bird target is exposed when he cries 'Pull.' In the majority of 'kills' the bird falls dead, a bag of riddled skin and broken bones, or mortally stricken before it has flown—the man with the gun must not shoot until the target has begun to fly—15ft. from where, to its amazement, it found itself unencompassed by prison walls."

The wise reader will note that the writer of the foregoing had imagined plenty of crippled birds to show that the sport was cruel, but when it came to dealing with the shooter, in an effort to show the absence of skill in the sport, and that it was a mere slaughter, the bird 90ft. away from a deadly arm has on an average, as per above, only one chance in thirty for its life. That would be but three and one-third wounded and lost birds in a hundred, a small margin for cruelty indeed. In other words, the writer of the foregoing imagined plenty of crippled birds to prove cruelty on the one hand, and, on the other, to belittle the prowess of the shooters, he imagined the odds were so great against the birds that practically none could get away.

The Law.

The law on the subject was quoted and discussed in the daily press, and it was conceded that pigeon shooting was entirely legal under Section 1, Chapter 107, Laws of 1875, as follows: "None of the provisions of law heretofore enacted for the prevention of cruelty to animals within this State shall be construed to prohibit or interfere with the shooting, by members of sportsmen's clubs or incorporated societies, of pigeons; Provided, That in each case, as soon as they can be captured or taken after being shot, such pigeons, if living, shall be immediately killed."

Thus the law provides that a man may shoot pigeons if he wishes to do so, but it does not say that he must shoot them if he does not want to. Under the law, the man who feels that he should not shoot is free to follow his inclination. No one need visit a shoot if he or she does not want to.

The Facts.

Let us now consider the facts. Each set of traps was attended by four boys, three at the traps and one at the score. After each shooter had shot, his bird was promptly gathered if it fell within the boundary or near the boundary without. The wounded birds were killed promptly as gathered. A pigeon would now and then fall far away, dead or wounded. Most of the wounded died in a few moments. A few birds escaped untouched. A relatively trifling percentage of the wounded went beyond bounds. The Grand American Handicap in this respect did not differ materially from other similar events except as to size and importance.

The management entirely prohibited any irregular shooting; also the referees were instructed to prohibit it. Several hundred ladies and gentlemen were present about the Casino, and therefore it was neither the time nor place to permit shooting at wounded birds which had lodged on the buildings, nor any other irregular shooting whatever. Nor did any one deem that the law was being violated by the management when it did not require any of its employees to jeopardize life or limb in climbing to risky places for wounded birds. The letter and spirit of the law require that due diligence concerning it shall be observed; but it does not require the observance of the frivolous, the freakish or the impossible.

The contestants as a body were men of wealth, culture, and high standing in the social and business world. The Grand American Handicap has had lawyers, doctors, millionaires, business men, and even clergymen among its contestants.

As pigeon shooting is an expensive sport, it is patronized mostly by men of means. Their knowledge of practical humanity is as much better than that of the speculative professional humanitarian or mushroom sensationalist as their general knowledge of life and affairs exceeds that of the isolated theorist or him of intolerant or narrow mentality.

The facts of the sport as they really exist are commonplace and harmless as compared with the exaggerations of the press. This might suggest a consideration of the wrong of studied falsification.

The usefulness of the sport to the participants, its benefits to society, its honesty, its freedom from all harm to any one, were all ignored by the press.

If such a policy of opposition is admitted as being good, then there is no institution, dear to the human heart or useful to mankind, but what, on similar lines, can be proved to be baneful and fit only to be abolished.

But there are classes of classes If the professional and amateur humanitarian sanctions the killing of animals, pigeons included, but opposes only the manner of their death, there is a class again which opposes the killing of any animals at all, and the eating of their flesh. Thus, following out the humanitarian extremist's theory to its logical conclusion, the humanitarian might find himself living on an exclusive vegetable diet.

The anarchist opposes all established law; the social crank opposes dancing, bicycling, etc.; the moneyless class opposes capital, etc.; the sympathetic oppose capital punishment; in short, the speculative reformer or grumbler is zealous ever in destroying or obstructing what the labor and genius of the other fellow has created. Fortunately, however, the law of the land, which represents the mature conviction and will of the people as to what confers the greatest good to the greatest number, bars the way of

the iconoclast. If it were not so, chaos would quickly supervene. The weakly sentimental, the unscrupulous selk-seeker, and the egotistically emotional would take the place of the men who maintain the reasonable and the necessary. Not that all sentiment is bad, but that much of it, visionary, intolerant and arrogant, represents only the personal idiosyncrasy or idea and is unfit for the rule of action of all.

The same daily press which bestowed so many tearful words over the cruelty of pigeon shooting did not, and does not, hesitate to publish columns of matter giving the revolting details of prize fights. More yet, on large bulletin boards on the outer walls of the buildings of those papers were marked, on occasion, telegraphic reports of the fights during their progress from their beginning in the evening till their end near the midnight hour, all to pander to the morbid appetite of the thousands of their readers and onlookers. And yet prize fighting in New York was stopped, not for its cruelty, but for its dishonesty.

It is a penitentiary offense to crop a dog's ears or to dock his tail; it is a penitentiary offense to dock a horse's tail; it is unlawful to kill the song birds and the beautiful birds of the land, and it is accessory to their killing to wear their plumage; yet cropped dogs, docked horses and bird skins are numerous. In fact, so great is the destruction of birds that they are in danger of extermination.

Even the birds of the ocean had no immunity, till laws were passed for their protection. How much these laws protect may be learned by inspecting the stock of any fashionable millinery store.

Concerning the docking of horses, the cropping of dogs, and the destruction of the song birds, all of which is done to satisfy a vain taste, and all of which is unlawful, the professional humanitarian observes an apathetic silent attitude. Concerning pigeon shooting, which is lawful, which adds to the food supply, but which affords the reformers more opportunities for stagy, spectacular effects, there are accordingly more opportunities for notoriety, and an increase of permanency of stipend.

There is nothing in the foregoing which proves that pigeon shooting is right. There is no need to prove that it is right, for that is already proven—the law of the land sanctions it.

The foregoing, however, is presented to show that its detractors indulge in a widespread straining at gnats and swallowing of camels.

The Nature of Mankind.

By nature man is a hunter. Primitive man became a shepherd as game became scarcer, or his incumbrances checked his nomadic habits. As population increased he was forced to adapt himself to the changed conditions therewith, so he added agriculture to his means of livelihood. However, he reverts easily to his primitive instincts and pleasures.

The man with the hoe has been on earth many centuries, but he drops the hoe easily and intelligently when he sallies forth to settle a new country, or to repel an invading army, or to squelch the Indian, or to take some wholesome recreation. He then takes up the rifle and shotgun.

Man has carnivorous instincts. To denounce him for them is to rebuke the omnipotence which created him. They are a part of his being and a necessity of it. The man of courage, of agressiveness, of physical power and mental strength is he who best succeeds in the struggle for existence. But his powers of mind and body, offensive and defensive, must be developed and schooled by practice.

The play of carnivorous or herbi-carnivorous animals is a close imitation of battle, of attack and defense. The boy delights to wrestle, to box, and if need be to fight. The calf and the lamb delight to frolic about merely to exercise their muscles. They are not carnivorous.

The play of the dog is almost entirely made up of attack, defense and strategic warfare.

The bow and arrow or blow gun or pistol is the small boy's delight. Little birds, frogs, etc., are his prey. As he reaches the years of maturity, reason tempers his actions in respect to killing, but his instincts remain unchanged. However, the schooling of the boy serves to the full development of the man.

The life of man is a continuance of unceasing competitive struggle. Whether in social life or political life or business life incessant effort is a necessity. If a man is weak in body or mind, or lacking in physical and mental schooling, his success is impaired accordingly. His best development is according to the needs of nature and nature's laws, and to this end he must engage in contests.

All normal men are fond of sport, as it is their nature to be. It may have different forms of expression, according to personal inclination or the accident of environment. Some may hunt the grizzly, the tiger, the lion, the wolf; course rabbits, stick pigs, shoot quail, etc., while others delight in the sport of rod and reel. To deny man these things is to cramp his nature, and his best development. To find fault with his nature is to rebuke Him who gave man dominion over all the animals of the earth. The dominant nations are those whose men are sportsmen.

Man is a social animal. He needs to be able to protect himself and to join forces with his fellows to protect his people. He must needs know how to defend as well as how to attack. A good soldier is not the product of an idle moment. He must be a good marksman to be valiant.

To be proficient in the knowledge and use of guns a man must be accustomed to them, during a long time, preferably from boyhood. A nation of marksmen is a most formidable people to attack. Witness the doings in the Revolutionary War, our Civil War, or the war in South Africa.

While individuals may differ greatly in their preference for sport, there is generally some one form of sport which predominates and which therefore may be termed national. England has its fox hunters and pigeon shooters, and America has much the same.

However, whatever may be the manner of its expression, the craving for something which is in accord with man's combative nature is a race characteristic. It may be replied that in civilized life the primitive instincts are unnecessary and harmful. This cannot be maintained in argument. The standing armies of the world; the passing away of the weaker and more defenseless nations, and the ascendency of the stronger ones; the necessity of courage and strength in the individual, and the permanency of the race instinct, even though not exercised for generations, are all against a mere idea of a bloodless world.

In the older civilizations, where the eccentricities of Coxey armies, blue glass craze and sporadic moralists are not so much in evidence, pigeon shooting is and has been from time immemorial recognized as a gentleman's sport. It is therein on account of its cost chiefly confined to a class of wealth and refinement. In the United States most of the pigeon shooters are also men of liberal means and refinement. It is an expensive sport, therefore a fair source or revenue is necessary to participate in it.

In New York and other large cities the pressure of business and the matter of environment prohibit most men from the sport of field and stream. Much of the surrounding country is preserved, and much more of it has been stripped of its game supply years ago. Yet, as becomes his nature, the man of proper instinct craves to test his skill against the birds of the air. Being in the highest degree human, he eschews bull fights, etc., and engages in a sport which has received the sanction of the most humane and conservative peoples of the world, the English, German, French, and American, all of whom have an instinct for sport dating from the time of the creation.

As a Recreation.

There are thousands of business men in the great cities who need relaxation. Any recreation which is beneficial to a large class of people as a wholesome recreation is beneficial to a whole people. The good of the individual as a unit of society is a benefit to mankind.

There is a large and ever increasing class of brain workers who become worn and weary with office work. The professional man may have neither the time nor the opportunity to hunt or fish. A day or a half day at the traps is much in its effects like an outing afield. It brings a feeling of rest, of rejuvenation, of reawakened interest and ability in the affairs of life, a reinvigorating of bodily and mental powers.

As a recreation and test of skill, pigeon shooting is a most merciful sport. Civilized man refines his methods so that the element of skill is dominant. The bean pole and clothes line of the small boy will jerk the fish out of the water with quickness and certainty, but the element of skill in such method is absent. The sportsman, however, uses the lightest of tackle, and his method of casting for the fish, and playing it when caught, is admirably scientific and artful. The fish has much freedom of play for its life, and it may fight minutes or hours, according to its kind, size and endurance, for the pleasure of the sportsman. When it is at length brought to hand he kills it mercifully.

A 4-bore or an 8-bore would kill a bird more surely than a 28-bore, yet the sportsman of refinement stanchly advocates the use of the smaller arms for the field, and the shooting of birds only when on the wing. He who shoots birds on the ground or with a weapon which is unseemly as to size is denounced as a pot-hunter. Yet as a mere question of painless and certain capture the net would catch the bird or fish quickly and certainly. It is, however, an incongruity in sport. Therein it has no place. The law prohibits it and all true sportsmen denounce it. Yet pigeon shooting, while a test of skill, provides a painless and instantaneous death to all but the most insignificant percentage of its victims. The welfare and needs of mankind far outweigh the insignificant ideas of inhumanity.

Pigeon shoots are held in retired places. They are for those who wish to attend them. Those who do not wish to see them need not do so.

Its Benelicence to Mankind.

Anything which adds to the material comfort and prosperity of a people is a material beneficence. Pigeon shooting adds to the food supply, one of the most essential sources of the comfort and prosperity of a people. It stimulates the production of pigeons and enlarges immeasurably the market for pigeon growers. It increases the profit of the grower and cheapens the price to the consumer. How? Let us assume, by way of illustration, that the grower is paid 10 cents for a pigeon. The profits of middlemen, cost of transportation, etc., have raised the price to 25 or 30 cents when it is finally trapped for the sportsman to shoot at. It is next sold to the marketman for 5 or 10 cents, all the intermediate charges having been paid by the sportsman who used it as a test of skill.

All the thousands of dollars distributed to the farmer and the farmer's boy throughout the broad land contribute materially to the general welfare. It therefore enables more people to buy and to sell. All the pigeons which are killed add just so much more to the supply of good and wholesome food.

In relation to the pigeon's progress from the egg to the dinner pot the intervention of the sportsman is a most beneficent incident to all concerned, and harmless to society at large. The factories which make guns, and powder, and shot, and sportsmen's goods and their thousands of workmen are also dependent upon the money of the sportsman. The improvements in firearms and gunpowders owe much to the practical trapshooter.

As to the Slaughter.

There were 17,500 pigeons killed during the week of the Grand American Handicap. The term selected to designate the killing is immaterial. What of it? Call it slaughter, killing or anything else; it is all one. The true significance is that 17,500 meals were added to the food supply of the market, and that the growers and middlemen were paid accordingly by sportsmen.

The mawkish sentiment promulgated in favor of the pigeon many times displays an ignorance of the fact that the pigeon is foredoomed to death for the benefit of man. It is an article of food, as are chickens, ducks, geese, hogs, sheep, cattle, game, etc. Shooting it at the traps is a mere incident of the general purpose.

The pigeons are raised for the market, and have their value as a commodity, as have the other animals hereinbefore enumerated. The fact that they have beautiful coloring, beautiful forms, and that they are considered as typifying emblems of peace in no wise disturbs this statement. Beauty of form and color is possessed by all animals, but the necessities of man permit of no distinctions concerning them in his obtaining of a food supply. Therefore, we repeat, the killing of the 17,500 pigeons as a test of skill was a mere incident in their journey toward potpie. Their death as a whole was merciful and instantaneous.

Similarly, all the pigeons killed at the traps throughout the country are a public benefit, for money and an abundance of food are essential to the happiness and prosperity of a people.

As to the Cruelty.

As aforementioned, the pigeon is foredoomed to death. It is raised for food. The manner in which it is killed is of no consequence, as it concerns the ultimate purpose, so that death occurs as quickly and painlessly as possible. If it offends the sensibilities of any one to see a pigeon's neck wrung by the cook, such an one need not be present at the wringing. Similarly in respect to shooting the bird or killing the innocent sheep or the fatted calf, etc. If slaughter is offensive, one need not visit a slaughter house, nor a trap shoot; yet that is no reason why great packing houses and trap shoots should be abolished.

That the Grand American Handicap was solely a test of skill is borne out by every word in the programme and the manner in which the great contest was conducted. In it there was nothing mentioned as a sport, but there were conditions and prizes for the contestants. Those who at any stage of it had missed 5 birds were subject to withdrawal from it. Had the purpose been sport as commonly understood—that is to say, killing in mere wantonness—there then would not have been any reason to retire any one.

Of the 200 contestants in the Grand American Handicap, 148 shot at 25 birds, the full number of the event. The remainder of the contestants either withdrew voluntarily or were retired by the manager. Therefore the 148 contestants shot at 3,700 pigeons. They missed 268, about 7 per cent., and of these a large part were only technically missed—that is to say, they were killed, but died outside of the 50yd. boundary.

Why were the contestants who missed 2, 3, 4 and 5 barred from further competition? Simply because they had not shown sufficient skill to win in that competition.

The term "sport" has a technical meaning and a common meaning. As it relates to trapshooting, the unfortunate misunderstanding of the term on the part of the general public, no doubt, is largely responsible for a false belief as to the purposes of trapshooting competition and its cruelty. In respect to this term Webster presents seven different meanings. The fifth is as follows: Diversions of the field, as fowling, hunting, fishing, racing, games and the like, especially when money is staked."

As used at the traps, sport signifies a contest of skill, and therefore has an entirely different significance from that given to it by the public at large.

There cannot be any cruelty where there is good intention, useful training, and the absence of torment and pain. Instead of weak birds which can be easily killed, the pigeon shooter wants only the best. His abhorrence is birds which cannot fly fast and strong, for the weak birds furnish no standards of skill. Therefore the birds, to be up to requirements, need to be extra well fed, watered and cared for. If the shooter had a craving for mere slaughter the matter of skill would not then enter into the question, and any bird would do.

A reputation for fast, strong birds adds to the good fame of a shooting ground; on the contrary, poor birds detract from its fame and its patronage. If the mere killing constituted the pleasure and purpose much greater degrees of killing could be witnessed at any of the great abattoirs of the country, and at an incomparably cheaper rate.

Trapshooting and Field Shooting.

In the essentials of the sport, trapshooting does not differ from field shooting. But, says the humanitarian, pigeon shooting is distinctly unlike field shooting, since in the former instance the bird is domesticated and already in possession, while in the latter instance it is not; and therefore to shoot the pigeon for sport is inhuman, as it is not essential that they be so killed for food. The position abounds with fallacy. Why is it inhuman to shoot the pigeon for sport, and not inhuman to shoot the quail, the duck, the ruffed grouse, the deer, etc., for sport?

Wherein lies the nice distinction? The humanitarian answers that the pigeon is already in possession, and that, though it is to be killed for food, he objects to all useful advantages being derived from the killing. It must be killed in the family kitchen or cellar, and thereby imbrue more hands in its blood in the aggregate than could possibly be at a trap shoot. On the other hand, he declares that to get possession of the game birds it is necessary to shoot them with a gun, and that the wounding of a few, more or less, is an unavoidable incident, to be excused accordingly. What gross fallacy! What unprejudiced man will have patience with such argument? It then is a question of stomach. The gun is not at all essential to the getting possession of the wild game, though it is essential to man's best sport. By common consent, it is the approved means. The net will catch quail, a whole bevy at a time, without wounding a single one or alarming them much. The snare will strangle the partridge so surely and quickly that, after it is caught, death is but a matter of a few moments. The net again will make a clean sweep of all the fish within its area of action. But such and similar methods are justly and necessarily prohibited by law, and are the detestation of all true sportsmen. There is no test of skill in the capture of game under such circumstances. Furthermore, if such methods were allowed the extermination of game fish and game birds would soon follow. But to shoot wild game properly, one must have had a fair preliminary training; otherwise much of it will be wounded and crippled.

In field shooting the test of skill is between the man and the game bird. In trapshooting the test of skill is among the competitive contestants. Much the same ability with the shotgun, however, is essential in either instance. The ethics of each branch are appropriate to it. As applied to trapshooting the reader will again note that the term sport designates a competitive test of skill.

But, further says the humanitarian, the pigeons are domestic birds, and therefore do not afford a test of skill. A man stands with a gun, heavily loaded and trained from his shoulder on the traps, and then when the trap is sprung there is no chance for the bird to get away. Indeed! The purpose of the contest is not to determine how many birds can get away, but to determine how many the shooter can kill. Likewise so in the field. The shooter does not go about to determine how many birds can escape from his aim.

In the field many birds rise 2 or 3 yards from the shooter, and oftentimes he finds it necessary to root them out of the grass with his foot. What chance has a quail or prairie chicken at such a rise? With a skillful shooter a wild bird in the open has but an extremely remote chance for its life. But with the gun, the shooter's killing is limited. Many birds will reach cover or safety where he cannot find them or reach them, and enough are left to breed. The trapshooter always gives a stated rise to the birds, generally from 25 to 33yds., a much better chance than prairie chickens have. If the trapshooter kills the entire lot there is no question as to leaving enough to breed. They are domestic birds, and there will be enough left to insure a further supply as certainly as there are enough chickens or sheep left to breed for the ensuing year.

Though it is the purpose of the shooter to kill the bird, it sometimes escapes nevertheless, in spite of gun, heavy load and all, as the scores in the Grand American Handicap or any other pigeon shoot will show.

Novice vs. Expert.

However, let a novice stand at the score and attempt to shoot birds liberated from the traps, and he will soon learn that it has its special difficulties, as has any other specialty which requires training and skill. The killing of a pigeon may look like an easy feat when done by a skillful shooter at the traps, but it looks quite as easy for a skilled violinist to draw music from a violin. Nevertheless, either one requires knowledge and skill.

It has also been objected that the pigeon shooter fires his second barrel into the bird as it lies on the ground, and further thereby detracts from the event as a test of skill. The field shooter fires at the bird again in the air, if he wounds it with his first barrel. The pigeon shooter often fires the second barrel to kill the wounded bird instantly. Pigeon shooters do not enter a contest to inflict pain or kill for fun. Being quite as humane as other classes of the best men, they guard against inflicting pain which can be avoided.

As an abstract proposition it probably is all one to the pigeon whether it is shot as a test of skill or has its neck wrung as a prelude to a potpie, if die it must.

Gunshot Wounds.

The scientific investigation of the effect of gunshot wounds has a bearing on this question. The average man or woman knows of the commonplace injuries and of the pain they cause. The sight of blood is hence associated with suffering. Greater injuries, if blood flows therewith, are supposed to have correspondingly greater painfulness. As a matter of fact, the records concerning the wounded in battles go to show that oftentimes the man is entirely unconscious that he is hit at all. The wound causes no pain till inflammation sets in several hours after its infliction.

Pigeons not infrequently, after being hit, walk about picking up food from the ground, without any show of pain or knowledge of being injured. There is a shock to the part which so benumbs it that no pain is possible. When the bird is hit squarely death is instantaneous.

Target and Pigeon Shooting.

Target shooting does not afford the test of skill that pigeon shooting does. More yet, it does not test the shooter's nerve as does the latter. Many a trapshooter and rifleman can perform well at targets, and yet lose their nerve when it comes to a test of shooting at live animals.

At targets there are in a general way only three angles—to the right, to the left, and straightaway. At any of these angles the target may fly high or low. At pigeons the flight may be anything which the mind may imagine. There are five traps, which very nearly fill the full angle of vision, and out of any one of them a bird may be sprung which will tax the skill of the most accomplished shooter on earth. If a shooter succeeds in killing them all it does not follow as a consequence that his task was easy, but rather that he was a man of phenomenal skill and nerve, who accomplished a feat that but few of his fellows could.

To shoot pigeons well requires a degree of skill, alertness and quick execution that few men possess, yet the skill and discipline of nerve are those which serve well to the people as a whole when they join issue at such places as Santiago, Manila, Pekin, etc., and which will be equally serviceable when occasion arises for it in the future.

Some Precedents.

The following will give some of the judicial light which is considered good precedent and good law on the matter in question. It will be noted, however, that the trial was under a general law in respect to cruelty, and that in respect to it there was no special law legalizing trapshooting, such as now exists in the State of New York. We quote:

"There has been more or less agitation in the matter of cruelty in pigeon shooting, chiefly by members of prevention of cruelty societies, and in view of this the following decisions, rendered by able jurists, may be of interest and value to those who suffer from the mistaken zeal of such men as imagine that their personal whims and vagaries are true standards of what is cruel and what is not.

"The first case is from the records of the Quarter Sessions Court of Allegheny county, Pa., 1892, and was quite an important one, being the Commonwealth vs. Denny et al. The defendants were acquitted. The judge's charge was as follows:

"'Gentlemen: Each of these defendants is separately indicted for cruelty to animals, in that he did unlawfully and wantonly shoot, wound, abuse, and ill-treat one pigeon each, belonging to said J. O'H. Denny and E. H. McWhorter. This was on the 21st day of April last. The pigeon shooting was out in the Eighteenth or Nineteenth Ward of this city, in the rural part of the city. The case is founded on the Act of Assembly passed in 1869, which I do not think very greatly differs from the one of 1860, that "Any person who shall within this commonwealth wantonly or cruelly ill-treat, overload, beat or otherwise abuse any animal, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." It is a statute law providing against evils that are supposed to exist. A rule in the interpretation of statutes, and an old one, well established, is that in order to determine what a statute means you must know what the law was prior to the passage of the statute, and then see what evil was to be cured. Our common law is modified by the statute law very largely. There is a common law in regard to animals and their treatment by man that is very old, and it is of record in one of the oldest books that we have, and one of the best law books that we have. It was promulgated at the Garden of Eden to Adam and Eve.

"'"God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moves upon the earth."

"'There are passages of the same general import that have been governing mankind ever since. The fish of the sea and the fowl of the air and the beasts of the earth are for man, rather than man for the beasts. They are to be used for his sustenance, to aid him, for his comfort and his pleasure. Now in using them he must not unnecessarily cruelly treat them. The Act of Assembly is intended to prevent brutal men and women from unnecessarily and wantonly causing pain where it is not necessary, in the using of animals for legitimate purposes.

"'These defendants are sportsmen, belonging, as I understand, to an association; and at this particular time they were shooting, as a test of skill, to see who could kill the most birds, each having 50 shots at 50 birds. That was a legitimate, lawful use of the birds. The pigeons were put in a trap one at a time, and let out, and they would shoot them on the wing. If there were need of an authority—and I do not think it ought even to have required one—the Supreme Court has decided that that is a legitimate use of pigeons; that it is not cruel to shoot them for sport or as a test of skill. The Commonwealth concedes that the defendants'

cannot be convicted simply because they shot the pigeons in this way for this purpose, but alleges that they were guilty of cruelty in this case because certain birds, or a bird shot by each of these defendants separately, did not fall before it got beyond the limits of their bounds of 50 or 60yds. away, and that it was cruelty not to have it brought in at once and killed. The defendants allege, on the other hand, that was done, and that every reasonable arrangement was made for getting the wounded birds and killing them; and they even killed some birds that they could not tell whether they were wounded or not, to a certainty. The birds were brought in and were intended to be used for food. But assuming for the purposes of this case that Mr. O'Brien's inferences were all correct, that there was no such provision as the defendants testified to, I am disposed to think, and so instruct you, that it is not the cruelty that is intended in the act of Assembly, for them to neglect to kill these birds that had escaped. I know that a great many humanitarians, and especially professional humanitarians, regard it as their duty to kill a wounded animal at once. If a horse gets a leg broken, it is to have no chance of being cured, but must be shot; and if a bird is wounded it must be killed immediately! I have never yet heard any well-authenticated case of a man or association having communication with horses or pigeons or chickens to know whether or not they desire to be shot at once; and I find myself often wondering when I see accounts of these summary proceedings, and the manner in which, as a matter of humanity, animals are put out of the way when injured, whether the horse could not sit in judgment over a wounded or crippled man, or an old man that has become infirm and incapacitated from doing anything and taking care of himself, and decide that he should be killed! I am rather inclined to think that, when a bird has gotten away a reasonable distance, it is not necessary to assume that it will, as a matter of course, die, and it is a great relief to it and a great advantage to it and a piece of humanity to at once put it out of its pain. We do not know whether a wounded bird wants to be put out of its pain and existence or not. I do not think it does, but I do not know; neither do these gentlemen know. The matter depends a great deal on sentimentality, on whim, on education, and on what we have been accustomed to.

"'I instruct you, gentlemen, that your verdict in each of these cases should be for the defendants. It is a misdemeanor, and you have the right to say who shall pay the costs. It is your duty to say who shall pay the costs, and you will determine whether the county, the prosecutor or the defendants shall pay them, or the prosecutor and defendants, and in what proportion. I might suggest this to you in this case, which has been brought as a test case, I have no doubt the prosecutor and those around him, and those whom he represents, honestly think that this is cruelty. I do not. I do not think you would if I were to submit the matter to you; but it was brought as a test case, and upon good motives, and I suggest to you that the costs should not be put on the prosecutor; and I do not think they ought to be put on the defendants, because they have not been guilty of anything that was unusual or anything that has been declared a crime, and I suggest that in this case you put the costs upon the county. It is able to bear them.'

"The following is a reprint from FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 26, 1891, and as the matter will show, it deals with a case of special importance and significance, as follows:

"'In 1887, at which time A. Nelson Lewis, a member of the Philadelphia Gun Club, was indicted before the Bucks County Court under the act of March 29, 1869, which makes it a misdemeanor to wantonly or cruelly kill or ill-treat, overload, beat or otherwise abuse any animal.

"'On Dec. 14, 1887, the Philadelphia Gun Club held a pigeon shooting match at their grounds on the "Old Brinkley Homestead," Andalusia, the other contestants being the Tuxedo Gun Club, the Westminster Kennel Club, and the Riverton Gun Club. The club members and their friends went to the grounds by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Upon the same train from Broad Street Station were two uniformed officers of the Woman's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who openly avowed their intention of making arrests if the match should take place.

"'The grounds were filled with people, the contest became very exciting, and a large amount was staked on the result. Shortly after the shooting began the officers of the woman's society approached the gate and were met by members of the club, who stated that they had intended to meet the issue, and would allow an arrest to be made. They did not raise any question as to the right of the officers to enter the grounds, because it would not be agreeable had any of the visitors or members of the club been arrested. In that case, as far as all present were concerned, the day would have ended in disappointment.

"'Then came the question of who would allow himself to be arrested. None cared to come up to the scratch, although several were approached. Finally General Grubb, the president of the club, expressed his determination to throw himself into the breach if no one else could be found courageous enough to do so. This, for several reasons, was undesirable, and A. Nelson Lewis was appealed to. Without a moment's hesitation he gave his consent, resolving to be sacrificed in friendship to his club members, and that the purpose and pleasure of the guests might not be marred.

"'Mr. Lewis was then technically arrested and taken before a justice of the peace. He was defended by General Dechert. Subsequently the club presented him with a resolution of thanks, highly extolling him for the way in which he had stood up for the interests of the club.

"The late Lewis C. Cassidy was to have defended Mr. Lewis, but died before the case came to trial. On the trial the jury returned a special verdict, in which they found that it was the custom of the Association to hold matches for skill in marksmanship, that Mr. Lewis participated in the match in December, 1887, and "for the purpose aforesaid fired with a gun upon certain pigeons, liberated from a trap, killing one and wounding another. The bird so wounded alighted upon a tree, and as soon as its wounded condition was discovered it was killed by a member of said club, for and on behalf of said defendant, according to the custom of said club in regard to wounded birds. The bird so killed was immediately sold for food, according to the rule and custom of said club."

"'Judgment was entered in favor of the Commonwealth and a fine of $5 imposed on Mr. Lewis. From this came the present appeal.

"'Judge Paxton, as Chief Justice, delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court, which is as follows: "The specific charge in the indictment was that the defendant did unlawfully, wantonly and cruelly shoot, wound, torture, abuse and ill-treat a certain pigeon,' etc. The jury found a special verdict, upon which the court below entered judgment for the Commonwealth. We are, therefore, limited to the facts as found. From the verdict we learn "that the defendant was a member of the association called the Philadelphia Gun Club; that on Dec. 14, 1887, he attended a pigeon shooting match and fired with a gun upon certain pigeons liberated from a trap, killing one and wounding another. The bird so wounded alighted upon a tree, and as soon as its wounded condition was discovered it was killed by a member of said club for and on behalf of said defendant, according to the custom of said club in regard to wounded birds. The birds so killed were immediately sold for food, according to the rule and custom of said club.'

"'"We have thus the finding of the jury that the object of this Association was to test the skill of its members in marksmanship. In other words, it was a training school for sportsmen, in which they could acquire skill in shooting on the wing. This being the object of the association, the jury further found that the defendant attended for the purposes aforesaid. It was conceded that had he killed his bird he would not have been liable under the act of 1869. But having merely wounded it, he was guilty of cruelty under said act. So that the crime consisted, not in the fact of the shooting, but in wounding instead of instantly killing it. From the facts found by the jury, the defendant has merely been punished for want of skill.

"'"It is doubtless true that much pain and suffering is often caused to different kinds of game by this unskillfulness of sportsmen. A squirrel badly wounded may yet crawl to its hole and suffer for many hours and days, and die. It was not pretended that the act applied to such cases. The sportsman in the woods is not responsible for the accuracy of his aim under the act of 1869. At the same time, it is manifest that much suffering would be spared wild game if sportsmen were better trained. Skill in shooting upon the wing can only be gained by practice. It is not so with inanimate objects. There accuracy of aim can be acquired by shooting at a mark. It is conceded that the sportsman in the woods may test his skill by shooting at wild birds. Why, then, may he not do the same with a bird confined in a cage, and let out for that purpose? Is the bird in the cage any better or has it any higher rights than the bird in the woods? Both were placed here by the Almighty for the use of man. They were not given to him to be needlessly and cruelly tortured, and were there anything in the finding of the jury to show that the object of this Association was to torture pigeons we would not hesitate to sustain the judgment of the court below. But no such purpose appears, nor is there any finding that the defendant was guilty of needless and wanton cruelty. The bird was immediately killed as soon as its condition was discovered.

"'"A distinction was pressed upon the argument between the case of a captive bird and one at large in the woods. In the latter instance there is a necessity to shoot it in order to capture it for food or other lawful purpose; and if wounding results, it is an unavoidable incident, while in the case of a captive bird, no necessity exists for putting it to death in this way. Some force may be conceded to this as an abstract proposition, but we do not see its application to the facts in this case. The right to kill the pigeon was and must be conceded, and there is no finding of the jury that its suffering was greater because of the manner of its death than if it had been killed in some other way. This is a scientific question which I do not feel myself competent to pass upon. Nor do I think the average juryman is any better qualified to do so. It may be that science in the future will discover the method of killing a pigeon with the least possible pain. So far as other animals are concerned, it is, perhaps, an open question, and the attempt of well-meaning humanitarians in a sister State to reduce the sufferings of condemned criminals by putting them to death by electricity instead of by hanging has produced a long controversy which can be hardly regarded as settled. An attempt has been made, so far unsuccessfully, to show it is unconstitutional because of its cruelty.

"'"We do not say there might not be a violation of the act of 1869 at a shooting match, but in our view the facts found by the jury do not bring this case within it. The judgment is reversed."'"

In 1875 the cruelty of pigeon shooting was an issue between the sportsmen and the humanitarians, the latter represented by Mr. Bergh. On very good authority it is stated that if he succeeded in making pigeon shooting illegal, his next step would be to make field shooting illegal also. They are so closely allied that one is a complement of the other on the issue as raised. The bill, now before the Legislature of New York, was introduced at the request of a resident of Boston. It is hardly to be assumed that the people of New York need to import advice on questions of humanity. The bill offered for New York's humanity is as follows:

"An act to prevent the shooting of live pigeons, fowl or other birds for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship.

"The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

"Section 1. Any person who keeps or uses a live pigeon, fowl or other bird for the purpose of a target, or to be shot at either for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship, or shoots at a bird kept or used as aforesaid, or is a party to such shooting, or leases any building, room, field or premises, or knowingly permits the use thereof, for the purpose of such shooting, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a penalty of $60 for each violation of this act, and to an additional penalty of $25 for each pigeon, fowl or other bird shot at or killed in violation thereof. Nothing in this act shall apply to the shooting of wild game.

"Sec 2. Chapter 107 of the laws of 1875, entitled 'An act in relation to the treatment of animals,' is hereby repealed.

"Sec. 3. This act shall take effect immediately."

To sum up, the training at the trans and in the field qualifies a man to defend the home when it is in danger, the community in time of riot and turbulence, the nation in time of war. It gives him discipline in skill and nerve, and recuperation of mind and body. It is in accord with his nature, which has been the nature of all men from the dawn of creation, when he was told that he had dominion over all the earth's creatures.

In Furtherance of Handicapping.

BOSTON, Mass., April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having recently attended an inanimate target tournament on the grounds of one of Boston's best-known gun clubs, it was my great pleasure to see congregated there shooters of all degrees of skill, varying from the amateur of 50 per cent. to the expert of 95 per cent., all shooting side by side, and evidently being put on an equality, and each and every shooter seemingly enjoying himself, as all trapshooters should do, to the top notch.

The tournament in question was one of the most enjoyable that has graced the grounds of any club in this vicinity for a long time, and in no small way was it due to the matter of handicapping. The handicap used was by distance, which has been in use on their grounds for over twelve years, and which, now that the Interstate Association has seen fit to give it a well deserved trial, is sure to work its way up to its proper place in handicaps.

While it was plainly evident that the club was doing its level best to place each shooter on his proper mark, it seemed that it should have been afforded a little help and support from the various trapshooting clubs near by. It was the regret of the club officials that they had no standard to go by, and simply had to judge the best they could, aided not a little by the outside help of one or two of the secretaries of some of the clubs attending.

After noting how nicely the events were run off where the 16yd. shooter was holding his own with the 21yd. man, though not making the latter get a possible each time, it occurred to me why was it that all the trapshooting clubs of near by should not combine to try this handicap at their own shoots and see if it did not do just what the originators claim for it?

At first it looked as though it would be necessary to form an association with headquarters where all scores should be tabulated and kept track of, and periodical handicap sheets be given out to each club, but as this would necessitate quite a little outlay and expense for the clubs who were members, it did not seem quite feasible.

A better plan to my thinking would be for each club to contribute toward a fund to cover the expenses of some individual, to be known as official handicapper; he to tabulate all scores forwarded to him by the secretaries of the clubs and keep each club posted on all shooters, so that when an out of town shooter attended a tournament other than on his own grounds he could be placed on a proper mark with the surety of it being done on a proper basis. The amount necessary for such a project would be very slight, as all the outlay would be for stationery and postage expenses, and a small compensation for his time spent on such work.

It seems to the writer that there are a lot of shooters who are only too willing to help a good cause along, and by their efforts it would be possible to still further advance the art of trapshooting as a leading pastime.

I hope that this may be the means of hearing other shooters' opinions on this subject, and trust that each one interested will be only too pleased to give his views.

SECRETARY.

Trap Shooting and War.

SWANTON, Vt., April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is an undeniable fact that the marksmanship of those capable to bear arms has much to do with the military strength of a country, though it is not by any means the truth that the winner on the rifle range is the most deadly soldier on the battlefield, as shooting in a cool, deliberate manner at a stationary inanimate target is totally different from shooting amid the roar and tumult of a battle at a moving target that can and is shooting back with deadly effect. With the exception of work on the skirmish time, shooting during a battle is what may be rightly called snap shooting, without deliberate aim.

The correct training for this kind of work is not taught on the rifle range, but is learned at trapshooting, where the gunner is taught to become an accurate off-hand snap shot at a quick-flying target. His eye, trigger finger and extended arm that supports the gun are trained to act in sympathy with each other. Wherever he looks he has a sure aim. The thought flashes through his mind to the right, to the left, over or under, as the occasion may require, and his shot seldom fails to strike its target.

Combine this training with enough work on the rifle range to enable him to become familiar with his rifle, also to judge distances, so as to allow for the trajectory and the drift of the bullet by the wind, and you have a soldier that, even in the intense excitement of a battle, will place his bullets among the enemy with the accuracy of a machine gun.

There are trap shots who, with a magazine rifle, can fire ten shots inside of the same number of seconds on a 300yds. range, and place the greater percentage of the bullets near enough the center of the target to knock a man out of action. A good snap shot requires no changing of sights for elevation. A quick glance gives him an estimate of the distance, and the elevation to aim to allow for the trajectory; then he will proceed to drop in his shots with a rapidity and accuracy that will have a demoralizing effect upon his opponents.

Every military rifle range should have either a set of traps or a magazine trap for throwing targets, and every encouragement possible should be given to have gun clubs formed in every town throughout our country. Government patronage should be given through prizes and trophies to be competed for under conditions favorable to the development of this work.

Trapshooting as a pastime is a very fascinating sport, and is justly becoming popular among the ladies, as well as gentlemen, and we expect to soon see in every town one or more well equipped gun club grounds.

N. P. LEACH.

Humanitarianism as a "Graft."

NEW YORK, April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The cause of humanity is worthy of the most profound consideration of all mankind. But do all who assume the cloak of humanity do so for humanity's sake? I believe not.

At Interstate Park, in the week of the Grand American Handicap, there were three officers of the S. P. C. A. present each day. It is notorious that, although the society receives large subscriptions and permanent revenue from the city in the form of licenses of dogs, etc., it performs the duties it assumes to fill most inefficiently and inadequately. Large areas of the great city of New York are left uncovered, so far as humanity is concerned, and overloaded horses, crippled and galled horses are so common on Broadway, under the society's nose, as it were, that, from the society's standpoint of inhumanity, inhumanity is the rule rather than the exception. With so many important duties to engage the attention of its officers, why were three of them at Interstate Park? If any were needed at all, one was quite sufficient, for three could do no more than one. They admitted that the shoot was perfectly legal. As for stopping it on account of wounded birds, they could not do so, for the management arranged for the gathering of the wounded and dead birds as soon as they were shot. As to a display of force, three officers as a force were no more than a handful of chaff in a gale of wind. There was a squad of regular police officers who were there to enforce the laws of the State and city, not the furtherance of a graft.

About the graft. One would think that there was the most strained relations between the humane officers and the management and the shooters. There was not. The officers accepted free refreshment in the barroom, free dinners, free entrance, free privileges everywhere with the most benign expression of countenance and accurate crook of elbow. They were assiduous in swallowing things. The graft was so good that the wonder is that not more than three were present. There was so much that was good in the way of free graft that it was too bad to see the pigeon shooters pay for what they took themselves, when it could be obtained for nothing in the sacred cause of humanity.

Next the professional humanitarian from Boston appeared on the scene. His graft was of the mind more than of the body, for he held an office which professed to be in the cause of humanity, and he wrote books from which the public could learn many good things, if it had the price of the books, for, strange to say, the humanitarian with a graft can see cruelty with one eye and the almighty dollar with the other. No doubt the gentleman from Boston had entirely eliminated all cruelty from his bailiwick. No doubt the New York S. P. C. A. was incompetent in the management of its affairs in its own territory, and that the gentleman with the Bostonian graft would set them right in a trice. But if it were not so, books nevertheless need advertising, and the Bostonese graft secured it in large quantities.

The New York S. P. C. A. has never been tolerant of competition in the cause of humanity, if there was danger of encroachment upon its revenues. Notwithstanding the widespread cruelty to animals in the way of overloaded cart horses, crippled draught animals, docked horses, cropped dogs, etc., a sum total of aggregate cruelty which exceeds every day the sum total of the pain at the traps in ten years, the mere attendance to routine and necessary duty does not afford the sensational advertising which accrues from an attack on a national institution.

The S. P. C. A. is ensconced in a costly marble building, which may be termed a palace. One would think that the funds would be devoted to the active purposes of the society in the cause of humanity rather than as an investment in real estate.

FAIR PLAY.

Modern Traps.

DURING the recent G. A. H. shooting and accompanying events I was gradually inmpressed with the perfect workings of the Fulford traps and the system involved that saves time, labor and expense. From the old shooter's standpoint, the celerity with which these traps were served, causing no waits at the score, was marvelous.

I figured the time taken to prepare these traps for the "next man at score" as against the old system, a saving of fully 33 1-3 per cent. The retrieving is quickly accomplished, being done by the boys, who are in the pit, and therefore nearer the dead birds than by the old system. In watching the fine operation of these traps I wondered how many of the younger generation of shooters appreciated them.

As compared with the old methods of handling, trapping and retrieving, there is no argument.

The Fulford traps and system are simply an advance with the times, in line with the modern hammerless and its smokeless powder load. Mr. Fulford deserves the thanks and patronage of sportsmen.

DICK SWIVELLER.

Guelph Trap and Game Club.

GUELPH, Ont., April 9.—Herewith is an account of our Good Friday shoot, also list of officers elected at the annual meeting of the Guelph Trap and Gun Club, held last Monday evening, as follows: Hon. President, Judge Chadwick; President, Mr. R. Cunningham; First Vice-President, Mr. R. S. Cull; Second Vice-President, E. C. O'Brien; Executive Committee, L. H. Coolingridge, Jas. Johnson, A. L. Hamilton; Auditors, Harry Cull, Jas. Johnson; G. Frank, Secretary; W. G. Mitchell, Treasurer.

Three valuable trophies were put up. Class A was won by H. Cull, Class B by R. S. Cull, and Class C by H. Hanwell. In Class A, C. Quinn and H. Cull tied. In Class B, A. L. Hamilton, W. G. Mitchell and R. S. Cull tied, and in Class C, H. Hanwell was high man alone. This was one of the most successful shoots the club has ever held. The interest was kept up from 10 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the afternoon, and only one event was not finished. The club's electric magautrap worked well, and over 2,500 bluerocks were trapped, which could not have been accomplished under the old system of spring traps.

President Cunningham and staff were out in full force, and made it pleasant for visitors and shooters. After the shooting was finished the president presented the trophies in the club house to the successful competitors.

R. S. Cull acted as referee; H. Johns, scorer; G. Frank, puller, and R. Grant, cashier.

G. FRANK, Sec'y.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 10.—The Aquidneck Gun Club held its weekly shoot to-day in typical April weather. Rain squalls, interspersed with attempts at sunshine, made shooting conditions anything but the best. This shoot was the first in the first series for the Hughes medal, presented by Mr. Wm. M. Hughes, a member of the club. Eight shoots will be held for it, participation in six to qualify. The highest average for the series to win and three wins to determine possession. Three events were shot, 20 and 15 known, and 15 unknown.

Event 1, 30 targets: Dring 14, Coggeshall 5, Griffin 13, Plumer 8, Gosling 11, Mason 4.

Event 2, 15 targets: Dring 8, Coggeshall 6, Griffin 9, Plumer 9, Gosling 9, Mason 5.

Event 3, 15 targets: Dring 11, Coggeshall 8, Griffin 6, Plumer 5, Gosling 6, Mason 7.

J. S. COGGESHALL, 2D, Sec'y.

Frankford Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13.—At Summerdale Station, on its grounds, the Frankford Gun Club held its shoot to-day for a hammerless gun. A large number of contestants participated. Nine men were tied for first honors, namely, Fischer, King, Miles, Meckle, Taines, Smith, George, Reid and Wostercroft. In shooting off the tie the men were divided into two squads, shooting at 10 targets. Ridge was the only one to break clean in the first squad, while King did the same in the next. On the shoot-off between the two both killed straight until the last target was thrown. King was the first up for the last round, and took a quick aim and pulled the trigger. The shot, however, was too high. Ridge soon settled all doubt as to who was the winner by cracking the target into smithereens, incidentally capturing the gun after one of the best shoots that has been decided on the Frankforders' grounds.

The Baltimore Tournament.

THE tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association took place on April 9 to 12, on its grounds, on Pimlico road. Shooters were hapdicapped by distance, 14, 16 and 18yds., in the target events. There were four 15-target events, entrance $1.50, and seven 20-target events, entrance $2; $100 added.

Tuesday, April 9, First Day.

There was a very high wind, which made target shooting difficult. There were forty-three contestants who participated. Of the local shooters, Mr. J. R. Malone was high with 167, while high average for the day was won by Mr. Fred Gilbert with 175 out of a possible 200. The total number of targets in the programme was 200. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	20	20	15	Broke.
Crosby	13	14	14	12	16	18	16	14	13	16	9	155
Elliott	10	15	14	15	18	18	19	12	19	18	9	167
Gilbert	12	18	16	10	19	17	17	15	18	20	13	175
Fanning	11	13	15	12	18	18	15	14	20	17	14	167
Leroy	13	18	13	10	17	16	15	14	15	18	12	161
Hood	9	15	12	12	16	16	13	13	15	18	13	158
Lupus	11	15	13	12	14	15	14	11	16	15	13	149
F Stearns	11	11	10	10	16	15	16	13	15	16	8	141
Pierce	10	8	14	13	12	15	13	12	15	18	13	143
German	10	14	17	13	14	19	15	12	13	15	9	145
Fox	10	20	18	11	17	15	15	12	17	17	13	165
George	9	10	8	5	13	16	13	11	14	8	11	138
T F Stearns	7	10	14	8	14	12	16	8	11	13	9	122
Courtney	13	14	18	11	17	16	13	15	16	18	12	162
Keller	9	10	10	8	13	12	8	11	14	10	7	102
Glover	10	13	16	13	17	20	18	15	17	18	14	171
Hull	12	13	16	12	14	12	14	12	14	19	9	147
Fulford	13	19	15	15	18	15	18	12	18	15	12	170
Malone	12	15	18	12	16	16	18	14	14	16	14	167
Hawkins	11	12	14	10	13	15	17	14	15	15	10	146
Hershey	6	12	13	10	18	17	18	12	18	17	14	137
Sloan	9	14	10	14	15	17	13	15	12	16	12	147
Nauman	10	15	10	14	18	19	17	14	17	17	14	171
Coe	9	12	12	12	17	15	16	14	17	15	11	141
Parker	10	15	14	13	13	13	15	13	15	15	6	142
Brown	10	15	10	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	...
DuBray	9	15	15	15	16	14	15	12	11	13	..	...
Steubener	12	15	19	12	13	16	19	13	16	18	13	166
Leland	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Pocomoke	11	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Duvall	10	7	11	8	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	...
Twenty-eight	7	13	11	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wagner	12	14	19	13	15	17	15	15	18	16	10	164
Johnson	7	..	..	12	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Hill	8	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	...
Thomas	9	15	14	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Collins	..	8	9	10	14	..	12	10	14	17	11	...
Snow	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dupont	..	..	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
R E Parker	..	..	12	10	15	20	16	..	17	17	9	...
Bond	..	..	..	..	12	14	16	..	..	..	..	...
Burham	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	15	14	11	...
Billie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	...

Wednesday, April 10, Second Day.

The programme was a repetition of that of the first day. The wind again blew strong and steady. Messrs. Fred Gilbert and C. Nauman, of Spirit Lake, Ia., and San Francisco respectively, tied on 166 for the day's highest average. Hood was next with 160.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	20	20	15	Broke.
Crosby	12	13	16	14	11	14	14	11	8	13	13	139
Elliott	14	16	15	10	17	14	16	8	14	13	8	145
Gilbert	13	18	17	13	15	16	15	13	18	18	9	166
Fanning	11	17	18	12	17	19	16	11	12	16	8	158
Leroy	5	14	15	9	16	13	13	11	10	10	9	135
Fox	10	13	15	14	20	16	14	12	13	10	11	148
Hull	9	12	16	9	16	15	12	9	11	20	9	138
Nauman	13	15	18	12	17	17	17	11	16	19	11	166
Hershey	14	16	12	12	17	11	18	11	18	15	11	155
Sloan	8	13	6	9	11	12	11	6	14	12	9	111
Courtney	11	14	14	12	12	12	15	11	15	16	10	142
Pierce	11	17	15	9	10	15	11	11	15	19	14	147
Glover	11	14	13	14	18	15	15	13	12	19	12	157
Malone	10	16	13	14	13	15	16	11	17	16	13	154
Hawkins	9	18	12	14	17	12	10	9	12	11	8	132
Fulford	9	13	15	9	16	14	12	13	15	14	10	131
Hood	13	17	18	13	17	16	17	11	11	17	10	160
Lupus	9	11	13	10	17	15	11	11	12	14	10	132
DuBray	9	14	13	9	10	11	11	9	..	..	..	...
Parker	11	15	13	7	16	15	11	9	11	13	11	132
Storr	10	14	10	9	13	12	17	10	15	15	11	136
Coe	10	8	15	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Collins	6	11	11	9	11	12	9	11	12	13	9	114
Pensy	6	8	7	6	2	13	5	8	5	11	4	74
Brown	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Johnson	13	..	..	10	..	15	..	11	..	..	..	...
Steubener	12	10	13	10	11	17	10	..	9	12	..	...
Hill	11	12	6	8	9	13	9	..	..	..	..	...
Thomas	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Reif	..	11	12	..	10	7	16	8	7	9	5	...
Leland	..	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Burheim	..	11	15	9	8	10	8	8	4	9	7	...
Cartledge	..	9	15	12	11	15	12	14	14	11	8	...
Sparks	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	9	10	13	8	...
Seitz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	4	6	7	...
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	9	6	...
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	5	...

Thursday, April 11, Third Day.

There were three live-bird events on the programme for this day—the Baltimore Introductory, the Suburban Sweepstakes, and the Pimlico Handicap.

There was a stiff wind, which greatly aided the birds in their flight. The birds were of excellent quality.

The first event was the Baltimore Introductory, 7 birds, $5, birds included, 30yds., high guns, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 2 was the Suburban Sweepstakes, 10 birds, $7, birds included, 30yds., high guns, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Capt Money	2222221—7	1222222222—10
Courtney	2200012—4	0w
Fanning	1102022—5	2222222222—10
Hershey	2222222—7	2222222222—10
Hallowell	2222222—7	1022222112— 9
Leroy	2222222—7	2222220200— 8
Fulford	0w	
Sloan	2122221—7	2210222202— 8
Gilbert	2121222—7	2222222222—10
Crosby	2222222—7	12222220w
Van Allen	2222222—7	2222222022— 9
Seitz	2022020—4	2220220020— 6
Nauman	1111212—7	2111100222— 8
Hull	2220022—5	0w
Hood	0w	2220122122— 9
Malone	2122122—7	2222121022— 9
Bond	022122w	2222120221— 9
Pierce	1222222—7	2222222222—10
Elliott	0w	221120w
Hawkins	0w	
Keller	2222202—6	2222222222—10
Coe	1102w	
Parker	2220222—6	2102202022— 7
DuBray	2022222—6	2222222222—10
Darling	2102112—6	
Collins	0022220—4	20w
Burham	1220220—5	w
German	2202222—6	2202011222— 8
Johnson	2111112—7	1112112012— 9
Massey	0222002—4	2220220202— 7
Steele	0011222—5	2220220000— 5
Wagner	1201101—5	1112222222—10
Green	0112001—4	1222112222—10
Stuebener	0121120—5	1222222210— 9
George	0101102—4	
Pensy	2022212—6	
Smith	2112122—7	0w
Reif	1012212—6	
Baughman	2201212—6	
Dupont	001w	02221w

The Pimlico Handicap, the third event, was at 15 live birds, $15, birds included; handicaps 25 to 32yds.; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; class shooting. The scores:

Capt Money, 30	2122222122222022—14
Elliott, 31	2222111202121111—14
Fanning, 30	1120211100221121—12
Leroy, 29	2202200222222220—12
Hallowell, 30	2211212211111112—15
Sloan, 28	2021221222222222—14
Gilbert, 31	2222222212222222—15
Crosby, 31	2222202222022220—12
Van Allen, 30	2022222222222222—14
Seitz, 26	2201200121111111—12
Nauman, 29	0102222011122221—12
Hood, 28	2202101222222220—12
Malone, 30	2122012210212222—13
Hull, 28	0212202102112222—12
Bond, 28	1101121222222122—14
Pierce, 29	2222220222222222—14
Burham, 29	1222222211020022—13
Smith, 29	1122211012222212—14
Dupon, 28	1122121222221211—15
Fulford, 29	2222111220121112—14
Coe, 28	2022122222222222—14
J Reif, 26	2102112211122222—14
Johnson, 29	2211111221122122—15
Collins, 28	2222221222222202—14
De Bullett, 25	1220122122121122—14
Steubener, 27	0121222221210012—13
Wagner, 28	011222002121w
DuBray, 28	2220222022222222—13
Leland, 26	0111011200021122—10
West, 26	2122111011222012—13
German, 27	2222201212220021—13
Tydings, 25	2211112122201001—12

Friday, April 12, Fourth Day.

The main event of the tournament was reserved for the last day. This was the Maryland Handicap, at 25 live birds, $25 entrance, birds included; handicaps 25 to 32yds.; class shooting; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The trophy was a handsome gold medal. Four hundred dollars was guaranteed, and all surplus was added. Mr. B. Leroy Woodard proved to be the winner. He and Fred Gilbert killed straight, and in the shoot-off Leroy won in the eighth round. Gilbert, however, was shooting from the 32yd. mark. Fox was ill and shooting badly in consequence. The scores:

Seitz, 26	2222002222122222022012210—20
Malone, 30	2222201222211020111212 0w
Burham, 27	2211121220212221202122222—23
Pierce, 30	2022222222222222012302202—21
Dupont, 29	201121112222100w
Money, 30	2222221222201222222020222—22
Leroy, 28	2222222222222222222222222—25
Johnson, 29	2212211221202111012111122—23
Nauman, 29	2212211122211122022222222—24
Elliott, 31	2221112112101111121121211—24
Gilbert, 32	2222222222222212222222222—25
DuBray, 28	2222222312222222222220222—24
United, 26	012000w
Fanning, 30	1212221211102222212222121—24
Bond, 28	0122221222212122222021222—23
Sloan, 28	2020122211111112022202010—19
Crosby, 31	1222222222122222222202222—24
Smith, 29	1220212222121221222222212—24
Fox, 31	20222200w
Collins, 26	2220222222222000w
Van Allen, 29	2222220022222222200w
Hallowell, 30	1210121122120222222222222—23
Hood, 28	2012202212122221 20w
Fulford, 29	2201212222222222022222222—23
Leland, 27	2221222211010210022 1w

WESTERN TRAPS.

International Team Race.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 13.—Nothing but extreme satisfaction is expressed by Western shooters over the announcement that the international target race between American and English teams is now to be called an assured fact. There is little doubt that the challenge of the Americans will be accepted by the Middlesex Club men, and if this be the case the rest is a matter of detail. It still remains a singular fact that this team of American shooters might more properly be called a Western team than an American one. Every man of the team—Heikes, Parmelee, Gilbert, Budd, Crosby, Powers, Elliott, Fanning and Merrill—is a Western man, although Fanning claims Jersey City now as his home. Even the substitutes—E. E. Tripp, of Indianapolis; O. Von Lengerke, of Chicago, and Clarence Nauman, of San Francisco—are Western men. Moreover, the enterprise was originated and has been carried to a success by a Western man, Paul North, of Cleveland. Tom Marshall, captain of the team, is strictly a Western man. There will be a large bunch of Western money go behind this Western outfit when they meet the English shooters. On the whole, the Mississippi Valley may feel that she has a pretty fair representation in this matter.

Garden City.

Garden City Gun Club holds its regular shoot this afternoon, and the bright weather is taking out quite a number of the boys. This is the pleasantest Saturday we have had here for a long time.

Spirit Lake Shoot.

The Klein and Burmeister shoot at Spirit Lake, Ia., promises to be a good one. There is $150 added. Fred Whitney, of Des Moines, manages, and from the way the consignments of shells and letters of inquiry are coming in this week at Spirit Lake there seems to be a great deal of interest taken by the boys and a determination to be on hand in full force. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., April 6.—The scores of the Chicago Gun Club's opening shoot are given below. The weather being bad, there were only fourteen entries in the main event, but those that did come out had a good time. In No. 2, the handicap event, four went straight. The third tie was a toss-up, Dr. Morton winning Among the visitors were Boa, Brown, Pollard and O'Neil. Boa Broke 97 out of a possible 100. If John keeps up that clip long we will have to send him out on the road with the Indians. Dr. Carson won the monthly handicap rise trophy, at the 18yd. mark, 14 straight.

This club shoots every Saturday afternoon on their grounds at Seventy-night street and Vincennes avenue. All are sure of a good time if they visit the Chicagos. Shells for sale on the grounds.

Event 1, at 10 targets, resulted as follows: Steck 6, Mrs. Carson 5, Jones 5, Lovell 4, Borroff 6, Dr. Carson 10, Balmer 8, Sprague 8, Boa 10, Pollard 7, Brown 6, A. W. Morton 8, Dr. Morton 7, O'Neil 7.

No 2 is a trophy event at 25 targets, handicap allowance. The scores:

Steck, 3	0111110111101111111111111111	—25
Mrs Carson, 10	0111101101011111111110000010100011 0	—21
J L Jones, 10	1111011111110101110111101011010000	—24
J G Lovell, 8	0010111061010100101001110000001001 1	—15
A C Borroff, 10	1110101100001111101111011011010 1	—22
Dr Carson, 3	1111111011111101111111110111	—25
R Balmer, 10	0010101101100101010110011100111111 1	—21
W Sprague, 12	1110010011111000110011111111111110011	—25
J S Boa	1111111111111111111111111	—25
Pollard	1101011110111111111111110	—21
Brown	0000001011011010110000111	—11
A W Morton, 10	0011111111111100111111101111110111	—25
Dr Morton, 8	1101111011111111011011111111111	—25
O'Neil	1111110110110011011111111111	—21

Ties:

Dr Carson, 1	111000	Steck, 1	11111111111 —10
A W Morton, 4	111111111101 —10	Sprague, 5	1111110001111—10
Dr Morton, 3	111111111101 —10		

Second tie:

A W Morton, 4	1110111110111 —10	Steck, 1	11111110111 —10
Dr Morton, 3	1011111101111 —10	Sprague, 5	1101111010001— 9

Third tie: A. W. Morton 4, Dr. Morton 3, Steck 1.

Monthly distance trophy, 15 targets:

Mrs Carson, 16	1011101100111100— 9
Jones, 16	1110100311111101—10
Lovell, 16	1101111101100000— 9
Boroff, 16	0110110111111010—10
Balmer, 16	1100000000111111— 7
Sprague, 16	0111000001111011— 9
Boa, 16	1110111111111111—14
Steck, 18	1110011111101111—12
Dr Carson, 18	0111111111111111—14
Dr Morton, 18	1010011011111111—11
A W Morton, 18	1111101111001111—12
Pollard, 18	1111010111111101—12
O'Neil, 18	0111111101110111—12

In No. 2 trophy event Boa broke 25 straight.

Garden City Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., April 13.—The scores made in the shoot of the Garden City Gun Club to-day at Watson's Park, are as follows:

Roll	*2110111222212 11 —14
Bowles	1012001020222012 10—11
Miller	2021111211221212 —15
M E White	2112212212120222 —15
Alabaster	2222222222222222 —15
Reeves	1102121112212102 1—15
Steck	*2122021212122222 —14
Gillis	1110012221211121 —14
Rust	0100212210211120 01—12
O'Brien	2211211020212 10w
S Young	2121021101012021 1 —13
Upham	2202222*012122222 —14
Knickerbocker	2212212222222002 22 —15
Card	1101110021200121 11—13
T Hunter	0101021122201 11*2 —12
Barto	2022222022202*22 —12
Amberg	2201222211212 11 —14
Day	0002220220122200 22—11
*Harrison	1222111212111 12 —15

*Visitor.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., April 11.—Two matches at 25 birds each were shot to-day at Watson's Park, as follows:

Twenty-five-bird match, for birds:

J B Griesbeck	2222222222222222222222220—24
J O Bertran	2*2000202022222121212222*2—17

Twenty-five-bird match, for birds:

J B Griesbeck	2222222222222222222222222—25
E T Grobmeyer	2222220200022222222022222—20

April 8.—Match at 50 birds:

Smith	2211121120121222202112121—23
	1012111210011222112210 13—21—44
Wilson	2200221012221220211102110—19
	2112022220022222201120 1012—19—38
Moore	1100101220122222222122022—19
	2112201221121202200221222—21—40

Match at 25 birds:

Wilker	1222211120111111221222212—24
Smythe	0221210210210122111011201—19
Leeds	2021021101221112221220111—21

April 13.—Ten-bird sweep, $5 entrance, two moneys:

Alabaster	2212102222—9	Thompson	1122201111— 9
Roll	1022121120—8	Steck	1111010212— 8
Miller	1012212022—8	Barto	2222222222—10
Amberg	2022122202—8		

Miss-and-outs:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Barto	2222222	220	220	.....
Miller	211212*	0	1121111110	22110
Alabaster	2221121	212	1120	222212
Roll	0	221	2222112122120	111112
Steck	1222120	220	2112222111122	1210

Twenty-five-bird match, $25 a side, Harding vs. Gackle:

Harding	2120021001112121010001011—16
Gackle	0101201000111102222200101—15

Five-bird sweep, one money:

Reeves	21111—5	22111—5	Bowles 10002—2 21110—4
Harding	111*1—5	11110—4	Steck 22022—4 11221—5
Gackler	11211—5	21211—5	G Roll 21022—4 .....
Schlosser	10220—3	10102—3	White 20221—4 .....
Cunningham	21012—4	11001—3	

Peters Cartridge Co's. Tournament at Olathe.

OLATHE Kan., April 10.—Inclosed please find programme of the Peters Cartridge Company's tournament at Olathe, April 23 and 24. This tournament occurs at a time when Kansas is at its best. The prairie and meadows are getting the first bright green of spring. The cherry and plum trees are masses of snow white blossoms, and the red bud and peach trees are bursting into bloom, and the whole air is laden with the heavy perfume of plum blossoms.

A visit to Kansas at this time of the year will pay any lover of nature. The shoot will be a good one, and it will form a very nice little Western circuit, which is as follows: Leavenworth, Kan., April 16 to 18; Olathe, April 23 and 24; Lincoln, Neb., May 7 to 10, and two or three smaller shoots to fill in. These shoots will all be good ones, and we anticipate an entry close to one hundred.

FRANK HODGES.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To Washington.

THREE-DAY PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On April 25 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the sixth tour of the season to Washington. Tourist Agent and Chaperon will accompany the party.

Round-trip rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and transfer in Washington, station to hotel, $14.50 from New York, $13 from Trenton, and $11.50 from Philadelphia. These rates include accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Willard's, Regent, Metropolitan, or National Hotel, $2.50 less. Side trips to Mount Vernon, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, and Norfolk at greatly reduced rates.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Shotgun shells used in the Grand American Handicap were of the following makes: U. M. C., 114; Winchester Repeating Arms Co., 64; U. M. C. & Winchester R. A. Co., 13; Peters Cartridge Co., 5; U. S. Cartridge Co., 2; Robin Hood, 2.—Sporting Life.—*Adv.*

The Burlington Basket Co., of Burlington, Ia., makes a refrigerator basket by which one can bring home his fish from any distance as fresh as the day they were caught, or can keep his lunch cool no matter how warm the day. Some of our very best sportsmen need them, and one of them says of it, "It is genuine and genuinely useful."—*Adv.*

A very beautiful and interesting catalogue is that of W. H. Mullins, the Salem, O., boat builder, which is just out. The splendid half-tone pictures alone in catalogue No. 6 are most interesting to whoever likes shooting or fishing.—*Adv.*

The advertisement of The Fair, which appears in the FOREST AND STREAM this week, calls attention to standard goods, not the original hit or miss department store stocks of years ago. These goods are good goods, and this house is going to build up a big sporting department.—*Adv.*

The Savage rifle is well known to all big-game hunters, and reports of its efficiency are frequently heard. The Savage company has issued a new, beautiful and instructive catalogue, which they are glad to forward to all applicants. It may be imagined that they will have many calls for it.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

Wherefore, Sire, methinks that the best knowledge which one can have (after the fear of God) is to keep us and each man his neighbor in cheerfulness by the practice of honorable pastimes, among which I have found none nobler or more to be commended than the art of venery.—Jaques du Fouilloux (1561) to King Charles IX.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. V.

MINNESOTA.

Chap. 35, Laws 1901 —The sale of any quail, ruffled or sharp-tailed grouse, prairie chicken, or ruffled grouse, sometimes known as partridge, or pheasant, wild duck of any variety, or any variety of wild goose, brant, any variety of aquatic fowl whatever, is hereby prohibited and made unlawful.

Chap. 229, Laws 1901.—No buck, doe, deer or fawn shall be offered for sale or sold at any time.

THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

THE Royal Buckhounds have been an institution of British sport for nearly a century, having been established in the year 1812, when the Goodwood fox hounds were presented to the Prince Royal. An antiquity yet more extended has been claimed for them, and undoubtedly there were royal packs long before this one; for, as every one knows, stag hunting has been a chosen form of the diversion of kings from time immemorial.

The royal pack, which during the life of Queen Victoria was maintained at Windsor, consisted of forty couples of hounds, and the hunts were chases after a carted stag—that is a tame stag which was carried out in a cart and turned loose for the hounds to follow. Because of this mode of hunting the royal pack has long been an object of opposition to the Humanitarian League, which based its attacks upon the ground of cruelty to the stag. By those who defended the hunting, it was contended, on the other hand, that the stag enjoyed the run as much as did the hounds and the huntsmen, and stories are told of one experienced deer named Volunteer, which, on occasion, when inadvertently he was liberated from the cart near a pea field, would obstinately refuse to do his stunt until he had devastated the pea patch, for all the world like one of those crop-raiding Vermont deer the Blue Mountain farmers complain of. After the stag and hounds and huntsmen had had their run, and the stag had taken to water, it was the practice to capture the stag, put him in his cart and haul him back home to his paddock. The meets of the Royal Buckhounds being open to the public were participated in by a heterogenous company, who followed on horseback across country and along the roads in chaises and in various styles of vehicles after the manner of earlier times, as told in this little story of a hunt in the year 1728:

Between Ten and Eleven in the Morning, their Majesties, together with his Royal Highness the Duke, and their Royal Highnesses the Princesses, came to New Park by Richmond, from Hampton Court, and diverted themselves with hunting a Stag, which ran from Eleven to One, when he took to the great Pond, and defended himself for about half an Hour, when being kill'd, and brought out by the Help of a Boat, the Huntsmen sounded the French Horns. The Skin was taken off, and the Carcass given to the Dogs. His Majesty, the Duke, and the Princess Royal hunted on Horseback; her Majesty and the Princess Amelia hunted in a Four-wheel'd Chaise; and the Princess Carolina in a Two-wheel'd Chaise; and the Pricesses Mary and Louisa were in a coach. Several of the Nobility attended, and among them Sir Robert Walpole, clothed in green, as Ranger. When the Diversion was over, their Majesties, the Duke, and the Princesses, refreshed themselves on the Spot with a Cold Collation (as did the nobility at some Distance of Time after), and soon after Two in the Afternoon return'd for Hampton Court.

But the Royal Buckhounds are now to be spoken of only as in the past, for among the changes which have come with the succession of Edward VII. is the abolition of the pack. The committee on the King's civil list has recommended that the pack, with the Master of the Buckhounds and other functionaries connected therewith, shall be dispensed with, and the £6,200, or $31,000, hitherto appropriated to their support shall be devoted to other purposes.

ALASKA SALMON.

WITHIN the last few years attention has frequently been called to the wanton and wasteful destruction of salmon in Alaska, and to the fact that in many localities the canners now have to be satisfied with putting up only a portion of the capacity of their factories, because a full supply of fish cannot be secured. On the other hand, at times when there is an unusual run of fish, vastly more are taken than can be used, and no matter how hard the canners may work, a part of the catch turns soft and must be thrown away. We have been told that in the summer of 1900 a cannery on Prince William's Sound on one occasion threw overboard 60,000 fish, and at another time 10,000 fish.

The report of the Special Agent of the Treasury on the Salmon Fisheries of Alaska, which has just appeared, indicates that the evils so long recognized still prevail. The Government professes to protect the salmon fisheries of Alaska, but its care of them is purely perfunctory. Officials make journeys over considerable portions of the fishing grounds and report on what they see, but they have no power to do anything more than report, and it is inevitable that weeks and more often months or a year elapse before these reports are received or can be acted on. By that time the damage for the season is done, the offenders against the laws have scattered and gone no one knows where, and any legal remedy against them is impossible.

It is, of course, a pleasant thing for the agents of the Treasury Department to make a summer cruise on a Government vessel through Alaska waters—under pay—but until the legislative and the executive departments of the Government reach a point where they will do something, instead of talking about doing something, the short-sighted and wasteful methods now practiced will not change and the salmon fisheries will continue to grow less valuable.

It is illegal to obstruct the rivers of Alaska by dams, traps or other barricades, yet this is constantly done. The people who make money by catching the fish wish to secure the fish as easily and quickly as possible. Washington and the Government are a long way off. The law is something vague and intangible, and above all has never been enforced. Very naturally the lawbreakers believe that it never will be enforced. If the fair weather agents of the Treasury Department had authority to remove the obstructions which they find and to arrest persons violating the law, and were provided with a force of men to do this work, the Alaska canners and others would very speedily learn that the laws with regard to the fishing were not mere abstractions, and would govern themselves accordingly.

As if the methods pursued on the free streams of Alaska were not bad enough, the whites have practically taken possession of the Island of Afognak—a Government reservation—and fish its streams in the calmest defiance of the Executive order which provides that no fishing shall be done on the island except by the natives for their own food. The Executive order forbidding fishing is thus an object of ridicule and contempt, and such feeble efforts as may be made by Government officials to enforce it are derided. From time to time we are told that the fishing on this Government reservation has been stopped, but such statements are untrue. Eye witnesses who spent some time on Afognak Island in the summer of 1900 declare that during the season the canneries took fish from the island for their pack.

The truth is that as yet there is little or no law in Alaska, and it is due more to the good common sense of the American settler than to the efforts of the Government that conditions there are not much worse than they are. There is an old nearly forgotten saying to the effect that "There's neither a law of God nor man runs north of fifty-four," and practically that is true to-day.

The remedy for the wrong and wasteful practices which prevail in the Alaska salmon fisheries is to be found in Government control of the fishing and in a systematic replacement by artificial propagation of the annual loss due to the commercial fisheries.

Practically every stream in Alaska that is six inches deep is a salmon river, and nowhere can salmon be propagated so cheaply and easily as here. In due time this work will no doubt be undertaken on a large scale, preferably under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, which should have general charge not only of the public hatcheries, but also of those which will undoubtedly be established by private individuals or concerns. The great value of the salmon pack of Alaska emphasizes the importance of prompt and efficient action by the Government to end the abuses which prevail there.

SNAP SHOTS.

Governor Crane of Massachusetts has vetoed two measures designed to reduce the lawful length of lobsters that might be taken, and to permit the mutilation of lobsters, which is resorted to in order to conceal the actual length. The perpetually recurring discussion of the lobster law affords an interesting and instructive illustration of the characteristic short-sightedness of the fisherman. The perpetuation of the lobster depends upon its having such protection as to insure the possibility of its reproducing its kind. This is the whole purpose of the law, and the lobster fisherman should be of all men the one most ready to observe the conditions essential to preserving the stock. As a matter of fact, he resents control, and if unrestrained would speedily destroy the lobster supply and his own livelihood along with it.

Investigation by the United States Fish Commission in the waters of New England has established beyond question certain facts concerning the life history of the lobster. Among the ascertained data are these: That the female lobtser attains maturity when from eight to twelve inches in length; that comparatively few lobsters under nine inches in length lay eggs (of one thousand egg-bearing lobsters collected at Woods Holl, less than two per cent. were under nine inches), and that by the time they have reached a length of ten and one-half inches most lobsters will have produced eggs. This length then it is concluded should be the minimum size permitted in the markets.

Based upon these well-established facts of lobster life, the lawful limit of those which may be caught has been made in Massachusetts ten and one-half inches; in other words, the statute declares that no lobster may be caught until it shall have had a chance to breed. The lobster fishermen have rebelled against this restriction of their industry; they have claimed persistently that everything should be fish that came into their traps, and it has been only by the exercise of vigilance on the part of the authorities that the destruction of short lobsters has been in any degree prevented. As the stock has become less and less, the fishermen have demanded the right to take lobsters of smaller size, and their representatives in Boston this year put through a bill to reduce the lawful length to nine and one-half inches. The measure was most unwise, and the Governor has done a public service in vetoing it. He could not well have taken any other course. Chairman Collins of the Fish Commission and the members of the Massachusetts Association deserve great credit for the intelligent and vigorous opposition with which they have fought the measure.

Mr. N. M. George, of Danbury, Conn., has made a Florida tarpon record which goes beyond Mr. Edward vom Hofe's 210-pound fish, by the capture of a specimen weighing 213 pounds. The fish was taken at Bahea Honda, one of the keys lying south of Cape Sable. That tarpon fishing has a lasting attraction for those who follow it is demonstrated by the fact that the same names are found year after year on the lists of Florida fishermen.

The Cuvier Club of Cincinnati has promoted a very successful competition in bird study among the pupils of the public schools of the city. Prizes were given by the club for essays on the three subjects: Birds in the Cuvier Club's collection; Why should our song, insectivorous and game birds be protected? and the life study of our common native birds. Widespread interest was taken in the competition, and no less than 312 essays were submitted to the club's committee, the prize papers being published in the daily press.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Old West.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thirty-five years ago the great plains west of the Missouri River were spread out as they lie to-day. Thirty-five years ago the grand mountains of the main range stood firm and unchangeable, watching and waiting, as we see them now. Yet in those thirty-five years an absolute transformation has taken place in the Western country. Then, wherever he journeyed, the traveler saw nature and nothing else. The rolling prairie swarmed with brown buffalo or was dotted by groups of red and white antelope, while along ravines and river valleys fed herds of elk and deer, and not far from the broken buttes that rose here and there above the land grazed the mountain sheep ready at an instant's warning to take refuge on the heights above. The conical lodges of Indian camps were seen by the streams, their hunting parties pursued the buffalo, and little companies of fierce warriors made war journeys against the camps of other tribes or swooped down without warning on little parties of the white invaders. The fine thin line of iron was pushing its way east and west across the continent, the first of the many lines that now gridiron it in all directions, and along this line here and there stood a white canvas tent, or a little sod house, pathetic in its loneliness.

Thirty-five years ago there were scattered over this Western country, from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast and from Mexico to the furthest North, a thousand unconscious heroes who had pushed out into the wilderness far in advance of civilization, and here were living their lives, supporting themselves, loving their wives and their children, and passing to and fro over the land; each one of them as worthy a subject for song and story as our heroes, Daniel Boone and David Crockett.

Thirty-five years have gone, and with the passing of each year the number of these early pioneers has grown smaller. Long since their sun has set, their day ended; there is no longer a place for them in the civilization of the West. The few that the years have left have hidden themselves in little valleys in the mountains, far from the towns and the railroads, trying to escape the new conditions which are so strange to them, and so painful.

In the newspapers the other day I saw a statement that John Baker was dead at the Wyoming General Hospital in Cheyenne, and the item called up to my mind a hundred memories of the early West, for it was more than thirty years ago that, with a friend, as beardless boy I camped for a time with John Baker and his friends on Henry's Fork of the Green River.

It was my first introduction to the West, and certainly never was boy set down amid new surroundings which more strongly appealed to his imagination. There, near the beautiful stream, shaded by cottonwoods, now turning paler and slowly dropping their frondage, stood the yellow skin lodges of the little camp. Near by was a light corral made of crooked cottonwood poles; saddles and parfleches lay about the camp or hung on low branches of the trees; a few hides were pegged out drying on the ground; in the shade of the bushes hung circular beaver skins drying on their frames. The Indian women worked and the little children played about the camp, while the men, John Baker, Ike Edwards, Phil Maas and Dick Sun, provided for their wants. Each man had a good bunch of horses. There were a few cows feeding in the valley, little regarded except for their milk—which, I remember well, always tasted strongly of the sage brush.

In his way each of the four men was a type. John Baker was short and sturdy, and although he had only one leg, was absolutely at home on a horse. Instead of a stirrup on the side of his wooden leg, there was a block with a socket to hold its point. He was a wonderful rifle shot, and a most skillful trapper, so that he had earned the name "Beaver" from his success in their pursuit.

Ike Edwards—a descendant of the great divine—was very different physically. Several inches over 6 feet in height, slim and straight as an Indian, with a keen, shrewd New England face, made longer by the goatee which he wore, he seemed to me the handsomest—and physically the most perfect—man I had ever seen. When astride his Indian pony of ordinary size, his long legs hung down until they swept the tops of the sage brush.

Philip Maas was as tall as Edwards, but much broader. He was a Mexican, black-haired and bearded, but his English was marred by only the slightest of accent.

Dick Sun was much younger than the other men, more jolly and far less dignified. He was entirely willing to talk to the open-mouthed guests of the wonders of the Rocky Mountain country, and of the things that he had seen. The other men were of more old-fashioned type. They would answer a direct question, but as a rule were silent and did not discourse freely on general topics.

Each morning soon after the sun was up the men went out to visit their traps, and I usually accompanied John or Ike, and then first saw beaver and beaver trapping. Not a few fine furs were brought in to the camp while I stayed there. It was here, too, that I saw my first wild beaver in daylight. Sitting on the bank of a little stream in the bright autumn sunshine, I was pondering this wild life and its delights, when a wave in the water drew my attention, and a beaver was seen swimming just beneath the surface only a few feet from me. A quick shot through the head brought the little animal to the surface, for it was a kitten weighing hardly 20 pounds. Here, too, for the first time I slept in a lodge, wrapped in warm buffalo robes, and dreamily watched the fire die down and the lodge grow dark, until the only points of light to be seen were the stars that peeped in at the smoke hole. Here I learned to skin a beaver, and for the first time ate beaver tail. Here, too, I received from my Indian hostesses the unvarying kindness and hospitality that the guest always received in an Indian camp.

The days went by, and the time for my leaving drew near. In all the mental struggles of my life I can recall none so severe as to decide whether I should give up the East, where I was born and had been reared, and where all my connections were, and settle down as a Western trapper, or should do what I felt was my duty and return to my home. Reluctantly I tore myself away, and from that day to this have seen none of those men; yet in a rough way I have kept in touch with them for many years, and even to the present time.

A few years after my visit, Ike Edwards was lost in a winter storm. His dog came in, but his horse and he were never seen again. No doubt together their bones bleached in some little ravine whose waters poured into the Green River, and ere now have returned to Mother Earth. Now John Baker, too, is dead.

Many years ago Dick Sun married Baker's daughter, whom I remember as a little girl twelve or fourteen years old, taking care of her younger sister in the camp. It was a love match and an elopment, so they said, and Dick took advantage of John's absence to load up a pack horse or two and start with the girl down Henry's Fork to go and get married. John had no objection to Dick as a son-in-law, but he thought his daughter too young to marry, and had said so with great positiveness. When he learned that the couple had fled, he saddled a fresh horse and set out to overtake them and bring back his daughter. The fleeing pair, encumbered by pack horses, could not travel rapidly, and at length, just as they were passing out of one of the beautiful parks in the valley of Henry's Fork, John emerged from the timber at the other end. Dick told the girl to hurry on with the pack horses, while he returned to argue the point with his prospective father-in-law. The park made a beautiful arena, and they circled about each other with all the grace and skill of perfect horsemanship. John was positive on one side, and Dick on the other, and the older man took the first shot, but before the revolvers were empty, a ball had passed through John's arm, luckily not breaking the bone, and he acknowledged the force of Dick's logic and returned to camp, while the young couple went on their way and no doubt at last reached a parson. Such was the story of the elopement that came to us here in the East.

Later the differences of opinion between his father-in-law and Dick were healed, and for many years they have lived together on Snake River, Colo., where Dick is said now to be a prosperous cattleman.

Philip Maas still lives, I believe, in this little settlement on Snake River, where two years ago old Jim Baker died.

As I recall it, though I cannot feel sure about it, John Baker came to the mountains about 1839 or '40 with a party of trappers sent out by one of the early fur companies. With him were his brother Jim, James Bridger, Kit Carson, Jack Robinson and others, the party numbering eight in all. They camped on Henry's Fork of the Green River, and it was not until some time after their arrival that old Fort Bridger was established. Uncle Jack Robinson, who died a great many years ago, was, as he has often told me, the man who found Friday—named for the day on which he was found—the Arapahoe baby, who was reared by the whites, sent back East, educated for a minister, and then returned to his tribe to civilize them. The process of civilization did not go very far.

It was about Friday and the late Professor Marsh, of Yale, that a rather amusing story was told, which was printed some years ago in FOREST AND STREAM. I cut it out and offer it here:

"To his intimates the late Professor Marsh was known not only as a scientific man of great ability and world-wide reputation, but also as a delightful companion, quick and witty, with a keen appreciation of humor, and a narrator of capital stories. One of these, which he used to tell of himself with great effect, dealt with a small adventure had many years ago in the Rocky Mountains.

"The first month or two of the trip had been spent on the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming, at that time the hunting ground of Sioux and Cheyennes, who were bitterly hostile, and signs of whose presence near the command were often seen. The whole party realized that they were in a dangerous country, and all hands were constantly on the watch for enemies and were careful not to wander far from the command; or, if two or three fossil gatherers did go off from the main body, they took with them a number of soldiers to stand guard while they worked. After leaving this dangerous region the expedition moved on to the bad lands near Fort Bridger, where there were but few Indians, and those friendly ones, and the work of gathering fossils went on.

"One day Professor Marsh was hard at work on his knees in the bottom of the narrow ravine, digging away the soil from a bone which stuck out of the bank. He was entirely absorbed in his task, and noticed nothing of what was going on about him, until the brilliant sunlight which poured down on him was cut off by a dark shadow, and he looked up to see standing above him a great grim Indian warrior, holding his rifle at a ready. The Professor's heart leaped into his throat. He forgot where he was. He strove to utter a propitiatory 'How,' but his dry lips refused to form the word, and he could only swallow trying to get rid of the lump in his throat. Suddenly the savage bent toward him and spoke: 'Have I the honor of addressing Professor Othneil Charles Marsh, the eminent paleontologist of Yale College?' he inquired. The revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the Professor, who was now even less able to speak than he had been before.

"It developed that the Indian, as a small boy, had been sent East, Christianized, educated, taught the elements of theology, and sent back to the West to civilize his tribe; but he had not carried the civilization very far."

I could ramble on, sir, through a number of your columns, telling a story which would have neither beginning, end nor middle; just a lot of recollections of those old times, which I call good; but let this suffice.

Yo.

Sailing Amid the Peaks and Clouds of British Columbia.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

IF one does not want to return to Golden, a nice trip can be taken from Windemere to Fort Steele, and then to Fort Steele Junction on the Crow's Nest Pass division of the C. P. R. This takes one through a beautiful country and one where the chances for sport are excellent. However, we did not want to leave the Duchess, so elected to return down the river. The morning we left Windemere we were up betimes, and a beautiful sight rewarded us. The sun was just showing his fiery face over the crests of the Rocky Mountains, driving before him the light fleecy clouds that had hung low on the mountain tops, and causing the mists to rise from the valley.

On the surface of the crystal lake was reflected the mountains, clouds and trees in such a manner that it was like gazing at another original, only softened and beautified. Darting rays of light flew across the lake and touched with a golden gleam the distant shore. The camera made a vain attempt to catch some of these fleeting beauties, but, alas, the attempt was but that.

The return trip was very enjoyable, as it enabled us to see what we had missed in the darkness. A camp of two or three weeks at Windemere would give one an opportunity to see more of this mountain paradise, and there are some very fine mineral (hot water) springs where nature cures "many ills that flesh is heir to."

From Golden and our trip through the peaks and clouds of this section we pass on into the Selkirks. Again we must refer the reader to the back files for a description of this ever memorable ride. We will only say it is just as grand and satisfying as ever, if not more so. It really seems to improve on acquaintance.

At Revelstoke we find that great improvements have been made in six years, and the one that appealed to us most was the new hotel of the C. P. R., very near the depot, and managed in a way that makes one feel content to remain a while in Revelstoke.

We are now ready for another sail, but instead of taking the steamer right at Revelstoke, as in the past, we take the train down to Arrowhead, twenty-eight miles, and here we board a fine new boat, the Rossland. A change had also been made here since our last visit. At that time the steamers were run by an outside company. Now they are part of the great C. P. R. system. The boats now running down the Columbia and through the Arrow Lakes are as fine steamers as one would wish for; they are large, with every modern convenience, electric lights, steam heat and in fact all that makes travel a luxury. Another new feature was the fine hotel at the Halcyon Hot Springs, one hour's sail from Arrowhead. Here on the mountain side, overlooking Upper Arrow Lake, is a fine sanitarium, where many go to be treated for rheumatic and other pains. The quantity of lithium in these waters is very large and exceeds many much advertised foreign resorts. This is a beautiful spot to visit, and there are a good many advantages for the sportsman. Back of the Halcyon in the mountains, round Trout Lake and from Lardeau, has been a good country for goats and some caribou. It is a very rough country, and we would not advise any very delicate person to attempt to explore it. But any invalid able to travel at all can reach the Halcyon.

Two hours after leaving Halcyon, and after a charming sail through the cloud-covered mountains—which in the distance look soft and hazy, but when we near them, as we do often, rise like palisades from the water's edge, and we find they are of the most rugged description—we arrive at Nakusp, where six years before we came down from Revelstoke. Our steamer towed a barge, on which were some passenger cars for the new railroad then being built into the Slocan county. We now have the pleasure of riding in one of these cars, and in it climb up from Arrow Lake* to the divide, on the other side of which lies the Slocan country. As we wind slowly along up the steep ascent, we get into the same mist and clouds that we saw from the lower level, and now we look down on them and see stretching away into the distance the great Columbia until it is lost like a silver thread among the dark green mountains to the south.

It is only twenty-eight miles from Nakusp to Rosebery, about half up and half down, and part of the way along the shores of Summit Lake and brawling mountain streams, that make one want to get out and try for a trout; and they are there, too, for the brakeman gave us some "pointers." We run a short distance along the upper end of Slocan Lake, before we reach Rosebery, where the steamer lands. We arrived first and saw the Slocan City come puffing up the lake out of the mist. Slocan Lake is one of the most beautiful bodies of water in British Columbia, and "their name is legion." Here at an altitude of 1,850 feet is a lake about thirty miles long, surrounded by high mountains on every side, of the roughest and wildest description. Dense timber covers the mountains to the summits. The country in many places is practically unexplored, as it is nearly impossible to travel over some of it. Within a reasonable distance of water transportation the miner and prospector has been over the territory, but very little has been yet done to open up the immense wealth stored in these mountains. When the steamer came in we found another of the C. P. R.'s fine boats, with everything that one could wish, and it seemed very strange here in the midst of one of the roughest and wildest countries in the world, and which a few years ago was a wilderness, that no human being had ventured into, to find the luxuries of civilization. It is a strange experience for any one who traveled west in early days to find such rapid and marked changes.

The sail down to Slocan City is one that can never be forgotten. The steamer skirts the mountain sides, covered this day and often by misty clouds, that rise from the water's edge until their tops are hidden by the vapor laden masses. To the eye the effect is magical, and more than beautiful, but when we try to catch some of the fleeting effects with the camera we are doomed to disappointment, for a camera will not take all that the eye sees.

At the lower end of the lake lies Slocan City, the metropolis of the Slocan country, a typical mountain mining town. There is a fairly good hotel, and we remain a day. The Slocan River flows from the lake and runs south into the Kootenay. There is good trout fishing here.

The mining interests are all in all to this country, as there is not enough level ground for a good garden. From Slocan City it is only thirty-two miles to the Kootenay River at Clocan Junction, and then we follow the Kootenay thirteen miles to Nelson, the metropolis of all this section, which really takes in the entire eastern part of British Columbia.

Nelson is beautifully situated on the Kootenay River just below where the lake narrows into the river, and it is a fine little town. It has good hotels, stores and everything needed to make a visit pleasant—electric lights, good water works and other city improvements. Nelson has a gun club, and we went out to see them "kill clay pigeons." One of the best shots in the club was a young boy about fourteen or fifteen, who could "down his bird with the best."

Every one goes fishing in Nelson, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons you will see every fellow with "his best girl" with rods and nets on the way to the boat houses.

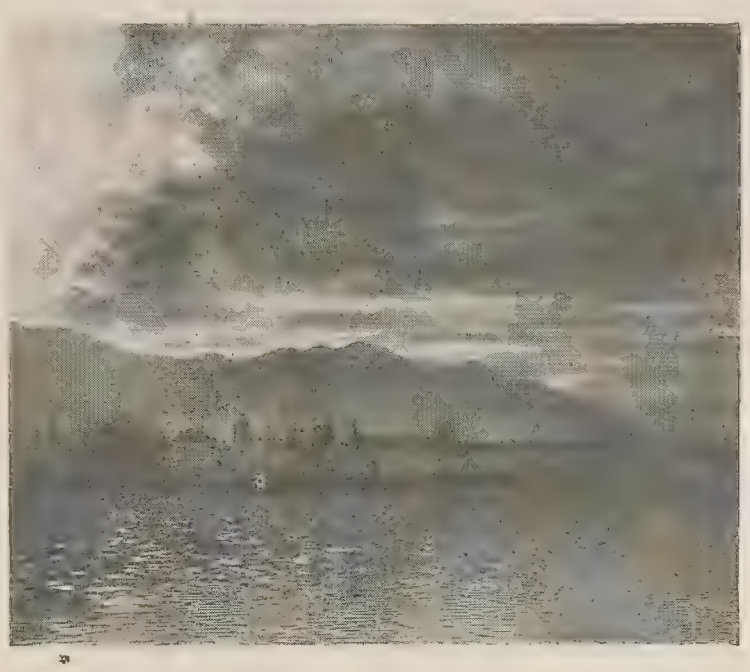
The Kootenay has long been famous for its fine trout fishing, and if one wants to go fishing where it is "easy" let him go to Nelson.

The trout are mostly of the beautiful rainbow variety. While down on the dock one day we saw one of the railroad men, who had a moment to spare, take a hand line with a brown hackle fly on it and cast in out into the stream. In a moment he had a pound and a half fish fighting for life. A boat was passing with two anglers in it. They rowed up, loaned their landing net, and we netted the trout. That's easy trout fishing.

A day or two in Nelson and we were ready for another sail "'mid clouds and peaks." So we took the C. P. R. steamer Kokawee for the Upper Kootenay Lake. We thought Slocan Lake beautiful—and it is—but after all we think it must in a way yield the palm to Kootenay. It may be the mountains do not rise as high right from the lake shore, but there are more deep indentations, more islands and rocky points, that lend picturesqueness. The upper end of the lake is a great hunting country for goats and bears. The C. P. R. have had built a number of house-boats for the use of the sportsmen tourist, and which can be leased for long or short periods; and they will tow them to any point on the lake or river that is desired, at a charge of only "four bits," as Capt. Gore expressed it, per mile. The boat itself costs $5 per day. Man in charge, $2. Cook, $2. Each boat is furnished with good linen, bedding and table service. The saloon is furnished, as well as the kitchen, which has a good range and all the necessary cooking appliances. You buy your own supplies, and can have anything you wish, as Nelson has excellent markets. There are two sizes of these boats. One has four staterooms, with two berths each, accommodating eight people (or at a pinch a few more). A baggage room, two toilet rooms, store room, pantry, kitchen, combined dining room and saloon. On the roof is a promenade deck. What more could any one ask? and just think of the joys of a trip on a floating cabin of this kind. You can have your boat towed to any desirable hunting or fishing place you wish, and then with all the comforts and some of the luxuries of a good hotel, be in the wilderness of this great Western land. And as to many cost is a great obstacle to their going where they want, think of how cheap a party of ten can have a month's sport and an outing such as falls to the lot of few mortals. Taking it for granted that they do not go over 100 miles from Nelson, and this would take them to the upper end of Kootenay Lake, thirty days could be put in for $500, or $50 each, or less than the usual cost of a second-class summer resort. Of course in figuring on this basis, there is no account taken of wines or fancy living, as the individual who wants such things can generally do as he likes without counting cost. We are only figuring for the plain everyday sportsman, who loves to be out of doors and loves sport of nature's kind; not some of mankind's notion of sport.

Up above Kasto, forty-five miles from Nelson, the scenery on Kootenay Lake is very fine, and north of Lardo is a good game country, but very rough.

On the lower end of Kootenay Lake are marshes where in season the duck shooting is fine. The house-boat can be towed, if one wishes, up the Kootenay River to



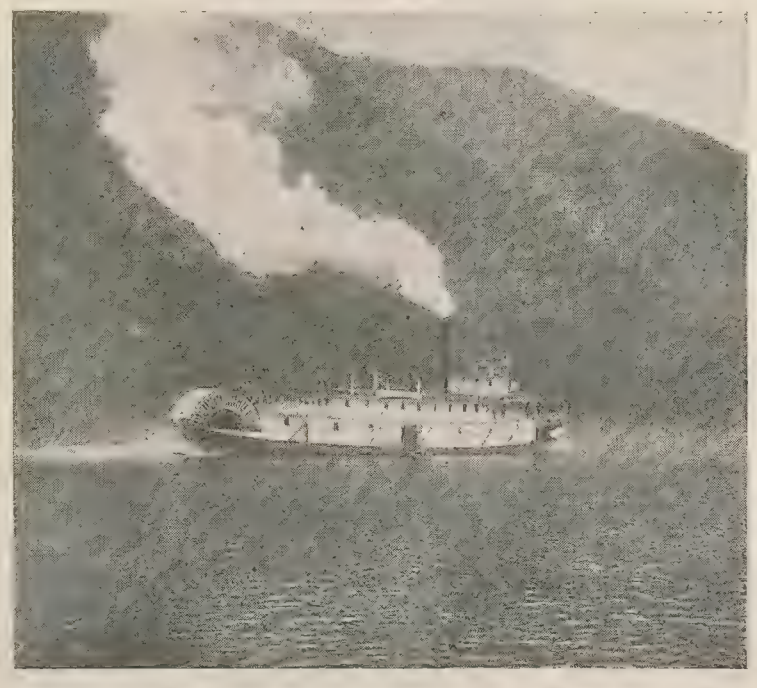
SUNRISE ON THE ROCKIES AT COLUMBIA LAKE.

Idaho. The service on the steamers which the C. P. Ry. run on these mountain lakes and rivers is so good that we cannot forbear mentioning it. Of course he who goes into the mountains to "rough it" doesn't care if he to do it, but it is a very agreeable surprise to find accommodations that are equal if not superior to those he finds in the effete East.

No one need stay at home now and fail to see the grandeur of the wild West because, forsooth, they might have to rough it.

We won't tell about all the great mining country north of Nelson, nor how "Yankee prospectors" have flocked into this land and opened up nature's store houses of wealth, for their British cousins to come in and reap a benefit, but they have, and as the Irishman says, "More power to 'em."

Back at Nelson, and a day or two is spent knocking about the hills and at the park, etc., and then we take the train for Rossland, that wonderful mining camp that



WE TAKE THE KOKAWEE FOR THE UPPER KOOTENAY LAKE.

sprang, as magic cities were supposed to in olden time, into existence in a day. The road follows the Kootenay River down to the Columbia, passing the falls, where great turbines are at work generating power, which is turned into electricity and sent speeding over mountain and valley to light the streets of Nelson and far away Trail and Rossland. Many parties of anglers drop off the train at various points, for here is some of the best fishing water in the world.

At Robson we cross the river on an old friend, the steamer Lytton, that took us down the Columbia from Revelstoke six years ago. The advent of finer boats has turned the old craft into a ferry. From Robson we climb back from the river into the mountains, and winding back and forth get higher and higher, until we reach Rossland, thirty-three miles way. Here is one of the wonders of the West, and if the West was not a land of wonders it would be accounted more wonderful than it is. A city perched upon the mountain tops, with fine hotels, electric lights and other conveniences, and all this came into being in two years. Six years before, when we passed through this country a few prospectors were digging "gopher holes" in the mountain sides. At Trail was one frame building just being erected. Now immense smelters and a town are there.

Back to Robson and then up the Columbia by rail, where six years before we had to go in a rowboat (see back files), on past our old camp at Deer Park, climbing along the mountain side, looking down upon the great view hundreds of feet below us, our minds reverted back to the day when, in our little boat laden deep with camp equipage, we braved the storm of lower Arrow Lake and looked up at the rough and jagged rocks above us as we sped by on the crests of the white capped waves, little thinking that six years later we would be riding in a fine car along the face of these stupendous cliffs—crossing the deep canons on spindle-like trestles and crossing ravines that seemed at that time to be impossible for anything that did not possess wings.

This ride along the Columbia is a very fine one. As the train twists and turns along the mountain side, ever getting higher and higher, one catches glimpses of the great river, here widened into the lower Arrow Lake, as it loses itself in the great mountains beyond. And you look across at the opposite shore, which from the great height you look down upon, and there spread out before you is a panorama of forest and mountain stretching away into the blue distance, until one range joins the other and the Slocan Mountains rise dim and misty upon the horizon. At Deer Park, our old camping ground, the railroad turns to the westward, and we climb up the divide toward the Kettle River country, passing over the summit and down to Christina Lake. We are now in what was only a few years ago one of the finest game countries of British Columbia, and where yet the sportsman can get good shooting. Right across the lake from the railroad deer still roam in abundance.

From Christina Lake the road follows the Kettle River through a beautiful country to Grand Forks. In all the water courses we see plenty of ducks which have not yet gone south. The pine forests through this section are fine, and a good wagon trail follows the river. Westward to Greenwood, which was at this time (August, 1900) the terminus of the C. P. Ry., we travel. This is called the "Boundary Country," as the mining region here is adjacent to the United States line. Greenwood, built up by the miners in this section, had been booming, but was rather quiet when we arrived, but a very good hotel made up for any lack of excitement, and our wait was a pleasant one. A trip from Greenwood up through the Kettle River country would take the sportsman through a beautiful rolling country, and one well stocked with grouse, but from which the game is fast disappearing. When the prospectors first go into a country they usually find game; when the miner follows, game begins to become scarce, and when rancher and miner both get into a country, game soon becomes a thing of the past. The ranchers have begun to settle in the Kettle River country, and it will not be long before another great game section will be missing.

It is the intention of the C. P. Ry. to build on up to Penticton at the foot of Okanogan Lake,* and then to the coast, thus opening up to easy excess another fine game country. The trouble is, however, that as soon as the country becomes easy to get into, then there is no object in going into it, from the sportsman's standpoint. However, the country is a beautiful one, game or no game, and well worth seeing.

From Greenwood we return to Nelson and take a trip down into the United States to Spokane Falls and note the rapid strides civilization has made in the six years since we rode over this section. On the train out from Nelson in the morning we had the society of a number of anglers who were going up into the mountains and on to Salmon River for a day's sport, and as it was Sept. 1 there were a number of shooters going out for a try at the grouse. Nelson has a large number of Englishmen in its population, and they have brought their love of sport from home into the new country. As was noted before, Nelson is a good point for the sportsman. Spokane, with its surroundings, was written of before, and suffice it to say that there has been no loss of prestige in this live city.

As we had been over all of the C. P. Ry. excepting the new "Crow's Nest Pass" route, we determined to go home that way. So we return to Nelson and take the steamer to Kootenay Landing, which takes us to the lower end of the lake and gives us another "sail wind, clouds and peaks." The distance is only 55 miles, but the C. P. Ry. prefers to run steamers and tranship cars to building the connecting link of railroad through these rugged mountains. So one can imagine that the scenery is not "tame." Of course the railway is bound to come, and when completed through it will be a fine winter route, as there is not as much snow in this section as on the main line north.

From Kootenay Landing eastward through a fine timbered country we climb upward toward the Rockies. There is much fine scenery, but it must be confessed that the main line is superior. At Goat River, just as the sun gilds the crests of the distant peaks, the train pauses long enough for the passengers to walk out on the platform and gaze down into the depths of Goat River Cañon. Way down below us in a deep and terrible gorge, with vertical walls and pine crested sides, flows Goat River, a dashing, turbulent stream, foaming over rocks and whirling its spray high into the air. It is one of the sights of the road, and the complaint of all is that one does not have time enough to enjoy the wonderful sight.

Winding in and out among the jack pines, crossing huge trestles, and skirting great deep cañons, we pass little mountain lakes, and at Moyie a larger body of water called Moyie Lake, which is skirted by the railroad for some distance. At Fort Steele Junction we again approach the Kootenay River, which we left at Nelson, and later cross it as it flows southerly on its way down into the United States. We came cross lots, the river has to go round. When we get to Fernie we are in the Rockies again, and the scenery is fine and of a more rugged character than we had been traveling through. The peaks rise high and bare, their sharp outlines marked distinctly against the blue sky.

We are now nearing the pass, and the range stretches away on all sides. It seems at times as if we were in a cul-de-sac, and that the huge mountain in front barred our passage, and much speculation was indulged in as to which way the road would turn to reach the plains below. At last we turn, and through a narrow valley catch a

*The Arrow Lakes, Upper and Lower, are widenings of the Columbia River which have been dignified by name into lakes.

*See back numbers.

glimpse of the foothills beyond the rocky walls, and then to our left rises the high bare peaks of Crow's Nest Mountain, for which the pass is named. Now our train rolls through grass covered foothills and detached masses of rocks, and just before getting out from the rocks it pauses a moment for us to view another freak of nature. Here out of a cave in the face of the massive rock of the mountain side gushes a living spring of great volume, that falls in a small waterfall on to the rocks below. and forming a dashing stream, goes dancing merrily down the mountain side. This spring is the main source of the Old Man River.

It would hardly be fitting to omit saying a few words in regard to the great coal industry which the building of this branch of the C. P. Ry. has opened up in the mountains we have just traveled through. The Lethbridge coal fields are wonderful in their extent, and the quality of coal for steam purposes and for coking it is claimed cannot be excelled, if equaled, anywhere in the world. Near Fernie, mentioned above, is the center of this carboniferous district. We have reached an elevation of 4,427 feet in passing from British Columbia into Alberta, a very low pass and an easy one in a way.

The Crow's Nest Mountain, ten miles away from us, seems just at hand, with its pillar-like peaks, and we look back at it as we wind in and out through rocky glens and stunted tree covered hills into the plains with deep coulees and grassy knolls, following the St. Mary's River into the plain and crossing a trestle 80 feet high. Winding along the breaks, marked with old buffalo rails, we glide on to the east. Looking back, the sharp and jagged peaks of the Rockies stand forth in startling distinctness against the evening sky, and the setting sun gilds their tops, clothing them in a halo of gold, as we catch farewell glimpses of these mighty monarchs of the ages that have passed.

Oh, ye mighty kings of earth,
With jagged peaks and summits high,
With rough and riven sides,
That rise so far into the azure sky,
On thee we gaze with pure delight;
With thee we fain would linger more,
To thee we cannot say farwell,
But whisper gently, "Au revoir."

The evening shades gather round us as we enter upon the great plains and leave the Rockies behind, and darkness closes the view, but we sit at the window still and gaze out upon the fleeting landscape and once more live the life of the past, where we first knew the great plains of the West. Visions of the herds of buffalo and antelope that once were as numerous as the sands on the seashore are with us, and the whoop of the red man, now fast going the way of all the inhabitants of these boundless wastes, is in our ears. No—it is the shriek of the steam whistle and the roaring of the train that rouses us from our reverie, and instead of the cry of "grub pile" we hear "Dinner is now ready in the diner." There may be more luxury, more style, and in a way more comfort crossing the plains to-day, but as the small boy says, "There ain't haf the fun."

The opening of the Crow's Nest Pass route has made it possible for the sportsman to reach new fields easily, and to-day there is probably no better country for deer and antelope. South from Medicine Hat and east there are yet great bands of antelope, and in conclusion I will quote from a letter just received from a cowboy friend with whom we spent some days this summer. He says in part:

"I received the photos a few days since, and they are all right. Thank you ever so much, I shall always keep them as a memento of our pleasant sojourn in the Rockies. I hope you enjoyed your trip further West. I would have given anything to have had you with the camera here a couple of days ago. My partner and a neighbor went out on a deer hunt one morning and jumped up five deer about three miles from home, and they killed the lot. We had them hung up behind the cabin. They would have made a fine picture. My partner is a fine shot and hunter; he has killed six deer this season, and never has been out more than half a day at a time. We did not get home early enough to go on an antelope hunt this fall, but we saw lots when riding the ranges. A couple of 'Breeds' went out two weeks ago about 50 miles east of here and got over 20 deer and antelope down in the country I was telling you about. We had some bad weather the last part of the month and it drove big bands of antelope down from the north. The trains killed a lot of them. They hung up along the railroad. The passenger train went through Crane Lake with one on the cow catcher the other day."

From the above we can say there is still some game left on the plains.

The plains have great attractions for me, and I always feel a sense of freedom from care—a don't-care-ativeness that is indescribable. Let him who does not believe this go away to the great West and he will then sing with the cowboy and the hunter of the plains:

Wild and free, wild and free,
Like the billows of the deep green sea,
The plains are stretching far and wide,
As over their boundless space I ride.

Not a care have I as I urge along
My half-tamed steed, so true and strong;
What care we for grief or sorrow—
We live to-day, with no thought of the morrow.

For us all day the sun shines bright,
And when he is gone the moon gives light;
For us, when the shadows of night draw nigh,
Our home is the greensward, our roof the sky.

Oh, boundless and great are the plains of the West,
And here with my steed I safely can rest.
What care we for grief or sorrow—
We live to-day, with no thought of the morrow.

FRANK F. FRISBIE.

"In winter time, when it's cold," said Bobbie, "I wish I was a polar bear with a white robe growin' all over me; but in summer, when the baseball season's on, bein' a giraffe 'd suit me."

"Why a giraffe, Bobbie?"

"He kin see over the fence," said Bobbie.—Harper's Bazar.

Frank Forester.

SINCE my remarks on this subject in your issue of March 23, 1901, I have gathered more material which will be of interest to admirers of this true sportsman.

Another oil portrait of Herbert has turned up, and I am very much indebted to its proud owner, Mr. R. W. Mathews, of St. Paul, Minn., for the little history connected with it. Mr. Mathews writes me that it is an original life-size portrait and that good judges pronounce it finely executed. It was presented to Mr. Mathews some eighteen years ago by the Hon. C. D. O'Brien, the prominent attorney of St. Paul, who in turn had received it from the artist himself. The name of this artist cannot now be recalled. He went to Minnesota on account of poor health and became acquainted with Herbert, who taught him how to shoot. Mr. Mathews writes that the late Gen. H. H. Sibley, one of the first settlers in Minnesota, who knew Herbert well and often hunted with him in New Jersey, stated that this portrait was an excellent likeness.

Gen. Sibley, who wrote in early days for Porter's Spirit of the Times, under the pseudonym of "Hal a Dacotah," used to relate a little story at the expense of his friend Herbert. After the General moved to Minnesota he used to meet Herbert often while on his trips to Newark, N. J., and tell him about the good shooting in his State. Herbert declared that Sibley was mistaken in regard to his getting canvasbacks in Minnesota, and they had many arguments in regard to it. On one of the General's trips to New York he took with him three brace of canvasbacks, and on his arrival carried them over to Herbert's office, but finding him out left them on his desk. A little later on they met at lunch at the Astor House and the first remark Herbert made was, "Now, General, after lunch if you will come around to my office I will show you some canvasbacks that some one has left there for me," probably inferring that Sibley was not acquainted with that species of duck.

Under the portrait of Herbert, Mr. Mathews has framed an autograph letter presented to him by his friend, Chas. Hallock, and of which he has kindly made for me the following copy:

"New York, April 4, 1841.

"Dear Sir: Though long delayed, I write at length to redeem my promise by sending you a little piece of poetry for the Nation. How the sentiments may agree with yours, I hardly know, but I suppose poetry is privileged. The only request I have to make is that if published it may be without any comment. If not, that you will return me the MS. at your earliest convenience. I have transcribed it carefully, and do not imagine that there will be any difficulty about the printers deciphering it. May I, however, beg you to be very careful about the connecting of the punctuation, as the whole point of the lines depends upon their running and reading fluently. I remain faithfully yours.

"Henry Wm. Herbert,
"65 Murray Street.

"Geo. Roberts, Esq., Boston."

Mr. Chas Hallock has recently sent for my inspection a photograph, cabinet size, representing Herbert in shooting costume on the woodcock grounds at Warwick, N. Y. It is an extremely odd though very interesting picture. It was presented to him forty-one years ago by the late Genio C. Scott, the famous angler. Mr. Fred E. Pond informs me that this photograph is a copy from a painting. If it is still in existence perhaps some of your readers may locate it for us. RUTHVEN DEANE.

CHICAGO.

Natural History.

Intelligence of the Wild Things.

BY HERMIT.

The Red Squirrel.

[*Continued from page 504.*]

THE red squirrel, or chickaree, leads all the wild things in the woodlands of Cape Ann for intelligence and the ability to maintain an existence under adverse circumstances.

His life during the spring and summer months is a grand hurrah, but in the fall he sobers down and plods and toils in his harvest fields like a thrifty farmer.

Right or wrong, it is a fact that the red squirrel bears a disreputable character. He is called a thief because he takes the farmers' corn, and a bloodthirsty wretch for robbing birds' nests. From my experience with the chickaree I am led to believe that he is not so black as painted. I used to think that he spared neither eggs nor young, but savagely robbed every bird's nest which he chanced to find. I certainly got this idea from books, for I cannot recall an instance where a bird's nest was robbed by a red squirrel. For years I thought a squirrel was seeking food when he chased the birds in my dooryard. Now my eyes are open, and I am heartily ashamed of myself. I awoke from my trance to find that the red squirrel was simply chasing the birds out of the dooryard and away from the food, which he claimed as his own.

Twice last summer I saw a red squirrel pounce on a young towhee bunting, but both times he let the bird go without the loss of a feather. It was evident that he did not intend to injure the bird, but merely desired to frighten it away. The intention was so evident that I could not ignore it, and it led me to do a lot of thinking.

I carefully examined my notes for proof of the squirrel's guilt, and found no record against him. The guilty ones were the hawk, the owl, the snake, the stoat, the crow, the cat, the irrepressible boy and the white footed mouse. For fifteen years birds have nested around my cabin unmolested by the red squirrel.

It was always a mystery to me why the birds were not afraid of the red squirrel. Let a hawk, an owl, a weazel, a cat, a snake or any of the animals known to prey on birds, enter my dooryard while birds were rearing their young, and the wildest alarm would prevail so long as the intruder was in sight. The red squirrel can come and go without a protest, which proves that the birds do not regard him as an enemy.

Whenever I have detected a squirrel investigating a bird's nest it has turned out that curiosity was the motive.

A pair of chickadees nested in a box that I had placed in an oak tree, and a squirrel that spent the most of his time in the dooryard made it a duty to investigate the nest several times a day. He did not harm the young birds, and the old birds did not fear him.

While I was watching a red eyed viero's nest last season, I saw a red squirrel run out to the nest, stretch his full length on the limb (it was a very warm day) and look down on to the young birds that were squirming about in their confined quarters. I counted ninety-six before he left, and I did not begin at first. I think he was on the limb fully two minutes. These young vireos were not molested, for I saw them leave the nest when full fledged.

I have a record of an oven bird that nested at the foot of a pine tree which contained a red squirrel's nest. Four young squirrels were reared in a leafy nest in the top of the pine, and three young oven birds in a domed nest on the ground.

My experience with the red squirrel has caused me to change my mind, and hereafter I shall hold him innocent until he is proved guilty.

The red squirrel in this locality is about seven and a half inches in length, measuring from the nose to the base of the tail. The tail is about six and a half inches in length, and is carried in a number of ways to suit the convenience of its owner. As to color, it seems as if there are two species, but it is only the difference between the young and the very old. Young squirrels are bright red on the back and sides, with the under parts usually a pure white. Old squirrels are red along the back bone, gray on the sides and a dirty white below. Some specimens are shot that are nearly all gray. Gunners claim that such squirrels are a cross between the red and the gray, but they are simply old red squirrels.

Dame Nature has been unusually kind to the red squirrel. She has provided him with powerful weapons of offense and defense. She has set in his muscular jaws long cruel teeth, which are whet to a keen edge on the hard shelled nuts. She has conferred upon him claws sharp as needles, and a muscular system which seemingly is controlled by an electric current. There is a wicked wild fire in his bright eye that stamps him the bravest wild thing of the forest. He will fight to the death. He whips his great cousin, the gray squirrel, without effort, and is a match for the large stoat.

When pursued by a dog he makes a dash for the nearest tree, which he mounts, calling out "chickaree" as soon as he is out of danger. He does not, like the gray squirrel, seek a hiding place in the top of the tree. No, he is far too bold to hide from a dog. He stops on a low limb, just out of reach, and fairly boils over with rage and fury. He barks, spits and sputters; he makes furious rushes as if he intended to come right down the tree and "whip that dog." He violently jerks his tail and pounds the limb with his hind feet, a picture of impudent, fiery energy.

Every movement of this little squirrel is accomplished without apparent muscular energy. He seems to float up a tree. If you are near enough you may hear the pricking of his claws on the bark, but you cannot detect a muscular effort. He flashes along the limbs in some mysterious way, never stopping, like the gray squirrel, to measure distances before a leap. If he misses and falls, he usually catches by a claw to some twig, thus saving himself. If he falls to the ground, it does not harm or disconcert him. He is up the tree in a jiffy, spitefully saying things that sound to the listener very much like swearing.

From the middle of April to the first of September the male squirrel leads a jolly, rollicking life. He is as restless and noisy as a schoolboy and as full of fun. He will hang head down, holding on by his hind claws, just for the fun of the thing. In the tree tops he is king. He rules the bluejays and crows, and races them out of the pine trees whenever he feels disposed. He hazes the gray squirrel, but does not unsex him as alleged. This silly tale is on a par with snakes' stingers and hoop snakes. Any one that has had the opportunity to observe squirrels the year round, knows that chipmunks, red squirrels and gray squirrels show the same appearance of being unsexed, except in the molting season.

The gray is no match for the red in a tree top in a trial of speed. He usually keeps to the ground, where his long leaps give him the advantage over his firy little foe. Many a sprinting match of this kind takes place in my dooryard. If a red surprises a gray squirrel stealing food, he sounds his war cry, and in a mad rush is on to the gray before he can make off with the bit of food which he has appropriated. The gray, finding that he is hard pressed, runs around the cabin with the red hot at his heels. Round and round they go, the gray silent, the red yelling like a little demon. When the gray has had several narrow escapes he drops the food and retreats unmolested. The red picks up the food and takes it to a favorite limb where he devours it, talking to himself, meanwhile, about "that gray thief."

In all my years of observation, once only have I known a gray squirrel to fight a red. I think it was hunger and desperation that induces the gray to fight. The gray was an old male, certainly three times as large as the red. The latter was an old male and had held the dooryard for several years against all comers. He was a sagacious, grizzled old warrior, and I named him Bismarck. The fight took place in my dooryard. It was a bloody battle for bread on a cold, drizzly day in mid-winter. The gray was whipped inside of three minutes. The snow was crimsoned with his blood, and when he fled he left a bloody trail behind. At no time was there a ghost of a chance for him to win. The muscular energy of the red was astounding. His movements were too quick for the eye. While the fight lasted all I could see was a bounding mass of red and gray. The red squirrel did not appear to be severely wounded, any way he remained out in the cold and rain to lick his wounds. Perhaps it was squirrel surgery to prefer the cold to a warm nest.

From my observations I find that the reds seldom chase the grays, unless the latter enter territory which the reds claim the right to hold and protect.

Four-footed wild animals, with a few exceptions, own farms, gardens or house-lots. That is, they hold exclusive control over a limited area around their nesting sites. You seldom see two woodchuck holes near each other, or two rabbit burrows. The red squirrel runs a fruit farm. He owns and controls trees that bear nuts or cones, and other reds respect his rights, and do not invade his territory unless there is a famine. A red squirrel will fight savagely for his home and property, and usually drives all intruders from his domain.

Young squirrels remain with their parents through the first winter, but in April the female turns the family over to the male, and makes another nest of moss, leaves and dry grass in the top of a tall pine or hemlock tree. While she is engaged by new duties, the male looks after the young squirrels that are now full grown. He finishes their education and locates the young males on territory which they ever after hold. The young females, later on, are mated and remove to the locality inhabited by their mates. Whether the parents have anything to do in selecting son-in-laws is beyond my knowledge. I have known an old male to fly into a passion when a smart young red tried to flirt with his daughter. The flirtation was cut short by the angry father, who run the young dandy off his territory. Kicked him out of doors, so to speak. Another young red that courted the daughter was tolerated, if not welcomed, by the father. He was the choice of the old fellow beyond doubt, but I do not know how the young lady decided the matter. Perhaps she eloped with the smart young red.

Bismarck, the grizzled old warrior, held my dooryard for several years. One winter, when there was a famine in the land because the nut crop had failed, a muscular young red thought he could drive Bismarck away. A fierce battle was the consequence, and Bismarck killed his antagonist, but was disfigured for life by the loss of the end of his tail.

While Bismarck reigned, the only squirrel that gained a foothold in the dooryard without his consent was his wife. He chased her away time after time, but like some human wives, she persisted and won the day. Bismarck gave in when, instead of running away, his wife adopted the plan of running spirally up and down the tree trunks. Mrs. Bismarck's favorite tree was a large hemlock, which was about eighteen inches in diameter. The trunk of the tree was very short, not over eight feet in length from the ground to the lower limbs. The squirrels made two turns in either going up or down the tree, and their speed was too swift for the human eye. A brown band seemed for a moment wound about the tree, shifting as the squirrels ascended or descended. It was two weeks before Bismarck would allow his mate to remain in the dooryard. When peace was declared the two would eat side by side, but with Bismarck always scolding and growling, while his wife discreetly remained silent.

Bismarck was my schoolmaster. He taught me that squirrels think, plan and reason just as human beings do. Every time I threw to him a nut or bit of bread, I would see him do the thinking act. He would take the food to a boulder, where he would stop, hold up one foot ready to start again, and think out a good hiding place. When he had thought out a spot, he would run directly to it and conceal the food under leaves or pine needles and return to the dooryard for more. No two nuts or bits of bread were concealed in the same place. Several times I experimented to find out how many trips Bismarck would make. The greatest number was fifty-one. While the experiment was going on I noted each hiding place, as well as I could, and afterwards saw the squirrel go to many. He certainly remembered each spot, and his keen scent did the rest.

Bismarck was a thrifty squirrel. He did not disturb his hidden store while the food held out in the dooryard. He would call around early in the morning, and if he found me eating breakfast under the trees, he would run to a limb just over my head and look down in a cute way that meant "breakfast for two." If I did not respond he would probably say to himself, "the hermit don't mean to feed me to-day. I must fall back on the food that I hid away yesterday. Let me see, that first nut is under the edge of a boulder just back of the cabin." Off he goes straight to the spot. He noses out the nut, which he eats on the limb over my head, scattering the bits of shell onto the breakfast table. He is very sociable while eating, for he stops now and then to say something to me. I do not understand his exact language, but I know by the tone that he means to be friendly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Heredity and Telegony.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I confess that my statement about telegony (in your 13th) was obscure. Please let me recast it. "While it is utterly incorrect that telegony is an *invariable* following of a mesalliance, still it seems well proven that there are occurrences of it, although such are very rare, and a case of telegony will probably upset all theories of heredity that may be drawn from it, because the telegonous influence may be unknown."

But I am puzzled by Coahoma's statement—ativism, or "telegony," as Mr. Wade prefers to call it. Does not Coahoma know that the two subjects are totally unconnected? Ativism is reversion to an actual, legitimate ancestor, what we commonly call "throwing back"; telegony is where one sire fixes the character of the skin and hair, and a subsequent sire fixes all other characteristics; what we commonly call "the influence of a preceding sire." The ovum is impregnated only partially by the first sire, and the succeeding, and life-giving, sire determines its actual form and life.

The dog, born of full tailed parents, who was tailless himself, and who never begot full tailed progeny, does not support the tight theory of heredity, for he *departed* from all heredity, his begetting pups, like himself, came from individual potency, and not from heredity, and every experienced breeder knows how individual potency often upsets the general rule that "like begets like." As Coahoma's misunderstanding of the broad difference between ativism and telegony leaves me in doubt of just what he meant in his communication, I cannot follow him further at present. Yours truly,

W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., April 20.

Skunks and Hydrophobia.

ARIZONA has somewhat of an unsavory reputation in the way of Gila monsters, rattlesnakes, and tarantulas, but no word has been said of the hydrophobia skunk. This pestiferous little wretch causes more trouble and more deaths result from its bite than from all other causes of like character combined. But for the Pasteur Institute, in Chicago, the death rate from skunk bites would be appallingly large. The little brute is generally distributed from one end of the Territory to the other. On the great desert plains it has no home, but it more than makes up for any shortcoming in that direction by being extra plentiful elsewhere. It can safely be said that it is the only animal in the Territory affected by rabies. Dogs, wolves and coyotes go mad and bite everything within reach, but so far as known no serious results have ever followed. Under the personal knowledge of the writer animals have repeatedly been bitten by dogs having every indication of suffering with rabies without being similarly affected. When such animal runs mad much excitement is created, but as nothing more is heard of it the excitement soon dies away. Dr. George Martin, of Tucson, once told the writer that during the early occupation of old Fort Yuma a "mad" coyote ran amuck on the Arizona side of the Colorado, then swam the river, entered the post and bit some eight or ten people before it could be killed. As the Americans were comparatively new comers to the country, the most dreadful consequences were anticipated and feared, but in no one instance did they materialize. With Mr. Skunk, however, it is different, as a bite from him means either an expensive trip to the Pasteur Institute or an even less desirable one to the graveyard. Numerous cases could be shown to that end and the following may be taken as a fair illustration.

March 23, 1899, Mrs. C. M. Clay, of Tucson, died from the effects of such bite. About six weeks previously, when outing with her husband in the Santa Rita Mountains, near Greaterville, a skunk entered the tent one night where they were sleeping and bit her on the nose. The wound soon healed, and as they did not understand the nature of the case no further attention was paid to it. Later she was taken with a severe cold and returned to Tucson for treatment. Poison symptoms then developed and several physicians were called to attend the case. Some relief was had, and she did not appear to suffer greatly until a few days before her death, when violent paroxysms of pain and convulsions set in. When so suffering she had to be forcibly held by her attendants, whom she strove to bite. Death finally came in the midst of her sufferings. She was a most estimable lady, and her death was greatly regretted.

Last February a man by the name of D. C. Gregory, a miner working on Cave Creek, about forty miles north of Phoenix, was bitten on the toe of one foot. To avoid such visitors his tent had been tightly pegged down, but the skunk had dug its way under, and not satisfied with one bite it jumped on the bed and for fully five minutes tried to get at the man, who had secreted himself under the covers. The noise aroused the occupant of an adjoining tent, who went in and killed it. The next day Gregory went to Phœnix, and on the morning following left for the Pasteur Institute, at Chicago. Although he could not well bear the expense of the trip and treatment, he was, as he said, "too young and healthy a man to sit still and die of skunk bite." He returned in about a month thoroughly cured.

Silas Carson, a cowboy, living in the Sulphur Springs Valley, was bitten in the face on the night of July 25, 1900, while asleep in his camp. As the bite was not a severe on, and being accustomed to a rough life he thought but little of the occurrence for several weeks, when he was taken ill and showed symptoms of hydrophobia. He went at once to Wilcox and was taken by Dr. Alton to the Sisters Hospital in El Paso, Texas. Several of the leading physicians of that city were called in for consultation, but their efforts were of no avail, and he died after enduring horrible convulsions. His body was shipped to Blanco City for burial. PIMA.

YUMA, Ariz.

Fannin's Blue Heron.

IN a recent paper, published in the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Mr. Frank N. Chapman describes a new subspecies of the widely distributed great blue heron, under the name *Ardea herodias fannini*. This form was first brought to the author's attention by Mr. John Fannin, well known as the Curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria, V. I., who in 1900 presented the American Museum with an adult great blue heron from Vancouver Island. Other material has since been received from Queen Charlotte's Island, and the whole shows that the great blue heron of the northwest coast from Vancouver Island northward is entitled to a sub specific name. The subspecies is well named after the most enthusiastic ornithologist of the northwest coast.

The bird has a shorter tarsus, has the plumage throughout much darker, the upper parts being bluish slate black instead of bluish gray. The tibiæ are more feathered.

In the same paper Mr. Chapman expresses the opinion, based on a considerable amount of material, that the great blue heron of Florida known as *Ardea wardi* is not entitled to specific rank. He regards it as a southern race of the typical blue heron with which it intergrades. Its range extends west at least as far as Corpus Christi, Texas.

"I once had a cat which always sat up to the dinner table with me and had his napkin round his neck and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course; but he was very particular, and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish I sometimes gave him a piece of mine. One day he was not to be found when the dinner bell rang. Just as the plates were being put around for the entree, puss came rushing upstairs and sprang into his chair, with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse onto his own plate and then one onto mine. He divided his dinner with me as I divided mine with him."—St. James Gazette.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Mix Up of Game Laws.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 20.—The Indiana Game law continues to cut its wide swath of discontent and desolation among the Chicago shooters. Just now it is about the jacksnipe clause. The duck season is over, and everybody knows that, and everybody knows that it costs $25 to shoot ducks in Indiana and that you are mighty apt to get arrested if you don't dig out the $25. Under the peculiar wording of the law, however, jacksnipe, cottontail rabbits and two or three other things which might perhaps be flying or running targets, are not specified, unless both jacksnipe and cottontail rabbit are included under the head of "water fowl," which is not altogether clearly to be allowed in the case of either the jacksnipe or the rabbit. Now if the jacksnipe be not included under the name wildfowl, it does not come within the scope of the clause, which states that a license must be taken out for any of the above-mentioned birds or animals. Hence if one does not need a license nor a closing date on jacksnipe, it would seem he could go afield with his gun on the Indiana marshes, after all, with a certain amount of his erstwhile independence. There has been no practical way of deciding this question, and the matter has been discussed very warmly in Chicago all through this week. It is reported that Mr. Howe has word from the Secretary of State of Indiana that jacksnipe are not considered wildfowl and that no one will be bothered for hunting them. A local wise man says that there is a decision in the Indiana Supreme Court, jacksnipe to be wildfowl. I do not recollect ever hearing of such a decision. The same question was what was once mooted in this State, where jacksnipe were intentionally excepted from the intention of the law.

Under the circumstances, since it is practically sure thata these Indiana wardens will arrest a man on sight or suspicion, and since they have a right to do this in spite of the dictum of the Attorney-General or Secretary of State, and to take a case to the courts where only it can be determined, the safest thing would seem to be to let the jacksnipe of Indiana alone this spring. Wait till we have a test case. If this test case when taken to the courts shows that any one can hunt jacksnipe at any time and without a license in Indiana, then it is pretty plain that the loophole has at last been found, without which no Western game law is entitled to move in good society. It was the evident intention of our good Indiana friends to wipe Chicago off the shooting map, but next year it may appear that she has not yet quite done so.

The effect of this Indiana law on sporting goods trade of Chicago has been very apparent, and has indeed cut off a week or so of the shooting trade. Most of our snipe shooters used to go to Indiana, and not many of them know good grounds in Illinois.

The jacks are in now at Fox Lake, Ill., in some numbers. One bag, which I much misdoubt to be apocryphal, is reported of sixty-five snipe early this week near Fox Lake. Oswald Von Lergerke starts to-day for the marsh near Momence, Ill. Mr. Phil Woodford and Mr. W. L. Wells are figuring on the Skokie marsh, north of Chicago, for next Tuesday. No very good jacksnipe shooting is reported, though no doubt there are a great many birds in on the lower marshes.

No New Illinois Warden.

On April 17, Governor Yates, in reply to an inquiry, stated that there had been no change made in the office of State Game Commissioner. This would seem to quiet rumors to the effect that present incumbent, Mr. H. W. Loveday, has been removed.

Visitors.

Mr. George A. Clarke and Mr. F. W. Willard, both of Topeka, Kan., are in town to-day buying fishing tackle. These gentlemen belong to the Lake View Fishing and Hunting Club, whose lake lies between Topeka and Lawrenee. They have very god fly-fishing for bass on Lawrence. They have very good fly-fishing for bass on favorite Kansas waters, the Cottonwood and the little Ninnescah, are both splendid bass waters to-day, notably the Ninnescah, along its lower reaches, where are little bayous and pockets making back from the stream. I used to have very good bass fishing out in Kansas more than a dozen years ago.

Mr. Clarke has spent many years rambling over the Western States, and has fished for trout all over Colorado and Wyoming. He says that the prettiest trout stream he ever tackled is the Tongue River, of Wyoming, which is best reached via Ranchester, on the Burlington road. Thence one goes overland to Dayton, near the foot of the mountains. There is a tie camp in the mountains up the Tongue, and it is only due to this tie camp that one is able to get up to the best fishing waters. The lumbermen have built a long flume, some six or eight miles long, which is trestled up along the face of the cliffs, sometimes 90 feet sheer above the ground. One has to climb up the flume, for it is impossible to ascend the cañon of the Tongue River otherwise. Once in the cañon, one fishes down stream, and there is a fall of water 3 to 4 feet broken up into pools 30 to 60 feet in extent and 4 to 12 feet in depth. Mr. Clarke says that he has sometimes looked down from the high trestle of the flume above such a pool and seen it almost packed with trout running in weight from ¾ pound to 3½ pounds.

Mr. Arthur Goshorn, editor and owner of the Winterset News, of Winterset, Ia., paid this office a visit during the week. Mr. Goshorn was one of my classmates in college, seventy or eighty years ago, and I have not seen him since we bore our collegiate honors thick upon us. He has turned out to be not only a newspaper man, but a famous hunter and fisherman, so there is little doubt that he is entitled to be called a successful man. He is expecting some good snipe shooting near his city

this spring, and after that he will go into the Rocky Mountains for a fishing trip. I find that he hunts elk and deer out near Kalispel, Mont., where he has a brother living, and they go out with a guide who has killed eighty-seven grizzlies along what is known as Coal Creek, which I think runs up toward the Blackfoot reservation on the west coast of the Rockies.

Mr. W. H. Cornwell, one of the directors of the Chicago Gun Club, is about this week looking pretty badly, but better than he was some months ago. On Feb. 9, while Mr. Cornwell was experimenting with some flash light powders, an explosion took place which blew his right hand to pieces. The best the doctors could do was to leave him the little finger and the next finger, the first two fingers and the thumb being entirely removed. The hand is at last healing, and Mr. Cornwell begins to figure how he is going to do his shooting. He is hopeful and cheerful, and willing to begin all over again, and learn to shoot from his left shoulder if that be necessary. For the consolation of Mr. Cornwell and others who may thus unfortunately be deprived of the use of the right hand, it may be stated that scientists declare that the use of the left hand in any special function is much more quickly gained than one would suppose. The education of one hand unconsciously educates the other. Thus a man experimenting for a term of weeks in lifting weights with his right arm, found that while his left arm had not increased in strength so much as the right, it still was very much stronger than before the right arm was used in this way. It takes a long while to learn to write with the right hand, but after one has learned to use the right hand in that way he can learn to write with his left hand very much more quickly. There are a great many shooters who have changed late in life to shooting from the left shoulder. Thus our friend Bobo, who has lost his left eye, is going to shift and learn how to shoot from his right shoulder, he being formerly a left-handed shooter. By the way, Bobo goes home to-day, as well as one could be after so sad a misfortune as his.

Sighting a Rifle.

Billy Hofer and I have this week been doing some work in sighting a couple or rifles, and our experiments may have a certain interest for others who buy rifles out of stock. In the first place, I wanted to get a high power gun, with the deliberate intention of mussing up my grizzly bear as badly as possible when we came to shake hands out in the mountain this spring. Pop Hirth, over at Spalding's, had a second-hand .30-40 which was as good as new, but which the owner was willing to alienate for a consideration. We spent three days in trying to get a group with this rifle, and we never did it. We found that the original factory sights had been taken from this gun, and that an ivory bead Lyman had been put on. We could not do much with this sight and the hind sight, which had been put on the rifle, hence we put on a new hind sight and the original factory fore sight. Still we could not get the group we wanted. Then we filed down the rear sight and put on a still higher fore sight. Result, instead of shooting 6 inches high, as had been the case, the gun shot about 8 inches low at 75 yards. As we still could not get a decent group, Billy and I gave it up, and concluded we did not want this gun at all. It probablw has a bit of rust or lead in it. Then, as I expected to leave town in a few days, we got Pop Hirth to wire the Winchester factory to send out a brand new .30-40 with shotgun butt, ivory fore sight and with a platinum line Winchester express sight, which has a flat top and three leaves. This was the sight which Billy Hofer says he had on his rifle, and which he said was very satisfactory. We also wired the factory to test this rifle with a point blank of 100 yards. The rifle came promptly and in time, and with it a target of seven shots, all in the 6-inch bullseye at 100 yards, one of them plumb center, and only two wild ones. "This begins to look like a gun," said Billy, and we immediately took it out to try it. This time we found we had our gun. The only difficulty is that owing to the rapid taper of the .30-40 barrel this express sight sits almost too low to enable one to draw a real fine sight. We cannot tell whether our tests at the factory were with the 50-yard leaf or the 100-yard leaf. When we drew down as fine as we could see the front bead with the 50-yard leaf we got a splendid group, but it was just below the edge of the bullseye. With this fine draw we found that there was a little glimmer from the middle part of the band which goes across the breech of the barrel.

"We will take some salt and water," said Billy, "and we'll kill that little glare off the bluing. Then we'll have a gun that will cut the head of a grouse or the heart of a bear at any distance you want, from nothing up to 200 yards. I have tried my gun with those sights and I never monkey with the last sight at all, but just turn her loose, and I always get what I want."

I don't think any man can shoot a given rifle perfectly until he has gotten a little bit used to it. My .30-30 I found a very sweet shooting gun, and I am loath to give it up for the .30-40, which I do not believe is as accurate an arm in any specimen of the breed as is it as accurate an arm in any specimen of the breed as the .30-30; yet I want something which will work havoc and devastation. The Winchester people sent out at Billy's suggestion some of their hollow-pointed .30-40 bullets. These I do not believe are on the market regularly, but Billy says he saw them tried by some of the gentlemen of the firm on elk (Mr. Hooper and Mr. Winchester Bennett) last fall, and they smashed the back bone of an elk plumb in two. We confidently believe that we have got a bear gun this time.

Now for the gentler member of the party it was necessary to get a .22, and we took a Marlin out of stock. It has a rear sight of the pronghorn, stair step pattern, which used to be common on all our rifles, along with the very coarse metal fore sight. We tried these sights and found that the little gun put the bullets in one place, but too high. Hence we took a hammer and a chisel and smashed all the sights off of this gun also. We put on the same platinum line express sights for the rear sight and picked out a little low ivory bead front sight. Then we went to work on a 1-inch bullseye at a distance of 20 or 30 feet. We thought we were missing the whole target, but when we came to check up we found we were getting in the black practically all the time. We quit monkeying with that gun then.

Billy Hofer tells me that the reason rifles are sent out sighted as they are is that the factory is unable to hit upon any one sight which will please everybody. Hence they send out a good, fair working sight and let every fellow do his own tinkering afterward. The result of such amateur tinkering in the case of a .30-40 or .30-30 is nearly always disastrous, and I have heard of many fellows who changed their fore sight and then wondered why they could not get a good pattern with these high-power rifles. I went through this sort of thing with my .30-30, and at last went back to the factory sights, which pleased me better in that gun than anything I have ever found in my experiments. Personally, I like to have a sight which I can draw very fine, and I have a front sight on my .30-30 which permits this. When I want to go up in the 200 yards business, I just draw it a little fuller, and it gets in among the proper spots without any further bother. As to the extension rear sight, I do not see what earthly use there is for one on one of these small-bore rifles, and I would just as soon have a plain flat bar, close to the barrel, with a small notch in it, as a $14 sight with pink frills.

Indeed I believe the very perfection in rifle sighting was that which used to be put on the old squirrel rifles. My father told me it took him many days to sight his squirrel rifle, and I imagine it might surprise a good many to learn how he cut the notch in the rear sight. He did not use any file or saw, but went down in the notch little by little, simply wearing away the soft steel by the diligent use of a soft-pointed pin, such as is ordinarily found on a lady's dressing table. Thus, hair by hair, he got the rear sight just deep enough, until eventually the old rifle would put five shots at 80 yards into almost the same hole, showing only a little ragged edge which could almost be covered by a silver dime. I still have this old gun, and I must say that I would not part with it for all the other rifles I know of or have ever owned. But that is the way to sight a rifle. Take time and do not take chances. I wish I had these squirrel sights on all my high-power rifles. They are good enough.

The repeater notion did a great deal toward killing accurate sighting and accurate shooting among riflemen of America. Too many of us are willing to blaze away at a bunch of hair, forgetting the sage counsel of Joe Kipp, who says he would rather have a weak rifle which would shoot just where he wanted to, than a bigger gun in which he had no confidence. Bobo, when consulted, snorted at the idea that I needed any better bun than my .45-70, with which I blew a big hole through a black bear in his country. But Bobo's idea of a rifle is one that will stand hard knocks and never needs cleaning.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

J. E. Overton to Be Reinstated.

THE removal of State Fish and Game Protector John E. Overton, of Port Jefferson, and the appointment of Capt. Selah T. Clock (who formerly held the position) to be his successor, has created a great deal of comment in the newspapers and considerable activity among the friends of Mr. Overton, and indeed among those who hitherto have not always been looked upon as his friends. There was a general feeling that Mr. Overton was a good official and had done more than any of his predecessors to secure enforcement of the laws relating to fisheries and game. The only charge against him was that he had gone to Albany to appear against the McKeown bill, which was detrimental to the interests of the baymen and net fishermen of the county. He angered some of the members of the Fish, Forest and Game Commission who favored the bill, but considered that he was doing right in fighting it as the people of Suffolk county were practically a unit against it.

When Overton was summarily removed Senator McKinney named Mr. Clock as his successor, but took no part in the fight against Mr. Overton. The latter at once appealed to the Civil Service Commission and retained counsel to fight the matter in the courts. He secured the backing of some of the most influental men in Suffolk county, who considered the move ill advised and likely to stir up factional feeling which had been allayed.

The News is just in receipt of a telegram from Albany announcing upon the authority of Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, President of the State Fish, Forest and Game Commission, that the charges against Mr. Overton will be dismissed and that he will be reinstated.—Suffolk County News, Sayville, N. Y., April 19.

The Hunting License.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in your columns about hunting licenses. I think it is all right to tax non-resident hunters $25, and citizens of the State $5, and of the county $1. But my idea is that this will not last long. I think the next move will be from $5 to $25 and that will bar the poor man out, and some day it may be that the highest bidder takes the earth, as they have in some places across the pond. Who is doing all the slaughter of game? It is not the poor man. I see all the best duck marshes and shooting grounds are owned or leased by some club, so the slaughter must be in such places. If there are any vacations for hunters, it will surely be in the shooting season, and they will spend their time at their shooting ground if club members and will not stop shooting when they have enough for their table, but will take all they can get. I don't say they will all do this, but nine out of every ten will. I have seen enough in eighteen years when shooting was good, but never took more than I could carry; but I have seen some who would ship what they couldn't carry.

Speaking about saving our game, the only way is to prohibit the sale of game at all times, and to stop shooting over a dog, say for about two years; that will multiply game. It is only the rich man that can afford to buy a dog for about $150, and it is not so hard to get game when you have a high-bred dog trained by a professional to point the birds for you. This is one way. The other way is, if the rich man wants it all, to put a $50 license for hunting, and you will surely have it all. Don't worry; we can't go hunting next fall on account of not working full time this winter; that is how we have to do. On the other hand, the rich man owns all the best duck marshes, high-grade guns, the dog, has the money and the time, and can hire men to push him around the lake or as a guide for big game. What more do they want? If there is not enough game around for them, let them leave the dog home for two years and they will have all they want.

The $5 license is a good move and ought to be pushed along, for the reason that it will keep the boy hunter from killing song birds. If the license requirement includes farmers, who do quite a little hunting, we will see that we will have a hard time getting permission to hunt, for the license farmers will want the game themselves, and will not let you hunt on their grounds.

WM. HORN.

A Spring Swan.

A LARGE trumpeter swan, on exhibition at The Sportsman, is attracting much attention. The bird was shot on the Chemung River by Ralph Sartor.—Gazette.

Why was the "bird" shot? We do not know; but we make the following conjecture: Chiefly because it was a stranger and was alive. Possibly it may be eaten. Probably not. Perhaps some taxidermist may make a more or less satisfactory "stuffing" of the fowl, and then being "set up" it will add another object to some home for some housekeeper to "dust" and move about and wish a thousand times it were out of her way. But this is an aside from the theme that held my mind and led me to put pen to paper. My thought was of spring shooting. I am informed that recently some of the generous-minded sportsmen of this county (I hope none of them are "spring shooters") have at considerable cost purchased and released in various parts of the county a quantity of quail. This I am very glad to learn. But how sad it would be if just at this mating and nest-building season the desire to "kill something" should lead some impulsive young man to destroy these quail. Every death of bird or fowl in the spring cuts off the hope of increase in the autumn and is a step toward the extermination of our feathered friends. The spring migration toward breeding grounds and nests should be sacredly protected by a public sentiment which should frown upon and even punish the use of firearms against any migrant.

The successful shot at that swan cuts off the hope of how many well-grown young cygnets for next November? Says Rowland Robinson, than whom no truer sportsman ever lived: "Farmers do not kill their breeding ewes in March nor butcher cows that are to calve in a month; it does not pay. Why should sportsmen be less provident of the stock they prize so dearly; stock that has so few care-takers, so many enemies? Certainly it does not pay in the long run." May the day soon come when the tired swan, or goose, or duck, stopping a moment in its long flight to bathe its tired wings in the cool water of the river; to drink and perchance to nibble a little at some early springing greenness, shall be left in peace, to be admired in the gracefulness of its alive, alert, personality, and wished a hearty godspeed when it lifts itself again for the long flight to its boreal nesting place.—T. A. W. in Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser, March 29.

"Little Bat."

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Announcement was made in your colums of the shooting of "Little Bat" at Crawford, Neb., in December, by Haguewood.

The trial of Haguewood has just taken place, and he has been acquitted.

Discussion as to the justice or injustice of the case would be out of place here, but there is at least some righteous indignation at the result.

Although a Sioux Indian "Bat" was a true friend of the white man, being actively employed in the service of the Government ever since he was "old enough to eat beans," to use the expression of one of his army friends.

He had served many years as chief of scouts, in which capacity he had rendered invaluable service to the Government.

He was held in high esteem by Generals Miles, Crook, Brooke and many others who personally knew him and his achievements. He was among the few who were left of the "old boys" of Indian fame, and to think of his being "wiped out" in such an ignominious way, after facing so many perils, seems hard. Possibly few men living to-day have as interesting a history as he, when we refer to frontier life and adventure. When I saw him and hunted with him in 1893 he had a record of eighty-four bears, all of the big Rocky Mountain type, and he told me he hoped to round up his hundred before he went "over the range." He was of medium stature, but very heavily built, weighing perhaps 180 pounds. His feats with the rifle among game and of trailing were wonderful. Although killed in a saloon row, he was buried with all the honors of a military officer.

EMERSON CARNEY.

The Plank and the Press.

From the Cumberland (British Columbia) News.

THE various game associations in the Province, and sportsmen generally, are awakening to the fact that our game must have better protection if there is to be any sport for the future. Various remedies are suggested, and one issue is the taxing of all guns, the money thus collected to be applied in paying some wardens in different sections. There is a diversity of opinion regarding the wisdom of this step, as it is urged that certain people, such as prospectors and others who may have to depend on the gun at times for a meal, would be unjustly taxed. However, this perhaps could be arranged. The News some time ago advised the prohibiting the sale of all game. Gallinaceous game birds should certainly have this protection. The Victoria Times and other papers reprinted some of our articles and commended our suggestions. Our neighbors in the United States, and especially in the East, have long since

awakened to the fact that market hunters are responsible for the rapid depletion of their fields and forests of game birds, and have in most States formed very strong and influential bodies for the better protection of the birds, and their standard is "Stop the sale of game." The Forest and Stream, the leading paper on sport in America, has long advocated the non sale of game, and has been largely instrumental in bringing about this change of sentiment from the old one of "Kill all and by any means." The great plank in that paper's platform to-day is "Stop the sale of game." If there is to be an amendment to the act, let that clause be inserted. Residents of Hornby and Denman islands are complaining bitterly of the destruction of the blue grouse on those islands by pot-hunters for sale. The respectable class all say, "Stop the sale of game."

Where Is the Long Island Protector?

Long Island, N. Y., April 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago I happened to get hold of one of your papers, and I found in it some of the best reading matter or sporting events that I have ever read, and was also surprised to hear of so much agitation and discussions on spring shooting. Now I live on a meadow in Jamaica Bay, and if there is a place in this world that needs the game laws enforced more than this bay does, then I will give it up. I have killed about 100 black ducks and geese this past season, all shot according to law; and I safely predict that if the three evils of dusking ducks, jacking geese and spring shooting were abolished there would be no trouble to get a mess of birds most any day. It seems to me that there are no game wardens in this bay, because the violators of the game laws are constantly dusking ducks and jacking geese.

It would be no trouble to catch these men, and I would like to have your paper give the matter a little consideration, as I, for one, even though a bay man, would like to continue gunning in a legitimate way, but if things continue, I suppose I will have to get in line and violate too in order to get a bird or so.

One week last fall three men went jacking geese twice a night, and got 23 for the week's shooting, and then the birds disappeared and did not show up again until this spring.

Now I will go further and name the places where the men can be caught. Jacking geese is done all along the meadow shore, principally West bay, Grassy bay, narrow bays and head of bay. Dusking ducks is done on Springfield meadows by about 20 men each night, and on the other meadows of the bay by about three or four men on each. It would be a happy evening for me in the fall if I could go to bed knowing that on the morrow I would have a chance at the geese and ducks as of old. Hoping I have made no enemies. A Bayman.

Ducks in Massachusetts.

Brookline, Mass., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much surprised in reading Special's article, dated April 13, at the statement "ducks of all kinds are protected from April 15 to September 1," and I would like to call attention to the fact that in the State of Massachusetts black ducks, wood ducks and teal are protected from *March* 1 to September 1.

This is a new law, and I fear many people are in ignorance of it, and many more people, I grieve to say, do not care.

A great many black ducks have been killed on Cape Cod since the first of March this year, and yet I have heard of no one being called to account. Laws that are not enforced are precious little good, and game wardens (if there are any on Cape Cod) seem to have the same pleasing characteristic. Whistler.

That Court Document.

St. Augustine, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "court document" concerning the case of the Marlin Arms Co. versus G. O. Shields, ex-game and plume bird exterminator par excellence of the South and West, fell somehow into my hands a few days ago, and as a sample of ingenious bamboozling and hoodwinking by the party of the second part, I found it as amusing as one of David Harum's horse trades. No one is likely to swear that the letter from Washington, D. C., and that by "Coyote" from Montana were written for a special purpose by Mr. Shields, but no one can be debarred the privilege of *thinking,* and I think that a man with one eye can see through the little game even in the dark, though he may not know a Marlin rifle from a marlinspike.

Didymus.

New Bern, N. C., Notes.

The house boat Nirohda, which has been lying in port here for the last three months, has left in tow of the tug Virginia. The owner of the house boat is Col. Sheffield Phelps, son of Ex-Minister Phelps. Col. Phelps came here a month ago and has entertained a number of New Bern friends on his boat. The craft is bound for its summer quarters at Englewood, N. J.

Visiting sportsmen have had great luck with ducks, snipe and quail during the season just closed. Snipe have been abundant all winter, but are scarce now. The hook and line fishermen are beginning their spring campaign, while the shad supply has fallen off. Cold weather has retarded but not injured the truck. J. L. K.

Buckshot and Bullet.

Harrisburg, Pa., April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bill introduced in the Legislature provides that it shall be unlawful to hunt or destroy any buck, doe or fawn at any time "with any weapon containing or loaded with more than one bullet shot or missile for each load intended to be fired."

There is little hope that it will pass, for it is opposed by the selfish clique who assume to regulate and make all our game laws. This bill was created by J. G. Dillin, of Radnor, Pa., who has given almost his entire life to the study of forest and game conditions. About 75 per cent. of the Pennsylvania hunters use buckshot in deer hunting, which means three cripples to one kill.

Bullet.

The Horse Accounted For.

Prince Bay, N. Y., April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this week's issue of your paper under heading of "Sportsman Tourist" I read "Lost," and when I read his story in "Lost," found a horse was in the scrape. I have just enough Yankee curiosity left in me to want to know what became of that horse; he must have been lost and really forgotten. H. L. Allen.

Bangor, April 15.—Your favor in hand. Open ridges are called in Maine "horse backs." Your typesetter made a mistake. The word preceding horse back in my manuscript is or should be *or*, reading thus: "Traveling for a while on an open ridge or horse back." We discovered the mistake ourselves and were sorry. Hoping that this will relieve the anxiety of H. L. Allen, I remain, yours, J. A. Thompson.

P. S.—Unfortunately by the premature discharge of a gun years ago, my writing is awful, so I depend on others to copy my stories.

American Quails for Sweden.

Under date of March 14, 1901, Consul Nelson, of Bergen, reports to the State Department that the import of American quails into Sweden by Count Claës Lewenhaupt, of Fosstorjo, has awakened lively interest. More than 5,000 quails, representing a sum of about $3,500, have been ordered for the spring, and still more orders are expected. The birds will be sent in cages—fifty in each cage—constructed especially for this purpose, and the best hopes are entertained as to successful transportation. The small lot of American quails which were set free in Count Lewenhaupt's estate at Claëstorp last spring have endured the winter very well, and it appears that Sweden has good prospects of an increase in its game birds.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Notice.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Any Old Fly.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There appeared on the editorial page of your issue of April 6th a quotation which has since continued to disturb my usual serenity. And at the risk of making a nuisance of myself, I venture to register a mild protest.

The quotation itself I first noticed some years ago in a fishing tackle catalogue, where it served to enhance the value of a list of flies which surrounded it, and where were other quotations of a sentimental nature, equally well calculated to precipitate an estrangement between a fool and his money.

I take the liberty to repeat the portion of your quotation which has troubled me:

"A well-made fly is a beautiful object, an ill-made one an eyesore and annoyance; and it is a great satisfaction both to exhibit and examine a well-filled book of handsomely tied flies. R. B. Roosevelt."

Admirable as is this sentiment and true as it undoubtedly is as a generol proposition, one portion of it seems quite objectionable if it is to be taken without qualification. With the assertion "a well-made fly is a beautiful object" no one can quarrel, but would it be fair to say that under all circumstances an ill-made one is an eyesore and annoyance?

Well-made bass flies are expensive, costing from $2 to $4 a dozen. After the first bass has toyed with one a short time it is often difficult to determine whether the fly was originally a beautiful object or an eyesore. And under such circumstances "a well-filled book of handsomely tied flies" is a luxury and often beyond the reach of the man to whom the struggle for his life and for the life of others is no dream.

Now, any one, with a few instructions and a little practice, can tie his own bass flies at an expense of not to exceed 25 cents a dozen. Ill-tied and ungainly they may be, yet as effective as the best, and the better attempts are a source of justifiable pride. What if the product falls upon the water like a geological specimen, rather than a native of flydom. Noise is as apt to pass for merit among fish as among men.

Even in my limited experience I have known several honest flybooks to be filled with the home-made article, to the mutual satisfaction to the makers and the fish. And who would have the heart to call them eyesores and annoyances, knowing that they represent the best efforts of a good fellow with a love of angling in his heart, and one to whom these products of his clumsy fingers are treasures no less dear than are the finest works of the most skillful workmen to his more prosperous brethern.

Besides, who will have the assurance to deny that this very thing is a necessary step in the universal evolution? And will any one willingly, by discouraging this intermediate development, prevent or delay the final appearance of the perfect fly—nay, even the perfect fly fisherman?

Yes, a well-made fly is a beautiful object, and by all means let each one keep in stock as many as he can possibly afford, and a few more, but let us not allow a sentimental fancy to cause us to belittle the respectable, if humble, relative. Let due allowance be made for its heredity and environment. No fly (artificial) should be condemned as an eyesore and annoyance if it has made the very best of its opportunities.

So far as clothes go to make the man, so far feathers go to make the fly; no further. Self-sacrifice can transform and beautify a shabby garment. Why not an untidy hackle? Under its magic any old fly becomes to me a "beautiful object." Hence these tears. F. A. C.

Tackle for Keuka Lake.

Landlocked Salmon.—We would suggest the same tackle for these waters as we have found to be the best for Maine waters.

Flies for Casting—Silver-doctor and Jock-Scott (regular salmon flies of No. 20 or 30 hooks), brown-hackle, cowdung, Montreal and Parmachenee-belle on No. 10 hooks.

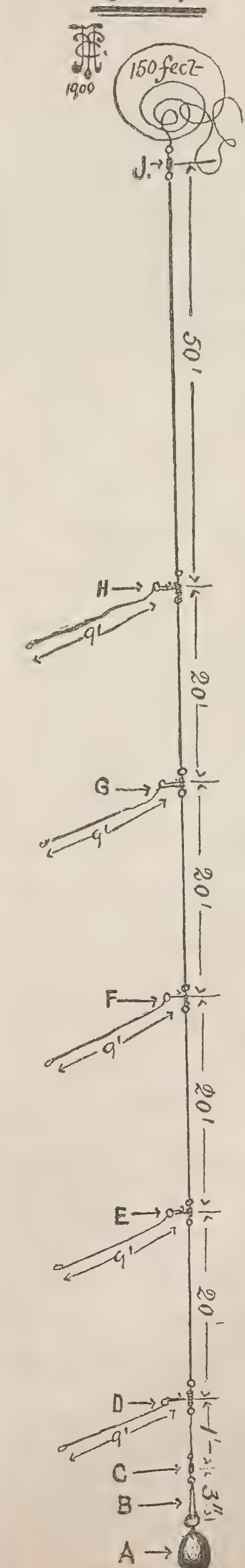
Trolling Rigs—Delaware-belle (both light and dark), live minnows and small minnows with Skinner's No. 2 silver casting spoon.

Great Lake Trout.—Owing to the great depth of water in Lake Keuka and the uncertainty of what depth the fish are feeding, also the variety of trout and salmon (all of which prefer different depths and temperatures), the most successful and only satisfactory way of fishing for them is with a hand line (hereafter described), using minnows on gangs and spoons.

Nothing can be done with live minnows on single hooks and rod and reel in this deep water, where 250 feet of line is only an ordinary length to have out. The weight of this line will counterbalance the strike of the fish, so that a bite will not be felt, and if felt the fish cannot be struck, as the bait will have been torn from the hook before the line can be drawn tight enough to strike the fish and embed the hook.

Local fishermen use the ordinary Seth Green gang and succeed in hooking about 30 per cent. of the fish that strike; we use a gang of our own pattern, and hook about 90 per cent. of the fish that strike. We give cuts and explanations of the two gangs later on. The ordinary spinning spoon with a gang of hooks is also useless; the only one of value is a wobbler, which we also give a cut of toward the end of this article.

CUT. 1.



Rainbow Trout.—Rainbow trout are taken on bass baits and tackle, also on the lake trout rigs.

Black Bass.—Use regular flies for casting. For trolling, Delaware-belles (light and dark). Live baits, minnows, chickets, worms, grasshoppers and above all, helgramites—the last mentioned is out and out the best live bait for Keuka.

Pickerel.—Troll with Skinner's No. 2 casting spoons (silver and brass), put a piece of the white belly of another fish on the hook for bait. Live bait, minnows.

Perch.—Same as for bass, given above.

How to Make a Trolling Line for Lake Keuka or Any Other Deep Water.

Commence at the bottom with a loop 3 inches long (B, cut 1), on which is to be fastened swivel sinker (A); both ends of the line forming this loop should be securely fastened in the lower eye of swivel C. Between swivel C and whippletree D should be a piece of line about a foot long—between each whippletree D, E, F, G and H a piece of line 20 feet long, thus making the upper whippletree H about 80 feet above the bottom. Between whippletree H and swivel J another piece of line 50 feet long; above swivel J a piece of line 150 feet long.

For minnow fishing the best line to use is G silk enameled from swivel J down to loop B, and E silk enameled line above swivel J.

Leaders for Minnows—Single gut 9 feet long—swivel on one end and loop on the other.

For spoon fishing a line two sizes larger is best—E below swivel J and F above. Leaders for spoons should be made of E line, 9 feet long, having a good sized loop at one end, to which the spoon is fastened and a swivel at the other to fasten to the whippletree.

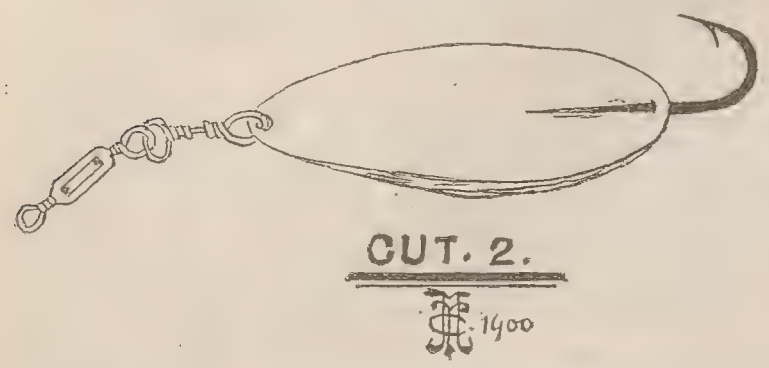
Spoons.—The only good spoons for Keuka's deep trolling is a silver wobbler, which is shown in cut 2. As will be seen, it has a single hook only, which is inserted through the end and then soldered to the inside of the spoon.

Gangs.—In fishing very deep water where lines of 250 to 300 feet are out, we found that we seldom hooked more than one fish out of four or five that struck on the ordinary Seth Green gang. Upon comparing our experience with other anglers, we found their experience to be the same as ours. Invariably the minnow was taken. After reasoning over the matter we came to the conclusion that lake trout generally strike the minnow crosswise, and also on the out-

side of the bend (which is put on for trolling). Without this curvature the minnow would be simply dragged through the water without any semblance of life; with it the minnow swerves and lunges about just like a maimed fish. Also the hooks used on the Seth Green gang were far too coarse.

CUT 3.—A is the ordinary Seth Green gang, B is one of our own design, C the minnow curved on a Seth Green gang, D the minnow curved on our own gang, E (in dotted lines) is the mouth of a lake trout seizing a minnow on a Seth Green gang without touching a hook. F is the same fish seizing a minnow on our gang and getting hooks G into its mouth. Our experience has been a little tug, scarcely perceptible, on a Seth Green gang and the minnow and fish are gone; on ours, the same little tug and the fish is securely hooked.

Hook G should always be fastened into the dorsal fin of the minnow; it is then pretty sure to be taken well



CUT. 2.

1900

into the fish's mouth. Seventy-five per cent. of the lake trout we catch get this hook into their mouth somewhere; fully 60 per cent. this hook and no other. We very much doubt whether the other hooks of our gang could not be advantageously discarded. Certainly the center one on the other gut could. We would be willing to put up a wager that if the dorsal fin hook only were used and the minnow bent with a piece of silk thread, more fish would be taken on this hook than on a Seth Green gang fully equipped.

As there is no possible chance of striking a fish on 300 feet of line, only the finest of hooks should be used. We make our gangs of Nos. 8, 10 and 12 hooks. No. 10 we fancy are the best; with these sharp, fine hooks the fish easily hooks itself.

THE WHIPPLETREE.—This is also a device of our own—there are many others, but all have their disadvantages. What is required is a device where the fastening is absolutely secure and yet at the same time a leader can be taken off or put on it in a second. The advantage of a whippletree is that if a fish works around the main line the leader turns the whippletree, thus preventing the fish from winding the leader around the line.

The necessity of being able to take off a leader quickly is: You hook a fish on one of the lower leaders and work your fish gradually in until you come to a leader; if this leader is taken into the boat and remains attached to the main line, and the fish makes a run on you, you have either to let go of the line altogether or run the chance of getting a gang of hooks into your hand (as we have often done before designing our whippletree).

The long, deep trolling line of Keuka is only an exaggerated Paternoster which was in vogue as far back as the immortal Walton, and was used commonly in his time for perch fishing.

Instead of simply illustrating this whippletree, we give a series of cuts and sections showing how any one who can hold a pair of pliers in his hand can make one. The necessary tools are three pairs of pliers (flat and round nosed), cutters and a file. The material, one piece of 14-gauge hard brass wire, 8 or 10 inches long (this is the bar on which the device is made), three pieces of merchant brass wire, 18-gauge, 6 inches long each. Merchant wire is not so hard and brittle as regular spring wire, and not so soft as to not have any spring in it.

CUT 4.—Section 1. A is a piece of 14-gauge wire; B is one of the pieces of 18-gauge wire wound around A from right to left half a dozen times; C is another piece of 18-gauge wire wound around A in an opposite direction to B.

Section 2. Draw B and C close together on the bar A, then make two or three twists around themselves, as shown in D, leaving two ends E and F.

Section 3. Turn end E (in section 2) up at right angles to bar A; then cut it off about ⅜ of an inch from the twist. With a pair of round-nosed pliers turn the loop F—straighten out end F (in section 2) and then about ⅝ of an inch from the twist turn the eye G—cut off the end of the wire ⅛ of an inch beyond the loop F and turn the extreme point up, as shown in H.

Now take the whippletree off of bar A, cut off the two ends B2 and C2 and with a file smooth off all ragged edges and points, also the points of F and H.

Section 4. Turn an eye K in the third piece of 18-gauge wire, winding the end around the bar two or three times L.

Section 5. On the wire of section 4 string a glass beam M, then follow it with whippletree BB, finish off with turning an eye K2 on the top similar to the eye K1 on the bottom. The device is now ready for use. To attach a leader, pass the eye of swivel N (section 5) over the point H and down into the eye G, as shown in section 3; then spring down the arm under the loop F. If properly made, this light device will stand a strain of 30 to 35 pounds.

O (in section 5) is a 9-foot single gut leader with gang P attached ready for a minnow.

The following swivel sinkers should be carried for this line: 2-ounce, 4-ounce, 6-ounce and 8-ounce. The heavy ones are required for very deep water or where two lines are being used.

CUT 5.—With two lines, weighted with two sinkers, say 3 ounces and 6 ounces, two anglers can fish from the same boat, for the set of leaders on line A will be from 20 to 40 feet behind the leaders on line B, so that they will not get tangled, but should the long line A get a fish on it, the short one B should be taken in, otherwise occasionally the fish will run around the short line when nearing the boat.

On account of the number of breaks, whippletrees, swivels, etc., on this line, a special reel is necessary for it. We give a cut herewith of the one we use. They are simple and easily made.

CUT 6.—The Reel. AA are two pieces of plain pine wood, 14 inches long, 2 inches wide and ⅜ of an inch thick, shaped as shown in cut. BB are two round smooth bars of wood an inch in diameter, fastened at each end with a couple of screws. CC are two pieces of brass wire 1 inch from bars BB and fastened at the end with nuts or turned into the wood. The upper end of the line should be securely fastened to this bar in case the line has to be thrown overboard temporarily for any purpose. The reel acts as a buoy to mark the line.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

NEW YORK CITY.

Fishing in Lake Keuka.

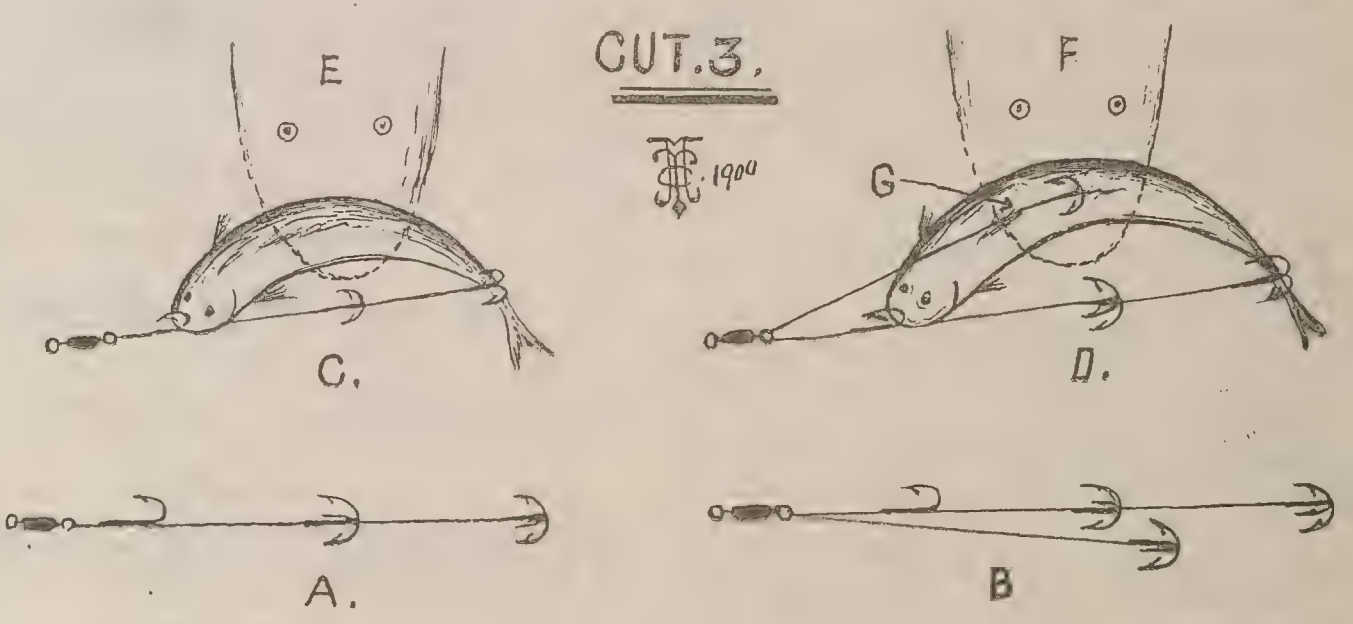
LAKE KEUKA is one of the liquid gems that adorn the map of central New York, and is one of the most pleasing and beautiful lakes in the State. Its form is Y-shaped; the upper end lies in Steuben county and the two arms in Yates county. The level of the lake is about 800 feet above the sea; its length from Hammondsport through the East Branch to Penn Yan is 22 miles, and from Hammondsport through the West Branch to Branchport 18 miles. The country surrounding this lake is the champagne district of America; here, as in no other part of the United States, does grape growing and wine making engross the entire population. It is also a region rich in Indian traditions. Red Jacket's summer and winter resorts are pointed out to the tourist and stranger sojourning in this delightful spot. Tradition says that here Red Jacket rested, fished and hunted, but that no heartrending, resounding war-whoops echoed o'er this happy scene, for here he laid aside his tomahawk and other weapons of war; here now, as of old, is peace and repose. But we are diverging from our subject, which is:

Owing principally to the late Seth Green, Lake Keuka is one of the best stocked open fishing waters on this continent. The public, generally, know but little about the grand, exceptional fishing to be found in this lake.

The question has often been put to us by hotelkeepers and residents along the lake, "Why is not the lake more frequented by New Yorkers and fishermen from the eastern part of the State?" We have carefully studied the question, and from conversations we have had with anglers and pleasure seekers, get but one answer, "It is an out-of-the-way place and takes a week to get there." This is correct, although two of our leading trunk roads run within half a dozen miles of the lake. Although it is only 300 miles distant from New York, it takes almost half as long again to reach it as it does to get to Chautauqua, which is nearly 450 miles from New York.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R. runs first-class, fast trains to Bath—the transfer station to the lake. Here the traveler takes the Bath & Hammondsport R. R. to the shores of Keuka Lake—eight miles distant by rail. The connections are such that the traveler has to wait anywhere from half an hour to four hours before he can get out of Bath again; when he does eventually reach the lake, he has to wait another hour before the steamboat starts. This hour's wait is in a dirty, ill-kept depot or on a dock bestrewn with rubbish. It takes nearly half as long to get from Bath to Gibson's or Keuka on the lake, a distance of 20 miles only, as it does from New York to Bath, a distance of 300 miles.

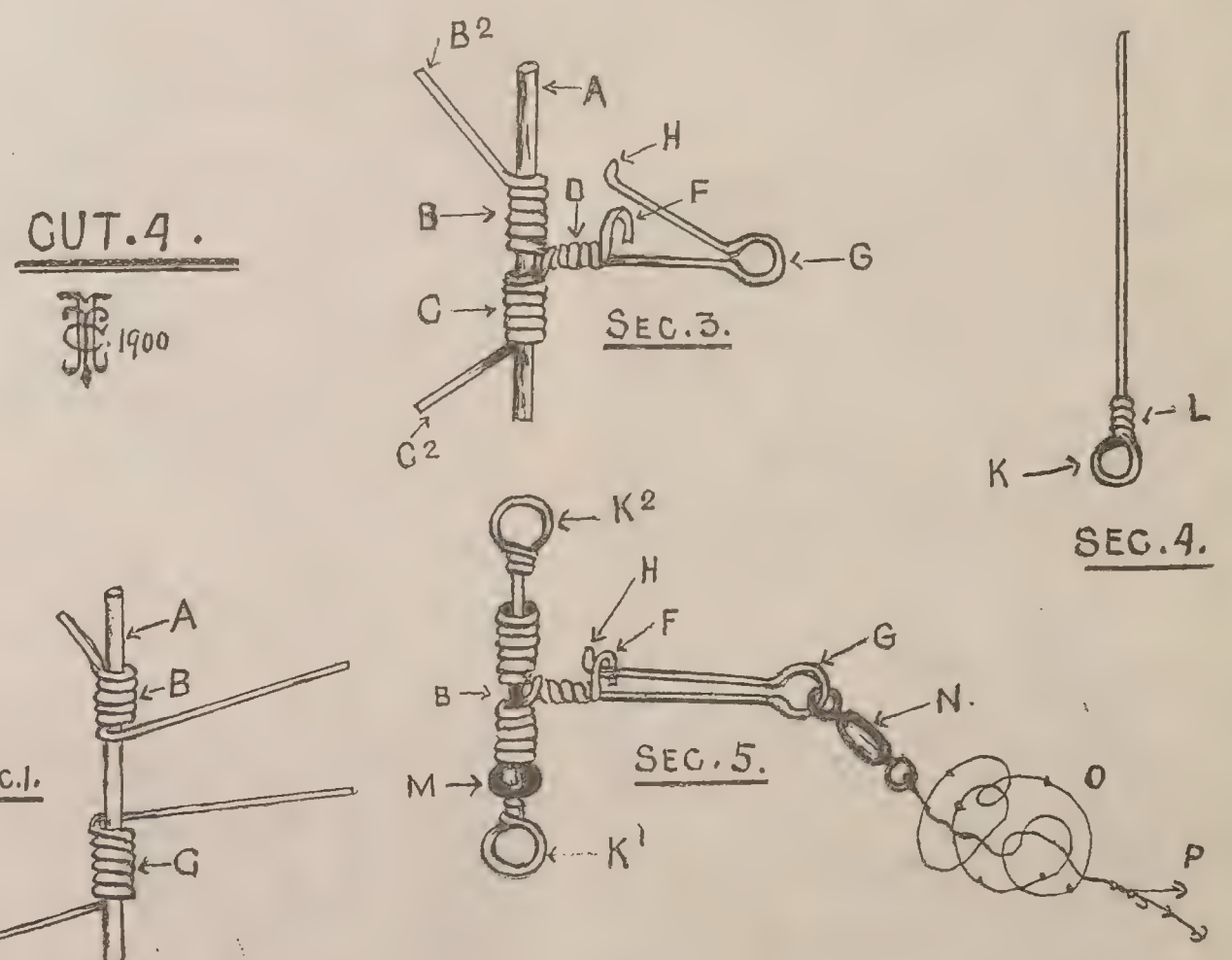
It is no wonder that the traveler or fisherman becomes disgusted and will neither pay this water a second visit nor advise any of his friends to undergo the same impositions. If those in control of these local connections—the Bath & Hammondsport R. R. and the Keuka Navigation Company—tried to devise a plan whereby they could keep the public away from this lake, they could do nothing better than follow their present methods of taking care of through passengers from the trunk lines.



The lake nevertheless abounds in game fishes, and it well repays the angler who can afford the extra time that is required to get there to pay it a visit.

Lake Keuka contains landlocked salmon or ouananiche, great lake trout or togue, California or rainbow trout, small-mouth black bass, wall-eyed pike, pickerel (Eastern pond), yellow perch, etc., etc., muscallonge (recently planted.)

We herewith give a birdseye view of Lake Keuka, which we have drawn especially for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, marking what we have found to be exceptionally good spots. No doubt there are many others equally as good, but we have never fished them, as we could always catch all the fish we wanted on the grounds which we have marked.



Grounds marked thus, - - - - - - - - -, are where we fish for landlocked salmon, great lake trout, rainbow trout and wall-eyed pike.

Markings thus, x x x x x x x, are bass, pickerel and perch waters.

We will now give a little information pertaining to these marked waters.

Landlocked Salmon.

The best grounds for this fish are yet unknown, only two specimens having been recorded—both taken during the summer of 1900. One was taken in Hammondsport Bay and weighed 4 pounds; the other, the first one, was taken half way between Gibsons and the Bluff—just above the center of the mouth of the West Branch—

this one scaled 7½ pounds and was taken July 18, 1900. This fish was taken in 150 feet of water on a silver spoon and 60 feet below the surface. From its shape and markings one would say it was quite an old fish. The one taken at Hammondsport was a much younger looking fish. As both were in fine condition and well grown, and assuredly of different ages, it stands to reason that they have been successfully breeding in Lake Keuka, and that the lake is well stocked with this king of game fishes.

We noticed several times during our last trip fish rising in water 150 feet deep, in which we were catching lake trout at the same spot within a foot or two from the bottom. Asking our guide what these rising fish were, his answer was "Trout." They certainly were not lake trout, as lake trout at that time were close to bottom. We never took a lake trout on a fly, and have never heard of one being taken in this manner; the fish we saw were rising to flies or bugs of some sort. We therefore came to the conclusion that they were landlocked salmon, and regretted that we had not the proper tackle wherewith to tempt them.

Great Lake Trout.

During the early part of the season, just after the ice has gone out, two exceptionally good spots for lake trout are Branchport Bay, off the mouth of the inlet in 100 feet of water, and Hammondsport Bay, off the mouth of Pleasant Valley Brook in 60 feet of water. But during this season of the year the fish are near the surface, say from 6 to 30 feet below the surface only. During the latter part of July and through August our favorite spot is the Flat in 70 feet of water. The Flat is about two miles long and about one mile wide, and is bounded on the west by the Bluff, on the east by Keuka village, on the south by the Bar, and on the north by the points jutting out into the lake below Keuka. In other words, the Flat commences at the mouth of the East Branch and extends up into the Branch for a distance of two miles. The bottom of the Flat is composed of streaks of sand and mud, with here and there a few small boulders. The Bar, above mentioned, is composed of a sand bank in about 75 feet of water, and runs from the Bluff to the point above Keuka. From the Bar the water drops to 100 to 200 feet—this deep water extends from the Bar to a point a little above the Grove Springs Hotel and about a mile up into the West Branch.

This deep water is an exceptionally good piece of ground, and when the trout are not biting on the Flat the angler can often come here and make a good catch. If we were going to fish exclusively for landlocked salmon we should select this deep water and run our baits pretty near the surface.

Rainbow Trout.

These trout during 1900 were taken all over the lake, sometimes on the Flat and again in some water 30 or 40 feet deep near the shore. They appear to be on the increase both as regards numbers and size. During 1900 many were taken (trolling with minnows). They scaled 6, 8 or 9 pounds.

Black Bass

Black bass are found all along the different shores. Our favorite grounds are: The western shore of the lake from Urbana to Branchport, the eastern shore from Grove Springs Hotel down to Keuka Point. An exceptionally good spot in this run is just off the dock below the Club House. Out and out the best spot in the lake is around Bluff Point in water running from 15 to 40 feet deep over a clean, hard, rocky bottom. The limit of this water is from the dock on the eastern side of the Point to the dock on the western side, a little less than half a mile. Bass act differently in Keuka from any other waters we have ever fished. They bite well from the opening of the season up to the middle of July, then they disappear but come on again with renewed vigor about the first of September. From this time on the grandest of catches can be made. It is nothing uncommon to get a big string running from 2 to 5 pounds each, the latter not at all uncommon.

Pickerel and Perch.

Pickerel and perch are found along the shores, especially where it is weedy. A first-class spot for these fish is along the eastern shore from the point above the Grove Springs Hotel to Keuka Point, and again in the little bay just around Keuka Point. It is not at all uncommon to get perch scaling 2 pounds, and even those weighing 3 pounds have been taken.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

"Hauling Gear" on the Sou'west Ledge.

THE most doleful tooting that ever startled the ear of man awoke me. It was pitch dark outside, for the sky was overcast and the earth but one degree blacker than the arch above. I lay perhaps half a minute (it seemed much longer) trying to imagine what had broken in upon my sound slumber.

"Too-te-too-to-o-ot!"

I bounded out of bed and thrust my head out of the open window. Was this a new kind of serenade, or was it Gabriel's warning trump? If the latter, why had he chosen Block Island as the scene of his first operations in raising the dead and the sleeping?

Suddenly 'way out upon what would have been the horizon, had it been defined, a light flashed out. It was old Montauk and I began to get my bearings. Immediately a voice reached me out of the chaotic blackness below the chamber window.

"Mornin', sir! Th' old man said you wanted to go out an' see us haul th' gear to-day an' he sent me on ahead to wake ye."

" 'Morning!' " I repeated, with considerable emphasis. "What time do you call it?"

" 'Bout ha'f after one. We gotter hurry. There'll be a breeze b'fore sun up. The elder goin'?"

"So he said last night." Then with a wicked desire to have company in the misery of being awakened at such an ungodly hour, and by such an ungodly instrument as a battered fishhorn, I added: "Go around and toot under his window, Phil. I'll dress."

The mournful notes of the horn sounded at the other end of the house while I groped for my garments, and when I descended to the kitchen the Elder was getting into his most disreputable coat. He looked a good deal as I felt. We glowered surlily, each blaming the other in his heart for ever expressing any interest in the lobster industry, but neither had the pluck to back out of the trip.

Young Phil gave an admonitory toot on his horn, and we pulled on our rubber boots and went out. I never remembered seeing such an utterly black night. There had been a heavy fog earlier and this had now risen and blanketed the sky, so that not a star was visible. As we set out in single file to cross the higher shoulder of Beacon Hill (I simply knew by intuition where we were going, for the path we followed was invisible to my eyes—I could but see the outline of the Elder's figure ahead). I noticed lights in the windows of several houses on the island. The fishermen were rising in expectation of the breeze which Young Phil declared was due, though there was no warning of it to a landsman's mind.

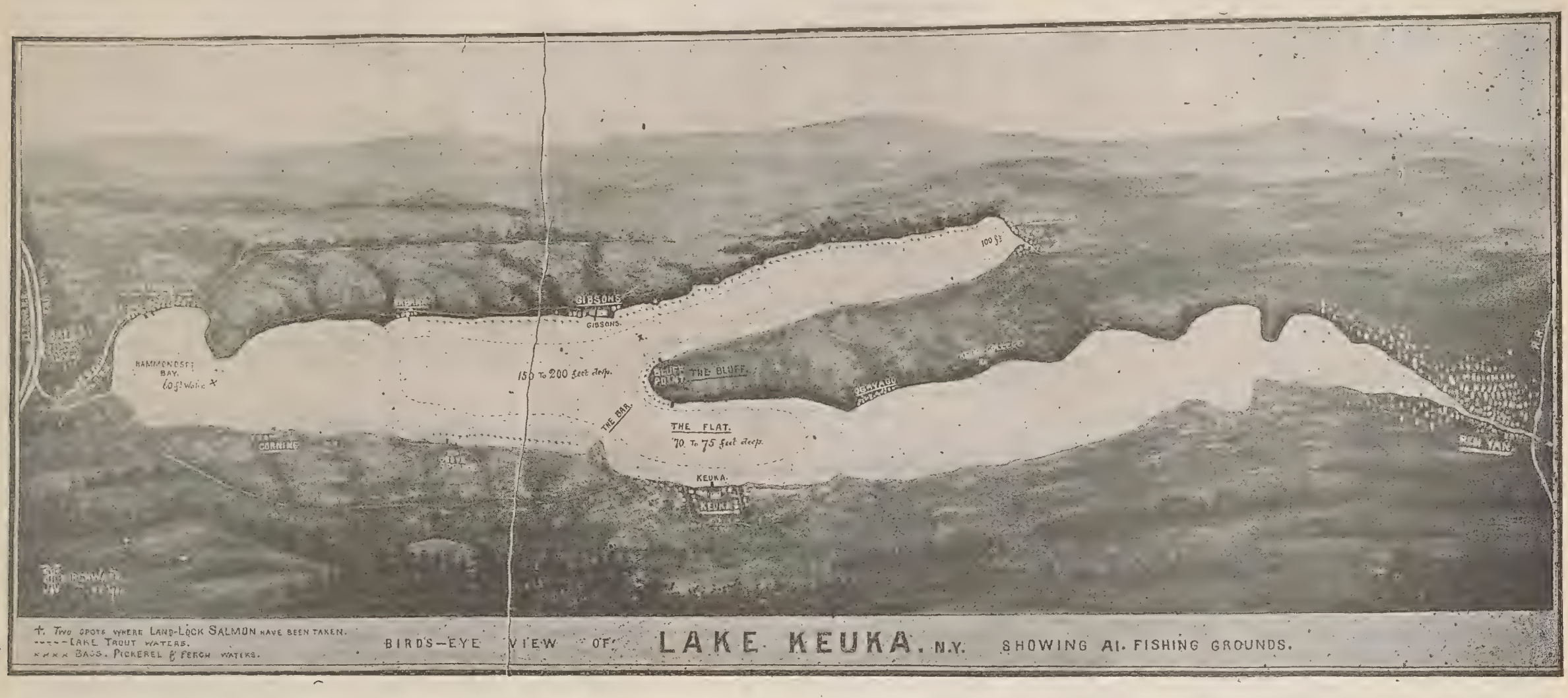
Montauk light blazed regularly, and as my eye swept the half circle, I noted the beacons on Fisher's Island, Watch Hill, Sand Point (the upper extremity of Block Island itself), and Point Judith at the entrance to Narragansett Bay. But these lights simply twinkled through an otherwise impenetrable gloom; even the sea was invisible, though its voice sobbed quietly where the gentle swells washed the west beaches.

"John-Ed. 's been hillin' up his potatoes," Young Phil remarked, as we tumbled over a fence into a mysterious place which, as far as I could see, was as likely to be a bottomless pit as a potato field.

"Where's your boat lying, Phil?" the Elder asked, and I hoped he would back out even at the eleventh hour. But if it was in his thought he did not suggest it, when Young Phil replied:

"Cormorant Cove. We'll hafter to stop for Cap and Lawyer. They'd never git up if the old man 'n' I didn't wake 'em."

He strode on tirelessly. For a breed of short-legged men these fishermen are the most wonderful walkers I ever met. Pounding away through plowed ground in heavy gum boots seemed nothing to Young Phil; but I was getting winded when we struck into the New Harbor road. Down this, and across other planted fields, and through pastures where the sheep, huddled together, were just visible as we passed, and finally into a door-yard littered with broken pots, a drying seine, and other maritime lumber. Our guide routed out the skipper and the fourth member of the crew, Levi (pronounced "Lawyer" by the islanders), and we all descended at last to



† TWO SPOTS WHERE LAND-LOCK SALMON HAVE BEEN TAKEN.
----LAKE TROUT WATERS.
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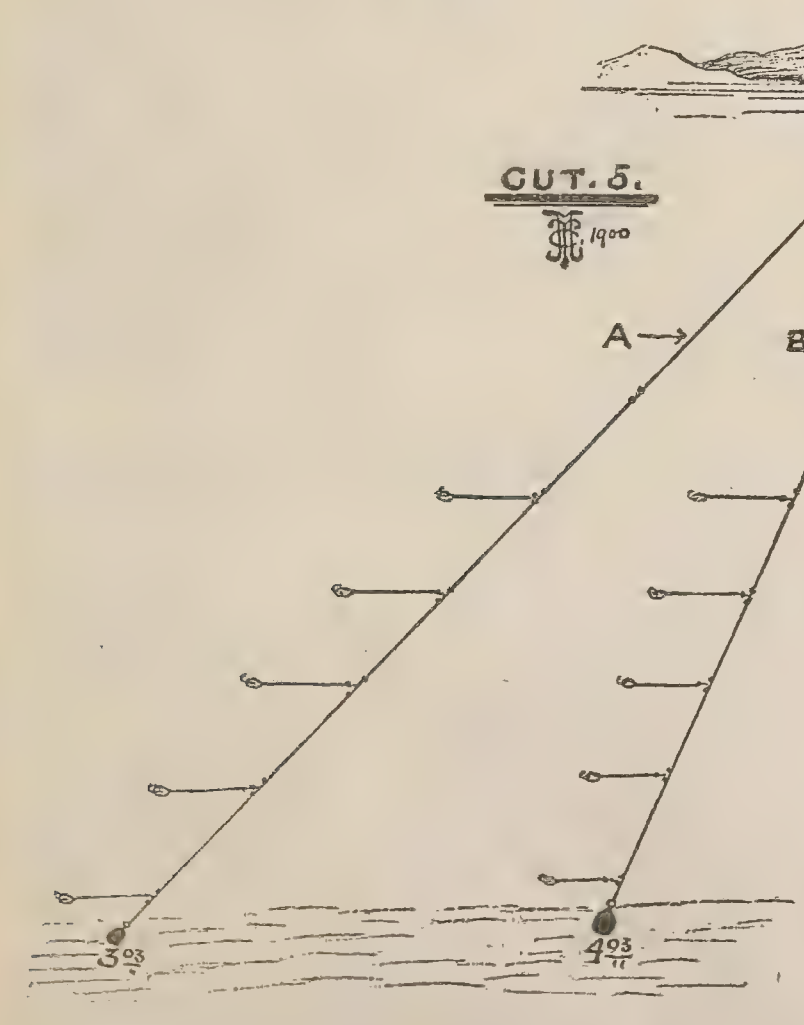
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LAKE KEUKA. N.Y. SHOWING AL. FISHING GROUNDS.



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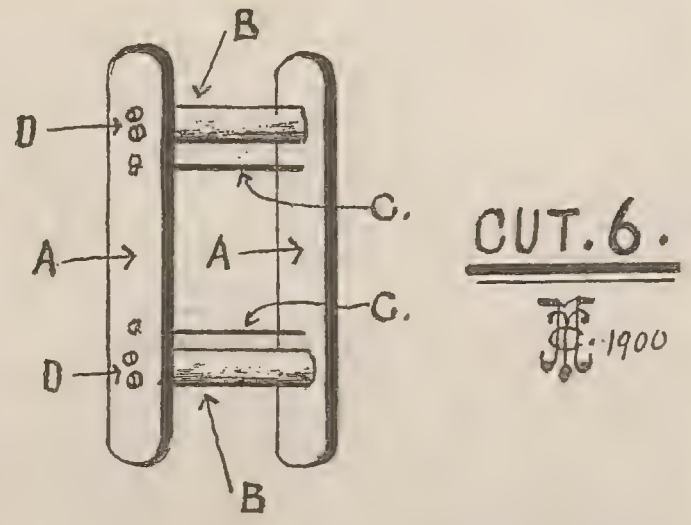


CUT. 6.

the shore of the cove, where old Phil waited for us at the fishhouse door.

"Come, come, boys! the breeze is comin'," old Phil said. "Bundle right into the boat, Elder. That was a good discourse ye give us last Sunday, sir. Pull away, Lawyer! Everybody 'll be out o' the breach ahead of us if ye ain't lively. I ain't lookin' for anybody to haul our gear to-day."

Voices and the creaking of blocks echoed across the cove. How the various crews found their boats was a mystery. Lawyer rowed the skiff unswervingly to the side of the twenty-four foot cat. Young Phil held her alongside while we hopped aboard, and then the skiff's painter was tied to the anchor buoy and the heavy sail went up into the darkness slowly.

Cap took the tiller the instant we were aboard and Old Phil was too busy hauling on the sail to scold.

"Cast off, there!" was the command. "Here she comes!"

A faint breath of air fanned my cheek as I tried to peer across the cove.

"Got your 'scare', Phil?" demanded the skipper.

Young Phil answered from the head of the boat with a mighty blast upon the horn. The catboat, lumberingly, at first, began to move. The water—smooth as oil elsewhere—rippled at the bows, and I hung over the rail and watched our phosphorescent wake.

Old Phil came back into the standing room evidently improved in temper.

"Light up down there, Lawyer, an' put some water on. There's some 'shorts' in the well, an' the Elder an' the doctor here'll have an appetite in no time."

I wasn't altogether sure of that, but I said nothing. A fishing smack isn't expected to smell like the perfumed boudoir of a duchess; but there was something about the odor which pervaded this boat that laid over anything I ever before experienced, and I once resided for a brief time between a soap house and a fertilizer manufactory—which ever direction the wind blew, it was always strong. They tell about one fastidious old lady on the island who, during the lobster season, made her husband sleep in the barn, and I don't blame her.

The luscious crustacean (which is most extensively canned and then served to us in our Broadway restaurants in beautifully manufactured paper-mache shells) is not a beast of cleanly tastes. Like the oyster and the clam he is a scavenger—whether from taste and desire or because of a partial paralysis of the olfactory nerves I am not prepared to say. Certain it is that nothing attracts him to the pot but bait in an advanced state of decay. Perhaps, as he is largely a native of the New England coast, he may be troubled with the universal catarrhal difficulties of that region.

However, there was a good sized bait tub with us and before we got through the breach and out where the morning breeze was chopping the sea nastily. I began to feel as though I'd have saved money and effort by skipping my several previous meals. But those "shorts" steaming hot from the pot, were delicious!

"Get enough of 'em down ye, an' ye can't be seasick," declared old Phil, and I have faith yet that he was right, only—I couldn't get enough down! I am not naturally a garrulous individual and I can usually keep a secret all right, but after the catboat was by the end of the breakwater and heeled over before the gale, I positively could keep nothing to myself!

But day was coming now with a rush. There was a broad band of light in the east and a flash of blue overhead as the breeze swept the fog blanket away to seaward. The sand hills loomed up on the island—great yellow patches against the darker background; and soon the isle in its entirety, all hills and vales, with scattering trees and clustering, weather-beaten dwellings, lay as pretty a picture as God ever made under the beams of the rising sun.

The boats swept by the fish pounds, the piles which held the long strings of twine (the fisherman's term for nets), casting monster shadows across the tumbling waves. The crews hailed each other and the tooting of the "scares" was stilled. It was a pretty race past the rock-strewn shore, and stretches of smooth beach where the boats lay above the reach of the tide. The two sturdy figures, approaching the life saving station from opposite directions were the surfmen coming in from their last "beat."

The boats drew apart now, for although the sea is so trackless to the landsman, it is like the streets of a city to these fishermen. They know the shortest course to their gear, and take it, for it will soon be low tide, and the pot buoys float too far below the surface to be picked up at any other time.

"In a line nor' nor'west from the kam buoy—twenty-two pots," the skipper mutters, and although there isn't such a thing as a compass aboard he rounds the catboat to directly over the first yellow-striped pot buoy.

The boat lays there with her big sail all shaking and Young Phil, hanging far over the rail, catches the buoy with the boathook and hauls it in. A big, black "1" painted on one side of the four by four strip of timber, proves that Cap has made no mistake in his calculations. Everybody but the helmsman lays hold of the rope and the pot, weighted heavily with ballast rock, comes in slowly.

The pot is a home-made cage of laths with a two part net inside in which the foolish lobster is led astray. The bait is in the inner net and Mr. Lobster never knows enough to get out the way he came in. If the gear lies too long without being pulled, however, the victim may cut the twine and get clear—a costly proceeding for the lobsterman, for each of these pots cost a dollar and fifteen cents to manufacture and the profits from the business is not what it once was.

"There's a 12 inch one," Lawyer observes, with satisfaction, plunging his hand in and grabbing the angry crustacean, whose clashing nippers have no fear for him.

The two others, however, are 'shorts'—under the legal length—but all are taken. The fishery laws are not very faithfully enforced on the Sou'west Ledge. There are several deep sea crabs lunching on the lobsters' dinner, too, but these are flung back as not being worth marketing. The bait is renewed, the heavy pot raised to the rail and tipped over, and with a reverberating splash it sinks again into the sea.

"Boom!" shouts the Cap at the tiller, the sail sweeps round, catches the breeze again, and we are off for the next pot.

"When we used to find two and three good lobsters in a pot every mornin' there was money in it," Old Phil remarks. "But they're scarce—have been for several seasons. The papers say we kill off all the small ones and that's what's the matter, but we gotter live. The hotels 'll take all the 'shorts' we get at three or four cents apiece, so why shouldn't we take 'em? Now we only haul gear every other day, an' the season is short at the best. Just as soon as the bluefish strike on, you bet we don't fool away our time at this heavy work."

And it is back-breaking work to haul the heavy gear. The men are saved from saturation by their long boots; but their hands are cut and parboiled, and it is disheartening to sometimes haul pot after pot to find nothing in them but crabs and sea-spiders, which devour the bait and are worth nothing.

Every time the bait tub is uncovered we get a stronger whif of its odorous contents and finally I give up the fight again and cross over to the other rail to "commune with Neptune" once again. I am disgusted to see that the Elder is a better sailor than myself, and am doubly disgusted that I cannot follow Old Phil's prescription and eat enough of the hot boiled lobsters to cure my well developed case of mal de mer.

"You can see how little there is in it for us, sir," Old Phil says, oracularly. "We've got to invest more 'n a hundred dollars every season for new gear, for what pots the sea don't pound to pieces, the brick barges and such like pick up, and those chaps don't stop for a poor fisherman's lobster pot."

I have sufficient interest, despite my perturbation of soul, to ask a question on this point.

"How do they pick 'em up? On their hawsers. The barges drift along behind the tug with their hawsers hangin' slack most of the time. The hawser catches under one of the pot-buoys and the whole gear is dragged off the bottom. It makes them barge men so mad to get tangled up that way that they just slash in with a knife and let the pot go to the bottom and the buoy go floatin' ashore. There ain't many of 'em like a barge captain, that run afoul of some gear off the Old Harbor last season."

"What did he do?" asked the Elder.

"Why," and Old Phil bit off a "chaw" apologetically behind his hand, which act the Elder carefully refrained from noticing, "his tow picked up a pot and he carried it along with him to Boston. The feller what set the gear put it down to profit 'n' loss, same 's we all do, but a couple of weeks later he found the lost gear set right in line with the other pots an' only two or three numbers out of the way. There was a shingle nailed to the buoy tellin' where it had been an' how the barge captain had brought it back with him an' dropped it as near home as possible."

There was a strained silence after that lasting several minutes. The Elder confided to me later that our friends restrained themselves very well, indeed; it is hard for sailors not to play somewhat upon the credulity of landsmen.

The first string of gear was finished and the cat ran over to the second, and then a third. The last was scarcely under run before the tide rose too high to make such work impossible. The other boats were beating up the island toward home and we followed with them. The gale had not changed its direction and there was a spatter of rain occasionally which drove the passengers under cover. But the cabin was strongly impregnated with the effluvia from the bait tub, and I quickly preferred a wetting to its hospitality.

A long leg out into Block Island Sound and a short leg toward the shore brought us up to the breach. I believe the sea began to grow smoother then; at least I was more used to its pitching, and by the time we scuttled through the narrow passage into the New Harbor I felt (like Jerome K. Jerome's brother-in-law who went on a sea voyage for his health) that if I had only a little more time I could have gotten square with those hot lobsters.

For a man with no olfactory appreciation of bait a lobster boat is the place on which to eat the succulent crustacean. If he has ever eaten them steaming hot out of boiling salt water, he will forever deny the "stiffs" offered him along Broadway, no matter how fancifully they may be served.

But between the reckless breaking of the law by the fishermen, and the greediness of hotel keepers who would rather buy "shorts" for a cent or two less per pound than pay the proper price for lobsters of legal length, that course will soon have to be cut out of our menus altogether. There are a few lobster nurseries along the coast, but young lobsters are harder to raise than Jersey cattle, and it is rather discouraging for any private individual to spend money, care and much time in hatching and feeding the youngsters while somebody else reaps the financial benefit.

W. BERT FOSTER.

Spring in the Adirondacks.

ESSEX, N. Y., April 18.—A sign of spring more potent than the first robin was the arrival of the steamboat Chateaugay at the Essex dock this morning on her maiden trip for the season. The ice broke in the head lake a week ago, but there are still miniature icebergs and floes in abundance.

Essex enjoyed just one-third of a year of consecutive sleighing during the past winter. There are places in the woods where runners are still being used. The snow in the basin at Dix last week was from six to eight feet deep, while at the base of the mountain, though soaked and settled considerably, it was from two to three feet deep, with no bare ground to be seen. The deer have had one of the hardest winters in this section for many years. The snow water will not be entirely out of the brooks till late in May, and good brook trout fishing cannot be counted on before June 1.

In the ponds, of course, the season will be earlier, the best fishing being immediately after the ice goes out, or about May 1 for this section.

J. B. B.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, April 20.—The ice is out of Sebago Lake, Me., and that opens the landlocked salmon season there. On Tuesday the telegraph announced that the lake was practically clear of ice, one day earlier than last year, when the Big Bay was clear April 16, though the ice hung in the Lower Bay for several days. Boston fishermen were hardly ready to be off, the ice going earlier than was anticipated, but some of them have started. Mr. John G. Wright, who has fished that lake almost every spring for a long time, will not be there this spring, for he is in Europe. The Sebago Club members have lost their interest there, having disposed of their camp, Camp Sebago, last year. They will seek another location somewhere in Maine—have several fishing places in view. J. L. Peters started for Sebago on Wednesday. J. P. Kendrick and a fishing friend are all ready to start, but are hoping for warmer weather. Mr. Farrington, of Lewiston, with Elliott Russel, of Rangeley, for guide, will fish Sebago next week. It is a new feature for a Rangeley guide at Sebago. A Portland dispatch of Wednesday evening gives a glowing account of fishing at Sebago. A party of Portland fishermen returned that evening from the lake, where they had been since Saturday, having gone up as soon as word came that the ice had started at all. They brought home twenty-four salmon, ranging in weight from 4½ to 7 pounds. Mr. Edward C. Walker, of Portland, also took, in three days, seven salmon, the united weight of which was 27 pounds. G. Fred Murch landed a salmon yesterday that weighed 7½ pounds.

The ice is not out of Grand Lake at this writing, though expected to go very soon. A number of Boston fishermen are anxious for the report that the ice has gone. The ice is out of Cobbosseecontee, Gardiner, and fishermen are flocking there. Of late years the early fishing there has been excellent, many fine salmon being taken. Lake Auburn is not yet clear of ice, and Lewiston and Auburn fishermen are all ready for the event. Almost every day some one of the more experienced of them goes up to the lake and reports on the condition of the ice. The last report suggested that it might be the 25th before the lake would be clear. The weather is very cold in that part of the country. Snow has fallen in some parts of northern Maine several times during this week. Most of the nights have been very cold, with hard freezes. The ice is not yet out of Varnum and Clearwater ponds, Farmington, and it is likely to remain in some days longer. Reports from the camp and hotel people there say that several Boston and New York sportsmen are expected as soon as the ice goes out.

As for the Rangeleys, the ice is likely to linger for a couple of weeks longer, at the very shortest. Following the lead of Sebago, the ice will not leave the Rangeleys till about May 10 or 11, since Mooselucmaguntic was not clear till the 12th last year, and Rangeley till a couple of days later. But Capt. Fred C. Barker, of Bemis and the Birches, is reported to have written a Lewiston party that they could come about the first of May and bring their fishing rods. Still it must not be forgotten that a number of sportsmen were stranded at Bemis last year for three or four days, waiting for the ice to go out.

Now it looks like the putting up of a lot of camps and summer cottages in the vicinity of Sunday Cove, Umbagog Lake, the lower lake of the Rangeley chain. Mr. F. N. Saunders, of Lewiston, and Mr. Estes, of Auburn, have purchased a large tract of timber land in that vicinity, including a long strip of shore, and will sell such lots, along the line of the lake, as may be desired. These lots will front directly opposite Metalluc Island, on which Mr. Harry Dutton, of Boston, erected a summer home last year costing about $100,000. A great many years ago somebody did the foolish thing to put pickerel into Umbagog Lake, always a wonderfully good trout lake before. But soon the trout fishing begun to decline, till finally nobody thought of going to that lake for trout, though there was good pickerel fishing for several years. But finally that began to decline also. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have stocked Umbagog with black bass, and a good many landlocked salmon have found their way down the Rapid River, five miles, from Richardson Lake and the Middle Dam, till now trout and salmon fishing begins to be good in Umbagog itself. The theory is that the pickerel are destroyed, or at least cannot thrive where there are black bass, and this has certainly proved true in Maranacook and the other Winthrop lakes, as well as Cobbosseecontee at Gardiner. Those most interested hope to see Umbagog restored to its former prestige of furnishing the giant trout of the Rangeleys, while salmon fishing is very likely to be good there. Rapid River shows a wonderful number of these fish in the spawning season.

Massachusetts lovers of the lobster, and particularly the Fish and Game Protective Association, are greatly pleased that Gov. Crane has vetoed the bill to repeal the law against the mutilation of lobsters, as well as the bill reducing the size of lobsters that may be legally taken to 9 inches. The Governor is flatly against both measures. He set forth in his veto message to the House, concerning the bill that was designed to permit of the mutilation of lobsters, that if such a measure were passed all protection of the lobster would be lost; since it is so easy for the lobster fishermen to tear lobsters to pieces that are under the legal length, and then sell them as lobster meat. The bill reducing the legal length the Governor did not believe to be either reasonable or expedient, since there is great danger of the utter destruction of this noble crustacean along the Massachusetts coast. Maine has a law preventing the selling of mutilated lobsters.

BOSTON, April 22.—The ice is going out of the Maine fishing waters early, after all. A dispatch from Lewiston Saturday stated that the ice had gone from Lake Auburn, and that local fishermen were on the lake, although the weather was cold with a dense mist. This clearing is six days earlier than last year. Mr. Henry Hanson, a local fisherman, has a record of the departure of the ice from Lake Auburn for the past ten years, as follows: In 1890, April 26; 1891, April 27; 1892, April 21; 1893, May 5; 1894, April 24; 1895, April 23; 1896, April 25; 1897, April 26; 1898, April 18; 1899, April 30; 1900, April 26. It will be seen that April 20th, the date

of the clearing this year, is the earliest in eleven years, with one exception.

A Saturday's Augusta, Me., dispatch also says that Lake Cobbosseecontee is clear of ice, with a number of the Gardiner and Augusta fishermen trying for salmon and trout. Three or four Boston fishermen started for that lake this morning. Lake Auburn is well inland, and it may be expected that the Rangeleys will follow in clearing early, unless the weather should change from wet and raining to freezing. Moosehead may also be expected to clear early. Late reports say that the Moosehead ice is covered with water and becoming very rotten. A large number of horses were drowned on that lake Friday and Saturday. The teamsters say that the water over the ice has dissolved it much sooner than they had expected. If the Rangeleys should follow the pace set by Lake Auburn, they may be expected to be clear of ice by the 5th or 6th of May. A record of the clearing of these lakes, from the FOREST AND STREAM, will be of interest: In 1882 the ice went out May 12; 1883, May 14; 1884, May 13; 1885, May 15; 1886, May 3; 1887, May 16; 1888, May 21; 1889, April 30; 1890, May 9; 1891, May 10; 1892, May 4; 1893, May 20; 1894, May 2; 1895, May 7; 1896, May 9; 1897, May 12; 1898, May 1; 1899, May 9; 1900, May 12.

Moosehead Lake usually clears two or three days earlier than the Rangeleys, though fully as far north. But the body of water is much larger. The dates of the ice going out are appended: In 1881 the ice went out May 9; 1882, May 19; 1883, May 13; 1884, May 16; 1885, May 16; 1886, May 2; 1887, May 12; 1888, May 21; 1889, April 29; 1890, May 8; 1891, May 14; 1892, May 4; 1893, May 19; 1894, April 29; 1895, May 8; 1896, May 9; 1897, May 10; 1898, May 3; 1899, May 6; 1900, May 11.

Maranacook, and the other Winthrop and Belgrade lakes are yet to be heard from, though the ice is doubtless about ready to depart. No reports have yet been received of the clearing of Grand Lake, Me., while Sebec and the other lakes of Piscataquis County are net yet clear. New Hampshire waters are still closed, with the exception of Winnipisaukee and Winnisquam, which are mainly open. A dispatch of Saturday evening said that the lake was clearing rapidly, and that the advance guard of the fishermen are at the lake. New Found and Sunapee waters are closed at this writing. A report from Winnisquam says that the ice was out early in the week, and good catches of trout and salmon have been made. Franklin fishermen have secured two salmon weighing 3½ and 4½ pounds, and a lake trout of 5½ pounds. Over thirty trout and salmon of good size have been taken since the ice went out. Boston parties intended to have been there over Sunday, but the cold storm kept them at home.

"Old Sebago is doing herself proud," says a sportsman from that lake Saturday, "though I did not get a fish." Portland fishermen seem to be having great luck. Friday W. L. Jones, of that city, brought out seven salmon, caught in a single day at Sebago. The two largest weighed ten pounds each. The other five run from 4¾ to 7½ pounds weight. He is very proud of his success. The fish were all caught on the east side of the lake in the vicinity of Kettle Cove. But the biggest salmon of the season, if not for several seasons, has come from the skill of William H. Babb, of Cumberland Mills. The fish was caught Saturday. It measured 32 inches in length, and weighed 15 pounds. Mr. Babb, with Henry J. Hanscom and Seth C. Morton, all of Cumberland Mills, have been camping at the lake since the ice went out. The big fish was caught near the gate of the water works, and within half a mile of Sebago Lake station. The three men were trolling from Mr. Hanscom's steam launch, when Mr. Babb got a tremendous strike. The salmon was very gamy and kept the angler busy, with a 10 ounce rod, for half an hour before he could be landed. Trolling from power launches is becoming the popular thing with fishermen in Sebago waters. The claim is that very much more ground can be covered than by means of a guide with a rowboat. It is also claimed that instead of frightening the fish away, as might at first be supposed, a power launch really stirs up the idle, well-fed fish, and causes them to bite, when they might pay no attention to a rowboat. SPECIAL.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, contest No. 3, held at Stow Lake, April 13. Wind, strong west; weather, pleasant:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2 Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Smyth	...	81.4	87.8	79.2	83.5	....
Battu	89	86	90.8	64.2	77.5	....
Edwards	95	89	86	75.10	80.11	....
Mocker	87	72.4	93.8	77.6	85.7	....
Brotherton	112½	94	92.4	76.8	84.6	....
Brooks	94	72.4	85.8	70	77.10	....
Grant	104½	88	86.4	75	80.8	...
Muller	98	88.4	87.4	74.2	80.9	....
Skinner	80	88.4	87.4	75.10	81.7	....
Golcher	117	92.4	92	77.6	84.10	....
Everett	105	87.8	93.8	75.10	84.9	....

Judges, Grant and Battu; referee, Botherton; clerk, Smyth.

Sunday, contest No. 3, held at Stow Lake, April 14. Wind, light southwest; weather, beautiful:

Battu	81	90.4	92	76.8	84.4	....
Blade	78	73.8	82.8	71.8	77.2	....
Brooks	96	92.8	90.4	68.4	79.4	....
Brotherton	113	88.4	92	74.2	83.1	....
Dinkelspiel	74	80.8	90	62.6	76.3	....
Everett	107	93.4	93.8	76.8	85.2	....
Foulks	90	86	87.8	74.2	80.11	....
Golcher	126	93.8	91.4	71.8	81.6	....
Grant	108	92	88.4	71.8	80	....
Haight	75	90.4	88.4	66.8	77.6	....
Huyck	84	91.8	91	69.2	80.1	....
B Kenniff	76	78	85.4	65.10	75.7	....
R Kenniff	77	84.8	84.8	70.10	77.9	....
W Kierulff	69	91.8	91	67.6	79.3	....
F Kierulff	62	35	47.8	59.2	53.5	....
Mansfield	...	93.8	93	79.2	86.1	....
Mocker	88	83.4	93.4	72.6	82.11	....
Muller	104	92.8	81.8	77.6	79.1	....
Smyth	...	89.4	88	74.2	81.1	....

Judges, R. Kenniff and Mocker; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

SHAMROCK II., Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger for the America Cup, was successfully launched from the yard of Denny Brothers, Dumbarton, Scotland, shortly after noon on Saturday, April 20. The yacht was christened by the Marchioness of Dufferin. The weather was delightful and a large and enthusiastic crowd was present. Owing to the shallow water that fronts the yard where Shamrock II. was built, it was necessary to launch the boat on a pontoon. Shamrock II. is said to greatly resemble Columbia, but has longer overhangs, is flatter on the floor, with more rounded section forward. The trough keel contains about 95 tons of lead. The mast and main boom are of steel, and there will be a topmast of pine that will telescope into the lower mast. The hull frames are of steel, and she is plated with manganese bronze. The deck is of steel with a thin layer of yellow pine.

History of the Development of the Racing Yacht.

(Continued from page 312.)

When the first challenge for the Cup was received in 1870 from Mr. James Ashbury, public sentiment ran high. It was the first challenge for the trophy, and it was the wish of the public that the yacht which had won it so gallantly should have an opportunity of defending it. The Government gracefully yielded, and America was fitted out as a yacht at the Brooklyn Navy Yard at a cost of $25,000. The Navy Department does not pretend to know anything about fitting out racing yachts. Handicapped as she was by navy cut sails and navy rigging, it is a wonder she sailed as well as she did. The result, however, showed that much of the great speed she had shown when, in the glory of her day, she had astonished the world, was still hers. She came in fourth in a fleet of twenty-five yachts, beating the English challenger Cambria over the course, and, of course, had she been the only defender the Cup would have been saved by her.

America Purchased by Gen. B. F. Butler.

Shortly after this race the Government offered her at public auction, and she was bought by Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, of Boston. And here her wanderings cease, for she has remained in the family of Gen. Butler ever since, and is to-day safely laid up at Chelsea, Mass. She is still hale and seaworthy, and at the last Cup race in 1899 was one of the most observed of all the many craft that clustered about the starting line.

Long may she continue to exist and be an inspiration to those interested in the noblest sport ever invented by the fertile mind of man. Her influence has been more strongly felt than any yacht ever built. Had it not been for her adventurous trip to England in 1851 in search of cups and glory, those magnificent racers Mayflower, Volunteer, Thistle, Valkyrie, Vigilant, Defender and Columbia would never have been built, and the sport of yachting would never have received the fillip it has, and would be on a much more restricted basis than it is to-day.

The America Cup, as it has been called since that eventful Friday fifty years ago, was presented to the New York Y. C. as a perpetual challenge cup by the owners in 1857. It was stipulated in the deed of gift that it should be kept as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign nations, and that any yacht owned and built in a foreign country should always have the right to sail a match for it, provided proper challenge was made, as therein provided.

Yachting in the United States at this time, notwithstanding the remarkable success of America, was in its infancy. There were few events of any note in the early fifties, and the Civil War succeeding in 1861 prevented much further development for many years. The period between 1850 and 1870, however, is made notable in this country from the development of the use of the centerboard in American yachts. There is much misconception in the popular mind about this device. Many Americans seem to regard the centerboard as a part of the Monroe Doctrine. They imagine that it is an old, time-honored American invention that should be used in all American yachts, from patriotic motives, if for no better reason. This idea is, however, entirely erroneous. The centerboard is not an American device at all. It was used for a hundred years before it became a factor in the American skimming dish. In 1809 Capt. Shuldam, of the English Navy, patented a centerboard that is almost a counterpart of that used to-day on our centerboard boats. He made a working model of this, and it is to-day filed in the British Museum in Kensington.

The centerboard is simply a makeshift. It is used so that yachts may enter our shallow harbors. Boats were made shallow, and in this condition, of course, did not have sufficient lateral place to "hold on," as it is called, when beating to windward. To remedy this the centerboard was adopted. Were American harbors, as a rule, of as great depth as those in England, we would never have heard of the centerboard. It is true that in very small boats a centerboard may be used with good advantage, as far as speed is concerned, but it is an awkward contrivance at best.

In my opinion a centerboard boat could not be built that would compare in speed with the great fin-keelers that are now being constructed for the challenging and defending the America Cup. To place a centerboard in a craft as large as Columbia would be a herculean task to any builder. It would need be at least 60ft. long and 20ft. wide, a size that is practically impossible.

The First Challenge for the America Cup.

The next event of note in yachting history was the challenge for the America Cup in 1871, by Mr. James Ashbury. This was the first challenge received, and naturally attracted considerable attention among the rather limited number of enthusiasts then in this country.

This challenge was undoubtedly brought about by the trip of the American schooner Sappho to England in 1868. Sappho was built by Messrs. C. & R. Poillon, of Brooklyn, in 1867. Her designer was William Townsend, then employed by them as foreman. She was, up to that time, the largest American pleasure vessel ever constructed. She was 134ft. over all, 120ft. on the waterline, 24ft. 9in. beam and 10ft. depth of hold. Her lines were very fine—so fine, indeed, that she did not have sufficient stability to carry her rig until she was hipped some time later. She was given some tuning up races on this side by her builders and owners, and then sent over to England to sell. Capt. T. P. Baldwin, a retired ship master and merchant, took her over in July, 1868. Her crew consisted of two mates and six men before the mast, none of whom were yacht sailers. She made a remarkable passage to Falmouth, crossing in fourteen days, and it was the opinion of her captain that she could have crossed it in thirteen if she had been provided with a square sail.

Capt. Baldwin had been instructed not to race her there, but that if in his judgment it became necessary to test her speed in order to obtain a more remunerative price for her, he should notify the owners by cable and a racing crew would be sent over.

Being much elated by the quick passage he had made, however, Capt. Baldwin disregarded these instructions and entered the yacht in a race around the Isle of Wight on Aug. 25, 1868. Sappho was beaten by the entire fleet of four boats, Cambria beating her one hour and forty minutes and Condor, the nearest boat, by one hour and thirty minutes.

It was unquestionably this defeat of Sappho by Cambria that induced her owner, Mr. James Ashbury, to challenge for the Cup, and thus start that long line of unsuccessful efforts to recover that famous trophy, whose end is not yet.

Of course after thus being shamefully defeated it was practically impossible to find a purchaser for the yacht in England. The papers ridiculed her and the Cowes boatmen laughed at her pretentions to speed. Her owners, therefore, ordered her back to America as soon as they heard the drubbing to which she had beeen subjected. It was their intention to refit her and send her over again the following year in charge of a competent skipper and crew and in racing fettle to wipe out, if possible, the stain she had received on her racing honor.

Before this was done, however, she was sold to Mr. William P. Douglas. Her new owner decided to hip her. This process consists in building out the sides of the vessel to give her greater beam and thus increase her stability. Sappho was widened about 14in. amidship and this was tapered gradually 30ft. in each direction. She was then thoroughly fitted up in the best possible racing condition and with a racing skipper and selected crew sailed away for England.

Mr. Douglas arranged a match with Cambria, to be decided in three contests. The first was to be sixty miles to windward and return; the second to be the same, and the third over a triangular course of the same distance.

After Cambria had gone half over the course in the first race she realized that Sappho was too far ahead to be overtaken, so she put up her helm and ran back to Cowes.

There was some dispute over the second race and Cambria did not start. Sappho sailed over the course alone and was awarded the race by the committee.

In the third (triangular) race Sappho won by nearly two hours. After this demonstration of her speed, Mr. Douglas found it impossible to arrange any more races and so returned to the United States with his now victorious boat.

Mr. Ashbury was not satisfied with the result of the match, and still believed that Cambria was the fastest yacht afloat, and so he forwarded the first challenge for the America Cup.

I will not weary you with the details of the match, but let it suffice to say that, after considerable correspondence and parleying, it was decided that the challenger should sail a race as near as possible like that in which America won the Cup. That is, all the boats of the American fleet were to be pitted against the English challenger.

The race was set for the morning of Aug. 8, 1870. All the yachts were drawn up in line with anchors down. Cambria was given the post of honor, on the windward side of the line. Next to her was the now famous America, as I have before stated, fitted out by the Government at an expense of $25,000, to sail against the Englishman. In addition to America were twenty-three others—six keel schooners and seventeen centerboarders. At the sound of the gun all was bustle. It was up anchor and hoist sail. Magic, one of the centerboarders, was the first to get away. Cambria was next and America last.

The course was laid from a start off the Narrows out to Sandy Hook Lightship and return. Magic secured a good lead by very capable handling and America lost any favors she might have had by exactly the reverse. The immense fleet worked their way down the bay and out to the Hook, with Magic well in the lead. All eyes were on the old favorite, America, and it gladdened many a heart to see her gradually forge ahead from the very last boat at the start, working her way through the fleet, passing boat after boat, till at the flagship she was fourth boat, having put no less than twenty yachts behind her. Magic was the first to turn at 2:03:16, quickly followed by Idler and Dauntless in the order named. America turned at 2:15:25, and Cambria, the eighth boat, at 2:27:17. America maintained her position as fourth boat to the finish. Magic won the race and Cambria could do no better than tenth.

The Second Challenge for the America Cup.

Thus ended the first attempt to capture the Cup. Mr. Ashbury took his defeat in good part, and the next year forwarded a second challenge.

His new boat was called Livonia, and she was an improved Cambria.

An important modification had been made in the rules for the Cup during the year, and the new challenger was to be called upon to sail against but one antagonist at a time—a much fairer proposition, and one conducing to

test the capabilities of each in a much more satisfactory manner. The fact that Mr. Ashbury was building a new vessel created no alarm in this country. There was a quiet confidence in the capabilities of our yachts to hold their own against all the other side could produce.

Considerable discussion arose over the terms and conditions of the new match. Mr. Ashbury advanced the rather startling proposition that as he was a member of twelve clubs in England he should be given twelve different races on as many days, and if Livonia were fortunate enough to win one of them, the match should cease at that point and the Cup be awarded to him as the winner of a race for whichever club he happened to be representing on that particular day.

The New York Y. C. would not agree to any such proposition as this, and for a time it looked as though the whole match would fall through.

Finally Mr. Ashbury agreed to a series of seven races, the winner of four to take the Cup.

The American schooner yacht Columbia was chosen to defend, and the first race was set for Oct. 16, 1871. The start was from the quarantine anchorage in the lower harbor to and around Sandy Hook Lightship and return. Columbia took the lead at the start and Livonia never had a ghost of a show to win, Columbia taking the race by a margin of over twenty-five minutes.

The second race was from the Lightship twenty miles to leeward and return. The wind was strong, and in the run out to the mark Livonia led and turned first. Columbia picked her up in a beat home and won by ten minutes and thirty-three seconds.

The third race was sailed in a strong southwest wind. Columbia lost three minutes at the start, and at the Southwest Spit she carried away her flying jib stay. Later in the race she also carried away her steering gear, and Livonia won the race by fifteen minutes and ten seconds. This was the only instance since the Cup racing began where an English challenger won a heat.

For the fourth race Sappho was substituted for the disabled Columbia. The race was outside, similar to the second. The wind was strong and dead ahead. Sappho beat Livonia twenty-seven minutes and thirty-five seconds in the thresh out, added about three minutes more to her score on the run home, winning the race by thirty minutes and twenty-one seconds.

The fifth and deciding race was sailed on Oct. 23, and was a repetition of the preceding. Sappho took the lead early in the day and won as she pleased by twenty-five minutes and twenty-seven seconds.

Mr. Ashbury did not admit that he was defeated, and asked for a continuation of the match. This the committee would not agree to, as they had decided that the Cup had been saved by the American boats. Mr. Ashbury made a private match with Dauntless for the next day after the last race and was beaten by ten minutes and thirty-one seconds.

Thus ended the second attempt to take back the Cup.

Just about this time there was designed in England a yacht that in the light of future years should be mentioned. This was the yawl Jullanar.

Jullanar was one of the largest yawls ever constructed, her over all length being 110ft. 6in., beam 16ft. 10in., depth of hold 12ft., draft forward 1ft. 6in., aft 13ft. 6in. She was very fast and defeated many of the schooners that carried double her canvas. The lines of this vessel bear a close resemblance in many respects to those made famous by Fife in Minerva, and Herreshoff in Gloriana, many years afterward.

She was designed and built by E. H. Bentall in 1875. Mr. Bentall has become noted as the original designer of the fin-keeler, or what I may call the "fixed keel." That is, a keel built down to a considerable distance below the boat, and then having a large piece of lead bolted to the bottom and constituting the ballast of the boat.

This craft he called Evolution, and though she was not a success, still the idea was a sound one, and one that is to-day the recognized method of building fast boats.

The Third Challenge for the America Cup.

The next notable event was the third challenge for the America Cup. This time it came from Canada, and the Royal Canadian Y. C. forwarded it. The challenge was on behalf of the schooner yacht Countess of Dufferin. Countess of Dufferin was owned, so it was stated, by a syndicate of club members, of which the controlling spirit was that sterling yachtsman, Charles Gifford, Vice-Commodore of the club, and was designed and built by Mr. Alexander Cuthbert, of Ontario.

The New York Y. C. accepted the challenge and named the schooner yacht Madeleine as the defender.

The rules were now definitely changed, and one defender in case to be matched against the challenger. Madeleine was 106ft. over all, 95ft. waterline and 24ft. beam. The Canadian boat was 107ft. over all, 24ft. beam and 94ft. waterline. They were practically of the same size.

The contest was to be decided in three races, the winner of two to take the Cup. The first race was sailed on Aug. 11, and Madeleine won easily by ten minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

The second and deciding race was sailed the next day over the outside course, starting from Sandy Hook, twenty miles to windward and return. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, owner of America, asked the Regatta Committee to take her time, as he desired to see what chance she would have against the new Canadian boat. This was accordingly done. The wind was light and the yachts made slow progress to the outer mark, which they finally turned in the following order: Madeleine at 5:01:52; America at 5:04:53, and Countess of Dufferein at 5:13:41. Madeleine thus beat the Canadian eleven minutes and forty-eight seconds. In the run home both Madeleine and America constantly increased their lead, Madeleine finishing a winner twenty-seven minutes and fourteen seconds ahead of the Canadian, and America nineteen minutes and nine seconds to the good, thus proving that although twenty-five years old, America was still a much faster vessel than any of the three challengers yet brought to contest for the Cup, and that had the entire defense been left to her she could easily have held it alone for over a quarter of a century. Surely a wonderful record.

After the defeat of Countess of Dufferin yachting was rather quiet in this country. The only distinctive thing that marks this period was the development of what was probably the most vicious type of boat that the mind of the sailor man ever evolved, and which was a direct outgrowth of the centerboard. That was the sandbagger.

The sandbagger was a wide, shallow, square stern boat, usually with very little freeboard or height of side. Her beam was generally about half her length. Rival was one of the crack boats of this class in Bridgeport waters a dozen years ago. She carried an enormous rig, being fairly smothered in canvas. It was no uncommon thing to see one of these boats 21ft. long staggering under a sail plan that was over 60ft. from the forward to after point—a sail plan three times the length of the boat. The only way she could be kept afloat was by piling an enormous weight on the weather rail. This, of course, had to be shifted every time the boat went about. They were allowed to carry one man for every 3ft. of racing length, which was the waterline, in addition to the steersman. A 21ft. boat thus carried eight men. In addition to this, each man was provided with as many sacks of sand as he could possibly handle. Whenever the boat went about it was the business of the "ballast lubbers" to get themselves and their sandbags over to the weather side as quickly as was necessary to keep the cockle shell right side up, which in some cases was "instanter." Happily, this type has gone away never to return.

The next event which attracted attention in nautical matters was the fourth challenge for the America Cup. This, like the preceding, came from the Canadian Yacht Club. This time, however, they decided to try their fortunes with a sloop instead of a schooner, and accordingly named the sloop Atalanta as the challenger. She was the smallest vessel that has ever sailed for the Cup, being but 64ft. on the waterline. The challenge was sent and accepted in the spring of 1881.

This year also marked a new departure in choosing a defending vessel. The New York Y. C. decided to hold a series of trial races to select the American representative. Four sloops entered these trials—Gracie, Hildegard, Mischief and Pocahontas. After the series had been sailed the committee decided that Mischief should be chosen as the defender of the Cup.

The first race was sailed over the inside course of the New York Y. C., from Staten Island to Sandy Hook Lightship and return. It was hardly to be called a race, being little more than a farce. The Canadian sloop was beaten by over forty-five minutes.

The second race was sailed the next day over the outside course, and was simply a repetition of the preceding day, the Canadian being again beaten by about forty minutes.

Capt. Cuthbert, designer of Atalanta, announced that it was his intention to alter the sloop and try again. It was this determination that caused the New York Y. C. to alter the deed of gift of the Cup. It was returned to Mr. George L. Schuyler, the only surviving member of the syndicate of gentlemen that had owned and sailed America when it was won.

Mr. Schuyler again presented the Cup to the club with a new deed of gift that contained a number of important changes. Among these was the provision that a defeated vessel could not again challenge until a race with some other vessel had intervened. Another was that challenges could only be received from yacht clubs holding their races and having an ocean waterway for their course.

These two provisions of course barred out our enterprising neighbors, and they have challenged no more.

The Success of the English Cutter Madge.

The year following, 1882, saw the advent of the Scotch cutter Madge in our waters. She was from the design of Mr. George L. Watson, the designer of a number of fast vessels then in English waters. Madge was something new in these waters. She was the first of the famous "plank-on-edge" type of fast English cutters to visit us.

Madge sailed in eight races in 1882. Six of these she won against all competitors, the seventh was a sail over and the eighth she lost to Herreshoff sloop Shadow. In all her races her victories were complete. She demonstrated beyond question that she was a great advance on anything of her size that we then had.

Madge was 47ft. over all, 38ft. 6in. on the waterline, 7ft. 9in. beam and a draft of 8ft. 3in. She carried 10 tons of outside lead bolted on her keel.

There is little doubt that if the English had sent over a cutter of this type of Madge at this time they would have carried off the Cup. But they waited till 1885, and by that time we were ready for them. The lessons of Madge had been learned.

The next great event in yachting matters was the fifth challenge for the America Cup. This was received in 1885. The challenger was Sir Richard Sutton, the challenging vessel Genesta, and the challenge came through the Royal Yacht Squadron. At the same time it was received the New York Y. C. was informed by Mr. J. Beaver Webb, the designer of Genesta, that Lieut. Henn, owner of Galatea, another of Mr. Webb's designs, intended, in the event of the failure of Genesta, to challenge the following year.

The ease with which Genesta had defeated the two crack English cutters, Marjorie and Vanduara, both of which had been mentioned as possible challengers, opened the eyes of the Americans to the situation and warned them that if the Cup was to be retained on this side it would be necessary to meet Genesta with something better than anything then afloat in our waters.

Accordingly, two syndicates were formed—one in Boston and one in New York. The Boston syndicate commissioned Edward Burgess to design for them a yacht that would uphold the honor of America afloat in a creditable manner. Mr. Burgess turned out Puritan. She was the largest single-stick yacht ever built in this country—at least since the days of Maria, and in some ways she was a larger yacht than Maria. Mr. Burgess undoubtedly had the lesson of Madge well in mind, and while retaining the centerboard, he made a radical departure from the then accepted American type of boat. Puritan had about 8ft. draft, was provided with about 50 tons of outside lead ballast and was of good form in her midship section. Taken all in all, she was a wholesome and creditable design.

The New York syndicate commisioned A. Cary Smith to design Priscilla. Mr. Smith was then a well-known yacht designer in New York, and it is to his genius, mainly, that the old-fashioned manner of whittling out a block of wood until it looked "good," and building a vessel from it, was abandoned. He held that the proper way to work out the elements of a boat's design was upon the drawing board in the same manner that architectural and engineering problems are solved. He demonstrated this theory in the design of Vindex, built for Mr. Robert Center in 1870. From the fact that no model was made, she was known as the "paper" boat. She was a very successful boat, however, and the new theory took root, and it was not long before there was an army of yacht designers following the same lines.

The trial races between Puritan and Priscilla were very interesting. Puritan was chosen as the defender by the Cup committee, as she demonstrated her superiority unmistakably.

The date of the first race was set for Sept. 7. The race was to be twenty miles to windward or leeward. The weather was unfavorable, the wind being very light. After four or five hours of drifting the race was called off on account of lack of wind. This was the first time that this had happened in the contests for the Cup. Puritan had a little the better of the argument in the very light wind that prevailed.

The second attempt was made on Sept. 8. In jockeying about for position this day Puritan fouled Genesta and was ruled out by the committee. Sir Richard Sutton was informed that he could sail over the course and take the race. True sportsman that he was, however, he replied that he had come over for a contest and did not seek to win races in that manner. Of course, the committee and all concerned were much pleased at this decision.

Both yachts were duly repaired, and on the 11th they met again for the ocean race. Puritan obtained the best of the start and crossed the line at 11:35:41, and Genesta crossed at 11:35:48.

The Englishman seemed to gain rapidly at the start, and it was but a little while until he tacked across Puritan's bow and planted himself on her weather quarter. The hearts of the attendant patriots went down into their boots, as patriots' hearts are wont to do with little provocation sometimes. The talent on Puritan, however, still had a thing or two up their sleeves. Giving the Boston sloop a good full, they quickly drove her through the lee of the challenger. She continued to gain, and in a short time had reversed the conditions. The wind now began to show signs of dropping out, and it soon became evident that they were doomed to another failure. The race was finally called off at 5 o'clock for lack of wind.

The third trial was made on Sept. 14, over the New York Y. C. course. Puritan got the better of the start, which was made after considerable jockeying for position. The wind was light, and it was a beat out to the lightship. The breeze freshened considerably before the yachts reached the turning point, and a good scupper wind was blowing when they finally turned. Puritan beat Genesta about four minutes on the beat out, and in the freshening wind increased this to sixteen minutes and thirty-five seconds on the run home. Genesta was beaten by nearly a mile. And so the first race was won.

The next and decisive trial was made on Sept. 16, and the finest contest that has marked the annals of the Cup racing was the result. The wind was strong, and the course was twenty miles down wind and return. The yachts made splendid time to the outer mark, but Genesta proved a little better than the American in the running, and turned fully an eighth of a mile ahead of her. They then hauled their sheets flat along for the long thresh of twenty miles to windward, the real fight of the day. Here the excellent lines and perfect balance of Puritan began to tell. Slowly but surely she overhauled the flying Englishman, working to windward of her all the time. The wind was constantly increasing in force, and both vessels were staggering in a smother of foam. At five minutes after three the two yachts were beam and beam just off Long Beach, and it was still anybody's race. Puritan had a little the better of it, as she had the weather berth. The finish of the race was a most exciting one. Puritan had overstood the mark somewhat and was obliged to ease sheets to make it. Down she came rap full. The water flew from her forefoot like the spray from the cutwater of a steamboat. They were now converging rapidly with the mark in plain sight ahead, and the entire fleet of excursion boats and yachts gathered around it. Who would cross first? This was the question on every lip. The Englishman was coming straight for the line with the speed of a torpedo boat. Just on his weather beam was Puritan, coming a little faster. Now they were but half a mile away from the finish. It was clearly seen that Puritan was ahead, but was the margin sufficient to give Genesta her half-minute time allowance? In a smother of foam the Boston sloop swept across the finish, and just two minutes and nine seconds later Genesta followed. Puritan thus won by the narrow margin of one minute and thirty-eight seconds corrected time. Truly a close finish for a forty-mile race.

There is hardly a doubt that Genesta would have taken the Cup back to England had the genius of Mr. Burgess not given us Puritan. It is hardly possible that Priscilla could have stopped her.

Sir Richard Sutton was a most chivalrous enemy, and his visit will long be remembered by all yachtsmen in this country. This match was the first that aroused the real enthusiasm over the Cup races and started us in on that remarkable series of victories of which the end is not yet.

Genesta Wins the Cape May and Brenton's Reef Cups.

Before leaving for England Genesta challenged for and won both Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups. Puritan did not start in these races.

During the ten years that had just elapsed yacht racing had received quite an impetus in this country, especially in the smaller classes. The Larchmont and Seawanhaka clubs had been organized and devoted their attention principally to this form of the sport.

Yacht designers began to multiply. Up to and about this period there could hardly be said to be a professional designer in the country. A few gave it some attention as a side issue, but the usual method was still to whittle out a block of wood and build a vessel as near like this as possible. Of course this hit or miss plan

frequently produced results very different from that which the prospective owner had reason to expect. Designing under these conditions was really more of an art than a science. A good model maker would produce a model which he would claim to be of a very fast type, his only reason for this belief being that it looked right.

The modern design is carried on in a much more scientific manner, and to-day many of the greatest speed producing factors in a boat are well known quantities and capable of scientific demonstration.

The next challenge for the Cup came as expected in the year 1886. The challenger was Galatea, also designed by Beaver Webb, and the vessel selected as the defender was Mayflower, designed by Mr. Burgess.

The Atlantic Y. C. took a hand in the defense of the Cup this year, and a syndicate of those yachtsmen built the sloop Atlantic, from the designs of Capt. Joe Elsworth. The races for choosing a defender this year were, therefore, very interesting, as the '85 champion, Puritan, was met by two new sloops—Mayflower and Atlantic. Mayflower proved her right to the honor of defending the Cup in a series of races held off Sandy Hook. Atlantic was afterward sold to Mr. Wilson Marshall, of this city. She was changed into a schooner, and is to-day one of the well-known vessels of the Bridgeport Y. C.

The races between Mayflower and Galatea did not prove as interesting as those of the previous year. Mayflower defeated Galatea with ease in two straight races, and the Cup was safe for another year. Galatea remained for about a year in American waters, and her owner, Lieut. Henn, made many friends among the yachtsmen on this side.

Immediately on the conclusion of the match between Galatea and Mayflower, it was announced that there would be a challenge from a Scotch syndicate for the following year, and that the designer of the vessel would be Mr. George L. Watson, the well-known designer of the cutter Madge, which I have mentioned as playing such havoc in our smaller classes a few years before.

This challenge was forwarded in due course and accepted. The challenging vessel named was Thistle.

Thistle proved very fast in English waters, and had no difficulty in defeating everything brought against her on the other side. She was brought over early in 1887, and excited much favorable comment from well-posted yachtsmen.

Mr. Burgess had gained so much prestige by his successful designs of Puritan and Mayflower that he found no competitor this year. The only boat built, therefore, as a defender was Volunteer.

Volunteer was a pronounced success from the start. She was the first vessel with a metal hull in the Cup races. She also made a departure, or rather a return, in that her bow was of the well-known clipper type, similar to that used in America. Volunteer's sheer plan was very similar to America.

Her keel was made hollow, and into the trough thus formed was poured about fifty-five tons of lead. Her lines were extremely fine and her shape was that of a normal boat of the most advanced type for the day, however.

The first race was set for Tuesday, Sept. 27. The start was to be in the lower bay, as usual, and the course was inside to Sandy Hook Lightship and return. The wind was very light and in the preliminary centers about the starting line Thistle gave a wonderful exhibition of light-weather sailing. She seemed to move as though by magic. The wind was hardly sufficient to lift the dog vanes at the mast head, and yet this graceful cutter slipped through the water in a truly wonderful manner.

Her owners and their hardy Scotch sympathizers were gathered on the steam yacht Mohican. From her decks could be heard the strains of bagpipes playing the pibroch. They were wonderfully elated at the witch-like manner in which the pride of rugged Scotia glided hither and thither over the surface of the bay, that was smoother than the traditional mill pond.

"No wonder she beat Irex and Genesta; why, she will simply have a walk over," said one enthusiastic partisan of the cutter. "Surely there never was a yacht that could sail in such light wind as Thistle."

And where was Volunteer all this time that her stock was being forced down and the hearts of the patriots were being made heavy as lead by the marvelous exhibition Thistle was giving? She was jogging along quietly in the ruck of the fleet, giving no foretaste of her quality. Gen. Paine, her owner, and Mr. Burgess, her designer, stood quietly alongside Capt. Haff, who grasped the wheel in the old stolid manner, and none of the three gave any indication of elation or depression at Thistle's maneuvers. It was easy to discover, however sluggish her movements seemed, that everything on board was in spick and span condition for the contest. It was the opinion of those who had seen Volunteer so many times victorious in Eastern waters that she was being sailed with sheets trimmed flat as boards. She seemed at least to sail hardly 2ft. to her rival's 3. It was with heavy hearts, therefore, that the patriots heard the sharp crack of the starting gun from the bridge of the Electra. Thistle was first to cross at 12:33:06, and Volunteer followed at 12:34:58.

The Electra's gun had galvanized Volunteer into life; she seemed to start forward like a high mettled horse under the whip. In a few minutes she had weathered Thistle and assumed the lead, which she never surrendered. The yachts glided through the Narrows like phantoms, Volunteer increasing her distance all the time. At 1:20 she was fully a mile ahead of the fleet Scotchman. The wind was growing steadier and a little stronger as the day wore away.

All the tugs, excursion steamers and yachts had now gathered around the lightship, waiting for the turn. Volunteer, now careening gracefully to a good fresh breeze, approached it like a thing of life. She luffed around the mark in fine style, and was greeted with such a din of guns, whistles, gongs and shouts as was never heard on sea before.

Meanwhile Thistle pursued her lonely way. She rounded the lightship at 4:01:15 and began to hunt Volunteer. Her hunting was a forlorn hope, and she never came near the American champion. Volunteer finished at 5:28:16, and Thistle at 5:45:52. Volunteer therefore won by nineteen minutes and twenty-four seconds corrected time.

The second race of the series was sailed from Scotland Lightship in a fine whole-sail breeze. The starting gun was fired at 10:40, and with lee rail awash, Thistle rushed across the line. Volunteer flew after her, and thus was begun the long thresh of twenty miles into the eye of the wind. The gain of Volunteer was steady. She gave a most wonderful exhibition of windward work. She seemed to move bodily to windward, and easily outfooted Thistle. It was merely a procession to the outer mark, and never at any time did Thistle have a ghost of a show. Volunteer rounded fourteen minutes ahead of the Scotchman. The run from the mark back to the lightship was only notable from the gain of Thistle, which amounted to nearly three minutes. This was easily accounted for by the wind increasing much in force toward the close of the day. Volunteer won the race by eleven minutes and forty-nine seconds.

Thus ended the seventh attempt to capture the Cup.

A New Deed of Gift.

Some friction had arisen when Thistle was measured, from the fact that the Scotch boat was 18in. over measurement specified on the waterline. The New York Y. C. thought that it would be well hereafter to have this point fully covered, and so the Cup was again returned to Mr. George L. Schuyler, the only surviving member of the original America syndicate. He then returned it to the club with a new deed of gift.

This deed was regularly drawn up, and its provisions made similar to other legal documents.

The gist of its provisions is as follows:

1. The Cup is to be a perpetual challenge Cup.
2. Sloops, to sail for it, to be not less than 65 nor over 90ft. waterline.
3. Schooners to be from 80 to 115ft. on waterline.
4. Ten months' notice to be given.
5. Challenge must specify rig, name, owner's name, length on waterline, beam at waterline, extreme beam and draft of water. These dimensions not to be exceeded.
6. Centerboard vessels allowed.
7. Mutual consent to waive conditions herein provided.
8. All races to be on ocean courses free from headlands.
9. Courses must provide for 22ft. of water.
10. A defeated vessel not allowed to challenge until race has intervened or two years elapsed.
11. No challenge to be received while one is pending.

In these provisions, the fifth clause, calling for the dimensions, provoked the most acrimonious discussion. The English yachting papers took the matter up, and claimed that the provision was unfair as it would reveal the lines of the vessel. The New York Y. C. defended its position as vigorously, and the disagreement grew.

Through this and other causes no challenge was received for the Cup again for six years, or until 1893.

Meanwhile there had been made perhaps the greatest advance in the building of yachts that had been seen since the dawn of the art of boat building. In fact so great was the advance that at the time of the next challenge, in 1893, the boats of 1887 had become practically obsolete.

One of the strongest factors in this advance was the Scotch cutter Minerva. Minerva was designed by William Fife for C. H. Tweed, of New York. She was 57ft. over all, 39ft. waterline and sailed in what was known at that time as the "40ft. class."

One of the strange things about her was that she was not designed for a racing boat, but for a cruiser—at least that was the statement of her owner and designer. If this was true she was the luckiest accident that ever happened. She began her racing career in a very modest way. Mr. Gardner, the well-known New York designer, was to sail in one of the races of the 40's in a vessel named Liris. Liris broke down at the last minute and Mr. Gardner borrowed Minerva from Mr. Tweed, transferred his crew to her and won the race with ease, to the astonishment of the vessels, as well as the owner of Minerva. After this she was regularly entered in every race, and as regularly won them. She was the champion forty for 1888, and 1889, and it was not until 1890 when Burgess finally laid her colors with Gossoon, an out and out racing machine. Over twenty boats had been built to defeat her, and Gossoon was the first to accomplish the feat.

It was unquestionably the success of Minerva that roused Herreshoff in 1891. Her story, following the lessons of Madge, told in unmistakable terms that the days of the wide, shallow, skimming dish type of centerboarder were passed forever. The genius of Nathaniel Herreshoff was the first to recognize the handwriting on the wall. He discarded once and forever the rule of thumb and whittled block method, and set about his task in a properly directed manner, and his labors produced Gloriana.

She was new. In almost every particular she showed evidences of the most advanced thought. Especially her bow, and her immense overhangs, attracted universal attention. As becomes the fate of most things new, she was universally condemned. Her success, however, was pronounced and emphatic from the start. She was one of a fleet of nine new 46-footers, seven of them from the designs of the famous Burgess, builder of the last three successful Cup defenders, and one from the design of William Fife, the builder of Minerva. There were eight races sailed in 1891, and Gloriana won the entire series. She defeated all her opponents so decisively as to make her appear in a class by herself, which she really was. The old had gone, the new had come, and again the yacht designing of the world was revolutionized. Her first race was off Sandy Hook, and she won it by a margin of over thirty-two minutes. She was truly an epoch-making vessel.

The lines embodied so successfully in Gloriana were not entirely unknown, however, and designers in this country and in England had been tending in her direction for some time.

In the year 1892 Mr. Herreshoff accepted an order to build a boat that would beat Gloriana, and he turned out Wasp.

His prediction was fulfilled, and Wasp proved as much superior to Gloriana as the latter had been to the other 46-footers. Wasp defeated all comers, and, I believe, lost but one race, and that in a light air and practically a drift.

The year 1893 was a very memorable one in yachting circles. In addition to the first challenge of Lord Dunraven for the eighth contest for the America Cup, the large Herreshoff sloop Navahoe was built for racing in English waters.

Lord Dunraven's challenge named Valkyrie II. as the contesting vessel.

Valkyrie was, of course, of the new type, with long, graceful overhangs and deep keel. She carried about 70 tons of lead, 17ft. below the waterline, and spread some 10,000ft. of sail. She was from the design of Mr. George L. Watson, who also turned out for the Prince of Wales the cutter Britannia in the same year.

For the defense of the Cup four vessels were built. Two were by the Herreshoffs, Vigilant and Colonia; one by Gen. Paine, of Boston, Jubilee, and one by a Boston designer, Mr. George Stewart, called Pilgrim. Vigilant had a centerboard, Colonia was a keel, Pilgrim was an out and out fin-keel and Jubilee was a combination of fin-keel and centerboard.

The trial races among these vessels were very interesting, but I will not weary you with an account of them, but let it suffice to say that Vigilant proved her right to defend the Cup by defeating all the others.

Vigilant was the most expensive vessel of her type that had ever been built up to that time. Her underwater body was composed of an expensive non-corosive metal called Tobin bronze. She was rigged with the best that could be obtained, and no expense was spared to make her a winner.

She was a very powerful vessel, and carried nearly 11,000 sq. ft. of sail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 20.—It is now thought that Independence will take the water about May 15. It is expected that next week the work of burnishing her plating will be started. To-day all of the rivets were tested and the heads smoothed up. The caulking was carefully gone over by one of the foremen to see that everything was all right. There will be no difficulty in launching her at any time that she is ready, for there is 25ft. of water just outside of the shop in which she is building, at ordinary tides.

There is considerable doubt at present as to whether or not Capt. Nate Watson will be on Independence during her races. It was reported here within a few days that Mr. Francis Skinner, Jr., had made all his plans for the season's yachting, and that he considered it necessary that Capt. Watson should be on board Constellation. It is said that Mr. Skinner's refusal to release his captain is due to the social feud which exists between Thomas W. Lawson and Mrs. Jack Gardner. At the time when Independence was started it was desired that Capt. Watson should take charge of her, and it was said that Mr. Skinner would be willing to release him. But Mr. Skinner's desire to have the captain on board Constellation has probably no connection with any social feud. Mr. Skinner is a very enthusiastic yachtsman and, as this will probably be the greatest year in the history of the sport, it is only natural that he should wish to have the captain of his yacht where he can put his hands on him at any time.

It was originally intended to have the wooden mast and topmast of Independence form practically one pole mast, the topmast burying into a socket at the mast head, but this plan has been altered. The wooden topmast will be held on end in the usual manner. It will have a fid but will not be housed. It will be secured to the mast head with 10ft. doublings. It is expected that the work of finishing up the hollow spars will be started at Lawley's early in the week. There was some question as to whether Lawley could find the space to do the work, but it was stated to-day that it would be done at the City Point yard.

The first race of the season has been sailed in Dorchester Bay. It was between the little one-design 12-footers which have been built for members of the Savin Hill Y. C. The boats were built by A. O. Gifford, of Cohasset, and were only delivered to their owners about an hour before the start of the race. The race was given on Patriots' Day by the city of Boston, and 14 of the little fellows lined up at the start. They had a very lively tilt around the bay, and the boat owned by J. H. Will was capsized. As the boats have not yet received names, they are known by the names of their owners given in the following summary:

Owner.	Act. time.
J. E. Robinson	1.23.40
F. F. Benson	1.24.00
C. T. Leach	1.25.15
Ernest Kuepers	1.26.50
G. W. Goodwin	1.27.00
W. F. Scott	1.27.02
Louis Hoag	1.27.50
J. F. Turner	1.28.05
A. P. Hawes	1.29.20
A. P. Loring	1.29.22
C. A. J. Smith	1.30.10
A. B. Howland	withdrew.
A. J. Horton	withdrew.

It will be noticed that the finishes of these little boats were very close indeed, there being less than six minutes between the first and the last boat. It is expected that the racing of these boats will furnish a great amount of sport for the members of the Savin Hill Y. C. during the season. It is considered likely that they will all be over to the opening race of the South Boston Y. C. on Memorial Day. The club is making great efforts to perpetuate the interest in small-boat racing.

The special committee of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. has issued a preliminary circular of the Lawson cup races. The classes are as follows:

First—To all single-masted sailing yachts measuring over 80ft. and not over 90ft. in length on the load waterline; prize, silver cup appropriate for this class.

Second—To all yawl-rigged yachts; prize, silver cup valued at $1,000.

Third—To all schooner-rigged sailing yachts; prize, silver cup valued at $1,000.

Fourth—To all single-masted sailing yachts measuring not over 75ft. in length on the load waterline; prize, silver cup valued at $750.

Fifth—To all single-masted sailing yachts measuring not over 65ft. in length on the load waterline; prize, silver cup valued at $750.

Sixth—To all single-masted sailing yachts measuring not over 51ft. sailing length under the rules of the New York Y. C.; prize, silver cup valued at $500.

Seventh—To all schooner-rigged fishing vessels, to be sailed for without time allowance; prizes, $1,000, $500 and $250.

The courses for yachts will be triangular, clear of all headlands, about 30 miles in length, with starting line off Boston Lightship.

As most of the yachts which are likely to compete in these races were built under the rules of the New York Y. C., time allowance and measurement for time allowance will be based upon these rules.

The racing rules of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. will govern except as otherwise specified.

Entries may be sent to Charles E. Hodges, secretary of the committee, 40 Water street, Boston, and should specify the length on the load waterline and racing length.

The start of the race will be so arranged that the fishermen and yachts will not interfere.

David Barrie, Sir Thomas Lipton's American representative, was in Boston this week for the purpose of securing a tender for Shamrock II. He looked over the Bay Line steamer Cape Cod, and had a conference with the directors of the company that owns her in regard to chartering. When Mr. Barrie left for New York Thursday night nothing definite had been settled. He will return to Boston on Monday, when it is expected the business will be finished up. It is thought that Mr. Barrie will take the Cape Cod.

Work in the yards is still on the boom. Lawley has all that he can attend to. The keel of the Y. R. A. 21-footer for Starling Burgess was laid this week, and the keel of the Y. R. A. 21-footer for H. H. Wiggin, of the Annisquam Y. C., will be set up next week. McIntyre, of Neponset, is busy with the four 18-footers designed by Starling Burgess. Hanley, of Quincy Point, has all he can attend to in the Canada cup defender and two Y. R. A. 25-footers. Smith launched two boats last week.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The New Measurement Rule.

THE following interesting letter has been received from one of the best known yachtsmen in America. His comments on the new rule, adopted by the Seawanhaka Corinthian and Larchmont yacht clubs, clearly indicates that he has given the subject careful consideration. Any of the three modified rules suggested by him are thought to be superior by many yachtsmen to the rule recently adopted:

The same old question involved in all yacht measurement rules is presented as to how the fully developed racer can be handicapped and penalized to enable the family cruiser of slow speed to beat her in the races and take away from her all the prizes.

A rule may be all right, as applied to existing boats, and may accomplish the results desired of putting the racing yacht, so to speak, out of it and bringing into prominence as a mug winner the steady old family wagon of the fleet; but, if when the problem involved in the building of new boats to meet the new conditions is undertaken, and the designer finds that, as the expression is, "he is able to drive a horse and cart through the rule," and a boat of the most pronounced freak type is the only possible product of the remedial legislation, one can understand how important it is for clubs to act in these matters deliberately and advisedly in arriving at a conclusion.

The important point, therefore, in any rule, is not so much how it will affect existing boats, but what kind of yachts will have to be built to take all the advantage possible of its limitations.

It is not assuming a great deal to say that among the American designers who have given the rule any consideration, there would be few who would not undertake to produce designs which would show the restrictions of the rule to be entirely ineffectual to accomplish the objects desired.

The normal boat, the *ignis fatuus* of the cruising, and would-be, at the same time, racing yacht, will never materialize in successful form in the yacht racing fleet.

Normal dimensions do not prevent abnormal features.

Any rule which brings racers in the regular classes back to the level of cruisers checks progress in designing.

It is a very dangerous thing to make rules which limit the development of speed in racing yachts. It may be proper to limit sail area to length, or to displacement, but imposing penalties and limitations on form or design is a dangerous departure to make in yacht measurement.

The measurement rule for the regular classes should leave the designer as free as possible, and limitations of dimensions and form should be made applicable to special design classes only.

One of the most notable defects apparent in the rule is the dropping down much below the limits of the class of boats heretofore at the upper limits of their class.

This is noticeable in the 75ft. class of schooners.

There will be this season in the racing four schooners built to the top of the present class, which, under the new rule, would measure some 5ft. below their class limit. The opportunities that would be afforded the designer of a new boat to put these four schooners entirely out of the racing must be apparent to even the most inexperienced racing man.

The same may be said of the operation of the rule in the 51ft. class of sloops.

The advantage of taking the area of the submerged midship section, overtaking the measurements of the outline of the same, is not apparent. The English system of taking the midship section measurements is in every respect simpler and better.

The outline or girth of the submerged midship section affords a suggestion of an easy solution of the problem of effectually and equitably penalizing abnormal proportions of the midship section without the necessity of invoking the involved measurements and calculations of area required by the proposed rule.

This summer we will have some foreign naval architects with us. Cannot we get them together in consultation with our designers here and an international rule be suggested that will be acceptable to everybody?

Modification of the English rule to suit American conditions:

$$\frac{\text{C. L.} + \sqrt{\text{S. A.}} + .5\text{B} + .5\text{C. G.} + \text{G. D.}}{2.5}$$

C. L. = L. Y. C. rule corrected length.
S. A. = sail area.
B. = extreme beam.
C. G. = chain girth.
D. G. = difference between chain and skin girth.

Modification of the Larchmont rule I.

$$\frac{\text{C. L.} + \sqrt{\text{S. A.}} + \text{G. D.}}{2.1}$$ Syce 50.8

C. L. = corrected length as in L. Y. C. R.
G. D. = girth difference between skin and chain girth.

Modification of the Larchmont rule II.

$$\frac{\text{C. L.} + \sqrt{\text{S. A.}} + \text{M. S. M.}}{2.1}$$ { Amorita 73·73, Wasp 55.50, Syce 49.85

C. L. = corrected length = length of L.W.L. + beam at L.W.L. taken at one-eighth of its length from fore end + beam at L.W.L. taken at one-eighth of its length from after end — greatest beam at L.W.L.

S. A. = sail area = taken as heretofore.

M. S. M. = midship section measurement = .9 of skin girth of submerged midship section, less the sum of the extreme L.W.L. beam and the extreme draft.

Design for an Open Launch.

OWNERS are beginning to realize the many advantages to be had by using power boats for tenders to their yachts. The additional comfort derived and the time saved compensate for the additional expense put into such a boat.

The launch plans which appear in this issue were designed for Mr. W. C. Allison, of Philadelphia, Pa. He will use her as a tender to his 32ft. cruising cutter, plans of which were reproduced in FOREST AND STREAM Feb. 23, 1901. Both of these boats were designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, and were built this winter by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., of South Boston, Mass. The Allison launch is a handsome boat with a square transom and full waterlines forward. She will make a fast and dry boat in all weather. The cockpit, which is forward, is large and roomy. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	23ft.	4 in.
L.W.L.	21ft.	10 in.
Overhang—		
Forward		8⅝in.
Aft.		9⅜in.
Beam—		
Extreme.	5ft.	7½in.
L.W.L.	5ft.	5¾in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	2ft.	6⅝in.
Taffrail	1ft.	9⅞in.
Least	1ft.	5 in.
Draft—		
Extreme	1ft.	10 in.
To rabbet	1ft.	3 in.
Displacement	3,727lbs.	

She will be driven by a 2-horse-power Gas Engine and Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury Co. engine.

Gen. Butler and the Yacht America.

IN the article entitled the "History of the Development of the Racing Yacht" which appears in these columns this week, mention is made of the yacht America during the time she was owned by Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. In this connection the following interesting note from a contemporary issue of the N. Y. Sun demonstrates that the boat was in the hands of an owner who was a thorough yachtsman:

Gen. Butler's hobby is his yacht America. She lies now in Boston harbor, with a crew aboard, and some day soon, when the notion takes him and a big storm threatens, he will take a cab, drive at full tilt for her wharf, and start for some place beyond the reach of telegrams. When he took his Southern trip in his yacht from Fortress Monroe last spring, he waited before going to sea until he could get a good northwest storm. When Gen. Hazen of the Weather Bureau, in response to his telegrams, sent him word that a northwest wind was coming, and that it was probably strong enough to suit him, Gen. Butler crowded on all the sail he could, settled himself in the cockpit, planted his arms akimbo and audaciously faced the storm. The America skimmed the waves with such speed that Gen. Butler declared that he would yet sail into some European port with her and astonish the timid yachtsmen. He puffs away all care at the end of his finger tips when he treads the deck of the America, eats four meals a day, has a game of penny ante with his guests at night, and is up early the next day looking out for a storm. If there could be found a sea of perpetual storms, Gen. Butler would probably make for it. There are enough amusing stories told of his adventures at sea to fill a summer book of fun. It is said that his yacht never yet carried enough sail for him, and that he has not yet met a storm that has even disturbed him. Sometimes his sturdy old captain (Mr. Reed), who is as strong-minded in his way as Gen. Butler is in his, has a wordy encounter with the General about the chances the latter seems to have to take, and once he is said to have told Gen. Butler to take his "—— old yacht," and run it as he pleased, when in face of the trepidation of the crew and the prudence of the Captain, the General wanted to crowd on more sail. Mr. Reed tells of several hairbreadth escapes, as well as amusing adventures, he has had with Gen. Butler at sea, and some of his crew have predicted that if Gen. Butler dies at all, he will become food for whales. When the storm runs so high as to make every one on board seasick except the captain and the owner, Gen. Butler is sure to be found seated in the cockpit, with his old, mysterious smile curving about his face.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Indian Harbor Y. C., whose house is near Greenwich, Conn., is first in the field of the Sound clubs, with a cup valued at $500 for a race of the 90-footers, to windward and leeward, seven and a half miles each way, to be sailed over twice, making a total distance of thirty miles. This race will take place probably in the last week of June.

The yacht clubs on Gravesend Bay have formed an association which is called the Gravesend Bay Yacht Racing Association. The clubs in the Association are the Atlantic, Marine and Field and Brooklyn Yacht Clubs and New York C. C.

At the meeting to complete the organization, which was held at the Yachtmen's Club, Manhattan, on Monday evening, April 15, the organizing clubs were represented by delegates, as follows: Atlantic Y. C., George Hill; Brooklyn Y. C., John R. Brophy and P. H. Jeannot; Marine and Field Club, Arthur Clapp; New York C. C., Capt. Speer and Barron Fredricks.

George Hill acted as chairman and Arthur P. Clapp as secretary. The rules of the Long Island Sound were adopted and it was agreed that handicap races should be arranged, the handicaps being figured on past performances. The following schedule was arranged:

June 1, Atlantic Y. C., all classes; 8, Brooklyn Y. C., open regatta; 15, New York C. C., annual regatta; 22, Marine and Field Club, open regatta; 29, Atlantic Y. C., regatta; July 4, Gravesend Bay Yacht Racing Association, first open regatta, all classes open to yachts enrolled in club fleets; Aug. 3, Atlantic Y. C.; 10, Brooklyn Y. C.; 17, New York C. C., midsummer regatta; 31, Marine and Field Club, regatta; Sept. 2, Gravesend Bay Yacht Racing Association, second series of races; 7, Atlantic Y. C., races; 14, Brooklyn Y. C., fall races; 21, New York C. C., fall regatta.

It is announced that King Edward will resign the post of Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He will become, instead, its patron, in the place of the late Queen Victoria.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the American Model Y. C. was held at the Liberty Hotel, Fulton street, near Clark street, Brooklyn. The election resulted as follows: Com., James H. Lane; Vice-Com., John C. Meyer; Sec'y, George F. Pigott; Treas., George W. Townley; Meas., William Herne; Board of Trustees, Michael Ondosko, John C. Meyers and Edward Antenen.

Mr. James Baird, of the Larchmont Y. C., has resigned as Rear-Commodore of the club, and Com. Adams has appointed in his place Mr. Fred Hoyt, the owner of Isolde.

The Cohasset Y. C. has elected the following-named officers and committees for 1901:

Com., Dr. John Bryant; Vice-Com., Daniel H. Tower; Sec'y and Treas, Charles H. Cousens; Executive Committee, William H. Crane, Charles W. Gammons, Amos A. Lawrence, Lyman D. Willcutt, George W. Collier; House Committee, Samuel C. Bates, Russell B. Tower, Paul J. Bates; Membership Committee, Harold B. Cousens, William C. Appleton, Burgess C. Tower, Sheldon N. Ripley, F. R. Pegram, H. E. Mapes, E. F. Willcutt; Regatta Committee, Ralph B. Williams, Arthur O. Higgins, Francis J. Moore, Frederick H. Platt, James Dean.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Robert P. Doremus, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased from Mr. N. C. Nash, of Boston, through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones, the schooner yacht Loyal.

The Taunton Yacht Works is building a Crowninshield-designed yawl for Mr. Sanford, of New York city. She is 51ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 11ft. beam and draws 6ft. 6in. Work has begun on a 27ft. racing boat for Mr. Gilpin, of Philadelphia.

Mr. R. D. Evans, N. Y. Y. C., has sold his auxiliary schooner yacht Lesbia to Mr. W. H. Bromley, Philadelphia, through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

Mr. A. B. Hart, of St. Louis, has bought from Mr. John H. Cromwell, of Newark, N. J., through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, the schooner yacht Scimitar.

The schooner yacht Wayward has been sold by Mr. Charles Smithers, N. Y. Y. C., through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh, to Mr. Frank W. Duryea, N. Y. Y. C.

The steam yacht Wanda has been chartered by Mr. G. Searing Wilson, N. Y. Y. C., through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh, to the Associated Press for the races to be held by the New York Y. C.

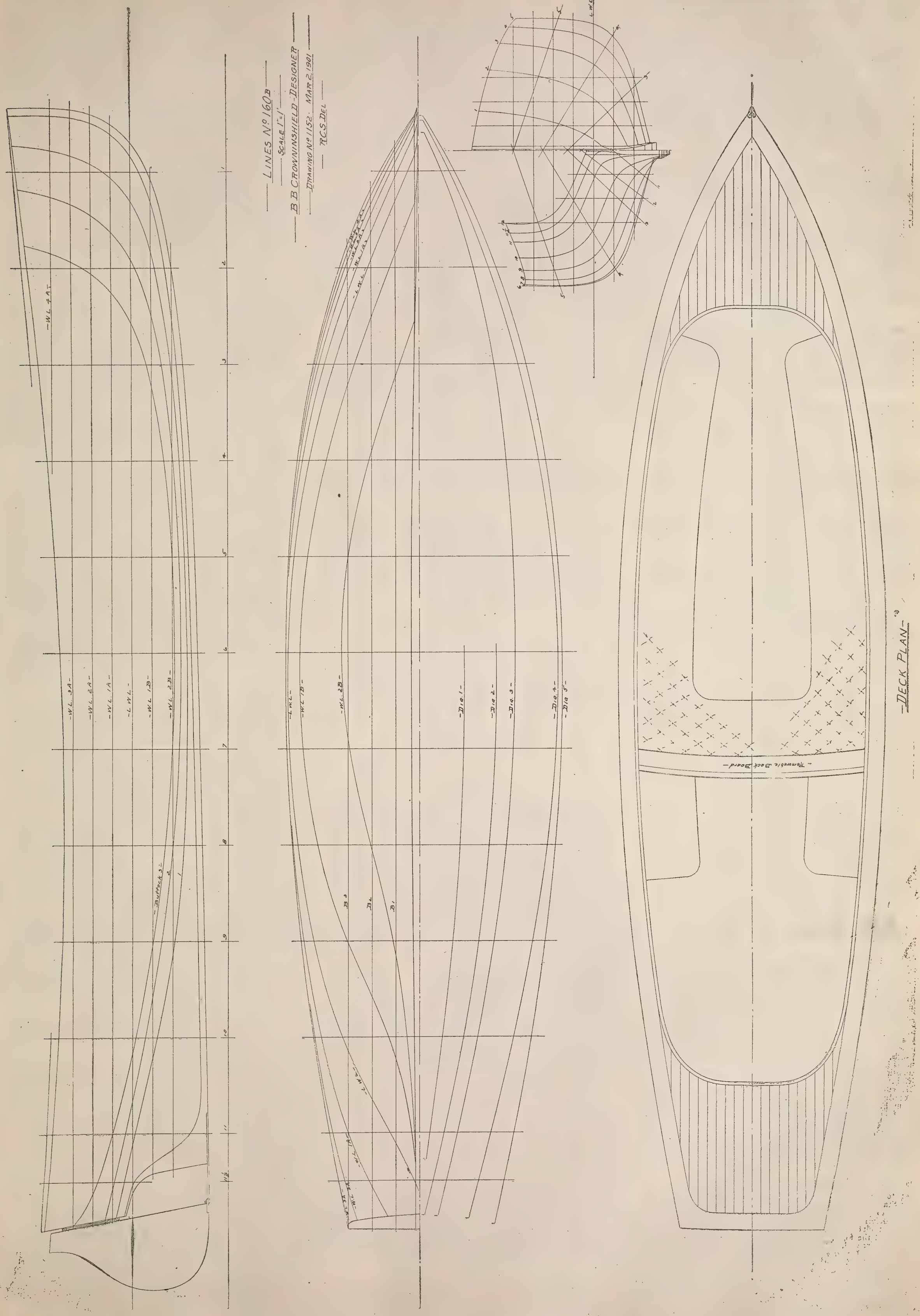
Mr. A. P. Bliven has sold the following boats through his agency: Schooner yacht Woodmansie, by Edward F. Cole, to Dr. B. F. Curtis; sloop Flora, by Mr. H. H. Landon to Mr. James N. Norris, of Brooklyn. N. Y.

Mr. William C. Whitney has chartered the twin screw steam yacht Artemis from Mr. Frederick G. Bourne, N. Y. Y. C.

The fast steam yacht Kanawha has been sold through the Gas Engine and Power Co. & Charles Seabury & Co. The name of the buyer has not been announced.

The schooner yacht Southern Cross, owned by Mr. Edward F. Cole, N. Y. Y. C., is having new spars and sails and a general overhauling at Bridgeport, Conn.

The steam yacht Mayita, which has been purchased by



OPEN LAUNCH—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR W. C. ALLISON, 1901.

Messrs. Uhlmann and Schaefer, N. Y. Y. C., through Seabury & Co., and has been taken from McIntosh's Basin, South Brooklyn, to Morris Heights, where she will fit out.

Mr. Frank Tilford, owner of the steam yacht Norman, is having extensive improvements made on the boat at Manning's Basin, South Brooklyn.

Word has been received from Southampton, England, that L'Esperance, one of the boats built by the Stevenses as a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup, has been launched and showed considerable speed when under sail. Gray Friar, another boat being built by the same firm for the same purpose, will be ready to launch shortly.

The steam yacht Cherokee, designed and built by Seabury & Co., at Morris Heights, for Mr. S. H. Vandergrift, of Pittsburg, Pa., was launched on April 17. Cherokee is 85ft. over all, 72ft. waterline, 14ft. beam and draws 5ft.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold through their agency the yawl Themis II. for Mr. W. Fisher to Mr. C. Stein, of New York city. They have also sold the high speed launch Item to Mr. Henri B. Lothrop, of Detroit, Mich.

The steam yacht Baracouta is being fitted out at Morris Heights.

At Tebo's Basin, South Brooklyn, the schooner yachts Latona and Carlotta, the cutter Ilderim, the auxiliary Aloha and the steam yachts Virginia, Jathneil, Vedette, Juanita and Kismet are fitting out. At Manning's Basin, South Brooklyn, work is being rushed on the steam yachts Corsair and Aphrodite. The sloop Isolt is being put in commission at McIntosh's Basin.

The auxiliary schooner yacht Tekla, owned by Mr. A. Fabbri, has been sold through the agency of Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey to Mr. Richard Wainwright, N. Y. Y. C.

Elmina is the name selected for the 75ft. racing schooner building at Shooters' Island, S. I., for Mr. Frederick K. Brewster, N. Y. Y. C., from designs by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey.

The 110ft. waterline cruising schooner now being built at Shooters' Island, S. I., from designs by Mr. H. C. Wintringham for Mr. Robert E. Tod, N. Y. Y. C., will be called Thistle.

The launches Delia, Lavina, Rebecca, Francis, Embla, Ethelen and Fleur de Lis have been sold through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh.

The 51-footer Altair, owned by Mr. Cord Meyer, N. Y. Y. C., has been thoroughly overhauled at Bristol, and is now at City Island, where she will be fitted out for the racing season.

The auxiliary schooner yacht Oonas, designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey, was launched at the yard of Messrs. C. & R. Poillion, South Brooklyn, on April 22. Oonas is a centerboard boat with 35 tons of lead ballast. She is 95ft. over all, 75ft. on the waterline, 20ft. 6in. beam and draws 10ft. She will be fitted with a 25-horse-power motor.

The 50ft. launch Thetis, owned by Mr. J. W. Broughton, of Chicago, has been sold through Manning's yacht agency to Mr. H. B. Wittaker, of New York city.

A. C. A. Membership.

Mr. A. W. Lang, of Lawrence, Mass., has been proposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.

The following gentlemen have been proposed for membership to the Central Division of the A. C. A.: C. A. Baird, Rochester, N. Y., Irondequoit C. C.; A. P. H. Warren, Buffalo, N. Y., Buffalo C. C.; Ellicott R. Colson, Buffalo, N. Y., Buffalo C. C.; Norman S. Jarvis, Buffalo, N. Y., Buffalo C. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Our Own Shooting Society.

Hoboken, N. J.—The Our Own Shooting Society, of Hoboken, which is regarded as the largest and most successful organization of its kind in New Jersey, thanks to its membership of 165 marksmen and bowlers, had a regular weekly practice meeting at headquarters, Gallenkamp's Hall, 110 Grand street, Wednesday evening, April 17. A great throng of members attended, but only twenty-one of the Our Owns utilized the ranges and alleys, the others finding interest in other amusements. The society's three ranges and two alleys were kept busy from 8 o'clock until after midnight, and some interesting struggles for supremacy were witnessed.

Shooting Master Adam Schmitt excelled both in shooting and bowling. He placed a string of ten shots in the black for a total of 244 out of the possible 250. He received the bowling medal by scoring 71 out of 100 pins at the headpin game. Ex-Captain William F. Dilger was second best on the ranges. The shooting scores follow: Capt. Louis Christ 227, Wm. F. Dilger 234, Wm. Pfeiffer 232, Adam Schmitt 244, Chris Brincker 226, Andrew Mare 202, John Spinck 230, Lesser L. Levy 224, Gus Jaeger 201, Wm. Rosenthal 201, Fred Bunger 229, W. J. Scott 203, Lieut. Herman Warnken 209, Fred Buehler 200, Wm. Welz 208, H. Jacobsen 207, Owen Smith 231, Wm. C. Schmidt 209, John Kroll 212, Wm. Hoag 201, Henry Hohn 220.

National Rifle Association.

The tournament of the National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Rifle Association, at Sea Girt, N. J., next September promises to be of exceptional international interest. The Ulster Rifle Association, of Belfast, Ireland, will send a team, which will shoot a special match. The secretary, Mr. John McKenna, of Belfast, sent the following official letter on this subject:

"Belfast, Ireland, April 6.—Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Assistant Secretary New Jersey State Rifle Association, Passaic, N. J.: My dear sir—I cabled you yesterday, 'Ulster accepts, caliber .315,' which I trust reached you in due course. I am very pleased, indeed, that the match is now arranged, and it is most agreeable to me to confirm the cable.

"We had a very large meeting of the Ulster Rifle Association, and on the proposition of Maj. Millner, who shot on the Irish team in 1880 against you, it was unanimously agreed that your challenge be accepted by our Association, independent of whether the Irish Rifle Association accepts the challenge of your National Rifle Association for the old America vs. Ireland match or not.

"However, we will be over in August, and hope to have a pleasant time with you. Your conditions are perfectly agreeable to us, except that .45 bores being relics of the past we cannot admit; .315 is the maximum now in use here, so this will amply cover your modern caliber. Then so many of our juveniles wish to have a look in that we should desire it left an open matter on our arrival in the United States, to name number of men in team, not exceeding eight or less than five. We fancy this will be quite agreeable to you, having so many capable shots to select from. All other conditions are perfectly satisfactory. In fact, we go to meet Americans, our real brother riflemen. Victors or vanquished, we shall return happy.

"The captain of our team will be Mr. James Wilson, an old-time rifleman. With renewed good wishes, and hoping to find you all in tip top fettle (after the match), I am, dear sir, yours very truly John McKenna, Secretary Ulster Rifle Association Team."

Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New York and the District of Columbia have already signified their intention to be represented by State teams.

Cincinnati Gun Club vs. Blue Grass Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., April 17.—There was a most interesting sixteen-men team contest between the Cincinnati Gun Club and the Blue Grass Gun Club, of Paris, Ky., at Cincinnati to-day. The former club won by a score of 667 to 625. Mr. J. Q. Ward was high with 48. Messrs. Gambell and Clay were tied for second to Mr. Ward with 47 out of 50, a 94 per cent. gait.

The race was shot in one hour and fifty-five minutes in windy weather. The judges were Messrs. J. Hirsch, of Aurora, Ind., and C. H. Bateman, of Cincinnati, while Mr. John Faulk, of Cincinnati, acted as referee. The scores:

Cincinnati Gun Club's Team.		Blue Grass Gun Club's Team.	
R Trimble	24 21—45	T H Clay	24 23—47
Squier	16 17—33	V Ferguson	19 19—38
Phil	21 24—45	Nye	19 18—37
Ahlers	22 19—41	Crawford	19 19—38
Gambell	23 24—47	Spears	23 22—45
Heyl	21 22—43	Buckner	16 23—39
Richmond	21 22—43	J Ferguson	21 22—43
Maynard	22 22—44	F Clay	23 21—44
Mackie	22 23—45	E Ferguson	20 13—33
See	21 17—38	James	18 22—40
King	23 22—45	Smith	20 21—41
Sullivan	19 22—41	McLaughlin	15 16—31
Jay Bee	19 16—35	B Clay	22 20—42
E Trimble	22 16—38	E Turney	8 15—23
Goodman	20 22—42	Brennan	18 18—36
Dick	20 22—42—667	J Q Ward	24 24—48—625

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, on April 14. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 222. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 62; wind, light, from 8 o'clock:

						Union.		
Gindele	222	217	216	212	212—1079	19	23	23—65
Payne	220	217	212	211	211—1071	21	24	20—65
Speth	217	217	214	208	204—1060	24	19	24—67
Lux	216	202	201	191	191—1001	23	22	14—59
Strickmeier	215	214	213	211	205—1058	22	21	19—62
Roberts	214	210	207	205	202—1038	23	22	20—65
Nestler	214	208	207	204	203—1036	25	19	20—64
Weinheimer	212	194	193	183	179— 961	20	19	20—59
Trounstine	209	205	203	193	185— 995	21	25	20—66
Drube	202	197	195	191	183— 969	..	..	..
Jonscher	200	194	185	184	183— 946	..	..	..
Uckotter	192	191	189	189	185— 946	22	20	15—57
Surkamer	179	164	162	154	129— 788	22	20	22—64
Topf	176	173	170	164	163— 846	20	14	22—56

Elite Rifle Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 20—The Elite Rifle Club's meeting to-day was marked by the excellence of the shooting. The conditions were 10 shots per man, 75ft. range, ring target, off-hand shooting. Champion Fred Ross made the top score of 247 out of a possible 250 points. The scores: F. C. Ross 247, Theo. P. Fritz 245, John Kaufmann 244, Ignatz Martin 241, G. Krauss 240, Dr. F. A. Schlitz 238, Charles Kannofsky 230, Louis Zoellner 236, John Zimmermann 226, Otto Spangenberg 225.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

April 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Klein-Barmeister's third annual target tournament; $50 added each day.

April 26.—Owego, N. Y.—Amateur shoot of the Owego Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

April 26-28.—Chicago.—Annual spring tournament of the Crescent Gun Club. John S. Boa, Mgr.

May 1-2.—Toledo, O.—First annual handicap shoot of the Edgewater Gun Club. F. W. Dyar, Sec'y.

May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 2-3.—Beatrice, Neb.—Tournament of the Beatrice Gun Club.

May 4.—Summerdale Station, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Frankford Gun Club. Main event, twelve-men team contest. D. D. Mercer, Secy, 4461 Frandford avenue, Frankford, Pa.

May 5.—Chicago, Ill.—Universal Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Bowling Green, Ky.—Bowling Green Gun Club's tournament.

May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 8-9.—Chicago, O.—Deer Lick Gun Club's tournament.

May 9-10.—Marion, O.—Marion Gun Club's tournament.

May 10-11.—Johnstown, Pa.—Johnstown Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

May 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, East New York. Team race: Oceanics vs. Fultons. Address Bob Schneider or A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475.

May 14.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Shoot for naphtha launch; 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; surplus divided; seventeen entries to fill. F. Lebohner, Mgr.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.

May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.

May 15-16.—Luverne, Minn.—Tournament of Luverne Gun Club.

May 15-16.—Elgin, Ill.—Tournament of Elgin National Gun Club.

May 15-16.—Zanesville, O.—Spring tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Pekin, Ill.—Twin City Gun Club's tournament.

May 20-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Charles T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Greenville, O.—Annual shoot of the Greenville Gun Club. F. C. Brehm, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Greenville, O.—Greenville Gun Club's tournament.

May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Cedar Rapids Gun Club's tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, to be held May 7 to 10 inclusive, provides eleven events on each day at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance, excepting the Nos. 6. No. 6 on the first day is for the individual target championship of the State, 50 targets, unknown angles, entrance price of targets, for the E C cup, which is subject to challenge. No. 6 on the second day is the three-men team championship of the State, 30 targets per man, unknown angles, price of targets. All members of teams must be bona fide members of the teams which they represent. A medal will be given for the two days in the regular target events. Five per cent. will be deduced from the net purse each day to be added to the Association's fund for the propagation of game and fish. The third and fourth days are live-bird events. On Thursday there are four programme events, of which No. 1 is at 5 birds, $3; No. 2 is as follows: "Individual championship of the State at live birds, 15 pigeons; entrance $7.50, birds included Prize, the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association individual championship gold medal; winner of the previous contest to receive the net purse in this. One miss out, with privilege. The winner of this match will receive a special gold badge, which will become his personal property. Event No. 3, three-men team championship of the State. Ten live birds per man; entrance $15 per team, birds extra. Net purse to the winning team at last tournament. Event No. 4, 10 live birds, entrance $5, birds included. A special medal will be given for high average in regular live-bird events. Only those who have shot through the regular live-bird programme events (New York and New Jersey team contest excepted) will be eligible for this prize. Five per cent. will be deducted from the net purses each day, to be added to the Association's fund for the propagation of game and fish. On the fourth day at 9 A. M. the amateur team contest, between teams of ten to fifteen men each, representing the States of New York and New Jersey, will take place. Conditions: Each man to shoot at 25 live birds, 30yds. rise. Entrance cost of birds, each man to pay for his own birds only. Prize, honor of winning. Extra events will be shot if time permit."

Mr. Geo. C. Lebohner has sent out invitations to shooters, inviting attention to the Electro-Vapor launch contest, which takes place at Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, L. I., Friday of this week. The event is at 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, at 25 cents, 25 to 33yds. rise. All entrance money above seventeen entries will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting. Ties miss-and-out. The shooter winning the launch will not be entitled to any of the money. Sweepstakes at 10 o'clock. Launch event at 1 o'clock. Entries may be made up to the beginning of the third round. The launch is valued at $175 and may be seen at Von Lengerke & Detmold's, 318 Broadway.

The programme of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club, May 3 and 4, provides one day at targets, one at live birds. There are ten target events on the first day, a total of 180 targets, with a total entrance $12. On the second day there is one event at 7 birds, $4; one at 15, birds, $10, and miss-and-outs if time permits. The Rose system, ratios 4, 3, 2 and 1, will govern. To highest general average, $3; to second, $2. The committee is Messrs. W. H. Burnham, E. T. Eyster, Allen M. Seitz and Dr. C. G. Wiley, to any one of whom guns and shells may be shipped. Targets 2 cents; birds 20 cents.

The daily press, which in its entirety is a most eminent authority on ethical matters, quotes Mr. John P. Haines, president of the S. P. C. A., as an eminent verbal authority on trapshooting, inasmuch as he asserts that "clay pigeons, so called, satisfy all the demands of the real sportsmen who wish in this way to test their marksmanship, and they are harder to hit," etc. Did any one ever hear of a target shooter who had buck fever shooting at "clay pigeons" or bluerocks? There is a matter of nerve as well as of skill to be tested.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, who has for many years been eminent in sporting matters in America, has resigned his position with the American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Company to take a position with the Western Cartridge Company, of St. Louis, as general sales agent. Mr. Harold Money, famous as an expert shot, will be associated with him. Mr. Quimby, in mentioning the matter to us, said that he looked back with much pleasure on his friendly relations with all the officers of the E C & Schultze company. He resigns solely for business advancement.

Mr. M. S. Brey, of Zionsville Station, Pa., announces an all-day shoot on Thursday of this week, commencing at 10 o'clock. There are fifteen events on the programme, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 50 and 75 cents and $1, $1.25 and $1.50. Class shooting. Also there will be a special match between J. G. Kuerstner, of Reading, and M. S. Brey, of Zionsville, at bluerocks, for a purse. If the weather is unfavorable the shoot will be postponed to the following day.

Under date of April 19 Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, writes us as follows: "Kindly announce to the readers of Forest and Stream the cancellation of the dates of the Memphis tournament, viz., May 8-10. I have received a telegram from Mr. Irby Bennett stating that the Memphis Gun Club is not in a position to conduct the tournament in a manner that would prove satisfactory to it or to the Interstate Association."

The Trenton Shooting Association six-men team at Freehold, N. J., defeated the Freehold team by a score of 234 to 229, each man shooting at 50 targets. Also in a State championship team shoot, six men to a team, 30 targets per man, $6 entrance, the Trenton team came out first, the scores being: Trenton Shooting Association 140, Freehold Gun Club 135, Asbury Park Gun Club 117, New Brunswick Gun Club 109.

The novel match, at 50 live birds each, shot at Interstate Park Saturday between Messrs. L. T. Duryea and T. W. Morfey, for $100 a side, was won by the former by a score of 46 to 43. The contestants used 8-gauge guns and shot from the 33yd. mark, facing a driving rain storm, the wind blowing in their faces. The birds were an excellent lot. Under the circumstances the scores were very superior.

The next shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club will take place at Rockaway Beach, L. I., on the first day of next week. This is the last shoot of the season, and will have as a matter of special interest a team shoot with the Fulton Gun Club. Trains leave East Thirty-fourth street and Flatbush avenue at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M.

The live-pigeon series of shoots held by the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, were concluded on last Saturday. Dr. Shaw won first prize, Dr. Meek second, Mr. T. W. Eaton third, Dr. Mathews fourth. The competition was exceedingly close, there being but a narrow margin between the leaders in the scores.

Mr. J. W. Berger, secretary of the Arlington, Minn., Gun Club, writes us, April 12, that his club reorganized with a membership of fourteen. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, H. McGovern; President, Wm. Timm; Secretary, J. W. Berger; Treasurer, Robert Iten.

Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., who made his State famous in addition to a national fame for himself by collogating the G. A. H. trophy, recently, was a participant in the shoot of the Boston Gun Club last Saturday, and scored first in the prize match, 26 out of 30 from the 19yd. mark.

In the Patriots' Day tournament of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club, the prize event resulted in a tie between Messrs. Williams and Lambert on a score of 44 each out of 50. Mr. Lambert won in the shoot-off. Mr. Merritt was second with 43. Mr. Rule won the shoot-off for third.

The Lynn, Mass., Gun Club is arranging for a summer series of Saturday afternoon shoots for merchandise prizes, a Winchester shotgun going to first, and other prizes to twelfth place, the latter having a Heikes hand holder. The series will close on Sept. 2.

At the meeting of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, at Leavenworth, Kan., on April 17, it was determined that the next State shoot of the Association would be held at Olathe, Kan., not later than May 30, 1902.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association announces that it adds $100 in the State team shoot, May 22, which corrects an omission in the regular programme. The latter we will publish in full in our next issue.

In a contest between sixteen-men teams of the Cincinnati Gun Club and the Blue Grass Gun Club, of Paris, Ky., the former won. Each man shot at 50 targets. The score was 667 to 625.

The Fitchburg, Mass., Rifle and Gun Club opened its season on Patriots' Day with an all-day shoot. On May 1 the club starts a handicap shoot for the season.

Three tied for high average on targets at J. Sheehy's shoot, at Pella, Ia., April 16 and 17, Messrs Burnside, Klein and Bently averaging 86 per cent.

At th tournament of the Valley Stream Association, Reading, Pa., the Eagle challenge trophy was won by Mr. Lee Wertz, by a score of 39 out of 50.

The Greenville, O., Gun Club will hold its annual shoot on May 21 and 22, at the club's grounds. Mr. F. C. Brehm is the secretary.

As a sign of prosperity, it may be noted, on reference to Mr. Banks' interesting report of the Interstate Association's tournament, at Jacksonville, that said Association is now the owner of a new tent.

BERNARD WATERS.

Pigeons for shooting. Private matches a specialty. Antwerps for breeding.—L. M. Gilbert, 1128 Palmer St., Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

The Cleveland Gun Club Co.

CLEVELAND, O., April 11.—The semi-monthly shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club at targets resulted as follows:

Dale	1111011111111111101111101011101111110100—32
Franklin	1101111111101000111011011111111111001110—30
Page	1000111010101011000001110111110111010000—21
Klint	1000000111000001001001001011000010110101—15
Hogan	0101111110111111001111111011111111111110—33
J I C	1111111111111111111011111111111111111011—38
Grim	0111111110101101101110001101111111110001—28
Harris	1111111001111111010001111111111111111111—34
Lewis	1110111111100101111101110111001110111111—31
Redwing	1110111111101011111111010101001111111111—32
Hopkins	1101111101011111111010101111011101111100—30
Decker	0111110111110111111111111111101101110011—33
W Tamblin	1100010010111000101111001100000000100100—15
Black	1110010111011011111010010110011110110011—26
Petors	0001001001000000110011111001001110001000—15
Smith	1101111100101111111111111111011111111111—35
Warren	1100001011111000011110111011111101011001—25
Worth	1001100111100111100011000000101100010101—19
North Kent	0101001001000001011000001010000010000000—10

J. I. C., high score, 38 out of a possible 40.

April 1.—Smith won cup for breaking the greatest number of targets; score 151 out of a possible 160. J. I. C. won cup for winning the greatest number of points; score 4 points out of a possible 4. J. I. C. broke the second greatest number of targets—143 out of a possible 160. Forty other prizes were awarded during the day. The small attendance was due to its being held on election day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	40	40	40	40	Targets:	40	40	40	40
J I C	35	37	33	38	Burton	26	28	29	28
Johnson	31	35	30	..	Winters	..	34	34	31
W Upson	33	35	35	31	Harris	..	36	31	37
Dawson	29	38	35	37	Bob	..	38	30	32
Decker	34	34	36	37	Hopkins	..	31	..	..
Tamblin	35	37	27	34	Lewis	..	33	..	..
Smith	36	38	38	39	Alex	..	31	36	37
Brewster	35	35	35	35	Linde	..	23	..	23
Vacker	29	..	..	..	Harbaugh	..	..	38	33

April 6.—Annual smoker. Each man shot at 50 targets: Hill 38, Maygo 43, Lewis 36, Harris 43, Decker 45, Harvey 45, Steele 37, Talmage 22, Dawson 44, Cathau 39, Dallas 41, Scott 34, Smith 44, Wallace 35, Hogan 41, Hopkins 40, Johnson 34, Allen 32.

Harvey and Decker tied for first with 45 out of a possible 50, very fair for a couple of young men. Stevens, you did fine. Come again. Owing to the rain, the attendance was not as large as we would otherwise have had. Some of our members are sugar-coated and cannot come out in the rain. The only way they can prove to the contrary is to attend more regularly.

SECRETARY.

The Anti-Recreationists Defeated.

THE anti-pigeon shooting legisaltion attempted by the S. P. C. A. and by individuals whose hearts are larger than and as tender as their heads, was finally disposed of by the New York Legislature on Monday of this week, the Assembly then relegating it to the realm of innocuous desuetude by a vote of 70 to 64.

The first bill, a copy of which was published in FOREST AND STREAM last week, was so framed that, should one grow or sell a pigeon which was used at the traps, he was a principal in the eyes of the contemplated anti-pigeon-shooting law, which, nevertheless, passed the Senate by a vote of 26 to 13. Further discovery of its far-reaching significance, however, was strongly against its success. The antis then presented a simple bill for the repeal of the law of 1875, a copy of which was also given in our issue of last week.

Charges of unfair lobbying were freely made by the anti-pigeon-shooting supporters, which meant that the sportsmen were represented simply on their merits. However, on Monday, Assemblyman Sullivan is quoted as presenting the following, which is taken from the New York Times, an anti-shooting organ:

"Mr. Speaker: In view of what has heretofore been said about lobbying on the floor of this House, I desire to call attention to the fact that the Superintendent of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been on the floor of this House all day, going from member to member, lobbying in behalf of this bill. I do not think that this should be permitted."

Speaker Nixon said that the rules of the House relative to lobbying should be enforced.

Other papers stated more definitely than the last paragraph that Speaker Nixon intimated that Mr. Haines would perforce need to withdraw.

The International Trapshooters.

CLEVELAND, O., April 20.—Have just received a copy of the Peru Gun Club's programme, and am pleased to note a feature in the programme that must have originated in the fertile brain of J. L. Head.

The Peru Club allow manufacturers' agents and experts to shoot for targets only, and offer to give one-half of the money so received to the fund being raised to send the American team to England this summer.

Now if every gun club would do this, and in addition have one extra 10-bird event some time during the tournament, with $1 entrance, and deduct 50 per cent. of the purse for the team fund there would soon be a fund raised that would be amply sufficient to send the team in a short time.

We would then have a representative American team sent by the trapshooters of America to compete with a team representing a nation that has always claimed the supremacy in everything pertaining to the shotgun.

This would give thousands of trap shots throughout the country a chance to show their interest in the matter, and there is no question but that the team would far rather represent thousands of men each contributing a little than to represent a few giving large amounts.

I am sure the Peru Club will have an event of this kind, and that the example set by them will be followed by hundreds of clubs.

PAUL NORTH.

Providence Gun Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 13.—At the opening shoot the following scores were made:

Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	15	10	20	15	Broke.
Rust	3	9	10	11	8	10	11	7	14	12	95
Campbell	8	13	17	12	12	11	10	7	..	..	...
Root	8	11	18	14	12	14	13	8	15	12	125
Getchell	8	11	17	12	13	11	9	7	16	7	111
F Arnold	9	10	16	12	14	11	9	..	..	..	...
Cranston	8	12	15	11	11	12	13	8	17	14	121
Griffith	10	12	19	13	13	12	14	8	16	13	130
Coffin	7	11	11	7	11	13	14	8	17	13	112
Bain	9	13	18	14	10	12	14	9	18	13	130
Francotte	7	13	11	12	12	11	10	..	..	..	...
Rose	6	8	18	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Budlong	3	7	9	9	10	9	10	..	15	8	...
Moore	8	10	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Smith	5	13	9	8	5	9	4	..	..	..	...
Rodgers	..	5	13	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Cook	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Thoene	..	..	..	9	12	11	10	..	..	..	...
Parker	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	...
Harris	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	...

R. C. ROOT, Sec'y.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

PROGRAMMES are at hand for the first annual target handicap shoot of the Edgewater, O., Gun Club, May 1 and 2. The programme carries 190 targets per day. Targets will be 2 cents, and division of moneys under class system. All are invited, and a good time is assured.

Over forty shooters competed in target and live-bird events at Dupont Park, St. Louis, on the 21st. As a trapshooting community St. Louis is certainly very much alive these days.

F. C. RIEHL.

Interstate Association at Jacksonville.

THE Interstate Association opened its target season at the furthest point South to which it has as yet ever carried its trapshooting paraphernalia (as Elmer Shaner likes to call his belongings). Its first shoot for the inanimate target season of 1901 was, in short, held at Jacksonville, Fla., Wednesday and Thursday, April 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club.

In point of number of shooters present the tournament was not remarkable; but in figuring up the success of a trapshooting gathering there are other things to reckon with besides a large entry list. And all those "other things" were to be found at Jacksonville during the two days that the shoot lasted. There was the usual Southern geniality, hospitality and sociability; there were no kickers; the shoot moved along smoothly and easily, for very nearly everybody did his best to help Mr. Elmer Shaner at one time or another. Secretary B. W. Sperry was conspicuous in that respect. The sun, too, was warm enough to thaw out some of the Northerners, who had become muscle-bound, owing to the chilly times that had been their lot since winter first set in. The new tent—emphasis on the word "new," please—of the Interstate Association was extremely usefnl, providing a cool and shady retreat when the sun's rays became a little too warm. On the first day the wind was quite strong enough to make the shooting somewhat difficult, but on the second day it blew very hard, making the targets take all kinds of queer jumps, and sending the loose particles of sand disturbed by the feet of the shooters right into the eyes, ears and noses of the spectators. It was a rough and boisterous breeze for a fact.

The shoot was held out at the driving park. A line of trolley cars, that ran the greater part of the distance through a boulevard lined on each side with palm trees, landed the shooters within three or four minutes' walk of the gruonds. That three or four minutes' walk, added to the fact that the cars did not run very frequently and that walking was not much relished either before or after shooting, caused most of the contestants to take a hack and drive out in style. On the second day Jack Fanning and L. Z. Lawrence rose even to the dignity of a landau, swinging in at the gates of the park in a cloud of Jacksonville dust, which completely obscured the halo which most of us thought ought to be somewhere above the former hat after his great shooting on the previous day.

As to the Arrangements.

Members of gun clubs under whose auspices the Interstate Association has given tournaments during the seasons of 1899 and 1900 will appreciate Elmer Shaner's smile of satisfaction as he surveyed his new tent, the new blackboard and the complete outfit of new boxes for his "paraphernalia," when everything was ready for the starting of the tournament on the morning of April 17. The tent is a dandy, something like 50 by 30, without a single peep hole in its roof or a taint of mildew on its canvas.

A magautrap threw bluerocks against a background that would be easy were it not for an odd pine or two that the Jacksonvillians have been too busy or too tired to cut down at present. There are half a dozen such old pines to the left, but the whole lot of them did not do so much in the way of producing goose eggs as a solitary old fellow exactly in line with a straightaway when one stood at No. 3 score. Dr. Vincent found left-quarterers hard to connect with, but he did not say much about the pines; most people, however, abused the lonesome one in front of the score most effusively.

As to the scoring, that department was in the hands of W. T. Morris, who did his work so well that it was the subject of much favorable comment. He used up a whole lot of chalk, as it takes more of that article to make round 0s than it does to mark up 1s. Look at the scores, and you will readily realize that there was somethin' doin' on the score board most of the time.

The cashier's department was in charge of Roy Ingersoll, who quickly caught on to Mr. Shaner's system and kept things running all the time with the precision of an oldtimer. The pulling was mostly done by Secretary B. W. Sperry, his assistants being several of the visitors, while occasionally Elmer Shaner would pull and referee at the same time, thus economizing help and adding grace to the scene.

First Day, April 17.

Clear, bright and warm, with a strong breeze to temper things in the shade, was the weather dealt out for the first day of the shoot. It was fully 9:30 before the first squad was called to the score and told to stand at ease, while the Interstate Association's manager delivered for the first time this season his interesting remarks anent the official score being that which was marked up on the blackboard, cautioning the shooters to watch the board closely, and also to observe with due respect the rulings of the referee, etc. Seriously speaking, Mr. Shaner's remarks at the opening of every Interstate tournament, while brief, are to the point and save a possible amount of trouble that might arise were he to be silent on the points touched upon.

Trade representatives who were present were A. W. du Bray, of Parker Bros.; H. P. Collins, of the Dupont and Hazard powder companies; J. S. Fanning and L. Z. Lawrence, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company; H. B. Lemcke and J. E. Avery, of the Peters Cartridge Company; Edward Banks, of the E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company.

Among the amateurs who took part were Dr. F. C. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga.; W. J. Jeffords, Jr., A. A. Lynah and B. H. Worthen, of Charleston, S. C.; Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.; F. G. Ronald, Cocoa, Fla.; H. A. Ford, Ocala, Fla., the remainder of the contestants being Jacksonville residents. Among the latter was John, son of Mr. F. Gray, of the S. H. Hubbard Co., of Jacksonville, a boy of less than fourteen years, who, with the aid of a 16-gauge gun, broke more targets than some of those who could give him cards and spades in the matter of years and gray hairs. Johnny is a born shooter, and the pride of the Jacksonville Gun Club.

Jack Fanning was easily high for the day, breaking 98 out of his first 100, but losing 7 of his last 65. Banks came next with 147, while Dr. Wilson, Jeffords and Worthen were tied for third with 140. As the local club had offered a gold medal for competition among the amateurs, the contest between the three above-named was watched with much interest, and at no time during the day were any of them far apart in the matter of breaks, closing the programme on the first day tied on equal scores, leaving the issue to the 165 targets on the second day's programme.

Scores of April 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15			
J S Fanning	15	15	18	15	15	20	12	14	18	14	160	156	.945
E Banks	13	15	16	14	14	17	11	14	18	15	160	147	.890
F C Wilson	14	12	18	13	14	14	13	13	18	11	160	140	.848
W J Jeffords	15	13	13	13	14	20	12	13	14	13	160	140	.848
B H Worthen	12	12	17	15	13	15	15	14	14	13	160	140	.848
L Z Lawrence	12	13	16	12	13	18	15	11	15	13	160	138	.836
Col Anthony	13	13	19	13	12	16	9	12	18	12	160	137	.830
A W du Bray	14	14	18	9	15	15	12	11	16	12	160	136	.824
Dr Vincent	12	13	18	10	8	14	13	13	15	12	160	131	.794
J E Avery	12	13	18	10	8	14	13	13	15	12	160	128	.775
A A Lynah	11	12	17	13	11	14	11	11	15	12	160	127	.769
H B Lemcke	13	11	16	9	9	18	15	9	15	12	160	127	.769
J V Fairhead	9	12	15	10	11	16	7	8	15	12	160	115	.797
F G Ronald	12	10	16	11	12	14	8	9	10	9	160	111	.672
H P Collins	11	10	13	5	10	12	9	12	15	9	160	106	.642
H A Ford	7	7	5	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
W B Sperry	13	12	16	11	13	12	11	..	13	11	...	...	....
J T Stripling	..	..	..	9	6	6	7	7	10	..	...	...	....
A Stowe	..	..	..	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
E C Long	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	..	10	2	...	...	....
J Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	13	..	...	...	....
W A Bours	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	..	...	...	....
J T Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	...	...	....

As it was yet early when the programme was shot out, a team race, 20 targets per man, losing team to pay for the targets, was proposed. Mr. Sperry and Dr. Vincent were chosen captains, the first-named seeming to have the best judgment, if results prove anything. Scores in the race were:

Sperry's Team—Sperry 17, Banks 18, Worthen 16, Du Bray 16, Anthony 15, Lemcke 14, Collins 12, Ronald 13, Avery 16; total 137.

Vincent's Team—Vincent 18, Fanning 17, Wilson 16, Jeffords 17, Lawrence 14, Lynah 14, Fairhead 12, Long 9, Stripling 11; total 128.

Second Day, April 18.

The wind was much stronger to-day, rising at times almost to the dignity of a gale. The sand was blown into the shooters' and spectators' eyes, making it altogether a fierce combination to defeat when at the score, and doing one's best to make a straight.

Several new faces appeared on the grounds, chief among them being Mr. W. A. Battle, of Birmingham, Ala., representing the W. R. A. Company. Waycross, Ga. sent a whole squad, made up as follows: W. J. Swain, C. I. Allen, G. W. Barnes, S. T. Holtzendorf and J. W. Newton. Philadelphia had a representative present in the person of Mr. P. Laurant.

The competition for the amateur medal was keen and most interesting, the trophy being in dispute until the very last event was decided, Dr. Wilson eventually winning out by 1 target. The Waycross squad rooted for Jeffords, the latter being, if I remember correctly, the daddy of the club in days lately gone by. Barney Worthen was not in his u. g. f., shooting much below his average gait, but nevertheless he gave both Dr. Wilson and Jeffords a good scare when he broke 14 out of 15, and 20 straight in the eighth and ninth events.

Banks was high for the day with 150 out of 165, Fanning and Dr. Wilson tieing for second place with 142 each; Jeffords was next with 141, Barney Worthen scoring 140, the same total that he made on the first day.

Scores of April 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15			
E Banks	15	13	19	13	15	16	13	14	18	14	165	150	.909
J S Fanning	13	12	19	14	14	16	15	12	16	11	165	142	.860
F C Wilson	13	14	19	14	9	17	12	15	17	12	165	142	.860
W J Jeffords	14	13	17	11	13	19	14	13	15	12	165	141	.854
B H Worthen	15	13	19	11	12	15	10	14	20	11	165	140	.848
Dr Vincent	12	12	17	13	11	16	13	14	17	13	165	138	.836
L Z Lawrence	12	13	17	12	12	15	11	12	17	9	165	130	.787
Col Anthony	11	13	19	11	12	17	8	12	13	13	165	129	.781
A A Lynah	10	12	17	12	13	15	13	12	12	8	165	124	.751
J E Avery	10	13	13	7	11	15	13	12	17	12	165	123	.745
A W du Bray	10	9	15	10	13	13	13	10	15	9	165	117	.709
H B Lemcke	11	10	13	13	12	10	10	11	11	11	165	112	.678
H P Collins	9	10	10	7	9	12	9	8	17	8	165	99	.600
P Laurants	9	..	10	..	10	..	11	..	7	..	...	...	....
J Gray	10	8	15	..	..	..	5	10	13	..	...	...	....
B W Sperry	10	8	15	9	12	16	11	10	..	..	...	...	....
W J Swain	11	12	17	12	14	18	11	13	18	..	...	...	....
C I Allen	11	11	15	14	10	14	12	9	12	..	...	...	....
G W Barnes	9	7	14	8	13	10	11	..	..	..	...	...	....
S T Holtzendorf	13	13	12	5	8	12	7	7	12	..	...	...	....
J W Newton	9	11	13	11	10	12	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
F G Yerkes	..	..	11	7	6	..	..	7	..	7	...	...	....
W A Battle	..	..	10	9	8	..	..	4	10	4	...	...	....
L Wyley	..	..	8	7	7	..	..	2	11	..	...	...	....
N A Williams	..	..	13	8	..	..	8	7	..	..	...	...	....
A Hull	..	..	..	4	3	3	3	7	7	4	...	...	....
Dixie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	...	...	....
E C Long	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	10	7	...	...	....
G Crawford	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	...	...	....
J D Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	...	...	....
J V Fairhead	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	...	...	....

General Averagges.

	1st day.	2d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
J S Fanning	156	142	330	298	.903
E Banks	147	150	330	297	.900
Dr F C Wilson	140	142	330	282	.854
W J Jeffords	140	141	330	281	.851
B H Worthen	140	140	330	280	.848
Dr W T Vincent	131	138	330	269	.815
L Z Lawrence	138	130	330	268	.812
Col Anthony	137	129	330	266	.806
A W du Bray	136	117	330	253	.766
J E Avery	128	123	330	251	.760
A A Lynah	127	124	330	251	.760
H B Lemcke	127	112	330	239	.724
H J Collins	106	99	330	205	.621

Jacksonvilliana.

Col. Chas. L. Davis, of Warm Springs, Ga., dropped into Jacksonville the night of the 16th, and was out at the shoot all the next day. He told the boys what he was going to do for them at his shoot, which is scheduled for June 17-20, and added that the swimming pool with its toboggan slide would again be at their service. Colonels Anthony and Thos. Martin found the toboggan slide most amusing last summer at the Warm Springs first annual tournament.

In pointing out the beauties of his new tent, Manager Shaner remarked that "the boys at Providence, R. I., and at Newport, Vt., would be tickled to death if they could only see it!"

The accuracy of the scoring done by the blackboard keeper, W. T. Morris, was easily explained when once I had learned thae he came from some place in Illinois, not far from O'Fallon, the home of Billy Crosby.

"Fairhead" was the nom de fusil of a member of the Jacksonville Gun Club, who did not dare to kick at anything; he had recently been vaccinated most thoroughly in the calf of his left leg.

The lunch which was served in one corner of the tent was just about as right as it could be. Prices were moderate and the articles A1.

Drifting sand caused some trouble with the electric pull on the first day, but when the wire pull was installed, targets came and went with a regularity that satisfied all.

The Seminole Club, of Jacksonville, made the visiting shooters its guests, an honor that was duly appreciated.

That pine tree will be cut down some day, and then—

EDWARD BANKS.

Providence Gun Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The annual meeting of the Providence Gun Club, had a double significance to the members, as a reception was given to our captain, E. C. Griffith, who won the Grand American Handicap, at New York last week, incidentally a silver cup and first money, consisting of $600. After the meeting a special car conveyed the party to the Casino at Roger Williams Park, where a banquet was given in honor of the Rhode Island winner.

The meeting, which was the third annual, was held at the office of the secretary, R. C. Root, on Weybosset street. Vice-President E. N. Cook presided.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report by R. C. Root, who is also secretary, showed a handsome balance in the treasury. The election of officers resulted in E. N. Cook being chosen President; Frank W. Arnold, Vice-President, and R. C. Root was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. The latter was also appointed a prize committee for the Interstate shoot, which will be held at the grounds of the club three days in August.

The party then boarded the special car and arrived at the Casino, where Caterer Betts had plates laid for twenty-two, also an elaborate menu arranged.

President E. N. Cook sat at the head of the table, with Capt. E. C. Griffith occupying the place of honor on the right.

After the cigars were lighted toasts were in order, the first of which was as follows:

"Here's to the Wooden Indian from Pascoag,
Who shoots a Parker gun and the Winchester load;
He killed his last bird from number four trap,
And won the Grand American Handicap."

Brother Small wished to know why Griff was a greater shot than Noah, and pertly informed us that Noah let one dove go.

The event of the evening was the presentation to Griff of a gold plate set in the stock of the gun with which he won the shoot, and inscribed as follows: "1901. Grand American Handicap. 43 straight. E. C. Griffith."

The presentation speech was made by Philip L. Voelker, and was a complete surprise to Mr. Griffith, from whom the gun had been borrowed under the pretense that some ambitious shooter wanted to purchase one like it.

Mr. Griffith responded modestly, and it was evident that the captain of the Providence Gun Club is not affected with what in slang is called a "swelled head."

At this stage of the meeting the peace, sleep and time annihilators took charge of the gathering, and right here I will state that the motto of this society is: "Silence is golden."

Many of the shooters who were in Providence at the last Interstate shoot will remember this society. They have a mania for steamboats, clam dinners, etc., and usually help themselves to what they want.

R. C. ROOT, Sec'y.

Pressure upon our columns has prevented the publication of a number of news contributions this week. They will appear in our next issue.

A Sanguinary Muse.

We find in the Springfield Republican, where they are printed with editorial indorsement, some verses by John Paul, or Charles Henry Webb (for this was a bit of poesy too choice and too rare to give to the world without both of his names), inspired by yellow journal stories of what did not happen the other day at the Grand American Handicap. Mr. Webb tells us that the white-plumaged mates of the Interstate Park pigeon—

Once the golden car drew
Of the fair Queen of Love;

and while they were heathens and cruel pagans who wrote "the mythic sweet story of Venus of old," as for himself, Charles Henry Webb—

sooner with them
I'd Eternity share
Than with Christians who reek
Of powder and prayer—

it being expressly agreed by both parties to this contract that the Christians who reek as aforesaid are trapshooters. The declaration of a preference for a permanent domicile with the shades of Anacreon and Catullus in the Elysium beyond the Styx is not to be taken as evidence that our twentieth century poet is idly dreaming in any remote and pagan Venus' dove stage of thought and sentiment. On the contrary, he is altogether modern and strictly up to date in virile and strenuous convictions and the forcible expression of them in verse. In ferociousness he out-Kiplings Kipling, and is more truculent than Alfred Austin when the Laureate concerns himself with the Boers; indeed we are inclined to retire Kipling and Austin as celebrators of powder and shot to a place in the ranks some distance in the rear of Webb. For hear him in his appeal to "the heavens above":

Oh, let some high arm
For a match, I implore,
Pigeon shooters "provide"—
Twenty thousand or more.

To further fair sport—
Or slaughter of these—
No Hurlingham rules,
But load as you please.

And that none may escape,
By any mishap,
Put Death at the score—
And let me pull the trap!

Rhyme omitted and verse reduced to prose, Mr. Webb here gives us to understand that he breathes a prayer to the Almighty to deliver into his hands twenty-thousand human beings for the slaughter; and he would have the killing of them made so certain that "none may escape by any mishap." There is nothing small about Mr. Webb when it comes to riot and revel of slaughter. He wants blood, and he wants lots of it. He is like the minister who in praying for rain stipulated that the people were not asking for a mere drizzle-drazzle drizzle, but for a good, hard freshet.

As to the general proposition that heaven should give him a job of killing, there can of course be no quarrel with Mr. Webb; and if he wants blood it would manifestly be far better for him to confine himself to some one class of his fellow beings than to shoot up the town—men, women and children, dogs, cats and cab horses promiscuously. But, if we may venture to make a suggestion, in praying for "twenty thousand" or more our poet asks too much. Could not Mr. Charles Webb be prevailed upon to restrain the exuberance of his ambition for slaughter, restrict the expansiveness of his purpose to kill, and modify the magnitude of his demand upon the Almighty? To satisfy his bloodiness, would he consent to nothing less? Would he not fewer victims take, if he could burn them at the stake? Would not his thirst for shooters' gore be sated with but twenty score? Or must he all these thousands kill, to drink of human blood his fill?

We will all cheerfully concede that if a person does not like trapshooting he should have license to kill trapshooters—that is, within reasonable number—but Mr. Webb's aspiration to butcher his fellow beings by the thousand goes beyond the limit which existing public sentiment would be likely to sanction, or the heavens above to grant. If Mr. Charles Henry Webb will only look at it in this way we are confident that when he calms down he will consent to compromise on fewer buckets of blood.

Still, the situation is not without its possible perils; for if we assume that Mr. Charles Henry Webb has spattered the blood and mangled remains of 20,000 trapshooters over the universe, men whose offense consists in holding an opinion different from that of Mr. Charles Henry Webb, then we must concede that Monsieur Webb is subject to spectacular extermination for the delectation of some other fellow from whom Webb differs; and granting all this to Webb, he has arrived centuries back in the dark ages.

Peru Gun Club.

THE Peru Gun Club, of Peru, Ind., has issued an announcement and programme. The first and second days, May 7 and 8, are devoted to targets, twelve events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target, a total of 185 targets the first day, $18.50 entrance, and 200 on the second day, with a total entrance of $20.

Following is the announcement:

"In announcing our fifth annual tournament to the amateurs of Indiana and the surrounding States, we feel that it is hardly necessary to say anything beyond the fact that we are to have a shooting match on May 7, 8 and 9. There is hardly an amateur in the middle West that has not been with us at least once, and a number have been with us in all our tournaments. To those we will simply say, come again. The management will be the same as before, and could be in no better hands than Mr. Parker's. The division of moneys and general arrangements will be the same as in the past, and from the encouragement already received we look for a larger attendance than ever before.

"To the amateur who has never been with us we will say, if you want to attend the best amateur shoot in the country, come to Peru. The gentlemen comprising this club will guarantee the fairest of treatment. No shooter ever left the Peru Gun Club grounds complaining of unfair treatment. Nor is that all. No sportsman will ever be treated unfairly on these grounds by either participant or spectator. We won't have it. There is no dropping for place, for the reason that the shoot is too big for any man, no matter how astute, to watch the place. There is no standing around on the part of the home shooters until after the best shots have competed in an event that they may then enter and drop in to the unfilled places. Our boys are stayers, make their entries from the start and take what is coming to them. If you don't believe all this get your little gun, come along, and we will show you.

"Five dollars will be paid to the two high guns shooting through entire programme both days.

"Five dollars will be paid to the two low guns shooting through the entire programme both days. One gun cannot win both high and low average prize.

"The programme on Thursday, May 9, live birds, open to all, handicaps 26 to 32yds., provides as follows:

"Event No. 1, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, two moneys, 55 and 45 per cent.; event No. 2, 10 live birds, $7 entrance, three moneys, 40, 35 and 25 per cent.; event No. 3, 10 live birds, $7 entrance, three moneys, 40, 35 and 25 per cent.; event No. 4, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Other events to suit the shooters. Live birds 25 cents, which will be deducted from the purses in all events. We guarantee the best of country pigeons, and the boys who have shot live birds on our grounds can assure you that you need have no fear of killing too many. The retrieving will be done by Mr. Fred Erb's celebrated retrievers, and handled by Mr. Erb in person. Don't forget our annual autumn tournament next October. All live birds, open to all. All handicap, and all high guns.

"Rules and conditions: Revised Interstate Association rules to govern. Magautrap and one set of Sergeant system traps. Ten-bird events, three moneys, 40, 35 and 25 per cent.; 15-bird events, four moneys, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.; 20-bird events, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Refreshments and substantial meals will be served on the grounds. Plenty of machine loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Plenty of shelter for all shooters except the Indians; these will be compelled to take all the weather and water than can be forced upon them. (Chief Rio Grande excepted.) This may seem like discrimination, but they deserve it. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only, but will be welcome to attend and show their products. Shells shipped to the secretary will be delivered upon the grounds. One-half of all moneys paid by manufacturers' agents and experts for targets in this tournament will be subscribed by the Peru Gun Club toward defraying the expenses of the American team to England."

IN NEW JERSEY.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—The two days' tournament of the Forester Gun Club had events and scores as follows:

April 12, first day:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	*	T		*	T
Mihlon	4	5	7	9	5	6	8	7	6	8	3	10	5	1	6
Merrill	5	7	6	8	7	5	..	..	5	4	4	8	..	..	..
D Fleming	6	5	7	5	5	6	6	5	8	6	3	9	..	..	..
J J Fleming	..	8	9	9	..	..	..	9	8	8	2	10	8	1	9
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	2	10	8	1	9
W Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	3	10	9	1	10

April 13, second day.

Targets:	10	*	T	10	*	T	10	*	T
Mihlon	8	5	10	5	2	7	..	..	..
Merrill	8	4	10	7	2	9	6	1	7
D Fleming	7	4	10	7	2	9	8	1	9
J J Fleming	7	2	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Smith	9	1	10	8	0	8	..	..	..
Terrill	8	3	10	8	1	9	8	0	8
Colquitt	9	2	10	7	1	8	..	..	..

*Allowance, which follows the event to which it refers and precedes the total.

Events Nos. 10 and 11, merchandise; event No. 8, big event on programme.

Class shooting, 25 targets:

	S	*	T	S	*	T		S	*	T	S	*	T
W Smith	21	6	25	10	2	10	Terrill	19	8	25	7	3	10
D Fleming	13	9	22	..	..	..	J J Fleming	18	6	24	7	2	9
Merrill	14	10	24	6	5	11	Lewis	17	9	25	5	4	9
Mihlon	13	8	21	..	..	..							

S, score; *, allowance; T, total.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	*	T	10	*	T	15	*	T
Hayes	9	9	8	7	8	9	11	7	0	7	..	..	..	12	2	14
Gardener	8	9	7	8	6	9	14	9	1	10	7	1	8	12	0	12
Althouse	7	10	5	7	6	8	6	4	4	8	..	..	..	10	4	14
Pattern	8	..	2	7	10	5	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weller	..	6	7	8	6	5	12	8	4	10	9	2	10	11	4	15
Keller	..	..	5	6	6	7	15	8	2	10	8	1	9	8	4	12
D Smith	..	..	..	9	9	5	..	6	3	9	..	..	..	9	4	13
D Fleming	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	3	10	5	1	6	12	4	15

*Allowance.

Events Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 were merchandise events.

J. J. FLEMING, Secy.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J.—The last two shoots, April 10 and 13, were well attended. The scores made on the 10th suffered a drop in the usual average percentages, due to the high winds that prevailed, and on the 13th cloudy weather, with the usual accompaniment of mixed lights, caused a number of miscues.

All of the work of the latter date was done on the Sergeant system.

Our magautrap has been giving considerable trouble for some time past, and it is now varying the monotony of breaking down in the middle or latter end of the programme by refusing to work at all.

The interest in the poultry sweep remains unabated. Some of the newly acquired members are improving steadily in their work, and are giving some trouble to the older hands and "past grands" in the art.

We send a team to Freehold on the 17th to contest in the third and last race of the series of team matches. We expect to go early and stay all day, as the Freehold Club will run their annual spring tournament on the same date.

The scores of April 10 follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	5	5	5		
Maddock	6	6	..	7	8	10	3	4	2	4	3
Lutes	7	7	..	7	11	11	4	3	3	..	..
Mickel	7	..	..	7	11	11	3	4	4	4	..
Wilkes	5	5	6	6	8	7	3	1	2	3	3
Thropp	8	6	..	8	12	11	..	0	3	3	4
Thomas	9	6	7	7	9	9	3	4	4	3	4
W L Colville	..	5	6	9	7	8	5	3	4	..	..
Brokaw	..	..	4	7	8	6	..	..	..	2	..
Vanarsdale	..	..	8	7	11	9	3	2	4	2	..
Applegate	..	..	5	6	7	8	2	1	3	..	..
Herman	..	..	..	7	10	10	3	1	1	3	..
Borden	..	..	..	..	9	3	3	4	4	..	2
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	6	2	4	4	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	2

Shoot-off of tie in event No. 6:

Thropp	10111—4	11100—3	11000—2
Lutes	11100—3	.....	.....
Mickel	11011—4	00111—3	10101—3

Mickle won on third tie.

Shoot-off of tie in events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, miss-and-out:

Thomas	3	4	4	4	Thropp	3	4	4	3

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were cash sweeps; Nos 5 and 6, badge contest, first 15 to qualify for gold badge class; Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 capon sweeps.

The scores of April 13 follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8½	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	10	10	10	25
Satterthwaite	1	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilkes	2	7	10	3	3	3	4	5	4	5	6	5	..	..	..
Sampson	5	..	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duncan	7	7	12	2	3	4	3	5	5	8	4	..	..	..	..
Thropp	8	7	12	4	4	4	4	4	..	8	8	5	..	..	..
Thomas	7	5	13	3	4	4	4	4	..	7	9	8	7	..	20
Farlie	9	7	..	4	5	..	..	..	..	10	9	8	..	..	22
Stanly	4	..	..	2	3	3	3	4	..	7	4	..	7	7	13
Banks	3	3	..	1	..	..	2	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Blitz	4	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
James	..	4	..	2	3	4	4	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Maddock	..	..	10	1	3	5	3	3	..	6	9	7	8	..	..
Widmann	..	..	..	3	3	5	3	4	..	8	6	..	..	..	..
Borden	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Charco	..	..	..	..	4	4	4	3	..	5	7	..	1	3	17
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..
Kay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3

ON LONG ISLAND.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., April 15.—The weather was clear, but very windy. There was a good attendance. The scores:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	25
Dr Bill	11	15	16	19	17	15	18
A A Schoverling	10	13	14	15	10	15	14
Johnnie Jones	11	15	12	16	17	15	20
H Smith	9	7	11	10	8	..	..
L T Muench	8	10	12	17	12	9	..
J B Black	7	8	7	12	13	6	..
J H Voss	10	15	14	17	14	..	..
Jos Selg	6	4	8	8	8	..	..
T J Diffley	12	11	14	13	15	..	..
B Mull	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Gibson	..	..	7	13	..	..	..
J H Sharkey	..	..	..	..	11	11	14

Duryea vs. Morfey.

Interstate Park, Queens, April 20.—There was much interest manifested in the match between Messrs. L. T. Duryea and T. W. Morfey, at 50 live birds each, 8-bores, 33yds., for $100 a side. Each shot an exceedingly heavy load, said to be 6drs. of powder and 2oz. of shot. Early in the contest Morfey began to show the effects of punishment on his face. It was noticeable that each was rather frugal with the second barrel. Mr. Duryea killed 15 out of the 50 with one barrel; Mr. Morfey killed 18 in a similar manner. Mr. Duryea shot in much more regular and quicker time than Mr. Morfey, the extra five or six pounds apparently being inappreciable as extra weight.

On the other hand Mr. Morfey's time changed appreciably, and he shot behind several of his birds. Every one of the birds which he missed was a right-quarterer or right-incomer. The birds were a good lot. There was a driving downpour of rain in the faces of the shooters, and the scores, under the circumstances, were commendably excellent. In the first 25 Mr. Duryea missed 3 in a bunch, the 22d, 23d and 24th, owing to the heavy drive of rain in his face, all these birds going to the right as drivers or incomers. His fifth bird in the second 25 was also a right incoming quarterer, which died out of bounds. The scores:

L T Duryea, 33.....2212221222222221212221**01—22
2111212102121222222221221—24—46

T W Morfey, 33.....2111200221120211111*121220—20
1212*2121222212222201221 1—23—43

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., April 18.—There were twenty-three shooters in the handicap club event of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club to-day, and of these Dr. Wood and P. Suss killed straight. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, for the medal, Dr. Wood won in the first round. The scores:

J Pillion .....2*22020—4
I McKane .....1012222—6
G Tappan .....2001020—3
G McKane .....2222200—5
D J Heffner .....2212201—6
R Smith .....2222200—5
J B Voorhies.....1212100—5
G Greiff .....2122201—6
G Morris .....2200221—5
H Kronika .....1002021—4
H Koch .....2202221—6
J Lubeke .....0121111—6
*Guest.

J Dooley .....1021100—4
A Soeller .....0021002—3
M Rauscher .....0020021—3
T Von Fricken .....001*002—2
H Montanus .....2*20222—5
Dr O'Connell .....2210222—6
S J Berry.....0221111—6
Dr Wood .....1121212—7
Ph Suss .....2211222—7
S E Allen.....2020022—4
*Paul Suss.....1021120—5

Shoot-off: Ph. Suss 0, Dr. Wood 1.

I. MCKANE, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., April 16.—There were thirty-seven participants in the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club to-day. Mr. Gus E. Greiff and A. Duncort killed straight. Following are the scores:

R Regan, 25.....2222120101— 8
Dr Miller, 30.....122222*022— 8
Dr O'Connell, 31..12022*2110— 7
T Short, 28.....*222112222— 9
S Van Allen, 30....22220222*2— 8
Dr Hudson, 28.....1211201*22— 8
W Joeger, 28.....1002021202— 6
J C Henry, 28.....2110112211— 9
G Greiff, 30.....1121122111—10
A Schoverling, 28..2222022222— 9
O N T, 28.....0222212201— 8
G Hillers, 28.....1000222002— 5
H Quinn, 28.....2000010200— 3
Dr Stillman, 28....0101222011— 7
Dr Creamer, 28....2002202202— 6
F Kall, 25.....2202211211— 9
J Moore, 28.....0011111011— 7
L Clarke, 30.....2222220220— 8
M Rogers, 28.....20*2122112— 8

F Sheriff, 28.....2202222202— 8
Dr O'Donohue, 28.0000222012— 5
W Catton, 28.....0122212222— 9
J Kay, 28.....0122122222— 9
G Breit, 28.....2121121120— 9
W Sands, 28.....2222020222— 8
A Duncort, 25.....1222221212—10
O Hilmer, 25.....2011201200— 6
Rathjen, 25.....2222112*20— 8
Mohrman, 28.....1222022202— 8
Werfield, 25.....01002122*2— 6
B Amend, 30.....0222222*22— 8
J Woelfel, 28.....2210111100— 7
Dr Grohl, 25.....0001001001— 3
Sheriff, 28.....2222222202— 9
W Amend, 25.....11020202*1— 6
Hansman, 25.....1000222220— 5
Roberts, 25.....2212220222— 9

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., April 20.—There was a good attendance of shooters, considering the weather, which was of the wet, wettest. The rain fell in a steady downpour, with a driving incoming wind, which was most obstructive to good work. There were three who qualified in the club event for April, Messrs. Creamer, "Ramapo" and Capt. Money. Dan Bradley, a visitor, also killed straight.

No. 1, 7 birds:

Dr Martin, 28.....2120020—4
G Stephenson, 28.....1212122—7
G B Ritchie, 28.....2220222—6
F D Creamer, 28.....2222222—7
*Guest.

*F J Nevens.....1220120—5
J Gaughen, 29.....0122122—6
E W Reynolds, 28.....22021*1—5

No. 2, 7 birds:

Dr Martin, 28.....2212222—7
G Stephenson, 28.....1122222—7
G B Ritchie, 28.....2222202—6

J Gaughen, 29.....2221222—7
E W Reynolds, 28.....10212*0—4

Shoot-off No. 2:

Martin .....1222221211112222212*—18
Stephenson .....2112222221212121222—19
Gaughen .....2221222222222212221*—18

Ten birds, Club event:

Welsh, 29.....022*w
*T J Nevens.....0220000001— 3
Creamer, 28.....2222222222—10
B Waters, 28.....1112110210— 8
Capt Money, 30....2122221222—10
Ramapo, 28.....2122222221—10
*Guest

G B Ritchie.....2122022200— 7
*Bradley.....2222122222—10
E W Reynolds, 28.2122212*22— 9
L Hopkins, 27.....2122212022— 9
Losee 0*2220*0

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, April 13.—The scores of the second weekly shoot of the Chicago Gun Club are appended. The weather was fine, and those who came out had all the shooting they wanted. In the weekly trophy handicap, dead birds, Dr. C. W. Carson won high gun, with R. B. Mack winner of the handicap trophy after a lively shoot-off with Turck and Borroff:

		Hdcp.	Total.
R B Mack	11111111011110111111111110—22	4	25
Mrs Carson	10111100111111101111110111—20	6	25
C P Richards	11111110111010111111110111—21	0	21
R Balmer	11011101111001011110000111—17	7	24
De Wolff	10111000111101101001010 1—15	7	22
Dr Shaw	11111011000111001101011 1—17	0	17
Dr Turck	11011110111111101110011—19	6	25
Mrs Shaw	00111010101110100111010 1—14	0	14
R Kuss	11011111111111111101111 1—23	0	23
Dr Carson	11111111111111111111111 1—25	2	25
Pollard	01110111111111111111111 1—22	0	22
P Medley	11100111011111111111111 1—22	0	22
Stannard	10011111111111111111011 1—22	2	24
Artheston	11111100111101111111111 1—21	0	21
Dr Morton	11001110111110011111001 1—18	5	23
Borroff	11111011111111111111111 0—23	5	25

First, second and third ties, R. B. Mack won:

		Hdcp.	Total.
Mack	1111110111— 9	1	10
Turck	1111011101— 8	2	10
Borroff	0111110011— 7	2	9
Mack	1111001011— 7	1	8
Dr Turck	0110111001— 6	2	8
Mack	1111111111—10	1	10
Turck	1100111100— 6	2	8

Fifteen targets, handicap rise:

R B Mack, 16.....111110111111111—14
Mrs Carson, 16.....101100011010100— 8
Balmer, 16.....10011111111111011—12
De Wolff, 16.....10010110 11101— 8
Dr Turck, 16.....11011110111011—10
Borroff, 16.....11111111111111—15
Dr Morton, 18.....10110111001111 0—10
Richards, 18.....11111111111111—15
Dr Shaw, 18.....11101001011111—10
Kuss, 18.....11111100110111 0—11
Atherton, 18.....11011111110110—12
Dr Carson, 20.....11110010011 0110— 9
Stannard, 20.....11111111111110—14
Pollard, 20.....11110111010111 1—12
Kuss, 20.....11001110111011 1—10
Dr Shaw, 20.....11011111011110—12

Borroff went straight in the monthly handicap in rise, with W. D. Stannard close second at the 20yd. rise. Mr. Stannard lost his last target, which was badly dusted, but not broken. Mr. Richards, who was a visitor, broke straight. The shooters are getting in form for State shoot in May.

BLUE JEANS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Kansas State Sportsmen's Association Tournament.

Leavenworth, Kan.—It has been heralded abroad for many moons that the Kansas State tournament for 1901 would be held in Leavenworth, and after the following introduction, which was printed in the programme, do you think it was any wonder that there were one hundred shooters present?

"To our shooting friends:

"You are cordially invited to join us in a shooting tournament April 16, 17 and 18, to be managed by Aire Lue Hart, one of the most competent, capable and best fellows in the great West.

"We will have a private detective on the grounds to protect all from crooked work of all kinds. No betting or books to be made by Chris Gottlieb unless he shows a roll before he opens up. As to hotel comforts we would kindly refer you to Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, and Chas. Budd, of Des Moines, who will make arrangements for you without charge.

"This will be a reunion of amateurs, and two sets of traps and plenty of targets. Come and have the best time of your life, Wednesday evening. The National Hotel and the management will give a smoker. Don't miss it. Bring your jokes and stories with you. Everything goes, and the town is yours. Mrs. Nation will bury the hatchet for three days. Signed, J. W. Sexton, President; H. W. Koohler, Secretary; Louis Erhart, Manager."

Rules and Regulations.

"American Shooting Association rules. Sergeant system, with two sets of traps. All ties divide. Money divided by the Rose system, 4, 3, 2, 1. Targets at 2 cents. Manufacturers' agents will not be allowed to compete for the money except in extras.

"Convention to be held Wednesday evening. After that a smoker to be given at the National Hotel. Songs, music and speeches will be indulged in. Come on, boys, eat, drink and be merry with us, and enjoy a good time, because there is no telling where we may be next year."

Is it any surprise, then, after such an invitation that about seventy-five shooters were present on the first day?

A canvass brought out the following names present: O. K. Stout, Severance, Kan.; A. Fulton, Bendena, Kan.; G. W. Lindsey, Leavenworth, Kan.; M. P. Creager, Atchinson, Kan.; J. H. Cox, Detroit, Mich.; R. T. Guy, Le Loup, Kan.; G. Hicks, Stafford, Kan.; Ed O'Brien, Florence, Kan.; Torry Moore, Lincoln, Neb.; Frank Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.; Chris Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo.; C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.; B. Johnson, Le Loup, Kan.; A. C. Holmes, Kansas City, Mo.; C. E. Wright, Kansas City, Mo.; W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kan.; M. M. Patton, Platte City, Mo.; C. B. Cockrill, Platte City, Mo.; J. E. McIlrevy, Kansas City, Mo.; H. E. Sherman, Kansas City, Mo.; W. J. Baldwin, Atchison, Kan.; Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.; W. M. Howe, Kansas City, Mo.; T. J. Hearn, Kansas City, Mo.; F. E. Rogers, St. Joe, Mo.; Chas. Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.; W. H. Allen, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; Lill Scott, Sheffield, Mo.; W. A. Smith, Greenwood, Mo.; W. A. Waddington, Beatrice, Neb.; G. O. Raines, Beatrice, Neb.; G. B. Simpkins, Lincoln, Neb.; J. E. Johnson, Atchison, Kan.; G. W. Goff, Leavenworth, Kan.; Wm. Krall, Parnell, Kan., and W. Tramp Irwin, Chicago.

The day opened bright, but the sun was soon behind a cloud, and a cold wind came from the north, and before night quite a lot of rain fell. The background was a dark one, and the targets hard to see, yet very good scores were made, and everything passed off in good shape. But the shooters got "cold feet in reality, and some will not come up in good shape to-morrow. Sunny Kansas has gone back on the Leavenworth crowd this time "for sure."

If everybody was as big and stout and used to out of door life as "Buffalo Hump," of Omaha, or Dick Linderman, of Lincoln, the weather would not be of such importance; but many a business man plans for weeks to take an outing with the boys, and when such weather is met with they stand a fair chance of getting diseases, such as colds and pneumonia. Most of the shooters, however, kept right after the "mud pies," and did not stop until the programme was finished.

The programme was too long; including the two-men team shoot it meant 250 shots. It is no wonder some of the boys had lame shoulders and headaches, especially when many of them present were using shells with more powder and shot than was necessary to burst a clay bird.

The highest scores for the day, omitting the team shoot, were Koohler and Rogers 216; Linderman 216; Spencer, Moore, Parmelee and Arnold were close up.

The most interest was centered in the team shoot, open to any two amateurs in the United States, which resulted in the prize going to western Kansas. It is strange that shooters do not shoot so well in team races as they do in regular events, some of the best shots entered going down to 21 and lower. Ed O'Brien and Gottlieb made a straight, while O'Brien's partner lost 3 and Gottlieb's lost 4. They were paired as follows: Sexton and Koohler 44, Guy and Johnson 37, Clapp and Gottlieb 46, Linderman and Moore 44, Waddington and Raines 46, Cunningham and Rogers 42, Goff and Lindsey 45, Herr and Arnold 46, O'Brien and Hicks 47.

The boys did not lack for amusements at night. There was no time for the little Indian games that Charley Budd runs. We were all out to a vaudeville show and a sparring exhibition and a smoker and free refreshments, and did not get in until 12 o'clock. Mrs. Nation had a little trouble at Kansas City, and did not show up as yet. What Koohler says goes, and his word is out.

First Day, April 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	15	15
Tramp	15	13	14	15	12	11	12	13	13	..	13	11	13	13	14	14
Spencer	14	14	14	15	15	14	14	15	14	25	13	15	15	12	14	15
Cox	12	12	14	14	14	13	14	14	13	..	13	14	11	12	13	12
Sexton	12	15	14	14	12	15	11	11	12	21	13	12	14	11	12	13
Arnold	12	13	14	14	15	14	14	13	14	23	15	15	15	14	14	14
E O'Brien	14	14	14	14	15	15	11	14	14	25	15	15	14	14	13	13
B Johnson	14	14	13	13	11	15	13	11	13	20	14	11	11	11	13	12
G Hicks	14	13	12	15	14	8	14	12	13	22	13	12	..	..	..	..
R T Gray	11	11	12	14	12	13	14	11	15	17	8	14	11	11	9	13
Herr	11	11	15	14	15	14	15	15	14	23	14	13	15	12	15	12
Parmelee	14	15	14	13	15	14	15	15	15	22	13	14	15	13	13	12
Koohler	14	14	14	14	15	15	15	14	14	23	15	15	15	14	14	14
Gottlieb	13	15	12	12	15	14	15	15	13	25	13	12	15	15	14	13
Clapp	14	12	13	13	13	15	14	14	15	21	15	12	15	14	14	12
Cunningham	13	12	14	12	14	13	15	13	14	21	13	12	14	15	14	12
Linderman	15	15	14	13	15	15	15	15	14	21	14	13	14	14	14	15
Moore	13	13	15	12	15	14	14	15	14	23	13	14	15	15	15	14
Raines	14	14	14	13	14	14	14	13	15	23	14	13	13	12	14	15
Simpkins	12	12	12	13	14	9	12	13	13	..	15	14	14	13	13	13
Waddington	14	13	14	11	14	15	14	14	13	23	14	14	15	13	14	12
Stout	6	11	13	9	11	14	9	9	9	..	..	..	5	..	13	11
Moine	12	13	13	13	11	14	12	11	11	..	14	13	13	11	..	..
Lyttle	12	13	13	13	12	13	13	14	14	..	14	13	15	13	..	..
Jones	13	13	14	13	12	14	14	9	12	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Creager	12	13	15	12	9	12	12	12	14	..	13	11	12	8	..	..
Lendgy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Cockrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Furgeson	13	14	10	12	13	13	12	11	13	..	14	8	14	12	13	..
Krall	9	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Will	13	14	13	9	14	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulton	10	11	10	13	14	13	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Baldwin	12	12	14	12	14	12	12	10	14	..	14	11	12	10	14	..
H Taylor	12	14	12	13	11	13	15	10	12	..	12	10	..	..	..	..
Sherman	12	13	14	11	13	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McIlrevy	12	13	13	13	15	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	12	15	14	11	15	13	13	14	12	..	14	9	..	..	..	..
Lindsay	15	12	14	13	15	14	15	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L W Scott	15	15	15	13	14	14	12	12	14	..	13	9	..	..	..	..
A Holmes	10	12	11	13	13	11	13	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C E Wright	10	9	13	15	14	13	11	13	15	..	13	15	15	14	14	11
Simms	12	9	14	14	13	14	8	11	12	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	15	9	14	12	13	13	14	15	13	..	11	12	..	..	..	..
Rogers	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	14	21	14	13	15	15	13	13
Brownie	9	12	15	13	12	12	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tom Norton	14	14	13	12	13	15	15	13	12	..	13	14	13	10	9	13
F N Cockrill	..	..	10	9	8	7	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W A Smith	..	..	14	7	10	8	12	7	12	..	11	11	7	..	..	..
Allen	..	..	13	13	14	14	10	15	12	..	11	10	12	..	..	..
Patten	..	..	..	9	10	13	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goff	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	10	14	23	15	11	..	..	..	..
Renfrow	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Howard	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coombs	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	11	..	13	11	15	14	11	..
McGee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	8	..	10	..	..

Second Day, April 17.

Getting on the grounds a little late, I found the scores were not as good as yesterday. Wind was blowing across the traps and the flight was irregular and puzzling. No two set of traps were sending the saucers out further than yesterday, and after about five to ten events had been shot through many of the amateurs put their guns aside and put on their overcoats, and proceeded to amuse themselves by looking on.

We had new men to-day, viz., C. C. Herman and Guy Little, of Kansas City, Mo.; G. W. Jenkins, Wamego, Kan.; Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kan.; C. F. Clay, Perry, Okla.; D. B. Jenkins, White City, Kan; F. M. Berkey, Kansas City, Mo.; M. H. McGee, Kansas City, Mo.; F. W. Tyson, Olsburg, Kan., and W. H. Howard, Half Mound, Kan.

There were altogether forty-eight participants, yet but twenty-three shot the entire programme. Of these, four were trade representatives.

In explaining the falling off, I will mention that the weather conditions were bad, yet the manner of trapping was somewhat responsible for it. The flight was rather swift, and the unknown angles rather puzzling in a wind and bad light.

The attraction was the Rochester Brewing Company challenge trophy, the conditions of which were 50 targets per man, entrance $3; money divided first high gun, trophy; second, 40 per cent.; third, 30 per cent.; fourth, 20 per cent.; fifth, 10 per cent. Open to any resident amateur shooter of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma, and shall be emblematic of the target championship of these States, and shall be competed for at annual tournaments of this Association. The holder of trophy to receive $15 for the delivery of trophy to the club holding the next tournament.

Winner of trophy is subject to challenge from any resident of the four States. Challenger shall deposit $10. Winner to take money and cup after paying for the targets. Challenger to place forfeit in the hands of the sporting editor of the Kansas City Star, who shall notify the holder, etc.

There were sixteen entries, and some good scores were made, but none phenomenal. Strange things generally happen in a shooting match. Moore made 40 straight, then lost 4 out of the last 10, landing him in fourth place alone. Goff broke 25 straight and lost 6 in the last string. O'Brien lost but one in the first string, and yet fell down in the second.

The most steady fellows were Linderman, Herr and Arnold. Each has a hard luck story, and will tell their grandchildren how they lost that "one." But the tie furnished excitement, and much pleasure was evinced by the large crowd of shooters and visitors present, among whom were a great many old G. A. R. boys who are now living at the Soldiers' Home. Some of them were overheard to remark that they did not have smokeless powder at the battle of Bull Run, etc.

The result proved a popular one, as the trophy stays in Kansas and goes to Arnold, of the short grass country.

The tie was shot off at 25 targets. Result, Arnold 24, Linderman 23, Herr 21. Mr. Arnold is about the only live-bird shooter in the State, and living on a large farm in the great Arkansas Valley, has great opportunity to practice on game. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	50	15	15	15	15	15	15
L Scott	12	11	11	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	14	14	12	13	13	12	13	15	13	..	10	11	14	13	14	14
Moine	13	12	9	9	12	12	11	12	14	..	12	12	12	7	15	12
Rogers	14	14	14	15	15	13	13	14	14	45	13	13	13	13	13	13
Sexton	14	13	15	14	14	12	10	10	14	..	12	15	12	13	13	13
O'Brien	11	15	14	13	14	14	13	12	14	45	14	14	14	11	13	14
B Johnson	12	12	13	12	10	9	9	8	12	41	12	12	12	12	14	9
Hodges	13	13	12	14	15	9	13	13	13	..	13	10	14	15	13	13
C F Clay	7	9	11	12	11	10	9	11	13	..	12	12	12	9	13	11
Herr	15	14	14	13	15	13	14	15	14	47	14	13	13	14	14	12
Parmelee	14	12	14	13	14	13	14	14	13	45	15	13	13	14	12	12
Koohler	14	13	15	14	14	13	15	14	13	42	15	13	13	12	12	14
Gottlieb	13	14	15	15	15	11	13	14	15	42	15	13	13	15	15	13
Clapp	14	13	15	11	14	12	13	13	15	45	12	11	14	13	14	12
Cunningham	14	15	12	13	14	14	15	13	15	43	14	14	15	13	14	14
Linderman	15	14	12	15	14	15	15	15	15	47	14	14	14	15	14	14
F Moore	14	14	14	12	14	11	14	14	15	46	15	15	14	13	13	14
Raines	12	13	15	13	15	13	13	14	12	40	15	8	12	14	14	13
Simpkins	15	11	13	12	15	9	9	15	13	38	12	12	11	13	12	13
Waddington	15	14	14	11	12	13	13	12	13	45	12	11	15	14	12	15
Stout	11	11	15	12	12	11	11	12	11	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Furgeson	12	13	14	13	13	11	13	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brownie	12	10	15	10	12	11	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lindsay	15	10	14	15	14	11	15	13	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..
Lyons	12	12	13	9	..	13	..	13	14	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Fulton	12	14	12	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Baldwin	14	11	13	9	13	12	15	12	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	8	10	11	8	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Allen	12	12	9	9	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer	15	13	14	13	15	14	15	14	15	..	15	15	12	15	13	13
Cox	15	13	15	14	13	12	13	15	14	..	14	14	12	15	13	14
Norton	12	14	15	10	13	13	12	14	13	..	13	8	15	10	10	12
Arnold	14	13	14	11	13	14	14	14	14	47	14	13	14	12	13	13
Gray	12	12	12	13	12	10	12	13	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Little	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holmes	9	13	13	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herman	14	11	15	14	13	13	..	15	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jenkins	12	13	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Creager	13	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	11	9	14	8	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	13	12	15	12	14	14	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G W Jenkins	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	10	11	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Berkey	..	..	..	..	14	13	11	14	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
McIlrevy	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	12	..	10	15	..	..	..	..
Combs	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	15	..	12	12	..	13	11	..
Slay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	10	..	13	12	..
Goff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	44	14	..	..	11	14	11

Annual Meeting.

At 9 P. M. the meeting was called to order, with J. W. Sexton, president, in the chair, and H. W. Koohler secretary.

The minutes of last year's meeting were dispensed with, as none were on hand. Mr. Koohler explained that his predecessor had not favored him with a report of the last meeting. He explained how this year's meeting was held at Leavenworth. As the constitution and by-laws were misplaced or lost, and with no criterion to go by the Leavenworth Gun Club made their own rules for the championship this year, viz.: Any Kansas man can become a member and contest by paying a fee of 25 cents. Something must be done to bring the State Association to the fore once more, and should now be reorganized.

Selecting the place for the next meeting was brought up, and Mr. Herr, of Concordia, stated that if no one else wanted the shoot next year it could be pulled off at his town, but could not guarantee much added money. Mr. Frank Hodges, the genial mayor of Olathe, was called to say something for his city. He thought that if it came there he would be compelled to see to all the work, and he might not have time, etc. The sentiment of the old officers and most of those present seemed to favor Olathe, and after electing Mr. Hodges President for the coming year, W. H. Herr, of Concordia, Vice-President, and H. W. Koohler Secretary, Olathe was selected, and dates chosen not later than May 30. It was carried that the chair appoint a committee of three to draft a constitution and by-laws for the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, to report at the next meeting, at Olathe. The following were selected: Ed O'Brien, of Florence; H. W. Koohler, of Leavenworth, and Frank Hodges, of Olathe.

Meeting adjourned.

The Smoker.

All were invited to the dining room, where a royal spread was in waiting and some elegant music was being furnished by the Kansas City Colored Mandolin Club. Here again Mr. Koohler appeared to be as much at home as on the shooting ground, and acted as toast master in a masterly manner. His first attempt was in welcoming the boys and friends, and stating that Leavenworth had the reputation of being a very hospitable city and receiving her guests with open arms. It has been known that no matter what gathering was being held at Leavenworth the mayor of the town could always be found at the depot ready to lead them to some place where a banquet was ready for them.

The first speaker, after the many good things, such as frog legs and several courses, had been indulged in, until everybody was more than satisfied, was Mr. Van Trump, of the Rochester Brewing Company. He said that he was pleased to be able to add something for the encouragement of shooting, and yet was selfish enough to wish that it might stay in Leavenworth.

Mr. Koohler then unveiled the cup and called up Mr. Arnold, presenting him with same. Mr. Arnold responded, saying he was glad to have been here and be so royally treated, and that should any of the Leavenworth shooters come after the cup by challenge he surely would endeavor to give them a hot time.

Mr. Taylor was called on and invited everybody to St. Louis' State tournament.

Remarks were made by Tom Norton, Dr. Clapp, Mr. Sexton, C. D. Linderman and Mr. Shindley.

Third Day, April 18.

The shooters were slow in getting out, and started late, though the weather was perfect—very little wind, and sun shining brightly. The way the boys were treated and the late hours of going to bed were good excuses for coming out tardy. When the squads had been made up it was found that there would not be above four of them, thus a falling off of about half that of the day before. Two hundred and twenty-five targets on the regular programme and then an extra event bringing the number of shots up to 275, is just about 100 too many for three days in succession. Good scores were made.

Only one set of traps was necessary for the day. A good lunch was served on the grounds during each day, which was the proper thing, as the shooting ground was a long way from the city.

The principal event for to-day was the State trophy, property of the Association, and put up for competition each year. It is emblematic of the Kansas State target championship.

Conditions, 30 targets, unknown angles; entrance $2.50. The winner of the cup receives 40 per cent. of entrance money next year upon return of the trophy in good order to the gun club giving the next Association tournament.

There were eleven entries, and competition was close. Rogers, of Hiawatha, made the only straight, and won, but the margin was narrow, as Goff, Sexton and Johnson made 29, Arnold and Koohler 28, O'Brien and Herr 27, George and Erhart 26, and Hodges 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	30	15	15	15	15	15	15
O'Brien	15	14	14	13	14	14	14	15	15	27	14	15	15	13	14	13
Lindsay	14	12	13	13	15	11	14	12	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Moine	13	13	13	11	11	13	14	14	13	..	12	14	..	..	..	..
George	15	13	14	13	15	14	15	14	14	26	15	15	13	13	15	12
Erhart	15	11	15	14	15	13	14	14	13	26	14	13	12	13	13	14
Parmelee	15	14	14	15	15	14	15	15	14	..	14	14	15	11	13	14
Koohler	14	12	15	15	15	13	15	14	14	28	15	15	15	15	13	14
Gottlieb	14	14	14	14	12	15	14	14	15	..	15	14	15	15	15	14
Clapp	12	14	12	14	14	15	15	15	15	..	15	13	15	13	14	13
Cunningham	14	15	15	13	15	13	13	13	14	..	13	15	13	11	12	13
Linderman	15	15	14	15	15	14	15	14	15	..	14	14	15	14	14	15
Simpkins	13	15	15	12	13	13	12	10	13	..	14	12	10	13	15	14
Herr	13	15	15	11	14	14	14	15	11	27	11	15	15	15	15	14
Rogers	13	15	15	14	14	15	14	15	15	30	15	14	14	15	14	14
Sexton	12	12	11	15	14	13	13	14	14	29	13	14	14	14	13	14
Spencer	14	12	12	13	12	15	14	12	11	..	13	14	14	15	15	14
Arnold	12	12	15	14	15	14	12	13	14	28	15	15	14	14	14	14
Cox	15	14	10	13	11	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hodges	..	..	..	13	15	14	14	15	13	25	14	13	13	14	15	15
Goff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	29	11	..	..	13	14	13
B Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	29	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tramp	..	13	12	11	13	13	13	13	13	..	15	12	13	15	12	12

Dr. Spook.

International Team Contest Subscriptions.

Keithsburg, Ill., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note below moneys received to date on account of Anglo-American team races. In case I have reported to your paper any of the above amounts prior to this time eliminate same:

Paul North, Cleveland, O.	$25 00
Dallas Elliott, Cleveland, O.	1 00
F G Hogan, Cleveland, O.	1 00
Dr L C Adams, Dayton, O.	1 00
A Wroe, Dayton, O.	1 00
Z A Craig, Dayton, O.	1 00
Andy Mumma, Dayton, O.	1 00
Dr H H Hatcher, Dayton, O.	1 00
I Wilson, Dayton, O.	1 00
H Protsman, Dayton, O.	1 00
H M Altick, Dayton, O.	1 00
J Glaser, Dayton, O.	1 00
Harry M Altick, Dayton, O.	1 00
Wm Stannard, Chicago, Ill.	2 00
George McCartney, Des Moines, Ia.	25 00
Chas Dumbaugh, Burlington, Ia.	25 00
Stark & Weckesser, Dayton, O.	25 00
G F Brucker, Omaha, Neb.	25 00
Chas H. Copley, Spirit Lake, Ia.	25 00
James Holliday, O'Fallon, Ill.	25 00
C C Naumann, San Francisco, Cal.	25 00
Ben Olcott, Keithsburg, Ill.	25 00
Dave Elliott, St. Louis, Mo.	25 00
C B Wiggins, Homer, Ill.	1 00
Albert W Money, New York city	100 00
Mr and Mrs S S Johnston, Minneapolis, Minn.	20 00
W R Weightman, Kingsbridge, New York	5 00
Bill McCrickett, Pittsburg, Pa.	1 00
John M. Lilly, Indianapolis, Ind.	10 00
Edward Banks, New York city	10 00
W F Parker, Meriden, Conn.	10 00
Geo S Mott, Chicago, Ill.	5 00
Tod Sloan, New York city	10 00
Irby Bennett, Memphis, Tenn.	10 00
Mrs W K Park, Philadelphia, Pa.	5 00
J B Barto, Chicago, Ill.	5 00
Eugene Dupont, Wilmington, Del.	10 00
Francis G. Dupont, Wilmington, Del.	10 00
Alexis I. Dupont, Wilmington, Del.	10 00
Col. H. A. Dupont, Wilmington, Del.	10 00
Charles I Dupont, Wilginton, Del.	10 00
Alfred I Dupont, Wilmington, Del.	10 00
Francis I Dupont, Wilmington, Del.	10 00
A I Dupont, Wilmington, Del.	10 00
E S Rice, Chicago, Ill.	10 00

Tom A. Marshall.

Puckle's Repeater.

From the New York Times Saturday Review.

Puckle was the inventor of Puckle's machine, a formidable engine of destruction that was tested on the artillery grounds at Finsbury in 1722. Concerning this novel piece of ordnance, Mr. Dobson says: "Judging by the contemporary description, it must have been a sort of exaggerated revolver, mounted on a tripod, and expelling its missiles through a single long barrel from a breech of six or more chambers. This breech could be removed and another substituted for it, containing, according to the taste and fancy of the artillerist, either round bullets for Christians or square bullets for unbelievers. The apparatus was also available for "Grenado shells." Its performance, from the account given in the London Journal for Saturday, March 31, 1722, must have been highly satisfactory. "'Tis reported for certain," says this veracious print, "that one man discharged it 63 times in 7 minutes, though all the while raining; and that it throws off either one large or 16 musquet bullets at every discharge, with very great force." Letters patent were taken out covering the machine, and a joint stock company was formed to put it on the market, for, those were the hopeful days of South Sea Bubbles and Mississippi companies. But Puckle was before his time, the British war office was as slow and unenterprising 200 years ago as it is believed by many to be now, the machine was laughed at, and Mr. Dobson has been unable to find any other account of it or trace its subsequent history. A South Sea squib, "The Bublers Mirrour," characterizes it as:

> A rare invention to Destroy the Crowd,
> Of Fools at Home instead of Foes Abroad;
> Fear not, my Friends, this Terrible Machine,
> They're only Wounded that have Shares therein.

Trap at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Mo.—Match between L. D. Cabanne, challenger, and W. D. Kenyon, holder, for Mermod championship trophy, April 14. Birds only fair; day, clear; light wind blowing in. Kenyon 30yds., Cabanne 31yds.:

Kenyon	1202122212221121*21*11020—20
Cabanne	2210112122110l2022*222122—21

Ten birds, practice, April 14:

Herbert	2011112022— 8	Griesedieck	2112111212—10
Bowman	1111112221—10	Mrs Cabanne	1020211111— 8
Orvis	0211012221— 8	Dr Gaines	2221222222—10
Turner	1112112011— 9	F White	2222122122—10
Lee	1*02210110— 6	Dr Sims	0*21222211— 8
White Rock	11*1020110— 6	P Selby	0122212212— 9
Koch	2112111002— 8	C Spicer	1212122211—10

J. Sheehy's Shoot.

PELLA, Ia., April 16.—Jim Sheehy's first annual tournament commenced this morning with sixteen entries in the first event.

The weather was rainy and cold, with a strong wind from the southeast. The shooting was done from one set of three bluerock traps, Sergeant system. Targets were thrown about 55yds., and the shooting was quite difficult, owing to the erratic flight of the targets.

The programme consisted of eight 15 and four 20 target events for to-day, $2.50 added to each 15 and $3 added to each 20 target event.

Mr. F. C. Whitney had charge of the cashier's office, and C. W. Budd managed the tournament, and kept things moving.

This being the first tournament of the season in this locality, the boys were anxious to shoot, and by 4 P. M. the programme was completed, with a few extras on the side. Bentley, of Des Moines, was high man to-day with 90 per cent. Hughes, of Wisconsin, was second, Burnside third and Kline fourth. About 4,000 targets were thrown to-day. Rain commenced to fall about 5 o'clock, and to-night at 11 rain was still falling, and the prospects for to-morrow are very gloomy. The scores:

First Day, April 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.	Av.
Kline	12	13	18	14	13	13	14	12	19	14	13	17	172	.860
Burnside	12	13	17	14	12	19	13	11	17	13	14	17	172	.860
Mitchell	13	15	17	13	15	16	10	14	17	12	14	15	171	.855
Milner	13	13	16	11	10	18	14	10	19	15	11	16	165	.825
Bentley	14	13	13	13	12	14	13	14	18	12	12	16	164	.820
Crisman	10	14	18	13	12	15	13	13	15	13	8	15	159	.795
Brown	14	14	12	14	8	17	12	13	16	13	11	17	158	.790
Stege	13	12	13	15	11	9	13	12	17	14	11	17	157	.785
Coleman	15	13	17	11	12	13	12	8	15	14	11	15	156	.780
Hoover	8	12	16	13	13	13	12	11	16	12	11	16	153	.765
Bottger	7	11	15	8	11	17	13	13	19	12	10	16	152	.760
De Gooyer	9	13	15	9	12	13	13	12	12	13	14	15	150	.750
Mattox	12	13	15	13	13	16	9	6	13	13	12	14	149	.745
Doty	14	11	17	13	10	11	12	12	17	10	11	5	143	.715
Marshall	10	12	12	13	13	15	12	9	9	11	11	13	140	.700
McKelvey	10	9	18	13	11	11	8	9	14	12	11	13	139	.695
Grier	10	10	16	9	8	17	10	8	12	12	12	10	134	.670
Sheehy	7	7	11	10	13	11	13	10	15	14	7	14	132	.660
Ruckman	10	7	10	11	12	10	11	7	11	10	9	8	116	.580
Sears	12	12	7	7	12	14	7	11	15	11	9	..	...	....
Giese	13	11	15	11	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Silbher	11	8	14	11	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Harrison	10	8	4	9	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Grant	11	10	13	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Massdam	13	10	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Hines	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	14	13	12	11	18	...	....
Tripp	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	10	9	5	..	...	....
Joe K.	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	..	..	..	..	...	....

Second Day, April 17.

The sun shines brightly this morning, and prospects are good for a fine day, with the exception of a high, cold wind from the north.

Quite a large delegation of sportsmen came in this morning from Oskaloosa and other points, and twenty-eight took part in to-day's programme, which was the same as yesterday in the events and added money. There were 5,300 targets thrown to-day. The shooting was very difficult, only five straight scores being made, and these were in the 15-target events. Nineteen was made but three times in the 20-target events, once by Burnside and once each by Kline and Bottger, 18 and 17 being high in the other two 20-target events.

Burnside and Kline tied to-day for high average with 86 per cent., Mitchell second average with 85 per cent., Milner third with 82 per cent., and Bentley fourth with 82 per cent. The high averages for the two days were Burnside, with E C powder and U. M. C. shells, .861 per cent.; Kline and Bentley second, with 86 per cent. To-night Mr. Sheehy gives the visiting sportsmen a smoker at the Opera House, which means many things pleasant to the sportsmen besides using the scatter gun will take place, and should the smoker prove as erratic as the targets were to-day the scores will not be high.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.	Av.
Bentley	13	14	20	11	13	19	12	14	18	15	14	17	180	.900
Hughes	13	12	16	14	13	17	14	14	18	15	13	19	178	.890
Burnside	13	13	16	12	13	19	14	12	18	12	14	17	173	.865
Kline	14	11	17	13	12	19	12	13	19	13	11	18	172	.860
Mitchell	13	14	19	14	12	17	12	11	17	13	12	17	171	.855
Stege	12	12	17	13	14	11	13	13	18	11	15	20	168	.840
Sheehy	11	13	17	12	12	18	12	14	17	15	11	15	167	.835
Doty	13	13	16	11	13	17	13	13	17	12	13	16	167	.835
Crisman	11	10	15	11	7	18	14	13	15	13	11	19	157	.785
Mott	12	12	19	10	10	17	13	11	12	13	13	14	156	.780
Milner	10	10	11	12	10	15	11	9	14	12	11	18	143	.715
Joe K.	10	9	14	11	10	7	8	10	15	13	11	15	133	.665
Mattox	11	11	11	10	8	14	11	11	8	7	11	15	128	.640
Hines	11	12	18	..	14	14	14	12	14	12	13	18	...	....
De Gooyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	13	14	13	17	...	....
Tripp	9	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Marshall	10	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Reno	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	...	....
Ten Hagen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	...	....

High Averages on Targets.

The following are the averages for the two days:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Total.	Av.
Burnside	173	172	345	.861
Kline	172	172	344	.860
Bentley	180	164	344	.860
Mitchell	171	171	342	.855
Milner	143	165	308	.770
Crisman	157	159	316	.790
Mattox	128	149	277	.691
Doty	167	143	310	.772
Stege	157	163	325	.811
Sheehy	167	132	299	.743

Third Day, April 18.

Mr. Sheehy's smoker was a grand success, about fifty sportsmen being in attendance. Several straights were made, while one gentleman had four 10s without a miss. The weather is fine to-day. The shooting will be at live birds from five traps. No regular programme. Three 10-bird events, $7 entrance; four 7-bird events, $5, and three miss-and-out events, $1 entrance, birds extra, were shot. In the 10 and 7 bird events the purses were divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The birds were a good lot, and the shooting of a high order. About 850 birds were used.

This is Mr. Sheehy's first attempt at holding a shooting tournament. Every one went home well pleased, and will be on hand when Jim, as the boys call him, holds his next annual.

Event No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance $5, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Doty	1212222—7	Mitchell	2121011—6
Crisman	2211202—6	Sheehy	1112202—6
Guy B	2102212—6	Milner	2220012—5
Kline	2222222—7	Hughes	1210212—6
Bentley	2212111—7	O'Brien	2212210—6
Mattox	1220212—6		

Event No. 2, 10 live birds, entrance $7, divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Crisman	2000102212— 6	Hughes	2110120112— 8
Guy B	2222221222—10	O'Brien	0200220210— 5
Doty	1220121022— 8	Tripp	2222010211— 8
Sheehy	2202222222— 9	Mattox	2011011220— 7
Milner	2222002220— 7	Bottger	2122222220— 9
Kline	2222222222—10	McKelvey	1222222211—10
Bentley	1111111211—10	Selbher	2211222201— 9
Mitchell	1222112111—10	Marshall	1021110010— 6

Event No. 3, 7 live birds, entrance $5, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

O'Brien	1112011—6	Mitchell	2222212—7
Crisman	2222201—6	Bottger	2222212—7
Milner	2221220—6	McKelvey	2011121—6
Sheehy	2220221—6	Mattox	2011121—6
Doty	2221220—6	De Bryan	2002121—5
Kline	2222222—7	Tripp	0221201—5
Bentley	1111111—7	Marshall	1111011—6
Guy B	2220212—6	Selbher	2111111—7

Event No. 4, 10 live birds, entrance $7, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Guy B	1212211212—10	Milner	1011100111— 7
Kline	2211022022— 8	McKelvey	1011100111— 7
Bottger	2212112111—10	Mitchell	1111011110— 8
Crisman	1222202012— 8	Tripp	0001002212— 5
O'Brien	1101021120— 7	Selbher	0220112002— 6
Sheehy	0111111111— 9	Marshall	1110201101— 7
Bentley	1111111111—10		

Event No. 5, 7 live birds, entrance $5, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Crisman	1022102—5	O'Brien	0010122—4
Guy B	2222222—7	Marshall	0111111—6
Mattox	0210101—4	McKelvey	2210011—5
Bottger	2122121—7	De Bryan	0210000—2
De Gooyer	0222220—5	Sheehy	1120022—5

Event No. 6, miss-and-out, $1, birds extra:

Crisman	1122	Mattox	0
Guy B	120	Marshall	2120
Bottger	10	O'Brien	10
Sheehy	0		

Event No. 7, miss-and-out, birds extra:

Sheehy	2220	A Reno	110
Crisman	22222212222	Donai	22110
O'Brien	0	De Gooyer	0
Bottger	11211212220	Marshall	1111112210
Guy B	0	Ten Hagen	0
Mattox	12110	McKelvey	121112110

Event N. 8, 10 live birds, entrance $7, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Guy B	1122122222—10	Mattox	1021211110— 8
Sheehy	2221220022— 8	Bottger	1211221111—0
Crisman	2121122222—10	McKelvey	1211111201— 9
O'Brien	2012010121— 7	Marshall	1101111211— 9

Event No. 9, 7 live birds, entrance $5, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Crisman	2201202—5	O'Brien	1000001—2
Bottger	1222222—7	De Gooyer	2212222—7
Sheehy	2122122—7	Marshall	0001021—3
Mattox	1222022—6	Guy B	2111202—6
McKelvey	0211101—5		

Event No. 10, miss-and-out, entrance $1, birds extra:

Marshall	111110	Guy B	11211221
Bottger	22212221		

Bottger and Guy B divided.

HAWKEYE.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., April 20.—We opened the season yesterday, Patriots' Day, with an all-day shoot, commencing at 9:30 A. M. It almost rained in the morning, but burned off about noon and made a fine afternoon for shooting. Twenty-eight shooters showed up, among them quite a number of new men, which showed that we have got some good new material to develop.

As we have not shot since last September all hands were a little rusty. The club served dinner free to all shooters, and thus made it a nice social occasion during the noon hour.

During the day eighteen men shot at 50 birds for a record. They will do the same at the next two shoots. On May 1 we start a handicap prize shoot for the season. Each man will be handicapped on his record for the first three shoots, and this handicap will be revised the first of each month. In this match shoot every one entered will shoot a race of 50 birds with every other man.

The following are the scores. It is fair to state that Wilder's first 80 shots were with a 16-gauge brush gun:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	10
Convers	7	9	8	7	7	10	10	9	8	7	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	7	..	10
Cutler	9	7	10	7	8	9	8	9	8	6	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8
Taylor	..	7	8	6	6	8	6	6	6	8	9	5	8	9	7	8	7	5	..	..
Bean	..	..	5	6	6	3	9	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilder	..	8	7	6	5	6	4	7	7	10	10	8	8	10	..	..	..	7	..	9
Pratt	..	5	4	6	5	7	8	6	7	4	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dwight	1	5	7	9	7	8	8	6	9	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..
Russell	..	..	8	7	6	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dix	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	6	5	5	5	8	8	2	8	5	7	7	5	..
Roby	8	8	4	3	5	2	4	6	6	4	6	7	7	5	6	7	5	5	7	6
Donovan	8	4	4	4	7	8	7	6	6	5	8	6	8	6	8	5	..	8	7	5
Walton	..	2	3	2	3	5	3	3	4	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ashton	..	3	5	2	5	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burbank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	8	8	9	6	2	6	6
P H	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	9	8	8	5	2	8	4
Housen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	7	8	7	7	..	6	9	8
Rob	..	7	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Upton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	4	6	6	6	2	3	..	..	..
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	4	5	5	3	6	..	..	..
Field	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	4	5	2	2	4	3	..	..	..
Lamb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	2	3	3	..	..	..	..
Ellis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	5	6	6
Curly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	3	..	..	..
Esty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	6	7	6	3	6	6
Tessier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	1	3	3	4	2	3	..	6	3
Andrews	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	..	..	..	..	..
Albert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	2	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barnes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1

Miss-and-out:

Cutler	1111111	Dix	111110
Converse	1111110	Pratt	10
Dwight	111110		

I. O. CONVERSE, Sec'y.

Illinois Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 18.—Nine members of the Illinois Gun Club were present to-day and contested for the class medals in the trophy contest. G. T. Hall, Chas. T. Stickle and Frank Workman tied in Class A with the possible 25, and they were followed closely by A. H. Bogardus, Jr., with a score of 24. Richardson, the scratch man in Class B, landed the B medal.

A strong wind was in evidence during the entire afternoon, and this caused several of the shooters to make comparatively poor scores. As soon as the weather moderates, it will see an increased number facing the traps at our weekly shoots, as few care to participate until sweaters and overcoats can be laid aside.

Appended are the scores, with class handicap allowance, etc.:

Class A.

G T Hall, 0	1111111111111111111111111 —25
Chas T Stickle, 2	1111101111111111111111110111 —25
F Workman, 3	1111111111101101111101111111 —25
A H Bogardus, Jr, 1	1111101111111110111111111 —24
J R B Van Cleave, 1	1111111110110011111101011 —21
Capt H M Smith, 1	1101111111101101101111110111 —21

Class B.

Richardson, 0	1011100001110001100111011 —14
P Lamereaux, 2	0000101001011010001000110000 — 9
J R Tanner, 4	1000101101000000000011111100000—10

CHAS. T. STICKLE, Sec'y.

Chelsea Heights Gun Club.

LINOLEUMVILLE, S. I., April 13.—No. 4 was at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance. J. Lewis, E. Rawson, G. Bechtel and G. Seawood broke 10; P. Heffernan 9.

In a match at 10 targets between Bechtel and Heffernan the former won by the score of 10 to 9.

Event No. 1, 10 live birds, 29yds. all, silver cup, $5.50, birds included:

G Seawood	12002212*0— 6	J Weir	2221210*00— 6
S Worth	0001201200— 4	E Rawson	*120110112— 7
J Lewis	2101010200— 5	G Bechtel	2222112011— 9

Event No. 1 was for championship of Richmond county and cup. Won by Geo. Bechtel, of the Richmond Gun Club.

No. 2, 5 birds, all 29yds., $2.25, birds included:

G Seawood	02122—4	J Weir	01110—3
E Rawson	02112—4	Murray	22010—3
J Lewis	02111—4	C Wallers, Jr.	01000—1
G Bechtel	12012—4		

Miss-and-out, $2, birds extra:

J Lewis	1112	J Weir	2112
G Seawood	10	Murray	0
E Rawson	10	C Wallers, Jr.	0
G Bechtel	110	S Worth	20

No. 4, 10 targets, 50 cents: J. Lewis 10, E. Rawson 10, G. Bechtel 10, P. Heffernan 9, G. Seawood 10.

No. 5, match at 10 targets; Bechtel vs. Heffernan: Bechtel 10, Heffernan 9.

A. A. Schoverling was scorer.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., April 20.—The Fast Day shoot of the Portsmouth Gun Club, April 18, proved a most successful opening of the trapshooting season. Although rather a cold, raw day, the attendance was excellent, and the occasion a very pleasant one to all. A programme of 100 targets was thrown, divided into 10-target events. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were for cash prizes, to which several merchandise prizes were added. Events 4 to 7 inclusive were for merchandise prizes, with several special prizes for best average scores for the entire programme.

So generously and well had the merchants contributed that of the twenty-five shooters every one drew a prize. All the way from hunting knives, boxes of cigars and handsome umbrellas down the list of fancy and useful articles to neckties, sleeve armlets, pocket knives, etc., the list was a long one, and contained many fine prizes; among them a handsome consolation prize. President W. E. Storer worked hard for the success of the shoot, and is a hustler in club events. The club expect before holding their next shoot to be established on their new grounds with a magautrap.

At the recent annual meeting the officers for the previous year were re-elected: President, W. E. Storer; Vice-President, H. E. Philbrick; Secretary and Treasurer, W. I. Philbrick; Field Captain, E. P. Merwin.

The scores for the day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
H E Philbrick	7	8	6	5	5	4	7	..	..	..
M E Goodwin	5	4	7	3	4	5	6	5	5	4
Weston	1	3	4	1	3	6	7	..	..	..
Emery	5	7	5	5	5	5	5	7	7	4
Storer	3	1	4	4	2	3	6	2	3	4
Fernald	8	4	8	5	6	4	6	4	4	8
W I Philbrick	9	6	9	5	6	6	8	7	5	5
Frizzell	7	6	9	9	6	7	7	6	9	7
Drew	2	6	6	4	7	5	5	5	6	..
Lewis	7	6	8	5	7	5	5	7	4	7
Manson	7	4	7	6	6	9	6	6	5	6
White	7	4	6	7	6	5	6	..	..	..
Merwin	5	2	4	6	3	5	2	1	..	..
R H Winn	8	6	8	6	9	9	5	8	7	6
S Winn	6	4	6	8	7	6	6	4	6	4
A Goodwin	9	8	5	9	5	8	10	4	9	3
Charlsen	..	..	..	..	3	6	3	3	6	4	2
Prince	..	..	..	..	5	6	5	7	6	7	10
Holman	4	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bailey	7	6	7	2	7	5	7	..	..	..
Kieling	..	..	..	4	0	4	4	..	..	..
Stimson	..	..	..	..	2	7	8	7	..	..	..

W. I. PHILBRICK, Sec'y-Treas.

Aschenbroedel Gun Club.

NEW YORK, April 20.—Herewith are the scores made by our club at the second regular shoot, held Friday, April 19. Two events were shot at 25 targets each:

Heidelberg	9 11—20	Siemers	14 13—27
Baier	9 7—16	Spargur	0 9— 9
Buhlender	14 9—23	Heiser	7 5—12
Grunert	15 13—28	Knittel	2 4— 6
Moeslein	8 11—19	Iverson	9 11—20

The expectations expressed in my last report, that the shooting of our members would improve, has not been realized, with one or two exceptions. But there were several good reasons for the many misses made. Not that the weather was against us; to the contrary, the weather was ideal for shooting. The fault lies elsewhere.

In the first place one of us (I do not wish to mention his name, for reasons which you will appreciate) used cartridges loaded with what I believe to be a mixture of soft coal and dynamite. The report was terrific, and the smoke so dense that it formed a solid curtain between the score and the traps, and when he did hit a target, which was not often, it was blown into atoms.

Then our friend Spargur (whom your printer designated in your issue of April 13 as "Sprague," and who shot the last time, as you will remember, wearing a Prince Albert coat), having taken our criticisms to heart, came attired in an outfit well worth describing. He wore this time a light green sweater, over which he had a tan shooting vest bristling with cartridges. A pair of very loud checked trousers turned up at the bottom revealed light blue silk embroidered socks. He also wore patent leather dancing pumps. But it seems that this outfit suited him, for once he got used to it, which was after he had shot his first 25 cartridges, and thus had delivered himself of part of his ballast, he hit 9 out of 25, at one time hitting 3 straight. So we think there is still hope for him.

But the combination of soft coal cartridges on the one hand, and the gorgeous clothes on the other, proved too powerful for the rest of us, with the exception of our worthy treasurer, Grunert, whose nerves were apparently not affected by it, as he carried away the honors of the day, to his great satisfaction, as his smiling countenance sufficiently showed. This is all the more to his honor when it is known that he always insists upon shooting scientifically. He scorns holding his gun in readiness against his shoulder, but holds it at rest until the target is well out of the trap, when with a quick movement he brings his gun to his shoulder, fires, and—generally misses.

I have made application to the Board of Health for an injunction against the sale and use of soft coal cartridges.

E. MACDONALD, Sec'y.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 20.—The weekly shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club, the second for the Hughes medal, was held last Wednesday afternoon in a raw easterly wind, which made shooting anything but a pleasure. Since last week a circular cross platform has been built, enabling members to shoot squad system, which was tried for the first time. Four events were shot, three at known and one at unknown angles. The scores

Events	1	2	3	4	Events	1	2	3	4
Targets	15	10	15	10	Targets	15	10	15	10
Manchester	8	5	4	2	Griffin	8	3	6	6
Coggeshall	6	2	7	6	Mason	4	3	7	5
Dring	9	6	12	8					

J. S. COGGESHALL, 2D, Sec'y.

The Pickaway Rod and Gun Club.

CIRCLEVILLE, O., April 15.—We feel like we were going to have a good, big shoot, and would ask all our friends to be with us. We will add between $250 and $300 to the different events, which, with the different cup events, will make a good three days' shoot, with not so much shooting either.

We think our programme will come as near suiting everybody as one could possibly make it, and it will be mailed to any one for the asking. If one can't make good scores on our grounds, it's no use to try any place, for we are second to none. Eight acres of sod, level, with a sky background—what more could you ask?

G. R. HASWELL.

Gardner Rod and Gun Club.

GARDNER, Mass., April 12.—At the shoot of the Gardner Rod and Gun Club to-day, Le Noir shot at 164, broke 129; Morse at 78, broke 29; Knowlton at 20, broke 8; Paine at 70, broke 61; Turney at 25, broke 11; Leland at 102, broke 70; Spaulding at 10, broke 6.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Over running by multiplying reels has proved a thorn in the flesh of many an angler. This, together with other troubles which arise from it, is said to be overcome by the Anti-Tangle Reel attachment, which is advertised in another column by the Anglers' Outfitting Company, of Chicago.—*Adv.*

From childhood we have been taught that the perfect fishing rod was spliced, not put together with ferrules, yet how many of us have ever used a spliced rod. To read the advertisement of the Kenyon Silkien Rod, made in Toledo, is to desire to use one.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE AWAKENING OF THE MARSH.

SILENCE still broods over the marsh. Under the depressing chill of heavy fog, the sluggish waterways respond slowly to the quickening pulses of the spring. The air lacks resonance; none of the quick flying echoes we heard last autumn are now abroad. Every sound seems but a dull jolt, at once choked, as it were, into stillness. Yet nature is at work. We know that her artists are busy over all the sweep of the marshland. Hidden under the low-hanging fog, they are blocking out with delicate touch the tender green of reed and rush, and all the varying growths that will greet our delighted eyes a few weeks hence when they throb with living color in the sunlight that is surely coming.

Soon there is a day when the winds are still, the air warmer. Under some unseen impulse the enshrouding fog in deadly quiet, begins to heave and writhe. Slowly it drifts away toward the northeast, where it packs in masses along the horizon. Then we know that the south wind is the magic that disperses the mists, for we feel its gentle caress as it breathes about us. Shadows chase across the levels, as the clouds recede, till at last—sunshine! The now distant fog banks are dazzling to look upon; there is snap and glitter to the waters so lately sluggish and dead. Life is renewed. After many days the marsh has awakened.

Débris of broken reeds, twigs and odds and ends of small wreckage from winter storms, set afloat by the swelling tides, are rafted hither and yon wherever the waters flow, now circling aimlessly about some little pool, changing course with every puff of wandering breezes till left by the subsiding flood to dot the meadows with irregular patches of dun, in pleasing contrast with the fresh green of the springing reeds and grass.

Soon there comes a soft, dark night, mysterious with curious sound of bird noises, and morning finds the recent solitude peopled with returned families of meadow hen and willet. From dawn to dusk the echoes are busy with cackle and call, and the sunlight is reflected prettily from hundreds of white-barred wings as the willet touches them above his head for an instant after alighting.

Beneath the cover of the patches of stranded débris the birds make clever little runways leading to and from their nests so called; though the shallow depression which serves to hold their eggs hardly deserves the name. With the laying of the eggs, the always hungry crow, buzzard, grackle, the wandering pigs and, alas, even man himself, sally forth to gather them. Over all the marshland the destruction goes on, yet somehow the meadow hen and willet seem numerous as ever each returning season.

Now perchance for a day or two an easterly storm may rage. Then once more a soft balmy night shuts in, with all its suggestion of mystery. Hung low in the southwest a thin crescent moon gleams white against the sky. Phe-oo-e! a marvelously clear, far-reaching call comes from the zenith to the sleeping marsh folk below. It startles the prowling fox, who answers with a questioning Yap! Yap! Phe-oo-e! musical—wild and free as the creature that utters it—this voice in the darkness rings out its challenge, telling us that a plover is on his way north; a blackbreast, the *avant courier* of hurrying hosts far in the inky void behind. Presently we hear them coming; soon the vanguard is overhead. They do not make a silent advance; the darkness is musical with many voices as they pass.

Our craft is anchored close to the meadow bank and from its deck we hear the smooth, soft rush of wings, as bunch after bunch of migrants plunge to the meadows around us. All night long they pour into the marsh, and morning finds them still arriving, while thousands speck the blue sky above with hurrying forms as they push steadily northward on the favoring breeze.

The marsh, its long slumber ended, is full of excitement for the next fortnight, and when these whirling myriads of feathered people again sail away north under the stars, it will once more settle down to its summer routine with the meadow hen and willet for company.

"PICTURES FROM FOREST AND STREAM."

THIRTY-TWO of the full-page pictures printed from time to time as illustration supplements to FOREST AND STREAM have been selected for publication in book form under the above title. A preliminary announcement of this has already been sent out, and the response has been such as to indicate that the projected volume will be given cordial welcome.

The scope of the collection is fairly comprehensive; the subjects include the reproductions of Audubon's bird portraits; big-game pictures by Rungius, field scenes by Osthaus, hunting pictures by Deming, shooting and fishing pictures by Davison, and yachting scenes, one of which is the supplement of to-day. Every care will be taken to insure for the volume the highest artistic excellence, and to make it in paper, presswork and binding a creditable contribution to the literature of the field. A list of the plates will be found on another page.

THE TIME OF BIRDS.

HEAR ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Fathers and mothers, big brothers and sisters and all small children. The great wave of bird migration is on. Husbands, tell your wives about it; mothers, tell your little children to look out for the passing birds; big brothers and sisters, polish up your opera glasses, and for the next ten days spend all the time you can abroad in the open air, watching for the tiny travelers which in the same way will not be seen for another year. True it is that when the fields have grown dry and bare, and the parched plants along the dusty highway begin to shrivel with the first frosts of autumn, these wanderers will return, but they will do it stealthily, in part by night, and most of them will be clad in a garb far more modest than the gala dress of spring.

Many of the birds have long been here. The robins came a month ago, telling us that the time was at hand. With puffed out red breasts and bills straw colored, except at the very tip, they hopped boldly about on the changing grass, and whistled defiantly at one another and had their mimic battles. Then came the mating and the building of the nests; the blue eggs appeared—and many a one was washed out of its shelter and broken in the rains of the past few weeks. Many others of our more hardy birds are with us. The redheaded woodpecker drums persistently on the dead limb far up in the oak tree, while the flicker sitting crosswise on a branch untiringly utters his monotonous song.

But now, during the next ten days, will come the horde of more delicate and more beautiful birds, some of which will spend the summer with us, while others will pass on to more northern climes, where in the deep pine and hemlock woods they will rear broods that will make up a part of the noiseless throng of autumn migrants.

To-morrow morning, then, if it be fair, take your field glasses and some friend who knows the birds, or, if you have no such friend, the bird book which you should have purchased long ago, and go out into the fields. In the bushes and along the fences and hedgerows, in the apple trees in the orchard or hovering amid the topmost branches of giant oak or chestnut, are a multitude of friends whom you should know, and whom once knowing you will welcome year after year with joy and gladness. At the end of each twig an opening bud is offering sweet food to tiny insects, and among the twigs, attracted by these insects, are the warblers and flycatchers and vireos that you wish to see.

There are many of them, and of many kinds. Black-capped and brown-vested and green-coated, they dart hither and thither, never for a moment keeping quiet, and puzzling the novice by their swift movements and ever-changing combinations of color. Yet each species has its own peculiar ways, and if interest and patience in the novel sight do not fail, before long the observer will be able to pick out one from another, and from the manner in which a bird moves along a branch or darts from its perch in pursuit of a flying insect, or balances itself as it stretches out for one almost beyond its reach, he will be able to identify approximately the birds of one group and another.

This is the time of the birds' greatest abundance, and those who wish to study the passers by should do it now. Teachers should take out their classes into the open air and study this broad page of the book of nature. Above all, parents should see that this spring their children are introduced to the passing birds.

Happy are they who live in the country and have, within easy reach, this page unblotted by great edifices of brick and stone and mortar. Let them make the most of this beautiful season. But even those less happy—who dwell in the cities—can either get out into the country for a day, or by going into one of the large parks can there see some of the busy wanderers. The day has come for a widespread appreciation of the importance of learning something of nature, and now for a few days there is the opportunity to study her directly and not through the medium of books.

Go forth, then, to field and copse and woodland; take the children with you and make the most of your brief opportunity.

SNAP SHOTS.

We have often urged the establishment by the individual States of game parks on the plan of the Yellowstone National Park, where the game might have a permanent refuge for breeding and stocking the adjacent country. It will be recalled that Mr. Willard G. Van Name, of Connecticut, has suggested that the National Government should set apart such reservations for the migratory species. Just now the scheme of public game preserves promises to have recognition in the Legislature of Mr. Van Name's own State. The Fish and Game Committee has reported with approval a bill to empower the Fish and Game Commission to establish preserves by leasing tracts of from fifty to three hundred acres for terms of twenty-five or fifty years. The land thus set apart may be used by the owner for other purposes. The value of such small game preserves has been demonstrated again and again by the posting of farms and other private holdings, from which as a source of supply the surrounding territory has been stocked. We trust that the Connecticut plan of public reservations may be put into operation and that the system may be extended to other States.

The FOREST AND STREAM has more than once discussed the question as to how women should ride a horse, and expressed its opinion that the correct way is riding astride. Gradually the view which we have held seems to be gaining ground. In Boston and in other cities more and more women are riding astride, and it is said that the practice is gaining ground in England, where already some women ride to hounds in the novel and reasonable method. It is quite possible that the day may not be distant when there will be a revolution of public opinion on this subject. It is well remembered that when the bicycle first became popular, women for a long time held back from riding it, very much on the same grounds that now are urged against riding horseback astride, yet after a time they yielded, and almost at once women were seen riding bicycles as frequently as men. Safety, comfort and grace are the three principal things to be gained by a change in women's custom in this respect.

Work on a large scale is soon to begin on the roads in the Yellowstone National Park. The work will be in charge of Col. Chittenden, of the U. S. Corps of Engineers, who has previously been stationed in the Park on the same duty and is extremely familiar with it. Col. Chittenden's interest in the Park is very great, and he is well known as the author of an admirable history of it. It is stated that the system of roadway when completed will include 390 miles, of which 162 miles are now in use. The system will consist of a belt line or circuit of the Park, to pass through all the important centers of interest, approaches by which the belt line may be reached from the boundaries of the Park, and cross roads, side roads and trails, connecting different roads or giving access to special individual objects. The length of the belt line, including some of the cross roads, will be over 150 miles, while the total length of the approaches, entering from the north, east, south and west, will be 132 miles. Of these about 100 miles is in the Park and the remainder outside of the Park in the forest reserve.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Gens Des Bois.

X.—Joseph McGuire.

JOSEPH MCGUIRE, or Jomaguire (with the accent on the first syllable), as he is familiarly called by the descendants of the Canadian French charcoal burners who are his neighbors, lives in a walled-in valley between Poke-o-Moonshine Mountain and Baldface, in a half-forgotten corner of the Adirondacks. Here in a modest way he fills the place of a feudal lord, and though he does not sally down from his eyrie on the blueberry hucksters, and chance travelers who pass along the highway crossing the foot of his valley, he is practical monarch and has no rival from Buckstand to the country lying beyond But'nut Pond.

This territory is not so popular as it once was. From Jim Lesperance's north on the Albany Post Road there is not an occupied house for at least four miles. There are half a dozen deserted places, and it was only last winter that old man Duclow gave up the battle, when his boy ran away, and the weeds have not yet choked the path leading to the little whitewashed cabin among the rocks. Beyond Duclow's the mountain turns, an unbroken wall of rock to the road for two miles, except that back of some ruined cabins, unsavory with the story of a murdered peddler, there is a wooded ravine and a path once used by berry pickers leading to the top. Where this wall of rock ends is the entrance to Jo McGuire's domain.

The Discovery.

I had followed deer in the snow completely around the place, but its discovery is due to a certain person of the gentler sex who loves berries and berrying so much that she picks them in her dreams, and who by a secret intuition devined that blueberries were ripe and waiting to be gathered in this particular locality one day late in July.

We left the main road just at dark and turning up the valley came presently to a birch sapling laid across the road, and a minute later to a gap of fifteen feet deep and about the same distance across, where there should have been a bridge spanning the brook. Masons' tools and shovels were lying about on the level top, and above the steep banks of the stream had been gashed and trees cut right and left. A broken stringer of the old bridge was still there to show, if evidence were needed, the story of the break down of a time-honored servant of the public.

We made a long detour by a dark passage tunneled through the woods and climbed a steep hill and then followed along the edge of the brook so close that my companion more than once clutched my arm and insisted that the wheels on her side were over the edge before at length an opening appeared and we emerged into a daisy-dotted intervale. A cow bell tinkled somewhere in the distance through the crisp, almost frosty night air, and a glow-worm point of light indicated the presence of a house in this little oasis surrounded by the dark rampart of rugged mountains.

My companion said something about a Swiss farm, and the next moment Toby and Guess were barking at the horses' heads, and Jo McGuire himself had made us welcome, and we were no longer strangers and wanderers.

Mrs. B. and I spent the night in the barn, despite Jo McGuire's protestations, for it was the particular and not to be gainsaid wish of the important member of the party that we should sleep on new-mown hay, and it did not matter that the other member was enough of a farmer to have lost the gilt edge of his reverence for herds' grass and clover, and had no moral scruples against the ordinary bed of civilization. Once in the night the bell cow in the barnyard rubbed her horns against the door of our quarters as if she were determined to come in too, but Toby settled her, and after he had nipped her heels and spoken in no uncertain terms, the cow went off and we were not again disturbed.

The Dogs.

It did not take long in the morning for Mrs. B. to gain the friendship of the dogs, and soon she knew their history as well.

"Toby is a full-blooded collie," she announced. "He is a splendid dog and understands everything you say, and he won't allow any chickens in the garden. Mr. McGuire says he 'regulates' the cows. He stays awake all night to look after them, and he is so eager to keep them out of mischief that he has to be shut up in the day time to get any rest.

"Guess is a fox terrier. He killed three rats yesterday, and kills a woodchuck regularly every day in the week. He has helped kill ten porcupines this year, and he has a sore throat, poor doggy, because he swallowed some quills."

Blueberrying.

Parts of two days were spent on the mountainside above McGuire's, during which time we succeeded in gathering a bushel of berries. Our arithmetic was refreshed to the extent of realizing graphically that there are thirty-two quarts, or six-four pints, or between two and three hundred saucers of blueberries in a bushel, and we concluded that the individual berries must mount in numbers well up to the million mark, though this latter result was reached without resorting to mathematics. It was a poor season, and berries were rather scarce, but if we had been laboring for the cash return we could easily have succeeded better.

A part of our reward—the major part—was derived from the prospect at our feet as we gained each new ledge on the side of old Baldface. Butternut Pond, Auger Lake, Warm Pond and other sheets of water lay close by, while over Bigelow and Rattlesnake and Sugar Loaf in a trough bounded beyond by Mansfield and Cornell's Hump and other peaks of the Green Mountain range, stretched the steely blue of Lake Champlain, the old war route of many fighters.

"I don't think there'll be many blueberries here a week from now," said Mrs. B., alluding to the fact that they were already beginning to drop from the stems.

"Not at this particular spot," I assented. "You have cleaned them out too effectually." The frau laughed.

"You know, Jack, there is such a fascination in picking these berries, every last one of them, that I don't know how to stop," she said. "When it comes time to leave you will have to blindfold me and drag me off by sheer force."

The larger and finer berries grew in partially shaded spots, or else in places where the soil was deeper and better adapted to conserve the moisture than the average on the ledges. The very best of all were found under the scattering jack pines, seeming to gain vitality from the heavy mulch of needles. Along with the blueberries from time to time under the pines we found beds of scarlet bunch berries, while a very highly colored kind of choke cherry was quite common, as well as the purplish shad berry.

A find which gave me keen delight was a shed deer's antlers, colored a delicate green and brown by contact with the matted berry undergrowth. It was from a cunning old buck, its age being certified by ten points, one hollowed and another thin and fluted, and all odd and distinctive. Somehow I had an idea that the horn was a message from a deer I had followed the year before almost to this very spot, a gauntlet thrown down to meet in the lists when the leaves are off and snow flies again in November.

A Lost Deer.

That evening we sat upon the porch and talked with the family.

"We're all bachelors or old maids except my sister that's a widow," said McGuire. "We don't kill ourselves with work and we have all we need to live on, and though it's a little out of the world up here, we have a lot of friends and visitors. We're satisfied with it and haven't time to be lonely.

"There's trout in the brook and game on the mountains—often we see deer feeding on those bare ledges right in front of the house, and last fall one came almost through our yard. I grabbed my rifle and started for the door, pushing cartridges into the magazine as fast as I could, but just as I got there our little dog started to get by me to go for the deer. I tried to keep him back with my leg, but he jumped and pushed, and the first thing I knew the old gun went off and blew a hole in the stoop floor and lost me my chance at the deer.

" 'Tain't the first time I've had a gun go off by accident, either. The best man that ever shot a gun will have the same thing happen. The only safe way is to have the gun always pointed some way so that when she breaks loose there won't be anybody killed."

Jo McGuire.

Jo is a smallish man with a good-natured, kindly face. If he has any failing it must be that, from his sisters' standpoint, he is over-hospitable. He looks to be about sixty years of age. He came into the Poke-o-Moonshine country as a boy with his father, and saw the forest shorn for miles around to supply the charcoal kilns and the forges. One of the forges was located in his valley. There may or may not have been an ore bed near; in those days an abundant supply of wood was the chief factor influencing the location of the forges, and the ore was often hauled long distances to them.

The country was booming, and every one was prosperous. Hundreds and thousands of wagon loads of lumber, charcoal and iron rolled down the long grade to Lake Champlain, and was shipped in barges to the outer world. Little farms sprang up wherever there was an available patch of level ground, and the coal burners pushed back still further and built their cabins among the ledges, sometimes on perches that would have satisfied an eagle's heart. There are two of these primitive cabins at the edge of a crater-like basin near the summit of the mountain, one of them so tiny that a large man can reach from side to side with his outstretched arms, while his head touches the overlays. A rude ladder leads to an upper floor, where it is impossible to get around except on one's hands and knees. The walls are of stone, laid with clay, and the main part of the house is practically a cellar, for only the roof projects above the surrounding level.

The place has been deserted for years, yet there can be no doubt it was once occupied as a human habitation, for there is an old bedstead still there and little odds and ends, indicating the presence of a woman and children.

Jo McGuire first learned to love hunting in the company of one of these coal burners, who was an ingrained woods character. Though the country was much more thickly settled than it is at present, the game was abundant and less wary. There was so much to do in subjugating the wilderness that few men could afford to take the time for hunting, and the game was not nearly so persistently pursued as it is now.

The Cave on Poke-o'-Moonshine.

Once in company with his friend Jo McGuire visited a famous cave on Poke-o-Moonshine. "You know that place at the top of the mountain where it's like a road?" asked Jo, referring to a great groove riven a mile or more along the summit. "It was among the ledges north of that—the third ledge up, I think—that the cave is located. It was a Sunday afternoon when I was about nine years old that we went up there. The cave was sixty or seventy feet deep and cold enough to freeze a nigger inside. At the back end was an opening from above that let in the light, so that you could see. There were some queer things there that I don't remember much about, and the only thing that I can tell for sure is that the names of the men who first came into this country as much as a hundred years before were scratched on the rock.

"I've never been to the cave of late years, though I've been near it often enough. It was no great distance from there that I got two deer once on a ledge on the front of the mountain in a way that's not apt to be duplicated.

Trapped in a Ledge.

"I had been following the trail of four deer in the snow one afternoon, and night overtook me before I could come up with them and get a shot. The next morning I took the trail again. The deer were working east toward the precipice over the State Road, and presently they separated and two turned back. I kept the trail of the two going east, for I judged one of them to be a good big buck, though as a matter of fact I was mistaken in this.

"The pair kept right on, further than I had any idea they would go, and by and by they turned on to a kind of shelf that swung around the northeast corner of the mountain. Then I knew that I had them, for that shelf ran along the side of the precipice a good 200 feet above the bottom, and gradually petered out till it ended in nothing.

"I was a little too sure, though, and I came near being disappointed, for at one place water had trickled down and frozen and made an ice hill with about the slant of one of these flat roofs. I didn't want to be shot off into kingdom come, but I wanted those deer, and finally I compromised the matter by crawling along the upper edge, holding on to some bushes that grew there.

"When I got near the end of the ledge I saw one of the deer's heads pop up over a rise in front, but before I could shoot it had ducked. The deer had run back on the trail toward me, which showed she knew she was in a tight place. The next minute I saw both deer. They were standing at the very end of the shelf where there was hardly footing for a squirrel, and one deer was trying to crowd by the other.

"I had my rifle ready for fear they would try to rush past me on the ledge, and the minute I saw them I fired. Both deer went off into space, one of them dead and the other hard hit with the ball, which had gone into its shoulder.

"It took me an hour to work around below the precipice to where the deer lay on the rocks below. Their hides weren't broken, but when I came to dress them there wasn't a whole bone in their bodies, and a good part of the meat was so bruised it wasn't fit to eat.

"A good many years ago some men who were hounding jumped two deer on top of the mountain, and the dogs and deer all went over the precipice and were killed. The dogs were running by sight and had almost caught up with the deer, when the edge suddenly opened up in front and over they went in a bunch.

A Sure-Footed Deer.

"The deer hereabouts are wonderful climbers and can go over places that a man or dog couldn't attempt. I was off one time on the snow with La Mountain, and we followed a big doe over the top of Baldface down to the head of the steepest slide on the whole front of the mountain. The slide is smooth rock, nearly quarter of a mile long, and it rounds over like the edge of a bowl, growing worse every foot of the descent.

"Just as we got to the top of the slide La Mountain said, 'There goes the deer.' I wheeled and saw her on the jump, going straight out of sight. I let her have one, but I think I overshot, as I most generally do on those down-hill quick chances.

"I was perfectly sure we'd find her dead at the foot of the slide, for at the speed she started she would hit the bottom like a cannon ball, and I was confident she'd be in pretty much the shape of those other deer I was telling you of. I was mistaken, though.

"We had to go around the best part of a mile to reach the end of the slide, and when we got there our deer had disappeared, carried off by her own legs, too.

"The slide above us was a good part ice, and I could no more have gone up it, even in summer, than I could fly, yet that deer had only missed her footing once, when she was almost down, and she had gotten her feet right off again, though she slipped and sprawled considerable doing it. We left the trail then and there and went home. That deer certainly had earned her life, and besides it was an almighty hard climb back again to the top of the mountain where she'd gone.

Infrequent Bears.

"Bears somehow are not very common on this range. I have never seen one alive in the woods, and I've seen very few trails. I lost fifty sheep one year—all the increase of my flock—but I believe it was a two-footed thief carried them off. Over on Arnold Hill, which is a good deal more out of the woods than this, bears are thick, and there and on Hale Hill the farmers are losing sheep all the time on account of the bears, and Black Mountain, just across the Clintonville Road, is a great place for them. They have some reason for not liking Poke-o-Moonshine, though what it is I can't say."

An Impractical Inventor.

McGuire relapsed into a reminiscent mood, and talked of the country as it had been in the days of its prosperity. Incidentally he discoursed on the impracticalness of the inventor of the machine for cutting horseshoe nails who had been a friend of his and not very distant neighbor. "The man could invent machines all right, and yet he wasn't practical enough to do what any snipe of a nailer could do and run them. Two of the hands they had running machines at Keeseville wanted to go off to Rhode Island one time to get a better job, and he said to let them go and he'd keep the machines in shape. Well, sir, he didn't run them over two hours before they were cutting the worst shaped nails you ever saw, and do what he could he couldn't get them to working right, because he didn't know enough to keep his dies properly sharpened. According to his theory they shouldn't have needed attention, though any boss nailer knew it was necessary. The man who told me about it was just a common, uneducated nailer, but he must have had what the man who had invented the machines didn't have, for the company sent him over to Ireland to set up machines and teach them how to use them, and he got four dollars a day and found for the two years he was gone.

History of a Kaolin Find.

"This Dr. Pollard who found the kaolin on the west line of my farm was something the same kind of a man. He'd been to Californy and made a strike, and came back here and began practicing medicine in Westport. They were working a gold mine back on the mountain—it

hasn't been long since the tunnel they got their quartz from filled in—and either their road had uncovered the kaolin or else the coal burners had. Any way, Dr. Pollard found it, and he was educated enough to know what it was and all about it.

"He came to father and asked him to buy the land west of his line, knowing that if he bought it himself he would have to pay a fancy price, and father got it for him at the value of the wood, and turned over the deed to him. Dr. Pollard got a partner, and together they set to work putting up buildings for refining the kaolin.

"The first year their tanks wouldn't hold, and the thing was a failure. The tanks had to be strong enough to stand a pressure of 400 pounds to the square inch, and they used just common lumber. The next year they hired a better superintendent, and he said he would make the tanks hold if the pressure was 400 tons to the square inch. He got first growth Canada pine that cost him with the high prices there were then just after the war over $50 a thousand at the mine. It was spring, and the roads were soft, and the teams he hired at $5 a day couldn't haul much over half a thousand to a load. They put in 10-inch round sills and then 10-inch cross sills, and made the tanks narrower and longer than before and braced them with good oak knees and cross braces, and when they were done they were as good as could be—only the Doctor had lost a year getting ready and his money was coming harder than it had at first.

"They built bleaching shelves in buildings 16 feet across, a good deal like pantry shelves with a space down the middle to wheel a wheelbarrow. First the decomposed feldspar was washed in their puddlers, something the way they used to wash gold, the Doctor said, and after the quartz sand had been gotten rid of it was dried and shoveled out on the shelves 4 inches thick or so and left there till it was ready for market.

"After a while they sent off a lot, and word came that it was first-class quality, and you can bet the Doctor was pleased. But he had made another of his mistakes, for when he was ready to go ahead and get some return for all the money he'd spent, summer had come on, and the brook was so low that he couldn't get enough water to keep the mill going. If he'd built a little lower down he'd have had plenty of water, but he was so full of the finer points—figuring how porcelain was made and all that—that he overlooked the other matter that a practical man would have thought of first of all.

"The partner that was with him got discouraged, and one day while Dr. Pollard was away the buildings took fire and burned down. I am not saying that they were set on fire, but the insurance companies threatened the man with suits, and very little money was ever collected from them.

"When Dr. Pollard got back he hunted for the man to kill him, but the fellow got away. Old Sherman, down at Port Henry, that had shaved some of the Doctor's notes, took the mine, and that was the end of it, as far as any development went. I was up there the other day to get some samples for a man who wants to use the kaolin for filling printing paper, and the side of the mountain has been slipping down till it has covered all the part they had stripped. The paper makers may give this country a new lease of life. They want kaolin, and they say too they want peat for making paper, and there is plenty of both in Essex county."

Making the Home.

Jo McGuire's farm is interesting as exhibiting the extent to which a particularly unfavorable wilderness may be subjugated by two generations of resolute pioneers. McGuire's father was the first permanent settler at this place. He found a cold upland valley with an eastern exposure at an elevation where killing frosts might be expected in the height of summer. Only the brook bottom was fit for cultivation, and elsewhere were perpendicular ledges or broken slide rock that will remain the same inhospitable waste at the Judgment Day—a delight to berry pickers and hunters, but the despair of the agriculturist's heart.

The two McGuires, father and son, cleared and burned the tillable land and sowed oats and herds' grass and planted potatoes among the stumps, and by and by the stumps rotted and mouldered away and the mounds that marked the graves of forest trees were dragged and cross dragged and smoothed over, and fine level meadows with a tough sward of exotic grasses were created.

For pasture, the cattle were turned into the woods and let browse on the leaves and shoots.

Then came improved roads, over which the provident builders would let no heavy loads be drawn on wheels to rut the surface, but waited for the winter snow to do their heavy teaming, enlarged barns and outbuildings, and built a new clapboarded house in place of the original log structure. The flocks and herds had increased along with those improvements to pay the interest on the investment of brawn and labor, and so the home was wrested from the rocks and the wilderness made to blossom and become productive.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Quail on Toast.

When the Western packer who wanted to enter the Four Hundred offered Ward McAllister $1,000 to teach him the society way of eating quail on toast, he did not know the chances were dollars to doughnuts that the meat he was to experiment on was Wisconsin pigeon, instead of Nebraska quail. That the shipment of these "quail" is an industry peculiar to Watertown of all Wisconsin towns would be a surprise to even most Milwaukeeans, who, as a rule, are unaware that about 30,000 pigeons are kept in cotes in that city to breed and sell to game dealers.

As a matter of fact, Watertown's "quail" industry is one which would astonish the average Wisconsin person by its magnitude. Thousands of birds are killed there and shipped to Chicago and the East annually, but in Milwaukee, only a few miles away, there is almost no market for the birds. This is probably because the game laws in this State forbid the sale or killing of the real bird, so any placing of the substitute delicacy on a menu card would bring the game wardens around in coveys. The occasional pigeon pie, however, may be a Watertown exportation.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Some Boyhood Memories.

VIII.—The Hollow Tree.

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

ONE of the most pleasing pictures hanging on my memory's walls is that of a great tree standing on the bank of Huron River in Ohio.

This tree was a sycamore of enormous girth, and hollow. Leaning at an angle of about 45 degrees, its great arms nearly spanned the stream, which at this point was some fifteen yards in width. The hollow tree, as it was called, was a fit trysting place for a crowd of some half-dozen boys, ranging in age from eight to ten, for its roots were washed by the waters of a broad, deep pool, from which were taken many a dace and chub and shiner—fish as dear to our little hearts as the larger ones that filled our strings in after years. One day one of the boys, by a stroke of good luck, caught a fine rock bass, and he was at once voted the leader of the crowd and the boss fisherman. But he couldn't keep the pace, and never duplicated the catch. No expensive outfit was ours. A pole cut in the woods, a line having more or less knots in it, a cork bobber, two or three hooks and a box of worms and we were prepared to crowd more enjoyment into an hour than comes to our middle age in a week.

Two of the crowd, on their solemn promise to keep quiet, were one day allowed to accompany their paters on a trip to the river to see how grown up men caught the big fish. And they caught them, too—a big basket full. Among the catch was an ornery looking thing, but whether fish, animal or reptile we knew not. It had a long tail, a leg at each corner of its body and a very open countenance. We boys took turns in carrying the critter home, and before the next night had gathered in pins enough from the boys of the town who came to see the curiosity to nearly answer the problem of what becomes of the pins.

The hollow tree was the rendezvous of the crowd for several summers, and no trip was made to the woods without making the tree a call. Its massive bole was carved with the names of the boys, traced in rough but legible characters, and the year when we took possession of the property.

Ah, those happy, care-free days, never more to come again.

That was forty years ago. The forest with its odors sweet—far sweeter than was ever distilled by man—the woodland path, the hollow tree, are long since gone, the pool is filled up and naught remains of the seemingly far off time but a memory, and the music of the rippling waters of old Huron, singing a requiem for four of the crowd who have crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the old hollow tree.

FALL LEAF.

NORWALK, Ohio.

The champion pike fisherman (Mr. A. Jardine), who has been lecturing at Leeds, related the following, says the Fishing Gazette: "Francis Francis was fishing on Loch Tay, and the Duke of Breadalbane was having a dinner party, for which he was anxious to place a fresh-run salmon on the table. His fisherman had been unable to catch one, but Francis had been more successful, and hearing how matters were he sent his fish to the Duke, with his compliments. An Irish priest was present at the dinner, and improvised the following grace:

"'God bless Loch Tay,
Which I've heard say
The region of romance is,
God bless the Duke of Breadalbane,
And God bless Francis Francis.
And bless his rod, his reel, his line,
Also his phantom spinner,
And bless this fish
Who left his "Tay"
To come up to our dinner.'"

Natural History.

An Outing in Acadia.—IV.

BY EDWARD H. SAMUELS.

[*Continued from page* 265.]

FOR four days I divided my time pretty equally between fly-fishing at the mouths of the small streams which emptied into the river and in collecting specimens of insects, small mammals, fishes, etc. I made no long excursions, however, which necessitated my being from the house at night, for I expected to be joined by my friend Doctor ———, who, in consequence of having some critical cases on his hand, was unable to leave the city at the time I did, but who promised to meet me as soon as he possibly could.

It is no wonder, therefore, that I looked impatiently for his arrival every evening when the stage passed through the settlement and that I was more than pleased when it at length stopped in front of the house and he alighted. The Doctor and I have been close friends for many years; our tastes are entirely congenial and both of us are enthusiasts in the use of the rod and gun. Every season has found us together on a Canadian salmon stream or in the forests of the North in pursuit of the moose and other large game, or upon the shores and marshes of the sea coast, where the bay birds and water fowl are wont to congregate. Comrades we are, and many have been "the hair-breadth 'scapes and moving accidents by flood and field" we have shared in our various outings.

"HAW, BROWN! HAW, BEAUTY!"

Our intimacy has not, however, been restricted to these periods of recreation, for we are neighbors in the same city, and we have generally found opportunities for passing two or three evenings together every week, and as often as we could manage to drop our work for a day or two we have taken short runs into the country, sometimes in pursuit of game or fish, but as often in the study of natural history.

The Doctor stands high in his profession, his skill as a surgeon, anatomist and microscopist having earned for him a wide reputation; in addition to these attainments he is a scientist of no mean repute, his studies in all branches of zoology having been varied and extensive. He is always an interesting and instructive conversationalist, and I have never yet passed an hour with him in which I did not learn something new and valuable concerning the great phenomena in which we both feel an engrossing interest.

Of course the welcome I gave him as he came to the house was a hearty one, and the Murrays were not a whit behind me in the cordiality of their greetings.

While he was at supper I entertained him with an account of what I had done, and what the prospects were for sport, and the evening was passed in the cozy sitting room in reading the magazines and late newspapers which he had brought with him from the city. We sought our beds at an early hour, however, for the rough ride the Doctor had taken and my day's long tramp had tired us both pretty effectually.

"I propose that we give the trout a rest for a day or two," said I to John, when he made his appearance on the following morning. "There ought to be a few woodcock within reach, judging by some of the coverts we passed yesterday."

"Yes," was the reply; "there's good woodcock cover within a mile of the house, and we can, it's likely, find some partridges, too."

"It's a pity we hav'n't a good dog," I remarked, as I took my gun from its case and adjusted its parts for use.

"Yes," added the Doctor, following my example; "one of my greatest pleasures in shooting is found in the intelligent work of a well-trained setter or pointer."

"I can't get a setter or pointer for ye," answered the guide, "but our old brown water spaniel Dash is not a bad bird dog. He will not point the game, it is true, but he knows how to find it, and we can tell by his bark and

actions when game is near; he's a grand retriever, also, and I've no doubt he will give a good account of himself if we take him along."

"Good," I replied, "We'll take him along, and be glad to have his company; but how shall we arrange for lunch? We may be out all day."

"If you would like to have me bring your lunch to the falls at noon," said Phœbe, who had been watching our preparations for the day's hunt, "I shall be glad to. One of our neighbors, Miss Freeman, has invited me to accompany her to the old clearing down there to pick blackberries for preserving; they are very abundant there, and we propose to spend the entire day in the work. We can carry lunch for all, join you at noon and we can take the meal together."

"That will be jolly, indeed!" I exclaimed. "We shall certainly expect you."

"Yes," added the guide; "we can work through the cover all along down the river to the falls, and that will use up the whole forenoon; we'll reach the pine grove below the upper falls by noon without any doubt."

"I see that Uncle Bob is starting in on his fall plowing," said the guide, pointing to a man who was busily engaged, with the aid of a pair of oxen, in turning over the green sward in an adjoining field. "We might cut across to where he is at work and ask him if he has seen any woodcock lately; he owns a piece of swamp back of yonder hill that has always been a famous place for 'em."

"All right," replied the Doctor; "it is nothing more than courtesy to ask his consent to shoot in his coverts; we will interview him."

We soon traversed the distance between the meadow and the farmer, and pausing beside him we watched his operations. The plowman stopped his team at the end of the furrow, and wiping his head with a huge bandanna handkerchief, he greeted us with a "Good mornin', gentlemen: good mornin', John. I heered ye've had great luck among the trout lately. I'm glad on't. Yes; glad on't. I wish more of your American sportsmen would come among us; as the preacher says, 'We need ye every hour.'"

"I see you believe in fall plowing," said I, after the introductions had been made.

"Yes," replied the farmer; "these cold, clay lands need a winter's opening with the frost to ripen 'em up, and even at the best they're poor crop bearers. I find that medder muck is no good on 'em, and barn manure, even, isn't much better. The land's too poor, but what's the odds?—even if we had big crops there's no market for 'em. We're too far inland, and so we keep on farming in about the same way the darky took a contract to do a certain piece of work."

"How was that?" asked the Doctor, becoming interested in the old man.

"Didn't ye ever hear about it? Lord! I thought every one had heered the story. Ye see, the darky took a contract to build a piece of wall for fifty dollars. He didn't figger clost enough, and when they came to settle up he discovered that he had to pay out for help and haulin' stone and sich, fifty-seven dollars. Some one joked him about it afterward, when he grinned and said, 'Yes, sah, there wan't much money in it, suah, but by golly 'twas wuff something to boss de job.' That's about all the satisfaction we're gittin' nowadays in farmin'."

"Ha, ha! Uncle Bob," exclaimed the guide "You're always irrepressible!"

"I'm what?" said the other. "Who says I'm irresponsible?"

"You're all right," replied John. "Have you seen any woodcock lately?"

"Woodcock? Yes; I started up three or four last night when I was driving my cows up from pasture; they were down near the brook crossing in the swamp. But I don't b'lieve you'll git a chance at 'em, for they fly up mighty lively. You can't see 'em on the ground, for they're just the color of the dead leaves."

"These gentlemen don't want to see them on the ground; they shoot their birds on the wing," said John.

"Oh!" exclaimed the farmer, glancing at us with a somewhat skeptical expression on his face; "they're all right, then. I've seen pa'tridges shot on the wing, but it takes a good hunter to do it. I say, squire," he added, addressing the Doctor, "that's a mighty nice lookin' gun you've got there; two-barrelled, I see, and a breech-loader. I reckon that gun must 'a' cost a lot er money."

"Yes," answered the Doctor; "I paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it; but that was a number of years ago. The same kind of gun can now be bought at a much less price."

"Whew!" whistled Uncle Bob; "two hundred and fifty dollars! Why, by gum! that's twicet what my steers are worth."

"We came to ask you if you have any objections to our hunting for woodcock in your swamp," said the Doctor.

"Of course not; shoot all ye can, and welcome, only take care and not hit any of my cows. Two hundred and fifty dollars for a gun! That gits me! Shoot all the birds ye can and welcome. Haw, Brown! Haw, Beauty!" he shouted to his oxen, and flourishing his whip, added, "Git up there, ye lazy critters," and then to the Doctor and me, "Git all the birds ye can, but don't hit the cows," and the plow again began its slow course through the sward.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor, as we climbed the hill and descended to the swamp on the other side "the old man is quite a character; a rough diamond, but interesting."

"Yes; old Uncle Bob is quite interesting in many ways," said the guide. "He is a hard worker, and his farm is not very profitable, but he keeps right along the same old steady jog year in and year out, and will to the end of the chapter."

It is not my intention to follow in detail the sport we obtained during the forenoon's tramp through the coverts in pursuit of the long-billed beauties; suffice it to say we bagged three more.

"I enjoy woodcock shooting very much" remarked the Doctor as he smoothed the plumage of his last bird; "to my mind there is no bird in America or out [illegible] rate, the ruffed grouse, that can compare with a flight woodcock, and on the table he is incomparable. But, John," he exclaimed, as he consulted his watch, "it is almost noon, and we promised to be at the falls at 12 o'clock. Are we far from them?"

"No," replied the guide; "listen a moment and you will hear their roar." As he spoke the murmur of falling water was heard apparently at no great distance. "We have been steadily working along toward them for the last hour. I did not forget your promise to Miss Freeman and Phœbe."

"Well, we will go there without delay. We have had a good forenoon's sport, and I confess I long for a little luncheon."

Our steps were now hastened in the direction of the falls, and it was not long before the sheet of brown and white foaming water was visible. As we clambered down the ledge that flanked the falls and entered the large clearing which lay between them and the grove of great pines and spruces that Phœbe had mentioned, we beheld the two girls running toward us hatless and with disheveled hair, screaming and gesticulating, apparently in great terror.

"Oh, John!" ejaculated Miss Freeman, a slightly built blonde of apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, "we've had an awful fright. There's an animal down in the grove like an enormous great cat. Oh, he has such savage great green and yellow eyes and long pointed ears, and he is eating another animal, and I gave such a scream when I saw him! I got within six feet of him before I saw him, and when he jumped up I thought I should faint, I was so frightened. Ha, ha! Isn't it too funny?"

At this point the frightened girl began to grow hysterical, and it was several minutes before we could reassure her.

"Have no fear, young ladies," said the Doctor, "we are with you and the animal cannot touch you. I have no doubt it ran away from you as rapidly as you fled from it."

"Did you see it, Phœbe?" asked the guide.

"Yes; I got just a glimpse of it. Edna was ahead of me, and she almost stumbled over it before she saw it. It was a large lucivee (*Loupcevier*)."

"Yes; I thought so. It was a Canada lynx," he added, turning to the Doctor and me.

"Well, we'll put your dog on his trail," said the Doctor, substituting for the cartridges in his gun two loaded with buckshot. "We cannot have bobcats frightening young ladies in this manner. Come on!" he exclaimed, hurrying toward the grove; "the lynx will be out of our reach if we delay."

Following the Doctor, we hastened to the pine grove. At the spot where the girls had discovered the lynx we found the remains of a porcupine that the animal had killed and eaten.

"Ha, ha! Poor old quill pig!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Your race is run! Now, John, let us see if your dog can find large game."

The guide motioned to Dash and pointed to the spot where the porcupine lay. The dog began to scent over the ground around the spot, and in a moment he gave a growl, his hair stood erect on his back and he darted away with his nose down, evidently in pursuit of the marauder, and uttering at the same time fierce barks, quite different from those he had emitted when in search of birds. Fainter and fainter grew the sounds as he followed the track further away; then for a few moments they ceased, and then they were renewed, but in a different key.

"Treed at last," ejaculated the guide. "We'll get that lynx without a doubt, and its skin will make a handsome rug for him who shoots it."

"Well, we had better attend to the beast without delay," said the Doctor, moving rapidly in the direction from which the sounds came, "or your spaniel may meet with reverses."

"I'm not alarmed on his account," replied John; "he can take care of himself."

"Don't hurry so, please," exclaimed Edna; "I can't keep up with you."

"Hadn't you better wait here until we return?" asked the Doctor.

"Not for worlds," she replied. "One experience with a lynx is enough for to-day."

And so scrambling over rocks and windfalls and among the underbrush, we followed the Doctor and joined him just as he was about to aim at something high up in a towering old spruce, at the foot of which Dash was barking with the greatest vigor.

"I can see him!" exclaimed Phœbe, pointing to an animal that was perched on a high fork of the tree. "And see those eyes; they are as big as saucers!"

"The heavy report of the gun at that moment broke the stillness of the forest and echoed back and forth until its reverberations were lost in the distance. The lynx for an instant seemed paralyzed, then throwing out its huge forepaws it clung to the bough and endeavored to hold itself in position. The gun again was discharged, when the animal loosened its hold, and crashing through the dry limbs of the tree fell to the ground, where, after a few struggles, which Dash watched with the keenest interest, it stretched itself out dead.

"Upon my word," said the Doctor, "I do not wonder much at your being frightened; it's the largest Canada lynx I ever saw."

"Yes," added the guide; "he's an exceptionally big brute. I don't see how it happens he was here, though; probably not in ten years has there been any out here so near the settlement. Well, Doctor," he added, lifting the animal by its hind legs and throwing it over his shoulder, "as I told you before, his skin will make a handsome rug for you."

"Now that we have disposed of the wildcat," said the Doctor, "I think it would be a good plan to partake of our lunch—that is, if we can find it."

"Oh! yes," replied Phœbe; "I know just where I dropped it when Miss Freeman gave her first scream."

"In that case," said he, "we will return to the spot and recover it, and then find a comfortable place in the grove and have our meal."

The lunch basket was soon found and a delightful spot was chosen for a resting place, where the ground was covered with long, soft moss and pine needles. The lynx was laid upon the ground near by, and close to it the dog reclined, evidently determined that it should not again escape.

"Really, this is not half bad," said the Doctor, as he took a recumbent position against the gnarled and lichen-covered trunk of a tree. "Mrs. Murray has given us a capital lunch," he added, as the viands were spread out on a couple of large napkins, "and we have had exercise and excitement enough to make it thoroughly acceptable."

"Yes, Doctor," said Edna, "but if you had not arrived just as you did perhaps the lynx would have made a lunch off Phœbe or me."

"Not a bit of it," he replied, helping himself to a sandwich; "the animal was, no doubt, as frightened as you were."

The lynx that was stretched out on the moss beside us was a remarkably fine specimen of the Canada lynx (*L. canadensis*), and was much larger than the ordinary bay lynx or bobcat (*L. rufus*) that is so often killed in Maine and some of the other New England States.

The Canada lynx is pretty generally distributed throughout northern New England and Canada, and it is very destructive to game birds and animals. It prefers the solitude of the wilderness, and, unlike the bay lynx, seldom robs the farmer of his poultry, although occasionally the loss of a sheep or lamb is charged to his account. It is very powerful and active, making when pursued prodigious leaps, but generally if hard pressed it takes to a tree. It captures its prey by stealing on it until it is quite near, and then with a leap strikes it down. Its principal food is the Northern hare, but it will kill and eat almost any animal it can conquer. It often captures the fawns of the common deer by dropping on them from a tree that overhangs their path—in fact the mother deer sometimes falls a victim to its rapacity, she being unable to shake off the relentless assailant.

Young moose are also captured in the same manner, but the cow moose is a hard fighter in defense of her young, and usually beats off the marauder. The porcupine also often falls a victim to the rapacious beast, and the facility with which the quill-covered rodent is flayed is wonderful. I have often found the skin of one of these unfortunates that had been taken from its body by a lynx, and a more perfect piece of work could not be done by the sharp knife of a trapper.

"What do you suppose the porcupine was created for, Doctor?" asked Phœbe, who was busily engaged in plucking some of the longest quills or spines from the skin that lay before us. "We are told that every created thing has its mission, but I cannot see what this animal was sent here to accomplish."

"It is not very apparent, I admit," he replied, "but no doubt it has its place in the great economy of nature for some wise purpose; possibly it was designed as one of the food animals for the carnivora, its meager intelligence and peculiar habits rendering it an easy prey for the marauders."

The Canadian porcupine is almost exclusively an inhabitant of trees, being very rarely seen on the ground, and when it is found there it seems to be entirely out of its element, for it moves so slowly that it appears to almost lack the power of locomotion. It is chiefly diurnal in its habits, although it moves about sometimes in the night, particularly in the mating season, at which period its dismal shrieks and quavering cries are often heard in the Northern forests. On many occasions the writer has when tenting in the wilderness been awakened at night by the wailing love notes of the "fretful porcupine," and the serenades have been so persistent sometimes that a resumption of sleep has been impossible.

Its food consists of the bark, buds and smaller twigs and branches of trees, the hemlock, spruce, basswood and elm constituting its favorite diet. For an animal of its size, it is a gross feeder, the trees it attacks often being killed by being denuded of their bark.

The quills of the Canadian porcupine are but slightly attached at their roots; they are sharp pointed and readily enter the flesh of an enemy, in which they remain, for they readily become detached from the porcupine's skin. They are very finely barbed, and having entered living flesh every movement of the muscles of the victim causes them to penetrate deeper. So slow is the porcupine in its movements that it seems to regard all attempts at flight as useless, and when pursued it curls itself up on the ground, drawing its head and feet under its body and presenting to its assailant a mass of sharp and dangerous spines. If an opportunity offers, it strikes severe blows with its tail, which is armed with the strongest quills, and is, in fact, the animal's chief weapon. A well-placed blow from the tail fills its opponent with the sharp-barbed spines, and these have been known to cause death in animals that have molested them.

"See, Doctor," exclaimed Phœbe, in a low voice, pointing to a large heron that was standing on the shore of the river a few rods from where we were sitting, "there is a newcomer; he has not seen us yet. What a beauty he is!"

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "it is the great blue heron; if we keep quiet he will not discover us, and we can watch him feeding."

Not a word was spoken nor a motion made that would attract the attention of the bird, and we were thus enabled to watch his movements, which we did with the keenest interest.

It was a large adult bird in perfect plumage, its long crest of delicate, tapering feathers showing plainly as it raised or depressed it in moving about. Out into the shallow water it waded, and for a few moments it stood as motionless as a statue, then with a dart as quick as a flash its long, sharp bill was thrust into the water, and a small fish was seized and quickly swallowed. The bird again became motionless, and in a few moments another fish was captured and eaten.

"Shoot him!" whispered John. "He'll depopulate the river."

"No, no; don't kill the handsome creature," said Phœbe; "he is entitled to a dinner, surely."

"No; I'll not shoot him," replied the Doctor in a low tone. "He has a perfect right here, given him by the Creator, and the few fish he eats are as nothing compared with those that the minks and fisher cats and otters and sheldrakes destroy."

"He's off!" exclaimed Phœbe, as the bird opened his wide wings and flew away. "His keen eyes must have discovered us."

"Yes," said the Doctor; "his senses are very acute. This is the largest of our herons, and in my opinion the handsomest."

"An interesting fact in relation to this heron has been

recorded," he continued. "According to several observers it has been established that it has been the agent by which various aquatic plants have been diffused in waters that did not before contain them."

"But, Doctor," I exclaimed, "the heron does not eat plants; its diet is restricted to fish, frogs and other living things."

"Yes, I know," was the reply; "but it was through eating the fishes that the work was done. Audubon, the naturalist, states that he found the seeds of the great Southern water lily in a heron's stomach, and we know that seeds retain their powers of germination even after they have been ejected from birds that swallowed them."

Darwin in commenting on this fact says that freshwater fish eat some kind of seeds; even small fish swallow seeds of moderate size, as of the yellow water lily, etc. Herons eat these fish and must often have flown with their stomachs thus well stocked to distant ponds, where they rejected the seeds in pellets in a fit state for germination. Darwin enlarges on this topic in a very interesting manner. He believes that herons and other wading birds distribute the seeds of aquatic plants by carrying the mud which sometimes adheres to their feet from places where they have been feeding. He proved that the sediment in ponds was charged with seeds by taking three tablespoonfuls of mud from three different points, beneath water, on the edge of a little pond; this mud he kept covered up in his study for six months, pulling up and counting each plant as it grew; the plants were of many kinds, and were altogether 537 in number—an astonishing degree of fecundity in such a small amount of soil.

"I must confess, Doctor," said I, "that I never thought of such a thing as the spreading of plant life in such a manner. I can see now that various aquatic plants can thus be carried into waters that did not contain them before, and very likely minute animals are scattered in the same way."

"There is no doubt of it," was the reply, "and there is no question that seeds are also transported in earth adhering to the feet of land birds. Darwin also establishes this fact. In one instance he removed sixty-one grains of dry earth from the foot of a partridge, and from another twenty-two grains. In another example the leg of a woodcock was sent to him with a little cake of dry earth attached to the shank, weighing only nine grains, and this contained a seed of the toad rush, which germinated and flowered. The leg of a partridge was sent to him with a ball of hard earth adhering to it. The earth had been kept for three years, but when broken, watered and placed under a bell glass, no less than eighty-two plants sprang from it; these consisted of twelve monocotyledons or such plants as common grasses and the oat, and of seventy dicotyledons of at least three distinct species."

"It is perfectly wonderful, Doctor," said Phœbe, "but what patience it must have taken to find out all this."

"Yes," he replied; "patience is certainly requisite in scientific investigation, and also the most scrupulous attention must be given to even the most minute details. But we must now resume our hunt for birds. Shall you remain here?" he asked, addressing the young ladies. "If so, we will come here for you in three or four hours and we'll return home together."

"Yes," replied Edna; "if there are no more lynxes to trouble us."

"No; I'll guarantee that," said John. "You'll be unmolested by anything larger than a mosquito."

"Then we'll continue our blackberry picking," said Phœbe, "and wait for you here."

"All right, then," I responded; "we'll return by 4 o'clock for you, and in the meantime we'll leave the lynx where it lies."

Dash uttered a joyous bark as we moved across the clearing and thence into the hardwood growth beyond, and he resumed his hunt with renewed energy. As we had done in the forenoon, we walked through the covert in Indian file, the Doctor taking the lead until a bird should fall to his gun.

"There's a tract of young birches on a hillside near here in which we ought to find some partridges," said John, as we passed through the larger hardwood forest. "At this season the birds keep in less open cover than this."

"Yes," answered the Doctor; "although there are many oaks and beeches here, the partridges, or more properly speaking, the ruffed grouse, seem to prefer such a growth as you name. A little later, when the mast is on the ground, they will find their way here, for they are fond of it, and I have shot birds with their crops so distended with acorns that it almost seemed as if they would burst."

At this moment the dog uttered a series of quick, eager barks, which were instantly followed by the thundering whirr of a number of grouse which flushed from a neighboring thicket and sped away. The gun was at the Doctor's shoulder in an instant, but the birds gave him no opportunity for a shot.

"That's bad," he exclaimed; "they flushed very wild."

"Yes," replied the guide; "uncommonly so for the season of the year; probably the lynx has been making a raid on them, or perhaps a fox has captured one."

"Possibly," was the response. "We will find more, no doubt. It's capital cover and if we move more cautiously we'll get a shot or two, I'm sure."

John whistled to the dog and signaled him to keep closer to us in his ranging, which command the spaniel obeyed, and we moved among the birches silently and on the qui vive for a flushing bird.

In a few minutes the dog gave a low, querulous whimper, which was followed by his short, nervous bark, and a number of grouse sprang into the air before us.

Both barrels of the gun were discharged in an instant, and two of the birds dropped to the ground.

"Good!" exclaimed the guide. "Two of them are stopped in their flight, sure. Seek them, Dash," he continued. "Find dead bird."

"BROWN AND WHITE FOAMING WATER."

The dog sprang into the thicket and in a few moments returned with a large grouse in his mouth, which he dropped at the feet of the sportsman.

"Seek again, good dog," said John, pointing in the direction in which the other bird had fallen. "Find dead." The retriever again rushed into the thicket, but instead of returning with a bird as he had done before, he began circling around, uttering at the same time a peculiar whimper, as if he were at fault.

"I think the other bird is only wing-tipped," said the Doctor, "and no doubt it is running away. Dash will probably be on its track very soon."

The Doctor was right in his conjecture, for the bird, which was uninjured except on one of its wings, and like all its tribe, was a rapid runner, gave the spaniel a long chase before it was overtaken.

"He's found it!" at length exclaimed the guide, as the dog uttered a joyful bark, which was followed by a loud fluttering of the grouse's wings as the spaniel captured it. "Good dog; bring it here," he shouted. The spaniel for a moment or two was unable to conquer the struggling bird, but at length he appeared, bringing the grouse, which was still endeavoring to escape.

"Your spaniel is, I repeat, one of the best retrievers I ever saw," said the Doctor, taking the bird and putting an end to its struggles. "A wounded grouse is not always captured; many a bird have I lost, even with a good dog to assist me."

Our tramp was again resumed, I leading the way, but although we hunted the covert thoroughly for over an hour, a single bird only fell to my gun.

"Well," exclaimed the Doctor, "we have evidently lost the grouse. It is possible there were but the two broods here. I think we had better try elsewhere."

"All right," answered the guide. "There's another tract of young growth about a half-mile from here that ought to contain one or two coveys."

"We'll give it a thorough searching, at all events," said the Doctor, "and when we have done so it will be time to return to the young ladies; but there goes an enemy," he exclaimed, and as he spoke he took a quick aim at a large brown bird that sprang out of a tall spruce near by and flew away. The discharge of the gun was followed by the fall of the bird, which, when it was found, proved to be a large specimen of the great horned owl. "I always shoot one of those fllows," added the Doctor, "when I have an opportunity, for they destroy game birds almost without number."

"Yes; and rabbits, too," said John. "I have on many occasions found the spot where an unfortunate bunny had fallen a victim to one of these marauders."

Whether or not the Doctor did right in killing the owl there is no doubt that he was correct in his statement that the species is very destructive to game birds.. The great horned owl is one of the largest of American birds of prey, and is widely distributed throughout North America. It is most common in stretches of large forest, and in some localities is rather abundant, so much so that I have heard several of them at the same time making night hideous with their discordant, mournful cries of "Waugh, hoo, hoo, hoo," or as the Western traveler understood it, "Who cooks for you?"

The flight of this owl is rapid, noiseless and vigorous; he passes through the mazes of the forest with great dexterity and ease, and, when flying above the trees, frequently soars in the maner of the hawks. He is often very destructive to the domestic poultry of outlying farms, pouncing on fowls that are roosting on trees in the night, and bearing them off in his powerful grasp. He is very destructive to game, rabbits, grouse and other birds falling victims to his rapacity.

When a flock of crows discover the presence of one of these owls, they immediately collect from all quarters and attack him on every side, uttering their harsh, discordant cries; the owl is kept dancing and dodging on the limb, his perch, in a ludicrous manner; if he takes to flight he is pursued by his enemies, and is soon forced to alight again.

The writer has had several specimens of the great horned owl in captivity, and found them rather interesting pets; they fed on raw meat or fish when thrown into their cage. They seem to be able to see very well by daylight, for if a living animal is introduced into their cage they instantly seize it.

"There is one animal that this species of owl kills which destroys as much game as any other marauder that prowls the woods," said the Doctor. "I have shot a number of these birds whose plumage was strongly scented with the unmistakable oder of the skunk."

"The skunk!" exclaimed John. "I should hardly think an owl could master it."

"Oh, yes, indeed," was the reply. "The sharp talons, over an inch in length, are thrust into the animal's body with fatal effect. The skunk, like the owl, is nocturnal in its habits, and as it moves leisurely and noisily about with no apparent attempt at concealment, it quickly attracts the attention of one of these birds if it is near, and falls a victim to its rapacity."

"Yes," said I, following the Doctor and John as they turned into the thicker growth again; "I dislike a skunk beyond all expression, and never spare one if I meet it."

"The skunk destroys a great many noxious insects," said John, forcing his way through a thicket of alders.

"Yes; no doubt," was the reply; "but not enough to begin to offset the injury it does by killing hundreds of birds in a season."

The opinion that the Doctor expressed is undoubtedly shared by many good observers, and the animal's thoroughly wicked character and peculiar weapon of defense have caused it to be universally detested, its destruction being generally regarded as an act meriting the highest approbation. Its only recommendation is that it destroys quantities of insects, both in the larvæ and perfect stages. Its habits are almost entirely nocturnal, although it is often seen in the day time, especially in spring. Unless one is provided with a gun, it is always best to give it a wide berth, an encounter in any other case resulting in a total and inglorious defeat. On one's coming suddenly on it, it immediately faces the intruder with its tail erect or lying along the back, its little black eyes sparkling maliciously. Woe to the comer unless he stands perfctly still until the animal walks leisurely away, the least movement being surely followed by an ejection, often in one's face and eyes—its aim being very accurate—of a liquid with a most intensely and disgustingly nauseating odor, which, if it reaches the eye, produces an inflammation and partial blindness, and causes the skin to become inflamed and vesiculated. The glands in which this liquid is secreted are situated near the base of the tail; they are very muscular, being capable, by contraction, of throwing the liquid twelve or fourteen feet. This liquid is of a yellowish color, is very acrid and at night is said to be luminous. The skunk when ejecting it lays its tail flat on its back, throwing little jets of a few drops at a time with great precision.

In addition to its destroying great numbers of game and other birds, the skunk is a great nuisance to the farmer, often doing considerable damage in the poultry yard. In seizing its prey it throws itself over and around it like the weasels, usually biting it at the nape of the neck, or through the skull into the brain. In a lot of eleven fowls that were examined by the writer, which were killed by a skunk in one night, none were found to have been bitten anywhere except on the head; in some cases the head was eaten off entirely.

It often trails animals like a dog, and though comparatively clumsy and slow in its movements, will perseveringly follow the object of its pursuit until it has driven it to its burrow, where following it in, the whole family is sacrificed to its rapacity.

The skunk breeds but once in a year, and has from three to seven at a birth. In early winter it usually retires to its burrow, where it remains sleeping until early in the spring.

Beaver in Minnesota.

SAUK CENTRE, Minn., April 23.—Mr. von Lengerke's article in your issue of April 20, regarding beaver in New Jersey, was very interesting to me. The last beaver that I remember was caught here twenty-five years ago. Their old dams indicate that they were thick here some day. I have often thought that beaver farming would pay; they raise skunks for their pelts and make it pay; why could not one raise beaver and make it pay? The cost of keeping a colony would be nothing here in this country, where popple and willow are plenty. Two things always prevented me from putting the plan into execution—scarcity of beaver and of money. V.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Cutting the Rattles Off a Live Snake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Experiences with Wild Animals" reminds me. It was on a hot August day, and we were driving up the side of a Blue Ridge mountain. It was a long, hot, dusty pull, and we were giving the horses their own way, and they were making haste slowly with their heads well down.

A short distance ahead at the side of the road I espied a rattlesnake, fully grown and stretched as straight as a ruler upon the dusty roadside, its head being covered by some leaves. As we neared the reptile it did not move or show any signs of life, although the horses stepped within a few inches of its numerously buttoned tail. Coming to the conclusion that the snake had been perhaps stoned by some previous passer by, I was seized with the desire to secure the rattles as a trophy, and reaching for my jackknife, expressed my intention of jumping out then and there and securing them. My older companion refused to pull up the horses, and held me in the seat, advising that I leave the rattles alone until we returned along the road later in the afternoon. I carefully marked the spot by a dead and fallen chestnut tree.

In due course we on our return journey reached the spot. We pulled up the horses at what we were certain was the place where the snake lay dead, but nothing was there. I jumped from the wagon and walked a few feet ahead, and there sure enough was the trail of the serpent in the dust as he had crossed the road after his nap and glided down the ravine. A momentary chill went down my back as I stepped into the wagon, and then I pictured myself grabbing for the buttons on the snake's tail and those rattles springing suddenly into life, an instantaneous coiling of a mottled bidy, an uplifted ugly head from within the coiled body and—a wild race to town for whisky.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

The Red Squirrel.

THE red squirrel is popularly credited with a taste for bird eggs and nestlings, and is for that reason regarded as a nuisance. In our issue of last week Hermit combated this view, and related incidents which had come under his own observation tending to show that the squirrel was harmless in its relation to the birds. In comment on this a correspondent writes: I have carefully read Hermit's article. He is usually a close observer, but I wonder that he gives a red squirrel such a good character. A red squirrel is much worse than a weasel, as he destroys more young birds and eggs, and does no good catching mice as a weasel does. I know surely that a squirrel will take large young robins from the nest, taking one after another till all are taken. I have seen one robbing the nest of a chipping sparrow close to the window of a house in a large village. Very often in June red squirrels come in numbers into our villages for no other reason which I can think of except to rob the birds' nests, which are more plentiful close to houses than in the woods. They are cannibals, as they will eat each other. I have dozens of times had one eat another which had got into traps set for game. They are a perfect nuisance in sable lines or among mink traps, as they will come to a meat bait much quicker than a weasel, as the weasel prefers to catch his own food. It is nice to have a weasel around a camp, as he will drive off the mice and squirrels; but a squirrel will destroy your provisions and eat holes in every bag, and even in one's clothes. I have studied them carefully, and consider them the most bloodthirsty villains we have in the woods, not excepting a mink. I like to see them, and never hunt them, but lots of things laid to crows are their work.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Experience with Wild Animals.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the articles regarding dangerous wild animals, and send the following incident as additional evidence of the fact that bears, at least, are not so black as they are painted. The story is a sort of tradition in the family, and for personal reasons I do not wish my name to appear in connection with it, but I am willing to vouch for its accuracy.

It was when the Tonawanda Creek country in the northwestern part of New York State was mostly a wilderness. My great-grandmother was the wife of a pioneer there, and among other belongings they had a nice young pig confined in a log pen near the house. Early one evening, before the men had returned from their day's work in the woods, the good woman heard a terrible squealing, and what was her surprise, on going to the door, to see a large black bear attempting to get the pig out of the pen. Without thinking of danger and intent only on "saving her bacon," she seized a small fire shovel and charged the bear, which immediately dropped the pig and made for the woods at his best pace. The bear in this case was evidently hungry, and I have always been quite proud of this evidence of courage in the family, but the outcome shows that the element of danger was entirely wanting.

A. J. S.

BOSTON, Mass., April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading Mr. Adam Moore's letter in last week's FOREST AND STREAM moves me to remark that there are exceptions to all rules, and here is one of them:

One quiet Sunday morning in December about twenty-seven years ago I was crossing a tamarack swamp in the Province of Quebec. About a foot of snow had fallen the day before, and I was driving a quiet old horse hitched to the forward half of a bob sleigh, on which I sat with a buffalo robe for cushion and covering. Ahead of me I saw a big caribou cross the wood road and stop in the open. I drove up, and when opposite the caribou stopped at about 30 yards distance and looked him over. As the beast stood perfectly undisturbed and seeming to be much interested in my team and myself, I got off the bob and walked toward him. He did not budge, and when I got to within about ten or fifteen yards I stopped and threw a snowball at him to see him run. I saw him all right. He ran, but the wrong way, for with two or three snorts and after pawing the snow like an angry bull, he trotted right at me, and I ran, too, for my sleigh, and called "Get up" to my old horse. After we got started the caribou ran alongside the horse for nearly a quarter of a mile, until the road entered some big woods, when I lost sight of him.

Now I had no weapons, not even a pocket knife or whip, and perhaps the caribou knew it, or he may have been attracted by the horse, or the fact that it was Sunday may have encouraged him, but any way he did not act as he ought to have done according to the rule of Mr. Adam Moore.

I will add that it was a very large caribou, without horns, fat and in fine condition, and as my horse was a sleepy, slow fellow and would only just jog in the snow, I had a chance to admire the clean, active steps of the caribou as he slowly trotted alongside, distant about 20 feet in the frozen swamp. The snow did not bother him in the least.

MATTAPAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Snipe Season a Failure.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 27.—The snipe season in this part of the country is by all accounts a complete failure, and in fact there has not been one decent bag reported which one can believe to be of authentic nature. Upon the other hand there are a great many shooters who have been out and who bring back stories of little or no success. The birds seem to be well below this latitude, if indeed there is to be any flight at all this spring. Last Thursday settled the matter for this State, and although there is a general belief that one cannot be prosecuted in Indiana for killing snipe, under the terms of the new law, there are only a few who care to change it. Between the non-resident license law, the involved construction of the new statute, and the strict Sunday law which the average Indiana warden this spring has no hesitation about enforcing, it requires a certain amount of hardihood to enable a Chicago shooter to go out after the elusive jack snipe within the confines of the dark and mysterious State of Indiana. The average Chicago shooter is this week consoling himself with the fact that the birds are lean and wild and not very good to eat anyhow. It has been the best spring for ducks in fifteen years, and thus far about the poorest for jack snipe, although this latter phase of the shooting season is contrary to reason and expectation.

There has been no golden plover flight of any consequence, according to the reports of those who have been out west and northwest of the city. Hon. Hempstead Washburne spent the last day of the season on the marshes west of Evanston with a team, four dogs and two companions, and he saw absolutely not one single jack snipe, although he found the ground good and passed over a wide strip of country. He met two young men who said that they had been out all day and had seen just three snipe, or three apparitions which they took to be snipe. The season ended very dismally for this part of the country.

E HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Non-Resident Licenses.

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems that the State of Indiana has put her foot down hard on Chicago sportsmen. Well, what is sauce for goose should be sauce for gander. For some years now Indiana lovers of the chase have been practically shut out of the deer range. A sportsman who does not like a scatter gun can sit at home and nurse his grievance, realizing at the same time that the law that would not hesitate to lay a heavy hand on him winks at all manner of transgressions by resident shooters. I have no ill-feeling for Chicago sportsmen, though in the past they took many of our wildfowl and hooked our finest bass; but wouldn't I like to get a grip on Milwaukee! I wouldn't do a thing to those fellows! Oh, no! Come over, gentlemen, and get some of our birds and bass. Be neighborly.

The last time I was in Wisconsin I killed one deer and a few grouse and rabbits, and was then advised that a non-resident license law would be enacted. The parties who thus informed me that they intended to protect their game against non-residents were hounding deer every day in violation of law, and they were prominent citizens of Milwaukee, too.

Well, they gave it to us good and strong—a $30 license for two deer. Then Michigan followed, and if she had put it $10 for two deer instead of $25 for five, she would have received our blessing. No hunter should kill five deer in a season, and it is the opinion of the undersigned that no hunter should be deprived of the God-given privilege of hunting in season, nor restricted beyond reason.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Big-Guns.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in your quotation in the FOREST AND STREAM of an account of shooting ducks with a punt gun.

That is strange reading to one who knows the big-gun fowl shooter only as the outlaw of the Chesapeake. And yet from the standpoint of true sportsmanship, if we take into account the arduous nature of the pursuit, the physical exertion, the caution, patience and self-control requisite, we may readily concede that as an achievement successful punt gun shooting ranks quite as high as the art of lying hid in a blind and potting decoyed fowl. And there is good reason to believe that if our coast shooting conditions were like those of Great Britain, and the conditions of the game supply similar, the use of the swivel gun would be as legitimate here as there.

BATTERY.

Jefferson County Association.

THE Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association, of Watertown, N. Y., is bound that the game laws shall be lived up to, and with that end in view at a recent meeting a resolution was adopted offering a reward of $25 for information which might lead to the conviction of any person violating the amended game law relative to the shooting of web-footed fowl during the close season. The law as amended provides that no web-footed fowl shall be taken in any manner between the first day of February and the first day of September. Before being amended the season for shooting or taking of this kind of fowl game was extended from Sept. 1 to May 1.

Another resolution was adopted offering a reward of $10 for information which might lead to the arrest and conviction of any person shooting pickerel at any time.

In years past it has been customary for many persons to frequent Black River Bay and shoot large numbers of these fish in a single day, and few years have passed when arrests have not been made.

This move by the Association will doubtless cause the slaughter of pickerel to be stopped.

Water Killing Deer in Ontario.

MILTON, Ont., April 22.—Though the Game Commissioners in their report recommended the prohibition of killing deer in the lakes, which meant the forbidding of hounding also, no action was taken. I am afraid the slaughter next season will be heavy.

WM. PANTON.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

58

Cornelius Evans, while fishing near Easton, Md., caught an unbroken and uncorked jug, which had small oysters and barnacles attached to the outside. When Mr. Evans poured the water out he found there was something alive inside the jug and too big to be got out through the jug's neck and mouth. The only way to find out certainly what was the live thing was to break the jug, and when this was done a large, fat, and healthy toadfish, or dowdy, or miller's thumb, as it is variously called, tumbled out. The fish had evidently slipped into the open mouth of the jug when young and small, either when looking for food or as a place of refuge when pursued by an enemy. Finding comfortable quarters it was content to stay there. A current would naturally flow past and into the jug's mouth, bringing an abundance of fish food.—Baltimore Sun.

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"Some of the richest gold mines in Colorado were stumbled upon in the most accidental way," said a miner. "When the gold fever was at its height several years ago, a party of prospectors traveling through the mountains came upon the dead body of a man lying beside the trail. 'Poor fellow,' said one of the men, 'he has passed in his checks; let's give him a decent burial.' They accordingly began to dig a grave. Three feet below the surface they discovered signs of gold. The stranger was buried in another place, and where they had located a grave a gold mine was opened up which turned out to be one of the richest claims in that section of the country. The mine was named 'Dead Man's Claim.' Another instance is where an adventurer who drifted into Leadville awoke one morning without food or money. He went up into the mountains and shot a deer, which in its dying struggles kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The poor man staked out a 'claim' and opened one of the most profitable mines ever worked in Colorado."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Norton's Barn.

IT was long and dark as a winter's night,
And the old roof arched to a lofty height;
Like tawny ribs the rafters loomed
In the high old top where the swallows roomed;
While down below was the mow and bay,
In summer void, but filled with hay
When the chilly days of winter fell—
The winter days that we loved so well!

The square old beams with their coats of dust,
The gray barn doors with their reddish rust
On hasp and hinges, quaintly wrought,
By the village smith from iron brought
In English ships of the long ago—
Do you remember how we'd go
To Norton's barn on a rainy day
And hide and seek in the tons of hay?

We walked the beams in the dusky loft,
Or jumped to the depths of the haymow soft,
And burrowed deep in the yielding straw
Till the frightened cattle thought they saw
The robbers come from their caverns deep,
And phantom ghosts from the roof-tree leap!
We dug us holes in the rustling hay,
Where the hired men fell in sad dismay.

And the fussing hen who hid her nest
And thought us a bothering childish pest!
How proud she was when at last she found
A nest that 'scaped our searching round!
The lame old horse with the hungry maw,
We fed him to oats when no one saw—
How we pick'd the lock on the grain box tight
And call'd it "Robbing at dead o' night!"

O Norton's barn! I see thee still,
Homely and quaint on the side of the hill,
With weather stains, and knotholes shot,
A rickety, cranky, queer old lot—
But to my boyish mind of old
A castle fit for a baron bold!
And the boys and girls who used to play
At hide and seek—oh, where are they?

—J. Otis Swift in Springfield Republican.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

The Ethics of Nomenclature.

IT has long been a general rule among scientific writers where a fish has received two or three specific names, by various authors, to preserve that first used, thus reducing to a minimum the confusion bound to arise from the use of a multitude of names and yet give credit to the first discoverer or describer. The rule has worked well enough, though it has not been universally applied, but it has been by consent of a comparatively limited circle of scientists who are all laboring to the same end of certainty; all students who desire the adoption of the best single name, and the elimination of confusing and meaningless terms.

The situation is very different where the same fish is distinguished in many parts of the country by a different local name, and any attempt is made at harmonizing the situation by adopting a single name to the exclusion of the others. As an instance, the big-mouth black bass now swarming in the lower Potomac is trout in some of the Southern States, and chub in Virginia.

It is all very well for official reports and reading anglers to always call it black bass, but the inhabitants of distant localities who do not see the reports, and do not read the periodicals, who have learned in childhood to distinguish the fish by its local name, will be very slow to take up with, what is to them, an innovation of the ignorant who do not know a chub when they see it.

It will hardly be questioned, however, that it is desirable that such a change should be made, and that it will be better for science when the same fish is known everywhere by the same name.

This difficulty is suggested by the fact that the latest official reports of the fisheries of the Potomac River do not mention the herring fishery, the most important of this river, and indeed of any river on the Atlantic coast.

It is true one may find a record in these statistics of alewives caught in this river, but as alewives are menhaden here and not herring, the omission gives rise to serious confusion and error.

The fact is, it is doubtful if among the thousands of men engaged in the catching, curing, marketing and consumption of Potomac herring, a single man may be found who applies the term alewife to this fish, or a half-dozen who even suspect it is an alternative name. Of course the authorities have a plausible reason for thus designating the fish; in the first place, the real or sea herring fishery is a business of such vast importance not only on our own coasts, but all the North Atlantic, that the name herring cannot be taken away from it, even if that were desirable, and it only confuses to apply the same term to both fish, different as they are in characteristics, habitat and capture.

Besides this, the herring of the fresh waters is called alewife throughout the most of New England, and it is thus easily distinguished from the herring of the sea; so alewife is applied to all river herring, though it is so known in none of the streams of the middle and southern coasts.

It is particularly embarrassing to apply the name alewife to the herring in the Potomac, since in this region, where the menhaden industry assumes such importance, the menhaden has been so long known by the name of alewife, and it is simply impossible to swap names among those who handle the fish every day and do not see the books at all. What adds to the difficulty is that our official reports have only in recent years taken to the new name alewife exclusively for this fresh-water herring. For instance, in the Fish Commission Bulletin No. VI. for 1885, the statistics are given at page 202 for the "Shad and Herring Fisheries of the Potomac," and to have the latest figures entirely omit the word "herring" leads to the impression among the uninitiated that the fish has disappeared from these waters, though last year 300,000 were taken at a single haul. Browne Goode's "Fishery Industries of the U. S. (Geographical Section)," page 428, speaking of the Maryland fishery, says, "For a number of years menhaden (*B. tyrannus*), locally known as ellwives, alewives and oldwives, have been taken in considerable numbers by the farmers of the region, who have used small haul seines for catching a supply with which to manure their land," and at page 458, on Virginia fisheries, the tables give, "The herrings (*C. vernalis* and *æstivalis*)."

The name alewife does not help, since there are two of these river herrings, the branch herring and the glut herring, not easily distinguished by the fishermen themselves in the net; alewife, which has no descriptive meaning, only makes the situation worse. If, however, the name must be used for the sake of uniformity, and maybe it is best, it is only fair to use some term by which the fish can be recognized in the reports, at least until such time as the rest of us may get accustomed to the change.

Fresh-water herring, or river herring or Southern herring, any old name that preserves the word herring. It would be easy to have it "river herring or alewives," as it is in many of the reports, and this enables one to identify the industry in the upper as well as the lower rivers, and at the same time reconciles the last reports with those of former years. It is not defense enough to say the Department has taken the trouble to explain this in former publications, because nobody gets the opportunity, or takes it, to read all the former publications.

In endeavoring to find the opinion of the authorities as to the relative value of this food fish, called here when salted and smoked the Potomac robin, one runs across a startling contradiction.

In Section 1 of the Fishery Industry of the United States, page 587, Marshall McDonald, quoting and apparently indorsing Professor Baird's second report as Commissioner of Fisheries, says, and it will be noticed that both names are used for the herring or alewife: "I am inclined to think for various reasons that too little has been done in our waters toward the restoration to their primitive abundance of the alewife (*Pomolobis mediocris*), the herring of our Southern and Middle States, not to be confounded with the sea herring (*Clupea elongata*). The alewife in many respects is superior, in commercial and economical value, to the herring, being a much larger and sweeter fish, and more like the true shad in this respect."

In the Bulletin for 1898, Vol. XVIII., page 450, occurs the following, and still the alternative terms are used: "At various points along the Atlantic coast more or less alewives or river herring are brine salted each year. They are prepared in greatest abundance in the tributaries of Chesapeake Bay and the coastal waters of North Carolina, where they are known only as herring, and also to a less extent in Maine and Massachusetts. The methods of pickling river herring or alewives do not differ greatly from those applied to the sea herring on the New England coast, except that the market price being lower necessitates that they should be prepared in a cheaper manner. The flavor of the alewife does not equal that of the sea herring, consequently there is little need for the nice discrimination required in the case of the latter."

Now if a court overrules one of its decisions, it is usual to cite the former case, and to give the reasons which lead to a change of opinion, though in this case both parties to the controversy may have the satisfaction of having its contention sustained by the highest authority and the champion of the Potomac River herring may still console himself with the names of McDonald and Baird as evidence that it is a "larger and sweeter fish and more like the true shad" than its rival of the sea; but it will be long before the fish known here for two or three hundred years as herring will be called alewife, and until then statistics are useless that do not mention the "river herring" as part of the fishing industry of the Potomac River.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Early Spring in Canada.

A LETTER has just reached me from Lake St. John intimating an early opening of the fishing season. In fact there is little doubt that the residents generally about the lake will be catching ouananiche before this letter appears in print. On Thursday, the 25th inst., the date upon which the communication from Lake St. John was written, there was but little ice remaining upon the surface of the lake, and as this was well covered with water, which was rapidly rising, its total disappearance was looked for from hour to hour. This is therefore going to be one of the earliest fishing seasons seen in Canada for many years past. The rivers tributary to Lake St. John have long been clear of their winter covering. Strange as it may appear, the weather is milder and the spring thaw earlier in the vicinity of Lake St. John, which is sheltered from cold east winds, than in the neighborhood of Quebec, which is so much further south. The little steamboat on the Mistassini River made its first trip on April 9, and since that date has been running regularly between the mouth of the river and the foot of the first falls, where there is a small farming settlement. In a few days from this date the steamers will be running on Lake St. John, though the summer hotels at Roberval, Lake St. John, will not be opened until the first week of June. In the meantime there is plenty of accommodation to be had in the village of Roberval, opposite to which the earliest fishing for ouananiche may be had, which often continues well into the summer. Along the southern side of the great lake, where the ice is already away from the shore, I have no doubt that the early native bait fisherman is already catching the fresh-water salmon, and that the famous game fish of the north will be rising to the fly off the mouths of the Metabetchouan and Ouiatchouan rivers before the end of the first week of May.

I have already written so often of the lures that are the most killing for this fish that repetition may seem monotonous; but I have so many inquiries by letter relative to this subject, some of which I may not be able to answer very early, that I would fain trespass a little further upon your space, especially as I have no doubt that FOREST AND STREAM is continually increasing the sphere of its useful influence and coming to the hands of new generations of intelligent and studious anglers. In the first place, let me urge that none but the very best and strongest of casting lines be risked in the encounter with this fish, and that larger and more showy flies are advisable for use in the early spring, when the water is high and dark, than in the hot months of summer. All the well-known salmon flies make good lures in May and early June for the ouananiche, especially the Jock-Scott, silver-doctor, Durham-ranger, and in very bright weather the dark-fairy and even the black-dose. They may be used too with good effect in the ordinary salmon sizes, though some smaller ones should also be carried, and, of course, as the season advances, the size of the flies used must be reduced. In addition to the flies already mentioned, the brown-hackle, professor, coachman and other of the more showy trout flies will often be found useful. Other and smaller and less showy flies will be required later, but of these I need not speak now.

My Lake St. John correspondent tells me that for forty years past the water of the lake has not been so high as it is at the present time. From this I am led to believe that the spring fishing there will not only open extremely early, but that it will continue somewhat longer than usual, for it lasts in the lake itself, as well as in the Grande Décharge, until the water falls to a certain level.

To-day I learn that the ice has left all the lakes and rivers in the vicinity of Lakes St. Joseph and St. Gabriel. Nothing has yet come to hand from Lake Edward, which is usually one of the last lakes to be freed from its icy fetters. No doubt, however, that by the end of next week, if not sooner, there will be clear water at Lake Edward. As the trout are taken freely there almost as soon as the ice disappears, there ought to be good fishing there this spring by May 10 or 12 at the latest.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, April 27.

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Talks to Boys.—XVII.

Muscallunge Fishing.

THE muscallunge is the largest of our American game fishes, unless we except the salmon of the North Atlantic seaboard, which sometimes attain weights similar to those of the large muscallunge. The salmon, however, is not so generally distributed as the muscallunge, and cannot be so justly called one of the popular game fishes. The muscallunge ordinarily taken by anglers runs in weight from 5 to 50 pounds. It is said the specimens have been taken weighing 75 and 80 pounds, these giants having been captured in the St. Lawrence River in the earlier days. Weights of 50 to 55 puonds were not unusual in the early days of the muscallunge waters of Wisconsin and Minnesota. By this I would not seek too much to excite your imagination, for to-day, if you go muscallunge fishing, the probabilities are that you will rarely get a fish weighing over 20 pounds. To-day a 15 or 18 pound muscallunge is a good fish, and at this weight he is apt to give you as long and hard a fight as though he weighed twice as much, the older fish sometimes being more heavy and sluggish in their habits. It is likely that in the much-fished waters of the muscallunge country the weights of the fishes do not run so great as they did ten or twenty years ago. Some think that this is because the fish is becoming extinct, and no doubt its numbers are being cut down very much. Yet the fish commissioners of certain States who have set their nets in waters supposed to be nearly fished out, have in some instances taken giant muscallunge of 40 and 50 pounds weight, where it was supposed no such fish had lived for many years.

There are two great waterways for the muscallunge in this country—the Mississippi River and the St. Lawrence River. This fish was formerly found all through the Great Lakes, as far north as the Sault Ste. Marie. It is even yet taken in the nets of the lake fishermen on Lake Erie, and within ten years has been known to be captured in this way in the lower part of Lake Michigan, though now it is rarely heard of in any of the Great Lakes. It still remains in the St. Lawrence River and in some Canadian streams. It is, or was, common to most of the bolder rivers of the Mississippi system. It prefers the clear streams, and is not commonly found in the Missouri River or in the Ohio River, though, on the other hand, it has been taken in certain streams of Kentucky and Ohio which are tributary to the Ohio River. In early days it was not uncommon in the Skunk and Des Moines rivers of Iowa. These streams are in the middle part of the Mississippi system. The great home of the muscallunge is further up toward the head of the Father of Waters. There are two great inland muscallunge regions, those of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and both of these are tributary to the Mississippi River. The Wisconsin country lies tributary to the head of the Wisconsin, Chippewa and Flambeau rivers, all of which drain into the Mississippi. There are literally thousands of little lakes in this country, connected by tiny creeks or thoroughfares, in all of which the muscallunge is or was native. These lakes or streams run quite up to the divide which separates the Mississippi waters from those which run into Lake Superior. Across this divide and in the streams which flow into Lake Superior you will not find any muscallunge at all. So the cold waters of Lake Superior seem to separate these two great muscallunge districts, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi rivers. On the left bank of the Mississippi, as you go up, there are many streams which carry the muscallunge. These lead into a magnificent system of lakes, which even to-day hold fine specimens of this great game fish. Again, if you push on further north until you strike the waters which drain into the Lake of the Woods, you will find no muscallunge at all, though you will meet its giant cousin, the Great Northern pike, almost as hard a fighter as itself. In advising you where to go fishing for muscallunge, the lesson need be but very short; perhaps to the St. Lawrence River, but better yet to the less fished country of upper Wisconsin and upper Minnesota, though even in these latter localities you must remember that civiliztion has done much to cut down the once wonderful supply of this greatest of all American pikes.

Some think that the muscallunge is the same as the overgrown pike or pickerel, but you will disabuse your mind of any such inaccuracy. It is as easy to tell a muscallunge from a pike as it is to tell it from a bass. Its shape is not so snaky and sway-backed. Its upper jaw is shorter and more gamy looking. Its body is full and thick. Its cheeks and gill covers are naked and do not show the scales which mark the lower half of the cheeks of the Great Northern pike. Moreover, the body color of the muscallunge does not in the least resemble that of the pike or pickerel. The latter shows oblong white spots on a dark green background. The muscallunge may be either of a solid yellowish green color, or, if it be marked with dark color at all, it is in splotches or spots of black or darkish color upon the lighter background. If you have once caught a muscallunge, you will never need any further description regarding it.

Now, in pursuing this noble game fish, you will leave quite behind you the centers of civilization and get you to the wilderness, just as you did while after the brook trout. Indeed the brook trout and the muscallunge are often found in practically the same country, and some little stream running into the muscallunge lake may perhaps carry its share of trout, which, however, will do very well to keep to their stream and not venture out into the home of this voracious and gigantic fish, which never seems to know when it has enough to eat.

Study the habits of this fish as you have those of the other fishes which you have been pursuing. You will find that in the early spring, just as the ice gets out of the lakes, the largest specimens of this fish come out along the edges of the lakes and in the shallow waters. This is their spawning season, and it is then that you may see the biggest fish. It is not likely that you will venture into the cold woods so early as this for muscallunge fishing. It will be a month or so later before you go out for your trip. By that time the fish will have left the shallow water and have dropped back into the deep water, which is their natural home. Yet you will not find these fish similar in habits to the Great Lake trout, which lies at the bottom of the deepest part of the lake

during the summer months. On the contrary, the muscallunge naturally makes its home along the bars which sometimes rise up in the lake, forming a deep cut bank or a drop off into the greater depths. On these bars a certain amount of fish food grows among weeds, lilies, water plants, etc., and in this growth there swim the bass, wall-eyed pike, suckers, etc., upon which the muscallunge regularly preys. It is a habit of nearly all fishes, when approaching some obstruction, to swim around or along it for some distance rather than to try to surmount it. The muscallunge knows that when a school of smaller fishes strikes the face of this bar, they will not try to cross the bar or to avoid it, but will swim along the face of it. He simply lies there, with his two yellow, cold and cruel eyes looking steadily out for what may come along. He is making his living in the easiest possible way, which is just what any wild animal or wild man always does. It is this habit of the muscallunge of lying hidden on the bar and looking out upon the deeper water which should give you a clue to the easiest method of making him your prey.

There are two ways of angling for the muscallunge—by trolling with the spoon hook and by casting with the spoon hook or with large bait. The method of trolling is the most common one, and for a long time was the most successful one, though to-day there are many skillful muscallunge anglers who do not troll at all, but prefer to cast a large spoon, or sometimes a spoon with a baited hook below it. In either case the fishing is done along the edges of the bars where the muscallunge are supposed to lie.

We will suppose that you wish to follow the customary fashion of trolling for the muscallunge. You will use a No. 8 fluted spoon, silver and red or copper and red. Below this hook there may be a triple gang and a tuft of colored feathers, or, if you wish to be very modern in your notions of muscallunge fishing, you may perhaps have a single large hook wired below the spoon. Upon this hook you may use a piece of bait made of the gullet of a wall-eyed pike or of a pickerel, or you may use preferably as a bait a very large minnow or a small sucker. Some anglers prefer the unbaited spoon, as they say they are then less troubled by wall-eyed pike, which are so apt to strike at a small bait trolling behind a spoon. Personally, I like to cast for muscallunge with a single large hook and a large bait, but sometimes I use a spoon above this hook. You may use your own judgment in these matters, as I do not wish to lay down any hard and fast rules for you, but simply to put you in the way of exercising your own intelligence.

It is necessary that either you or your guide, if you have one, should possess a knowledge of the location of the bars in the lake where you propose to fish. The stock in trade of any guide is simply his knowledge of this sort of country. Perhaps, to begin with, we will do better to employ a guide and let him row us about the country, at least until we have learned the location of the bars. When he tells you to begin fishing, you drop overboard your spoon and let it troll 30 to 40 feet behind the boat, the motion of the boat compelling the spoon to revolve rapidly in the water a few inches below the surface. Your reel should be a large barreled double multiplier. Your line should be a braided silk line very much larger than you employed in bass fishing. Your rod should be one weighing 8 or 10 ounces, and it should be stiff and springy, not over 8 or 8½ feet in length. The strain on the rod is considerable when you drag a big spoon through the water, and should you strike your fish, you need to have a rod springy enough to stand very stubborn and heavy rushes. Two can fish from a trolling boat as well as one. I will give you the inside position, or the one nearest to the bar. You will notice that I let my line out much longer than yours, so that my spoon is 50 or 60 feet, or even more, back of the boat. You would think that my spoon would be the one most apt to catch the fish, yet this does not seem to be ordinarily the case. The shorter line and the spoon closer to the boat is the one which ordinarily produces the most fish. The theory of the guides is that as the boat passes along the bar the muscallunge is frightened and starts down for deeper water, trying to get behind the boat. As he does so, he sees this small, glittering object following along after the boat. Why he strikes the spoon, whether in anger or in hunger, is something not yet answered of human wisdom. Yet it is true that, if he starts to go behind the boat, he will first see the spoon which is closest to the boat. Hence, as a matter of courtesy, I give you this choicer position, just as after awhile I would expect you to give it to any stranger or any guest whom you might have out with you in the boat.

Do not let your line troll out too far behind the boat. You will find plenty of little weeds sticking up beyond the water, and if you have out too long a line the least little variation in the course of the boat will allow your spoon to sag, so that you will be continually afoul. Moreover, if you should raise a fish at that great distance, it would be hard for you to strike and play him successfully. There is no set rule about the length of line. Experiment in this regard, but always keep a line short enough to give you control over your bait. This is a good rule to follow in every kind of fishing.

Now we run along, and all at once you feel the tip of your rod suddenly jerked down. It felt as though you had struck a snag or a weed, but you have a wrench and a tug which shows it is a fish. You are very much excited, for any strike on a trolling rod seems heavy at first. Not so with your guide. He knows that things would be more serious had it been a muscallunge that struck. "Only a wall-eye," he says, and barely stops the boat to allow you to recover your line and shake off the unfortunate wall-eye into the water. The wall-eyed pike is very numerous in these Northern muscallunge waters, and constitutes a great nuisance to the man who is fishing for the greater game fish. Still worse is the little pickerel, so called, a fish rarely attaining over 3 pounds weight, yet exceedingly ambitious in the matter of spoon hooks. These "snakes," as the guides call them, are always the abomination of muscallunge fishermen.

Sometimes we strike three or four of these wall-eyes, or "snakes," or bass, before we get into the serious business of the day. Then all at once you feel a tremendous smashing pull at your tackle, as though you had run afoul of a steamship or something of that kind. There is no mistaking it this time, and you and the guide exclaim at once, "It's a 'lunge!" You need no one to advise you in the matter, for the way in which your line goes through the water and the manner in which your rod tip is drawn down below the surface is proof enough of that. I hope that in trolling you have been careful to keep your rod out over the side of the boat, close down to the water and parallel with the water. If so, you now have a much better chance to strike and play your fish than you would have had the rod been held up with the tip above your head. In the latter case the fish in jumping would be apt to get a slack in the line. On the other hand, if the rod be kept with the tip close down to the water, the fish will not jump so high, and he is more easily pulled down again flat upon the water and prevented from either falling upon the line or shaking out the hook.

The tactics of the muscallunge in fighting the rod and spoon will very soon be obvious to you. You are fast into a good fish, as your guide informs you, and by the way he pulls at the rod you are satisfied that he will weigh at least 40 pounds. Perhaps he weighs 15. He makes away in a long, straight line, and then, all at once, you see your line begin to go up. The guide informs you that the fish is going to jump, and at the same instant you see a great form hurled high into the air far to the rear of the boat. Now is the time, as I said, to keep your lie taut and to pull the head of the fish down upon the water just as fast as you can. He wants to throw the spoon out of his jaws, and if he jumps on a loose line he will shake his head so savagely that he is very apt to throw the spoon hook far away from his jaws. I have seen a spoon hook thrown in this way more than 20 feet by a muscallunge, and once saw a spoon hook cast directly into the boat from the mouth of a fish which rose close up and shook himself free.

You will see your fish rise once, twice, three times—perhaps four times—quickly and savagely in his natural maneuver in the attempt to cast out the spoon. If you stop him in this and get his head down on the water pretty soon after each jump, your fish will change his tactics, and instead of making these savage runs upward will take a long, steady run downward as deep into the water as he can. Your guide, if you leave the matter to him, will probably start at once for the middle of the lake, rowing rapidly and endeavoring to tow the fish after you. This is a favorite maneuver of the guides, and they think that they thus tire out the fish and drown it, as they call it, more rapidly than it can be done in any other way. It is perhaps a safe proposition that it is desirable to get the fish free from the bars as soon as possible, but this is as far as I can go in the way of indorsing this custom of towing a muscallunge out into deep water. On the contrary, so far from attempting to drag a muscallunge behind the boat, I counsel you, as soon as your fish has sounded, or gone down into deep water, to have your guide row directly to him, picking up all your line as you go, and keeping a smart strain all the time upon the line. Your fish is big and heavy, and perhaps has imbedded himself in the coarse growth at the bottom of the lake, so he will stand quite a strong strain. Get close to him, perhaps nearly over him, and then, by striking on the butt of the rod or by twitching on the line, try to drag him up again. When he finds that you have come directly to him and are forcing the fighting, he will get into a kind of panic. At first the embodiment of ferocious rage, he will now show that he is susceptible of fear like any other fish. His runs will be shorter and more nervous. His leaps will not be so high nor so frequent. At last he will turn up the side of his head as he comes to the surface and you will be able to get his head started to the boat. Slip the boat down to him slowly and at the same time reel the fish toward the boat carefully and delicately, seeing that your line is free both in guides and on the reel, and keeping always ready for a quick rush. As soon as the fish comes alongside the boat you may look for trouble. He may lie and glare at you with his cold yellow eye, looking as savage as you like, and yet lying as still as a log. Then quick as a flash he may change ends and roll over, going away in a long, steady run, which very often proves fatal to your chances if you are not looking for it. Keep your line free now and see that the reel does not clog. Just touch the barrel with your thumb and let it run free if the fish so desires. His run will not be very long and the strain on the rod will soon bring him around. Two or three times he may do this, until at last you have him close to the boat and fairly whipped. Then the guide reaches out with the gaff hook, strikes him either through the shoulders or through the gills, and with one long, sweeping motion pulls him up into the boat. Sometimes the guide carries a pistol, and as the fish lies alongside, shoots it through the head near the eyes, thus stunning it, so that it can be brought into the boat without any trouble. Some consider this latter method brutal, though really it is more humane than impaling the fish upon the steel gaff. Yet other anglers prefer to stun the fish by a blow from a club dealt upon the head as it lies swinging at the mercy of the rod. This blow sometimes throws the spoon hook out, and it is a more risky way of administering the coup de grace than either of the ways above mentioned. After the fish is in the boat, look out, for it is very apt to begin its fight anew and to thrash about violently. A muscallunge has a nasty mouthful of teeth, and it is not safe to approach its head with the naked hand until one is sure that both teeth and head are quieted for good.

You will observe that in killing a muscallunge on your rod, which does not weigh over 8 or 10 ounces, you will probably occupy the best part of an hour. A 30-pound fish will ordinarily take from an hour to an hour and three-quarters to subdue, perhaps much less if you go directly to him and fight him savagely. It is not wise to urge the matter too much; but, on the other hand, the fight is much longer if you stay away from your fish and try to work him on a long line. A fish of 10 or 12 pounds weight can be brought to boat in less than half an hour, sometimes in less than five minutes under proper circumstances. There is much difference in the fighting qualities of different specimens of the muscallunge. A fish in good flesh and good condition will, of course, put up a more vigorous battle than one which is lean or in ill sorts.

As for the method of casting for muscallunge, you will observe that it is much the same as casting bait for bass, excepting that your reel is a little bit larger and your tackle a little bit heavier, the line especially being stronger. You row slowly along the face of the bar and sweep the rod just as you do in casting for bass. Place your bait or your baited spoon along the edge of the bar, reeling it rapidly toward the boat as soon as it has struck the water. As you are thus fishing with a shorter line than that actually used in trolling, and as you therefore very often see the rush of the fish in striking the lure, you will find this form of fishing the muscallunge far more exciting than that of trolling. For trolling I cannot say that I have ever had very much favor, though it is a very killing way of taking the fish. Casting with the spoon may be called more difficult, more scientific and more exciting. The playing of the fish in either case should be the same. Keep your rod close to the water so long as your fish is fresh and strong. If he jumps, see that he does not fall on the line, and do all you can to keep him from shaking his head free on a slack line. If he starts straight for the boat, your reel cannot take in the line rapidly enough, and your boatman must aid you in keeping a tight line. In either case, just get free enough of the bar to afford you good fighting room. Then do not be afraid of your fish, but go to him and fight him out boldly.

Muscallunge are sometimes taken by putting out large floats near the edge of the bars and fastening to these floats lines baited with good sized wall-eyed pike, suckers or bass. This method of set fishing once in a while will produce a big muscallunge. I cannot recommend it to you, as it is not properly to be classified within the limits of sport.

It is probable that muscallunge in these later days have become more or less accustomed to the sight of the artificial spoon hook. At best this is a small bait, or would if it were alive be a small bit of food for so large a fish as the muscallunge. Perhaps the constant trolling around the lakes has taken half the attraction from this sort of lure. Really, if the muscallunge wishes to do so, he can take very large bait. A 20 or 30 pound muscallunge can swallow a 3 or 4 pound bass if he likes. Very fine bass, wall-eyed pike or Great Northern pike have been taken, showing on their shoulders and sides the deep scars made by the teeth of the muscallunge. It is probable that the largest muscallunge could be taken by using very large bait, fishes weighing perhaps 2 or 3 pounds at least. Of course, in trolling or in casting, such large baits are impracticable. In casting one must use a minnow weighing at most only a few ounces. Yet this minnow, when arranged back of a spoon hook, makes the appearance, on the whole, of a rather large bait, and as such it appeals to the appetite of this insatiable fish. He rushes at it perhaps purely in anger, and perhaps because he wishes something to eat. The rest of it depends upon your own coolness and steadiness.

I want to counsel you, while fishing for muscallunge, not to get excited and fall out of the boat, for such a mishap might be serious to yourself and to your friends. It is the part of the sportsman to keep his nerve with him, to be always steady and not excited. The rush and the spring of the muscallunge are things calculated to try the nerves of the nervous. It is this excitement, this element of chance, which gives you the sport. I would not have you impassive or apethetic, if that were possible, but I would counsel you in this line of fishing, as in all others, to be master of yourself, and in this way you will best learn to be master of the creature which you are pursuing.

In the summer time the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota become impregnated with a light milky substance known as the "bloom," which is no doubt composed of the pollen of certain aquatic plants. When the water is in this condition fish commonly do not bite very well. Most people think that this "bloom" is the reason why muscallunge do not rise to the spoon. Other fishermen point out, with much greater likelihood of truth, that the reason the muscallunge does not rise freely in midsummer is that at that season of the year he sheds his teeth. That he does so shed his teeth is certainly the case, and it is natural to suppose that during the shedding season he would be somewhat off his feed. This is perhaps the greatest reason why the midsummer months are the poorest for muscallunge fishing. June is perhaps the best month, or at least the one which is the most popular. Late in the fall—in October or even early in November—is a very good time to fish for muscallunge, and it is in the fall that often the largest specimens are taken. The weather is not so pleasant then, but the fish seem to strike the spoon better than they do during the warmer times of the late spring.

I have only one parting word of advice to you, as you set out for your adventures with the giant pike of America—that is, when you go muscallunge fishing, leave your gun at home. There are deer in the summer time along nearly all the better muscallunge lakes of our Northern States. The temptation to shoot a deer out of season should not be allowed to overcome you. You do not need a gun to kill muscallunge, nor do you need it to kill a deer. Leave it at home. Take an extra rod, an extra line or so, and a dozen spoons ranging in size from No. 6 to No. 8. Learn your own angling grounds as soon as you can and do not leave everything to your guide, as is the habit of a great many sportsmen. The guide is in the business not purely as a matter of pleasure. The best feature of sport is that it develops one's own resources and cultivates his own self-reliance. I must ask you, therefore, in your investigations of the muscallunge, to get your knowledge at first hand, and to apply it then as advantageously as you are able.

W. G. DE GROOT.

Massachusetts Lobster Veto Stands.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Boston, April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your readers will be glad to be informed that both the 9-inch lobster bill and the other to permit mutilation of lobsters have been defeated by the interposition of Governor Crane. The attempt made yesterday to pass the bills over the Governor's veto was unsuccessful. In the House the vote was 50 in favor of passing the bill over the veto to 127 against, and in the Senate it was 8 to 19.

The Massachusetts Association has won another victory. In 1896 the 9-inch lobster bill was vetoed by Governor Wolcott.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

SUPPLEMENT TO FOREST AND STREAM, May 4, 1901.

RAP FULL.

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New England Fishing.

BOSTON, April 27.—The ice is not out of the Rangeleys nor Moosehead, but may go from either at any time, if the stormy weather and rain continues. Still, if the weather should turn cold and freezing, it might remain fast for a week longer. A couple of Rangeley guides were here on Wednesday and Thursday, and they were for hurrying back, believing that the ice might go at any moment, and their work begin. The Brackett and Clark veteran angler party, made up each year of W. D. Brackett, W. P. Clark, S. Henry Emery and Rufus Brown, is all ready to go to the Upper Dam as soon as the ice is out. Mr. Clark has fished those waters regularly every year for about forty years, and he and Mr. Brackett have been there together almost as many seasons. Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Camp Vive Vale, Richardson Lake Narrows, is always one of the first to be off. Going to the Rangeleys is to include a new feature this year. Two parlor cars are to be put on from Portland to Bemis. The cars are named the Rangeley and the Bemis, running as follows: Leave Portland at 8:30 A. M. and 12:55 P. M., and Bemis at 7:55 A. M. and 1:25 P. M. The service will commence May 13. On the other route parlor car service will be made between Portland and Farmington, broad gauge; with a new parlor car on the narrow gauge from Farmington to Rangeley.

Grand Lake waters are clear of ice. They cleared early this week. Mr. Jacob P. Bates, C. A. Hopkins and Rev. C. A. Slack are off for their spring salmon fishing. They go to their own camp, in the Grand Lake region. Dr. Heber Bishop, W. S. Hinnan, Mr. Whiting and Mr. Perry have started for Clearwater Pond, Farmington, Me. There are good reports of salmon and togue fishing in that pond, as well as in Varnum pond, near by. At Lake Auburn fishing has been greatly hindered by the cold rain and northeasterly gales. But a few salmon have been taken. On Tuesday Fred Lemaire, of Lewiston, caught a salmon of 8 pounds and a trout of 3 pounds. The ice is out of Newfound Lake, New Hampshire, and some Boston sportsmen have gone up there. The weather has been too bad for any sort of success, though one or two salmon are reported; one to P. H. Smith, weighing 4 pounds. Mr. T. J. McDonald, of Lowell, with Mrs. McDonald started for Newfound Lake Friday. They fish this lake every spring, and then go to the Upper Dam. With some fishing friends, they have built a camp at Black Point, Mooselucmaguntic, the past winter. Mrs. McDonald is a good deal of an angler, and well up to her husband in that direction, though his record is one that would make the novice stare. She has been in California a part of the winter, and has been fishing for sea bass in Pacific waters. She caught one of 10 pounds weight, and told her husband of her success with a great deal of pride; and how she landed the big fish all herself. "And did it really weight 10 pounds?" he asked. "Well, what's the harm if it weighed a pound or two more or a pound less?" was the reply. There the matter was dropped. Winnipisaukee fishermen have been having a rather hard time since the ice went out. The wind has blown a gale almost every day, with a cold rain. Mr. D. W. Tenney, of Methuen, and George Tenney are there, but they send only reports of the lake being too rough for fishing. The ice still lingers in Lake Sunapee.

April 29.—At last a couple of bright, sunny days, following the continued cold storm and gales, have given the fishing season a start. New England waters are, many of them, open very early, but the weather has kept back the fishing. An Augusta, Me., report of Saturday says that fishing at Cobbosseecontee has been retarded by the cold rains. E. H. Langston was the first fisherman to report any success, including a trout weighing 2½ pounds. Stanley Hawkins has taken three fine trout, one weighing 5 pounds. Charlie Kinsman caught one fishing from the steps of his cottage. R. W. Soule has taken three trout, the united weight of which was 10 pounds. Milo McLinch has caught a trout measuring 22 inches in length. Among the other good fishing lakes in that vicinity may be noted the Belgrade chain, Annabessacook and Maranacook, at Winthrop, Pleasant Pond in Litchfield, and China Lake at China. These waters have all been receiving the attention of the Fish and Game Commission in restocking for several years, and all of them are beginning to show good results in both trout and salmon. Catches at Lake Auburn have been kept back by the cold winds and rain, but Saturday brought out a lot of fishermen, with more or less of success. A Skowhegan report says that the lakes and ponds in that vicinity are all open, with something doing on the trout brooks, though the water is still too high for the best results. At Lake George E. Richardson and George Averill have the honor of taking the first landlocked salmon of the season. At Alton Bay, New Hampshire, the fishermen have been gathering since the end of the storm. Nearly all the fishing camps at Alton Bay and Glendale are occupied, and good weather will bring strings of trout. Horace Pope, of Brockton, Mass., has already taken one salmon and two trout; H. L. Sargent, Haverhill, a trout of 4 pounds and a salmon of 6 pounds. A Meredith, N. H., dispatch says that despite the bad weather more trout and salmon have been taken at that point than for several years. All of the local guides are very busy, with new parties arriving since the storm. Bristol, N. H., reports say that Newfound Lake is starting in well. Gen. Paul Lang, of Oxford, has taken a salmon of 7½ pounds, and Gen. Rufus N. Elwell, of Exeter, two salmon of good size. William and Frank George have taken a lake trout weighing 12 pounds, the largest fish of the season, thus far. They have also caught two or three salmon. Mr. and Mrs. Eben Phillips, of Swampscott, Mass., have been at Newfound the past week, and Mr. Phillips has caught a trout of 6 pounds and two salmon of 3 pounds and 4 pounds weight. Mrs. Phillips has taken a handsome laker of 4 pounds. Local sportsmen are still in the lead at that lake, having taken last week more than a dozen salmon, from 3 to 8 pounds weight, and a number of trout. Boston anglers are gathering there. A report from The Weirs, New Hampshire, mentions cold weather and high winds, with a downpour of rain. Fishing has not been indulged in to the extent that is usual on the ice first leaving Winnipisaukee. At Laconia women anglers have been taking trout and salmon from Winnesquam, and good weather promises to bring good fishing.

The big salmon pool at Bangor, Me., has not been panning out to the fishermen very well the past week, by reason of the rains and freshet in the river. Still one or two good ones have been landed; George Willey, a 24-pound salmon; Samuel Drinkwater, 22-pound. Beyond Bangor there are numerous trout and salmon lakes and rivers, many of which are open, and all promising ample room and good sport for the lovers of the angle. From Square Lake, Aroostook county, some good catches of trout are already reported, such as 50 pounds of trout and salmon in one day by P. N. Burleigh and O. N. Smith. In northern Aroostook waters the ice still lingers, but it will soon be out, and great catches of trout may be looked for. Most of these waters are new, and generally they are well supplied with brook trout. Stream fishing in that part of the county is all that could be asked. Happy is the lover of the rod and reel who can spend his vacation on the right spot in Aroostook county. Washington county is also coming to the front in the way of trout and salmon fishing. The Union Salmon Pool, at Calais, is expected to show good results this season. At Pennesseewassee Lake, Norway, Me., the early fishermen have got into some trouble. As soon as the ice went out they begun to assemble and to fish. A warden soon appeared and warned them, that under special provision of the statutes that lake was not legally open till May 1. Some of the sportsmen ceased fishing, while others continued. Some of the anglers who persisted in fishing were leading citizens of the surrounding towns and legal complications are expected. SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

Scap Net.

A GENTLEMAN much interested in fish and game protection and president of a society that is very active in this direction, writes me a letter which I will give nearly in full:

"Will you tell me what a scap net is? It appears in the game law, but it is new to me, and undefinable by any man in this section of the State, as far as I am able to find.

"Our game protector seized a number of fyke nets in the river a few days ago, and took from the docks where they were in use four squat nets, or, at least the men under him seized them. The owners of the squat nets swore out warrants for the game protector's men before a justice of the peace, and yesterday the case was tried. The game protector was well defended by an able lawyer, and our society had two lawyers in attendance as his counsel. An ex-assemblyman represented the pirates and made a pretty stiff case for them. He claimed that the 'scap net,' so called, was a squat net, which they were using, and that the use of these nets is permissible under the law for the purpose of catching minnows for bait, but upon our production of the nets, showing that the mesh was too large to catch minnows, the tide turned against them, and the protector's men were acquitted.

"The case stirred up an immense amount of interest. A large court room was packed, three or four hundred men, mostly interested in fish piracy, being present. The lives of our protectors have been threatened, and there was blood on the moon, but nothing came of it; all was quiet. Still, we are all anxious to know what a scap net is. My thought is that a scoop net was referred to in the law, and through typographical error it was made 'scap.' I supposed I was familiar with all sorts of nets, but scap is beyond me."

It is safe to believe that scap is a corruption of scoop, but a scap net has been a scap net as long as I can remember, and it means a small hand net used for lifting fish fry out of a trough in a hatchery, or minnows out of a bait bucket, and I have often heard the term applied to a landing net. The Century Dictionary recognizes a scap net thus: "Scap net. A net used by anglers to catch minnows, shrimp, etc., for bait. See scoop net."

"Scoop net. A form of net used to bail out fish collected in a pound; also a small hand net, used for catching bait; a scap net."

The expression scap net occurs in the Forest, Fish and Game Law of New York in Section 65, as follows: "Nets other than scap nets, dip nets and minnow nets, when permitted, shall not be set or used without a license granted by the Commission."

The context indicates that a scap net is not to be used for taking food fish, but belongs to a class of nets used in taking minnows.

Large versus Small Trout.

"Massachusetts has a new trout law which forbids taking trout under six inches in length. The Hartford Times says that this law will bear hard on fishermen in the mountain streams in Berkshire county which are much like those of New Hampshire, where the limit is wisely placed at five inches. This matter has been often discussed, and the six-inch limit in Connecticut works the same hardship in small streams. Dr. Pyrne, an excellent authority on fishing, maintains that 'if the purpose is to prevent the depletion of streams the proper way is to forbid the taking of large fish instead of small. One of the large fish will produce thousands of young where a small one produces scores.'"

The quoted matter is a marked editorial from the Albany Argus of recent date which I received this evening in my mail, and I assume that I am expected to say something on the subject in this column of FOREST AND STREAM.

The first thing I desire to say is that the Hartford Times' man has a good memory, for I answered this same heresy more than a dozen years ago, when Dr. Prime first uttered it, for it was Dr. W. C. Prime who advanced it, and not Dr. Pyrne, as the types now make the name. Just one week ago to-night I was at the Suffolk Club on Long Island and something that was said by one of the members recalled Dr. Prime's article and my criticism upon it, and I then determined to look for the article and my comments, and now this editorial comes as a further reminder. First, I will quote a part of the original article as it appeared in the New York Journal of Commerce under the head lines "Stop Killing Large Trout." "Useless Fish Commissions," "Absurd Game Laws." I had hoped that the argument in favor of killing small trout and preserving the large ones was forgotten, and its teachings unheeded, for if followed it is bound to work great injury to the trout fishing of the country, and for this reason it is well to discuss the matter once more, as it has come to the fore again after all these years.

The Original Complaint.

The following quoted matter appeared over the old-English W. used by Dr. Prime in his contributions to the Journal of Commerce:

"Do I intend to keep this small fish? Of course I shall keep him. You have the common notion that small trout should be put back and only large fish taken home. This notion is one of the absurdities of angling literature and angling legislation. It is just possible that continued combating may in time educate the people, so that what is called 'fishculture' may proceed on correct principles.

"The best way to combat it would probably be to take the boldest course, and advocate statute law forbidding the capture of any trout weighing over a pound. Better still, for a few years at least, would be the preservation, in some waters, of all weighing over a half-pound.

"The indignation with which the city sportsman has met this proposition when I have heretofore made it has been very amusing. But no one ventures to answer the common sense argument—namely, that if you wish to breed for food or market purposes any animals, cattle, sheep, chickens, trout, you are very ignorant indeed if you adopt the practice of killing off your old breeders every spring and depending on future increase on the young animals. Take, for example a farm through which runs a good stream. The owner desires to restore the trout fishing which was once good, and which supplied his family with many luxurious meals. They eat lamb, chicken, veal, various meats. They consider the question of adding fish to their home supply. The farmer purchases a lot of trout and stocks the streams. Then he consults books, anglers and statute law, for instruction how to secure a steady supply of trout in his brook. He is told never to kill small fish, but when they grow large to kill and eat them. He tries the experiment, catches all the trout he can over five inches long and expects a lot more from year to year. He finds his experiment is a dead failure as ninety-nine out of a hundred have found it of late years. Then he tries again on common sense principles. He treats trout as he treats his hens and his sheep, keeping the well-grown for breeders and killing each year more or less of his lambs, chickens and young trout. This time he is successful. In his stream are a goodly number of large trout. They grow to weigh from one to three or four pounds each. He would no more kill one of those large trout than he would kill his breeding sheep. From each pair of them he expects and has many thousands of young fish. He preserves them two years, by which time they are good little food fish. The stream swarms with them. * * * I have no doubt that the total disappearance of trout from very many streams is due to the fact that the large trout have been killed out. * * * Repeal the ridiculous statutes which forbid killing and eating the trout chickens, and enact and enforce statutes forbidding the taking of any breeders—in short, of all which weigh over a pound. Each pound trout, if left to live, will be ancestor of a hundred thousand trout, and the breeders will live ten or twenty years continually producing."

There is more of it, but I have quoted a fair sample—enough to show that the author had scarcely any knowledge of the habits of trout from the standpoint of a breeder. He says no one ventures to answer the common sense argument he advances, but I did have the hardihood to answer it, and I will quote from what I said.

Comments Twelve Years Old.

"The letter, printed in another column, is sent to us by a subscriber in New York city who writes, 'Read it carefully; there is much room for thought in it, and it has common sense in it—at least, I think so.' The letter is signed with an old-English W., the sign manual of no less an authority on angling than Dr. Wm. C. Prime.

"We are a great admirer of Dr. Prime's writings, and we have read this particular letter carefully, as advised to do, and in our opinion it is weak in argument, wrong in assumption of facts and utterly lacking in that for which it was commended to us—common sense. We say it with regret, but the author appears to have given no heed to the results derived from years of practical fishculture, and little thought to the habits of the fishes themselves, otherwise he would have chosen comparisons in breeding with surrounding conditions more similar than those of farm cattle and wild fishes.

"Trout are cannibals. They eat the eggs of one another as they are deposited, if they are not securely covered, and the eggs that are covered are eaten by the next pair of trout that uncover them to make their own spawning bed. They eat the fry that escape destruction at an earlier stage, and then they eat one another so long as life lasts. How would sheep and cattle thrive under such conditions? Is it not an absurd comparison?

"Trout breeders—those who raise trout for market or breeding fish for sale, men who do this for bread and butter—will say, and they judge from practical experience, that the ponds and streams must be watched for old fish—big fellows that prey upon everything in sight smaller than they are—that they may be removed. It will be difficult to catch them, for they are wary from long experience with the lures of men, but fish breeders will tell you if you would preserve your stock to remove them with net snare or spear if other means fail. Protect the big trout and permit the small ones to be taken, and between the trout and the fisherman there would soon be nothing but big ones, and then, in a short time more, when big ones, if any, would have to be caught, there would be none left worth mentioning.

"Nearly twenty years ago the writer obtained permission to fish a small pond which for ten years or so previous had been closed to all fishing. The owner would not fish it nor permit any one else to do so; but when the property was inherited by his son, the permit was obtained. The fish were nearly all of uniform size, as if they had been screened as coal is screened to obtain lumps of equal size. They were gaunt, ferocious looking fish, and far from inviting in appearance. There was absolutely no

young stock in the pond; it had been eaten as soon as born. The reason that the farmer's trout brook now contains no trout is because the farmer and others has had the same mistaken idea about trout that the author of the letter gives expression to. He thought he could catch all the baby trout as they came to be of fingerling size and the stock would be kept up in some mysterious manner by a merciful providence.

"Kill the big trout and let the little ones grow to six inches by statute law (not five) and the brook will be replenished. The trout will spawn at least once before they can be captured legally, and with each recurring season there will be a stock of young fish to grow to breeding age and size before they can be lawfully caught.

"There never was a more mischievous, misleading letter written upon the subject of fishculture than the one we refer to. The author thinks fish commissions useless, yet fish commissions hatch from 95 to 98 per cent. of the eggs they take from trout and nature hatches less than one per cent. Cut off the supply of young, vigorous breeders and the fish commissions could not hatch fry fast enough to feed trout over one-half or one pound in weight protected from capture by law. * * *

"If all male trout could have rings in their noses and be led with leading sticks and the female trout hatched in box stalls, and the fry herded in pastures by watchful men, then Dr. Prime's plan might work; but until trout are taught to eat hay and oats and stay on a farm without jumping fences and escaping, we will have to continue to breed fish in water; strengthen our excellent fish commissions, protect young, healthy, breeding fish; kill the old cannibals and fine or send to jail the netter and fingerling hunter for non-compliance with just and reasonable laws.

"There is not a stream, other conditions, such as food, temperature and due observance of law, being favorable, where the six-inch law is enforced but the trout are increasing. The farmer does not eat his chickens the moment they break the shells, nor his calves before they are six weeks old, and a thoroughbred fisherman does not kill baby trout under six inches and feel that he is enjoying manly sport. * * * We can charge the letter only to lamentable ignorance of the life and habits of our trout, but coming from such a source it might work injury if it were passed by unnoticed, as it would be if written by another pen. We have attempted to write mildly upon this subject in face of the fact that a grievous wrong is done to our fish commissions by one whom we feel would uphold them if he understood better the admirable work they have accomplished and are accomplishing, but such changes as are advocated in the letter, if followed, would surely be the means of destroying our trout fishing."

Except to cut out a good part of letter and comments, I can, after a lapse of years, see no changes to be made. I feel now what I said then, only more so.

Comments To-day.

The big trout which would be protected under the proposed plan would not be the best breeding fish. The letter states: "Each pound trout, if left to live, will be ancestor to a hundred thousand trout, and the breeders will live ten or twenty years, continually producing." This is a most unfortunate error to put in circulation. A yearling trout, if well grown, will produce eggs, but a trout that is called a yearling will really be eighteen or twenty months old. They are born in the spring and spawn in the fall, so that a "yearling" at the spawning season may be twenty months old, and a two-year-old may be over two and a half years. Eggs have been taken from a yearling trout that was four inches long, but in a hatchery it is not customary to take eggs from yearlings, although in exceptional cases it has been done when the fish are well grown. At two and three years of age trout produce strong, plump, healthy eggs. One establishment in this country breeds from two-year-old fish and never from older fish. One of the most successful of the English establishments breeds from two and three year old fish; but remember that the two and three year olds are really nearer three and fours years respectively, and these, I think, are the best fish for breeders. Four and five year old fish may be used as breeders, but after that, while they may produce a greater number of eggs, they are apt to be small relatively and the resulting fry is less strong and vigorous than the fry from younger fish. As an example: Last autumn there were a lot of six, seven and eight year old fish in a breeding pond, but few, however, of the latter age. At first it was determined not to take spawn from them, but for certain reasons they were finally spawned and the eggs were kept separate from the eggs of younger fish. The impregnation of the eggs of the old fish was imperfect as compared with the eggs of young fish, and the fry were weak. A flood came, washing surface water into the pond feeding the hatchery, and with the surface water was mud, and the hatchery troughs were so thick with it that it was impossible to see the fry. Of course the fry were all removed at once, and no harm came to the fry from the eggs of the young fish. The fry from the eggs of the old fish died, the gills becoming inflamed and distended until death ensued.

Just here it occurred to me to look at a book written by Frederic M. Halford (Detached Badger, of the London Field), author of "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them" and "Dry Fly-Fishing," etc., one of the best known of English anglers. The book is entitled "Making a Fishery," which is the English for improving the fishing in an English stream—keeping down weeds and the enemies of trout, and keeping up the stock of trout for angling purposes. There are two things which struck me at once as bearing on the point of this note. First, a rule under "Limits," which reads, "No trout or grayling to be killed under thirteen inches in length. Any under this length to be at once carefully returned to the water." Second, under "Netting," to remove anything that may injure the fishing. "When a net is once on a bank all trout and grayling should be promptly taken out; old or ill-conditioned specimens should be knocked on the head and the remainder deposited in bait cans or carriers." Under "Poachers" there is this, "Among fish, chub, perch and eels are certainly destructive; and overgrown trout, especially old male fish, are dreadful sharks. Wherever and whenever, in plying nets or other means of catching fish, any of the above are secured, it is hardly necessary to say that they should not be returned to the water."

Here is a book of over 200 pages devoted exclusively to the care of a stream to maintain trout fishing in it at its best, written by one of the most advanced anglers of this day who treats the subject from a business standpoint, considering pounds, shillings and pence, in a desire to obtain the best possible fishing now and in the future, and the whole tenor of the book is to preserve the small trout and kill off the large ones.

"But it is an English book!" Yes, I know that, but it is the only one I know of in the English language devoted exclusively to this subject, and what is good for an English trout stream can be applied with profit to an American trout stream, for the principles are the same on both sides of the water. A trout 6½ inches long, measuring to end of tail, weights 1¼ ounces—at least one that I weighed did. A trout of Mr. Halford's limit in good condition would weigh a pound. The 6-inch fish would produce from fifty to one hundred eggs, and the 13-inch fish from 1,000 to 1,200. If trout cannot be caught under 6 inches, and the law is enforced, there must be some natural increase, though the eggs from the yearlings are not as good as from the two-year-old; but preserve the 6-inch fish and some will escape capture the second year and produce better eggs and more of them. If big fish only are protected, the stock must deteriorate for breeding, and weaklings be the ultimate result, aside from the fact that the old breeders are cannibals.

As I am writing the FOREST AND STREAM for April 27 comes in and I find an editorial article in it regarding the breeding of the lobster, and desire to call attention to one paragraph: "Based upon these well-established facts (that lobsters do not, as a rule, produce eggs until they have reached a length of 10½ inches) of lobster life, the lawful limit of those which may be caught has been made in Massachusetts 10½ inches; in other words, the statute declares that no lobster may be caught until it shall have had a chance to breed."

Now the question is, if it is desirable, in order to keep up the stock of lobsters in the sea, that they should be allowed to grow to a size that will allow of their spawning before capture, will not the same principle apply to brook trout in a stream that can be netted and otherwise poached in season and out in spite of protectors and statutes?—for it would seem that a lobster in the sea has a better chance for life under prevailing conditions than a brook trout in a mountain brook.

Seeing Is Believing.

On more than one occasion I have said that so many remarkable things have occurred in the fish world that were absolutely true, that I had reached a condition of mind that I never disputed a fish story, however improbable it might appear on its face. My friend, Col. William Cary Sanger, Assistant Secretary of War, in a personal letter makes a suggestion to me that will hereafter enable me to listen to any kind of a story about fish. He says of a certain story (which I will not tell here): "It reminds me of the man who told of the most extraordinary and improbable event and ended by saying, 'I would not have believed it if I had not seen it, to which the listener replied, 'I hope you will allow me the same privilege.'"

Now I am ready to listen to any kind of a fish story that any man in America or elsewhere would not have believed if he had not seen it himself, and Col. Sanger has my profound thanks. A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Beginning of Bass Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 27.—Bass fishing has begun in this part of the world, more especially by those good folk who wouldn't kill a spring chicken until all the shell was off its back. As usual Cedar Lake, Ind., is the first water near here to report returns. N. B. Soper sent up word to-day that on yesterday he caught the legal limit, twenty bass, at Cedar Lake. This has started up several of our fisherman who have gone to Cedar Lake to-day. We should hear of bass fishing within the next two weeks in the many lakes of the Fox Lake chain north of here.

Trout.

The trout season has begun in the earlier streams of Wisconsin. I received a very pleasant invitation from Mr. John B. McLeod, of Milwaukee, to join him and Mr. Miller on their preserved stream for a few days. Their party left Milwaukee yesterday, and it is with certain heart burnings that one must stay behind, because a week ago Mr. McLeod was out for three hours and took thirty "sweethearts," as he expresses it. If this warm weather extends as far north as Waupaca, these gentlemen will have nice sport. This is the same stream upon which Mayor Harrison and his friend, Mr. Washburne, have promised to spend a day or two later in the season, and it is doubtful if they could do much better in Wisconsin.

The Washburne Combination.

By the way, mentioning Mayor Harrison and Mr. Washburne recalls the ancient friendship which exists between these two. They have both been mayors of Chicago, and perhaps it is this common experience in grief which draws them so close together, and which leads them now and again to take to the woods to hide their sorrows. Mayor Harrison does not deny that Mr. Washburne is a successful trout fisherman, but he deprecates the methods employed by the latter gentleman. The following is the formula, as given by Mayor Harrison, for the celebrated Washburne combination, which is warranted to cause any old trout to leave its happy home. The list begins at the hand fly, or that nearest to the tip of rod, and reads in order as follows: One artificial fly, any color so it is red; one large gob of garden hackles; one number one spinner; one artificial frog; one artificial mouse; one phantom minnow; one artificial grub. In the opinion of Mayor Harrison and others this combination is not strictly orthodox for a fly-fisherman. As to Mr. Washburne, he simply smiles and asks his friends to come up to his office and see the 5-pound trout which now adorns the wall.

Wonder if He Counted Them All.

A St. Paul newspaper states that the hustling executive agent, S. F. Fullerton, is going to put in 100,000,000 wall eyed pike in Cass Lake this summer.

The Saginaw Crowd.

The good car W. B. Mershon will go into commission at Saginaw next week, and at midnight of the 8th of May its long, low, piratical form will be seen counting the ties north of Saginaw to some mysterious stream regarding which no better information is obtainable than it is "up north." The party will consist of ten. This is one more chance I had to decline. Sometimes I think it is tough to be a newspaper man, and think I could enjoy a job similiar to that of the lily of the field, which toileth not, neither does it spin. There will be some lilies on that car.

Fly-Fishing on the Evergreen.

Any open stream suitable for fly-fishing in the State of Wisconsin is apt soon to be fished out. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I print the following kind and brotherly advice from Mr. Sam J. Ryan, of the Evening Crescent, Appleton, Wis. It is not every one who will tell about good trout fishing when he finds it, and Mr. Ryan deserves the thanks of all good anglers. His letter reads as below:

"I have discovered something that may be of interest to some of your readers. Since the Evergreen has been logged, the lower end of the stream no longer affords the trout of 1, 1½ and 2 pounds it once did. The Oconto streams just north and east of the Menominee reservation yield only small fish, but in large quantities. Another field has been opened, or will be this spring. It is in Langlade county on the upper stretches of the Oconto streams, where there are also a few little lakes. To get there, go by rail to Antigo, then east twenty-eight miles to Markton, Langlade county, and drive to A. M. Maeder's sheep farm. At the latter place there is some fishing, by walking one mile, but the best is several miles north in the wilderness, where last summer one string of thirty brook trout was caught, weighing 74 pounds. To get up there guide and tents are necessary, which Maeder has for small parties of three and four people. On one of the streams up in this wilderness a raft has been built and affords excellent fly-fishing; there the big ones are taken. Mr. Maeder is not in the resort business, but can in a pinch take care of four or five fishermen (no more) and can furnish tents and guides. He is an ardent angler and from his residence in this city for several years, we can say he is O. K. in every respect.

"It seems to me this is the best chance (outside of Prairie River) for fly-casting with some hope of reward in this State.

"Please understand I do not write this to give Mr. Maeder any free resort advertising, for he does not need the money he might charge boarders, but to put all venturous trout anglers in way of new grounds."

I have referred to this new locality on the Evergreen Mr. Geo. M. Eckels, of Chicago, who wants to go somewhere about June 1. I hope he will do well.

To-day I was talking with Dr. Boyesen, of Black River Falls, Wis., and he told me as a piece of exceptional valuable angling news that the best place he knew of in Wisconsin to fish for trout was a place called Dudley, on the Prairie River. This was hardly any secret, as I have before now told about many delightful experiences on that charming little river.

The Wisconsin anglers get action a little earlier in the season than the average Chicago fisherman. This is what the Appleton paper says regarding certain streams and certain persons of the delightful sporting grounds of upper Wisconsin:

"Many parties go to Shawano and thence to the Oconto streams north and west twenty or thirty miles. Otto Kuehmsted swears by the Oconto, and says nothing can be better. It is certainly a fact that in numbers the trout in the Oconto outshine those of any other stream, but they are not so much when it comes to size. The old tales of 1,000, 1,200 and 1,500 trout brought down by parties of three or four from the Oconto River are happily no more told."

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Meeker are planning an early May trip to Wild Rose in Waushara county, where they had good success last year. Messrs. Will Stoppenbach, P. M. Conkey and S. J. Ryan will probably have a few days in May on a Michigan stream near Floodwood, where there is room enough to cast a fly without catching a tag-alder branch every time the line goes out.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Kennel.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

Points and Flushes.

The American Kennel Club Stud Book, the official stud book of the American dog world, for the year 1900 is now ready for distribution. It is the seventeenth volume. Besides the registrations, which number from 54,328 to 59,208, there is a vast fund of general information, such as a list of the active members, associate members, bench shows and bench show winnings of 1900, cancellations, champions of record, corrections, Executive Board 1900, fox hound and beagle trials 1900, kennel names, prefixes and affixes, officers American Kennel Club and associate members 1900, Pacific Advisory Committee 1900, re-registrations, standing committees 1900, transfers, etc. Address Mr. A. P. Vrendenburgh, Secretary A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, New York.

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Canoeing.

Notice.

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American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

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Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

THE Field commenting on the challenge received by the Royal C. C. from the Winchester Boat Club, says:

The challenger intends to race in a racing-machine type of canoe, with sliding seat. If it is true that the canoe is to be designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, we may expect a very perfect model; and we can only regret that that very able designer of extremely fast and pretty yachts is not called upon to produce a canoe of the R. C. C. cruising class, instead of a skimmer plank-balanced machine.

The slackness of the R. C. C. in not taking advantage of opportunities will now be driven home with real effect in that club. It has been admitted by almost every canoe sailor in England that the racing machine, with its sliding seat and chronic capsizing habits, was the direct cause of the late downfall of canoe sailing; that the machine transformed canoe sailing into an acrobatic performance, absolutely confining success in the races to the acrobat against the sailor. The racing of canoes has been resuscitated in the cruising canoe class, and racing canoes have died down to one or two old boats which occasionally put in an appearance. All that was said when it was some two years ago proposed to cut the class out, and to substitute a class of useful little "traveling" canoes. "Let them alone, they will die out." And so they would were it not for cup challenges. The danger is that the best racing men are now in the cruiser class, and it may be that, in order to meet the American challenger, some of them will be drawn back into building new racing machines, and thus revive the craft which nearly killed canoeing. On the other hand, if the sailing men stick to the cruising class canoe, there may be in the cup races wind and circumstances giving a certainty to the machine.

The best policy for the club, in the interests for future sailing, is to decide and to publily state, before anything is known of the American racer, that this shall be the last year in which machines will be admitted to the cup races. It will be too late to do so after the event, even if the cup remains in England, as it would scarcely be fair to thus dictate that any future challenge must be in an English cruiser class canoe. The Quincy cup of the R. C. C. is confined to the cruising class, and therefore it seems odd that the challenger should have elected to come in with a canoe which is only eligible to compete for the one cup.

Two Days' Race Meet at the Pan-American Exposition.

THE Committee on Sports of the Pan-American Exposition have included in their schedule a two days' race meet for canoeists. The races are to be held June 24 and 25, and are to be under the auspices of the Central Division of the American Canoe Association. The following well-known canoeists have been appointed to act as an advisory committee on canoeing: C. P. Forbush, chairman; G. A. Howell, E. E. Coatsworth and J. S. Wright.

The events are open to all members of the American Canoe Association.

The following is a list of the races:

June 24.

1. Tandem, single blade, ½ mile with turn.
2. Single, double blade, ½ mile with turn.
3. Relay, single blade, ¼ mile, over triangle course.
4. Tail-end, single blade, ¼ mile, over triangle course.
5. Club fours, single blade, ½ mile with turn.
6. War canoe, ½ mile with turn.
7. Single, single blade, ½ mile with turn.
8. Tandem overboard, single blade, ¼ mile with turn.
9. Hurry-scurry, 100yds. run, 100yds. swim, 200yds. paddle.
10. Tilting, heats.

June 25.

11. Single, single blade, 1 mile with turn.
12. Single, double blade, 1 mile with turn.
13. War canoe tug of war.
14. Tandem, single blade, 1 mile with turn.
15. Pursuit races, fours, 1 mile with turn.
16. Novice race, single blade, ½ mile with turn.
17. War canoe, Pan-American Championship, 1 mile with turn.
18. Combination (lady and gentleman), single blade, 1 mile with turn.
19. Upset, gentleman, ¼ mile.
20. Tilting, gentleman, trial.

First and second prizes will be awarded to each member of first two crews in all races having three entries or more.

Event 6, individual prizes to first and second canoe.
Event 13, two flags to winning boat.
Event 17, trophy cups to first and second boats.
Entry list will close June 15 for war canoes and fours.

Captains must include name of each member of crew. Entry blanks can be obtained from the chairman of the Advisory Committee on Canoeing; Chas. P. Forbush, Vice-Commodore Central Division A. C. A., 164 Crescent avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., who will gladly answer any questions relative to the races or conditions.

All prizes will be carefully selected and will be emblematic of the Pan-American Exposition. It is the intention to make this the best and largest canoe race meet held.

The races will be on the Park Lake, within the Exposition grounds, on a quarter-mile course which will be carefully laid out and buoyed.

A. C. A. rules and limits to govern.

A typical canoe camp will be arranged and tents erected for the convenience of the contesting canoeists. In addition to the races, an illuminated parade will be held Monday evening, June 24, followed by a regulation camp-fire at the camp.

International Canoe Race.

THE plans for an international canoe race between boats representing the Royal C. C. of England and the Winchester Boat Club, of Winchester, took definite shape when the following challenge was mailed:

To the Honorable Secretary of the Royal C. C.

Sir: At a meeting of the directors of the Winchester Boat Club, of Winchester, Mass., held on March 29, 1901, it was voted to challenge the Royal C. C. to sail a series of races for the sailing challenge cup of said Royal C. C., subject to the rules and conditions governing such contests, in the year book of 1900 of said Royal C. C. At the same meeting it was further voted that the Winchester Boat Club be represented in this series of races by Hermann Dudley Murphy, member of said Winchester Boat Club. Therefore, I hereby make such challenge in behalf of the Winchester Boat Club. I have the honor to remain, very truly yours,

C. F. A. SIEDHOF,
Secretary Winchester Boat Club.

Winchester, Mass., April 2, 1901.

Thomas W. Lawson has ordered another canoe to be built for Hermann Dudley Murphy, the challenger for the Royal C. C. cup, to be sailed at Langsdon Harbor, England, next August. The boat will be turned out by W. F. Stevens, of Bath, Me., the builder of the noted Fleet, owned by Paul Butler. The second boat will have more of a dead rise, without the fullness of lines of the first boat, now building at the Atlantic Works. Both canoes will be ready by the first of May. Paul Butler will bring his fleet of canoes here from the Vesper Country Club at Lowell and trial races will be held on Mystic Lake. Butler is the most noted sailer of canoes in this part of the country, and Murphy's two boats will thus receive a fine trying out.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE Race Meet Committee of the Brooklyn C. C. has mapped out an interesting programme for the coming season. The feature of the season will be the novelty race, under what the committee terms "get there" rules. These will be three in number, any canoe, any trim of sails, starting at signal and going one mile to windward and return. Contestants can use sail or paddle.

The following is the schedule:

May 11, Paddling Races—Paddling and sailing competitions.

May 30 to June 2—Spring cruise up the Hudson River with Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association.

June 8—Sailing trophy races off club house, Gravesend Bay, L. I., over club courses.

July 3 to 8—Annual cruise to Huntington Harbor, L. I., and contest for the Pagan Cruising Trophy, three miles triangular, sailing a mile to a leg.

July 27—Club competitions off club house, Gravesend Bay, L. I.

Aug. 2 to 16—American Canoe Association meet, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River.

Sept. 1 to 4—Fall cruise to Huntington, L. I.

Sept. 7—Open races given by club, sailing and paddling, off club house on Gravesend Bay, L. I.

Sept. 21—Closing races of the season off the club house, Gravesend Bay; sailing and paddling, tandem paddling and club fours, the latter invitation events.

Knickerbocker C. C.

THE Knickerbocker C. C. at a meeting held April 11 at its club house at West Fifty-second street and Hudson River, decided to hold a meet on Decoration Day at some place on the Hudson River to be selected by the Regatta Committee. Egg Beach, the regular camping ground of the club, which is almost opposite Mount St. Vincent, will probably be chosen. The Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association will also hold a meet on the Hudson at Lime Point on the same date.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have been proposed for membership to the Central Division of the A. C. A.: Irving V. Earle, Syracuse, N. Y.; James P. Watson, Buffalo, N. Y.; Stuart A. Lansing, Buffalo, N. Y.; Arthur R. Gregory, Buffalo, N. Y.; Geo. H. Voss, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Yachting.

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Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

18. Huguenot, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. South Boston, club race; City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
30. Harlem, annual regatta, City Island, Long Island Sound.
30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
30. Canarsie, opening and parade, Carnarsie, Jamaica Bay.
30. Brooklyn, opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Staten Island, Stapleton, S. I.
30. American, opening, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
30. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, races for raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

JUNE.

1. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
1. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
5. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
8. Canarsie, pennant championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
8. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
8. Brooklyn, open, Gravesend Bay.
8. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
12. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
15. South Boston, club cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
15. New York C. C., annual, Gravesend Bay.
15. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, first race, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
15. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
16. South Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
17 Hull-Massachusetts, classes over 18ft., Hull, Boston Harbor.
17. Dorchester, classes 18ft. and under, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, first club championship, Marblehead, Mass.
17. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Brooklyn, annual regatta, Gravesend Bay.
17. Pavonia, annual, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
17 Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18 Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
19. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
20. New York, annual, New York Bay.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
22. Marine and Field, open, Gravesend Bay.
22. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
22. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, second race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
25. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

2, 4, 6. Newport, Y. R. A., cup defender class, Newport.
2. Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
3. Columbia, City Point, Boston Harbor.
3. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
3-8. Brooklyn C. C., cruise, Gravesend Bay.
4. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
4. Boston City, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, second club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., first open regatta, Gravesend Bay.
4. Larchmont, annual regatta and schooner races for Colt cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
4. Pavonia, McInnis cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
4. Canarsie, parade, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, annual, Bay Shore, L. I.
4. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5-11. Atlantic, cruise, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Shinnecock Bay, club, Shinnecock Bay.
6. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, third race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
6. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
8. Norwalk, annual, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
9, 10, 11. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Moriches, club.
13. Corinthian, third club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
13. Larchmont, open, first day of race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, race for Roosevelt memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
13. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
13-20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
17. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
18, 20, 23. Newport Y. R. A., special races, Newport.
20. Westhampton C. C., club.
20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
20. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fourth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
20. Trial race to select Canada cup defender, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
22. New York, cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
22. Harvard, cruise, rendezvous, Morris Cove, L. I. Sound.
22. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
23. New York, cruise to the eastward.
24. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
24. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
25, 26, 27. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
27. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
27. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
27. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
27. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
29. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
29-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1-3. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
3. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
3. Moriches, association regatta.
3. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Robert Center memorial cup races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
3 Manhasset Bay, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
5, 6. Manchester, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
7, 8. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
7. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
9, 10. Annisquam, Ipswich Bay, Mass.

10. Westhampton C. C., association regatta.
10. Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay.
10. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
10. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, sixth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
10-15. Chicago, races for the Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12, 13. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Moriches, open.
17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. New York, New York Bay.
17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20, 22, 24, 27, 29. American cup races, Sandy Hook.
24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
31 Westhampton C. C., open.
31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
2, 3. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Lynn, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Gravesend Y. R. A., all classes, Gravesend Bay
2. Norwalk, special, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
2. Sachem's Head, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
2. Pavonia, special, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
2. Canarsie, ladies' day, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2 Chicago, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
3 Shinnecock Bay, open, Shinnecock Bay.
5, 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
21 New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.

THE list of fixtures which appear in this week's issue is still far from complete. This is easily accounted for, as some of the clubs have not decided on their racing dates, and from a number of others we have not heard. The publishers of FOREST AND STREAM are anxious to have the list of racing dates as complete as possible, and kindly request those secretaries and chairmen of regatta committees of the clubs whose fixtures are not given, to send them in at their early convenience.

INCOMPLETE as the list of racing fixtures is, still there are far more dates given than ever before at the opening of a season, and this indicates that a large amount of racing may be looked forward to all over the country. The inland and Canadian dates are not included in the list except in one or two instances, and there is a great deal of keen racing to be done by these fresh-water yachtsmen. The yacht clubs, both large and small, all along the coast have shown greater interest than ever before, offering handsomer and more costly prizes in all the classes. Aside from the great interest that is centered in the three international races, there has always been a feeling among many yachtsmen that an international race between the 90-footers tended to divert interest from the smaller classes, and in that way was not a benefit to yachting in general, but there is no indication that this is to be the case this year. The unprecedented interest in yachting this year is accounted for by the natural growth of the sport, and partially by the prosperous condition of the country at large.

English yachting is in rather a stagnant condition, due to various causes, and in consequence many desirable yachts, both steam and sail, are on the sale list. American buyers have taken advantage of this situation, and both the sail and steam fleet of English yachts in American waters will be greatly increased this year. The importation of the big yawl Ailsa ought to make some fine racing in the large class now that Vigilant and Navahoe will both appear in yawl rigs. Virginia, Yankee and Rainbow will be raced in the 70ft. class. The 65ft. linear racing class will have at least two additions. One is Senta, which has already arrived from England, and the other is Eelin, which is on her way over. These two boats, with Queen Mab, Isolde, Astrild and Hester, will make a total of six boats in this class, and there should be some splendid racing among them. The schooners Amorita and Quisetta will have two new rivals, both of which boats were designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey. Amorita has been altered and will be in better shape than ever before. In the 51ft. class there will also be two new boats, one designed by Herreshoff and the other by Huntington. Hussar II. will probably be out of the racing this year, as she has been sold, and her new owner will change her rig to that of a yawl. The 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes will all be strengthened by the addition of new boats, and the raceabout class will have at least ten boats, both new and old, so there will be as great interest and as much sporty racing in this as well as in the larger classes.

THE Boston Herald's foreign correspondent in speaking of Mr. Clark's new cutter, Kariad, says: On Saturday there was launched at Meadowside the first-class racing cutter Kariad, now owned by Kenneth M. Clark, of Paisley. She was designed by G. L. Watson and built last year for C. Day Rose, under the name of Distant Shore. Owing to family bereavements, Mr. Rose withdrew from the sport and she was never launched. A few months ago she was purchased by Mr. Clark, who has renamed her Kariad, and placed Capt. Archie Hogarth in charge. She has now been fitted out for first-class racing. In size she is practically the same as Britannia. She is 85ft. on the waterline, by about 20ft. beam, and floats to about 17ft. draft. The hull is fuller than we have been accustomed to see in racing boats in recent years, but it is beautifully modeled, and she gives every promise of being fast. Her Y. R. A. rating will work out to about 97 or 98ft.

History of the Development of the Racing Yacht.

(*Concluded from page 333.*)

THE first race for the Cup was set for Sept. 27. The fleet of excursion boats that gathered about the line at the start was so large as to call out expressions of astonishment from all who saw it. The conditions of the match agreed upon with Lord Dunraven were three races in five, all to be sailed outside of headlands, and time allowance according to the rules of the New York Y. C. to be given. Vigilant allowed Valkyrie one minute and thirty-three seconds.

The first race was a failure on account of a lack of wind, Vigilant at one time being entirely becalmed—so much so, in fact, that she lost steerage way and turned entirely round.

The boats met again on Sept. 29 in an effort to sail the first race of fifteen miles to windward and return. This time they were more fortunate. Vigilant obtained a lead in the first leg of the course, and turned the outer mark eight minutes and six seconds ahead. In the run home Valkyrie gained thirty seconds, and so Vigilant was an easy winner by five minutes and forty-eight seconds, corrected time.

The second attempt at a race was also a failure on account of lack of wind.

The third race was to be over a triangle of thirty miles, ten miles to a leg.

A good whole-sail breeze was blowing that gave the yachts a splendid test on this point of sailing. Vigilant again demonstrated that she was the master, as she won the race in a clean cut way by ten minutes and thirty-five seconds, corrected time. This race was one of the most exciting ever sailed. The din that greeted the great white sloop as she swept past the red lightship and the black flagship was something marvelous. The race was won on its merits and without flukes or flaws.

The fourth race was sailed on Oct. 13. It was similar to the first—that is, fifteen miles to windward and return. The wind blew great guns, and both contestants were reefed. The patriots were given a painful surprise in this race. Valkyrie obtained a weather position on Vigilant at the start, and to the amazement of every one held it. The wind kept increasing in strength, and it gave the partisans of the American boat great chunks of pain to see the cutter gradually forging to the front. Valkyrie turned the outer mark one minute and fifty-five seconds ahead of the sloop.

But the day was Friday, and it was the 13th of the month, and so all hope was not lost. As soon as Vigilant had turned she shook out her reef and sent up her largest club topsail. Under this tremendous spread of sail the great white sloop fairly seemed to fly. The spume flew from under her forefeet, and her tremendous speed may be known when it is said she ran the fifteen nautical miles (about seventeen and one-quarter land miles) in one hour and sitxeen minutes, or about fourteen land miles per hour.

Even at this time it was almost certain that she would have lost the race had not Valkyrie carried away two spinakers, and finally finished the race under a balloon jib used as a spinaker. As it was, Vigilant crossed the finish line two minutes and thirteen seconds ahead of Valkyrie, which gave her the race by forty seconds, corrected time. Vigilant gained four minutes and eight seconds in the run home.

The year 1894 is interesting in the small boat sense, as that year saw the birth of what is to-day one of the most popular of the small classes—namely, the knockabout.

This little vessel was 21ft. on the waterline and carried 500ft. of sail. They were intended for a handy, safe boat for two persons, and in their original form they fulfilled that position admirably. They have somewhat deteriorated, however, at the present time, and have imbibed more of the racing machine than is well for comfort sometimes.

The year 1894 was also memorable from the visit of Vigilant to England under her new owner, Mr. George Gould. Her success in English waters was not as pronounced as most patriots would have liked to see it. Out of seventeen races which she sailed with Britannia she lost eleven and won five. Some comfort was taken though from the fact that whenever the wind blew fresh Vigilant was a winner. All the races she lost were in light weather. Much disappointment was felt that Valkyrie II. could not meet her. She was unfortunately sunk by Satanita in a collision during the first race of the season, and was not raised.

Lord Dunraven's Second Challenge.

A second challenge was received from Lord Dunraven late in the fall of 1894 for the ninth contest for the Cup. The conditions caused some parleying, but were finally arranged satisfactorily. Lord Dunraven named Valkyrie III. as the challenger. She was thoroughly tried out with Britannia, and after some alterations had been made was sent across under jury rig, as her predecessors had been.

She was a much more pronounced type than the previous challenger, her keel being much deeper, her lead increased and her beam for the first time greater than that of the American boat. She was 27ft. wide, and her body was very shallow. Her overhangs were long and graceful.

Taken altogether, she was a very promising vessel, and the hopes of her designer and owner were very high, and there was a general feeling of expectation of great results from her.

Nor was the New York Y. C. idle. The syndicate was formed and Herreshoff was commissioned to build Defender. Defender was a keel boat and was a great advance on Vigilant. She was also deeper, carried more lead and was of a more powerful body than her predecessor.

Her overhangs were the best that had yet been put on a Herreshoff craft, and her profile showed unmistakably the hand of a master of his craft.

The excitement over the racing for the Cup had gradually grown with each succeeding year, and this year saw a still greater fleet around the starting line than ever before.

The American craft had been carefully tuned up in a number of races with Vigilant, and she had beaten the old craft with great ease, although the old champion, as well as Jubilee, which had also been fitted up, showed remarkable speed in many of their encounters.

Valkyrie had also been given a thorough tuning up, and was in good shape when the day for the first race arrived, which was set for Oct. 5.

The wind was very light, and the committee in order to get a windward and leeward course were obliged to move the starting point from Sandy Hook Lightship several miles down the Jersey coast. At the outset, Capt. Haff, who was handling the wheel on Defender, obtained slightly the best position. As the race advanced, however, it seemed that Valkyrie was leaving Defender rapidly. They split tacks, and the Englishman stood out to open ocean, while the American stood in toward the Jersey coast. All the while Valkyrie apparently was increasing her lead. This went on for about an hour, and then the boats were three miles apart on opposite tacks. Finally up went the Englishman's tiller and round he spun on his heel and headed in to cross Defender's bow. The excitement was now intense. Much speculation was indulged in as to how far he could cross by. All agreed that he would cross Defender. Closer and closer he came, and down went the hearts of the majority, but they were reckoning without the host. Defender was ghosting along in a wonderful manner. Nearer and nearer they came. Valkyrie was pinching all she could to make every possible inch count to windward. Now they were not more than 200yds. apart. Suddenly up goes the helm of the Englishman and round he goes again. He had failed, and was obliged to go under the lee of Defender. And what a din of whistles greeted the failure. From this point the race became a procession, with Defender constantly drawing away. She turned the outer mark well ahead, and setting her spinaker swept down to the finishing line into the arms of the mighty fleet awaiting her there, a winner by about eight minutes.

The second race was made memorable by the famous foul. In the jockeying for the start, Valkyrie turned too close on the weather side of Defender and the end of her main boom swept around caught the back stay, tore it from the spreader and allowed her topmast to fall over to leeward, breaking it nearly in two.

Defender, of course, protested the foul. She was practically disabled as she could not use her jib topsail, and the topmast sagged over so much that her club topsail was of little use on the wind.

She went on in the race, however, and with all these disadvantages she was only beaten by forty-seven seconds. After the race the committee took up the matter of the protest on the fouls and awarded the race to Defender on that account.

This, of course, caused some bitter words, and set up much friction. Lord Dunraven also protested on account of the crowding of the course by the excursion steamers. He also sent in a request that the remaining races be sailed off Newport or Marblehead. This the committee would not agree to, and ordered the third race to be sailed.

Valkyrie appeared at the starting line, but with only mainsail and jib set, and it was apparent to all that she did not intend to start. She merely crossed the line and then turned back and was taken in tow by her tug. Defender went on and sailed over the course and was awarded the race.

Lord Dunraven brought down a great deal of censure on himself by making charges of swindling against the owners of Defender when he returned to England. He charged that ballast had been added to Defender after she had been measured, and that she had been dishonestly sailed, etc.

During the years from 1895 to 1899 the yachting interest is principally attracted to the number of freak boats that have been developed. One of the most prominent of these is Cartoon, designed by Mr. William Gardiner, of New York. She is 25ft. on the waterline and 48ft. over all. Her beam is 12ft. and she draws but 10in. of water. Her bilges are very long and hard and when heeled over she sails on her side for nearly her entire length. This is what sailors sometimes call sailing on her ear. The object of such a construction is to have them do just this thing—that is, to sail on their sides. When such a boat is heeled in this manner, she becomes practically a long, narrow canoe, and hence goes very fast comparatively.

In Boston waters there has been quite a development of this type of vessel.

Hostess is one of a large number that were built to defend the Quincy cup. She is 21ft. on the waterline, 40ft. over all, 10ft. beam, draws 6in. of water and carries about 1,000ft. of sail. A freak in every sense.

The same freakish ideas have taken root in England, though not to the same extent as here.

Yacht Racing in Australia.

Yacht racing in Australia is confined almost exclusively to the small classes. In this, however, they have developed some strange and wonderful things.

Woonga, an Australian yacht, is but 23ft. long and about 10ft. beam. There is no deck. Her rig is something immense, and she carries a crew of eighteen men. While she looks somewhat peculiar in this shape, it is only when she starts home before the wind and spreads all her clothes that you realize the marvelous thing that she is. Her spread of sail seems almost large enough for an America Cup defender. That these boats can carry such immense rigs in this manner in Australia is explained from the fact that the trade winds there are almost constant during their racing season. A skipper may depend to a certainty, almost, on exactly the direction and force of the wind at all times.

During the last ten years the yawl classes have been greatly developed, and to-day this is a popular and growing type of boat.

A yawl is a type of two-masted vessel that differs from the schooner in that the after mast is set abaft the rudder and carries but a small sail. The main mast carries the principal sail of the boat. The rig is a very easy one to handle, and also a very safe one in heavy weather. It is for these reasons, principally, that it is growing in favor.

Satanita is one of the largest English yawls. She was formerly a sloop, and gained some notoriety from the fact that she sank Valkyrie II. in 1894 in a colision on the

Clyde. She is quite fast as a yawl, and has many prizes to her credit.

Sybarita is one of Mr. George L. Watson's best creations. She was new last year, and made an enviable record in English waters, defeating not only all yawls, but also all sloops that came against her. She is 90ft. on the waterline, the same size as the Cup defenders.

During the last ten or fifteen years the sport of yacht racing has made immense strides all over this country, and in no place more than in Long Island Sound, especially among the small classes. This is owing to the fact that the Sound presents one of the best racing grounds in the world. Singularly enough, also, the best course on the Sound is that of the Bridgeport Y. C. There is no question that they have here the premier waterway in this country. Twenty nautical miles wide and with over 30ft. of water over the entire course with no headlands and very small tides, we present a course that is almost ideal.

In 1880 there were but two yacht clubs on the sound with a membership of perhaps 500. Now there are twenty-six clubs, with a membership of nearly 5,000.

The years 1897 and 1898 were good years for the sport, and those who followed it closely were delighted in the latter year to hear that another contest for the America Cup was assured. Sir Thomas Lipton, through the Royal Ulster Y. C., forwarded a challenge in due form.

Sir Thomas named Shamrock as the challenger, designer William Fife, length on the waterline 90ft.

William Fife will be remembered as the designer of the very successful Minerva, Ailsa, Calluna, etc., and a large number of very successful boats in these smaller classes.

The New York Y. C. promptly accepted the challenge, all the details for the match were quickly and smoothly arranged and a tenth contest for the time-honored "blue ribbon of the seas" was thus inaugurated.

A syndicate of American yachtsmen gave the Herreshoffs an order for Columbia, and in due time she was launched from the Herreshoff works.

She was given a thorough tuning up with the old Cup champion Defender, which proved to be a most excellent trial horse. Many and exciting were the contests between the two great sloops during the summer of 1899, but the honors always lay with Columbia, proving again the ability of the Herreshoffs to outbuild themselves.

Columbia was much of an improvement on Defender in many ways and her underwater body was a thing of beauty. Her lines were as fine as those of the finest canoe. The workmanship on her was a great improvement over anything that we had yet seen in a Cup champion. Her sails spread were something enormous, being quite 13,000 sq. ft.

Shamrock proved also to be a great advance on anything that had been sent over for the Cup. The most notable departure in her was the design below the water. In model she resembled the defender much more than she did any of the previous English challengers. She was also similar to Columbia in many ways, and the two were much closer in design than any two previous contestants for the Cup.

Columbia and Shamrock each carried a chunk of lead bolted to the bottom of the keel weighing in the neighborhood of 90 tons. You will better appreciate this enormous weight when you know that it is practically the weight of the largest mogul locomotive and its tender now used on the consolidated roads running through town. And when you imagine a boat but 90ft. on the water and 22ft. wide carrying a 90-ton locomotive hung 20ft. under the water, you will have some idea of the enormous stability of these vessels. Then when we think of a sail plan rising nearly 200ft. into the air and 180ft. from the after end to the forward points, and comprising some 13,000 sq. ft. of sail, you will realize something of the terrific problems imposed upon the designer of a modern Cup racer.

The eventful Oct. 5, 1899, at last arrived. Columbia and Shamrock, tuned to concert pitch, met at Sandy Hook Lightship for their first tussle for the time-honored trophy. Shamrock certainly seemed fit to make the fight of a lifetime. Everything was spick and span about her, and her immense spread of canvas fitted her most beautifully. The contests between Columbia and Shamrock are too recent to warrant my going into detail with regard to the earlier attempts at a race. For the first seven attempts only failure resulted. The winds were light and baffling, and as the race had a time limit of five and one-half hours for the thirty miles, the yachts were unable to finish within the limit. In these earlier attempts Shamrock showed to such good advantage that, as usual with the patriots, a great many lost heart. Bets were freely made that Shamrock would win the Cup in three straight heats. Unmerited criticism by the cheaper class of newspaper writers was heaped upon Columbia, her manager, Mr. Iselin, and all connected with her. It was freely said that Mr. Herreshoff had played himself out and that Columbia was a failure, and that the Cup was certainly lost. How unwarranted these predictions were was clearly shown when the wind finally consented to allow them to finish within the specified time. It is my opinion and the opinion of nearly every one familiar with yacht racing and yacht handling that there never was a time in light winds or heavy when Shamrock had even a forlorn hope of winning the Cup. I saw every one of the trials and believed every moment of them, and believe now, that Columbia was the master of Shamrock on every point of sailing and every weight of wind. The first race occurred on Monday; the wind was light but held fairly steady, with every appearance of sufficient weight to finish the race within the limit. As soon as this condition was fully known aboard Columbia a great change seemed to pass over the big white sloop. She drew away from Shamrock immediately after the starting gun, and tack after tack placed herself further and further ahead, and finally swung round the turning mark, fifteen miles to windward, nearly ten minutes, a distance of fully a mile and a half ahead of Shamrock, and in the run home she increased this lead to over ten minutes, winning the race with perfect ease.

Some of the croakers began to hedge very rapidly after this exhibition. The abuse of the amateurs aboard Columbia grew very small, and there seemed to be a disposition to at least give our representatives fair play.

The second race, which was to have been over a triangle of thirty miles, was unfortunately marred by a break down of Shamrock. She carried away her topmast shortly after the race started, and, of course, was obliged to give it up. Columbia was well up to windward of her when the accident happened, and unquestionably would have repeated her great success of the preceding Monday had the race been carried to the finish. Under the agreement which had been entered into at Sir Thomas Lipton's suggestion, Columbia was obliged to go on and finish the race and, of course, be declared the winner.

The Last Race Between Columbia and Shamrock.

The last and deciding race was again fifteen miles to windward and return. A fresh southerly breeze was blowing and both yachts had all they could stagger under with mainsail, jib and staysail, and without any ballooners or flying kites. The race down to the outer mark was most exciting. Shamrock started one minute and thirteen seconds ahead of Columbia and squared away for her fifteen-mile run down wind. She broke out her spinaker promptly and dropping into a fifteen-mile-an-hour gait spread away for the distant mark. Columbia swung across the line after her, also with spinaker doing its best. The run to the outer mark was only remarkable for the steady gain of Columbia. The excursion fleet raced along on either side, and only the fleetest of the excursion steamers could keep within hailing distance of the beautiful fabrics which were speeding down that northerly wind like great frightened sea birds. About half a mile from the turning mark, which was then plainly in sight, Columbia swung up on the port beam of Shamrock, and side by side they rushed along. The skipper of Shamrock did everything in his power to hold the beautiful Herreshoff creation, but there was no magic or witchery in his command which could enable him to succeed. Slowly but surely Columbia drew ahead, and when the mark was but a short 300yds. away she was about one length to the good. The mark had to be left on the starboard or right hand, however, and as Columbia was on the port, or left hand, of Shamrock the latter had the inside of the course, and the advantage of Columbia was more apparent than real, as to turn first she was obliged to cross Shamrock's bow. It did not seem possible that she could do this, but within about 100yds. of the mark we saw her spinaker disappear, down went her helm, and with a sweep like a frightened gull she fairly leaped across Shamrock's bow, scarcely a hundred feet behind her, and spinning on her heel swept round the mark and pointed her beautiful prow for home. Shamrock was but a few seconds behind her. Both vessels gave a sharp luff up into the wind, their crews rattled in the main sheet, as rapidly as trained sailor men could possibly do, in a short space of time everything was sheeted home, and the great contestants dashed their bows into the now white-capped waves as they began the real contest in their thresh to windward of fifteen miles. The wind was now blowing at least twenty-five miles an hour; both yachts were heeling down to it at a tremendous angle. Shamrock attempted to carry a working topsail, but it did her no good, and she was obliged to take it in, and both vessels were under the same sail—mainsail, staysail and jib. In less than five minutes after the turn the marvelous superiority of Columbia in windward work was apparent to the veriest novice. She not only put it faster through the water, but she seemed to move bodily to windward, as compared with Shamrock. Her sails set very much better than those of Shamrock, due, unquestionably, to very much stiffer spars. Tack after tack was taken, and each told the same story—steady and progressive gain for the white sloop. About half way home Columbia was fully a mile to windward and ahead of Shamrock. At this point Shamrock determined to risk all in a forlorn hope, and luffing up for a moment sent up an immense club topsail. This did her no good, however, and Columbia now being eased and sailed very carefully, crossed the line an easy winner, fully three-quarters of a mile ahead and nearly seven minutes to the good. And so ended the gallant attempt of Sir Thomas Lipton to lift the Cup. No fairer sportsman and no more worthy antagonist has ever appeared to contest for this trophy. And it seems to be the sentiment throughout yachting circles that if the Cup must go to the other side, it could not go in better hands than his.

Columbia is one of the most beautiful yachts that has ever been turned out in this or any other country. In hull and sail plan she is the perfection of grace, and no one, even those who have not the slightest technical knowledge of the sea, can view her beautiful proportions without being warmed into admiration at the sight of this perfect creation of the genius of the most advanced yacht designer the world has ever known. There is, in my opinion, no question as to the position that Nathaniel Herreshoff holds in the yacht designing world. His is undoubtedly the most original and finished genius that we have ever seen. He combines with a perfect knowledge of form the true instincts of the capable engineer. He is hampered by no traditions, and prejudice plays no part in his calculations. His results are scientific, and capable of scientific analysis in all their parts, with the conclusion, inevitably, that here is the master hand.

Rap Full.

AT this season of the year, when all yachtsmen are looking forward to the time when they will get their first sail, and are chafing under the delays that prevent their boat from being put in the water, the splendid photograph of the schooner Constellation that forms the subject of our supplement this week cannot help but appeal to all of them.

The picture was taken off Marblehead during one of the Eastern Y. C. races last summer. It was blowing hard from the northeast, and there was a big sea on at the time. It was just Constellation's weather, and thrashing through the big waves with everything "rap full," she made a most inspiring picture.

Mr. Everett W. Burdett, of Boston, has purchased through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones from Mr. W. F. Mayo the 25ft. knockabout Isis. The boat will be used during the coming summer on Buzzard's Bay, where Mr. Burdett has a country place.

Yacht Building and Rigging.

BY arrangement with our English contemporary, the Yachtsman, a series of articles on yacht building and rigging, written by Mr. Linton Hope, the well-known English yacht designer, will appear in our columns, commencing with the next number. The subject will be treated in a most comprehensive and thorough manner, and will be profusely illustrated by drawings made by the author, whose articles will carry the intending builder from the first stage of buying the necessary tools up to the time the boat is ready for the first sail, covering each point in detail.

Mr. Hope is too well known both in England and America to need any introduction at our hands. Besides being a very capable yacht designer, he is an expert on yacht construction. Among the very successful boats which he has designed are Kismet, Sorceress, Windspiel and Colèbri (both winners of Emperor's cup, Kiel), Tiger Cat (winner of Queen's cup), Linton, Scotia, Flying Scud, Schelm and Lotus. He has also turned out many successful cruising boats. Mr. Lorne C. Currie, who has challenged for the Seawanhaka cup, will in all probability bring over a boat from Mr. Hope's design. Mr. Hope is one of the first living authorities on the designing, constructing and sailing of small racing and cruising yachts.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 27.—It has been announced that both W. Butler Duncan and Thomas W. Lawson have signified their willingness to race in the series offered by the Newport Yacht Racing Association during the first week in July, so there seems now good possibilities of testing the merits of the Boston candidate for Cup defender honors. There is one thing, however, that may tend to make Independence show up at a disadvantage. It is not expected that she will be launched until after May 15. May 18 has been said to be about the time she will take the water, and it does not seem likely that this will be far from correct.

One man, who has watched her construction almost daily, said to me last week that he did not expect to see her take her first trial spin much before June 15. If this should prove to be the case, she would have but a short time in which to get into proper condition for a series of races with the Bristol boat. But chances or no chances, Boston yachtsmen are glad that there is to be a contest between the two yachts, and there is no doubt that there will be a large party of Boston people who will witness the races off Newport.

There seems to be no more light thrown upon the subject of the possibilities of Shamrock II. racing in Boston waters than there was when the project of the Lawson cup races was first started. The committee appointed by the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. to take charge of the races recently received an answer to their cable message, inviting Sir Thomas Lipton to race. C. E. Hodges, secretary of the committee, would not give out the exact wording of the cable, but said that its contents were to the effect that Sir Thomas expressed his pleasure at being invited to take part in the races, and that he would be glad to visit Boston. This leaves the matter in just the same state as it was several weeks ago. This was just the same statement that Sir Thomas made to a Boston newspaper man who interviewed him. He has not said yet that he would or would not race Shamrock II. in Boston waters, but it is expected that his answer to the letter sent by the committee confirming the cable may settle the matter.

There has been considerable talk recently about the launching of Independence, and it has been said that Thomas W. Lawson's daughter, Marion, would christen her. It has been stated in contradiction to this, by parties who stand very close to Thomas W. Lawson, and who have more than an ordinary interest in Independence, that the rumor was entirely unfounded, and that it had not yet been decided who would christen the yacht.

Perhaps it may seem a bit inconsistent, in view of the opinions expressed, that Independence will not be in the water as soon as expected, to say that work on her is now being pushed, but such is the case, nevertheless. The work of burnishing the bronze plates has been started, and about three strakes have now been treated. The work is being done with emery wheels and buffers, operated by compressed air. It may be that a final polishing may show a very glassy surface, but at present the plates that have been operated on have not nearly so much luster as when they first came to the Atlantic Works.

About 20ft. of the steel mast has been put together and set up with bolts or rivets. As only one man can work inside of the mast at one time, the work is necessarily somewhat slow. The mast is being built from the heel up. As the holes in the diaphragm plates are but 8in. in diameter, the man inside has to finish up his work as he goes along. His position, to say the least, is not an enviable one. As each angle steel rib and diaphragm plate is fitted, he has to set the rivets, which are red hot, and hold a maul against the heads while the men outside rivet them up. If one has ever been in a boiler shop and heard the deafening noise of the hammers as the rivets are being headed up, one can imagine the position of this man inside of a 22in. steel tube with a couple of men on the outside banging away for dear life while the rivet is hot.

Both rudders for Independence are about ready to be hung. The brass sleeve of the balance rudder is in place and it is expected that the rudder will be hung this week. The plating of the balance rudder is of the first-class order. Between the plates there is a liner of spruce to prevent the water that will necessarily get inside from swashing around and ripping the plates off. The plating is smooth and true. The chain plates were bolted to place Friday. There are seven of them, which indicates that if bracing counts for anything, Independence will carry her big sail spread without accident.

It is expected that the first race of the 18-footers, conforming to the restrictions of the Eighteen-foot Knock-

about Association, will take place next Saturday. A match race has been arranged between Bacchante, owned by John Taylor Humphrey and C. E. Lauriat, Jr., and Oriana, owned by Alfred Douglas. A race between these two boats will be of great significance, as they are of two distinct types. Bacchante was designed and built by Hanley. She is an out-and-out centerboard, without a pound of inside ballast. Oriana was designed by Fred D. Lawley and built by the Lawley corporation. She is a keel boat with a lead shoe, placed as low as possible.

As all of the parties are members of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., it is likely that the race will be sailed in Hull Bay, over the regular club course for this class. Oriana has been launched at Lawley's. For some time she laid outside of the shop, where a good idea of her lines could be had. She is a very slick looking craft, with long overhangs and a very flat floor. She has a good entrance and a clean run aft. She should prove very fast. Bacchante has also taken her maiden dip. She shows the characteristic lines of all of Hanley's boats. She is very flat and has hard bilges, and has considerably more beam than Oriana. Some say that this beam is too great to compete with boats having the same sail plan, but this has to be proved. Mr. Humphrey has great confidence in the Hanley idea, and is anxious to see its value thoroughly proved.

At Lawley's the Sloane 85-footer is having her cabin put in. The cabin is being put in the 25-footer for Judge Lowell. The Parsons 46-footer and the Gibson Bar Harbor 25-footer have both been completed. The deck frames are being put in the 35-footer designed by Binney for C. E. Herter, and the 70ft. steamer from the same designer is having her house put on. The 86ft. steamer designed by Binney for C. H. Borland is nearly finished. The 21-footer, Eaglet, designed by Starling Burgess is all planked. The steam yacht Aquilo, for W. P. Eno, is all plated. The Y. R. A. 21-footer for H. H. Wiggin is set up. The 15-footer for S. Willard Thayer is nearly all planked.

Fred D. Lawley has an order for a steam yacht from C. H. Fuller, of Pawtucket, R. I. She will be 128ft. over all, 103ft. waterline and 6ft. 6in. draft. She will be used for cruising in Southern waters.

Fenton, of Manchester, has the Macomber 25-footer, designed by Crowninshield, nearly finished. It is expected that the Burgess 21ft. raceabout will be ready to go overboard about the middle of May. Last year's champion 25-footer Flirt is being fitted out at this yard.

Hanley has the Canada cup defender Cadillac in frame, and the work of planking her will commence this week. D. C. Percival's knockabout Sally V. has been launched. The Y. R. A. 25-footer for A. W. Chesterton is all planked. She will be called Calypso. The moulds are up on the 25-footer for T. B. Wales.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

"The New Measurement Rule."

Editor Forest and Stream:

If your remarks under this heading in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM were allowed to go without some answer, the impression might get abroad to some extent among yachtsmen who have not read either of the reports made recently by committees of two clubs on the measurement question, that these committees had dealt with the matters undertaken in a very short sighted and incompetent way—that they had sought to effect purposes which it would be at once both foolish and impracticable to seek—and that they required the aid of some Solomon outside their own membership to define to them the true limits and just purposes of a good measurement rule. To anyone who is himself a competent and unprejudiced judge of the present needs of yachting interests and who has carefully read either of the reports which have been referred to, the remarks made in your last issue, in so far as these apply to the work of these committees, either as to the purposes they had in view or as to the effect which may warrantably be expected from their propositions, must appear to be wholly irrelative or misapplied.

It is not, however, for the purpose of refuting in detail the statements and inferences alluded to, nor yet to exhibit the fallacy of the expectation that some one of the various modifications which may be made of the girth rule, or otherwise some combination of one of these rules with a factor borrowed from the new formula proposed for S. C. Y. C. and L. Y. C. will fitly meet conditions in these waters that I now write. This would severely tax your space and my time. It cannot be contended that formulas affecting results so widely different are all equally good; indeed it is intimated that something different may result from a conference with foreign naval designers this summer and become an international rule; but it is not explained how this can apply to any modification of British rules, as these have been adopted for continuance through a term of years. As one who has participated in the work recently done to provide a remedy for the very commonly admitted insufficiences of the existing rules of measurement, I may be permitted to say that the adaptability of girth measurements to compass the requirements of American yachting have been duly considered, and the conclusion arrived at that such measurements have a limited range of application and effect, restrict features which equity would require should receive encouragement, and manifestly curb that liberty of design which, contrary to the inferences of your criticisms, it was the cherished purpose of the framers of the rules recently adopted to conserve.

If the suggested formulas for girth measurements or any others lead to a selection of one or more to be proposed for practical action in any of our yacht clubs, it will be time enough for a thorough examination of its character, and if anything better is brought forward than has been yet acted upon I for one shall not withhold free commendation. I can, however, see little hope for this through any of the many varieties of girth measurement. Some of the defects in the methods proposed are so easily made conspicuous that worse results would appear to be inevitable than those arrived at by the rule so short lived here, and more recently abandoned in Great Britain. There is some denunciation in your article, of attempts to limit elements of speed and to make racing yachts of cruisers, which remarks appear to be equally inconsequental as applied to efforts at amendment, whether these be by girth measurement or by other means. If there are features in a yacht which are as commonly recognized as elements of advantage to speed as are other features present in the formulas used, why not include them or else be consistent and abandon all attempts at measurement. By inclusion it is not necessary, if only an equitable charge is made, to exclude even the most extreme form of vessel, but on the other hand some liberty in design is obtained, and the less extreme vessel has some opportunity preserved to her. To the features of advantage for speed the new rule has a mort direct, intimate and measurable relation than any girth rule which has been brought forward. It is firmer in its grasp, less evasive, and wider in its comprehensiveness and application. In regard to form and choice of dimensions, beam, draft, and contour of midship section, it affords to the designer a choice and liberty not allowed by any girth rule which has come under observation, and one not to be easily conceived of. To anyone who will study the matter these things should become apparent, and they should prove superior and determinate over any question of the measurer's convenience, which is not very seriously involved, very little indeed beyond what is connected with a girth measurement.

It is perhaps not necessary to say that in the framing of a rule the adaptation of it to two or three yachts, or the adaptation of the same number of yachts to a rule, has practically no valuable significance.

JOHN HYSLOP.

Yankee.

IT is now stated that some nine boats will enter in the trial races for the defense of the Canada cup. The best known yacht designers in America have been employed to turn out boats, but perhaps none of them is better fitted to cope with the situation than Mr. Charles G. Davis, the designer of Yankee, plans of which boat appear in this week's issue. Mr. Davis was associated with Mr. Hanley at the time he built Genesee, the boat that successfully defended the Canada cup in the summer of 1899, and Mr. Davis handled the boat in all the races, at which time he had an excellent opportunity to see the weak points in Genesee's design. Knowing what conditions of weather he had to deal with, Mr. Davis has turned out a boat that is an improvement on Genesee both in looks and design. She is slightly narrower with a little more depth, giving more displacement. All the ballast will be inside, and she will be steered with a balance rudder.

The Thompson-Lytton-Price-Griffiths syndicate is the owner, and the boat is being built by the Racine Boat Company, of Racine, Wis. The sails will be furnished by Messrs. Geo. Carpenter & Co., of Chicago, and the Spalding St. Lawrence Company will furnish a complete set of hollow spars.

Yankee's dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	44ft. 6in.
L.W.L	28ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	8ft. 6in.
Aft	8ft.
Beam	11ft.
Draft of hull	1ft. 9in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	3ft. 6in.
Stern	2ft. 1in.
Least	1ft. 8in.
Sail area by rule	1,585 sq. ft.
Ballast inside	6,000lbs.

Her racing measurement under the Canada cup conditions are as follows:

L.W.L	28	Perp	42.5
Base	58	Topmast	10.5
Gaff	25	Beam	11.

$$\text{L.W.L.} + \text{Girth} + \text{C.B.}$$

$$28 + 11.7 + 2.5 = 14.2$$

$$\text{L.W.L.} + \text{B.} + .75\ \text{Girth} + .5\sqrt{\text{Sail Area.}}$$

$$\frac{28 + 11 + 10.65 + 19.9}{2} = 34.77\ \text{R.L.}$$

Yankee is flush decked with a long, narrow cockpit amidships, while aft is a small steering well for the helmsman. Aside from the general design of the boat, Mr. Davis has shown many ingenious features in the boat's rigging. The main sheet has two deck travelers, and there are two jib stays with the working jib bent on one, while the balloon jib is bent on the other. The halyards are all of steel wire with single parts and tackles. The standing rigging is of galvanized steel wire. The dolphin striker is of the tripod pattern, which will prevent its carrying away when there is a side strain on the bowsprit.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Excelsior Y. C., of Brooklyn, have elected the following officers: Com., Michael Watson; Vice-Com., Olaff Harrison; Rear-Com., A. J. Grasse; Fin. Sec'y, William A. Dwinell; Treas, George W. Daniels. The Fleet Captain and Regatta Committee are to be appointed by the Commodore.

The Pavonia Y. C. has moved from its old quarters at Communipaw to a new house at the foot of East Fifty-first street, Bayonne The officers of the club are: Com., D. F. Kohn; Vice-Com., Alexander F. Roe; Sec'y. L. T. Haeuptner, and Treas., L. Mittelsdorf.

The Harvard Y. C. has made plans for an extended club cruise next summer along the New England coast. Quite a number of the club members have signified their intention of going for a short time, while others will participate in the full cruise. Arrangements have been made whereby the fleet will start from New Haven on July 22 and will sail eastward to Newport, R. I. The fleet will disband at Newport the day before the arrival of the N. Y. Y. C.'s annual cruise to the eastward. Later in the summer the members of the H. Y. C. living or summering north of Cape Cod will rendezvous at Marblehead and cruise to the eastward to Isleboro, Me.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Manning's yacht agency has sold for Mr. Richard P. Hart, N. Y. Y. C., his auxiliary yawl Natka to Mr. George C. Thomas, Jr., of Philadelphia. This agency has sold for Mr. James Baird, formerly Rear-Commodore of the Larchmont Y. C., his sloop Hussar II. to Mr. Frank A. Wilmot, of Bridgeport, Conn. The boat's rig will be changed to that of a yawl.

The following steam yachts are being put into commission at Manning's basin at South Brooklyn: Seneca, Marion, Zara, Whisper, Anita, Stella and Conqueror and the schooner yacht Nearra.

The Gas Engine and Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., of Morris Heights, are building a 25ft. waterline knockabout for Mr. J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston. Mr. S. H. Vandergrift's new steam yacht Cherokee, which was launched at Morris Heights a short time ago, has had her official trial trip on the Hudson River. She developed 14½ miles against a strong head wind and tide. The guaranteed speed was 13 miles.

At Tebo's basin, South Brooklyn, the following steam yachts are being put in commission: Thetis, Virginia, Sapphire, El Placita and Jathniel.

The 53ft. cruising launch Alberta, owned by Mr. William A. Hamilton, of the Riverside Y. C., was totally destroyed by fire on April 27 in Cos Cob Harbor. The boat was valued at $6,000.

Mr. Oscar Lipton, of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., who recently sold his launch Laurena to Mr. James Harkness, is having a smaller boat built by the Daimler Company. She will be 65ft. long, 13ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft and will be driven by two 25 horse-power motors. The guaranteed speed will be 12 miles an hour. Below decks there will be two large staterooms forward. Aft of these will come the engine space followed by the galley. Aft will be a large saloon. On deck there will be a house forward and aft will be the owner's stateroom. The yacht will be named Leonora and she will be ready for delivery by June 15.

It is reported that Mr. Horace A. Hutchins, N. Y. Y. C., has chartered the English steam yacht Gunilda.

Messrs. A. Cary Smith and Barbey have chartered with the option of purchase the schooner yacht Uncas owned by Mr. C. P. Buchanan. Mr. W. H. Russell is the prospective buyer.

The purchaser of the steam yacht Kanawha, which belonged to the late John P. Duncan, is Mr. Henry H. Rogers, N. Y. Y. C.

The new 75-ft. racing schooner building at Shooter's Island, S. I., for Mr. Chas Shithers, N. Y. Y. C., will be named Muriel. Mr. Frederick K. Brewster's sister boat building at the same yard, which has already been announced in FOREST AND STREAM, will be named Elmina.

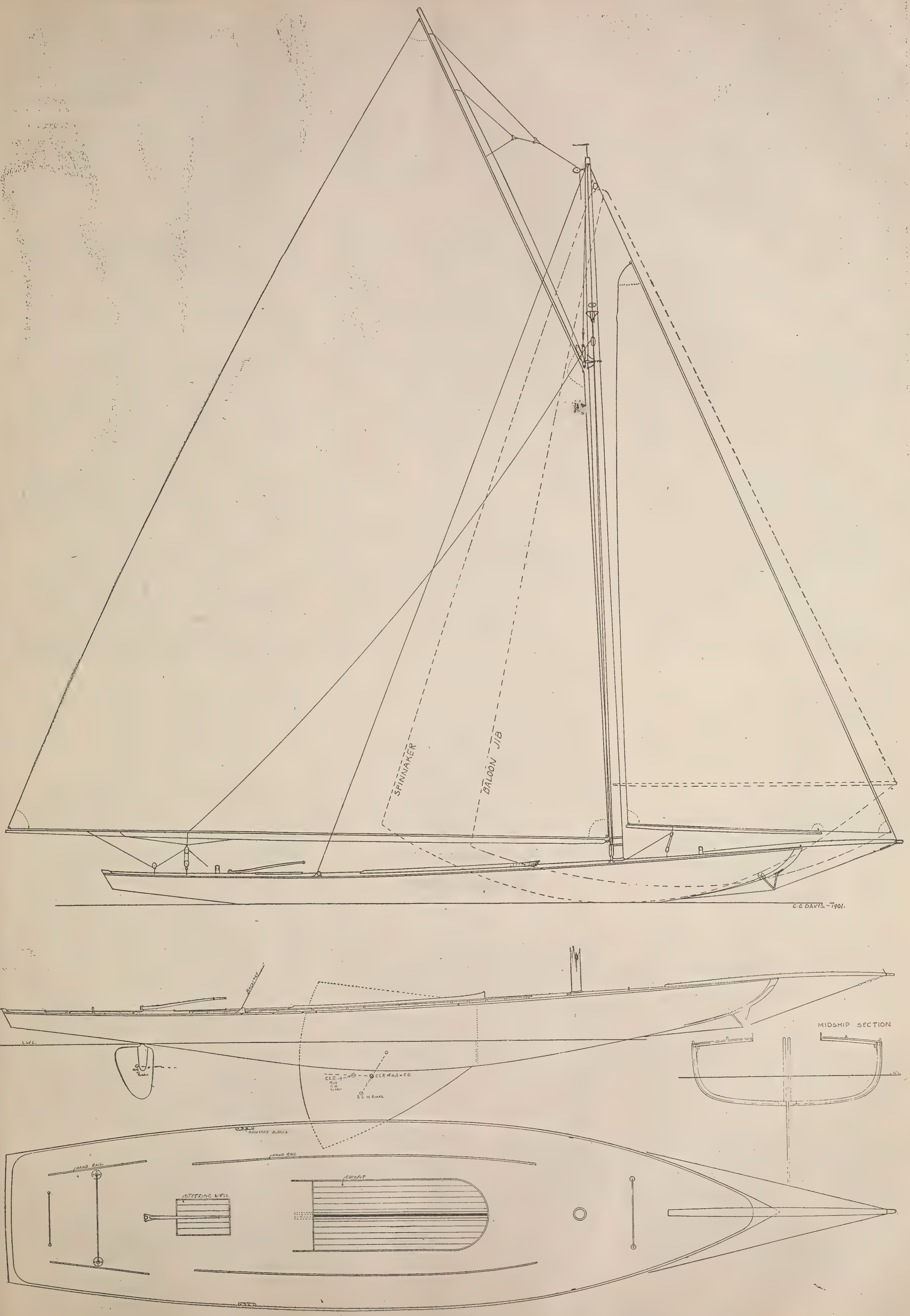
Gen. F. V. Greene will have his yawl Gavoita brought from Boston to New York in a few days.

The steel steam yacht Cangarda, which was built by the Pusey & Jones Co. for Mr. Charles J. Canfield, of Manistee, Mich., was launched on April 22. The yacht is to be schooner rigged and will be completed and ready for delivery to her owner in June.

The new steam yacht Orienta, owned by Mr. Edward R. Ladew, N. Y. Y. C., was launched on April 25 from Mr. Lewis Nixon's shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J. The yacht is 101ft. 6in. long, 12ft. beam and draws 5ft. Forward she has a large forecastle and aft of this is a room for the captain and the engineer. Then comes the galley, aft of which are the fire room, coal bunkers and engine space. Abaft of these are the owner's quarters, which consist of a large double stateroom extending across the vessel with a bathroom adjoining. There is a large saloon and toilet room with two staterooms further aft. All the woodwork is of African mahogany with panels of silk and tapestry. She has over 7ft. headroom. On deck there is the dining room forward in the deck house with the pantry in the after end. The after deck is unobstructed. The yacht will be propelled by a triple expansion engine with cylinders 10in., 15in. and 25in. in diameter by 15in. stroke and of 600 horsepower. She has the very latest impromed Mosher water tube boiler with 40 sq. ft. of grate surface. A large blower will provide fresh air in the fire room. An electric plant and a fresh-water plant will make the boat most complete.

At the yards of the Greenport Basin and Construction Co., Greenport, L. I., the greatest activity is shown in putting the seventy yachts that are laid up there into commission. The sloop Grayling, built from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, by the above firm, for Mr. Robert Toland, of Philadelphia, was completed a short time ago. She is 54ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 13ft. 4in. beam and draws 4ft. She is a centerboard boat. The same company has also completed a 36ft. sloop from a design made by Mr. F. M. Somel. She will be named Marion and is 39ft. over all, 25ft. 6in. on the waterline, 10ft. beam and 6ft. 3in. draft. The steam yachts Vergana and Orienta are being put in commission at this yard.

A cablegram has been received by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., from G. L. Watson, designer of Sir Thomas Lipton's Sham-



YANKEE—DESIGNED BY CHARLES G. DAVIS FOR THE THOMPSON-LYTTON-PRICE-GRIFFITHS SYNDICATE, 1901.

rock II., ordering them to reserve a long stick of spruce for Shamrock's spinaker boom. Mr. Fraser, manager of the company, commenting on this order, states that it will be the longest and largest hollow spruce wood spar ever attempted, and that it will be lighter by several hundred pounds than any spinaker boom used on any America Cup boat since the modern large spinaker has been carried.

Two books have been received this week for review. One of them, written by the well-known designer, Mr. Charles D. Mower entitled, "How to Build a Motor Launch," will appeal to those yachtsmen who intend building a small boat, either power or sail. The other book is by Mr. Thomas Fleming Day "On Yachts and Yacht Handling." There is probably no writer more thoroughly qualified to deal with this subject than Mr. Day, for besides being a yachtsman he is also a deep sea sailor. Both these books are published by the Rudder Publishing Co., 9 Murray street, New York City.

A Schooner With a History.

WE understand that the schooner Lily White, now owned by Capt. W. H. Towles, will soon go to Tampa to be entirely rebuilt. Lily White has been a staunch vessel, and has gone through enough to destroy several vessels. In a heavy West Indian hurricane, while on a trip between Punta Rassa and Key West with a load of beef cattle, her sails and masts were carried away by the gale. She drifted around the Florida Keys and out into the Atlantic. The crew ran out of water and the 110 cattle on board nearly all perished from thirst. She turned up at St. Augustine after being out for eighteen days and given up for lost, and had about twenty live cattle when she reached that port.

In July, 1897, Lily White was struck by a squall and capsized in the Gulf, on her way from Key West to Punta Rassa, Mr. Nathan Swain and a sailor losing their lives and other passengers and crew having a narrow escape from death after a terrible experience of twenty-four hours. The vessel again drifted around the Florida Keys, this time bottom upward, and how she ever escaped being smashed on the reefs is a mystery; but she did, and was picked up three weeks after the accident at Key Largo, ninety miles east of Key West. Hendry & Langford brought her to Key West and again fitted her up for the cattle business.

Some months ago she become the property of Capt. Towles, but her troubles were not yet over, for the crew were caught in the act of smuggling dutiable goods from Cuba in January last, with the result that the vessel was confiscated by the Government, but again bought back by Mr. Towles. Now she is to be rebuilt, and is likely to figure for many years in the Gulf trade.—Fort Myers (Fla.) Press.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5.
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.
25ft. shoal draft sloop, Feb. 2.
18-footer Broncho, Feb. 9.
25ft. cruising sloop, Feb. 16.
32-ft. fast cruiser, Feb. 23.
House-boat designs, March 2.
Schooner Endymion and yawl Ellida, March 9.
20ft. cruising yawl, March 16.
23ft. cruising yawl, March 23.
28ft. cruising yawl, March 30.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 30.—Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights.—Tournament of Our Own Shooting Society.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 7.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's shooting stands were overcrowded to-day. The weather was fine. Many visitors were in attendance, among them Mr. J. B. Bradley, of Wyoming; Mr. J. B. Saunders, of Seattle, and Mr. J. H. Allen, of Chico, Cal., who tried their hands at our sport. Otto Feudner, the shotgun champion, took the wind from the experts' sails today with his S & W. pistol, and proved that a man can excel with two weapons when he is made of the right stuff. His 34 is within 2 points of the best club score that has been shot for two years, and only 5 points away from club pistol record (29). It is the more remarkable that he has been shooting this weapon but a few months. His ten best scores to-day averaged 49.9. Geo. Mannel, our president, beat his best previous efforts with the fine rifle, making 49. It bothered Champion Page to beat it, but he finally succeeded in making a 46. Dorrell felt particularly good, as his average for the day beat Pape's. Capt. Kuhnle found that his .22-7-45 was best at 50yds., his 17 being 1 point away from club record. Hoffman, Brannigan and Feudner have purchased a .22 rifle and will be out for the captain's scalp, which is getting gray. It might be safe to predict that these youngsters will be gray before they catch Fred; any way, they will know they have had a match when they do hang his gray locks on their girdle. The bone that was broken in Young's right arm groaned and squeaked, but he banged away with pistol and revolver, and forgot the pain in the excitement of the sport, thankful to have his left or shooting hand unharmed. Dr. Twist is well over his last accident with his bike, and felt that the range was the safest place among sports. It is well to add that in our long experience here, covering a period of nearly sixteen years no accident has ever occurred at any club shoot that we remember, which is a remarkable record, when compared with other sports, and reflects great credit upon the carefulness of our shooting fraternity.

Scores, 10 shots, Columbia target, off-hand:

Rifle, 200yds.:

A H Pape	4	6	3	6	10	2	4	5	2	4—46
	5	2	5	7	6	6	5	5	1	7—49
	5	3	5	4	2	7	7	5	2	10—50
	2	3	10	2	1	5	12	7	4	5—51
G Mannel	5	5	3	8	8	7	7	1	1	4—49
	5	4	8	10	3	17	4	3	6	4—64
	8	3	9	6	9	5	7	8	6	7—68
	5	11	4	4	14	12	4	6	5	4—69
A B Dorrell	3	3	4	9	11	4	1	4	3	11—53
	9	7	6	4	8	6	2	3	4	5—54
	3	13	3	5	12	4	4	1	5	4—54
	7	3	6	5	7	3	10	1	3	10—55
	4	4	8	5	4	8	2	1	6	17—59
G M Barley	5	5	4	10	13	3	4	4	3	4—55
	5	1	9	3	11	3	8	5	3	12—60

W. G. Hoffman, 57, 67, 77, 74, 79; C. M. Daiss, 74, 90; J. H. Allen, repeater, 148; E. A. Allen, repeater, 157, 158, 165; F. L. Pape 196.

Pistol, 50yds.: Otto Feudner, 48, 34, 42, 60—consecutive, and a run of 29 in 10 shots, with 7 in the 2in. ring; F. O. Young, 38, 44, 44, 46, 42, 49, 49, 42; E. Hovey, 41; C. M. Daiss, 47, 49, 51, 55; J. B. Bradley, 58, 59, 73, 76; G. M. Barley, 59; G. W. Hoadley, 59, 64; Mrs. G. Mannel, 63, 75, 80, 81, 84, 81; G. Mannel, 87.

Revolver, 50yds.: F. O. Young, 51, 52, 54, 58; P. Becker, 55, 66, 69; C. B. Saunders, 71, 74; Dr. J. F. Twist, 78; J. B. Bradley, 92.

.22 rifle, 50yds.: Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 17, 20, 21, 21, 19, 22, 19; W. G. Hoffman, 20, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30; E. A. Allen, 33; O. Feudner, 36; W. L. Bryant, 45.

April 21.—A. J. Brannigan beat our club records on average work with his .38 Smith & Wesson revolver, and his 38 score is 1 point behind the club's 10-shot record. His 39 is the best group (3¾in. ring) ever made in the club. The heavy wind alone prevented him beating the record on points in the latter score. In ten entries he made 479, consecutive shooting, barring one score, and that his fourth. Some idea of his remarkable work can be gained by comparing this with the ten best in past years. Gorman won in 1898 with 503, Young in 1899 with 582, and Daiss in 1900 with 454. In just twenty entries and in two club shoots he has to his credit 465 points, only 11 points behind Daiss' club record, and only three months ago we showed him how to load his revolver for his first shooting. Without doubt this is the best shooting ever done at 50yds. with a .38cal., and is a surprise to the .44cal. adherents. It also speaks well for the new S. & W. His bullet was 1 to 20, from the Ideal mould, and crimped in a nitro shell, which has a ring to prevent bullet from pressing upon powder. Dr. Twist beat his record with pistol, making 44, and Mannel astonished us all by scoring 6 and 12 in his only two entries in the 3-shot match with rifle. He realized that these two scores, if made in the coming bund shoot, would win a small fortune.

A new lady shooter appeared, and with Allen's little Stevens favorite, came within 4 points of the ladies' record, 20.

Scores, Columbia target, off-hand:

Rifle, 10 shots, 200yds.: G. Mannel 65, 69; Ed Hovey 66; J. B. Bradley 106, E. A. Allen 117, 160. Three shots: G. Mannel 3, 1, 2—6, and 2, 5, 5—12.

Pistol, 50yds.: C. M. Daiss 39; Dr. J. F. Twist 44, 48, 58, 59, 61, 65, 67, 74; W. G. Hoffman 47, 49, 51, 54; E. Hovey 48; G. Mannel 62, 67; F. O. Young 62; J. B. Bradley 66; Mrs. G. Mannel 68, 70, 74, 79, 80; E. A. Allen 82, 90, 94, 95; H. A. Carroll 92, 102.

Revolver, 50yds.:

A J Brannigan	10	7	2	3	7	7	3	3	3	3—48
	7	3	2	5	8	4	3	5	8	6—51
	4	7	4	2	10	2	2	3	4	8—46
	5	1	1	2	5	4	4	8	5	3—38
	2	3	2	4	7	4	5	2	6	14—49
	4	4	5	4	7	2	5	8	4	12—53
	3	5	5	6	3	1	6	5	2	3—39
	5	5	7	1	4	2	11	7	4	6—52
	1	6	9	6	5	2	4	3	10	7—53
	2	9	5	2	6	4	5	12	2	3—50

F. O. Young 49, 56, 59.

.22 rifle, 50yds.: Miss Howard 24, 32, 32, 35, 36, 40; G. Mannel 29; E. A. Allen 32, 33, 53; F. Hansman 37, 45, 46.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Rifle at Shell Mound

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—Yesterday was a clear but windy day at Shell Mound range. Scores of shooters were on the range. The Red Men's Schuetzen Club held their annual king shoot. The high honor went to their captain, H. Grieb. The rest of the prizes were secured in the following order: Crown, J. Meichsner; scepter, John Feldmann; apple, Lieut. C. Stein; ring, Capt. Henry Grieb; head, John Oldag; neck, Carl Koeberer; right wing, H. Schult; left wing, J. Minks; right talon, J. A. Mohr; left talon, M. Dieckert; tail, C. Oldag.

The militia were out in force, and several clubs held bullseye shoots.

The Golden Gate and Germania clubs scored as follows on the 25-ring target, with rifle.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, handicap shoot; rifle scores: M. F. Blasse 191, 195; O. A. Bremer 217, 214, 206, 218, 217; Dr. Rogers 220, 220, 227; A. B. Dorrell 221; A. Gehret 213, 218; D. W. McLaughlin 225, 225, 218.

Pistol scores—Gold medal: J. F. Bridges 215, 221; B. Jonas 203. Silver medal: G. Tammeyer 203, 219, 202; M. J. White 194, 182; C. Scheble 185, 169; O. Feudner 94, 93, 92, 91, 89, 89, 89, 87, 85, 85, 85, 84, 83..

Handicap—Revolver scores: Paul Becker 84, 81.

Pistol scores: C. Scheble 70, 82; Otto Feudner 92, 95, 92, 88, 88.

German Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster 219; second champion class, F. Rust 205; first class, John Gefken 205; second class, L. N. Ritzau 209; third class, J. Beuttler 179; best first shot, D. Salfield, 24; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 25.

ROEEL.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

May 1-2.—Toledo, O.—First annual handicap shoot of the Edgewater Gun Club. F. W. Dyar, Sec'y.

May 1-3.—Newell, Ia.—Newell Gun Club's annual tournament; targets and live birds. Henry G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 2-3.—Beatrice, Neb.—Tournament of the Beatrice Gun Club.

May 4.—Summerdale Station, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Frankford Gun Club. Main event, twelve-men team contest. D. D. Mercer, Secy, 4461 Frandford avenue, Frankford, Pa.

May 5.—Chicago, Ill.—Universal Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Bowling Green, Ky.—Bowling Green Gun Club's tournament.

May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 8-9.—Chicago, O.—Deer Lick Gun Club's tournament.

May 9-10.—Marion, O.—Marion Gun Club's tournament.

May 10-11.—Johnstown, Pa.—Johnstown Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

May 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, East New York. Team race: Oceanics vs. Fultons. Address Bob Schneider or A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475.

May 14.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Shoot for naphtha launch; 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; surplus divided; seventeen entries to fill. F. Lebohner, Mgr.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club.

May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.

May 15-16.—Luverne, Minn.—Tournament of Luverne Gun Club.

May 15-16.—Elgin, Ill.—Tournament of Elgin National Gun Club.

May 15-16.—Zanesville, O.—Spring tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Pekin, Ill.—Twin City Gun Club's tournament.

May 17-19.—Great Falls, Mont.—Eighth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Great Falls Rod and Gun Club, of which Mr. Hugo Nalbach is secretary.

May 20-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Charles T. Stickle, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Greenville, O.—Annual shoot of the Greenville Gun Club. F. C. Brehm, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Greenville, O.—Greenville Gun Club's tournament.

May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Cedar Rapids Gun Club's tournament.

May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.

May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Wheaton, Minn.—Wheaton Gun Club's target tournament.

May 28-29.—Dubuque, Ia.—Dubuque Gun Club's second amateur tournament.

May 28-30.—Xenia, O.—Xenia Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Pittston, Pa.—Nitro Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.

May 30.—Dansville, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Dansville Gun Club, on Decoration Day. Norman Tompkins, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

July 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Pan-American Exposition tournament. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

May 22.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's live-bird shoot; prize a naphtha launch, value $175.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

July 1 2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

May 21-23.—Henderson, Ky.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Company; two days targets; one day live birds. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A meeting of the promoters of the international team race was held in New York on Monday of this week and many of the details concerning it were definitely settled. The series of international matches will be shot on the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club, which are situated near Hendon. Also matches as teams and as individuals will be arranged to take place at Glasgow, Scotland, Belfast, Ireland, and other points as are under consideration, such as Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, etc. The stakes of the team race will be $2,500 a side. Mr. Edward Banks, who has been one of the active promoters of the team race, has been very busy, as representative of the team in the matter of transportation, in arranging passage for it. He secured passage on the steamer Canadian, of the Leyland Line. There will be ten men on the team, with two substitutes in reserve. The team will leave England June 29, on its return trip, reaching New York about July 8, which will give them time and opportunity to participate in the Pan-American tournament at Buffalo, July 15 to 20. The personnel of the team is as follows: Thomas A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill., captain; William R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; R. R. Merrill, Milwaukee; Charles W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Frederick B. Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; John S. Fanning, Jersey City; Rolla O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; James A. R. Elliott, Kansas City; Frank S. Parmelee, Omaha, and E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis.

The programme of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association's eighth annual tournament, at Great Falls, Mont., May 17 to 19, under the auspices of the Great Falls, Mont. Gun Club, can be obtained of Mr. Hugo Nalbach, secretary. This tournament is open to all amateur shooters, excepting the prize events, which are for members of the M. S. S. A. Professionals and manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets. Shooting begins at 9:30. Five cents each for bluerocks, 30 cents for pigeons. The grounds will be open for practice on May 16. The annual meeting will take place on May 17, at 8 P. M. A fare of one and one-third for the round trip has been secured from all points on the Great Northern, Montana Central, and Great Falls & Canada railways. There will be contests for the bluerock championship, three-man team championship, Butte Rod and Gun Club medal, challenge medal, and championship live-bird shoot. There is a liberal sum of added money.

The team shoot, New York vs. New Jersey, starts at 9 o'clock Friday, May 10, the last day of the New Jersey State Association's tournament. Each contestant shoots at 25 birds, 30yds. rise. Entrance cost of birds. To reach Smith Brothers' grounds, where the tournament takes place May 7 to 10, inclusive, from Jersey City or Newark, take the Plank road trolleys to Ferry and Foundry streets. Ship guns and shells to Smith Brothers, Ferry and Foundry streets, Newark. In the N. Y.-N. J. team shoot the contestants will be paired to shoot against each other, thus presenting a series of individual matches as well as an aggregated team competition. Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, the famous expert, of Newark, is in charge of the New Jersey team arrangements, while Mr. L. H. Shortemeier fills a like office for the New York team. It is probable that each team will be the best that can be gotten.

Mr. J. L. Head, with his habitual energy and enterprise, is earnest in promoting the interests of shooters. He now purposes to raise a subscription as a conspicuous incident of the Peru, Ind., Gun Club's forthcoming tournament, May 7, 8 and 9, the particulars of which are set forth in a communication from Mr. Head, published elsewhere in our columns.

Mr. R. A. Welch, of the Carteret Gun Club, as to membership, and of the United States as to national fame and citizenship, will sail this week for the shores of Merrie England. He purposes to be present at the Anglo-American or American-Anglo target contest. He will go to Paris, and will shoot at the grounds of the Cercle des Patineurs, and then go to London and shoot at Hurlingham and also at the London Gun Club. He expects to be on hand in London to welcome the American team, and will be one of the rooters at the international matches, the first of which will be shot on or about June 11. Several other of America's crack amateurs contemplate visiting abroad at the time the great team contest takes place.

Concerning the matter of pigeon shooting much has been done by the daily press, both inadvertently and with purpose aforethought, to give the general public an idea and belief that pigeon shooting is synonymous with wanton slaughter. Many clubs contribute to the belief by furnishing the scores to the daily press for publication. The results as to the killing are thus given to the public, entirely dissociated from the main purpose of the competition—that is, a test of skill. Some clubs about New York refuse to give their scores to the daily press, which as a whole has declared itself to be their enemies. Is it not timely and proper for all other clubs to do likewise?

The programme of the Penn Gun Club, to be held at Oakview Park, Norristown, Pa., May 30, presents a list of fourteen target events. Also a special feature is the six-man team shoot, entrance $5 per team; 25 targets per man; entries close at 1:30 P. M. May 30. Sweepstake events commence at 10 A. M.; team shoot at 1:30. Traps magautrap and Sergeant system; targets 1½ cents. Class shooting. Lunch and loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds. J. R. Yost, Norristown, Pa., is the secretary.

Mr. Paul North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co., Cleveland, O., is one of the most enthusiastic workers in the furtherance of the Anglo-American trapshooters' forthcoming contest. He was present at a meeting of the Interstate Association, New York, on Monday of this week, and mentioned incidentally that he would endeavor to sail for England as near the middle of May as possible. He desired to arrive in England before the American team arrives, to arrange many preliminary details.

The Staunton, Va., Gun Club, April 28, engaged in a seven-men team race with the Charlottesville Gun Club, and won by a score of 155 to 129, each contestant shooting at 25 targets. After this contest Mr. F. M. Merriken and Mr. H. A. George, of the Charlottesville team, contested for the State championship cup, emblematic of the target championship of Virginia. Mr. Merriken won by a score of 45 to 40. This is his fourth consecutive win in respect to this trophy.

At Watson's Park, Chicago, April 27, the fifteen-men team contest between the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, and the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, was close and interesting, the victorious team succeeding by but 2 birds, the scores being: Gardner 190, National Gun Club 188. Out of the thirty contestants Mr. M. E. White was the only one to make a straight score.

The Trenton Shooting Association mentions that it is ready to shoot any six or twelve men team of clubs within the State of New Jersey, for a consideration or for price of targets. It would seem as if there were a good opening thereby for some club or clubs to get busy.

Mr. John S. Wright announces a live-bird shoot at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., on May 22, for a naphtha launch, value $175. The number of birds, entrance, etc., will be announced in the near future. It is probable, however, the event will be at 10 or 15 birds.

The summer series of the Boston Gun Club begins on Wednesday of this week on the club's grounds at Wellington, Mass. It is open to all shooters. The winter series, which was finished last Saturday, evoked keen competition and constant interest.

At Richmond, Va., April 20, Messrs. Stearns and Hammond contested for the Richmond championship medal, the latter winning by a score of 44 to 43—a very close race. Each contestant shot at 50 pigeons.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., April 20.—The same old story—rainy weather and a sick magautrap. While standing at the score wondering if it was November or April, and waiting for the trap to get in a good humor again, so that we could finish the squad work, and regain the shelter of the club house, the thought chased itself through our think-tank if things were really as they seemed. We were awakened from a dark brown study on the subject when the brim of our soft felt hat collapsed and gently dumped its accumulation of rain water inside our collar. We were satisfied then that things were not only what they seemed, but actually were.

The third and last race of the team shoot series with Freehold has been shot and won. Thank heaven that is off my mind! T. S. A. 2, Freehold 1.

We also won the open team shoot for any club in the State, and intend to send a twelve-men team to Frankford May 4 to take part in the tournament of the Frankford Gun Club. Some of our members are improving rapidly in their work, which is very encouraging. Soup is very scarce in this locality.

Events:	1	2	2½	3	3½	4	4½	5	6	7	8				9	10
Targets:	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	10				5	5
Duncan	7	5	3	3	..	3	..	3	3	..	3	7	10	10	5	5
Thropp	9	5	4	5	4	4	..	3	5	..	1	7	8	..	..	..
Comp	10	2	..	4	..	5	4	..	4	..	2	9	11	10	4	..
Maddock	3	4	..	5	3	3	..	2	3	..	5	3	5	..	..	..
Thomas	7	3	..	4	..	5	5	..	3	..	2	7	9	..	..	..
Applegate	6	1	..	1	..	1	..	3	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	6	1	..	3	..	1	1	3	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Charles	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hingelly	1	0	..	0	..	0	..	0	2	2	6	7	11	10	2	..
H Smith	..	2	..	5	2	3	..	5	3	..	2	5	7	..	..	..
Brokaw	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
George	..	1	..	..	..	0	3	3	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gaskill	..	..	..	4	..	2	..	3	2	1	4	7	11	10	5	4
Costello	..	..	..	2	..	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	0	0	6	2	8	..	..	..
Braker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	4	4	8	..	..	..

Event No. 1, cash sweep; Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 6, capon sweeps, open to all; Nos. 5 and 7, capon sweeps, Class B only; No. 8, turkey handicap sweep.

Trenton Shooting Association vs. Freeho'd Gun Club; third and last race of the series, shot at Freehold, N. J., April 17; six men to a team, 50 targets per man: Trenton Shooting Association 234, Freehold Gun Club 229.

Open team race for New Jersey, six men, 30 targets per man: Trenton Shooting Association 140, first; Freehold Gun Club 135, second; Asbury Park Gun Club 117, third; New Brunswick Gun Club 109, fourth.

The Trenton Shooting Association is open to shoot any six or twelve men team in the State for a consideration or targets only.

The Ottawa Tournament.

OTTAWA, Ont.—The Ottawa, Ont., Easter trapshooting tournament came off as advertised here to-day, April 8. It has been a most dismal day—a fine drizzling rain from above, with mud and water underfoot. A small cabin, with a smaller open shed, furnished shelter for the thirty-two shooters who faced the traps.

In this progressive age, to make trapshooting popular even locally, there must be good, well-kept grounds, with a roomy and comfortable club house, and all arrangements run right up to date. That which was good enough ten years ago is now buried among the things that were.

Mr. N. P. Leach acted as referee, squad hustler, etc. Messrs. W. H. Hayes and James Paton were official scorers.

The second event was a team race of five men each, from the St. Hubert and Westmount, Montreal, clubs, for a trophy. Conditions: One man up, 5 targets from unknown traps The total scores were: St. Hubert 45, Westmount 42.

Kline-Burmeister Tournament.

SPIRIT LAKE, Ia., April 25.—Kline and Burmeister's tournament commenced Tuesday morning with twenty-five entries. The weather was warm and pleasant, with but little wind. The shooting was done from three traps, Sergeant system. Targets were thrown about 70yds.

The programme for each day was seven 15 and five 20 target events, with $4 added to each event. The five 20-target events were open to all, and the 15-target events open to amateurs only.

Gilbert and Budd were the only two manufacturers' agents in attendance. Gilbert shot in all the events, while Budd shot only in the open events. Mr. Miller, of Spirit Lake, gave three special prizes to the amateurs making the highest average in the three days. Lowest average was won by Hughes; second by Kline and third by Shear.

Quite a number of the shooters will attend the Newell tournament next week, and go from there to Lincoln, Neb., to attend the State shoot.

Mr. F. C Whitney came up from Des Moines and had charge of the office, and kept things moving without a hitch. Burmeister was squad hustler, and Kline had charge of the traps.

April 23, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.	Av.
Budd	..	..	20	..	19	..	20	..	17	..	19	..	100	.950
Gilbert	13	13	19	15	20	14	18	15	19	15	18	15	194	.946
Hughes	15	12	19	10	16	14	20	13	16	14	18	15	182	.881
Kline	13	12	18	13	17	15	15	14	17	15	19	14	182	.881
Duncan	12	15	16	12	17	13	20	14	18	12	19	13	181	.886
Shear	12	13	18	12	10	14	18	13	19	..	17	12	181	.886
Mitchell	9	14	19	12	18	15	17	13	17	..	16	14	179	.876
Blasdell	15	12	..	13	..	12	..	12	..	11	..	15	90	.857
Smith	12	13	18	13	17	11	16	13	19	13	13	12	172	.846
Hinshaw	12	14	16	14	15	13	18	11	16	13	19	12	173	.846
Bird	13	13	17	15	19	11	18	10	16	12	16	12	172	.831
Patch	11	12	16	10	16	15	12	15	19	12	17	14	169	.829
Lee	11	13	17	13	17	12	15	13	16	11	14	10	167	.819
Schwartz	11	14	14	10	18	12	19	11	14	11	17	12	163	.791
Wilson	12	12	..	10	..	14	..	10	..	12	..	10	80	.762
McGrew	13	11	16	13	15	11	13	11	17	13	13	11	157	.762
Burmeister	10	12	15	9	17	10	10	9	17	13	18	10	150	.733
Bevin	8	10	12	11	16	6	12	7	12	7	8	8	116	.561
Cain	10	3	3	11	10	8	12	2	11	10	6	0	86	....
Dean	12	12	16	13	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Miller	..	..	..	9	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Winter	..	..	..	9	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Doty	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	17	14	14	8	...	....
Kirshland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	..	11	...	....
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	15	..	14	...	....

April 24, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	15	15	20	16	20	13	19	15	20	13	18	15	198	.968
Hughes	12	11	20	13	19	14	18	15	19	11	17	15	187	.912
Budd	..	..	17	..	18	..	17	..	19	..	18	..	89	.890
Shear	13	14	19	14	17	13	17	14	18	12	17	13	181	.882
Kline	11	11	19	14	19	13	14	14	19	14	17	11	176	.858
Duncan	15	13	18	14	15	13	14	13	16	14	15	12	173	.843
White	14	12	18	15	16	14	17	10	17	11	16	13	173	.843
Bird	11	13	17	12	17	13	18	11	17	10	18	13	170	.829
Patch	12	15	18	12	19	12	14	12	13	12	15	12	166	.809
Mitchell	12	13	18	14	18	7	16	14	14	13	14	12	165	.804
Hinshaw	11	13	16	10	15	11	16	12	19	11	18	11	163	.794
Bevan	11	13	16	13	18	13	15	9	15	12	16	12	163	.794
Schwartz	13	14	16	12	18	10	17	11	14	11	16	8	160	.781
Gray	12	14	11	9	15	13	18	13	14	8	14	10	151	.736
Lee	9	10	9	12	13	9	13	8	14	11	14	5	134	.653
Burmeister	9	10	9	12	13	9	13	8	14	11	14	5	127	.619
Blasdell	12	12	17	13	..	12	..	12	16	9	10	14	...	....
Cain	..	..	..	3	9	6	15	11	13	9	9	4	...	....
Doty	11	10	17	..	..	..	19	14	17	12	18	8	...	....
Peck	9	7	..	10	..	7	..	10	..	..	..	..	...	....
Baird	..	..	..	..	10	..	5	..	6	..	4	3	...	....
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	...	....
Winter	..	..	..	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Kirsland	..	..	..	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....

April 25, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	15	13	18	14	19	14	18	15	18	13	19	15	191	.931
Hinshaw	14	13	20	15	18	11	16	13	18	15	16	13	182	.888
Kline	14	12	17	13	19	13	19	14	15	13	19	13	181	.882
Hughes	13	13	18	13	20	12	15	12	19	14	17	12	178	.868
Duncan	12	12	18	14	16	13	18	13	16	10	18	13	173	.843
Shear	14	13	18	12	16	12	14	14	14	13	19	14	173	.843
Ward	13	13	16	13	17	13	16	14	16	12	18	11	172	.839
Patch	13	10	15	14	18	14	18	11	17	12	16	10	168	.818
Schwartz	13	12	16	13	14	10	15	10	16	11	18	13	161	.784
Bevan	9	9	15	13	18	13	16	13	16	10	12	9	153	.746
Burmeister	12	7	11	3	11	9	12	12	12	9	12	6	116	.565
White	13	12	..	12	..	13	..	14	..	11	..	14	...	....
Blasdell	14	12	..	12	..	13	..	14	16	12	17	12	...	....
Kirsland	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Cain	..	10	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....

General Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	194	198	191	583	.945
Hughes	182	187	178	547	.889
Kline	182	176	181	539	.876
Shear	181	181	173	535	.869
Duncan	181	173	173	527	.856
Hinshaw	173	163	182	518	.842
Patch	169	166	168	503	.817
Schwartz	163	160	161	484	.786
Burmeister	150	127	116	393	.639

HAWKEYE.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot of the Winchester Club, April 20, wasn't what might be called a gala day, although the single squad that had the pluck and ammunition to waste managed to get a bit of fun and a large amount of fresh air out of it.

It was cold and the wind blew, right in our faces, a heavy gale all of the time, with heavy gusts most of the time. Where the 7½s went nobody knew, and the targets didn't know what to do. Springborn said, "Just wait and they will come back."

Brodie managed to beat Springborn for the A medal, and Warner had only 10 to beat to keep the B medal. Class C took a day off. We acknowledge the score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Brodie	5	5	..	7	6	4	11
Hitchcock	7	5	3	3	6	3	9
Springborn	7	6	8	6	8	5	11
Warner	4	4	8	..	..	5	14
Lane	..	..	5	5	2	..	10

American Team to England.

PERU, Ind., April 27.—Referring to the communication of Mr. Paul North in your last issue, in which he commends the idea of the Peru Gun Club, of creating a sum to be subscribed toward defraying the expenses of our team of world beaters to the British Isles, allow me to say to Mr. North I plead guilty. However, let me assure Mr. North that my object in having our club make this small provision was purely from a motive of having other clubs, who may agree with my idea, take up something of this kind, as it has been my belief since the contest was first suggested that the tournaments given by the gun clubs of the country between this time and the date of the departure of the American team could and should contribute a considerable sum toward defraying these expenses.

I am much obliged to Mr. North for his further suggestion as to a race for this same purpose, and wish to announce here that upon the first day of our tournament we will have a race upon the lines as suggested by him, and that the Peru Gun Club will contribute the targets for this race.

And speaking of our tournament of May 7, 8 and 9, I wish to say to the amateurs of this and surrounding States that if you wish to attend a tournament where the amateurs are wont to assemble, come to Peru. We will have a large entry list, and if you can shoot a little bit your chances of being a winner are good. Our tournaments are usually run very smoothly under the management of Mr. Parker.

Peru has a squad of amateurs who will shoot the programme through, not only at targets but at the pigeons. Mr. Fred ERD, Jr., will look after the retrieving with his string of splendid dogs.

To the expert, if you want an opportunity to show the effectiveness of your powder, shells, guns, etc., to the largest gathering of the purchasers of your products that you will probably meet this season, come along. They will likely be here, and while you won't have the opportunity to win their money, you will meet a lot of good fellows who want to meet you and see you shoot, and your firm will get the money you might have won.

J. L. HEAD.

Hammond vs. Stearns.

RICHMOND, Va., April 20.—At the Deep Run Hunt Club's ground to-day Stearns and Hammond met again to trp conclusions in a 50-bird race for the city championship medal. Hammond, after holding this for several years, lost it to Stearns about a month ago. To-day he regained possession of it by the following score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Hammond.....2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—22

2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—22—44

Stearns.....2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21

2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2—22—43

After this Wood and Vaughan shot at 25 birds. Wood was giving Vaughan 3 birds, but failed in the attempt, as the following figures will show:

Wood .....2222212222201*1210100*2001—17
Vaughan .....2222000 22**22122012222222—19

Ed Banks, of New York, and H. P. Collins and L. A. Thomas, of Baltimore, were visitors, and took part in the remainder of the proceedings. One 5-bird sweep was shot, and then the supply of pigeons gave out, but Lynham had obtained a plentiful supply of English sparrows, and they afforded good sport till dark. The sky was dull and cloudy, and the background none of the best, so that a goodly number escaped.

First event: Johnson 7, Stearns 9, Richmond 9, Younger 5, Tignor 6, Grundy 8, Thomas 8, Banks 8, Powhatan 7, Harrison 7, Collins 5, McPherson 3, Anderson 5.

Second event: Johnson 9, Stearns 10, Richmond 9, Grundy 6, Thomas 5, Banks 10, Powhatan 10, Harrison 9, Anderson 7.

R. F. BANKS.

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Va., April 28.—A team from the Charlottesville Gun Club paid us a visit on the 28th, and shot the Staunton Gun Club a seven-men team race for the intercity cup, which the Staunton Club held. The conditions were 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The Staunton team won with a score of 155 to 129. This makes the fourth time this cup has been shot for by the two clubs. Charlottesville won it the fist time, and Staunton won it the last three. After the team shoot Mr. H. A. George, of the Charlottesville team, and Mr. F. M. Merriken, shot a match for the State championship cup, emblematic of the target championship of Virginia, which Mr. Merriken held. The conditions were 50 targets each, 38 singles and 6 pairs. Merriken won with a score of 45 to 40, which makes the fourth consecutive time he has won this cup. Mr. T. H. Keller, Jr., of the Peters Cartridge Company, kindly consented to act as referee in both matches, and gave entire satisfaction to all parties. There were several other 10 and 25 target events, of which no official record was kept. The scores:

Staunton Team.

Sillings .....11111111111111111110111011—23
Merriken .....11010111101111111111111111—22
McDaniel .....11110111101011111111111101—21
E Wayman .....11111111111111011111111111—24
Argenbright .....01110111111111111111111101—22
Kiracofe .....11111001111111111111001111—21
J Wayman .....11111111111101111011110111—22—155

Charlottesville Team.

Bruffey .....01111101111111111111111111—23
Goff .....10101110110011101111011111—18
Snow .....11111101110000000001100100—12
George .....11111011111100110111111111—21
Morrow .....00011111111111110000111111—18
Miller .....11111110110100010011111 0—17
Loyd .....10100111001111111111111111—20—129

Target championship of Virginia, Merriken vs. George; 38 singles and 6 pairs:

Merriken..1111111101111111111111111111111111101111 11 00 10 11 11 11—45
George.....1011110111011111111110101111111111111110 11 11 10 10 10 10—40

F. M. MERRIKEN.

Millbrook Gun Club.

MILLBROOK, N. Y., April 21.—Fifteen members turned out for the regular monthly shoot of the Millbrook Gun Club on Saturday last. The new magautrap was used for the first time. But two of our shooters, Tallman and Foster, had ever seen the magautrap before. A large crowd was present to see it work. Tallman equaled his great score of February, again scoring 99 out of his first 100, making a run of 94 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Tallman	24	25	25	25	22	23
Kelley	17	15	17	16	16	..
Foster	20	18	15	17	20	22
Sheldon	12	18	..	14	11	18
Carman	8	14	10	14	..	..
Sipperly	12	9	10	12	..	..
Hall	6	6	..	..	..	..
Allen	10	13	..	17	13	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Hicks	9	16	11	..	..	..
Russell	16	18	11	..	..	..
Haight	10	..	..	..	..	..
Tompkins	..	..	..	21	12	..
Baldwin	12	11	..	17	18	12
Lake	..	..	..	..	14	11
Gross	..	..	..	..	14	21

F. J. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

Gardner Gun Club.

GARDNER, Mass., April 20.—At all-day shoot of the Gardner Rod and Gun Club to-day nearly 1,700 targets were thrown. The weather was favorable. About 30 visitors watched the shooting with much interest:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Leland	125	91	Turney	60	44
Knowlton	96	66	Derby	50	30
Paine	234	176	Crabtree	145	119
Knights	266	171	Morse	116	73
Tuller	290	244	Gilson	10	3
Sawin	201	193	Baker	30	6

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the game was a miss-and-out, which started with six shooters and simmered down to Sawin and Fuller, the latter winning by 24 to 23.

J. L. PAINE, Sec'y.

A Flock.

The English language must appear wonderfully and fearfully made to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels said, "See what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance, in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a drove, and a drove of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffalo is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a pack, and a pack of swans is called a whiteness, and a whiteness of geese is called a gaggle, and a gaggle of brant is called a gang, and a gang of ducks is called a team, and a team of widgeon is called a company (or trip), and a company of teal is called a flock, and a flock of snipe is called a whisp, and a whisp of bitterns and herons is called a sege, and a sege of plover is called a flock, and a flock of larks is called an exaltation, and an exaltation of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of soldiers is called a corps, and a corps of sailors is called a crew, and a crew of robbers is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

WESTERN TRAPS.

A Shoot to a Finish at Last.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 20.—There was formed in the city of Chicago this week a trapshooting club, made up of shooters who are out to shoot, who are not afraid of each other, and who really intend to shoot to a finish. When you come to think of it, this is about as big a piece of trapshooting news as has happened anywhere in the country for lo! these many years. Just stop and count upon your fingers—and it will take less than one finger to do it—how many actual finishes in club or tournament shoots you have seen in the last five years. Not one finish, except in individual matches where only two shoot, and maybe you were not sometimes sure about it then. Certainly you never saw a finish at the Grand American Handicap, which, big as it is, and important as it is, is scaled down so a good many can get into the money. John Watson gave a championship trophy one time. There was no finish, for three men divided before the tie was shot out. The trophy meant nothing. Follow out the history of all the championship trophies that you know anything about, and see how many really mean a high gun finish, one man out of the whole field. It is likely that you cannot count very many such, if you knew all the history of them. As to the average semi-social trap club, the high gun idea is more or less impractical for obvious reasons. Yet it would seem that somewhere in America one ought to be able to find a shoot-off match which is a shoot-off, a finish which is a finish, and a high gun which is a high gun. John Watson and I will go a great many miles to see such a finish. If the idea developed, so that eventually we might have a Grand Prix here in America, just as we have a Grand American Handicap, methinks a good many would go a good way to see it, and it would be something curious enough to be put under a glass case, and be worthy of gate money.

The Nonpareil Gun Club.

The name of this new Chicago shooting club is the Nonpareil Gun Club. It starts off with twenty-one members and a limit set at twenty-five. The first intention was to limit the membership to twenty. The matter was suggested by Charlie Antoine, and has been under discussion for some time. The meeting of organization was held yesterday at the store of Von Lengerke & Antoine, J. H. Amberg in the chair, J. L. Alabaster secretary. Mr. Antoine read a letter which he had sent out to different gentlemen, most of which were embodied in the rules adopted by the club. A committee of three was appointed by the chair to draft by-laws along such lines, and to report at the next meeting, Messrs. J. L. Alabaster, S. Shaw and R. Kuss being appointed as such committee. It was decided to hold the first shoot on the first Saturday in May, and thereafter to take up the date of the last Saturday in each month, the shoots to be at Watson's Park, which could not be secured for the ensuing week. The following officers were elected by acclamation: President, J. L. Alabaster; Secretary-Treasurer, E. L. Harpham; Directors, Alabaster and Harpham ex-officio, and L. Willard, S. Palmer, O. Von Lengerke.

There may be some extra sweeps beside the capital event of each monthly meeting, but these sweeps will be shot high guns strictly. The main slate for each month is scheduled as follows:

Each member shall pay $10 a year, making a total pool of $200, which $200 shall be shot for in quarterly prizes of $50 per quarter; all shoots to be held monthly at 15 live birds per man, two scores of the quarter only to count, this allowing the absence from one shoot during the quarter. The quarterly prizes of $50 to be divided, $25 to first, $15 to second, $10 to third. Shooting to be strictly high guns. Ties to be shot off to a finish, miss-and-out. All events of this club to be high guns and shot to a finish.

The little purse of $50 does not mean a whole lot of money to anybody, especially since it means two or three afternoons, but it does signify a great deal. We have gone through the handicap idea pretty thoroughly out here, and have tried almost everything else in order to stimulate the lagging Chicago interest in trap matters. We have no pigeon matches here, and our club shoots have resolved themselves into pleasant social shooting schools, rather than red hot shooting matches. This new idea of a high gun club, therefore, is certainly a very appealing one, and the formation of the Nonpareil club is one of the most promising and interesting bits of news we have had for many and many a moon out here. It certainly does look as though we were to find out who is our best Chicago pigeon shooter.

There has been a little talk started about getting some manufacturer to contribute a cup or trophy for this club. No doubt there would be a good many manufacturers eager and willing to do this, but it is to be hoped that nothing of the kind will be introduced into the Spartan-like rules of this club, and that it will stick to the self-respecting and high grade course which it has mapped out for itself. The old idea of the merchandise prize was a lingering remnant of the old idea that a trapshooter was different from other mortals, and that everybody ought to be proud to touch his form and to do him honor by way of plate, silk umbrellas, bread tickets, and quarter pounds of tea. The sport in America is old enough to be beyond that sort of thing. Let us hope that we shall have one club in which no man asks cups or bread tickets or odds of anybody else, where everybody shoots for the other fellow's money as well as his own, shoots at the same score and shoots plumb down to a finish. If this be the case, and if it shall con tinue to be the case, then will it indeed appear that the ancient dreams of John Watson and myself have come true. Incidentally we shall see a little ginger injected into a sport which of late years has in this vicinity been all too gingerless.

It was determined to limit the membership first year to twenty-five members. Out-of-town shooters are not barred. The following is the membership at date: R. Kuss, L. Willard, Silas Palmer, H. O. Stone, O. Von Lengerke, Charles Comley, J. L. Alabaster, Geo. Roll, J. B. Barto, D. E. Shaw, M. E. White, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. B. Leffingwell, E. L. Harpham, E. S. Graham, F. W. Myrick, C. R. Stephens, Moline, Ill.; J. E. Pumphrey, Columbus, O.; H. S. Blake, Racine, Wis.; J. H. Amberg, J. R. Graham, Long Lake, Ill.

Milwaukee—Garden City.

The Milwaukee Gun Club will send a team of fifteen men to meet a Garden City Gun Club team of like number at Watson's Park a week from to-day. When the Chicago team went to Milwaukee it got everlastingly trimmed up, and the Chicago boys are a swearing horrible revenge this time.

April 27.—At this writing the team contest between fifteen of the best trap shots in Milwaukee and a like number chosen from the best talent of the Garden City Gun Club, of this city, is in progress at Watson's Park. At 3 o'clock nothing definite had come in regarding the race, though the local sentiment runs to the effect that Garden City will win.

As was anticipated, the Chicago team succeeded in defeating their Milwaukee brethren in the fifteen-men team race, but it was by so small a margin that it left no glory for the local men, and proved that the final race between the team of the Milwaukee Gun Club and that of the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, which is to be shot at Racine, Wis., some time in May, is apt to be a very close thing, with the odds, if anything, in favor of the Cream City boys. The defeat the latter sustained here to-day is by no comparison so decisive as that they gave the Garden City boys when they were the visitors at Milwaukee. The showing made by the Milwaukee team to-day was unexpectedly strong, and they well nigh overcame the advantage the Chicago men had from being acquainted with the Watson grounds.

There was only one straight made out of the thirty shooters, by M. E. White, of Garden City. Low score of 10 was made by O'Brien, of Chicago, and Sayle, of Milwaukee. The birds were brisk, and shooting conditions very pleasant.

Great Carson Day.

The Carson family was strictly in it at the weekly contest of the Chicago Gun Club to-day. Dr. C. W. Carson took the medal in the 15-target handicap, and his father, "old Doctor Carson," as he is sometimes called in contradistinction from his son, won in the 25-bird event, with added handicap. The weather to-day was simply ideal, the first pleasant Saturday for an age.

Ten Years.

To-day is the tenth anniversary in business of the firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine. It hardly seems so long ago as that that these two young men came to Chicago. They have surely prospered, as do all good persons in this glorious climate.

Garfield Averages.

The regular target season of Garfield Gun Club opens a week from to-day, the first Saturday in May. The club has printed a list of percentages for the season of 1900-1901 in the trophy events only, the record reading as below:

	Shot at.	Killed.	Av.		Shot at.	Killed.	Av.
R Kuss	60	56	.933	Mrs Dr Shaw	60	44	.733
Dr Liddy	10	9	.900	A E Midgley	40	29	.721
Dr O'Byrne	10	9	.900	H N Delano	60	43	.716
Von Lengerke	30	27	.900	C P Richards	10	7	.709
Dr Shaw	130	115	.884	J Workman	10	7	.700
T P Hicks	70	59	.842	W A McHie	10	7	.700
Dr Mathews	100	84	.840	M H Shaw	10	7	.700
Dr Meek	140	112	.800	W A Stuchlik	10	7	.700
J Wolff	10	8	.800	P McGowan	10	7	.700
S Palmer	60	48	.800	L Wolff	40	27	.675
L Thomas	60	48	.800	A Marshall	40	26	.650
J Fanning	10	8	.800	A McGowan	40	32	.640
M M Nusly	40	32	.800	E W Eaton	60	31	.620
J McDonald	60	48	.800	Dr Graves	10	6	.609
F G Barnard	100	79	.790	E W Cook	10	6	.600
T W Eaton	140	110	.785	C T Keck	80	47	.587
A D Dorman	70	54	.771	J Gardner	40	53	.575
W P Northcott	20	15	.750	C H Kehl	70	39	.557
Dr Huff	30	22	.733	C J Wolff	30	16	.533

First prize, Dr. Shaw, 93 per cent.; second prize, Dr. J. W. Meek, 92 per cent.; third prize, T. W. Eaton, 90 per cent.; fourth prize, Dr. A. A. Mathews, 87 per cent.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, April 20.—The fourteenth and last live-pigeon shoot of the series was held on our grounds to-day. Dr. Meek, from the 31yd. mark, and F. G. Barnard, 30yd. mark, tied for first honors, both going straight.

The birds were a mixed lot; not enough real screamers among them to keep a shooter guessing and wide awake all the time. The series ends with Dr. Shaw winner of first prize, Dr. Meek second, T. W. Eaton third, Dr. Mathews fourth. There was a difference of but 5 birds between high man and fourth man.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Dr Shaw, 31	2122222101— 9	2*2120—4
Sanford, 28	0101122100— 6	020200—2
Dr Keck, 27	20100100*2— 4	.....
Dr Kehl, 26	2002111010— 6	*0*000—0
P McGowan, 28	21110021*1— 7	210112—5
A McGowan, 28	21100122*0— 6	100102—3
Dr T Eaton, 30	2*11201112— 8	110*11—4
Dr Meek, 31	1211122111—10	1122*1—5
Dr Kuss, 31	2*22222222— 9	222222—6
W Northcott, 28	2012100022— 6	022202—4
Dr Mathews, 29	1122012012— 8	212221—6
Dr Huff, 28	2210022222*— 8	.....
Dr Barnard, 30	2112111222—10	.....

No. 1 was the trophy event. No. 2, 6 birds.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, April 20.—The Chicago Gun Club held its third regular weekly shoot to-day, and talk about wind! The heavy-weights were the only ones that could stand to the score.

Seven events were shot, of which Nos. 2 and 4 were the main events of the day. Lem Willard won high gun trophy, and A. Walters second trophy in weekly bird handicap.

Trophy event at 25 targets:

		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Willard	1111111110111111111110111—23	1		24
Dr Carson	0111001110101110111111011—18	1		19
Dr Miller	1101011111111101011101111—20	2		22
R B Mack	1100111111110101011010110—17	5		22
A Walters	1111001011111010101101101—17	6		23
*G Roll	1111111101111111111111111—24	..		24
J L Jones	1111001000000111111000000—11	7		18
Mrs Carson	1100110110011100111001000—13	7		20
*C P Richards	1101001111111110111101111—20	..		20
Shelly	1111000101001100011000101l—12	7		19
*Pollard	1100111110011000110001101—14	..		14

*Visitors.

Lem Willard high gun trophy: A. Walters wins, with handicap.

Handicap distance trophy, 15 targets:

Willard, 18	111111101111010—12
Dr Carson, 18	111110100001011— 9
Roll, 18	111111111111111—15
Dr Miller, 18	110111111111101—13
Mack, 16	111111101111111—14
Walters, 16	111111101011111—13
Jones, 16	111110100010011— 9
Mrs Carson, 16	110010001100111— 8
Shelly, 16	110110110101111—11
Richards, 16	111101111111111—14
Pollard, 16	011111101111111—13

BLUE JEANS.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Audubon Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., April 20.—The club event had four contestants. Amberg, the only scratch man present, was high with 11 out of 15.

Gillis, 1	001201022220*100 — 8
Bissell, 2	2100200002200*2 — 6
Felton, 3	10120101*11012*001—10
Amberg, 0	21222220*212020 —11

Ten-bird sweep:

Barto	0222202222— 8	Rust	0211010211— 7
Amberg	2112022222— 9	Gillis	10120*1101— 6
Levi	0102202222— 7	Felton	1212022112— 9

Five birds:

Barto	22222—5	Rust	11111—5
Amberg	11121—5		

Williamson vs. Graham.

April 15.—Dr. Williamson and J. R. Graham shot a match at 100 live birds per man, for $200 a side, losing man to pay for the birds. The day was clear; light wind from left to right, outgoing:

Dr Williamson	2202211212212211221122211—24	
	2022111212122221222102022—22	
	2222*2222112222222220222—23	
	2202122222222222022220222—22	91
J R Graham	2222222222222222*222222—24	
	2222222222222222222222220—24	
	0222222222222*22222202222—22	
	2222222222222222222222*—24	94

Ten birds, $5 entrance; two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

F Gilbert	2222222222—10	Clark	0222000222— 6
Rogers	0212210112— 8	Williamson	2222222220— 9
Alabaster	00210w	E S Graham	2022022222— 8
Thomson	1111120210— 8	J R Graham	2220222122— 9
Roll	2222202202— 8	Scott	1101102022— 7
Bush	2020122220— 7	Clempson	2222222222—10

Gilbert and Clempson divided first; Williamson and J. R. Graham divided second.

April 18.—Upham vs. Hill, 35 birds per man:

Upham	11121111011112111120112111122111121—33
Hill	11202211202111112221111210120121121—31

RAVELRIGG.

April 27.—The fifteen-men team shoot between the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, and the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, was shot at Watson's Park, Chicago, to-day, and resulted in a victory for the former. Each man shot at 15 birds. The scores:

Milwaukee.

Rogers	011222110220102—11
Crane	202222222022222—13
Meixner	201222221121221—14
Potter	022221222222120—13

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE FINISH, G. A. H., 1901.
Photo. by Hebrert Dressel.

Cantillion	2220202222222202—12	
Hunniwell	1220121222210211—13	
J I Case	2121011*2222221—13	
Sayle	120120002202222—10	
Kaplinski	122*22222222022—13	
Blake	2122202122222222—14	
Rehfield	0012011211220022—11	
Busch	2220222022222222—13	
Thomas	2222020222222222—13	
Schushirt	2112111021222*2—13	
Collins	2110112111020022—12—188	

Garden City.

Comley	2122222221220021—14
Adams	1022222102212211—13
Dr Miller	0112112021111*11—12
Pumphrey	1211212211021111—14
O'Brien	02*1022022122220—10
L C Willard	2212212211222210—14
M E White	2222222222222222—15
Barto	2222022022022220—11
Amberg	2220222222222222—14
Alabaster	2*022222*212222—12
Palmer	0222*0022222112—11
Wells	2020220112222222—12
Steck	2222220222222122—14
Roll	2022*2222220222—12
A Kleinman	1202202222122012—12—190

Ten-bird sweep, entrance $5, three moneys:

Palmer	2020022211— 7	Alabaster	2202202221— 8
Willard	1011222212— 9	Roll	2222020122— 8
Barto	2022000022— 5	Cantillion	2222212222—10
Miller	0220122112— 8	Blake	0221222220— 8
Pumphrey	1021102011— 7	Martin	1212202202— 8
Steck	2021120021— 7	Levi	*212221220— 8
Case	0022000202— 4	Rust	0200w
Rogers	0120110221— 7		

No. 1 was 7 birds, $3; Nos. 2 and 3, miss-and-outs, $3:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Palmer	2222222—7	0	220
Cantillion	0222222—6	22222*	22222220
Willard	01111*1—5	12121111	12222221
Roll	2121202—6	22122211	1211120
Alabaster	22*2222—6	22112220	11121111

Ten birds, for birds:

Cantillion	2221111112—10	Palmer	2221*22220— 8

Wollaston Trap Club.

WOLLASTON, Mass., April 27.—The weekly shoot of the Wollaston Trap Club was held this afternoon.

Events 1, 2, 3 and 5 were 10 targets, at unknown angles. Events 4, 8 and 9 were 5 pairs. Event 6, 10 targets, reversed, and event 7, unknown traps and angles. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Elwell	5	7	6	8	8	..	4	5	..
Whitmarsh	7	8	5	7	10	7	3	4	4
Baker	8	7	9	3	8	..	..	..	..
Barry	6	5	6	5	6	7	3	8	6
Muldown	..	..	..	..	2	4	5	..	..

Programme Illinois State Shoot.

THE following extracts present the main features of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's programme for its tournament, May 20 to 25 inclusive:

Dupont Smokeless Powder Championship Trophy—Open to all; $1,000 guaranteed in the purse by E. I. Dupont De Nemours & Co

The Governor's Cup—Open to any lady trap shot in America. A solid silver cup.

The Board of Trade Diamond Badge—Emblematic of the live-bird championship of Illinois.

The Illinois Gun Club's Five-Men Target Team Cup—Emblematic of the team target championship of Illinois. A solid silver cup.

The L. C. Smith Cup—Emblematic of the individual championship at inanimate targets.

A fine Parker gun, donated by Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., will be awarded to the amateur shooter making the combined highest average in the State team shoot and in the Board of Trade diamond badge event.

A handsome gold medal, donated by the Association, will be awarded the amateur shooter making the longest continuous run on targets during tournament.

A handsome gold medal, donated by the Association, will be awarded the amateur shooter making the longest continuous run on live birds during tournament.

An Ideal ejector gun, donated by the Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, N. Y., to the amateur shooter participating in all open target events on any one day of the tournament and having the best general average of the amateurs for any day of the tournament.

The State Game Commissioner's Trophy—A handsome silver water set, valued at $50, presented by State Game Commissioner H. W. Loveday, to the second high team in the State team shoot at live birds.

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will be called to order at 8 P. M. Wednesday evening, May 22, at the Leland Hotel, Springfield, Ill. Each club in the Association is entitled to the delegates named in the by-laws, but all members of clubs in the Association in good standing are given a cordial invitation to be present. The election of a president, first vice-president, second vice-president and a secretary-treasurer will be held, and other important business will be brought before the convention, and it is desired that a full representation of all the clubs will be made.

Shooting will begin each day promptly at 9 A. M. Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express must be prepaid and billed to Springfield Transfer Company. Ammunition sent by freight to same address and duplicate bill of lading forwarded to them.

Live birds will be trapped at 25 cents. Shooters calling "no bird" before seven balls have been thrown at birds slow to start will be charged for same; after seven balls it is "no bird" at the expense of the management. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. Refusing a difficult bird is not allowed, and the referee's decision on this point is final.

To assist the management, please make entry for the day, and if for any reason you wish to withdraw, the cashier will refund your money in the events not shot.

The official score will be summarized on a score board in plain view of the shooter. If any protest or correction is to be made the contestant must attend to it with the scorer before the score is sent to the compiler, as no appeal will be allowed after the score has been sent to the office.

All events on the programme announced "open to all sportsmen" will be recognized as such, and may be competed in by any visiting shooter. The State events are open only to members in good standing of clubs belonging to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

In the State team shoot entries will be recognized from teams of four men, members of a club in good standing in the Association. A club can enter as many teams as it chooses in this event.

Dropping for place will not be permitted, and any shooter detected in it will be positively barred and requested to leave the grounds.

All retrieving will be done by arrangement of the management, and the retriever will be released the instant the bird touches the ground, and the rule allowing shooter or substitute to gather the bird will not be allowed.

Black powder and guns of larger caliber than 12-bore will not be permitted.

The ground rules of the Illinois Gun Club relating to careless handling of firearms will be strictly enforced.

The management reserve the privilege of canceling any "open to all" event which, in their judgment, might interfere with any of the State events scheduled on the programme.

If upon receipt of this programme you ascertain your club is not a member of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association call the attention of your secretary to the matter, and urge him to forward $5 to the secretary of the State Association at once, and a membership certificate can be issued prior to the May tournament. This will entitle any of your club members to participate in any event on the programme. Any regularly organized gun club in the State of Illinois is entitled to membership upon payment of $5. Individual shooters cannot participate in State events unless the club of which they are members is in good standing in the State Association.

First Day, Monday, May 20.—Ladies' Contest for the Governor's Cup, 20 live birds; entrance, the price of the birds; handicap rise, from 26 to 30yds.; handicap announced by official scorer on day of shoot at the score. Any lady trap shot in America is eligible to enter this contest, and the winner will be presented with a sterling silver cup, which becomes the winner's property, and is not open to challenge. This shoot will be called at 2:30 P. M., and entries will be received up to the time of firing gun on opening bird. Also on this day and on the second, third and fourth days there are ten target events at 15 and 20 targets, $2 and $2.50 entrance. High averages, $20, $10 and $5. To the amateur shooter participating in every open event on targets on any one day of the tournament, and having the best general average of the amateurs for any day of the tournament, the Lefever Arms Company, of Syracuse, N. Y., will present one of their Ideal ejector guns.

On the second day there also are two live-bird events—one at 7 birds, $5, and one at 10 birds, $10. The first, 60 and 40 per cent.; the second, high guns. Both are at 30yds. rise. Also, open to members of the State Association only, the Board of Trade diamond badge, emblematic of the individual championship of Illinois at live birds, will be contested for. The winner of the badge this year to receive the proceeds of next year's entries for the same prize. Conditions, 10 live birds, entrance $10, including birds. First prize, the diamond badge, cash value $500; second prize, $100 cash; third prize, $50 cash. To the amateur shooter making the combined highest average in this event and the State team shoot at live birds on the 22d, Parker Brothers, of Meriden, Conn., will give one of their fine hammerless guns. If any ties on this gun, to be shot off miss-and-out.

Contest for L. C. Smith, emblematic of the individual State championship at inanimate targets, and permission having been obtained from the donors, the Hunters Arms Company, to modify the rules governing this contest, the same will be posted on the bulletin board at the club grounds on the day of the shoot. First prize, the L. C. Smith cup; second prize, $50 cash; third prize, $25 cash; fourth prize, $15 cash; fifth prize, $10 cash.

On the third day, May 22, the State team shoot, open to members of State Association only, will be shot; four shooters to constitute a team; 10 birds per man and $10 entrance per team, including birds. Participants must be residents of State and members of a club in good standing in the Association. The Association will present four very beautiful medals to the four individuals comprising the winning team, and these become the personal property of the winners. First high team, 40 per cent; second high team, 30 per cent.; third high team, 20 per cent.; fourth high team, 10 per cent.

To the amateur shooter making the combined highest average in this event and the Board of Trade diamond badge event on the 21st, Parker Brothers, of Meriden, Conn., will give one of their fine hammerless guns. State Game Commissioner H. W. Loveday will present a silver water set to second high team in the above event. Value, $50.

On the fourth day, at 9 A. M., the Dupont smokeless powder championship trophy will be contested for; open to the world; $1,000 guaranteed. E. I. Dupont De Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., offer for contest their magnificent trophy.

Each man will shoot at 25 live pigeons, entrance $25, birds extra; handicaps, 28 to 31yds., inclusive; high guns, based on number of entries.

E. I. Dupont De Nemours & Co., through their representative, Mr. E. S. Rice, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, gauartee a purse of $1,000.

The following gentlemen have been selected as a handicapping committee for this event: Hon. Thos. A. Marshall, Keithsburg; Chauncey M. Powers, Decatur; J. L. Alabaster, Chicago; Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, Springfield; John Watson, Chicago.

First high gun, $400; second high gun, $300; third high gun, $200; fourth high gun, $100. In addition to first money, the winner of same is declared the winner of the sterling trophy, and will hold same subject to the rules governing holder and future individual contests. Number of entries at $25 each in excess of forty, will create gun places and increase number of moneys, affording four additional moneys for each ten entries. The division of moneys in the Dupont smokeless powder handicap for 1901 will be high guns.

The fourth day is devoted to targets.

On the fifth day is the State team shoot at targets; open to members of the State Association only; five shooters to constitute a team; 20 targets per man and $5 entrance per team. Participants must be residents of State and members of the club they represent in the team. For this event the Illinois Gun Club will present to the winning team a silver cup, emblematic of the five-men team target championship of Illinois.

The Association will present each of the five individuals comprising the winning team with a handsome medal.

Any club in good standing in the Association can enter as many teams as they wish, but each team must be composed of different members. First, second, third and fourth high teams, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

There also are three open live-bird events—7 birds, $5; 10 birds, $10, and a miss-and-out, $5.

The sixth day is open to all shooters, and has both live-bird and target events on the programme.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 20.—We opened our shooting season on Patriots' Day, April 19, with an all-day shoot that was a success from start to finish. The weather was fair and the shooting conditions simply perfect. Forty-five hundred and forty targets were thrown from 10:30 A. M. to 5:15 P. M.—a pretty fair showing for a country club. Visitors were present from Dover and Exeter, N. H.; Newburyport, Lynn, Boston, Lowell, Brockton, Campello and Hingham, Mass. In all, forty shooters participated. Some very good scores were made, Leroy being high average with .873, and making a straight of 50 targets from the 21yd. mark, including regular, unknown and reversed angles.

Events 1, 4, 7, 10, and 13, regular angles; events 2, 5, 8, 11 and 14, unknown angles; events 3, 6, 9, 12 and 15, reversed.

In the prize events William and Lambert tied for first on 44 out of 50, Lambert winning in the shoot-off. Merritt was second with 43. Howe, Rule and Spofford tied for third on 41, Rule winning in the shoot-off. Nos. 7 to 11, inclusive, were the prize event. Below find summary:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10			
Rule, 18	8	6	9	9	9	9	8	9	8	7	9	9	6	9	8	..	..	..
Herbert, 20	6	9	5	8	8	5	6	7	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leroy, 21	8	7	7	10	9	7	9	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	7	..	..	..
Thompson, 16	1	6	5	5	3	7	5	4	4	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lambert, 19	8	8	9	8	9	9	9	7	9	9	10	8	7	9	5	..	..	..
Baker, 18	6	6	4	7	8	8	4	5	7	7	9	8	8	9	..	..	..	..
Howe, 19	10	10	8	10	9	8	8	9	6	9	9	7	8	6	8	..	..	..
Cake, 16	10	7	8	6	5	7	6	6	5	6	7	10	9	7	8	..	..	..
Stevens, 16	6	7	7	6	8	8	7	9	8	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	10	7	3	8	7	6	3	8	7	5	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
William, 17	7	7	9	10	8	9	8	8	9	9	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burton, 16	8	6	7	7	7	9	8	8	6	5	7	10	10	5	9	..	..	..
Simpson, 18	5	8	8	6	8	8	7	9	8	7	6	9	9	3	7	..	..	..
Spofford, 18	7	7	5	10	8	7	8	10	7	7	9	7	7	9	7	..	..	..
Fisher, 16	5	6	5	5	5	6	3	5	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bowen, 18	4	7	7	5	10	7	8	6	5	5	7	9	9	8	8	..	..	..
Allen, 17	8	7	6	9	6	6	5	8	9	8	8	10	7	8	5	..	..	..
Lockwood, 17	7	7	7	8	8	8	8	7	6	5	9	8	5	9	8	..	..	..
Follansbee, 16	7	8	8	6	8	5	7	7	7	7	7	7	8	10	9	..	..	..
Tozin, 18	10	8	5	9	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller, 18	7	8	8	5	6	6	8	7	6	3	9	8	8	0	2	..	..	..
Grieves, 17	8	7	8	8	7	7	7	8	1	6	7	5	8	8	8	..	..	..
Graffam, 16	6	8	8	5	6	..	..	7	7	5	9	9	6	7	6	3	2	..
Lewis, 16	..	6	3	7	7	6	4	7	2	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Granigan, 16	..	1	2	2	2	2	1	3	1	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Orne, 16	..	..	..	..	8	5	7	6	5	8	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Gurish, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	8	7	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tenney, 16	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	8	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merritt, 16	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	9	8	9	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tuck, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	7	9	8	9	8	8	7	9	6	7
Childs, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	5	8	8	9	6	7	8	7	..	..
Crapeau, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	9	7	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
George, 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	9	8	7	8	8	7	10	8	9
Griggs, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	8	8	8	5	8	..	..	..	..	..
Farrington, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	4	3	4	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
Brown, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	6	9	6	9	7	..	4	..	..
Goodwin, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	6	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Godfrey, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	8	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
Webster, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	7	10	9	9	8	10	5
Gordella, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	5	3	..	..	..

Events:	19	20	21
George, 19	9	8	9

Events:	19	20	21
Webster, 17	5	8	10

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Rule	150	123	.820
Herbert	110	74	.672
Leroy	150	131	.873
Thompson	100	42	.420
Lambert	150	124	.826
Baker	140	96	.685
Howe	150	125	.833
Cake	150	106	.706
Stevens	110	78	.709
Horace	130	84	.646
William	120	99	.825
Burton	150	112	.746
Spofford	150	115	.766
Simpson	150	108	.720
Fisher	100	51	.510
Bowen	150	105	.700
Allen	150	110	.733
Lockwood	150	110	.733
Follansbee	150	113	.753
Tozin	60	44	.733
Miller	150	91	.606
Grieves	150	103	.686
Graffam	150	94	.626
Lewis	100	46	.460
Granigan	100	18	.180
Orne	80	47	.587
Dr Gurish	60	47	.708
Tenney	60	36	.600
Merritt	70	55	.785
Tuck	120	93	.775
Childs	100	75	.750
Crapeau	70	51	.728
George	155	121	.780
Griggs	70	50	.714
Farrington	70	32	.457
Brown	80	55	.687
Goodwin	50	31	.620
Godfrey	50	37	.740
Webster	135	105	.777
Gordella	50	29	.580

SECRETARY.

Trap at Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 21.—The medal shoot at Dupont Park today resulted as follows:

F White, 28.....2222*22212— 9
F Orvis, 28.....2212021202— 8
J Bowman, 28.....2121221222—10
H Collins, 30.....2122122202— 9
Dr Bond, 28.....2212001221— 8
Carrie Nation, 29..2212212202— 9
Dr Gaines, 31.....2212211222—10
C Turner, 28.....21202*0221— 7
C Pfiel, 28.....02*22*2202— 6
J Wintrick, 28.....2220111111— 9
Herbert, 28.....2201122112— 9
Page, 28.....1222012101— 8
Dute Cabanne, 29..2220211112— 9
W Barker, 28.....212*202211— 8
J Wood, 28.....2212201000— 6
Mrs Cabanne, 28...2021220201— 7
C Rock, 30.....2221222212—10
F Meier, 29.....2222112120— 9
Heiligenstein, 30...222211*222— 9
W Reichert, 29.....1122112121—10
Dr Sims, 28.....2222122200— 8
G Prendergast, 28..0102112212— 8
S Le Page, 29.....1122121*21— 9
F Payeur, 28.....1211011200— 7
Griesedieck, 31.....2121221222—10
P Weber, 28.....2221222112—10
Spicer, 28.....020121220*— 6
J Selzer, 29.....1220000222— 6
F Fink, 28.....*222200022— 6
Baggerman, 29.....0222212012— 8
W Clay, 28.....2120100020— 5
A Candle, 28.....0220212200— 6
Schneider, 28.....1122222012— 9
Dodge, 28.....2100210122— 7
Lewis, 29.....2222220211— 9
Dr Smith, 31.....0121222222— 9
Horton, 27.....212**12222— 8
J Cabanne, 30.....212**12222— 8

Reichert won medal on 11th round of shoot-off.

Match for Mermod championship trophy, J. D. Woods, challenger. Wood stood at 30yds., Cabanne at 31yds. Birds extra fast:

J D Woods.....1222*2202222222021201222*2—20
L D Cabanne.....2201211012110111211201222—21

Ten-bird sweep, $5 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Dr Gaines.....2021222222— 9
Griesedieck.....1222212222—10
Collins.....220010w
Heiligenstein.....2020102201— 6
Meier.....0210*2w
White.....2022222212— 9
Orvis.....1110022112— 8
Lewis.....2001222212— 8
Dr Smith.....1222222222—10
D Elliott.....2122122211—10
Barker.....2120220020— 6
Bowman.....22212*2220 — 8
Miss King.....0210010010— 4
J Cabanne.....2122222202— 9
Baggerman.....2222200212— 8
P Weber.....2212201222— 9
W Reichert.....1122212221—10
C Dodge.....22*1002102— 6

Indiana boasts of one of the few goldfish farms in the United States. It is located in Shelby county, and the proprietors are the original propagators of goldfish in the United States. There are two tracts of land, widely separated. One contains ten and the other sixteen acres. There are 200,000 goldfish on the two tracts. The breeding ponds are protected from the cold winds by high embankments, this being the only shelter required, as the fish are hardy, except when handled. The fish are hatched on one tract, and as they grow are transferred to the other. They are fed alike, being given toasted bread crumbs two or three times a week. The sun and water do the rest.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, April 17.—Thirteen shooters assembled at the grounds of the Boston Gun Club to-day and were favored with just the kind of a day trapshooters delight in. Good light and very little wind made the targets just a little easier for some, as the scores prove, and the great majority were more than sure that it was their own look out if the targets did not succumb to the 1⅛oz. of shot. Clean scores were indulged in by Leroy and Abbott with two each, Griffith and G. W. 1 each. Abbott's score in the prize match was easily the real honor of the day, and now places him in the lead on the total score. It certainly looks as though he wishes another yard tacked on to his handicap, which will have to be done if he keeps up his present gait. Second place was taken care of by Griffith, just fresh from his well-earned laurels at Interstate Park, and securing a 26 in the prize match goes to show that his live-bird shooting had not been the least harm. Leroy took third place with 25, standing on the 21yd. mark. All events 10 unknown, except No. 7, which was at 5 pairs. Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, 16yds.; all others handicap distance:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Abbott, 17	7	8	8	9	10	8	7	7	10	7	..	..
Leroy, 21	6	7	8	8	9	8	7	7	7	10	10	..
Griffith, 19	7	8	7	9	8	9	9	10	7	9	6	..
F H, 16	5	7	8	9	7	8	5	7	7	7	..	..
G W, 17	8	6	8	7	7	6	6	10	7	8	..	..
Grieves, 16	7	6	4	4	5	7	2	6	4	5	..	..
Andres, 16	3	4	5	6	4	7	6	4	6	6	..	..
Nichols, 14	3	6	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bancroft, 16	8	7	6	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	7	6	8	6	7	8	..	..	..	..	9	6
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	6	8	9	6	7	7	9	7	8
Samuel, 16	..	..	..	..	7	7	7	5	6	6	..	..
Webster, 16	..	..	8	6	6	6	3	6	7	7	5	7
Frederick, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3

Prize match, 30 unknown; distance handicap:

Abbott, 17.....111011111111111111111111110110—27
Griffith, 19.....111011111111101111011110111111—26
Leroy, 21.....111011101101111111111111110101—25
F H, 16.....101111111101111101011111011101—24
Spencer, 18.....101111101011110101100111111111—23
Horace, 18.....001011101101110111001111101111—21
G W, 17.....101111001101110011111100010111—20
Andres, 16.....110110011001001011011010011111—17
Greives, 16.....111000000101101100011011110110—16

April 24.—The Boston Gun Club's last serial prize shoot of the spring series was held on their grounds at Wellington, to-day, and the weather was again against us. As the new series, which begins next Wednesday, looms up before us we are in hopes that we may be favored with an article of better quality from the weather bureau than has been the case in this series.

The final shoot was looked upon with a good deal of pleasure by all, as the number of targets between the three topnotchers being only 2, there promised to be some lively shooting; but the rain prevented all but one of the leaders coming, and he only after bringing a rubber suit, which was the only way to keep dry. As some one remarked, "The only thing needed to make his outfit complete would be a boat." And it was indeed almost a necessity, as there was no let up in the downpour all the afternoon.

The series which ended to-day was one of the most interesting the club has experienced, and was not decided till the last day, when first honors were secured by Baker, who has made a strong fight from the first, but only succeeded in reaching first by getting a good score last Wednesday. Second position was secured by the occupant of the 21yd. mark, who, though at a longer distance mark than his competitors, seems to use his gentle persuasive powers on the targets just good enough to come in with the top bunch most of the time. Third place was taken care of by Spencer, who held the lead from the beginning, only to lose it at the end. Fourth went to Howe, though he did not avail himself of any chance to throw away low scores. Fifth place belongs to G. W., who as yet is not used to a new weapon, which gives a little trouble in loads, which, once overcome, will bring lots of trouble to the leaders in the next series. Sixth prize was won by Horace.

Scores below. All shooting handicap distance; all events 10 unknown:

Baker, 17	8	7	7	6	7	5	..	..	..	..	
F H, 16	..	3	7	6	7	9	..	..	..	..	
Horace, 18	4	6	8	8	8	10	6	8	6	7	
G. W, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	7	..	
Frederick, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	..	
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	..	

Prize match, 30 unknown; distance handicap;

Horace, 18.....101011111111111011011111111111—26
G W, 17.....111011010111101111011110110110—22
F H, 16.....001011111101101111000111111111—22
Baker, 17.....101011101010110011111101010010—18

Following are the winners of the spring prize series. Conditions: Six best scores out of the fifteen to count; 30 singles, unknown; distance handicap:

Baker, 17	27	26	26	25	24	20	—148
Leroy, 21	28	25	25	23	23	23	—147
Spencer, 18	27	25	25	23	23	23	—146
Howe, 19	24	23	23	22	21	17	—130
G W, 17	23	22	22	22	20	20	—129
Horace, 18	26	23	21	20	20	17	—127

Next Wednesday, May 1, begins the regular summer series, which is open to all shooters.

SECRETARY.

The Cleveland Gun Club Co.

CLEVELAND, O., April 18.—Live-bird handicap, 15 birds per man, 50yds. boundary:

Franklin, 26.....2121022021112 11—13
Black, 28.....2222222222222 22—15
Hopkins, 27.....2202222220201 21—12
Dawson, 31.....1222202222211 20—13
Red Wing, 31.....1220022211211 11—13
Greener, 30.....2212121201222 20—13
Johns, 30.....2020001010101 20— 7
Smith, 31.....2220220222222 00—11

Black won the first cup with 15 straight:

Ties for second cup, as follows, same shot miss-and-out. It was won by Franklin with 5 straight:

Franklin, 26.....11121—5 Red Wing, 31.....2120 —3
Dawson, 31.....22220—4 Greener, 30.....2210 —3

The birds were a selected lot.

Mr. Black is to be congratulated on his fine score. He shot in fine form from start to finish.

Johns, whose score is 7 out of a possible 15, had better retire to some woods and learn to shoot before trying his luck with the crackerjacks.

April 25.—The semi-monthly club shoot at targets of the Cleveland Gun Club resulted as follows:

Hogen.....1111111111111011111111111101111111111111—38
Franklin.....1010111101111111111101111111111111111110—32
Page.....1111010000111111111101111111011111111010—31
Alex.....1110011111100111111111111111101101111100—32
J I C.....1111111011011111110111101111101111111111—35
Gladden.....1100010100000101101111011000101001000111—18
Roberts.....1111111011110111100110111111111110111111—33
Smith.....1111111110111110100111110111111111111111—35
Black.....0101111111111101010100111011111110111111—31
Scott.....0011101010100001001111010000000101111111—19
P North.....0101000010111011101111101110111111111110—28
C North.....1110111111101010111111111111001011101111—32

Make-up score:

Roberts.....1111111111110111011010111111111110111111—36
Alex.....1111111111101111111110110011111111101—35

POOR SHOOTER.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 20.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made Saturday, the 20th inst., at the regular weekly shoot. In spite of a heavy wind and drenching rain, six of the boys showed up, and in spite of the weather conditions made a good showing. All events at 10 singles, except No. 6, which was at 5 pairs, and No. 8, which was at 5 singles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
W Hall	7	9	8	6	5	6	9	3	3	8	..
C Barlow	6	2	..	8	..	7	1	4	3	5	7
C Blandford	..	9	8	5	5	7	7	5	5	7	9
W Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
S Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	..
M Vail	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..

C. G. B., Capt. O. G. Club.

Peters Cartridge Company Tournament at Olathe, Kan.

IT is not an uncommon thing for the shooters to meet at various places throughout the United States, there to proceed to murder the "mud pies" under the auspices of the Peters Cartridge Company. It is their rule to have one of the traveling men as manager, and they selected for this event the genial Tom Norton. Now Tom has been camping around these ere diggin's for several moons, and his long residence in Kansas City causes him to be well known. He was therefore the proper man for the place. Then, as he felt the need of a lieutenant, he selected Frank Hodges, who had lately been re-elected mayor—and a great team they made.

The programme called for the good thing of $150 added money, open only to amateurs; traveling salesmen barred; purses divided Rose system; five moneys; gold medal to the highest average for both days.

With such a showing open it is hardly necessary to call to mind that a good crowd of the best amateurs were found on the club ground south of the city at 9 A. M. Tuesday morning. The weather conditions were perfect—Sun bright, and just a little wind slightly across the score—so this made good scores obtainable without great effort.

Two sets of expert traps were used, Sergeant system, with traps set to known angles, and as the maker of the targets and the electric pull was present and assisted the management, everything passed off in the best of style and without a hitch.

The writer has seen so many target tournaments where there were complaints of unfairness that he pauses here long enough to point out that the known angle is the best yet tried. This means to set the three traps stationary and keep the same angle and height all day without change. This all shoot as the nearest possible to an equal change in flights.

Those present came from several States, and many of the names herewith are often seen in print; yet the most of them were probably never before mentioned, viz.: From Kansas City Mo.—H. E. Sherman, W. M. Howe, J. E. McIlrevy, C. D. Snyder, C. E. Wright, Chris Gottlieb, Tom Norton; from Gardner, Kan.—H. B. Foster, E. E. Armstrong, J. A. Marshall; from Paola—Thos. J. Cummings, A. D. Taylor; from Olathe—G. D. Hendrix, Charles Randall, Ed Collins, Mert. Newhart, Sam Ferguson, Wm. Walter, Hare Dent, Lone Theile, Lon Thompson, Wm. Lemmon, Frank Hodges, L. D. Thompson, C. H. Blackburn; from Lincoln, Neb.—C. D. Linderman, J. Morse Rau, J. E. Kilbrick; Rich Hill, Mo.—W. C. Gresham; Concordia, Kan.—W. H. Heer; Panama, Mo.—J. D. Gilkay; Lamar, Mo.—A. M. McCrea; Fairplay, Mo.—J. W. Akard; Omaha—Hump Parmelee; St. Louis—Chas. Spencer; Chicago—Tramp Irwin.

There is generally something about a shooting tournament that a writer for the press may mention as a matter of education and enlightenment to the readers. In this connection I will note that the traps were set to throw south. Considering that the whole State of Kansas is good country, and nothing to prevent setting traps to face as desired there, I say shooters have a right to insist that targets on all occasions be thrown north, northeast or east.

After the programme had been finished, Mayor Hodges had carriages in waiting to carry the shooters about town, and nearly all in attendance availed themselves of the opportunity. An hour was spent whirling along the beautiful streets, made more lovely by the aroma from the peach blossoms floating on the gentle breezes.

Mr. Hodges is already setting his plans for the next year's State shoot, and will purchase some ground facing north, and before the year ends will hang up $500, open to the world, for a distance handicap target tournament.

The shooting fraternity should at once get their heads set on coming here, as this shoot will be the real thing.

First Day, April 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	25	at.	Broke.
Linderman	15	15	19	13	15	18	15	18	15	24	175	167
Spencer	15	14	17	14	14	17	15	16	13	23	175	158
Parmelee	12	14	20	15	15	15	15	19	14	23	175	162
Slob	14	13	18	14	11	17	14	19	12	20	175	152
Jap	15	14	18	14	15	16	15	16	14	25	175	162
O'Brien	13	12	20	15	13	18	14	19	11	22	175	157
Cox	13	14	18	12	13	16	14	20	13	23	175	156
Scott	13	13	17	14	12	19	13	18	11	22	175	152
Mills	13	13	17	14	14	18	14	18	11	23	175	155
Erhardt	14	13	18	14	14	17	13	19	13	19	175	154
Hodges	14	14	17	15	13	19	14	17	13	24	175	160
Van Kuren	14	14	17	15	13	19	14	17	13	24	175	151
Heer	13	13	19	13	14	19	14	20	13	23	175	161
Tramp	12	15	19	13	12	18	12	19	9	23	175	153
Sherman	12	14	14	13	11	16	13	17	15	19	175	154
Cummings	12	10	16	7	13	11	10	13	11	23	175	...
Thompson	5	4	9	10	8	14	13	10	7	..	150	...
McKitrick	9	8	..	12	12	..	9	..	11	..	90	...
Theile	6	8	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	45	...
Hendricks	8	10	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	45	...
Gresham	13	14	15	10	14	19	15	16	14	18	175	158
McCrea	10	13	16	14	14	18	13	17	14	17	175	148
Gilkey	11	12	15	12	13	16	..	..	..	..	100	...
Blackburn	8	12	18	13	..	11	14	..	..	..	100	...
Ackard	10	11	11	13	13	19	14	18	15	25	175	149
Taylor	..	7	15	10	11	15	12	15	..	..	120	...
Marshall	..	12	15	11	13	..	12	14	10	..	115	...
Foster	..	11	..	10	10	12	5	..	..	..	80	...
Armstrong	..	11	17	11	13	14	11	..	12	..	115	...
Wright	10	11	16	12	13	15	12	16	14	23	175	147
Snyder	12	11	18	12	13	18	13	18	12	20	175	147
Smith	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	30	...
Lemmon	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	10	9	..	70	...
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	14	6	..	..	9	50	...
Ferguson	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	..	..	35	...
Bloomer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	...
Dent	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	45	...

Second Day, April 24.

The morning sun came out in all his glory, but by 10 o'clock hazy clouds were beginning to rise, and before noon a few drops of rain fell; but it was our good fortune to have the rain pass by, and the day was a fairly good one for target shooting—although there was something wrong with the light, as the scores made to-day were for the most part not up to the average. As is usually the case, there were not so many shooters present as on the first day. Most of those present, though, shot through all the events.

Taking Linderman's score yesterday, he missed only 8, and to-day 18, making a total of 26 lost in two days' shooting, 350 targets. He won the gold medal for the highest average.

He was very closely pressed by Harry Koohler. At the start of the last event of 25 targets they were tied. Koohler dropped 2 out of his first 4 and then ran out straight. But there was old steady Dick, pegging away, and he never did miss, and Jap went 25 straight. Jap made such a great struggle that it was a pity that there was not a second prize of some kind. Lou Erhardt and Frank Parmelee were going neck and neck, and landed in the same hole with 16 goose eggs each. O'Brien fell only 1 short, and was just 1 ahead of Spencer. Heer came along pretty regularly, and lost but 20.

Altogether the shoot was a great success—not financially, however, but the shooters appreciate the grace with which Mr. Norton went down in his pocket and put up the $150 added money.

The traps worked good to-day, and the targets were harder than yesterday, having more speed and consequently a more steady flight.

Everybody made Tom Norton and Mayor Hodges understand that he appreciated their efforts put forth on this occasion. The Peters people made many friends, the only regret being that there were not enough shooters present to run two sets of traps.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	25	at.	Broke.
Linderman	11	13	18	14	13	19	14	18	12	25	175	157
Spencer	15	12	19	13	14	19	14	17	14	20	175	157
Parmelee	15	13	17	13	14	17	15	20	14	21	175	159
Slob	12	13	14	13	12	17	13	17	13	17	175	146
Jap	13	11	20	15	13	18	13	19	15	23	175	160
O'Brien	13	15	19	13	13	18	12	17	15	23	175	158
Cox	14	9	18	12	11	15	13	17	14	21	175	149
Scott	11	13	17	13	12	17	14	16	11	23	175	147
Mills	13	13	18	11	14	20	11	18	12	21	175	151
Erhardt	14	14	20	14	12	16	13	19	13	24	175	159
Hodges	15	13	15	15	13	17	13	17	13	22	175	153
Van Kuren	13	12	14	13	13	15	9	17	12	18	175	136
Snyder	9	12	15	13	13	16	12	14	10	23	175	136
Wright	11	11	17	14	11	15	13	14	14	22	175	142
Heer	13	14	16	15	12	20	12	17	13	23	175	165
Akard	14	12	16	12	15	17	10	19	13	20	175	149
Sherman	11	10	9	14	10	12	10	16	11	23	175	...
Sheridan	9	10	..	11	11	13	9	16	12	..	135	...
C E Taylor	11	11	12	10	..	..	..	..	10	..	75	...
Cummings	13	8	13	11	13	15	9	..	..	..	115	...
Hart	8	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	...
Dent	12	8	..	8	10	..	9	..	7	..	...	...
Marshall	..	..	13	9	12	..	11	..	12	20	...	...
Collins	..	..	..	7	12	..	..	..	10	..	...	...
Campbell	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	11	..	...	...
Lemmon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	...	...

BY JING.

Peters Cartridge Company Tournament at Chattanooga, Tenn.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—The tournament given here by the Peters Cartridge Company April 23 and 24, under the auspices of the Chattanooga Trapshooters' Club was a success when you consider the weather to be contended with. On preliminary day it rained all day, and for a week before the shoot it rained and snowed all around the country. This fact, no doubt, kept a good many away, but those who were here enjoyed themselves and seemed very well satisfied. Mackie is surely a man that can run a shoot, as there was not a kick or squabble, except from the magautrap; it of course kicked once in a while.

The first day opened up cloudy, and then toward noon cleared off, ending up with a fine and an ideal shooting day.

Walter W. Cureton, of Chattanooga, was in the lead by 3 birds; Legler, of Nashville, second, with Baker, of Griffin, Ga., third, 6 birds behind.

The second day was a beautiful one, and more of the boys showed up, due to the conditions of the weather. Cureton still stayed in the lead, winning the gold charm donated by the Peters Cartridge Company. Legler and Baker tied for second average. R. L. Trimble, of Covington, won first average, but of course, being a manufacturers' representative, shot for targets only. John E. Avery, of Atlanta, the company's representative, was here and shot a good race, ending with fourth average.

After presenting the medal to the winner, Mr. Mackie thanked those in attendance for coming; also Caption for his assistance.

The tournament was a success in every way but attendance, and the sportsmen who took part seemed to be very much pleased with the result. It was strictly an amateur shoot, and some very fine records were made in the two days. The scores:

First Day, April 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Trimble	15	14	19	14	14	19	15	18	15	24	167
Livingston	12	12	17	12	12	16	15	15	15	20	146
O'Connell	14	12	17	9	14	16	15	18	11	22	148
Legler	15	13	15	14	12	19	12	19	13	24	156
Cureton	15	13	20	15	13	18	14	14	14	23	159
Baker	12	13	20	13	11	19	12	19	13	21	153
Avery	12	14	17	14	13	16	12	17	13	21	149
Cleveland	11	14	16	8	12	15	12	15	10	16	129
Henry	13	9	16	9	10	10	10	13	15	21	126
R C Sauls	10	13	16	14	9	17	12	15	15	21	142
Eaton	8	7	11	13	8	..	13	..	..	..	...
Du Bray	11	11	13	10	11	13	13	17	13	22	134
Woodworth	14	12	18	9	12	12	6	11	12	22	128
Cannon	9	11	..	..	..	..	11	..	6	..	...
Weatherly	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	...
McLemore	11	12	17	12	13	17	6	12	10	20	130
D J O'Connell	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	10	..	...

Second Day, April 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Trimble	13	15	20	15	14	19	14	20	14	23	167
Livingston	12	12	16	12	12	18	13	19	14	20	148
O'Connell	12	12	15	14	12	15	15	18	10	19	142
Legler	14	12	19	13	13	19	14	20	13	20	157
Cureton	14	11	20	14	14	17	15	19	15	22	161
Sauls	14	13	17	12	15	16	14	16	14	23	154
Henry	12	14	16	12	13	16	10	17	12	22	144
Cleveland	9	8	11	9	12	14	7	12	8	14	104
McLemore	14	11	14	13	14	15	10	15	11	19	136
Du Bray	13	13	18	11	12	19	12	19	13	22	152
Woodworth	10	8	18	13	12	19	14	18	14	20	146
Baker	11	13	19	15	14	18	14	20	15	21	160
Avery	11	13	19	11	14	17	10	16	15	23	149
D J O'Connell	11	12	16	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
McCartney	8	8	9	9	10	15	15	11	12	14	111
Eaton	6	9	16	8	11	14	11	14	13	18	120
Sutton	9	9	16	12	11	16	9	15	10	22	111
Chichester	7	8	10	6	8	13	11	11	11	17	102
Marshall	..	..	..	7	6	12	9	15	12	18	...
Mosdale	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	..	..	...
Dobbs	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	16	8	18	...
Smallman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	...

Cureton won amateur average and gold watch charm, donated by Peters Cartridge Co.

Legler, of Nashville, and Baker, of Griffin, Ga., tied for second average.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., April 13.—Nearly 3,000 targets were thrown today in the target shoot held under the auspices of the Spring Valley Shooting Association, of this city. Sportsmen were present from all parts of this section of the State, and an enjoyable day was had by all. The tournament was the first ever held by this association, and the tournament committee deserve great credit for their earnest work in making the shoot a success. Secretary A. A. Fink had charge of the shoot, and kept hustling from 10 A. M. until 6 P. M., when darkness set in and put an end to all shooting. The shoot was a grand success, and the attendance of out-of-town shooters very large, while the local shooters were fairly well represented. The principal event of the day was the shoot for the individual target championship of Berks county, and the Reading Eagle challenge trophy, valued at $75. Lee Wertz, captain of the Spring Valley Association, won by breaking 39 out of 50 targets, while Jack Shaaber, of the same association, was second with 38 to his credit.

In the sweepstake events the scores were very good, and all events were very exciting.

In the merchandise event, No. 3, Jack won the leather gun case donated by J. H. Obold & Co.; R. E. Parker, of Carlisle, Pa., won the leather shell case donated by Huff Brothers; Geo. Ritter won the Schultze powder donated by Von Lengerke & Detmold, of New York, and Benner won a fine bottle of whisky donated by John A. Esterly.

The scores in the individual championship and Reading Eagle trophy event, 50 targets per man, were as follows: Wertz 39, Jack 38, Irwin 37, Dietrich 34, Ball 34, Murphy 33, Schmidt 29, Ritter 33, Kerr 30, and Osborn 31.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	20	15	25	10	10	10	10	10
Dietrich	9	13	10	9	11	9	12	16	13	12	16	5	8	7	8
Brey	5	11	11	5	7	5	10	15	12	20	4	7	7	6	8
Hartman	7	9	8	8	9	8	9	10	10	12	..	8	7	8	9
Jack	7	10	13	9	12	8	12	13	8	20	8	..	8	6	8
Parker	9	10	12	7	7	7	13	17	12	..	8	9	8	8	8
Ritter	7	8	11	7	11	8	11	..	11	17	8	7	8	6	9
Buhle	8	10	9	4	10	8	..	..	..	..	4	5	6	6	..
Wertz	10	13	11	8	13	7	..	14	11	..	10	10	10	8	7
Baghenstose	5	10	9	5	8	7	9	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	7
Livengood	7	10	9	7	11	8	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	7	..
Spatz	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	12	10	17	..	..	..	..	..
Coldren	7	12	9	8	10	7	11	14	..	..	8	4	7	7	..
J Horner	7	8	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	7	6	..
Geo Horner	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6	6	..
Esterly	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..
Barto	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	6	5	..
Leroy	8	10	8	6	10	8	9	15	9	..	7	7	5	7	7
Haman	..	..	8	5	8	5	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
De Long	8	8	8	..	9	7	10	12	8	12	..	..	..	..	..
Bright	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murphy	..	..	12	5	8	7	13	16	12	15	..	..	..	..	9
Osborn	..	..	10	..	10	7	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	8
Confers	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	6
Benner	..	..	10	..	10	7	12	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	9
Irwin	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	7
Schmidt	..	..	7	..	..	7	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	5
Hoverter	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hartz	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cleaver	..	..	9	7	10	5	10	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	9
Hipton	..	..	10	7	11	5	10	11	10	11	..	..	..	..	7
Bauman	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Croll	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	13	9	..	..	..	..	7
Longraffe	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kerr	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
McJames	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	8	11	7	8	5	..	8
Dengler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	14	..	..	..	..	..

DUSTER.

International Team Contest Subscription.

KEITHSBURG, Ill., April 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you list of subscribers to Anglo-American team to date. Kindly publish same and oblige.

Adolph Gropper, Milwaukee, Wis.	$2 00
Wm. S. Colvin, New York city	10 00
Geo. Weightman, New York city	10 00
John L. Lequin, New York city	10 00
John J. Hallowell, Philadelphia, Pa	10 00
Edward S. Lentilhon, New York city	10 00
Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa	10 00
B. H. Norton, New York city	10 00
Florists' Gun Club, Philadelphia, Pa	6 00
Will K. Park, Philadelphia, Pa	4 00

TOM A. MARSHALL.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Low-Rate Summer Tours to the Pacific Coast and Mountains of the Canadian Northwest, via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

IN view of the extremely low rates authorized by the various transcontinental lines on account of the International Conference of the Epworth League at San Francisco in July next, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a thirty-day tour across the Continent, leaving New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other stations on its lines east of Pittsburg, on Monday, July 8, returning to New York Tuesday, Aug. 6.

The route will include stops at all the really important points for rest and sightseeing, among them being Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs (with a daylight ride through the Rocky Mountains, including the Royal Gorge and Grand Cañon of the Arkansas), and at Salt Lake City, arriving at San Francisco 10 A. M., Tuesday, July 16, before the convention opens. Six days will be allotted to San Francisco, for which time no hotel accommodations or other features will be included in the tickets. Leaving San Francisco Monday morning, July 22, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles will be visited, all traveling over the new Coast Line of the Southern Pacific Company being done by daylight, in order to view what is reputed to be the most attractive scenery in California. Leaving Los Angeles, San Jose will be visited, thence Portland, with two days' stop, after which will come the crowning feature of the tour, the journey homeward via the Canadian Pacific Railway through the unrivaled mountains of British Columbia.

The schedule over the Canadian Pacific Railway will be prepared with especial care, and the train sidetracked at nights where necessary, in order that no part of this delightful feature may be missed by night traveling. This in itself is a rare opportunity. In addition, stops will be made at Banff Hot Springs and St. Paul.

The tourists will travel in the highest grade of Pullman equipment, and the special train will be composed of vestibuled dining car, sleeping cars, and an observation car. The latter car will be similar to those used on the famous Pennsylvania Limited.

With the exception of the time devoted to San Francisco, passengers will be located on the special train during the entire tour. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner will be provided in the dining car while en route, and when sidetracked at the various places visited. Our patrons will therefore avoid the expense of high-priced hostelries, the hurry and annoyance of meal stations, and the unsatisfactory accommodations afforded by inferior hotels.

A thoroughly experienced tourist agent and a chaperon will accompany the party, and in fact the entire tour will be conducted under the same careful management that has made the "Pennsylvania Tours" world famous.

The total rate for entire trip as outlined above, covering one double berth and all meals in dining car, from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Harrisburg, Altoona, and points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, will be $188.50; two persons in a berth, each $168.50.

Rate, going with the main party, with Pullman berth and meals up to arrival at San Francisco, returning from San Francisco independently by any direct route, with transportation only on return trip, $118.10; two persons in a berth, each $108.10.

Rate, transportation, Pullman berth, and meals on special train to San Francisco, with transportation only returning independently via Portland and Northern Pacific Railway, or Canadian Pacific Railway and St. Paul, until Aug. 31, $127.10; two in a berth, each $117.10. This route will especially appeal to those who desire to visit Yellowstone Park on their return journey. The tickets admit of stop over at Livingston, at which point a ticket covering five and one-half days' hotel accommodations, with stage transportation through Yellowstone Park, may be purchased for $49.50.

Rate, covering same as preceding trip up to San Francisco, with transportation only returning independently via Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, and Canadian Pacific or Northern Pacific and St. Paul, $131.60; two in a berth, each $121.60.

Rates from Pittsburg, $5 less than above figures.

For the information of those who desire to travel independently after arrival at San Francisco, it should be noted that tickets permit stop off within limit of Aug. 31, at and west of Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Colo., and west of St. Paul. Stop-over will also be allowed until Aung. 31, at Niagara Falls and Buffalo, for Pan-American Exposition, on tickets reading through those points.

Descriptive booklet will shortly be issued, giving the schedule and further details. Diagrams are now open, and as the number who can be accommodated will be strictly limited, names should be registered immediately.

For further information apply to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; Thos. Purdy, Passenger Agent, Long Branch District, 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; J. K. Shoemaker, Passenger Agent Middle District, 1411 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; B. Courlaender, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore, Md.; C. Studds, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Fifteenth and G streets N. W., Washington, D. C.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

The very handsome catalogue of more than 150 pages describing the goods sold by Mr. W. J. Cummings, Bishop Auckland, England, is likely to interest all anglers. Besides the goods described, a great deal of useful information, illustrated by admirable cuts and half-tones, appears in it, together with an abstract of the Norway Fishing Laws, and much else of interest. The catalogue is sent free. Mr. Cummings offers to Americans ordering his goods a discount of 10 per cent, on all orders amounting to £1 and over, which will partly pay the duty. He already has a large trade in America.—*Adv.*

It is more and more the fashion for well-to-do Americans to rent or purchase estates in Britain, which they occupy for portions of the year. The Kylemore Castle estate, County Galway, Ireland, presents attractions to those who can afford such luxuries which ought to appeal to many rich Americans. Pheasant, grouse and wild duck shooting, and salmon, trout and deep sea fishing, are among the advantages of this beautiful place.—*Adv.*

The widespread tendency of the present day to send boys off into camp for the summer lends especial interest to the advertisement for a party of boys to be made up for a fishing and shooting trip in the Rocky Mountains. Were it not for the expense of such a trip many parents would have their boys make it, and we do not doubt that the advertiser will receive many inquiries as to his plans.—*Adv.*

To yacht builders—and especially to those interested in small craft for inside waters—the name of Thomas Clapham, Roslyn, L. I., is familiar. Mr. Clapham is well known as a high authority on sharpies and other yachts. He has several specialties well worthy of investigation.—*Adv.*

Motor launches are coming more and more into use both for practical work and for pleasure purposes. The "Recreation Launch," manufactured by the Western Gas Engine Company, is said to have speed combined with safe and reliable power. Those who are interested should write for circular M.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

Mr. Francis Curle told me howe one Dr. Bullein, the Queenes kinsman, had a dogge which he doted on soe much that the Queene understanding of it requested he would graunt hir one desyre, and he should have whatsoever he would aske. She demaunded his dogge; he gave it, and "Nowe Madam," quoth he, "you promised to give me my desyre." "I will," quothe she. "Then I pray you give me my dogge againe."—Manningham's Diary, 1603.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. VI.

ARIZONA.

Chap. 57, Laws 1901.—Sec. 17. Every cold storage company, or person keeping a cold storage warehouse, or tavern or hotel keeper, restaurant or eating house keeper, market man, or any other person who shall at any time sell, or expose for sale in this Territory, any hide, head, horns, or meat of any male or female deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep or mountain goat, or any carcass of any wild turkey, dove, quail, bob-white, partridge, pheasant or grouse, or of any wild duck, goose, brant, snipe or rail, or any brook, mountain or rainbow trout, or any black bass, strawberry bass or crappie, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. 19. Provided, however, that nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit the importation and sale of fish and game from other States and Territories.

"PICTURES FROM FOREST AND STREAM."

THIRTY-TWO of the full-page pictures printed from time to time as illustration supplements to FOREST AND STREAM have been selected for publication in book form under the above title. A preliminary announcement of this has already been sent out, and the response has been such as to indicate that the projected volume will be given cordial welcome.

The scope of the collection is fairly comprehensive; the subjects include the reproductions of Audubon's bird portraits; big-game pictures by Rungius, field scenes by Osthaus, hunting pictures by Deming, shooting and fishing pictures by Davison, and yachting scenes. Every care will be taken to insure for the volume the highest artistic excellence, and to make it in paper, presswork and binding a creditable contribution to the literature of the field. A list of the plates will be found on another page.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. Mooney's paper contrasting the difference in conditions surrounding the field naturalist in the day of Wilson and our own time is supplemented by the note of Mr. Manly Hardy, who points out the yet more marvelous changes in the conditions of woods life which have been developed within his own personal experience. Hunting and fishing exploration, the collecting of natural history specimens, and every phase of travel, work and life in the wilderness, has been ameliorated by the development and perfection of equipment. The sportsman of the twentieth century is by no means of necessity, nor indeed often voluntarily, the Spartan that his sportsman father was before him. To go camping is not now necessarily to go roughing. Life in the wilds has shared the softening influences which have made modern living in so many material ways more luxurious and less strenuous than in the old days. Whether we of the present with all our conveniences get any more satisfaction out of it than did our fathers in their cruder way is an open question. The old-timer, who regards with indulgence the ease and comfort of these later days, would be apt to maintain that with all the hardship of the woods life as he knew it, there were rewards quite as full in their compensation as any we may find.

We are constantly talking of the rapid advance of civilization and the lessening of the wilderness on this continent, but there yet remains and will remain for many years to come an immense area of unsettled country to the north of the United States. The director of the Canadian Geological Survey says in his latest report that there are more than 1,250,000 square miles of unexplored land in Canada, or in other words, a territory comprising one-third of the entire Dominion. Here the sportsman will long be assured a hunting ground wide enough in its game resources to tempt exploration and exploitation.

In the early future extensive areas of this Canadian wilderness, which are now practically inaccessible, will be opened up by railway enterprises, and new and rich fields will be made accessible to the hunter and fisherman. One of these roads, the Algoma Central, is now building north from Sault Ste. Marie, and will have for its terminus Moose Factory, on the shore of Hudson's Bay. The purpose of the projectors is to develop the rich mineral and forest and agricultural resources of the country; awaiting the coming of the rails there are immense deposits of iron and copper and forests of valuable timber. Much of the country to be opened to travel is stocked with game. Elk and caribou abound, with wild geese and wild ducks, and fishing waters; and the man of rod and gun may complacently regard the new road as one in part projected for his own special benefit. These new opportunities come at a time when the game resources of other regions have been destroyed—resources which once appeared to be as abundant and as inexhaustible as these. Profiting by the example of the United States, which has permitted its game to be destroyed, the Canadian authorities may well take measures to prevent the reckless killing of game in these newly opened regions. Properly husbanded the stock will last for generations.

Governor Odell has vetoed the appropriation made by the Legislature this year for the purchase of Adirondack lands to be added to the State forest holdings. As a reason he submits that no settled programme has been adopted for the comprehensive treatment of New York's forest land problem, and until such a plan shall have been determined upon the Governor disapproves the further expenditure of public funds in this field. This conclusion doubtless is based upon a careful consideration of the subject, and it will be accepted as sound, in particular by those people who have knowledge of certain very questionable transactions on the part of the forestry board in the past. But the acquisition of forest lands and the conservation of the water supply are two interests of transcendent public importance, and interests which demand and should be given immediate attention.

Senator Malby's bill to prohibit hounding in the Adirondacks for another term of five years has become a law. The actual operation of the anti-hounding system has abundantly demonstrated its wisdom. We have expressed the opinion that by the end of the new five-year term local sentiment in the North Woods will be in support of a perpetual prohibition of hounding. Despite the active opposition of guides and other residents now existing, the gradual growth of a feeling in favor of the law may not be questioned.

In the several seasons of the year there comes now and again some one day, which by reason of the air or the sky or the clouds, or by a subtle, indefinable and indeterminable something, carries one in thought to some far-away scene and fills him with a longing for it. Sometimes fancy thus is led in autumn to a mountain, from whose brow one has looked out upon a wide stretching landscape of wondrous beauty, and again the suggestion coming in the spring time is of a camp site by the lake, with the soughing of the pines overhead and in front a vista of water and distant shore. Whatever the picture that rises thus unbidden, and though it be as fleeting as it is abrupt, we are grateful for it; and happy is he who can resolve on the instant to make good in actual seeing once again the reality.

For many years Mr. T. Southwell, of Norwich, England, has annually given to the public notes on the seal and whale fisheries of Great Britain, and the twentieth annual installment appears in a recent number of the Zoologist. He reports that the season's catch for 1900 included 17 whales, 632 walruses, 3,453 seals and 145 bears. The total value of this catch is estimated as $150,000, as against $190,000 in 1899. The animals of the northern sea are being exterminated. The right whale has practically disappeared from the Greenland seas, and the seals are disappearing as well. The author adds: "The destruction year after year of a very large proportion, often virtually of the whole brood and of a large number of old seals in addition, congregated in a limited area, must inevitably tell in course of time, and sooner or later reduce the breeding pack to such an extent that they would be no longer worth pursuing, and even lead to their final extermination. This has doubtless, to a very large extent, been the case. The British vessels have quite abandoned the pursuit, and what there is left of the Greenland sealing is now quite in the hands of the Scandinavians, whose more economical outfits enable them to continue the struggle long after we have been driven from the field."

We record to-day the sixth nail for 1901 driven into the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank, and other States are to be heard from. The principle of stopping the sale of game is receiving recognition everywhere. In the not remote future it will be the all-prevailing rule.

A common stock argument with advocates of an open game market is that invalids hanker for grouse and quail and should not be compelled to depend upon the chance generosity of sportsmen to satisfy their longing for game. It is true that there are invalids whose finical appetite may be tempted with game; but where one marketed quail goes to an invalid's room, a thousand go to game eaters who are healthy and robust. The consumption of game by invalids is so small as to be a negligible factor in the consideration of the subject. The invalid as a game consumer has been overworked; it would be graceful, not to say merciful, on the part of the market advocates to give him a rest.

Opposition to an anti-sale game law on the ground that it is class legislation in the interest of sportsmen as a class against the rest of the community is silly. It is of a piece with all the other opposition to game laws which is based on the "class legislation" pretense. The whole scheme of game protection has been assailed from time to time as class legislation, but in this country there is not the slightest reason to justify the charge. Sportsmen who use the rod or the gun are not from a class distinct from the rest of the community any more than are the players of golf or the young men who take red-headed girls driving behind white horses. Game laws are enacted and enforced to preserve the game stock, that it may not perish from the land, and if a law forbidding the sale of grouse and pheasants and venison is essential to accomplish the end, then such a law is in the public interest.

Perhaps no sportsman in America has ever been so well known as the Englishman, Henry Wm. Herbert, whose pen name was Frank Forester. Mr. Ruthven Deane, of Chicago, has devoted much time and effort to gathering up information about Forester, and relics of him and the notes which he has recently printed in FOREST AND STREAM are very interesting. It is hoped that any one possessing data concerning Forester, or any letters or other manuscript from his pen, or knowing of the existence of any portraits of him, will make them public, either through the FOREST AND STREAM or by communicating with Mr. Deane.

At the instance of the Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, Montana has made a close time for a term of years on antelope. As was set forth in these columns some weeks ago, the chief purpose of the law is to afford winter protection for the Park antelope, which gather on the Gardiner Flats, on the southern edge of the Park, and thence stray over into Montana, where many have in past years been killed. Arizona and Nevada have also just adopted a long term of protection for the antelope.

Mr. Charles Hallock has republished from the FOREST AND STREAM, as a brochure dedicated to the National Geographical Society, his biographical notice of Dr. Robert Bell, of the Geological Survey of Canada. It is a record of achievement and high public service, and well deserves this separate and permanent form.

The Sportsman Tourist.

BOS AMERICANUS.

Erstwhile, where Wyoming's unclouded Sun
  Athwart her arid plains imperious rode,
Of an innumerable phalanx one,
  Uncouth, with lowering front, I stalwart strode.

Still glares the Sun upon the herbage pale,
  Where looms the mirage o'er her desert zones;
But fled the Herd; beside th' untrodden trail
  Behold, unsepultured, my bleaching bones!

Theo. F. C. Demarest.

In Old Virginia.

X.—On and Off a Deer Stand.

WHEN a boy a friend of mine wrote what we both believed to be a very beautiful poem, the first two lines of which were as follows:

"All things are transient and must pass
Coats, hats, shoes and pants won't last."

I have long since recognized the error of our judgment in poetry, but the sentiment has become even more firmly fixed as time passes on as one of truth and verity.

It was the last day but one before that set for my departure from the delightful home that had afforded so many pleasures and furnished such ideal hospitality. My hostess came out on the front porch as I sat enjoying my after-breakfast cigar, holding in either hand a missive, and said, "I have here two invitations for you, and you may take your choice, as the messages were delivered simultaneously, and both invitations come to you at one and the same time. Cousin Tom, my fox hunting cousin, invites you to a fox hunt, and Cousin Rand invites you to come on a deer hunt. The two boys, bearers of these invitations, await your reply, but there is no hurry, as I have sent them to the kitchen for their breakfast. I suppose, of course, you will go on the deer hunt, as the fox hunt will not be according to the style that you have innovated, and perhaps you may be persuaded to hunt deer on horseback. Seriously, however, I would advise you to accept Cousin Rand's invitation and go after deer, as he is a famous deer hunter, has a fine pack of dogs and will probably succeed in giving you a shot, as I know he will make every effort to do."

I took her advice and accepted the invitation to hunt deer.

The next morning, a beautiful, bright, frosty day, after an early breakfast, the cousin made his appearance, accompanied by two friends, and bringing with him three of his justly celebrated deer hounds. He had selected for our hunt a piece of timber a few miles distant that had been culled many years before and had grown up in underbrush, making a dense and in some places almost impenetrable thicket. It was his intention to hunt out this cover with his dogs with the expectation of starting a deer, which he hoped some of us on our several stands would have an opportunity of killing. A road led down about midway through the hunting ground, and this road we followed until well into the woods; then with his dogs the master of the hunt turned off at right angles to work through the north half of the cover and back again, provided nothing was started, while we rode leisurely along toward the positions assigned us, which were stands known to my two companions at the further end of the south side of the strip of timber. We had only gone a short distance when the dogs gave tongue, and in a moment all was excitement. It sounded as though the trail was fresh, and it took but a moment for us to discover that they were heading back our way. Thinking it possible that they had jumped a deer, which had not yet crossed the road back into the cover on the south side, we immediately rode a short distance, when one of my companions dismounted, led his horse back into the brush and took a position on the edge of the road; my other companion and I rode on a little further, and following instructions I concealed my horse and took a stand, while the third member of our party rode on to a like distance from where I was posted and took his stand. The dogs, as well as I could tell, were working through very thick cover and steadily in my direction. And as it was still, sound carried well, and those three eager hounds with their deep-toned voices, multiplied their yelpings until it sounded like a pack of at least twenty.

On they came steadily toward my stand, and from moderate excitement I rapidly progressed, first to great excitement and then to greater excitement, and then to suffocation. I had dropped on one knee behind a low bush, through which I could watch the direction of the dogs' approach, and by the time they had gotten almost in sight and still coming toward me, my heart was beating with throbs that I could distinctly hear, and I found it necessary to stand up in order to get my breath. I expected every moment that the deer would break cover, as the dogs were on a hot trail, and showing evidences of being close on. I think I should have fainted, although no amateur, had those dogs been thirty seconds later coming in sight, but fortunately just as I seemed to have reached the limit of human endurance the dogs broke cover, came dashing through a little open space and crossed the road within thirty steps of me, disappearing in the woods beyond, showing conclusively that the game they were trailing had already passed by. I was just wondering what would be the next move, when hearing a thunder of hoofs, I turned to see my first companion, who had been stationed below me, a great long-legged fellow, coming up the road with his horse on a dead run, which he was trying to increase the speed of by pounding him with his heels. He motioned to me as soon as he discovered that I observed him, and I, understanding his sign, ran back, mounted my horse as speedily as possible and came out into the road just as he swept past with the shout, "Come on as quick as you can; we shall have to run if we get to our stands by the time that deer crosses." Settling myself in the saddle and putting my knees well under my horse's shoulders, I leaned forward and gave him a rake with the spur, realizing the fact that if I was expected, on an ordinary horse, to go around by the road and head off a deer running straight through, I needed to get all the speed out of my mount that was in him. The road was crooked, and I had but an occasional glimpse of my companion whom I was following; but every time I did see him he was pounding away at a tremendous rate of speed, making his long legs work like a pair of flails as he rattled his heels on his horse's sides. I finally turned into a straight stretch and found that I was gaining on him, which surprised me until I got a fair view and found that he was pulling his horse up. He allowed me to overtake him and hurriedly pointed out my stand, which had before been described to me as the "rail pile and leaning tree stand."

As soon as he saw that I understood, he redoubled his efforts to get more speed out of his horse, and in a moment was out of sight around a bend of road. Checking my horse at the spot indicated, I dashed into the woods by the side of a tree and throwing my bridle over a limb ran back to the edge of the road. Crowding a couple of shells into my gun, I scanned the road carefully for tracks that would indicate that the deer had passed.

I found nothing in the way of tracks that looked at all fresh, although there was one track, evidently made by a tremendous buck, two or three days old. Listening a moment, I discovered that the dogs had turned and gone to the far side of the woods from where my stand was situated, the tract of timber being very wide at this point. They now seemed to be at least a mile and a half or two miles away, and as the sound of the chase was growing gradually fainter, I soon made up my mind that the deer was running directly from my stand and that my chance for a shot was very slim, unless the dogs succeeded in turning him. I thereupon left my cover, went out and carefully inspected the road at a distance of a hundred yards up and down each way, to make sure that he had not already passed, and satisfied myself that no new track was to be found.

I then went back to the position which had been assigned me, which was at a point half-way between a small rail pile on one side and the famous old leaning tree on the other side of the road. The cousin who had arranged the hunt had on the way out told me the history of the leaning tree, and I now inspected that curiosity with a great deal of interest.

It was a large white oak fully as thick as a man's body, growing out of a bank on one side of the road and curving over almost in a half-circle until its top pointed toward the ground on the outer side. The history of the tree was given me as follows:

"My father told me that his grandfather told him that coming to this country as a young man and settling near here on a plantation, which lies on the Meherrin River, he and a companion camped one night by this tree, which was then a sapling, and when about to pitch their camp they discovered and killed a fine buck, which they butchered and hung on this tree, which by uniting their strength they bent to the ground. And from that day to the present time the tree has grown in the shape that the heavy deer, weighing it down, pulled it in. Another illustration, as father told me, and his father told him, of 'As the twig is inclined, the tree is bent.'"

The sound of the chase had grown fainter and fainter, until I could only hear an occasional distant bugle-like tone of one of the dogs, and had about resigned myself to a long, tedious wait, without any anticipation of sport. Filling my pipe and shouldering my gun, I began to pace up and down the side of the road, enjoying the beauties of nature and grumbling at my luck. In a few moments it became apparent that I was hearing the dogs more distinctly, and listening carefully I soon discovered they had turned and were coming back in my direction. Whether they would run my stand or not was an open question, but in any event I was in the line of possibilities. Laying aside my pipe and carefully selecting a position, I waited, listening to the now rapidly approaching musical chorus, the three dogs running a hot trail. Nearer and nearer they came, apparently directly toward me, until I began to feel the assurance that mine was to be the lucky stand.

Determined not to repeat the foolish flurry of excitement gone through in the morning, I braced every nerve and succeeded fairly well in exercising self-control. Just as I was congratulating myself on the fact that my nerves were steady, I heard a distinct crash in the direction the dogs were approaching, indicating that the deer had dashed through a very thick bit of brush, and immediately my heart set up a vicious pounding, causing me to gasp for breath. The stages were short then from excitement to more excitement, and then, hastened by another crash in the brush, much closer, to another attack of suffocation. A deer was close upon me, coming fast, and I could distinctly hear his leaps through the brush, although the thick growth, and young timber prevented my seeing him. My excitement was something terrible, in spite of the determined efforts to control myself. It is more than probable that I would have missed had I gotten a shot, but I was unquestionably very eager to try—even with the possibility of the humiliation of missing a deer at short range with a shotgun loaded with buckshot. Just as I was expecting every moment to see him burst through the remaining short distance of thicket and brush and bound into the road, a yellow streak dashed by me and took the fence immediately in front in the line of where the deer was approaching, giving me a faint glimpse of a long, lank, yellow dog, and a moment later I heard the deer—checked and turned back—dash off at a right angle to the course he had been pursuing, followed by the yellow cur in full and eager cry.

One of the great metropolitan dailies has for its motto, "All the news that is fit to print"; that is good morals and good logic, and shall be the principle governing this narration. The low, subdued, earnest and intense soliloquy which followed the appearance and disappearance of that miserable yellow cur can be left to the imagination of the reader. It sufficeth to say had that dog run the deer by me a moment later, I should have shot the dog first, if I got no shot at all at the deer. The chase had continued but a few moments back through the timber when I heard the report of a gun, followed by a shout from the master of the hunt which announced game to bag, and I knew that although I had been disappointed, some one else had scored. My two companions occupying the stands beyond me on the road soon rode up, and mounting my horse we made our way through the thicket to the successful hunter, and found him with his dogs seated by a fine deer which he had just killed. The deer turned back by the stray cur had run directly by our friend as he sat on his horse, giving him the opportunity for a fair shot, which he improved as related.

Loading the game on a horse, we made our way out to the road, where we were fortunate enough to meet an old darky going toward the house with his wagon, who agreed to take the deer in for us.

"I sho will try to git him dah fo' you, Mas' Randolph," he said. "But he is such a fine fat deah dat hit mos' mak' a pusson furgit de way to de hous', at least wid paht of him; say des a ham or so."

"Well," said one of my companions, "you may forget the way with that deer, Uncle Zeke, or a part of him, as you suggest, but if you do, just bear in mind we won't have forgotten how to shoot, and Aunt Mandy will make a very gay widow."

"Nem-min', sah; nem-mia'; ef I duz furgit de way, de ol' mule she ain't, and we all will git it dah safe, sho."

A consultation was now held as to the advisability of continuing the hunt, as it was not later than 10 o'clock and the day perfect. The main argument urged against continuing was the fact that we had no lunch with us, and had eaten a very early breakfast. Not expecting to be out later than noon, we had not encumbered ourselves with the now very much desired accompaniment—a substantial luncheon. After a short discussion we concluded to go to another excellent cover near by and try that, at least for a short time, before going home.

We were soon well located on our respective stands, mine being just over the brow of a ridge near the road again, with the top of the ridge on my left hand, and a piece of low ground gradually sloping down on the right. Nothing was heard from Rand and the dogs for nearly an hour after we reached our stands. It had become very monotonous waiting on the stand, and every moment the regret grew that no lunch had been provided. I felt sure that I was a long way from any farmhouse, and yet imagined that I could smell a good dinner cooking in two or three directions, and a farm bell ringing for the noon repast so far off I could barely hear its faint tinkle, made me positively long for an opportunity to get something to eat.

A diversion offered, however, to take my thoughts from the severe arraignment being made by my department of the interior, as the dogs were again heard opening upon a trail. They were a good way off, and it was impossible for me to tell which way they were running; all I could do was to get in the exact position ordered to stand and hope for the best. I shortly discovered, however, that the dogs were not coming my way, but, on the contrary, judging by the sound, were working off in the opposite direction. Fainter and fainter their voices sounded, until they finally died out in the distance, and all was again silence. The temporary excitement had been just sufficient to whet my already very sharp appetite, and just then looking down the road I spied a large persimmon tree, loaded with lucious fruit. I made up my mind at once that I would have to go down and get some persimmons or surely starve to death. As I was about to yield to this temptation I remembered how my companions had enjoined upon me that under no circumstances was I to leave my stand, telling me that in every case when a deer ran a man's stand it sought the opportunity when he had wandered off. And I also remembered how I had promised my friends that nothing could tempt me to so far forget myself as to desert my post of duty and not at least make an honest effort to stop any deer that came my way. Sitting down on a log I turned resolutely away from the tempting persimmon tree and tried to forget how hungry I was, but it was no use; I could see the tree in spite of turning my back to it and almost taste the fruit. Fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes I sat resisting the awful temptation, and then, hearing nothing of the dogs and feeling sure there would be no danger of missing a shot in the few minutes that it would take me to run down to the persimmon tree and fill my hat, I sprang into the road and made for the tree at my best speed, feeling like the guilty deserter that I was. Leaning my gun against the fence, I shook the tree, bringing down a plentiful supply of the sweet, frost-cured fruit, and pulling off my hat I gathered as fast as I could, while keeping my mouth well filled. With my hat two-thirds full of persimmons, I was working around the outer edge of the circle of fruit, when I heard a piercing yell some distance up the road, and a moment later a magnificent buck sailed over the bank and into the road and out on the other side, so close to my stand that had I remained where I should have been I could have touched him with the muzzle of my gun as he passed by. Dropping the hat, I dashed for my gun with feverish energy, and running as hard as I could—in a sort of foolish desperation—made haste back to my stand, arriving there only to realize that the deer was probably two or three miles away. I had not collected my thoughts nor recovered my breath fully when Rand rode out from the woods in the track of the deer, and catching sight of me, asked excitedly, "Didn't you see that deer that I just jumped and ran this way?"

I should have liked very much to talk about something else about that time, but hardly knew what subject, other than the one he had mentioned, would interest him. I felt perfectly willing to have him get down off his horse and kick me to his heart's content, and thought of inviting him to do so, but to face the ordeal of explaining to him my very foolish conduct I certainly did not relish. Hesitatingly and very much embarrassed, I answered his question, telling him frankly that I had seen the deer.

"Why didn't you shoot?" was his next question.

"I wasn't within gun shot," I answered.

"Why," said he, "that's strange; I rode up and jumped him in a thick place, not 500 yards back in the woods, and he came like a shot from a gun for this stand, and I shouted that you might be put on notice." He then turned his horse back into the road, and a moment later was looking down on the track of the deer left in the loose dirt of the road. Scanning it closely and attentively for a moment, he then turned and looked at me in the most puzzled manner.

"Did he run over you and knock you down?"

"No," said I; "he didn't."

"Where is your hat?" he then asked.

Summoning up my courage, I replied, "It is down the road yonder," pointing to the persimmon tree, "and is full of very nice persimmons, which I am going down to eat."

"Oh!" said he, with a look of deep disgust. "I understand now, and I guess you don't care very much about hunting deer anyhow, and if you will fire your gun to call up our friends we will go home."

My companions were not rude to me during the return trip; on the contrary, they were polite, profoundly and painfully polite, but there was an air of concealed disgust that was not dissipated by my earnest assurance that I had never been in all my life so hungry as I had been that morning when I deserted my deer stand.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.—IV.

Hunting in the Great Massinau and the Hidden Cave.

LEAVING Toronto by morning C. P. R. train east you will arrive at Kaladar Station, a few miles beyond Tweed, about 3 o'clock P. M., and thence thirteen miles by stage to Cloyne, in early evening. This place is noted more from what it is not than for what it is or might be. Its negative qualities predominate. Unlike most villages, it has no past and, in prospect, no future prosperity. A tavern, two or three stores and a blacksmith shop, with a few dwelling houses without paint scattered along about a mile of sandy, dusty road, comprise the place. On the east side is the county of Frontenac and on the west the county of Addington.

The soil is a coarse, barren sand, and plants and crops look pinched and starved, even in a year of exuberant growth in other localities, and farmers do not prosper. It is, however, the entrepôt to the great lumber region beyond, being only three miles from the depot of a large lumber company at the foot of the Great Massinau. It is the center of a lacustrine district, swarming with lake and brook trout, and in the fall of the year is the starting point of numerous hunting parties for the forests beyond. The Perry road runs northerly along the Massinau Lake. Deserted homes here and there denote the failure of some settler who, after years of toil in clearing the pine lands and rearing substantial buildings, has left in disgust for a more genial locality and a more generous soil. About seven miles from Cloyne the traveler obtains a fair view of the Massinau, a fine sheet of water ten miles long, running in a southwesterly direction. Here he stands upon the height of land. The waters of this lake flow to the south and east. Over and behind the big rock lie Dyer Lake and Buck Lake. To the south of them, Little Buck Lake, Marble Lake, Massinogon and Long Lake (Massinogon seven miles and Long Lake twenty miles long). To the east there is Campbell Lake and McClintoc Lake, and to the north of McClintoc the Brulé Lakes, which empty into the Madawaska. To the south and west the waters of Loon Lake find their way to the Bay of Quinte, while to the north and west the West-la-ma-coon runs to York River, a tributary of the Madawaska. This is a land of forest, lake and stream—a sportsman's paradise. Here the scenery is worthy of our artist's pencil. From Tapping Mountain, which rises about 900 feet from the waters of the lake, looking westward, the illimitable green rises billow upon billow clear across the counties of Addington and Hastings, a distance of about fifty miles, while to the north and east the mountains around the Brulé Lakes and the Madawaska break the horizon, or upon a clear day over the waters of the lake in the upper regions of the air the empyreal realm of the eagle, that majestic bird, perhaps, may be seen extending its immense wings and wheeling slowly and majestically to and fro, seemingly without exerting a muscle or fluttering a feather, but moving by mere volition and sailing on the bosom of the air as a ship upon the ocean. Directly in front of you to the east rises the famous rock of the Massinau. This rock is apparently the half of a high mountain split in two by some terrestrial convulsion ages ago, the west half having disappeared, leaving the east half a sheer precipice, rising perpendicularly from the waters of the lake hundreds of feet and extending north and south about a mile and a half. In the clear atmosphere objects at a distance seem surprisingly near. When on the lake you imagine you are only a half-mile or so from the rock, and are disgusted when told you have to row two or three miles to get to it.

Whether from its echoes or from its gruesome appearance while passing underneath in a boat, this rock inspired the Indians with reverential awe. Forty or fifty years ago paintings could be seen—Indian hieroglyphics—but are now obliterated by the action of the water and frosts. A curious legend is connected with this rock, and one which invested it with more than local interest. Like the buried treasures of Captain Kidd and similar chestnuts which used to interest the past generation, it was currently believed that a cave surpassingly rich in native silver existed within its adamatine bosom. Wondrous stories were told, and currently believed, how the walls were studded with pure silver. Stalactites of the solid metal hung from the roof, while all around was scattered wealth equal to a king's ransom. Here was a veritable "King Solomon's Mines," without the old hag Gagool to close the stone door upon the intruder. Like all other such fables, the truth of its existence lay in the impossibility of finding it. Its locality was known to the chief medicine man of the tribe, and the secret had been handed down from generation to generation and sacredly kept. The Indians said it was the abode of the Great Spirit, and no one (but the medicine man) dare enter, for he could not come out alive. The breath (poisonous gases) of the Great Spirit would cause him to die.

The name of Meyers is so closely connected with this cave that its history would not be complete without a word or two about those people.

Settled in early times on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, near Trenton, the Meyerses were a hardy and numerous family with an inclination to hunt as thoroughly ingrained as that propensity was possessed by an Indian. A Meyers was as adept as an Indian in following a trail or tracking a deer or a bear, and as expert at trapping and all manner of woodcraft. Without a compass, no tract was too lonely for him to explore, no forest jungle too dense or too vast for him to penetrate. The management of the camp was second nature to him, and the trackless forest was as plain and open as the streets and alleys to the dwellers in the cities. He loved the forest and its associations. To him the singing of the pines was sweet music, trees and rocks his companions. He was a true son of nature and in touch with her ever-changing mood.

A rifle—flintlock, of course—powder horn, a few patches and bullets with hatchet and knife composed his hunting outfit, while a blanket, pannikin, a few pounds of pork and flour, a little salt and tea by way of luxury, and the ever-present flint, steel and tinder box, completed his kit. Thus equipped for the woods, he would start out. No matter wherever night overtook him, with a wigwam of evergreens and a bed of the same material on top of the snow, and a fire at the root of a large tree, rock or log which would retain the heat and refract it back into his snug quarters, he would enjoy his night's rest with the ease of a commercial traveler in a palace hotel, and with a sound and refreshing sleep which downy pillows and spring mattresses fail to bring. While deer roamed around his own fields and fallow, his favorite hunting grounds were on the tributaries of the Moira, about thirty miles north of where Tweed is now situated. Here deer were as plentiful as sheep in a farm yard, and still continue to be very numerous to this day.

At the earliest snows the Meyerses repaired to this favorite hunting ground, where they built a rude cabin as a sort of depot for their hunting excursions, and remained until about the latter end of January. Some of their sons, now old, gray-headed men, still tell of their accompanying their fathers in their annual hunts, and of the sleigh loads of deer and the bales of fur garnered in during their sylvan harvest. These were the happy days of muzzleloaders and of plenteous game, with no statute to limit the season or prescribe the number. From this place proceeding a short distance to the north and east through what is now known as the township of Anglesea, they would find themselves near the large waters of Loon Lake, which lie only a mile and a half from those of the Massinau.

By placing a canoe in the water at Corbyville, four miles from the mouth of the Moira, Loon Lake may be easily reached, there being only short portages to be overcome. These waters being of easy access to the voyageur, the Meyerses and their friends became acquainted with them, long before any settlement was dreamed of, and years before the lumberman's axe resounded throughout the woods.

About eighty years ago John Meyers, the veritable nimrod of the family, hunted in this locality. Every fall he repaired to this locality and hunted weeks and months at a time with the Indians. Whether by joining or becoming one of the tribe and going through the initiation prescribed for becoming a medicine man, or by influence over the chief, he gained access to the cave, and from his description it surpassed in richness everything said or imagined about it. But like all other stories of this kind, something happens to keep them on foot. Meyers on his journey homeward was overtaken by a storm on the lake, his canoe upset and he lost his rifle and effects, and the specimens of silver went along with the rest. Not long after his return home he was taken sick and never recovered. Before he died, however, he left as a legacy the important secret of the cave, and to a trusty friend gave directions, which were written down on paper, as to the locality. Whether from the bungling or careless manner in which the precious information was written down, or from the feeble and clouded state of Meyers' mind, weakened by disease, the description was as ambiguous as the answers of the Delphic oracle.

The story of Meyers' discovery was soon widely circulated. Many were the searchers after the hidden treasure, and among the rest were Meyers' confidants, who to the pleasures of expectation added the exultation of absolute certainty. But all their explorations were in vain, the Great Spirit was not generous; they might as well have searched for the amphitheater in the Kaats-kills, where Rip Van Winkle played ninepins with the crew of Hendrik Hudson. As the search began to become fruitless, those who possessed the precious document grew generous, and its contents were imparted to others. The writing stated that the cave was situated about half a mile from the "mouth" of the lake. Learned disquisitions took place as to what was the mouth of the lake. Some held that the mouth was where the waters of the lake flowed into the Mississippi, while others contended that it was where the waters received those of the river at its head. The story of Meyers' Cave gradually died away into fable, to be revived from time to time as the fluctuation of mining interests increased or waned in this locality.

E. B. FRALECK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Some Boyhood Memories.

IX.—A Boy, a Man and a Memory.

IT was Saturday afternoon and you were husking corn out in the barn alone—it's you I am speaking to—and the late October sunshine streamed in through the open door and flickered yellow on the husks.

There was a woodpecker rapping away on the old tree by the well, and a partridge had been drumming down in the woods back of the house all the afternoon. You just naturally can't stand it, and you kick away the corn husks and go out around the back way, and up into the woodshed chamber, and take down the old gun from its pegs on the beam. You have been allowed to use that gun a few times, mostly to kill crows in the cornfield, and you know how to load her and where the powder and shot is kept on the top shelf in the cupboard.

A charge of powder poured in the palm of your hand (no fine distinction here between 3⅛ and 3½ drams), a wad of newspaper rammed down till the iron ramrod fairly bounded from the barrel, about the same bulk of shot—no. 4's—another light wad, tap it gently this time, a G. D. cap shoved down over the nipple—and there you are.

Then you went down through the orchard to the corner where the woods and the orchard joined and the Spitzenberg blushed to the nodding of the pine cone. Then you crawled through the fence and walked carefully—oh! so carefully—down the old woods road, for you did not catch your partridge on the wing in those days. My! how still the woods was. Then you worked your way in through the underbrush and sat down on an old hollow log and laid the gun across your knees and wondered what made you breathe so fast.

Then after awhile a red squirrel chattered in a big pine and a dog barked away off somewhere. Hark! Something is rustling the dead leaves. Don't turn your head now; just look. Ah! a big cock partridge walks gravely, suspiciously, from behind the top of that fallen hemlock. Wait now! Wait till his head is behind that second growth beech. Pull her up. There he comes—bang! A flurry of leaves, a cloud of smoke from the old gun and a trembling hand is pressing the fluttering bird to the ground.

The tragedy is over. Tragedy did I say? No, no! It is a law; nature's law; inexorable, immutable; the law that the fittest shall survive.

You took that partridge up with trembling fingers and sat down on that old log, and laying him on your knees smoothed the ruffled feathers, gently and—— Now, honestly, did you feel quite that way when years later you shot your first deer?

You are older now—quite a bit older—and you come back to the old homestead one afternoon and walk down the old woods road.

There is a boy with you—your boy—and you see an old rotten log covered with green moss that looks like the same—— Whir-r-! went a partridge from behind that stump. "Oh, papa! why didn't you bring your gun? When can I have a gun?" Then you sit down on the old log, and as the shadows grow darker on the russet leaves you tell the laddie how you shot a partridge—your first partridge—just over yonder under that little hemlock when you were a boy.

And years after, when that boy is a father, will he forget it? No, indeed! And some time, mayhaps, he may take *his* boy down an old road through the woods—and it all comes back. Then he will laugh quietly to himself and say, "See here, Bubby, your grandpa told me that he shot a partridge once right over by that tree somewhere." "Tell me about it, poppy." And he will, briefly perhaps, and with a paucity of detail.

But will that boy forget that incident, or will not that very locality in every detail meld into his retina so that in a day to come, as he sits alone on a runway, watching, waiting, the half-forgotten picture will unroll before him as a mental panorama? He does not remember his grandfather very well except as a tall, gray, silent man, who stooped a little, and whose eyes always seemed to look, not at you, but at something far beyond you.

But he could sketch that woods roads down to the last knot on the dead pine. And yet we wonder why traditions never perish.

Ah! yes. Hiawatha could well afford to wait a thousand years for Longfellow, and the Lorelei will live when the Rhine is but a memory.

DR. F. J. TOMPKINS.

TROY, N. Y.

Then and Now.

IN reading the list of camp outfit which Mr. Hough is to carry, all of which it may be very nice to have, I could not help comparing it with the outfit we used to have a few years ago. The fall I was twenty-one I was hunting all the fall. Our provisions consisted of hard bread (and very hard bread, too), pork, potatoes and a little molasses. In 1858 my partner and myself for a month had nothing but very sour flour and salt, except what we killed, and that had either to be roasted on a stick or boiled in salt and water. We had swamped and wet our flour, and no dog, unless very hungry, would have eaten such bread as it would make. We had no tea nor coffee nor even pepper.

In 1859 the provision for two for our three months was: 125 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of sugar (we carried an extra quantity of this, as we expected to find cranberries), 30 pounds clear pork, 2½ bushels of potatoes, 10 pounds of rice, 2 cakes of chocolate, a little tea, a peck of beans and one salt codfish and a barrel of hard bread (about 80 pounds), and this outfit was luxury compared with what I used to see the hunters start with when I was a boy.

I have often seen two Indians start about the first of February, when the snow was from two to three feet deep, with all their outfit on a wide one-runnered toboggan. Besides a gun, hatchet, pair of snowshoes and single blanket for each man, they had about 25 pounds of flour, a few pounds of pork and a little tea. Before leaving the settlements they would get some settler's wife to boil some potatoes which they would peel and mash and tie up in a cloth, as in this way they would not be injured by freezing. They had flintlock guns, and carried flint, steel and punk for lighting a fire. They had not a rag of spare clothing, and were very lightly dressed, as like the Cree guide whom Robinson tells of in his "Great Far Land." They had leggings which reached up a certain distance, and a breech cloth which reached down a certain distance, leaving a large space for that providence which "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" to experiment upon. Clothed in this way, they went on foot and hauled their outfit from 75 to 100 miles, camped in such camps as they could make with their hatchets, always sleeping side to the fire, as in this way the extra warmth thus obtained helped make up for scanty bedding. They saved and dried their spare moose and beaver meat, and would return the last of May in a canoe, which they had made either of birch bark or the hides of three moose, shaved, sewed together with lap seams and stretched over a cedar frame.

Now people go to those same grounds in cars, sleep on spring beds, have hotel fare and call it hunting, and tell of the hardships of roughing it.

M. H.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

The American Ornithologist a Hundred Years Ago and Now.

WHEN the ornithologist nowadays decides upon an expedition to any remote or outlying section of the country he gets up comfortably at 8 o'clock, takes a hansom to the railway station and boards a luxurious train which whisks him at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour to his destination. Arrived there, if he have not a well-appointed inn to put up at (and the chances are he will), he (with the aid of one or more henchmen) pitches a tent proof against wind or weather and spreads out his equipment, including a sleeping bag, a repeating shotgun, a binocular field glass, a tele-photo camera, an ornithological "key," a specimen case, a stylographic pen, a barometer, a compass, and last, but not least, a miscelleanous collection of tin cans and boxes. Having inspected all these and put them in order, he sits down in a calm and pleasantly anticipatory frame of mind to smoke his pipe. At night he gets into his sleeping bag and woos Morpheus as successfully as he might in a feather bed. When morning comes he goes forth appropriately clad for the season and accompanied by an experienced guide. Safely he wanders over the country, nothing occurring to mar the pleasure of his pursuit except a possible shower. When the day begins to decline he strolls back leisurely to camp, changes his clothes, refreshes himself with a Martini (ready made) and then sits down to a meal which would have caused epicurus to wonder. Finally, when he returns to town, he sends his specimens to a taxidermist to have them set up and then to an artist, who draws and colors them. The only thing that remains for him to do is to dictate to a stenographer the story of his experiences.

Contrast this with the ordeal of Alexander Wilson, that pioneer of American ornithology, a hundred years ago. With practically a virgin field to explore, he lacked, we may say, every aid or adjunct of those we have enumerated. Even if he had money he would have lacked them, but he had no money, at least as we understand the phrase. A poor schoolmaster, his whole possession may be summed up in this: *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body. We say "a sound mind," but it may not be amiss to mention that in his day there were many of those who knew him—the great majority perhaps—who considered him downright crazy. And why? Because he loved birds. Had he set his heart upon good, fat swine he would have passed for a man of sense; but birds!—clearly the man who loved anything so useless must be crazy. Heigh ho! Is the world so very much different to-day? But no matter. The man devoted to science or an ideal cares little for the opinion of the world. So it was with Wilson. He gave himself up to the love and study of the feathered tribe perfectly regardless of what his neighbors thought or said. In the hours before or after school he would stroll out through the fields and woods and there use his eyes and ears with unalloyed delight. But he aspired to be more than a mere amateur ornithologist, and at length fortune favored his aspiration. Falling in with a publisher in Philadelphia who was bringing out a natural history, Wilson suggested that it be made as complete as possible in the ornithological department, and offered to make expeditions through the country in search of knowledge. The publisher agreed with his suggestion and accepted his offer, but he does not appear to have advanced poor Wilson much money, for we find him setting out on his first expedition with hardly more in the way of equipment than a horse, a shotgun, a couple of blankets and a little provision of dried meat and biscuit.

Think of this man, equipped in the manner stated, setting out to penetrate the wilderness of North America! Not to speak of the danger from wild beasts and wilder men, there were the mysterious hazards of the unknown facing him—and there was solitude, with possible hunger and sickness; but he faced all with a light heart from sheer enthusiasm or devotion to his ideal.

We can picture him, then, making his way laboriously through the trackless wilds, but always on the alert to seize whatever knowledge presented itself in connection with his beloved quest. Let us hear himself speak of some of his experiences:

"This day I passed through the most horrid swamps I had ever seen. These are covered with a prodigious growth of canes and high woods, which, together, shut out almost the whole light of day for miles. The banks of the steep and sluggish creeks that occupy the center are precipitous, where I had often to plunge my horse seven feet down into a bed of deep clay up to his belly, from which nothing but great strength and exertion could have rescued him; the opposite shore was equally bad and beggars all description. For an extent of several miles on both sides of these creeks the darkness of night obscures every object around.

"From Portland, Me., I directed my course across the country among dreary, savage glens and mountains covered with pines and hemlocks, amid whose black and half-burnt trunks the everlasting rocks and stones that cover this country 'grinned horribly.'

"The general features of North Carolina where I crossed it are immense solitary pine savannahs, through which the road winds among stagnant pools, swarming with alligators; dark sluggish creeks, of the color of brandy, over which are thrown high wooden bridges without railings, and so crazy and rotten as not only to alarm one's horse but also the rider, and to make it a matter of thanksgiving with both when they are fairly over without going through; enormous cypress swamps, which to a stranger have a strikingly desolate and ruinous appearance.

"On Saturday I passed a number of most execrable swamps; the weather was extremely warm and I had been attacked by something like the dysentry, which occasioned a constant burning thirst and weakened me greatly. I stopped this day frequently to wash my head and throat in the water to allay the burning thirst, and putting on my hat without wiping, received considerable relief from it. The water in these cane swamps is little better than poison, and under the heat of a burning sun and the fatigues of traveling, it is difficult to repress the urgent calls of thirst."

After describing his voyage down the Ohio, he writes: "In this lonesome manner, exposed to hardships all day and hard berths all night, to storms of hail, rain and snow—for it froze severely almost every night—I persevered from Feb. 24 to Sunday evening, March 17, when I moored my skiff safely in Bear Grass Creek at the rapids of the Ohio, after a voyage of 720 miles."

In others of his letters he describes his nightly bivouacs. It would be well worth while to quote these descriptions, but the limitations of space forbid. It will be easy for the reader, however, to imagine the outlines at least of some of them—the lone figure by the fire in the gloomy recesses of the forest, alive with prowling beasts and echoing with dismal or hideous sounds; or again, a circle of sinister painted savages, with one white man among them, and that Wilson, not knowing how soon he might be the object of treachery, but knowing only too well what that meant.

However, it must not be supposed that the ornithologist's journeyings were one series of laborious or painful experiences. Far from it. Possessed as he was of an adventurous spirit and an intense love of nature, we may reasonably conclude that his moments of pleasure, if they did not outnumber, certainly counterbalanced his moments of pain. The joy of the miner on discovering a diamond or a nugget of gold is keen, but we fancy it hardly deserves the name of joy when compared with Wilson's sensation on discovering a new species.

At length, having amassed a great store of knowledge, he ceased his wanderings and devoted himself to the completion of his history—doing all his own drawing and coloring, as well as writing. As he had proved himself an enterprising collector, so he now proved himself an excellent artist. Especially in his writing did he prove this. It is true that much of his nomenclature or classification was faulty (as was indeed inevitable), but the grace and sympathy of his descriptions have rarely been equaled and never surpassed.

Like many another unselfish worker, he did not live long to enjoy his well-earned fame. Hardy as he was, the hardships and privations he had endured were too much for him, and in less than two years after the completion of his history he set out, alas! to explore a country "from whose bourne no traveler returns." As we contemplate this son of old Scotia (for to the latter belongs the honor of his birth), the figure takes heroic proportions. To an undoubted faculty of genius he added a tireless energy, an indomitable perseverance and an intrepid courage, and to this again he added a constant and unselfish devotion to science as rare as it is admirable. For that beloved mistress he was ready to suffer any and everything. There is many a general who has a statue erected to him that less deserves one than he. But the world takes small account of the soldier of science as compared with him whose business is carnage. However, Wilson needs no statue. In his history he has left a memorial which, while sufficient to his fame, is more honorable than any mere erection of bronze or stone.

F. MOONAN.

Experience with Wild Animals.

ALMA, Ark.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM one of your contributors takes the ground that the wildcat of our forests will not under any circumstances attack a human being.

While I have no personal knowledge to the contrary, I had from T. A. Wood, now deceased, an account of an instance when they did attack persons, and I am morally certain that both accounts were true. Mr. Wood was raised on what is known as Big Piney in Pope county, Ark., and in one of the most fertile valleys in the State, but one surrounded by mountains wild and rugged to a degree, and which even at this late day are the home of many wild animals, and the base of operations for some of the boldest moonshiners who ever defied Uncle Sam in Arkansas. But to the cat story.

Mr. Wood told me that in his young days, some time in the period prior to 1849, one of the old citizens of that section died, and the body was taken some fifteen miles across the mountains to a cemetery for burial; and that as the party proceeded along a dark ravine a large bobcat, or catamount, as they are called in this country, leaped from a tree upon the back of a lady on horseback and knocked her to the ground. The screams of the woman frightened it away. She remounted and had only gone a short distance when this was repeated, and again the cat ran away. Then Bert Doolin, who was the father of Bill Doolin, the famous train robber who was killed in Oklahoma recently by Heck Thomas, placed himself in advance of the corpe with a good knife, and the cat sprang on to Doolin, who fell to the ground and succeeded in killing the cat with the knife.

At another time, Mr. Wood said, some hogs belonging to Ben Howard (who married a sister of Mr. Wood and lived in the valley of the Big Piney), just after dark began to make a noise in an unusual way, and when Howard and his two sons went out to see what the matter was with the hogs, leaving Mrs. Howard standing in the doorway, a large catamount leaped upon her, fastening its teeth in her shoulder, and held on until Mr. Howard killed it with a club.

Mr. Wood was for many years a resident of Alma, and died here in 1899 at the age of seventy-seven years, and I am sure these incidents are true.

And again, Mr. L. B. Byars, one of our best citizens, tells me that a neighbor of his in the State of Mississippi, where Mr. Byars was raised, found a large catamount trying to catch a young pig from a litter on his farm, and that when it saw him it crawled under some brush in a pile near the pigs, and that the gentleman got a pole and pushed it, when it came out and jumped on his head, knocking him down and holding on until a negro ran up and caught the cat and pressed it to the ground and choked it to death.

At another time I'll tell your readers about a famous encounter with a panther by a man named Hudson.

J. E. LONDON.

The Florida Razorback.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed is from a speech delivered in Jacksonville at the Marshall banquet by Mr. Fildes, and it certainly ought to become the classic description of the "razorback." Put it into FOREST AND STREAM for preservation.

I am of the opinion that the wild pig is a descendant of animals brought over by the very earliest Spanish settlers, and that it has reverted to the wild type both in color (red or black) and in speed and shape and in disposition.

The marsh ponies, or "tackies," as they are called, have been pronounced by a New York horseman to be without doubt of Arabian stock, and the ancestors of the present razorbacks may also have an equal long line of ancestry.

DEWITT WEBB.

This is Mr. Fildes' description:

"The 'Florida razorback' is the hog indigenous to this climate and soil. He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrun a darky. He has a tail of wondrous length, which, while he is in active motion, he twists into the tightest corkscrew, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same maner that the docile cow uses her tail. He is self-supporting. He earns his own living, and thrives equally well in the highwoods, in the flatwoods, in the hummocks and in the marshes. He subsists upon anything he can find above the earth or underneath its surface. He has a clear, far-seeing eye, and is very sensitive of hearing. Nature has equipped him with a snout almost as long as the beak of the wild pelican of Borneo, with which he can penetrate the earth many inches in quest of worms, snakes and insects. He is the most intelligent of all the hogs, and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a watermelon, and to rend asunder a barbed-wire fence.

"He is so intelligent that when he lives in the towns he becomes as familiar with the railroad schedules as are the train dispatchers themselves, and plies his vocation in great numbers about the railroad stations, and yet no train ever ran over a 'razorback.' Whenever the railroad companies are forced to pay for killing a hog, it always proves to be a Berkshire, a Guinea, or some other fine breed—never a 'razorback.' He is too active and alert to be caught even by a locomotive. He is nervous, restless, energetic, and hence does not thrive well in pens. Confined, he loses rather than gains flesh. He is always ripe for market, as his condition is as good in August as it is in January. His owner respects his intelligence, admires his nerve and is fond of him as food, for he may always be depended upon to afford the proverbial 'streak of lean' with a very small 'streak of fat.' He is the king of hogs. He can be grown more profitably than any other known variety, since, as has been observed, he is energetic and intelligent enough to feed and clothe himself."

Great Flight of Hawks.

SATURDAY, May 4, and Sunday, May 5, were great days for hawks in southern New York and Connecticut. A stiff wind was blowing from the northwest, and there was a great flight, all working north.

A Connecticut farmer reports to us that he believes that during the day he saw over 1,000 and perhaps nearly 2,000 hawks. Several species were represented, and it is said that many tried to pick up chickens and robins, and chased pigeons. A sharp-shinned hawk shot by a farmer and fluttering to the ground was seized by another hawk and carried up to a fence post, where the uninjured bird stopped until it was shot. The gentleman who reports to us speaks of the killing on his farm of three sharp shins, one Cooper's hawk and one broad-winged hawk, and declares that during the day there was a continuous procession of hawks over his farm buildings. On Sunday morning a reader who was looking out of the window of his house on upper Manhattan Island saw a sharp-shinned hawk fly close by the window with an English sparrow in its talons.

Telegony.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must acknowledge Mr. Wade's superior information upon the technical application of the word "telegony," my own being only a dictionary acquaintance. Indeed, the word is not to be found in the Century, and I could only derive its meaning by piecing together its components.

I must also acknowledge Mr. Wade's kindness in explaining so clearly the nice distinction in the application of the two words telegony and atavism, a distinction that appears to be most fit and proper for technical purposes, though hardly to be discerned from their derivations.

Having already said as much as seems profitable on the general subject of "heredity," I will now leave that field of discussion to Mr. Wade and others.

I must confess to a feeling of trepidation in the anticipation of a broadside from Col. Alexander when he gets "good and ready" that will "blow me out of the water."

COAHOMA.

Starlings in New York City.

THE increase in the number of starlings about New York is very noticeable, and the birds are pretty objects, walking about on the bright green lawns searching for insects. They seem very gentle, manifesting little fear of man. One may walk close enough to them to see very clearly the spots upon them.

In certain localities not too thickly settled they are quite abundant, breeding in church steeples and holes in the trees, and in nooks in the gables of old wooden houses. A nest recently seen was quite firmly woven of hay, straw and rags, and contained three beautiful unspotted eggs, slightly larger than robin's eggs, and of precisely the same color.

The starling is one of the importations from Europe against whom as yet nothing has been said. He is a busy bird and should prove very useful as an insect destroyer. Whether or no he will develop bad qualities remains to be seen.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, May 14 and 28, at 8 o'clock.

May 14.—J. D. Figgins. "Some Food Birds of the Eskimos of Eastern Greenland."

W. S. Wallace.—"Notes on the Snakes of Rockland County, N. Y."

May 28.—Frank M. Chapman. "Methods in Bird Photography, with an Exhibition of Apparatus and Lantern Slides."

WALTER W. GRANGER,
Secretary American Museum of Natural History.

Supposed Wild Pigeons.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw this afternoon on Cropsey avenue a flock of about thirty that had the appearance to me of being wild pigeons. As I have seen them in former years, I do not think I am mistaken, as I had a good view of them twice, and they were not more than 200 feet from me. I thought when I saw them they were starlings, but they were too large and were not spotted as starlings are. I know you are interested in what has become of the wild pigeons and so write you. JOHN BATEMAN.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Some Dogs That I Have Owned.

MY interest in wing shooting began in 1883 in a somewhat singular way. I was out hunting for gray squirrels one afternoon with a squirrel dog, when I almost stepped upon a partridge in an oak thicket. I snapped my gun to my shoulder, or, at least, attempted to do so, but did not succeed, for when it was waist high, in my excitement I pulled the trigger and the gun went off. Imagine my astonishment when I heard a partridge fluttering in the brush not over five rods away. The dog heard the noise, too, for he pounced upon the bird and would have torn her to pieces if I had not released his hold. In my pride at shooting a partridge on the wing I imagined that the art of wing shooting was not such a very difficult one after all, and at once made up my mind that my way to becoming a proficient wing shot was easy. In the years of apprenticeship that I served afterward I learned differently. I brought my bird home in triumph, had it stuffed and roasted, and never before nor since has a partridge tasted half so sweet. The only partridge I had ever before killed was in the Dunlap woods while still-hunting. The bird had been pruning and was shaking the dust from herself when I fired. She fell, and although she was apparently mortally wounded, she fluttered so hard that I felt sure she would get away, so I gave her the second barrel at a distance of not over six rods.

Max.

But to return to the subject of wing shooting. My first bird dog was Max. He was seven or eight years old when I got him. He came from Springfield, Mass., and was a descendant of Ethan Allen's famous strain of blue beltons. He was a medium sized black and white setter, well ticked, with a good feathered tail and fairly large silky ears, much like those of a spaniel. Indeed, his pedigree showed away back a spaniel cross. He had rather a pointed head and a sharp nose, yet in the quality of scent his nose was as good as anybody's dog's. He was sturdily built and in his prime could hunt from daylight to darkness and repeat day after day. He was a tireless worker, extremely ambitious, and as staunch as a rock on a point. Partridges were his favorite game. He worked well on woodcock and quail, but was happiest when on the trail of an old partridge. So fond was he of trailing one of these birds that I frequently had to call him off, especially in the season of woodcock, as he was liable to pass by birds in his desire to work out a trail.

I never knew him to flush a bird intentionally. He had one fault that I practically broke him of, yet I always had to keep close watch to see that he did not commit it. When I first got him he would "break at shot" and chase. After various reprimands he got over this mean notion, though, as I have before said, it was not safe to always let him have his own way, for he was a very headstrong dog and sometimes a trifle willful. Another habit he had that he would indulge in in spite of all I could do was that of squeezing his birds in retrieving them. He had a hard mouth, and though he received many corrections for using it, I could not wholly cure him of the habit, but got around it by compelling him for the most part to point dead birds. After one full season's hunting I had learned his ways and he mine, and we got along first rate together. He was a good bird finder, and as I was lucky enough to be one of a party that included some first-class shots, a lot of birds were killed over Max.

At his best, after we had hunted together a few years, Max was a good enough dog for anybody. He found birds well, pointed them staunchly, and was true and steady on a trail. He never quit whether those behind him shot poorly or well. He always did his part, generally better than I did, for he was my first bird dog, and his experience and knowledge of the game was vastly superior to mine. I allowed him to teach me at the beginning, and I tried to profit by my early lessons. I have seen Max pick a live woodcock off from a sunken log in a dried-up brook and again lift a live partridge from a position near the trunk of a tree where he had pointed her so close that she was afraid to fly. He was naturally a fast dog, and kept the man working him and the man on the outside busy when birds were plenty. At this writing, December, 1899, when I am on the lookout for a bird dog for next season's shooting, I am free to say that I would be satisfied with a dog as good and serviceable as was Max in his prime.

In his old age Max became quite cross toward strangers, and had to be carefully guarded. He was naturally a sharp watch dog, and for a setter of his pounds could put up a good stiff scrap. He always managed to take care of himself whether in the city or country. If he was possessed of much affection he seldom showed it, and for this reason was rather an unsociable companion, except when engaged in hunting. In this respect he was not unlike many hounds.

In the fall of 1887 I thought Max was going back on me, and I took steps toward securing a new dog. Ira Moore and I went out Sept. 1, and about the middle of the afternoon Max showed such unmistakable signs of playing out that although we were in a good woodcock cover where there were birds left, Ira and I decided that it was good judgment to let up on the dog, so we stopped hunting with eight birds in our basket, with the prospect of increasing the string to an even dozen if the dog had been able to go on. I felt a good deal disappointed as I drove home, for I had believed that Max would certainly last another season. Ira said he might come around all right when the weather got cooler, but I felt that having hunted birds for three (?) years I knew more than did Ira, who had been following them for twenty-five (?) years.

Burke.

The upshot of the whole matter was that I got a new dog, once more through the recommendation of my former teacher, William W. Colburn, of Springfield, Mass. This time Mr. Colburn took somebody's "say so," and while he sent me a beautiful individual, I got a dog that knew scarcely more than a pup about partridges, and nothing at all about woodcock. Burke, for that was the dog's name, was a dark, rich, handsome red Irish setter, a son of Dr. Jarvis' noted show dog and field trial winner, Elcho, Jr. He was a dog of marked intelligence, perfect manners, and had I desired a canine companion only I could scarcely have found a more lovable or congenial one than Burke. But I wanted a hunting dog that I could kill game over, and as Burke was not that kind of a dog I sold him the following year.

Sept. 21 Gil Moore and I left by wagon for the north. At first I intended to take the new dog only, but after talking with Gil we both thought it good judgment to put Max in the wagon, too, and we did, most happily for us as it turned out. On the first day out we started in with Max, and he worked as slick as a whistle. After lunch I felt that I wanted to see the new dog work, so Max was tied in the barn and the aristocratic Burke was cut loose. And he did cut loose with a vengeance. He smashed into a flock of partridges like a line bucker on a football eleven the first crack out of the box, sending the birds helter skelter in all directions, and not until he had chased them out of the county did he come back to me.

"What kind of a dog have you got there?" exclaimed Gil.

"A treer, I guess," I replied. Well, after a little more experimenting with the "red cuss" he was exchanged for Max, and we began doing business at the old stand again. We killed that day twelve birds—ten partridges and two woodcock—and during the three days we were away we shot thirty-two birds—twenty-two partridges and ten woodcock—all over old reliable Max, that, after getting seasoned up, worked as fine as silk and all day long.

After returning home I gave Burke a few more trials, on which I killed some birds, but he was erratic and unreliable, and made hunting very unsatisfactory. The first woodcock I shot with him I flushed, and he did not know what kind of a bird it was when I brought him to it. I don't think he had ever seen a woodcock before. Certainly he never would point one for me. Burke had a defective nose, and I might add that I never hunted with a red Irish setter bird dog that had a true nose.

Belle.

It was apparent when September of 1888 came in that Max would not be able to do my hunting. He had become very deaf and was fast going by, so I began looking for a younger dog to take his place. I inspected several, and finally on Sept. 12 bought of Nathaniel Wentworth, of Hudson Center, N. H., the liver and white pointer bitch Belle, then four years old. No sweeter piece of canine flesh ever lived than Belle, and we had many a good day together, until her untimely death on Feb. 15, 1890.

Belle was small in body and light in limb, and her style was the embodiment of beauty and grace. When she walked, trotted or ran it was as if her little legs were treading upon cushions. She had the most expressive and human-like pleading eyes that I ever saw set in a dog's head. She was timid almost to a fault, and one had to be extremely careful in correcting her for a wrong. Wherever I went with her she attracted the attention of every lover of a dog by reason of her marked beauty and grace.

Belle was not of a bench show type. Her nose was rather too pointed for that; otherwise she would have stood criticism. She had a fine, slim, straight tail and a sleek coat. Indeed her coat was too fine for rough hunting, and she herself was almost too fine in her make-up to stand some kinds of hunting late in the fall, when the weather was very bleak. And to add to her other qualities of fineness, her nose was fine, "almost too fine," as her former owner often expressed himself to me. She did not exactly "potter" on scent, but she was so afraid of making a mistake that she frequently halted on old trails. Her nose was by no means poor, yet it was not always as true a nose as that Max had. She was a fair retriever, yet she was sometimes guilty of pinching her birds, especially a wing-tipped partridge. Belle was the easiest dog to work I ever hunted with. She kept in close, obeyed a call or a low whistle instantly, and made as delightful a companion in the brush as any man would wish for.

A lot of birds were killed over her in the two seasons I was permitted to hunt her. She was a member of a party that bagged nineteen partridges out from Manchester, Oct. 25, 1888, and on several other occasions she did her part in securing some big strings of birds. On account of her small size she was very handy to carry in a wagon. She was a perfect house dog, and was loved by every member of the family. Her sex did not give me the slightest trouble, yet it was her sex that ultimately was the cause of her death. It was my intention to breed her to Sime Young's pointer Prince, but I never got the chance. The cross would have produced some first-class stock.

Sweet little Belle lies buried at the farm beneath an overhanging apple tree whose white blossoms fall softly upon her grave every springtime. Beside her sleeps dear Mattie, the sweetest and loveliest piece of horseflesh that it has ever been my lot to see. Strangely enough, each met a sudden death at a time when her true value was being so much enjoyed and appreciated.

Prince.

I now approach with some misgivings concerning my ability to properly describe what in my opinion was the greatest bird dog I ever saw. Of course my friends know I refer to Prince, "the noblest Roman of them all." In my mind he was a monarch among dogs. What other bird dogs could do he accomplished, only, as a rule, better. If there ever lived a perfect partridge, quail and woodcock dog, that dog was Prince. Such old and experienced bird hunters as Gil Moore, Sime Young and Walter Leach have said that he would find more birds than any dog they ever saw. His ability as a bird finder was wonderful. He was a very fast dog when I got him—too fast for comfortable hunting—yet with his great speed he rarely flushed a bird, and never with the intention of doing so. On account of his speed and marvelous nose we were enabled to cover an immense amount of ground in a day's hunting. When he struck a cover containing no birds he was not long finding it out and telling us so. This made it possible for us to hunt many covers in a day. When he found birds he worked slowly and carefully. So absolutely true was he when he came to a rigid point that I can truthfully say that I never knew him to make a single mistake, nor did I ever see him make a false point. This, I know, is a strong statement to make, and one that some sportsmen might be inclined to doubt, but none of the men who have hunted with Prince and who knew him thoroughly will doubt the truth of it one moment.

Prince had a habit, when he got a strong whiff of scent, of stopping, chiefly, I think, as a warning to the man behind him to be on the lookout, and for the purpose of waiting until his handler had got within easy distance of him. At such times there was a slight wiggle of the tail, indicating that he was suspicious of game ahead. When he went on if he stopped again and that wiggle of the tail had ceased, it was a dollar to a cent piece that he had a bird nailed. When he "froze up" it meant business. So implicit was my confidence in Prince that had he come to a point in the paved streets of Manchester I should have expected a bird to rise. He never deceived me, and after I had hunted him one season I knew just what to expect from his every action.

His style on the three kinds of game birds found in our Northern covers was entirely different—so different that I always knew what kind of game he was following or pointing. Prince was the only dog I ever hunted with except Dick Lynch's setter Dash, that put up his own birds at the command, "Go on." As a rule he did all of the bouncing, which, of course, was a big advantage to me in my shooting. When he had a stiff point on a bird it was my practice to select the best possible opening and then send him on. He worked entirely for the man behind him, with no thought of any outsider. So tactful was he that I have seen him repeatedly, when in a bad place for me to shoot, back away from his point and approach the bird on the opposite side so that he might drive her my way.

I hunted with Prince a lot alone, and whenever he pointed a bird near the outside of a cover I always circled around and got on to the outside so as to get a better shot. At such times I either clucked to him (meaning for him to go on) or tossed a small object (generally an apple or a stone, or when hard pressed a cartridge) directly in front of him. The latter method never failed to start him, while when very close to a bird the words "Go on" sometimes failed to make him move. Any birds that Prince bounced came out of the cover; they never had a chance to "skin" back over his head. He did this kind of work as he did everything, in a practical and business-like fashion. He would hold a point as long as any dog I ever knew. In fact he would hold one as long as a bird would lie for him.

I remember before I bought him having Sime call Gill and me up from a run to a side hill to surround an old partridge that he had pointed under a thick, heavy hemlock with big overhanging branches. It was at least fifteen minutes before Gil and I reached the spot, for we had to thread our way through a pile of thick slash where there had been a cut off. When we got to Sime we found him sitting on a rock smoking his pipe, while the end of Prince's tail could just be seen under a hemlock branch. Sime positioned us around the tree, and then told the old dog to go on. And he did go on, and out boiled the partridge to Gil, who killed her. Sime from his position never saw her at all, but I did, and should have fired had not Gil dropped the bird.

Instances without number of Prince's cunning and woodcraft might be related. I think I am justified in saying that on the whole he could outwit and outgeneral more birds than were able to deceive him. He delighted in following up a wild old partridge that would not lie for him. Then he was in his element, and so sure was he of eventually making such a bird stay for a point that it was a sure thing in the end if the bird kept out of a tree. When we got on to one of these "wild devils" I used frequently to send a charge of shot after the bird, often out of gun range, for the purpose of making the bird lie, and the experiment generally worked successfully. When Prince got his mouth on to one of these birds he was immensely pleased. Ordinarily he manifested no especial pleasure in bringing in a dead bird. He retrieved, as he did other things, in a matter of fact way, but when he secured one of his old favorites he would circle around me two or three times as proud as a peacock, and if I reached for the bird he would turn his head the other way and avoid my hand. After about the third strut he would yield the bird up and start hunting again. He knew well enough that he had done his part toward capturing an old "skinner," for on no other occasion did he hesitate about giving up a dead bird.

After Prince had hunted a cover a few times he knew exactly where birds in it were usually to be found, and his generalship in working them to the best advantage for good shots was remarkable. If he was sent into an edge while I was following along on the outside, he invariably entered the cover at the further side, so as to

keep any bird that might be there between him and me. These tactics frequently resulted in some excellent easy outside shots. Pages might be written about Prince and what he had accomplished, but I will not add more, for many of his life deeds are firmly fixed; they will last as long as memory holds, and will be recalled in after years as I read again the diary of events contained in this unpretentious volume, compiled from data that I kept and entered after each hunt in a scrap book.

After Prince died in February, 1896, I gave up hunting, not resuming it until the fall of 1899, when I went out for a few times. It was pitiful to me to see Prince try to hunt in the fall of 1895, when he was so badly used up with rheumatism, lameness and a blood disorder that he could scarcely get around. His nose remained true to the last, but the Prince of old as I shall always remember him, had departed. That grand dog that seemed to rise supreme to our greatest of Northern game birds, the ruffed grouse, whose masterful ability in every departemnt of the sport of bird hunting known to dog kind was a revelation at last failed under increasing years, and the covers of New Hampshire and Massachusetts in which he achieved his great triumphs will know him no more. Good-by, old man! You were always faithful, honest, loyal, tender and true, and no master ever had a better friend.

In appearance Prince was a rugged type of an old-fashioned English pointer. He looked the grand old hero that he was. Everything about him denoted great strength. He weighed in usual flesh 73 pounds; in hunting time he got down around 60 pounds. His legs were massive, his body powerful and his head large and square cut at the nose. He had a long, coarse tail, his only defect. His color was liver and white in about equal porportions. A strip of white ran down between his eyes, spreading out at the nose, which was finely ticked. He had very expressive, intelligent eyes. Prince, while a very affectionate dog, rarely displayed his affection in a lavish manner. He was content with a quiet devotion. To his credit when he died. Prince had a record of very close to 2,500 woodcock, quail and partridges.

W. C. CLARKE.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

About Home-Made Wire Cartridges.

THE reference to Frank Forester in one of your recent issues carries me back nearly forty years to my boyhood days. In his book, written for beginners with the gun, the title of which I now forget, he mentions in a number of places the use of the old-fashioned Ely wire cartridge and the wonderful results produced by them when properly directed at a fast disappearing partridge 60 yards away.

In our village store they did not keep Ely's wire cartridges, and having been invited to spend a day at Barnegat with the ducks and geese, I decided to prepare my own wire cartridges. I had never shot either a duck or a goose, and reasoned that I never could reach them with my 14-bore muzzleloader unless I had wire cartridges to fall back upon.

Having laid in a generous supply of powder, shot, wads and caps, I proceeded to supplement my outfit with some home-made wire cartridges.

I first secured a square foot or two of wire window screening. This I cut into strips 3 inches wide and 3½ inches in length. I then took the butt of my cleaning rod and found that when the wire was closely formed around this it would easily pass into the muzzle of the gun. The wire screening carefully wound around the wooden form I now covered with two or three windings of thin but very strong manila paper, securing the edges with strong glue.

Removing the form from the mould I carefully bent in one end of the wire and, measuring out the proper quantity of shot, closed the remaining end.

I was a little dubious at the time as to the cartridges giving forth their contents at the proper moment, but completed a score or more and carefully stowed them away.

The more I thought about the matter the more was I inclined to test them before I started, so taking my gun, loaded with a wire cartridge in each barrel, snugly placed over the usual charge of powder, I visited my chum down the road. He was older than I, and I relied greatly upon his superior judgment. I told him of my experiment, and asked him the best way to test it. He at once suggested the side of the barn at sixty paces. A mark in the form of a flaring knot showing through the paint on the closed door was selected, and I blazed away.

There was no scattering of shot visible on the barn door, but about a foot from the knot was a round, freshly made hole through which you could easily poke your finger. It was evident that the cartridge had not broken. We opened the door, and in a direct line from the original point of entry we saw a hole very similar to the one made through the door. Out of curiosity I walked close to the hole, looked out and upon the meadow peacefully grazing was a herd of cows well in line with the flight of the unbroken wire cartridge. I gazed intently until satisfied that the cattle were unharmed, drew a long breath and then making a target of a horse pond some distance away discharged the remaining cartridge.

Nevertheless I took some of my wire concentrators with me on the trip.

On the sailboat from Toms River to the beach a diving duck was marked on the water perhaps a hundred yards ahead of us. My companions, thinking to get a little fun out of me, urged me to pot it on the water. I had kept my cartridges to myself, and when I loaded my gun slipped one in. Crawling well out to the bowsprit and making due allowance, the duck being now perhaps 60 to 80 yards away, I fired. The duck was in the act of diving when the shot reached him, ploughing its way through what remained of the duck's tail above water, cutting out a feather or two and splashing up the water. The duck did not finish his dive, but immediately arose from the water and flew off, badly scared. The laugh was turned on my older companions, one and all expressing great wonder at the close execution of my gun. They made many guesses, from a bullet to a genuine Ely wire cartridge, but I kept my secret to myself.

Our shooting was unsatisfactory. The day was still and the sun shone bright, and those birds we did see were high in the air. I had the satisfaction of noticing how the flocks well up in the air out of ordinary gun shot seemed to wince and notice when I shot my wire cartridge shots into them, proving conclusively that I had built better than I knew.

We hear no more nowadays of the Ely wire cartridges, and I presume it would be difficult to find them in any first-class gun store. The smokeless powder, choke bore and chilled shot have long since made obsolete Frank Forester's standby for a long shot.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Jacksnipe Are Wildfowl.

At last the Attorney-General of Indiana has given his decision upon the much mooted question whether or not the new Indiana law proteets jacksnipe, and whether a license must be taken out for the purpose of shooting jacksnipe. Under date of April 29, Z. T. Sweeney, State Game Commissioner, answered a well-known Chicago sportsman who had inquired about this matter, to the effect that the Attorney-General had just referred to the Game Commission the Chicago gentleman's inquiry, bearing date of April 20. "In answer thereto," said Mr. Sweeney, "I beg to say that snipe come under Section 5 of the law and hunters' license will be required." It will, therefore, be seen that it costs $25 to hunt jacksnipe in Indiana, and that the legal season for shooting such birds closed April 15.

Is It?

A number of Chicago shooters have taken the position that the jacksnipe is not a wildfowl, and they have been shooting them all through the past week in Indiana. Perhaps a good many of these shooters will believe the new law unconstitutional because it does not permit them to do what they like. Yet the question involved herein is one which has never been adjudicated so far as memory serves at present. It has been discussed at different times, but I do not recall any decision of any supreme court on the question whether or not a jacksnipe is to be called a water fowl. I have been asked by several Chicago sportsmen to inquire in these columns whether any reader of FOREST AND STREAM knows of any such decision. The information will be very thankfully received.

Law or no law, the snipe season of this spring has been a practical failure, not only in Indiana but in Illinois. No one knows where the birds are, but they are probably scattered over a great extent of country, the prevailing high water having created a great many feeding grounds.

Bears Are Out.

Dr. H. H. Frothingham, of this city, left last week for a bear hunt. He has gone to the Salmon River country of Idaho, taking with him Ben Sheffield, of Livingstone, Mont., as guide.

I got a telegram to-day from Joe Kipp, on the Blackfoot reservation of Montana. It was brief but inspiring. It said, "Bears are out. Get a move on you." I shall get a move on me to-morrow night, and only hope that I may at last find my long lost grizzly. It would seem that at last spring had broken on the east slope of the Rockies. Billy Hofer wrote four days ago that he and Collins, one of the reservation men, had been up in the Two Medicine country to put out a bait, but found two feet of snow and the ice not out of Two Medicine Lake. They saw what they thought was the track of one black bear. John Monroe left five days ago for the mountains to hunt bear, and he thought then they would soon be out, his guess apparently being verified by Mr. Kipp's telegram.

We have had so many scouting parties out that it surely looks as though we ought to get a bear, and if we do not it will be simply owing to the disobliging character of the bear himself.

Change in Illinois Game Warden.

Although Governor Yates has been non-committal in regard to it, it is none the less the fact that there goes into effect to-day a change in the office of State Fish and Game Commissioner. Harry W. Loveday, of Chicago, retires, and A. J. Lovejoy, of Roscoe, takes the office.

Mr. Lovejoy is general superintendent of the State Fair grounds, and is well known by different members of the State Board of Agriculture. He does not claim to be able to be present in Chicago much of the time, hence the important duties of the warden's work here must be delegated. Warden Lovejoy has been making inquiries in certain directions here, but has not yet selected a deputy. For his benefit it may be stated that of all the game wardens we ever had in Chicago, the one most cordially hated by South Water street was M. R. Bortree. Mr. Bortree was unanimously called a "crank" by the dealers. It would seem a good enough tip to Mr. Lovejoy that he could not get a better warden here than a man who is called a crank by the game dealers. The commission merchants were never able to "handle" him, and there is no record against him. If it is the wish of Mr. Lovejoy to actually prohibit the illegal selling of game in Chicago and not merely to make a bluff at it, he could not get a better man than Mr. Bortree.

The Lacey Law in Chicago.

State Commissioner Harry W. Loveday and his deputies have brought during the past season forty-eight cases against violators of the Lacey law prohibiting shipment of game out of season from one State to another. Deputy Marshal M. H. Edinboro left on Saturday last under subpœna of the United States Court of Oklahoma, where he will testify as deputy marshal in five cases involving the seizure of illegal game shipped from Oklahoma and caught here in Chicago under the Lacey law.

Mr. George W. Clark, another efficient deputy U. S. marshal, leaves on May 15 for the Indian Territory to testify in similar cases. Commissioner Loveday reports that at present there is almost no illegal game coming through. The result of these cases brought under the U. S. law will surely have a most discouraging effect upon the illegal shipment of Western game. Mr. Lacey of Iowa, who introduced this measure in Congress, as well as those who supported it, are heartily to be congratulated on its success. They probably builded better than they knew.

During the nine months of the season last past, one hundred and forty-eight violators have been convicted under the Illinois law and have suffered fines aggregating $2,131.50. There have been confiscated 22,401 game birds shipped illegally. Of these there were 21,618 quail, 704 prairie chickens, 30 partridges and 49 ducks. The sales of this game have amounted to $3,699.

These facts and figures show large changes between the game law situation here now and ten years ago. Reviewing them in connection with the rapidly increasing strictness of the game laws of the Western States, there would certainly seem reason to think that there is hope for the Western game.

At this date, May 2, Governor Yates has not yet asked for Warden Loveday's resignation, nor given the new appointee, Mr. Lovejoy, his commission, yet it is generally understood that Mr. Lovejoy will hold the office and appoint a Chicago deputy.

Death of Liver-Eating Johnson.

We used to hear from time to time of that unique Western character known as Liver-Eating Johnson, an old plainsman who spent the closing years of his life as deputy sheriff at Red Lodge, Mont. Liver-Eating Johnson was a giant in stature, and in his prime as rugged as a bear. He had failed in health for the last few years, and last fall died at a soldiers' home in California, as I have just learned through a friend from the West. The old-time men of the West are passing away one by one.

Queer Finds of Sportsmen.

They are crazy now over the new oil fields near Beaumont, Tex. In 1892, while hunting snipe on the sea marsh not far from that point, I remember to have seen a scum somewhat like oil floating on one or two portions of the marsh. No doubt others also saw it and to better effect. If I had shot a few oil wells instead of jacksnipe at the time, I might have been better fixed to-day.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Still-Hunting a Moose.

AFTER several weeks of preparation and happy anticipation, which is by no means the least of the pleasures of a hunting trip, I boarded the train for Montreal with that contented feeling which one experiences when he sees his carefully laid plans carried into execution. A tedious railroad ride of thirty-six hours gave me ample opportunity to recall the numerous articles necessary for my trip, and to wonder if I had left out any of them.

On the morning of the 9th day of November last I stepped from the train at Newcastle, New Brunswick, without knowing a single person in the town, except that I had had some correspondence with Mr. Robert H. Armstrong of that place, who had very kindly assisted me in making the necessary arrangements for the trip. When I registered at the hotel he came forward and introduced himself; directed me to a store where I could purchase my provisions, and sent for Mr. John Robinson, Jr., the game warden, from whom I procured my license.

The first stage of my journey into the woods was a drive to the house of Mr. James Foran, twenty-five miles up the portage road that leads to the lumber camps on the waters of the Little Sou'west Miramichi. Mr. Foran enjoys the distinction of having the last house on this road. From his house the road extends about thirty-five miles into the unbroken forest.

The horses were soon ready for the start, and as the road as far as Foran's house is good, we reached there in the afternoon.

That evening Mr. Foran and his sons entertained me with accounts of the adventures of moose hunters who had traveled this way before me, and gave me an interesting sketch of the manner in which John Wambolt, the trapper who was to be my guide, lived alone in his little cabin at the outlet of Guagus Lake. It seemed to be generally conceded both at Newcastle and at Foran's that Wambolt was the best hunter in that part of New Brunswick, and that my chances of success with him for guide were almost certain.

The following morning my provisions and outfit were securely packed in a lumber wagon. As soon as it was light enough to see, the horses were harnessed and Mr. Foran and I started for Guagus Lake, twenty-five miles further up the portage road.

Any one who has traveled on a New Brunswick portage road has learned from experience that the only comfortable or safe means of locomotion is on foot. From the time we left Foran's the road got rapidly worse, and soon I was glad to leave the wagon and walk ahead. The recent rains had filled all the hollows with mud and water up to the wagon hubs, and on the hills the road would remind one of a trout brook. We had intended reaching the Guagus Lake that night, but the road was in such a condition that we soon found this would be impossible. Late in the afternoon we camped by the roadside at a spot a little more than half way to the lake.

The next morning we started early, and as I walked ahead of the team I began to get some idea of the great game country I was entering. At frequent intervals could be seen the fresh tracks of moose and caribou plainly imprinted in the mud, and in some places the roily water, stirred up by their feet, had not had time to clear. In the afternoon we reached Wambolt's camp. It was a log cabin about fifteen feet by twenty feet. Inside there was a good stove. A shelf six feet wide extending across one end, about half way between the floor and roof, formed the bed. The cracks between the logs were all tightly filled with moss, and the whole interior had a snug, comfortable appearance. We could see that no one had been there for several days. I was beginning to get a little anxious about the prospect of finding my guide, when he put in an appearance. He explained that he had wished to look over a line of traps before my arrival, and had just returned from the trip.

That evening we laid plans for my two weeks' stay in the woods. Wambolt had the utmost confidence in the game supply on his territory and his ability to get me shots at good specimens of both moose and caribou.

He informed me that it was rather late in the season for good caribou heads, as caribou shed their horns about the first of November, and the large ones shed theirs first. He was sure that we could still find a good head, but it was best to lose no time in getting to the hunting ground. So the next morning, after starting Mr. Foran off for home with instructions to return for me in two weeks, we took a trail to the "burned woods" or "barrens" that extend for miles along the north branch of the Little Sou'west Miramichi, where Wambolt has another one of his camps exactly like the one at Guagus Lake, but smaller.

At this time of year the caribou leave the woods and come out on these barren lands in herds, to feed upon the gray moss which covers the ground until the snow gets so deep that they can no longer dig it out.

Our fears with reference to the caribou horns were fully realized, for we saw thirty-three caribou in the next five days, a large number of which were fine bulls with their horns off. It was the afternoon of the fifth day before I saw a head that I cared to shoot.

During that week the weather had become very cold and about a foot of snow had fallen.

Sunday, November 18th, found us again at Guagus Lake camp with a fine caribou head. We were now ready to try the moose and I confess, I felt a little uneasy about the chances of securing a good one in a week. But Wambolt was as confident as ever. His only answer to my anxious questions was: "There are plenty of moose," and so it proved.

In New Brunswick at this time of year it snows nearly every night, and frequently during the day, too. It was our fortune to meet with just such conditions, so that every morning the tracks made the day before would be buried in the new fallen snow.

On Wednesday the thermometer went up to 34 degrees, and it rained gently all day. That morning we took a trail that went north from the Guagus Lake toward the Bald Mountain. We had gone about five miles when we came on the tracks of a tremendous moose that had crossed the trail the night before, going in a northeasterly direction. We followed him at once. At first I expected to see him ahead of me at any moment, and kept a sharp lookout. This soon became tiresome and I amused myself measuring the length of his giant strides by pacing along in his footprints. I found that he took a step from 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet in length. From time to time I could see the branches broken by his horns where he had gone between two trees, and I tried to estimate from this how wide the spread would be.

Neither of us spoke a word till noon, when we stopped for lunch. The guide then informed me that we were probably nowhere near the moose. He was evidently an old bull looking for a place to yard for the winter. He had kept a straight northeast course and had not once stopped to feed. As long as he kept walking he was increasing his lead on us, for his great strides would carry him through the brush and fallen tree tops much faster than we could follow. My spirits fell, for I had pictured myself shooting this particular moose, and I knew if we gave him up the chance of my finding as large a one would be very slim.

After lunch we took up the track again and soon came to a place where five other moose had joined him or followed his track. About three miles further on the five separated from the big bull and took a more northerly course.

Wambolt was in favor of following the five, for he reasoned that five moose, two of which were evidently calves, would stop to feed or yard sooner than one traveling alone. I argued that for all we knew the old bull might have already come a long distance and was not at or near his destination.

Our discussion took a practical turn by the guide calling my attention to the fact that we had eaten up all our provisions, and if we would reach camp before dark we must start back at once. We accordingly took the compass and set out in a westerly direction for the trail we had left in the morning, leaving undecided the question as to which tracks we should follow. After about an hour's rapid walking we struck the trail at a point several miles north of the place where we had taken the track of the big moose, and by making all possible haste reached camp before dark.

We decided that on the following morning we would take three days' provisions on our backs and again take up the track of our moose unless we should find fresh tracks before we reached his.

Before daylight we were up and ready to start. The temperature had dropped to 20 degrees in the night. The wind was blowing a gale and occasionally a blinding snow squall would come driving through the woods. The old snow, soaked with the rain of the day before, was frozen hard, making it impossible to walk quietly. Our only consolation was that the roar of the wind through the trees drowned all other sounds, save now and then the crash of an uprooted tree.

We had not gone up the trail more than two miles when we came upon the tracks of three moose that had crossed after we had passed the afternoon before. They were going southwest, directly toward the head of Guagus Lake. As the chances of finding these were so much better, and they were so much nearer our camp, we gave up the old bull and took these fresh tracks. They took us down into a swamp, through some of the worst thickets and bog holes I have ever seen. After an hour or more of this, we came to the tracks of a very large moose going in a northeasterly direction and apparently headed for higher ground, where the traveling would be better.

By this time considerable snow had fallen and the tracks were all partly filled. The guide suggested that we leave the three and follow the big one, whose track appeared to be as fresh as the others, although the old snow had frozen since both were made, rendering it impossible to tell. I ventured the suggestion that this might be the track of the big bull we were following the previous day, before he had reached the place where we had started on his track. Wambolt did not think so, although he admitted the possibility of such a thing.

This moose went up hill and down, never varying the length of his step, no matter how steep the ascent. He would follow an old lumber road if it ran northeast, but the moment it changed its direction he would leave it. He would go through a fallen tree top where he could easily have walked around it, never seeming to notice the obstruction.

We had followed him for some time when my guide, who was always ahead, suddenly stopped and gave vent to some adjectives which I will omit from these pages. Stepping up quickly I saw our footprints of the day before, at the exact spot where we had first taken up the trail of the big moose. With prophetic wisdom my guide said: "I thought it was the same one." I knew he had thought nothing of the kind, and could not restrain a hearty laugh.

As we had already lost several hours on this back track, we started at a brisk walk for the spot where we had left it and the tracks of the five other moose the previous afternoon.

When we reached the place, Wambolt was inclined to take up the tracks of the five, but this time I insited on following the big one, since we had already tracked him so far. And we were off again with those big prints constantly stretching away further and further ahead of us through the woods.

At noon we stopped for lunch, but were soon at it again. Shortly after this we came to a large stream which my guide informed me was the north branch of the Big Savogel. He felled a tree across it for a bridge, and we got over safely.

We continued for some time in silence. I was thinking of a story I had read once, of a man who had walked down a moose in five days, and was wondering if he would have ever lived to write that article if he had been on the track of this particular moose, when my guide stopped and motioned me to come forward. "He's right here!" he whispered. I looked around but could see nothing to indicate it. The tracks were still two days old, but I noticed that the moose had turned off to the right and was traveling southeast. "He's stopped to feed, and he's in this yard somewhere. Don't break no sticks," my guide whispered again as he cautiously stepped back from the tracks and looked up at the clouds to get the exact direction of the wind, which was still blowing a gale from the northwest.

The moose had done exactly as Wambolt had phophesied. He had evidently been a long distance from this place when he had made up his mind to yard, and for some reason, probably because he had spent the winter here the year before, started in a direct line for his old feeding ground.

In the early winter, as the snow begins to get deep, the moose select some place where feed is abundant, usually the top of a ridge where there is a thick growth of young hardwood trees, and stay in this locality till spring. This is called yarding. Before the snow gets too deep to travel, the moose will wander over the entire length of the ridge, and feed on the bark and twigs of the hardwood trees. At this time the yard may extend for two or three miles in length, or as far as the growth of hardwood is plentiful. As the snow gets deeper they work closer together, and late in the winter it is not uncommon to find five or six moose standing together with the snow nearly to the top of their backs, almost unable to move.

The guide shook his head dubiously as he saw that the moose had gone directly down wind. This adverse circumstance only spurred him to greater efforts. We cautiously retraced our steps and began to move in a circle toward the southeast, gradually working around till we were again walking toward the northwest. We soon came to the big track again, still going southeast, and quickly retreated and made another loop, coming up in the same manner as before, until we could see the big track. This maneuver was repeated several times.

We were constantly on the alert scanning the woods in every direction as far as we could see through the trees. We found the tracks of several other moose, and could see by the young twigs freshly broken from the bushes, and small trees entirely stripped of their bark, that they had been feeding recently and were not far off.

At last, coming up on one of our circles, we saw the spot where the old fellow had spent the night. After that the signs were very fresh and the work extremely interesting.

We continued our circles for perhaps another half hour, and were just working up wind nearly to the place where we would expect to come upon the track, when I saw through the trees, about sixty-five yards ahead, a huge black object which quickly took the shape of a great moose. He was lying down and looking straight at me. At the same instant Wambolt said in a low voice, "There's your moose!" I dropped on one knee in order to get a better shot under the intervening limbs. As I did so the moose arose to his feet, and in doing so placed his fore shoulder exactly behind a large tree. I aimed far enough back to miss the tree, and fired at his ribs. He made a tremendous jump and started to run. Just then Wambolt grunted, imitating the grunt of a moose. At this he stopped for a second and again looked at us.

After the first shot I had worked the lever of my rifle to throw a second cartridge from the magazine into the chamber, but in the excitement I had not thrown the lever far enough forward to eject the exploded shell, and in closing the action had pushed this shell back in the gun. At the click of the hammer on the empty shell the moose started again. By this accident I lost a shot that would have saved us much worry and hard work.

As he disappeared I fired two more shots through the trees without any idea of stopping him. In a few seconds the woods was as quiet as before.

We went up to the place where he had started and were gratified to find considerable blood on the snow. "You have hit him hard, and we'll get him, but may be not till to-morrow or next day," Wambolt said assuringly. "There are only two things that will stop us from getting that moose. One is, if he knows we are following him he will take to the water, and the other is, it may snow and fill up his tracks."

It is always wise to give wounded game plenty of time to lie down if it will, so we sat down on a log and Wambolt lit his pipe.

In about twenty minutes we took up his track once more. After he had run a short distance he had settled down to a steady walk. I noticed that he was taking much shorter steps than before being hit. He was bleeding freely and had stopped once, where the blood had flowed in sufficient quantity to melt a large hole through the snow.

We kept on, and at the end of the first mile the blood had diminished so there was seldom a drop. My hopes of getting him had gone down correspondingly. Wambolt was still confident.

Another mile had passed with no sign of blood in the tracks. We were advancing cautiously and keeping a good lookout ahead. Suddenly I saw that black object through the trees. In a moment I caught a glimpse of the horns, and knew it was my moose. At the same time Wambolt whispered, "That's him!" I fired. The moose rolled over on his side and lay perfectly still.

He had been lying down, and was so near dead that I doubt if he had seen us. My first shot had passed through the lungs about six inches back of the shoulder blade.

He was a very large moose. His hoofs were much worn, showing great age. I measured from the top of his fore shoulder to the bottom of his fore foot, to get as nearly as possible his exact height at the fore shoulder. I found it just eighty inches. His horns were heavy, but of peculiar shape. The blades were narrow, extending out from the side of the head with a spread of fifty-one inches, then turning they went straight up twenty-eight inches.

Our troubles had only just commenced, for we still had to get his head and horns out of the woods. This was the most difficult task of all.

The next night, however, found us safe in camp with our trophy. On the way back we came upon a cow and a calf moose. They were very tame and stood and looked at us as we went by.

My last day in camp was spent resting and preparing the moose head for the taxidermist. Mr. Foran reached our camp that night, and the next morning we were off for Newcastle.

It was with true feelings of regret that I said goodby to Wambolt. He had proved himself a hunter worthy of the name. At my request he did not carry a gun during the entire trip. He was anxious that I should secure good specimens of both moose and caribou, and was constantly cautioning me against shooting at one with a poor set of horns.

For the benefit of any of my fellow sportsmen who contemplate taking a hunting trip in this region, I might add that Wambolt's postoffice address is Littleton, Northumberland county, N. B. He will be glad to correspond with any one planning a trip to his territory.

I found every one with whom I had dealings kind and obliging and above all interested in securing the patronage of American sportsmen. J. BRADLEY SCOTT.

Game Protective Societies Invited.

TORONTO, Ont., May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly, through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM, request the secretaries of the game protective associations of the following States to send their names and addresses to me?: States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, etc.

I want these addresses to enable me to correspond with the executive officers of their respective associations, with the intention of taking concerted action for the better protection of wood duck and woodcock, two grand species of game birds, that unless concerted action is taken will in a few years be exterminated.

By so doing you will confer an esteemed favor on yours truly, E. TINSLEY,

Chief Game Warden of Ontario, Parliament Building, Toronto.

Bay Birds.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has had good reports of bay bird shooting at the following points. Intending visitors would do well to communicate in advance with the parties named respecting the present supply and prospects:

L. M. Taylor, Jr.—Cherrystone, Va.
Jos. H. Stevens—Wachpreague, Accomac county, Va.
E. B. Cobb—Cherreton, Va.
L. Lucius Cobb—Cherriton, Va.
L. R. White—Carolla, N. C.
Harvey's Cedars, N. J.
Holleter's Inner Beach Hotel—Long Beach, L. I.
Eugene A. Jackson—East Quogue, L. I.
S. W. Everett—Manteo, N. C.
Crunnot Bros.—Cherriton, Va.

Long Island Game Protectors.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading over your issue of April 27, an article entitled "Where is the Long Island Game Protector?" attracted my attention. If its author really desires to see the law enforced why doesn't he communicate with Chief Protector Pond and let him know the facts? Besides, if he had any sand he would collect evidence against these violators or call the nearest game protector's attention to these violations and personally help him to uphold the law.

WM. KOCH, JR.

Woodcock Cover Burned.

BAYVILLE, N. J., May 2.—The fowl have left the bay. There has been very few killed this spring.

A fire has just gone through here which has burned at least fifty square miles of our best woodcock and grouse cover, and has killed large numbers of both birds, also a good many rabbits, etc., and has burned the woodcock nests. HERB.

FOREST AND STREAM is an excellent paper; it has supported many good causes, especially in relation to the protection of game, and it has always been credited with an intelligent sympathy with sports and sportsmen of the best sort. * * * It needs and deserves the help of the rest of us in behalf of its campaign for a law to prevent the sale of dead game.—New York Times, April 15.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Great Sea Lamprey.

MR. W. L. HOSKINS sends me another letter upon the subject of the lamprey or lamprey eel, which I give in full.

Since my first letter to you asking about the lamprey eel as a table food, I have received your remarks regarding it in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 15, 1900, and April 20, 1901. In my reply permit me to say that I am a living witness for the lamprey as regards its table qualities. Sixty years ago, while living in Connecticut, my father and his neighbors were in the habit of making a trip every year, to the Agawam River, in Massachusetts, for the purpose of taking this fish. The lamprey is properly a salt water fish and ascends the fresh water streams in advance of the shad to spawn and then returns to the sea. At the time I write of the mode of capture was by hand. During the day time these fish lie in the deep water, but after dark they run up in the rapids and there attach themselves to the stones or rocks, swaying back and forth like eel grass. During this period it was the custom for one man to carry a torch, and two men with lines, each with a bag on his shoulders and a woolen mitten on his right hand. They would commence at the foot of the rapids and pick the lampreys off, one at a time, until each had a load, then go on shore and dump them into their wagons. This was followed up until they were satisfied with their catch. My father has told me of their catching as high as 3,000 in a night. What is very peculiar is that if any one attempted to catch them by going to the head of the riffs, the entire school would become alarmed and drop back into deep water and there would be no more fishing that night. This fish is so popular in the cities along the Connecticut River that I have known them to command a price of one dollar each for the early run. For twenty years I have been in receipt of a box of these fish from Hartford, Conn., and I know of no article for the table that excels them.

To-day these fish are an article of commerce in New England markets. Instead of the old method of capture they are now caught in weirs. While their looks are repulsive, I think that if you were served with a dish of them, nicely broiled, properly seasoned with salt and pepper, and a good liberal supply of melted butter poured over them, you would pronounce them good. I prefer them to the famous Connecticut River shad. Regarding their destructive qualities I think they are not to be compared to the fresh water eel. I am living on lampreys and have been for a week."

The remarks I have quoted are of interest, but they relate to the great sea lamprey I feel sure, while the notes I wrote in FOREST AND STREAM had reference to a dwarfed form called the lake lamprey and particularly the lamprey found in Cayuga Lake, except that I quoted Mr. Dean Sage, who found a sea lamprey or river lamprey fast to a fresh run salmon, for there are a number of species of lampreys, about fifteen in this country, though some of them are very scarce; and there are several in Europe. specifically mentioned. The great sea (*Petromyzon marinus*) lamprey is common to the Atlantic coasts of Europe and North America and is highly esteemed as food, and grows to over three feet in length, while the lake lamprey averages but little over one foot in length. Pennant records "that it is an ancient custom for the city of Gloucester annually to present the sovereign with a lamprey pie covered with a raised crust; and at Rodneys, in Gloucester, a rent called 'pride gavel' is paid by certain tenants to the lord of the manor for the liberty of fishing for lampreys in the River Severn."

Pennell says "The food of the lamprey consists generally of animal matter; and in the sea it will attack fish greatly superior to itself in size, fastening pertinaciously upon them, and practically eating its way to the very bone." * * *

"The lamprey spawns in May, and its food consists of insects, worms, small live fish, and the flesh of dead ones."

This, however, all relates to the great sea lamprey about which there is no question as to its food qualities. What I wrote in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM, which Mr. Hoskins mentions, is not before me at this moment. but I assumed he asked about the lake lamprey as I now recall the matter, for this was the fish which Prof. Surface had written exhaustively about in one of the reports of the Forest, Fish and Game Cases about that time. Prof. Surface says: "We wish to state here for the sake of exposing some bits of folk lore (based, as is most folk lore, upon ignorance), that they (the lake lamprey) contain no venom whatever, and can inflict no injury whatever upon man, neither by bite nor sting; neither is the flesh poison to man in eating it, except after the alimentary canal has long been atrophied at spawning times and the bile and catabolic products being unable to escape become spread throughout the entire system of the lamprey and cause all the flesh to assume a green color. * * * It is thought by many persons that they will attack people while in the water, and that a new hole comes in the side of the neck each year, as rattles are supposed to come on a rattler's tail, or as the wrinkles come on a cow's horn, but these suppositions are, of course, false. The holes in the sides of neck are openings into the gill pouches through which the water flows to carry its dissolved air to the gills to purify the blood, and their number is always seven. Lampreys have no means whatever of inflicting any injury upon man, neither directly nor indirectly, except through their economic effect in destroying the fishes he would use as food. This destruction, however, is great."

This is rather non-committal, but should not discourage one who has a desire to try the lake lamprey as a table relish. Now as to the lamprey being a fish, as it is generally termed. I think it is Jordan who says it is the lowest form of animal with a backbone, and that back bone is gristle, and not bone. But Surface is more explicit: "Lampreys are not fishes, but fish-like verebrates with no paired fins, and neither spines nor bony rays in the fins which they do possess; no scales, no jointed appendages, and, in fact, no external appendages of any kind but the vertical fins of the back and tail, with only one nostril, and that found on the middle line of the head; adults with a large circular suctorial mouth armed with a great number of sharp chitinous teeth, but with no true jaws; mouth surrounded by a fleshy membrane which insures perfect suction and is fringed around the entire margin with a close-set row of numerous fimbriæ; tongues rasp-like, containing many sharp chitinous teeth."

At the time the bill to appropriate money to destroy the lampreys in Cayuga Lake was in the Senate a Senator, a personal friend, asked me about it and what it was intended to do. I took from my pocket a dried section of a lamprey's head, making a fine display of its open mouth, described above, and said it was to appropriate money to destroy things like that. He frowned and said, "I would be in favor of voting more money for the purpose than is asked for in the bill."

Trout Parasites.

In the report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner for 1898 there is a paper by Dr. Gary N. Calkins on a parasite which made its appearance in the trout of a private trout farm on Long Island and killed all the fish, young and old, in the ponds. I now learn with regret that what is undoubtedly the same parasite, from what I can hear, made its appearance in the trout of two private fishery clubs on Long Island and destroyed over thirty thousand trout. This is greatly to be deplored. Dr. Calkins unfortunately did not arrive definitely at the cause of the parasite, nor did he discover a certain and sure remedy. Thus far this parasite has appeared only in fish confined in ponds at clubs or fish farms and no wild trout are reported as affected. I have believed, and I think Dr. Calkins considered the belief tenable that inbreeding had something to do with this disease, as in this way the fish might have been weakened and less able to resist it, and something I have heard in connection with the later cases tends to confirm the belief as at least one of the causes.

Another cause has been suggested. I was lately dining on a railroad dining car with Mr. Dean Sage, of Albany, and he told me that once when fishing in Labrador he and his friends caught a number of sea trout and put them in a pond made in the rocks by the side of the river. and in a few days they developed a disease similar to if not the same, as that which has visited Long Island, and he has seen the Long Island trout that were affected. He attributes the disease to overcrowding in the pool.

A. N. CHENEY.

Trouting in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 13.—With our intimate knowledge of the subject we have never been able to account for the fact that the best fishing on the opening day of the season, April 1st., within easy reach of San Francisco is to be had in the tidewater of Paper Mill Creek, which empties into Tomales Bay in Marin county. City anglers (now numbered by hundreds) were out in full force all over the State, but the Paper Mill Creek seemed to have the preference. Here the angler is always sure of a few good-sized fish on the opening day and fair catches are made well on in the season by those most familiar with its many pools and riffles. Heretofore when the season opened on a week day only a few of the more fortunate anglers could visit this popular stream, but during the past few years fishermen have sprung up like mushrooms and out of the many quite a number availed themselves of the pleasure of wetting their lines. Those who fished in the tide-water were much more successful than those who whipped the headwaters. The White House Pool, near the mouth of this lovely stream, has always been recognized as a loitering place for the incoming steelheads on their way to the headwaters for spawning and also on their return to old ocean. The run of large fish during the winter months has been much greater than for several years past and has afforded the anglers much sport during the close season. A law, however, has just been passed prohibiting the taking of steelheads in tidewater during the months of February and March, which will be much appreciated by sportsmen who believe in allowing the fish ample opportunity to reach the headwaters and tributaries. The spring run of small fish has been quite late this season, hence the grand sport afforded anglers who were fortunate enough to visit this tidewater pool on April 1.

ANDY LEGASKE AND HIS STEELHEAD.

On April 2 there appeared in the sporting columns of the daily newspapers glowing accounts of the large catches made at White House Pool, which enthused so many that the following Sunday the majority of those visiting the Paper Mill Creek wended their way to this pool and it was estimated that there were at least fifty, but sad to relate the fish taken did not average one fish to a rod. This poor luck the fishermen attributed to the weather, high winds, etc. Quite a number of them could not understand why the fish did not materialize, as it was positively known that the pool was alive with fish only a few days before. We think it may be easily accounted for—fifty anglers fishing in one pool and not a large pool either, the majority of whom were using bait, through the disturbance made by their incessant casting and the heavy sinkers, used to combat the outgoing tide, so disturbed the equanimity of the wary trout that they persistently refused to take any kind of lure presented to them, which included such well-known baits as angleworms (barnyard hackle), shrimps and salmon roe (the Butler fly). The anglers who fished further up the stream were quite successful, as was evidenced by a few well-filled creels which were exhibited on the return trip.

Andy Legaspe, probably the best tidewater fisherman in San Francisco and a most expert gaffer, was high hook of the day. During the afternoon a large fish was seen floating down with the tide, evidently much used up, Legaspe reached for his gaff and waited patiently for the opportunity which soon came; he made the strike and gaffed the steelhead amidships. The roll of the fish after being gaffed loosened Andy's hold, but he luckily regained himself and landed an 8-pound steelhead trout. My friend Mr. E. W. Currier has favored me with a sketch of the incident.

JAMES WATT.

[Mr. Currier has some Chinatown paintings on exhibition at the Currier Art Gallery, No. 15 West Twenty-ninth street, New York city.]

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, contest No. 4, held at Stow Lake, April 27. Wind, gusty; weather, clear and very cold.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2 Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Battu	89	86	92	72.6	82.3	....
Brotherton	111	89	88	75.10	81.11	....
Brooks	97	86.8	85.4	65	75.2	....
Edwards	100.6	89	90	75.10	82.11	....
Everett	110	91.4	88.4	75	81.8	....
Heller	...	83.8	85	69.2	77.1	....
Mansfield	...	90	90.8	78.4	86.4	....
Mocker	87	83.8	83.4	68.4	75.10	....
Muller	94	90.4	86.8	76.8	81.8	....
Reed	91	87.4	82	65	73.6	....
Skinner	88	87.4	82	71.8	76.8	....
Smyth	...	91	84	77.6	80.9	....

Judges, Battu and Mocker; referee, Brooks; clerk, Smyth.

Thirty-nine deer were counted in a single herd feeding near Sayville, L. I., the other day.

In Quest of Big Ones.

MR. EDWARD VOM HOFE, of this city, left on May 7 for an extended trip in Florida fishing for tarpon. Leaving there about June 1 he goes direct to Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., where he will spend a month or more hunting up the tuna.

E. VOM HOFE, JR.

The Rod and the Pole.

OCULAR corroboration of oft repeated statements of the natives of that region was afforded me on a bright May day.

"Ther's trouts in thet 'ere brook, ef ye know whar to fin' 'em," was what I had been told by the farmer lads in the vicinity.

The brook, a typical New England stream, skirted what is known as "The Old Plain," occupying the boundary between the townships of Middlebury and Oxford, Conn. Tradition had it that the Pomperaug and Wangaum Indians utilized this as their burying ground in pre-Pilgrim days; the spade of the ditch and well digger bore out the legend in the curious primitive flint arrowheads, hatchets and other articles usually buried with the dead brave for use in the hunting grounds beyond the big divide, that they often brought to light.

Emerging from the dark fastnesses of the "Derry Woods," the stream leaped into the sun-lit meadows with rippling songs of gladness. There were places in the rocky pasture where one could step across it without effort, and here the waters were deep and dark, cutting broad sluices underneath the banks, ideal lurking places for the wary trout. But though I had often inspected these places with critical eye, naught but shiners, with an occasional sucker, rewarded my search.

On the day in question, however, I was walking through a meadow, where the brook fretted and complained over the pebbles of a broad shallow. A loud splashing arrested my attention and, lokking toward the stream, I discovered the cause of the commotion in the presence of as fine a fourteen-ounce trout as ever tickled the visual nerves of an enthusiatic fisherman. The big fellow was making a sort of semi-portage over the shallows; every few seconds he would reach a point where the depth of water was insufficient to maintain his verticality and he would flounder and flop, sending showers of spray high into the air for the sun to weave rainbows with. Though enough of a sportsman to refrain from taking a mean advantage of the fish, I must confess to a strong temptation to have a bit of fun with him.

During the late season of protracted aquaousness, when Jupiter Pluvius seemed to have mislaid his rain-stopper, I had oft-recurring visions of that embarrassed trout in the sunny Yankee meadow brook; finally they became irresistible and I yielded. One morning when the milkmen were monopolizing city traffic a rubber clad mortal might have been seen to take an elevated train at Eighty-first street and Columbus avenue, hampered with a fishing kit. That was I. At 155th street I took a train on the Northern Railway for Brewster, where by the skin of my teeth and a forty-rod run I managed to get hold of the hand-rail of the last car of a train on the New England Division of the Consolidated Road. The ride of seventy-five miles, getting a "rig" at Oatman's livery at Southford and a four-mile ride in the rain over roads heaved by frost with frequent sloughs and hummocks, was all quite strenuous but uninteresting.

Once more I stand by the brookside in the "Old Plain" meadow and I realize the effect of varying conditions. The picture engraved upon the tablets of inner consciousness and the one which I now behold are as dissimilar as night and day. In place of a grassy, flowery mead, bordered by the limpid waters of a merrily singing streamlet, glistening in the soft warm light of a May-day sun, is a brown, soggy, cheerless field, through which roars a chocolate colored torrent that escapes its bounds at the base of the field, spreading out into a broad, muddy pond, a background of leaden cloud and the ever present drenching rain.

It is depressing to the last degree, but I speedily come to my senses and, remembering that I am not out in quest of nature's beauties (speckled ones instead), unlimber rod and line, adjust an imitation fly, whose colors rival nature's most extravagant efforts, and make a cast. For a half hour I devote myself with most conscientious assiduity but unavalingly to the sport (?). I substitute a beetle for the fly and am in the act of discarding both in favor of an embryo frog, when I chance to glance up stream. I am confronted by a spectacle that, while most interesting, is confoundedly exasperating. A scion of indigenous habitat, aged about twelve years; he stands in rubber boots whose tops threaten to bisect him: a coat evidently a relic of a remote ancestor and a slouch hat. This is the boy. An alder pole, short, knotty and crooked, with two yards of common twine tied at the smaller end. This the outfit. A forked willow stick with upward of a dozen of the finest trout I have ever seen. This is his "luck" and my aggravation. Even while indulging my astonishment I was further tantalized by seeing another fine trout of a pound weight come thrashing out of the muddy torrent at the end of that homely tackle.

"Hello!" I ventured.

"Hello yeou!" was the response.

"You've had fine luck."

"Nuthin extry: jest cum eout," and with this he landed another magnificent fish.

"What yeou got?" he queried as he removed the trout.

For the sake of appearances I was momentarily glad that a well-filled lunch box gave my fish bag a corpulent aspect; but it served no purpose, however, for, without waiting for an answer, the boy walked up and demanded a view of results. I could conjure up no valid reason for refusing his demand and was compelled to admit the truth.

"Whachye bait with, them things?" as he caught sight of a fly and bug hanging to my bag buttin. "Huh! 'Taint no wonder't yeou don't ketch nuthin; theyn't no flies ner bugs 'raoun' this time o' year," and with a look of mingled pity and disgust he turned to his fishing. I ventured to inquire what sort of bait he employed and received the laconic reply, "Wums."

Following a few more ineffectual casts, during which time my companion landed several handsome fish, I cast my self-confidence to the winds (and rain), swallowed my pride and humbly asked the youngster if he would sell me a few "wums." He spurned the cash but generously offered to share his supply of bait, a portion of which I accepted.

Looking up after some minutes' futile fishing, I found my boy regarding me with an expression in which disgust and sympathy seemed struggling for a mastery.

"What is it?" I asked.

Shaking his head in a deprecating manner the boy walked close up to me and looked at me quizzically for a few seconds, then this: "Does things float up-stream? Gosh ter mity! I never seen sech er fule."

I asked him to explain, both nettled and amused by his strictures on my intelligence.

"Yeou was fishin' up stream, wa'nt ye?"

I admitied that such was the case.

"Wal, yeou was hitchin' yer hair flies an' leather bugs

THE BAREFOOT BOY.
Courtesy of Wm. Mills & Son.

an' then ther wum all on 'em right up stream agin the water, wa'nt yeou?"

Again I was forced to admit the correctness of his deductions, and ventured to demand what of it.

"What on't! Wal, if yeou aint the alfiredest t'ick-skull I ever seen then I'll give up. Trouts knows a whole lot, trouts does, a dum sight more'n sum folks (giving me a significant look), an' when a trout sees a fly er a wum a-comin' up stream he gits leary an' wouldn't tech 'em in a month er Sundays. Theys got some sense, trouts hez."

During the recital of this homely proposition upon gravity, a great light dawned upon me. Of course it was

MORE OF THE SORT.
Courtesy of Wm. Mills & Son.

contrary to the natural order of things for a fly, worm or other seductive fish tid-bit to swim against the current of a stream, and I had wholly ignored this fact while wondering why the trout did not respond to my overtures.

"Jest flip yer hook out back o' thet bog an' foller it along down," advised my instructor.

Humbly I followed instructions, and ere the hook had floated ten feet down the current there was a swish, a tug at the line and the next instant I landed a splendid, fifteen-ouce trout. That was the beginning of a fine run of luck, no less than eleven following my initial catch in quick succession. SAMUEL MANSFIED STONE.

Nets Are Nuisances.

SAUK CENTRE, Minn., April 23.—While out looking for coon sign on a fresh snow one day early this spring I wandered off about six miles from home and came to the outlet of Long Lake into Lily Lake, a very slow current six feet deep. There I saw a string of lilypads that reached straight across the run. They proved to be the floats of a gill net. I gave it a "jank" (it was a Norwegian net), and the answer came back that it was loaded. How to get it out was the next thing. The cord was tied to a willow on the other side, a distance of 40 feet. I had a gun with me. The first shot cut the cord and tore that willow right out by the roots. Then I pulled the net out. And such a mess. They were twisted in all shapes; I didn't stop to untwist them either. I would take one by the middle, then with my knife I would start at his head and slit the twine to his tail, then roll him back into the water. There were nine pickerel and twelve pike, all alive but three, and some nice ones, too. After getting them out I doubled the net up in 4-foot loops, then cut each loop and pitched the whole thing out into the middle. I then went back into the woods, sat down and waited two hours. No one came. I took two fish (thought I was entitled to them) and went home. The next day I went back; the net had been pulled out on shore, but no one in sight. V.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, May 4.—The Rangeleys are clear. Moosehead was clear Thursday, morning, May 2, nine days earlier than last year. In the forenoon Capt. F. C. Barker telegraphed that the ice was breaking up and would be out of Mooselucmaguntic before night. This clearing was ten days earlier than last year. Richardson Lake was clear a day or two before, and Rangeley Lake has since cleared. This opens the season at the Rangeleys and Moosehead, and many fishermen have already gone to these resorts. Great catches are expected, though much will depend upon the weather, especially since the time is so early.

A number of Boston lovers of the angle have gone to Lake Cobbosseecontee, in Maine. T. Ralph Parrs and wife, A. W. Wheeler and wife, of Arlington, and John Robinson and wife, of Hallowell, are at that lake on a fishing trip. Some catches are reported, including several salmon, to Lewiston, Auburn and Augusta fishermen But there comes a good deal of complaint about "too many smelt," and that the trout and salmon decline to bite, because too well fed with smelt. Indeed, every fish caught seems to be gorged with these little smelt. Now the same is true of the early fishing at the Rangeleys, at Sebago and at all the lakes that are stocked with smelt, for salmon food. Still Cobbosseecontee sportsmen are objecting to the smelt, and suggest that the law protecting smelt at spawning time be repealed, in order that the supply be diminished, and hence the anglers be able to take trout at every turn.

Good reports are coming from Clearwater Pond, Farmington, Me. There is a Boston party there consisting of Dr. Heber Bishop, W. S. Hinman, C. F. Perry, Fred E. Whiting, J. M. Grovner, Jr., and G. F. Andrews. Mr. Hinman had the good fortune to take the first fish of any size for the season at those waters—a trout of 5½ pounds. Mr. Whiting has caught a salmon weighing 5 pounds. Both fish are good ones for that lake, and especially so when it is remembered that salmon have been in there but a few years.

Stream fishing has not yet been very satisfactory in Maine. Reports all mention streams full to overflowing, the result of the continued rains. A few days of dry weather will certainly be followed with good results. High water is always favorable to good catches of trout in New England streams, but the angler must wait till the water begins to fall. A Bennington, Vt., report says that the legal open season on trout began there May 1, and though the streams are still very high the fishermen are looking for good catches as soon as the water begins to fall. Reports exactly the same come from the New Hampshire streams. Richard O. Harding and C. F. Danforth are looking toward Dan Hole Pond, N. H., for salmon fishing. They will be off as soon as business permits. It will be remembered that Mr. Danforth took a salmon there last year that weighed over 14 pounds. He and Harding are satisfied that there are more of the same sort there. Doubtless Fish and Game Commissioner Nat Wentworth will fish there with them. Fishing is still slow at Lake Auburn, Me., for which cold weather and continued rains are supposed to be to blame.

BOSTON, May 6.—The New England fishing season has certainly started with unusual interest, if we are to believe the newspaper reports. These reports are numerous and long-drawn-out, and bristle with adjectives concerning what is going to be done in the way of catches, or what was done last year. A large number of sportsmen have gone to the hundred and one resorts north and east of the Hub, but not many catches are yet reported. The fact is that the season is yet very early, the water is high, and most of the Maine and New Hampshire lakes and ponds are alive with smelt. These smelt have just returned from spawning, up the brooks and inlets, and a great many of them are dead and dying. The trout and salmon only have to float under them, as they rise to the surface, to gorge themselves to overflowing. A fisherman writes of a small salmon he finally succeeded in getting at Sebago Wednesday. He shook more than twenty little smelt out of the salmon's mouth and throat. The angler says that it is a wonder the fish bite at all, but he was tempted to "fight a Rangeley spinner." Catches have been slim at Sebago for several days.

A Wolfsboro, New Hampshire, special says that there has been great fiishing at that point of late. A salmon weighing eight pounds was taken right off the Hobb-is-Inn wharf on Tuesday. The fish was photographed and sent to Boston, where it is shown in the window of a railway office. At the same point twenty-seven pounds of trout and salmon were taken by a fisherman in one and a half hours. The largest fish weighed ten and one-half pounds. A Boston sportsman is also having great luck at the same place. Lake Winnipisaukee has been fairly alive with fishermen at Alton Bay and Lake Shore Park, and hundreds of pounds of trout and salmon are reported taken. Of course the lakers predominate, but landlocked salmon are showing up well. At Laconia Capt. T. R. Tarrant, Richard McGee and L. P. Bennett, of Boston, have made a string of twenty-five pounds of trout and salmon in only a few hours' fishing. A Weirs dispatch says that the trout and salmon season there is surpassing all previous records. Good reports are coming from Newfound Lake. Fish Commissioner Nat. Wentworth and Frank L. Hughes, who have been attending to the restocking and hatching works at Bristol, have also landed several good trout and salmon with the rod and reel. They have over 1,700,000 fry in the tanks, to be distributed in Newfound and adjacent waters as soon as sufficiently grown. C. W. Colburn, J. C. Stott and Frank L. Eames are some of the Massachusetts sportsmen who have been having fair luck at Newfound. At the head of the lake H. H. Clark, C. C. Cushman, H. E. Buckminster, and Samuel Wax, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McDonald, Lowell; F. H. Bayard, Maplewood; A. L. Dame, Methuen; J. D. Morehouse, Lawrence, have been fiishing for several days. They write of fierce winds and cold weather, but of fish biting well when it is possible to be out.

At the Big Bangor, Me., salmon pool the fishermen have been having better sport of late. A report of Saturday says that over twenty fish have been taken for the week, weighing from seventeen to twenty-seven pounds. The ice is out of Sebec Lake, Me., and Scoodic, though a little late, compared with the clearing of other Maine waters. Great fishing is expected there. Reports from Grand Lake mention cold weather and high winds, con-

ditions unfavorable to good fishing. At Cobbosseecontee there is good bass fishing, although it is early for that sport. The biggest catch of bass has been made by George Palmer, of Manchester; ten, weighing from two to five pounds. Prof. Thieman, of Togus, took a salmon weighing fourteen pounds there last week. Fish Commissioner L. T. Carleton and H. L. Pishon, of Augusta, have been fishing at Maranacook the past week, and are reported to have brought home good strings of trout.

It is all too early for many reports of catches at the Rangeleys and Moosehead, although a great many fishermen have gone to their usual haunts on those waters. From the Rangeleys reports continue to mention "too many smelts" by far. When the smelts have been done running for a few days the trout fishing is sure to be excellent. SPECIAL.

On Old Back Creek Again.

I NEVER think about writing up a camping trip until, sometimes, while sitting smoking in my "den," surrounded by fishing rods, flies, camping scenes, etc., my imagination carries me back to the dear old banks of my favorite fishing grounds, old Back Creek, where, to use the late Fred Mather's words, "Bass are jumping crazy for the fly."

Back Creek is a favorite fishing resort for Winchester people, and in bass fishing season along Beaver Dam may be seen followers of Izaak Walton, patiently waiting to hear the musical click of the reel. There are a good many people who can't see much pleasure in casting a fly, but that is because the love of the sport was never born in them. When a man can lie flat upon the ground in the broiling hot sun in July, waiting for a bass to take his minnow, he is a true lover of sport, and gets more out of life than a great many people do.

After hooking a big fish one experiences a sensation that is so exciting and intoxicating that sometimes after landing his prize he is attacked with a voilent headache; but he is perfectly willing to stand all that.

But to go on with my story. I was accompanied on this trip, as I have been on all former ones, by my old friend Stiemman Snapp, who would rather wade all day in the creek enticing the bass than make love to a pretty girl.

We left old Winchester at 12 o'clock at night and arrived at the creek about daylight. How familiar everything looked. Even the crudely constructed table we had put up the summer before was still there, and served us again on which to eat our meals.

The scenery around this section is beautiful. The water is as clear as crystal and as smooth as glass. To follow the windings of this stream is a strangely fascinating pastime. Sometimes it slips away beneath the low hanging branches of glossy green ivy and is as dark as ink among the dense shadows, and moans and sobs among the gnarled roots and shelving rocks that try to hold it captive. When you tire of murmuring streams you can climb the high cliffs near by and look afar to lands that seem fairer than this; where the soft fleece-like clouds bend down to kiss the slopes of the distant Blue Ridge; where the wind comes straight over the hills to tell you strange stories of what it saw and heard before it came to sob and moan among the dense pines around you. At night those who love solitude and the weird can listen with pleasure to the sad notes of the whipporwill and the plaintive cry of the catamount. All of these things go to make camp life pleasant and something out of the ordinary.

The nearby farmer strolls in at night and amuses you with some of his experiences about these parts. He tells you of a rattlesnake swallowing a deer and of a man seeing two immense carp basking in the sun and jumping in and catching one under each arm, and many other miraculous things which we all take in and apparently believe. Bidding our good-natured friends good night we roll into our bed of straw and blankets and soon are dreaming of placid waters, the splash of the gamy bass and of skill pots.

There is something tugging at my arm; ah! I say to myself in my dreamings, I have a strike; it feels like a big one; it keeps on tugging; I raise myself upon my elbows; I am reeling him in. Ah! it is only my friend "Snappy" trying to wake me up. The morning sun is streaming in between the folds of the canvas and tells us it is time to be up, and then breakfast is the next thing on the programme.

Any one who has been camping knows how good everything tastes on these trips; even fat bacon, which we would not think of eating in town, is relished as much as a quail on toast. After satisfying our appetites we strike out down the stream, with a pair of old shoes on and very little else, casting here and there and everywhere, and now and then having the satisfaction of seeing the line go out and hearing the sweet music of the reel. In his frantic and game effort to free himself of the hook he throws himself clear out of the water only to plunge again into the water out of sight; now he is zigzagging; now he takes a straight shoot, but the hook is still fast, and my friend commences to slow him up; there is not as much line out as there was five minutes ago, and finally a quivering object is chucked into the fish basket. We continue on our way, now and then adding to our number. By noon we have caught enough to satisfy us and retrace our steps toward camp.

We made arrangements to have the Winchester News-Item sent to us before leaving town, and reading it in the afternoon was one of the greatest pleasures of the trip. Before leaving town it was rumored that Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, the blind millionaire merchant prince of New York, and Winchester's benefactor, was going to give $30,000 toward an opera house to be erected in the city, and on the day before leaving for home we received the news that it was really a fact, and to-day there stands in Winchester one of the finest buildings in the State, costing nearly $100,00, which but for the great generosity of Mr. Rouss might never have been erected. This man has done a great deal for Winchester and there is not a man, woman or child in the city who does not love him.

Bidding farewell, but hoping to return again, we leave the rippling, musical waters of Old Back behind us and are soon going up hill and down hill toward home.

AL CLINE.

Notice.

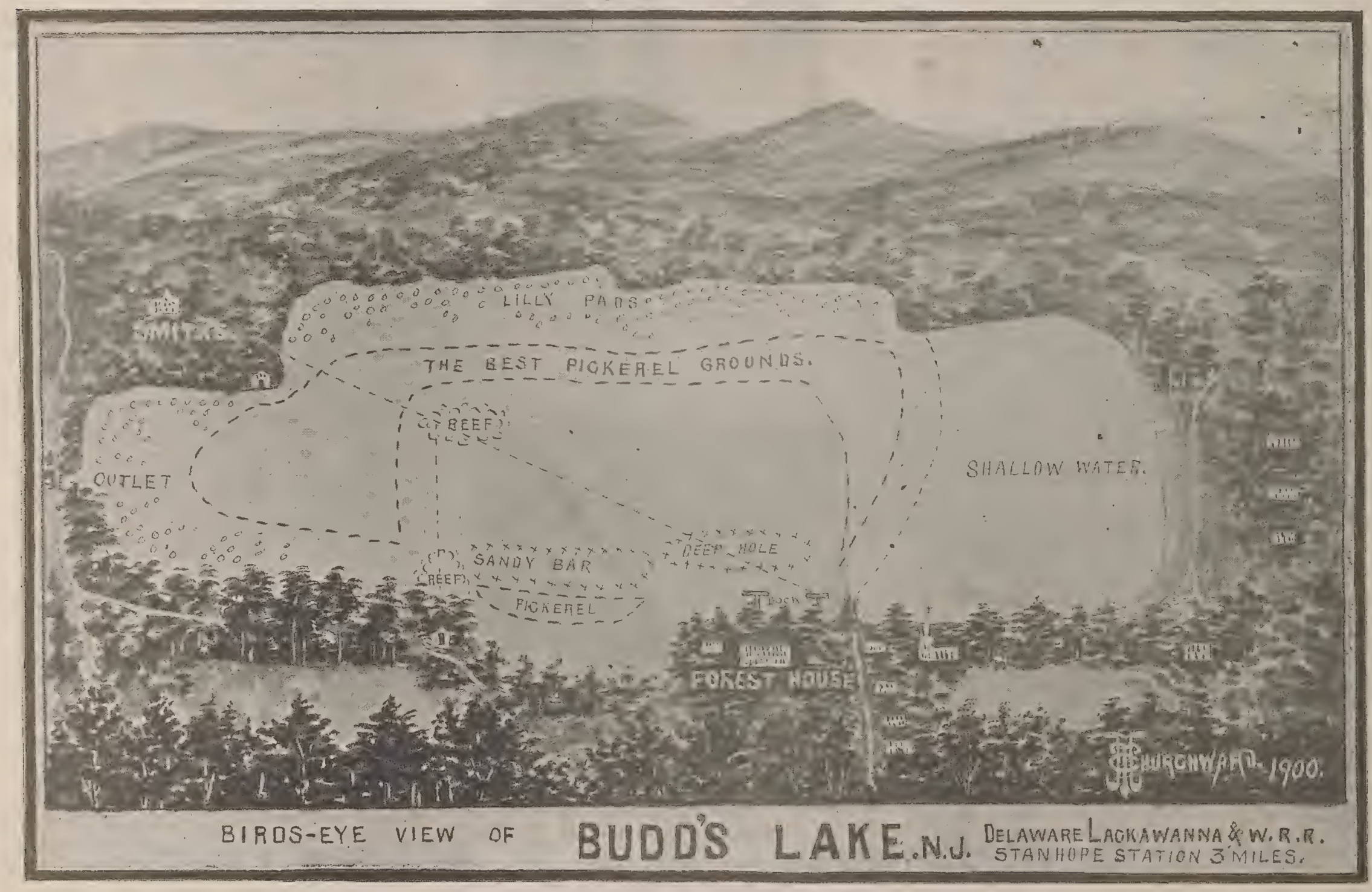
All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Budd's Lake, New Jersey.

BUDD'S LAKE is situated in the Schooley Mountains, Sussex county, N. J. The most direct way to reach it is by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad to Stanhope Station, thence stage to the lake, three miles. three miles.

Budd's Lake is not one of the most picturesque pieces of water that we know of. It is oblong, being about one mile across by nearly a mile and a half long, surrounded mostly by flat lands, rising a little distance back to rolling hills. But it is a good fishing ground, containing small-mouth black bass, large-mouth black bass, pickerel, etc. We give a birdseye view of the lake, from which the fisherman can easily locate what fishing he wants.

Small-Mouth Black Bass Grounds.—Small-mouth bass are taken more or less all over the lake, but the best spots are the deep water, 75 feet out from the Forest House dock, and extending from the point above down to the upper end of the bay. From the end of the deep water down to the point at the lower end of the bay is a sand bar in about 10 feet of water; some nice small-mouths are often taken from this bar. Then around the reef off the lower point some are often taken. A very good spot, indeed, is over and around the reef in the center of the lake. This reef can be located by following straight out from the reef just mentioned, until you are in a direct line between the Forest House dock and Smith's House, shown in map. The reef is about 6 feet under water. The best bait in Budd's Lake for the large fellows, and there are many of them that will run to 5 and 6 pounds, is crickets and grasshoppers during the warm evenings of July and August. Crickets used in the deep water off the Forest House dock will generally bring three or four of the big ones to the net.



Large-mouth black bass—and there are some old bouncers—are more plentiful than the small-mouth variety. Their principal grounds are among the lilypads, skirting the western shore, and around the lower end. They are mostly taken by casting in holes among the pads with minnows and frogs. Frogs are a particularly good bait for them in Budd's Lake.

Pickerel are all over the lake, but average smaller than most of the lakes in this section, but they are numerous. In other lakes, which we shall mention hereafter, one generally gets a fair percentage of 3, 4 and 5 pound fish, but here a 5-pound pickerel is quite a novelty. The best grounds for pickerel are: Starting from the Forest House dock take a bee-line for the point on the western shore shown in map, then down to Smith's boat house, keeping just clear of the lilypads. After passing Smith's boat house it is all good ground all over the bottom of the lake, either for still fishing or trolling. The best trolling rigs for Budd's Lake are Skinner's No. 2 silver and brass casting spoons, with a piece of white belly from another fish for bait. We have taken as high as 120 in a day with these rigs. J. CHURCHWARD.

Like Picking Up Money.

In every city, town and village in the United States where there is shooting or fishing or yachting we want agents to canvass for subscriptions for FOREST AND STREAM. Every sportsman is deeply interested in its subjects, and every sportsman is glad to discuss his doings afield and to hear of the adventures of other sportsmen.

Money is to be made by canvassers for FOREST AND STREAM, and those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity we offer should send for premium list and circular.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Some Fishing Points.

WE have had favorable reports of the following fishing points as affording fishing worth going for. The name of hotel or person giving accommodations to sportsmen is added. Correspondence should be had in advance as to present conditions of water, etc.:

Trout.

Orchard Lake House—Emmonsville, Sullivan county, N. Y.
P. A. Purdy—Smithville Flats, N. Y.
Maple Grove House—Long Eddy, Sullivan county, N. Y.
Morley's—Lake Pleasant, Hamilton county, N. Y.
W. R. Bishop—Hammond, St. Lawrence county, N. Y.
H. M. Sacey—White Lake, N. Y.
Nat Locke—Indian Lake, N. Y.
Mrs. E. Mead—Indian Lake, N. Y.
American Hotel—Hackettstown, N. J.
W. S. Emery—Eustis, Me.
G. H. Gleason—Portage Lake, Me.
W. L. Parsons—Dead River, Me.
Billy Soule—Rangeley, Me.
Debsconeag Fish and Game Club—Debsconeag, Me.
Price Bros.—Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa.
D. M. Crane—Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa.
G. C. McKearn—Greely, Pike county, Pa.
S. O. Cest—Sprague ville, Pa.
Caleb Ticknor & Son—Great Barrington, Mass.
Hotel Weirs—The Weirs, N. Y.
Geo. E. Armstrong—Perth, N. B.

Black Bass.

W. H. Leavitt—Charleston, Ont., Can.
D. J. Dawson—Wolfe Island, Ont., Can.
H. H. Gill—Henderson Harbor, N. Y.
Silver Bay House—Silver Bay, N. Y.
Henry Cox—Mattituck, L. I.
F. P. Terry—South Salem, Westchester county, N. Y.
Beaman's Hotel—Poultney, Vt.
S. R. Searey—Harbor, Me.
D. Corkey—Harwood, Ont., Can.
Forrest House—Budd's Lake, N. J.
C. J. Coon—Woodruff, Wis.
John Waterstowe—Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

Salmon.

W. H. Leavitt—Charleston, Ont., Can.
C. E. Dood—Spruce Brook, George Pond, Newfoundland.
Norman Jenkins—Burnt Land Brook, N. B., Can.

The Tuna Club.

AVALON, Santa Catalina, Cal., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In consequence of the unqualified success of the rod and reel tournaments of the Tuna Club in former years, in the interest of a higher standard of sport and the protection of the game fishes of southern California, the club will give an open tournament at Santa Catalina Island, Cal., from May 1 to Oct. 1, 1901, inclusive. The object is to encourage the use of the rod and light tackle in taking the large game fishes of these waters, and in every way to elevate the sport to the highest standard.

The prizes are open to all men not professionals, special prizes being arranged for ladies.

The only restrictions are the rules of the Tuna Club that rods and reels must be used and that rods must not be less than 6 feet 9 inches in length, the tip of which must weigh not more than 16 ounces. By the word tip is meant all that portion of the rod from reel seat to end of rod; the line must not exceed twenty-four thread or strand, and be capable of sustaining a dead weight of not more than 48 pounds. The drag known as the Rabbeth drag is barred. Each angler must bring his fish to gaff unaided, and the fish must be reeled in, a broken rod either before or after gaffing the fish disqualifying the angler. The tournament is open to amateurs only; professional fishermen, those engaged in allied industries, and members of their families being debarred, except as stated in special class I.

Present Holders of Cups and Records.

Lragest tuna: Col. C. P. Morehouse, 251 pounds, first; C. F. Holder, 183 pounds, second; H. St. A. Earlscliff, 180 pounds, third; F. V. Rider, 175 pounds, fourth.

Black sea bass: F. S. Schenck, 384 pounds, first; T. S. Manning, 370 pounds, second; T. S. Manning, 330 pounds, third; F. V. Rider, 327 pounds, fourth.

White sea bass: E. M. Boggs, 58 pounds, first; F. F. Garish, 56 pounds, second; Mrs. F. V. Rider, 50 pounds, third.

Yellowtail: F. V. Rider, 41 pounds, first; F. F. Garish, 37 pounds, second; Mrs. H. W. Hoyt, 31½ pounds, third.

Prizes.

Class A—Leaping Tuna.

1. For exceeding the club record, Tuna Club gold medal and Banning cup.
2. For the largest tuna of the season, presidency of the club and extra silver-mounted rod.
3. For second largest tuna, silver-mounted rod, offered by James McDonald, Deposit, New York.
4. For the smallest tuna, booby prize.
5. To the angler taking first tuna of the season, silver-mounted rod.
6. Special prize to angler taking first tuna between Jan. 1 and April 31, silver-mounted rod.
7. Special prize for largest tuna taken by a lady, silver-mounted tuna rod.

Class B—Black Sea Bass.

1. For exceeding the club record, 384 pounds, Tufts-Lyon silver cup, Rider-Macomber gold medal and extra silver-mounted rod.
2. For the largest black sea bass other than the above, silver-mounted rod.
3. For smallest black sea bass of the season, booby prize.
4. Special prize for largest black sea bass taken by a lady, silver-mounted rod.

Class C—Open to Ladies—White Sea Bass.

1. For the largest of the season, silver-mounted rod.
2. For the second largest, gaff.

Class D—Open to Ladies—Yellowtail.

1. For largest fish of the season, John F. Francis gold medal and silver-mounted rod.
2. For second largest fish, gaff.

Class E—Open to Ladies—Albacore.

1. For largest fish of the season, silver-mounted rod.

Class F—Rock Bass.

1. For the largest fish of the season, Vom Hofe line dryer.

Class G—Sheepshead.

1. For largest fish of season, angler's pipe.

Class H—Whitefish.

1. For the largest fish of the season, gaff.

Class I—Professional Boatmen.

1. For the best equipped launch, three horse-power or over, for fishing purposes; rods, reels, lines and gaffs to be considered: silver-mounted rod.
2. For the best equipped fishing boat, under three horse-power, or without engines; rods, reels, lines and gaffs and general comfort to be considered: silver-mounted rod.
3. For the boatman of the angler taking the first tuna of the tournament season, silver-mounted rod.

All catches made with a view of competing for prizes must be reported at once to some member of the weighing committee, and weighed in his presence and posted. No allowance will be made for shrinkage. Club scales must be used.

Weighing Committee—F. S. Schenck, R. A. Eddy, E. L. Doran, T. S. Manning, Frank V. Rider.

During the tournament of the Tuna Club there will be exhibited by the Santa Catalina Aquarium and Zoological Station as complete a collection of the living game fishes of this region as possible, so that contesting anglers may see and observe the fish before taking them. The rock bass seen here are particularly commended to lovers of 8 and 10 ounce split bamboo rods. There will be shown also, if possible, all the different live baits used by the members of the Tuna Club, including sardine, smelt, mackerel, crayfish, octopus, clams, sea worms, abalone, flyingfish, squid, etc.

Seasons.

Seasons fluctuate according to local conditions, wind, weather and food supply.

Leaping tuna *(Thunnus thynnus)*, 22 to 250 pounds. May 15 to Aug. 15. Have been hooked in February.

Black sea bass *(Stereolepis gigas)*, 20 to 400 pounds. March to December. Sometimes all the year.

Albacore *(Germo alalunga)*, 10 to 70 pounds. Nearly all the year.

Yellowtail *(Seriola dorsalis)*, 15 to 60 pounds. March to January. Often all the year.

Bonito *(Sarda chiliensis)*, 5 to 16 pounds. March to January.

White sea bass *(Cynoscion nobile)*, average 50 pounds. May 1 to July 15.

Barracuda *(Sphyræna argentea)*, up to 15 pounds. Spring and summer.

Blue perch *(Medialuna) (Scorpis californiensis)*. All the year.

Sheepshead *(Trochocopus pulcher)*. All the year.

Rock bass, several kinds, 2 to 12 pounds. All the year.

Halibut and flounder, all the year.

Mackerel and swordfish, spring and summer.

Whitefish all the year.

He Took the Card.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was once presented with a card which made me an honored but unworthy member of a club of anglers which can probably boast of a larger membership than any club in this country; but I lost my membership, and this is how I lost it:

In the latter part of August some years ago a small party of us took the little steamer Varuna at Clayton on our way up the Bay of Quinte to Trenton. With our boats and oarsman we naturally attracted some notice, and received an immense amount of gratuitous information as to the best fishing grounds in the whole region. At last one person, who claimed to be an expert angler, strongly insisted that we should give up our trip to the Bay of Quinte and visit a lake some eight or ten miles from Trenton, and assured us that if we did so we would have the trip of our lives, and to convince us he told us the following story, in which he was corroborated by his two companions:

He stated that the week before they had all visited this lake and that in just eighteen minutes from the time they began to fish they had caught three bass, weighing together 18 pounds.

"How long a time," I asked, "were you obliged to take in hooking and landing each fish?"

"Exactly six minutes by the watch."

"And you landed them?"

"In just eighteen minutes."

"And they weighed?"

"Exactly 6 pounds each by the scales."

"Large or small mouthed bass?"

"Small, of course, and they are seldom taken in this lake weighing less than 6 pounds, although larger ones are very often caught."

I turned to my friend and said, "Your story about this wonderful lake has made this the saddest day of my life. I am one of the members of the largest club of anglers in this country, but I joined on the express condition that if at any time I met a person whose qualifications for membership were superior to mine I would immediately transfer to him my token of membership. From this moment my connection with this club ceases, and I now hand to you this card, which entitles you to full membership in my place."

It read as follows: "This card entitles the holder to full membership in the Ananias Club."

At first he was angry and his face flushed, but his companions jeered at him, and in a moment or two he disappeared and kept out of sight during the rest of the trip.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 1.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Two men this week caught twenty-five fine bass one day on Cedar Lake, Indiana. Harry Gobel, of this city; George Murrell, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and others of our Chicago anglers, have made trips to this early bass water or others adjacent to Chicago, and they report fairly decent success. Mr. Murrell was on the Fox River this week, but did not have very good luck there.

The trout season is a little late in Wisconsin, but some parties are going out this week, and a few very decent takes are reported from the lower portions of the State.

I was talking with Mr. Mayer, of this city, who told me that last fall when he was out at the Sixty-fourth street pier he saw several bass caught by perch fishers along the pier. Investigation proved that there is a body of shallow water in the big lake there between the old World's Fair pier where the moving sidewalk was and the short pier south of there, in which space the bottom of the lake is covered with grass and weeds, making a very good lying ground for bass. He saw a good many bass jumping in this place, and thinks he could go out there and catch a nice string. It is near the mouth of the park lagoons, and it is known that there are a great many bass in these lagoons where they have been protected. These fish were seen last fall, and I have a notion to keep an eye on that bit of water myself for this summer's fishing.

Governor Yates has reappointed Nat H. Cohen, of Urbana, to succeed himself as a member of the Illoinois State Fish Commission. Mr. Cohen has given enthusiasm and careful study to the work and proved a highly desirable official. His appointment is a good one.

Deputy Game Warden James Latherman, of Wyoming, has found a waterfall 300 feet high in the Yellowstone Park. It is located in Box Cañon, two and a half miles northwest of Hell's Half Acre. A heavy growth of timber conceals the falls, which have been there all these years without being suspected. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mink and Trout.

IN their latest report the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners discuss a phase of droughts in relation to trout which has not been given the attention it deserves. They say:

So far as relates to the propagation of food fish, and particularly those that furnish the best sport for the rod and reel—namely, the brook trout and landlocked salmon—we have had as great a degree of success as we could have asked for under the circumstances. Both of the two summers last passed have been seasons of unparalleled drought, and trout streams all over the State, which had never before been known to fail, went entirely dry. The north part of the State, where the streams have their rise among the hills and mountains, and their headwaters fairly well protected by a growth of timber, suffered far less than the central and southern portions. Probably many thousands of trout perished for want of living water, and in some of the brooks which did not run dry the fish were all driven into a very few pools, and became an easy prey to the boy or man who saw fit to drop them a line. Trappers say that mink never were so fat and slick as they have been this fall, which is easily accounted for by the condition of the streams, which were so nearly dried as to render every fish left alive in them by the drought an easy prey to this most voracious little animal. The mink is the only fish eater (four-footed) that will take more fish than he needs. He will fish industriously all day, eating what fish his stomach will hold, and dragging away and hiding the balance. And he never was known to go near the dead ones he has deposited around under various logs and stones, but repeats to-day his work of yesterday. So that given such a season as the two last passed, and the number of fish destroyed by mink throughout the State is incalculable. There would, in our opinion, be much greater sense shown in establishing a fair bounty on that most thorough little poacher than in keeping it on bears and wolves. Notwithstanding the reverses we have met with by reason of the drought, we have had no disposition to abandon those streams which have in times past furnished so much good trout fishing. Last spring we restocked them with more fry than we had ever before put into them, and we propose to keep at them, hoping that the summers to come may not be so disastrous to our work as the two last passed.

An Adirondack Trout String.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., May 2.—I inclose clipping from Johnstown Republican of this date:

"Charles W. Rowles returned home from Canada Lake and vicinity last evening with a string of fish which has been looked upon with much admiration by the local anglers. He pulled seven trout from the Canada Lake Inlet which tipped the scales at 15 pounds, representing the largest sized trout that has been brought to this city in a long time."

I saw the catch and can verify the statement as to size and weight. They were all speckled brook trout, seven in number, and taken in an afternoon's fishing, and comprised the whole catch and are the largest average that ever came in to our city for one afternoon's fishing. The season is backward and this is the first catch reported.

C. M. P.

Lobster Claws.

HORSE CAVE, Ky.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time since I chanced to find in a junk shop the claw of a lobster which measured 12¼ inches in a straight line from point to heel, and about 5 inches broad in the widest part. It is in perfect condition and has the small claw attached with a string. I have not been able to get its history, and would be glad to know if any of your readers has ever seen a lobster claw to equal this one in size. E. C. H.

[This is by no means a record claw. A 19-pound lobster from Eastport, Maine, had claws measuring 18 inches in length and 8 inches across; and the lobster of 30 to 40 pounds must have had claws much larger. For years, owing to overfishing, the size of lobsters has decreased.]

The Boy with the Pole.

WE all know of the barefooted boy with the pole, and many of us have been so fortunate as to meet him. Mr. Stone writes of him appreciatively. For more than one amateur fisherman the boy has come to the rescue from utter defeat with some suggestion, or, in dire extremity, with fish. We found the other day in the tackle catalogue of Messrs. Wm. Mills & Son, of this city, two little pictures of the barefoot boy, which were so unstudied and true to nature that we asked permission to print them, and they come in very fitly with Mr. Stone's story.

In the early days of Illinois a gentleman prospecting through the country found himself at nightfall near a little two-story log cabin. Having been granted the privilege of staying all night, he was shown to the attic, where he found a couple of hounds, who, as his host explained, always slept there. As he was disrobing he gave a mighty sneeze, whereupon the two hounds gazed intently at each other a moment and then with one accord bolted out of the single window the room contained. The hostess, hearing the racket, appeared above and inquired the cause. "Why," said the guest, "I sneezed, and the hounds looked at each other a moment and then flew out the window."

"Oh! that's it, is it? I'll tell you the reason they did that. I always whale 'em for sneezing around the house, so when you sneezed each thought the other one was the culprit and jumped out of the window to escape punishment."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Kennel.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

California Coursing.

COURSING is evidently rapidly increasing in popularity on the Pacific coast. The coming season promises to be an exceptionally interesting one in California in the number of events and entries at the various courses. More dogs and better ones are being constantly brought forward and those most familiar with the sport say that California now has as good dogs as are to be found anywhere.

Perhaps the plentiful supply of hares has much to do with the growth and popularity of the sport. The western jack rabbit is an unfailing product and a good reliable sprinter. History does not tell how long he has held his own against the hordes of coyotes that have chased him over every acre from the Rockies to the Pacific. Certain it is that the coyote is a natural born rabbit chaser, and he has about the readiest means of rapid transit of any creature with four feet to manipulate. The hungrier and thinner he is the less resistance air and space can offer to govern him. The lighter his plumage becomes, in his contention with his fleas,—when he gets so thin that the sun shines through him and leaves no shadow—the more the alacrity he exhibits in his efforts to annihilate space and encompass jack rabbits. He has obliterated so many of them that there are, at this time, but a few billion of them left.

In Nevada a few years ago the stock raisers tampered with natural conditions by introducing a theoretical innovation. They offered a reward for the extermination of coyotes, and it worked. So many coyotes were wiped out that, it is alleged, the rabbits thrived so well they not only ate up all the grass, but had begun to obstruct the railroad. A reward was then offered for rabbit scalps, a penalty threatened for any person who injured a coyote, and, at the time my informant came away, rabbit scalps and ammunition were the only things to be seen in Nevada except the landscape.

It seems to me the jack-rabbit does not do himself the credit with a brace of hounds after him that he does on his native heath with a pack of ki-yi-ing coyotes in his wake. The dogs do not make noise enough for him to think there is anything doing. Even when he does unlimber and wake up to the reality of things he seems to think he can dodge the hounds, and he always appears to be surprised that they pick him up while he is doing some of his curves. A hound's nose is about three inches longer than a coyote's, and the jack has not yet learned to make the allowance. After a while he will perceive that two or three inches on the forward end of a hound may have considerable to do with his personal affairs. However this may be, I have seen many a rabbit on the sage-brush plains give a pack of coyotes a longer and harder run than any I have seen made for the dogs.

At the Open Stake Coursing at Union Coursing Park, San Mateo county, on April 27 and 28, there were 112 entries and the entire 56 brace of dogs were in form and participated in the event. The total of the purse was $875. First money, $110, was won by Frank Jones' dog, Wedgewood, with F. A. McComb's Little Sister winning second money, $70. The remainder of the purse was awarded in smaller amounts.

The first day was bright, with rather a strong wind. A drizzling rain fell during most of the second day, while a stiff wind made it cold and disagreeable for the men and dogs in the field. The entire programme was carried out in a very satisfactory manner. Considering the number of events and the disagreeable weather of the second day the management deserves much credit for the good work of its fielders, particularly for that of the judge, John Grace, and the slipper, James Grace. The meeting was under the direction of the California Coursing Committee, which has announced the following events for May: 4th and 5th, Sapling and Open Stake; 11th and 12th, Puppy and Open Stake; 18th and 19th, Open Stake; 25th and 26th, California Coursing Committee Stake.

RANSACKER.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. M. T. Mason, of Chatham, N. Y., writes us as follows: "There will be a bench show the week following the Pan-American event at Chatham, N. Y. It will be under A. K. C. rules, and will be the first annual show held by the Columbia County Agricultural Society. As Chatham is only twenty-five miles from Albany, on B. & A. R. R., New York and Eastern exhibitors from the Pan-American will doubtless stop off at this show, especially as a small entry, good premiums and liberal classification will be a feature of this event."

Burley—Hello, Hurley! Where did you get the dog? It isn't full-blooded, is it?

Hurley—Well, no; not exactly. I call him Heintz—fifty-seven varieties, you know.—Town Topics.

The Manitoba Field Trials Club, through its secretary-treasurer, Mr. Eric Hamber, has issued a circular letter giving much valuable information to those who contemplate attending or participating in its trials. The matter concerning the customs arrangements is specially noteworthy. Derby entries close on July 1. All-Age entries close Aug. 1. Champion Stake nominations are to be made on or before Aug. 1. Mr. S. C. Bradley has again consented to act as one of the judges.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—IX.

BY F. R. WEBB.

The Lewis dam is built at the head of a conglomeration of small islands, located in a sharp turn of the river to the left, so that the dam seems to be simply a continuation of the left bank in a straight line, until the other bank curves around and meets it; and, to the canoeist descending the stream, all that appears to remain of the diminishing river disappears through a tall, massive head gate of hewn timbers into the race—the mill itself not being visible from the dam, as it is located half a mile below. On landing on the dam, however, the canoeist discovers several little channels leading down among the islands, no one of which appears larger than a good sized creek. The most direct and practical one is the old boat channel, the one nearest the left end of the dam, and down this narrow, shallow little stream—after easily sliding our canoes over the dam—we now made our way, alternately wading and floating on the swift, race-like shoot for a quarter of a mile until the open river was again reached, and with it plenty of water.

A fine stretch of river is presented below this place; the river, flowing broad, swift and deep between low banks overhung on either side by giant sycamores which cast their grateful shade far out over the water, behind which lie broad stretches of rich, well tilled fields—a lovely pastoral reach—until it ends at the Lewis mill half a mile below in a steep, gravelly rapid, down which we shot with exhilarating speed, successfully avoiding the numerous big rocks strewn around in careless confusion at the foot of the rapid.

A mile or so below, a ledge juts out from the right bank and extends in a long, slanting, down-stream line clear across the river. One or two small, grass-grown islands are strung along it, and a gravel bar breaks the otherwise three or four foot fall into a short, steep rapid. In fair water the shoot down this short bar is a fine one, and a passage is easily found almost anywhere along its length, but at the present stage the bar is impassable, and the old boat channel at the extreme left must be taken. It winds around over the end of the ledge next to the bank, and turns sharply to the right out into the river again, while right in the turn, just over the verge of the shoot, in the swiftest water at the most awkward place imaginable, is a peculiarly ugly, jagged mass of honeycombed limestone. It is particularly hard to dodge without running the canoe ashore on the rocks which line the sides of the narrow shoot, yet it must be dodged, as a sharp blow and rub against its vile, petrified, sponge-like edges is more than the stoutest canvas—or cedar either, for the matter of that—can stand.

We knew this nasty little shoot well, and therefore approached it with great circumspection, the more necessary because, as we were well aware, places of this character are at their worst in the lowest water.

George was in the lead, and, after backing and filling around a few minutes for position, he let go and shot over the verge and down the shoot. He succeeded in dodging the ledge in mid-stream, but was swept heavily ashore on the rocks at the side of the shoot below, where, after vigorous shoving, pushing, poling and swearing, he succeeded in freeing himself, and passed out into the deep, still pool below, where he floated idly, his paddle across his lap, intent on seeing the fun as the rest of us negotiated the shoot, while I lay up in the shade under the bank above for the same purpose and to profit by the other fellows' mishaps.

Lacy went next, and his experience was quite similar to George's. The Colonel then essayed the shoot, and smashed up against the reef squarely amidships with a crash that made the stout timbers of his big, heavy canoe fairly crack and groan. Considering his quite respectable avoirdupois, the blow was a terrible one, and I was really surprised to see him shove off from the rocks and go bumping and dragging down the remainder of the channel into the still water below, apparently unharmed; and my respect for the toughness and strength of a well made canvas canoe—already well founded—was most materially strengthened by the incident.

It was my turn next; so, cautiously drawing my canoe out from under the bank, stern first, into position, back paddling carefully as I drifted down into the powerful suction of the shoot, I approached.

In order to avoid beaching on the rocks below, as George and Lacy had done, it was necessary to lay close to the reefs in 'mid channel, so I steered as closely as I dared—a fatal mistake, for I saw in an instant that I was to share the Colonel's fate.

Hastily shoving my paddle out to port, however, with a vigorous jab I caught the reef firmly with my paddle blade and eased my canoe gently down against it, holding the boat off all I could.

In spite of all my efforts, however, the harsh, coral-like finger tips rasped horribly along my side as I gently dropped down away from the dangerous proximity. I made the remainder of the shoot at the expense of a few thumps from the rocks at the bottom and speedily rejoined the others, who had turned their bows down stream again and were lazily paddling along.

"Did you strike hard, Colonel?" Lacy was saying as I came up alongside.

"Oh, no," replied the Colonel carelessly, as he struck a match on the hatch framing which lay inverted in front of him and lit his pipe again. "I just bumped and scraped a little as I came down; that's all."

"The Colonel never strikes hard or sticks fast," said George. "When he gets out into the water he does it because he likes to wade."

"How did you get that little hole in the side of your canoe, then?" Lacy continued. "Why, I can crawl aboard through it!"

"Great fish hooks, Colonel!" exclaimed George, "the whole side of your canoe is busted in!"

"Oh, get out! what are you giving us!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, I haven't shipped a drop of water!"

"Well, I advise you not to lean too far over to port, or you'll speedily ship a boatful of it," I put in.

"Put your hand down, man, and see for yourself," added George. "The break's just above the water line."

"Jeem—sis cousin! why, I can shake hands with myself, right through her side!" exclaimed the Colonel in consternation, as he took this simple advice, and reaching down along the side of his canoe, discovered a ghastly rent in the canvas along the freeboard just above the water line, a foot and a half long.

"The frame timbers are smashed, too! the whole side of the boat's smashed in!" he continued, in utter dismay, as he investigated the break from the inside.

"Yes, you touched a little bit heavily, I'm afraid," said Lacy drily, as he lit his little brierwood.

"That had better be attended to at once," I said "Yonder is the old Governor Walker place," as the fine old mansion opened up to view, around a wooded point. Embowered in stately trees, its well kept grounds sloping gently down to the river in front from the little eminence on which it stood, it presented a stately appearance as we dropped down toward it. "We'll land there for lunch and then repair damages."

"I expect that would be best," replied the Colonel; "the rent is above water and I expect I could easily run to our camp at Three Springs, which is only three or four miles below, but I might hang up on a rock or fish dam on the way, and the boat careen and fill with water before I could get off."

"Yes, and there's plenty of rough water before we get there, with reefs ad infinitum, not to mention a fish dam or two, and you will be quite likely to ship some water before we get there," said George.

"Oh, I don't think I would take any water in the rapids," replied the Colonel. "My boat is a dry boat, and rides the waves like a duck."

"You will have an opportunity to try the experiment right here," George continued, as we approached the head of a long half mile shoot, down along whose surface the surges ran pretty high, while at the foot of the rapid, even at that distance, the big "white horses" could be seen gamboling and throwing their shaggy white manes high in the air, the bright foam-crests glittering and sparkling in the sun as we closed our hatches and drew up our aprons before dipping—one at a time—down over the crest, and beginning the long, exhilarating shoot.

"Well, did you take any water?" I exclaimed, as I joined the others at the bank below the foot of the rapid and just above the Walker place, where they had arrived before me. As I spoke, I threw up my apron, throwing overboard as I did so a bucketful or so of water reposing in a pellucid little pool in the hollow of my apron in my lap; while my wet, shining decks, from which the water was still running and dripping over the gunwales, like rain from the roof of a house, bore additional testimony as to the size and weight of the aforementioned "white horses," now gamboling and tossing a hundred yards astern of us up the river.

"Yes, I believe a little did dash in as I came down that last pitch," he replied, as he stepped ashore, "but none to amount to anything. I expect, though, it had better be fixed after lunch," he continued, drawing his wounded canoe well up on the bank after him.

"I think myself it will be the safest plan," I replied, as I opened up my hatches and lifted out the mess-chest, upon which I placed my folded camp stool, and then on the top of both folded the three cushions of my mattress, having previously drawn my boat well up ashore, where the entire fleet now lay stranded.

"Look at that scratch on the side of your own canoe, Commodore," said Lacy. "It is exactly like the cut in the Colonel's boat."

An investigation revealed a long line of paint scratched and rubbed off the side of the Frankie on the freeboard, above the water line, in exactly the same place as the Colonel's break, the line being quite similar in outline to the rent in his boat. As, however, the canvas was uninjured, no harm was done, but it conclusively illustrated what a narrow escape I had from sharing the Colonel's fate.

My plunder was carried up the bank to a nice turfy spot under the trees, where—Lacy having by this time returned from Walker's with a bucket of water—we gathered around the convenient little mess chest, and did ample justice to an ample lunch of cold sliced ham, sardines, pickles, bread and butter and cheese, with a hard boiled egg apiece by way of relish, after which our mattresses were brought into play, and our after-dinner smoke accomplished in luxury, flat on our backs, our heads and shoulders supported by our upturned camp-stools, over which one cushion of the mattresses was thrown, and our feet and lower limbs extending over the matresses and down the sloping bank.

Another convenient feature of the oiled mattress bags is that in addition to the protection afforded the mattresses in the canoe from the water and weather, they can be thrown carelessly down anywhere—even where the ground or grass is damp—without fear of soiling or dampening the mattress inside—a great convenience, for our after-lunch smoke and siesta is quite an institution of our cruises.

After our lunch and smoke—in the interim the Colonel's boat having thoroughly dried out, while he hauled it further up on the bank and turned it up on one side so as to get the wound uppermost and in good position for operating upon—I went to my own canoe, and from one of those inestimable pockets which hang up under the washboard along each side of the cockpit I drew out a small roll of stout duck and a little muslin bag of resin, while from another I procured a bottle of alcohol and a small brass alcohol lamp, or stove (if so small an article could be called a stove), Lacy in the meanwhile procuring the malleable iron ladle packed in the expeditionary camp stove in his canoe, and carried for this purpose (as well as for the supplementary purpose of refreshing the fire in the stove with a small dash of coal oil now and then, when the wood is wet, or when the fire dies down at some critical juncture, as it occasionally does, the popular servant-girl method of pouring directly from the can upon the fire not being much in vogue in our party), and while I placed the lamp on a flat stone in a sheltered place from the breeze under the bilge of the Colonel's canoe and

filled it with alcohol, the Colonel cut three pieces of canvas from the roll of duck of a size sufficient to cover the hole—one single piece being too large to quickly and conveniently handle. In the meantime George, having contributed his share to the process by preparing a couple of little chisels or scalpels cut from a ½in. limb from the nearest sycamore and flattened at one end to a knife-like blade, with which to plaster on the patch, made ready with the kodak to catch us in the act.

All being ready, I lighted the alcohol lamp, and, holding the ladle, in which I had placed two or three tablespoonfuls of resin, over the blaze, I soon had the resin reduced to a seething liquid, whose fragrant, aromatic odor diffused itself in the air around. I then took about half a teaspoonful of lard from the lard can in the mess chest and dropped it in the melted resin, stirring it in with one of the flattened sticks. When it was thoroughly melted in, I poured a few drops of the mixture into a cup of river water which Lacy held for me, kneading the cooled drops between my fingers to test its consistency. A little more lard was added, and the water test again applied, until the compound had lost its brittleness and was about the consistency of fairly pliable shoemaker's wax, when it was pronounced ready to use.

A piece of the canvas was immersed in the boiling compound until thoroughly coated and saturated, when it was lifted out between the two flattened sticks and quickly placed over one end of the break and plastered smoothly down. The other end of the break was next fixed in the same manner, after which a patch was placed over the remaining open space in the middle, a little hot compound poured over the completed patch and quickly plastered over the entire surface (rapid work is necessary, as the mixture cools and hardens rapidly), and the job was done, and the Mary Lou—her beauty considerably disfigured by the big resin-colored patch on her cheek—was again waterproof. An examination of her frame inside revealed less damage than the Colonel had at first supposed. One of her stout inch-pine cross sections, or moulds, was shattered, however, but we could not conveniently repair this, and as it did not materially impair her efficiency, we did nothing to it.

The river makes a great ox-bow bend to the right and background to the left again of several miles in extent; clear around the front of the Walker place, and coming back below to a point considerably in the rear of the place, before again bending sharply to the right and resuming its course down the valley.

We found the first reach, of a mile or so around the bend to the right, full of reefs. The river was wide, swift and very shallow, and great patience and care were required in order to safely negotiate this reach, particularly in the upper part, and hang-ups were by no means infrequent. At the bottom of the reach, in the great crescent to the left, is a mile or so of eddy, as the still reaches are incorrectly termed, in local parlance, and at the present stage of water we found this reach as currentless as a mill pool, and a tedious half an hour's paddling was required in order to work our way through it. The river impinges against the base of the outlying spurs of the Blue Ridge along here, and the right bank rose to a considerable height, densely clothed with trees and broken by the longitudinal straight line of the Norfolk & Western Railroad, as it lay in an ugly, red clay gash, high up above the water.

A couple of gentlemen fishing from a big white skiff about half way down this reach proved to be Dr. Tomkins and Mr. Avis, of Charleston, W. Va., who were spending a few summer weeks at the Walker place. They showed us a fine catch, among which was a huge 5lb. bass. It was the biggest one I had ever seen, and I took it up and handled it with great interest and respect, speculating meanwhile with the Colonel as to how he would feel at the business end of our light fly tackle.

We told the fishermen that we would camp at Three Springs, some three miles or so below, and invited them to visit us in the evening, which, as it was not over a mile across the country from their stopping place, they readily agreed to do, and the Colonel and I paddled on after George and Lacy, who were by now some little distance ahead.

We finally worked through this mile or more of eddy, which ends in a broad flat bar, which stretches across the breadth of the river in a gravelly beach, mostly above water, until the lower end of the eddy looks more like the bottom of a long, narrow lake or pond than the continuation of a river. At the left a deep, narrow channel, not more than a few boats' lengths in width, carries all the water in the river over the bar in a strong, deep stream, which then pitches away down hill in a glorious rapid, a quarter of a mile long, with the usual long, semicircular fringe of stones, boulders, etc., piled up across the lower end. We plunged swiftly in a shouting procession down this surging shoot and pitched head first and one at a time over the rocky fringe at the bottom, escaping with a few thumps apiece, and were buried in the suds below, which rolled in sheets from our decks, leaving them glistening and shining, mirror-like, in the sun.

From here on down to where the river flows deep, still and lake-like in the broad expanse of the Shaver mill pool, some three or four miles below, is one continuous rapid. We have had fine sport in running this stretch of river on former cruises, but on the present phenomenally low water we had all we could do to get through it at all, for it is literally ribbed and seamed with reefs, huge sections of which project in great masses, high out of the water, scattered here and there over the surface of the river in picturesque confusion, and as might be expected, great caution was required in order to navigate this water at all, and many and frequent were the bumps, thumps and hang-ups scored by each and every one, although all succeeded in getting through without having to get out.

The scenery down along this reach is very beautiful. We had turned our backs upon the ugly red scar upon the mountainside in which lay the railroad tracks, and in front of us, as the river wound to the left, the banks on the right rose in a high bluff, upon which, and commanding a fine river prospect, stood a large, fine looking brick farmhouse, the massive white columns supporting the porch in true Southern style standing out conspicuously against the red brick background. To the left the banks were low, and we looked out over pleasant, well-tilled fields, with the handsome brick Weaver residence in the foreground, while immediately behind it rose the majestic peak in which the Southern end of the Massanutton range springs from the valley, whose portals we were just entering, the grand, imposing slope of the peak being strikingly beautiful, while every tree and bush on the mountainside stood out in distinctness in the clear, pure atmosphere, while the picturesque masses of rock scattered freely around in the river bed, around and among which the swift, clear waters rippled caressingly, breaking into pearly foam, made up a foreground charming in its beauty.

I had a clumsy, troublesome time of it getting over the big fish dam opposite Weaver's, and half a mile above our camp at Three Springs. I had lagged some distance behind the others, and they had slipped over the dam, apparently without trouble or delay, some little time before I even reached the couple of hundred yards or so of slack water above it. I was familiar with the location of the shoot, and merely noting that each canoe, as it approached, turned to the left and disappeared over the dam with a parting glimpse of the shoulders and helmet of the occupant, and the uplifted, sharply pointed stern of the canoe, I paid no special attention to the exact spot, but drove my canoe swiftly through the slack water above down upon the dam, intent only on getting over and catching up as quickly as possible. Approaching the dam I gave a glance down the usual place, then, closing my hatches and pulling up my apron—for the shoot was about a boat's length long, with a drop of 3 or 4ft., and quite rough—I drove my canoe briskly over.

In my careless haste I went over a yard too far to the left, and my bow brought up with a crash on a sunken rock just below the crest of the dam and held fast. The swift rush of water caught the stern of my canoe in its relentless grasp and swung it resistlessly round and hurled the canoe down over the dam sidewise. As soon as the bow hung I threw off my apron and hatch in anticipation of the inevitable capsize, and prepared to jump. The stern crashed down on the rocks and hung up likewise, leaving the canoe broadside on, across the full flow of water over the dam, and over she went.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

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Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

11. Manhasset Bay, first series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
18. Huguenot, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. South Boston, club race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
30. Harlem, annual regatta, City Island, Long Island Sound.
30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
30. Canarsie, opening and parade, Carnarsie, Jamaica Bay.
30. Brooklyn, opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Staten Island, Stapleton, S. I.
30. American, opening, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
30. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Manhasset Bay, second series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, races for raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

JUNE.

1. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
1. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
5. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
8. Canarsie, pennant championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
8. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
8. Brooklyn, open, Gravesend Bay.
8. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
12. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
15. South Boston, club cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
15. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
15. New York C. C., annual, Gravesend Bay.
15. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, first race, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
15. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
16. South Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, classes over 18ft., Hull, Boston Harbor.
17. Dorchester, classes 18ft. and under, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, first club championship, Marblehead, Mass.
17. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Brooklyn, annual regatta, Gravesend Bay.
17. Pavonia, annual, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
17. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18 Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
19. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
20. New York, annual, New York Bay.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
22. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
22. Marine and Field, open, Gravesend Bay.
22. Manhasset Bay, third series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
22. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
22. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, second race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
25. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

2, 4, 6. Newport, Y. R. A., cup defender class, Newport.
2. Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
3. Columbia, City Point, Boston Harbor.
3. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
3-8. Brooklyn C. C., cruise, Gravesend Bay.
4. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
4. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
4. Boston City, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, second club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., first open regatta, Gravesend Bay.
4. Larchmont, annual regatta and schooner races for Colt cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
4. Pavonia, McInnis cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
4. Canarsie, parade, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, annual, Bay Shore, L. I.
4. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5-11. Atlantic, cruise, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Shinnecock Bay, club, Shinnecock Bay.
6. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, third race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
6. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
8. Norwalk, annual, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
9, 10, 11. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Moriches, club.
13. Corinthian, third club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
13. Larchmont, open, first day of race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, race for Roosevelt memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
13. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
13-20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
17. Beverly, Buzzards Bay.
17. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
18, 20, 23. Newport Y. R. A., special races, Newport.
20. Westhampton C. C., club.
20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
20. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fourth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
20. Trial race to select Canada cup defender, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
22. New York, cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
22. Harvard, cruise, rendezvous, Morris Cove, L. I. Sound.
22. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
23. New York, cruise to the eastward.
24. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
24. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
25, 26, 27. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
27. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
27. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
27. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
27. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
27. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Manhasset, fourth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
29. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
29-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1-3. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
3. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
3. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
3. Moriches, association regatta.
3. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Robert Center memorial cup races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
3 Manhasset Bay, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
5, 6. Manchester, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
7, 8. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
7. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
9, 10. Annisquam, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Monument Beach.
10. Westhampton C. C., association regatta.
10. Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay.
10. Horsehoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
10. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, sixth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
10-15. Chicago, races for the Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12, 13. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
17. Moriches, open.
17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. New York, New York Bay.
17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20, 22, 24, 27, 29. American cup races, Sandy Hook.
24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
31 Westhampton C. C., open.
31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach.
2. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
2, 3. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Lynn, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Gravesend Y. R. A., all classes, Gravesend Bay.
2. Norwalk, special, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
2. Sachem's Head, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
2. Pavonia, special, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
2. Canarsie, ladies' day, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2 Chicago, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
3. Shinnecock Bay, open, Shinnecock Bay.
5, 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

THE Boston Herald's foreign correspondent in speaking of Shamrock II. in the trial on last Saturday, says:

Shamrock II. had her first trial off Southampton to-day, and certainly did well. There was fine weather for the te t, the water being smooth and the wind varying from four to ten knots. The results suggest that Watson has done well by his tank experiments, for the challenger goes through the water cleaner and sweeter than any yacht of her size ever seen on this side of the water. However, at t mes she gives one the impression of going down by the head when hard pressed, but whether this is really so or is simply an impression produced by the manner in which the line of white paint is drawn on her bronze is yet debatable.

Her canvas looked good, but it was a heavy suit, that will not be used in the Cup races. It is cut fuller than the sa ls of Shamrock I.

She is unmistakably tender, for a ten-knot breeze was sufficient to put her lee rail under.

She sailed alongside Shamrock I. for a short distance—too short to give any reliable comparison. The old boat is clearly incapable of holding her own, however, as she was drawing a big quarter wash, while the challenger was going clean, and overhauled and passed her with the greatest ease. Under these conditions she could give the first Shamrock a minute a mile.

The new boat took the bottom off Ryde, but was pulled off by a launch uninjured.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 6.—A question which has been bothering the yachtsmen around Boston for some time seems now to be practically settled. A recent dispatch from England states on reliable authority that Sir Thomas Lipton has said he would bring Shamrock II. around to Boston after the close of the Cup races and that she would take part in the races for the cups and prizes offered by Thomas W. Lawson. The success of these races depended largely on the decision of Sir Thomas, but up to the present time he has been very conservative in regard to his possible future action in the matter. With the entry of Shamrock II. it is expected that many of the large racers of the New York Y. C. will enter the races and that all three of the 90-footers will take part.

Within the past few days a rumor has been floated that Thomas W. Lawson may turn his back on 90-footers and Cup races to accompany his wife on a trip to Europe in his beautiful steam yacht the Dreamer. At Mr. Lawson's office the rumor has not been confirmed, but enough has been gleaned to show that the rumor was not without foundation, and that it would not be surprising in the least if Mr. Lawson should make the proposed trip. Mrs. Lawson has been quite ill, and her physician has advised that she go abroad. If she should go it is more than likely that Mr. Lawson will accompany her. Nothing has been definitely decided yet, and it may be that Mr. Lawson will still see the efforts of Independence as an aspirant for Cup defender honors.

It has been stated that the launching of Independence has been definitely decided, and that she will take the water on May 18. Work has been progressing well on her during the past week, and there is no doubt that she can be got ready by that time. The work of riveting the aluminum deck plating has proceeded very rapidly. The aluminum rivets are driven cold and they are headed up about one-half the time it takes to perform the same operation on heated bronze or steel rivets. Her steel mast is being constructed inside the boiler shop. About 30ft. of it has now been assembled. There are eight longitudinal angle irons, the same number that Herreshoff is using. The diaphragm plates are cut in to fit over the angle irons, and there is a flange at the circumference of the plates on which the outer plating of the mast is butted. Work on the steel gaff has been started, eight or ten plates having now been bored and rolled. At Lawley's the hollow wooden boom is being finished up and the hollow gaff was glued last week.

The first race of the season for Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. boats was sailed Saturday. As might have been expected the race was between the 18-footers conforming to the restrictions of the Eighteen-Foot Knockabout Association. Four of these boats were launched last week, and it was between these that the race was sailed. The match was the result of the usual pride each owner had in his coming boat. They sailed for $10 a corner, the winner taking $30 and the second boat $10.

This first race had more than the usual interest, because among the competitors three entirely different types of boats were represented. The four which competed were Ayaya, owned by W. P. Keyes; Aspinquid, Oriana and Bacchante. Ayaya, which won the race, was designed by her owner and built by a house carpenter named Knight at Hull. Aspinquid was designed and built by Shiverick, of Kingston; Oriana was designed by Fred Lawley and built by the Lawley Company; Bacchante was designed and built by Hanley, of Quincy Point.

Ayaya is one of the semi-keel boats, drawing about 2ft. 6in. of water and carrying a centerboard. Asqinpuid is one of the same type. Oriana is a keel boat drawing the limit of the class, and looks as if she had more speed in her than was shown Saturday. Bacchante is an out-and-out centerboard, without a pound of outside ballast. She is a typical Hanley boat, resembling much the famous H. O. 25-footers of last season.

The four lined up for the start in a piping northwester, which made double reefs the order of the day. The breeze held true as far as direction was concerned, but was as fickle as to strength as most northwesters are. At times it would blow steadily with little or no sea, and the little fellows would skim along as though possessed of life; again, a puff would come down across the bay which would bring them all up shaking.

Ayaya got the best of the start, with Asqinquid second, Oriana third and Bacchante last. The first leg, to the spar buoy off Sheep Island, was a broad reach. Ayaya kept the lead she established at the start and turned the buoy first. Both Ayaya and Bacchante overstood the mark and went for it with sheets broad off. On the reach across Oriana came up and took second place from Aspinquid.

On the next leg to Strawberry Hill, which was also a reach, the order remained the same. Ayaya turning first, followed by Oriana, Aspinquid and Bacchante. On the turn to windward Oriana, the keel boat, took a sudden spurt, and it looked as though she would be first to reach the line on the first round. Ayaya, however, was piling along steadily, and her owner was keeping her looking closer to the wind and making her go there. When they made the last tack for the line it was seen that Ayaya was in far the weather position and also ahead. She turned the stake boat with a good margin and romped away for the Sheep Island mark a winner, barring accidents.

No accidents occurred, and she steadily increased her lead to the finish, although there was less than a minute between her and the second boat. On the last round both Aspinquid and Bacchante shook out their reefs, but even then Ayaya proved too much for them. The finish between Aspinquid and Oriana was the most exciting incident of the race. From the first mark Oriana had led Aspinquid around the course. After the Strawberry Hill was passed for the last time and they were headed for the line, Aspinquid commenced to crawl up. Oriana was constantly luffed, so much so that she lost headway. The skipper of Aspinquid saw this and he forced his boat. They were constantly splitting tacks, and just before the line was reached Aspinquid crossed Oriana's bow and headed her over the line by eighteen seconds. The following is the summary:

Name and Owner.	Act. Time.
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	1:30:43
Aspinquid, C. A. Comey	1:31:12
Oriana, Alfred Douglas	1:31:30
Bacchante, Humphrey and Lauriat	1:35:56

The Regatta Committee of the Savin Hill Y. C. has sent in the list of events for the season, among which is a Y. R. A. race, thus adding to the already long list of Association races. The fixtures of the club are as follows:

June 22, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
July 6, Saturday—Club race.
July 20, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 3, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 17, Saturday—Club race.

At Lawley's the interior work and engine are being put in the Sloane auxiliary 85-footer. The Burgess Y. R. A. 21-footer is all planked. The interior work is being put in the Herter 35-footer, the Lowell 25-footer and the Binney 70-footer. The Boreland 86ft. steamer will be launched very soon. The Y. R. A. 21-footer for H. H. Wiggin is in frame. The 15-footer designed by Fred Lawley is planked. She is a small Hostess and looks as though she would develop speed proportionate to that of the Quincy boat.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

QUI VIVE—DESIGNED BY JOHN B. HERRESHOFF IN 1862.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Wyckoff Brothers & Taylor, of Clinton, Conn., have completed three of the Larchmont one-design boats, and the other two are being planked. These boats were designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and they are handsome craft that should show a good turn of speed. Mr. R. W. Bainbridge, of Brooklyn, has had a house-boat built by Wyckoff Brothers & Taylor. She is 70ft. over all, 63ft. on the waterline, 21ft. beam and 2ft. draft. The boat will be rigged as a yawl, with a leg-of-mutton mainsail and jib. This firm has built a 16ft. power tender for Mr. Bainbridge.

* * *

Mr. R. C. Robbins has sold the raceabout Pirate to Mr. George Bird.

* * *

Mr. A. H. Hagemeyer has sold the knockabout Lorelei to Mr. J. M. Ellsworth.

* * *

The 51-footer Huguenot has been run out of the shop at Huntington's yard at New Rochelle. She will be taken to South Brooklyn shortly, where she will be put in the dry dock and have her fin put in place. As soon as this is done, she will be rigged and put in condition for the racing season.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Introduction—Types of Boats.

PART I.—BUILDING.

1. Tools.
2. Materials.
3. Laying off, making moulds, and setting up in frame.
4. The rabbet, ribbands, and fairing.
5. Timbering and planking.
6. Floors, shelf, and deck beams.
7. The rudder and trunk, and center case
8. Laying the deck, coamings, etc.
9. Caulking, stopping and painting.
10. Lead keels and centerplates.
11. Spars.
12. Deck fittings and iron work.
13. Cabin fittings.

PART II.—RIGGING.

1. Rope, blocks and fitting rigging.
2. Bending and setting sails.
3. Various rigs.
4. Roller head sails and reef gears.

Design of 22ft. C. B. sailing boat.
Design of 24ft. L. R. fast cruiser.

Introduction.

So many amateurs nowadays understand the use of carpenters' tools, and have some knowledge of yacht designing, thanks to the late Dixon Kemp's admirable books, that I feel sure a few hints on practical boat and small yacht building will interest yachtsmen generally, and I hope be of some assistance to those who wish to try their hands at building their own boats. Boat building is one of the most fascinating hobbies a man can take up, although it is scarcely likely that any amateur wou'd care about spending several years acquiring the requisite skill to enable him to turn out the very highest class of rater work. If, however, he has some natural talent, patience and common sense, there is no reason why, with a little practice, he should not be able to build a vessel which will be a credit to him, and probably better than many of the so-called "cheap" boats which are turned out by some small firms. He must not, however, be discouraged if at the beginning he only spoils wood, and has to do the work over and over again till he can make a good job, and he should therefore before starting make up his mind that he will do it right even if he has to make half a dozen fruitless attempts.

The chief maxims to be borne in mind in boat building are: (1) Be sure that all your measurements are correct. (2) Always work to a level L.W.L., and be sure the moulds are both square and plumb to this line. (3) Shore and stay your keel and moulds so that they cannot possibly move while the boat is being built. (4) Keep your tools sharp, and keep your wood dry.

There are two general types of small craft now in use, which may be classified as round-bottomed and hollow-bottomed boats. The first comprises the modern centerplate and bulb-fin boats (many of which are nearly or quite flat); and the second class consists of the deeper bodied sea-going cruisers, and the linear raters built to the new Y. R. A. rules for 1901.

The first type will be the easiest for the beginner to tackle, owing to the simpler form of the keel and sections, and also because the weights of the various parts are much less in proportion to the size of the boat.

Under this head will come the 22ft. C. B. sailing boat (design No. 1), which will be the best to start with, as she has far less work in her than boats of the other type, and will make a good, useful sailing boat, either for the coast or river, and can also be used as a yacht's sailing cutter.

The 24 L. R. fast cruiser (design No. 2) complies with the new Y. R. A. rules. She will be more difficult to build, and should not be attempted at first.

All the round or flat bottomed centerplate boats should be built bottom up, as it is much easier to get at the work, and you can see at once if you are making a good job of your seams, besides being able to fair the moulds better when setting up the frame.

The second type, or hollow-bottomed, boats are a bit more troublesome, as the keel, stem and stern frame have a good deal of work in them. The planking, too, especially about the garboards and just at the tuck of the counter, is rather trying to one's patience at first.

These boats are usually build in the old-fashioned way, right side up, the bottom being easier to get at when this way up than that of a round-bottomed boat. They would also be very awkward to turn over when they get larger, both as to shape and weight. The 24 L. R. fast cruiser, for instance, would require ten or a dozen men to turn her over safely.

The designs shown are taken not so much as being ideal boats in any way, but chiefly as representing popular types of sailing boats and small yachts now in general use and suitable for an amateur to build.

They will also be sufficiently typical to illustrate the methods used for most carvel built boats up to ten tons.

The first three chapters will apply to all sorts of carvel building, but in the subsequent chapters I shall endeavor to explain the construction of a boat of each type side by side.

Part I—Building.

CHAPTER I.—TOOLS.

To turn out good work it is absolutely essential to have a set of good tools, which must always be kept in proper order, though I know by my own experience that one does not care about the drudgery of sharpening them the moment they get the least bit blunt. If, however, they are allowed to get blunt and gapped it is quite impossible to make a good job.

A common fault with amateurs' tools is that they are sharpened only on an oil stone long after they should have been ground, and the consequence is that the cutting angle gets steeper, and though the actual edge is sharp, yet it is so steep that it will not make a clean cut. The following diagrams show a section of the edge of a chisel, A as it should be, and B as it should not be, but often is:

A B

I do not propose to teach the use of the tools, as there are many excellent books on the subject; but I will give a list of the various tools requisite for the work before us, and also some extra tools which, though not absolutely necessary, are exceedingly useful if the expense is not too great; these are marked with a *.

The total cost of all the tools which are really necessary will come to about £5, not including the cost of a bench.

List of Tools.

1 half rip saw.
*1 fine panel saw.
1 turning saw, with 2 extra blades of different sizes.
*1 small compass saw, with half a dozen spare blades.
1 medium-sized tenon saw, with fine teeth.
1 jack plane.
1 smoothing plane (wood).
*1 small plane (iron), with various adjustments.
1 rabbet plane.
1 ⅜in. round plane, for working hollow for gold line.
*1 3in. circle, spar makers' hollow plane.
*1 1½in. firmer chisel.
1 1in. firmer chisel.
*1 ¾in. firmer chisel.
1 ½in. firmer chisel. (This may be a dovetail chisel.)
1 ¼in. firmer chisel.
*1 ¾in. inside bevel gouge medium sweep.
1 small shipwright's adze.
1 draw knife.
1 spokeshave, with adjustable mouth.
1 ratchet stock and set of bits.
*1 set of pat twist bits, 3-16in. to 1in.
1 Archemedian stock and set of boat builders' piercers.
1 set of 4 gimlets.
1 set of 4 bradawls.
2 screwdrivers, large and small.
2 hammers—a 2lb. engyineer's ball paned hammer and a light boat builders' riveting hammer.
*1 "holder on" or small maul head.
1 rooving punch.
1 carpenter's punch.
*1 pair stout pliers.
1 pair cutters.
1 pair pincers.
1 large vise.
*1 hack saw.
1 cold chisel.
1 10in. bastard file (flat safe edge).
*1 10in. bastard file (half round).
*1 6in. saw file.
*1 8in. round or rat tail file.
*1 10in. smooth file (half round).
*1 breast drill and set of Morse twist drills.
*1 small anvil.
*1 hand vise.
1 12in. square.
1 2ft. two-fold rule, with slide.
1 bevel.
1 spirit level.
1 marking gauge.
*1 pair dividers with set screw.
2 plumb lines.
1 chalk line.
1 good sized oil stone and a slip for the gouge, etc.
1 grindstone and stand, etc., for foot power.
*1 30ft. steel tape (if possible marked in inches on one side and decimals of a foot on the other).
2 12in. stout iron cramps.
4 9in. light iron cramps.
2 or 3 paint and varnish brushes and a putty knife.
2 small caulking irons.
1 caulking mallet.
1 steam chest and boiler.

In addition to these tools, a really good firm bench should be made, long enough to take the longest planks which will be used, say 25ft. long and 2ft. wide, with the top not less than 1½in. fir, and quite flat. A wooden bench vise should be fitted at the left-hand end, and the large iron vise fitted at the other end, so that very long stuff may be held in both. A flush rising and falling planing stop should be fixed in the top at the left-hand end, and some tool racks and drawers will be very handy; also a nail box or two.

Note.—The steam chest can be made of four 9in. by 1½in. fir planks rabbeted at joints and well screwed together, with one end permanently blocked up and the other end fitted with a loose plug or door. The boiler may be any sort of kitchen copper or even a large kettle capable of holding two or three gallons. The lid must be made steam tight, and a pipe fitted from the boiler to the steam chest. A good plan is to fit one or two small bars across the steam chest inside about half way up, so as to keep the wood to be steamed off the bottom and let the steam get all around it. All the joints can be made sufficiently steam tight with red lead and canvas. A couple of good stout saw horses or trestles must also be made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Qui Vive.

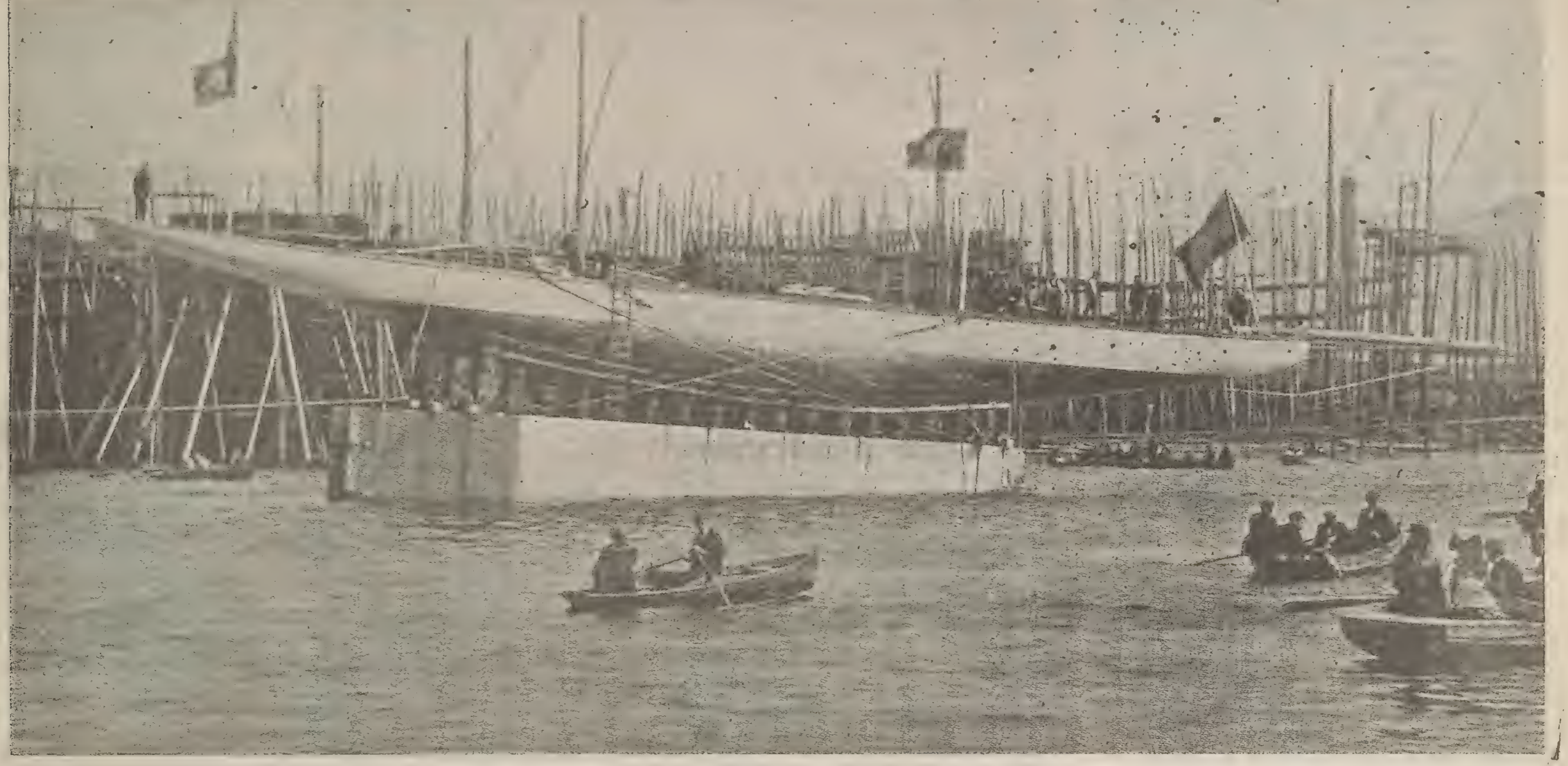
In the summer of 1862, when on a cruise in my little sloop yacht Jerry Bryant, a jolly crew consisting of four Derby, Conn., boys and the writer found themselves flying high and dry on a sand bar in the lagoon at Holmes Hole—since then renamed Vinyard Haven. We had run on the bar for the purpose of scrubbing our boat. While so occupied a trim yacht somewhat smaller than ours sailed up the harbor and anchored a few hundred feet distant. Her sails were no sooner furled than a yawl containing two men put off from her and ran up under our stern, and one of the men hailed us with the query, "Is that the fast sloop from New York?"

We told them it was, then invited them aboard. The man who had hailed introduced himself as Dexter Stone and presented his companion as John B. Herreshoff, from Bristol, R. I. After talking boat for awhile with Herreshoff, who was wearing dark blue spectacles, I was informed that he was totally blind. He told me that his yacht was named Kelpie, that he had designed and built her, and having heard that my boat was very fast had come all the way from New Bedford to ask if I would sail a race with him just to test the speed of his Kelpie. I said we would be happy to do so, but thought we could easily win, because our boat was much larger than his and had been built by David Kirby. He then very coolly informed me he would "let me know as to that after he had looked at the shape of my boat." Naturally, we boys wondered how a blind man proposed to see anything. But he soon settled matters by taking off his boots, climbing down to the sand bar and feeling along and around and under Jerry Bryant from stem to rudder.

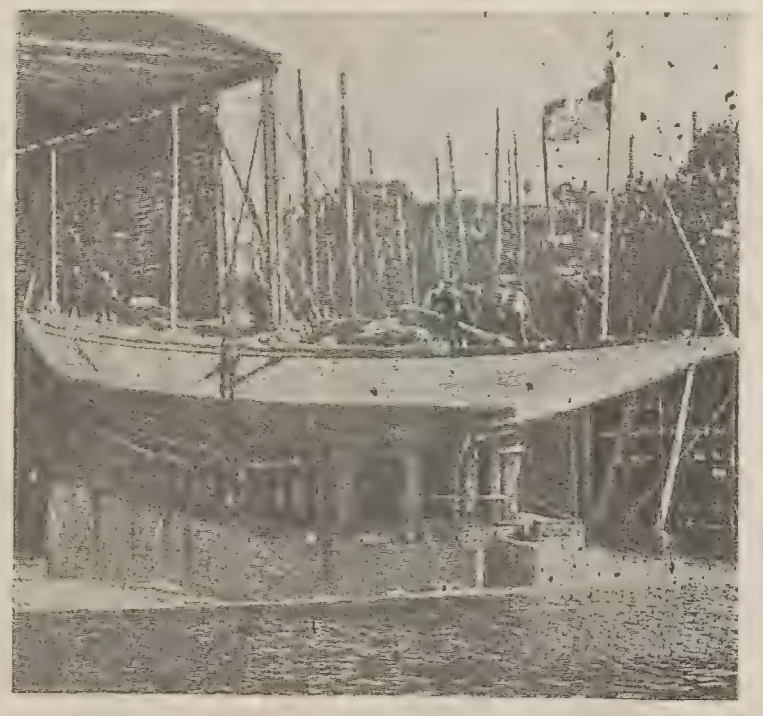
After again coming aboard he quietly remarked that Kelpie could beat us to windward, though possibly our greater length might enable us to run a trifle faster sailing free. Well, the next day the race was sailed and Kelpie won handsomely, much to our astonishment, for up to that time we had found nothing of our size that could sail with us.

Just before bidding us good-by, Herreshoff remarked to me, "I'm intending to commence a yacht building business." "All right," I replied; "make me a model for a 40ft. sloop yacht and if it suits I will let you build from it." The model did suit. Johnnie, as we had learned to call him, built the yacht, and during the twelve years that I owned and sailed Qui Vive we never met a boat of any size or kind that could sail as close to the wind while very few were able to hold her with the wind from any direction.

Most of Qui Vive's racing was done in New York and Connecticut waters, and to her remarkable speed was due the first fame of the Herreshoffs.



SHAMROCK II.
From the Yachtsman.



SHAMROCK II.
From the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

John Herreshoff, I believe, can to-day take a block of wood and with a jackknife whittle out a model that would equal in speed the best boat yet produced by any of the merely "scientific designers," so called, with their eyes wide open. The photograph of Qui Vive, shown herewith, illustrates what a Herreshoff yacht of nearly forty years ago looked like. Her dimensions were: Length over all, 42ft.; length waterline, 37ft. 6in.; beam, 15ft. 2in.; draft with centerboard up, 3ft.; length of mast, 50ft.; length of boom, 50ft.; foot of jib, 26ft. Her cabin contained four full-sized berths with cushioned transoms in front of them. She had a stateroom with double size berth, two berths in forecastle, a large butler's pantry, and every convenience for comfortable cruising.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, N. Y., Feb. 21.

Orizaba.

MR. HENRY C. PIERCE, of St. Louis, has ordered from Messrs. Gardner & Cox the largest steam yacht yet turned out by an American yacht designer. Orizaba, as she is to be named, will be built at Mr. Lewis Nixon's Crescent Shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J., and she is intended for deep-sea cruising; her speed will be fourteen knots, and she will have bunker capacity sufficient for her to steam 6,000 miles without recoaling. The designers will have entire charge of the vessel from the designing of boilers and engines down to the furnishings and decorations. Her dimensions are as follows: 258ft. over all, 195ft. on the waterline, 30ft. beam, 14ft. draft, 20ft. depth of hold, and she will be about 1,000 tons displacement. The freeboard forward is 18ft. Her large single funnel, together with her simple rig and high freebroard, gives her a most dignified and powerful appearance. Orizaba is fitted with twin screws, and her engines consist of two four-cylinder triple expansion engines of 2,400 horse-power. The two Scotch boilers have a working pressure of 200lbs. Much time has been spent by the architects in laying out the cabin plans for the owner and the crew. To obtain the amount of accommodation made necessary by the requirements, the type of the later English steam yachts, such as Mr. Higgins' Varuna, has been adopted with the bulwarks carried up to the hurricane deck. In following this method the usual deck houses and gangways on the main deck are done away with, and the great gain in space gives room for large and airy quarters on the main deck in addition to those below. The forecastle is in the forward part of the vessel, occupying part of the main and part of the lower decks; the deck crew are housed on the main deck, while the firemen and the oilers are directly below on the lower deck. Aft of the crew's quarters come the officers' staterooms. These include six staterooms, messroom and two bathrooms, which are fitted with hot and cold shower baths; a separate galley

is also furnished for the officers. On the main deck forward of the engine space is the dining room, 26 by 25ft., paneled in teak, elaborately carved. The dining room connects with the pantry and owner's galley, and is reached from the deck and below through a small anteroom, which is also finished in teak. In the after end of the machinery space on this deck is the laundry and drying room. These rooms are fitted with the most approved laundry machinery. Adjoining this is a bath and dressing room intended for the use of those who want to take a swim alongside, and in returning to the vessel the wet bathing suits may be removed there and a fresh-water shower may be enjoyed. Bath rooms, laundry, galleys and pantries will have tiled walls and floors. Aft of the engine space on the main deck is the library, which will be finished in Circassian walnut; the chairs, bookcases and tables will be made of the same material. Aft of the library is a small room from which stairs lead to the lower deck, and further aft is a music room 26ft. long, finished in white mahogany and satin wood. Forward of the machinery space on the lower deck are located the owner's quarters; they include the owner's stateroom, 13 by 12ft., with a bath room adjoining on the port side and a sitting room 10 by 12ft. on the starboard side; these rooms are finished in mahogany. Forward to starboard is a large room 14 by 10ft., for the owner's sons, and adjoining this is a room for the tutor and secretary. On the port side are rooms for the doctor, valet and a bath room. The floors and walls of the bath rooms are tiled, with the exception of the owner's, which is of marble; all are fitted with hot and cold, fresh and salt water, as well as shower and needle baths. There is 8ft. of headroom throughout. Aft of the engine space there are four large staterooms finished in white mahogany and two bath rooms and a large apartment 28 by 14ft., to be used as a sitting room; still further aft are other staterooms for the children, maids and nurses, as well as bath rooms, linen closets and sewing room. On the hurricane deck, which extends the entire length of the vessel, and from side to side, is a deck house fitted up as a smoking room and a study for the owner's sons. Above this deck house is the bridge, which runs the full width of the ship, fitted with steam steering gear, search light, engine room telegraph, and telephone to all parts of the vessel. The electric equipment of the yacht will include electric curling irons in staterooms, electric irons in the laundry and electric fans for ventilation. The closets will be fitted with automatic lights, which will light when the doors are opened. The electric plant includes two dynamos and a storage battery, furnishing a current for 700 lamps. The yacht will be constructed of steel and will be schooner rigged. At the davits she will carry two power launches, a sailing boat, cutter and dinghy. Orizaba will be completed for the season of 1902.

Launch of Constitution.

BRISTOL, R. I., May 6.—The successful launching of Constitution took place to-night at 8:30 at high water, and as the boat started on her short journey down the waves Mrs. W. B. Duncan, Jr., broke a bottle of wine over the bows and named her. The launch was witnessed by a large number of people, among whom either then or during the day were J. Rogers Maxwell, August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Johnston de Forest, Newbury D. Lawton, S. Nicholson Kane, Jas. A. Stillman, J. V. S. Oddie, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Bourne, Mr. Henry Walters, and many others.

It was, of course, entirely dark at the time when the launching took place and the electric lights did little more than to make the darkness visible. No satisfactory view could be had of the operation. At the same time photographers were busy, during the vessel's course down the ways, taking flashlight pictures, some of which are likely to give satisfactory views of the launch.

A detailed description of the boat as seen must be postponed until later.

From the time Constitution began to move until it reached deep water the time was a little over fourteen minutes. After the launch she was towed back to the wharf and moored there, and preparations were made for stepping the mast on Tuesday and at once going on with the rigging. Her mast and spars are said to be larger than those of Columbia, with which Constitution has usually been compared, and the sail area will be greater.

Southern Gulf Yachting Association.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Southern Gulf Yachting Association was organized at New Orleans, April 28. It embraces all the yacht clubs on the Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama coasts, and the objects are to encourage uniform rules and to establish a racing circuit along that stretch of the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The club's embraced in the organization so far are the Southern Y. C., New Orleans, La.; the Bay-Waveland Y. C., Bay St. Louis, Miss.; the Pass Christian (Miss.) Y. C., the Biloxi (Miss.) Y. C., and the Mobile (Ala.) Y. C.

The officers elected were: A. Baldwin, Southern Y. C., President, and S. D. Sampsell, Southern Y. C., Secretary, and a Vice-President from each of the other clubs on the circuit, as follows: J. C. Bush, Jr., Mobile Y. C.; Walter Gautier, Pascagoula-Scranton Y. C.; T. P. Dulion, Biloxi Y. C.; J. H. Menge, Jr., Pass Christian Y. C., and E. J. Bowers, Bay-Waveland Y. C. Racing dates were fixed as follows for this year: Biloxi, July 4, 5 and 6; Mobile, July 13 and 14; Pass Christian, July 20; Bay-Waveland, July 27; New Orleans, Aug. 6 and 7.

S. D. SAMPSELL, Sec'y Southern Y. C.

Yacht Club Notes.

Recent amendments to the racing rules will, it is said by certain members of the New York Y. C., throw the 51-footers out of their present class. These yachts had many interesting races last year, but it seems that many of them will this year have to pass up into the Wasp or 60ft. class. One of the amendments has changed the point of measurement for the length of the topmast from the heel of the spar to the upper throat halyard block. This, in the case of the 51-footers, causes them to overrun the class. This will possibly include the new Maxwell craft being finished by the Herreshoffs. When these amendments were made there was no suggestion of an intention to legislate the 51-footers into another class. There still remains a remedy, for the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C., with the approval of the Commodore, may hold special races for any set of boats, making them a special class.

COM. HOYT announces the appointment of Wm. G. Newman as Fleet Captain, the Rev. Chas. L. Newbold as Fleet Chaplain, and W. I. Cocke, M. D., as Fleet Surgeon. The Board of Trustees announce the following appointments:

Regatta Committee—Edw. M. MacLellan, chairman; Charles D. Mower and Robert Jacob.

House Committee—Wm. W. Phillips, chairman; W. Forbes Morgan, Jr., and Clendenin Eckert.

Delegates to the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound—E. M. MacLellan and Robert Jacob.

Library and Art Committee—Guy Standing, chairman; Julian Rix and Clendenin Eckert.

The club house will be opened for the season on Saturday, May 11.

Designs Recently Published in Forest and Stream.

25-footer Flirt, Oct. 13-20.
21-footer Tattoo, Oct. 27.
Minnesota, Nov. 17.
19ft. sailboat, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1.
Cutter Isolde, Dec. 8.
Catboat Lazy Jack, Dec. 15-22.
Raceabout Jolly Roger, Dec. 29.
Bald Eagle II. and ice boat, Jan. 5.
25-footer Brigand, Jan. 12.
Canadian ice boat and 14ft. cutter, Jan. 19.
38ft. cruising launch, Jan. 26.
25ft. shoal draft sloop, Feb. 2.
18-footer Broncho, Feb. 9.
25ft. cruising sloop, Feb. 16.
32-ft. fast cruiser, Feb. 23.
House-boat designs, March 2.
Schooner Endymion and yawl Ellida, March 9.
20ft. cruising yawl, March 16.
23ft. cruising yawl, March 23.
28ft. cruising yawl, March 30.

New Publications.

"The Love of Sport."

"The Joys of Sport," by W. Y. Stevenson, illustrated by G. R. Brill, is the title of a work which within its 226 pages contains a series of kindly satires on the diversions of civilized mankind. Thirty-one kinds of sport are succinctly treated as to foibles and fallacy, namely: Salt-water fishing, fencing, sailing, pigeon shooting, boxing, track athletics, polo, bear hunting, automobiling, fresh-water fishing, fox hunting, basket ball, cricket, tennis, bicycling, baseball, deer hunting, pool and billards, rowing, skating, golf, swimming, football, duck shooting, handball, crabbing, hunting mudhens, coasting, horse racing, croquet and bowling. There is a proficiency of the mental phase of the subject which compasses the special mental and physical. As an illustration of the humor of the talented author, the following excerpt, concerning pigeon shooting, is presented for the edification of the gentle reader: "The peculiarity of pigeon shooting is the peculiarity of the men who do the shooting. Each man has his own especial little tricks, by means of which he thinks his marksmanship is improved. I knew a man once, a really fine shot, who would never stand on the raised platform leading to the traps, but, rain or shine, snow or wind, he would invariably take his position on the grass beside the mark, and if through any unforseen cause he could not stand on this spot his shooting was of the poorest description. Another well-known wing shot cannot bring his birds down unless he wiggles his right thumb just before he fires. As to the wearing of certain coats and hats or the using of a certain make of shells, the majority of pigeon shooters are absolutely helpless, unless these various appurtenances are at hand. Singularly enough, this does not prevail to so great an extent as one might suppose in regard to guns. I know one man in particular who doesn't care a rap as to what make of gun he uses, provided he can have his shells loaded with his favorite brand of powder.

"If you ever care to find out how cheap and small you can be made to feel just go to some popular gun club and stand at the traps before forty or fifty enthusiasts, and after posing for a moment or two in the most approved style, fire both barrels, and then hear the dreary cry of the referee, 'Lost bird.'

"Some men never seem fully to get over the nervousness caused by having their actions watched by so many people, and even old hands at the game fall down at times.

"A dead bird is one which is gathered within the 50-yard circle or boundary. A lost bird is one which breaks all family ties and strays from the home circle, never to return. An easy bird may be either a young lady whose acquaintance you make quickly or a pigeon whose obsequies are easily attended to. A bird is considered as half shot when it staggers drunkenly around in the air, showing that the load has gone to its head. While if you speak of 'drivers,' 'quarterers,' 'towerers,' and 'incomers,' you refer to the direction of their flight, and not to golf clubs, 25-cent pieces, the William Penn statue or Andrew Carnegie.

"It is amusing to watch the way the different marksmen walk out to the traps. Each man has his own method, and nothing can make him alter it in the smallest degree, for he firmly believes that if anything should be changed his chances to win are gone. Some of them hand in their bird tickets before they shoot, and some after. Others will hand in bunches of ten or twenty, while others invariably forget them, and have to go back for one each time. Some men walk out in a hurry, while others stroll down the platform trying hard to appear unconcerned, and the expression of most of their faces would cause you to believe they were on the way to be guillotined. For pigeon shooting is a very serious thing and must be treated with becoming gravity and respect, and the lengthy discussions after the match as to the direction of a certain bird's flight, or the drift of No. 6 shot, as compared with No. 7½, would make you think that the laws governing the universe were being discussed instead of merely the day's sport."

Concerning sailing, the humorist turns philosophic, and concludes with the remark that "The proper way to go about learning to sail is to be taught to swim, to never lose your temper, to get used to staying in wet clothes for hours, to be quick with your feet and hands, to have a rhinoceros-like hide all over your body, and to carry an accident policy."

All the other subjects are treated in a similar breezy, original manner.

"Tell me a story, papa."
"No; go to bed."
"No, sir! Tell me a story."
"If I do will you go to bed?"
"Yes."
"Well, once upon a time there was a great big bear that caught a hunter in the woods and started to hug him to death."
"In what woods?"
"Oh, I don't know—some woods."
"Did the bear hug him to death?"
"No; just then two big tiger policemen came along and run the bear in for violating the game laws. Now go to bed."—Indianapolis Sun.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 30.—Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights.—Tournament of Our Own Shooting Society.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Our Own Shooting Society.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—The Our Own Shooting Society elected officers Wednesday, May 1, at its semi-annual meeting, held at headquarters, 110 Grand street, Hoboken. Many of the society's officers were re-elected. The men who will conduct the affairs of the organization during the ensuing six months are: Captain, Louis Christ; First Lieutenant, Herman Warnken; Second Lieutenant, Frederick Lohman; Third Lieutenant, Robert B. J. Olbeter; Financial Secretary, Adam Schmitt; Recording Secretary, J. H. Kruse; Treasurer, Lesser L. Levy; First Shooting Master, Herman Bahn; Second Shooting Master, John Spinck; Marshal, Herman Ehrlich; Adjutants, Julius Holm and Chas Drees; Board of Trustees, August Jacobsen, Chairman; Owen Smith, W. F. Dilger, John Chartrand and Dr. F. C. Wolff; Finance Committee, Fred Bunger, Chairman; Charles Bischoff and C. G. Paul.

Robert Goldthwaite, Charles Bischoff and Albert Stahmann were elected to membership. This brings the total up to 168.

At the conclusion of the meeting the members returned to the society's shooting ranges and bowling alleys. Excellent scores were made on the targets, as these records will show: Capt. Louis Christ 232, H. D. Hencken 224, Wm. F. Dilger 235, Fred Bunger 233, Gus Ising 216, J. H. Kruse 239, Jere Kennedy 219, Charles Drees 228, John Spinck 228, Lieut. Fred Lohmann 224, Max Pfundheller 228, A. Jacobsen 219, J. Clair 217, Lieut. Herman Warnken 222, L. L. Levy 214, A. Meyns 235, Henry Hohn 214, Lieut. Robert B. J. Olbeter 222, Dr. F. C. Wolff 224, Capt. Aug. Rentzing 221, Herman Ehrlich 217, Wm. C. Schmidt 226, R. Goldthwaite 243, H. A. Mohrmann 217, John Schreier 224, Herman Bachmann 206, Wm. Haag 214, Wm. Donald 214, T. Meehan 222, H. Peyerimhoff 214, Herman Bahn 236, Julius Holm 212, Fred Bunger 239, C. G. Paul 219, H. C. Streckfuss 212, Charles Bischoff 241, Geo. Neuner 224, Owen Smith 232, Walter Travis 232.

Rifle at Shell Mound

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29.—Marksmen spent yesterday at Shell Mound in a driving rain. A large attendance was present. F. E. Mason and Dr. Rodgers in the Golden Gate handicap shoot did some good work. Most of the clubs held bullseye shoots. Scores of the day:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, rifle score, handicap, 10 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 230, 225; M. F. Blasse 209, 191; D. W. McLaughlin 223; F. E. Mason 232, 221, 211; C. M. Henderson 213, 210. Gold medal: C. M. Henderson 217, 224; M. F. Blasse 170, 192; J. Kullman 180, 194. Silver medal: W. F. Blasse 166, 166, 189, 179.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club monthly medal shoot, pistol range, handicap: J. E. Gorman 96, 94. Silver medal: W. F. Blasse 79, 81, 78, 76; G. Tammeyer 71, 63; M. F. Blasse 77; J. Kullman 69.

Red Men Schuetzen Company, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, W. Dressler, 373; first class, Capt. Henry Grieb, 401; second class, Schuetzen Meister George Wagner, 396; third class, Herman Schult, 330; fourth class, E. Tamke, 338; best first shot, Capt. Henry Grieb, 23; best last shot, W. Dressler, 21.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First and second champion classes and first class, not won; second class, Henry Huppert, 367; third class, William Doell, 383; fourth class, John Woebcke, 301; best first shot, D. Salfield, 24; best last shot, A. Hohmann, 24.

German Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: H. Hellberg 247, F. E. Mason 352, C. M. Henderson 681, L. N. Ritzau 793, John Utschig 841, John Gefken 922, E. H. Goetze 943, William Doell 970, and A. Jungblut 1105.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, April 28. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the German ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 224. Weather, clear; thermometer, 80; wind, head on, from 10 to 2 o'clock:

							Honor.
Payne	224	220	219	214	210	1087	21 19 22—62
Hasenzahl	221	217	216	212	209	1075	16 21 19—56
Speth	220	209	200	197	189	1015	21 21 21—63
Gindele	217	215	214	212	210	1068	17 20 22—59
Strickmeier	217	214	212	204	203	1050	18 24 21—63
Nestler	213	213	205	203	200	1034	24 17 23—64
Roberts	212	205	204	199	197	1017	23 23 12—58
Lux	207	200	195	186	184	972	15 18 13—46
Drube	200	191	190	182	...		19 20 25—64
Uckotter	199	196	192	191	187	965	17 10 21—48
Topf	189	185	177	176	174	901	14 23 12—49
Jonscher	196	186	186	177	175	915	18 18 23—59
Weinheimer	185	177	173	172	170	877	23 23 20—66
Surkamer	183	167	149	143	139	781	.. .. ..
Trounstine	192	177	...	...	...		.. .. ..

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 7-9.—Peru, Ind.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days at targets; for amateurs only; one day at live birds. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.

May 8-9.—Chicago, O.—Deer Lick Gun Club's tournament.

May 9-10.—Marion, O.—Marion Gun Club's tournament.

May 10-11.—Johnstown, Pa.—Johnstown Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

May 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, East New York. Team race: Oceanics vs. Fultons. Address Bob Schneider or A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475.

May 14.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Shoot for naphtha launch; 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; surplus divided; seventeen entries to fill. F. Lebohner, Mgr.

May 14-17.—Allentown, Pa.—State shoot of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. C. F. Kamlich, Cor. Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

May 14-16.—Elwood, Ind.—Tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y; John Parker, Mgr.

May 14-17.—Newton, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Newton Gun Club. D. R. Tripp, Sec'y.

May 15.—Paris, Ky.—First annual amateur target tournament under auspices of the Blue Grass Gun Club.

May 15-16.—Luverne, Minn.—Tournament of Luverne Gun Club.

May 15-16.—Elgin, Ill.—Tournament of Elgin National Gun Club.

May 15-16.—Zanesville, O.—Spring tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Guthrie, Oklahoma.—Oklahoma Territorial Gun and Sportsmen Club second annual tournament.

May 16-17.—Pekin, Ill.—Twin City Gun Club's tournament.

May 17-19.—Great Falls, Mont.—Eighth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Great Falls Rod and Gun Club, of which Mr. Hugo Nalbach is secretary.

May 20-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Charles T. Stickle, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—Greenville, O.—Annual shoot of the Greenville Gun Club. F. C. Brehm, Sec'y.
May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.
May 23-24.—Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Cedar Rapids Gun Club's tournament.
May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.
May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.
May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.
May 28-29.—Wheaton, Minn.—Wheaton Gun Club's target tournament.
May 28-29.—Dubuque, Ia.—Dubuque Gun Club's second amateur tournament.
May 28-30.—Xenia, O.—Xenia Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—Pittston, Pa.—Nitro Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.
May 30.—Dansville, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Dansville Gun Club, on Decoration Day. Norman Tompkins, Sec'y.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.
May 30-31.—Waukegan, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Waukegan Gun Club. S. H. Kennedy, Pres.
June 5-6.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Wisconsin Trapshooters' League. G. V. Dering, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.
June 13-14.—Pensacola, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Company's Amateur tournament, under auspices of the Pensacola Gun Club.
June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.
June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.
June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.
July 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Pan-American Exposition tournament. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds, $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.
May 22.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's live-bird shoot; prize a naphtha launch, value $175.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.
July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.
July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

May 21-23.—Henderson, Ky.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Company; two days targets; one day live birds. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Birch Brook Gun Club, of Lynn, Mass., announces its fourth annual prize series, commencing June 1 and ending Aug. 31. Concerning the subject the club presents the following information: "List of prizes: First, Winchester repeating shotgun; second, sole leather gun case; third, pair of rubber hip boots; fourth, shell carrying case; fifth, 6¼lbs. nitro powder; sixth, Thurman shooting blouse; seventh, 25lbs. chilled shot; eighth, Powers cleaning rod; ninth, loading block; tenth, 100 Smokeless shells; eleventh, Tomlinson cleaner; twelfth, Heikes holder. Conditions: Thirty targets, thrown from magautrap, to constitute the prize event. Prize event begins each Saturday at 3 P. M. Open to all; no entrance fee. Targets, 1½ cents each. Distance handicap—subject to readjustment at any time. Eight scores must be shot to qualify for prizes. Contestants shooting the full series may select their eight best scores. Ties, should there be any, will be decided by shooting the regular prize event between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M., Labor Day, Sept. 2, when there will be an all-day shoot, and high guns will win. The club does not officially encourage sweepstake shooting, but those desiring to indulge will be furnished all facilities. Practice shooting before and after prize event. No postponement on account of weather. No provision made for late comers in prize event. Wakefield & Lowell cars leave Central square for Elm street, Lyndhurst, at 12:07 P. M., and every thirty minutes. Ammunition for sale on the grounds. Wm. Wetherbee, J. Walter Hay, Chas. F. Lambert, committee."

Mr. Chas. T. Stickle, secretary of the Springfield (Ill.) Sportsmen's Association, writes us as follows: "Owing to the fact that the American team that will visit Europe finds it necessary to leave Springfield on Thursday morning, May 23, at 9 A. M., in order to eat in the steamer sailing from New York on Saturday, and as each member of the team expressed a desire to participate in the Dupont Smokeless powder championship trophy event, it has been decided to shift the above-named event forward to Tuesday, May 21, and schedule the Board of Trade Diamond badge event for Thursday, May 33. This arrangement will bring the Dupont Smokeless trophy for Tuesday, May 21; the State team shoot at live birds for Wednesday, May 22; the diamond badge shoot for Thursday, May 23, and the State target team shoot, Friday, May 24. The only change in programme is shifting the Dupont and diamond badge events into each other's place as given in the programme, and Illinois shooters should take particular notice so that the team representatives in the State events can make the necessary arrangements to be present on the days now selected for the team races."

The Peters Cartridge Company will give an amateur tournament on June 13 and 14 at Pensacola, Fla., under the auspices of the Pensacola Gun Club.

The second annual tournament of the Oklahoma Territorial Gun and Sportsmen's Club, to be held at Guthrie, Oklahoma, May 16 and 17, has eight target events on the programme each day. Entrance $1, $1.30, $1.50 and $2; added money in each event. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Magautrap rules govern. No. 6 on the first day is a team shoot of five men, 15 birds per man, for the team championship of Oklahoma. Open only to clubs belonging to the Association. The members of a club must live in or near the city they represent. Each club may enter one or more teams. One money. No. 6 on the second day is for the championship of Oklahoma. Open only to members of the Association. One dollar of the entrance goes to help pay for the championship cup.

The first annual amateur championship target tournament of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, to be held at Paris, Ky., May 15, under the auspices of the Blue Grass Gun Club, has seven 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, for the forenoon competition, and three similar events in the afternoon, besides, at 2 o'clock P. M., sharp, the championship event at 50 targets, $2.50 entrance. The winner to receive as his absolute property a handsome sterling silver loving cup, emblematic of the amateur championship at targets of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, for the year 1901, and 40 per cent. of the purse. To second 30 per cent., to third 20 per cent., and to fourth 10 per cent. of the purse.

The Lincoln, Ill., Daily News-Herald of April 29 contains the following concerning one of America's greatest shots of years now past, but yet not so long ago. It states: "Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the old champion wing shot of the world, has just returned from Hot Springs, Ark., where he has been running a shooting school and gallery, with good success. He has used 73,500 .22 cartridges in the last two and a half months, and in the last year he has used 181,000. At the Ferris Wheel Park and at Hot Springs he has taught at least 1,000 ladies and gentlemen how to shoot. He will open his gallery at the Lincoln House May 4 for a couple of weeks before he goes to Chicago."

It has been published that the Carteret Gun Club rescinded its recent ruling concerning its members shooting with professionals. It would be more correct to state that the ruling was modified so that it applied to members shooting on grounds where gate money is charged. A daily paper of New York calls attention to the fact that at the Gun Club of London an admission fee of about $1 is charged to any one who desires to enter to see the competition. As all the Carteret members are eligible to shoot in the Gun Club events, and do so when abroad, the question now naturally arises: Where are they at under the ruling?

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., at its annual meeting, held recently, elected a list of officers as follows: President, Paul Sharvy; Vice-President, F. E. Berry; Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. Nelson; Field Captain, D. H. Day; Lieutenant, Thomas Storey; Official Referee, A. B. Thomas. The clug now has about forty active members and about one hundred and twenty-five all together. Eight new members were admitted at the meeting. There will be a two days' tournament the coming summer, the dates to be decided upon later. The grounds are open for practice and shoots on Saturdays and Wednesdays.

The Waukegan, Ill., Gun Club announces the programme of its spring tournament, May 30 and 31, each day being at twelve target events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. The total entrance for each day is $17. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Interstate rules govern, excepting that "no bang, no bird," though all fair targets must be shot at. Rose system governs the moneys. Targets 2 cents. Magautrap. Mr. S. H. Kennedy is president of the club; Mr. James Van Deusen is the secretary.

Those who are desirous of keeping a record of their scores in a concise and convenient form will find the vest-pocket score book of Forest and Stream equal to all requirements. It contains Interstate rules, besides being ruled and spaced for all the trapshooters' data in respect to a full record of doings with the shotgun at the traps. Price 50 cents. The Anglo-American team and the shooters who will accompany it will find this little book well worthy of their attention.

Mr. Will K. Park, in his interesting news notes, writes as follows concerning the trapshooting interests of Philadelphia: "Flying target shooting in Philadelphia is certainly booming at the present time. There are over fifteen active shooting clubs in this city, all having their own grounds, and up-to-date arrangements. A new club was opened last week, the Athletic Club of Philadelphia starting a magautrap in operation at their summer home, near Essington, Pa."

In Von Lengerke & Detmold's, at 318 Broadway, is a hawkish sight this week. Mr. J. Applegate, of Freneau, N. J., took a day off with his Francotte gun and killed about a bushel of hawks, mostly of the smaller kinds, which are so destructive to the game birds. He sent the bunch to the above address, where they are on exhibition as a lesson of what a game protector can practically do over and above the orthodox "Whereas" and "Be it resolved."

Mr. G. V. Dering, secretary W. L. of G. C., Columbus, Wis., writes us as follows: "Kindly announce through the columns of Forest and Stream the dates for the Wisconsin Trapshooters' League tournament as June 5 and 6, to be held on the grounds of the Columbus Gun Club. Professionals and manufacturers' agents are welcome to shoot for birds only. This will be the banner shoot of Wisconsin. Programmes out May 10."

Mr. John Wright announces that the conditions of his launch shoot at Interstate Park, May 22, will be at 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; class shooting; boat to first; 60 per cent. of surplus to second; 40 per cent. to third; seventeen entries to fill. Competition in this event to begin on the arrival of the 1:54 train from New York. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

At a meeting of Enterprise Gun Club, of McKeesport, Pa., held May 4, the following officers were elected for the year: President, Fred Stephan; Vice-President, Leroy W. Cannon; Secretary, Geo. W. Mains; Treasurer, J. F. Calhoun; Captain, Chas. H. Baird; Executive Board, Fred Stephan, Geo. W. Mains, Chas. H. Baird, Robert Knight, H. V. Bradshaw.

Mr. H. E. Getchell, of Woonsocket, R. I., will accompany the American team of trapshooters to England, as an independent visitor, yet as a patriotic rooter. It is possible that several more will cross the herring pond to witness the great match. A dress suit case with each individual will serve to carry a dress suit over and the winnings on the return trip.

After a very satisfactory visit to New York, where he spent several days energetically furthering the interests of the Anglo-American trapshooting match, in which he was most pleasingly successful, Mr. Paul North returned to Cleveland, O., on Thursday of last week. He has arranged to sail for England on the 18th inst.

Messrs. W. Fred Quimby and Harold Money arranged to leave for St. Louis, Mo., on Monday of this week, for their new field of business activity in the interest of the Western Cartridge Company.

Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., and Mr. Sim Glover, of New York, both of whom are highly expert with the shotgun, have arranged to shoot a match at live birds in the near future.

The opening target shoot of the Garfield (Chicago) Gun Club's season was well attended. There were nineteen contestants in the trophy event at 25 targets. Mr. J. S. Boa led in Class A with 24, Dr. Meek, J. Wolf and Midgley tied on 21 in Class B, H. N. Delano was alone with 19 in Class C.

The match between Messrs. T. W. Morfey, of Interstate Park, and James F. Somers, of Easton, Pa., at 50 live birds, $100 a side, each man standing at 29yds., Morfey allowing Somers 5 kills, is probably off, as Mr. Morfey can learn nothing as to the date and place of it.

Mr. C. E. Willard, after a long trip through the United States in the interest of his company, spent a few days in New York, whence he departed for Chicago about the middle of this week. He was in most excellent health, and reported a successful trip.

Concerning the scores and percentages of the Garfield Gun Club members, published in our columns last week, the secretary of the club, Dr. J. W. Meek, sends in the following corrections: J. Gardner, 40—23—.575. C. J. Wolff, 30—20—.666.

In the contest for the medal emblematic of the championship of western Pennsylvania, at New Castle, May 2, between Messrs. Atkinson and Fleming, the latter won by a score of 90 to 86. Mr. Atkinson had held the medal for a year past.

BERNARD WATERS.

Amateur Trapshooters' Tournament.

LAMAR, Mo.—The fourth semi-annual target tournament of the amateur trapshooters of southwest Missouri and southeastern Kansas began here bright and early Monday morning, April 29. The Lamar Club claim to have the best grounds in the State, and having two lines of railroad, the matter of transportation is solved satisfactorily.

Shooters began to arrive on Sunday, and by 9 A. M. there was a fairly average number present at the opening.

The programme consisted of twelve events and a team shoot. The side issue had $15 as high average, divided $5, $4, $3, $2, $1.

Those present during the day were as follows: W. A. Vivian, Columbia, Mo.; J. M. McMillan, Carthage, Mo.; Thomas Norton, Kansas City, Mo.; H. E. Sherman, Kansas City, Mo.; H. C. Johns, Carthage, Mo.; A. Dixon, Joplin, Mo.; Geo. Hickman, Carthage, Mo.; L. Art, Kenomo, Mo.; Joe Leggett, Carthage, Mo.; J. D. Gilkey, Rich Hill, Mo.; R. B. Peebles, Carthage, Mo.; W. C. Gresham, Panama, Mo.; C. B. Platt, Carthage, Mo.; E. M. Gravett, Gravitt, Ark.; J. H. Cox, Detroit; Joe Clinkenbeard, Lamar, Mo.; H. T. McDaniels, Gavitt, Ark.; Count Smyth, Lamar, Mo.; R. E. Sister, Carthage, Mo.; A. McCrea, Lamar, Mo.; G. D. Leggett, Carthage, Mo.; W. I. Sprague, Sedalia, Mo.; L. E. Day, Nevada, Mo.

Then there was Joe Spicer, of St. Louis, and Tramp Irwin, of Chicago, together with Tom Norton and Harry Sherman shooting the programme through just for targets.

The weather was fine; quite warm, considering the backward spring. During the afternoon the wind blew strong directly in the shooters' faces, causing the targets to go rather high. As the trap faced a public road, many stops were necessary to permit teams to pass.

The first average was won by W. A. Vivian, of Columbia, Mo., who made the excellent score of 142 out of 150. He was shooting a strange gun and two or more different shells, and the boys are wondering where he "blew in from" or what he would have done under more favorable circumstances. The veteran, Tramp Irwin, was an easy second, as by losing 15 he was exactly 90 per cent. This is good, for he does not claim to be a target shot. Second and third averages were won by A. Dixon, of Joplin, and A. McCrea, of Lamar, with 17, the next highest being that of H. C. Johns, of Carthage, Mo., closely followed by W. C. Gresham, of Panama, Mo., with 21, who was also tied by J. Leggett, of Carthage, Mo.

The five-man team championship brought out only two teams, Lamar and Carthage, shooting at 75 targets, or 15 each man. The Lamar boys were successful, winning by 2 birds, score 61 to 59.

First Day, April 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	20	15	Broke.
Cox	9	9	13	7	9	10	6	9	10	14	8	17	..	121
Tramp	8	10	14	9	9	12	10	9	14	12	9	19	..	135
Sherman	7	9	13	8	8	11	9	7	10	10	6	13	..	111
Norton	9	7	12	10	9	11	9	8	15	10	10	16	..	126
Spicer	6	8	11	7	8	11	7	9	8	11	7	14	..	107
Johns	10	9	13	10	7	11	9	9	10	15	10	17	13	130
Gresham	8	8	12	8	9	15	9	8	13	11	9	19	..	129
G Leggett	9	9	14	9	7	12	7	10	9	12	8	14	14	125
Lister	8	8	8	6	6	10	7	5	14	15	7	17	10	111
Gilkey	8	8	11	7	8	13	9	9	11	14	9	17	..	124
McCrea	10	9	13	10	9	14	9	9	11	13	10	16	14	133
Gravett	2	5	6	6	6	5	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	...
McDaniels	8	6	10	6	8	13	8	9	15	14	7	15	..	119
Garrison	7	7	10	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	...
Dixon	10	9	12	9	9	15	9	9	13	14	8	16	..	133
Arft	8	8	13	9	9	13	8	9	10	11	..	..	11	...
Vivian	10	10	14	9	10	15	10	8	13	14	10	19	..	142
J Leggett	8	8	12	6	8	14	7	10	15	14	8	19	14	129
Clinkenbeard	8	8	10	8	7	9	5	5	..	11	5	14	10	...
Platt	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	6	12	10	8	..	8	...
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	7	13	15	8	17	14	...
Sprague	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	11	6	17	..	...
Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	14	11	8	16	..	...
McMillan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	8	.....		...
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	...

No. 13 was a team shoot between Carthage and Lamar.

Second Day, April 30.

The sun came forth this morning, and the longer it shone the hotter it got, until the shooters were compelled to don negligee shirts and to seek shade. It has not been many days since there was snow falling, and to-day it is about 90 in the shade; but it maketh the heart of the farmer glad, and the shooters are glad to welcome it.

There was a falling off in names when the entries were gotten this morning, as some had gone home during the night. The additions were from the city by the Ozark, Springfield. The delegation was composed of A. Elos, B. L. Routt, Dug and J. F. Dunckel. They shot in all events, and made very good average scores.

Yesterday we were surprised by Vivian, and to-day by McDaniels, the gentleman from Arkansas. Losing 31 targets the first day, it seemed strange to see him drop but 3 out of his first 80, and then wind up with a total of 15 goose eggs. It shows what confidence in one's loads has to do with it. He started out and ran up to 80 with the same load, and then changed, and using several different loads, fell off, not making a stranght after the change.

There was the Tramp trying to break them all, but by "fudging" did not get to making any straight until late in the day.

Mr. Folger, of Carthage, was shooting splendidly, smashing out his last 40 straight, and tieing with Tramp and McDaniels for first honors. McCrea, besides managing the shoot and working all the time, made the good score of 17 lost ones, and was hard pressed by Johns and Leggett with 18 and 19 respectively. The full scores hereto annexed will show what the others did:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	Broke.
Cox	8	13	12	8	12	12	7	15	11	8	12	13	133
Tramp	8	13	13	9	14	13	9	14	13	10	14	15	145
Sherman	6	10	12	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Norton	9	12	12	8	15	14	7	12	10	8	12	12	132
Spicer	8	11	11	5	10	8	8	12	11	6	11	10	...
Routt	7	14	11	9	13	14	9	10	13	7	12	12	136
Dug	8	14	12	10	13	13	7	13	8	8	10	14	135
Dunckel	7	11	14	9	12	12	5	9	13	8	14	12	131
Clas	10	11	13	8	12	12	9	13	13	10	12	15	138
Dixon	8	12	13	9	14	14	9	13	11	8	14	11	136
Johns	8	14	12	10	12	12	10	12	14	9	14	15	142
Folger	8	13	11	10	13	13	9	14	14	10	15	15	145
Leggett	8	14	13	8	13	13	7	15	14	9	12	15	141
Lister	10	12	14	9	13	13	8	14	13	7	14	12	138
Gravett	4	7	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Clinkenbeard	8	11	10	8	10	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	...
McCrea	8	12	15	9	12	13	9	14	15	9	14	13	143
McDaniels	9	14	15	10	14	15	7	13	14	8	14	12	145
Sprague	7	11	7	10	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Arft	..	8	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Drake	..	..	..	7	12	5	5	..	..	6	11	..	...
Wiard	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	...
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	..	..	..	..	..	...

JOHNNIE SANDS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., April 30.—The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club held its final shoot of the season on the first day of this week.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	10
Dr Bill	18	17	16	19	17	..	9
A A Dukes	15	17	16	19	15	19	..
Johnnie Jones	13	13	18	15	17	21	7
H P Scott	13	18	17	15	15	..	..
L T Muench	13	13	11	15	..	..	..
F Schoverling	15	10	14	15	14	..	8
H S Clifton	8	11	11	9	11	..	..
Capt Barlow	10	8	15	11	8	..	..
H Smith	12	14	12	14	12	..	..
T J Diffley	14	10	15	17	14	..	6
J R Falco	8	13	11	15	10	..	6
J Klenk	11	11	13	10	10	..	6
J H Voss	11	11	18	18	13	14	..
J Selg	8	8	6	7	8	..	..
J Tiernan	..	..	8	10	15	..	..
J Corolan	..	..	..	..	..	12	..

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., April 27.—There was a large attendance at the New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot to-day, which, in addition to other events, determined the winner of the monthly cup.

Event 4 was the monthly cup final contest, in which Messrs. E. W. Reynolds, H. M. Brigham, G. Stevenson and F. B. Stevenson killed straight. Mr. G. Stevenson won in event 1. Mr. H. M. Brigham won in event 2, killing 22 straight. The monthly cup event was won by Mr. G. Stevenson, who killed 20 straight, shooting out three others in the ties.

The birds were an extra good lot as a whole.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
F D Creamer, 28	22200*2—4	2222222—7
P Daly, Jr, 28	02220*2—4	212212*—6
J Shevlin, 28	12*1112—6	220121*—5
T Morfey, 30	*2w	.....
G Stevenson, 28	2222211—7	2222222—7
B Waters, 28	1120112—6	02w
F B Stevenson, 28	2222222—7	2222212—7
G W Hagedorn, 28	222*1*w	2121122—7
J H Jack, 29	*0w	*222122—6
E Banks, 29	2220222—6	0*w
S B Jay, 29	20*w	0*w
C A Ramapo, 28	21*2222—6	2222220—6
H M Brigham, 28	0102021—4	1212221—7
Capt Brown, 28	1212110—6	1212*22—6
T R Chapman, 28	*122212—6	.....
C W Brooks, 28	.....	1211212—7
W L Losee, 28	.....	11221*2—6

Shoot-off of No. 1, miss-and-out: G. Stevenson 2, F. B. Stevenson 0.

Shoot-off of No. 2, miss-and-out:

F D Creamer.....20 — G W Hagedorn...21222212*
G Stevenson.....211122122112110 — H M Brigham.....111222112222212
F B Stevenson....2220

Event No. 3, 10 birds; qualification shoot for monthly prize:

E Banks, 29.....222202w — H P Fessenden, 29.2222220w
J Gaughen, 30.....2222222220—9 — *Buckley 1112020w
B Waters, 28.....20w — *Robinson 0222*2w
S B Jay, 29.....22*1022w — W L Losee, 28.....21*01w
Ritchie, 28.....2**222w — P Daly, Jr, 29.....0w
C W Brooks, 28....2211122*21—9 — *De Long.....10200w

*Guests.

Event No. 4, shoot-off for monthly event; 10 birds, miss-and-out:

E W Reynolds, 28.....12222221221222*
J H Jack, 30.....1222*220
H M Brigham, 28.....22212222212222212221120
J Shevlin, 28.....21*1001
F D Creamer, 28.....222222*20
G Stevenson, 28.....22221222222222222222222
F B Stevenson, 28.....22222222221222222220
T R Chapman, 29.....2221121120
J J Keyes, 28.....22202*
C A Ramapo, 28.....221*20

Interstate Park, L. I., May 4.—The weather was pleasant, the conditions being of the spring time. A stiff wind blew across the traps. There was a good attendance of shooters.

Event No. 1 was at 7 birds for a trophy:

G E Greiff, 28.....221*221—6 — J H Jack, 29.....1200w
T W Morfey, 30.....2*2*02w — C W Brooks, 28.....22 2110—6
M Weightman, 28.....20*0222—4 — T Riley, 28.....2010210—4
J Shevlin, 28.....1211*2*—5 — Dr Wynn, 29.....1221222—7
F D Creamer, 28.....1221222—7 — B Waters, 28.....2210101—5
C A Ramapo, 28.....22*2*00—3 — E Banks, 29.....21122*0—5
Capt Money, 28.....2221022—6 — H M Brigham, 29.....2222222—7
S Van Allen, 30.....0222022—5 — A Eddy, 28.....1*10022—4

Shoot-off:

F D Creamer, 28.....* — H M Brigham, 29.....22211220
Dr Wynn, 29.....11111222

Ten live birds, qualification event, for the monthly cup:

*Capt Money, 30...0w — C W Brooks, 28....2212111221—10
*J H Jack, 29.....0w — *G E Greiff, 29.....110222210w
T Riley, 28.....12*220w — Dr Wynn, 28.....1212112211—10
*F D Creamer, 28..21 2211222—10 — *C A Ramapo, 28..2222222212—10
*J Shevlin, 28.....2*11*00120— 5 — S Van Allen, 30....2222222222—10
E Banks, 29.....0w
*One miss as a no bird.

No. 3, 7 birds; C. A. Ramapo won:

C A Ramapo, 28.....2222 22—7 — Dr Wynn, 28.....*021111—5
F D Creamer, 28.....20w — S Van Allen, 30.....2222222—7
C W Brooks, 28.....2121102—6 — T Riley, 28.....2220w

Trap at Eltingville.

Eltingville, Staten Island, May 3.—The Jeannette Gun Club and the Columbia Fishing Club held a shoot to-day on the beautiful grounds of the latter organization. The contest was at live birds. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier won first with 10 straight. H. Noble was second, C. Steffens third, Thomford fourth, N. Brunie fifth and J. H. Kroger sixth. An eleven-man team race at 4 live birds was won by Schortemeier's team, whose score was 30 to Steffens' team's 29:

H Noble, 25	1120221212— 9	121
N Brunie, 29	0002211210— 6	
M Rust, 25	121*211001— 7	20
J Bohling, Jr, 29	2222220 02— 8	20
C Meyer, 31	2221102212— 9	12*
Kid Peters, 28	2210102220— 7	222210
C Steffens, 31	02220 1212— 8	2212211
F Ehlen, 28	*122221102— 8	0
C Heilshorn, 25	0012*10021— 5	0
W P Rottman, 28	0*02000220— 3	
Schortemeier, 31	2212222222—10	
J Mohrmann, 29	0022101122— 7	210
Kattenhorn, 25	2202220000— 5	0
G E Leoble, 31	01122*2212— 8	1112220
F Barr, 25	01011011**— 5	1 22220
J H Kroger, 28	12*02*2200— 5	2112212
Thomford, 28	0*11112120— 7	2212122
F Karstens, 29	0112121122— 9	0
C Bohlings, 25	0002002222— 5	0
J H Hainhorst, 29	12101 2010— 7	122210
J Vagts, 27	2121200 01— 7	20

Team shoot:

Schortemeier	2212—4	Steffens	2020—2
Meyer	2020—2	Leoble	1222—4
J Bohling	22*2—3	Brunie	*100—1
Hainhorst	0121—3	Ehlen	2000—1
K Peters	21*1—3	J Mohrmann	2011—3
Kroger	1101—3	Karstens	1221—4
N Noble	1020—2	Thomford	2111—4
J Vagts	1*21—3	F Barr	1021—3
Rophlfs	1210—3	Rust	1102—3
Heilshorn	0 1*—2	Kattenhorn	0100—1
Rottmann	0202—2—30	C Bohling	1101—3—29
J Meyer	12122—5	H S Weller	12121—5

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., April 27.—Joyful notes! Thank heaven for the fine weather that we had on the day of the shoot; that we had a big crowd; that all the boys were in good humor; that I have a twelve-man team for the Frankford shoot; that it is going to win by the same token; and finally that I made a good score for the first time with a pump gun.

Feeling somewhat indisposed on the day of the shoot, Mr. J. R. Taylor very kindly took the job of opening up and running things in my place, and I did not get down until late in the afternoon. The banging of the rainmaking squad set my blood to gurgatating, and it was impossible to keep out of it, all of my work being done with Mr. Taylor's pump.

The boys were shooting in very good form, that of the recently acquired members being especially creditable. After Frankford, the N. J. S. S. A. shoot at Newark will claim our attention. Members of the White Hill Club were visitors, and enjoyed themselves at the traps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	25	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	10	10	25	15
Mickie	14	6	3	2	2	3	2	5	9	6	..	6	23	13
Maddock	20	8	3	4	4	1	4	4	7	..	..	8	20	..
J R Taylor	16	..	4	5	4	4	3	3	8	8	9	9	21	..
Wilson	14	7	4	3	5	4	4	..	7	7	..	6	..	..
Satterthwate	14	..	5	3	..	3	4	4	6	8	..	6	..	11
Duncan	..	5	3	3	4	4	5	2	4	9	7	5	..	..
Thropp	..	6	4	3	4	3	5	5	7	10	8	6	23	12
Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	3	..	..
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	8	10	..	..
George	..	3	..	..	0	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gaskill	..	6	3	..	4	2	3	4	5	9	..	9	17	..
Farlie	..	..	5	4	3	4	5	4	7	10	9	9	..	..
Rowan	..	..	3	4	3	2	..	..	8	7	..	5	..	14
Worthington	..	..	4	5	4	5	3	1	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hingley	..	..	..	0	1	3	..	3	8	6	..	3	..	..
Hill	..	..	..	2	1	3	..	5	8	..	..	3	..	..
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	2	2	..	3	5	..	..
Firth	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	6	7	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	4	7	7	7	6	..	..
Kelly	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	6	1	..	..	..	..
Shaffer	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Widmann	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	10	10	8	..	..	..
Hendrickson	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	7	10	10	..	..	..
Charles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	7	4	..	5	15	11
Laird	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., May 6.—The appended scores indicate a successful shoot. Schorty was high with a fraction under 93 per cent. There were 1,705 targets thrown. The weather was delightfully pleasant, though there was much wind, which made difficult shooting. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25		
H C Koegel	12	13	12	12	7	10	10	10	..	9	..	135	95
Hassinger	9	12	13	11	10	12	9	11	..	11	..	135	98
Fisher	8	8	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	45	25
C Banta	10	11	10	12	8	8	7	8	..	9	..	135	83
J Hughes	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	..	17	100	53
G Hughes	10	..	7	9	6	6	12	10	..	8	..	120	68
H Fee	7	9	8	7	9	7	7	10	5	11	..	150	80
F Altz	..	10	10	..	9	10	12	..	..	..	..	75	51
H Bock	..	8	8	8	9	10	9	7	..	..	..	105	59
Caunitz	..	..	8	6	8	8	8	9	6	..	..	105	53
C Dudley	..	12	9	14	7	11	13	9	13	14	..	135	102
L H Schorty	15	..	..	..	12	14	14	14	..	15	23	115	107
A A Schoverling	..	..	9	10	13	10	14	11	..	11	18	130	96
Van Dyne	..	..	6	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	15
Dr De Long	..	..	..	..	9	7	9	..	..	..	..	45	25
Wild	..	..	5	..	6	6	3	5	..	..	..	75	25
F Hansmann	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	12	..	11	17	85	60

A. A. S., Ass't Sec'y.

Missouri State Shoot.

St. Louis, May 4.—The time is now at hand to say a few words in reference to the Missouri State shoot, which takes place in St. Louis during the last week in May.

Our programme will be in the mail long before this is printed, and the sportsmen of the country will have an opportunity of looking it over.

Most of the trapshooters can go to only one tournament a year, and they like to go where the best attractions are offered. We draw our shooters not only from Missouri but Kansas, Illinois, Arkansas, Tennessee, Oklahoma and Texas; each sends large delegations The reason of this large attendance is the liberal character of the programmes in former years. The management does not take a cent from the purses, beyond the price of the targets or live birds; in fact, it has added to them. Added money is a great drawing card, and to each target event the St. Louis Shooting Association has added $10 to the 15-target races and $15 to the 20-target races, except the prize events.

In the team race we guarantee $100. We add $25 to the State championship, and a like amount to the Interstate contest. The prize events carry valuable prizes, such as a Parker gun, an Ithaca gun, a Stevens rifle, a case of Mumm's champagne, and many other articles of value and usefulness.

The number of targets has been reduced to 140 per day, so that it will be a saving of both shells and money, and sportsmen will have time for becoming better acquainted with each other, also time to see something of St. Louis.

The tournament will be managed by Dave Elliott, who has entire charge of Dupont Park.

Two magautraps and Fulford's live-bird underground traps are competent to trap 8,000 targets a day and 1,000 birds. If we do that it will be satisfactory.

The Republic cup and the Lemp trophy make two events of national importance, each one being worth a good deal to win.

If you are going to a shoot this year, come to St. Louis, for the following reasons:

First—You will be in good company, and will know a lot of the other shooters.

Second—The programme is attractive.

Third—The Rose system of division of moneys guarantees you a just percentage of the purse.

Fourth—You man win the Republic cup.

Fifth—If you don't win the Republic cup you still have a chance to win the Lemp medal.

And finally—You will become a better shot by shooting here a week with some of the best marksmen in the country, and you will be able to compare yourself with them.

If you have not received your programme write to Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

Fitchburg, Mass., April 29.—The scores of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, made to-day, are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wilder	9	9	9	7	6	10	10	9	10	10	..	..
P H	9	9	9	7	10	9	8	7	9	8	..	..
Burbank	3	8	7	9	7	9	8	8	8	6	10	7
Cutler	9	9	7	8	9	10	10	10	..	..	..	7
Hood	10	9	7	7	8	9	8	10	7	7	..	..
Converse	8	8	8	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	9
Taylor	7	7	8	7	8	4	7	8	..	..	..	..
Esty	6	8	5	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Donovan	5	6	7	8	5	7	8	7	9	9	..	..
Roby	8	8	6	4	4	7	7	6	6	4	..	..
Ellis	8	3	6	9	8	3	7	6	6	8	..	..
Dwight	..	1	5	7	3	8	7	6	5	6	6	4
Cole	7	3	4	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
George	1	1	2	1	3	4	3	2	4	6	..	..
Russell	..	8	8	7	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dix	6	7	8	6	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rob	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	..	..	3	2	4	3	4	4	..	..	..	..
Bell	0	6	6	6	4	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Harold	1	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	4	6	6	4	5	5	..	..
Lamb	4	5	5	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

All unknown angles from magautrap.

New Castle Noter.

New Castle, Pa., May 4.—Herewith inclosed find scores of a shoot held May 2. In the contest for the bronze medal, which carries with it the championship of western Pennsylvania, L. B. Fleming, challenger, won from Atkinson, holder, by the score of 90 to 86. Mr. Atkinson held the medal for more than a year against all, and gives it up to the winner with the best feelings imaginable. It is very probable that some of the experts of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, will challenge Fleming.

A high wind prevailed during the day, making the flight of the rocks very erratic, but giving us all a much-wanted excuse for our poor shooting.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15
Atkinson	10	12	15	15	12	19	14	13	14	14	7	13
Nye	8	14	12	13	11	16	12	9	14	11	9	..
Farmer	8	14	12	16	13	12	11	12	12	9	13	10
Alexander	9	13	14	17	12	13	12	11	13	14	12	14
Shaner	8	12	13	17	12	15	13	11	14	12	13	13
Naylor	4	11	13	15	12	16	14	11	11	15	15	14
Harper	6	12	13	17	15	19	8	14	13	11	..	..
Pills	9	14	15	17	14	18	13	14	15	12	14	13
Born	9	13	12	15	13	18	6	10	14	9	12	..
Bess	9	14	11	16	12	18	12	11	10	11	..	..
Fleming	9	13	11	19	13	20	14	12	12	14	14	14
Cochran	8	12	12	16	15	16	13	12	13	14	..	..
Watson	7	12	12	18	15	17	10	14	11	12	13	13
Sankey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	13	10
Hennon	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	8	7	..	10	8
Braby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	7
Tobey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	12	14
Foust	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	19	12	11	12	10
Agnew	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	9	..	..	..
Perkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	10	..	..
Rhodes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	..
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..

Henry P. Shaner.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., May 4.—Herewith find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular weekly shoot, May 4. This was the first trial over the new magautrap. A strong cross wind made the targets do stunts, and goose eggs were in plenty. All events at 10 singles except No. 5, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
D Brandreth	9	6	8	4	7	..	..	..	..
Peters	5	..	9	9	..	7	6	5	..
W Smith	3	4	5	5	..	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	6	6	9	5	7	7	9	5	6
A Bedell	4	7	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
R Kromer	..	..	..	7	..	5	7	4	4
A Rohr	..	..	..	3	..	4	5	4	..
J Chadeayne	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	3	5
J Keenan	..	..	..	3	..	3	6	3	2
C Barlow	..	..	..	6	..	8	6	7	5

Prize contest:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Smith	13	4	Rohe	15	7
Blandford	10	5	Kromer	13	9
Blandford	10	5	Chadeayne	15	7
Brandreth	11	4	Chadeayne	15	7
Brandreth	11	8	Bedell	12	8

C. G. B.

Wollaston Trap Club.

Wollaston, Mass., May 4.—The regular weekly shoot of the Wollaston Trap Club was held this afternoon.

A brisk northwest wind blew across the traps, but it did not prevent some very good work. Barry was easily high man with 84 per cent.

Events 1 and 3 were straightaway; events 2, 4, 9 and 10 were unknown angles; event 6 regular angles; event 5 reversed, and events 7 and 8 pairs. All events 10 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Barry	9	8	9	7	8	9	9	9	9	7
Whitmarsh	9	7	..	9	..	..	9	7	7	4
Bowen	8	7	9	6	8	10	..	5	4	..
Baker	..	6	8	8	7	4	..	..	..	..
Elwell	7	5	10	..	5	6	5	6	..	..
Bixby	..	6	8	4	7	4	..	..	..	..
Whiton	..	3	6	5	4	3	..	..	..	..
Muldown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

The Proposed Anglo-American Clay Pigeon Match.

We are informed that the arrangements in connection with the proposed match between teams of American and British inanimate bird shooters are taking a definite form. It has been decided to nominate a team of twenty shooters, selected from the best-known shots in this branch of sport. Each member of the team will deposit his own proportion of the £500 of stake money required. The actual shooters in the match will be selected from this team of twenty, the remainder acting as reserve men to take the place of any who may be displaced on account of illness or other causes. The whole of the team of twenty will be considered as members of the British team should the home representatives prove the winners. So far twelve shooters out of the twenty selected have accepted nomination under the conditions above outlined, and there is every likelihood that the list will be completed within the next few days. It is intended that the match shall take place at the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club, Hendon, but the time has not yet been definitely settled. It is, however, to be hoped that a more convenient date than that at present mooted will be fixed, since the first week of August would find London empty and most shooting men more keenly interested in the early approach of the twelfth than in a competitive match of this description.—London Field of April 20.

Admonished by the Court.

The venerable Judge Allen, of the United States Circuit Court, at Springfield, Ill., was hearing a case a few years ago, in which James C. Courtney was one of the attorneys. The counsel on the opposite side had asked a question of a witness, and Courtney had objected. The point was argued by both sides, and the objection was overruled. The opposite lawyer asked the same question of the next witness, and Courtney again objected, and began to argue it over again. Judge Allen interrupted him with this observation: "Mr. Courtney, you remind me of a dog that keeps barking up the tree after the 'coon is gone." Mr. Courtney subsided.—Argonaut.

The Hon. F. D. Allen possesses a unique souvenir of his college days at Yale of which he is justly proud and which he treasures very carefully. It is only a plain bit of cardboard with a hole in the center, but it has a history, for it is a memorial of the expert marksmanship of Prof. Loomis, the famous mathematician.

One day in the class room Prof. Loomis, in illustrating the principle of the air gun, shot at the card as a target across the room. The old gentleman was a bit proud of his skill, and the boys knew it. Were he ever to miss his aim, they would be extremely delighted, and on this occasion they thought they had caught him at last, for the second time he shot at the card it was apparent that no other hole had been made in it. The class had, of course, assumed that the card had not been hit, and laughed very mirthfully at the professor. But the latter quickly picked up the little target and called attention to the fact that the original perforation was now enlarged, the second missile having struck the edge of the hole first made.

There was never any doubt after that about Prof. Loomis being a crack shot, and Frank Allen esteemed himself lucky in securing the card. That was over twenty years ago, and he has the card yet.—Boston Evening Record.

Peters Cartridge Company's Tournament at Binghamton.

THE Peters Cartridge Company's tournament at Binghamton, N. Y., April 24 and 25, was a very successful affair. The shoot was given for the purpose of reviving interest in trapshooting, which had been somewhat lagging.

Over fifty different shooters competed in the tournament, and outside of the State shoot there has not been a more successful one held in years. The trade was represented by Messrs. Thomas H. Keller, manager of the Eastern agency of Peters Cartridge Company, and John Parker, also representing the Peters Cartridge Company, from Detroit, Mich., and Messrs. A. G. Courtney and Leroy Woodward, of the Remington Arms Company; W. L. Colville, of Dupont Powder Company; E. C. Fort, of the Robin Hood Powder Company; J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers, and A. H. Fox, of W. R. A. Company.

The purses all paid remarkably well, and anybody shooting 80 per cent. or better would receive more than his entrance back.

The race for high average between W. H. Stroh, of Pittston, Pa., and Windsor Morris, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., was a very interesting one, Stroh bagging 25 in last event, and Morris 22; but Morris won by 3 targets the handsome trophy presented by the Peters Cartridge Company for high average. Thomas H. Keller, in a very neatly worded and appropriate speech, presented the trophy to Mr. Morris immediately after the last shot was fired in the last event.

The shoot was very ably managed by Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., and complimentary remarks were heard on all sides regarding the successful issue of the tournament and the liberality of the Peters Cartridge Company in giving the shoot.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, shooting under the name of Wanda, graced the tournament by her presence, and shot in three different events the last day.

Mr. Windsor Morris, winner of the trophy, is, comparatively speaking, a new shooter, and under the circumstances as regards weather, background, etc., made remarkably high average.

Considering the weather, the attendance was more than could be expected, as it rained continually both days; but ample and plenty protection by tents and club house was afforded the shooters, and the working force was a very complete and efficient one. Mr. W. H. Brown, of Binghamton, was untiring in his efforts to help the management in making the shoot a decided success, and shot remarkably well, considering the amount of work he had to do.

Messrs. Tracy and Pumpelly, of Owego, advertised their shoot, which was to take place the following day.

First Day, Wednesday, April 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Courtney	12	14	19	12	11	17	14	10	17	..	126
Keller	13	11	19	11	10	18	11	13	18	..	124
Watson	8	10	17	6	11	13	..	..	..	..	65
Stevens	7	8	11	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	52
Hull	11	15	17	11	11	13	12	12	16	..	120
Winchester	13	14	18	13	14	19	15	15	17	24	162
Swiveller	12	15	18	13	15	14	13	13	18	..	131
Dally	12	14	19	13	12	13	14	14	20	23	154
Morris	15	14	20	15	14	18	13	14	20	25	168
Leroy	14	11	18	15	12	19	15	14	18	23	159
Lewis	13	14	19	14	12	18	13	12	18	21	154
Wheeler	11	13	15	11	14	16	11	14	19	23	147
Stroh	13	13	18	15	15	20	15	14	17	23	163
Catawba	13	13	16	12	13	20	11	14	20	20	152
Byer	5	14	18	11	11	20	14	13	19	23	148
Escrich	11	13	17	12	13	14	13	14	..	..	107
Knapp	12	19	19	8	13	15	13	13	12	..	114
Bailey	9	10	16	10	..	13	..	..	..	..	58
La Boteaux	14	10	14	9	11	13	..	..	..	..	71
Rail	12	15	16	12	12	15	12	13	18	..	125
Graham	12	14	16	13	10	17	13	11	17	..	141
Reed	12	12	18	11	14	16	13	14	12	21	143
Brown	11	14	19	12	11	19	14	15	19	21	155
Dr Weller	11	10	15	10	12	11	10	13	14	..	106
Wride	11	8	19	13	10	17	14	15	19	21	149
McCarney	15	9	13	8	13	14	11	10	15	..	108
Hobbie	14	11	18	14	12	19	14	12	19	21	154
Barrington	11	10	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	45
Borst	11	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	37
Kendall	12	15	16	10	12	12	..	..	..	..	77
Mayhew	13	13	14	15	14	17	15	13	17	22	153
Tracy	9	14	18	15	14	16	13	15	15	..	128
Pumpelly	..	14	14	13	11	14	18	9	19	15	135
Paddleford	14	14	16	12	13	15	13	12	15	..	124
Palmiter	13	10	14	11	13	10	12	11	20	..	114
Merrill	9	10	13	13	11	16	14	13	..	..	104
McCormick	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Day	12	13	15	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	65
Knox	9	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Snowden	..	..	..	10	..	11	..	7	..	..	28
Weisabroke	..	..	..	8	..	12	7	9	13	..	49
Bittenbender	..	..	..	11	11	13	10	12	14	..	71
Fort	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	14	15	23	85
Dennis	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	..	21
Moffat	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	11

Second Day, Thursday, April 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Courtney	15	11	20	14	14	19	12	10	17	25	157
333	12	12	15	12	11	18	15	12	10	19	136
Winchester	15	15	15	14	19	14	15	19	20	25	169
Leroy	13	13	20	15	14	16	14	13	18	21	157
Hull	12	11	17	12	12	15	13	19	18	19	138
Stroh	14	15	18	12	12	19	12	15	18	25	160
Lewis	11	11	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	45
Byer	14	12	16	13	15	19	12	..	..	..	101
Wride	13	12	16	12	13	14	14	..	..	..	94
Catawba	15	13	19	13	12	14	14	9	12	13	134
Palmiter	14	11	16	14	15	19	14	13	..	..	116
Paddleford	12	12	19	12	14	16	13	14	..	..	112
Brown	13	15	18	14	14	18	14	14	20	25	165
Pumpelly	13	14	18	12	14	24	14	12	20	22	160
Wheeler	15	13	16	8	11	15	11	13	17	18	137
Mayhew	14	11	19	13	11	19	15	11	..	..	113
Rail	12	12	17	14	11	16	12	15	19	22	150
Fort	14	13	14	14	14	19	12	13	18	24	155
Spencer	12	11	18	14	12	15	12	14	17	22	147
McCarney	13	10	12	13	10	18	..	..	..	..	76
Hobbie	15	13	19	15	14	20	12	13	16	21	158
Dally	12	14	15	12	13	18	12	12	17	20	148
Morris	14	13	19	14	17	18	13	13	20	22	158
Knapp	10	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	50
Graham	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23
Reed	10	13	18	10	10	18	12	11	17	18	137
Merrill	10	13	15	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	56
Knox	8	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Parker	13	14	17	13	13	20	13	13	16	24	156
Keller	11	14	16	14	12	16	..	..	17	..	100
Kendall	12	14	13	13	14	14	12	15	17	19	143
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	9	12	17	24	81
Snell	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	10	..	..	26
Dennis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	14
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	14	..	36

Townsend vs. McElreevy.

OMAHA, Neb., April 27.—W. D. Townsend, of Omaha, shot J. E. McElreevy, of Nebraska City, a race of 100 targets at the gun club grounds to-day for the State championship and the Dickeybird trophy—an elaborate sterling silver cup. A strong wind was blowing right in the faces of the shooters, so the scores were very poor and not near up to the capacity of either shooter. McElreevy won the cup for the second time by a good lead. During the day there were a number of other shoots both at live birds and targets, scores of all of which are given below.

The Dickeybird trophy will be shot for in open competition at the Nebraska State shoot at Lincoln early next month. Following are the conditions governing contests for this trophy:

For Nebraska amateur championship; 100 targets at unknown angles, under A. S. A. rules, except at open competition, which shall be 25 targets per man. Challenger to deposit the sum of $5 at the time of making challenge, with the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo., who will notify holder, which amount goes to present holder of the trophy; loser of match to pay for targets. Holder of trophy to name place and time of shoot, which shall be within thirty days from date of challenge. In open competition, 25 targets per man, $2 entrance, amount less price of targets to go to holder of trophy. The winner of the trophy binding himself to the Dickey Clay Mfg. Co. to comply with all conditions of the competition.

The nominal sum of $5 charged contestants is put so low as to make the event a popular one, and it is hoped that there will be a large number of entries at the coming State shoot.

Event 1, 15 birds, $7 entrance; 40, 30 and 20 per cent.; handicap. No. 2, 10 live birds, $3; 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Brucker, 28	0212220211122222—13	.....
Watson, 29	02222220*121012—11	2111122121—10
Terry, 27	222222222220122—14	.....
Kimbell, 30	22*222222202222—13	.....
Loomis, 30	2222222222211212—15	2212221010— 8
Parmelee, 31	222222*22222201—13	2222221212—10
Simpkins, 28	222220222220220—12	2121222222—10
Townsend, 29	2222222*2121212—14	22212**120— 7
Lewis, 28	2102021*1122220—11	2212021222— 9
Smead	.....	0222222212— 9

Nebraska amateur championship race for Dickeybird trophy, at targets:

Townsend	1111110111011110001001000—15
	1111100100011111111001011—17
	0101011111111111110001011—18
	1001100101101001010010100—11—61
McElreevy	1111110101111110111111111—22
	1111101111111101110101111—21
	1111101111010111111000111—19
	1111011111011101111101110—20—82

Fifteen targets, $1.50 entrance; 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: Watson 13, Loomis 13, Parmelee 14, McElreevy 10, Morrill 15, Simpkins 15, Townsend 8, McDonald 13, Metz 5.

Same as above: Simpkins 12, McElreevy 11, Parmelee 12, Lucas 3, Loomis 14, Watson 7, Morrill 14, McDonald 13, Townsend 13, Metz 4, Marsh 6.

H. S. McDONALD.

Garden City—National Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time the first part of this year arrangements were made between the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, and the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, for a live-bird contest, fifteen men on each side, at 15 birds each, making a total of 225 birds on a side to be shot at.

The first match took place the first part of March at Milwaukee, at which time the National Gun Club carried off the plum with 190 birds killed, to the Garden City Gun Club's 172.

At that time it was arranged that a return match should be shot at Chicago under the same conditions, the same number of birds and the same number of men, and if the Garden City Gun Club were successful at that time a third match should be shot on some neutral ground.

The match at Chicago took place on the 27th inst., at Watson's Park. The Milwaukee team was very much crippled, owing to the fact that four of its best men—Dr. Williamson, Geo. L. Deiter, Richard Merrill and L. J. Petit—were unable to attend, and we went there with somewhat of a feeling that the game was against us. Nevertheless, all the boys, except your humble servant, were full of vinegar.

There was considerable wrangling after we reached the grounds over a matter that we supposed was settled long ago, and that was the distance. At Milwaukee we shot at 28yds. rise, and we supposed, as we had been informed, that the shoot at Chicago was under the same conditions; but we finally compromised on 29yds., and at about 1 o'clock got down to business.

There was quite a strong wind blowing from the left quarter across the field, which made the right-quarter birds very difficult. E. E. Rogers, captain of the Milwaukee team for the day, won the toss and was the first man to face the traps. The shooting was in pairs, one Milwaukee man against a Chicago man; 8 birds at the first set of traps, then passing over and finishing his score at the second set, while the second shooters took the first set again, and so on through to the finish. Rogers was very unfortunate in his shooting, losing 4 birds, his opponent, Mr. Cumley, losing 1 bird, thus giving the Garden City a lead of 3 birds on the start.

The next pair, Mr. Crane, of the Milwaukee, and Mr. Adams, of the Garden City, cut even with 13 birds each. Mr. Meixner, of Milwaukee, in the next pair, killed 14 to Mr. Miller's 12, giving our opponent but 1 bird the lead. In the next Mr. Potter killed 13 to Mr. Pumphrey's 14, giving our opponents 2 in the lead. In the fifth Mr. Cantillon killed 12 and Mr. O'Brien 10, tieing our opponents, and thus it went, with the score very close, to the finish.

Mr. Case did well with his shooting, bringing down 13 birds to Mr. White's 15, who was fortunate enough to be the only man to kill out straight.

Mr. Meixner and Mr. Blake were the only men on the Milwaukee team who killed 14 each, while our opponents had five 14s.

Your humble servant was the last Milwaukee man to face the traps, and I must confess now that he had several slight attacks of what is called up in the woods "buck fever." Just before being called he was informed that $10 was bet on him, which was not very encouraging, as he has always been opposed to being the means of losing anybody's money, and on top of that, another member of the club cautioned him to keep his nerve; that there was a chance for him to pull the team out, as they were but 2 behind at that time; all of which tended to shatter his nervous system. While he has been able all through the Spanish-American war and the Filipino troubles and the troubles with China to retain his nerve (he being too old to enlist) and shoot fairly well, he was completely unstrung at this time, and lost 3 birds, thus losing the game. He has talked with the members of his own club, and has been forgiven on condition that he never do so again.

There was not a minute from the time the first man faced the traps until the last bird was shot at that the Garden City Club did not know we were there, and I think they realized that it was a pretty close call for them.

At the time of shooting the return match, which will probably be on May 18, at Racine, we hope to regain our lost laurels.

Our treatment by the Garden City Gun Club and the Chicago people in general was of the best, and not one thing during the day came up to mar the harmony and good feeling that existed between the two clubs.

LINDLEY COLLINS,
Sec'y Nat. Gun Club.

Ithaca Gun Club.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 27.—The opening matinee shoot of the Ithaca Gun Club was held under very auspicious circumstances at Ithaca, N. Y., to-day.

The shoot was very well patronized by local shooters and also by trade representatives, who had come from Binghamton and Owego. The trade was represented by Messrs. Keller and Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Company; Colville, of Dupont Powder Co.; Messrs. Louis and Claude Smith, of the Ithaca Gun Company. The Ithaca gun was very much in evidence, nearly every local shooter using an Ithaca gun.

The shoot was managed by Mr. John Parker, of Detroit. Everything passed off pleasantly, and the shoot will have a tendency to boom trapshooting in this locality. The opening of the baseball season kept many of the students away, as there was a game between Cornell and Columbia.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	10	15	25	Broke.
Merrill	6	12	6	10	18	7	10	18	87
Stroh	6	14	8	10	19	6	12	20	95
Bobs	5	11	7	8	16	6	10	17	80
Swiveller	4	11	7	11	20	6	10	19	88
L Smith	5	11	8	12	18	6	11	18	89
Crandall	5	11	..	11	..	7	7	..	41
Burns	6	8	9	7	13	4	..	..	47
Hughes	6	12	6	11	20	7	9	16	87
Bostwick	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	12
Keller	6	11	7	11	18	8	12	18	91
C Smith	5	12	9	11	16	..	..	..	53
Moller	4	5	4	7	13	4	7	..	44
Tisdel	..	11	7	9	..	..	..	..	27
Tubbs	..	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	11
Parker	..	12	9	12	21	9	12	18	93
L Merrill	..	7	4	5	..	3	5	..	24
Rumsey	4	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	21
Moses	4	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	15
Hanford	4	..	6	8	14	4	7	..	43
McCormick	..	..	7	11	18	..	10	..	46
Egbert	..	..	4	8	..	4	..	..	16
Schutt	..	..	..	7	17	3	12	..	39
Speed	..	..	..	9	12	5	5	..	31
Puff	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	17

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Pigeon Shooting.

CALIFORNIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with satisfaction your exhaustive treatise, "Pigeon Shooting at the Traps," in FOREST AND STREAM of April 20. You have collected and put into concise, logical form a great deal of sound information that is the very best kind of reading for any one, and particularly for the well meaning but notoriously incompetent contingent that is always and everywhere preaching the prevention of many evils, but that rather encourages than prevents, because it is mainly made up of impostors—impostors because they pretend to knowledge they do not possess, or undertake duties they do not perform.

Our land is full of societies for the prevention of all sorts of things, and notably for the prevention of cruelty to childen and animals. The land groans with the evils that they volunteer to correct, but how seldom do we hear of any great good accomplished or of systematic effort made? When such impostors go afield to teach humanity to sportsmen they usually present a pitiable picture of incompetency and ignorance.

Is not every city full of inhumanity to men, women, children and animals to which these societies and philanthropic individuals may well devote themselves if they are sincere? If by concerted effort they establish a reformatory that really reforms, endow a charitable institution really charitable, or if they look to the welfare of homeless cats and wandering dogs, or if they would only abolish the barbarous and senseless check reins that torture thousands of horses throughout the years, they should be worthy of recognition and praise.

While reading the treatise I hoped it would touch more explicitly upon the subject of propagation—a theme that is doubtless treated of in books, but that is not often considered in general discussion. It would perhaps simmer to the old, old problem, the survival of the fittest; but the old problem has not been settled. It is a good one for preventionists and reformers to study profoundly. Is it nobler to propagate children for whom we do not provide, or pigeons for which we do? The science of propagation, in my opinion, from frog farming to the expansion of empires and the mission of flags and constitutions has been neglected.

I witnessed a pigeon shoot on the grounds at Ingleside, San Francisco, a few days ago. I was never fond of trapshooting, and do not like to see creatures killed. I have for various reasons, nevertheless, killed a great many wild birds and animals. The incident, death, is the shadow over sport with the rifle, gun and rod, but it is the shadow over all the life of the world, and who shall say that our dread of death is not more a perverted notion than a natural instinct? Pain is another matter. Neither gentleman nor sportsman ever finds pleasure in the torture of any creature.

Several club members, gentlemen, participated in the shoot at Ingleside, where 75 pigeons were shot in a couple of hours, the largest number I have seen killed at the trap. I did not enjoy looking on because the birds were being killed; but I did enjoy the methodical, skillful and clean process of the shoot.

The grounds are beautiful, overlooking the Ingleside race course, pavilions and stables, and to the southwest the broad green fields sloping to the ocean. The afternoon was bright and breezy. The five traps were complete with the latest improvements, opening from a roomy, covered trench, in which the trappers and supply of birds were invisible from the stand. The traps were sprung by the ingenious contrivance by the use of which no one knows which of the five will be sprung for the shooter. The birds apparently flushed from the grass, and were in the main quick and hardy.

The three shooters were men who could afford to pay about $60 for their couple of hours' shooting, and they were as decent, methodical, quiet and graceful in their art as the dancing or fencing master is in his. Nearly all the birds were killed instantly and retrieved by a pointer dog that did his work as cleanly as the gunners did theirs. If a bird was not killed by the shot it was so quickly retrieved by the dog and laid at the feet of his master that its neck was wrung before it could have possibly recovered from the shock of the shot. I do not conceive how the same number of birds could have been killed in a more humane manner. They were afterward drawn and crated for the market.

The deportment of the shooters, the beauty of the surroundings, the complete equipment of the grounds, the elegant, well kept guns used, and the wonderful work of the dog made up a combination that was truly complimentary to the best kind of sportsmanship. Pigeons doomed to die could scarcely do it in a more fitting manner. They doubtless owed their existence to sportsmen and they paid the debt unwittingly and without suffering. Seven or eight birds that flew straight away and escaped beyond boundaries nearly all circled about until shot by the keeper of the grounds. These I thought should have been allowed to live. The shooting was more satisfactory from a humane point of view than could be the shooting of the same number of wild birds, because the latter would be shot under differing conditions and many cripples would surely escape to suffer.

I left the grounds feeling that I should like to be a member of the right kind of a gun club and participate in such shooting as that which I have described. I believe I would rather be such a shooter than be president of some of the prevention societies that neither seem to know what to prevent nor how to go about it if they do. Humanity is rarely served by good intentions ignorantly or affectedly professed. So much for a snap shot.

RANSACKER.

Tracy—Pumpelly Tournament.

OWEGO, N. Y., April 26.—The tournament given by Messrs. Tracy and Pumpelly, at Owego, N. Y., under the auspices of the Owego Gun Club, the day following the tournament at Binghamton, was a very successful affair. The grounds are beautifully situated on the top of a high hill commanding a beautiful view of the village and the Susquehanna River.

The shoot consisted of twelve 15-bird races, and was a strictly amateur affair. John Parker, of Detroit, managed same in his usual effective manner, and taken all together it was a very pleasant affair.

Messrs. Tracy and Pumpelly were complimented on their cordial and courteous treatment of the visiting shooters. The shoot was finished early in the afternoon, and visiting shooters left for home, some going to Ithaca to take part in a tournament there Saturday, the 27th.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Thomas H. Keller and John Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati; A. G. Courtney and Leroy Woodward, of the Remington Arms Company.; J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers; W. L. Colville, of Dupont Powder Company, and A. H. Fox, of the Winchester R. A. Company. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Hull	9	12	12	10	10	9	11	11	13	9	15	12	133
Courtney	13	11	13	15	13	11	13	11	11	13	14	15	153
Leroy	14	15	13	15	15	13	15	15	12	15	12	14	168
Winchester	14	15	14	14	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	176
Swiveller	13	13	13	11	9	9	12	13	13	12	12	12	142
Kendall	13	13	12	12	12	15	10	15	10	11	11	10	144
Parker	14	11	13	12	13	12	13	14	14	13	15	14	158
Brown	10	14	12	10	14	14	14	11	10	12	13	14	148
Dally	13	15	14	15	15	12	13	13	12	13	11	15	161
Morris	11	14	13	11	15	13	12	13	11	12	10	15	150
Hobbie	10	13	14	11	14	12	10	13	12	15	7	12	142
Stroh	10	14	11	9	14	14	12	13	13	9	12	13	144
Reed	9	12	13	11	9	10	10	10	..	12	11	11	118
Pumpelly	11	14	14	13	12	12	14	15	13	11	11	13	153
Rail	10	12	15	9	14	12	12	10	11	12	9	11	137
Ward	12	..	11	10	..	9	9	14	..	11	8	..	84
Montayne	10	11	13	11	9	..	13	13	..	6	9	6	101
Knapp	9	8	8	10	..	12	15	9	..	..	..	..	71
Knox	12	12	10	10	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	..	63
Tracy	11	14	11	13	13	12	13	13	12	10	11	12	145
Keller	13	14	12	12	13	12	13	12	12	12	10	14	149
Day	9	..	13	1	11	..	14	13	9	14	..	12	96
Hewett	..	..	11	11	11	12	11	10	12	12	13	9	112
Ripley	..	..	..	10	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	16
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	6	8	..	27
J Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	6
Barton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	8	..	..	31

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, Staten Island, May 4.—Following are the scores made to-day at the shoot of the Richmond Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5		
A A Schoverling	10	9	8	9	7	8	8	8	8	7	8	4	115	93
G Bechtel	9	7	6	5	7	6	6	6	6	9	5	1	115	75
F Schoverling	9	6	5	5	7	8	9	6	6	9	9	1	115	80
Duke	10	9	8	9	6	8	8	8	8	7	8	4	115	92
Fredericks	9	6	5	5	7	8	9	6	6	9	9	2	115	81

A. A. S., Captain R. G. C.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, April 27.—Herewith find scores of those who participated in the shoot held at the Chicago Gun Club grounds to-day. The weather was favorable, but only a small number attended because of the contest held at Watson's Park. Dr. Carson won two trophies, and R. B. Mack the other one:

R B Mack	1111111010101111111101111—21
Dr Carson	1111001111110111111111111—22
Mrs Carson	1011101000111011001011111—16
Dr Shaw	1111111111111111111111110—24
Mrs Shaw	1011111011101101111111111—21
Pollard	0011111110011101111101111—20
King	0011100010000011100000010— 8
Midgley	1111110101000110111110010—16
Borroff	0111111111111011101101111—21
Dr Morton	101001111101111 —11

Twenty-five targets, handicap:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
R B Mack	1111111111111100111111111—23	5	25
Dr Carson	1011111111111111111111111—24	1	25
Mrs Carson	1110110111011011111101000—17	6	23
Mrs Shaw	0110101111111101011011111—19	0	19
Dr Shaw	1111111100110111110111011—20	0	20
Pollard	1111111111111011111101111—23	0	23
King	1111111000101011001101010101—16	8	24
Midgley	0110011111111101100111101—18	0	18
Borroff	1110101011101110001101010—15	5	20
Morton	1110111111100011111001111—19	5	24

Dr. Carson won high gun; R. B. Mack handicap trophy.
Distance handicap, 15 targets:

R B Mack, 18	0111101011111111—12
Dr Carson, 18	1110110111111111—13
Borroff, 18	2222220000000011— 8
Mrs Carson, 16	1101101110111110—11
Dr Shaw, 16	1111111010010010—10
Pollard, 16	0101111111110010—11
King, 16	0011000011101101— 7
Dr Morton, 16	1101011101111111 12

Dr. Carson wins trophy distance rise handicap. In event No. 5, at 15 targets, Mrs. Carson was victor with 15 straight.

BLUE JEANS.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

CHICAGO, May 4.—The first regular shoot of the Nonpareil Gun Club took place to-day at John Watson's. It was a beautiful day, with a good wind blowing from No. 1 trap over to No. 5. Although the club numbers but twenty-three members, an idea of the feeling and enthusiasm that the style of trapshooting adopted by this club has engendered may be conceived when it is seen that twenty shooters faced the traps. All at scratch, 30yds., no handicap and a fight to a finish.

Before the club shooting there was a meeting held to ratify the rules adopted by the special committee appointed for that purpose. At this meeting the Interstate Association rules were adopted, with exception of weight of gun, which was left unlimited. It was also decided that in addition to regular club prizes there should be a $2 sweep included in the club event of 15 live birds. The secretary was instructed to enter the club in the State Association, and the following team named: Lem Willard, Chas. Comley, J. L. Alabaster, O. Von Lengerke. This is a pretty warm team, and it should be pretty near the top.

Four men tied in the regular event, with straight scores of 15—J. R. Graham, C. R. Stevens, E. S. Graham, Chas. Comley.

In the shoot-off Comley won first, Stevens second and J. R. Graham third.

After the regular event, several miss-and-out sweepstakes were indulged in. All expressed themselves as more than pleased with this the first shoot, and the feeling is that this club bids fair to become the leading club of the West. It is hoped others will follow suit, as there is no question at all but that the only way to satisfy all shooters and prevent continual growling is to form clubs for novices and clubs for the more expert.

Immediately preceding the club shoot there was a friendly race at 25 birds per man between Mr. W. W. Bonson and Mr. O. Von Lengerke, the latter winning by a score of 24 to 18. The scores of this match are as follows:

Bonson	1002221022010021102222212—18
O Von Lengerke	2222222022222222222222222—24

Nonpareil club shoot, May 4:

Head	002222200002201— 8	Blake	202022222222222—13
Wade	220211001112101—11	Sturtevant	222020222222222—13
Clempson	2220222222222222—14	Amberg	222222222122222*—14
Pumphrey	1012020111101111—11	E S Rice	011220210100212—10
Dr Miller	2111021211222110—13	E S Graham	2222222222222222—15
J R Graham	2222222222222222—15	Comley	2221111221112222—15
Dr Shaw	2222220222222100—12	J L Alabaster	2222212210222212—14
Von Lengerke	2222222222222220—14	Barto	2222222*2201212—13
Stevens	2122222212211222—15	Roll	2221222221002201—12
W Leffingwell	2202102222121100—11	L Willard	1012001122222221—12

Ties on 15, miss-and-out:

J R Graham	22220	E S Graham	20
Stevens	2222222*	Comley	11211222

Miss-and-out:

Alabaster	22121112220
Clempson	2222222220
J R Graham	222210
C S Graham	2222220
G Roll	122122221121 22122 1
Stephens	0
L Willard	20
Blake	22222220
Healey	22222220
Barto	20
Comley	22212211221221211112
Amberg	0
Pumphrey	210
Dr Miller	10

Practice before main shoot:

Shelly	2*11*11 01100102212001112—17
Dr Miller	1102111111101111011211122—22
Bonson	1002221022010021102222212—18
Von Lengerke	2222222022222222 22222 —24

Fifteen-bird match:

Healy	220222**0222*0— 8
Levi	1012221211121 20—13

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 4.—The appended scores were made to-day on the occasion of the opening of the season's target trophy series. The day was an ideal one for target shooting, and twenty members came out to enjoy it. The warm sunshine and gentle breeze were delightful. In the trophy event J. S. Boa carried off the honors, breaking 24, Class A. Class B trophy was tied for by John Wolff, E. A. Midgley and Dr. Meek on scores of 21, while Class C was won by H. N. Delano on a score of 19. Everything passed off without friction, and all were happy:

H N Delano	0111110111101011111001111—19
J M Donald	0001011010011100011011100—12
A D Dorman	1101100010011011110100001—13
Dr Meek	0111101111101111101111111—21
L Thomas	1011000110011111011100100—14
A McGowan	1011011100010000010111111—14
P McGowan	0011011111110110111101110—18
J D Pollard	1011111111111111111011111—23
C T Keck	1010001000000001110011100— 9
Eaton	1001011101111111110111101—19
J S Boa	1111111111110111111111111—24
Richards	1111111101111010111111011—21
J Wolff	1111101111101111111111001—21
Barnard	1011111101111111110011110—20
Midgley	1011111011111111110101110—21
Dr Hoff	0010111111101111001111110—18
F E Adams	1111110101100101111111110—19
A Hellman	0111111111111111011111100—21
W A Jones	1110111010100111011110111—18

A team race was shot as follows:

Boa 14, Pollard 11, Eaton 14, Barnard 9, Delano 10, Hoff 12, Thomas 10, McDonald 9, Adams 11, R. H. Trail 4½; total 103½.

Midgley 12, Richards 13, Dr. Meek 9, J. Wolff 11, Hellman 13, P. McGowan 10, Dorman 5, Jones 8, A. McGowan 11, R. H. Trail 4½; total 96½.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

May 4.—The Chicago Gun Club's weekly shoot this afternoon was a great day for the Carsons; they all made good scores. Dr. Carson won the high gun trophy in the weekly shoot, also broke 15 straight in the monthly handicap, distance 20yds. rise, also 10 straight, same rise, in shoot-off with R. B. Carson, his father (R. B. Mack). The second prize went to Dr. Morton in the weekly shoot. The weekly prizes are of the same value, only difference being the honor. Visitors are welcome, and we assure them a warm reception at the traps. Shells for sale on the grounds.

Trophy event, 25 targets:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
R B Mack	1111111011111111111111011—23	2	25
Dr Carson	1111111111111111111111110111—24	0	24
Mrs Carson	1111111110111111110111111—23	6	25
Dr Friend	1111111101011100011101111—19	0	19
Dunbar	0111111110011101110111111—21	7	25
M L	1011011111111110111111111—22	0	22
Dr Turck	1101101111110100001100101—15	5	20
Lovell	1110000111001011001111111—17	6	23
Dr Morton	1011110111101111111111110—22	7	25
Mrs Howard	0111111011011001011101010—16	10	25
Second tie:			
R B Mack	1110111110— 8	0	8
Dunbar	1110111101— 8	2	10
Dr Morton	1111110011— 8	2	10
Third tie:			
Dunbar	1010111100— 6	2	8
Dr Morton	1011111110— 8	2	10

Dr. Carson high gun trophy; Dr. Morton handicap trophy.
Distance handicap, 15 birds:

Mrs. Carson, 16	111111111111111—15
Dunbar, 16	111101101101101—11
Dr Turck, 16	011111111110101—12
Lovell, 16	111001111111010—11
Mrs Howard, 16	000010100101100— 5
R B Mack, 18	111111111111111—15
Dr Morton, 18	110111101101001—10
Dr Carson, 20	111111111111111—15
M L, 20	111111010111111—13

Tie:

R B Mack, 18	1111111011— 9	Dr Carson, 20	1111111111—10

Targets:	24	15	10	15	10	25	Targets:	24	15	10	15	10	25
R B Mack	21	..	10	14	..	..	Dr Turck	..	14	8	..	..	..
Dr Carson	23	..	9	..	..	..	Lovell	..	12	..	..	8	..
Mrs Carson	2	..	10	14	9	..	Dr Morton	..	14	..	..	..	..
Dr Friend	21	13	..	..	9	22	Mrs Howard	..	..	6	12	7	..
Dunbar	..	9	7	..	..	..	Boltman	..	..	..	..	8	21
M L	..	13	8	14	..	23	Knit	..	..	..	..	2	..

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, May 1.—The initial shoot of the Boston Gun Club's summer series for 1901 was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day and fifteen shooters gathered to make it as auspicious an opening as could be wished for. Among the welcome visitors was Mr. Mitchell, of Dover, who was in town for the day, and not knowing of any more enjoyable way of passing a few hours than on the trapshooting grounds, journeyed to the grounds for a try in three or four of the events. Though shooting a strange gun and load, the majority of the targets had to give in that a well placed charge of shot was more than they calculate to stand. The afternoon was replete with good scores, among which were Griffith's five straights and a 24 out of 25 in the prize match, and Leroy's straight of 5 pairs. The latter, being from the 19yd. mark, was as pretty an exhibition of skill as has been seen on the grounds lately. The club's lady representative was again present after a protracted absence, and showed no signs of having forgotten where the gun should be placed to secure a merit mark. Considerable amusement was afforded all by two of the regulars taking up the 16-gauge gun, with 2⅛drs. powder and ⅞oz. shot; but after 14 out of the 20 had been grassed in as neat a style as could be asked for by the most fastidious, the 16-gauge came in for a good deal of well deserved praise. The scores in the prize match were: Griffith, 19yds., 24; Leroy, 21yds., 21; Frank, 16yds., 21; Baker, 18yds., 17; P. B., 16yds., 17; Spencer, 18yds., 17; Horace, 18yds., 17; Woodruff, 17yds., 16; Lane, 16yds., 15; Arthur, 16yds., 14.

Other scores below. Events 3, 6, 9, 5 pairs; events, 5, 8, 15 unknown; all other events 10 unknown; distance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Baker, 18	5	8	6	8	12	5	9	12	7	9	..	..	..
Leroy, 21	7	8	6	7	11	10	7	10	6	..	..	..	..
Griffith, 19	9	8	7	5	15	9	7	15	8	10	9	10	10
Woodruff, 17	9	6	4	6	11	5	9	12	5	..	..	..	..
Frank, 16	4	7	4	6	13	8	8	14	..	8	..	..	..
P B, 16	4	7	6	6	12	5	6	10	9	5	10	8	7
Arthur, 16	6	5	6	3	9	5	4	4	3	7	7	6	..
Lane, 16	6	5	4	6	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H J K, 14	3	4	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mitchell, 16	6	5	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Churchill, 16	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	12	4	6	12	5	8	8	8	10
Blair, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	9	..	9	6	..
Horace, 18	..	..	4	10	12	5	9	11	7	..	9	7	7
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Frederick, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3

Prize match, 15 singles unknown, 5 pairs; distance handicap:

Griffith, 19	111111111111111	11	11	11	10	11—24
Leroy, 21	111011110010111	11	11	11	11	11—21
Frank, 16	011101111111111	01	11	10	11	11—21
Baker, 18	111101111101101	01	01	11	00	10—17
P B, 16	111101101111101	10	10	10	10	10—17
Spencer, 18	111000111111111	00	10	11	10	10—17
Horace, 18	101101110111111	10	01	10	10	10—17
Woodruff, 17	010111010111111	10	11	01	10	00—16
Lane, 16	110101010101111	11	10	00	11	00—15
Arthur, 16	111010011010011	00	11	01	10	10—14

The American Team.

THE American team will sail from New York Saturday, May 25, on the steamship Canadian, of the Leyland Line, which is expected to arrive in Liverpool either June 3 or June 4. The Canadian is a four-masted steamer of 10,000 tons burden, and is one of the new transatlantic steamships which combine freight and traffic passage; she carries only saloon passengers, and has accommodation for between sixty and seventy, all the quarters being on the saloon and main decks, and all amidships. According to measurements, there is nearly 200ft. between the bow and the staterooms nearest the bow, and the same distance between the stern and the staterooms nearest the stern.

The team, landing in Liverpool on June 3 or 4, will have time to get rid of their sea legs before taking part in the first of the series of five shoots, which will be decided on Tuesday, June 11, most probably on the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club, Hendon, just outside of London. The conditions call for the best out of five 100-target races, each race to be shot on consecutive days. In addition to shooting the matches in London, it is expected that matches will also be shot at Glasgow, Belfast and Dublin, and possibly one in Paris.

The team is booked to return on the Steamship Cestrian, of the same line, which sails from Liverpool June 29, and should reach Boston nine or ten days later, in plenty of time for preliminary practice prior to the opening of the Pan-American shoot, the third week in July.

Paul North leaves Saturday, May 18, on the Cunard Line, which will give him nearly two weeks in which to prepare for the coming of the team.

As at present decided upon, the team is made up as follows: T. A. Marshall, captain; R. O. Heikes, W. R. Crosby, C. W. Budd, J. S. Fanning, J. A. R. Elliott, Fred Gilbert, Frank Parmelee, C. M. Powers.

This leaves a vacancy or two to be filled up, but the vacancies will not probably be filled until the Indians meet at the Iowa State shoot at Newton, Ia.

Among those who will go along with the team are E. H. Tripp and wife, Indianapolis, Ind.; Emil Werk and F. D. Pride, of Cincinnati, O.; B. Leroy Woodard, Campello, Mass.; Louis Erhardt, Atchison, Kan.; and probably others.

All arrangements for transportation, etc., have been left in the hands of Mr. Edward Banks, to whom application should be made for passage on the steamer. Stateroom accommodation at this time of year is extremely limited, and if anybody wishes to go with the team he should lose no opportunity in notifying Mr. Banks at his office, 318 Broadway, New York, although this is no guarantee that there will be accommodation on the boat in question.

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Zanesville Gun Club.

ZANESVILLE, O., May 2.—A perusal of the pages of the programme of the Zanesville (O.) Gun Club's spring tournament will disclose a new and novel method for the division of the money—surely an equitable one.

The handicap is by distance. The first event in which each participates the management will place each where in its judgment each properly belongs. Should it be found that any one be improperly placed, he will advance or recede 1yd. at a time, until his proper place be thus ascertained, and there he will remain for the balance of the day.

By this programme the strictly pure amateur should be satisfied, as he breaks into the money if he only breaks 1 target, while if he breaks 2 or more he gets paid according to the number he breaks.

This should be sufficient inducement for him to shoot the entire programme.

The expert amateur should be more than satisfied, as he not only participates in the money under the Moore system, but has a purse created for his special benefit divided under the Rose system; besides, the club adds money to each event, and charges as an entrance 20 cents per target, thus making a large purse, and as their worst competitors, the professionals, are permitted to shoot for targets only here should be surely a programme to his liking.

From mail before us we feel this tourney is going to be largely attended.

L. A. MOORE, Sec'y Z. G. C.

[Mr. Moore, on investigation, will learn that the system which he honors with his name is not new. It is known to fame and practice as the equitable system. He further, on analysis, will note that 20 cents per target is a pretty stiff proposition. If an amateur pays, in a 15-target event, $3 entrance and breaks 10 targets, drawing back a stated sum for each target, a sadness will steal over his spirit as he notes the difference between income and expenditure, and also he might find that the professional might not shoot as a raw professor.]

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE Progressive Gun Club, of East St. Louis, Ill., held its first medal shoot for the season on April 28. There were twenty-two shooters in attendance, which is certainly good for the initial meet after the winter's rest. W. Baggerman won the medal, Riehl being ineligible to compete, as a non-member of the club. An informal programme was also shot, and much interest manifested, indicating a lively shooting season to follow. The scores are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Miss King	5	6	7	7	8	10	4
Corey	5	8	4	5	6	15	9
T Ruff	8	7	7	10	9	15	8
Riehl	8	10	8	10	9	18	9
Deletine	10	9	9	8	7	18	8
W Baggerman	8	8	9	7	8	16	7
Daley	8	8	9	7	7	14	8
Chaplin	7	9	9	6	5	11	5
Free	8	6	9	7	7	9	5
P Baggerman	8	9	7	9	9	18	9
Hall	6	7	7	..	..	..	9
Hume	9	9	6	8	9	15	10
Payeur	10	10	..	..	..	13	..
P Weber	..	..	7	9	10	16	..
Ekstedt	..	..	9	9	7	15	..
Fink	..	..	9	8	9	16	9
Stroh	..	..	9	10	9	17	6
J Ruff	..	..	9	9	10	18	8
Grooby	..	..	4	7	4	6	..
Montgomery	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Sandberg	..	..	..	..	..	15	8

F. C. RIEHL.

National Gun Club, Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 26.—The following is the result of the regular monthly prize shoot of the National Gun Club:

Gumz	0200122220— 6	Bogart	0100222202— 6
Case	2200022122— 7	Clark	1022222201— 8
Weaver	2220022102— 7	Rehfeld	0111111202— 8
Klapinski	1012002121— 7	Himelstein	1121122012— 9
Uno	1012211221— 9	Becker	2020010211— 6
Potter	2010120122— 7	Schuchardt	2111022122— 9
Stuth	1011022210— 7	Reed	1000012110— 5
Bush	0222220222— 8	Wood	0200220200— 4
Collins	1021111111— 9	Fuller	1102101220— 7
Sherer	1202200210— 6	Thomas	0112211222— 9
Deiter	2222222222—10	Jay Ell	1222222202— 9
Scott	2202222212— 9	Sayle	22211120
Crane	2002222222— 8		

LINDLEY COLLINS, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Tickets to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Other Summer Resorts.

ON April 30, 1901, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on sale summer excursion tickets to Buffalo on account of the Pan-American Exposition, and to Niagara Falls.

On May 1, 1901, the regular summer excursion tickets to all the principal summer resorts east of Pittsburg and Buffalo will be placed on sale at ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

These tickets will bear the usual summer excursion limit of Oct. 13, 1901, except that the Niagara Falls tickets will be good to return until Nov. 30, 1901.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Route Book for 1901 will be issued, as heretofore, on June 1.—*Adv.*

Summer Homes.

IN the Lake Country of Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of most charming summer resorts. Among the list are: Fox Lake, Delavan Lake, Lake Geneva, the Lauderdale Lakes Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Palmyra, the Dells at Kilbourn, Elkhart Lake and Madison, Minocqua, Star Lake, Frontenac, White Bear, Minnetonka, Marquette, Spirit Lake, Okoboji, Big Stone Lake, etc., etc.

For illustrated booklets "Summer Homes for 1901," and "In the Lake Country," send address with 6 cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Spratts Patent (America) Limited, Newark, N. J., have published an instructive booklet, whose title is "Spratts Dog Culture; with a Chapter on Cats," which contains useful information as a catalogue of the sterling goods manufactured by that company, besides describing symptoms of many diseases and the best manner of caring for and conditioning dogs for work afield or for the show bench or for everyday life. It will be sent by Spratts Patent to those who apply to them for it.—*Adv.*

The desirability of good lights, which shall be reliable, safe and give little trouble, will be acknowledged by all country dwellers, whether in cottage or in camp. These are some of the advantages claimed by the "Nulite" lamps, which are advertised in another column.—*Adv.*

All campers will agree that there is nothing more important than good coffee to one's comfort while in the field. The Instantaneous Coffee, advertised by the National Food Co., of Camden, N. J., is said to be prepared at once, and to be the real thing. It is certain to appear strongly to all coffee drinkers. A very small investment will tell just what it is.—*Adv.*

The National Projectile Works, of Grand Rapids, Mich., advertise lubricated wire patched bullets, which, they tell us, prevent fouling and leading of the rifle, and clean and lubricate the barrel with every shot. All big-game hunters and marksmen will be interested in this new device, and they can easily see what it is by sending for a catalogue and for sample bullets.—*Adv.*

Protection from the weather has a very great deal to do with the comfort of every man who goes into camp. Messrs. Geo. B. Carpenter & Co., ship chandlers, of Chicago, not only furnish tents and oil clothing but camp furniture as well. Besides this, they are sail makers, and the growth of Chicago as a yachting center makes this an important part of their business.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1901.

VOL. LVI.—No. 20. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YOR

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

Koro it is called, and the fathers say that when the sea for days rose steadily and steadily, and drowned the men and washed their plantations into waste and gave their homes to fishes, the last spot of earth that anywhere arose above the waste of waters was the rocky summit of that mountain, and on it sat a little bird. But the water higher rose and higher, and covered even that last resting place, and the little bird flew sadly round and round, and wept over Koro, for that it was lost. Yet it came again to light as the waters slowly sank, but the bird has never learned to change its mourning note, and ever wails in the woods of Koro.—*William Churchill: A Princess of Fiji.*

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. VII.

CALIFORNIA.

Penal Code, Sec. 626k, enacted 1901.—Every person who buys, sells, offers or exposes for sale, barter or trade, any quail, partridge, pheasant, grouse, sage hen, ibis, or plover, or any deer meat, whether taken or killed in the State of California, or shipped into the State from any other State, Territory, or foreign country, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

"THE ART AND PLEASURE OF HARE-HUNTING."

OF all the professions none have greater uncertainties than has that of authorship. It is uncertain from first to last. No author can fathom the depths of his own mental powers, nor can any one forecast the verdict of the public on any literary work. Manuscripts have been condemned as unworthy of merit, which when published have been awarded a place in the classics, while others of which much was expected hardly made a beginning in public favor.

But of the incessant output of literature, much general good is accomplished, for much of the current publications of the day makes the progress which is lost in the sum total of progress of the passing year as the literature of the year is lost in the lapse of ages. It would indeed be an ill inference which would visit disapproval on all literature that did not bear the visible marks of immortality. Much of it is necessarily identified with the struggles of the moment, with the needs of mental diversion, and with the evolution of civilization. And the making of books is not without pathos, for in future many an hour of work with its bright hope is lost; many a rosy dream of fame and honor is rudely dispelled; many a heartache is the only return for hard wrought prose and poem, and often with failure, saddest of all, the wolf comes nearer to the door. Thus, like all else in civilization, authorship has its bright and dark side.

The vicissitudes of authorship during the centuries are well exemplified in the miscellaneous collections which make up the stock of the dealer in old books; and here we find that the sporting authors of the past are not infrequently represented. Among the old books in a New York shop is one entitled "The Art and Pleasure of Hare-Hunting, in Six Letters, to a Person of Quality. By John Smallman Gardiner, Gent. Printed for R. Griffiths at the Dunciad in St. Paul's Churchyard, MDCCL." The title page frankly informs the reader that the price of the work is one shilling. Its price to-day is $70. It is a modest octavo numbering fifty-four pages, bound in quiet elegance in levant morocco with a delicate tracing of gilt on the inner edge of the covers by way of ornament. The paper and ink are of a quality which would be no discredit if made at the present day. The diction is in the quaint old idiom of 150 years ago. In his preface the author earnestly cautioned his reader that he had learned that some other author had treated on the same subject some time prior to his own writing thereon, but that he had never seen the writings of his predecessor, and that therefore anything that he wrote was not appropriated from him, however much it might be the same in idea. Thus this old work had still an earlier one, and inferentially the older one had still an older one to contend against. Matters which were debated then as contemporary in interest are still debated to-day as being of modern thought and interest. Of these are the wide or narrow range of setters and pointers, the relative capabilities of each, mental impressions and their influence on the progeny, etc. John Smallman Gardiner, Gent., was particularly conscientious in his treatment of the art of hare-hunting. In quaint old English with its piquant idioms he minutely describes the habits and wiles of the hare, the manner of hunting it, the dogs most approved for that work and many delightful speculations on their senses and instincts. Treating of their powers of vision he says: "Some maintain Hares to be of the tribe of Nocturnal Animals that cannot see *well in the Day,* their eyes being much like Cats or Owls, and of a Contexture susceptible of far nicer touches of the rays of light than Creatures more Habituated to Daylight."

From one shilling to $70 is no mean appreciation, though the time required is necessarily discouraging to those who wait. And these old books of a far age of the past show that the element of favorable circumstance, the element of luck, was not without its force in preserving some authors from oblivion, for many of the old books owe their preservation to their association with a past age contemporaneous with great historical events; to the ancient styles of type with which they were printed, or to the rich and beautiful bindings, the binder's art having been brought to an extraordinary degree of perfection. That some of the ancient books should owe their preservation to their covers differs in a way from some modern books, in whose covers is concealed their chief value. But in the vicissitudes of authorship there is little that can justly be called new. In every age the author encountered the author who had written before on his favorite subject; he encountered the public which ignored his writings, his disappointments were the same disappointments of his predecessors, and he could not fail to note that many works were preserved by the guarding of good covers. Thus there need be nothing discouraging in the fact that there is nothing new under the sun, for while the facts of the world's knowledge may be old, they are ever new to those who have them yet to learn. In the matter of sporting literature, both ancient and modern, the good showing is ground for just pride, as it portrays the esteem in which the healthful and pleasing sports of field and stream were held, and the talent of the writers who gave these sports their attention.

THE LOADED GUN IN THE HOUSE.

A LOADED gun in the house is an instrument of harm. It is ever waiting for some one to set it off and do the injury. Sometimes it goes off by itself. The house of a Long Island clergyman was destroyed by fire not long ago, and the fire was caused by the falling of a loaded gun from its rack on the wall and the consequent explosion. In a murder trial in the South the accused was acquitted when his counsel demonstrated this combination of circumstances; the person killed had been at the time of his death lying on a lounge. A muzzle-loading rifle had hung on the wall so disposed that it was aimed directly at the lounge, and this rifle had been kept loaded. A mirror had reflected the sunlight and concentrated it as a burning glass upon the priming cap of the rifle and had caused the discharge which had killed the victim. The thing was proved possible by an actual experimental test, in which the discharge of the arm was brought about in the manner described.

If loaded firearms in the house are dangerous when let alone, they are a hundred times more dangerous because of the meddling propensities of human nature. The combination of gun and charge is always ready for the chance handler who did not know it was loaded. In a village in western New York the other day a five-year-old child and her uncle were in a room together, when the uncle took up a gun which he did not know was loaded, and in handling discharged it, shooting the child's legs off and killing her. The incident belongs to a type which is so common that its relation here would be without purpose, did it not give an opportunity to direct attention to the responsibility of those unthinking persons who provide the means for the didn't-know-it-was-loaded shooters to do their fell work. The immediate active agent in blotting out the life of a beloved child stands not alone in the responsibility for the distressing casualty. Another must share with him the awful burden. That other one is the person who kept the loaded gun, who maintained the engine of destruction ever ready to work its disaster. If the owner of the gun had adopted the simple precaution of taking out the charge before standing the arm in the corner, his home would not have been darkened with this great sorrow. The teaching of the incident is this: If you have a loaded gun standing in the corner or hanging on the rack, take out the charge. Remove from your own home at least the possibility of a disaster for which you would have to share with the didn't-know-it-was-loaded shooter the responsibility.

In the old days when loading a gun was a complicated operation of measured powder and shot charges, wadding and ramrod, there may have been some excuse for keeping a charge in a gun; but under present conditions, when to load is the work of a second, and to remove the charge is equally simple and expeditious, there can be absolutely no excuse for the loaded gun in the home.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Smithsonian Institution has just published as one of the series of reports devoted to the National Museum a memorial of George Brown Goode, together with a selection of his papers on the museums and the history of science in America. There are given here in permanent form the tributes paid to Dr. Goode by his associates, at the memorial meeting held in Washington in 1897. These comprise a memoir by Prof. A. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and estimates of Dr. Goode as a historian and citizen, by Pres. W. L. Wilson, of Washington and Lee University; as a naturalist, by Prof. Henry F. Osborn, of Columbia University, and of his activities in relation to American science, by Dr. W. H. Dall, of the United States Geological Survey. The papers of Dr. Goode relate to museums and museum history and administration, and the beginnings of natural history and sciences in America; and these are followed by a full bibliography of Dr. Goode's published writings, by Randolph I. Geare. The volume of over 500 pages is made the more valuable by a series of no fewer than 109 portraits of scientists, naturalists, explorers and others who have contributed to the advancement of science in America. The noble volume is a fitting recognition of Dr. Goode's life and character and public services. Another memorial of the man is the National Museum itself, for as it is to-day in large measure he made it.

The Massachusetts Legislature rejected last week a bill to permit shooting and fishing on Sunday. The advocates of making shooting lawful upon that day base their argument upon the fact that many shooters who are confined to their work through the week have no time to go shooting on any day but Sunday, and the opportunity to shoot on that day should not in fairness be denied them. As was inevitable, the debate in the House was a combination of Sabbath observance and game protection arguments, and the two together were strong enough to defeat the proposed amendment by a vote of 61 to 17.

The Appalachian National Park may be regarded as a thing accomplished. Dr. Ambler tells us as much as this in the report printed to-day on the present standing of the scheme. The favorable action taken by the legislatures of the States immediately concerned, and the attitude of Congress, as shown in the last session, are such as to give fullest confidence that the Government will acquire the territory and maintain it as a perpetual forest reserve and pleasuring ground for the people. Some hint of the attractiveness of this Appalachian country and its possibilities from a sportsman's standpoint is contained in Dr. Waldo's description of it.

Mr. C. H. Ames asks for the origin of the name Poke-o-Moonshine as applied to a mountain or stream. There is much of romance and history in place-names. We have in hand and shall print next week an interesting paper on the subject of Adirondack names.

That story of a cabin on the shore of a Massachusetts lake is full of suggestion. There are just such sites without number for summer camps, and the shelter may be put up by any one who has the gumption to drive a nail and push a saw. The cost is practically nothing. The enjoyment and solid comfort possible are beyond compute. We shall be much mistaken if the account of the Massachusetts camp shall not prompt other fishermen to make like provision for cheap, handy and sensible near home outings.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Two Scares.

"TALKING about scares, I don't mind one once in a while—a long while; but two in twenty-four hours are more than a decent man is called upon to bear with enough patience to put in tea."

The Judge had his pipe going well before he resumed, our having tempted him to a refill.

The tins were washed, plenty of wood handy, darkness had come, and we were squatted pretty close to the fire in front of the lean-to, for it was cold.

This is to be read slowly, as the Judge spoke that way.

"You boys know that it is a long time since I hunted with another gun. I gave up taking chances with another man when my friend was carried out of the woods shot by his careless friend. You know I don't allow even my guide to carry a rifle when I'm out for big game.

"Well, it was about this time of the year. I had a feeling that I had lost something, and when I seriously analyzed it, I found it was a moose. I dropped a card to Louis Noel, the Indian, telling where and when to meet me, and in a couple of days started for Guysborough county.

"It was pretty late in the day before I found Louis—too late to strike into the tepee—so we made for a house known to him kept by a widow; and a long way it was. We reached it, however, just before dark, climbed up the hill and banged at the door. The woman came at once, and I haven't seen a more worried one since. Before I could say a word she let out a torrent of them as long as the Moral Code. What I could make of it was that a tramp had applied for something to eat that morning, she had given him a good meal, and he liking it, and finding no man around, proposed to annext the whole outfit. Of course, she was very much frightened, and coaxed and threatened him; but there he styed, and while she was speaking a door in the hall opened and his Joblots slouched up to the front.

"He was a pretty hard looking specimen, and the meals he had eaten that day gave him an impudent air that killed sympathy at once.

"The widow had said there was only one available room in the house, and he had pre-empted it.

"'Look here,' says I to him, mildly, 'you asked this woman for something to eat this morning, and she gave it to you. Is that correct?'

"'Yas,' he growled.

"'And you stayed and ate some more?'

"'Wall, it's none o' your d—— business, is it?'

"'And you propose now to take the only room with which she can earn a little money?'

"'That's wot.'

"'Well, my friend,' says I, 'you are really making a mistake. I want that room, and if you don't want to sleep in the woods jog along, quick.'

"'I guess not,' he said.

"I stood my gun against the side of the house and began to put off my pack. He stepped outside, and stood a couple of yards off and slowly took in my 72 inches, turned around, and with a lot of fancy cusses started for the village we had passed through. We watched him out of sight, and went in.

"The widow was a grateful little soul, and hustled around to maks us comfortable, and succeeded first rate. She told me more about the tramp; how the cuss wouldn't even get a little wood for the fire to make his own meals, and so on, until 9 or 10, when we went to bed in the spare room.

"It wasn't much of a room to fight about. We got to it by a sort of ladder that landed right in it, an, by Jove! it was cold. There was a small window that let in more air than light, and I saw by the candle only one little cot, and mighty little on it. We undid our packs and got out the blankets. I took off my boots and hat, and rolled up on the cot, while Louis did the same in the corner on the floor, and it wasn't long before we slept.

"I don't know how long I slept—an hour or two, maybe—but the next thing I knew I was standing in the middle of the room, my hair standing too, and the awfullest scream ringing in my ears that ever man heard. My blanket was wound around me like a fly paper, but I got it off in a hurry, seeing mental pictures of cutthroats, outrages and all the rest of it. I grabbed the rifle, told Louis to follow, and slid down the ladder without touching a rung, I think.

"We stood a few seconds to listen—not a sound. I called out, 'Anything wrong?'—no answer. I tried a door or two—locked. I unlocked the front door and stepped out. It was almost light as day. The moon was up big, but it showed nothing wrong to me.

"I said, 'Come along' to Louis, and we climbed a fence and went entirely around the house. Everything was quiet and orderly, and the windows were all shut. I stood and shivered in my stocking feet, completely mystified.

"Louis grunted out in an inquiring tone, 'Dream?'

"'Dream be ——,' I was about to answer, when I jumped about 3 feet with this terrible scream ringing out again. No dream this time, anyway. I looked up from whence it came, and to my intense disgust, there, on the ridge of the house, sat an owl that looked as big as a prize turkey.

"Well, maybe I wasn't mad! I didn't see a bit of humor in it then. I jammed a cartridge in the gun, and in a couple of seconds blew that owl into such bits that no ornithologist could identify it. We then sneaked back to the room and tried to get some more sleep, but I didn't succeed very well. Louis asked before I got settled down, 'Mister scared?' I told him to go to blazes, and pulled the blanket over my head.

"All the same, boys, it was a scare.

"We were out at daylight, the widow making us a good breakfast. She had heard the rifle, but not the owl. Was used to it, I s'pose.

"We were off early; had a long tramp before us, and it seemed to be getting warmer. Louis shook his head at the sky, and I didn't like the looks of it myself. He took the lead on the trail—and a tough one it was, I tell you. About 11 we had a bite and eased our backs of the duffle. The weather looked gloomy, and was getting too warm for snow or comfort. We didn't rest long, as I saw Louis was anxious to be moving.

"To cut it short, we made the tepee about 5 that evening, and a great relief it was, too. The tepee was of poles and bark, you know, one he had put up some time before, and a pretty good one it looked.

"Louis cut firewood, while I went for spruce to make new beds. It was dark by the time everything was made snug and the tea going, and the wind came up easterly, too, and I knew that meant a wet day unless it changed.

"We finished tea and sat around to smoke, Louis being more silent than usual, I thought, although I didn't try to make him talk, being tired and thoughtful myself. Anyway, I don't feel much like talking in the woods except on an occasion like this.

"We smoked a couple of pipes, and while Louis built a fire in the middle of the teepee I strolled down to get a tin of water, nearly breaking my neck in the darkness getting it. Things looked so cozy inside that I decided to turn in. I fussed around a little, and he, too, rolled up in his blanket.

"Well, I slept; and this time I was not awakened by a scream, but by a cold 'spat' on the temple. I was really only half awake, wondering what it was, when it came again, hitting me in the same spot. Then I knew. It was raining hard, and a drop, running down a pole, let go right over my head. I moved my head slightly, just in time to catch it on the nose. As I moved a little again, I opened my eyes and saw, on the other side of the fire, the Indian slowly rising. I wondered if he had found a cold drop, too, and wondered some more when I saw him on his feet and the firelight flash on a knife in his hand.

"Without a sound he stepped over the fire toward me. Another drop fell, broke on a spruce twig and spattered in my eyes, making me close them for an instant. I thought, Had I offended him, or had I shown more money than was wise when paying the widow? I had been out with him before, and always found him trustworthy, if not exactly cheerful.

"I opened my eyes quickly, and found him leaning over me, and away at the end of his uplifted arm was that wicked, glittering knife.

"Boys, I was paralyzed for a second; then, just as I was about to roll aside to avoid the blow, he gave one long sweep of the knife——, sliced the bark off the dripping pole, quietly stepped back, and rolled up again in his blanket."

H. M. ROSENBERG.

HALIFAX, N. S.

A Dog that Thought He Could Fight

"SPEAKIN' o' fightin' dorgs," Old Hogarth drawled, in his quiet voice, breaking the painful silence that had followed Jack's latest effort—one of those wild flights of fancy which he was wont to term "a true personal experience," and which always had a subduing effect upon our own vain ambitions to shine in a like capacity—"Speakin' o' fightin' dorgs, I've seed a hull lot o' sech critters, off 'n' on, in my life, of all sorts an' sizes, but I never seed one what could come up to Jim Simpson's brindle bull. Fight? Why, that wa'n't no name fer it. He just na'terly wallered in a good scrap, an' he didn't give a cuss fer odds. He'd fight any number o' dorgs an' come out on top every dern time. 'Twas as bad as havin' a painter 'round loose when he was out on the warpath, an' ef Jim hadn't live so fur away I wouldn't 'a' had a dorg left by the end o' the year, 'ceptin' Sooner, who was too cute fer him.

"Waal, naterly, we didn't none of us zactly hanker arter that dorg's company, an' from dislikin' the dorg 'twarn't onusual dif'cult t' git t' sorter not havin' much time fer his owner. When we hinted purty plain like to Jim that we wa'n't all-fired in love with his brindle bull an' that his days of usefulness as a dorg, 's far as we was consarned, was over, ef he'd ever had any sech days 'tall, Jim he bristled up like a porcupine an' sez, sorter sassy-like, as how he guessed he'd keep any dorg he dum wanted to, an' would lick any man what had any more objections t' make. Seein' as he had the brindle bull 'long with him at the time, we didn't try t' find out how much in arnest he was.

"Y' see, 'sociatin' with that thar fightin' bull dorg had got Jim t' thinkin' he was 'baout as good a fighter as the dorg was, an' as the two on 'em was allers together we wa'n't bustin' our gizzards t' dispute the title, as the lawyers say. 'Twas a case o' 'like master like dorg' turned hind sight foremost, an' bimeby Jim got t' be as onpopular as the brindle bull. I allers notice that when a man begins t' think he's bigger'n smarter'n anybody else, right thar's where he gits ketched in his own b'ar trap, an' he has t' begin an' learn all over again. An' it's the same with dorgs as men.

"Waal, one day me' n' Bill here was out sorter seein' what they was t' see, when all t' onct we run on to a she b'ar an' her cub. They wa'n't nothin' t' do but shoot the b'ar or git chawed up, so we let her have it an' knocked her over, an' Bill he ketched the cub, a cute, fuzzy leettle cuss, an' brung him home fer t' tame him fer a pet. But that thar cub wa'n't what y' might call sociable, an' Bill couldn't do nothin' with the leettle devul. He growed fast 'nuff, an' the bigger he got the crosser he got, an' by the time he was six months old he'd made hisself so derned onpopular the old woman swore she'd shoot him ef I didn't.

"Things was gittin' sorter oncomf'table 'baout the house, an' the old woman was ripsnortin' 'round wusser'n the cub b'ar, when who sh'd come sa'nterin' 'long one day but Jim Simpson an' his brindle bull. He had the dorg tied to a chain, an' both on 'em was a-hankerin' arter a fight, 'twas easy t' see that. Jim spied the b'ar right away.

"'Hello!' sez he. 'Whar'd y' git that thar scart, onery lookin' critter?'

"'Caught him when I was fishin' fer trout,' sez I, not admirin' his style o' talk. 'Better not monkey with him, 'cause he's purty cross,' sez I.

"'Y' don't say,' sez he, with a mean grin. 'Do y' keep him fer protection? Ain't y' glad he's tied up, Tige?' sez he, lookin' down at the brindle bull an' laffin'.'

"'Waal,' sez I, beginnin' t' git my dander up, 'next t' your infarnel bull dorg thar he's 'baout the ugliest-tempered critter I ever met up with,' sez I.

"'Oh, Tige ain't cross,' sez he, laffin' more. 'Tige's gentle as a lamb, ain't y' Tige? I guess,' sez he, sorter contemptuous like, 'I guess that sickly lookin' cub could chaw Tige into mincemeat.'

"'Shouldn't wonder,' sez I, more t' rile him than anythin' else.'

"'We might git up a fight,' sez he, purtendin' t' be in arnest.

"Now I knowed I'd have t' shoot the b'ar sooner or later, an' I thought I'd give the critter a chanct fer his life. He might make it interestin' fer the brindle bull, an' anyways I was mad clean through by that time, an' wanted t' make Jim madder'n me. He was a mean cuss ef they ever was one.

"'How much'll y' bet?' sez I.

"'I ain't got nuthin' 'long but my rifle,' sez he, some s'prised.

"'Oh, that'll do,' sez I; 'I'll hold it fer security.'

"'What'll y' bet?' sez he.

"'Baout ten dollars,' sez I.

"'I'll take it,' sez he, thinkin' he had me beat, an' jumpin' at the chanct. 'Let's see yer money.'

"I put up the money an' then he sez:

"'Onchain yonder terrible critter,' sez he. But that cub knowed somethin' was up consarnin' hisself, so he planted his back ag'in the tree, an' sot thar lookin' wicked an' darin' us t' come on, an' I fer one wa'n't special eager t' take the dare.

"'He'll have t' fight jest as he is,' sez I. 'Turn the dorg loose.'

"'Just as you say,' sez he. 'Go fer him Tige! Eat him up!' sez he, slippin' the chain from the dorg.

"Tige didn't need no coaxin', but sailed in t' do up the cub b'ar. The b'ar didn't seem much consarned, but sot thar waitin', an' I begun t' feel glad I wa'n't Tige. The brindle bull walked up to the cub, sparrin' fer an openin', as the lawyers say, when afore he knowed what had happened he got a swipe on the side o' the head that knocked him endwise. He got up madder'n he ever was afore, I reckon, an' made a rush, aimin' t' git the cub by the throat. An' right thar's whar he wa'n't so allfired smart as he thought he was, 'cause the cub b'ar jest opened his lovin' arms an' took him 'round the neck an' begun a-huggin' the wind out'n him. An' while he was a-huggin' he was a-clawin' an' a-diggin' with his hind feet up an' down the brindle bull's sides an' belly, an' 'twarn't long afore that dorg was a sight. The dorg had had a nuff an' so had Jim, but the cub b'ar hadn't, an' he kept right on a-clawin' an' a-huggin'.

"'Take off yer b'ar!' Jim began yellin', dancin' up an' down. 'Take him off!' sez he, 'or he'll kill my dorg!'

"'I hope he does,' sez I, laffin'. 'Take him off yerself.'

"Waal, the long an' the short of it was that when the cub b'ar got through with the brindle bull they wa'n't much fight left in the dorg or much of anythin' else; an' when Jim begun t' git sassy 'baout it Bill turned in an' give him the derndest lickin' he ever had in his life. So, owin' t' the cub b'ar, 't warn't such a bad day's work arter all.

"We buried the brindle bull fer Jim, an' Jim went home considerable edefied consarnin' cub b'ars. What become o' the cub b'ar? Oh, we turned him loose the next day, an' I guess he's still ripsnortin' 'round the woods somewhars lookin' fer a fight, onless he got too smart fer his breeches. When a critter or a man does that air he generally ends like Jim Simpson's brindle bull."

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

In the Southern Appalachians.

THAT portion of the Southern Appalachian Mountain region which covers the western part of North Carolina and the eastern part of Tennessee, and which projects somewhat into South Carolina and Georgia, is destined to play a very important part in our social life as a future recration ground for the people of the Eastern and Southern United States.

The natural beauties of this section of the country cannot be overrated, and to the very slow progress which has been made in the so-called development of the region by building railroads through it, we owe the as yet almost perfect preservation of its sylvan charms. Fortunate it is that the railroad construction was delayed until we had awakened to the fact that primitive nature presents to us recreative phases which the art of man can never supply.

If Congress crowns with success the endeavors of lovers of nature to have a large area within this region set aside as a park reservation, and this action be taken in time to stop the devastation of forest growth which is even now proceeding with frightful rapidity, we and our descendants will have reserved for recreation purposes what has been so aptly termed the mountain fairyland of the United States. Here alone in our country do we find that combination of almost tropical luxuriance of plan and forest growth, with the delicious atmospheric conditions of our Northern mountains.

I shall use my limited amount of space in presenting the opportunities for sport in this region. It may as well be confessed at the outset that so far as shooting is concerned the region is a disappointment to any one who imagines that because so few sportsmen have visited it, and the covers are so palpably excellent and retired, there must be plenty of game. The country is apparently so sparsely settled that one may ride for fifteen miles over some of the main country roads and not see a single wayside cabin. Back in the cove-like valleys, however, we do find the isolated cabins of the mountaineers, sufficient in the aggregate to amount to a respectable number. A whole county may have 500 or 1,000 male inhabitants, and almost every one has hunting proclivities. The professional hunter does not now exist, according to my observation; the product of the corn patch and the mast-fed razorback hog being considered everywhere a more reliable sustenance than game.

Although actual game is scarce, owing to there being so many hunters and practically no closed seasons, yet the possibilities for game are enormous. No other region in our country offers such attractions for game preserves. In the first place, the country is so broken that in whatever place one finds himself there is every

variety of land contour within such a short distance as a mile or two.

The whole country is a succession of narrow ridges and narrow valleys. Along all the ravine-like valleys run never-failing streams of water of crystal purity. These streams wind in and out, and change their direction so frequently that their sloping banks have every aspect of exposure, north, south, east and west, within a narrow boundary. The side slopes of the mountains rise up from the creek beds to heights of 500, 1,000, 1,500, 2,000 or even 3,000 feet. They thus offer at some point the kind of ground suitable for almost any kind of game.

As regards cover, there exists, too, every variety, from the rock bar, and the laurel and rhododendron thickets of the creek banks, to the uncarpeted thin woods of the almost barren ridges; from the very dense forest growth of the dark north slopes to the open woods of the south exposures. Owing to the formation of most of the valleys which "lead nowhar," there is always the retirement which is necessary for the propagation of even the shyest game. Running water is so plentiful that in almost no place will game have to leave its favorite cover to obtain a drink.

Some game is to be found at the present time, but hunting must be done even more systematically here than in the wild regions where a closed season is enforced. A man can shoulder his gun and walk through these woods and crawl through the thickets during a whole month and not see a thing to shoot, except, perhaps, noisy woodpeckers or chattering squirrels.

In the first place, you must decide upon what you wish to hunt, and make your plans accordingly. In almost any case it is necessary to go ten or fifteen miles back from the railroad. The hotel keeper at any station can easily put the sportsman in touch with some local resident who knows the mountains thoroughly, and who will take him to the cabin of some mountaineer who is always ready to take a hand in arranging a hunting trip. The stranger must always carry with him tea, coffee and sugar, enough to supply half a dozen people three times a day for the time that he expects to be out.

As you approach a mountaineer's cabin you can tell what kind of a hunter is to be found there by the kind of dogs that he keeps. If you are met by the pell mell rush of a miscellaneous gang of mixed breed dogs—curs, hounds and shepherd dogs—you may be sure that the shiftless owner is content with coon hunting. A bark or two from dignified hounds, which slowly rise and approach to inspect you, indicates the well-trained deer hunter. The savage rush of thin, gaunt, powerful jawed dogs, with low, menacing growls, shows that you have struck the cabin of a bear hunter.

Deer are scarce in these mountains. I do not think I heard of over half a dozen being seen within an area ten miles square in one of the most retired parts of these mountains during the whole of the past summer. Deer hunting is always carried on by driving. This necessitates the services of men who know the deer runs and who have good hounds well broken to the sport. The general whereabouts of certain deer becomes known by the reports of mountaineers, who are always tramping the woods in search of cattle or hogs, or going from place to place on business or pleasure, and who in these excursions always keep a close lookout for signs of game. The people always drive their stock high up into the mountains during the summer and fall, and they have regular times and places for salting their cattle. Deer very often frequent these salting places, which are usually little openings in the woods. A fallen log has hollowed out on its upper side some basin-like holes, where the salt is placed. These "lick logs," as they are called, are known by name to all dwellers in the region. Thus "Jones' lick log" is referred to just as we might say "Jones' corner" in the city.

A deer drive usually begins near some lick log where either the deer or their fresh signs have been seen. One man and the dogs do the driving, while the sportsman takes up his position at an assigned stand on the deer run. The stand is usually in some little gap that the deer is bound to run through, in order to get out of his feeding ground without crossing a creek. When the deer has been started, the sportsman in the stand is reasonably sure of a flying shot at him, and several deer are likely to present themselves in rapid succession.

One must plan to devote a week's time to a deer drive, and his expenses will be in the neighborhood of $5 a day for food, lodging and hiring hunters and dogs. Very frequently one can join, free of all cost, a local hunting party, but this cannot be counted on.

The mountain deer like to be at a high altitude. The best hunting is up, say, at and above 4,000 feet above sea level; and I have never seen deer in these mountains below an altitude of 3,000 feet. It may be that below this the valleys are too much frequented; but it is more likely that the animals are afraid of getting tangled up in the thick undergrowth of the lower altitudes.

I think it no misstatement to say that bears are more plentiful than deer among these mountains. I judge this from the statements of mountaineers, from the frequent excellent bear covers, and from the number of trails which I have myself examined. The dark north coves, with their dense, interlaced growth of laurel and rhododendron, along the water courses, offer typical hiding places for bears. The north coves are seldom disturbed by the mountain cowboy in search of his cattle, because the latter are kept as much as possible from them, for it is in these coves that cattle get that fatal poisoning called milk sick. Thus it is that shy game retires to these coves. Here one must actually crawl to force his way through the brush, and hatchet cutting is frequently necessary unless he happens upon an indistinct pathway made by the bears themselves in their frequent passage.

Bears may be occasionally surprised in the woods, but systematic bear hunting is almost always accomplished by tracking with dogs. A fresh bear track is seen in the soft earth, and presenting much the appearance of a bare footprint. The interest of some neighboring mountaineer who has bear dogs is enlisted, and the trail is followed up until the animal is overtaken in the pathway or traced to his lair. The bear does his best to escape from his pursuers, and the dogs are chiefly useful in bringing him to a standstill so that the hunter can get an opportunity for a shot. The dogs fight savagely, but, unaided by the hunter, they cannot bring down their game. On the other hand, the bear can scuttle through the thickets at a rapid rate, while the hunter can progress but slowly. Thus the latter's success depends largely on what success the dogs have in holding the bear. A good bear dog is the most valued animal that walks the mountain trails, and could readily be swapped for a good cow or fine horse.

Certain mountaineers breed these dogs and encourage their ferocity from their puppyhood up. Such dogs are generally held by a leash when taken about the country. Bears are found at much lower altitudes than the deer, although their favorite haunts are the laurel undergrowth along the smaller water courses at an altitude of 3,000 or 4,000 feet above the sea.

The panther and the large gray wolf are only possibilities in these woods. A very well informed mountaineer, and an excellent hunter, who lives in a very wild part of the mountains, told me that he had not heard of a wolf being seen for some ten years back; and panthers practically disappeared about fifteen years ago. On the other hand, it was only last summer that a reliable cattle herder told me that he had heard the shrill scream of a panther as the animal approached his cabin (at an altitude of 5,000 feet) at night; he then heard a sniffing among the bushes where he had cleaned a turkey the day before. Shortly after this, he heard the shrill cry of the animal as it went down the ridge. I myself saw claw marks on both the sides of a mule which was grazing on this ridge a day or two before this. A bear may have attempted to seize the mule, but it is more likely that one of the few remaining panthers was passing along this ridge, from one high mountain top to another. The panther always travels the ridges when he can; thus he can see down each side and mark his prey or evade his foe.

Wildcats, chiefly of the bobtailed variety, are so common as to be a nuisance; they are the chief enemy of small game of all kinds, because they eat the young.

Wild turkey shooting is, however, the most fascinating hunting which the mountains can offer. It requires the assistance of but one mountain expert and no dogs. If the sportsman obtains board in the family of a hunter whom he has engaged to help him, a dollar a day for the man's pay will be all the expense incurred; but 50 cents a day for each person must be added to this if board is obtained elsewhere.

Turkey hunting is done by calls. To imitate the turkey call with anything like naturalness, with the usual turkey feather quill requires considerable practice. To make the call with the mouth alone denotes a skill seldom acquired even by the most expert mountaineers. The best device that I have seen is a peculiarly fashioned piece of dry wood, which, rubbed or rather scraped along the gun barrel, produces a very natural turkey call. Sufficient skill in the use of this wooden call may be acquired by an evening's practice. It is an interesting lesson for the sportsman to sit at night on one side of the great fire, with the turkey hunter on the other side, each calling to the other. When the sportsman can imitate the other's call to suit the acute ear of the latter, the lesson is learned. It is amusing to watch a noble hound stretched out on the hearth on the occasion of such a lesson. At the first call he is all alert with cocked ear and open eye; but after it has been repeated a few times he subsides into indifferent contempt and finally into a troubled slumber.

Wild turkeys are such shy birds that one might as well hunt for them in his own back yard as to try to shoot them without calling. I have ridden through these mountains for years, over trail and unpathed hillside, and never yet caught a glimpse of a turkey while on the go. The turkey always hears the hunter first. Many a time I have seen the bushes closing in where a turkey has just disturbed them in its flight, and have seen small feathers that have had barely time to reach the ground in front of me; but no turkey. Occasionally when sitting quietly in the woods, one will see a drove of turkeys stalk silently by, or sometimes at dusk a whole drove may be seen flying across a narrow valley a distance of several hundred yards. I have never seen the wild turkey below 2,500 feet altitude, and the best shooting ground that I know of is up at a height of about 5,000 feet above sea level. There is unlimited cover for turkeys in these mountains, and in some high places the birds are plentiful. The wildcats, however, catch so many of the young turkeys that they do not multiply very rapidly. There is no need of dwelling on the difficulties of wild turkey shooting. Unless the bird drops in his tracks the sportsman rarely gets it, even if badly wounded. It is necessary to shoot off the turkey's head, to break its neck or break its shell—that is, break its back. A turkey that is able to flop after it is shot is seldom to be found in the underbrush.

The small game is only fairly plentiful; but with the extermination of the wildcats there would be no dearth of wood grouse, quail and squirrels. I have seldom heard the quail outside of the valleys; and on the other hand grouse seem to be the most plentiful on the rocky ridges near the mountain "tops," at an altitude of say 4,000 feet. In riding along the mountain ridges grouse are continually flying up just in front of the horse's feet. They then offer beautiful opportunities for wing shots; but they seldom fly more than a hundred yards unless shot at.

I have reserved mention of trout fishing to the last, because this is not only a possibility but an actuality. Many of the streams contain trout, and some of them are famous in the annals of local fishermen. The fish are, however, smaller than those reported from Northern waters; perhaps because the streams are smaller. I have never happened to see a trout over 12½ inches long, but am told that they are caught up to 16 inches in length; and perhaps even an inch or two may be added to this to indicate an extreme limit. Trout are, however, by no means as plentiful as they once were; although catches of 150 to 200 are still made in a day by expert fisherman in the best streams, most of the fish being not over 6 or 8 inches in length.

Few sportsmen have as yet visited these mountains for fishing purposes, and the average mountaineer does very little fishing after his boyhood years. Most of it is done by the Cherokee Indians and a few white men who carry the fish to the hotels and taverns of railroad towns and to the saw mills to sell to the proprietors. The local price for trout is now 15 cents a pound. In addition to these, what might be called professional fishermen, a great many of the men living in the little towns go back into the mountains for a few days' fishing each year. There is practically no closed season for trout. Their greatest foe at the present time is the saw mill man. Probably one-half of the trout creeks have on their waters small saw mills now in active operation. The saw dust from these mills gets into the water and deals death to the trout below.

If the laws regarding saw mill defilement of the streams, and a closed season were enforced, these waters would in a few years be literally alive with trout. Many streams in which they have become extinct could be restocked, but there is no one to enforce the law.

Very little true fly-fishing is done in these waters. When flies are used the hook is also live baited with worms, grasshoppers or "stick" bait. The Indians, who are the most successful fishermen, use only baited hooks. It seems somewhat remarkable that some streams support many trout while others within a few miles of them have none at all; and yet there is apparently no difference in the water in the streams.

I do not know how low down the trout are to be found, but I have never caught any below about 2,500 feet altitude. They seem to be most plentiful between this and 3,500 feet. The waters flow very swiftly between these altitudes, and consequently the streams are relatively shallow and with comparatively few deep pools. The beds are, however, rocky, and in many places ledges crop out, and falls or rapids are formed.

One can fish from the open banks and rocks, but the main reason that wading is desirable is that the banks are generally so laurel-covered that many of the best fishing stretches cannot be reached from them. The water is, however, very cold, coming, as much of it does, from altitudes of 4,000 and 5,000 feet, and wet feet are dangerous to persons not inured to this cold. Hip rubber boots will, however, take a fisherman dry-footed wherever he may wish to go to cast a fly. Within the trout belt the streams are usually not over 2 feet deep. Throughout the whole year they preserve a wonderful uniformity of depth, the only exception being that during and after a rain they rise very rapidly; but they fall again within a few hours after it has ceased raining.

With few exceptions, there are practically no accommodations for sportsmen in this whole section, and the hunter or fisherman must trust to being able to find some mountaineer who will take him to board, or he must provide himself with tent and camp supplies. The wagon roads are few and far between, and it is best in most cases—and often absolutely necessary—to carry tent and supplies on pack horses. In many sections it is impossible to buy any provisions in the mountains; ofttimes the mountaineers themselves are compelled to carry their own corn meal on their backs a distance of ten or fifteen miles from the town or mill.

Concerning the climate of this region, it must be remarked that the sun is very hot, but in the shade and at night the air is usually cool. In the broad, cleared valleys, and on the southern slopes of the low mountains, the day heat is sometimes as intense as in the Southern lowlands. On the north slopes and in the narrow shaded valleys, one never suffers from the heat. The rain fall is excessive. Showers are usually frequent, while the vegetation in the lower country is burning up with drought. Continuous or but slightly interrupted rains frequently interfere with the sportsman's plans, and camping under a canvas tent is not always a pleasure.

One closing remark may be made concerning the desirability of this region for outing purposes. The color question does not arise here, because few negroes live among these mountains.

FRANK WALDO, PH.D.

The Appalachian National Park.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In our letters heretofore published in FOREST AND STREAM we have pretty well gone over the reasons why we are asking for the establishment of the Appalachian National Park, and it would be unnecessary to repeat this at this time. I inclose you printed matter which covers this point fully.

Since my last letter our Association has turned its attention to securing the necessary legislation in the different States interested, or in which it is purposed that this park might be established. North Carolina on Jan. 18 passed a bill ceding to the National Government the right to acquire title to such portion of the mountain lands as might be desired for national park purposes, such lands to be exempt from taxes. The Legislature of this State also on the same date passed a resolution asking the Congressmen and Representatives from this State to use their influence toward the establishment of an Appalachian National Park in the South.

Following the action of North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama and Tennessee have passed similar laws while Virginia is yet to be heard from. Governor McMillan of Tennessee gave it out at first that he would veto the bill which was passed by the Senate and Legislature of his State, but suffice it to say that he signed this bill last week, and it has now become a law, being practically the same as the North Carolina law.

It was necessary to secure this legislation in the different States interested before anything definite could be done by the National Government; in fact, the only opposition we have thus far met with in Washington is now set at rest by our having secured the consent of these States for the establishment of such a preserve.

You will remember that one year ago we secured an appropriation of $5,000 by Congress for a preliminary investigation of the territory under consideration. This investigation was left in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture, who last summer had the mountain section from Virginia to South Carolina thoroughly investigated,

and had maps prepared showing all standing timber, size of streams, burnt lands, agriculture lands, etc. The Secretary of Agriculture had the co-operation of the Geological Survey in this work, and there was actually spent about $25,000 during the summer in investigating the forest condition of the Southern Appalachian Mountains.

Following this report, the Secretary of Agriculture and the President transmitted this report, together with and the President transmitted this report, togetmer with a special message by himself, indorsing the Secretary of Agriculture's report and recommending it to Congress.

Following this special message and the report of the Secretary of Agriculture (copies of which I herewith inclose), Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, introduced a bill into the Senate asking for an appropriation of $5,000,000 to be expended in the purchase of a forest reserve in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, approximating 2,000,000 acres. This bill was referred to the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and was reported back by this committee favorably.

Owing to matters of great importance in Congress during the last few days of the past session, the friends of this Appalachian National Park movement agreed that it would be unwise to push the matter in Congress at that time for fear of offending those who are heartily in favor of the measure. I mean that by becoming too aggressive during the last days of the session, when there were so many matters of great importance before Congress, we might have done our cause more harm than good. However, the measure only failed by being crowded out by more important matters. A canvass of the House has shown that almost without exception the members are in favor of the movement, and will support it when the opportune time arrives.

By securing the legislation we have above mentioned in the different States we have practically removed the only opposition which we have met with in Washington. I am pleased to report that the only opposition we have to deal with at present is that produced by a few selfish lumbermen. In order not to do an injustice to the many lumber corporations, however, I would state that such opposition as the lumbermen have produced has been at the hands of a few private individuals. The large lumber corporations and the more progressive and up-to-date lumbermen are with us heartily in trying to establish a forest reservation in the Southern Appalachian Mountains.

A few lumber operators are circulating a report in the mountains that this park project is simply a gigantic steal on the part of the Government and private individuals located in Asheville, and that if the scheme succeeds it will work a hardship on the mountain people. I would simply state in answer to this that the gentlemen interested in this matter here in Asheville and who started the movement two and a half years ago are not forest land owners, and have no axes to grind other than protecting a large area of the beautiful forest mountain land.

As regards the Government working a hardship upon the mountain people, it is almost too absurd to discuss. Mr. Vanderbilt has already located a forest reserve of 160,000 acres, and has done so by buying out the people owning the land, and I am sure we have never heard a report in this country of any hardship being wrought by him. If Mr. Vanderbilt can secure 160,000 acres without hardship to any one, it certainly is possible for this Government to do the same kind of business on ten times the scale. Our Government, moreover, is certainly more able to pay the full value for land received than any private individual may be.

The mountain people are now being shown wherein if this forest reserve is established it will result in conservative lumber operations being carried out in the same under Government supervision, and will mean permanent positions for hundreds of men in the lumber camps, as patrols and forest rangers, road builders and so on. If our movement is successful, one of the most important things of all will be to protect the preserve from fire, and this in itself would offer employment to many men. It is not the purpose at all to stop lumbering operations. When a tree is mature it should be cut, but it should only be cut in such a manner as not to destroy the young and growing trees, and moreover, the brush should be removed or destroyed, and not left on the ground to enhance the danger of forest fires. Tan bark would continue to be gathered, but only under Government supervision. It is not the agriculture lands which the Government would desire or acquire, but only the more inaccessible mountain regions which are still covered with forests.

We have taken Mr. Vanderbilt's experiment as an object lesson to the natives, and they themselves are now coming to realize the possibilities for them in this undertaking. The opposition which they at one time developed has almost entirely died out, and in fact our whole park project is now in the best possible shape, with practically no opposition, so far as we are aware, and with the very best and brightest prospects of receiving favorable consideration at the hands of Congress, and that quite possibly at the next session.

We are going to succeed!

C. P. AMBLER, Sec'y A. N. P. A.

ATTALLA, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed clipping, taken from the Chattanooga Times, Chattanooga, Tenn., will show the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that we of the South are alive to the possibilities of the Appalachian Park, and are working to secure its establishment.

That immediate action on the part of the Government is necessary is evident to us who see every day the price of select timber advancing and the value of mountain lands for fruits and small farming enhancing. I believe under proper conditions Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina and possibly other States of the South would make appropriations to further this project.

I was very much interested in the recent letter in FOREST AND STREAM from Mr. Henry Stewart describing the North Carolina section of this park. Although I have not been myself at Highlands, I have a botanical friend who lives there (Mr. T. G. Harbison), and he has told me much of the wild attractiveness of the surrounding country. I have tramped over the Asheville section, and after seeing it I could well understand why Mr. Vanderbilt selected this place of all the world in which to build his Château d'Espagne.

EDGAR MAGNESS.

Judge William R. Day, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and formerly Secretary of State, has written to Judge C. D. Clark the letter given below in regard to the Appalachian Park matter.

It is not generally known that Judge Day was the first to originate the Appalachian Park idea. Returning worn out by his labors on the Paris Peace Commission, he spent the summer of 1899 in the mountains of North Carolina, where his health was completely restored, and where he was so charmed with the country, climate and scenery that he set on foot the project for the creation of the Appalachian Park:

CINCINNATI, April 11, 1901.—Dear Judge: I observe with satisfaction that considerable progress is being made in advancing the plan of establishing a park or forest reserve in the mountain district of western North Carolina, southern Virginia and eastern Tennessee. Having passed the spring and summer of 1899 in that region, I became much interested in the project, and have watched its progress. When I was in the Asheville region a number of gentlemen interested in that country were talking of the matter, resulting, as I understand, in enlisting the services of Senator Pritchard and other members of Congress in bringing it to the attention of that body. My information is that Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, has recommended an appropriation of public moneys with a view to establishing a forest reservation rather than a public park. However this may be, the main thing to be desired is to preserve this region in its natural beauty for the benefit of not only the people of your section, but those who are now attracted there and the many more who will be if it comes under the jurisdiction of the national Government for the purposes stated. If something of this kind is not done these mountains will, in the course of a few years, be denuded of the forests which are now so attractive. Such removal of the timber, I am told, will result in drying up the clear and beautiful streams which now everywhere abound and constitute one of its most attractive features.

My sojourn in that country led me to believe that there is no more attractive or beautiful spot in our broad domain than exists in that part of the Appalachian range. To permit the destruction of its forests with the consequences that would follow seems little short of vandalism. The streams abound with fish; the forests with game; the climate always salubrious; the air clear and bracing, all tending to make the region alike attractive to sportsman, tourist and health seeker.

One who has once been within its charmed circle, especially when the azalia and rhododendron are in the beauty of full bloom, will believe as I do that when its attractions are known there will be no more popular resort in the United States. The forests should be protected; the natural beauty of the region preserved for the benefit not only of your people, but the thousands of others to whom the region will afford a place for rest and recreation.

The far West has its Yellowstone Park, no more attractive, I am sure, than this mountain country, which is much more accessible to the majority of our people. The Government may well afford to make the necessary appropriation, not to beautify the region, for nature has done that, but to provide it with good roads and maintain it under such regulations as shall preserve it practically as it is. Permit me to congratulate you upon the progress which I understand is being made in the right direction.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM R. DAY.

Fun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few congenial spirits were seated in the smoking room of the club and had been talking of various ways of spending a vacation, and one of the party, who because he never went camping could see no good in it whatever, said, "I suppose you amateur campers meet with many thrilling adventures while camped on front lawns or back yards."

Another spoke up and said, "I don't know what you'd call it, but here's something I went through last October that I would not like to repeat, and I call it downright hardship.

"My camping partner, Herb, and myself started late in October of 1900 from Lindsay, Ontario, for Long Lake, which lies some distance northeast of that town.

"Each with a canoe and camping stuff enough to make Nessmuk throw up his hands could he have seen it, we boarded the side-wheeler Esturion, bound for Bobcaygeon, at the head of Sturgeon Lake, then we hired a farmer to cart our boats and duffle fourteen miles to Long Lake.

"In due time we got our camp in shape and turned in early, for the next morning we were to try the black ducks, for it was on their account we had taken all this trouble of packing and traveling.

"In the morning we were in our stands, each with about a dozen decoys out. The weather, which had been threatening for several days, now turned real mean and gave us a cold, drizzling rain.

"At about 10 A. M. I gathered up my decoys and started for camp with not a duck to pay me for my damp, cold vigil, and, boys, you don't know what it is to be cold until you have sat in a canoe for three or four hours on a late fall morning, with the ducks all hugging the middle of the lake and not a shot coming your way to relieve the monotony.

"When I reached camp it was raining hard, and after turning my boat bottom up I got inside the tent and started a fire in the stove with the dry wood we had under cover.

"Well, it rained harder and harder, and when my partner came home with only two birds, we both agreed that bacon was fine eating. A duck apiece is what any dyspeptic can eat on a trip of that kind, but we made those two last three meals, for though we went out in the rain and mud the next two mornings, not another did we get.

"This lake, with no houses on it and no towns near it, could not boast of a single flock—at least not during our stay there.

"We smoked and ate and told stories. 'And the rain fell and the wind blew,' but no ducks flew, and to come down to the real hardship of the trip, when our tobacco pouches were empty and we looked for the tin box which held our main supply, we found it lying near the path leading to the lake with the cover off and the precious contents 'gone to mix forever with the elements.' Then our spirits fell, and that night we drew lots to see who would walk the six or eight miles to the nearest farmhouse for a wagon to haul us out.

"I won and stayed in camp, and it was a dreary wait from 6 A. M., when my partner left, till nearly 11, when I heard the welcome rumble of the wagon wheels.

"On the ride out we smoked chewing tobacco and felt relieved. When we reached Sturgeon Lake our hardships were at an end, for we were near supplies and could have fresh milk every morning if we wanted it."

"Is that all?" said the non-camper. "And you call that fun? Let's have one more drink and we'll go home.

H. A. R.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 30.

Poke-o-Moonshine.

BOSTON, May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have long had much curiosity to know the origin and meaning of the name "Poke-o-Moonshine" as applied to a mountain or stream. Can any of your readers furnish them?

In your issue of this date Mr. J. B. Burnham in the tenth chapter of his enjoyable "Gens des Bois" twice refers to "Poke-o-Moonshine" Mountain in the Adirondacks. I know a "Poke-o-Moonshine" Brook in Piscataquis county, Maine, and if I am not greatly mistaken there are two brooks of that name in the State. I have heard some local attempts to give meaning to the name, but, like most local etymologies, they were palpably absurd.

In this connection let me also ask the meaning of "Poke Logan" or "Poke-e-Logan," which I have several times heard in Maine.

Every person familiar with the Maine woods knows what a "logan" is, but what is a "poke logan"? And, still further, is "logan" surely an Indian word like "wongan," "monhegan," "wichegan," "munsungan" (munsungun?), "Debskonegan," etc.?

I have seen a statement that it is derived from or akin to "lagoon," but have the impression that it has nothing to do with that and is Indian.

C. H. AMES.

Natural History.

Seaboard Air Line.—V.

Report to May 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York Sun of Feb. 20, last announced the arrival of the vanguard of migrating fowl in Long Island waters. These sturdy pioneers must have felt themselves a trifle previous while the cold, blustering weather of the ensuing two weeks kept them hustling; but strong in faith they persisted, being joined from time to time by later arrivals. Somewhere to the north of us they are now well on in their housekeeping for 1901 and will soon spend long sunny days among the bogs and fens in company of their young.

March 12 bluebirds appeared, stopping for a few hours only. March 14 dawned balmy and bright, with southerly airs that fanned the face with a light touch as of feathers. With this soft south wind came the first grackles to our tree tops. For days these fierce-eyed pests grated out their evil thoughts with all the vigor of their granulated voices, as they perched among the leafless twigs, or waddled awkwardly over the grass below. I must confess to a feeling of gratified spite when later on the boisterous winds and rain banged these iridescent black fiends rudely about. They looked so lopsided and bedraggled in their efforts to make headway against the furious gusts, with big tails all awry. These grackles are certainly "hoboes," showing so much of the tramp in manners and appearance that the self-respecting travelers of the "air line" will not associate with them, hence you find them stealing their passage long before the feathered "élite" are on the way.

March 15 I saw my first song sparrow. I had heard them before for some days, but this little chap sat in plain view among the topmost twigs of a scraggy mulberry just at twilight. Though his features were indistinguishable, his silhouette showed plainly marked against the after glow in the west. Surely there was nothing in his surroundings to warrant his being cheerful, yet there he sat, his little head raised, looking up toward the heavens the while his tinkling notes floated in the growing dusk. His small song was free of suggestion of soft airs and blue skies. These little brown-coated harbingers of nature's resurrection are surely prophets voicing their foreknowledge in simple pastorals that all who have ears to hear may understand. I thought of this little brown bird very often during the hideous weather from the 15th to the 25th of April, and was curious to know how he managed to keep his spirits up, and whether he tried to sing.

March 9 the first migrant robin to reach us tried an "obligato." He made a miserable first-attempt, but a day or two put his voice in shape.

March 20—Chank! ch-a-nk! said a topsy-turvy nuthatch. He was not with us as usual the past winter so I welcome his return and take as much pleasure in his queer antics as though he were always accustomed to leave us in autumn. Did it ever strike you as strange that we never hear of apoplexy among the nuthatch family? The positions they often assume are surely conducive to a rush of blood to the head.

My books for April do not show any passenger traffic worth mentioning; the lovely weather (?) so comforting to liverish people and pessimistic thoughts, did not warrant the exposure necessary for field work. Our residents deserve a good word right here. During all the beastly strife 'twixt easterly winds and water, our redhead woodpeckers and starlings were full of fun and

frolic; while robins and sparrows sat about disconsolate with shrugged shoulders, the redheads were chattering in lively fashion, and the starlings took advantage of every gleam of watery sunshine to say—forget it! forget it! sunlight! sunlight! forget it! These jolly fellows must be made of waterproof stuff to rejoice amid such weather conditions as then prevailed.

May 4 saw a great rush of travelers; vireos arrived over night, the white-eyed being well represented as to numbers. Hundreds of various warblers came along during the morning, numbers of the yellow-crowned among them, their bright and jaunty suits of feather cloth being specially pleasing to the eye as they moved gracefully among the twigs.

May 5 the clear voice of the purple finch caused envy on the part of sundry swallows, who responded with a gurgle of twittering notes as they sailed about overhead. Numerous hawks appeared in the afternoon, mostly sharp-shinned and sparrow hawks, all flying strongly against the northwesterly breeze.

May 7 swamp robins (*mustelinus*) chewinks, hermit and brown thrush and the yellow-breasted chat were on hand. The foliage was behind time in coming out this season, consequently the birds were much more easily seen. This lack of concealment may account for the seeming increase in numbers, for I have not seen so many familiar forms among the trees for years. Well-known varieties were largely represented and favorite localities were alive with many unidentified migrants. There was evidence of hurry in this crowd of travelers; an impatience hardly concealed appeared to drive them on in waves as it were. To-day the thickets would be crowded, to-morrow comparatively empty, the greater number having gone over night, in order to avail themselves of the prevailing southerly winds.

There were but few arrivals on May 8. I heard a contest of musical ability on this date between a wren, who sang from a clump of rhododendrons, and a brown thrush perched high on a leafless magnolia near by. Of course the result was never in doubt for an instant, though it was a delight to listen to such experts, both in fine voice and each determined to outsing the other.

Orioles and tanagers came to us on the 12th of May. The former must have met with some unusual detention, as they were much behind time. In '98 they arrived on the 6th; in '99, the 8th; last year, on the 7th. However, they are here at last and in their arrival I find the measure of spring loveliness is filled. At this writing all the air is filled with the soft rustle of new-born leaves that serve to screen many a bright form from careless eyes, but though one may not see them the cheery calls and subdued twitter of the glad little voices tells us the birds have come.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, Greater New York.

Maine Panthers Again.

BOSTON, May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having started the discussion as to the occurrence of the panther in Maine, I presume I am entitled to "close the debate"—i. e., "if no one else wishes to speak."

My inquiry called forth two claimants for the panther, and their letters were duly presented in your columns. The writers were evidently sincere in the belief that they had seen Maine panthers. I gave also the recollection of my old and trusted guide, T. W. Billings, of two animals seen by him many years ago playing on the ice of a lake in the northern part of the State, and which he always believed were panthers. I nevertheless remain incredulous and think it easier to believe these witnesses mistaken than to believe the animals they saw were genuine panthers.

The testimony of Mr. Manly Hardy—the great fur buyer—that he has in all his experience never seen nor heard of a panther skin derived from Maine, seems to me of very great weight, and almost conclusive. If there were any truth in the abundant stories of Maine panthers would it not be certain that some one would at some time be able to produce a skin of the animal?

Is the Maine panther so far superior to his kind in all other localities as to be able to forever escape capture? Are we not justified in applying as a rule in the case "no pelts, no panthers"?

The question is not one, perhaps, which just now "most urgently confronts the laboring man," but it has a certain amount of interest not only as one of natural history, but also in the history of popular myths and delusions.

C. H. AMES.

Derattling a Rattler.

UMATILLA, Ore., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading Mr. Charles Cristadoro's story of "Cutting the Rattles Off a Live Snake," brings to my memory an experience I had with a rattlesnake, which I will relate if the FOREST AND STREAM will think it worthy of publication. Several years ago I was walking across a portion of my ranch on the north bank of the Columbia River in Washington in the sage brush. I saw a rattlesnake. There was neither a stick nor rock near with which to dispatch it, and as the snake was slowly disappearing down a squirrel hole I thought that by seizing it by the rattles I could throw it out on solid ground and perhaps get time to find something to kill it with. Accordingly I grabbed its rattles between thumb and first finger and with a vigorous pull and backward motion of the hand and arm I expected to throw the snake out some 10 feet on the ground. Instead of that the rattles easily parted from the snake, and as I threw my arm back I released the rattles, thinking, of course, the snake would come with them. The consequence was the snake went on his way down the squirrel hole and the rattles went I know not where, nor could I find them. I never saw the snake nor rattles again.

J. W. D.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

In the Upper Blackfoot for Ducks.

"Oh, confound that alarm clock!"

"I told you so when you said you would be all ready at 5 o'clock."

"Well, yes; but a fellow feels worse than he thought he would when he has been working as hard as he thought he possibly could, and then tries to do double work to get every little extra about the office cleaned up so as to be spared a few days. Worked last night until 12 and then have to turn out at 3; it's a guess whether I live through it or not."

This seemed rather a discouraging conversation to pass between man and wife on the morning I was to start on our annual trip up the Blackfoot after ducks.

The first of September is the open season for ducks. Sixty-five miles away are the breeding grounds, but sixty-five miles is nothing for Montana horses to travel. At 5 o'clock the rig, with three of the boys in, came around as agreed upon, and with two of us in a single rig, leading a saddle horse with which to do errands around camp, such as looking up hunting grounds, we were ready to start.

In the double rig was the tent and camping outfit and the grub. After taking an inventory to see what we had and to see that nothing was missing that would add to our comfort, we are off. We pass through Bonner, seven miles away, just as the sun is coming up. Here we enter the Blackfoot Cañon, which is dark and so cold we have to button our coats and draw our wraps closer to be comfortable. The scenery here repays one for the trip, and although I have seen it many times I never tire of looking at those piles of rocks. Away above, the sun is lighting the mountain tops thousands of feet above us, while the river, whose water looks dark and cold and blue and white, is still wearing away at the rocks, and one cannot help wondering at the time it must have taken to cut so deep a channel. The road, though good, is dangerous enough to keep the driver always on the lookout. Several miles of the road has been blasted from the solid rock. High above the river is another place where it crosses a piece of slide rock, and has been walled up on the upper side; but the ever moving slide, although slow, is always throwing down rock in the road. Here the road is so narrow that save for the turnouts one could not pass a team. I have some very pretty bits of this road on paper, taken at different times during the eight summers we have driven up there, either camping, hunting or fishing, all of which are good. About ten miles and the mountains to the north seem to break away like clouds in April, while to the southeast they are still high and dark. One more bend in the river and we come into sunshine again, and one feels like wishing to be a bird, so that he could fluff his wings and take it all in.

Eighteen miles from Missoula we cross the Blackfoot River, pass by a high rocky point to the south of the road, where the bighorns used to winter as late as ten years ago. But, alas! they and the white man cannot occupy the same ground, and they have gone. One mile and we are at Camas Prairie. We leave the river and start up Camas Prairie, so named by the Indians on account of the large beds of camas which they dig, this being their potato crop; but the camas, like the bighorn, is mostly gone, and no longer does its pretty blue flower wave in the June breezes. The prairie, so called, is a large meadow, about eight miles long by four miles in width, and is set up on a tilt to the west, all fenced up now and dotted with neat farmhouses, hay ricks and corrals. This is a good stock country, as there is good grazing on the hills, and they grow fine hay and oats, which they are just beginning to harvest on the first of September. This prairie is at so high an elevation that fruit and vegetables will not grow; cabbage may get ripe enough to eat, but there is good money in stock and oats, so they can buy what other things they need. So people in this quiet mountain retreat seem to be well off and contented away from the busy world.

But we are dreaming too much, so whipping up our horses we are soon on the divide between Camas and Sunset Prairies. The road is steep here and much washed by the mountain rains and melting snow. Where the road comes to the foot of the mountain and out on the prairie is a nice cold spring, with horse feed close by. We are now thirty-five miles from Missoula, and stop for dinner. The sun is so hot now we have to hunt shade, and could never imagine it was below freezing when we started this morning. We only take a half-hour to eat, when we hitch up and start across Sunset Prairie, which we soon cross and descend to the river once more. The road now seems almost level, and the driving is fine. Going up the river we see a flock of green-wing teal on the river, and one of the boys gets three of them before they get out of range. The river is very swift here, and although in a bad place my water spaniel brings them all out. We cross the river again just above where the Clearwater empties into the Blackfoot, go up the Clearwater a few miles (another prairie as smooth as a driving park) and come to where the mountains narrow down to the river, and crossing through this we are at the mouth of the Cottonwood River. Beyond this, as far as the eye can reach, about twenty miles away, are small buttes and meadows, and here even oats grow a good crop, and stock is to be seen in large bands. There are small natural ponds everywhere, and there are ducks on all of them. They rise as we pass, and circle around or sit still and watch us. One bunch looked so tempting I tried the old pump Winchester, and six stopped behind to furnish us meat for supper. Nine teal ducks are enough for any five hungry men.

Six miles up the Cottonwood we leave the creek for the buttes, pitching our camp on the bank of a lake which must be over a mile long by a quarter of a mile in width. About half of this lake reaches among the pines at the foot of the mountains to the north. It is a beautiful camping place by a cold spring, with plenty of grass and wood, and shelter of pine and quaking aspen. We hear the ducks on the lake, and occasionally hear their wings as they pass over, for there seem to be ducks everywhere, and we can hear the boom of guns, several miles away, as we are pitching out tents and getting supper. One flock of ducks in going over seemed to stop in the air to see what we were doing. Lemley said he didn't think that kind of foolishness would pass, and began to load his gun just in time, for they came back to get the second look. Two quick shots brought down two mallards. "That is toll," he remarked, which pleased Joe Beebe. It was his first trip out since he came to the mountains. Although he can run a locomotive as good as the best of them, he cannot cook nor even help, so he was detailed to take the horses back to the pasture, while we finished the camp. Joe said he was a horseman through and through, and proceeded to throw himself into the saddle like a cowboy, taking the three horses in hand to lead. As he passed by where Frank McHaffie was cleaning ducks he jolted in the saddle, saying, "Don't I ride like an old-timer?" But there was trouble for Joe. One of the horses swung off of the trail and a yellow jackets' lodging house as large as a peck measure was knocked from its mooring on a bush. Every horse went into the air except the one Joe was riding, which was only kept from lying down by Joe's frantic efforts to keep it moving.

"Lots of flies there," says McHaffie.

"Flies? They are bees!" replied Joe.

The horse was bucking furiously now, and Joe was seen to go up in the air until he said he was above the tops of the trees, looking into the lake, and the horse was 50 feet away when he struck the ground. (Of course this is overdrawn, but we made Joe believe it.) A few willing hands soon caught the horses.

The next day we all took things easy, as there is not much shooting until the evening flight. McHaffie and Beebe went fishing, while Lemley, Woody and I wandered among the hundreds of buttes. Between each of these is a small lake or pond, some of quite good size, and there are ducks on all of them. But as there are no shrubs nor brush, and you are in full view, of course you can only get long shots. When they rise they may circle and give you a second chance, but to say the least there was much shooting and few ducks, and at 3 o'clock we returned to camp. McHaffie had a hard luck story to tell. He had fished with Beebe until he was sure no one could catch any fish, when he came back to camp only to find a deer right in camp. It ran, Mac grabbed a gun and ran to get a shot at it, and running into the first clump of brush there stood the deer. Mac pulled the trigger, but the gun was empty, and on trying to load he found he had a .32 Winchester gun in his hand, having grabbed Lemley's gun, and had .30-30 cartridges in his pockets. The deer got away. But while looking for the deer he saw a covey of ruffed grouse, and had twelve to show us. "Well, what's the matter with grouse fried in bacon grease, Mac? Don't covet the earth," said Woody. Everything was ready for our meal, but no Beebe showed up. We got our guns ready for the evening shooting, but no Joe yet. We were about ready to believe he had got lost, when his familiar whoop gove the signal; and he came into camp, and in his hand was as fine a string of trout as any one could wish to see, twenty-three in all, some of them coming pretty near the pound mark in weight. Mac had just been assuring us before Beebe came in that the fish would not bite. Mac sells fishing tackle, and told us no tenderfoot could catch fish when he himself gave it up. "How did you get them, Joe?" we asked. "Oh, I just went after some grasshoppers, and then after that I never flagged by a pool but caught a passenger at every station."

Mountain trout are very good, but we were after ducks, and now to the duck pass. The ducks go out over the fields and sloughs to feed during the day, and as the sun begins to sink low they come back to the large lake. At the upper end of the lake are several patches of bulrushes, with from one to five acres in each. This is the breeding ground, and to see the number of ducks that go in there of an evening would give the impression that the rushes could not hold them. They came in pairs and in flocks,—there were hundreds of them. I believe a thousand ducks passed over our heads in about fifteen minutes. The ducks are high in the air, and we are out of practice, and Joe says they fly on passenger train time. We are stationed far enough apart so that there is no danger of shooting each other; four of us with pump guns and Joe with a double-barrel 10-gauge. I have seen wild shooting, but this particular evening took the palm over anything I have ever seen. Two of the five had never shot ducks, while one had not used a gun for three years. There were ducks hit that were never shot at, but the greater majority were ducks shot at that were never hit. Some one at the lower end of the lake with a black powder gun seemed to be firing at regular intervals. That seemed to drive the ducks, for they began to go back to the reeds for the night. For fifteen minutes there was no time when there was not a flock of ducks within gunshot, and close shooting at that, but very quick, so the destruction to the duck crop was light. Had there been good shots wanting to make a killing we could have killed a large number. As it was, we shot away 1,250 shells during the three days we were there. We had all the ducks we could eat, gave some away to the people in the neighborhood, and had eighty to distribute among our friends when we returned.

There were others who went out from Missoula and brought back more ducks, but none enjoyed himself as we did, and there are very few places where the conditions are as favorable for a good time—good roads, plenty of fish and game, kind people who live there, no restrictions as to when and where to hunt and fish, good camping grounds, pure water and mountain air, and some very fine scenery.

All combined make the upper Blackfoot Valley one of the finest places a true sportsman can find to enjoy himself, with but few drawbacks to mar his pleasure.

BERT STEVENS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Alligator Lake.

THE names of Union Camp and Alligator Lake recall pleasant memories to many local sportsmen. There is hardly a spot in the great pine wilderness of Maine that is better known to local people than the little green island nestling down on the mirror surface of hill-hung Alligator Lake. Every one of the past eighteen years has seen one or more parties of Springfield men sitting in front of John Haynes' camp, with either rods or rifles in their hands or at their feet. The shores and waters of the lake are a true sportsman's paradise, and over the crackling winter fire of Massachusetts birch, trips are planned to Alligator Lake for the coming spring, summer or fall. During the past week the hearts of all true Union campites have been made homesick by the sight of the fine black bear skin which Fred Swan has just received from Bangor. This skin last fall was the only suit of a big bear, weighing close to 600 pounds, which Mr. Swan killed near the shore of the lake, within an hour after arrival in camp. The Maine Sportsman prints the following:

The giant bear of Maine was secured last fall, late in the hunting season, and the members of one non-resident party covered themselves with glory enough to last them for several seasons, while the astonishing crop of "fireside yarns" that will eventually grow from that wonderful bear hunt will distance any others on record. Charles Whipple, Fred Swan, William Bellows and Frank Richmond, of Springfield; Frank Howard, of Pittsfield, and Warner Holt, of Boston, made up a party toward the very last of the deer season for a trip to John Haynes' camp at Alligator Lake. With their other trophies they came out of the woods two weeks later, bringing two big bears, the smaller one of which would have satisfied any ordinary sportsman. But they weren't ordinary sportsmen, for they had with them the dressed carcass of the biggest bear on record, at least in these modern days of actual records of size and weight of game. This bear was discovered as he was making his den, and when he ventured forth to investigate the intruder, a rifle ball settled his destiny. Bruin was so heavy that it took all eight men of the party "tote" him to the boats, the bear being strung on four poles, a man supporting an end of each. Between 500 and 600 pounds is the recorded weight, and the entire skin, which was of exceptional quality, will be prepared as a rug by Crosby, of Bangor, leaving the head with its ferocious, wide open mouth on the skin. It will be long before another such bear is killed in the Maine woods, as these old fellows are found only by accident, their extreme cunning enabling them to successfully elude all pursuers.

It is a long trip from this city to Alligator Lake. The most time-saving way is to leave Boston at 7 at night, reaching Bangor at 5:30 the next morning. Then comes, to the novice, the hard part of the trip. Teams are taken at the Bangor Station and a ten-mile drive to Eddington for breakfast is begun. From Eddington there is a drive of twenty-five miles over first-class, but hilly, roads to Great Pond, and from there there is a nice walk of five more miles to Alligator Lake. The baggage is taken in from Great Pond on ox sledges. When the shore of Alligator Lake is reached John F. Haynes, the veteran guide and owner of Camp Union, is waiting with his big flat-bottomed boats and two or three cedar canoes of home manufacture. The trip to the camp is but a short one and the landing is reached before sunset as a rule. The little lake is a beautiful sheet of water about four miles long and from half a mile to two miles wide, and the island is about three acres in extent. John Haynes obtains the right to have his camp on it from a large lumber company which owns all the surrounding forest and in return he acts as their fire warden. He is a typical Maine guide, and also a warm friend of the Springfield men who have been there. He has many admirable qualities, is thoroughly honest, enterprising, knows his business as a guide thoroughly, is an extremely hard worker and does not use tobacco or liquor in any form. This abstinence is a comparatively unusual feature among Maine guides. He has visited Springfield and was entertained at Alligator Inn, the cottage owned by Messrs. Whipple, Bellows, Swan, Richmond and others, at Calla Shasta, which is named for the Maine lake.

Alligator Lake has been on the map for some time, but it was John Towne and Dwight L. Fuller who officially put it there for Springfield people. They were the first local people to go there, Mr. Towne having heard of it during his business trips through Maine. Charles E. Whipple was also one of the pioneers, and has been there every year for some time, and killed a number of deer. Mr. Whipple tells an interesting story about the number of trout in the lake. He paddled into Fuller's Cove, named for Dwight Fuller, one fall and saw the dorsal fins of hundreds of trout protruding from the shallow water of the spawning beds. When he sent his canoe in among them the water fairly boiled as the trout swam for the deep water. Of course it is the spring fishing that is the best, and some good strings have been caught there. It is one of the last lakes in Maine in which the ice breaks up in, as the lake is fed by springs, and so is one of the last to freeze over in the fall. The record trout is one weighing 7¾ pounds but this fish was not killed by a Springfield man. Mr. Haynes has stocked the lake with rainbow trout and salmon, and some salmon weighing close to 10 pounds have been taken. There is also some good fishing in the outlet, called Alligator Stream, and one local man on his last trip there caught a string of thirty-two, weighing about 11 pounds, one afternoon in a few hours. And not the least pleasant part of the fun is to return from a day's sport to the comfortable camp at night. There have been three camps built there in the history of the place. The first one was of rough logs, a small place, and not the most comfortable shelter in the world. The second camp was built on a somewhat better plan, but was not large enough, so the present camp was built a few years ago. This is a two-story structure of rough-hewn timber outside, with a broad piazza and sheathed inside matched boards. On the first floor is a big lounging room and a kitchen, and on the second are four comfortable sleeping rooms.

The shooting is the chief attraction of Alligator, and it is as good as can be found anywhere. The deer are very plentiful, and the local parties always bring one or two home with them. Never has there been a party there in the shooting season that has not had a shot at least, and the men who go there are apt to have something to show for the powder burned. Mr. Flagg, a former clothier in this city, had a novel experience with a deer at the camp a number of years ago. One had been captured alive, and was tied to a tree with a rope. Mr. Flagg carelessly untied the rope from the tree, thinking he was a match for the deer in strength. He was soon undeceived on this point, and after being yanked over everything and through everything on the island, found himself in the lake, still holding the rope behind the swimming deer. Of late there have been signs of moose seen near the lake, and one was killed at Nicatous Lake a few miles aawy. That there are bear there is proved by Mr. Swan's fine rug, and there have been several others seen there during the past year. Mr. Haynes had a trying experience with one a few years ago, when Dr. J. K. Wiley and his son, of this city, were in camp. Haynes ran across a bear cub and killed it by a shot from his rifle. Then the she-bear made her appearance and attacked Haynes, naturally. He could not extract the empty shell from his rifle, and was obliged to take to a tree for safety, the bear grabbing hold of his boots in his ascent. Haynes' dog probably saved him from injury, if not from death, by harassing the bear, and the bear finally became so incensed by the dog's attacks that she left the foot of the tree where Mr. Haynes was abiding and chased her animal foe. Haynes then took advantage of the welcome opportunity to make a bee-line for the lake and his boat.

Among the local hunters who have visited Camp Union are Charles E. Whipple, E. A. Carter, Horace F. Clement, William H. Sargeant, Charles C. Morgan, Frank B. Richmond, Arthur Berry, William H. Richards, Warner Holt, W. S. Bellows, Herbert B. Handy, J. L. Strong, George B. Clark, E. C. Dumbleton, Fred R. Swan, Frank D. Foot, James W. Kirkham, Joseph H. Wesson, L. H. Mayott, Dr. J. K. Wiley, O. W. Niles, Dr. S. F. Pomeroy, Tom Hill, H. W. McGregory, E. L. McGregory, F. W. Westervelt. The late Horace L. Niles brought home a live deer several years ago, which was placed in Forest Park.—Springfield Republican.

Spring Shooting and the Game Supply.

SEATTLE, Wash., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have followed the discussion in your publication regarding the spring shooting of ducks, and it is amusing to note how those who favor it use every possible excuse to bolster up their arguments. The fact remains, however, and one cannot controvert it, that if we expect any species to at least perpetuate its race, it must be allowed to breed, and spring shooting or anything else calculated to disturb or destroy a species immediately prior to or during its breeding period operates against this and must in time diminish the race. The excuse so often advanced, "If we do not shoot during the spring we get little if any shooting," is a purely selfish one, and cannot be defended, and this excuse is the basis pure and simple of every argument ever advanced in favor of shooting during that season of the year.

The condition that confronts us, we who love good, honest sport, is no theory; we simply are against the cold, hard facts. Game everywhere is decreasing rapidly, and we must simply meet the condition. The game laws generally regarding water fowl are pretty generous, and give the sportsman a good chance to get a fair amount of sport, but the trouble is a few wish it all. A man cannot be blamed for shooting during any open season, only simply have that open season when it does not conflict with the mating and nesting period, and even go a little further—give the young a chance to become sufficiently mature to provide for and protect themselves.

I have been surprised that spring shooting has continued so long in a State like New York, and never could quite understand it, unless it has been a question with which perhaps politics has intermingled. Out here we are in advance of that State. Our season on ducks closes, as for a number of years, with February.

Now, I recall that when I was a boy and living in New York State, quite a few ducks bred in central New York. In the spring of 1875 I found a nest of the black duck (*Anas obscura*) with eleven eggs at the foot of Owasco Lake, on what was called "The Island." The bird hatched the eggs and I saw her a number of times with the brood of young. During that same period and for a number of years a pair of the beautiful wood ducks (*Aix sponsa*) always nested each year in a dead stub about 2½ feet in diameter that overhung the Owasco outlet, and about a mile below the island. These birds were finally shot or driven away. Wood ducks always bred each year along Blind Sodus Creek, flowing into Blind Sodus Bay, Lake Ontario, near North Fair Haven, and also along Sterling Creek, near the same town, up to about 1885, to my certain knowledge. I often saw the birds with their broods, and knew the species well, and there are many just such places in that part of central and northern central New York that even to-day would be used by the above-named species as breeding grounds if they were given the chance; but the spring shooter seems to be so afraid some one else may get them if he does not that he at least tries to head off the whole affair.

I noted what your correspondent from Long Island says. Well, if he cannot get any fall shooting there, let him move and go to some locality where he can, the same as many another good fellow has who loved sport; but the idea that that locality must have a special game law allowing them to shoot during the spring is preposterous. If the prohibition of spring shooting cuts them off and works good for the sportsmen as a whole, why they should stand it or move out. The law should be based on the facts, the greatest good for the greatest number, and no interference with nature's laws regarding the perpetuation of the species.

The stand you have taken is right. No spring shooting and no market, the time having gone by when a man can expect to make a living by the gun, and by the exercise of a little self-restraint on the part of all of us we will be able to have some little sport in the days to come; otherwise it takes no prophet to predict for the future.

I wish the Jefferson county outfit the greatest success in their fight for the abolishment of spring shooting. Good luck to them! S. F. RATHBUN.

Like Picking Up Money.

In every city, town and village in the United States where there is shooting or fishing or yachting we want agents to canvass for subscriptions for FOREST AND STREAM. Every sportsman is deeply interested in its subjects, and every sportsman is glad to discuss his doings afield and to hear of the adventures of other sportsmen.

Money is to be made by canvassers for FOREST AND STREAM, and those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity we offer should send for premium list and circular.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

At the Wishininne Club.

AT the Wishininne Club to-day, Mr. Graham H. Harris, president of the board of education of this city, was prevailed upon to tell, with becoming modesty, a story of how he killed the mountain lion whose skin adorns his boudoir.

"I do not claim," said Mr. Harris, "to be so much a hunter as I am a fisherman, and I make no boast regarding my personal prowess. All I say is that a man often does things under the impulse of a wish to protect his fellow man, which, under calm deliberation, he would not attempt for himself. In regard to this mountain lion, I did not kill it because I had lost any lion, but simply to save the life of my friend Bill Haskell. I heard a loud shout, and looking up saw Bill come flying down the mountain side, only touching the ground in the high places, while behind him, only semi-occasionally landing upon even the elevated portions of the landscape, there was an enormous mountain lion, upon whose exposed fangs the rays of the rising sun glittered ominously. You will observe that under the circumstances I did not become excited. The lion was gaining on Bill, but I saw that it would not catch him until they got within gunshot. At the distance of a hundred yards, I raised my rifle and drew a close bead upon the heart of the lion as it was sailing midair with its deadly paws extended and about to sink into the quivering flesh of my dear friend Bill Haskell, whose terrified shrieks meantime rent the air. At the report of the rifle the lion fell dead almost at Mr. Haskell's feet. The latter came to me with tears in his eyes and thanked me as his benefactor. I make nothing of this feat and admit that I could not have done it had it not been for the imminent peril of my friend."

It was nearly thirty minutes after this before Bill Haskel himself came in. "Fellows," said he, as he sat down and fastened his napkin with a half-Nelson about his neck, "you ought to see the lion skin that Harris and I bought while we were out West. I will bet any man at this table that it measures over nine feet."

The party looked in silence at Mr. Haskell. There were no tears in his eyes.

"I wish you would wait, Bill," said Mr. Harris, "until after I go away. You are always spoiling a good story."

Wrinkles About Rifles.

I was speaking the other day about sighting of rifles, and believe I had occasion to mention the fact that the low-leafed Winchester Express rear sight, when placed on a .30-40 rifle, brings one's eye so close down to the metal breech that it catches a glimmer which makes it difficult to draw a fine sight. Billy Hofer and I were going to rust the top of the receiver band on our .30-40, but I conceived a better idea. I took the rifle over to Mr. Stannard, the gun repairer of Montgomery Ward & Co., and told him I wanted him to file the top of that breech band off square and then put something on the cut surface so that it would not shine. I thought I was the discoverer of this notion, but Mr. Stannard told me he had done the same thing for others. He took my rifle and screwed it into a big thing that looked like a cook stove, and after turning certain bands and cranks set the thing going. The result was that he planed a little streak off the top of the projecting breech, so that I found I could see into the hindsight with perfect plainness. Then he turned some more cranks and milled the top of the cut just as one does a shotgun rib. Then he took some kind of black stuff and painted the milling and lo! I had a rifle which comes up very nicely, in which the eye hugs the barrel close, but which has no glimmer whatever. It is astonishing how much more confidence this little trick gave me in the gun. I do not know whether the factory likes to put on this Winchester Express sight with the .30-40. The trifling cut made in the breech band did not weaken it in the least, and it is practically a necessity if one uses the Express sight on that arm.

I learned some more things about the .30-40 while talking with Mr. Stannard. He has put on for several gentlemen in Chicago a milled rib, like a shotgun rib, on top of the .30-40 barrel. This makes the gun look better and handle better, and it saves that awkward appearance of the foresight sticking up into the air. Dr. H. A. Frothingham, Mr. Phil Woodford and others have tried this rib, and they say that it adds a hundred per cent. to the quickness of catching sight. They would not have the gun without a rib now for anything.

Now it may not be wise for everybody to hasten to put a rib on his .30-40 unless he has it done by some one who understand the job. Nor should one leave the gun in this way without an entire new sighting. For some mysterious reason, it is said that the rib causes the rifle to shoot just a little lower than it does without it. The .30-40 rib seems to be the coming thing here, but it is just as well to have the gun carefully sighted after the rib is put on.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Protection in Montana.

LODGE POLE, Mont., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to see that we are going to have the game protected out here. A short time ago one of the game wardens arrested two men at Havre for using giant powder in Beaver Creek and killing a lot of trout. I understand that they were sentenced to pay a fine of $100 each and to ninety days in jail.

If the game wardens can only catch a bunch of those Cree half-breeds hunting deer with hounds, and send them over the road for a while, it will soon put a stop to such business.

I see by the papers that the authorities are going to take all the Crees back to Canada and put them over the line, and if they come back after that to imprison them. This will be a good thing, for the Crees kill a great deal of game, as well as many cattle, and the blame for killing both is put on Indians in our State. W. L. A.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Shooting on Spring Island.

NEW YORK,—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having had several hunting trips South the past winter after quail, my experience on Spring Island was so unique and in such strong comparison with the shooting in other parts of the South, that I am tempted to write of it.

I have never hunted in western North Carolina or in Virginia, and, in fact, my quail shooting heretofore in the South has been near the coast, in either North Carolina, some fifteen or twenty miles from New Bern, or in South Carolina around Georgetown, so that I cannot say that all quail shooting in the South is on similar territory to that with which I am familiar, but the country in the vicinities I have mentioned is flat, and one is about half the time traveling over low, wet ground, and is very often compelled to walk a log to cross the branches and flooded places, and the quail almost invariably fly into practically inaccessible thickets.

The branches in eastern North and South Carolina are very heavily grown up with bushes, brambles, briers and stuff that a dog can scarcely penetrate, so that the quail fly into these inaccessible places. And then, although quail are considered plentiful, and on favorable days you can often raise anywhere from ten to perhaps twenty and even at times twenty-five coveys, there will be periods of hours at a time during the day or even almost an entire day, when it seems impossible to find birds. For instance, recently at Georgetown, S. C., I hunted with three magnificent dogs over a country where quail were undoubtedly abundant, and where my companions had often found, at other times, large numbers of coveys. For hours during this day we were unsuccessful, and when we began to find birds along toward night, I was too exhausted from my many miles of tramping to do any satisfactory shooting.

I mention all this in order to draw comparison with Spring Island. As the guest of Colonel Martin, I shot on Spring Island, and have never seen as fine a place for hunting. It is where a woman could shoot with perfect comfort, so dry and clean, no fences and few if any briers.

Without exaggeration you can hunt this island over with slippers on and not get your feet wet. There are no marshy spots and the streams are all narrow and spanned with ease. Then the island has been in such a state of cultivation and so thoroughly cleared up, that impenetrable places along streams such as you find on the mainland, do not exist on Spring Island. Of course, there are bushes and thick places, but none that are not easily penetrated and in which good shooting cannot be done, and when we flushed a covey, instead of flying into a tangled growth where it was hopeless to follow, they would invariably light on high ground, affording the very prettiest kind of shooting. It was a constant marvel to me, the ease with which we found the birds after flushing a covey, and the open, fine shooting they afforded.

As to quantities, I have never seen the like, and I do not believe there is another place in our country that can approach it; just one covey after another in rapid succession. There are certainly vast numbers of quail on this island, and although Colonel Martin said 6,000 birds had been killed this season up to March 1, we were continually shooting into coveys that I could not discover had ever been shot at before. And rabbits were constantly found—more than I have ever seen before in my life. It must be largely owing to the fact that there are no foxes or skunks on the island.

By the way, there is a well-known shooter in South Carolina, whose name, if I should give it to you, many would know and whose scores on quail are wholly beyond my comprehension. He claimed, and was not disputed by those who know him, to have killed fifty-four quail with fifty-six shells. He shoots with a Winchester pump gun, and it is a common occurrence for him to shoot three, four and five quail on a rise, and to kill twenty and twenty-five quail without a miss is nothing for him to comment on. I understand he does not pick his shots, but takes everything as it comes.

Whether or not an outdoor life would ever get my nerves in shape where I could kill as many as eight out of ten I do not know. I would like to have a year of leisure and such life, in order to see what it would do for me. As it is, I shoot at everything in sight, and manage to get my share of the bag, although I never have had the courage to keep account of the shells that I use.

COURTLANDT BABCOCK.

K. W. Y. A. A.

NEW YORK, May 8.—The first meeting of the Ticonderoga Gun Club, motto, K. W. Y. A. A. (Know What You Aim At), organized to prevent the danger incident to hunting in the Adirondacks and to promote kindly and fraternal relations between country and city sportsmen, was held in this city to-day. The following ticket was elected: Ingle Carpenter, President; Edward M. Bliven, First Vice-President; Frank Hooper, Second Vice-President; Peter Flint, Secretary, 150 Nassau street, New York city; George Ketchum, Assistant Secretary; Paris Scott Russell, Treasurer.

Board of Directors to act for the first year: Ingle Carpenter, Peter Flint, George Ketchum, Edward M. Bliven, Paris Scott Russell, Carlos C. Alden, Edmund O. Luthy, Alexander H. Weed, George Farrington, Frank Hooper, W. Bradford Smith, Cass Pease and Sidney M. Rawson.

The club has secured an option on a tract of land situated near the bridge on Eagle Lake, Ticonderoga, containing upward of twenty-five acres, with about one-half mile of water front. The club house to be erected soon will stand upon the old trails to Goose Neck and Bear ponds, and near to the stage and telephone lines from Ticonderoga to Schroon.

The President announced the following committees: By-Laws—Messrs. Alden, Flint and F. H. Russell. Membership—Messrs. Alden, F. H. Russell, Flint, A. R. Weed and Frank Hooper. Site and Club House—Messrs. Luthy, Pease and F. H. Russell. PETER FLINT, Sec'y.

Clara—"I see Cynthia has decorated her room with guns, pistols, swords, and the like." Cora—"Yes; she always has been a great girl for having arms around her."—Yonkers Statesman.

Quail on Toast.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in your issue of this week (copied from the Milwaukee Sentinel), which refers to quail on toast and says that Wisconsin pigeons are commonly served on toast as quail, is amusing and quite suggestive.

Did you ever know an old sportsman who has had the quail of his own shooting slowly broiled over a bed of coals and basted with butter until it was a morsel fit for a king, to munch a piece of pungent brown toast as he ate his bird, and thus neutralize or destroy its delicacy of flavor?

Those of us who shot quail thirty or forty years ago and often broiled our own birds over a bed of hickory coals, never permitted the delicious flavor of our game to be affected by anything, and least of all by brown and perhaps bitter toast.

But some years ago some chef in a hotel or cook in some restaurant invented this dish as a commercial necessity for the reason that quail had become an article of commerce. Many were slaughtered in large quantities at the West and were permitted to freeze and thaw and freeze until when they were put upon the market for sale they were very often stale and practically tasteless, and here came in the fine work of the chef. If he could make quail on toast a fashionable dish he could serve his State birds, and even "Wisconsin pigeons," simply observing the rule that the more stale the bird the more brown must be the toast. X.

Long Island Bay Bird Season.

THE list of bay bird shooting points given in our last issue was inadvertently printed without reference to season, and Long Island points were included as if shooting there was now permissible. The season for bay birds on Long Island will not open until July 1.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sabbath Day on the Beaverkill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have in mind your suggestion that I should give some reminiscences in regard to the Beaverkill, but the days or weeks which I spent on that stream were mostly from 1857 to early in the seventies, and he must have a good memory who can recollect the incidents of the trips he made forty years ago—and yet it is difficult to see how any one could ever forget how he was impressed with the religious sentiments of all those living there, how universally they regarded the Sabbath as a day of absolute rest and as a holy day.

I never knew or heard of a native fishing on the Sabbath; and if any one visiting this stream dared to defy this unwritten law he was waited upon by a committee and ordered to leave and never return.

This was the sentiment on other streams as well. About 1864 a companion of mine, against my earnest protest, fished the Rondout on the Sabbath, and on the next morning he was ordered home and told that if he ever returned he would be mobbed. The anglers who visited the Beaverkill were gentlemen; they recognized the courtesies extended to them under which they were permitted to fish on private property. They appreciated the deep religious sentiment of the inhabitants, and I never knew of an angler who did not, out of respect to this sentiment, regard the Sabbath as a day of rest and quiet whatever his own views may have been, and thus it was that the Sabbaths were in fact the most delightful days spent by those who used to make their home at Murdock's cottage.

Two miles below Murdock's there was a little hamlet consisting principally of a church, an old graveyard, a grocery, blacksmith shop and cobbler's shop. At this point a small stream joined the Beaverkill from the east, with the charming name of Shin Creek, and those who fished this stream with its ragged edges and narrow gorges and came in with sore ankles, have always recognized this name, which was adopted by the Post Office Department as exceedingly appropriate.

The church at this place was built in the forties or early fifties by the joint contribution of several denominations, and when some minister did not happen to be on the stream to take charge of the service, it was usually conducted by a Methodist minister, who preached some six or eight miles elsewhere in the morning, and then afterward walked to Shin Creek to conduct the service there in the afternoon. His yearly stipend for this double service was $200; and yet there are those who claim that these men are in the business only for the money that there is in it.

The anglers in those days esteemed it a privilege as well as a pleasure to contribute from year to year something for the purpose of keeping this church in proper paint and repair, and also to quietly add to the collection taken on every Sabbath day for the benefit of the minister.

But this is really preliminary to what I started out to write.

On the Sabbath day every one attended the services in this little church, rain or shine, often riding ten miles or more from up the stream, for this was the only church between the head of the Beaverkill and a place ten miles below it. It was always full.

There was a person then living in the neighborhood by the name of Hotchkiss, long since gone to his rest, and by common consent he led the music. He always came in his shirt sleeves when the day was warm, and when the hymns were given out he usually stood at the front seat, threw his foot over the back, and after listening to his music fork started the tune, which on almost every Sabbath was either "China" or "Mear" and sometimes both.

I have heard the best church music in this country, but I have never heard anything which seemed to bring every person who joined in these services nearer to the Heavenly Throne of God than these simple services in this little church in which every one joined, many of them with tears in their eyes.

It is hardly necessary to say that the rest of the service was equally fervent and uplifting. The minister who for $200 a year would travel eight or ten miles every Sabbath, winter and summer, conduct two services and visit the sick and bury the dead, in two congregations, was necessarily filled with the spirit of his Master. His sermons may not have been very deep, but he always tried to impress upon his hearers the necessity of a holier and a higher life, and to urge them to follow as their pattern life that of the Master he came to present to them.

And these services and teachings bore rich fruit. The Sabbath was always observed as a day of holiness and rest, and what is more, these services made their visible impress upon the daily lives of all who lived upon this stream. J. S. VAN CLEEF.

The Cabin by the Lake.

ON the outskirts of a small town in Massachusetts, about fifty miles west of Boston, in the basin of the high plateau land, is a lake about one and a half miles in length and about a mile in width, in the middle. The lake is fed entirely by springs, and the water is clear as crystal. The average depth of the lake is 60 feet, but the township being more desirous of a few dollars than a beautiful spot provided wholly by nature sold the water right to a manufacturing company about a dozen miles away. They put in a dam at the foot of the lake and dredged out the bottom so they could draw it as low as they wished. Owing to the dry season the last two years the lake has been kept very low. The lake was surrounded by magnificent groves, mostly chestnut, oak and pine, but these have been cut off to a great extent, and the beauty of the lake is greatly marred.

I am interested in the welfare of this lake, because a friend and myself have a camp there. It is a little cabin 12 feet wide by 20 feet long, made of rough pine boards and sheathed inside and out with ordinary sheathing paper to make it airtight as well as waterproof. On the roof we put first a layer of this sheathing paper, then over that a layer of tar paper. This has proved to be waterproof, and it has stood some severe tests. Every year we go over the roof with a coat of tar to preserve the paper, and in this way it will last for six or seven years. The expense of a camp like this is very small, and the amount of enjoyment derived is beyond expression. We bought second-hand lumber, several pieces 6 by 6 inches, which we used as stringers, laid on a foundation of stones from the shore of the lake. We used 2 by 4s for the flooring timbers and all the rest of the frame work, and then boarded up with the rough boards. One roll of sheathing paper was enough for the whole of the sides and roof and roof of the piazza. Tar paper is only 3 feet wide, so we lapped it over enough to use five strips, each 21 feet long. We covered the paper with sheathing strips—strips about half an inch thick and an inch wide—putting them on within a foot of each other to prevent any possibility of the wind getting under it and stripping it off. The whole camp, all told, not including our time, which we did not value very highly, cost us $9.75—$5 for the lumber and the rest for the sheathing paper, nails and carting of our fixings to the lake.

We take great pride in the location of this camp. It is situated on a rising plot of ground, about 200 feet from the lake, and just north of the middle. It is one of the few spots where a view of the whole lake is obtained. In front of the cabin, about 50 feet toward the lake, is a huge maple, whose spreading branches afford a cool shade the entire day. Many a day have we lain under its branches reading, smoking or rigging some new kind of fishing tackle, not realizing that it was a hot day until some of our friends drove down from town, six miles away, and told us it was one of the hottest days of the season, and that they had come down to spend the day where it was cool.

We have a piazza on the front side of the building fitted with all kinds of rustic contrivances for comfort—chairs with cushions made of gunnysacks stuffed with pine needles and long backs in which one can recline in comfort; settees made of the same material and fitted with head rests at one end. Here we sit on balmy summer evenings, when we do not feel in a mood for fishing, and sing college songs and all the popular airs of the day, much to our own enjoyment, though some of the harmony might not please the ears of a trained musician. Under the cabin we dug a hole about 4 feet square and about the same depth, and stoned up the sides and the bottom, using a sort of clay found in some portions of the lake, which, when dry, is as hard as rock. This is our cellar, and things keep cool and fresh in there in the hottest kind of weather. Water kept in this cellar over night is plenty cool enough for drinking. We have two stone jars, which we keep filled with water all the time, so that we have plenty of cold drinking water.

When the lake is up to its high water mark, the fishing is very good for perch, pickerel and bullheads, but when it is low we have to resort to all kinds of strategy to get what fish we want. We have always managed to get all the fish we wanted for food, however, and to give our friends an occasional fish fry; and what more does one want? I love to tinker around, rigging all sorts of new contrivances to tempt the unwilling fish, and so far have always succeeded.

Last summer the lake had been down very low for two years, and the fishing was exceedingly poor. I was sitting under the big maple one day racking my brain for a scheme to get a mess of bullheads, for when bullheads are tken from a clear lake like this they form a very delicate morsel of food, and are in great demand by the summer boarders. I happened to think of a scheme I had read of somewhere but had never had occasion to try, and I set about testing it immediately. I took a clear glass bottle, filled it half-full of angle worms and corked it up. I then took a boat and went to a place that I had marked as being a good fishing ground for bullheads, and tying a weight to the bottle sank it and anchored it there about 3 feet from the bottom. The second evening, just at dusk, I rowed to the place where the bottle was, and anchoring right over it began to fish, using angle worms for bait. It was barely ten minutes before the sport began, and it was very lively while it lasted.

Between the hours of 7 and 9 I caught ninety-two bullheads that averaged a half-pound each when they were dressed. We have a crate in which we keep the fish alive, and as we want them we dress them and use them. It is a notable thing about this lake we never make two catches in the same place during the same season. So the next time we wanted bullheads I anchored my bottle in a different place, and everywhere I anchored the bottle I had similar success.

Up to last summer perch had been a very certain quantity, but owing to the dryness of the season they were not inclined to take any dead bait, such as worms; so we took the boats and scoured the shore for minnows. We finally found a school, but they were very shy, but

FLYING PELICANS AT TAMPICO.

by feeding them we gradually got them in near enough shore to anchor our boats. We anchored the boats about 10 feet apart and dropped over a big net. At first we had difficulty in getting any over the net, but we noticed that when we pulled up the net they would swarm over the place where the net had been, so we dropped over the big net, letting it down pretty deep; then we dropped over a smaller one, and as soon as a minnow was over it we pulled up. As before, the minnows swarmed over the place where the net had been, and then we pulled up the big net, and had all we could use for a month. Just at sunset I took a light fly-rod and put on an easy playing reel, and picking out some of the smaller minnows went out and anchored my boat in a little nook where the water was very deep. Using a small hook, I baited with a lively minnow and cast about the length of the rod away from the boat, having on a sinker just heavy enough to draw the line under the water. Letting it sink down about 3 feet, I watched the minnow work back and forth. I could see him plainly because the water is so clear. After a while the perch began to come around, but they were pretty shy. Finally one

LEAPING TARPON.

made a grab and started off, and I struck, but no perch! I only lost my bait. The next time I tried a different policy. I gave him plenty of slack line and waited fully thirty seconds before I struck. This time I had him, and with the light fly-rod it was good sport. I caught just an even dozen in the next two hours, and it took from five to ten minutes to land each one. I was not aware a perch was such a gamy fish, and hereafter I shall not fish any other way for them.

When the lake is high the pickerel rise freely to trolling or skipping, but when it is low they will not rise at all. I broke the record for low water in the lake last summer, but I did not get a rise to all the trolling and skipping I did, but resorted to a novel method that I never heard of before. I got the idea from the worms in the bottle. I made five boxes out of fine wire netting, one side only being of wood. Putting about thirty or forty minnows in each, I towed them to the best pickerel ground in the lake and anchored them in a radius of about 25 feet and about 5 feet under the surface of the lake. After they had been there a day or two, I took a rod and some good lively minnows and anchored directly in the center of the boxes. I kept casting contiually on all sides of the boat, putting on a fresh minnow now and then. In about half an hour I was rewarded with a ferocious grab, and how the reel did hum! In just twenty-two minutes I landed a pickerel in the boat that tipped the scales at 4 pounds and 1 ounce. I made many early morning visits to that place and always succeeded in landing one or two good-sized pickerel. The first one was the largest, but the smallest one all but tipped the scales at 2 pounds. I caught a sum total of eleven pickerel about those boxes. We opened them on the back and stuffed them, then sewed them up again and baked them. Talk about your fine meals! why, nothing ever touched one of those baked pickerel eaten under the shade of that spreading maple. I locked those boxes up in our cabin, and no one to this day knows how I caught those fish; but I like to see other people enjoy a mite of sport as well as myself.

Tarpon at Tampico.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am disappointed by the failure of my first paper on tarpon fishing to evoke a discussion and supplementary papers or letters. Surely there are many of your readers who are tarpon fishermen, and who can tell the rest of us about "where to go." Their neglecting to do so is probably due to reluctance to take the trouble of writing, for no one need fear the giving away of some of his private haunts, as might be the case were brook trout or bass fishing the topic under consideration. The supply of tarpon and other game fishes that are found therewith is absolutely inexhaustible, because rod and line cannot make any impression on the countless thousands of such fishes. Again, one's pleasure on a tarpon fishing trip is increased materially by the presence of a number of jolly good fellows sharing the same sport during the day and meeting in the evening to repair tackle, compare experiences, tell stories, etc.

This feature of the sport is one of the principal charms of the town of Tarpon at Aransas Pass, where, under the shelter of the Tarpon Inn, that is kept by the genial Frank Hetfield and his obliging wife, sportsmen from all over the United States, and even occasionally from foreign countries, meet upon an absolutely equal footing on all else than piscatorial skill. The total lack of style that governs at the Tarpon Inn appeals to the heart of every true fisherman. The best of the fishing season is generally the months of May and June, but any time during the four succeeding months is likely to afford good sport.

Since sending you my last communication, I have had another outing at Tampico, this time with my friend, Mr. Marshall Miller, of Mexico City. The weather was not as favorable as on my two previous visits, nevertheless we did fairly well, taking 112 game fish in eleven days, my friend's share being 11 tarpon, 26 jackfish, 1 pike, 1 pargo mulato and 1 chopa in ten days; and mine, 15 tarpon, 44 jackfish, 2 pargos and 1 gar in twelve days.

The total weight of the catch was in the neighborhood of 2,800 pounds, and there was not a single day that either of us failed to catch something.

The longest tarpon was one of mine, measuring 6 feet 4 inches, but Mr. Miller caught a 6-footer that weighed more.

Our best day gave us six tarpon and twenty-three jackfish, all but three being caught in the forenoon, and the weight of the morning's catch reaching fully 1,000 pounds.

I am sending you a few photographs of some of our fish, so that you can reproduce them in your paper, if you so desire.

The large print shows a three hours' catch by Mr. Miller and myself, consisting of three tarpon and six jackfish. In it Mr. Miller is standing on the right and yours truly on the left.

Among the prints you will notice three leaping tarpon and one of flying pelicans. These were taken with an apparatus that I evolved, and which was manufactured by my friend, Dr. Howe, of Mexico City—the gentleman who has caught the largest tarpon up to date. We call the apparatus a "gun-camera," for it consists of an ordinary camera mounted beneath a little wooden gun, so that the axes of both gun and camera are parallel and have a trigger that operates the shutter.

Had either of us known anything about photography, or had the weather been more favorable, we would have had many more views of leaping tarpon. Dr. Howe, who went to Tampico after I left there, has taken a number of snap shots, and has promised to send me prints of same. If they be good ones, and if you care to publish any more, I would be pleased to send them to you.

Mr. Farley, the taxidermist, of Tarpon, Tex. spent part of February and all of March at Tampico to study the fishing grounds and mount some tarpon. He is so pleased with his experience there that he is going back about Nov. 15 to remain until next April.

Some of the gentlemen who were at Tampico last season are going to form in Mexico City a tarpon club, consequently any sportsman who goes to Tampico next winter will be liable to find good company there.

Now in respect to my second paper on tarpon fishing—viz., "Tackle and Outfit"—I would state that, as I am very busy this year on professional work, I may be prevented for some little time from writing it. Moreover, before doing so, I would prefer to wait a little in order to hear from other sportsmen something more concerning "Where to go."

J. A. L. WADDELL.

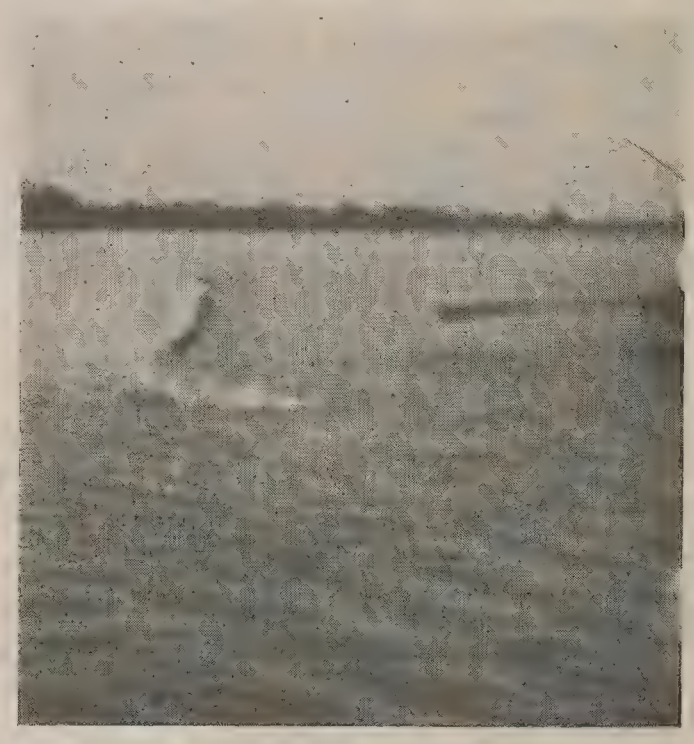
San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Sunday, contest No. 4, held at Stow Lake, May 5. Wind, light; weather, pleasant:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting%
Brooks	88	88.8	82.8	69.4	76	....
Brotherton	110	93.8	90.8	79.2	84.11	....
Dinkelspiel	84	82	86	69.2	77.7	....
Everett	116	93.4	91.4	81.8	86.6	....
Foulks	90	89.4	85	74.2	79.7	....
Golcher	119	88.4	91	79.4	85.1	....
Grant	115	85.4	....	....	....	....
Haight	80	88.8	92.4	69.2	80.9	....
Heller	95	88	80.8	79.2	79.11	....
Huyck	96	90	88	67.6	77.9	....
B Kenniff	93	94.4	87	75.10	81.5	....
R Kenniff	83	88.4	91	67.6	79.3	....
I Kieruff	66	74.8	79	73.4	76.2	....
T Kieruff	73	89	75	74.2	74.7	....
Mansfield	...	95.4	85	81.8	83.4	....
Mocker	90	75.4	91.8	78.4	85	....
Muller	95	94	88.8	82.6	85.7	....
Smyth	...	88	94	83.4	88.8	....
Young	93	92.8	94	82.6	88.3	....
Vogelsang	99	....	....	....	....	....

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, May 13.—The fishing season has begun in good shape at the Rangeley waters. The ice "sprung a march" on the sportsmen, as well as hotel and camp keepers, by going out at least a week earlier than expected. But the telegraph gave the word and the early fishermen are on the grounds. At the Upper Dam there are already more than a dozen of the lovers of the rod and reel. E. E. Suffern, of New York, is there, and his fishing friend, John Watkins, is coming in a day or two. B. G. Ackerman, who has fished with them for so many years, and has a wonderful record of trout, is kept at home by serious illness. Mr. Suffern took a small salmon on



LEAPING TARPON.

Tuesday and a trout of 7 pounds. He is almost always high line. Freeland Howe, another early and veteran fisherman at those waters, has taken several good trout and salmon. He caught one or two on the fly at Mill Brook Wednesday. Mr. W. P. Clark, who has fished at the Upper Dam for so many seasons, caught four trout on the fly at Mill Brook the other day, the united weight of which was 10 pounds. This is remarkably early for fly-fishing. Mr. Clark says that the Parmachenee-belle did the business, and Mr. Howe says that he used a Gray fly, something like the silver-doctor. Other fishermen have taken trout on the fly at that point, among them Mr. W. D. Brackett, who has fished with Mr. Clark for so many years. The fishermen have had a hard time getting to the Middle Dam. Capt. Ed. Coburn's steamer "spread the ways," when sliding her into the water after the ice

THE END.

went out, and it has taken a long time to get her into the water, hence that point has had to be reached by rowboats, or else by one of the private steamers on the lake above. But some good catches of trout have been made by those who have been willing to take a nine-miles' row in an open boat from the Upper Dam. Fishermen at the Upper Dam, Middle Dam and Rapid River below will want to know about the sluicing of the logs this spring, since fishing in some of the pools is impossible when the logs are running. In other pools the sportsmen are claiming that the fishing is better when the water is on and the logs running. The drivers work every minute of daylight, unless during meals and when waiting for booms or rigging. Supt. John A. Larey tells me that there were 22,000,000 feet of logs to go through the sluices in the first place, and that he has got about 3,000,000 feet through at the Upper Dam. It will take sixteen to eighteen days longer to get the logs all through. Then the pools will be unobstructed.

Fishing at Indian Rock, the home of the old Oquossoc Angling Association, is very much obstructed by the big drive of logs, all of which have to pass out of the narrow Kennebago and be boomed at that point. At Haines' Landing the fishing is already good, and sportsmen are assembling in considerable numbers. Salmon are being taken. At Mountain View the fishing season was opened by Mrs. Sawyer, of Boston, who caught a trout of 4 pounds weight off the wharf early this week. At Billy Soule's

Pleasant Island camps the fishing has begun in good earnest. Some new cottages have been built on the main land, reached by a foot bridge. All the regular visitors are booked and many new ones. At Haines' Landing a number of new cottages have been built, and one of the Standard Oil people, from New York, with his friends, is to occupy three or four of them. At Rangeley the salmon fishing began early. Mr. A. H. Proctor, of Salem, with his friends Breed and Northly, have built a cottage on the southeast shore of the lake. Mr. Proctor and Mr. Northly were down a week ago, as soon as the ice was out, to look after their camp arrangements, not thinking of fishing. But finding a rod and line rigged up, Mr. Northly got into a boat for a few minutes before the train started to take them home on Monday. The result was a trout of 3 pounds, the first of the season. Since that time Miss C. T. Crosby has taken several. Other fishermen are arriving, and the register at the Rangeley Lake House will soon be full, if applications are an indication. Let fishermen think of it who went to Rangeley twenty-five years ago, by rail to Farmington, then by stage twenty miles to Phillips. Here stopping over night, they took that terrible stage ride of twenty-six miles over Beech Hill, landing at Greenvale, more dead than alive, at the close of the second day. To-day the journey is made in parlor cars from Boston to Farmington, and then by

A CATCH AT TAMPICO.

the little "two-foot" Narrow Gage to Rangeley. At Rangeley there were hotel accommodations for half a dozen, on a pinch. To-day the Rangeley Lake House, on a beautiful point overlooking the lake, will hold 250 guests. Daily trips to all the other fishing points on the lakes are easily made by steamers. Such is the march of progress, and the fishing interest has done it. In the State of Maine, are the hotel and camp people aware of how much they are indebted to the FOREST AND STREAM, that has been modestly telling about this fishing all these years? Where would the fishing interest be without the newspapers?

There is good fishing at Bemis, foot of Mooselucmaguntic Lake, Me. The fishing is almost always first there, and some very fine strings are being taken. State of Maine fishermen were generally the first on hand, and are getting the cream of the spring catch. Fishing is easy, for it is done right off the steamer wharves, within a few rods of the railway station. Among the earliest catches made last week, Hon. John P. Swasey, of Canton, led off with a trout of 3½ pounds; H. O. Davis, Rumford Falls, trout of 4 pounds; Frank A. Hesiltine, of Phillips, trout of 2½ pounds; Leonard W. Hills, Portland, ten trout largest 3½ pounds; F. H. Richmond, Rumford Falls, several trout, one of 2½ pounds; Joseph Dupill, Mexico, seven trout, largest 3½ pounds. Walter Hinds and a friend from Portland have been at the Birches, where fishing is just commencing to be good. John A. Greenleaf, of Lewiston, and his friend, H. F. Farnum, were coming down the lake on Wednesday with a view to catching the train for home. They had not had much luck at either Upper Dam or Mill Brook, having taken only a trout or two. As things sometimes go on the early trips on these lakes, the fire went out under the steamer's boiler, and they were stopped. To reach the train was not possible, and Mr. Greenleaf, who is a stone contractor and a very busy man, as well as a great lover of the rod and line, was a good deal disgusted. But there was no help for it, and they would be obliged to stay at Bemis over night. Just as the little steamer made a slow landing, they saw sportsmen fishing off the wharf. A man pulled out a trout of 3 pounds. It did not take long to again joint their rods and go at it. Mr. Greenleaf made a catch of ten trout, the largest 4 pounds, and Mr. Farnum did almost as well. The little steamer and the dead fires under her boiler were forgiven.

Calais, Me., reports say that fishing in that section has begun in good earnest. At Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream some very good catches are being made. The wind has blown very hard a good deal of the time, but better fishing has seldom been known, when the sportsmen have been able to get out at all. Good catches are reported as follows: E. P. Boynton, Boston, 17 fish; M. Hartley, Boston, 39; Thomas Lincoln, Jr., Quincy, 14; W. H. Allen, Newtonville, 26; G. H. Brown, Boston, 33; Dr. F. M. Johnson, Boston, 14; Herbert H. White, Cambridge, 14; Charles Lewis, Cambridge, 8; John C. Tailor, Boston, 10. Reports from Sebago speak of poor fishing. Big salmon seem to be plenty in the lake, but the smelts are running, and the salmon are feeding on them, declining any other bait. Lake Auburn reports also say that the fishing is poor, whether by reason of the cold weather and higher water it is not well understood. Salmon seem to be plenty, and the anglers are very likely to have several successful days yet. One salmon of 5 pounds was reported taken there last week, and a few trout. Good fishing is reported at the Bangor salmon pool; the best ever recorded for any one week. The total weight of the catch for the week was over 1,000 pounds, the fish weighing from 14 to 30 pounds. Mrs. William A. Munroe caught two salmon last week, both weighing about 20 pounds each. Both fought savagely, but were finally landed by Mrs. Munroe, who has fished several seasons at the pool. Mrs. Geo. Willey has not had much experience at the pool, but she has succeeded in landing a 25-pound salmon, after a hard fight of over an hour. This is one of the largest fish of the season. From Snow Pond, in Kennebec county, Me., comes the report of a trout being taken weighing a little over 8 pounds, a perfect brook trout. It was 25 inches in length and 13 inches broad. This is the largest fish ever known in that section. Fishing is better at Cobbosseecontee. Dwight L. Higgins captured last week a salmon of 6¾ pounds, the largest salmon of the season at that lake. Fish and Game Commissioner Carleton has been fishing there. He caught eleven trout in four hours, and during the same time other parties took fifteen or twenty. Adjt.-Gen. John T. Richards, another State official, who has been fishing at Cobbosseecontee, has broken the record thus far, capturing three trout, the united weight of which was 11½ pounds.

Plymouth, N. H., reports are of good fishing at Winnisquam Lake, where some good salomn are being taken. On Winnipisaukee, along Saunders' Shore, in the town of Guilford, some good salmon are being taken. One of 8 pounds was reported there last week, to the credit of a Boston fisherman. Henry H. Whitman, Allen H. Moses and H. T. Coyverse, all of Boston, have been fishing and camping in the vicinity of Dorchester, N. H., and have brought home with them about 20 pounds of trout. Fishing continues good at the Weirs, and sportsmen do not go away empty-handed. It is estimated that the weight of the salmon and trout already runs well up into thousands of pounds. The New Hampshire Fish Commissioners are well pleased with the success that salmon are making in the larger lakes and ponds of the State. Reports say that over 500 pounds of trout and salmon have been taken in the vicinity of Alton Bay during the week. Newfound Lake is showing up as well as usual this year, and good, big lakers and some salmon are being caught. H. E. Gero and A. B. Kelley, of Plymouth, and A. L. Richardson, of Boston, landed five salmon last week, the united weight of which was 10 pounds, as well as three trout of 4¼, 4½ and 5 pounds. They fished in the vicinity of Bristol. At Grove Hill Farm there have been registered the past week George F. Richardson, Newton, Mass.; Dr. F. G. Kuhl, Woonsocket, R. I.; J. P. Morse, Boston, and Samuel Way. Each has caught some good fish.

SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Yellow-Hackle for Salmon.

THERE is a large blue envelope, cloth-lined, and bearing on the outside "Forest and Stream Angling Notes," that is always on my desk. It is not always the same envelope, for even cloth-lined envelopes will wear out, and when this occurs the worn one is replaced by another new, but similar one. Into this envelope I put all sorts of things—letters, clippings, memoranda, made in all sorts of places; flies with histories, queries and notes on bits of paper or backs of envelopes to serve as reminders. When there comes an evening that I can sit down at my desk at home, I do some fishing into the interior of the big envelope, and then do the writing that I try to do as often as once a week under the heading "Angling Notes." The contents of the envelope have been growing of late because I have rarely been able to sit down at my own desk at home longer than to contribute to the contents from my pocket memorandum or traveling bag, and have lacked the time to make a draft upon them, so this evening I have first of all been weeding the contents, for angling memoranda will sometimes get stale if not used in its proper season. One item is nearly a year old, judging from the date of the letter containing it, but it is still in season, and I take it first.

Mr. Archibald Mitchell sent me a letter written to him by Mr. J. J. Dodds, and now I quote from it in part: "I was gratified to see in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM an account of your success in salmon fishing this season. Such sport is beyond my reach at present, still I am fisherman enough to feel the blood tingle in my veins in reading Mr. Cheney's account, and can cheerfully congratulate you. In my last letter I believe I mentioned a salmon fly known to me by the name of yellow-hackle, the invention and pet fly of an old salmon fishing acquaintance in the 'North countree.' During the interval I received a letter from him, inclosing one of the original patterns I refer to, and I now inclose it to you. It may interest you, although it is very evident that your own patterns are deadly enough for all purposes. It is not a gaudy fly, but I have seen it do some excellent execution at times when well-known standard patterns drew a blank. My old chum says of the fly: 'I have improved on the old pattern and now add a golden pheasant crest down the center, and also a jungle-cock feather at the cheeks, and find it an advantage.' He did not send me one of his latest dressing, as he had to tie them all on double wires."

To me the peculiarity of this extract is that it is the first time that I have ever heard a fly designed purely for salmon fishing called a hackle, be it yellow or any other color. We have all sorts of hackles for trout fishing and a hackled fly has been considered strictly a trout fly. Having no wings, it is supposed to counterfeit a caterpillar. The novelty of the term hackle applied to a salmon fly caused me to look at several lists of salmon flies—Farlaw's, Forest's and Cummings' among others—and I can find no mention of hackle in connection with dressings for salmon flies, nor does the name appear with either prefix or suffix. Unfortunately, the fly did not come to me with the letter, and so I do not know if its dressing bears out its name, but as a hackle does not have cheeks I assume that it does not, and to call any salmon fly a hackle would seem to me to be an innovation that would not be relished by the salmon fisherman who, perhaps, would not be displeased to admit it to his fly-box as the "yellow charcoal burner" or the "yellow cheesemonger," for a salmon fly is such a pretentious creation that it is not to be described merely as a hackle though it be red, white and blue, with polka dots of lavender and green.

Infant Fish.

Lately I had something to say about killing baby trout, and entered a protest against the practice and tried to show why the little trout are protected by statute. A few years ago I entered a protest against the killing of baby whitefish the size of sardines and selling them in tins the size of sardine tins. It is true that they were advertised as cooked with tomato sauce, and however savory the tomato sauce may have made them, it was no excuse for slaughtering baby fish.

Now I wish to enter another protest, and this time it is against the killing of baby mackerel. Here is the advertisement as I find it in a local paper:

"INFANT MACKEREL, 5 CENTS EACH.

"We were sorry to disappoint many customers last week, but the demand for these fish was way beyond our greatest expectations. We are now prepared to fill all orders. Special price by the barrel."

"Infant mackerel for five cents each"! Just think of the assurance of the advertiser. And by the barrel, too. As I knew the advertiser, I called upon him and expressed my opinion of his advertisement orally and in person, with an adjective thrown in occasionally to be impressive and to fill the gaps when other language or parts of language failed me; and concluded with Frank Daniels' oft-repeated question to the court jester in the "Ameer": "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Monster Fish.

From Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, my brother sends me a photograph of himself standing by his yellowtail, which was, when taken, the record fish with hook and line, weight 44 pounds. This fish has since been exceeded in weight by one of 44½ pounds, if I am correctly informed by members of the family who have recently returned from California, but who are "not given to storing their minds with the precise weights of fishes as if that was the end of all things." This I was also informed as recently as this evening. I never have seen my sisters climbing trees to study birds, although their gowns some-

times indicate that that is the sort of field work they have engaged in, so I only made the retort courteous by saying it was perhaps as dignified to store one's mind with the precise weight of fishes as to crawl through the brush and brambles on hands and knees, risking feminine apparel to see an oven bird do a heel and toe walk.

Having balanced accounts, I proceed with the fish department.

With the photograph mentioned are other photographs of monster fish—the record tuna and its captor, the record black sea bass and its captor and a list of record fish of the Santa Catalina Island Tuna Club. These were printed in FOREST AND STREAM of last week.

The statement there given as to weight of fish, tackle used and the specific name of the fishes will answer several queries that I have received from anglers abroad, particularly in Great Britain. An angler who is not a member of the Tuna Club, competing for the club records or cups, is not of course restricted as to the kind of tackle he must use in fishing at Santa Catalina Island.

Lake George.

The fishing for lake trout in Lake George opened on May 1, and as a returning angler told me, any kind of an angler who puts a baited hook in the water this year bill take fish, and the scores I have heard of confirm this. So far I have not heard of any landlocked salmon being taken from the lake this year, but presume I shall hear of them later.

A. N. CHENEY.

The River Nepigon.

From the Ontario Department of Fisheries Report.

THE River Nepigon, which connects Lakes Nepigon and Superior some sixty miles east of Port Arthur, and which is said to be the headwaters of the St. Lawrence, is our most noted fishing river, and is admitted by those who have whipped its waters to be the finest trout "stream" in America, if not in the world. "Stream," however, conveys a very erroneous and vague idea of the magnitude of the river, unless one were in the habit of so speaking of the great Niagara, for the Nepigon possesses in but a slightly lesser degree the "whirling and tumbling water, and the eddies and currents leaping and charging from side to side in eternal confusion" of that river. Here is the virgin home of the speckled trout, specimens having been taken weighing 5, 7 and even 10 pounds; and here is the angler's paradise. When they are rising well, the fun is fast and furious, for the trout of this region are unequaled for vigor and activity.

No more delightful outing could be imagined, desired or experienced than is afforded by a fortnight spent on the glorious Nepigon. The scenery alone would well repay a visit, not to speak of the angling. In its sinuous windings it recalls the famous Saguenay, and it is a matter of constant wonder what splendor the next turn will reveal. In some places the shores are banked with foliage to the water's edge, while in others bold bluffs rear themselves majestically to dizzy heights, and many islands add charm to the view. Immediately one begins the ascent, he feels that he has been transported to another world. Dull care is left behind, the anxieties of life cease to oppress, the very atmosphere seems to be intoxicating, and he gladly yields to the fascination of his surroundings. After leaving Lake Helen and passing the little Indian village at the mouth of the river, the prospect is unbroken by settlement or habitation, and is one delightful expanse of nature's most exquisite handiwork. Six miles more, and the first camping place—Camp Alexander—is reached, and the initial portage has to be made. Here tents are pitched and preparations begun for spending the night. Some of the guides repair to the forest, and in a few moments return heavily laden with large bundles of fragrant spruce boughs, which they adeptly convert into restful couches. Others have meantime been preparing the evening meal; the call to "wee-sin" is a welcome sound, and soon the camp is lulled to rest by the never ceasing song of the river.

No reliable fishing is to be obtained below Camp Alexander, though the impatient angler has occasionally been rewarded with a rise where a fly has been cast in the eddies along the way. The river falls in its course of twenty miles between Lake Nepigon and Camp Alexander some 300 feet, so that for this distance falls and rapids follow in quick succession, and good fishing is to be had almost anywhere between these points. The guides are either Indians or half-breeds, and, as a rule, are most attentive and trustworthy. To be properly equipped, two guides are required for each canoe, unless one is himself an adept canoe man and has a fondness for hard work, for it requires a strong arm, a skillful hand, an unerring eye and an active brain to safely pilot a craft through these turbulent waters into the coveted haunts. Indeed, as the struggle against the rushing waters becomes fiercer, the muscles and veins of the swarthy guides stand out like cables. The guides are anxious that the tourist should have good fishing, and the rivalry is keen as to which boat shall bring in the largest trout; and when a fish is struck their exclamations of delight are second only to the uproar created by the swift running waters. In places where the current is too strong for paddling, and not angry enough to necissitate a portage, the guides pole the canoe along; and, as inch by inch headway is made, it seems a battle of the weak against the strong, wonder prevails as to which will ultimately triumph, and speculation arises as to what consequence would follow the snapping of the trusted spruce or the capsizing of the canoe. Occasionally such a contingency arises as the snapping of a pole, but the skillful bowman has never yet proved unequal to the emergency.

Near the head of the river is Virgin Falls—a miniature Niagara. At the foot of the falls may at any time be seen, disporting in the foam, hundreds of whitefish and speckled trout; and the former takes the fly as to the "manner born." A few miles below the falls is Lake Nepigon itself, a most beautiful sheet of water, measuring some seventy miles long by fifty wide, with a coast line of about 600 miles. The lake is thickly studded with islands—it is estimated some one thousand in all. The descent of the river is not the least enjoyable part of the trip, and is, of course, accomplished in a much shorter time, as most of the rapids are run in the downward journey. Frequently the canoes of several parties may be seen descending a rapid in quick succession—a most thrilling sight.

The undersigned would most strongly urge the desirability of reserving a strip of land on each side of the river, in addition to the one chain already reserved, that the scenery may be properly protected and preserved for all time in its pristine beauty.

Nepigon Trout.

An experiment which I should like to see tried, and the result of which I would watch with great interest, would be the fertilizing of the eggs of the brook trout in some of the preserves with the milt from the male of the Nepigon. Milt can be retained for days in hermetically sealed jars, and has been sent one thousand miles or more by mail, and on its arrival used to impregnate eggs that afterward yielded over 90 per cent. of fry. If any of our trout culturists would care to make the experiment, the Department will endeavor to have a supply of milt obtained by its officers at the Nepigon. The milt must not be diluted with water, and the eggs should be impregnated within six days from the time it is taken. The result, it is believed, would be a hardy and vigorous offspring.

S. T. BASTADO.

Where the Trout Went.

"FOLLER the course of the brook till you come to the swamp, then turn to the left round the woods an' you'll find the pond on t'other side," said the old farmer, at whose house I was staying through August of a recent year.

After walking about a mile we came to what the boy called "the swamp," but there was no water visible.

"It's mostly overflowed in the spring," said he, "but I s'pose it dries up in summer."

"'Tis very hot, my boy. Why should we go around in the sun when it is shady and cool in the woods, and much nearer, too?"

"Perhaps we couldn't find the way," replied Tom, mindful of his father's instructions.

I decided to go through the woods, so we pressed on through the belt of bushes—alder, gray birch and willow—which appear to bound the inner edge of "the swamp," entering beyond them a more open area of trees. These were of several kinds, like the usual New England forests—white and yellow birch, white maple, beech, but chiefly hemlock—of which there were quite a number of large size.

Sauntering along, we caught glimpses of birds that warbled and chirped among the foliage, and of a few crows that flew cawing over the leafy tree tops, while several squirrels defiantly chattered at us, as they sat peaked up on a low branch or scrambled over the rough bark.

A sharp cry of affright from Tom startled me. When I looked, he lay struggling on the ground. Running to him, I saw that one of his legs had disappeared, and taking my stand on a big hemlock root, I seized him under the arms and drew him up. My thought was that he had stepped heedlessly into the hole of a fox or a skunk and that some animal in there—a fox, a raccoon, or, perhaps, a woodchuck—had set its teeth into his foot, shoe or trousers, and was holding back, or that, in his fall, Tom's leg had been broken or thrown out of joint.

"Is your leg hurt?" I asked, as I lifted him to his feet.

"No; but it's awful wet and cold."

Then I saw that one trousers leg was dripping wet.

"I didn't see any hole at all before," said Tom, staring down into a small visible spot of water. "I guess it's what folks call a 'honey pot,' but they are gener'ly muddy and this isn't."

"There's a little spring down there, I suppose," was my explanation. "You should look before you step."

Just then we heard a swishing in the branches of a beech beside a big hemlock on a knoll a few rods away, and caught a glimpse of a patch of gray fur, which indicated a gray squirrel or a coon. I started quickly in that direction, but had taken only a few steps when one of my feet alighted in a slightly depressed place. It didn't stop at the surface, neither did the other foot, but both instantly went through into what seemed for a moment empty space, but which I perceived a moment later to be a brimming pool of cold water. Then I saw that the surface of the ground near me was sinking and water rising above it.

My fishing rod was still in its stout canvas bag, and as I dropped the rod found a resting place on some stiff roots at either end, and leaning over this I was held from sinking deeper, except as the ground sank with me.

When Tom observed my mishap he laughed, doubtless having in mind my slur on his personal prudence. However, he came skipping along on the high spots and thrust the stout butt of his alder fishing pole under my other arm, for having been in a similar predicament himself, he knew what I needed. He wasn't tall and strong enough to lift me much, yet thus supported I presently drew myself up and sprang to a secure standing place.

The locality we now knew had at least two pools, and the last one was not small, either. The animals in the trees were quite forgotten. The weather was so warm that the wetness of my garments did not make me feel so very uncomfortable, even in the dense shade, but the idea—which had come so near realization—of being immersed in a pool underground had given my nerves quite a stir.

Borrowing Tom's pole, I punched with it in another low place some 15 or 20 feet away. It went easily through about 6 inches of moist earth, mostly matted leaves near the top, and below dark soil that had been leaves, and now bound together by tiny roots of plants, then instantly of its own weight the pole slipped down its whole length, nearly 13 feet.

My resulting feeling was not a pleasant one, and the old farmer's instructions to go round the swamp recurred to me.

I tried several other places all about, some of them 50 yards from my slump, with similar results. The nearer were the trees the deeper was the soil, I found, but I could work the pole through into water anywhere else that I tried.

Suppose I should come to a large area of low level in my course, I could avoid going quite through by only going far around. The feeling this reflection induced was not one of serenity.

Another shout from Tom and I was, of course, startled, but I saw that he was on his feet and bending over, excitedly, pulling up a line, while calling out to me, "I've got something! I've got something!"

"Pull it out!" I shouted back.

"It's so lively and strong that I can't get it in sight," replied Tom, gripping hard the slippery line.

He had dropped his hook into the hole I had made, and it had been taken almost instantly. In a few moments after I reached him he landed a handsome spotted trout over a foot long. Doubtless my heavy and hurried footsteps shook the ground and alarmed the trout, for Tom didn't get another nibble until many minutes after I went away, but he ultimately caught two more there almost as large as the first.

After having seen a genuine trout pulled out of a hole in the ground, I looked about and soon found a natural opening about the size of the broad brim of my Panama hat where I could see the water, which appeared to have a slight movement. I could not find a good support near it, and therefore put three sections of my rod together, baiting the hook with the whole of a small angleworm. Before the hook had time to sink 2 feet in the water I felt the characteristic bite of a large trout. After a lively contest, lasting several minutes, I pulled out a speckled beauty, which weighed 3 pounds.

Probably a great number might have been caught, but half a dozen—only two of which weighed less than a pound each—seemed an ample quantity for one day.

The existence of this underground lake is accounted for in this way: A large area here had once been an open pond additional to the one at present visible. Probably there were within it several slightly alkaline springs, which tended to the formation of a mossy scum, and whose flow also aided in keeping the water courses underground open in dry times, through which the waters of the open ground found passage to the brook, up whose course we had mainly followed. The mossy scum caught the falling dust and the leaves blown over the pond by the autumn winds, and the leaves became wet and matted upon the moss, when that in its turn overgrew these. The process went on year after year, and seeds blown from the shores or dropped by flying birds, germinated in this soft soil, grew up as plants and bushes, caught more leaves and dust, until at last trees grew all over the surface where had formerly been only water. Year by year these bushes and trees grew larger and heavier, and small areas which their roots had penetrated were pressed lower into the water, and the scum and dirt stuck about their roots and more leaves gathered above them. There were boulders, small and large, in the pond too, upon and about which islands formed, and, finally, the water was all hidden and over it grew a forest of trees, large and small, according to the depth of soil their roots found.

Tom and I failed to reach the pond for which we had started, but we carried home 10 pounds of prime trout, caught in holes in the ground under the hemlocks, and we had solved the mystery of where the trout went in hot weather, when they could not be found in the pond.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

60

A press dispatch from Caribou, Me., April 30, 1901, reports: "Six years ago Aaron H. Leonard went into the woods from his home in Washburn on a hunting expedition and never returned. Last week gunners came across the skeleton of a man in the woods but a short distance outside of Washburn village, which is undoubtedly that of Leonard. A rifle and other hunting utensils serve to identify the remains, but there is no indication of foul play, and it is believed that Leonard lost his way and died of starvation."

61

And here is the story of a fisherman whose fishing was the means of restoring a long lost daughter. In the summer of 1898 Robert Damren, of Oakland, Me., found his daughter, Alice Maude, who had been taken from his home by a woman of Norridgewock during his absence and the illness of his wife in 1876. All efforts to find the girl failed. Her discovery was due to the chance remark of a companion of Damren on a fishing trip, and the daughter was found in Portland, where she was known as Alice Maude Wormwell, the last name being that of the second husband of the woman who took the girl away.

62

A Greek fisherman fishing in the little Bay of Livadostowo (a village in the innermost northeast corner of the Gulf of Corinth, close to where the ancient Creusis is supposed to have stood) has brought to light the fragments of a bronze figure a little over half life size. From an inscription on the basis it appears that the statue represented Poseidon. The bearded head is the portion best preserved, and it is reported to be closely analogous to the bearded bronze head found in the Acropolis; if this be correct it belongs to the sixth century B. C. Unfortunately, the rest of the statue—i. e., the nude standing body of the god—is so fragmentary and so much corroded that it is doubtful if even the most careful cleaning and piecing can make much of it.

Sidney D. Smith, a civil engineer and surveyor of Bellmore, L. I., nearly lost his life Sunday while on his way home from a duck-shooting expedition. His boat was filled by the waves that were raised by the high wind and he was forced to jump overboard. He held on to his craft and after a desperate struggle managed to push it, with the aid of the wind and tide, several miles to Whale Neck Point, near Merrick.

On the way he had to throw overboard his decoy ducks, a dozen or more sheldrake that he had shot, and everything else in the boat. While still in the water and holding on to the boat he managed to divest himself of his heavier clothing. After landing he had to walk two miles against a cold wind in order to reach his home. —New York World, April 16.

The Kennel.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

My Dogs.—III.

AFTER parting with Prince I lived a dogless life for several long years, except for an occasional uncongenial companionship with my eldest brother's mongrel descendants of Juno.

At length, one fall, an old friend of my other brother came with his hound to stay with us for a few days of fox hunting. We had an unbroken week of that brief, delightful season known as Indian summer, when heaven descended upon the earth, making its mountains the Delectable, its fields and woods fit though transient realms of bliss.

In that memorable week I got my first taste of fox hunting in our New England fashion and at once conceived a great fondness for the sport. I have taken up the cudgel more than once in these columns in its defense against the charges that it is unsportsmanlike and unmanly and have no intention of doing so now. It is the privilege of those who wish to risk breaking their necks in riding after the hounds for the pleasure of seeing an overmatched and helpless animal torn to pieces, as it is ours to hunt the fox in a way which seems to us quite as fair, if not so dangerous and cruel, though as for the latter element, it cannot be denied that it enters largely into all field sports, which, like war, are a survival of our original savagery.

Our friend Clark was a pleasant companion as well as a skillful hunter, and his little dog, Drive, was exceedingly wise in the cunning ways of foxes. To my mind he was an ideal hound for our fox hunting, in size not much above a beagle, but with the low-set long ears, the pendent flews, the high, peaked head, the corrugated brow and other characteristics of the old Southern hound, with a voice as bell like, if not as deep toned, the sweetest music I had ever heard, it seemed to me when it first fell upon my ears.

We hunted the hills and the lowlands, started a fox every day, yet to our humiliation we got not one, though on his own ground in Addison and thereabout. Clark was a very successful hunter, not unfrequently killing twenty foxes in a season. But here he was off his beat and my brother and I knew as little as he did of the runways, nor had the experience which should have taught him to guess them, so none of us happened to be in the right place at the right time except in one instance.

That was in the Slang woods, where Drive had been running a fox for an hour, in a great circle toward which I gradually edged my way with my heart in my throat and my gun at a ready and so came at last to a little open space among the hemlocks where a pile of forgotten rails lay aslant upon a log that looked no older than they, with the weathering and moss and lichens of many years upon them.

The music of the hound drifted nearer and my heart rose higher and choked more with every increasing wave of melody which was borne to my ears, at last, an occasional crash of underbrush, then a nearer patter of light footfalls on the dry leaves, and then the gray pile of rails burst into a tawny glow of bloom at the top as the fox sprang lightly upon it. My eye caught every feature of the brief apparition; the jet black ears and legs, the cunning, plotting visage, the magnificent white-tipped brush—all these I saw in the instant of aiming, and believe I saw my sight fairly against his side just behind the shoulder. Then, through a veil of powder smoke, I saw him vanish behind the rails, whither I ran, sure of finding him there. But, alas! he had disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed him or as if he had faded into viewless air more entirely than the smoke of my gun. My poor heart no longer choked me, but sickened me with the void of sinking quite out of me.

Drive came in to the report of the gun, eager for the small yet satisfying reward of his well-performed feat, but there was no dead fox there for him to mouth and sniff, and after a questioning look that found its answer in my chapfallen visage, he began circling for the lost trail. I was still searching for one consoling drop of blood or tuft of fur, when Clark and my brother came to me, both nobly forbearing blame or derision, the first even offering an excuse for my failure in the small size of my shot. It was very kind of him, for no doubt he suspected a case of ague, which I believe occurs as often in fox hunting as in deer hunting.

Forty years ago the axe swept away the ancient forest, and the plow and harrow have smoothed its rough floor to a level meadow, but as often as I think of it I see as distinctly as then the patch of frost-browned ferns amid the old hemlocks, the lichened pile of rails, the brief vision of the fox on its top, and I feel again the sickening humiliation of that abortive shot.

The ill success of that October week was as nothing to the joy and excitement of it, which determined me to own a hound and be a fox hunter.

One morning I set off over the hills in quest of a young hound that I heard was for sale by a family of fox hunters whose dogs were of good repute. After a nine-mile tramp, I came to the house of the hunters, where a few of the neighbors were assembling with their oxen for a drawing bee. Its object was the removal of a small tenement, characterized by the patriach of the family as a "damned Free Soil house," in as mild reprobation of the last tenant's politics as the veteran of ninety years could bestow. His tough old body, erect and agile, seemed unscathed by time and he was the liveliest of the company, cracking his rough jokes in a continuous volley while the decanter of old Medford rum was passed in the ancient hospitable custom against which not even prohibition could here avail.

"Marv," he shouted to a burly neighbor, "ye look ju' like a cussed ol' elephant, only ye forgot to fetch yer trunk."

Making my business known, I was shown the hound, a bitch under a year old, of bright and graceful form handsomely marked with blue mottling, black saddle, tan legs and eye patches, but lacking in length of ears, and heavy flews which indicate a musical voice, though the young men of the family assured me that she possessed this quality to a degree that would warrant giving her the name of Kate Hayes, they having given that of Jenny Lind to her sister. She took my inexperienced eye at once, a bargain was speedily struck and I, the happy owner of my first hound, was a mile on my way homeward when the vociferous clamor of the drawing bee arose behind me, Uncle Till's shrill treble overtopping the "Whoa hush!" "Whoa haw!" of all other voices.

As we journeyed together by crossroads, fields and woodlands and established friendly relations, I held an informal christening and named my new acquisition Diana, and so introduced her to my family, by whom she was received with temperate admiration.

The first snowfall gave her a trail on a fresh fox track, I following it with her and laying her on to it as often as she returned to me after brief sprints of racing speed, apparently guided as much by sight as by scent in which latter sense she seemed deficient. After a good deal of such work, the fox was started. She raced him half a mile and came back to me, and would not follow the track when I laid her on again. She had a harsh, rasping voice and in all respects disappointed me then, as she did ever after, except when she proved herself a good deer hound.

In the following spring she had a litter of nine pups, sired by Joe Birkett's old Lond, a very superior hound, keen scented, true as a die, slow in pursuit and of most musical voice. Some of the dog pups which were saved of the litter turned out well.

The next fall Diana ran amuck in a flock of sheep, fortunately our own, several of which she killed and maimed more. In spite of her many faults and this crowning sin, I loved her, for she was fond of me and I could not bear the thought of sentence of death being executed upon her and got it commuted to banishment, whereupon she was transferred to the Adirondack country, where she lived some years, becoming a noted deer hound when hounding deer was considered legitimate sport.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XVII.—The Natural Method.

THE term "natural method" is a misnomer. It is distinctly misleading in its significance.

The vanity and pleasure of the dog are catered to by the trainer from start to finish in the application of this system. The dog's self-interest is thus in a manner the basis of the trainer's lessons and success.

To the dog the lessons are moments of mere delightful play. They are combined with flattery and petting by the trainer, which inflate the dog's body and spirit with pride and delight. His performance being thus dependent on his own pleasure, his advancement in retrieving, as a serious work, or, indeed, whether he advances well or not at all, is exceedingly uncertain. His own whimsical inclination is always the dominant factor. He engages in the lesson with ardor if he feels in a frolicsome mood, or disdainfully ignores it if he feels otherwise. It should be called the amusement system, for such it really is.

It is an important adjunct to the so-called force system, since the same flattery and petting have the same goods effect on the dog when educated by that system, with the additional advantage that he must retrieve whether he is inclined to do so or not. Force properly applied establishes implicit and lasting obedience as a ground work. The amusement system supplements it and further appeals to the dog's self-interest by indulging him in amusement which is pleasurable. Later, when in actual field work, he comprehends the practical application of retrieving, and delights in the material success which it brings.

However, as it is generally considered as being a distinct method, it will be so treated in this work.

The natural method, so called, is not the best method. The "natural" retriever is rarely a finished retriever. Although termed a method it is inherently devoid of method. Under it, instead of governing the dog by method, the whim of the dog governs the trainer. It is crude and uncertain in its principles, since it is founded on the simple acts of the dog when voluntarily carrying the things in play for his own amusement.

The trainer, adopting the idea of amusement from the dog's standard, joins in the dog's frolic and with a liberal bestowal of flattery to inveigle the dog into making a semblance of retrieving, terms such tentative efforts a method.

Briefly, the important faults of the system are that it is entirely inoperative if the dog has no inclination to play; that dogs vary greatly in their capacity for play when compared one with another, and that the same dog at different times varies widely in his moods concerning it; that, though a dog may be inclined to play according to his own liking, he may not be inclined to play according to the liking of his trainer; that, being taught in play, many imperfections will necessarily be incorporated into his manner of retrieving; that he will never engage in it as a serious act entirely subject to the will of his trainer; that aged dogs, not being playful, cannot be taught by it, and that when at any time in his mature years the dog finds the work irksome or laborious to an unpleasant degree, he will quit it for good and all.

The natural retriever is rarely a finished retriever. From the manner of his education he is predisposed to a hard mouth, to rolling the bird in his mouth or dropping and picking it up in a dilatory manner as he fetches it to his handler, and to dropping it on the ground several yards away instead of bringing it neatly to hand as he should.

If punished for any fault concerning it, he is very likely to quit retrieving for good and all. Punishment inflicted under such circumstances is by him understood to be for having the bird in possession at all, instead of for the faulty manner of retrieving it. In most instances, at some period of the natural retriever's life, he ceases to maintain his interest in retrieving and thereupon refuses to further engage in it.

Nearly all puppies have an uncontrollable desire to play. They will romp with each other or with such children as will join them. The lone puppy, left to his own resources, derives great pleasure in fiercely carrying about and tossing an old shoe, or other available object, simulating attack and defense as if it were alive. He is not averse to engaging in play with his master, though the latter in his mature frolics oftentimes is too ponderous and calm as to deportment, and too conservative in his standards of play, to say nothing of his dangerous nature when irritated.

Play is the trait of the dog's character, which the trainer must utilize in schooling him to be a retriever. In its application there is no fixed nor arbitrary rule. The trainer's tactfulness and the puppy's playfulness are the factors.

No serious punishment is permissible. Anything which stops the puppy from playing stops the education at the same time. Disapproval may be shown when the puppy endeavors to rend or mouth the object to be retrieved, to the end that he may be checked more or less in his destructive tendency, but in that respect disapproval by word and manner is about as far as the trainer may safely venture.

By gradual and protracted stages the fun of the puppy is more or less imperfectly developed into the act of retrieving. An infinite degree of patience, persistency and good temper is essential in training the dog to retrieve after this method.

A palatable morsel, given to the dog when he has retrieved the object thrown out by the trainer, is a gratifying profit to him, and therefore an appeal to his self-interest. However, when the edge is gone from his appetite, and therewith his self-interest is dormant for the time being, he is likely to be indifferent to the wishes of his trainer.

Before beginning the lessons, it is better to have the puppy's interest by engaging in play with him at numerous times during the preceding weeks, so that all his association of ideas are anticipatory of amusement. Also, it is best to prohibit entirely all efforts to amuse him on the part of others. Thus the puppy from habit looks to his trainer and depends entirely upon him for his moments of pleasure; in fact, if no one else amuses him, he is ignorant of the fact that amusement exists apart from association with his trainer, and success will be accordingly as the latter can bring himself down or up to the dog's standard of amusement.

A ball, pad or old glove makes a fairly good object on which to practice the dog in retrieving. It is better to wash them frequently when used, as, from beslavering and rolling on the ground, they quickly become soiled and offensive. An object with iron nails in it so that the dog cannot bite it is best, but, unfortunately, such object the dog refuses to hold in his mouth. Iron, when against the dog's teeth, is specially repugnant to him.

In the first lessons the trainer permits the dog to exercise his own pleasure. He is building up an interest in the sport which later is to become a business. When the dog is habituated to play, he teasingly waves the object to and fro before the dog's eyes in a challenge for him to seize it. This the dog is keen to accept. While he is endeavoring to seize it, it is thrown alluringly out a few yards away, and he eagerly scrambles after it, grasps it in his mouth and struts about spiritedly in the pride of possession. If the trainer endeavors to get it, the puppy by pantomime banters him to get possession if he can do so, and by wily devices evades him as much as possible when he comes too near.

At length by craft and intimidation the trainer again gets possession of the object and throws it out as before. And thus the play proceeds, lesson by lesson, till from habit and deference to mild authority the puppy obeys the order to "fetch," which is always uttered when the object is thrown out, so that this command is associated with the act of fetching.

The erratic faultiness which the puppy will display from the beginning should be corrected as positively and as soon as possible, consistently with holding his interest and effort. For instance, when he retrieves the object and the trainer is endeavoring to take it from him, he will hold it tightly in his mouth; if the trainer pulls on it forcefully he holds it the tighter, all of which has a tendency to make him hard-mouthed. If the trainer holds him by the collar with the right hand and grasps the object with his left, he can with the collar hold the dog in place so that he cannot exert any force on the object. Then he with his foot pinches the toes of the puppy while holding him kindly but firmly in place, at the same time uttering the command, "Give." In a few lessons he will associate this command with a pain in his toes, and the act of opening his mouth and releasing the object he will associate with the avoidance of the pain; thereupon he will open his mouth to release the object when he hears the command. Thus, "Fetch" denotes that he is to retrieve the object, and "Give" denotes that he is to release it when he has brought it to hand.

The results of this "method" are much as they happen to be. The lessons are continued through weeks and months, from the time the puppy is three or four months old till he matures. With age he becomes less frivolous. Month by month he is less playful because it is the natural evolutionary development from youth to maturity.

Many repetitions of the retrieving act become habitual, and what he at first did by way of amusement he may at last do by way of habitual deference to the trainer who dominates him; to a habit of life; to a desire to win approbation; to a material self-interest in the way of food rewards, or to all combined.

After the puppy has reached a stage of advancement in which he will fetch the object with some degree of regularity and certainty, the trainer should direct his efforts toward schooling the puppy to carry the object without mouthing it. If he acquires a hard mouth, shown by closing tightly on the object or chewing it, there is no certainty that the fault ever can be cured. In actual retrieving a hard-mouthed retriever is worse than none at all. He mutilates and destroys more birds than his services are worth.

To enforce steadiness it is better to make the lessons pertaining to it quite distinct from the other retrieving lessons. The trainer ties a rope three or four feet long to the puppy's collar so that he can control him easily, and, placing the object in his mouth, he forces him to hold it without biting it.

If the puppy is particularly predisposed to bite it, the

object may be prepared with nails in it as mentioned under the head of the force system. The object thus protected is placed in the puppy's mouth, and he is forced to keep it therein whether he is pleased to do so or not, but all is done with kindness and firm deliberation.

The lessons should be conducted without frightening him. If he ejects the object from his mouth, it should quickly be returned and by quiet coercion he should be forced to retain it.

He is next required to carry it steadily in his mouth while the trainer leads him about. These lessons are persisted in day after day till the puppy will carry the object without mouthing it.

When teaching him to carry steadily, the order "Steady" may be uttered every time he attempts to roll or chew the object, coincidentally with a jerk on the collar to force him to desist, and in time he will learn that the order signifies that he is to avoid working his jaws upon the object he is retrieving.

There will be some unpleasant features to the puppy in these lessons, but if he is treated kindly as to manner, though firmly as to practice, he will not remember them long, and, being in separate lessons, he will not associate them with the main theme of retrieving.

As before intimated, the length of time required to teach retrieving by the natural method is from puppyhood to maturity. A few families of dogs, intelligent, deferential and vain by nature, take kindly to retrieving. However, when taught by the natural method, they rarely make a finished performance, and display all their peculiar selfish idiosyncrasies in their work.

After the puppy displays some steadiness and finish in retrieving the pad, or whatever other object is used, the wing or tail feathers of a comman barnyard chicken may be tied to it, so that he will be accustomed to grasping them with his mouth. Although no dog hesitates to grasp them when they are on a bird which he himself has captured, many dogs manifest a persistent repugnance to them when they are attached to an object to be retrieved. So great is their dislike for them that the trainer may find it necessary to place the feathery object in the puppy's mouth and force him to carry it about, lesson after lesson, till by familiarity his repugnance is worn out. He is further schooled in fetching the feathered object till he will do so reliably.

California Coursing.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Visiting Union Coursing Park last Saturday, through the courtesy of Mr. R. L. Taylor, an old friend of FOREST AND STREAM, I made the acquaintance of Mr. John H. Halton, the managing director of the park. Mr. Halton went around with us—that is to say, we went around with Mr. Halton, who showed us the equipment of the grounds and gave us much information about the management of the sport, the principal dogs, and about coursing in general as it is conducted out West.

The open stake match, with 128 dogs entered, was in progress. We went to the slips, where we talked with Mr. John Grace, the noted judge of coursing, and with James Grace, the unrivaled slipper. Both of them are very pleasant gentlemen, and we watched with much interest from a near point of view the excellent work of both men through many courses. I wanted to know something about the hares and gathered some information.

The hares are notably well managed here. The supply comes mainly from Fresno and Tulare counties, where they are captured by being driven into inclosures and thence into crates or boxes, in which they are brought to the grounds. They are not touched by a hand until after they are killed by the dog. They are pastured at the park in the main field, which is about fifty acres in extent, until they are needed. They are then driven through a series of yards and separating pens, and finally into a chute from which they are run into small closed boxes separately.

These boxes, with a single hare in each, are numbered and are awarded by lot, one to each brace of dogs. This process gives no chance for favoritism to be shown or imagined. Some hares are naturally in better condition for a strong run than others, but their allotment being made by chance, luck is an element that cannot be eliminated. Thus if an indifferent hare is loosed to a brace of dogs not closely matched in endurance, the weaker and quicker dog may win as against the stronger one, while a hardy hare and a long run will favor the dog with the most strength and endurance.

The hares are most unequal in condition in the spring months, and then the condition of the field is bad for them. When the grass is thrifty and thick the hares cannot run as fast nor maneuver as well as later in the season when the grass becomes thinner and dry. All of these things, together with the chances of the hare swerving so as to favor a particular dog, are considered by the patrons of the sport, and are of course themes for a great deal of discussion and speculation.

Before each course the dogs are taken to scales prepared for the purpose and carefully weighed. Their weight is marked opposite their names on the bulletin announcing the event, which gives their friends and fanciers hints as to their condition. They are then led across the field, in front of the spectators' pavilion, to the slipper's stand.

The hare is let out of his box and driven through a passage in the pen to the open field where the mounted judge and his aids are stationed on either side, and as soon as the hare appears they spur forward with him to direct his course as nearly as possible to the center of the field. The slipper, with the hounds in leash, allows the hare a start of from 60 to 100 yards. The hounds, on sighting the hare, strain and lunge in their excitement until the slipper, following them as they bound forward, for a dozen paces, slips the leash and they are off. It might appear a simple matter to unleash the dogs, but attentively observed it can be seen that it is a thing requiring much experience and ability. It is quite as difficult to find an expert slipper as to find a competent judge. Both positions are peculiarly arduous, requiring clear heads, good judgment, great activity and endurance. The Union Park management is notably fortunate in having men with the talent and experience of the Grace brothers.

The arrangement of the kennels and yards is excellent. Several hundred dogs can be accommodated in the main house. The stalls are roomy, well ventilated and secure from the intrusion of possible meddlers. They are regularly fumigated, thoroughly clean, and every precaution is taken to prevent accident or disease.

As an instance of—whatever you like—I confess to having bet on the races. After having made the tour of the grounds and buildings a friend and myself reached the pool boxes. The wise were betting 10 to 1 on Mollie R. against Lovina. To be sociable with the crowd I bet a dollar for my friend and another for myself, just as the dogs were slipped. Mollie was greatly surprised, the rabbit annihilated, and the talent was dismayed. I drew down $21.60, while I tried to look as though it was an ordinary matter-of-course with me, and pose as though I had every reason for my confidence in Lovina. After that I bet several times with less perspicacity. If I had stayed longer I might have paid all the money back to some intelligent people around there.

The result of the events for May 4 and 5 were as follows: E. Geary's dog, Palo Alto, won the 128 dog open stake, with D. J. Healey's dog Sisquoc the runner-up. The first sapling stake by Wild Eclipse, and the second sapling stake by Tame Tralee, both dogs owned by P. Hogan.

Among the favorite imported dogs here is Fiery Face, a sister of Fearless Footsteps, who twice won the Waterloo stake at Liverpool. RANSACKER.

Canoeing.

Notice.

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'Mid Reef and Rapid.—X.

BY F. R. WEBB.

SHE did not go very far, however, for a big rock—wagon loads of which usually fringe these fish dams all the way across, rendering the shoots more or less troublesome and hazardous—caught the bilge of my boat, just as the water overflowed my decks and reachd the top of the cockpit coaming—a quarter of an inch more and I would have been swamped—giving me time to throw my weight against the upper side of the canoe and straighten her up. The bottom slid up over the rock and the stern let go, and she careened until the up-stream side was awash, drifting around down stream meanwhile. By a dexterous shift of position I threw my weight on the down-stream side in time to again straighten her up and avert a capsize. The bow let go, and she went drifting and bumping sidewise down the swift, rocky piece of water below, her keel catching on every rock, and tilting her over, and keeping me throwing myself back and forth from one side to the other to preserve her equilibrium, until still water was reached and I found myself safe and in position to enjoy the joke, which the other fellows had all along been enjoying hugely as they lay to a short distance below to observe my progress, all the while freely tendering me advice and counsel, more or less sensible and appropriate, according to the taste and capacity of the advisor and counsellor.

I joined the Colonel, whose canoe had slid gently up on a large flat reef while he was engaged in advising me, and who was making vigorous efforts to shove her off without resorting to the expedient of lightening her of his 200lbs. odd avoirdupois. There is so much of the Colonel that he dislikes exceedingly to get up when he is comfortably seated in his canoe, and he will prod and push and shove with his paddle in the effort to push his boat off the rocks, and do more work and take more trouble twice over than it would be to pick himself up and step overboard and lift his boat off in the first place, which he generally has to do anyhow in the end.

His efforts in this instance resulted in failure, as usual, and together we paddled to the landing place at the Three Springs camping ground, whither the other two had preceded us, his long legs spread out like a pair of compasses, and his wet, dripping feet spread out on each side of the canoe, and hanging over the gunwales, in which attitude he presented an appearance that could not properly be termed graceful, and in a short time the canoes were carried up on the bank, unloaded of their freight and in position for the night, with their beds made up and tents erected, after which George and the Colonel proceeded to go a-fishing, wading around in the river and picking their way from reef to reef, the ledges being so numerous that, although the water is quite deep here, they were enabled to work their way over pretty much the entire river front without getting in above their waists, casting their flies in likely spots as they worked. Lacy and I, meantime, settled ourselves comfortably alongside our respective canoes to attend to our correspondence.

Lacy, by the way, seemed to have a deal of correspondence on his hands on this cruise, for at every camp he was observed to get out his writing materials and settle down to write a letter. He appeared to be a very dutiful son, for when questioned by George from time to time as to the destination of all this correspondence, his reply was always that he was writing to his mother.

"Commodore, our annual canoe cruises are like our annual Greenbrier trips in one respect," said the Colonel a couple of hours later, as we were doing ample justice to an elegant fish supper—the result of their evening's work.

"In what way?" asked George. "Lacy, you may hand me a biscuit, if you will."

"Well," replied the Colonel, as he helped himself to his third half-pound bass, "we've been over the trip so often and are getting acquainted with the river so that we know where the best camping places are, and generally make pretty much the same camps, like we do on the Greenbrier road. Thanks, Commodore, you may give me another cup of coffee, and some more potatoes, too, while you're resting. I tell you there's nothing like fish right out of the water and in to the frying-pan," he continued. "We never get fish at home in such perfection as we do on the Shenandoah or the Greenbrier."

"That's so," replied Lacy. "I'll take some more provender, too, Commodore, while you're about it," passing up his plate for the third installment; "another cup of coffee, too, please. Thanks; that'll do."

"I tell you an early camp's a great thing," said the Colonel, as he leaned back on his stool and filled his pipe, while Lacy and George gathered up the supper utensils and carried them down to the water's edge, where they were scoured bright and clean with sand and water before being returned to the camp, to undergo the still further cleansing properties of soap and hot water.

The average canoeist—the average man, in fact, be he canoeist or otherwise—is not fond of putting his hands in hot, greasy dish water, and a most excellent substitute for the humble but useful dish cloth is made by cutting a stout, forked twig from the nearest tree, leaving each prong of the fork about an inch long, and around this forked end wrapping a small piece of canvas, securely wrapping and tying it with stout string. Thus equipped the camp scullion can do as quick and serviceable work as with the more orthodox cloth, and it possesses the further advantage of allowing scalding hot water to be used, which simplifies matters, for dish-washing is not a favorite pastime among canoeists.*

"Yes; an early camp is a great thing," I replied, as I returned from my canoe, whither I had gone for a fresh cigar, which I proceeded to light as I seated myself on my camp stool alongside of the Colonel, the better to enjoy seeing George and Lacy clean up. "It's an all-round nuisance to be obliged to make camp and get supper after darkness has set in, poking around by the light of a lantern. There are so many little things to do; so many little details to attend to, that are not only no special trouble in daylight, but are really a part of the little pleasures of camping; but when one has to grope around after night with a lantern to do them, they become so many troublesome little tasks that must be gotten through with in the quickest and best manner possible under the circumstances."

"Yes; and if you lay a thing down you can't find it until morning," said Lacy, as he laid aside his cleaning utensils, and piled the tinware in a bright, shining heap on the mess table, turning a large pan over all to keep off the dew.

"From first to last," said George, as he returned from the spring, whither he had gone to wash his hands in the copious outflow, "this is, I think, perhaps the most beautiful camp ground on the whole river."

It certainly was a beautiful camp ground. A bold, rocky bluff rose from the river 150ft. or so, densely clothed with fine old forest trees. A little level strip of sandy, well-shaded turf between the bluff and the river and elevated some 6 or 8ft. above the water, afforded ample room for the tented canoes, as well as for the dining fly, mess table, camp stove, etc., while a few yards below the camp the water gushed out from the foot of the bluff in a great flood, from not only three but a dozen—a score—of springs, the volume of water discharged being equal to a large creek. Indeed, the water gushed out from fissures more or less large for 100yds. along the river front, and, while wading around among the reefs last summer not far from shore on fishing bent, I discovered a hole in the bottom of the river in a foot or two of water, into which I could have thrust my leg, from which the water boiled up in a fountain, some 6 or 8in. above the surface of the river.

A comfortable farm house stood on the verge of the bluff just above the springs, a flight of rude steps—wood and stone—leading down to a spring house built on the rocks and in the side of the bluff, just above the main flow of the spring. In front the river flowed, broad, swift and deep, rippling over and among the reefs, while the musical brawl of the great spring filled the air with melody. It was an ideal camping spot, and one we never pass, even if we arrive here—as we have more than once done—as early in the day as lunch time.

Twilight began to steal softly around us, throwing a gentle, bluish haze over the landscape and rendering softly indistinct the boles of the trees up the steep slope of the bluff behind us. As the darkness came on apace, the full moon swung into view above the lofty ramparts of the Blue Ridge in front of us, and threw her searchlight-like beams in among the trees, bringing out our tents in curious little patches of lights and shades. The river sparkled brightly in front of us, the bright, shining expanse being lost on the further side in the dense blackness of the shadows cast by the overhanging trees. Light, hazy clouds drifted across overhead, through which the moon seemed to shoot swiftly across the sky, her bright light now and again obscured and the landscape of river, trees and mountains temporarily blotted out.

A little blaze of a camp-fire, around which we sat enjoying our evening pipes, cast its fitful, flickering lights and shades on the objects nearest it, while the more distant, tented canoes outside its little circular range loomed up ghostly and indistinct in the faint glare.

"Looks like rain," the Colonel observed, as he refilled his pipe.

"Yes," replied George, handing the Colonel the lighted match with which he had just lit his own pipe. "From the looks of that bank of clouds piling up from down the river there, I think it will rain soon. In fact, I shall not be surprised if we have a rainy day of it to-morrow. Here comes some one!" as footsteps were heard approaching, and two figures loomed up indistinctly in the fitful, rapidly waning light, bearing a ghostly looking, recumbent burden between them.

"What in the mischief is that?" Lacy exclaimed, as the party approached the camp. Before answer could be made to his query, they had stepped within the little circle of light thrown out by the camp-fire, revealing the familiar figures of our acquaintances of the day, Dr. Tomkins and Mr. Avis, while the ghostly burden between them resolved itself into nothing more ghostly than a big canvas wheat sack, within which they were carrying a noble watermelon—a present from Mrs. Walker.

The melon was placed in the spring while the visitors were made welcome. Mr. Avis proved to be the son of an old friend of the Colonel's, and both gentlemen were well acquainted with friends and acquaintances of ours in Charleston, consequently the hour or so's chat with them

*A dish swab may be bought at any department store or church fair for a nickel, which will be still better.

around our little camp-fire was a pleasant one, and when the rain finally came with an unexpected dash and a little premonitory soughing sweep of the wind through the trees, scattering the embers of our dying camp-fire into a little train of scurrying, whirling sparks, we were all of us taken by surprise, and were quite sorry to see them take their leave with all haste to get back to Walker's ahead of it as much as possible.

"Well, I declare!" said George, as we all made haste to scramble into our respective tents out of the rain. "Not one of us had gumption enough to lend those men a rubber coat apiece. They could easily have brought them back before we got away in the morning."

This statement being unanswerable, no time was lost in commenting upon it. Hastily pulling down the flaps of my tent, I proceeded to make myself comfortable for the rest of the evening, as well as the night. First lighting my little candle-lantern, I hooked it over the coaming outside of the cockpit out of the way, while I proceeded to tightly button the flaps of my tent from the inside and to secure it at the bottom all round to the screw eyes under the gunwales of the canoe, well assured that the waterproof top and sides would perfectly shed the water.

I then arranged the inside of the tent for the night by piling the loose articles—coat, hat, helmet, etc.—scattered around over the blankets, into the open space in the back end of the cockpit. I then procured my book from my clothes bag, shucked off my outer garments, placing them on the little shelf above my feet, in the forward end of the cockpit, formed by the turned-back forward hatch, and crawled in between my blankets, lit a cigar, placed my lamp on the inside of the cockpit close to my eyes, and my arrangements were complete. Snugly housed in my tight, cozy little cabin, I lay and read for a couple of hours undisturbed by the storm, while the rain pattered on my little tent with that curious tearing noise only heard under a canvas roof. The wind soughed gently through the trees with a mournful swish. Occasional gusts would gently rock and sway my tent, but not a drop of water found its way inside.

Tired of reading, I hung my lantern over the outside of the cockpit out of the way and blew out the candle, drew my blankets well up over my shoulders and dropped off to sleep, soothed by the gentle lullaby of the wind through the trees, and the patter, patter of the rain on my roof—most soothing of all sounds to the tired, well-housed canoeist.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—Mahlon D. Currier.

Central Division—Gilbert T. Amsden, Campbell A. Baird, Augustine J. Cunningham, Frederick Morse, Howard C. Morse, Stanley Shepard, all of Rochester, N. Y., and all members of the Irondequoit C. C.

Yachting.

Notice.

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Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

18. Huguenot, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. South Boston, club race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
30. Harlem, annual regatta, City Island, Long Island Sound.
30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
30. Canarsie, opening and parade, Carnarsie, Jamaica Bay.
30. Brooklyn, opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Staten Island, Stapleton, S. I.
30. American, opening, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
30. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Manhasset Bay, second series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, races for raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

JUNE.

1. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
1. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
5. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
8. Canarsie, pennant championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
8. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
8. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
8. Brooklyn, open, Gravesend Bay.
8. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
12. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
15. South Boston, club cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
15. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
15. New York C. C., annual, Gravesend Bay.
15. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, first race, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
15. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
15-17. New York, 90-footers, Newport.
15-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
16. South Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, classes over 18ft., Hull, Boston Harbor.
17. Dorchester, classes 18ft. and under, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, first club championship, Marblehead, Mass.
17. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Brooklyn, annual regatta, Gravesend Bay.
17. Pavonia, annual, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
17 Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18 Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
19. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
20. New York, annual, New York Bay.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
22. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
22. Marine and Field, open, Gravesend Bay.
22. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
22. Manhasset Bay, third series race for Jacob cup, Port Washingington, Long Island Sound.
22. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
22. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, second race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
25. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

2, 4, 6. Newport, Y. R. A., cup defender class, Newport.
2. Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
3. Columbia, City Point, Boston Harbor.
3. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
3-8. Brooklyn C. C., cruise, Gravesend Bay.
4. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
4. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
4. Boston City, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, second club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., first open regatta, Gravesend Bay.
4. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
4. Larchmont, annual regatta and schooner races for Colt cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
4. Pavonia, McInnis cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
4. Canarsie, parade, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, annual, Bay Shore, L. I.
4. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5-11. Atlantic, cruise, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Shinnecock Bay, club, Shinnecock Bay.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
6. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
6. Beverly, convention, Monument Beach.
6. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, third race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
6. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
8. Norwalk, annual, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
8-9-10. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Moriches, club.
13. Corinthian, third club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
13. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
13. Larchmont, open, first day of race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, race for Roosevelt memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
13. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
13-20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15-19.—Interlake meet, Put-in-Bay, O.
17. Beverly, Buzzards Bay.
17. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
18, 20, 23. Newport Y. R. A., special races, Newport.
20. Westhampton C. C., club.
20. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
20. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
20. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fourth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
20. Trial race to select Canada cup defender, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
22. New York, cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
22. Harvard, cruise, rendezvous, Morris Cove, L. I. Sound.
22. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
23. New York, cruise to the eastward.
24. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
24. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
25, 26, 27. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
25-26. Erie, regatta, Erie, Pa.
27. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
27. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
27. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
27. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
27. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Manhasset, fourth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washingington, Long Island Sound.
29. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
29-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30-Aug. 3. Pan-American regatta, Buffalo, N. Y.
30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1-3. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
3. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
3. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
3. Moriches, association regatta.
3 Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3 Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Robert Center memorial cup races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
3 Manhasset Bay, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
3. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
3. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
3-5-7. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
5, 6. Manchester, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
7, 8. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
7. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
9, 10. Annisquam, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Monument Beach.
10. Westhampton C. C., association regatta.
10. Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay.
10. Shelter Island, open.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Marion.
10. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
10 Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
10. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, sixth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
10-15. Chicago, races for the Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12, 13. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washingington, Long Island Sound.
17. Moriches, open.
17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. New York, New York Bay.
17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
17. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20, 22, 24, 27, 29. American cup races, Sandy Hook.
24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
24. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
31 Westhampton C. C., open.
31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach.
2. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
2, 3. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Lynn, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Gravesend Y. R. A., all classes, Gravesend Bay.
2. Norwalk, special, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
2 Sachem's Head, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
2. Pavonia, special, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
2. Canarsie, ladies' day, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2 Chicago, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
3 Shinnecock Bay, open, Shinnecock Bay.
5, 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
12. New York, autumn sweepstakes, New York Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
21 New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

THROUGH the efforts of Mr. W. Butler Duncan Herreshoff traditions were thrown to the winds and the newspaper men and a number of outsiders were admitted to the shop a short time before Constitution was launched. To those who had not seen the boat before she was something of a surprise, for the majority rather expected to see a craft somewhat more extreme than Columbia. This is hardly the case, and as far as general characteristics go in design, there has been practically but one change, and that is the increase of the beam. Difficult as it was to get any definite idea of the boat in the cramped space of the shop, where the reflection from the boat's highly polished bottom and smooth, white topsides was very trying to the eyes, it was soon seen that Herreshoff had departed but little from Columbia's design in the new boat. Constitution's midship section is more like Defender's than Columbia's, and is the best turned and sweetest of the three boats. The depth of the boat at the midship section is practically the same as Columbia's, so in carrying out her ends to have fair buttocks without having them show any reverse curve her overhangs are almost identical with Columbia's, both in contour and distance from the water. The overhangs are very handsome and well-balanced, and the fore and aft sections are extremely fair and well modeled. In Columbia hard places might be seen in the fore and aft sections, but in Constitution she is absolutely fair and well turned viewed from any point. The boat's sheer line is almost identical with Columbia's, which is quite straight, with the freeboard apparently a little higher.

Constitution's increase in beam has also increased her power, but this is not alone due to form, but to the improved method of construction used in the boat and spars, but still giving her great strength in both.

The displacement of the boat is practically the same as is Columbia's, but she will carry about ninety-three tons of lead—a gain of three tons over the older boat. Her great power will admit of her carrying a large sail plan, and as far as can be learned her rig will contain some 14,400 square feet of sail. Constitution's superficial dimensions are as follows: 132ft. 6in. length over all, 89ft. 9in. length on the load waterline, 25ft. 2½in. beam and 19ft. 10in. draft. To sum up, Constitution is a second Columbia, with great power and the same sheer line and draft, with a foot more beam, a lighter constructed hull, and same displacement as Columbia, and more lead, and should easily carry her large rig (1,300ft. more than Columbia) and beat her in any weather, for she is such a moderate boat she should be the best all around performer in the trial fleet.

IT is most disappointing to observe the unpatriotic spirit that exists among the yachtsmen in the East in regard to the success of Independence. With the exception of those men directly interested in the boat, the impression seems to be that she has not a ghost of a chance. After a careful examination of the design and construction of Independence, the writer visited and spent some time going over Constitution, both before and after she was launched, the comparison resulting in favor of the Boston boat. At this time, with one boat the results of years of experience and the other an unknown quantity, it would be, perhaps, presumptuous to make invidious comparisons. Independence's construction is not materially heavier than Constitution's. Her ends are flat and full; they are well designed and she will utilize them at the smallest angles of heel. If the boat can be made to balance properly and her gear to stand the rack, she will undoubtedly make an excellent showing, for there is no question of her ability to carry the rig. Where she will lack the finish of the Bristol boat will be in the details of rigging, both on deck and aloft. The unfortunate delay in finishing the boat will greatly handicap her trial races, for the working out of a boat's men and rig is a most important and necessary feature, and it is to be regretted that she will not be ready for her first trial for at least two weeks after Constitution.

IN a race held between the two Shamrocks on Monday last, at Weymouth, England, Shamrock I. defeated Shamrock II. five minutes and five seconds, over a triangular course about twenty miles in length. The wind blew strong from the east at the start, but lightened up at the finish. It is stated that Shamrock II.'s sails were in very poor shape.

Mr. Vaughan D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass., is building from his own design a cruising cabin launch for a New York yachtsman. She is 33ft. long and 8ft. 6in. beam, and will be driven by a 10-horse-power Globe engine.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 10.—The Regatta Committee of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. has been hard at work since the first of the year, and as a result has presented to the members of the club one of the finest racing schedules that has been offered by any yacht club in New England. The Regatta Committee has gone about its work with an organized plan. Through the experience gained last year, it has been found that the offering of cups has been very beneficial to the racing interests, and this year several will be offered. In the special classes in which the cups will be offered, no time allowance is given, but arrangements have been made to provide handicap classes in which cruising yachts can compete.

Perhaps the most important feature of the plan of the Regatta Committee is the establishment of a permanent class for 18ft. knockabouts that conform to the restrictions of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association. These boats have been described at length in FOREST AND STREAM, and their merits are known to its readers. In this class it is intended to provide a safe and handy boat for afternoon sailing and racing. They are almost as large as the 21-footers, and afford the same possibilities of sport and convenience, but they cost less and are much more easily handled.

Last year this club offered a championship cup in the 25-footers conforming to the restrictions of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and enough was shown to warrant the committee in offering a similar trophy this year. A silver cup and a cash prize of $150 will be awarded the yacht winning the championship of the 25ft. class in the club series of races as scheduled. A second cash prize of $75 will also be awarded on the season's record. The races for this cup and the cash prizes will be open to yachts enrolled in the club and conforming to the restrictions of the class as established by the Yacht Racing Association.

The championship will be awarded on the best percentage for the series secured by a yacht under the following system: 100 per cent. for first place in each race, 65 per cent. for second place, 25 per cent for third place and 15 per cent. for finishing without having secured any of the foregoing places. A yacht's average will be found by dividing her total percentage by the number of races sailed, but a yacht must compete in at least seven races to qualify for the season's championship or the second prize.

Cash prizes of $20, $10 and $5 will be awarded in each club race for first, second and third place, respectively, regardless of any competition for the season's record. The prize of $5 will only be awarded in case of five boats starting. No second prize will be awarded a yacht that has not defeated a competitor. The schedule of races for championship award in this class is June 8, 15, 17 and 22, July 13, 25, 26 and 27, Aug. 3, 17 and Sept. 14.

A silver cup and a cash prize of $50 will be awarded the yacht winning the club championship in the 18ft. class in the club races as scheduled. A second cash prize of $35 will also be awarded for the season's record. The races will be open to yachts enrolled in the club and which conform to the restrictions of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association. The championship will be awarded on the same basis as that for the 25-footers, except that six races must be sailed to qualify.

As an incentive to owners of 18ft. knockabouts, the committee has devised a novel plan to secure the attendance of these boats at all races during the season. This plan will be to offer attendance prizes. These prizes and what will be necessary to obtain them will be announced in the first race circular.

Mr. Alfred Douglas, who owns the 18-footer Oriana, designed and built by Lawley, has presented a valuable silver cup to be competed for by 18-footers as the Regatta Committee may direct. The committee has accordingly offered for competition during the midsummer series of invitation races during July. This is the best possible disposal the committee could have made of the cup, for there are a number of 18-footers which qualify, in Duxbury Bay, and it is likely that most of them will be keen to wrest the cup from the Hull-Massachusetts boats. This, of course, will insure greater attendance at the races.

The Regatta Committee will arrange handicap races for Saturday afternoons throughout the season in one or more classes, as may be deemed best in view of the number and size of the yachts desiring to compete. Cash prizes will be offered for each race and the yachts will sail in cruising trim. The handicaps will be fixed for each race by the committee, and will not be changed for any particular event after once having been announced.

The following schedule of racing events is subject to possible changes, but will be substantially as given. The Yacht Racing Association open race is for Association classes, in which prizes may be offered. This race and the midsummer series of invitation races will count for the club 25-footers in the club championship series:

June 8, Saturday—Opening day, club race for 25-footers, 18-footers and handicap classes.

June 15, Saturday—Club race for 25-footers, 18-footers and handicap classes.

June 17, Monday—Annual open race off Boston Light, under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association.

June 22, Saturday—Club race for 25-footers, 18-footers and handicap classes.

June 29, Saturday—Club race for handicap classes.

July 6, Saturday—Club races for 18-footers and handicap classes.

July 13, Saturday—Club race for 25-footers, 18-footers and handicap classes.

July 20, Saturday—Club race for handicap classes.

July 25, 26 and 27—Midsummer invitation series; the race of July 27 will include a handicap class, open to yachts entered in the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. only.

Aug. 3, Saturday—Club race for 25-footers, 18-footers and handicap classes.

Aug. 10, Saturday—Club race for 18-footers and handicap classes.

Aug. 17, Saturday—Club race for 25-footers, 18-footers and handicap classes.

Aug. 24, Saturday—Gala day and water sports.

Aug. 31, Saturday—Club race for handicap classes.

Sept. 14, Saturday—Club race for 25-footers, 18-footers and handicap classes.

Saturday afternoon the announcement was made at the office of B. B. Crowninshield, the designer of Independence, that the shed in which she is being built at the Atlantic Works would be open Sunday from 2 o'clock until 5 o'clock to the public, and that this would probably be the last day the public would have an opportunity of viewing the yacht before she is launched. Many stories in regard to a secret launching have been given out, and it is only justice to the designer and to those connected with the building of Independence to say that no deliberate intention has been made to defraud the public of witnessing the launch. Mr. Crowninshield is just as consistent in wishing the boat to be under the eyes of the public as he was in the beginning, but it has been deemed absolutely necessary for the safety of the people that the launching should take place privately. There is no opportunity for accommodating a great crowd of people on the dock of the Atlantic Works, and it is feared that if a large number should be admitted, serious results might follow.

For the rest of the week it is likely that very few people outside of the newspaper men will have an opportunity of visiting the yacht. The number of passes that will be given out will be extremely limited. From the fact that closed gates will be the order from now until launching time, it looks as though Independence will take the water during daylight and not at night, as was at first reported. If any specified time has been set for the launching, it has not been given out, and probably will not be, except at short notice.

The members of the crew have been hard at work during the past week polishing up the bronze plating with emery cloth and steel shavings. The plates now present a very good appearance, and will compare with those of Constitution. The deck has been finished with the exception of putting on the canvas. About 80ft. of the steel mast has been completed, and it is expected that the spar will be ready to go on the boat when wanted. Lawley is well along on the hollow wooden spars. The steel sheer strake has been given a coat of lead. The dark color suggests the appearance of the topsides if they should be painted black. Designer Crowninshield stated some time ago that he would like to give her a coat of black, if possible, but from all that can be gathered now the finish coat will be white.

Crowninshield is not confined to Cup defenders by any means. He has a number of orders for yachts from 18ft. to 40ft., and is busy looking after yachts of his design that are now being built throughout New England. This has been a busy season for the Boston designer, and the productions from his board are in the hands of builders of every section.

The Regatta Committee of the Annisquam Y. C. has arranged a preliminary schedule of races for the season. The first open race will be sailed on July 4. On Aug. 9 and 10 there will be a carnival of invitation and Y. R. A. open races. On Labor Day the last open race will be sailed. Club races will be sailed every other Saturday during July and August.

At Lawley's the Sloane 85-footer is having her interior work finished up. The Parsons 46-footer has been launched and the Burgess Y. R. A. 21-footer will be out of the shop this week. The King 35-footer and the Allison 32-footer, both designed by Crowninshield, are being rigged. The Boreland 86ft. steamer will be launched this week. The Wiggin Y. R. A. 21-footer is all planked. The Lowell 25-footer is about completed, and the Herter 35-footer is being finished up inside.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Cruise of the Foam.

(*Concluded from page 293.*)

A SPELL of rainy weather detained the party in Annapolis until Saturady, June 12.

That day, like several which preceded it, began with frequent heavy rain squalls, accompanied by thunder and lightning, but at 6:30 A. M. it began to clear. At 7 it ceased raining and the wind shifted to the south and west.

The skipper was anxious to be off; just as soon as the weather showed signs of improvement and the rain stopped he sent the baggage down to the boat, following himself a few minutes later with Billy. They were soon alongside of the Foam, the tender was hoisted and secured, then, at 7:22 A. M., the anchor was tripped and we left Annapolis, bound for Shelter Island, N. Y.

At half past seven our staunch little craft passed through the draw of the Spa Creek bridge and fifteen minutes later was giving the keeper of the Greenbury's Point bug-light a farewell salute.

We stood to the northward, making fair progress against an ebb tide, the engine working smoothly and well. Off Swan Point the U. S. C. S. steamer Blake caught up with and passed us; we exchanged salutes, also a hearty but distant greeting. This was at 10 o'clock. The breeze was then light from the northwest, the barometer 29.81, the weather generally cloudy and hazy.

As we approached the mouth of the Susquehanna River the wind had a fairer sweep at us, the sea increased and the Foam rolled considerably to a rough quartering sea. This did not last long, however, for Turkey Point (the entrance to the Elk River) bore abeam at 2:26 P. M. and soon afforded a good lee.

A few minutes before four the red light on the end of a projecting point in Back Creek was sighted; the chart shows a bend to the southward in the channel after passing this point. To our cost we found that this bend does not exist, for we went ashore there at full speed, while the true channel continues near the northern shore.

The engine was backed without avail for a few minutes and then stopped, to prevent the condenser pipes from heating unduly. The dinghy was lowered, a line from her made fast to the launch's stern and then, while Ed and Billy pulled their best, the skipper shoved with an oar and rocked the Foam. Finally her stern was slewed into deep water and then, by hauling with the dinghy, backing the engine and aiding with oar and rolling motion, the boat was forced off the mud bank into deep water.

The dinghy came alongside, discharged her crew and was then dropped astern, while the Foam went on her way without further mishap.

Chesapeake City soon hove in sight and at 4:50 our craft was locked into the Delaware & Chesapeake canal. A telegram was sent to the home folks, the tender hoisted and secured; we then started for Delaware City, which place was reached at 7:18.

What with the rains and east winds of the last week and also a high spring tide, it was found that the Delaware River was fully eighteen inches above the canal level. It was, therefore, impossible for us to lock out until the tide had fallen considerably, so the skipper started out to hunt up a supply of naphtha.

Only the day before the sole dealer in the town had filled the tank of a launch returning from Florida waters, so that all we could secure without a long delay was fifty gallons. This we took aboard, also a few stores, and then the skipper, not wishing to be detained in the canal over Sunday, sought the lock-keeper and requested him to let the Foam pass out at 11:30 that night.

In reply this man stated that the Ericsson line steamer would lock through at about half past three the next morning, that he would speak to his relief about it and that we could pass out at that time. "But it will be Sunday morning," said the skipper. "That will be all right," replied the keeper, "and will save a waking up for my relief, and yourselves, also, at 11:30."

The Foam was therefore secured for the night, her crew turning in early.

Sunday, June 13.—The day opened cool and pleasant, partly cloudy. In his anxiety to get away Billy called all hands at 2:30 A. M. In consequence we had to wander around or catch catnaps until 4:10, at which time the steamer put in an appearance. She locked in at 4:20 and completely filled the lock so that even our little dinghy would have lacked room to go through safely with her.

When the steamer had passed through we expected to be locked out, as per agreement. It appeared, however, that either the first lock-keeper had forgotten to mention this arrangement to his relief, or else that his relief was inclined to be disagreeable; for upon our asking him to lock the Foam out he refused point blank, saying it was Sunday.

After a great deal of persuasion from ourselves and from the skipper of a schooner, who had received a similar promise, we finally prevailed upon the man to let us through. Both schooner and Foam were speedily moved into the lock and at 4:55 passed out into the Delaware River on the last of the ebb tide. At 5 A. M. the barometer marked 29.70; the river was smooth; light airs and breezes were blowing from the southwest.

The Foam passed New Castle at 5:56 and Wilmington at 6:35; having now a fair tide, smooth water, and an easy running engine, our boat made fair progress and at two minutes past nine passed the Elbow buoy (No. 44) on Fort Mifflin bar.

This time we met with no practical jokers and at 9:52 passed Broad street, Philadelphia. The strong flood tide hurried us along in fine style and at 1:30 P. M. we reached Bordentown, N. J., where the Foam was made fast outside the lock to await patiently the passing away of the Sunday.

The flood tide, which had been with us from the time we were abreast of Wilmington, continued to run until about 3 P. M., a total of 8½ hours.

Several steamers, some with tows, came up in the course of the afternoon, until finally there was a party of six of us waiting to lock into the canal. Willie and Ed had tried to get a nap, but the noise and bustle of the successive arrivals was too much for them, so finally they went over and had a chat with the crews of the various steamers.

On the Foam were several bats and a base ball; these were put in requisition and the afternoon was soon enlivened by a game of ball that was much more hilarious than scientific, but which furnished harmless amusement for a crowd of men.

The skipper received a visit from a naval officer and from several of this gentleman's friends, who showed much interest in our trip.

Monday, June 14.—At midnight called all hands. Though we had been the first to arrive we were the last to leave, as loaded boats and packets have the right of way, so at 12:45 A. M. we entered the lock in wake of the other steamers.

The Foam passed one steam canal boat in the first reach and all the others in the 13-mile stretch, again resuming the lead and making it a veritable case of "the last shall be first."

The weather was cool, clear and pleasant, while a bright moonlight made it easy for us to see ahead.

At 9:45 A. M. we locked out of the Delaware and Raritan canal; as it was then about the middle of the ebb we came down the Raritan River rapidly and at noon were off Seguine Point, Princess Bay, Staten Island.

Our craft was in the Narrows at 1:45 P. M. The wind was blowing fresh from the northwest and we carried a young flood tide with us; these, in combination with the backwash from the lee shore, produced a heavy, irregular, choppy sea that caused the Foam to bob about and roll heavily all the way from the Narrows up, through the Buttermilk Channel and into East River. Her conduct was so erratic that Billy grew uneasy, left the cabin and sat on the after deck "to keep her stern down," he said.

At 4 P. M. we passed through Hell Gate. There were heavy cloud banks to the southward and eastward, with other evidences that a heavy thunderstorm was then passing over the central part of Long Island. The wind was variable, the barometer steady. At 5 the wind came out from the northeast and it began to clear.

The light on the Stepping Stones bore abeam at 5:06 and at 6 the Foam was on a course east-northeast ½ east for Matinicook Point buoy. Centre Island Point was passed at 7:15 and the Foam stood in Oyster Bay Harbor, where at 8 P. M. she was anchored off the steamboat wharf, in 9ft. at low water.

It did not take long to secure everything for the night, so we turned in at once and slept right through until 6:30 the next morning.

Tuesday, June 15.—The day opened clear, cool and pleasant, but hazy. After carefully sounding around in

the dinghy, at 7 A. M. we got under way and went alongside the wharf; here we procured some needed stores and three barrels of naphtha to fill our tank.

At 9:15 the fasts were cast off and the Foam backed out into deep water. She then stood out of Oyster Bay harbor to the eastward.

The breeze continued light from the westward until well into the afternoon; the barometer was falling slowly, the sky clouding up gradually.

At 12:17 P. M. Old Field Point light bore abeam, distant about one-fourth of a mile.

The wind shifted to the northeast at four, blowing fresh for a few minutes, then more gently; the weather looked threatening while the wind was kicking up an irregular, rough sea.

Shortly after five we had quite a rain squall, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The rain did us a good turn, however, by beating down the sea and before long the wind shifted back again to the westward.

At 5:30 the tide changed to flood. A few minutes later Ed rushed into the pilot house in a great state of excitement, saying to the skipper: "Oh, Mr. C., the pressure has gone up suddenly to 180 pounds and I do not know what to do!" His face showed his apprehension and he evidently did not relish the prospect of a return to the engine room.

Through the open door the skipper caught the regular rhythm of the engine, which assured him that it was turning over at the normal rate, so directing Ed to take the wheel he went aft to take a look at the gauge. Sure enough this was indicating the fullest pressure. It required but a second's examination, however, to make it evident that the engine was all right, but that the gauge-spring was broken.

Closing the naphtha valve, the skipper allowed the engine to run on until it stopped of itself and the fire had burned out. He then removed and tested the gauge, to see that there were no leaks, after which it was replaced and the engine started again, slowly at first, then at full power.

It is true we had no gauge by which to note the pressure, but judging the revolutions by ear alone we ran the rest of the distance to Shelter Island without difficulty or danger.

The advisability of having some personal acquaintance with his engine, its design and construction, even of being able to run it himself, cannot be too strongly impressed upon every owner of a power boat.

The possession of this knowledge has helped the writer on more than one occasion; has kept repair bills from becoming an important item; has made him independent of and has enabled him to detect a tricky engineer, besides contributing much to the comfort and feeling of security of both his family and guests.

At 6:20 P. M. the Foam entered Plum Gut; despite an adverse tide and rough water, caused by the numerous tide-rips, she forced her way through and at 6:45 was standing for Ben's Point, which was passed close to at 7:12.

Then around the bug light on Long Beach Bar went our little craft, on close to the northern point of Shelter Island and finally, at 8 P. M., entered Derring's Harbor.

Ten minutes later she was made fast to a stake in front of our cottage, thus bringing her cruise to a successful ending and giving to ourselves a well-earned rest.

From Annapolis to Great Bed's Light	196.5 miles
Great Bed's Light to Brooklyn Bridge	22.0 miles
Bridge to Oyster Bay	37.5 miles
Oyster Bay to Derring's Harbor	84.0 miles
Total	340.0 miles

W. P. Clason.

Larchmont, N. Y.

Yachting on Buzzard's Bay.

Everything considered, the signs for a most successful yachting season all along Buzzard's Bay were never more favorable than at present. A large number of new boats have been built and the classes will be well filled, and as the boats are nearly well matched, the racing should be very keen.

The Regatta Committee of the Beverly Y. C. has already laid out dates for a number of regattas, the first of which will take place on June 17. The Beverly Y. C. is in a very thriving condition, the membership having increased largely during the past year. The club house at Wing's Neck has been greatly improved, and will be opened at the usual time, everything being in readiness for the season's yachting, which will surpass by far all other efforts in the history of the club.

The Wood's Holl Y. C. is also in a prosperous condition and a successful summer is promised. The racing dates have not yet been made up, but a schedule that will not conflict with any other racing on the bay will soon be given out.

The 18 and 25 footers and the fifth class of catboats were the best filled last season, but this year the fourth class will have numerous entries. Mr. Stewart McLoud's Alison, one of the fastest craft on the bay, which formerly sailed in the third class, has been rebuilt during the past winter and will now sail in the fourth class with Howard, Hod and several new boats as competitors. Huckins, of Onset Bay, who rebuilt Alison, has turned out a boat for Mr. W. O. Taylor, of Boston, who will race her throughout the season. She is 26ft. 6in. over all, 18ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 8in. beam and will draw 14in.; she is a good looking, powerful craft that should be fast. Huckins lost his plant by fire last year, but his new shops are an improvement over the old ones, and are in a more desirable location near the bridge which leads to Point Independence. Ever since the new shops were completed Mr. Huckins has had more work than he could attend to, and he will be busy on new work well into the racing season.

Mr. David Rice, a member of the Beverly Y. C., and who formerly sailed Kalama, has ordered a boat for the 25ft. knockabout class from Phinney, of Monument Beach. She is a powerful boat with long overhangs and should be at her best in a strong breeze. In the racing she will meet May Queen, Amanita, Ulula and several other well-known boats. Phinney is also building from his own design a 15ft. catboat for Mr. Arthur Hunnewell, of Boston; the boat will meet Imp, Laurel and Vif. Mr. W. M. Jameson, of Boston, has ordered from Phinney an 18-footer that is similar to Howard, and her designer expects great things of her. Mr. Walter E. Forbes, of Boston, has also ordered a boat from Phinney that will sail in the 25ft. knockabout class. It is stated that Mr. Robert Emmons will have a new boat this season to race against Quakeress.

Howland & Co., of Monument Beach, are turning out the largest yacht ever built along this shore. The boat was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. DeVer H. Warner, of Bridgeport, Conn. She is 65ft. over all and 40ft. on the waterline. She is a handsome centerboard boat, well built and with excellent accommodation. The boat is intended for cruising, and has a yawl rig; there is about eight tons of outside lead ballast. Howland & Co. are building an 18ft. knockabout for Mr. George H. Wightman, of Hull, and she will be taken around the Cape as soon as she is rigged. Mr. George W. Curtis is having Howland & Co. build from his own design a 15ft. knockabout. Four centerboard catboats are also being built by Howland. They will be raced on Bass River on the Cape.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter II —Materials.

Having got your tools and bench, and a suitable workshop or building shed, the next thing is to get the necessary timber, nails and other materials.

Without going into the question of the exact quantities required for building either of these proposed boats, it will be as well to consider the qualities of the various woods most suitable for the work. These are:

Keel.—English oak or American elm, though pitch pine, mahogany and English elm are all used at times, but are not so good as the first two.

Stem, Knees, Sternpost and Counter Frame.—These should always be natural crooks of English oak grown to shape.

Shelf or Inwale and Bilge Stringers.—American elm, mahogany, pitch pine or Oregon pine.

Bent Timbers.—American elm.

Floor Frames.—English oak crooks, unless they are steel forgings (rectangular or angle bars, well galvanized).

Deck Beams and Carlines.—Oak or Oregon pine.

Transom and Center Case.—Teak or mahogany.

Planking.—Teak, mahogany, American elm, cedar, Kauri pine or American spruce.

Deck.—Cedar, yellow pine or Kauri pine.

Coamings.—American elm, mahogany or teak.

Spars.—Spruce sticks or bamboos.

Oak should be English grown and winter cut, with a fine close grain, as nearly as possible following the required curve. Avoid open-grained, reddish colored oak, and of course see that it is well seasoned and free from sap.

American or Canadian elm should be as white as possible, and with hardly any grain showing, and quite clear of knots and shakes. Avoid dark brownish wood.

Teak is the best and most durable wood for planking and all sorts of deck fittings, such as cabin tops, skylights, etc., as it is less affected by weather than any of the other woods I have named. It should be slightly greenish in color when first cut, with a fairly strongly marked grain. The lighter colored red teak is not quite so heavy, but is not so strong or durable.

The only objection to teak planking is its great weight, which quite bars it from use in racing craft. It can be easily obtained up to 40 and 50ft.

Mahogany.—There are many varieties. Honduras is the best. It should be fairly light in color, and fine clear grained. It stands weather well, is lighter than teak, and at the same time fairly tough, and can be got to 35 and 40ft. long by 2ft. wide.

Cedar is the principal wood in use for planking racing boats, as for its strength and durability it is the lightest wood in the market, and, like mahogany, is very long and wide. It stands the weather better than pine, and is as easy to work as yellow pine.

As a rule, the light-colored cedars are lighter in weight that the dark red, but, though softer and easier to work, they absorb more water and lose their color very soon when varnished.

Pitch pine is very unpleasant wood to work, being full of resin, which clogs the tools very quickly. It is very durable and tough, but rather heavy. Pick it as light-colored and clear-grained as possible.

Oregon Pine.—A similar wood to pitch pine, but lighter both in color and weight, and not so durable. Still it is so much tougher for its weight that it is better for boat work, and can be obtained almost any size.

Kauri Pine.—A very durable wood for decks and planking, but rather heavy and not very tough for its weight compared with mahogany. It is fairly cheap, and very wide, but rather difficult to get in long lengths unless a whole log is bought.

Yellow pine is a very light and soft wood, with little strength, but the wood most frequently used for decks, as it is easy to obtain in long lengths clear of knots and discolorations; it is very white when scrubbed. It should show little or no grain.

American spruce is also a light, soft wood, but, though not so clear of grain, is far tougher than yellow pine, and is more suitable for planking and small spars; it can be got up to 35ft. by 12 to 15in. wide, and comes over in planks as a rule.

Archangel pine or spruce is not so clear as either of the last two, but is good enough for flooring and lining in plain jobs.

Larch is a very tough, strong wood, with a lot of grain and very good for planking, but hard to get in the south of England; it is durable.

Ash is the toughest English wood used in boat building, and is almost equal to American elm, but not quite so supple or durable. It should be white, without any very dark grain.

English elm may be used under water for very heavy keels, deadwoods and bottom planking, but it rots very quickly between wind and water, and is a coarse-grained common wood. The light colored wych elm is the best, but difficult to obtain. Be careful of rotten and sappy patches, which often go half way through a log.

Nails and Screws, Etc.—A good stock of flat-headed copper boat nails will be required, say 10lbs. of 1¼in. by 14-gauge, for planking and deck; 5lbs. 2in. by 12-gauge and 5lbs. 3in. by 12-gauge, for floors and knees; a couple of pounds of 4in. by 12-gauge and 4in. by 10-gauge, for heavy stem and stern fastenings; and 2lbs. of fine¾in. scarph nails; all these nails should have suitable roves or burrs; one gross each of 4in., 2in., 1½in., 1in. and ¾in. brass screws will be handy for the center case and various internal fittings; they should be fairly stout.

Copper rod will be required for bolting the stem and keel, scarph, etc., and should be ⅜in., ¼in. and 3-16in., with suitable rings to clinch it on.

Caulking Cotton.—A dozen balls will be enough to do a boat's planking and deck.

Paint, etc.—A stock of red and white lead, putty and paint, will be wanted; but the paint should not be got till the boat is nearly ready for it; it should be of the best quality, and well strained. A good priming for painting under the scarphs and in joints may be made of equal parts of red and white lead, and boiled linseed oil, as thick as cream.

To estimate the quantities of timber required for either of the two boats, proceed as follows:

Keel, stem and stern frame, etc., get natural crooks to suit the shape of the templates, and of sufficient thickness to give the required siding and moulding. The keel for the No. 1 design is cut out of an American elm plank of the required thickness and bent to the shape shown after it is cut out, so that it is only necessary to get a plank of the required length, breadth and depth. This also applies to the shelf and stringers, which can be bought ready sawn to the right section, and should be about 2ft. longer than the over all length of the boat.

In estimating the amount of planking required, take the number of planks a side, at the midsection, and get a similar number of planks of the wood which has been decided on, each plank being about three times the width of a finished plank. Then, say, you have seven planks a side, you will have seven large planks out of each of which you will be able to cut two finished planks. The rough planking should be 1-16in. or 3-32in. thicker than it is to finish. For the deck it is best to set out the planks on the deck plan, and then estimate the lengths required. The bent timbers must be counted, and the length of the longest taken; then get the requisite number cut to the required size and length. Deck beams are estimated by counting them, and getting sufficient planking of the required thickness to cut them out, allowing for the curve; the wider the plank the less waste, as they cut one out of the other.

[To be continued.]

Good Aluminum at Last.

It is possible that a new era has opened in the use of aluminum—at all events for fittings. "Magnalium" is the name given to an alloy of aluminum and magnesium invented by a continental scientist, and the reports upon it are of the most encouraging nature. It is lighter than pure aluminum, it can be worked and turned like brass or copper and it is stronger than brass. It is stated that it does not oxidize at all, fumes of ammonia and sulphuric acid not damaging it. It can be turned, bored, drilled, milled, filled, ground and polished easily. Tubes working one within the other slide without the slightest fretting. Screws made of it are very strong, with clean-cut threads and durable. The metal is patented and manufactured by the Magnalium Company of Berlin.—Yachtsman, April 14.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

The Manhasset Bay Y. C. held the first of a series of races for the Jacob cup off their club house at Port Washington, Long Island Sound, on Saturday last. The boats started at 3:40 P. M. and sailed over a course fifteen miles in length.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lambkin, Stephen Roach	5 16 20	2 24 20
Arizona, George Cory	5 18 20	2 26 20
Mist, F. W. Aikers	5 20 00	2 28 20
Alice, Andrew Mack	5 22 00	2 30 00
Fire Fly, Guy Standing	5 30 00	2 38 00
Bab, Phillips & Morgan	5 36 10	2 44 10

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The 120ft. steam yacht building at the yard of the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. for Mr. William Phelps Eno, N. Y. Y. C., from designs made by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, will be one of the handsomest and best fitted yachts of her size in this country. Her dimensions will be as follows: 152ft. over all, 120ft. on the waterline, 20ft. beam and will draw 9ft. She will be named Aquilo, the name of Mr. Eno's former boat. The old Aquilo was purchased by Mr. S. M. Jarvis, who changed her name to Priscilla. Aquilo will be schooner rigged and will be fitted with triple expansion engines which are calculated to develop between 650 and 700 horse-power, which is expected to propel her at a speed of 13 knots under natural draft, and 15 knots under forced draft. In the deck house will be the dining room, saloon and pilot house. The boat can be steered from either the bridge or the pilot house. Below decks her accommodations are large and well arranged. Aft is the library; forward of this on the port side are two bath rooms, while on the starboard side opposite are two staterooms. Next forward is the owner's room, running the full width of the boat; this apartment contains a double bed and has a bath room adjoining. Forward of the owner's room is the engine and boiler space. Forward of the engine are four staterooms and baths for guests and the captain's room. Still further forward is the forecastle with ample accommodation for the crew. Aquilo is fitted with every modern improvement in ice making, refrigerating, laundry and electric light machinery. The boat will be completed about July 1, costing about $150,000.

The auxiliary cruising schooner yacht Edris, designed by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey for Mr. Chester W. Chapin, N. Y. Y. C., was launched from Mr. Lewis Nixon's Crescent Shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J., a few days ago; she is intended for use in Florida waters and is 60ft. on the waterline.

Mr. David Barrie, the representative of Sir Thomas Lipton, has chartered the steamer Porto Rico for a tender to the Cup challenger, Shamrock II. She will go into commission on July 1. The Porto Rico belongs to the New York and Porto Rico Steamship Company. She was built at Toledo, O., in 1899. She is a steel vessel, 215ft. long, 32ft. beam and 13ft. 6in. draft.

There is under construction at the yard of Messrs. Townsend & Downey, at Shooter's Island, S. I., an auxiliary pole-masted schooner yacht for Mr. F. L. Sheppard, A. Y. C., from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. She is 52ft. 6in. over all, 34ft. 6in. on the waterline, 12ft. 9in. beam and 3ft. draft. She will have a roomy cockpit and a large cabin with wide transoms. There will be no stateroom. Forward is a roomy galley and forecastle. The interior finish will be of mahogany. Her sail plan is small and her owner will depend largely upon her machinery, which consists of a four-cylinder 25-horse-power gasoline engine.

The following sales have been made through the Frank Bowne Jones Yachting Agency: The schooner Glendover, Malcolm Graham, Jr., owner, bought by George W. Copeland, of the Atlantic Y. C.; the steam yacht Papoose, Thomas B. Homer, owner, sold to J. Arthur Joseph, of New York; the sloop Saunterer, J. Berre King, owner, sold to Thomas H. Smith, N. Y. Y. C.; the sloop Daphne, George W. Copeland, owner, sold to Charles P. Armstrong, of New York; the sloop Irex, Cord A. Meyer, owner, sold to F. L. Rodewald, of New York; the yawl Hoodoo, Thomas H. Smith, owner, sold to E. N. Searles, of New Haven; the knockabout Lucille, Daniel Bacon, owner, sold to Henry H. Landon, S. C. Y. C.; the raceabout Badger, sold by Joshua Crane, Jr., to W. R. Thorsen, of New York; the steam yacht Uvira, Charles J. Canfield, owner, sold to Charles Hayden, Eastern Y. C.

Cary, Smith & Barber have chartered the schooner Indra, John M. Richmond, owner, to Robert McA. Lloyd, of New York.

The twin-screw steam yacht Amabel, J. Campbell Smith, owner, has been sold through the Gas Engine and Power Company to D. A. Loring, who will use the yacht

in the vicinity of Shelter Island. Amabel is now going into commission at Morris Heights.

It was announced that Col. Reginald Norman had sold his sloop Julnar to Mr. Theodore S. King, of Boston, and that Mr. Robert Bacon had sold the 30-footer Veda to Mr. J. Clinch Smith, of New York.

Mr. Chubb will challenge Navahoe in behalf of Vigilant for the Brenton's Reef cup, which the Genesta took away from here and then lost to Britannia, from which Navahoe won it back.

Two new events in the New York Y. C. series are the races for 90-footers, Class G, off Newport, on June 15 and 17, and the Newport series for all classes, in racing trim, off Newport, on July 8, 9 and 10.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 15.—Paris, Ky.—First annual amateur target tournament under auspices of the Blue Grass Gun Club.
May 15-16.—Luverne, Minn.—Tournament of Luverne Gun Club.
May 15-16.—Elgin, Ill.—Tournament of Elgin National Gun Club.
May 15-16.—Zanesville, O.—Spring tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Guthrie, Oklahoma.—Oklahoma Territorial Gun and Sportsmen Club second annual tournament.
May 16-17.—Pekin, Ill.—Twin City Gun Club's tournament.
May 17-19.—Great Falls, Mont.—Eighth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Great Falls Rod and Gun Club, of which Mr. Hugo Nalbach is secretary.
May 20-25.—Springfield, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Charles T. Stickle, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—Greenville, O.—Annual shoot of the Greenville Gun Club. F. C. Brehm, Sec'y.
May 22-23.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Rochester Gun Club.
May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.
May 23-24.—Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Cedar Rapids Gun Club's tournament.
May 24-25.—Wellington, Mass.—Two-day tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; open to all amateur shooters of New England. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.
May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.
May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.
May 28-29.—Wheaton, Minn.—Wheaton Gun Club's target tournament.
May 28-29.—Dubuque, Ia.—Dubuque Gun Club's second amateur tournament.
May 28-30.—Xenia, O.—Xenia Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; magautrap; sweepstakes for amateurs only.
May 30.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day memorial shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.
May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—Memorial Day target tournament of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.
May 30.—Pittston, Pa.—Nitro Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.
May 30.—Dansville, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Dansville Gun Club, on Decoration Day. Norman Tompkins, Sec'y.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.
May 30-31.—Waukegan, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Waukegan Gun Club. S. H. Kennedy, Pres.
June 5-6.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association; valuable prizes. J. Mowell Hawkins, Mgr.
June 5-6.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Wisconsin Trapshooters' League. G. V. Dering, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June 11-12.—Bedford, Ind.—Fifth annual tournament of the Indiana Trapshooters' League. J. B. Stipp, Sec'y.
June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.
June 13-14.—Pensacola, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Company's Amateur tournament, under auspices of the Pensacola Gun Club.
June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.
June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.
June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.
July 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Pan-American Exposition tournament. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.
Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; $1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds, $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.
May 22.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's live-bird shoot; prize a naphtha launch, value $175.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

June 19-21.—Cleveland, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.
July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.
July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

May 21-23.—Henderson, Ky.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Company; two days targets; one day live birds. John H. Mackie, Mgr.
June 4-5.—Bristol, Tenn.—Amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company. Added money. John Parker, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Maryland county shoot for amateurs, to be held on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Baltimore, Md., June 5 and 6, J. Mowell Hawkins, manager, is varied and attractive. To give the State and county shooters the best possible opportunities, members of the Baltimore Shooting Association, the Standard Gun Club, and citizens of Baltimore are barred from some events. There are five target events on the first day for the county amateurs, the fifth being at 50 targets, a three-man team race for the county championship of Maryland. Three handsome gold medals to champions, three handsome silver medals to the second team, three handsome gold scarf pins to the third team, a barrel of targets to the fourth team. Event 5 of the second day is at 100 targets, for the county amateur championship of Maryland, the trophy of which is a beautifully engraved silver cup. There are fifteen prizes in this event, with an additional prize of a bottle of wine to low man. Practice on Tuesday at 1 P. M. Shooting commences each day at 9:30. Four moneys in all sweeps, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Guns, loaned on the grounds. On the first day there are nine target events open to the world, the last and most important of which is the Baltimore handicap, 50 targets, $1 entrance, distance handicap, for the Schiren cup. On the second day there are eleven events, the last of which is for physicians only, 25 targets, 50 cents entrance. The programme also contains interesting mention of the achievements of Baltimore crack shots, a dissertation on the "kicker and knocker," and a page of valuable information to all who contemplate entering in the tournament. For programmes and all pertinent information address Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, P. O. Box 454, Baltimore.

Several members of the New Utrecht Gun Club and friends of Mr. Walter F. Sykes, president of the club, tendered a banquet and reception to Mr. Sykes at Interstate Park on Saturday evening the 11th inst. While the banquet was quite a feature in itself, it was only one item on the evening's programme, the main feature being the presentation of a handsome silver berry bowl to Mr. Sykes, as an earnest and inadequate recognition of what he had done in the way of helping the club to the position it now occupies. All the arrangements were in the hands of Messrs. J. H. Hallock and C. A. Lockwood. At the dinner Mr. Hallock sat at the head of the table, and was supported on his right by Mr. Sykes, and on his left by Mr. Lockwood. Among those who were present were Messrs. J. A. H. Dressel, L. C. Hopkins, Dr. G. W. Pool, Capt. Money, A. A. Hegeman, G. W. Hagadorn, M. R. Weightman, Edward Banks, T. W. Morfey, G. E. Greiff, J. H. Hallock, C. A. Lockwood, etc. In addition to the guest of honor at the banquet in honor of Mr. W. F. Sykes, there was also another guest of the club present, who came from quite a distance, namely, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, who had been busily engaged for two days in rearranging and renumbering the lockers at Interstate Park and generally getting things in order for the G. A. H. at targets, which is scheduled for a date in the month of July.

The Boston Shooting Association announces a two-day tournament on its grounds at Wellington, Mass., May 24 and 25. Ten like events are provided each day, of which eight are at 15 targets and two at 20, with a uniform entrance of $1.25. "Average money each day will be paid to the three high guns shooting entire programme: first, $5; second, $3; third, $2. Events 8, 9 and 10 (50 targets) on Friday will also constitute a two-man team match, open to any two amateurs belonging to the same club. Any number of teams may enter from the same club, but no man to shoot on more than one team; $5 will be paid to winning team, and $3 to second on high gun system. Events 8, 9, and 10 (50 targets) on Saturday will constitute a three-man team match, open to any three amateurs belonging to the same club. Any number of teams may enter from the same club, but no man to shoot on more than one team; $6 will be paid to winning team and $3 to second, on high gun system. Professionals and paid agents may shoot for targets only, and cannot compete for sweeps or average money. Targets included in entrance at 1½ cents each. Money in all events 40, 30, 20 and 10 if twelve or more entries. Shooting on regular programme begins at 10 A. M. each day. Dinner served on grounds."

The programme of the Interstate Association's shooting tournament at Cleveland, O., given for the Cleveland Gun Club, June 19 to 21, may be obtained of Mr. J. L. Decker, 50 Euclid avenue, Cleveland. There are ten target events each day, at 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2. Added money, $300. On the third day there will be a special handicap event, 25 bluerocks, $1 entrance, for a sterling silver cup, valued at $35. This event is open only to the shooters who have shot throughout the entire programme. The grounds will be open for practice on June 18. Four moneys in 15-target events; five in 20-target events; class shooting. Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp each day. To reach the grounds take the Woodland or Euclid avenue line of cars, and transfer to the Wilson avenue cars carrying signs "Through" and get off at Kershay street. Guns and ammunition shipped to the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co. will be delivered at the shooting grounds free of charge. First-class loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. Price of targets at 2 cents each included in all entrances. Lunch will be served on the grounds.

The second contest between teams of New York and New Jersey took place on the grounds of Smith Brothers, Newark, N. J., on Friday of last week. As with the first contest, it was an exceedingly close competition, though New Jersey won by 1 bird. There were eleven men on a side, and each shot at 20 birds. The scores were: New Jersey 181, New York 180. In the first contest, Feb. 27, at Interstate Park, there were fifteen men on a side, each shooting at 25 birds,, and the scores were: New York 303, New Jersey 302. It was heretofore generally supposed that New Jersey could organize a team that would make a New York team look like a man who had missed a train, but the facts so far do not sustain this theory. It is possible that three more races may be arranged, the team winning three out of the five to be the winner Or one more race may determine who is who. The scores in the last race average low, but there was a heavy downpour of rain at the time, and the birds were mixed in quality, the good ones being what are called screamers.

Mr. S. G. Miller, secretary of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "We will hold our all-day shoot Memorial Day, May 30. We extend a cordial welcome to all shooters, and will do our best to make it a pleasant day for them." The programme consists of fifteen 10-target events, $1 entrance, a total of $15, at 150 targets. Distance handicap: Shooters whose average is 60 per cent. or under, 15yds.; 70 per cent. or under, 16yds.; 80 per cent. or under, 17yds.; 85 per cent. or under, 18yds.; 90 per cent. or under, 19yds.; over 90 per cent., 21yds. The amateur breaking the greatest number of targets in events 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 will receive a trapshooter's ammunition case; second, Thurman shooting blouse; third, a Powers cleaning rod. Money divided by Rose system. Targets included in entrance at 1½ cents each. Sweepstakes optional. Loaded shells for sale. Lunch served free. Take Main street cars for Dustin square. C. A. Griggs is the president.

The officers elected at the recent meeting of the New Jersey State Association are: President, George N. Thomas, of Trenton; First Vice-President, Marshal Herrington, Arlington; Second Vice-President, Rowland A. Ellis, Freehold; Third Vice-President, J. I. Wolverton, Trenton; Secretary, C. W. Feigenspan, Newark; Treasurer, I. H. Terrill, Newark; Executive Committee, C. W. Feigenspan, Chairman; W. R. Hobart, Newark; H. H. Stevens, New Brunswick; J. A. Blish, New Brunswick; Legislative Committee, H. H. Stevens, Chairman; L. W. Colquitt, Orange, N. J.; W. M. Davis, Bloomfield; T. Harrison, Freehold; Neaf Apgar, Plainfield; Board of Directors, George N. Thomas, Chairman; C. W. Feigenspan, Isaac H. Terrill, M. Herrington, W. F. Hoey, F. B. Sinnock, Newark, and F. B. Carlough, Rutherford.

Mr. J. B. Stipp, secretary of the Indiana Trapshooters' League, Bedford, Ind., informs us that the fifth annal tournament of the league will be held on June 11 and 12, under the auspices of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. There is a large list of merchandise prizes, most of which are for fifth place in the competition. There are twelve events each day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Competition for the individual championship of the State League is divided between the first and second days. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Programme held open till 10:30 A. M. Magautrap and Sergeant system. Targets 2 cents. Event 9 on the second day is the team race. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The Rochester, N. Y., Gun Club has issued the programme of its annual spring tournament, to be held May 22 and 23. The programme is alike for each day—ten events at 15 and 20 targets; $1.50 and $2 entrance. It announces further information as follows: "Shooting to begin promptly at 10 o'clock each morning. Targets at 1½ cents each, included in entrance. Money divided Rose system. Five per cent. will be deducted from all purses for average money and will be divided at the close of shooting each day, 60 and 40 per cent., among the shooters winning first and second averages. Lunch and loaded shells on the grounds. Experts and manufacturers' agents barred. Committee: A. A. Mosher, H. M. Stewart, F. E. McCord."

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club announces a Memorial Day tournament, May 30, shooting to commence at 9 o'clock. There are fifteen target events on the programme, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, 180 in all, at a total entrance of $14.60. Rose system, ratio 5, 3, 2, 1. Visitors welcome to shoot for price of targets. The programme states that Pap Garnett will serve an old-fashion New England clam chowder. His famous chicken pies and sandwiches will not be forgotten. In this event many clean scores are usually made. To reach the grounds take Schuetzen Park cars. Loaded shells for sale at Club house. Directors: B. W. Claridge, F. J. Potter, Geo. E. Ortseifer. E. L. Isbell, president; John E. Bassett, secretary.

In the New York and New Jersey team shoot, in which twenty-two men—eleven on a side—were engaged, but one contestant succeeded in killing his 20 birds straight. He was, and is, Mr. Wm. Hopkins, of Jamaica, L. I. He has, however, a distinct advantage over all other competitors, inasmuch as he weighs about 250lbs., and therefore can stand firmer on his feet on a stormy day. He also measures about 48in. around the chest, so that when his heart palpatates, there being room in his chest for the flutter, it does not affect his eyesight.

In the event at 7 live birds for a club prize of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Interstate Park last Saturday Mr. "J. H. Jack" won after killing 22 straight, of which 17 were shot in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, his most insistent competitor being Mr. G. W. Hagedorn, who killed 21 in the same event, and of these 13 were killed with one barrel.

Mr. J. J. Fleming, secretary of the Forester Gun Club, Newark, N. J., writes us as follows under date of may 12: "Our club for May 30 will hold an all-day shoot; live birds in the morning, targets in the afternoon. This is our last live-bird shoot till next fall. Optional sweepstakes in all shooting. Handicaps for merchandise events in afternoon."

On the first day of the New Jersey State shoot the E C cup, emblematic of the individual target championship of the State, was won by Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, with a score of 46 out of a possible 50. There were fifteen other contestants, three of whom scored but 1 target less than the winner.

Under date of May 7 we are advised that "the Peters Cartridge Company will hold an amateur tournament at Bristol, Tenn., June 4 and 5. Added money and average trophy. John Parker manager. Address Peters Cartridge Company, or Barker Hardware Company, Bristol, Tenn., for programmes."

At a meeting of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, at Lincoln, last week, it was decided that the next State shoot of the Association should be held at Omaha. Mr. Geo. W. Loomis, of Omaha, was elected president; G. A. Schroeder, of Columbus, vice-president; H. S. McDonald, of Omaha, secretary.

The distance handicap, the only common sense and equitable system whereby to conduct a competition with competitors of different degrees of skill, has the support of Mr. Chris Gottlieb, of Kansas City, who presents some sound suggestions to our readers concerning it in another column.

The Dunellen Gun Club won the three-man team target championship at the New Jersey State shoot, with a score of 82 out of a possible 90. The three-man team championship at live birds was won by the Brunswick Gun Club with a score of 29 out of a possible 30.

Mr. John S. Wright reports that his live-bird shoot for the launch, valued at $175, has most favorable prospects. The conditions are 10 birds, $10, birds extra; seventeen entries to fill. For further particulars address J. S. Wright, 318 Broadway.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., and Mr. Howard Marlin, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., departed from New York on Monday of this week, to participate in the Pennsylvania State shoot.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club announces a holiday shoot for May 30, the sweepstakes of which will be for amateurs only. The new club house is now a feature of the club's grounds. A magautrap is used to throw the targets.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, made a few days' stay in New York prior to a visit to Allentown, Pa., where he undertakes the arduous duty of managing the Pennsylvania State shoot this week.

The American team is due in New York on Saturday, May 25, at 7:40 A. M., and will leave on Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., instead of on Saturday, as previously announced.

Mr. H. H. Stevens won the individual live-bird championship at the New Jersey State shoot last week, killing 37 birds straight, 22 of which were killed in the tie.

BERNARD WATERS.

Indiana Trap Shooters' League.

BEDFORD, Ind., May 9.—Since the programme is out for the annual tournament of the Indiana Trapshooters' League, to be held at this place under the auspices of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club, June 11 and 12, the question is being asked whether the shoot is to be confined to amateurs of Indiana only? I am pleased to say that it is open to all amateurs of all States. We hope to see our friends from neighboring States pay us a visit and enjoy the two days of shooting in one of the greatest stone centers of the world.

J. B. STIPP.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garden City Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Chicago, May 11.—There was a strong phalanx of the Garden City Gun Club to enjoy the competition of that club on the famous Watson Bessemer-lined birds, and there were some good performances, though several birds escaped unpierced. The main event was at 25 live birds, handicap, for a silver loving cup, as follows:

Dr Miller, 2	11*20011*120020111121110212	—19
Alabaster, 1	2221222222222222*22222222*	—24
Young, 4	222201121*01220102002*2020100	—17
Rust, 4	0100110211021010022 1000	
Comley, 1	01121212*1211222101011*021	—20
Levi, 3	22222220112**21*0*0112020w	
Card, 5	211*1011110111111210*01200000w	
Oliphant, 4	2211012221202001212000122 0000w	
Gillis, 2	0210110201210102101 0002*0w	
Willard, 1	2112201122212121122122*212	—24
Kleinman, 1	2221211*1112121122122202 12	—24
Amberg, 1	2222211112222222220011220112	—23
Barto, 2	22222222202012222*2222222222	—24
Odell, 3	01112201**22w	
Roll, 1	022121221122 12*22222222212	—24
Robertson, 5	1211022222000100212010*12w	
Sawyer, 5	1100000002021*1*000100000w	
Steck, 2	12122111022221222112221212	—25
O'Brien, 2	2212221212212 12*12200010122	—22
Goldsmith, 3	2001010000w	
Adams, 2	202122222*122122112112222111	—25
Sturtevant, 2	20002222*020w	
Street, 4	1002020020000121011w	
Shellenberger, 4	0000100001100122200100011w	

Regular monthly handicap shoot, 15 birds, birds added to shoot at:

Dr Miller, 0	11*20011*120020	— 8
Alabaster, 0	222122222222222	—15
Young, 2	222201121*0122010	—12
Rust, 3	0100110211021010022	—10
Comley, 1	01121212*1211222	—14
Levi, 2	22222220112**21*0	—12
Oliphant, 2	22110122212020012	—13
Card, 3	211*1011110111121	—15
Gillis, 0	021011020121010	— 9
Willard, 1	2112201122212121	—15
Kleinman, 1	2221211*11121211	—15
Amberg, 0	2222211112222222	—15
Barto, 1	22222222202012221	—14
Odell, 2	01112201**22w	
Roll, 1	022121221122 12*2	—14
Robertson, 3	1211022222000100 21	—12
Sawyer, 3	1100000002021*1000	— 6
Steck, 1	12122111022221222	—15
O'Brien, 1	2212221212212 12*	—15
Goldsmith, 2	2001010000w	
Adams, 1	202122222*122122	—14
Sturtevant, 1	20002222*020w	
Street, 2	1002020020000121 01	— 8
Shellenberger	0000100001w	

In the shoot-off L. C. Willard won the handicap badge; J. H. Amberg won high average badge.

May 7.—Levi and Oliphant shot a match at 15 birds, as follows:

Levi	220120222222222	—13	Oliphant 2120*200121212 —11

Twenty-five birds:

Oliphant	2*1122121011221122121212 1—23
Street	2121012210202210122210112—20

Practice:

F Gackle	10211112222112122—15

May 10.—Twenty-five-bird match between Levi and Oliphant:

Levi	022201202220222022202*20—17
Oliphant	2112111122*20122*12202210—20

RAVELRIGG.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 11.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second trophy shoot of the target season.

J. S. Boa again won Class A trophy on a score of 20. Dr. Meek and W. A. Jones tied for B medal on 19, while P. McGowan won Class C on 19.

The shooting was extremely difficult, there being a very strong and gusty wind from the rear, which caught the targets and either beat them down or caused their flight to become very erratic. Twenty-three members took part in the contest, notwithstanding the unpleasant day for target shooting:

Second trophy event, 25 targets:

		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Delano	0100111101010001100011101—13		2	15
McDonald	1110011011001111100011000—14		3	17
R Kuss	1111001101101111111110100—18		0	18
A McGowan	0011110010010011001100000—10		2	12
P McGowan	1001110111110111010111111—19		3	22
Dr J W Meek	1111110111110110100111011—19		0	19
J S Boa	1011001110111111111111011—20		0	20
C P Richards	0111010111111101111011100—18		2	20
A D Dorman	1101100011011011111111110—18		0	18
A E Midgley	0111000111111111111000011—17		2	19
W A Jones	0101110111111011111111001—19		1	20
J Pollard	1001100110011100101110010—16		2	15
F G Barnard	1010011011011001111101101—16		2	18
L Thomas	1011011101101011100010101—15		0	15
Sunbardo	1110001011001010101110100—13		0	13
J Wolf	0110111011101000101110011—15		3	18
F Wolff	0010100101101111010011111—14		5	19
Dr Shaw	1101011101101101011111010—17		1	18
Mrs Shaw	0101010000011011100010011—11		4	15
C T Keck	0001000010001000100000110— 6		8	14
R H Trail	0110000011101111100101101—14		4	18
Dr Huff	0010101101101001100110101—13		3	16
A Helman	1011111111000110100110111—17		3	20
Benedict	0000011110	— 4	..	..

No. 1, handicap, at 15 targets:

Kuss, 20	1101110101111111—12
Boa, 20	011011111101000— 9
Dr Shaw, 20	0011001000101111— 7
Delano, 18	1010110001011100— 7
A McGowan, 18	1011011101100000— 9
Dr Meek, 18	w
Richards, 18	0101101011000010— 7
Midgley, 18	0100111111011110—10
Jones, 18	0001111000100010— 6
Pollard, 18	0111101010111111—11
Barnard, 18	1101111011101 10—11
J Wolff, 18	w
Helman, 18	0101110001111100— 8
Dr Shaw, 20	0110110101001111— 9
McDonald, 16	1101101110110 01—10
P McGowan, 16	1101011111001111—11
Dorman, 16	1111100011111111—12
Thomas, 16	0011100011111100— 8
Dr Huff, 16	0110001110001 10— 7
Trail, 16	0011011101100 00— 7
Benedict, 16	1000110000101 00— 5

DR. J. W. MEEK.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., May 11.—The scores of the Chicago Gun Club's shoot to-day are appended. There were thirteen contestants. In the monthly shoot Mr. King won, from the 16yd. mark.

In the weekly shoot Dr. Carson, scratch, was high gun, 23; Walters won second after shooting out the three Bs—Bowles, Balmer and Borroff.

Our friend A. G. Courtney was in town, and came out to see the boys. He did some good work, considering the strong wind that beat the targets down. Come again, Court!

		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Walters	0111010111001010111011101111—17		8	25
Bowles	1111011111011010101111101—19		8	25
King	0011000001100000110011110—10		10	20
Balmer	1101100111011011001011010—15		10	25
R B Mack	1111000111011011100100110—15		2	17
Dr Carson	1111111111111101111111101—23		0	23
Mrs Carson	0101001110111111011111000—16		5	21
Dr Morton	0100101110001000000101100— 9		4	13
Borroff	1111111111011011011101110—21		6	25
Courtney	1110011111101111101111111—21		0	21
Buck	1011101111110110110010010—16		6	22
Mrs Howard	0101010000011000100000010— 7		7	14
Cunningham	1100001111110001100001111—14		0	14

First tie, 10 targets:

		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Walters	1111111111—10		0	10
Bowles	0111011110— 7		3	10
Borroff	1010111100— 6		2	8
Balmer	1011001000— 4		4	8

Second tie:

Walters, 3	0110111110	Bowles, 3	1111100000

No. 7, monthly handicap in rise:

Walters, 16	110111101110111	12
Bowles, 16	111100111110001	—10
King, 16	110111111110111	—13
Balmer, 16	011110111000110	— 9
Mrs Carson, 16	001111111011011	—11
Mrs Howard, 16	101000010111100	— 7
Buck, 16	100011111110101	—10
R B Mack, 18	111000111111010	—10
Dr Morton, 18	111110011110010	—10
Borroff, 18	110101110110111	—11
Dr Carson, 20	101110010110100	— 8
Courtney, 20	111111101111111	—14

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., May 11.—In the shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day there were some excellent scores, the performances of Mr. "J. H. Jack" and Mr. G. W. Hagedorn being sepecially noteworthy. The former killed 27 birds straight. In the event for the club prize at 7 birds Messrs. "Jack" and Hagedorn killed straight, and then shot at 17 in the shoot-off, miss-and-out. The scores:

No. 1:

Capt Money, 28	*112110—5	E D Creamer, 28	1221211—7	
H Fessenden, 29	2222222—7	J Shevlin, 28	220*122—5	
S B Jay, 29	212100w	C A Ramapo, 28	2221113—7	
J H Jack, 29	101220w			

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Fessenden	20	C A Ramapo	11
Creamer	20		

No. 2:

Capt Money, 30	22220—4	E Banks, 29	21102—4
H Fessenden, 29	2222*—4	J P Kay, 28	12222—5
J H Jack, 29	20w	T Riley, 28	21212—5
C A Ramapo, 28	22222—5		

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Banks	220	Ramapo	2*0
J P Kay	0	Fessenden	2*222
J H Jack	22222	Ritchie	11222
Riley	11202	S B Jay	20
Hagedorn	12221		

Seven birds, then miss-and-out, for club prize:

Capt Money, 28	1220211—6	
S B Jay, 29	1111121—7	210
Dr Martin, 29	1121122—7	0
J P Kay, 28	2122212—7	12210
G B Ritchie, 28	2211*20—5	
G W Hagedorn, 28	2222112—7	211112111112122120
J H Jack, 29	1111122—7	2122222222222222
C A Ramapo, 28	1211121—7	1120
F D Creamer, 28	1122111—7	0
M Rogers, 28	2220w	
E Banks, 29	2221112—7	*
G E Grieff, 28	2220w	
S Van Allen, 30	2122020—5	

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, May 8.—Though just the kind of a day all trapshooters should rejoice in having, just ten shooters took part in the second serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club's summer series to-day on their grounds at Wellington. For the first time in four months we were again favored with the presence of Mr. Poor, who is just regaining strength after encountering a very serious accident in his office some time ago. Although as yet not allowed to indulge in it to his heart's content, the chance to try a 16-gauge with no recoil caused the old enthusiastic spirit to bubble out, and nothing would do but to have a try with that gun, which we trust did not bring round any ill effects. In the prize match to-day high gun was G. W., one of the oldest standbys of the club, having shot with us now off and on for about fifteen years. The old-time skill was again shown, as the 22 targets out of the 25 could testify if there had been anything left of them to do so. Next in line is Frank, one of the latest enthusiasts, with 20, standing at 16yds., and it is safe to say that if he persists in keeping up his present gait his 16yd. days will soon be a thing of the past. Lane was third with 19, at 16yds., just getting used to a newly bored gun, and augurs well for shoots to come. Spencer, 18yds., fourth with 17, which will no doubt have to give way to higher scores in the totals. Williams, of 10-gauge fame, fifth, at 16yds., with 15.

Scores follow. All shooting handicap distance; all unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	5p	10	15	5p	10	10	10	10	10	15
Lane, 16	8	7	4	7	8	10	9	6	6	6	5	6	..
Frank, 16	9	10	7	5	9	12	8	10	9	7	10	8	..
G W, 17	7	7	8	5	6	14	8	..	..	6	9	7	..
Williams, 16	8	6	9	6	5	10	5	5	4	..	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	..	6	5	10	5	13
Philbriek, 16	5	7	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H J K, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	7	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Poor, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..

Prize match, 25 unknown targets—15 singles and 5 pairs—thrown from a magautrap:

G. W., 17	1111111101111111	10 11 11 01 11—22
Frank, 16	1111101111111100	11 11 01 11 10—20
Lane, 16	1010111101111100	11 11 11 10 11—19
Spencer, 18	0110111111101111	10 10 10 10 10—17
Williams, 16	1011110110010 11	10 00 10 11 01—15

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 11.—Herewith find scores which the Ossining Gun Club made at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot, May 11. All events at 10 singles, except No. 2, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C Sutton	7	4	8	7	7	5	7	4	..
D Brandreth	4	4	6	8	7	4	8	9	..
C Blandford	8	7	5	6	8	7	7	7	..
N Hyatt	7	..	6	4	9	4	..	..	..
C Barlow	5	..	5	6	7	7	3	7	7
A Rohr	6	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
A Bedell	8	..	7	7	7	9	6	..	..
R Kromer	..	..	2	..	4	2	..	..	..
W Hall	..	..	8	6	7	8	7	8	..
S Macbeth	..	..	2	1	0	1	..	..	..
W Fisher	..	..	..	8	5	4	..	..	..
J Chadeayne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	4

Prize event:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Hyatt	13	6	Barlow	12	7
Hyatt	13	10	Bedell	12	9
Blandford	10	7	Macbeth	14	2
Blandford	10	8	Hall	10	8

C. G. B.

The Cleveland Gun Club Co.

CLEVELAND, O., May 9.—Semi-monthly club shoot at targets:

*Franklin	0011010110011111111111111111111111111111011101—32
Dawson	1111111111111111111111011111011011011001010—32
Roberts	1011111101111011010011111111110110011101 00—28
*Decker	1111011111110011011111111011111111110111—34
Maygo	1111111110101000111011010101011100110111111—28
*Harris	1000111111110111111111111111111111111111111—37
*J I C	1111110111101111011101111111111111111110111—35
Redwing	1110111101111000110100111111111111011111—31
*McMahon	0111111111001111101111111100111100101111—31
*Hogan	0111101011110110111111111110111111111111—34
Smith	1111111111011110110111111111111111111111—37
Tobey	1110110001001011001100101000000001011000—16
Long	1010010100110110110000011111100111000000 1—20

*Indicates point winners. Smith did not compete for points.

As You Look at It.

From the Woodcraft Magazine for April.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they traveled one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way;
"'Tis great," says the Fox, "to make justice our guide!"
"How god-like is mercy!" Grimalkin replied.
While thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger and thirsting for blood,
Rushed forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep—
And seized for his supper an innocent Sheep.
In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat;
"When mutton's at hand," says the Wolf, "I must eat."

Grimalkin's astonished—the Fox stands aghast
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast;
"What a wretch!" cries the Cat; "'tis the vilest of brutes;
Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbags and rotts?"
Says the Fox, "While our oaks gives us acorns so good,
What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"
Well—onward they marched, and they moralized still,
Till they came where some poultry picked chaff by a mill;
Sly Reynard surveyed them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize;

A Mouse, too, that chanced from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.
A Spider that sat in her web on the wall
Perceived the poor victims, and pitied their fall;
She cried, "Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
And ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

A Remarkable Score in an Unusual Match.

ON May 9 Mr. William McDonald, of Staunton, Va., and Mr. D. R. Snow, of Charlottesville, Va., settled the question as to who was the quickest and most accurate handler of the Winchester pump.

This is the only race of the kind ever shot in Virginia, and perhaps in the country.

The conditions of the match were 100 clay birds to each man, thrown from a magautrap, the birds to be thrown as follows: Fifteen pairs, making 30; ten threes, making 30; five fours, making 20, and four fives, making 20; total 100 birds per man. The trap was to be held open, throwing the birds as rapidly as possible. If the first bird out was a whole one, then everything after that was to be accepted, and if not shot at, scored lost. The scores were as follows:

Doubles

Snow	11 10 01 01 11 11 11 11 00 01 01 00 11 01 00—18
McDonald	11 11 11 11 11 11 00 11 01 11 10 10 10 11 11—24

Threes:

Snow	100 110 010 110 100 101 101 110 111 010—17
McDonald	101 111 110 110 110 010 101 110 110 111—21

Fours:

Snow	1001 0110 1111 1111 1110—15
McDonald	1110 0111 0111 1111 1111—17

Fives:

Snow	10010 11111 10001 10011—12
McDonald	11101 11101 11111 11111—18

Totals: Snow 62, McDonald 80.

McDonald was shooting a gun just from the factory, that he had never shot before, and being new, was necessarily stiff in working. Referees, J. O. Bird and W. M. Miller.

A Good Handicap.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 11.—The following form of handicapping the target shooting of the United States has suggested itself to me, and I think it will become not only fair but very popular, as follows:

A handicap committee to consist of one representative from each of the sporting journals; they to classify the shooting into four classes, namely: A, B, C, and D. A, 20yds., professional class; B, 18yds, expert class; C, 16yds., semi-expert class; D, 14yds., amateur class.

The handicapping to be revised every three months, or as often as the committee may see fit, and to be published in the sporting journals when so revised. It will only be necessary to publish the names of the A, B, and C classes, and any shooter whose name does not appear will know that he comes in the amateur closs.

Now, any shooter in the United States going to the tournament given under this system of handicapping will know his mark beforehand, besides relieving the tournament management of any criticism as to favoritism or prejudice.

A word as to the Rose system, that I have always favored:

I attended both the Beatrice and Lincoln, Neb., tournaments. Both programmes were advertised "class shooting," 40, 30, 20 and 10; but on the second day at each place the method of dividing moneys was changed to the Rose system.

CHRIS GOTTLIEB.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich., May 4.—The weather man was kinder to-day than for several shoots past, and the membership was fairly well represented. Some good scores were made, but the uncertainty that pertains to any real sport was also evident.

Shiell was in good form, winning in Class A, with 23, while nobody in Class B was able to better Warner's score of 19. Randall won easily in Class C. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Babcock	..	..	7	..	..	..	16
Lewis	..	..	9	..	7	..	22
Clare	7	..	8	..	10	10	18
Warner	..	9	8	..	..	7	19
Black	..	..	8	..	..	7	..
Reid	9	9	7	..	..	..	20
Brodie	..	8	..	..	6	..	18
Giddings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hitchcock	..	..	9	..	8	7	16
Shiell	..	..	..	..	7	8	23
Dr Gibbes	..	..	5	..	..	..	6
Randall	7	..	..	8	..	..	18
Langdon	9	..	..	8	..	9	13
De Wolf	6	..	..	..	..	..	13

Wollaston Trap Club.

WOLLASTON, Mass., May 11.—Fine weather favored the regular weekly shoot of the Wollaston Trap Club this afternoon. Horace was high man with 82 per cent. Events 5 and 6 were 10 targets, reversed; event 7, 5 pairs; all other events, 10 targets, unknown angles. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Horace	8	9	10	10	6	7	5	10	9	8	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	7	10	9	5	7	9	7	6	9	8	..
Andres	8	10	10	9	6	6	5	8	7	5	..	..	..
Barry	6	8	7	9	..	7	5	..	8	7	8	..	9
Baker	..	..	7	6	5	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Elwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	9	..	8	..	7
Whitmarsh	..	..	..	..	8	5	6	5	..	..	7	3	3
Doell	3	5	4	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Muldown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	7	1
Morse	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	7	4
Dunbar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Barlow	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lake	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2

Concerning the Rochester Club and State Shoot.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 11.—The Trapshooters of New York State: The club under whose auspices the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was invited to hold its annual convention and tournament for the year 1901 having transferred its rights to the Audubon Club, of Buffalo, and asking the same support for Buffalo always accorded this Association, thereby relinquishing any rights they might have had, therefore be it known that the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, of Rochester, N. Y., does hereby invite the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game to hold its annual convention and tournament in the city of Rochester in the year 1902, and under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester has and always will give a first-class tournament. As we have done, so will we do again. Railroad facilities, hotel accommodations are unequaled.

ROCHESTER ROD AND GUN CLUB.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey State Shoot.

The New Jersey State shoot, held on Smith Brothers' grounds, Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, N. J., May 7 to 10, was a successful event, though it was unfortunate in respect to weather, the last two days being rainy.

The target events were uniformly at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance.

On the first and second days the weather was pleasant and favorable. A majority of the contestants shot through the entire programme.

The E C cup is now held subject to challenge, but previous contests have demonstrated that it is no easy matter to defeat Mr. Feigenspan, and it is probable that he will hold this trophy through several contests. The scores on the first day, May 7, follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Feigenspan	12	12	14	15	12	14	14	13	12	13
Hoffman	14	13	15	12	10	12	13	11	11	14
Stevens	13	15	13	14	15	10	11	13	12	15
Remsen	12	12	12	13	11	14	14	15	12	13
Carlough	12	15	13	13	15	14	13	12	11	13
Griffith	13	14	13	14	15	12	15	13	15	15
Hopkins	13	12	13	14	14	14	15	13	15	14
Glover	14	14	13	15	15	14	14	14	13	15
Le Roy	12	14	13	11	15	15	13	13	15	15
Everett	11	11	12	11	12	11	12	10	9	..
R A Ellis	10	12	12	8	8	10	..	..	..	..
Vanderveer	11	11	12	13	12	9	..	..	..	..
Weller	13	..	11	9	12	10	10	13	12	10
Capt Money	13	12	15	14	13	13	13	14	12	11
Winchester	10	14	14	15	15	15	15	14	15	13
Piercy	13	14	11	14	14	8	12	11	12	10
Van Allen	9	13	10	12	15	14	11	11	9	12
Koegel	13	11	12	11	11	..	..	10	14	11
Gardiner	10	10	9	8	12	10	10	13	13	13
Moffett	..	..	10	13	11	13	13	11	13	14
Williams	..	..	11	13	11	10	12	7	14	11
Squires	..	..	12	12	13	11	9	..	..	..
Keller, Jr.	..	..	10	11	13	14	9	8	13	14
Day	..	..	..	..	8	14	13	14	12	14
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	13	12	11
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	7	9	9
Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	13	11	13
Benson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	12
Hassinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	10
J Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	12
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	9
Leuthauser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Event No. 6, individual championship of State, 50 targets, unknown angles, for E C trophy:

Feigenspan	11110111101010111111111101—21 11111111111111111111111111—25—46
Hoffman	11101111111111111111111110—23 11110111111110111011111111—22—45
Stevens	11111111111111101101000101—19 01001111111111111001001111—18—37
Carlough	11111101111011111011111011—21 11111111111111111111101111—24—45
Piercy	11110111111011111101001111—20 11111110100110111111111001—19—39
Capt Money	00011111101111111101111101—19 10000101111010111101111101—16—35
Apgar	11011111101111101111111101—21 11111111111111101100111101—21—42
Everett	11111011111111111110010001—19 11111111010111111101111110—21—40
Dr Gardner	11111110111110111111001111—21 01011101111011111101111001—18—39
Webber	11101111111111111111101101—22 11101110111111111111111111—23—45
Moffett	11111101111111111011110116—21 11111111111100001011111111—20—41
Vanderveer	10111111011011101101111110—19 11111010111111111111111111—23—42
Koegel	10110111101101010111111011—18 11101011101110101110110—18—36
Hainisch	01101011111110111011111111—20 11111110111101111111111001—21—41
Hassinger	01111001111111111111011111—21 11101111100011111001111111—19—40
J Von Lengerke	11111111111111101111111010—22 10111110010110110001100111—15—37

The following non-residents shot along with the rest: Remsen 44, Griffith 44, Winchester 46, Le Roy 46, Glover 48, Martin 37, Van Allen 39, Day 41, Keller, Jr., 32.

The programme of the second day was a repetition of that of the first save that instead of the individual championship there was a three-man team race, at 30 targets, unknown angles, all members of teams to be bona fide members of the club which they represented. Seven teams engaged in this contest, and of these the Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen, won with a score of 82. The scores of the second day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Piercy	13	12	12	12	12	14	12	12	14	12
Stevens	14	13	14	10	13	14	12	13	12	13
Hoffman	14	14	14	15	11	13	15	13	14	14
Bissett	12	12	10	12	12	12	12	9	10	10
Brantingham	10	9	11	13	14	13	15	10	13	11
Feigenspan	14	13	15	15	14	14	15	15	14	12
Griffith	15	14	15	14	13	14	13	14	13	14
Winchester	15	13	15	13	15	12	13	13	13	14
Le Roy	15	14	13	12	15	13	12	15	15	12
Glover	15	13	13	15	14	14	15	13	15	14
Van Allen	14	11	14	11	15	11	15	13	15	14
Martin	12	14	8	14	14	11	11	11	9	8
Apgar	14	14	14	13	14	14	14	12	11	13
Capt Money	13	14	15	14	13	9	12	12	15	11
Gardiner	12	14	9	9	12	13	11	12	12	12
W B Ellis	13	..	14	..	15	14	..	14	13	..
Muldoon	8	..	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Webber	13	8	..	..	..	8	..	..	12	12
Herrington	..	..	12	11	..	14	..	..	11	9
Walling	..	..	..	11	7	13	..	..	..	10
T H Keller	..	..	..	11	12	12	15	12	12	7
Remsen	..	..	..	13	15	14	14	13	11	13
Burtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	12
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Sinnock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12
C Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10
Koegel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12
Hassinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12
Banks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Demarest	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10
Vandenberg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13
James	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..

Team championship, 30 targets; three-man teams:

Dunellen Gun Club—Hoffman 29, Apgar 27, Brantingham 26; total 82.

East Side Gun Club—Webber 28, Hayes 25, Koegel 25; total 78.

Hudson Gun Club—C. Von Lengerke 29, Capt. Money 27, Piercy 21; total 77.

Freehold Gun Club—W. B. Ellis 26, Muldoon 25, Burtis 24; total 75.

South Side Gun Club—Feigenspan 27, Herrington 24, Gardiner 22; total 73.

Brunswick Gun Club—Bissett 24, Applegate 24, Stevens 23; total 71.

Scrub Team—Fox 29, Remsen 28, T H Keller 20; total 77.

In sweepstakes in connection with team race the scores were: Le Roy 29, Glover 28, Van Allen 25, Griffith 24, Demarest 20, Vandenberg 15, Stewart 14.

The third day had a live-bird programme. The weather was rainy and unfavorable for good scores. No. 1 event was a warmer up, 5 birds, $3 entrance, birds included. Out of the fifteen contestants seven killed straight.

The second event was the individual championship of the State at five birds, 15 birds, entrance $7.50, birds included. The prize was the N. J. S. S. Association's individual championship gold medal; winner of previous contest to receive the net purse in this. One miss out, with privilege. The winner to receive also a special gold badge which becomes his property. There were fourteen contestants in this event, and of these Messrs. Stevens, Applegate and Koegel killed the 15 straight. The tie was shot off miss-and-out. Koegel dropped out in the third round. Stevens won in the twenty-second round, killing thus 37 birds straight to win the medal. The scores in this event follow:

No. 1, 5 birds: Koegel 5, Stevens 5, Hassinger 5, Hoffman 5, Vandewater 5, James 5, Capt. Money 5, Feigenspan 4, Count 4, Woodruff 4, Van Allen 4, Outwater 4, Knevers 4, Williams 3, Timmons 3.

No. 2, State individual championship, 15 pigeons, one miss out, with privilege:

Stevens	222222222222222—15	Vanderveer	...1220
Applegate	222222222222222—15	Hoffman	22220
Koegel	121222222222221—15	Feigenspan	...1110
C G Smith	.....2222222*	James	2220
Page	2222220	Widman	20
Capt Money	...2122110	Lenone	0
Outwater	1221220	Knevels	0
Hassinger	22210		

Ties, miss-and-out:

Stevens	221222222222222222222—22
Applegate	2222222222222222222220—21
Koegel	220

The three-man team championship was the next event. It had five entries. The conditions were 10 birds per man, entrance $15 per team, birds extra, net purse to winning team at last tournament. The Brunswick Gun Club proved to be the victor with a score of 29 out of a possible 30. The scores in this event follow:

Brunswick Gun Club.		Climax Gun Club.	
Applegate	.....2112211122—10	Woodruff	.....2122221011— 9
Hoffman	.....2222222222—10	Capt Money	...2110222202— 8
Stevens	.....0222221222— 9—29	James	.....22201022*1— 7—24
East Side No. 1.		Trenton Shooting Association.	
Feigenspan	...2222222122—10	Smith	.....*122212222— 9
Hassinger	.....1210111221— 9	Widman	.....2222220*22— 8
Koegel	.....101122122*— 8—27	Page	.....022**22220— 6—23
East Side No. 2.			
Knevels	.....2212202222— 9	Sinnock	.....0222022222— 8—26
Williams	.....2221*12122— 9		

No. 4, 10 pigeons, $5, birds included: Stevens 10, Feigenspan 10, Applegate 10, Koegel 9, Knevels 9, Hassinger 8, Outwater 7, James 6, Hoffman 5, and withdrew.

The fourth day was specially devoted to the team shoot between the States of New York and New Jersey. There have been for a long while differences of opinion respecting the excellence of the trapshooters of the two States, which could be settled only by an appeal to arms. The first battle, on Feb. 27, was won by New York, by the narrow margin of one kill in excess of New Jersey, and this settled the latter State's standing, also the standing of the former State, for the time being. As in such cases made and provided, New Jersey thought New York couldn't do it again—New Jersey was right. New Jersey was victor by the narrow margin of one kill in excess of New York.

It is possible that New York failed in this instance, in the matter of rooting. As rooters, though fairly competent, New York is slow in comparison with New Jersey. It is all the difference between a babbling brook and a cloud burst. The rooting of New Jersey and of New York does not signify a tumult per se, but it is an index of true, earnest friendship and State pride. New York, however, is too self-poised and calculating in its metropolitan dignity; New Jersew is joyously effervescent in its heartfelt sociability. This difference, with qualifications—because there were earnest rooters for New York, too—applies only in a fragmentary way, for after the shoot was over there was but one difference between the New Yorks and the New Jerseys—a difference of one bird.

There was, by the same token, one bird difference in the prior shoot. Taking the two shoots together, there was no difference between New York and New Jersey. Each team had shot at a total of 595 birds and scored 483. There really was no difference except as a shooting idea. Even in the matter of total misses each were alike, for each team in the two contests has missed 112 birds, concerning which each member considers the other fellows largely responsible.

But still there are unaccountable differences of opinion which cannot be buried—they must be shot.

The rubber will take place in the near future some time, and it is not improbable that there will then be a difference which also then will bring us back a few weeks to a date when several people will have claimed to have said, "I told you so."

The contest was shot in the rain. It was no common rain. It was what is commonly known as a steady rain. Some of the daily papers referred to it as a "deluge," but it wasn't. It would have been such if the sewerage system of Newark was less perfect.

The comfort of the shooters had nevertheless been well thought out and provided for. A tent had been placed over the score so that its eaves were just inside of the 30yd. mark, which was the score for each shooter. The water ran off the tent in generous profusion. As the shooter stood at "ready" the big drops caught the gun at right angles across the barrel a few inches in front of the breech, if the contestant stood with his foot at the 30yd. mark. If he stood back to evade the dripping downpour the big drops of the tent wash obscured his vision more or less, though the water of New Jersey, according to tradition, is proverbial for its clearness and soothing effect on the eyes, if taken internally. This, however, is mentioned only to inform the reader that the weather was largely in favor of the birds, which were a mixed lot, sitters, slow birds and three-flap birds, the latter being demon birds, which snapped their high 120-gear wings three times and were then outside of the boundary. There also was a good 9 o'clock wind.

The utmost good fellowship prevailed, and next to winning was the pleasure of being defeated by such pleasant shooters.

Following are the scores, with a difference of one bird, which means so much and yet so little, as the contest was for the price of birds sure, or an optional sweep of $5 to each shooter. Thus each contest is an event distinctly by itself, and is without trophy or token to commemorate it in the annals of the world's history.

Mr. H. P. Fessenden acted as referee:

New Jersey Team.	
Hassinger	22*22*22222222222222—18
Sinnock	2*220002222*222222*2—14
Hoffman	22202220222222200*22—15
Applegate	22222221222022222122—19
Stevens	21122212112*201210—17
Koegel	2222*1212222020212121—18
Feigenspan	21222222222222202222—19
Outwater	22120*220222120001111—13
H Money	22222222220122112222—19
Capt Money	21022222212010001012—14
Piercy	22020222122022202022—15—181
New York Team.	
Van Allen	222222222022*2221202—17
Hopkins	11222121221221212222—20
Thompson	11201222202101222202—16
Glover	22221122212222012012—18
Wash	22122120*10202222202—15
Day	2222222222212*2222222—19
Stillman	02122220222021202020—14
T H Keller	22022022222222222212—18
Fessenden	02022002222222202022—14
Banks	210212212*1062220120—14
Waters	22102202022222201021—15—180

An event at 7 birds, $5, was shot next, with the following results:

Harrison	.....1121121—7	Piercy	.....2222022—6
James	.....2222122—7	Capt Money	.....2202222—6
H Money	.....2112222—7	Hoffman	.....2022222—6
Applegate	.....2212222—7	Fessenden	.....2222220—6
Koegel	.....0222222—6	Herrington	.....2202200—5
Knevels	.....22*2222—6	Bissett	.....2202010—4
Thompson	.....1222202—6		

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J.—On May 2 a few of the members went down to the grounds for a little practice work, in view of the trip to Frankford, May 5, to take part in the championship team shoot. Well, we went to Frankford and got licked. Coming home, talking it over, about a thousand reasons were advanced as to the how, when and wherefore. It is sad work for me to write that we landed third in a field of eight. On behalf of the team, I put in a challenge for another trial before we came away. According to the terms of the contest, this must be accepted, and the match shot within sixty days. We won't brag this time before the shoot, but you will get an early line from me as soon as it is over.

Tuesday, the 7th, I received word that our new magautrap had been delivered at the grounds, and that I was wanted at once to set it up for use next day, the date of our regular monthly shoot. Billy Widmann telephoned that he would assist with the work, and we put in the afternoon getting it together, and had it working finely before we left, and I am glad to say that the war is over. I had intended attending the N. J. S. S. A. meeting at Newark that night, but by the time we had the work finished it was too late, and we were both too tired for the trip.

In my notes of some time ago I wrote that snipe were scarce in this locality. I was surprised that one journal had it "soup" and another "sheep."

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	10	10	15	15	15	15	5	5	5	5	5	10
Thomas	8	5	7	9	..	10	14	5	4	4	4	3	8
Widmann	10	6	6	12	13	..	..	4	5	5	5	3	10
Wilkes	10	9	8	12	10	..	..	4	4	4	4	3	6
Satterthwaite	11	..	..	10	8	..	..	4	4	4	3	3	..
Maddock	12	7	5	11	9	..	..	4	2	4	4	4	..
Smith	9	..	7	7	..	10	12	2	4	2	2	3	..
Hall	10	..	..	8	..	10	13	4	2	..	..	..	..
Gennelly	4	..	5	4	..	6	..	4	2	2	2	0	..
Daly	8	5	4	7	..	13	..	4	4	4	4	3	..
Applegate	9	8	3	9	..	9	..	4	3	4	4	..	..
Rowan	..	6	8	10	10	..	..	..	3	4	..	2	..
Rickey	..	..	2	3	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gaskill	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	4	2	4	4	1	..
Kirby	..	..	..	7	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 2 and 3, cash sweeps; event 4, badge contest for place, 10 to qualify; event 5, gold badge squad; event 6, silver badge squad; event 7, private match; events 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, capon sweeps; event 13, private match.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	15	25	15
Thomas	19	..	10	9	8	8	9	9	9	19	12	25	..
J R Taylor	20	9	9	8	10	10	9	10	8	20	13	21	..
Wilkes	12	8	8	7	7	7	8	10	..	20	11	20	13
Hingsley	11	7	6	5	2	4	6	7	11	12	8	..	..
J Thropp	..	8	8	9	9	9	8	8	9	22	15	..	..
Gordon	..	0	5	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Satterthwaite	..	7	7	7	5	6	6	6	7	16	12	..	14
Maddock	..	7	7	7	9	9	7	7	9	20	10	18	..
Rowan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15

Pigeon Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reference to an article entitled "Excellent Nerve," which you quote on page 218 of your March 16 issue, I would like to say that your reply is very good, so far as it goes, but it does not, I think, go far enough, and does not touch upon what is to my mind a salient feature of the case. I quote from the article on which your comments were made:

"Two men shot 200 live birds. The loser was a trifle nervous; his opponent displayed excellent nerve. Reverently, we wonder what God thinks when he sees men made for His glory using their wondrous powers thus—slaughtering His birds, wasting time, money and life in ignoble contests, and sowing seeds of death in their souls. A trifle nervous! Strange that the delicate nerves, God-strung, do not quiver and shrink and snap when called on to do such acts of cruelty and debasement. But so fearfully and wonderfully are we made that the murderer's hand obeys his will and nerves consent to their own eternal undoing."

But for the word "reverently" I might suppose that the author of the above, believing in some other God, was indulging in a little irony at the expense of Jehovah. His forms of expression generally are such as are used by those who subscribe to the latter Deity, and therefore I conclude that in sincerity as well as "reverence" he alludes to that Supremacy.

The sentimental narrow-mindedness of the effusion may exempt its author from the charge of intentional reproach, but in reality it is a palpable crimination of omnipotence. I presume that no one will question the fact that God's designs must be accomplished—that they are inevitable—that they cannot be defeated. Now, if God for His glory designed these men who shot 200 live birds they must have been glorifying Him in this, as in every act, or else God failed somewhere in His intentions. As, under omnipotence, the latter is an absurdity, there could be no question in my mind, "reverently" or otherwise, as to what God thought about it. Unquestionably God was satisfied.

Then, too, as nothing can happen contrary to the wishes of an omnipotent Creator, and not a sparrow can fall to the ground without His notice, it must have been His wish that these 200 birds should die in this way. It follows then that the means by which they were to die must have been arranged. It is therefore plain that as God plans and directs the affairs of this life, these men and birds were simply fulfilling their destiny—simply consummating the plans of their Creator. Why blame these men for doing what was evidently not objectionable to God? I am reminded here of what is said in the book of Job, 4:17, "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

If the nerves of these men were "God-strung," why did God by means of practice in shooting birds so string them? According to the characteristics which were implanted in these men, did He not employ the very best method to string their nerves? As doubtless it is a good thing to have the nerves strung, could the author suggest in this case a better way than God took to do it? If the acts of these men were cruel and debasing, as is said, why did God permit them? Does He not prevent what He does not wish to occur? Were not these birds more fortunate than many of "God's birds" that are left to perish slowly of old age, starvation or cold? If it so happened that some of these birds were not instantly killed, or that they lingered for some hours, were they any worse off than if they had slowly died by one of the natural processes?

I quote again: "May God strengthen the nerves and hearts and hands of women everywhere to such heroic resolve that they shall leave no task undone that may tend to the restoration of man to his glory as the 'image of God'!" Let me suggest that when an omnipotent God desires to strengthen the nerves and hearts and hands of women for any purpose whatever, He will do so, and not until He does desire to do so; then He will employ some means, some method, or some instrumentality, to achieve it. Would it not be just as well to let God do these things in His own time and way?

No doubt, as is usual, the author will satisfy himself with the idea that these men voluntarily killed these birds; that they could have refrained had they wished to do so, and therefore they were responsible for all that pertained to the act. But, conceding that Jehovah overrules the affairs of the universe, that He is all and in all, that being omnipotent He must therefore be infinitely responsible, it is plain that these men were simply instruments intended to carry out His purposes in regard to the destiny of these birds. It is therefore manifestly impossible that the responsibility is theirs. Their volition in the matter, it is evident, could be but an essential feature of the plan. The author will hardly assert that if he himself were designed by an omnipotent being to accomplish a certain purpose he could by any possibility avoid it; and if he realized that he could have no choice in the matter, he would not condemn himself on the ground of voluntary action. He cannot say that Omnipotence plans a portion of the things which occur and that the other events are not a part of the omnipotent plan. In other words, he cannot maintain that God plans certain things in connection with certain people and leaves certain other things to be done or left undone at their discretion. That would be a rejection of the essential idea that an omnipotent God is all and in all.

To make the whole subject plainer, let us take an extreme case. Under omnipotence every creation must of course have its destiny prearranged. Accordingly let us consider the instance of a man whose fate it was to be cruelly murdered. Now, if this murder had to be done, somebody had to be provided to do it; if it had to be done in a special way, some one with the essential qualities had to be designed for the purpose; and as there was no escape for the one whose fate it was to die, so there was no evasion for the instrument who was designed to do the deed. Why, then, lay the responsibility or the charge of cruelty at the door of the instrument?

Probably I shall have my ears pulled for saying these things, though they are the logical deductions to make from the idea of an overruling Omnipotence; and doubtless the more logical I am the more likely I shall be to have my ears pulled. However, I would advise those who view such subjects as the one in question from the sentimental side alone to leave their Deity out of the consideration.

SPLASHER.

[The writer of the foregoing says in his letter of transmittal: "I was impelled to write the inclosed manuscript from reading in your issue of March 16 an article entitled "Excellent Nerve." It was my intention at first to write within such lines as I thought would not be unacceptable to you; but I do not like to restrict myself in such matters, and so in the end followed the bent of my inclinations, writing more for my own gratification than with any expectation that you would be willing to publish the article. So it resulted in my retaining the paper for some time. Recently, however, I gave it to a friend to read, and he advised me to send it to you, as he thought it not impossible that you might approve it after all." We consider what our correspondent has written to be a pertinent rejoinder to the original article under review; but we would not care to prolong the discussion on these lines. For one thing, when a person is cock-sure that the Divine view of a subject coincides with his own personal opinion, he occupies an impregnable position whence columns of nonpareil type could not budge him, and so arguments are wasted on him. Again, any debate which involves a consideration of the attitude of the Almighty inevitably leads to a discussion of religion; and religion and politics are two subjects which our readers have a right to demand shall be tabooed from these columns.]

Nebraska Tournament.

LINCOLN, Neb.—Tuesday morning early the shooters from this and adjoining States began unpacking their guns at the Lincoln Gun Club grounds to participate in Nebraska's twenty-fifth annual tournament. Many were the anxious inquiries for screwdrivers with which to open their several cases of shells, of which nearly all had two, and one was found with twelve cases. All were mighty keen to get a whack at some of the targets.

The heavy wind blew in the shooters' faces, and the cloudy sky was much in favor of the targets, and many a "tale of woe" was due to be told before the programme was shot through. The wind never let up, but kept blinding the shooters all day long; neither did the sun shine a little "wee bit."

There was a fair crowd present, yet far from the attendance expected when there was $500 cash in added money hung up and money divided on the percentage plan.

The following gunners were present: Chris Gottlieb, from Kansas City, who has lately taken to associate with Frank Parmelee since they were so congenial at Olathe, Kan.; Fred Gilbert, who came smilingly from Spirit Lake, Ia., and brought along his understudy, Kline. Then Omaha sent down a fair representation in H. S. McDonald, W. D. Townsend, D. Morrill, Geo. Loomis and Buffalo Hump. Beatrice was well represented, as Sheriff Waddington brought alone G. O. Raines, E. Bigler and F. E. Kimball. The home crowd were Forrie Moore, Dick Linderman, G. B. Simpkins, Mr. Williams and Freddie Mockett. Traveling men were not very numerous, as, besides Gilbert and Parmelee, heretofore mentioned, there were only J. E. McIlreevy, of the Dicky Bird, and Tramp Irwin.

The single delegates were:

Lee Bailey, of Norfolk; Geo. Rogers, of Peru Neb.; Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kan.; Dan Bray, of Syracuse, Neb.; C. C. Spaulding, of Ord, Neb.; Chauncey Powers, of Decatur, Ill.; C. R. Buffum, of Tecumseh, Neb.; S. L. Saunders, of Elgin, Neb.; C. C. Beverage, of Fremont, Neb.; J. H. Burk, of Elgin, Neb.; F. Miller, of Berwyn, Neb.; G. A. Schroeder, of Columbus, Neb.; Howard Edwards, of Oakdale, Neb.; W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kan.; F. S. Johnson, of Milford, Neb.; A. J. Shirley, of Ord, Neb.; Otty Murschel, of Ord, Neb.

The events to-day were six 15-target events, open only to amateurs; then four 20 and one 25 target event that were open to all. The money was divided on the percentage plan—fifteen events, 35, 30, 20, 15; 20 and 25 target events, 30, 25, 20, 15, 10 per cent.

The 25-target event was named the Lindell Hotel event, as a complimentary notice for the valuable aid this hotel had extended to the gun club in their tireless efforts to raise money to add to the events. I am sure the visitors all approved of it, as they made their headquarters at this hotel.

The office was in charge of Mr. Mockett, the club's president, and by paying off at the hotel on the evening he got through his labors very satisfactorily to all.

First Day, May 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.
Gilbert	14	14	18	14	18	21	12	11	17	19	15	195	173
Powers	14	12	17	11	18	24	14	14	17	19	14	195	174
Heer	15	15	18	13	18	22	13	15	17	15	15	195	176
Burk	13	13	18	14	19	20	14	13	18	15	14	195	161
Saunders	14	13	19	13	18	18	11	12	20	18	14	195	171
Linderman	14	15	19	13	19	23	12	13	19	16	13	195	176
Moore	12	11	18	14	18	20	12	10	18	18	13	195	164
Simpkins	14	15	19	14	20	22	11	14	17	15	13	195	174
Bray	14	14	19	12	16	19	12	12	15	17	15	195	165
Townsend	10	7	16	11	16	16	9	10	11	10	11	195	127
Miller	11	10	19	11	17	23	13	10	18	14	12	195	158
Parmelee	14	15	19	13	18	22	11	14	20	19	13	195	178
Gottlieb	11	13	15	6	15	19	11	12	17	15	12	195	148
McDonald	9	10	15	11	17	18	12	11	16	13	12	195	149
Waddington	11	15	15	14	19	20	12	13	16	16	15	195	166
Raines	12	11	16	11	18	19	12	8	16	12	11	195	147
Erhardt	11	13	17	11	20	16	13	12	16	14	14	195	159
Bigler	8	13	13	12	13	21	14	11	16	15	13	195	149
Dominie	12	13	17	14	19	23	11	14	18	17	10	195	168
Kline	14	13	18	12	19	22	15	13	18	19	13	195	177
Edwards	14	13	..	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Morrill	13	13	20	13	18	23	14	12	17	17	15	195	175
Tramp	13	14	19	14	18	23	15	14	19	18	15	195	182
Clyde	15	11	15	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	...	...
Buffum	13	11	13	15	21	22	14	11	19	15	12	195	160
Carter	12	14	17	11	15	18	11	..	..	..	..	...	...
Bailey	11	14	16	9	17	14	14	9	18	15	13	195	150
Williams	14	12	17	12	12	20	15	10	18	16	9	195	154
McIlreevy	14	12	17	12	16	18	13	14	15	18	14	195	168
Rogers	..	7	15	11	20	22	13	13	17	19	13	180	150
Shirley	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	11	..	..	10	...	...
Hicks	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	...	...
Johnson	..	..	..	6	15	..	12	11	..	..	..	...	...
Schroeder	..	..	..	11	16	19	12	13	15	18	14	145	118
Spaulding	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	...	...
Olson	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Donohue	..	..	..	..	..	19	12	8	17	18	..	...	...
Donahue	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	15	14	17	15	11	...	...
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	19	..	15	...	...
M T Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	14	..		...	...
Grant	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	9		...	...

Second Day, May 8.

The overcast sky left but little conclusion to-day, other than that we would have a repetition of yesterday. Wind was not so strong, yet it came in same direction; but toward noon the clouds grew thinner, and before the day was over the sun shone forth, and the wind became mild, and how the target smashers did go after the little saucers in some events!—not more than one shooter was left entirely out of the money. As a sample of amateur shooting we had in one event twenty-nine entries, with eleven men scoring 20, eight getting 19, six with 18, three with 16, and one 15. There being five moneys none was shot out, and as there was $15 added money no one was much the loser.

No 6 event was known as the Nebraska State Sportsmen's event; open only to members. Linderman and Moore made a straight 25. Both men are from Lincoln, and their many friends congratulated them and much wished that there had been a cup or trophy of some kind for them to shoot for.

Following this was the King's Smokeless event; 20 targets, $2 entrance, $15 added. Here the boys all made good scores. There were eight straights, eight with 19, five with 18, three with 17, and one with 16.

It has come to the writer's notice that the absence of any prizes for a team shoot has had much to do with the small attendance. Most of the towns having only one delegate present could have sent a team if there had been a trophy for a team shoot. It is the best means of getting shooters together to stimulate team shoots. There are several towns having clubs which are not represented here by even one delegate. Some of this may be due to the very late hour at which the programmes were sent out.

The programme is large and well filled with advertisements, and deserves to be retained as a souvenir.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.
Gilbert	14	15	20	15	18	24	14	13	20	19	14	195	186
Powers	15	15	19	15	17	21	14	14	19	20	15	195	184
Heer	15	14	19	14	17	22	15	14	20	17	15	195	182
Burk	14	11	20	12	17	23	13	14	18	16	13	195	171
Saunders	13	14	20	14	20	24	13	14	17	16	14	195	179
Linderman	14	14	20	14	18	25	13	15	19	18	15	195	185
Moore	15	14	20	13	19	25	14	14	18	16	14	195	182
Rogers	14	13	19	12	17	23	14	15	20	15	12	195	174
Simpkins	12	11	15	14	18	16	14	11	20	17	14	195	162
Bray	11	13	20	14	19	23	11	11	19	15	14	195	170
Schroeder	13	14	18	11	19	20	15	13	20	16	15	195	174
McIlreevy	14	11	18	10	18	20	11	10	14	14	13	195	169
Carter	14	12	19	12	18	15	13	9	18	17	8	195	155
Williams	12	12	18	14	17	..	12	12	..	..	..	...	...
Buffum	14	8	19	13	19	17	11	12	20	18	14	195	169
Waddington	14	14	20	12	19	23	15	13	19	18	15	195	182
Raines	9	14	19	13	18	21	10	12	18	15	13	195	167
Dominie	12	11	16	12	19	22	14	15	19	16	15	195	171
Erhardt	13	11	18	13	19	21	14	11	17	16	15	195	168
Kline	15	12	18	14	19	23	12	12	20	19	15	195	179
Loomis	12	12	18	13	19	20	12	14	18	15	14	195	172
McDonald	9	15	16	14	17	23	13	13	16	19	14	195	169
Parmelee	15	14	20	15	18	24	14	13	19	17	15	195	184
Gottlieb	14	15	20	12	19	23	15	12	17	19	14	195	180
Townsend	15	12	19	14	20	24	13	15	19	15	11	195	172
Miller	14	11	16	12	17	19	13	11	19	15	12	195	159
Morrill	14	13	20	12	16	..	15	13	..	16	14	...	...
Tramp	13	14	20	14	19	24	14	15	20	18	15	195	186
Bailey	14	12	19	13	16	20	13	13	..	..	..	...	...
Schultz	13	13	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	9	...	...
Murchel	10	9	..	14	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	...	...
Hicks	9	7	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	...	...
Spaulding	11	..	..	9	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	...	...
Clyde	11	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	...	...
Edwards	15	..	..	..	20	..	13	..	..	..	..	...	...
Donahue	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	15	14	17	15	11	...	...
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	19	..	15	...	...
M T Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	14	..	...	...
Grant	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	9	...	...

Third Day, May 9.

This proved a great day for getting on to the targets. The number of shooters was larger than on previous days. Those who were here yesterday remained over, and there were some new shooters present, viz.: N. G. Powell, of Lincoln, Neb.; W. A. Shadduck and Harry Frates of Hildreth, Neb.; Phil Everson, of Wilcox, Neb.; J. Ferryberry, of Lawrence, Neb.; W. G. Carpenter, of Wilcox, Neb.; F. D. Copsey, of York, Neb., and A. M. Bernhardt, of Hastings, Neb.

The shooters were in fettle to-day, shooting at 220 targets. Dude Gilbert made one run of over 100 straight, and a grand total of 216. Following him came Chan Powers, of Illinois, and W. H. Heer, of Kansas, with 215. Right on their heels came the old Tramp, who twenty years ago shot a match here with old Tuck, using wild pigeons and ground traps, and to-day when he had shot at 65 targets he had missed only 1, and going on through the programme came out with a total of 6 goose eggs.

The two cracks, Linderman, of Lincoln, and Dan Bray, of Syracuse, came down the line with such regularity that only eight went to the ground whole, or at least called lost. Saunders, of Elgin, and Moore, of Lincoln, and Waddington, of Beatrice, were 15 to the bad, while there were Parmelee and Townsend trailing them closely. There were such a lot of good shooters that I missed Kline, who was only one dozen to the bad. The totals of the other misses will all appear in the scores sent herewith.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	25	15	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.
Gilbert	14	15	20	14	20	25	25	15	15	19	19	15	220	216
Powers	14	14	19	15	20	24	25	15	15	20	20	14	220	215
Heer	14	15	19	15	20	24	24	15	14	20	20	15	220	215
Burk	15	14	18	14	20	23	21	10	14	17	19	13	220	198
Saunders	13	14	20	15	17	25	22	14	15	19	19	12	220	205
Linderman	14	14	19	14	20	24	24	14	15	20	19	15	220	212
Moore	15	15	20	13	20	22	22	15	13	20	17	13	220	205
Rogers	14	13	18	15	18	21	22	13	14	17	19	13	220	197
Simpkins	12	11	17	13	18	23	22	12	13	17	18	13	220	189
Bray	13	14	19	14	20	23	25	15	14	20	20	15	220	212
Loomis	10	14	16	12	16	..	19	12	14	14	15	11	195	153
McDonald	12	12	17	12	18	20	24	15	14	15	19	15	220	193
Parmelee	14	14	20	14	17	..	21	15	13	16	18	15	195	177
Gottlieb	15	13	19	14	13	..	22	12	14	18	19	15	195	174
Townsend	13	14	18	15	20	24	23	13	14	19	15	15	220	203
Waddington	13	13	20	14	18	21	22	14	15	20	20	14	220	204
Raines	15	11	14	13	20	20	17	13	14	20	18	14	220	189
Dominie	13	13	18	14	20	..	23	15	14	18	19	13	195	180
Terry	10	11	13	10	13	..	18	11	10	13	17	11	195	137
Kline	14	13	19	13	20	25	23	14	15	19	19	14	220	208
Buffum	13	14	19	11	17	..	22	11	13	19	18	15	195	172
Morrill	14	12	18	13	19	..	22	12	14	19	16	15	220	174
Miller	14	14	18	8	19	..	20	13	13	17	16	13	220	165
McIlreevy	14	12	18	11	18	18	22	13	13	20	17	14	220	190
Schroeder	12	13	18	11	17	20	21	15	14	19	18	14	220	192
M T Miller	12	12	17	11	18	..	..	12	11	17	19	13	170	142
Wackett	13	12	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Grant	14	13	19	14	..	..	19	12	14	15	17	14	175	151
Merchell	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	...	...
Carpenter	13	..	17	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	14	...	...
Shadduck	15	9	20	11	18	21	22	12	14	17	13	12	220	184
Schultz	12	10	19	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	..	...	...
Donahue	12	14	15	12	17	..	..	13	14	12	18	11	170	138
Hicks	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Clyde	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Tramp	15	14	20	15	19	..	24	15	14	19	20	14	195	189
Harris	11	10	..	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Alexander	14	14	..	13	..	..	..	15	12	19	..	..	...	...
Smith	13	15	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Carter	..	15	18	..	14	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	...	...
Johnson	..	..	17	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	11	...	...
S A Frank	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	12	14	19	15	12	...	...
Bernhard	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	15	18	19	14	...	...
Bahde	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	..	...	...

Fourth Day, May 10.

At a meeting of the State sportsmen last evening, held in the parlors of the Lindell Hotel, there arose quite a discussion as to what best could be done to bring out the average country shooter to the State tournaments. Several methods were proposed and discussed, and perhaps good will result from some of it. One thing was accomplished—that of purchasing a cup for the next State shoot, to be an emblem of the State target championship.

What to do with the trade representatives is a question, and yet when it comes to winning the money there is another class that comes up and wins the first place. It would seem a good thing to have most of the events open only to members of the State. Then a team target race will do more than anything else to bring out a large number of shooters. Illinois is going to try a team race this year, and the success of the same will be watched with interest, I hope, by all who are interested in the State conventions.

To Omaha was conceded the next annual meet, and as all know the Omaha boys and the Omaha grounds, there will no doubt be a large gathering, owing to an attractive programme which these boys know how to get out. Omaha does not have as good grounds as Lincoln, as the wind blows and the sand flies, but otherwise the are better situated to draw a crowd, especially of outsiders, while there are many local shooters.

The officers selected for next year were: Geo. W. Loomis, of Omaha, President; G. A. Schroeder, of Columbus, Vice-President; H. S. McDonald, of Omaha, Secretary and treasurer.

The Lincoln boys have done splendidly, and carried everything out as advertised, and I know that if they are always as tired as they are to-night they will never have another State shoot. But this is the State capital, and most centrally located place, and easily reached from all parts of the State.

The target events really closed last night, and had it not been for the very high wind and dark, cloudy atmosphere, the scores would have been remarkable. As it was, out of 610 targets we have the following high scores, viz.: Gilbert .943, Linderman .939, Powers .939. Heer .934, Parmelee, .920, Bray .920, Kline .920, Saunders .915, Moore .911, Gottlieb .903.

There are but two professionals in the above list, so I say, "What's the matter with the Amateurs?"

Live-Bird Day.

This was the day for the great handicap live-bird race—and a handicap it was, as the birds and the wind had the best of it. There was a regular blizzard—cold and disagreeable, and many of the birds killed were blown over the fence. The best birds were right and left incomers, and towering and very fast, as the wind was straight in the faces of the shooters, and the pigeon house where the birds had been kept was behind the shooters' score. All the birds that went with the wind were bad as any one ever saw, and the wonder is how Powers, Gilbert and Burk ever got down in bounds all but 2. Parmelee after killing 13 straight came out a tie with Townsend on 21 for second, while Buckner and Gottlieb were third, with Linderman, Raines, Bray and Kline fourth on 19. Here is a 25-bird race with 19 paying money! The traps used here were so slow opening that the shooters got confused, and then the birds sat a while, and then sprang suddenly down the wind and off like a bullet. A majority of the lost birds were "dead out."

Little interest was taken in the target races, and nothing was doing save now and then a little practice.

It was a mistake to start the pigeon race in the morning, as the same was finished and the shooters had gone to town by the time the spectators began to arrive on the ground. There were plenty of birds for sweeps, but the weather conditions were not enticing, though the afternoon was much more pleasant than the morning.

Twenty-five live birds, $15 entrance, four moneys, Rose system:

Brucker, 28	0222221222112202201010222—20
Terryberry, 28	222*202122*22200200102222—18
Bray, 30	02**1222102222021222*2212—19
Kline, 30	2*2202*22222022022022022—19
Loomis, 30	220*22*20022202202202222222—18
Parmelee, 31	22222222222222022222022002—21
Gottlieb, 31	*21*221200222122*22222222—20
Townsend, 28	*2222*12121122202022222222—21
Schroeder, 28	02010122*2022*22202222220—17
Moore, 30	022*2*2202002220w
F Miller, 28	*002010220w
Linderman, 30	22210220*22020122222*2222—19
Gilbert, 32	20222222222222222222222*—23
Burk, 29	22222222022220222222222222—23
Powers, 31	*22222222022222222221222212—23
Raines, 29	*2002202211220112*2*22122- -19
Hindmarson, 29	*2011122110*200*w

LINCOLNITE.

Beatrice Tournament.

BEATRICE, Neb.—The gun club here is not very large, but it is the "get-up-and-get" kind. There are really three active members, and while two of them shoot in all the events the other one handles the office. The shooters are Waddington and Raines, while the office man is Bigler—and a good one he is, too, but says he doesn't care for the job any more. This shoot took place May 2 and 3.

This shoot was planned to keep the boys busy, and to give some of those coming from a distance a chance to practice previous to the State shoot, to be held at Lincoln next week. But it turned out that the attendance was small, there being but three squads in most of the events. Some of the Colorado shooters expected did not show up. The manufacturers' agents present were limited to three, viz.: Frank Parmelee, J. E. McIlreevy and Tramp Irwin—and this was a shoot where no one was barred from the money.

Mr. Waddington had plenty of business elsewhere, as he is high sheriff, and court was in session, yet he was on the ground when the last gun was fired, and comes up smiling with the announcement that during the fall, some time in September, there will be another tournament here. All the boys will then come to meet their friends Waddington, Bigler and Raines.

I wish to call the attention of shell loaders and target makers to the fact that the State of Nebraska is now a fine field for them to operate in. The last Legislature pjassed a law prohibiting quail shooting for two years. The duck shooting and chicken shooting is now very limited, being confined to northern and western portions of the State. Such shooting will soon be a thing of the past; and unless gun clubs are organized and target shooting kept up the many guns now owned by shooters will be useless and be destroyed by rust for want of use. Of course there are some good clubs now in the larger cities, but there are opportunities to organize a hundred where now there are ten. Who will be the lucky man to take advantage of this opportunity?

The weather was considerably "off color." While the sun shone out brightly, yet a very strong wind blew from the south, causing the targets to fly in very unexpected directions, as the wind was quartering, and coming around a big tent it was gusty and changeable.

The targets jumped up and jumped down, and started in straight lines, only to twist away in some circular motion, and when the report of the smokeless powder was heard, as the scores hereto attached will show, many of the targets did not connect.

'Tis true some good scores were made. There's Dick Linderman—no heading him off by a little thing like wind. The barrels of his gun are so short, the pressure on his powder so great, his wishbone so flexible, and his blue eye just matching the sky, that somehow or other those little saucers go to pieces before they reach that point where the referee gives that unwelcome decision, "Lost."

Now Dick has a partner. It is Heer. Sometimes Heer goes straight, and again he is just about 1 shy. Parmelee says they get along together very well, as they sit up all night and take turns playing the fiddle, meantime each deciding that the other does not play the tune correctly. This may make Heer a bit nervous at the traps, as he is generally found shooting next to Dick, and trying to beat Dick shooting is a very hard proposition.

Hump Parmelee was shooting well, but he had a good many of Tom Marshall's bad half hours, and failed to make a straight score during the day. Parmelee could shoot a little better possibly if he did not lose so much sleep by keeping awake nights trying to think of how to put up a job on some of the shooters.

He had the lookers on all in high glee to-day by telling them that Tramp Irwin was going to have a birthday to-morrow, and that he would be eighty-one years old. They got interested as the shoot went on, for the old Tramp came through the day with just the same score as said Hump, viz., 93% per cent.

It is too bad that most of the shooters present do not live in the voting precinct where they can vote for Waddington for re-election, for he and his lieutenant did the handsome thing by all present. Wad had plenty of help from those not shooting—and such a lovely time as we had in the evening. A boat ride on the smooth waters of the Big Blue. We sailed up the river about three miles.

We had songs and story telling on the way, and more of it when we went ashore. Then some of the boys went fishing, and Chris Gottlieb was champion, as he caught three channel cats. Frank Parmelee had agreed to eat all he would catch, but backed out because he could not have tomato catsup as a relish. We ate and we drank, and McIlreevy never stopped singing from the time we started until the landing was made at the dock from which we started.

My friends and fellow shooters, what a difference there is in clubs where shoots are held! Some of them see how much money they can make; others see how well they can treat the visitors, and spend what they make off the targets in some form of entertainment. Such, then, I am pleased to chronicle, is the big-hearted gun club and their friends whom we found at Beatrice.

There will be no game shooting this fall in the southern part of Nebraska, so we advise all shooters to watch for the dates of the Beatrice fall tournament, and do not fail to be present and enjoy a good time, such as we had at this meeting.

Those present were H. A. Knight, Blue Springs, Neb.; J. A. Brust, Nebraska City, Neb.; G. O. Raines, Beatrice, Neb.; J. E. McIlreevy, Kansas City, Mo.; D. Morrill, Omaha, Neb.; Geo. Rogers, Peru, Neb.; Wm. Tanner, Beatrice, Neb.; J. B. Morris, Homesville, Neb.; F. C. Schultz, Dewitt, Neb.; C. D. Linderman, Lincoln, Neb.; W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kan.; G. B. Simpkins, Lincoln, Neb.; F. C. Nicholson, Nebraska City, Neb.; F. M. Moore, Lincoln, Neb.; A. D. McCandless, Wymore, Neb.; F. E. Kimball, Beatrice, Neb.; Frank Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.; Tramp Irwin, Chicago, Ill.; Chris Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo.; E. Bigler, Beatrice, Neb.; E. Leet, Fairbury, Neb.; R. D. Fuller, W. A. Waddington and Paul Walter, Beatrice, Neb.

The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	15	25	15	15	at.	Broke.
Parmelee	9	13	14	19	14	14	14	24	14	15	160	150
Townsend	8	11	14	18	15	14	13	24	15	13	160	145
Bray	9	12	13	19	12	15	14	22	13	14	160	144
Gottlieb	8	13	14	19	14	14	11	22	14	7	160	136
McIlreevy	9	12	14	17	12	13	14	22	14	13	160	140
Waddington	8	14	12	16	14	13	15	22	13	11	160	137
Raines	8	12	14	18	12	9	12	17	14	13	160	134
Morrill	7	14	14	18	9	14	13	22	12	14	160	136
Knight	9	13	14	13	11	12	13	19	12	11	160	126
Tanner	7	13	11	18	12	..	..	..	..	12	105	86
Linderman	10	15	15	19	13	15	14	25	14	15	160	145
Heer	9	15	14	18	15	11	13	23	15	13	160	146
Moore	9	15	11	20	11	11	14	20	..	..	130	111
Simpkins	6	11	12	11	12	7	9	20	..	..	130	41
Rogers	6	11	14	18	14	14	13	20	13	14	160	137
McCanless	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	...	...
Tramp	9	14	14	19	14	15	14	23	14	15	160	151
Harper	5	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Kimball	7	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Walters	..	14	12	16	9	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Nicholson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	13	12	...	...
Brust	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	15	...	...
Schultz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	9	...	...
Willis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	...	...

Ten live birds, $10 entrance:

Parmelee	2222222222—10	Raines	0120212112— 8
Townsend	1222112222—10	Kimball	0011001001*— 3
Bray	1122112211—10	Knight	22202*2*11— 7
Gottlieb	2122211122—10	Waddington	122212**10— 7
Linderman	2222222202— 9	Brust	1022022210— 7
Moore	22222222*2— 9	Heer	2*2122**22— 7

Second Day.

The morning opened up windy, as on yesterday, and the sky overcast with clouds. The dicky birds were used to-day, and owing to the yellow color could not be seen so easily as the white ones, and scores were not so good as yesterday.

The live-bird match was shot first, as the birds would be better than after noon. There were only eight entries. Money was divided by the Rose system. The scores will show the result.

Dick Linderman is the butt of the joshing, all the boys going for him; but what does Dick care so long as he has their money in his pocket? But a cruel joke was perpetrated this time by the management, as the percentage system was abandoned, and the Rose system was used, so that, while Dick was a winner, he was not so much ahead.

The division was 5, 3, 2, 1, which I do not consider justice, as a better plan is 5, 4, 3, 2, or 4, 3, 2, 1. There is no good reason for jumping so far from first to second place if you are going to make an equitable division of the money.

The Omaha and Lincoln crowd quit at noon to catch the train for home, and a few sweeps were shot by those left on the ground.

Known traps and angles was used, and proved a success.

As to live birds, I do not think the club will care to bother with them, as they are a losing game to it. There are too many "no birds," and not enough shooters to make it an object for the club to waste the valuable time that might be used in throwing targets at a profit.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	15	15	15	10	at.	Broke.
Parmelee	13	19	14	12	..	..	..	65	58
Townsend	13	16	11	12	..	..	..	65	52
Bray	14	17	10	12	..	..	..	65	53
Gottlieb	15	18	12	15	..	..	..	65	60
McIrleevy	13	18	13	14	..	..	..	65	58
Waddington	12	19	13	14	13	12	7	105	90
Nichols	11	12	8	11	..	..	..	65	42
Morrill	13	17	12	10	..	..	..	65	52
Raines	9	17	11	13	12	14	8	105	84
Brust	6	15	11	8	13	15	6	105	74
Rogers	9	19	10	8	..	..	..	65	46
Moore	13	17	13	14	..	..	..	65	57
Simpkins	10	17	12	11	..	..	..	65	50
Linderman	14	19	14	15	14	15	7	105	98
Heer	14	19	14	15	14	15	7	105	93
Schultz	10	13	8	10	15	12	6	105	76
Tramp	14	18	14	13	14	15	..	95	88
Taylor	..	..	13	7	..	..	..	...	...

Fifteen live birds, $10 entrance:

Parmelee	222222222222202—14	Linderman	112202212121222—14
Bray	221222111222212—15	Simpkins	202200222022220—10
Gottlieb	221122221221222—15	Townsend	2*0112202222202—11
Raines	02*22222*222222—12	Waddington	00211101*121102—10

Bray and Gottlieb first, Parmelee and Linderman second, Raines third, Townsend fourth.

NON-NEBRASKITE.

The W. I. E. A. Tournament.

THE preliminary announcement of the fifth annal trapshooting on the grounds of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association, Aug. 1 and 2, is as follows:

One thousand dollars in added money, trophies and medals.

In connection with and under the management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association the following programme has been arranged, open to all sportsmen. Professional experts and manufacturers' agents will be allowed to shoot for the price of birds only. They are, however, cordially invited to be present.

As the exhibition management wish to make this tournament a great annual fraternal gathering of amateur sportsmen, as well as trap shots, they have decided this year to so arrange their programme, that the novice, the sportsman from the country who has never shot at a clay bird, and all those who would not stand a chance of winning even a part of their entrance money back may participate in a number of the events on the programme for just the cost of the birds thrown to them.

They are satisfied that many who in the past stayed away because they were not sufficiently expert trap shots to compete on a level basis at a tournament will, under the liberal provisions of this year's programme, accept this invitation to be present and participate in the greatest meet of trap shots west of Chicago.

They wish to assure everybody that liberal arrangements have been made to handle the very much increased attendance they expect this year, and they promise that everything will go with the snap and vim so necessary to make a meet of this kind enjoyable.

The Canadian trap shots will have the pleasure of entertaining their American visitors at a complimentary supper as a wind-up to the tournament.

First Day—Thursday, Aug. 1—Western Canada Championship Day.—Nine events; magautrap and expert traps; total 165 targets; total entrance in sweepstakes $20; total for targets only $3.50; $145 added money. Extra events if time permits.

The Western Canada championship is open only to residents of western Canada, between Port Arthur and Vancouver. The trophy was presented by the Robin Hood Powder Company, of Swanton, Vt., and is valued at $200. This year for the first time the Exhibition Association, with the consent of the Robin Hood Powder Company, have decided to turn this event into a sweep and will add $25 to the purse, which will be divided in the following manner: To the holder of the trophy each year, if present on the grounds and taking part in the event, 10 per cent.; to the winner, 40 per cent; the balance to the next three high guns, in the ratio of 25, 15 and 10 per cent. of the purse.

The above clause does not apply to the present holder of the trophy. The first holder to get the 10 per cent. referred to will be the winner at the forthcoming tournament.

Mr. F. G. Simpson, the present holder of the trophy, has most generously offered to donate the $25 gold medal which will accompany the trophy.

Second Day—Friday, Aug. 2—International Championship Day.—Total number of targets in regular programme 189; total entrance in sweeps $20; total entrance for targets only $3.25; added money $170; extra events if time permits.

International Championship.—This handsome sterling silver trophy was presented by Mr. John G. Morgan, manager of the New York Life Insurance Company, and is valued at $200. A handsome $25 gold medal will accompany the trophy, and will become the property of the winner. The competition is open to any amateur trap shot, and if won three times in succession by the same man, becomes his absolute property.

The Exhibition Association will add $25 to the purse, which will be divided as follows: To the holder each year, if present on the grounds and taking part in the event, 10 per cent. of the purse; to the winner, 40 per cent.; the balance to the next three high guns, in the ratio of 25, 15 and 10 per cent. of the purse.

Ogilvie Doubles.—Mr. F. W. Thompson, president of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association, and general manager of the W. W. Ogilvie Milling Company, has shown a great interest in our forthcoming tournament, and has most generously contributed $25 to inaugurate what promises to be the most interesting event on our programme. This event will be at 12 pairs of targets thrown from three expert traps in the usual manner. The purse will be divided as follows: To the winner, 40 per cent.; to the next three high guns, the balance of the purse in the ratio of 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of the purse.

International Team.—This interesting shoot is for a handsome trophy of silk flags, presented by Mr. Thos. Lee, of the Western Cigar Factory, and is to be competed for between teams representing Canada and the United States. The teams must be composed of not less than four men, and must consist of an equal number of men on each side.

We want all visiting trap shots to thoroughly realize that they are the guests of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association, and that it will be our duty, as well as pleasure, to look after them in every way from the time they reach the city until we shake their hands and wish them a pleasant journey at the moment of departure. If you will write us we will secure you accommodation while in the city. We will look after your guns and ammunition when here. We wish you to use us as a general information bureau, and to understand that you have a right to do so. In all of this we will have the able assistance of members of the two city gun clubs.

Remember that within a few yards of the tournament grounds one of the greatest fairs in America will be in full swing. The list of vaudeville attractions this year will be better and greater than ever, while the horse racing will be superb. Just think of it! nearly $40,000 will be paid out for prizes and attractions. Come and participate in the biggest tournament in the Northwest, and see the big fair as well.

The tournament grounds are most beautifully situated for the purpose, and every arrangement will be made for your comfort. Luncheon will be served each day on the grounds in the best and most comfortable manner.

A magautrap and two batteries of expert traps, with a full staff of officials, all thoroughly competent, will keep everything humming.

All guns of a larger caliber than 12-gauge and the use of black powder are strictly barred in all of the events of this tournament.

Targets will be thrown for 3 cents each, and price of same will in all cases be deducted from the purse.

All purses, unless otherwise stated in the programme, will be divided by the Rose system in the ratio of 4, 3, 2, 1.

We want you to realize that over $2,500 in cash, trophies and medals will be divided among the contestants on the very conservative estimate of 50 guns competing. Our purpose in sending out this preliminary programme at such an early date is to enable you to compare it with others, and decide where you will spend your holiday. We are not afraid of the result.

If there is anything more you want to know, remember we will be delighted to answer any and all questions.

The regular programme will be issued later, with full and complete information, and a copy will be mailed to you.

F. W. Thompson, president; F. W. Heubach, general manager Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 2.—The first shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club for the year 1901 was held at Intercity Park to-day. Some good work was done by those present. Mrs. Johnston, Thompson and Richter was of the gilt-edge order.

The St. Paul Rod and Gun Club have offered a very handsome trophy for a handicap shoot. The member of the club winning three times takes the trophy. On April 28 Joe Henry won out on shoot-off. Morrison is still after targets hard, missing 7 out of a possible 200, and made a good run of 89 straight. Wilkinson and P. Hanser are also doing good work. The scores: Morrison (0) 23, J. C. (1) 22, Novotny (5) 25, Fisher (4) 22, Carl (5) 23, Wilkinson (2) 24, Spratley (3) 25, P. Hanser (3) 25, Henry (5) 25, Kelsey (4) 25, Gotzian (4) 25, Irde (4) 20, Perry (4) 21, Miller (6) 23.

Paegel badge, 25 targets:

Johnston	1011110111111011101111111—21
Mrs Johnston	0111101111011111111111011—21
Hayes	1111111011101110110111111—21
Parker	1110010111101111110110111—19
Nelson	1010111010111011111110110—18
Rex	1011111110110100001110101—16
Spear	0111110111110111110101011—19
Thompson	1111111111101111111011111—23
Spratley	1111101111101111000111111—20
French	1110111110110111111111111—22
Richter	1111111111111111111111111—25
Dezotell	0111111111110010101111111—20
Jones	1101111111101111111111110—22

Richter won badge.

The Wheaton Gun Club have called for the Hirschy trophy, and will offer it in their shoot on May 28 and 29.

Club badges, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Johnston 14, Mrs. Johnston 13, Hays 12, Parker 16, Nelson 12, Rex 15, Spear 8, Thompson 18, Spratley 17, French 14, Richter 14, Dezotell 16, Jones 15.

Thompson won senior badge, Dezotell won junior badge, Rex won amateur badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 targets: Johnston 19, Mrs. Johnston 20, Hays 20, Parker 23, Nelson 19, Rex 14, Spear 19, Thompson 24, Spratley 24, French 16, Richter 24, Dezotell 18.

Thompson won badge.

May 5.—Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 targets: Johnston 11, Mrs. Johnston 12, Hays 12, Parker 14, Nelson 9, Rex 13, Spear 11, Thompson 15, Spratley 13, French 12.

May 4.—St. Paul Rod and Gun Club scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Gotzian	15	14	15	10	12	12	15	12	13
*F Allen	13	13	14	15	..	..	..	..	..
Pratt	10	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hirschy	13	15	13	12	14	13	..	..	..
*Faneschon	12	11	11	15	..	..	..	..	..
Freeman	10	8	7	10	..	..	..	..	..
*Bayer	12	11	11	9	..	..	..	..	..
*Beyer	12	13	14	8	..	..	..	..	..
P Hanser	12	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..
H Dezotell	11	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	11	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	8	12	11	10	10	12	..	..	..
Dr Hurl	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Irle	11	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
*Wilson	14	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Simms	11	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Welleband	11	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morrison	15	14	13	15	15	..	..	..	..
*Ramaley	11	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holt	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spear	12	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reny	12	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey	10	9	13	11	..	..	..	..	..
Wilkinson	15	14	13	12	..	..	..	..	..
Defial	12	11	11	12	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	14	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Si	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

*Visitors.

Handicap shoot. The figures immediately following the names are handicaps. Morrison and Spear were a tie on 100 birds, and shoot it off on the 11th inst.:

*F Allen	23	*Welleband	20 .. ..
Hirschy, 0	22 22	Morrison, 0	25 25 25 23 23 23
Gotzian, 3	21 19 20 20	*Ramaley	22 .. ..
*Faneschon	18	Spear, 5	25 25 25 23 .. ..
*Bayer	22 17	Reny, 4	19 .. ..
*Beyer	21 21	Kelsey, 3	22 20 .. ..
P Hanser, 2	20 21 21	Wilkinson, 1	25 23 24 25 .. ..
Miller, 5	21	Thompson, 0	21 .. ..
Henry, 3	16 19	Defial, 3	25 20 19 .. .. ..
Irle, 5	14 18 18	*Si	13 16 .. ..
*Wilson	19	J C, 1	19 24 18 23 .. ..

*Visitors.

The St. Paul Rod and Gun Club shoot of May 4 was well attended, and good scores were made. Morrison is shooting in better form than ever. To-day he made a run of 105 without a skip. Wilkinson, Hirschy, P. Hanser, Kelsey and Gotzian are also doing good work.

DR. BILL.

Aschenbroedel Gun Club.

NEW YORK, May 6.—Herewith please find the results of our shoot, held Friday, May 3. One event, 50 targets: Wagner 29, Walters 26, Ruhlender 23, Siemers 19, Wiezner 19, Moeslein 19, Heizer 16.

It was decided at the last meeting of our club that the secretary should give, in his next report to you, an account of his own antics while practicing the art of missing targets. As this is not as agreeable a task as describing the antics of others, he thought it the best policy to stay away. This accounts for the meagerness of this report. Still, I think it my duty to report that the supply of soft coal and dynamite cartridges has not yet given out.

Our friend Heiser, whose name appears at the foot of above score with 16 targets out of 50, uses a 20-gauge popgun. Wonder he hits as many as he does! We intend starting a subscription to buy him a man's gun.

E. MACDONALD, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 30.—Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights.—Tournament of Our Own Shooting Society.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Rifle Shooting.

THE preparations for the international rifle shooting tournament to be held at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 30 to Sept. 7 next are well under way.

The information has reached this side that the Irish team have already gone in for training.

Quite a distinguished party will accompany the Irish team to this country, with whom will be the Marquis of Duffern and Sir Henry Thyme. Sir Thomas Lipton, who will have preceded them to this country with his yacht Shamrock II., for the purpose of lifting the America Cup will meet the party at New York and accompany them to Sea Girt. In a recent interview he said, "We hope to take back with us not only the America Cup but the scalps of the American riflemen."

The Irish party will be sumptuously entertained by the wealthy cottagers at and in the vicinity of Sea Girt, among whom is Martin Maloney, the millionaire contractor of Philadelphia, who is a personal friend of Sir Thomas Lipton.

The Canadian team will also bring with them several men of note in the Dominion. Little is known about the Swiss team that is coming, except that they won the world's championship at Paris last year, and will bear a lot of watching by our riflemen.

Efforts to bring the Argentine team from Buenos Ayres on an American war vessel have failed, owing to the fact that no vessel of the Atlantic Squadron will be coming up on or about that time.

The American team will not be gotten together until about the middle of the summer, but candidates for place on the team will begin work in a few weeks.

The Sea Girt range will be opened on May 25, when a large party of riflemen from New York, New Jersey and Philadelphia will go down for practice.

Expert riflemen connected with the guard of any State are invited for places on the American team. They may practice on their home range, which must have facilities for 800, 900 and 1,000yd. shooting. Official score cards for this purpose can be secured of Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Passaic, N. J., president National Rifle Association.

The coming of the foreign team has undoubtedly spurred the different States to make special efforts to send teams to the Sea Girt meeting. Already New York, Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and District of Columbia have definitely decided to be represented, while the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Tennessee and Minnesota are at work trying to get teams to send. It has been definitely decided by the U. S. Naval authorities to send a team to compete for the Hilton trophy. This is the first time that the navy has ever been represented at these meetings.

Among the recent organizations which have affiliated with the National Rifle Association is the Seventy-first Regiment of New York. This is the first regiment of New York to take such action, and it is said that the Seventh and Twelfth regiments will shortly do likewise.

The National Rifle Association is fast getting on its feet, and is now in better shape than it has been at any time in the last twenty years.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 5.—Mr. A. H. Pape put up some of the best rifle averages ever made in the club. A. J. Brannigan, our new revolver champion, again excelled the pistol experts with his .38 S. & W. revolver, and beat the coast record for ten best scores 28 points, with a total of 426. He accomplished this feat in three club shoots and thirty-five entries. He is considered Anderton's equal, and expressed a desire to shoot Anderton a 100-shot revolver match when he comes on to the bund fest. Tom Anderton is the acknowledged champion revolver shot, and we hope he will come prepared for a match or two. He holds the 50-shot record (209) on the Columbia target; also the 10-shot record (31), but made them with a .44cal. revolver, which is considered a few points advantageous over the .38. Scores, on Columbia target, 10 shots, offhand:

Rifle, 200yds.:

A H Pape	10	2	3	8	3	2	1	6	5	3	—43
	9	5	4	5	3	3	7	3	3	6	—47
	7	13	4	4	7	3	2	3	7	2	—52
	6	4	3	1	9	2	5	5	6	3	—44
	4	2	6	3	5	1	6	3	2	8	—40
	2	3	2	1	3	4	7	10	6	14	—52
	1	10	2	6	7	4	5	6	8	4	—56
A B Dorrell	2	7	4	3	6	2	3	3	12	11	—53
	8	3	3	3	2	6	11	4	9	8	—57
	9	2	2	13	6	3	2	4	4	10	—55
	6	5	3	1	6	5	3	2	8	9	—48
	7	4	6	6	11	4	5	6	8	7	—64
	3	4	7	4	7	4	10	14	4	9	—66
	4	13	7	5	6	11	7	1	10	5	—69

G. M. Barley 79, F. L. Pape 134, Dr. Twist 215, 245, 247; D. W. Lloyd 253.

Revolver, 50yds.:

A J Brannigan	5	1	6	7	7	2	3	2	5	4—42
	3	4	5	6	4	3	4	4	7	4—44
	6	5	4	1	8	4	11	5	6	11—61
	6	1	8	4	3	4	2	3	12	3—46
	3	4	5	5	5	5	6	5	3	8—49
	3	2	4	4	1	4	5	4	7	4—38
	4	3	2	2	7	6	5	4	1	10—44

P. A. Becker 51, 62, 63, 69; F. O. Young 62; Dr. Twist 84, 88; Dr. H. W. Hunsaker 81.

Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young 42, 45, 54, 56; Ed Hovey 43, 47, 46, 47, 48, 48; Dr. J. F. Twist 48, 57, 59, 64, 64, 71, 74; Dr. Rottanzi 84; Mrs. Waltham 73, 98; E. A. Allen 89, 93.

.22 rifle, 50yds.: Ed Hovey 25, 30; E. A. Allen 28, 29, 31, 35, 37; Mrs. Waltham 30; Dr. Twist 31.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Our Own Shooting Society.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—That the members of the Our Own Shooting Society, of Hokoben, are determined to carry off a fair share of the money at their open to all comers cash prize shooting festival on Decoration Day at Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights, was made evident Wednesday, May 8, when about twenty-five marksmen appeared and practiced on the society's ranges. The scores in the main were first class, and an interesting fight for top score honors was participated in by a number of the Our Own's experts. The laurels were carried off by Adam Schmitt, who scored 241 out of the possible 250. Wm. F. Dilger was second high on 240. J. H. Kruse landed in third place with 239. The records follow: Capt. Louis Christ 233, J. H. Kruse 239, Wm. Schmitt 213, Adam Schmitt 241, C. G. Paul 219, L. L. Levy 222, Henry Hohn 224, John Spinck 235, Herman Bahn 238, Charles Bischoff 237, Fred Lohman 206, Geo. Neuner, Jr., 209, Gus Ising 206, Chas. Drees 224,, C. Oltmer 213, F. Flueger 202, F. Bunger 228, W0 Von Holten 220, R. Mehnert 217, H. Warnken 224, Fred Buehler 215, Owen Smith 232, Aug. Meyns 234, Julius Kreienberg 214, ex-Capt. Wm. F. Dilger 240.

During the evening a special meeting was held and the following new members were enrolled, making a total of 172: John E. Wunschel, Gus Ising, Julius Kreienberg and Wm. Von Holten.

Gun and Outing Club.

CLAY CENTER, Kan.—The following scores were made by the Gun and Outing Club, of Clay Center, Kan., at its weekly medal shoot on Monday night, May 6. The club is composed entirely of business men, who lay no claim to marksmanship. The club has fifteen members.

Indoor range, .22cal. rifles, off-hand, 75ft., German ring target, ½in. center counts 25:

F Williamson	21	24	24	24	22	25	25	24	21	22	
	24	24	24	23	23	23	23	23	25	23	—467
J C Johnston	21	19	22	23	22	23	23	23	23	24	
	22	24	24	20	22	22	22	24	25	23	—450
W E Sweezey	19	20	22	22	19	20	22	22	25	21	
	23	21	22	24	25	24	20	24	24	21	—440
J A Frishman	25	25	23	22	25	23	23	19	24	23	
	22	18	22	23	24	23	22	25	24	21	—459
R O Lewis	23	25	24	23	25	25	24	24	25	22	
	23	24	25	23	25	23	23	25	22	24	—477

R. O. LEWIS, Pres.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Please Give Address.—A correspondent who wrote recently inquiring as to the reliability of a certain manufacturing company in the West failed to date his letter or to give any address. He therefore cannot be replied to.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Summer Homes.

IN the Lake Country of Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of most charming summer resorts. Among the list are: Fox Lake, Delavan Lake, Lake Geneva, the Lauderdale Lakes Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Palmyra, the Dells at Kilbourn, Elkhart Lake and Madison, Minocqua, Star Lake, Frontenac, White Bear, Minnetonka, Marquette, Spirit Lake, Okoboji, Big Stone Lake, etc., etc.

For illustrated booklets "Summer Homes for 1901," and "In the Lake Country," send address with 6 cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1901. | VOL. LVI.—No. 21. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YOR

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. VIII.

CONNECTICUT.

File No. 397.—For a period of two years after the passage of this act no person shall sell or have in possession, with intent to sell or exchange, any ruffed grouse called partridge, quail, or woodcock.

A CRUEL INJUSTICE.

A CASE of terrible hardship and grave injustice is seen in the case of a young Cheyenne Indian named Little Whirlwind, now serving a life sentence in the Montana State Penitentiary for a murder of which he is absolutely innocent.

The facts in the case are these: About five years ago a sheep herder named Hoover was killed on the borders of the Tongue River reservation in Montana. His body was not found for some time after his death, but when found the indications were that he had been killed by an Indian. Not long after, a Cheyenne known as Stanley, who had served in Lieutenant Casey's company of scouts, and had been discharged therefrom as mentally unbalanced, acknowledged to his own people that he had killed the white man and had done it alone. He was arrested and held for trial. Pressure was brought on him to implicate other members of the tribe in the murder. Under the belief that if a number of men were convicted Stanley's punishment would be lighter, some of his relatives devised a plan for implicating two other Indians named Spotted Hawk and Little Whirlwind in the crime.

Spotted Hawk was first tried, and on testimony since proved to have been perjured, was convicted and sentenced to be hung. Stanley, the confessed murderer, was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Little Whirlwind was convicted of murder in the second degree and received a life sentence. No attention whatever was paid to the testimony of a dozen witnesses to prove an alibi for Spotted Hawk and Little Whirlwind.

Since the trials, the sole witness for the prosecution—except Stanley—has confessed that his testimony was perjured, while Stanley, the real murderer, died in prison, but before his death made a statement that he alone had committed the crime, and that Little Whirlwind had nothing whatever to do with it.

In the case of Spotted Hawk, the Supreme Court of Montana decided that he must have a new trial, as he was convicted on insufficient evidence, and the county authorities, recognizing that they had no case against him, set him free. Counsel for Little Whirlwind, however, had failed to take the necessary steps to perfect his case so that a new trial could be asked for, and he, an innocent man, is now serving a life sentence with no legal remedy and with no hope of regaining his freedom, except through a pardon by the Governor.

The case has been investigated by the Indian Rights Association, by two or three of Montana's most eminent lawyers, and by one or two private individuals. It has been shown beyond the shadow of a peradventure that the young man is absolutely innocent. Literature giving the facts in the case may be had of the Association, 1305 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The case was presented last year to Governor Smith, a politician who feared to make himself unpopular among a certain element in Montana bitterly hostile to the Indians, and he declined to act.

In January last the matter was brought to the attention of the newly elected Governor, was by him received and its consideration promised. Governor Toole is a man of far greater breadth than his predecessor and one of far greater force. His long and creditable career in Congress justifies the belief that in this matter he will not be influenced by the petty prejudices of a special locality of the great State he governs. But the case should be acted on. The days which pass so swiftly to men occupied in life's struggle, move slowly for him who is confined behind prison bars. It may seem natural enough to put over from week to week and from month to month a matter where the individual interested is only an Indian, but the injustice is not less grave, the Governor's duty to right a wrong not less imperative, because the man belongs to a subject race.

It is but a few years since the whole civilized world was interested in an injustice done to a French officer, and was clamoring for the righting of his wrongs. Public opinion at length brought partial relief to his suffering, and Dreyfus was pardoned. Little Whirlwind has suffered as long as the Frenchman, but he still waits for justice. Far away on the northern Cheyenne reservation his old mother, his wife and his little children cannot understand why the white men will not permit the return of him who is so dear to them, and who is known by all to be innocent of any crime.

SWEEPSTAKE SHOOTING.

WHILE all forms of sport which make men stronger, braver and physically and mentally better, both as private individuals and as valuable units in the social system, have their beneficent uses, there is no special part of them which is of more universal interest than sport which refers to marksmanship. From time immemorial, all peoples, whether civilized or otherwise, have highly prized a proficiency in the use of arms. Such denoted an enviable pre-eminence in the skill and usefulness of the individual and a further valuable quality as a safeguard for the community. To be eminent as a distinguished marksman carried with it high honors in the esteem of all nations. If we consider the universality of the need of marksmanship, the esteem in which it is held through all history, and its usefulness as a form of individual training, we observe that it possesses within itself all the essentials of permanency.

However, with a higher civilization there has been imported into the more peaceful forms of marksmanship contests, known as trapshooting, an element of betting, designated as sweepstakes. There is by the sweepstake thus introduced a question as to both skill and money.

In a big public tournament the matter of the sweepstake can do but little harm, for such intrinsically is a competition for the prizes, and should appeal only to the best shots, those who have graduated through all the intermediate schools, as it were. But the sweepstake of the public tournament is often adopted as the true standard for conducting the competition of the home club. Events are arranged with entrance at a fixed amount, sweepstake shooting, the surplus money, after paying for the price of targets, to be divided among the higher classes or the higher guns. The average shooter may not be able to point a gun with deadly accuracy. He may be a novice in shooting and yet be an expert in figures. He observes that he, as a club member, in the matter of sweepstakes is what is colloquially known as a "producer." He puts up his money with a hope that the unexpected may happen in his behalf, while some other fellows or fellow puts up the money with a knowledge that steady skill will defeat luck in the long run. The persistency of the novice under such conditions is only a question of enthusiasm, of intelligence, of financial means. Whenever the novice as a class begins to lag, there is then a readjustment in the way of systems for dividing the moneys. There are most pleasing mathematical devices for his consideration in respect to how he may shoot poorly and yet win.

The ordinary club which cultivates the sweepstake as the true form of competition finds that after a time the most skillful shots have the competition to themselves. The novice has a thousand urgent reasons for being absent from the club shooting grounds. He can furnish a dozen at once, but the real one, the sweepstake, he very rarely mentions. The expert of the club, who, for the sake of illustration, we will assume was present regularly for the profits, also retires when the profits are no longer available. The club then is for a long time inactive or ceases to exist. This in a general way is a true history of hundreds of gun clubs. The sweepstake was a means of making the novice pay for the shooting or profit, or both, of others, and the novice, being a man of sense, when the proper time arrived, quit the sport entirely. Even the rebuke that it is not "dead game" to refuse to put up his money with a certainty of losing it, in time fails to appeal to the novice.

As illustrating, in a material way, what a club organized and conducted on true principles of sport can accomplish, we may call attention to the New Utrecht Gun Club, which shoots weekly at Interstate Park. No sweepstakes are sanctioned by the club. Each competitor enters for the birds, and adds a small amount for the purchase of a trophy, which is solely intended to commemorate a test of skill in successful competition, and though it is sure to be a work of art, it has no significance whatever as a matter of profit. If any purses are made up at all on matters of shooting, they are not in the slightest degree club affairs. Their significance is purely personal. This is the policy of the president and active manager, Mr. Walter F. Sykes, and the good attendance each Saturday and steady growth of the club in additional to the high personnel of its membership are sufficient testimony to the soundness of the policy which he has advocated and practiced.

If other clubs would eliminate the sweepstake and introduce the trophy entirely, they would soon reap the benefits in increased prosperity.

Of course in tournament matters other considerations are dominant.

SNAP SHOTS.

In the Iowa case of Graybill vs. Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, to recover damages for cattle killed at a crossing, it was shown that the engineer had neglected to warn the cattle by whistling; and when the railway's counsel contended that such warnings as were required by law were meant only for human beings, the court instructed the jury to the contrary, saying that "the provision is for the safety of persons and animals near the crossing and about the cross, to warn them of the approach of the train, and to enable them to avoid injury." The jury found for the plaintiff; whereupon the company appealed to the Supreme Court, taking exception to the instructions quoted. The Supreme Court sustained the lower court, Justice Sherwin holding that animals have sufficient reasoning power to recognize the locomotive whistle as a warning of approaching danger and to get off the track to avoid it. The railway's attorney has filed an argument for a rehearing, contending that while the whistle may frighten cattle, it is impossible by such means to convey to them "information which the animals can turn to account for their own safety." But the common experience of locomotive engineers is against the lawyer on this point. It is a daily occurrence on some roads for the engineer to whistle cattle off the tracks, and their quick recognition of the meaning of the warning and the prompt obedience they give to it negative the view that they do not understand it and "turn it to account for their own safety." If the attorney were arguing about the hen in front of the wagon he might make out a case; or about the massive cur dog that refuses to heed the bicycle bell; or the bull that fails to interpret the wig-wags of the timid angler; but cattle on the track know perfectly well what the locomotive whistle means and govern themselves accordingly.

Connecticut has followed the example set by Arizona, California, Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri and New Hampshire in 1901, and by many other States in previous years, in prohibiting the sale of game, and has taken the lead in a novel method of protection which consists in the establishment of town game preserves. This is an innovation which we hope to see widely adopted. The preserves consist of tracts of land of from 50 to 300 acres, which are leased by the Game Commissioners at a nominal rent, and are absolutely protected for a term of years. These protected tracts form game refuges from which the supply will certainly overflow into the adjoining territory. We print elsewhere the full text of the law as affording the best explanation of the plan in its details.

The sea lion has been popularly credited with a voracious appetite for fish, and has been regarded as such a destroyer of food fishes that the California fishery authorities have long waged a war of extermination upon it. Now comes Dr. C. Hart Merriam with a strong presentation of facts showing that the sea lion lives principally on squids, and is not a fish eater. The decrease of California salmon, Dr. Merriam suggests, has been caused not by the sea lions, but by the overfishing by man.

Our compliments to Paul Rush, of East Otto, N. Y., eighty-four years old, who "is perfectly well, can see to read without glasses, has always been a famous hunter in all kinds of weather; and hunting has seemed to agree with him." Of course it has. May he live to a ripe old age to enjoy it.

After all the gun license question in this country is not, Should we have the license? nor, Shall we have the license? but, When will the license come?

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Trout Stream.

AMONG the hills of far away
There flows an old trout stream,
And I am wandering there to-day
Just in a May day dream.

Down through the fields, so soft and green
The brook winds round the farm,
Folding the budding tranquil scene
Within its shining arm.

The orchard flings some blossoms down
Upon its ripples bright—
Frail argosies, that dip and drown
Their sails of gold and white.

The birds sing in the giant elm
Till all the brookside rings;
Or darting to the watery realm
They lave their glossy wings.

On through the meadow's mist and glow
At murmuring sleepy pace,
The grassy ribbons swinging low,
Half hide its smiling face.

But here and there it leaps away,
Sings to the open sky,
And holds the clouds of white and gray
Within its laughing eye.

The dipping willows by the mill
Caress its happy face;
So on it flows, its purpose still
To bless each thirsty place.

Beyond the mill, the eddies rush
With eager, clamorous shout,
Into deep pools, fringed by the brush,
Where lurk the royal trout.

See there! that dainty beauty shine
Out from his cool, dark nook;
Oh! for a swinging rod and line,
A trusty feathered hook.

Away with business—quire and ream—
My rod and reel are out;
To-morrow's sun fulfills my dream,
I'm going to fish for trout.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Two Dogs.

A GOOD many years ago I lived in a house that stood on a bluff overlooking the Hudson, and about a quarter of a mile back from the river. The tracks of the Hudson River Railroad ran at the foot of our place.

The following incidents, which happened at that time and place, bear upon the question as to whether animals will sometimes kill themselves from grief. They relate to a Scotch terrier (one of the wisest and canniest that ever cocked an intelligent eye out of an ugly face) of the name of Blucher, but called Bleach. His wiry coat being of a dingry cross between white and tan, the nickname fitted him well.

Bleach belonged to us neither by right of gift nor purchase; but of his own free will he chose to come to live at our stable in the train of a horse, an old friend of his, that my father had bought for me. Bleach hung about the stable, followed Billy, my horse, when I rode, and slept in Billy's stall at night.

One day my sisters drove out to pay some visits, and I followed the carriage on horseback, Bleach, as usual, at Billy's heels. One of the visits was at the house of the horse's and dog's former master. I did not dismount, but while my sisters were in the house had ample opportunity to watch a curious scene. The stable stood at a short distance from the house, and suddenly from out the stable door rushed a nondescript little yellow dog, who greeted Bleach with every sign of recognition and delight. To my surprise that usually grave gentleman responded to his greeting with equal warmth, and even Billy showed, through whinnies and playful nips at the dogs as they circled around him, that he too recognized an old friend.

As I knew that our coachman had been in the employ of the gentleman before whose house we waited, I rode up to the carriage and asked him why the little yellow dog was so glad to see us.

"That, Miss," said he, "is Dandy, and when I worked for Mr. —— them two dogs was always together, and both of them slept in Billy's stall."

"Well," thought I, "when we ride away we shall see which of his friends Bleach loves best," but I reckoned without Bleach.

At that moment my sisters emerged from the house, entered the carriage and drove off. I followed slowly, looking back to see how Bleach would settle the question. I could see by the glint of his eye that he also took in the situation, but he never let on—not he. Redoubling the enthusiasm of his gambols, he gradually increased their circle, until the lawn was traversed, the gate cleared, and the unsuspecting Dandy fairly launched upon the high road. A good quarter of a mile lay behind us before Dandy's conscience awoke. He suddenly stood stock still, his tail, indeed his whole being, drooped. He turned about and began trotting homeward. The day seemed lost for Bleach. But no! In this emergency the force of his character and the depth of his wile displayed themselves. Springing in front of Dandy he blocked the way, and while his whole body was, down to the stump that served him for a tail, quivering with excitement, challenged his long lost friend with giddy barks to another romp. Dandy wavered, but his ears pricked up and his dejected tail assumed a more jaunty angle. In another moment he was racing in the direction which the carriage had taken, scruples thrown to the winds, carried away by the rush of Bleach's high spirits.

This struggle between Dandy's conscience and Bleach's will occurred at widening intervals in the two miles that lay between Mr. ——'s house and our front gate. As we neared the latter Bleach put on an extra spurt of speed and rushed Dandy through, across the lawn and up to the front door. Then the little yellow dog seemed to come to his senses. He stared blankly at the door and in another moment would have run away. But in this crisis I became Bleach's ally. Jumping from the saddle I threw open the door and invited both dogs to walk in. Once within Bleach's whole manner changed. From playmate he turned to host. He led Dandy from room to room and showed him the sights. A pier glass rather fazed them for a moment, but Bleach led up to it with a swagger, as if he were saying, "Oh! this is nothing; a mere trifle," and both dogs looked at themselves in the glass. No one would have thought from Bleach's actions that it was the first time that he himself had ever been in the house. I brought a bowl of milk and set it before them. Dandy fell to, but though quite as thirsty, Bleach did not touch it until Dandy had finished, but stood by, wagging his tail with the pleasure of hospitality.

After the meal I bowed them out of the house with due politeness, and saw them head their way toward the stable, which from that time was their headquarters, both sleeping at night in Billy's stall. They were inseparable, and one was rarely seen without the other. Both would disappear at intervals for two or three days at a time on hunts for woodchucks or other small game, always turning up at the stable and staying there until the roving spirit moved them again.

This state of things lasted for about two years. Then one summer's day Bleach came home from a hunt alone. Dandy never came back. Bleach moped about the stable for a week or more, then he too disappeared.

On the following day some boys came to tell us that his body was lying crushed across the railroad tracks at the foot of our place. Now Bleach was a wise dog and knew as well as any man what would happen if he stretched himself across a rail. The inference, therefore, seems to be that grief over the loss of his companion led the lonely little fellow to seek death.

MARY W. MONTGOMERY.

The Samoan Giant-Killer.

LET it not be supposed that there are any giants nowadays in Samoa. The period of these interesting freaks who lived too early to enjoy the advantages of side show careers, is quite as far back toward the beginning of history among the islanders as with us. Still, we ourselves have the very exciting tale of Jack the Giant-Killer, and at certain periods of life his adventures are firmly believed. The stories of the killer of Samoan giants are not only credited in childhood, but also in ripe age it is felt by the islanders that in times so remote there is more than a bare possibility that such things could be. Once when I seemed to imply that the race of giants was imaginary I was floored by an apt quotation from Genesis to the effect that there were giants in those days, and then it dawned on me that to attempt to introduce the higher criticism would be difficult and undoubtedly useless. The stories are important to the older people for yet another reason—their chain of ancestors is deduced from some one of the giants, from some one of their victims, or from the hero who slew the terrors of island life. The latter descent is restricted to but few, for it is in the main line of the Malietoa race, and the last kings of Samoa came in direct descent from this public-spirited seeker after trouble. When his descendants indulged themselves in this family failing they found no giants left, and therefore were obliged to have trouble with some two or three of the great nations of the world, the result in the modern instance being that Samoa has been chopped up into two small mouthfuls, of which Germany has one and the United States the other and more desirable fragment.

Let it not be imagined that the Samoans do nothing but sit around and tell stories. Quite on the contrary, it is hard work to get the story when you know that there is one in existence, and to get on the track of it calls for vigilance to pick up some stray allusion in speech, to haul upon the end of the clue until it is certain that there is yarn behind, and then to cajole or to bribe some aged islander until he can be induced to spin said yarn.

So it was with this story of Polu, the giant-killer. It was hinted only by accident; it was long before I secured the whole story. One day I noticed in the lagoon before the consulate at Vaiala a small native canoe with what seemed to be a particularly white paddler making a most irregular course. The man at once struck me as far whiter than the climate permits the white residents to be, and the scantiness of clothing was something not to be expected even of the least progressive beach comber. When Tonga observed my curiosity as to the unusual sight she rested from her labors, and though an excellent woman she was prone to rest from such light toil as fell to her lot, and gazed with me.

"That shows you that Polu didn't kill all of them," was her sole comment.

"What is he that he should have been killed?" I asked.

"Oh, it's only one of the 'autetea' from Falefa," she replied. "He can't see much in the day time and that's why he's paddling so crooked. He'll run ashore on your beach and then you can get a good look at him."

The word "autetea" was explained to mean white people, but it had no reference to the foreign visitors, who are known quite generally through the Pacific as Papalangi. When the clumsy paddler did as Tonga had foreseen he would do and blindly ran his canoe on the beach before the house, it was easy to see that he was an albino. His hair was as yellow as straw; his skin was not only white, but devoid of all pigment whatever; his purblind eyes were pink, and in every particular he corresponded to the albinoes seen in other lands. The management of his canoe showed him to be afflicted with the characteristic intolerance of light which accompanies this morbid condition.

"But who was Polu, and why did he kill these afflicted people?" was my next question put to Tonga.

"That's only a devil story," she answered. "I think so it's a lie. He was a devil long ago; and some of our old men talk about him, but I don't know what they say."

This made it clear that there was a story and I made it my object to drag it forth, not from Tonga, for I had long since given her up in despair, but from all the old chiefs who came my way. That was the only course to pursue; when any old man came to ask me for food, or matches, or painkiller, he met the prompt query, "Why did Polu kill the albinoes?" In time I acquired quite a series of exploits of Polu, which proved him to have been a slayer of giants, mostly through the shrewdness which enabled him to get the advantage of position, which is the first thing a Samoan wants when it is a matter of fighting. His adventures seem to have been but seven in number, for, although I did not get them all from one man, I never found any informant who could recall an eighth adventure.

Polu, surnamed the Tricky, is represented in these savage stories of wild life in Samoa of the ancient times as a son of one of the Malietoas long gone by. From his first exploit it would appear that cannibalism was at that time practiced in Samoa. This custom, common enough in other archipelagoes of the Pacific, seems to have been abandoned in Samoa at some very remote period, and the first adventure which sent Polu out upon his career of purifying the social condition of his people professes to give an account of how this practice was given up. It is very certain that very few references are made to the custom in the island stories, thus showing that its abandonment was a matter of very long ago.

Polu was back in the bush one morning engaged in the interesting sport of netting pigeons. While he was waiting for the beaters to drive the birds to his stone platform he heard the complaints of three wayfarers who were unwillingly making slow progress toward the home of the paternal Malietoa. When they reached the hunting platform and sat down to talk, as is the custom of Samoans to the present day, Polu called them by name and asked the cause of their manifest and indeed expressed discontent. They told him that they were on their way to the home of Malietoa for the purpose of being eaten and that they were not particularly charmed with the prospect. It is explicitly stated that it was the habit of Malietoa to eat a man a day, and these three wayfarers had been designated to be the next three days' food supply. Polu, without further parley or delay, gave up his pigeon hunt and assured the men that he would see that they remained men, even if his father did go hungry. Accordingly he ordered them to plait him up in a cocoanut leaf in the same way that other men were treated when offered for the larder. A single leaf is large enough and strong enough to form a convenient hammock in which to carry the largest man, and when the leaflets are brought over from each side and woven together the whole package can be carried quite easily by making the ends fast to a pole, which can be borne on the shoulders of two men. In recent wars this method of packing has been employed in presenting a defeated chieftain to his conqueror, a ceremony with the meaning that he is as helpless as a man going to be cooked; but in these later ceremonial instances the cooking is omitted in deference to a change in public opinion. In this condition Polu was offered to his own father as the day's meat. When the parcel was undone and Malietoa saw his own son and heard the reason for the sacrifice, he issued an edict that men should no longer eat men, and sealed the legislation by having a great feast of pigs.

Having now definitely entered upon the career of hero, Polu sallied forth in search of wrongs to right, and neighbors to abate, when they had become nuisances. The first hard citizen who encountered Polu in this great hunt was known as Flashing Eyes, who had the unpleasant habit of stealing the most noble counsellors out of the very court of Malietoa. Polu made very few preparations for the extermination of this monster, who was a cannibal as well as a snatcher of live bodies. He simply inquired by which path the giant most commonly came, and there he sat down to wait. When he saw Flashing Eyes in the distance with a long trident spear, Polu turned around with his back to the enemy and still sat in the road. Flashing Eyes soon spied this tempting bait ready to his hand, and hurried along the road brandishing his spear. Although Polu made no sign that he was conscious of the onward rush of the giant he was keeping a sharp lookout for shadows on the path. When the shadows told him that Flashing Eyes was about to transfix him with the spear he dodged aside, the ogre was carried past in his furious rush and as he went by Polu hit him a crack with a log of wood, and that cannibal turned from his wickedness and died, greatly to the relief of the circle that was wont to gather about Malietoa.

From this deed of justice Polu traveled eastward and came to the town of Toamua, where he found the women having a good old South Sea island crying spell over their husbands and brothers, who were being dragged off to a cave by another cannibal, named Blazing Rock. Polu waited until he could be sure that Blazing Rock had set out on one of his predatory trips. Then he went into the cave itself and waited for the return of the giant. When Blazing Rock came home bearing another man on his back to be eaten at leisure, Polu fell upon him before his eyes had adjusted themselves to the dim light and while he was still hampered by his burden. A little work with the trusty club, and the women of Toamua found their lamentations changed to joy.

Then came the slaughter of the albinoes, and that took place in the next bay east of Apia. For some reason not very clear the albinoes of the town had been carrying things with a high hand over their darker neighbors. Here Polu was very tricky indeed, for he took advantage of the defect of vision which accompanies the pink eyes. Arranging an ambush over night, he had a town meeting called at daybreak. The albinoes took their seats in the place of honor in the council house, which happened to be at the west end. The meeting was prolonged until sunrise, and the level beams of the sun shone fair in the faces of the albinoes. That half blinded them, and while they were under these difficulties Polu and his party issued from the ambushment, took them at this great disadvantage and in the confusion slaugh-

tered them. But, as Tonga said, they were not all killed, for there are still albinoes in Samoa.

Eastward still went Polu in search of adventure, and not many miles away he found the giant Amaniloa, who seems to have been somewhat of a tight-rope walker. His path, when in search of people on whom to dine, lay along a cord stretched from a mountain top. Polu asked a woman how they knew when the giant was coming, and she told him that they could judge from the fact that the cord grew heavy. Accordingly, Polu took the woman's place, with his hand on the cord. When he felt the strain come on the cord Polu waited to make sure that the giant was coming across, and then he let go his end of the rope and the giant fell down into a deep valley and broke his neck, and the people had peace. This exploit, according to several informants, is quite satisfactorily confirmed by imperishable evidence; any person who is willing to go to Solosolo will find there both the mountain top and the deep valley referred to.

The next cannibal giant encountered was at Saluafata, a few miles beyond. The townsfolk warned the hero against using the most traveled road out of their town because it was devoted entirely to their particular ogre, who used it when he wanted to come into the town to select a man for food. This was all that the exterminator of giants and ogres needed to know; he set out on that path at once, and to show his disregard of this private ownership of a public highway, he tied a cord across the road. Without loss of time the giant came hurrying along his road to wipe out the insult, and leaped on Polu to kill him. But just as he was making his attack Polu called out, "Look out; what's that over you?" The giant stopped to gaze up into the tree tops and the hero got in the first blow and finished his opponent.

The last of the giants lived at the back of the island of Upolu, at Falealili, where is the most interesting cave in all Samoa. His name was Carpenter, and he practiced daily cannibalism. By strict attention to business he had reduced the population of the town to four individuals—two chiefs and two talking-men. Things had come to such a pass that the giant had actually moved into the town, where he could make himself comfortable in the tenantless houses, and the four survivors were living in the groves of screw-palm in fear and trembling. By a happy chance Polue turned up at Falealili in his hunt for giants, and discovered the four men in the thicket. They detailed their sad situation, and asked relief. Polu delayed only to ascertain in which house the giant lived, and made his way thither. The giant was from home, probably hunting for the four men in the thicket, but Polu sat down inside to wait for him. As soon as Carpenter bent under the eaves to enter the house Polu seized the opportunity, which gave him the advantage, got in the first blow, and killed this giant, also.

This was the last of the giants; all had been killed off by the exploits of this one hero, and there was peace in Samoa afterward, except for such little differences of opinion as could be settled man to man with clubs. Having converted his own father from cannibalism, and having secured an edict that the practice should cease in all Samoa, the young man dealt personally with all these worst offenders who set themselves above the law, and executed its provisions upon them. Since that time, Samoans say, there has been nothing of the sort.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Adirondack Place Names.

The Adirondack region is a good deal like some old people one meets. It was young once and had a wild career for a while, especially when the whites got within the woods borders. Real pioneer adventure was of daily occurrence—but it is tame now. The wolves there went in the seventies, no one knows how; the moose in the fifties, everybody knows the reason why; and the Indians were as good as gone more than a hundred years ago. Even their very bones have become dust, much more the tracks they made in snow and mud have disappeared. Almost the only trace of the wild life now left is a lot of names. A few moss-grown moose horns may be seen, found by hunters in the swamps. Large steel traps of odd construction and very much rusted, are occasionally discovered by lake and stream sides. A few men have eyes capable of discovering arrow heads, of which there are bushels on all sides of the mountains. But the chief things by which the adventures and events of the early days are remembered, are the names. If one had the stories which gave the many "Indian" rivers, lakes and ponds their names, they would be thrilling enough. They were doubtless named from real adventures with redskins, and very probably by trappers who, like Nat Foster, murdered Indians to rob them, or for the sake of keeping them away from a favorite fur country.

So, too, there are moose ponds and moose rivers, real haunts, at one time, of the great animals. Wolf ponds, Otter creeks, Buck ponds, Mink lakes, etc., every one of them with a meaning now forgotten, though certainly associated with an animal of the sort indicated by the name.

Natural features have left their impress. A map shows dozens of names which the hunter and fisherman knows to be appropriate. The Rock lakes and ponds; the Spruce and Balsam ponds and lakes; Beaver Meadow and Flat streams of various sorts; Mica, Mountain, Sard and Mud ponds; Cedar, Marsh and Long Ponds are all truly named. But what can be said of such poverty of mind that calls the first chain of lakes in the mountains, First, Second, etc., to the Eighth? A little pond near by is called Quiver Pond, a name that at once conjures up a scene of woods beauty, which the Fulton chain never will, save to those who have been there, though it does suggest the first Yankee steamboat, as was intended.

"Odor" Lake is on the maps, but the real name is Stink Lake. Some forest commissioner, with delicate ears, probably, made the change, robbing the name of its meaning. A dead deer, or moose, doubtless gave the place its real appellation, the true significance of which is lost in the possibly delicious "Odor."

Many of the names now used are mere translations of the Indian nomenclature, especially those that relate to natural features and to the animals of one sort or other. The Indians knew how to describe, or appropriately name, a place. Lower Saranac Like is white man for the "Lake of the Clustered Stars;" Trenton Falls, on the West Canada (West *Ten*, I believe), is white man for the Kany-a-hoo-ka, Leaping Waters. The change in the name was just as well, for now the Trenton Falls chasm has been completely destroyed by a water power company for every purpose save running water into a pipe at one end and out of the other with the dollar extracted. Not that I would deny the use of commercial progress, but merely express regret that the beautiful so invariably vanishes when it is a question of dollars or the beautiful.

Where men's names have been used to designate Adirondack features there is usually cause for gnashing of teth, but not always. There is Herkimer county, for instance. General Nicholas Herkimer, the greatest man in the upper Mohawk valley, ruled and fought there, and finally died of his wounds. By the battle of Oriskany, in which, though wounded badly, he smoked a big pipe with relish, he saved the valley from St. Leger's Tories and Indians on Aug. 6, 1777, as well as made the battle of Saratoga, perhaps American independence, possible then. A good name for a rugged country! But what can be said when Tahawus, the Cloud Splitter, is known by the wretched name of "Mt. Marcy," with "McIntyre," "Colden" and "Seward" for companions?

Here is what Thoreau said under similar provocations:

"Flint's Pond! Such is the poverty of our nomenclature. What right had the unclean and stupid farmer, whose farm abutted on this sky water, whose shores he has ruthlessly laid bare, to give his name to it? Some skinflint, who loved better the reflecting surface of a dollar, or a bright cent, in which he could see his own brazen face; who regarded even the wild ducks as trespassers; his fingers grown into crooked and horny talons from the long habit of grasping, harpy-like. I go not there to see him, nor to hear him. Who never saw it; who never bathed in it; who never spoke a good word for it, nor thanked God that He had made it. Rather let it be named from the fishes that swim in it, the wildfowl or quadrupeds which frequent it; the wildflowers which grow by its shores, or some wild man or child, the thread of whose history is interwoven with its own; not from him who could show no title to it but the deed which a like-minded neighbor or legislature gave him—him who thought only of the money value, whose presence, perchance, cursed all the shore; who exhausted the land around it and would fain have exhausted the waters within it; who regretted only that it was not English hay or cranberry meadow—there was nothing to redeem it, forsooth, in his eyes—and would have drained it and sold it for the mud at its bottom."

All things considered, the Adirondacks have been rather fortunate in names, more so than one might expect. It is true there are Sampson's Lakes, Eckford Chain, O'Neil Flow, Swanson's Dam, Brown's Tract, Griffin (a man!) Brook, Stephen's Pond, Buell Brook, Tirrell Pond, My Pond, Your Pond, Jenkins' Pond and Merritt's Lake, and so on—and of what possible significance are these? But really descriptive names are seen and heard.

S. H. Hammond made a trip southward into the Adirondacks and in 1865 he printed a book about it. Meacham Lake was sixteen miles in the wilderness then, and a few miles beyond it in the "southeast corner of Duane" township, Hammond came to a pond of about 200 acres, nameless so far as he or his guide knew. Here is how it got a name:

"Having rested ourselves, we were about starting on our journey when we saw an animal called the fisher. * * * As he passed behind a large boulder, I raised my rifle, and as he again emerged into sight, I fired and killed him. * * * We took the gentleman's hide as the spoils of war, and to pay for the trouble of shooting and skinning him. The death of the animal was the occasion of the christening of this sheet of water. We hewed a smooth place on the side of an ancient birch, and with a knife carved thereon in large letters, 'Fisher's Lake.' Whoever shall hereafter visit it, let him respect the name we gave it and speak of it according'y." Whether the name lasted I don't know, but it is typical of one sort of names, including the Deer, Wolf, Bear, etc.

About three miles up from the foot of Lower Saranac Lake is a great rock, like a boulder. It is called Signal Rock, and with the bit of land behind it, is known as Bluff Island. The name Signal Rock is older than any one in Saranac Lake village, having originated in the days when Indians used smoke instead of the telegraph to convey information to their fellows. Indian Carry (near Sweeney's), on the Upper Saranac, leading to the Stony Creek ponds, has some significance, historically, as it is probable that Sir John Johnson, when he fled from the Mohawk valley in May, 1776, went to Canada that way, while doubtless small parties of Indians, with their canoes, followed the water route from St. Regis to the Bisby's on their way to attack the Dutch settlements along the Mohawk. Arrow heads are to be found around all the large Adirondack lakes, telling of prehistoric sport.

Some names are of doubtful origin. One of these is "Raquette," or "Racket," applied to a river and a lake. A guide would say that it was the tumbling of the waters on the rocks of the river, the roar or racket of which suggested an appropriate name. But a French Canadian may have seen a resemblance to a snow shoe—"Raquette"—in the shape of a marsh or flac, while traveling with Indians. The Iroquois Indians named it the Ni-ha-na-wa-te, or the Fall-of-Rapids, a circumstance likely to be noticed by canoe men.

The Indians called the present Mt. Seward "Ou-kor-lah, The Great Eye, because from its heights a vast territor could be seen and the warrior or hunter might observe the fire smokes of his friends or foes, and lay his plans accordingly. In some cases the Indian names have been merely translated into English. White face for White head is an example; Hurricane Peak, for Hill of the Wind. Lake Champlain was The Door of the Country; Schroon Lake, at first unattractive, grows to Scaroon, and Sca-ni-a-dar-oon, a Large Lake; and, incidentally, Scaroona, name of the Indian maiden whose French lover deserted her. It is interesting to note that several of the greatest Adirondack peaks derive their names from "five gentlemen," who "were engaged in the development of the iinn interest at the Upper Works." "Cod-a-cra-ga, the Dismal Wilderness, is just south of these; Seward Mountain, not far from the Long Lake summer resorts, where there is an Indian always on exhibition within easy walking distance. The Dismal Wilderness was a frightful region in the old days; not much visited by even the trappers and Indian hunters, who dreaded its dense solitudes, and the fierce creatures to which their experience and imaginations had introduced them on its borders.

Within the borders of the present tree line of the mountains there are numerous little clearings grown of ferns, or briers, and a sprinkling of second growth around the edge, or crowding to the very center. These clearings have more often than not curious histories. Refugees of every sort from France and England, as well as from inhabited portions of America, sought the shadows of the tree-grown mountains to escape the penalties of dissenting from the course of "public opinion." Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, was honored by having a pure Adirondack lake named after him; while a high fall on Deer River was called the King's because he looked at it once. The French exiles that followed or preceded this man left many traces on the northwest side of the mountains in clearings, names, and the blood of the people with whom they commingled.

A stronger class than these Frenchmen was the Tories after the war of the American Revolution. Their property in the Mohawk valley, amounting to vast estates, was confiscated by the Americans, and they were exiles from their native haunts. The enmity of their old neighbors prevented them from returning, so they came as near as they dared to the fertile alluvial flats of the valley and settled on the rough, sterile and rocky southwest slope of the mountains, hewed out patches of land to live on until they could return to the Mohawk again without being shot. Young's Clearing and the old Vaughn place are of this sort. They are on the old trail followed by Indians and painted Tories, when on their way to surprise the lower valley settlements, and are within two miles of Butler's Ford, in the West Canada, where Walter N. Butler, after a wild flight from Johnston, with Indians and fellow Tories, was shot and scalped in October, 1781, by Colonel Marinus Willett's men.

The noted Tory names may still be recognized in many a place, commingled, now, with the Conklings, Quackenbushes, Fordas, Dygerts, etc., who were patriots, and eventually chopped their way to the borders of the clearings of their old time enemies.

The patriot trappers, after the war, who found these Tory clearings, sometimes had trouble over trap lines, or old questions, and odd duels were occasionally fought, after which the survivor never told his experience; decaying log cabins being the only clue to what had happened. The Indians, however, suffered most, for the Tories and the Yankees united to swindle them out of their lands, if leaders like Colonel John Butler, father of Walter, or if mere trappers like Nat Foster, shot them in the back to get their furs and traps, which made hard times for the Indians.

Hunters and trappers led the way into the Adirondack wilderness just as they have led the way into the Rockies and into the far north. Naturally, they gave names to a good many of the prominent features which have since become generally known by them. Their own names were likely to become attached to the ponds by which they made their camps, while their adventures or captures suggested fit appellations for localities round about. A trapper's life led him from 50 to 100 miles through the wilderness in the old days, usually in a circle. Hanging the head of the moose or deer he killed for bait on a tree overlooking a lake, was apt to give it the name of Horn Lake or Moosehead Pond. The ridge on which he trapped martens was likely to be called after that pretty though ferocious creature. When he came to a pond he had once seen, but had tried to find many times in vain, he was apt to call it the Lost Pond to distinguish it for the benefit of his sons or young partner.

Curious and various associations are connected with the many Adirondack mill brooks and streams. The ruins of grist and saw mills, erected by forgotten men, may sometimes be found by hunters tramping along streams of considerable size. It is natural to call such a stream Mill Brook. At Noblesborough, in Herkimer county, is a "Mill Stream," from which the mill has long since disappeared, and most people are doubtful whether it was to grind corn or to saw wood that it was erected. These mills were commonly put up by men who had failed in more "likely" situations, and who thought to do better "further back." I have never heard that anyone of these mills was noted as grinding the corn mash that makes moonshine whisky. The only home made intoxicating drink that is found among the Adirondack woods is made from various berries—black, rasp, and elder berries being oftenest used for that purpose. But on every road, trail and other Adirondack thoroughfare is a "whisky spring." Few woodsmen are so foolish as to drink under a pack, however much they may like it. So it happens that when the announcement of a "good drink of Adirondack whisky" is in sight it means simply the approach to a white sard, boiling spring.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

Probability.

From the Springfield Republican.

IF Pegasus, winged horse of which we read,
Should wing his way to Earth as once he came,
Should browse in our green pastures, fiery steed!
He would be winged no longer but in name;
No fountain now would spring beneath his hoof,
His wings were more desirable, in truth.

No longer free to roam, without excuse,
He would be caught and tethered, put to use,
Nay, not for racing!—no one cares for that—
His wings would decorate some woman's hat,
While envious women, weeping, gathered around
To ask "where wings like these were to be found?"

—HELEN HART WOODWORTH.

In the Sub-Arctics.

J. W. TYRRELL, the Arctic explorer, who has for the past ten years been engaged in exploring the extreme northern portion of Canada in the interests of the Canadian Government, has recently returned to civilization. His last trip covered a period of ten months, nine of which were spent entirely outside of the limits of civilization, being unable to communicate in any way with the outside world.

While the Tyrrell brothers were traevling down the western coast of Hudson Bay in open canoes, during the month of November, they met with great hardships, a few of which are reported in the following account, written by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell himself.

When about perishing from starvation and cold, the Tyrrell brothers with the rest of their party were rescued by the missionary from Fort Churchill, who sent out men and dog sleds to bring them to that station.

After the great five days' storm, which lasted until Oct. 4, the whole country was buried in snow, and every possibility of finding even a little moss for fuel was excluded. Winter had overtaken us. Ice was forming all along the shore of the bay, and it was evident that within a very few days travel by canoe must be at an end.

On the above date, though light snow continued to fall, the wind had gone down sufficiently to admit of launching the canoes after a long portage out to meet the tide. In spite of the most vigorous exertion, all we were able to make during the day was ten miles, and that through a chilling spray, which froze upon us and incased canoes and men in an armor of ice. We had great difficulty in getting ashore at night, having again to portage a long distance over the low-tide boulder flats.

On the following morning the water of the bay was out of sight, and it was not until about noon, when the tide flowed in, that we were able to float the canoes. We were so obstructed by the new ice and a strong head wind that we were not able to make more than a mile or two before being again forced to struggle to the shore. At this rate we would be a long time in reaching Churchill. We had now been more than three weeks on the coast, and were still at least 250 miles from our haven.

Some different mode of travel must be adopted or we should never get in. The short ice was forming rapidly and might now block us at any time. We had not more than enough meat for another day or two, and the game had all left the country. What was to be done? My brother and I talked the matter over during the night. The plan suggested itself of abandoning everything but rifles and blankets and starting down the shore on foot. But then, how could the numerous large rivers, which were still open, be crossed? Again, to this plan there was the objection that having been in canoes all summer our party, though still strong enough to paddle, was in poor condition to walk. The only other feasible plan was then suggested. It was to abandon dunnage, instruments, rock collection, etc., everything except notebooks, photographs, plant collection, rifles, blankets and two small tents, and with these to start in only two light canoes, and with the increased force in them to travel for our lives.

This plan was decided on, and in the morning the men were set to work to cache all our stuff excepting the articles above mentioned. This occupied the whole morning, and to us it was a sad and lonely task, but as it seemed to be the only way by which we might hope to escape from this dreary ice-bound coast, it was felt to be a necessary one. As secure a cache as we could build was made, and then with heavy hearts we turned our steps toward the shore.

After launching the two canoes it was with great danger and difficulty we were able to force a way through the broken but heavy shore ice to the open water beyond. Having once gotten clear, we were able to make good progress, and even at great risk of being smashed upon some of the many rocks, we paddled far into the night; but at a late hour, being sheathed in ice from the freezing spray, we landed, and without supper lay down to sleep upon the snow.

Eight more dreary days passed, six of which were spent in battling with the elements and two in lying storm-stayed in our tents. During this interval our party suffered much from cold and lack of food, and to make matters worse, dysentery attacked us, and it appeared as if one of our men would die. Still, with hollow cheeks and enfeebled strength we struggled on, sometimes making fair progress and at others very little, until on Oct. 14, as we advanced, the ice became so heavy and extended so far out to sea, that in order to clear it we had to go quite out of sight of land.

Toward evening we began to look about for some opportunity of going ashore, but nothing could be seen before us but a vast field of ice, with occasional protruding boulders. We pushed on, hoping to find some bluff point or channel of water by which we might reach the shore, but the appearance of things did not change in the slightest. We stood up in the canoes or climbed upon boulders vainly hoping to at least get a glimpse of the land. Of course we knew the direction in which the shore lay, but it was so low and we were so far out that it was beyond our view. We were utterly helpless and could do nothing but remain where we were or go where the tide chose to carry us, until the return of daylight.

The hours of that night were the longest I have ever experienced, and the odds seemed to be against us surviving till morning; but at last the day returned and found us still alive. My brother was nearly frozen, having been obliged to sit or lie in icy water all night. Poor little Michel had both of his feet frozen, and the rest of us were badly used up. Still we were in the same position as the night before. We could not hold out much longer; we must gain the shore or perish. At the time of high tide, the ice being somewhat loosened, our canoes were thrust into the pack, and by great exertion as well as much care we succeeded about 9 o'clock in reaching solid ice, upon which we were able to land and, for the last time, haul out our noble little crafts. We had been in them just thirty hours, battling with ice, exposed to a chilling winter blast, our clothing saturated and frozen and our bodies faint and numb with starvation and cold. But we were now within reach of the land, and all of us who were able gladly scrambled out upon the ice to stretch our cramped and stiffened limbs. A fire was quickly made, camp pitched and, better still, a meal prepared. On the previous day a seal, the only one secured on the trip, had been shot, and we were now in a position to appreciate it. The three Western men were still fairly strong, but the remaining five of us were very weak and badly used up. We knew now, however, that we could be no great distance from Churchill, for we had again reached the wooded country, and two or three miles back from the shore could be seen dark clumps of spruce trees. This was a most consoling fact, for besides having meat for several days, we felt that we would have shelter and fire.

As to launching our canoes again, that was entirely out of the question. If we would reach Churchill at all it must be by land.

As most of us were unable to walk, the only course open appeared to be to send on some of the stronger men to, if possible, reach the fort and bring back a relief party. This plan was proposed and two of the Western men, Jim and John, volunteered to undertake the walk. We thought the distance could not be more than fifty miles, and it might be considerably less. On the morning of the 16th the two men set out on their journey, while those of us remaining proceeded to move our tents back from the shore about two miles to the nearest woods, where we might make ourselves more comfortable, to await the success or failure of the relief party. A sheltered spot was selected for camp, in a thick grove of spruce trees, and after clearing away about 2 feet of snow which covered the ground, tents were pitched, then well carpeted with spruce boughs and a big fire made. This was indeed a happy change from lying in canoes in the ice pack. Clothing and blankets were now dried, and with the seal meat and some ptarmigan which we shot in the grove, we were soon comparatively comfortable, with the exception perhaps of poor Michel, who suffered much from his frozen feet.

On the morning of the 17th, feeling somewhat revived after a long night's rest, I undertook to go hunting ptarmigan, which we were glad to find were plentiful in the woods about us. Had it not been for the fact that our ammunition was almost exhausted, the occurrence of these birds in abundance would have afforded us great consolation, but being as we were reduced to a dozen charges, the opportunity for living on feathered game seemed limited to a short period. We were hoping that Jim and John might be successful in reaching Churchill. Before I had walked a hundred yards from camp I was forced to realize how weak I had become, and after making a circuit of about half a mile and shooting only two or three birds, I was scarcely able to crawl back to the tent. On my return, François, taking the shotgun, went out and returned in the evening with a fine bag of game.

On waking the next morning my brother amused us by relating an extraordinary dream, in which he imagined he was luxuriating in good things, and particularly sweet currant cakes, for which he was exhibiting a wonderful capacity. But, alas! with the visions of the night the cakes had vanished, and for breakfast he was to be content with unseasonable boiled ptarmigan.

At about 1 o'clock in the day, as we were seated within the tent, partaking of our second meal, we were suddenly startled by hearing the exclamation, "Hullo, Jim!" The eagerness with which we scrambled over dinner and dishes to the tent door can better be imagined than described, and on looking out, sure enough there was Jim returning. Was he alone? No; thank the Lord! Behind him a moment later emerged from the woods a number of men, followed by teams of dogs and sleds. One after the other there came scampering along no less than four teams, hauling long, empty sleds capable of furnishing accommodation for our whole outfit.

After a hard two days' tramp, Jim and John had reached the fort, where they had found kind friends ready to send us a prompt assistance. Dog teams had been placed at their disposal, provisions supplied and early in the morning of the same day on which they had found us, the train had set out for our relief. With light sleds they had traveled at a rapid pace over the thirty miles of snowy plains which separated us from Churchill. Another day of good travel in the canoes would have taken us in had this been afforded us.

As the relief party drew up at our camp, Jim advanced and handed letters to my brother and myself, expressing kind wishes and sympathy from Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse, the Church of England missionary and his wife at the fort, whose friendship I had the privilege of making on two former visits to Churchill. Along with the letters was handed a box, which, when opened, was found to contain the very good things of my brother's dream, even to the sweet currant cakes. Staple provisions were also produced, and it is scarcely necessary to say that they were joyfully welcomed. It would be impossible to describe our feelings upon this occasion, the termination of so many hardships and sufferings. During the afternoon preparations were made for the journey to the fort the following day. The canoes were hauled up from the shore, where we had been obliged to leave them, and loaded upon two of the dog sleds. Camp outfit and provisions were loaded upon the others and as far as possible everything was put in readiness for an early start in the morning.

A change in the weather was already forecast, the wind shifting round to the south, and toward evening it became decidedly milder. During the night a rain set in, and between it and the warm wind a wonderful change was wrought before dawn. It began to look very much as if the fates were against us, and that now with the sleds and dog teams we should have no snow to travel on. But before daylight camp was astir, and finding that enough yet remained, breakfast was partaken of by the light of the camp-fire, and at the first streaks of dawn the journey on sleds to Churchill was begun.

The arrangement of our party was as follows: As guide an Indian named James Westasecot led the way some distance ahead of the train. Next after him came a team of six big Eskimo dogs, hitched two and two abreast to a long sled carrying the big canoe, in which Michel was given a passage. Following this team was another hauling the smaller canoe, in which I was rolled up in my blankets. The third team consisted of only four dogs, and, in a carryall, hauled my brother and some of the baggage, and at the rear end of the train trotted another full team of six dogs, with Louis, the sick Iroquois, and the camp outfit. The rest of our men walked behind or beside the various sleds, resting themselves by jumping on when the traveling was easy, as it often was when crossing level plains or frozen ponds—of which latter there were very many.

The day was beautifully bright and pleasant for one traveling as I was, but for the drivers and dogs it was much too warm for comfort. In many places the higher ground was bare, and progress consequently slow.

About noon a halt was made for lunch. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we reached Grassy Island, at the bottom of Button's Bay, and two hours later gained the base of a long range of rocky hills. We skirted the foot of these for some time, until we reached a low place in the ridge, where, dismounting to lighten the loads,, we turned up the steep pass, and after a short climb to the crest found ourselves within full view of Fort Churchill. It was not an imposing place, but even though consisting of only four or five old frame buildings, the sight to us was one of deep satisfaction. For a moment we paused on the summit of the ridge, then at the crack of the driver's whip the teams bounded forward, galloped down the steep slope, sped across the plains below, and in a few minutes landed us at the house of the Hudson Bay Company's traders. Here, after extricating ourselves from the various conveyances, we were presently received by a tall young Scotchman, who announced himself as Mr. Matheson, master of the fort.

Natural History.

The Starling.

THE starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) is one of a family which is confined to the old world, but it is closely allied to our blackbirds and in many respects resembles them in its habits. It is a little smaller than our red-winged blackbird, but has longer and more pointed wings. During the breeding season the principal color is black, with green and purple reflections, and with buff tips to the feathers on some parts of the body. The bill is yellow. At other seasons nearly all the feathers have buff, or, on the under parts, whitish tips, giving the bird a spotted appearance, and the bill loses its bright color.

In Europe the starling is one of the most abundant birds and is said to be increasing in numbers in some districts. In the northern countries it is more or less migratory, most of the individuals passing the winter in southern Europe, but it is everywhere one of the earliest to appear in the spring, often arriving before the snow is gone, and in most places a few are to be found at every season of the year.

In its breeding habits it differs from our blackbirds. The nest is built in hollow trees or in crevices in rocks, walls and cliffs, but more often about buildings, after the fashion of the English sparrow, or in boxes where they are placed for its accommodation. From four to seven greenish-blue eggs are laid, and two broods are regularly raised each summer. When the breeding season is over the starlings congregate in flocks, and their habits are about the same as those of the red-winged blackbird at the same period of the year. Immense flocks of starlings resort to suitable marshes and swamps to roost, and during the day scatter over the country to feed, return again every evening to the same roosting place, until the approaching winter and consequent scarcity of food compels them to resort to more southern latitudes.

Like our cowbird, they are particularly fond of feeding where cattle are kept, and are said to alight on the animals themselves in search of the insects which infest them.

The song of the starling does not amount to very much, but it is a good mimic, and in captivity it will, as is well known, learn to produce a great variety of sounds.

It is not particular in regard to its food, and although it is injurious in certain places and at certain seasons, it is well established that the benefits that it confers by the destruction of insects, grubs and snails far exceed the harm done by occasional attacks on fruit or crops.

The foregoing remarks must be understood to apply to the starling in Europe. In America the bird has been introduced, and for some years past has been found in and about New York city, and has spread over the surrounding country. It is common on Long Island; I have seen it in southwestern Connecticut, and have heard of it in eastern Massachusetts, though it seems not unlikely that the birds in the last mentioned State, if the report that they occur there is correct, may have been independently introduced. Probably the birds already occur in other places besides those which I have mentioned.

Because the starling is a desirable species in Europe it does not follow that it will be so in America. The case of the English sparrow, which is becoming a far greater nuisance here than it is in Europe, and of the rabbit in Australia, are examples of what a naturally hardy and prolific species may do when suddenly placed in a new and particularly favorable environment. The starling certainly is a hardy and very prolific species, and it has had many centuries of experience in getting its living in a thickly populated and highly cultivated region, while our birds, in most parts of the country, have had but a few generations in which to adapt themselves to greatly changed conditions of life and environment due to the occupation of the country by man. Like the English sparrow, the starling is one of the most clever and versatile of birds, quick to perceive danger and well able to take care of itself if once its suspicions are aroused, but tame and familiar where it is not molested. It has thoroughly learned the art, which many birds seem entirely incapable of learning, of availing itself of every advantage to be derived from man's labors and productions. It is making itself at home here as if it had no intention of leaving, and it is losing no time in spreading into new districts.

There is no reason to expect that the starling itself will be harmful to agriculture in this country. Unless it should become very numerous it will probably do more good than harm, as far as direct effect is concerned. The writer is not aware that any study of the habits and food of the starling in America has been made which would

justify making any positive assertion in regard to this, but judging from what is known of our blackbirds, the above is the natural conclusion. Yet it cannot be expected that it will be as useful here as over a large part of continental Europe, where it is exceedingly valuable because of the vast numbers of land snails which it eats. Fortunately, in most parts of the United States we do not have the large and abundant species of snails which cause so much destruction in the European fields and gardens, though we will probably have them some time if the mania for introducing things continues. In America the starling must depend on other food.

This is not the only side of the question. The starling will not establish itself here and increase without causing an accompanying diminution of our native birds, many of them more desirable species than itself. It would seem as if the English sparrow might have settled here without such effect on the American birds, because it is thrown into so little direct competition with them; such competition being limited chiefly to occasional disputes over nesting sites, for the sparrow utilizes a source of food for which our native birds have but little use, and which was, until the advent of the sparrow, allowed for the most part to go to waste.

Apparently there was an opening for the English sparrow and for our birds also. But already the introduction of the sparrow has resulted in the practical extermination of the purple martin from a large part of the country, in the gradual disappearance of the bluebird and in driving such insectivorous species as the house wren and the vireos away from the vicinity of our homes, thus causing an apparent though probably not actual decrease in the abundance of a great number of others of our native species. In view of the recent discoveries of the part played by flies and mosquitoes in the transmission of disease, the driving away of such birds—particularly the above mentioned species of swallows, which feed very largely on such insects—from the vicinity of our houses and substituting a non-insectivorous species, cannot be looked upon as an advantage from an economic any more than from an aesthetic point of view. Though the starling is not by nature so pugnacious as the sparrow, yet it will come into far more direct and unavoidable competition with the American birds, and it does not follow that the species which will be most affected are those most nearly related to the starling—that is, the blackbirds. The birds which have been most affected by the coming of the sparrow have been those of different families, and in most respects of different habits.

It is probable that it is already too late to accomplish the extermination of the starling in America. Possibly it might be brought about by destroying the nests and the birds during the breeding season. But the starling is a clever and irrepressible bird, and if persecuted would soon become wary. An injudicious attempt to exterminate it by offering a reward for specimens would result in a great destruction of native species and in endless violations of the game laws, rather than in exterminating the starling. However, the task is not so hopeless now as it will be in a year or so more.

Of course what the starling is going to do in this country still remains to be seen. At present we can only judge from our knowledge of the habits and nature of the bird, and from the rapid progress it has already made in the short time that it has been here. There was nothing to gain and much to lose by introducing the bird, and the mildest way of putting it is to say that the experiment was such a dangerous one that it should never have been tried.

Whatever may be thought in regard to the possibility of still getting rid of the starling, there is not the least indication that any serious attempt will be made in that direction; at least not until so late that it will be a farce.

Already the bird has spread into several States, and what possibility is there of prompt and concerted action under our miserable system of leaving such matters to the control of the State instead of to the Federal Government? With all due respect to those who framed the Constitution of the United States, they knew nothing about either the preservation of valuable birds and animals or the protection against harmful ones when they left it to the State governments. The birds know no State boundaries. The system is just as sensible a one as it would be to leave the command of the contingent of troops furnished by each State in time of war to the Government of the State from which it came, and for the War Department to confine itself to experimenting with disappearing carriages and to compiling statistics.

W. G. VAN NAME.

The Bird's Strenuous Life.

MILHURST, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days since when going near a fence of coarse wire netting, I found a sparrow hawk and a robin lying side by side, and both recently dead. I should judge that the hawk had been after the robin and the two must have struck the fence with force enough to knock the life out of each.

Two days afterward, while walking near a pine tree, I heard a robin peeping over my head. Looking up I saw it was hung on a string some two feet in length by one foot, and to the end of a branch of the tree some fifteen feet from the ground. By standing on a garden chair with a long-handled garden hoe, I pulled down the branch, which I broke off, and found the bird was fastened simply with a half-hitch by only the middle toe above the claw, and the other end of the cotton twine was wound several times around the branch near the terminal buds. When disentangled the bird flew away seemingly as well as ever.

A. L. LYON.

Owl and Skunk.

TORONTO, Canada.—In a conversation with Mr. Maughan, the Ontario and Dominion governments' taxidermist, he gave me the interesting information that all the great horned owls (*Bubo virginianus*) and even the large white owls (*Nyctea nivea*) that he has had sent to him recently, had a very strong odor of skunk. This is decidedly interesting, to think of owls living on skunks. One can imagine what a struggle takes place—the absolutely noiseless flight of the owls, the strike, one talon in the shoulder and neck and the other on the rump. The impossibility of the skunk to turn upon its assailant and the impossibility of the owl to either fly or let go, and there you are. How many skunks have been eaten by owls and how many owls have been eaten by skunks? Here is a midnight forest scene between two equally strong vermin that no kodak enthusiast has snapped and probably never will.

G. H. CORSAN.

Squirrels as Pets.

SINCE writing my letter on "Squirrels as Pets," last June, I have had to spend about $3 on postage stamps, informing individual inquirers that I am not a dealer in black squirrels, my few score specimens having been smothered by smoke through a fire in the stable next to mine. I think I mentioned the incident.

A gentleman from England writes to me, through your paper, on squirrels and their teeth. I have seen squirrels in and out of cages whose teeth were so curved through the habit of feeding or cracked nuts that they died. He will observe that when a hickory or black walnut is cracked the kernel is not entirely liberated, but can be scooped out with a curved tooth, and without grinding. Hence the temptation to be lazy results in the death of the squirrel. It is a great mistake to crack the nuts for squirrels, as they then grow fat, shapeless, and short-tailed, and, moreover, are too lazy to breed. By the way, black squirrels are very scarce in Ontario this year. I had the greatest difficulty in securing nine specimens for breeding purposes.

"Julius, the fox-hunter," is another correspondent of yours who thinks that I am in error. No such mixture as hare and rabbit ever occurred; nor frog and toad; nor wolf and fox. An egg bearing reptile, such as most snakes are, could not fertilize a copperhead, that has its young entire. The external appearance may be very similar between hare and rabbit, but the reproductive structures are entirely different.

Another of your correspondents asks if the black squirrel of Ontario is a gray squirrel suffering from melinism. I say, no. The shape of the tail is my proof, as well as certain differences in habits.

G. H. CORSAN.

TORONTO.

SAUK CENTRE, Minn.—I must side in with Hermit in regard to the red squirrel. I have strung out a line of meat-baited traps every winter for the last twenty-five years, and I do not know that I ever had a red squirrel take a bait. Ground moles and weasels are sometimes quite troublesome, also bluejays and moose birds. I have seen where many rabbits have been caught and partly devoured by owls, but never have I seen where a skunk has been killed by an owl.

C. W. V.

Game Bag and Gun.

State Game Preserves.

Text of the New Connecticut Act Concerning the Establishment of State Game Preserves

SECTION 1. The Commissioners of Fisheries and Game shall have power to establish State game preserves, and to that end may, in the name of and for the use of the State, lease for the term of either twenty-five or fifty years tracts of woodland in this State suitable for the propagation and preservation of game and game birds; said tracts shall contain not less than 50 and not more than 300 acres, and shall during the term of said lease be and remain State game preserves.

Sec. 2. Said Commissioners may lease any tract of woodland pursuant to the provisions of this act which in their judgment is adapted to the propagation and preservation of game and game birds, and shall, upon the petition of five resident land owners of any town so to do, lease such tract of woodland as may be particularly described in said petition; provided, such woodland can be leased upon the terms of this act; and provided, also, that not more than two State game preserves have been previously established in such town.

Sec. 3. The owners of the fee of such tracts of woodland as may be leased under the provisions of this act, their heirs, executors and administrators, may alienate, use and enjoy such lands for all purposes, except the taking, capturing or killing of game or game birds, as fully as if said lease had not been made.

Sec. 4. Said Commissioners, in leasing any tract of woodland for a State game preserve, may include in said lease any piece of open land connected therewith, which in their judgment is necessary and essential to the propagation and preservation of game and game birds in such State game preserve.

Sec. 5. Said leases shall contain the usual covenants, a particular and detailed description by metes and bounds of the tract or tracts included therein, and the number of acres of each lessor, and when duly executed shall be recorded in the land records of the town in which the land described therein is situated, and the proof of such record, upon the trial of any person for a violation of the provisions of this act, shall be proof that the entrance upon the State game preserve was knowingly made.

Sec. 6. The State shall pay to the lessor of any State game preserve, and to the lessor of any part thereof, a sum not to exceed five dollars in full payment for the restrictions imposed upon said land by said lease under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 7. The said Commissioners shall, during the period when hunting game and game birds is permitted by the laws of this State, cause notices to be posted along the boundary lines of each State game preserve forbidding entrance therein; said notices to be posted at such places and at such distances apart as will in their judgment fairly warn all persons from entering upon such game preserve; but the failure to post such notices, or a removal or destruction of such notices after they have been posted, shall not be a defense in prosecutions under the provisions of this act, when the lease of such State game preserve shall have been duly executed and recorded as herein provided.

Sec. 8. The taking, trapping, snaring or killing of game or game birds in any State game preserve at any time is hereby prohibited.

Sec. 9. It shall be lawful during the closed season, but at no other time, to hunt, kill or trap foxes, skunks, raccoons, wildcats, minks, weasels, hawks and owls in any State game preserve. Any person who shall enter upon any State game preserve for any of the purposes specified in this section and shall trap, snare or kill any ruffed grouse (called partridge), quail, woodcock, pheasant, squirrel, hare or rabbit, or deer, or shall injure the nests, eggs or young of any ruffed grouse (called partridge), quail, woodcock or pheasant, shall be fined not more than $100 nor less than $50.

Sec. 10. Any person who shall at any time enter upon any State game preserve to hunt, trap, snare, net, pursue, kill or destroy or attempt to kill any ruffed grouse (called partridge), quail, woodcock, pheasant, squirrel, hare or rabbit, or deer, and any person who shall at any time in any State game preserve hunt, trap, snare, net, pursue, kill or destroy any ruffed grouse (called partridge), quail, woodcock, pheasant, squirrel, hare or rabbit, or deer, and any person who shall at any time enter upon any State game preserve to destroy or remove from the nests of any of the birds aforesaid any egg of such birds, or who shall destroy the nests or eggs of such birds, shall be fined not less than $50 and not more than $100. The detection of any person with a gun, trap or snare upon any State game preserve, during the open season, shall be presumptive evidence of a violation of this section.

Sec. 11. In case of conviction under any of the provisions of this act, one-half of the fine imposed by the court shall be paid to the informer.

Sec. 12. All the powers conferred and duties imposed upon said Commissioners of Fisheries and Game and the fish and game wardens by the laws of this State, not inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are made a part hereof, and may be exercised and discharged by said Commissioners and wardens relative to said State game preserves.

Sec. 13. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Deer and Bear in Wisconsin.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some have an idea that a wounded deer won't fight, but not the person who has had one in a position to know, or the person who has taken many annual outings in quest of deer and found them and secured them in many numbers, where at times he could successfully bring them to bay from a shot which, perhaps, only crippled them until they could be approached.

During the sixties my brother was a successful and apt hunter in Clark county, this State, where he could kill dozens during the season, using the old muzzleloader. On one occasion he dropped a deer at short range, and not taking time to reload approached the animal, which was struggling, and drew his knife to bleed it, when it gained its feet and made a charge at him. In less time than it takes me to note the incident a part of his wearing apparel was in shreds, and only for young saplings, which stood quite thick, which gave him a chance to dodge the repeated attacks of this vicious, maddened, spike-horned buck until he could draw from his belt the tomahawk which he carried, and after the third blow knocked the animal down, the deer would no doubt have been the victor. He was only "finned," shot through above the backbone near the shoulders, which sometimes only causes a paralysis or numbness of short duration.

In the fall of 1880 a party of four of us found that deer were seen around an unoccupied tract of land within thirty miles of this city. The season was then open in December. We spent less than two weeks in that locality, and came home with sixteen deer on our sleigh. Three other, wounded, got away. We did not use dogs, but still-hunted them, as there were favorable conditions—plenty of good light snow. One buck (and we now have his horns in the shape of a parlor stool) I dropped as he got out of his bed within six rods of me. When he fell he was out of sight. When within forty feet of him I saw him raised on his front feet, facing me, ready for battle. He was shot through the back and could not get away. His eyes were like balls of fire, and his hair bristling toward the head, and stamping with his fore feet he defied nearer approach. I started to walk around him, getting nearer, until I came very close to him, while he tried his utmost to drag himself and attack me. I was ready for him with the then new-fangled pepperbox, as it was jokingly called in those days, the 15-shot Winchester repeater. With this same kind of a gun a schoolmate of mine in younger days, Elder David Downer, an expert glass ball shot, until his death some five years ago was a hunter in our northern counties, and I'll tell the FOREST AND STREAM readers what he did one day when out hunting. You may think it a good story, and so it is; but the person who was with him, Mr. Sargent, of Stanley, Wis., is yet alive to vouch for the statement, as he helped dress the deer at the time the Elder killed them, which was some ten years ago, near Cable, Wis. I have had it from the lips of Elder Downer, who was not more prone to large stories than other ministers; and also from Mr. Sargent last fall at his daughter's, where we were staying during our hunt, which was in Taylor county, Wis. It came about in this way: These two gentlemen were out one day, had separated to make a little tour, and were to come together again. Shortly after their separation the Elder heard sounds of deer jumping. He soon discovered that they apparently were coming in his direction, which was on a little ridge. A deer came out of a thicket along a runway where there was a fallen tree, which it had to jump, which then brought it in view of the Elder's position, and while it was in the air his gun cracked, and was instantly reloaded again, when another deer made the same jump. They kept on coming until five shots had been fired at about a distance of eight rods. As no others came in sight the Elder went to the place and found four deer lying on the ground nearly in a heap. The fifth was found some twenty rods away, dead. Two bucks and three does were the result of less than two minutes' work. It is a well-known fact that these creatures usually run in file, one following the other. It is the chance of a lifetime of few persons that such incidents occur.

Well, as some readers are interested in diversified sports, we will give them one on bears. The incident took place near Cox, Taylor county, Wis., in November, 1899, near the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Little. A party of us spent our outing last fall with the same genial family, and the person, Mr. Sholts, from near Palmyra, Wis., who was there for his health, had been the principal in the contest the year before. He was then in such low physical condition that only on pleasant days could he get along the roadside within a half mile of the house. He had already shot with his rifle two deer from among the cattle, which were in a small field near the house, and having taken his shotgun, he went out one day for a few pheasants. After getting only a few rods from the house, he said he had a foreboding that something would happen. He returned and gave Mrs. Little his purse, saying he had queer feelings. Then he took three buckshot cartridges and started down the road, in sight of the house, where there was a cross road with a brushy thicket. He had just entered the thicket when he caught sight of a bear cub. He changed from fine shot and put in buckshot, as his gun was a breechloader, and shot the cub dead. Then he went up and bled it, and while he was doing this another cub came in sight, which he shot and wounded. It then put forth such a cry that the mother came to its rescue and started for him, when he let her have the contents of the other barrel, with the last load of large shot, which killed her. The scene that followed was the one that shocked the old hunter the worst. The fourth bear—the old male one, nearly as large as a cow—had espied him and was making for him, only a few rods distant. Only one barrel was loaded and that with fine shot, which he let the bear have in the head and eyes, and while the old fellow sat up, rubbing his eyes and face with his paws and crying, Mr. Sholts went around the thicket and wended his way slowly back to the house in a completely exhausted condition. Mrs. Little and daughter being at home had heard the shooting, and as soon as they were informed by Mr. Sholts of the encounter, they got some neighbors together and went to the place and found three dead bears. The day following dogs and men followed the one shot last, but lost the trail without getting him. O. S. S.

LA CROSSE, Wis.

Massachusetts Association.

68 DEVONSHIRE STREET, Boston, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held its last dinner meeting of the season at the Copley Square Hotel on Thursday evening, May 16. There was a very good attendance considering that several of our most active members are away on fishing trips, as is always the case at this time of the year.

The announcement that Hon. J. R. Thayer, of Worcester, would speak on the benefits of hunting and fishing to people of sedentary habits awakened an interest among our members to hear what the distinguished Congressman and President of the Worcester Fur Company might say.

After speaking in commendation of all outdoor sports as tending to develop muscular energy and alertness, and to counteract the natural tendency to inaction and laziness as people advance in years, he pictured in glowing colors the excitement incident to fox hunting as well as the delight with which after the day is over the participants in the hunt rehearse the events of the chase.

Mr. Thayer put in a plea for "the under dog," as he characterized the class of sportsmen who can hunt and fish only on Sunday. He said that in his opinion the golden mean between open and flagrant violation of Sunday and a moderate indulgence in sport in secluded places where no one would be disturbed by the firing of a gun was a matter difficult to attain by legislation.

The too rigid enforcement of Sunday laws, he said, might provoke a reaction that would be disastrous to the interests of protection, and it would be the part of wisdom "to wink" at some things.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney followed with several anecdotes touching upon his observations of Mr. Thayer on various occasions and which he characterized as "founded on fact," and excited a good deal of merriment on Mr. Thayer's part and of all those present.

President Reed presided with his usual facility and reported for the committee to purchase and distribute quail that twenty-three dozen had been sent out to fourteen localities, and that reports from the recipients showed that about 90 per cent. reached their destination in good condition.

There were fifteen names proposed for membership, and the candidates were elected as follows: Ezra C. Fitch, Waltham; Dr. M. A. Morris, Charlestown; Charles E. Dresser, Leominster; H. W. Abbott, Boston; Frank Fallon, Medford; George B. Dodge, Boston; Nathaniel C. Nash, Boston; Wilbur F. Blake, Wollaston; Dr. Wm. Sturges Bigelow, Boston; Z. T. Hollingsworth, Cohasset; Edward L. Osgood, Hopedale; Charles H. Taylor, Jr., Boston; Dr. I. M. Lovett, Boston; Paul Butler, Lowell; Charles Bradbury, Boston; Charles C. Richards, Boston; John Read, Cambridge; Edward Read, Cambridge; R. Wilton Lockwood, Boston; Charles C. Clapp, Boston; O. R. Dickey, Wellington; Wm. O. Taylor, Boston.

H. H. KIMBALL, Secretary.

Death of Guido.

WE regret to learn of the death of W. A. Wheatley, of Memphis, Tenn., who as Guido was widely known to the sportsmen of this country by his contributions to FOREST AND STREAM. This is the estimate of him as written by one who knew him well:

"Few men in Memphis could claim so many close and enduring friendships as this quiet and genial-hearted gentleman. He cared little for general society, preferring the companionship of his intimates, but to them his association was a rare pleasure. Highly educated and cultured in his tastes, he was a rarely good talker and as a raconteur he had few equals. In other years he was ardently devoted to field sports, but of late he had been compelled to abandon those cherished enjoyments. It is perhaps safe to say that Mr. Wheatley was absolutely without enemies, and by his friends he will be remembered as a brave and gallant soldier and a most courteous and honorable gentleman."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Minnesota Pine Lands.

No one interested in the success of the Minnesota park project need let his heart be troubled. There is an exceedingly strong likelihood that we shall see in Minnesota forest reservation, although it is not likely that there will be any Congressional junket for the purpose of investigation. Upon the contrary, there is very likely to be one of those deadly still hunts, undertaken by one or two officials who are strictly in earnest and who will go to the bottom of the facts regarding the timber on the Indian reservation in Minnesota. Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago, is as blue eyed and as enthusiastic as he ever has been in regard to the success of this movement for a Minnesota park. He seems to be the real agent, specially appointed by fate to see this thing through. The Minnesota park ought to be called the Cooper Memorial Reserve.

Every year and every month the dishonest and disgraceful actions of the lumbering companies on the Minnesota reservations come more and more into the full light of day. After awhile we shall come to the truth regarding the way the property of the United S ates and the Indian tribes has been handled in Minnesota.

The following is the latest news from Minneapolis on this question, sent out under date of April 20:

"The Journal to-day prints a page report of its investigations into the depredations on the Chippewa Indian reservations this winter by logging contractors under the 'dead and down' act. In almost every camp quantities of green timber have been cut. In many instances the logging contractors openly admitted illegal cutting. The special Government inspectors found that out of 49,000,000 feet cut this winter 9,000,000 feet has been illegally cut.

"Joseph R. Farr, the special inspector sent to investigate by Indian Commissioner Jones, has forced the lumbermen who buy these logs of the contractors to pay for them at $11 a thousand, thus securing for the Indian fund $100,000 extra.

"Captain W. A. Mercer, the Indian agent at Leech Lake, has closed up several camps entirely. He and Mr. Farr have gone to Chicago to report to Commissioner Jones."

The Value of the Outdoor Air.

It should not be forgotten that one of the most prominent influences brought to bear in this movement for the establishment of the Minnesota park is that wielded by the State Board of Health of Minnesota in its attempt to establish a forest sanitarium. A wilderness of blackened stumps does not appeal to the invalid as does the wilderness of the cathedral pines, covering a floor carpeted with soft and odorous needles, and carrying in their boughs the whisperings of rest and comfort. There is medicine in the outdoor air, but first you must get the ailing person out of doors. No man can measure the value which this Minnesota park would have for the strong or the weak, the healthy or the ailing of the people of the country. To an unprejudiced mind it might seem that the welfare of these many handicapped ones should not be placed second to that of the financial well being of lumbermen who have already enough of this world's goods.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Connecticut Adopts the Plank.

NEW LONDON, Conn., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Legislature has enacted a law providing that for two years no person shall sell or have in his possession to sell any ruffed grouse, called partridge, quail or woodcock. For such an offense a fine of $50 or imprisonment for thirty days or both is ordered.

The Legislature is made up by a large majority of farmer representatives in House and Senate, and this is a very strong indication that our farmers do think. The market-hunters who infest every village and hamlet of the State, in conjunction with the Game Dealers' Association, have nearly exterminated the game as well as other birds, and the farmers have voted a halt for at least two years. There was a strong opposition, and we owe the success of the measure to the sturdy defense of the Hon. Arthur B. Calkins, chairman of the Committee on Fisheries and Game, and his committee, made up of intelligent men. Mr. Calkins is every inch a true sportsman, and has earned the lasting praise of the sportsmen of not only Connecticut, but the whole Union. He has struck at the root of the whole evil of game bird extermination—the sale and marketing of game. Stop the sale of game and it will increase.

JAMES H. HILL.

To Go Around the World.

THE folder recently published by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announcing its fourteen round-the-world tours is a novel marvel of interest and information. These tours take the traveler from Washington or New York to San Francisco, Japan, China, India, Italy, France, and England, and back to New York; or from San Francisco, through the South Sea Islands, to Australia, Northern Africa, Italy, and England, and so home again.

The folder is intended primarily for use abroad, so that travelers from Great Britain and Europe may learn how to see the most of this country, and having done that, to return by way of the East to their homes.

The great map which accompanies it is a superb piece of mapmaking, and must interest every one who sees it. The cost of railroad and steambship fares, including meals and berths on a steamship, ranges from $642 to $680, and the time limit is twelve months from the date of sailing. It is truly said that considering the accommodations on shipboard included in the rates named, it would almost seem cheaper for a person having sufficient leisure to make a trip around the world than to stay at home.

These folders can be obtained at any of the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Summer on the Severn.

To the one who takes his summer outing each season it is a hard matter to tell when vacation begins and when it ends, for one anticipates the pleasures of the one to be and lives over and over again all the charms of the many vacations past and gone. Still there are special events of unusual interest that serve as anchors for many minor events that go to make up our recollection, and if asked when my last vacation began I would say the second Saturady of last June, when Mart Kinzer, an interesting boy of 15, drove me eight miles into the country for moss to pack angle worms we expected to gather later in the month. We drove north and soon saw far to the rear the smoke hanging over grimy Pittsburg like the mantle of blackness that hangs over Mt. Vesuvius.

Our journey ended some eight miles out, and hard by was a large carp pond and two poachers were busy seining the same.

They had taken in their nets about a hundred carp and had them nicely concealed in two large milk cans. None of the fish would go a pound and most were mere minnows. Those ruthless robbers bemoaned their hard luck. The older one said three years ago he had seined the same pond and taken 100 pounds at the first haul.

On a fine sloping bank we gathered two bushels or more of fine moss and at noon we sat down under a big black oak tree to lunch. Mart said, "if there is one thing mamma can do well it is the putting up a nice lunch," and the contents of that basket showed Mart was right, as the boy usually is. We unharnessed Bob, fed him and watered him, and then strolled up a valley full of ferns, flowers and birds' nests to a spring that came out of the rock by a gnarled old birch tree, where we had a fine drink; and also the chance of seeing at close range the pranks of a pair of "Kentucky cardinals."

The drive home ended the first series of events immediately prior to our summer outing. The second series came a week later. All day we had warm showers, and a drenching rain at nightfall. I borrowed Dr. Lucas' lantern and my boy and I went out in search of the big angle worms that come out on the grass after dark after a rain. The ground was covered with them. Worms eight and ten inches long, and as thick as a lead pencil. Now there is real sport in catching these worms. They lie with one end of the body in their holes and quick as a flash they can dart down in. It requires considerable skill to catch them. I had a patent bucket full of worms by midnight and by 2 o'clock we had caught nearly 5,000 worms. These we carefully packed away in the green moss. The worm feeds on the moss, and will live for months if moss is changed and kept moist.

I saw many toads out hunting worms. It was laughable to see toads tugging at the worms and struggling to haul them from their holes. Garter snakes are very fond of these angle worms and like the proverbial early bird may be seen in the morning hunting them. One snake ate a great part of a bucket of bait we kept in our tent in Canada. He secreted himself in the moss and lived at his ease. These worms we carefully sorted, throwing away any that had been broken or injured in catching. The balance we packed away in the moss. These worms are the best bait I have ever found for bass or pickerel. I have used them for years in Canada and know of no better bait—convenient to carry, easy to put on hook, and the most effective bait I ever found.

These preliminary pleasures and the purchase of additional hooks and snells, sinkers, etc., finished the first section of our summer outing, and on July 8, the Rosselle Fishing Club met at the Allegheny station of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railroad. The party was headed by Captain R. C. Beatty and wife, Messrs. Yockie, Prof. R. M. Martin, Miss Ada Martin, Lester M. Brobeck, W. C. Price, George M. Meanor, J. H. Kinser and wife and son, Martin, Thos. Hauser, Miss Campbell, Miss Rhein, Miss Distler, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Annie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. John Graebe, Miss Hawes, Dr. Rosselle and wife, and about twenty others.

This was a new route for every member, and we were all uneasy about delays and dangers of new lines; but in this we were disappointed. We all voted it the most desirable way of reaching Buffalo. At midnight we were at Reynoldsville and were soon climbing the Allegheny mountains. The moon was full and the mountains were flooded with mellow light, reminding one of dreams of fairy land. At 4 A. M. we were at Mt. Jewett—just at daybreak. This is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea and the air was clear, cold and bracing. Far down the mountain we could see what we decided were lakes, but the conductor informed us was fog.

The sun was soon up and these old mountains, that geologists tell us are so old that wind and water have worn them away until they are mere shadows of their former selves—mere stumps—were radiant in the sunshine.

In a short time we were coming down the other side of the mountains, gliding in and out of the valleys like a great serpent. Everywhere may be seen oil derricks in various stages of construction and decay—some rotted down, some new—and the brakeman informed us we were in the world famous Bradford oil field.

Some trouble with a valve on the engine caused us to stop on the mountain side and I went over and examined the minnows in a mountain stream and was rewarded by seeing some small trout. I got to understand that all these streams had once been famous trout streams and good creels may still be taken from these mountain streams in early April.

Passing Buffalo we were soon within the sound of Niagara and its delicious green-colored water, and the wondrous beauty of the falls would have fain enticed us to stay; but nothing could woo us from the visions of bass, pickerel and muscallonge of northern Canada. At 11 A. M. we left Toronto over the Grand Trunk Railroad and at 2:08 P. M. we came to our destination at Severn station, 10 miles due north from Toronto.

Our hearts were soon gladdened by a sight of the Severn River. The dear old river we hadn't seen for a year, and we greeted it with a shout of gladness; for on its banks and in its shady pools I have spent many a delightful season and every bend, yea, every shady nook from the station, five miles down to Sparrow Lake, was dear to me. The next day or two I spent in varnishing my boat and repairing my tackle and getting ready to angle in earnest.

Monday morning early I was out fishing for bass at the mouth of Grass Lake, and in a short time I had taken four or five bass and some nice pickerel. These I took to Bennett's and had for breakfast. In the afternoon I went trolling; in fact, I am too restless to stay in one place to fish. I very much prefer to be moving about and for this reason trolling specially commends itself, and the methods of taking fish this way are varied and afford the earnest angler abundant opportunity for studying out new devices for luring his quarry to doom.

I have never fished much anywhere else than in northern Canada and mostly in this Severn River region. For many years I have fished the Severn River and Sparrow Lake and always found enough fish to reward an earnest effort, and the hope of an unusually large muscallonge has kept me out in the sunshine and fresh air and has been to me a boon in the way of health and strength.

This Severn River drains Lakes Simcoe, Lake Couchiching and Sparrow Lake, and after numerous water-

CAMPING ON THE SEVERN.

falls empties into Georgian Bay. All the way from Lake Couchiching to Glouster Pool there is fine fishing, and perhaps as good muscallonge fishing as may be found in Canada. Above Sparrow Lake there are two swift currents, where I have whiled many an hour away in trolling, and since trolling seems to suit the taste of so many anglers, I will here say a few words about the method that seems successful.

In fishing from a boat I row up stream very, very slowly, with a live frog for bait, or a minnow. I usually have out forty or fifty feet of line and keep the bait moving and far away from the shock of the oar, and I try to row with as little shock as possible. Always work your bait in around any lodged drift or exposed rocks. In the journey up stream I more frequently take bass than any other fish. In drifting down I do not use the oars only to steer and use a large live angle worm and drift down stern foremost. As a rule fish lie with their heads up stream and catch their food as it drifts toward them. After a steamer has passed I have found they bite unusually well. These two worms and frogs are my standard baits, although there are days when minnows are better, and again grasshoppers and crickets are best. Every angler should keep as large an assortment of baits as he can; for bass are rather choicy at times; but for every day fishing no bait beats the large angle worm. I do not mean the one you dig in the garden, but the large one that crawls out on the damp grass at night, and especially after heavy warm rains. No one who has not hunted for them has the faintest conception of the vast numbers that may be gathered. I fancy nearly every cubic foot of soil in the bottom lands of Pennsylvania passes through the bodies of these angle worms once in every two years, and the angle worm is certainly the farmer's most faithful friend in pulverizing the soil.

I can hardly pass by without emphasizing the importance of gathering these worms when the opportunity presents itself during wet weather; for in dry weather it is impossible to get them except by wetting with hose lawns or garden spots, which is much more troublesome than gathering after a warm rain.

In trolling with hook and line the slower you go the better; and the quieter you handle the oars the better are your chances; if possible, don't jar the water at all. Fish cannot hear, but are exceedingly sensitive to jars. The only inconvenience is the frequent fouling of your line; but by rowing back it usually comes free; or a very small piece of cork fastened to the hook by a thread will usually float the hook over the rocks. A file of very fine serrations should always be carried and hooks need frequent sharpening. I am satisfied many fish are lost because of dull hooks.

Occasionally you catch a fine muscallonge and then you have an experience long to be remembered.

Last summer my wife and I were trolling around the mouth of Grass Lake and had taken some fine bass. Finally I hooked a small bass and as I drew him to the boat he got off and just as he did so a magnificent muscallonge darted for him, missed, but grabbed the frog I had for bait. I let the line run out fully forty feet before I set the hook. When the fish felt the pain of the hook he vaulted two feet clear of the water and turned clear over. He then started for some tree tops, but I turned him to deeper water. I had a very light silk line and was afraid his teeth would cut the line and cause me to lose my prize. I handled him as lightly as I could, putting very little pressure on him, and when he drew alongside I saw the line was cut to a shred. A blow with the boat paddle dispatched him and I lifted into the boat a 10½ pound 'lunge, the finest of the season for me.

A few days later I trolled the current below, keeping my hook close to a reef of wild rice that fringed the shore for 200 yards or more. I hooked the largest bass I ever saw outside of a fish market. All the boats drew alongside to see the capture. After fifteen minutes' play the big fellow broke and made off. He would have weighed five pounds at least, and my disappointment was greater than his size. Last season I had more than my usual luck with large bass. Three days after the above experience I hooked a very large bass by some shelving rocks—our boat was passing a lodged stump. The big bass was in plain view, for the water was shallow. We saw him dive again and again into a bunch of grass that grew on the bottom. Whether he caught the weeds and pulled them loose with his mouth or not the water was soon full of floating grass that had been pulled loose by the bass. After a long, hard battle, Mr. Kinser lifted him into the boat. A few moments later my friend Kinser hooked another beautiful fish and he manipulated him in fine style and I netted him just as a party of tourists passed up the river in their canoes. I held up the pair, saying, "What do you think of them?" "They are the finest I ever saw, and I've caught hundreds," said the leader." The two weighed over seven pounds—the larger weighing four pounds.

In Deep Bay at Sparrow Lake, one week after, and a few days before I left Muskoka, I hooked another that weighed 3¾ pounds, and another 3½. These are the largest I have ever caught and were larger bass than any other member of our party has caught in the Sparrow Lake region. A Pittsburger, a Mr. Douglass, caught a bass that weighed 7½ pounds. These are all small mouthed variety. This 7½ pounder is the record for size so far as I know.

Sparrow Lake and Severn River are both well fringed with reeds and wild rice. This cover is choice cover for the lordly muscallonge, and trolling with a copper spoon is splendid sport if you can have some one to do the rowing, otherwise it is laborious.

I have always had best luck trolling with a small copper bait and keeping the boat going lively and very close to the weeds. Your file will here come very handy for trolling hooks seem easily dulled, and a muscallonge has a hard, bony mouth, and a sharp hook is a necessity. In August, 1899, I took seven fine fish in a couple of hours; but I never again found muscallonge so ready to bite. I had that day a copper minnow, with a gang of hooks, and above I had a copper spoon fastened. The bait was fully eight inches long, and was a curiosity. I am of the opinion that during the last half of July and early August it is wise to bait the troll with either a large green frog or live perch. During this time the 'lunge have sore mouths and seem to prefer live bait and the scintillating spoon attracts them. A little silver polish applied each hour or so during time of trolling helps your chances greatly. I learned this trick from the Chippewa Indians.

I have frequently known muscallonge to swallow bass that were on stringers and when anglers were playing bass 'lunge frequently take them.

Some time during last August there was quite a party of us fishing in Deep Bay, a branch of Sparrow Lake. Mr. Hill and his wife were fishing in a bay and had caught several bass, which he fastened to a stringer and dropped them into the water to keep them alive. My wife and I were fishing hard by when we heard the most unearthly screams. It seems Mrs. Hill was holding the stringer when a thirty pound 'lunge swallowed the largest bass on the string and tried to pull Mrs. Hill out of the boat. Mr. Hill shot it with his revolver, but didn't kill it. It disgorged the bass and got away. The poor bass had its head almost torn from its body and several angry gashes down its sides. In its efforts to free itself it had drenched Mrs. Hill with water.

I had always considered that only experienced anglers were licensed to catch this noble fish with impunity; but this notion was set at naught last summer by a mere tyro, J. B. Coen, a Pittsburg business man, who had hardly wet a line until he landed a 7 pounder and a few days later his wife took a 15 pounder. We all adivsed him to have it stuffed, as he would never get another so large. He took our advice and sent it to Orillia to be mounted, little dreaming how much better things were in store for him.

The following day, Thursday, Dr. Rosselle, Rev. Miller, Coen and I went to the Ragged Rapids, some fifteen miles down the river. After carrying our heavy boats a quarter of a mile around the McDonald Rapids we learned our labors were lost, for we might just as easily have floated down, for a dam at the Ragged Rapids had backed the water over the falls. All our fishing grounds were flooded with water and the fishing was the poorest I ever struck in this region; but on the following day there came a genuine surprise. On our way home, between McDonald's Chute and the first falls, it began to rain. At the foot of the rapids we drew our boats ashore, turned them upside down, crawled under for shelter and ate what remained of our provisions. In front was a fine circular bay, fringed around with wild rice and rushes, an ideal lair for a 'lunge. Presently fish began to break water, sending out concentric rings in ever-widening circles. To think of wasting time eating when one might be fishing seemed great prodigality to Mr. Coen, and by the time a second fish broke water Mr. Coen exclaimed: "Boys, this looks too fishy to be wasting time," jumped into his wet boat and pulled away in the rain paying out his troll as he went. Fifty yards out I saw him scrape off a lot of weeds from his troll and he had not gone five rods more when lo! about five feet of fish flung itself from the water and we heard the splash on the shore. Coen was rowing with his line in his teeth. The fish jerked loose and we saw his pine shingle wrapper scudding up the river with Coen in full chase. He recovered his line and then there they had it out for fifteen minutes, when Dr. Rosselle haunded him a gaff and he hauled in a fish that tipped the scales at 30 pounds and was 47½ inches long. We again looked wise and advised Coen to have it mounted, which he did.

When Coen came home to camp carrying his captive with him, he was soon the center of an admiring host, and that lucky angler received honor and compliment that would cause Edward VII. to wonder. Among the throngs on Sparrow Lake his name was likely unknown, but the fact that he had caught the largest 'lunge for many moons was uppermost in their minds, and we quickly gave him the honor that was due, and from that time—for his name was Rabboni.

The season was now well spent and had been the most delightful of the many our party had spent on the Severn. When my mind goes back, oh, what delights each day did bring! Fishing, exciting and enchanting, for morning and evening; bathing at Monahan's Point in the afternoons; boating and singing by moonlight, and as each day dropped from the calendar we felt one more jewel had fallen into the sea. Pleasant as it is on the Severn River it is hard to go home without making the trip around Muskoka lakes, which are among the most beautiful in the world. The cool ozone laden air is so fresh and bracing it blows wrinkles away, and though old you feel young.

The journey from Muskoka Wharf down through the narrows to Bala Falls for pleasant scenes of both land and water is rarely equaled and never excelled. Everywhere brown rocky terraced islands, covered with Douglas pine, gay with the flags and banners of happy-hearted campers, and from Bala up through the shallow Indian River through the locks of Port Sanfield and Port Cockburn and return, completes as pleasant a tour as may be found. No tourist who visits the Pan-American Exposition should fail to see one of the fairest spots in the domain of Edward VII.

On Aug. 26 E. S. Bennett hauled us on his hay wagon to Severn Station, Grand Trunk Railroad, and shipped our bodies to smoky Pittsburg, but our spirits remained lulled to a dream of peace by murmuring pines, tinkling brooks and tumbling water falls.

JAMES M. NORRIS.

Rhode Island Waters.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Tautog have struck in down Narragansett Bay and during the past week several large catches were reported, especially from the vicinity of Conimicut Point. From present appearances tautog will run larger than usual this season. Their appearance is somewhat later than last year, which is attributable to the cold weather.

The Barrington Town Council, on Monday afternoon, passed an ordinance prohibiting fishing on Sunday at the "Fish Ditch," in the highway, at the foot of Prince's Hill. On Sundays of late the banks of the ditch have been alive with anglers. There is really good fishing in this ditch, as fish come up from the river to spawn, and for this reason there are plenty of them. The new ordinance does not affect fishing on any week day, so that anglers will have plenty of chances to enjoy themselves.

The State Commissioners for the enforcement of the lobster law have given notice to the Newport fishermen and dealers that after Wednesday they will rigidly enfore the law. They will board craft and demand free inspection wherever they will, and if opposition is offered will be prepared to use force. They made special visits to the Greek fishermen, who, it is charged, have been the chief offenders, and the general feeling is that they mean business. This impression was so strong that immediately after the notice was issued "shorts" were selling as low as a cent each, and there was a general hustle to unload, while a buyer of these unlawful goods from Tiverton failed to put in an appearance. The fishermen in general are much pleased over the situation, for they declare that now the lobsters will have some chance to grow and multiply.

James Reynolds was arrested at Pawtucket last week for trapping yellowbirds. He was arraigned on a warrant which specified two birds, although he had eleven in his possession when placed under arrest by Officer McGlowe. He pleaded guilty, and was fined $20 and costs. The birds were released by the police.

In accordance with an act passed at the last session of the General Assembly the commissioners of inland fisheries have appointed three deputy commissioners whose duty it will be to see that the laws are more highly enforced. The deputies named are William T. Luth, of Newport; Edward M. Kelley, of Newport, and George W. Griffin, of Wakefield.

Trout fishing has been almost spoiled by the heavy rains of the last month. The streams have overflowed their banks, and fishermen can't get near enough to the fishes' haunts to hold any intercourse whatever with them. Another trouble to the angler is that the floods have washed down so much good and dainty food to the trout that they would hardly think it worth while to consider a store fly or any other kind of bait. No catches that could be exaggerated into making a good story have been heard of so far, but anglers say that inside of two weeks with, good, warm weather and receding streams, there ought to be some sport again.

W. H. M.

ANGLING NOTES.

How Little Water Can Trout Swim In.

ON Monday a gentleman wrote me saying he had two ponds, artificial, which he intended to devote to trout, and desired to connect one with the other by a channel that trout could swim between them, and he wished to know how little water it would take for a two-year-old trout to swim in comfortably. As a two-year-old trout is just about as big as a piece of chalk, that part of the question was easy, but I really do not know the depth of water a trout would regard as comfortable to swim in, and for this reason: On the Saturday before the Monday I was with a foreman of a hatchery looking at some trout fry in some fry ponds, the water flowing finally into a box supplying a pipe to other ponds, and the waste water passed through a spillway into a wild pond. The spillway was about 14 inches wide and perhaps a foot high at the sides, and from the end this water dropped fully 18 inches, perhaps 20 inches, to the surface of the pond. As we stood on the cover of the reservoir box looking into the spillway we saw a trout in it, and it may have been two years old, also it may have been only a yearling, for it had jumped up from the wild pond into the spillway, and appeared to the eye to be about 9 inches long. The water was so shallow in the box that the trout was from one-third to half its depth above the water, but occasionally it turned from side to side, immersing its body completely. This was a deliberate motion, as if to keep the exposed skin wet; then there was another motion as if rubbing its belly and sides on the bottom of the box, and perhaps that was what it was doing, cleaning its sides of slime. After watching the fish for some minutes I brought my heel down on the boarding and the trout swam up and down and across the spillway as rapidly and as easily as though it had been in water a foot deep, and finally out of the spillway into the pond. The water on one side of the spillway was deeper than on the other, for on the shallower side the water barely covered the green mould, so that in its efforts to escape it was at times almost entirely out of water. Whether this was comfortable or not I cannot say, but the fish made lightning darts with its body partly in the water and sometimes almost entirely out, with the same facility and apparent grace displayed by a fish which swims in waters that are over its head and its body.

Tarpon and Shark.

To be chronologically correct, on the Sunday between Monday and Saturday already mentioned, I was spending some time in the studio of Mr. Chas. F. W. Mielatz in New York city looking over drawings and paintings and etchings, all relating more or less to fish and fishing, when the artist put before me a black and white drawing of a shark that had risen and seized a tarpon which an angler had previously filed a claim to by hooking it, and this reminded the artist of a story. Mr. Mielatz had gone to Florida for the fishing, and to make studies of the fish to be transferred to canvas later. Camped at Captive Pass, he had been attracted by the tarpon jumping from the water one moonlight night, and had gone out in his boat for moonlight fishing for the big herring. He said he had hooked and killed a small tarpon (the manner in which he mentioned the size of the fish was not really contemptuous, but it caused me to ask what he called a small tarpon, and he replied about 50 pounds, and so I record here what a small tarpon is supposed to weigh by those who seek the giants and are on familiar terms with them) and lashed it to the gunwale of the boat to keep the fish in the water and its scales intact, that he might make a drawing of it in the morning. Seated in the stern of the boat, he finally told his boatman to row to camp, and taking the cord by which the little tarpon was fastened to the boat, towed the fish behind. He heard a hissing sound as though a naphtha launch, which had been seen in the pass, was approaching and he turned his head from side to side to locate it, when suddenly he was startled by an exclamation from his boatman to "Look out!" Then for the first time he looked behind him, and in the water, and saw the great dorsal fin of a shark cutting the water as though the Empire State Express was propelling the fish but it was too late, for the shark had the tarpon. However, Mr. Mielatz stood by his guns and pulled as the shark seized, and actually recovered his tarpon, but in such shreds and ribbons that it was only fit for Indian basket work.

Tarpon in Colors.

It is twelve or fourteen years since my friend, Mr. Harry Allchin, did a tarpon in black and white that was considered a perfect drawing of the fish in form and action. Since that day I have seen a great many drawings of tarpon in all sorts of positions, but never one in colors that I was actually enamored of until Mr. Mielatz placed on the easel on the Sunday aforesaid a water color of a hooked tarpon leaping from the water. The coloring suited me exactly, and the scene of the fisherman, the boat, the water and all was so characteristic of tarpon fishing that though I am not an apostle of tarpon fishing, when my friends come into my den to talk fish and smoke a cigar, I will show them this picture on my wall.

Tarpon in Rough Water.

When tarpon fishing was a new form of angler's relaxation, it was the thing to cast a baited hook overboard and wait for a tarpon to come along, stand on his head and take it, provided he came along at all. This uncertainty and waiting did not lend a charm to tarpon fishing, and to-day the tarpon fisherman in swift water rather turns up his nose at the first form of tarpon fishing. At first the tarpon was allowed to swallow the hook to get it in his gullet, as it was believed that a hook would not penetrate the bony structure lining the head and mouth of the fish. Now the strong water tarpon fisherman casts his bait and strikes, or rather the fish does this part of the work, and the hook does penetrate the bony lining and the fight is on from the moment the bait is taken, but the hooks wears a hole in the bony structure and many fish are lost in consequence, but the angler has a fight more or less prolonged even though the fish is lost in the end. Mr. Mielatz tells me that often this hole is as large as a silver dollar when the fish is gaffed, so no one can tell the size of the hole in the fish that gets away. Let no one criticise the pictured leaps of a hooked tarpon, for Mr. Mielatz showed me a number of snap shots that he had taken with a camera of the fish when hooked and leaping. They were straight in the air, head to the zenith; they were belly up and back up; they were curved in all sorts of curves; they were head down and tail up, and they were coming toward the camera, so that little could be seen of them but an open mouth like a cavern, and an undefined something behind it. One snap shot showed a leaping fish with his head hanging backward as though its vertebrae had been severed back of its head. In fact the camera showed them in what otherwise would have been called impossible positions for a fish to be in.

Landlocked Salmon in Lake George.

Several letters have come to me asking about the landlocked salmon fishing in Lake George this year. I have not been in a position to learn much about it, but I have heard of three being killed and one being hooked and lost. It would not pay any one to go to the lake for salmon alone, but if content with lake trout fishing with the possible chance of a salmon, the visitor may be sure of the trout.

A. N. CHENEY.

Food of Sea Lions.

From Science.

THE California State Board of Fish Commissioners during the past two years has taken steps to kill off a very large number of sea lions on the California coast, on the ground that these animals are highly destructive to the salmon fishery. The President of the Board, Mr. Alexander T. Vogelsang, claims that it is not the intention of the Board to exterminate the sea lions, but merely to kill "10,000 of the 30,000 that now infest our harbor entrance and contiguous territory."* The opinion of observers familiar with the sea lion rookeries is that the number of animals has been greatly exaggerated, and that long before Mr. Vogelsang has killed the contemplated 10,000 there would not be a living sea lion left on the whole coast. Already many have been killed, and, unless public sentiment is aroused to check the movement, some of the most interesting rookeries of the State are in danger of depletion. The Fish Commissioners have employed men to shoot the sea lions, and are loud in their lamentations because the Government lighthouse reservations have not been thrown open to the slaughter.

The local fishermen, the State Fish Commission and others assert without qualification that the sea lions feed extensively on salmon, and the inference from their statements is that the animals subsist chiefly, if not entirely, on fish. A few years ago, when similar complaints were made against the fur seals, I took the trouble to examine the stomach contents of a large number of these animals, and found to my surprise that the great bulk of their food consisted of squids, hundreds of whose beaks and pens were found in the stomachs, while in only a few instances were any traces of fish discovered.

In 1899 a well-known naturalist, Prof. L. L. Dyche, of the University of Kansas, spent the months of June, July, August and September on the California coast, at a time when the sea lions were being slaughtered in the alleged interests of the fishermen. Prof. Dyche became interested in the question of their food, and took the trouble to examine the stomachs of twenty-five sea lions, not one of which contained so much as a trace of fish. The region visited extends from Monterey Bay southward along the coast for about twenty-five miles.

Between June 25 and July 16 there were washed ashore within three miles of Point Pinos, at the mouth of Monterey Bay, eight sea lions which had been shot, the fishermen said, because they were feeding on salmon. Prof. Dyche examined the stomachs of all of these and has given me a detailed record of the contents of each. It would take too much space to print this in full. Suffice it to state that the remains of squids and cuttlefish (*Octopus*) were found in all, and that several were filled with large pieces of the giant squid. Notwithstanding the fact that at the same time and place salmon were being caught by fishermen, not a fish scale or bone was detected in any of the stomachs. Whenever possible Prof. Dyche opened the stomachs in the presence of the fishermen, who invariably expressed the greatest surprise at the result. On July 20 Prof. Dyche moved his headquarters southward and established a camp about twelve miles below Monterey Bay, between Point Carmel and the lighthouse, near which is an extensive rookery of sea lions. Between July 20 and Aug. 16 the stomachs of seventeen additional sea lions were examined. Eight out of the seventeen were well filled with the flesh of the giant squid; two were gorged with large octopus, while the remaining seven contained pens and beaks of squids, the quantity varying from half a pint to about a quart.

Prof. Dyche was told that there were no fish within two or three miles of the sea lion rookeries near his camp as the sea lions had caught or driven them away. In the face of this statement, he himself caught a dozen rock cod one morning between shore and the seal rocks, and his boatman, George Carr, an old salmon fisherman, caught plenty of rock cod weighing from 1 to 8 pounds each, within 60 feet of the flat rock where from one to 300 sea lions landed each day. The water close to these rocks, where the sea lions had lived for ages, proved to be the best fishing ground in the locality. Prof. Dyche states further that he had landed a number of times on the rocky islands where in places the excrement from the sea lions formed a layer a foot thick. He hunted through this for fish bones and scales, without being able to discover a single one. On the other hand, the tough pens from the backs of the squids were abundant.

Prof. Dyche found the fishermen loud in their denunciation of the sea lions on account of their alleged destruction of salmon, but, although he was on the fishing grounds continuously for more than three months, the fishermen were unable to show him a single instance in which a sea lion had killed a salmon. He adds, "You can hardly imagine the surprised look on these fishermen's faces when they saw the great masses of squid meat roll out of the sea lions' stomachs when cut open."

The fact that sea lions in captivity will eat fish rather than starve has little bearing on the question, and the additional fact that salmon in nets are sometimes found bitten off or eaten is by itself no evidence at all, particularly in places where either sharks or otters occur.

It is not claimed that sea lions in their native element never eat fish; at the same time the only actual evidence we have on the subject fails utterly to substantiate the allegations of the fishermen. On the contrary, all of the twenty-five stomachs of sea lions examined by Prof. Dyche contained remains of squids or cuttlefishes, and not one contained so much as the scale or bone of a fish. And is it not significant that in former years, when sea lions were much more plentiful than now, salmon also were vastly more abundant? If the fishermen will look into their own habits and customs during the past twenty-five years, it is believed that the cause of decrease of the salmon will not be difficult to find, and this without charging the decrease to the inoffensive sea lions, whose rookeries constitute one of the greatest attractions to the visitor on the California coast.

C. HART MERRIAM.

*In letter to Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, dated San Francisco, June 3, 1899.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, May 18.—Word comes from Upper Dam, Maine, that Mr. W. P. Clark, the veteran angler of so many seasons there, has landed a trout weighing 9¾ pounds. Mr. Clark's friends in Boston are all much pleased, since this is the biggest fish he has ever caught in thirty-two seasons' angling at that noted point. Still, it must be remembered that larger trout have been taken there. The largest brook trout on record was taken at Upper Dam, Sept. 29, 1879, and weighed 11¾ pounds. This is no fish story. The skin of this trout, mounted, was in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, under Professor Baird, and should be there now. Unbelievers need not cry "Lake Trout!" as they so frequently do when hearing of the Rangeley giant salmo fontinalis, for both Professor Baird and the senior Agassiz have declared that they are perfect brook trout. Later, Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley has demonstrated that the spawn taken from these big trout hatches out the little brook trout, and that if they do not get down into the lakes and feed upon minnows they never reach a very great size. Cobbosseecontee reports of fishing are good. An Auburn gentleman writes that there were taken on one rod, in one morning's fishing the other day, two trout of good size and three bass. The recent warm weather has increased the sport there. The latest reports also mention better fishing at Lake Auburn. A Mr. Waugh, of Boston, fished that lake three days last week without a strike, however. Judge Whitehouse, of Augusta, and Judge Savage, of Auburn, have returned from a fishing trip to Upper Dam. Judge Whitehouse took a couple of good trout on Monday. Returned Moosehead fishermen mention very high water, cold weather and high winds, and poor fishing. They advise sportsmen to go later.

A representative party of Boston merchants is planned to leave for a fishing trip on Thursday. The number includes J. E. Toulmin, W. J. Leckie, W. J. Follett, C. P. Hall, George W. Brown and P. S. Allison. Mr. Allison is from Bristol, England, and this will be his first trip to Maine for trout fishing. He is in with a party of live merchants and fishing enthusiasts, and is one himself. They have had so much to say about Maine fishing that he is alive with expectation, and hopes to go back to the old country with a good deal in the shape of angling experience. J. L. Richards is purveyor of the party, and that means a good deal to the boys. They go to Norcross by rail; thence by canoes, sixteen miles through the Twin Lakes to their camp on the West Branch.

BOSTON, May 20.—Great expectations are in the wind concerning the Belgrade lakes, in Maine, and several Boston parties will go there for bass fishing, which is scarcely at its best till warmer weather. There are reports of some good speckled trout being taken there last week by local sportsmen and Augusta and Waterville fishermen. D. Whitehouse, of Portland, has taken seven handsome trout, and P. O. Vickery, of Augusta, has taken one of 7 pounds weight. Reports from Kineo say that Moosehead Lake fishing is good for togue, or lakers, with some fish up to 8 and 10 pounds being caught by Boston parties, among whom are A. W. Chester, F. D. Hall and C. B. Devereaux. A. C. Millner, of Mormontown, Utah, is fishing there, and made a good catch of lakers last week. Salmon fishing has scarcely shown up much yet, but a few have been taken, and good fishing for them is looked for. Fly-fishing for squaretails, for which that lake is noted, will begin as soon as the weather is warm enough. Calais, Me., reports continue to mention great success at Grand Lake. Fish are beginning to rise to the fly in Grand Lake Stream. It will be remembered that this stream has long been noted for landlocked salmon that will rise to the fly. While the fish are not large, the sport is counted great. Several Boston parties are ready to be off for that stream as soon as the fly-fishing begins. Dr. F. M. Johnson, C. E. Taylor, J. E. Brittian and H. M. Cutter, Boston; P. E. Mansfield and J. W. Hoyet, Lynn; William E. Beggs, Woburn; H. H. White, Cambridge, are among the more successful fishermen at Grand Lake thus far. The Underwoods, of the Duck Lake Club, are going the last of this month. The season at the big Bangor Salmon Pool still promises to be a record breaker. An account kept by a Bangor citizen interested in the sport says that sixty salmon have been taken, of a united weight of 1,066 pounds. This shows an average of a little over 16 pounds. The greatest number of fish has been taken by

Thomas Canning, of Bangor, who has seven salmon to his credit. Miss Janette Sullivan has landed three and Mrs. William H. Munroe has caught two, landing both in one afternoon and both weighing about 18 pounds.

At the Rangeleys the fishing continues excellent. A Haines' Landing report says that Francis A. Nichols, of Boston, has already taken over a hundred trout and salmon. Admiral Bunce and H. A. Redfield, fishing at that point, have a salmon of 7½ pounds to their credit, and a great many trout of fair size. Fish and Game Commissioners Stanley and Oak have been fishing Mooselucmaguntic, and have had great success. It is reported that over 1,000 pounds of trout and salmon have been taken from that lake since the season opened. At Rangeley Lake fishing is good. Anglers will be sorry to learn that Capt. R. A. Tuttle, of Boston, who has been at that lake every season for twenty-five years, and the founder of Lake Point Cottage, is laid up with rheumatism, and may have to give up his spring fishing trip altogether. Mr. and Mr. C. F. Hutchins, of Boston, will be at Lake Point Cottage the same as ever. Fishing has continued good at Bemis, foot of Mooselucmaguntic. In one day last week 125 trout were landed. These were of good size, running up to 4 pounds and over. At the Birches the cottages are rapidly filling up, while Bemis cottages are all full of fishermen. One day last week a Mr. and Mrs. Walton, of Newton, Mass., came to Bemis for fishing. As they could not be accommodated there, they were taken up to the Birches, or rather started for that point, when the little steamer gave out and they could make no progress. They had a guide with them and boat in tow. The guide proposed that they try the fishing while another steamer was signaled for to tow the disabled boat to the Birches. They did so. Evidently the guide knew the fishing ground well, for soon Mrs. Walton had a salmon weighing 3 pounds. They also took several trout before the steamer was ready to take them to the camps.

Again the old trouble as to the meaning of the terms "When the ice is out" in the Maine fish and game laws has arisen. The law reads that there shall be an annual close time on trout, togue and landlocked salmon from the first day of October till the ice is out the following spring. This term "ice is out" has been construed by the Commissioners to mean when the lake, pond or stream is entirely clear of ice. But sportsmen have thought differently, and on several instances last year they claimed the right to fish as soon as there was any open water, although a greater part of the lake might be covered with ice. This year a number of Bangor fishermen went to Green Lake, one of the best salmon lakes in that part of the country. The ice was only partly out, but they shoved boats over the ice into the open water and went to fishing. Local sportsmen and residents objected, and have entered complaint against the Bangor sportsmen for illegal fishing. The matter will have to go to the courts for settlement. I am quite sure that the Legislature of Maine was asked to make the meaning of "when the ice is out" more plain last winter, but failed to do so.

Fishing at Lake Webb, Weld, Me., has been good so far the present season. Ned Stanley, of Boston, goes there every year, and has just made a record of eight trout and salmon one day and twelve the next day. A large number of Maine fishermen have been there, and the catches have been good. New Hampshire waters continue to report good success. At Newfound Lake and Sunapee the fishing has continued good. SPECIAL.

American Fishermen in Canada.

THE news that the high spring water in most of the northern Canadian streams and lakes had fallen to the level at which fontinalis rises to the fly, has caused quite a rush of anglers into the country, and there are few club houses along the St. Maurice and the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway that are not now occupied.

Dr. Geo. L. Porter, of Bridgeport, went up to his club waters with a party of friends over a week ago.

On the Stadacona Club lakes a number of trout weighing over 3 pounds each have already been taken this season with the fly, and anglers from the Rivière aux Sables claim to have taken fish there weighing over 4 pounds each.

A party of New Yorkers belonging to the Laurentian Fish and Game Club passed through here on Thursday on their way to their club limits, via the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway and the crossing by Lake Edward and a chain of lakes to the west of it to the St. Maurice. In this party were Mr. C. Grant La Forge, the architect, and Mrs. La Forge, Mr. Walter E. Maynard and Mr. Geo. L. Heins.

On the Metabetchouan Club's limits there is quite a large party at present, which includes Samuel Dodd, C. P. Bradley and George A. Fay, of Meriden, Conn., and Cyrus Berry Peets, of New Haven. With Mr. Coe is a guest, Mr. Charles A. Russell, of Washington.

Salmon fishermen are also in expectation of an early season, and a number of them will go down to their rivers in about a fortnight. Mr. Stearn, of Montreal, and other members of the Chamberlain Shoals Club, leave for the Ristigouche in the first week of June.

Ivers W. Adams and party of friends expect to be here about June 5 on their way to the Moisie, where they have recently acquired both the riparian rights and those of the Provincial Government. Several members of the St. Marguerite Salmon Club are expected here in about fifteen days on their way to their river.

Notwithstanding the high water in Lake St. John, ouananiche fishing is already pretty good there, and the natives are catching them from the steamboat wharf at Roberval. The fly-fishing in the Grande Décharge will certainly not be good until the water is much lower, however, which will probably be about June 12.

Mr. McCormick, of Florida, has already returned, some time ago, to his summer cottage at Lake Edward, and some very good catches of heavy brook trout are already reported from that vicinity.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 18.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Bass Fishing in the Delaware.

BLACK bass fishing in the Lower Delaware River—and by the Lower Delaware is meant that beautiful portion of the stream between Trenton, N. J., and the Water Gap—is less known to sportsmen than it should be. Perhaps this part of that noble stream may never become as popular as it ought to be among anglers from a distance owing to the fact that before you go a-fishing there you must make certain from some one residing near it that the condition of the water is just right for good fishing. If you trust to luck you may find upon arriving at the river that a rain has made the water muddy and caused a rise of a foot or two, and then there will be no fishing. If you find the river in that state you might just as well not unpack your tackle but take the next train for home. But wind, weather and water right, the angler is pretty certain to find royal sport here. This bass fishing territory possesses the merit, too, of being easy of access. It is within two hours' ride of New York or Philadelphia and the coming and going, especially if your destination takes you over the Belvedere-Delaware Railroad along the river, is well worth the trip. The scenery in this historic valley is simply perfect, unsurpassed by beauty anywhere, and picturesque landscape contributes largely to the pleasure a true sportsman takes in his outings. When the beauties of nature appeal strongly to one, the angler gets the deepest enjoyment from his trips.

The Delaware River, not a natural black bass stream, has been stocked long enough to have made pretty good bass grounds. Had it not been for two public nuisances —the pot-hunter, who has now been pretty thoroughly abated, and the coal dirt washings from the Lehigh valley coal mines, a nuisance that has not been abated at all—the Delaware would now be a famous home for this splendid game fish. If ever a fish took naturally to strange water the small-mouth bass did to the Delaware. It has a rocky bottom, at places is very deep, affording safe harbors, and has numerous tributaries, at whose mouths are gravel bars, making the best of feeding grounds. Though probably thrice decimated by the nuisances just referred to, bass have thrived here to a wonderful degree, breed rapidly, and are increasing every year in numbers, and the angling is consequently better now than it ever was.

The Lower Delaware can be fished with the fly, yet fly-fishing is not exactly the sport for this section of the river. Since the days of aged Caleb E. Wright, lawyer, novelist and devoted lover of angling, who disdained to use anything but the fly, nobody whom I can recall has been bold enough to try this branch of the fine art here. Pardon a digression of a minute or two while I tell about Caleb. He was a Quaker and would have his friends call him only by his first name. He could always get one or two congenial companions to accompany him on his fly-fishing trips. White-haired, with a strong, refined face, the short, frail figure, clothed in a picturesque fishing suit, standing in the foaming ripples, braced against his steel-tipped staff to prevent the swift current carrying him off his feet and reeling in a struggling bass with the nervous adroitness born of sixty years' practice—this is one of the pictures indelibly photographed upon the memory of his friends. He was a typical grand old man from the sportsman's view point. And the old man often got fish, but more often the drive of ten miles to and from the river was the only pleasure he derived out of a day's trip; but when this happened he always took his bad luck philosophically and had a plausible explanation as to why they would not rise. You could not help but admire his resolution not to use live bait, yet you were sometimes provoked at his perversity when you felt instinctively the fish, which steadily refused to fly, would take a minnow. If the bass were not in that buoyant mood when they come up into the sunlight of the surface and dash at bits of brilliant color, he would have none of them.

One day Caleb's companion wandered up the river, leaving the old man behind absorbed in the task of getting a rise. When a bend in the stream hid the old gentleman from view, the youngster put his fly back in his book, rigged for live bait and impaled a couple of helgramites, found along the water's edge. The change worked like magic. The bass wanted something more substantial than a fly, and he soon had his creel well filled. Returning to where the old lawyer still stood patiently whipping the strong current, Caleb asked in his characteristic drawl:

"Well, Martin; what luck above?"

"Oh, fine," said Martin, relentless as to the old gentleman's sensibilities; "look at that!" and Martin raised the flap of his creel.

"Ahem! Well, that beats me, for I haven't had a rise." Voice and countenance both betrayed his chagrin.

"I've been working hard here all morning," he continued, "with every fly in the catalogue; and look at that water—why, it's a paradise for bass, and with this kind of a sun and wind, too. Aha, Martin, aha!—what fly did they take?"

Further deception was now out of the question and Martin held up his hooks, with two squirming "googlies" dangling from them.

"Helgramites!" exclaimed the old man. "Helgramites! Bait fit only for the devil! No Christian gentleman or civilized angler would ever use them." The look of contempt he gave Martin as he waded ashore and began to "take down" his tackle was succeeded by a smile of satisfaction that seemed eloquent with the thought possibly in his mind that he had not been conquered by a man using the legitimate appliances of the fine art.

Yet, notwithstanding Caleb's aversion to it, live bait fishing is great sport. There are three months when this sort of fishing is at its best—August, September and October. In these months you are pretty sure to find the water conditions right. When you go in August you cannot reach the fishing grounds too early. I have found daybreak a good time. One of these August trips I shall attempt to describe. We reached our skiff along the river's edge just as it began to get light. The boat was tied up to a raft of logs, against which the waves lapped musically as "the dawn came creeping slowly up over" the river. The river was in fine condition, the water being slightly hazy, not too clear. It was too early to tell what kind of weather the day would bring forth, but indications pointed to fine weather. We deposited our "traps" in the boat and by the time we were ready to start it had become light enough to see readily. We knew that trolling would not bring good results at this time of day, so we rowed for a bar a quarter of a mile down stream. The bar edged off into deep water. Here we had found fish upon other occasions feeding early in the morning. We put four kinds of bait in the boat—chub, lamprey eels, helgramites and small hop-toads. The toads we had caught the afternoon before on some sand hills along the river bank near the water's edge. A short row brought us to the bar and we anchored near the current, with the bar to our left. It was a beautiful morning. A deep haze lay on the high hills which skirted the river banks. Blue smoke curled from a few chimneys of the modest houses along the river road, indicating preparations for an early breakfast. Streaks of deep red marked the sky where the sun was about to rise. The clang of a small bell heralded the approach of the first canal boat for the day down the Delaware Division Canal and presently the slow moving mules hove in sight. The canal adds a picturesque feature to the surroundings.

We rigged our rods and lines quickly, knowing that every moment lost meant sport thrown away. I baited with toads and my companion put on chub. Hardly had my line floated twenty feet from the boat when there was a signal. The fish struck hard. I hooked him and after a brief struggle brought him to the net, a splendid small-mouth, weighing all of two pounds. He had taken the toad with great avidity and at the first cast I had found what the fish's favorite bait was that morning. The next cast I had another strike much like the first. It was a new experience to me to have bass strike like they did that morning. They seemed to make a fierce dart at the bait, catching it true in their mouths every time while under full speed, their momentum carrying them five to ten feet after they had secured their prey. Such striking was thrilling, almost wresting the rod from your grasp and affording the keenest sport possible. Indeed, the fish struck so hard they hooked themselves, and we lost not a bass that morning. Four fish, running from two pounds to two pounds and three-quarters struck in exactly the same way, when the sport was over.

Meanwhile my companion landed a nice fish, but, finding the chub bait slow, he also tried the toads, and in a short time he brought two more to the boat, one of which weighed nearly three pounds—and a beauty he was, too. We waited fifteen minutes longer, but not another strike; the Delaware small-mouth had shown us one of his peculiarities by quitting us as suddenly as he had begun. Knowing we could do nothing more at that time and place we came off the river with seven as pretty fish as you ever saw, and then ate our breakfast.

Our next scheme was to try trolling. Taking as rower an old riverman who thoroughly understood his business, we pointed the scow's prow toward deeper water at a beautiful bend in the river in what is known as Lower Black Eddy. Here is a stretch of a mile or more of deep water, backed up by the dam of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the dam acting as a feeder to the Raritan Canal. An ideal spot is this for trolling and we found fish there. For trolling an artificial minnow is best. A small spoon is also good. We had neither with us on this day, and instead we used large dead minnows, with swivels to prevent the lines from becoming kinked. We had proceeded only a short distance when the bass began to strike. We missed our first two or three strikes and one big fish succeeded in snapping my hook squarely off. Care and skill, as well as some experience, is needed to catch bass by this process. We soon caught on to the tricks of the fish and the next strike resulted in hooking and landing a beauty. We succeeded in adding a half dozen fine fish to our morning catch and then "laid by" during the heat of the day. Early in the afternoon we drove homeward with thirteen very fine fish, a total weight of about twenty-five pounds, which we considered a very good day's sport.

But the ideal month for bass fishing in this territory is September. Then, unless you should strike very warm weather, you can fish all day. And it is a great pleasure to fish then. The river is at its best then, as well as beautiful beyond description. The green hills begirting the river have changed to autumnal reds, purples and golden tints, and, ascending high above the surface of the stream, are an important element in this most charming scenery. The wooded islands add to the beauty, while the long quiet stretches of water at the foot of a rift almost deceive one into the belief that he is rowing upon a placid lake.

In September, especially during the latter part of the month, it is not important that you should reach the grounds very early in the day. The fish usually bite best from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. And you must change your bait, too. Helgramites, toads and small frogs are not good bait now. Lamprey eels, minnows and stone catfish are best, especially stone catfish; do not go for bass that month without some of them.

I cannot close without describing an October day's fishing on this section of the Delaware. October is often regarded as a little late for bass. That notion is wrong. Of course, rains sometimes unfit the river for good fishing, but a dry October, preceded by a favorable September, gives the angler the very finest sport he could desire. Last year I was a member of a party that made three October trips to the famous fishing place below Lumberville. All these days will live in memory. I shall describe in detail only the last. The first trip was made during the first week in the month. When we found the bass in pretty much the same feeding grounds as during September. In the middle of the month they had taken to deeper water. Our last trip was in the last week in October. So late as that it is not often that river bass fishing can be found, but we were fortunate enough to find it in the greatest perfection. "We" comprised a party of four. The day was such as you can hope to find only occasionally. We started from shore in two boats. A cool night was succeeded by a perfect morning. The sun rose in a heavy fog which filled the valley and obscured the shore and shut out the view down the river like a wall of steam. Faintly the rich browns and reds of autumn were visible through the haze. It was like a

scene in an enchanted land, as though a magician had touched nature with a wand and transformed the landscape in shades and shapes of finest delicacy. We had two miles to go down the river to reach the fishing grounds, and as we drifted with the lazy current of the clear, low water the fog clouds were slowly dissipated into a blue and purple haze that stayed with us throughout the day. As our boats drifted we trolled, but, though we had some success, we did not get down to business until we reached the deep water at the head of Eagle Island—that is to say, a half to a quarter of a mile above the island. We had a nice supply of helgramites, minnows and stone catfish. It was some time before we located the game. At this late day in the season the angler who "knows" the river knows also that the conditions for successful fishing have very materially changed from those of a month before. The bass are now in their winter quarters and have sought the very deepest portions of the water. While they have not gone into hybernating and still swim out upon the rocks to sun themselves and feed, they do not roam the river, but stay close to the spot where they expect to spend the winter months.

We located the fish that day along a ledge of submerged rocks that ran parallel with and about 100 feet from the Pennsylvania shore. Some of the rocks almost reached the surface. On the shore side of the ledge there was not more than eight or ten feet of water; on the side next to the channel it slanted abruptly to an unknown depth, probably 20 to 30 feet. Anchoring upon this rocky ledge, our boats being about 300 yards apart, we cast into the deep water and soon each boat had several nice fish, weighing from three-quarters of a pound to two pounds. The bass struck well until about 12:30 o'clock, when there was a cessation, and with our baited hooks bobbing around in the current, we took out our lunch baskets for a bite ourselves. While discussing the merits of a hard-boiled egg and a Schweitzer cheese sandwich, my companion and I noticed a commotion in the boat below us. One of our friends in that boat was frantically tugging at his reel, while the tip of his bethabara fairly touched the surface of the water. The other friend, standing upright in the boat, with landing net balanced in his hand, eagerly watched the contest and dropped a word of counsel now and then to the man handling the fish. We could catch bits of their conversation: "Play him carefully, now!" "Great Scott! he's a dandy," and the like. Then there was a break in the placid river surface and three or four rods from the boat the big bass leaped into the air and shook his head in a vain effort to dislodge the hook. With the river birch and sycamores on Eagle Island for a background, that was a picture of color and action to delight a sportsman's heart. You could not help but feel sympathy and admiration for the noble fish in the gamy struggle he was making for freedom. But the hook was in his hard mouth to stay; the contest began to tell upon the big fellow's powers of endurance, and gradually the circles and rushes he made grew shorter and shorter, he was guided gently nearer and nearer the boat, and with a last leap into the air he dropped back into the landing net, exhausted and conquered. He was a famous fish, weighing, as we found out afterward, nearly five pounds; the largest taken from that pool during the season.

At the close of the afternoon's fishing at sundown, each boat had a dozen nice bass, a couple of pickerel and several large river sunfish, the last named taken with the helgramites. The row back to the landing furnished new delights in the way of scenery. Every particle of breeze had died away and the surface of the river was like a mirror. The deep, dark reflections of the hills at the bends contrasted strangely with the strong lights of sky reflections, making a weirdly beautiful picture that lasted fully half an hour and that we were loath to see fade into the darker night that it was when we pulled our boats up on the river bank, tired, but elated with the finest catch we had made in the season. It was with an air of extreme satisfaction that two hours later we drove into town and exhibited our trophies to admiring, wondering, and, we regret so say, incredulous friends.

GEO. MACREYNOLDS.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake, May 11. Wind, strong west; weather, foggy:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2 Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Battu	92	80.4	89.8	74.2	81.11	....
Brooks	91	89.8	91.8	80	85.10	....
Brotherton	113	91.8	87	78.4	82.8	....
Everett	114	89.4	92	83.4	87.8	....
Golcher	120	88	93.4	78.4	86	....
Mansfield	...	90.4	96	81.8	88.10	....
Muller	106	91.4	83.4	81.8	82.6	....
Skinner	94	89	91.4	80.10	86.1	....
Smyth	...	83	92.8	84.2	88.5	....
Young	100	86	96.8	84.2	90.5	....

Finest average in delicacy event ever made by ten men, 86 2-12.

Judges, Mansfield and Brotherton; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Medal contests, series 1901, Sunday, contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake, May 12. Wind, light southwest; weather, foggy:

Brooks	100	92	88.4	76.8	82.6	....
Blade	80	73.4	69.8	75	72.4	....
Brotherton	114	93.8	90.4	80.10	85.1	....
Daverkosen	106	87	92	68.4	80.2	....
Dinkelspiel	87	82.4	72	74.2	73.1	....
Everett	106	89	87.8	80.10	84.4	....
Foulks	89	81.8	83	65	74	....
Golcher	127	92	91	75	83	....
Grant	107	89	..	..	..	....
Haight	87	88	84.4	78.4	81.4	....
Hiller	81	90	76	80.10	78.5	....
Huyck	96	91	92	73.4	82.8	....
J B Kenniff	95	88	87	65.10	76.5	....
C R Kenniff	85	92.8	77.4	70.10	74.1	....
U J Kieruff	77	71.8	86.4	70	78.2	....
C T Kieruff	78	62.8	70.4	72.6	71.5	....
Mansfield	...	93	96.4	84.2	90.3	....
Muller	106	95	87	82.6	84.9	....
Smyth	...	85	92.8	79.2	85.11	....
Turner	90	87	91.4	74.2	82.9	....
Reed	106	90.4	96.4	80.10	88.7	....
Vogelsang	101	..	..	..	..	....
Young	97	91.4	90.4	78.4	84.4	....

Judges, Mansfield and Young; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

The Vermont Pike Hatchery.

THE work of hatching pike eggs of the State hatchery here will be completed this week and a brief résumé of the work and the results obtained should be of interest.

The State appropriation of $1,500 to establish the hatchery was largely used in the purchase of the large two-story building on York street, where the hatchery is located. The remainder of the appropriation, together with the $550 derived from seining licenses—the generous allowance by the State for running the hatchery—was mainly spent in necessary repairs on the building and equipping it for the work of hatching. All this, while it gave the State a splendid plant, left practically no funds to run it, and coupled with the fact that the hatchery bill was passed so late last fall there was no time to clean a seining ground in the river made it necessary to co-operate with the United States Fish Commission to obtain any eggs. This arrangement was made by Commissioner Gilmore with Commisioner Stone, in charge of the Government work here, on a per cent. basis. The result was that of the fifty million eggs hatched the State obtained twenty million. These twenty million fry have been about all distributed, and have been placed in the following waters: Missisquoi River, Lamoille River, Winooski River, Otter Creek, Lake Champlain at St. Albans Bay, Fairfield Pond, Elmore Pond, Nelson Pond, Ticklenaked Pond, Island Pond, Groton Pond and Berlin Pond.

The work at the hatchery has been in charge of Mr. Mason, of the Cape Vincent, N. Y., hatchery, assisted by H. W. Carman. Myron Green has been the overseer of the work down the river, while Commissioners Stone and Gilmore have had the general oversight.

Considering the difficulties to be overcome in starting the hatchery and the small amount of money to work with, the result of the first year's work is a great success and fully demonstrates that a hatchery can be operated here which will be of great benefit to the State.—Swanton, Vt., Courier, May 16.

Trout in West Virginia.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The legal season for taking speckled or brook trout in West Virginia is from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1. It is not lawful to catch trout less than 4 inches long.

The mountain region of West Virginia affords the most convenient trout fishing waters for sportsmen in New York, Philadelphia or Washington. The fishermen can leave New York at 4:55 o'clock in the afternoon on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway train over the Pennsylvania Railroad and arrive the next morning at 7:25 o'clock at the Hot Springs, take a team and drive thirty miles through a most picturesque mountain country to the waters of the Cherry River, W. Va., and there find trout in great numbers; or a more direct, nearly all rail, route is direct to Roncevert and there take the Greenbrier River branch road to Serbert or Marlinton, W. Va., at which points they will arrive before noon—walk or go on horseback over Black Mountain on a good trail, twelve miles to the forks of the Cranberry River in the heart of the trout region. I spent a charming vacation of one week there last May. The trout took my flies beautifully.

GEO. HENDERSON.

New Brunswick Salmon Rivers.

CHATHAM, N. B., May 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inquiries as to the appearance of salmon and sea trout in New Brunswick rivers are coming in in considerable numbers, and I presume many anglers look to your columns for information on the subject. I beg, therefore, to say that salmon have come into the northern rivers—such as the Ristigouche, Jacquet, Nepisguit and Miramichi about a week earlier than the average, and no mistake will be made by those who fish those rivers if they are upon them, say, June 1.

I may also say that the lessee of the Nepisguit from Eleven-Mile Tree up to Great Falls will not fish his leasehold this season owing to engagements elsewhere, and parties desiring to secure that water can do so by communicating with me.

D. G. SMITH, Fishery Commissioner.

An Antidote to Mosquito Poison.

CONSUL-GENERAL GUENTHER writes from Frankfort, April 16, 1901: Prof. Dr. Voges, the Director of the National Board of Health at Buenos Ayres, according to German papers, has found a remedy for mosquito bites. He states that he discovered it by accident during his trip to Paraguay to study the pest. He had been supplied with all sorts of remedies, among them "naphthalene," an article of no value whatever against the pest; but on using it for mosquito bites, he found it of surprising effect. It neutralizes the poison, even when the spot bitten is greatly inflamed. If fresh bites are rubbed with naphthalene, no swelling follows. The professor considers naphthalene almost a specific against mosquito poison.

Wisconsin Trout Fishing.

LA CROSSE, Wis., May 19.—The trout season opened up April 15, and some fine strings have been caught. The 25th inst. the open season commences for pike and bass. The Mississippi and other streams are falling, and the water is clearing up. By the time the season opens, unless heavy rains come, fishing for them will be good, as they are reported to be quite numerous, of which we can report later. O. S. S.

Penalty for Seining.

JAMES LEMMING, who was arrested by Deputy Game Warden Rayborn for seining in the waters of the Little Miami, was yesterday tried for the second time before Squire Herrick, and was found guilty and fined $50 and costs, the latter amounting to $277.60. In default of payment he was committed to jail.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune, May 11.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A First Day Experience.

HARTFORD, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first of May ushered in the trout season, and early morn found your scribe on the road to Cow Creek, seven miles southwest of Hartford. I struck the stream below two or three saw mills of ancient date, and did not get a rise until I got above the mills, and then both banks were lined with tracks, which made me wish I had commenced to fish above the mills. Just then two men with trout poles and creels came out of the brush just above me and were dropping their flies or worms, for the stream is so small that casting is out of the question; the brook will not average 20 inches wide, and brush and dry weeds line both banks. I did not see them catch a single fish, and as they passed me, I went up stream, and the first place the water made a swirl around an old log I presented a nice angleworm in the most delicate manner, and was surprised to see the line dart under the log. With a sudden swish of the split bamboo, a 12-inch trout was landed on the grass, and the first trout of the season was soon flopping in my creel. I soon caught another, and when my watch told me it was 4 o'clock and time to start for home, eleven fish were in the pocket. The drive home was very pleasant, for added to the trout was the welcome Bob White from across the fields.

SULLIVAN COOK.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

NEWARK, N. J., May 20.—Bass have begun taking the hook at a few points along the Jersey coast. They are of small size, 2 to 3½ pounds in weight. The only one of good size which has been heard of was hooked by an inexperienced product; result, smashed rod and a disconsolate man. I arrived on the scene a few minutes afterward, and he said, "I thought the way was to hold them." That opinion, though, does sell a lot of cheap tackle, and then results in selling that which is good. Kingfish are in evidence, too; a few have been on the hook. Weakfish appear to be unusually plentiful along the entire coast and fine in size and condition. I have been among the market men pretty freely the past three weeks and there is a general sentiment that fish of all kinds are moving well and fully up to the standard in condition, despite the inclement weather the past several weeks.

LEONARD HULIT.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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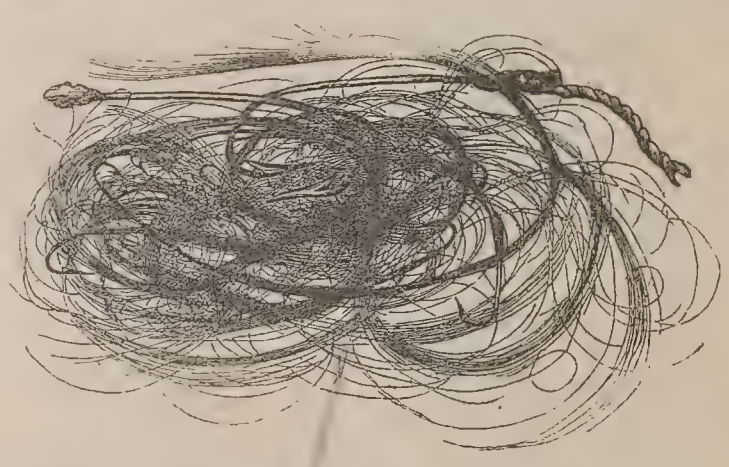
Here are ten fishhooks with a mass of horsehair and string, matted and intertwined; and it was all found in the stomach of a cod. The fish probably had somehow or another managed to get hold of haddocks or whiting caught on hooks, and in whose bodies the hooks still remained. The flesh of the whitings or haddocks had been entirely digested by the juices of the cod's stomach; the horsehair and metal of the hooks, however, resisted its action. That whiting and haddock have frequently



hooks left in them is well known to all those who have the care of seals. Sea fish hooks are very cheap; and the fishermen, rather than take the trouble to extract the hook from the fish's mouth, very frequently cut off the snood or line to which the fish is attached, and let the hook remain *in situ*. The seal swallows the fish, hook and all, the hook gets entangled in the poor seal's intestines, and, of course, proves fatal. "The cod is what is generally called a voracious fish. I have now in my museum," once wrote Frank Buckland, "a portion of a tallow candle, about seven inches long, also a pair of sailor's mitts, both taken from a cod's stomach."

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A startling surprise, after the fashion of the story of Ginevra, comes from Styria, where a party of hunters in the forest of Drommling discovered in a hollow oak a skeleton in excellent preservation. Even the boots, which came above the knee, were almost perfect. By its side was a powder horn, a porcelain pipe bowl, and a silver watch, on which was engraved the name, "H. von Krackowitz, 1812." The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a man between thirty and forty years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped incautiously into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.—London Times.

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While hunting in the Chico Mountains, near the Rio Grande, seventy miles south of Alpine, Tex., a party of Americans discovered a large cave in which were the skeletons of twenty-six men, lying side by side. On exploring the cave further they found several copper kettles, two Spanish hatchets, three short swords with Spanish inscriptions, some stone utensils and crude mining tools. Deeply cut in one of the stone jars was the name "Navaez," and below it the figures, "1526." In 1528 a Spanish expedition, under the explorer Navaez, left Tampa Bay, Fla., and was never seen again.

The Kennel.

Fixiures.

Sept. 2-5.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Men and Dogs.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual bench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club in progress at Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, May 8, 9, 10, 11, proved very successful and generally satisfactory. A greater number of dogs have been entered and exhibited in former years, but the entries have never before averaged as well in class selection. Many more dogs were brought from distant and Eastern kennels than in any year heretofore.

The officers of the club are: A. B. Spreckles, President; John E. de Ruyter, First Vice-President; Henry J. Crocker, Second Vice-President; J. P. Norman, Secretary-Treasurer; Captain C. B. Knocker, Delegate to American Kennel Club. The bench show committee in charge are Dr. F. W. d'Evelyn (chairman), N. H. Hickman, W. S. Kittle, J. P. Norman and E. Courtney Ford. Judges, J. J. Lynn, of Port Huron; Henry Jarrett, of Philadelphia, and John Bradshaw.

The show has demonstrated, as do many other events in field sports of late years, that the west coast is neither far behind nor notably isolated from those Eastern or European centers that were wont to pose as encompassing the best and most of everything in high class and professional expositions. The growth of population, development of western resources, and improved transportation service have reduced the stretches of plains and the mountain barriers until San Francisco is not so very remote, and the great realms, California, Oregon and Washington, are really identified with the United States. North America is not nearly as vast and vague as it used to be when there were more buffaloes than men in Kansas, and more grizzlies than dogs in California. It looks quite neighborly when many people bring dogs from New York and New Jersey to win a bit of commendation and blue or red ribbon for them in San Francisco. Three thousand miles are not as formidable as they used to be.

There is the touch of nature that makes the world akin in the incident of men from distant points collecting at some rendezvous to compare, discuss and admire dogs. The daily newspapers send their technical pencilers to the dog shows and give the public, which does not read much of it, all the pedigree, record and expert lore that can be put into miles of type. If an introductory preamble is undertaken it is usually an effort at humor, and the noblest animals of their kind are described as bow-wows, canine orchestras, bayers of the moon, blue-blooded and high-priced barkers, etc.

Dog fanciers themselves do not often contemplate the animals from any very elevated standard, but rather from fancied professional distinctions that the best friends of the animals seldom comprehend or study. A dog may have all the fine technical points of outward show, but in reality be inferior in every commendable trait to some unmarked and seemingly insignificant dog that has never a hope to be decorated with medal, ribbon or pedigree, or anything but a flying brickbat or an ignoble poundmaster's seine. Nevertheless the men who establish kennels and talk pedigrees, points, coats and whatnot, who originate and carry out exhibitions, make rules and fix standards and adjudge awards, are the great systematic benefactors of the faithful animals.

Contemplated from an unprofessional point of view, one that may not be without its advantages, a dog show is not the least wonderful nor the least profitable exhibition in the world. Here are many hundreds of the animals of every notable strain, brought originally from every inhabited corner of the earth. They have been redeemed, or at least changed from a natural wild state and adopted or domesticated by men of all time and every race as companions, slaves and friends. They are carnivorous creatures whose progenitors depended upon other living creatures that they could catch by strategy, or by suprior intelligence or speed, and must all have been ferocious and pitiless in their battles for subsistence and life.

Their intelligence, improved by contact with mankind and the universal protection of their superior fellow creature, has developed them into the most docile, exemplary and faithful of dumb brutes. How many millions of them have lived their brief lives and passed with the generations of man in the world, and how vast has been their contribution to human welfare, who will compute?

The children that have grown to manhood or womanhood without the affection and companionship of one or more of these creatures, have missed something worth having in life. They have been companions, defenders, protectors, slaves—and the faithfulest of friends to princes and paupers, to the wise and the ignorant. They have been fought for by warriors, caressed and protected by kings and queens, and eulogized by the best intellects and the greatest of thinkers and poets of all time.

Who has no admiration and feeling for the faithful animals can be neither sincere in religion nor notably human in character. Considering the enormous number of dogs in the world, their affiliation with the many pursuits and conditions of mankind, how rarely do they permit their brutality to manifest itself unless provoked beyond endurance, to the injury of any. Mankind himself often feel humiliated by the contrast of examples.

There is scope for sentiment—for what the hard, practical spirit of the times in which we live may call whimsical fancies—in the contemplation of an assemblage of dogs. Here are six or seven hundred of the animals placed in stalls or cages littered with fresh straw. They are chained or tethered with little chance to move about, even to stretch themselves. There are but a dozen or so of them placed beyond the reach of the throngs of spectators. For many hours each day the patient creatures, accustomed to freedom and activity, are submissively approached, aroused, ogled, whistled to, talked to, caressed and annoyed by crowds of the most inquisitive and aggressive of animals—men, women and children. They are in direct contact with people, most of them entirely strange to them and many of them merely curious without any tact or appreciation. People approach them in every possible fashion, speak to them in all tones. The sensitive animals quickly recognize the friendly, the indifferent, and those of them who do not like dogs. The creatures of the highest earthly intelligence are arrayed in all sorts of raiment and color, with all sorts of ornamentation, and carrying canes, shawls, parasols and packages. The inferior creatures are as nature made them—naked and unadorned. They are subject to the trying ordeal of being familiarly approached, inspected, commented upon, caressed, handled and diverted by a thousand annoyances without a chance to evade or escape.

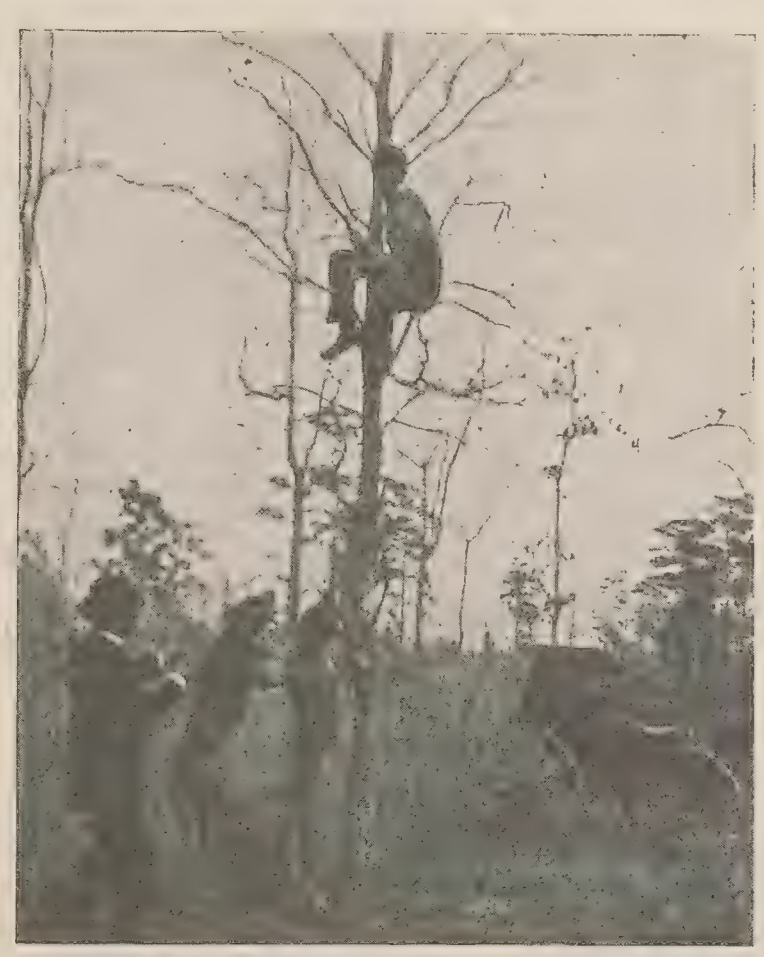
And yet, under it all, it is seldom that a kind word to any one of them is not responded to with a beaming, happy look, a joyous wag of the tail or a ready greeting that no other dumb creature can express so well. There is a gleam of pleasure and assurance in the eyes of a dog, thus responding to a word of kindness, that has made mankind better for its existence. It is, and always will be, the best kind of a compliment to the virtue in the tone of the human voice. A dog may wag his tail to many overtures, but he has an expression in his eyes for his friends that is not conventional or affected. His instinct will not lead him astray.

Some human philosopher, with broad, wholesome powers of observation and expression, ought some time to create a book upon the dog, doing him and all his tribe great honor. Such an historian would glean information for a very thick book, for his work would necessarily comprise notes from many lands, and of many races of dogs and men. Beyond all his other participation in the affairs of mankind, the dogs' intimate association with sportsmen from the day and generation of Esau to the present time would afford a wide field from which to glean tributes to the greatness of both these sportsmen and hunters. It would be difficult to conceive of a real sportsman who had not received inspiration, pleasure and profit from the faithful dog. While there is genuine appreciation and gratitude in the world the dog should not lack for it from any man who has thoughts beyond and above leather and prunella.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

A Run with Florida Hounds.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—I spent the winter in Florida and had sport of various kinds—duck, quail and dove shooting, fishing and some sport following the hounds. The latter may not have been strictly legitimate sport, but it was field sport, however. I inclose photos of the "game" after the hounds had him treed. This was a practice run for the hounds; it was taken at Palatka; the photos were



A RUN WITH FLORIDA HOUNDS.

taken by myself, and although I am an amateur, they were successful. The "game" was a convict taken from jail and allowed an hour start. The hounds were put on his track and furnished as rich music as any fox hound. This run gives the hounds practice and also gives the man much needed exercise. CLAUDE SINTZ.

[Subsequently to the writing of this note by our correspondent, the hounds referred to were put on the trail of two murderers at Hastings, near St. Augustine, and trailed them to their hiding place in the woods, and the men have since been tried and convicted.]

He Took the Dog.

THERE was once a crowd of boys sitting on the ground in a circle, and in the middle sat a strange dog. An old gentleman happened along at that time and asked them what they were doing. They said they were telling hunting stories, and the one that told the biggest lie got the dog. The old gentleman said that wasn't right, as when he was a young man they never told lies about hunting. One youngster then spoke up and said, "Give him the dog." C. W. V.

Toronto Dog Show.

TORONTO, Can., May 16.—The Toronto Industrial Exhibition Dog Show will be held in connection with the exhibition on Sept. 2, 3, 4 and 5 next.

W. P. FRASER, Sec'y and Supt.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XI.

BY F. R. WEBB.

IT stopped raining some time in the night, and morning broke with a sky obscured with low-hanging, leaden-colored clouds drifting athwart the sky, in whose somber folds the mountain tops were shrouded from our view, and under which the river flowed darkling, sullen and forbidding.

Every indication pointed to a rainy day, and we were strongly tempted to remain quietly in camp all day, but we were due at Bear Lithia Springs in the evening, where we were invited to stop for a day or so, as the guests of the management, and as Bear Lithia was a good day's cruise on the present scant water, an early start was necessary, so we turned out at 5 o'clock as usual and made preparations for resuming the cruise, in case the rain did not catch us before we got off.

In order to guard against this contingency as much as possible, the tents were struck at once, and the blankets, mattresses, clothes, bags, etc., packed and stowed away before the rain came on, as it is difficult to take down the tents, pack the blankets, etc., in a rain without getting them wet, after which we addressed ourselves to the task of getting breakfast. A fire was speedily started in the camp stove. George, who is chief of the firewood bureau, had thoughtfully placed his little stack of firewood under the mess table the night before, where it was protected from the rain, and in a short time we were doing justice to an ample breakfast of fried bass, bacon, soft-boiled eggs, biscuits and coffee.

While the boys were polishing up the club plate and packing the kitchen outfit, I prepared a plentiful lunch of cold ham, tongue, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, biscuits and butter, which, with a bottle of pickles and a couple of lemons, were stowed in the mess chest.

We were well known here, and this was one of our supply stations, and while we were chatting with old Mr. Kyger, who had hobbled painfully down the long, steep hill on his canes to have a talk with us, a colored servant came down the hill, bringing with her a big basket containing a fresh supply of biscuits, lard, butter and eggs, which had been spoken for the evening before, and which were duly stowed away in the various bags, cans, buckets, etc., provided for that purpose.

"Now tell me," the old gentleman asked, after a little further weather and crop conversation, "what do you men make these trips for? Are you surveyors or exploring the river, or just fishin', or what?"

The average rural inhabitant finds it hard to satisfactorily account for our cruises. To his practical mind the idea of three or four grown men undertaking such a trip in business hours and just for fun, is incomprehensible, and many and various, as well as ludicrous, are the hypotheses advanced from time to time in explanation. One bare-footed rustic back up on North River took us for peddlers, stating in explanation that he had noticed two or three pairs of socks in a bag, evidently being quite at a loss to understand what any one man could possibly want with so many socks. Another popular theory is that we are running a race, or working out a bet or wager of some kind, while the most commonly accepted explanation is that we are traveling photographers, and as the average rustic is fond of having his picture taken, we would not suffer for lack of business if such were really the object of our trips. George generally obliges them by taking a shot with his kodak at the numerous family groups brought into our various camps from time to time for that purpose, with the inquiry for "The feller that takes the picters."

They are usually greatly mystified when they learn that no charge is made, as well as disappointed when he laboriously explains that he cannot open the camera then and there and take out the finished picture, and that all the finishing and printing is done after his return home in the fall, and that it will be a couple of months or so before they will get their pictures.

Another amusing feature is the general distrust of our diminutive, fragile looking boats on the part of the aforesaid average rustic, the general consensus of opinion being that "I don't want to take no chances in them there dad-blamed little punkin seeds of boats; gimme a good ol' scow, like that 'n' thar" (indicating the usual ubiquitous 20ft. wooden punt), "an' a good pole an' that's good's I want."

We were on the point of packing the mess chest, kitchen ware and mess table in the canoes which still lay on the bank, where they had lain during the night, and launching them and resuming the cruise, when the rain came down with a soft, gentle patter on the broad sycamore leaves overhead, and shimmered grayly on the wide, flat surface of the river, so we tightly closed our canoe hatches, with the heavy, oiled canvas aprons drawn well over the space for the crews, relighted our pipes, donned our long rubber coats and rubber hats, and prepared to sit it out where we were. There is no better out-of-door protection from the rain than that afforded by the canoes when arranged for bad weather.

With all hatches tightly closed, apron pulled well up over the breast, and rubber, canvas or gossamer cape buttoned tight and high up around his neck under the ample sou'-wester hat, and coming well down over the apron and hatches in front of and all around him, the canoeist can bid defiance to the heaviest rains as long as he stays in his canoe, but if there is much getting out and in to do, with the consequent opening up of apron and hatches, he is apt to get wet from the hips down, as well as sure to get the inside of the canoe, including mattress seat, wet also. So, while we might easily have resumed the cruise regardless of the rain, even had it been much heavier than it was (for it was light and gentle), as we had the Shaver mill dam to portage but a mile below, we decided to sit out the rain where we were rather than embark and be obliged to make the portage in the rain.

In an hour it had passed over; and although it still gave promise of more or less rain all day, we decided to chance it, and get as far down the river as possible; so we opened the aprons and amidship hatches of our canoes, throwing out the quart or two of clear, pellucid water collected in the hollow of each apron; doffed and packed our rubber coats and hats, arranged our backrests and mattresses and prepared to launch.

George found himself in a very frisky mood after the shower, and cavorted around the boats with the grace and agility of a yearling bull calf; finally, in the course of his cavorting, ambling over to the bow of his canoe; Lacy and I, with the canvas surcingle, an arrangement rigged up in my work room, consisting of a strip of heavy duck long enough to reach around the canoe amidships, with a wooden handle rove into each end, which proved to be a great convenience in handling the canoes, meanwhile having hold of the other end, impatiently awaiting his pleasure. In answer to Lacy's impatient, "Hurry up, there, can't you?" he picked up the bow of his canoe and rushed off, backward, of course, down the bank with it into the shallow water, dragging us after him at break-neck speed as we went stumbling and plunging down the bank over the rocks and roots. He splashed out into the shallow water until his heels fortunately encountered a reef projecting above the sandy bottom, which put an effectual check to his career by tripping him up, and over he went backward, bringing up in a sitting posture, with the canoe across his lap and the water up to his arms. Our end of the canoe was, of course, dropped, while Lacy went off into convulsions, in the course of which he rushed over to the Colonel's canoe and unpacked it, throwing things right and left, until he reached and got out the Colonel's camp stool, upon which he threw himself while he had his laugh out, the Colonel and I meanwhile enjoying our laugh more moderately on the bank. Finally, when we had come to the conclusion that George's enthusiasm had sufficiently cooled, the Colonel and I waded out to him and lifted the canoe off his lap and released him, after which he found himself in a frame of mind to properly assist in the launching of the other canoes without any further monkey business.

The sky was still heavily overcast and hung with low-lying, leaden clouds, in which the mountain tops were hidden, as we paddled out from our camp ground, past the musical, murmuring outflow from the great spring, and picked our way slowly and carefully among the reefs down into the slack water of the Shaver mill pool. Old Mr. Kyger stood on the bank, calling a cheerful farewell after us, while his women kind gathered in a little group in the dooryard of the house on top of the bluff to see us pass by, the bright garments of some of the younger ones showing in pretty bits of color against the green background of the forests, while George enlivened the scene with some of his choicest discords on his bugle.

The paddle through this usually tedious mill-pond was a pleasant one, as there was no head wind to retard our progress; and the heavy, wet cloud-masses protected us from the rays of the sun; and in a short time the canoes were lying along the face of the dam, whose sloping, plank-sheathed crest stood up a foot or more above the water, wet and slippery from the rain, and affording a very precarious footing.

The dam is a perpendicular timber dam, about six or seven feet high, and is built on a perfect wilderness of reefs, which extend clear across the river from shore to shore. The portage was easily made by George standing in the water on the reefs below while Lacy and I stood on the dam above and slid the canoes over and let them down to him; the Colonel, meanwhile, whose footing on the narrow, steeply sloping edge of a dam like this one was very insecure, climbed down upon the rocks below, and found ample occupation in bossing the job. The Colonel is an excellent boss, and his freely offered suggestions were very good, inasmuch as they coincided exactly in each instance with what we were about to do.

Our method of portaging is effective and simple—the men above slide the canoes over, one by one, until the bows topple over and down upon the man below, who eases them down into the shallow water, or upon the rocks; after which the sterns are eased gently down, by means of the aft painters. If there is a depth of three or four feet of water below the portage is simplified still further by dispensing with the man below, and simply sliding the boats over the crest of the dam and dropping them head first into the water. Care should be taken to first examine the water thoroughly with a paddle or pole, to see if any sunken rocks are lurking around or lying in wait for unsuspecting canoes. I once nearly smashed the nose off of my canoe on one of our Middle River cruises by not taking this precaution.

When so portaged the canoes dive deeply under and a sheet of water several inches deep rolls over them from stern to stern; but if the hatches and aprons are closed and fastened, but little, if any, water will be shipped.

It began to rain again just as we finished the portage and ensconced ourselves in our canoes, and as there is a swift, shallow rapid half a mile below the dam, which on the present stage of water it is impossible to run without disembarking and lifting the canoes down over the rough fringe of loose stones, boulders, etc., spread out clear across the bottom of the broad, shallow tail of the rapid, we decided not to enter the rapid at all until after the rain was over. We accordingly pulled up to the bank, below the dam, in the still water under the dripping trees, and donning our hats and capes sat there for half an hour. This soon grew monotonous, so we took the dining fly and went ashore and put it up, taking ashore with us our camp stools, books, smoking materials, and such other luxuries as we thought we might need, and tightly closing our canoes behind us. Here Lacy, the Colonel and I remained for two hours; the Colonel and Lacy passing the time in a friendly little bout at the seductive and distinctly American game of poker, while George remained in his canoe and I read my book.

A party of rustic fishermen were located under the trees directly across from us, making unsuccessful efforts to secure some protection from the pelting rain under the dripping foliage of the trees, and taking turns in cowering under the slanting trunks of one or two of the largest ones. As they seemed to be meeting with considerable success, George paddled over to their side of the river and added to his stock of piscatorial lore by watching their proceedings and studying their methods, his canoe lying up out of the way against the bank just above, with the rain beating fiercely on his decks and closed hatches, and hissing in the water around him, the while it fell briskly dripping through the trees overhead upon our fly, and ran in little streams off the edges, and in long, slanting rows of bead-like drops down and off the slender tent ropes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—Mr. Ralph Hunter, Medford Boat Club, Medford, Mass.

Atlantic Division—Mr. Ainslie Walter, Brooklyn C. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

25. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. South Boston, club race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
30. Harlem, annual regatta, City Island, Long Island Sound.
30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
30. Canarsie, opening and parade, Carnarsie, Jamaica Bay.
30. Brooklyn, opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Staten Island, Stapleton, S. I.
30. American, opening, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
30. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Manhasset Bay, second series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, races for raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

JUNE.

1. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
1. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
5. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
8. Canarsie, pennant championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
8. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
8. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
8. Brooklyn, open, Gravesend Bay.
8. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
12. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
15. South Boston, club cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
15. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
15. New York C. C., annual, Gravesend Bay.
15. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, first race, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
15. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
15-17. New York, 90-footers, Newport.
15-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
16. South Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
17 Hull-Massachusetts, classes over 18ft., Hull, Boston Harbor.
17. Dorchester, classes 18ft. and under, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, first club championship, Marblehead, Mass.
17. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Brooklyn, annual regatta, Gravesend Bay.
17. Pavonia, annual, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
17 Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18 Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
19. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
20. New York, annual, New York Bay.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
22. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
22. Marine and Field, open, Gravesend Bay.
22. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
22. Manhasset Bay, third series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
22. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
22. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, second race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
25. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

The Cup Trial Races.

THE daily papers have published long accounts regarding Mr. Lawson's right to enter his yacht Independence in the trial races for the defense of the America Cup. We understand that there has been no correspondence between the Cup Committee of the New York Y. C. and Mr. Lawson; but if there has been any, its nature is known only to those directly concerned. In any event, at this time, when nothing definite is known regarding the matter, any criticism on the course pursued by either party would be entirely premature. It seems that the yachting public are misled and misinformed regarding the true facts of the case, so a few words pertaining to the situation may not be amiss.

The New York Y. C. is the custodian of the Cup, and the Cup Committee interpret the rules governing the matter as prescribing that the defender of the Cup must sail under the flag of a member of the New York Y. C. This means also, of course, that yachts sailing in the trial races must sail under the flag of a member of the New York Y. C. Boston has been too well represented in the trial races and actual Cup races in years past for any one to go astray on this point. Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Jubilee and Pilgrim sailed under the New York flag. The owners of both Columbia and Constitution, having found it impossible for various reasons to sail their boats in the forthcoming trial races, have turned them over to capable men who are members of the New York Y. C., Mr. E. D. Morgan and Mr. W. B. Duncan, Jr., respectively, under whose private signals the boats will be seen in the racing as though actually belonging to themselves. It is the perfectly practicable plan for Mr. Lawson to adopt the same method of procedure, and there are a number of amateur yachtsmen in the vicinity of Boston who are members of the New York Y. C., and as able yachtsmen as any in the country, and to whom the sailing of Independence in the trial races might well be entrusted. While the Cup Committee has no discretion in the matter of departing from this specific rule as to ownership, to meet an individual's requirements and wishes, it is on the other hand a very simple thing and under the circumstances it would be the expected course for Mr. Lawson to turn the boat over to a member of the New York Y. C. for sailing in the trial races and the Cup races if she should prove the better boat. If under these conditions Independence should sail in the Cup races, the credit and honor accruing to her owner would not in the least be diminished.

We are confident that the New York Y. C. is anxious to see Independence in the trial races, and we hope that Mr. Lawson may see his way clear to change his policy in regard to the matter and may allow his boat to enter the trial races under the flag of a member of the club.

THE London Field commenting on the new measurement rule recently adopted by the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs, says:

American yachtsmen are at loggerheads over the rating rule. There is a strong feeling in favor of adopting a rule which will produce a type of yacht more like those encouraged by the British Y. R. A., and the Seawanhaka and Larchmont clubs have adopted a rule, which was quoted in the Field of March 23, with a view to favoring this class of boat and penalizing the scow type. This rule, as we have already pointed out, has a very complicated appearance, and we believe that, chiefly owing to this reason, it has not been very well received in New York. Every thoughtful yachtsman should be by this time convinced of the necessity of adopting a rule that will check the construction of the scow type, but we cannot express surprise that the new Seawanhaka rule has met with severe criticism, because it contains what Thalassa would call such a minutiæ of detail. It includes length, sail area, beam measured in three places, draft and midship section area. If the new Y. R. A. rule does not fulfill the ideas of some scientific observers by avoiding reference to detail, the new Seawanhaka rule will be held to be even less satisfactory because it is still more restricted in its scope. It would be interesting and instructive to know the opinion of the American measurement committee upon Thalassa's theory that a perfect rating rule should embody only such general quantities as a yacht's displacement and the sail area used to propel such displacement through the water.

Now that Shamrock II. has been given a better suit of sails and stronger spars, she made a better showing against Shamrock I. in the race last Monday, beating the older boat thirty-seven seconds. The race was sailed in a topsail breeze and smooth water. Word from abroad states that in the previous race against Shamrock I. no attempt was made to drive the boat, as it was simply a trial to stretch her sails and test her spars and gear. A letter received a few days ago from an American yachtsman who is abroad watching Shamrock II.'s performances states that her rig and gear are heavy and clumsy and the boat is a disappointment throughout.

CONSTITUTION was ready for a trial under sail on Saturday last, but continual rainfall and bad weather has kept the boat at her moorings until Tuesday. As we go to press the weather is clearing and undoubtedly Constitution will be seen under sail shortly.

THE 65ft. cutter Nevada, built for Mr. P. M. Inglis from designs made by Mr. Charles F. Herreshoff, 2d, was launched on the Clyde on May 20.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 20.—After months of patient endeavor on the part of the builders of Independence and waiting on the part of those who have been anxious to see the greatest effort of the Boston designer, Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, in her native element, the yacht, which has been a source of pardonable pride to Bostonians, was launched from the shed in which she was built at the Atlantic Works just fifty-three minutes before midnight on Saturday night. She was christened by Miss Gladys Lawson, the oldest daughter of the owner of Independence, and the launching was successful in every respect. The launching was twenty-three minutes ahead of the time scheduled, which feature one of Mr. Lawson's friends avowed was a good omen.

It was hardly so pretentious a night for launching as that on which the Herreshoff-designed 90-footer, Constitution, took the water at Bristol. There was a drizzling rain, which was calculated to dampen the ardor of Independence's admirers. But in spite of this all those who were fortunate enough to obtain the necessary cards of invitation were present, and there were plenty more who would have braved the elements if they could have gained admission to the yard by so doing. For while the launching could not be properly called a secret one, still the number of spectators was limited. This was much against Mr. Lawson's desires, but was considered necessary because of the possible danger to life and to the boat if a great crowd were allowed upon the wharf.

Mr. Lawson's magnificent steam yacht, Dreamer, was anchored out in the stream and the rays from her powerful searchlight lent a charm to the event which was fully appreciated by the spectators. Dreamer has been in Simpson's dry dock for the past few days completing the necessary details of her fitting out, but she is now ready for sea. Almost at the instant that her searchlight was turned on Independence, a stream of many-colored electric bulbs, extending from the stem over the heads of the

masts and down under her counter, were lighted, and the effect was beautiful. By midnight Independence had been made fast to the north side of the dock and Dreamer had gone to her anchorage on South Boston Flats.

Independence will lie at the north side of the Atlantic Works' dock until her hollow steel mast is stepped, when she will probably be towed to some other dock to complete fitting out. The Atlantic Works would only guarantee Capt. Haff 18ft. of water at mean low tide. Soundings were made on the north side of the dock last week, with the result that at the end of the dock 21ft. were found, and this depth decreased gradually to about 17ft. Where the forward part of the fin, which is 72ft. from the taffrail, will come, there was about 18ft. of water. When Independence was launched she drew about 19ft., and this was at the extreme after end of the keel. The bottom of the dock is very soft and the keel can easily sink a foot or two into the mud. Capt. Haff is of the opinion that this can do no possible harm. If she were to lay at the end of the dock the swash of passing steamers might cause her to bang against the piling and injure her plating.

Work has been carried on night and day on the steel mast during the past week, but the spar is not yet completed. It is expected, though, that it will be ready to be stepped early in the week. The work of plating on this spar is first class, and it is as smooth and true as skilled labor can possibly make it. The riveting is particularly well done. Both the hollow wooden boom and the hollow wooden gaff have been completed at Lawley's. These are both very fine spars. George F. Lawley has been of the opinion that the hollow wooden boom will be better than the steel one. As the steel boom is far from being completed, it will be necessary to use the wooden one first, when its merits can be fully tested.

The Regatta Committee of the Winthrop Y. C. has arranged its schedule of dates, which provides events for every Saturday throughout the season. They are arranged as follows: Class races, May 25; June 1, 15, 29; July 13; Aug. 10 and 24. Special handicaps, June 8, 22; July 6, 27; Aug. 3 and 17. Club cruises, June 9, 16; July 7; Aug. 11 and Sept. 7. Y. R. A. open race, July 20. Water sports, Sept. 2.

An advance copy of the year book of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has been sent to your correspondent by the secretary of the Association, A. T. Bliss. It is by far the best book that has yet been published. The books will be ready for delivery some time this week. In the racing schedule the dates of the Lynn, the Wellfleet and the Cape Cod yacht clubs are left open. This is because it has been found that there is poor water in Cape Cod Bay on the dates given to the Cape Cod and the Wellfleet yacht clubs. They are anxious to have the Lynn club change its date. As the Lynn Y. C. has made a feature of the Labor Day race, it is doubtful if it will agree to give up this date. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The House-Boat Lah-ne-o-tah.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read your article in March 2 number on "House-boats," and noting your request for plans, photographs and descriptive articles on this important question, I take the liberty of sending you a copy of an article that appeared in my newspaper, the Athens Reporter, a couple of months ago. The house-boat was built on my premises in Athens, Ontario, which is five miles from Charleston Lake, a beautiful little inland lake about ten miles long and eight wide. The house-boat, when completed, weighed about three tons, and was drawn to the lake, mounted on skids or runners, by two traction engines, and although the road was a very rough and stony one, the five miles was made in less than six hours. This was a feat never, as far as I can learn, attempted in in this country at least. Inclosed with this I send you a couple of kodak views, one representing the house-boat on the road drawn by the engines, and the other as she appears in her native and proper element. So much by way of introduction to the article referred to. If you think the views are worth reproducing in FOREST AND STREAM, you are at perfect liberty to use them.

Lah-ne-o-tah.

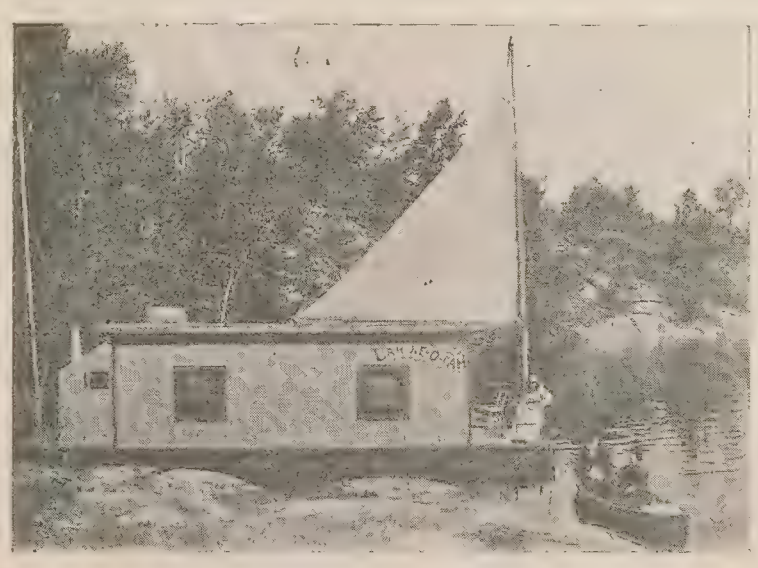
The Scribe of the Reporter's House-Boat—A Short Description of This Novel Floating Ark, the First to Be Built and Successfully Launched in Canada's Inland Waters.

Nearly every day since the house-boat—originated, built and occupied by the Scribe of the Athens Reporter—was launched into the water of Charleston Lake, the editor has had to answer a thousand and one questions as to its construction, design and adaptability to its proposed purpose, and how it has met his expectations in many different ways. As a reply to these questions the present article is penned. The Scribe and family have occupied the house-boat more than half the time since it was launched, and during that time have rowed or sailed it to nearly every part of the lake, often making trips of five or six miles daily. The object of moving from place to place was to have a variety of scenery, and it was seldom that the boat remained more than half a day in the one place. To those who did not read the description of the house-boat given in the Reporter of May 3 last, we would say that the Lah-ne-o-tah is 36ft. in length by 13ft. wide, with a height of 9ft. 4in. from bottom to top of roof. The hull is constructed of 1¾in. pine plank securely spiked to two solid pine planks, 30ft. 6in. long and 24in. wide and 2in. thick. Instead of putting the hull together after the old and hackneyed form usually employed by boat builders, the planks were grooved on each edge and sliptongue used to fill the space instead of using oakum. This was certainly an innovation on the old time-honored custom of constructing water craft, and many wiseacres shook their heads and deplored the want of sense exhibited by the builder. But time proves all things, and after two seasons' trial the plan adopted is found to work admirably. The joints were covered with a liberal coating of McLaughlin's asphalt roof paint, and after the hull was completed a couple of heavy coats were put on both inside and out, and although the house-boat has been anchored out in some of the worst gales experienced on the lake in the last two years, as well as sailed across the "big waters" on several occasions when the whitecaps were rolling so as to make it dangerous to be out with a large rowboat, the pump that was provided has never been called into requisition to take water from the hold. The roof was another thing that seemed likely to give trouble in keeping it water tight, as it only had a pitch of 2in. in nearly 7ft. The rafters were first covered with ¾in. cedar; on this a coat of the asphalt roofing was spread and then a covering of coarse canvas cloth was nailed down. A couple of light coats of asphalt cement were next spread over the canvas, and since the house-boat has been in the water it has been walked on when sailing from place to place and not a spot as large as a penny piece has given way.

The space used for living in is 13 x 21ft., with an 8ft. ceiling, and has a couple of sheet iron annexes at the stern. One of these is fitted up as a kitchen and con-

tains a neat little cooking stove with the required amount of cooking utensils. Shelving around the sides of the cooking galley make a handy receptacle for the culinary articles required for the convenience of the cook. The other annex is fitted up as a lavatory, having all the required conveniences. Perhaps the most novel as well as the most convenient articles are the two folding beds, which during the day are turned up into the front par-

tition and easily let down and made into comfortable bedrooms at night. There is comfortable accommodation for six, and a cupboard in one corner contains a supply of delft and table requisites for a party of twelve. Lounges, chairs and seating for a like number are provided, and visitors are surprised at the amount of room available in so small a compass. A platform 6 x 13ft. at each end (the hind one projecting out over the water), surrounded



by a neat railing, makes a very pleasant place to sit or stand while moving from place to place, or for loung ng on a warm afternoon or evening. An anchor and 75ft. of heavy rope cable enable the boat to be securely held in any desired place, although when stopping for only a short time it is customary to run the bow end up on the rocks or sand and thereby have free access to the land, the boat only drawing 5in. of water. The floor is of alternate strips of beautifuly grained ash and soft maple, and the sides, from the floor up 3ft., are wainscoted with a fine grade of cedar and pine, the balance of sides and ceiling being covered with an attractive design in linoleum. Four stained glass windows furnish all the light required, but the two doors have each glass panels, which allow parties on the platform to see through the boat to advantage.

A mast in front holds the sail in place. The sail has a boom of 25ft., and contains about 100yds. of canvas. A plank 18ft. long and 20in. wide fastened on each side of the boat and so arranged as to be shoved down 4 or 5ft. below the bottom of the boat, act as lee boards and prevent the boat from drifting when sailing close to the wind. A flag pole at the rear floats the Union Jack whenever the house-boat is occupied. On the front walls are hung three trophies of the rod, captured by the Reporter Scribe during the past season. One salmon weighed 19lbs., another 12½ and the other 10¾, and are stuffed and hung up as evidence that Charleston Lake can and does beat the record as the producer of fish of large size and excellent flavor. Thousands of people have visited the Lah-ne-o-tah during the two years that she has been on the lake, and all have expressed themselves as pleased with the appearance of this new departure in craft building and mode of spending a pleasant outing on Canada's most beautiful inland water—Charleston Lake. The proprietor expects to spend the greater part of his time on the Lah-ne-o-tah during the summer of 1901, and will be pleased to show visitors to the lake over the craft and give them all the information possible as to its construction, cost, etc.

Note.—The above article was written solely for the benefit of those readers of the Reporter who had a curiosity to get an idea of the manner of construction and adaptability to the purpose intended. If its reproduction in FOREST AND STREAM will add anything new or of interest to those interested in house-boating, the writer will be amply repaid for all the time spent in his effort. To our American cousins desirous of going to the best lake for salmon or bass fishing in Canada, we will cheerfully give them full particulars on application by addressing

B. LOVERIN,

LEEDS, Ontario.

Huguenot Y. C.

THE Huguenot Y. C. went into commission and opened the local yacht racing on Long Island Sound with its spring regatta on Saturday, May 18. In the morning the prospects for a race seemed very slim, as there was a continuous rainfall and but little breeze. As the time drew near for the boats to start a light southeasterly breeze came up with the prospect of increasing during the afternoon. Owing to the light air during the early part of the day the regatta committee decided to postpone the start of the race until 2:30 P. M., thus giving a number of boats that had been delayed in getting to the starting line an opportunity to race. Some fifteen boats came to time, filling all but one of the classes. The two new Herreshoff raceabouts, Rogue and Oonagh, attracted the greatest amount of attention, and their performance was watched with much interest. The course was a triangular one, seven and one-half miles in length, and at the end of the first half there was but one second difference between them when the times were taken. The course for all the larger boats was from a starting line off the easterly end of Whortleberry Island, then to a red and black buoy off the northeasterly end of Execution Rock, then to a red spar buoy off the southwesterly end of Hen and Chickens, then to the mark boat at the starting line, this being sailed over twice. For the dories the course was from the starting line between the striped buoy off the northeasterly end of Whortleberry Island and the committee boat, then to the black buoy north of David's Island, then to the black buoy north of middle shoal, and then to the striped buoy at the starting line. The small boats sailed over this course twice, making a total distance of three nautical miles.

The first leg of the course was a beat to windward, the second a reach with booms to port and the third the wind abeam with booms to starboard. With sheets in flat, all on the starboard tack, the raceabouts crossed in the following order: Oonagh, Snapper, Rogue and Sis. Rogue was well on the other boats' weather. In the 25ft. class Alcedo started in the lead. The Manhasset one-design boats crossed with Arizona in the lead and Firefly, Bab and Mist following in the order named. Shortly before the start the 18-footer Gazabo lost her rudder, which forced her to withdraw, so her opponent, Nora, was sent up a class and sailed against Ox, a boat considerably larger than herself, but she had no difficulty in beating her handily. The times taken at the end of the first round were as follows:

Sis	3 24 20	Bab	3 45 10
Rogue	3 24 25	Ox	3 45 12
Oonagh	3 24 26	Arizona	3 48 05
Alcedo	3 41 00	Mist	3 48 20
Nora	3 42 00	Firefly	3 50 40

On the second round the Herreshoff boats Rogue and Oonagh split tacks with Sis. On rounding the Execution Rock buoy Rogue caught a better breeze and with excellent handling passed Sis. The Manhasset one-design boats were sailing for a special prize, given by Mr. Guy Standing, in addition to the one offered by the Huguenots. Mr. Standing's trophy is to be given to the boat having the greatest number of points at the end of the season. In this race Bab receives three points, Arizona two, and Mist one.

The regatta committee was made up of the following gentlemen: Messrs. J. Nelson Gould, H. C. Ward and G. C. Allen. The summary follows:

Raceabout Class—Start, 2:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rogue, F. T. Bedford	4 06 35	1 31 55
Snapper, A. B. Alley	Withdrew.	
Oonagh, G. C. Pirie	4 09 15	1 34 15
Sis, C. T. Bedford, Jr.	4 08 40	1 33 40

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:40.

Alcedo, G. C. Allen	4 28 32	1 48 32
Bingo, W. B. Greeley	4 33 50	1 53 50

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 2:45.

Nora, L. Iselin	4 29 17	1 44 17
Ox, R. N. Bavier	4 33 50	1 48 50

Manhasset Raceabout Class—Start, 2:45.

Mist, J. W. Alkire	4 41 37	1 51 57
Bab, W. F. Morgan, Jr.	4 33 45	1 43 45
Firefly, Guy Standing	4 42 15	1 52 15
Arizona, George Cory	4 36 18	1 46 18

Dory Class—Start, 2:55.

Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer	4 19 50	1 19 50
Ketch, H. E. Janes	4 05 30	1 10 30
Scamp, W. Westervelt	4 17 40	1 17 40

The winners were Rogue, Alcedo, Nora, Bab and Kitch.

The Year Book of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, which is ready for distribution, contains, in addition to the racing schedules of all the Sound clubs, the conditions governing the association championship races for 1901. Copies of this excellent little book may be secured from Thompson & Co., 9 Murray street, New York city.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter III.—Laying Off, Making the Moulds and Setting Up the Frame.

HAVING got all the necessary tools and materials, and a suitable workshop with a good light, the first thing to be done is to lay off the design full size on the floor. If, however, the workshop has not a boarded floor, it is quite possible to work without laying off the whole design, and only lay off the body plan and the profile of the stem on a large sheet of paper for the 22ft. centerboard boat.

In the case of boats of the hollow-bottomed fixed keel type, a full sized drawing of the whole profile from stem head to the end of the counter should be laid off, and if the workshop has no boarded floor, some long, clean floor boards must be clamped together to make a temporary mould floor; but we will suppose there is a suitable floor.

When laying off full size, start with the L.W.L. as the main base line, from which all vertical measurements are taken, and the fore and aft center line for setting off the half-breadths. Then rule the floor or board to exactly correspond with the design from

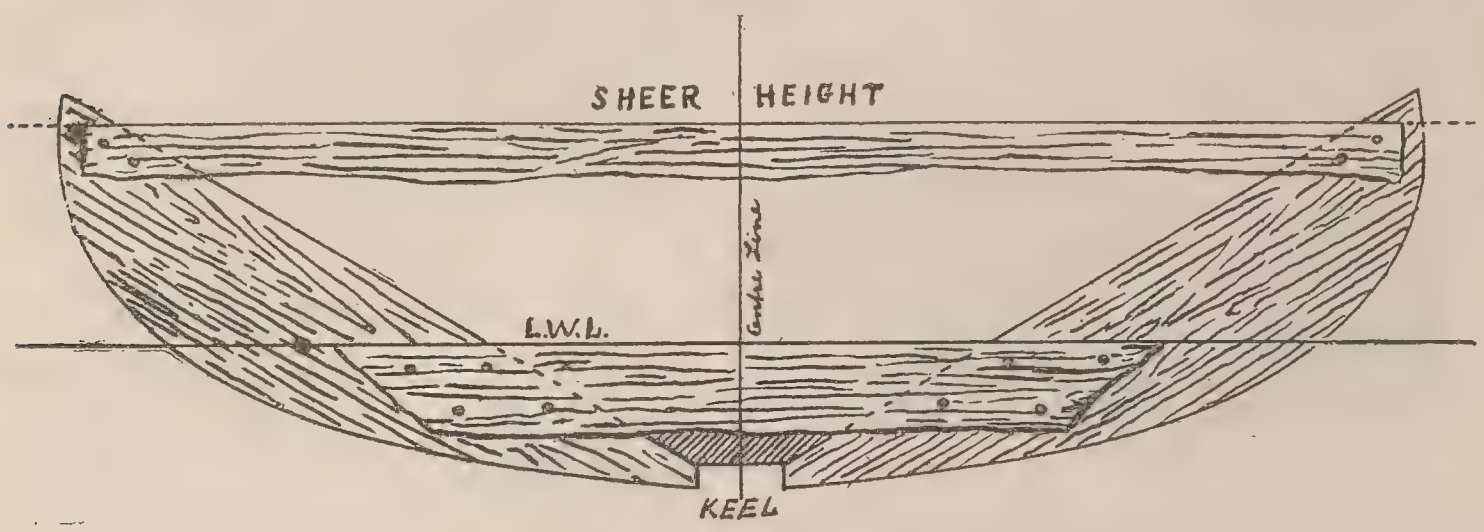


Fig. 3

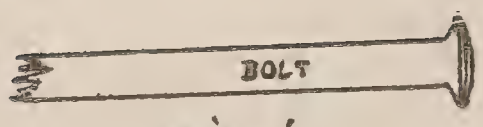
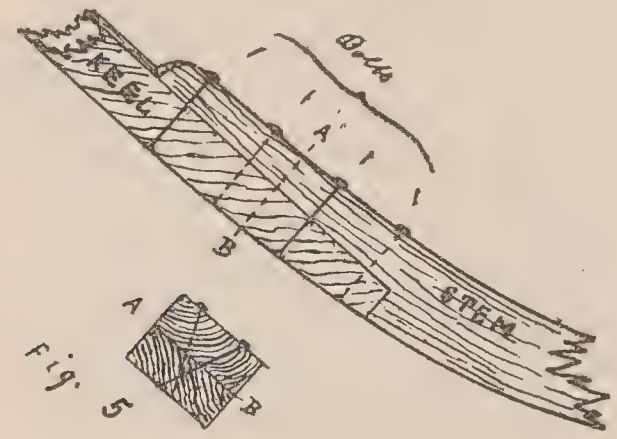


Fig. 4

which you are working. This is done by setting off all the distances of the waterlines, buttocks and diagonals from the center and stretching a chalked cord from one end of a line to the other and then pulling it up in the middle and letting it snap on the floor, leaving a clean line, which is perfectly straight and can be penciled in. Be sure all your lines are parallel and square to one another, and that you have not mistaken decimals for inches. Decimals are generally used throughout the design, but inches would be used in the construction drawing.

Having got the floor ruled to correspond with the design, start with the body plan. Set off half breadths of the mid-section along each horizontal line from the vertical center line, taking the utmost care that the distances are absolutely correct. Then mark



the vertical distance on the center line from the bottom of the keel, below the L.W.L., the height of the deck above L.W.L. at the half breadth on deck, and the vertical heights above or depths below the L.W.L. where the section crossed each buttock line. The diagonals are set off by taking the distances from where they intersect the center vertical line to the points where they intersect each section on the body plan.

When all these points are set off, a thin flexible batten should be bent so as to pass through all the spots, and is kept in position by some wire nails till a clean line has been drawn around the whole section. From this line a parallel line is drawn inside it

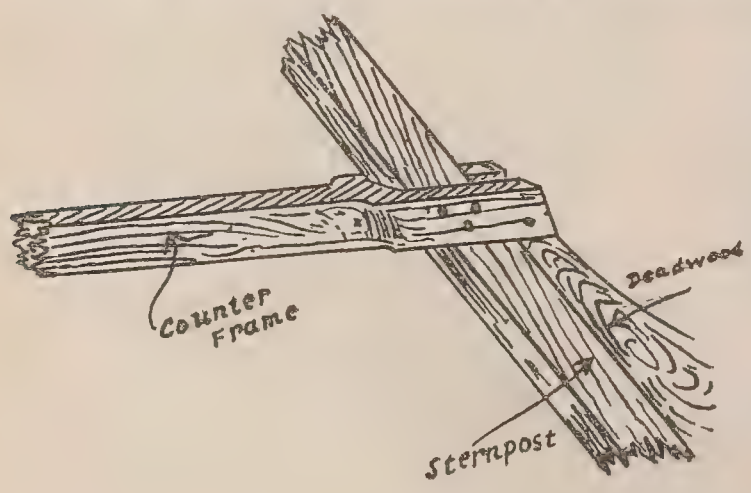


Fig. 7

exactly the thickness of the planking to be used; the other sections are drawn in the same manner. Then the sheer and profile are taken from these sections, and checked by the design. In small boats it is not really necessary to lay off the half breadth plan, as well as the sheer and body plans, but of course it helps toward accuracy, and is always done in the case of larger vessels.

The moulds should be made of some common floor boards or any cheap wood, about ¾in. or 1in. thick, and to transfer the cant them to each side alternately on the inside, as in Fig. 5, and tacks or nails with their heads along the line of the inside of the plank on the section, thus:

The object of the nails is, that when the piece of board to be used for the mould is placed over the nails and tapped all over with a mallet, the heads of the nails are driven half into the drawing on the floor and half into the wood for the mould, leaving a clear print of dents all around the curve, which is quite enough

guide to saw it out by. Now saw out the rough shape of the section in duplicate, and then carefully fit it to the curve of the section till it is exact. Mark the L.W.L., center line, and sheer height of the deck edge on each half, and fasten them together with two cross battens at the L.W.L. and deck level, thus:

Then cut out the section of the keel at that station so as to let the mould fit over the keel to its proper depth—that is to say, till it is flush with the rabbet in the keel; but don't cut it too big at first. Be sure and take the greatest care that each mould is accurate, and that the center line is square with the L.W.L. and sheer line on it; also number each mould as you finish it.

When you have finished making the moulds you must make a thin wooden pattern or template of the stem from the full-sized drawing on the floor, in the same way as the moulds, and lay it on a suitable piece of crooked oak, drawing a pencil all around it to mark the curve of the moulding or depth. Saw it a little outside the line, so as to have a bit of spare wood for trimming up with plane and spokeshave. Cut the scarph as accurately as possible, and square it carefully.

Get out similar templates for the keel and stern frame (for No. 2 design, or the transom knee for No. 1 design) in the same way, and prepare the wood as before, in all cases marking the center line along both top and bottom when finished.

The keel should now have the stations for the moulds marked accurately on it, measuring from the construction sheer plan and taking the distances along the top edge of the keel on the drawing (not the horizontal spacing of the sections). At each of these sections set off the half breadth on each side of the center line, as shown in the half breadth drawing of the keel and stern, etc. A batten should be bent through these spots and a fair line drawn through them from end to end of the keel, which may now be cut out a little larger than this line and then planed up ready for setting up and scarphing to the stem, etc.

Fit the scarph between keel and stem, painting between the two, and bolting them together with about four ¼in. copper bolts, clenched inside on copper rings. These bolts can be made in a few minutes in the vise by cutting off pieces of the ¼in. copper rod

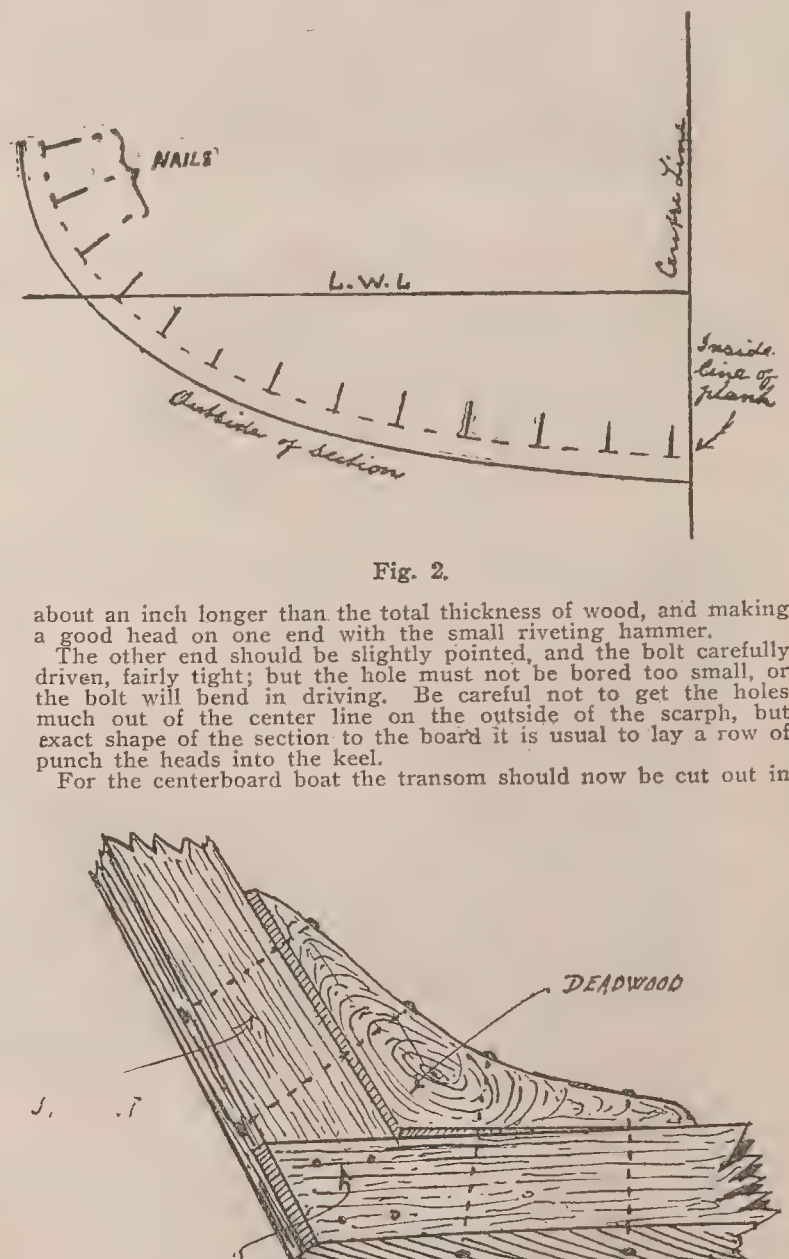


Fig. 2.

about an inch longer than the total thickness of wood, and making a good head on one end with the small riveting hammer.

The other end should be slightly pointed, and the bolt carefully driven, fairly tight; but the hole must not be bored too small, or the bolt will bend in driving. Be careful not to get the holes much out of the center line on the outside of the scarph, but exact shape of the section to the board it is usual to lay a row of punch the heads into the keel.

For the centerboard boat the transom should now be cut out in

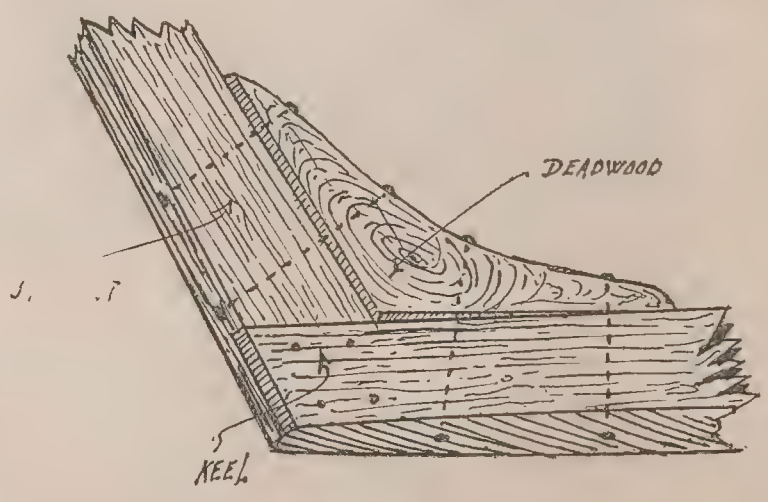


Fig. 6.

the same manner as a mould, but of course from a single piece of mahogany ¾in. thick. It must be carefully planed up and fitted to the drawing on the floor, and it should be cut with about ¼in. bevel on the edges, so that the inside is ¼in. larger all around than the drawing. It should be at least 3in. higher than the deck level to allow for trimming up afterward; and also to fasten the shores. Now fit it over the end of the keel, like the moulds; but in this case the joint must be watertight. The transom knee must now be bolted to the keel with three 3-16in. bolts, similar to those in the stem scarph, and of course the joint painted first. The transom should be fastened to the knee, with three stout 2in. copper nails or screws; it must be perfectly square with the keel and its center line plumb with the stem. Cut the slot for the centerboard in the keel, and also the rabbets along each side of it for the sides of the case. Before setting up the keel in its place these rabbets must be very carefully finished to the section shown.

In the case of the fixed keel boat (No. 2) the keel should be set out from the body plan and half breadth and bolted to the stem as before; but instead of a transom and knee on the after end of the keel there is a sternpost and counter frame. The sternpost should be cut out according to the drawings and specification, and scarphed to the keel by cutting away half the keel and half the sternpost where they cross, and securing them by four 3-16in. bolts. When the sternpost and keel are properly scarphed and fastened, the dead wood must be roughly cut to the thickness of its largest part and fitted to the angle of the keel and sternpost and well bolted with ⅜in. bolts, as shown in the sketch above.

Then trim it roughly with the adze to the thickness of the sternpost on its after edge and to the keel at the bottom, but leave the full thickness along the top till the moulds are up. See that the sternpost and stem are both plumb with each other and not one over to port and the other to starboard, as often happens at first.

Cut out the counter frame to the moulding and siding given in the drawing, and cut the inner end carefully to fit around the sternpost, to which it must be well bolted with two or three ¼in. bolts; but be sure the angles of it and the sternpost are right by laying a rough template of keel, sternpost and counter frame against the frame when it is ready to bolt together.

A German Singlehander.

WE have several times published from the Wassersport the designs of Max Oertz, of the firm of Max Oertz & Harder, Neuhof am Reiherstieg, near Hamburg, Germany, keel craft of exceptionally handsome lines. The little boat here shown, also from the Wassersport, is only a single-hand cruiser, without the refinements of form which distinguish the modern racing yachts, but she is most shapely in her form, below and above water, and should make a good boat for those who prefer a yacht to a barn door. Her dimensions are:

Length—			
Over all	24ft.	5	in.
L.W.L.	16ft.	5	in.
Breadth—			
Extreme	5ft.	10½	in.
L.W.L.	5ft.	3	in.
Draft	3ft.	2½	in.
Mast—			
From stem at L.W.L.	3ft.	9	in.
Deck to hounds	20ft.		
Boom	20ft.	4	in.
Yard	15ft.		
Mainsail	266	sq.	ft.
Jib	68	sq.	ft.
Total	334	sq.	ft.

The lead keel weighs 1,815lbs.; for cruising only an iron keel of the same weight may be used without increasing the draft or decreasing the stability by giving a bulb form instead of the tapering sides and rounded bottom. In building the main keel may be 4in. thick, the stem and sternpost each sided 2¼in., the frames sided ¾in., moulded 1¼in. at heels, 1in. at flat of floor and ⅞in. at the heads, spaced 9in., and the plank and deck each finished to ⅝in. If enlarged to 18ft. waterline, the design would give a snug little cabin for singlehand work. The scales shown on the drawings are in meters, 3.28ft.

Alvina.

THE steam yacht Alvina, which was recently built at the yard of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., of Wilmington, Del., for Mr. Charles Fletcher, N. Y. Y. C., of Providence, R. I., arrived at Manning's Basin, South Brooklyn, on April 22, after a very successful trip up the coast. Alvina was designed by Mr. A. S. Cheeseborough, of Bristol, R. I., who superintended the construction. Alvina cost over $250,000. On her recent run from New to Newport, the Alvina, on an eight-hours' trial, averaged 15.34 knots, with natural draft. This speed was made with 130 tons of coal in the bunkers.

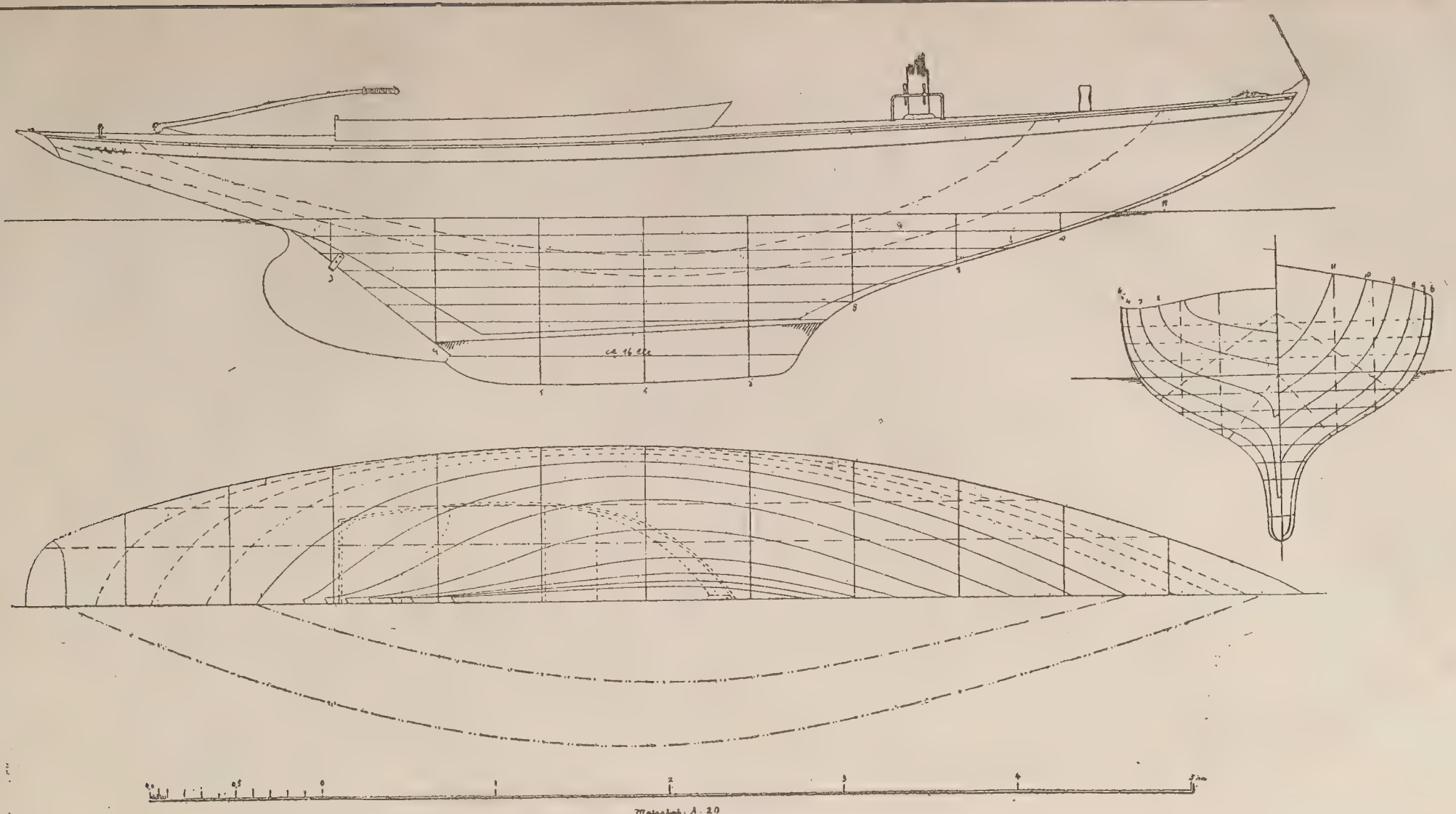
She is a very handsome vessel, with high freeboard, and has the appearance of an English designed and built yacht. The vessel is a steel twin-screw steam yacht with the following dimensions: 215ft. over all, 178ft. waterline, 26ft. 8in. beam, 11ft. 6in. draft. She is to be rated 100 A1 at the British Lloyds. In the hull there are seven water-tight bulkheads and two decks. At the forward end above the main deck are a forecastle deck, under which are arranged the windlass, crew's mess, firemen and oilers' quarters; also a large galley for officers and crew.

There is a long continuous deck house extending from just abaft the foremast to just abaft the mainmast. In the forward end of this house is the dining room, aft of which is a hallway on the starboard side, connected with a covered passageway leading aft. The pantry and galley of the owner are situated on the port side of the deck house; boiler inclosure, a large laundry and engine room casing, then a library, large stateroom and hallway complete the whole deck house accommodations. On top of the main deck house and just forward of the smoke stack is a structure in which is arranged the captain's room and a chart room.

The yacht will be steered from a flying bridge above this structure. She is schooner rigged and will carry three boats on a side, one on the starboard side well aft to be steam or naphtha launch. Going below through finely fitted companionways, the visitor will find the accommodations very roomy. Beginning forward under the decks are located the sailors' quarters, then the officers' quarters and next aft three large staterooms, besides owner's bath room, coal bunkers and machinery space. Further aft there are five staterooms of good size, three being very large, also two bath rooms and a large cabin. The yacht's finish is most elaborate throughout, and she is built strongly and with great care.

Arrangements have been made for water ballast, and for this provision she is fitted with two large tanks, one forward of the machinery space and the other aft of it.

The yacht will be driven by two sets of triple-expansion engines, together developing 1,300 horse-power, natural draft. Steam will be furnished by two Scotch boilers, and there also is a donkey boiler. Auxiliary machinery, consisting of air and feed pumps, two electric light plants, evaporator, distiller and ice-making machinery, is installed. There is a bunker capacity of 170 tons of coal. The contract speed of Alvina is 14 nautical miles an hour for a four-hours' run. She is intended for long voyages, and will probably be taken to Europe this summer. She has a waist of good depth, with bulwark rails constructed from just abaft the foremast to the stern. A brass rail is placed on the sides forward of the foremast.



DESIGN FOR A GERMAN SINGLEHANDER.

Yacht Club Notes.

The third general meeting of the New York Yacht Club for the year was held on May 16, at its club house, West Forty-fourth street. Commodore Ledyard presided, and about 100 members were present.

The matters of the new station on East River and the removal of Station No. 1 from Staten Island to Bay Ridge were referred to the Committee on Uniform and with power to act. The Committee on Uniform and Dress reported a change of club buttons for members to black and gilt. Rating marks and buttons for sailing masters, engineers and stewards will be silver. It was decided to allow retired naval officers to become members of the club.

Two challenge cups were presented to the club by the Alumni Association of the United States Naval Academy. One will be sailed for by schooners, and the other by sloops.

The club presented a club flag to Captain Evelyn B. Baldwin, in command of the steamer America, owned by Mr. William Ziegler, and now enrolled in the club fleet, which flag will be carried by the vessel on her expedition to the North Pole.

The following were elected members:

Daniel Prentice, Ogden Bachus, M. D.; James A. Welsh, J. H. Cockburn, Howard F. Frothingham, Otto L. Petersen, Frederick T. Ames, E. W. Fitch, James L. Laidlaw, Henry W. Bull, F. D. Mollenhauer, James H. Oliphant, William L. Briggs, George A. Adee, Charles H. Tenney, William M. Laffam, John Kerr Branch, Warner B. Nash, James B. Tailer, Lieut.-Commander Alexander Sharpe, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Joseph H. Rohrbacker, U. S. N.; Surgeon Edward R. Stitt, U. S. N.; Edward D. Lentilhon, H. Burnside Potter, W. W. Anthony, Frederick Bull, Henry Tilden Swan, George Joseph Smith, Ensign Thomas Charles Hart, U. S. N.; William F. Mohr, James Hart Welch, Arthur P. Sturges, W. B. Chisholm, Theophiles Parsons, Henry P. Watson, John Seeley Ward, Jr.; Albert Bradlee Hunt, Ensign Victor S. Houston, U. S. N.; E. G. Burns, Lieutenant-Commander Henry McCrae, U. S. N.; C. J. Coulter, John Aspinwall, Daniel J. Reid, Thomas A. McIntyre, Jr.; John C. Sharp, James Warren Lane, George W. Ely, Richard King, Charles B. Mason, George J. Weaver, John Lorillard Arden, Cyrus Edwin Lothrop, J. M. McCarthy, H. F. G. Wey, Charles F. Booker, Elisha P. Wilbur, Jr., Theodore F. Vail, William H. Truesdale, Winthrop Rutherford, Alvan Markle, A. W. Hallenborg, Elisha Dyer, Jr., Henry Clay Pierce, W. P. Douglas, F. H. Clerque, James Park, D. M. Owen, Captain Theodore F. Kane, U. S. M. C.; Naval Constructor W. J. Baxter, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral John H. Upshur, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral J. N. Miller, U. S. N.; James Elverson, Jr., Max Fleischmann, Charles W. Lee, Ensign Frank W. Toppan, U. S. N.; R. S. Hebden, W. L. S. Jackson, Captain Seth M. Ackley, U. S. N.; Regis H. Post, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.; Henry L. Maxwell, Joseph C. Willetts, Henry A. W. Wood, L. C. Lothrop, William McDonald, Lieutenant John A. Tobin, U. S. N.; E. L. Frisbee, Jr.; John Dupee, Charles E. Sampson, George S. Terry, Melville D. Chapman, James R. Steers, Frederick L. Rodewald, William McClure, William M. Lovering, Henry Sampson, Jr.; Dallas Bache Pratt, Miguel R. Martinez and Roy A. Rainey.

ALVINA—Designed by A. S. Cheeseborough for Charles Fletcher. Photo by C. D. Mower, New York.

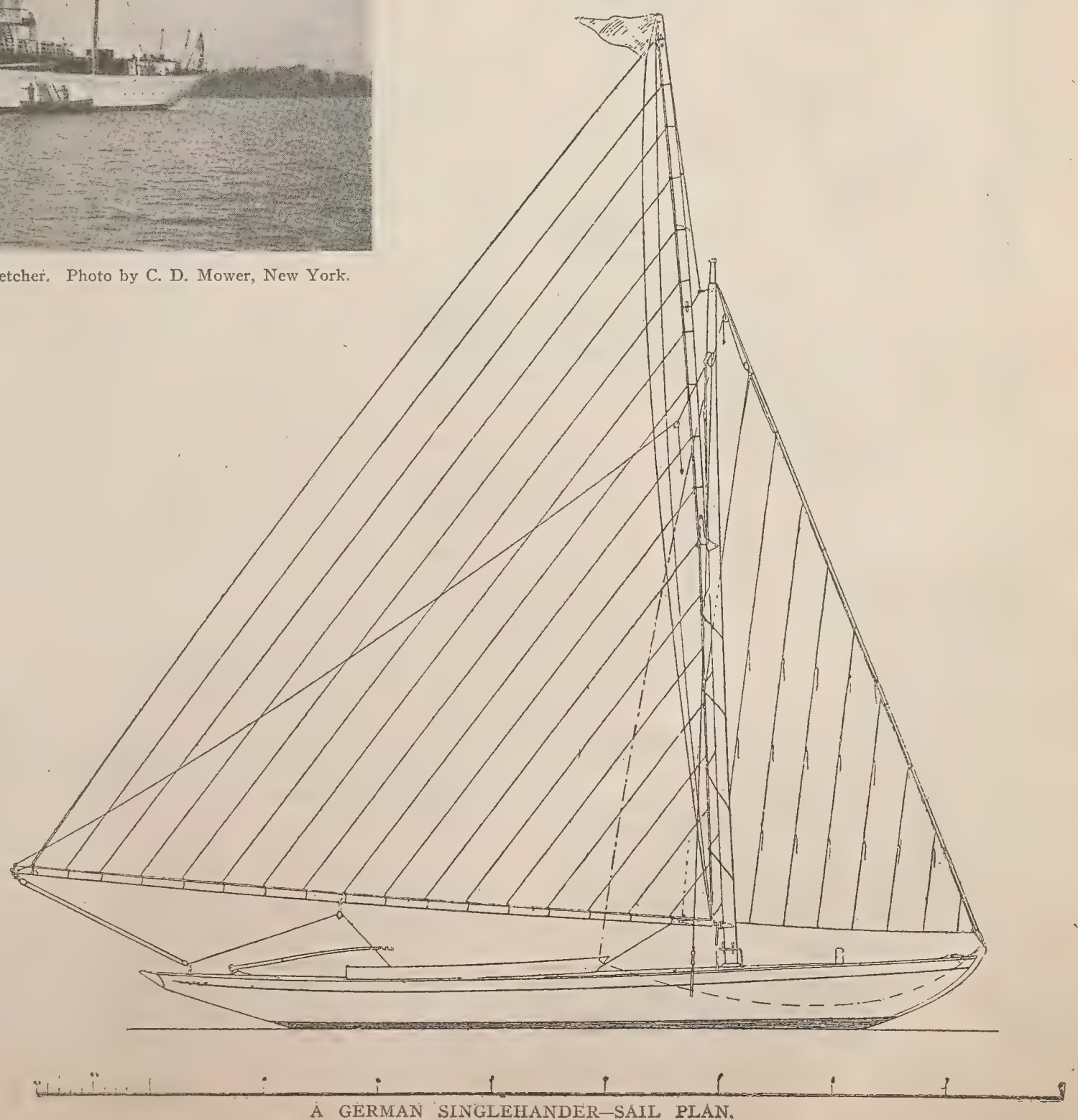
* * *

The Regatta Committee of the Atlantic Yacht Club has issued the schedule of the races for the coming season. The first one, which is for members of the club only, will be sailed on Decoration Day and the yachts will go over the upper bay courses. The annual regatta will take place on June 18, and the annual cruise will start on July 6 at City Island and last until July 13. The boats in the squadron will make short runs on the Sound, ending at Shelter Island. In conjunction with other yacht clubs on the lower bay the Atlantics have arranged a schedule of races, those to be managed by the latter being on June 1, 29, Aug. 3 and Sept. 7.

* * *

Pavonia Yacht Club members formally opened their new quarters at the foot of Forty-first street, Bayonne, N. J., on May 11.

The new house is handsome in appearance, and contains nineteen large room, fitted up with everything con-



A GERMAN SINGLEHANDER—SAIL PLAN.

ducive to comfort and ease. In addition to the accommodations for members and their families, there is a large work shop where the ambitious amateurs may build boats if they so desire, or repair old favorites, that have grown old in the service. There are also sail and spar lofts, where the spare gear of the fleet may be safely housed.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club members held their fourth regular meeting on May 14 at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street. Commodore Arthur C. James presided and Allen E. Whitman performed the duties of Secretary. Reports of the various committees were read and approved, and the club announced its readiness for the season. There will be an informal opening of the club house at Oyster Bay on May 25, and on Decoration Day, May 30, the regulation opening ceremonies will be held and a club regatta for raceabouts, knockabouts and catboats will be sailed over the courses in Oyster Bay.

The Newport Yacht Racing Association, which in past years has done much to promote yacht racing and has this year offered prizes which will bring the cup defenders and other racing classes together in several contests to be sailed off Newport, is enlarging its membership and endeavoring to increase its sphere of usefulness. It announces that it already has a racing fund of $12,000 raised by voluntary subscription.

The new club house of the Columbia Yacht Club, at Eighty-sixth street and the Hudson River, was formally taken possession of on May 13, when a largely attended reception was given. Commodore Walther Luttgen was presented with a handsome loving cup by members of the club.

The new home is very attractive in design, and is constructed of rough stone and brick, with shingled roof and gables.

On the lower floor is a large grillroom heavily timbered with oak. This extends fifty feet, the entire width of the building. At one end is a billiard table for the men, and at the other is a snug harbor decorated with yachting trophies and emblems.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We have received the Beverly Y. C. book for 1901: it is well bound in brown canvas and gives much information regarding Buzzard's Bay and vicinity.

Sir Thomas Lipton is having a launch built by the American Motor Co. which will serve as a tender to Shamrock II. The launch is to be named Duffierin, in honor of Lady Dufferin, who named Shamrock II. Her dimensions are 40ft. over all, 7ft. 8in. beam, 30in. freeboard, and she will draw 22in. She is equipped with a 4-cylinder mogul engine, and is expected to make 12 miles an hour. She will be an open boat, and over the cockpit there will be a hood for protection in rough weather.

Ermina, the steel schooner yacht designed by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey for Mr. F. F. Brewster, of New Haven, was successfully launched from the yards of the builders, the Townsend and Downey Shipbuilding and Repair Co., Shooter's Island, S. I., on May 16. She is 99ft. over all, 68ft. on the waterline, 20ft. beam, and draws 12ft.

At a general meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron in London, held a short time ago, the Marquis of Ormonde was elected Commodore, succeeding King Edward. The Duke of Leeds was elected Vice-Commodore.

The steam yacht Taurus, recently purchased abroad by Mr. John H. Hanan, N. Y. Y. C., arrived at Greenport, L. I., a few days ago from the Mediterranean, stopping at the Azores. The yacht had a rough passage.

The official number given the cup defender Constitution by the Commissioner of Navigation at Washington is 127,530, and her signal letters are K. G. T. S.

Alueda, the auxiliary yawl built by Townsend & Downey for Mr. E. A. Fairchild, from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, has been satisfactory in her trial spins, showing good speed under all conditions. The auxiliary power is a three-horse-power motor, which will give the boat a speed of 4½ knots an hour. She is 39ft. over all, 11ft. beam and 3ft. 9in. draft.

Rear-Commodore C. L. F. Robinson, N. Y. Y. C., owner of the Fife designed cutter Hester, has purchased in England the steel steam yacht Kethailes, designed by Mr. St. Clair J. Byrne, and built at Leith in 1897 by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson. She is 178ft. 4in. between perpendiculars, 167ft. on the waterline, 24ft. beam and 13ft. 6in. depth, and 479 tons, Thames measurement. The yacht has two decks, four watertight bulkheads, pole masts, and is lighted throughout by electricity.

Mr. Larz Anderson, of Boston, has chartered for the coming season through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, the English built steam yacht Katoomba. She was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson and built by the Ailsa Shipbuilding Co., of Troon, in 1898. She is 175ft. between perpendiculars, 163ft. on the waterline, 24ft. 3in. beam, and 13ft. 9in. deep.

The steam yacht Sultana, owned by Mr. John R. Drexel, N. Y. Y. C., has arrived from Gibraltar by the way of Bermuda, at New York. Sultana has been absent nearly a year.

Mr. F. N. Smith's new 43-footer Effort II., built this year by the Herreshoffs, has been rigged and is now ready for her trial trip. Her sails will be bent at once. She is a good looking boat, with considerable overhang, both fore and aft. Her topsides are of mahogany, which give her rather a handsome appearance, but the whole effect is spoiled by a light oak cabin house.

Dr. W. Barton Hopkins, N. Y. Y. C., of Philadelphia, has purchased of Professor J. Harvard Biles, of Glasgow, Caress, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and built by the Hendersons, of Glasgow, in 1895. She was rigged as a cutter until last year, when she was rigged as a yawl.

The New York Herald's foreign correspondent states that the new royal yacht Victoria and Albert has gone through extensive alterations made by Mr. G. L. Watson, which make the vessel perfectly staple and seaworthy. King Edward will live on board during Cowes week.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 30.—Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights.—Tournament of Our Own Shooting Society.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 13.—About 200 marksmen visited Shell Mound range yesterday. The proprietor is getting the shooting stand in fine shape for the bund shoot to be held two months hence. The glittering prizes offered for that festival have led to much practice. Our locals hope to keep some of the plums here, though they realize that it will take first-class skilll to do so. Scores:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot—Champion class, A. Pape, 440; first class, J. D. Heise, 413; second class, A. Jungblut, 386; third class, D. Craig, 355; fourth class, T. Beuttler, 373; first best shot, F. Bachman, 25; last best shot, E. Goetze, 24.

Swiss Rifle Club—Prizes for the monthly bullseye shoot were won in the following order: A. Von Wyll, J. Lemann, A. Studer, P. Croce, J. Sheible, A. Gehret, J. Bachman, C. Bachman, R. Hauser, F. Suter, A. Monotti, F. Baumgartner, E. Suter, E. Lacroix, G. Grandjean.

Swiss Rifle Club, monthly medal shoot—Champion class, J. Leeman, 396; first class, R. Hauser, 382; second class, Monotti, 331; third class, C. Bachman, 285.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, handicap—A. B. Dorrell, 220, 215, 226, 218, 220; A. Gehret, 206, 208, 220, 213, 220; L. O. Rodgers, 224; F. E. Mason, 225, 226; D. B. Faktor, 222, 223; F. P. Schuster, 218. Gold Medal—M. F. Blasse, 196; B. Jonas, 212, 215. Silver Medal—W. F. Blasse, 181, 187; E. L. Riemenschneider, 193; M. J. White, 202.

Germania Schutzen Club, monthly medal shoot—Firt champion class, F. P. Schuster, 226, 224; second champion class, R. Stettin, 206, 201; first class, J. D. Heise, 204, 195; second class, L. Ritzau, 209, 208; third class, William Doell, 201, 175; first best shot, F. P. Schuster, 24; last best shot, L. Ritzau, 255.

Independent Rifles monthly medal shoot—R. V. Bitlerr, 40; J. W. Nowdeska, 21; H. Frederickson, 22; G. Mitchell, 37; J. H. Peck, 31; H. Mitchell, 20; M. Barto, 15; E. Moenning, 39; B. Hilken, 38; C. Herring, 32; J. Donovan, 19; H. Goetjen, 37; M. Moenning, 23; H. Mazolf, 37; F. H. Saun, 37; M. Moenning, 23; H. Mazolf, 39; G. Peterson, 34; A. Wolfgram, 26; Dr. Meierdierks, 18.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot—L. Thierbach, 185; A. Mocker, 235; F. Koch, 399; F. P. Schuster, 426; Captain John Thode, 452; J. de Wit, 580; J. D. Heise, 597; A. Hohmann, 648; J. Gefken, 716; G. White, 829; O. von Bostal, 940; W. Doell, 1,036; F. Rust, 1,186.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, May 12. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 222. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 70; wind, strong, 3 to 6 o'clock:

Gindele	222	221	218	210	209—1080
Strickmeier	218	211	...	...	...
Nestler	217	211	211	207	203—1049
Speth	217	211	210	208	203—1049
Roberts	217	214	205	203	196—1035
Payne	214	213	211	210	209—1057
Drube	213	206	188	...	...
Hasenzahl	211	208	203	199	198—1019
Lux	206	198	178	178	177— 937
Uckotter	201	200	188	181	180—950
Jonscher	199	197	192	188	183— 959
Weinheimer	188	186	158	145	137— 824
Topf	175	174	155	141	135— 780
Tenbusch	91	75	...	...	...

The Our Own's Festival.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—The Our Own Shooting Society, of Hoboken, has completed arrangements for its annual cash prize shooting and bowling tournaments, which are to be given in conjunction with the society's festival at Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights, Decoration Day. The events will be open to all comers and the range and alleys will be utilized from 10 A. M. sharp. The programmes follow:

Shooting—Conditions, ring target, any .22cal. short cartridge and rifles allowed. Tickets (3 shots), 35c., 3 for $1. Two best tickets to count. Prizes: $18, $12, $10, $8, $6, $5, $4, $3, $3, $2, $2, and $2. Premiums for five best tickets: $5, $3 and $2.

Bowling—Tickets, 25c. Two best tickets to count. Prizes: $18, $12, $10, $8, $7, $6, $5, $4, $3, $3, $2 and $2. Premiums for five best tickets: $5, $3, $2.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 22-23.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Rochester Gun Club.

May 22-23.—Mechanicsburg, O.—Ninth annual tournament of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club. C. W. Phellis, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Cedar Rapids Gun Club's tournament.

May 24-25.—Wellington, Mass.—Two-day tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; open to all amateur shooters of New England. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—London, O.—Tournament of the London Gun Club.

May 28-30.—Saginaw, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the East Side Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Wheaton, Minn.—Wheaton Gun Club's target tournament.

May 28-29.—Dubuque, Ia.—Dubuque Gun Club's second amateur tournament.

May 28-30.—Xenia, O.—Xenia Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; magautrap; sweepstakes for amateurs only.

May 30.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day memorial shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—Memorial Day target tournament of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

May 30.—Pittston, Pa.—Nitro Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.

May 30.—Dansville, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Dansville Gun Club, on Decoration Day. Norman Tompkins, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

May 30-31.—Waukegan, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Waukegan Gun Club. S. H. Kennedy, Pres.

June 5-6.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association; valuable prizes. J. Mowell Hawkins, Mgr.

June 6.—West Chester, Pa.—All-day target shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Wisconsin Trapshooters' League. G. V. Dering, Sec'y.

June 4-6.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 11-12.—Bedford, Ind.—Fifth annual tournament of the Indiana Trapshooters' League. J. B. Stipp, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

June 13-14.—Pensacola, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Company's Amateur tournament, under auspices of the Pensacola Gun Club.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

July 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Pan-American Exposition tournament. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; $1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds, $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

May 22.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's live-bird shoot; prize a naphtha launch, value $175.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, under the auspices of the St. Louis Shooting Association, offers an exceedingly attractive competition to all amateurs. It in particular will appear to the large class of shooters who do not care to compete when the entrance money is rather large. The merchandise list is long and valuable. On May 28, the first day, the shoot for the State Association team medal takes place. This is a four-man team race at 15 birds per man, entrance $20, birds extra; $100 to go to the club last holding the medal, and $100 guaranteed to be divided among second, third, fourth and fifth teams in the race, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. In the afternoon two events, the Missouri State individual championship and the Interstate individual championship, are on the programme. Each is at 25 birds, $12.50 entrance, birds included, $50 added. On May 29 event 1 is the St. Louis Republic trophy, a handicap open to the world, 25 birds, $25, birds included; $1,000 guaranteed. There also are eight target events, at 15 and 20 targets, $1 and $1.50 entrance. May 30 is devoted to merchandise events. On May 31 the Lemp medal, representing the amateur championship at live birds, 25 birds, $15 entrance, handicap, and eight target events are on the programme. On June 1 there is a handicap, open to the world, at 10 birds, $7 entrance, followed by the conclusion of the Lemp medal contest. There are also eight merchandise events on the programme. Shooting commences at 9:30 each day. The handicap committee will be selected from among the shooters present. Magautraps and bluerocks will be used. No percentage is taken from the purses. Live birds, 25 cents; targets 2 cents. The Rose system will govern. High guns will govern in the live-bird competition. Professionals may shoot for targets only, except when otherwise specified. The Lindell Hotel will be headquarters. Ship shells to the Rawlings Sporting Goods Company, 620 Locust street. Mark your name on the box, and it will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. The annual meeting of the Association will be held on Tuesday evening, May 28, at 620 Locust street. Any shooter who contemplates a participation in this great shoot should send for a programme. The conditions governing the numerous trophies are set forth therein in full, besides much other valuable information essential to the shooter. Mr. Herbert Taylor is the secretary.

A series of club contests for a Parker hammerless, a Lefever hammerless, and an L. C. Smith hammerless, has been arranged to be shot for at Richmond, Va., between June 1 and Oct. 1. Clubs to be eligible must have an active membership of not less than fifteen, and must hold at least twenty shoots during the season. Each contestant must shoot at 50 targets at each regular shoot, and during the season, thirteen times at least, with the club to which he belongs. Handicaps are arranged in an equitable manner. The three high men of each club will meet at the West End Gun Club's grounds, Oct. 5, and shoot for the guns, 100 targets per man, 50 expert, 50 magautrap.

The programme of the fifth annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, to be held at Circleville, June 4, 5 and 6, $300 added, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. G. R. Haswell, in whose care guns, etc., may be sent. They will be delivered on the grounds free. The club is prepared to shoot, rain or shine. Targets 2 cents. A warm dinner will be served on the grounds; $70 added for high averages. The league adds $50, which is to be given to the ten lowest guns shooting through the programme. Shooting commences at 9:30. The Rose system, 7, 5, 3 and 2, will govern. Manufacturers' agents will pay $2 per day extra; other shooters 50 cents, which will be divided among all the amateurs who shoot through the first regular events each day. Each day the first eight events are at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, $7.50 added. On the first day, June 4, event 9 is for the State Journal cup, at 30 targets, 60 cents entrance, optional sweep $2.50. No. 10 is a special event at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance. No. 9 on Wednesday is at 25 targets for the Press-Post trophy, 50 cents entrance, optional sweep $2.50. No. 10 is a two-man team race for a trophy, 25 targets, entrance $1 per team. On Thursday event 9 is at 50 targets for the Smith trophy, 50 targets, $3 entrance. Event 10 is a five-man team contest, 30 singles and 10 pairs, entrance $1. Conditions and history of the trophies are fully set forth in the programme. The annual meeting will be held on June 4 at 7:30 in the evening. Magautrap and Sergeant system will be used.

The programme of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League, May 28, 29 and 30, under the auspices of the East Side Gun Club, Saginaw, Mich., may be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. John M. Messner. Mr. John Parker, famous as an expert, will manage the tournament. The first day provides ten events at 15, 20 and 25 targets. Event 6 is for the championship event, for expert, semi-expert and amateur trophies emblematic of the State championship. There are $5, $10, $15 added money to the different events, and $10 each day to State league membere making the three highest average; divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and $5 to the non-resident making the highest average. The main events of the second day are the State three-man team championship and the Iron City's trophy, a handicap by distance. The third day is devoted to live birds, and has six programme events, one at 5 birds, $5 entrance, $5 added, money divided 60 and 40; one at 7 birds, $7 entrance, $10 added, money divided 60 and 40; one at 10 birds, $10, $15 added, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent; the championship event for the live bird trophy and championship of the State, 15 birds, entrance $15, $50 added, or 15 birds, entrance for the trophy only, $3; and a miss-and-out, $2, $5 added. Average money the same as on target days.

The New York World of May 20 has the following maidenly editorial on live-bird shooting at the traps. It is of about the same degree of accuracy and worth as many other sentimental vaporings presented as arguments by the antis. It states: "As a slight tribute of respect to the late anti-pigeon shooting bill, explosive shot will be furnished, it is said, for next Wednesday's live-bird tournament at Interstate Park. Of course, it is expected that people who have been so weak as to indulge in a sentimental feeling over maimed and tortured doves will be instantly relieved by this assurance that the feathered victims will be blown to pieces and have no chance of lingering in pain. The outcome, however, will hardly be as the trap shot promoters fondly hope. This year's bill is dead indeed, but the feeling against the cruel, useless 'sport' of live-bird shooting persists. It will force another bill, and the next Legislature will be made to understand the conditions better. Dove slaughter is under the shadow of popular disapproval. It must come under the ban of public law." Of course all shooters know that there is no such thing as explosive shot used as above mentioned. Some practical joker has been making merry with the World's credulity.

The programme of the Peters Cartridge Company's amateur tournament at Bristol, Tenn., June 4 and 5, may be obtained of Mr. John Parker, the manager, care of the Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O., or Dr. Rhea, Bristol, Tenn. This tournament is open to amateurs only. There is $100 added money. The programme provides ten events each day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, $1.50, $2 and $2.50 entrance. It presents other information, as follows: "Targets will be thrown at 2 cents apiece. The shooting will be from expert traps, Sergeant system. The purses will be divided by the Rose system, five moneys, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2 points. A handsome gold medal for highest average for the two days. Any profits arising from the shoot to be placed in an extra event at close of second day, open only to shooters who have shot in all the events. American Association rules. Referee's decision shall be final. Manufacturers' agents to shoot for price of targets only. Programme will be started at 9 A. M. each day. Please make entries for all day, and cashier will refund all uncontested events. Traps open for practice Monday, 22d. Guns and shells sent to the Barker Hardware Company will be delivered on grounds free of charge."

The enterprise Gun Club, of McKeesport, Pa., announces that its fifth annual sparrow and target tournament will be held on May 30. There are ten target events on the programme, 10 and 15 targets, alternating, $1 and $1.50 entrance; bluerocks, 1½ cents extra, thrown from a magautrap. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. Mr. George W. Mains is secretary. Shooting will begin promptly at 10 A. M. The first event will be at 25 sparrows. Entrance $2.50. From five traps, 25yds. rise, 50yds. boundary; dead line 5yds. behind score. Bird comes to ground inside of boundary will be scored dead. This event will be simply for sport. Entries should be sent on or before the 25th, so that the management may know the number of sparrows to order. Shells for sale on grounds. All purses will be divided according to the Jack Rabbit system; surplus in 10-bird events, 50 30 and 20 per cent.; in 15-bird events, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The enterprise Gun Club's new grounds are outside of the city limits, on the Park Farm, opposite the new Hoffman Hotel. Take United street cars to Brady.

The letter head of "The Indians" bears a list of membership, with the official titles of the officers and other members as follows: Tom A. Marshall, Grand Sachem, Chief Long Talk; Frank C. Riehl, Grand Scribe, Chief Piasa; Chas. W. Budd, Custodian of Wampum, Chief Dago; Rolla O. Heikes, Chief Bald Eagle; William R. Crosby, Chief Kinnikinic; Fred. Gilbert, Chief Heap Talk; Chan M. Powers, Chief Wipe Stick; E. H. Tripp, Chief Ride in the Wagon; E. E. Neal, Chief Black Diamond; George W. Loomis, Chief No Talk; Richard Merrill, Chief High Kick; Harvey McMurchy, Chief High Ball; Frank Parmelee, Chief Buffalo Hump; John J. Hallowell, Chief Arizona Jack; J. A. R. Elliott, Chief Brook Trout; A. B. Daniels, Chief Jack Rabbit; John S. Fanning, Chief Bull Seal; Emil Werk, Chief Rio Grande; Jack Parker, Chief Des Kra Chaska; Guy Burnside, Chief Spoon River; Edward Bingham, Chief Crooked Talk; A. G. Courtney, Chief Sitting Bull.

Mr. E. L. Greenin, the secretary, writes us as follows: "The Westwood Gun Club, of Westwood, N. J., will hold its regular monhtly club shoot on Saturday, May 25. This club is making great preparations for its shooting tournament on Decoration Day, having two matches on that day. In the morning there will be one with the Oradell Gun Club, of Oradell, N. J., and in the afternoon the gun club of Spring Valley, N. Y., will try conclusions with the Westwood gunners. After the match there will be shooting for prizes, which will prove very interesting. Refreshments will be served to all shooters. Admission free, and seats will be reserved for ladies. The grounds are pleasantly situated, the company agreeable, and the shooting will be sufficiently hard to test the skill of all."

The Intercollegiate championship was won by Princeton last Saturday at Wissinoming, Pa. The contestants and scores were as follows: Princeton—Spear 35, Elbert 44, Laughlin 35, Frost 32, Archer 34; total 180. Pennsylvania—Parish 35, Baldwin 42, Weaver 37, Sowdon 26, Ballard 22; total 162. Harvard—Bancroft 36, Blake 20, Phelps 33, Dana 29, Mallinckrodt 37; total 155. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, G. M. Phelps, Harvard; First Vice-President, P. P. Archer, Princeton; Secretary and Treasurer, J. G. Sowdon, Pennsylvania.

The attention of club secretaries is called to the fact that FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on Tuesday of each week. Not infrequently programmes are received for review by us after FOREST AND STREAM is on the news stands, and in the week before the shoots to which they refer take place. A little forethought in such matters is quite as useful as in all other matters where common sense is a factor.

Mr. Paul North, of Cleveland, O., was married on Wednesday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. North sailed for England Saturday last, on their wedding tour. Mr. North will arrange the preliminaries for the great international trapshooting contest so that on the arrival of the American team the match will be ready for competition.

The West Chester, Pa., Gun Club announces that its annual spring shoot will be held on June 6. Added money $25. Targets 2 cents. Competition commences at 10 o'clock, and is open to all. The programme has ten 15-target events and four 10-target events. Class shooting. Lunch and loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds.

The American International trapshooting team is scheduled to arrive in New York on Friday of this week. In the evening of that day the Interstate Association will give them a banquet. Saturday will be devoted to rest and sightseeing. On Sunday morning the team sails for England.

The programme of the Canajoharie Gun Club's annual shoot, May 30, 15 events at 15 bluerocks, entrance $1.30, targets included: For best averages in events 5 to 14 inclusive, $100, divided 30, 25, 20, 15, and 10 per cent. Targets two cents. Mr. Charles Weeks is the secretary.

In the team race, eleven men on a side, between the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the South Side Gun Club on the grounds of the latter at Newark, on Saturday of last week, the latter won by a score of 218 to 211. Each man shot at 25 targets, Sergeant system.

Owing to the dates, June 5 and 6, conflicting with the Rochester, Minn., shoot, the date of the Wisconsin tournament has been changed to June 3 and 4.

The Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, O., informs us that its tournament at Bristol, Tenn., is postponed for about three weeks.

BERNARD WATERS.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

THE club resumed operations for the present season on May 2, although some few preliminary events were shot before that time. It has been decided, for the present, to shoot Thursday afternoons at the regular time, about 4 P. M. A little later in the season, say June 1, the club will shoot twice each week, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, at the grounds on Governor Fishback's place, at the end of the Little Rock avenue electric line.

The past season has been such an unusually busy one that business men have not yet got things straightened out and consequently the attendance is not what it will be a little later in the summer, when we have more leisure.

The feature of this season's shooting will be the contest for the beautiful loving cup presented through the Webber-Seely Company, by the Peters Cartridge Company, to the Fort Smith Gun Club, to be contested for on such terms as shall be determined by the club. This cup will be contested for on a distance handicap basis, so that the weaker shots may stand a show to win this handsome trophy. The handicaps will run from 14 to 18yds., and the distance at which each contestant will stand will be determined by the handicap committee. The first 1,000 shots fired by each man will be counted for average on this cup shoot, and the winner will be the man who makes the highest average in this 1,000 shots. Already several scores have been shot, and all scores will count on the cup unless the shooter distinctly announces beforehand that he is not shooting on the cup.

Following are the scores to date, shot in strings of 25. It will be seen that Kimmons, who has only shot three sets of 25 each, leads in the cup race, as he has a 19 and two 21s to his credit, or an average of 81 per cent. Eighty per cent. will come pretty near winning the cup on our grounds, as it is equivalent to an 85 per cent. on any ordinary ground, the background here being exceedingly difficult.

Wat Webber, who has been shooting about 55 to 60 per cent. heretofore at 16yds., liked his 17yd. handicap so well that he reeled off a 19, a 21 and a 22 on one evening, the first of the shoot, and if he keeps up that clip will certainly land the prize. Wat says he wants that cup to drink buttermilk (or something that commences with the same letter) out of, and he is going to have it:

										Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Kimmons	21	19	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	61	.81
Leach	19	18	17	20	19	17	18	22	22	225	172	.76
Webber	19	21	22	17	18	18	..	..	..	150	110	.73
Echols	19	18	18	15	19	19	..	..	..	150	108	.72
Williams	18	16	16	19	18	17	16	17	16	225	152	.63
Boyd	16	15	15	19	14	20	18	11	14	225	152	.63
Knott	15	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	44	.59
*Spicer	12	20	13	17	11	16	..	..	..	150	86	.57
†McCorkle	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	14	.40
Gardner	6	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	27	.36
Dowd	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	3	.12

*Visitor. †Shot at 10 targets in first string.

Messrs. Gardner and Knott, of the Jenny Lind, and Mr. Spicer, of the Dupont Powder Company, St. Louis, and Mr. Hilman, of the Winchester Arms Company, were visitors during the shoots. We have also been honored by a visit from Mr. Joel French, of the Peters Cartridge Company.

The eleventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Pine Bluff some time in July, and it is expected all records will be broken, as to attendance, as the Pine Bluff boys have the best equipped grounds in the State, barring, perhaps, Hot Springs, and they are in the center of shooting towns, and have ten residents who will shoot through the entire programme, and anybody that gets their money is welcome to it; they are hard propositions.

LEACH.

Missouri State Shoot.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association will open in St. Louis on May 28 and continue for five days.

Dave Elliott will have charge of the grounds, and he has a car load of targets on hand and several thousand pigeons at Dupont Park and at his aviary in Kansas City that will be shipped each day during the shoot.

The prospects are that this tournament will far excel the efforts of former years, in number of shooters, contesting, and in the value of the prizes to the shooters.

The programme is not long, only 140 targets a day, with the smallest entrance fee, $10 per day. This is an experiment, and the only one that the St. Louis Shooting Association has attempted; but it bids fair to increase the attendance, as there are a good many more sportsmen who can afford to risk $10 than $20, which is the usual entrance fee at a big tournament.

The Republic cup will attract many live-bird shots, and I wish to say that the $1,000 purse in this event will be divided on the popular Rose system. This will enable many sportsmen to enter who feel that only a great stroke of good fortune will permit them to land the cup, but who would like to shoot if they knew that they would get a portion of their money back if they should lose two or three or four birds.

There are a great many shooters who feel that way, and the high gun system prevents them from entering because all the money would go to the 25 and 24 men.

This race is a handicap, and the handicap committee will be selected from among the sportsmen on the grounds, and the visiting newspaper men.

Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., will be in the cashier's box. To those who have met this gentleman no words are necessary; but to the new shooters, his kindly words and accommodating ways will make him popular.

Dupont Park is now accessible by the street cars from both sides, and there will be no strike to interfere with the convenience of the shooters in getting to the park from the Lindell Hotel and back again.

The programme is so short that each day the boys will have time to visit Delmar Garden, which is only a few blocks away, and where there are a host of pretty girls in the chorus every afternoon.

If you want a good time come to St. Louis; you will save both money and shells, and have an opportunity to win both fame and glory—and some money.

HERBERT TAYLOR.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., May 18.—The weather was cloudy and some rain fell. The birds were mixed, some excellent ones betimes testing the skill of the shooters. In the first event E. W. Reynolds won. Mr. F. D. Creamer won in the second event, at 7 birds, making a score of 17, 10 additional birds being scored by him in the miss-and-out. Messrs. Sykes, Reynolds and Wynn qualified in the shoot for the monthly trophy. The scores follow:

Event No. 1, 7 birds, then miss-and-out:

E W Reynolds, 28.2222222	222—10	W F Sykes, 29...2220201	— 5
Capt Money, 28...11*2221	— 6	H M Brigham, 29.2*0w	
F D Creamer, 28.2222110	— 6	Dr Wynn, 29.....1211121	110— 9
E Banks, 29.....2122122	20 — 8	B Waters, 28.....1212212	— 7
C A Ramapo, 28..22*0w			

Event No. 2, 7 birds, then miss-and-out:

E Banks, 29	1221112	22212* —12
F D Creamer, 28	1211221	1111121122—17
W F Sykes, 29	2*00222	— 4
C A Ramapo, 28	2122222	22120 —11
Dr Wynn, 29	2211112	121211120 —15
B Waters, 28	1221222	1112122220—16

Event No. 3, qualification shoot, 10 birds:

E W Reynolds, 28.1212222112—10		Dr Wynn, 28.....1111212122—10	
C A Ramapo, 28...22202w		S Van Allen, 30....22*22220*2— 7	
W F Sykes, 29.....2122222222—10		F D Creamer, 28...2222*01112— 8	

Jeannette Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., May 17.—The Jeannette Gun Club held a well attended shoot to-day at Interstate Park. Mr. Job Lott won in Class A and C. Meyerdick won in Class B.

Match for challenge medal:

W P Rottmann, 28	22021*002202002— 8
Fred Ehlen, 28	2122*1111112011—13

Trophy event, 10 birds:

F Ehlen, 28	2102012001— 6	J Bohling, Jr, 28...	2222020222— 8
W P Rottmann, 28	2020102220— 6	C Meyerdick, 25...	2200221211— 8
C Meyer, 28	0221221112— 9	F Karstens, 28	0212000002— 4
C Steffens, 30	2220122222— 9	C Bohling, 25	1100112101— 7
K Peters, 28	2011001011— 6	H Noble, 25	0010122121— 7
Job Lott, 30	2122221222—10	A Schumacker, 25..	0100000022— 3
J Kroger, 28	2122212001— 8	M Rust, 25	1012201001— 6
J Heilshorn, 25	1010010010— 4	G Plumer, 28	2210012001— 6
J Mohrman, 28	0221121012— 8	J Hainhorst, 28	0010211111— 7
N Brunie, 28	1101201110— 7	W Rolphs, 28	2122121201— 9
H Gerdes, 25	2001220000— 4		

Team race, eight men, 5 birds per man:

Meyer	11001 —3	Steffens	22222—5
Kroger	20201—3	Mohrman	11002—3
Ehlen	10211—4	Brunie	22110—4
J Bohling	22222—5	Peters	22222—5
Noble	11101—4	Karstens	00022—2
Meyerdick	11111—5	C Bohling	20111—4
Rust	12000—2	Heilshorn	20021—3
Rottmann	02002—2—28	Gerdes	10010—2—28

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J.—Herewith please find the scores made at last Saturday's matinee, May 11.

Events 1, 2, 3 and 4 were optional sweeps; 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, capon sweeps, and the events marked T were shoot-off of ties. The attendance fell off slightly owing to the beginning of the fishing and yachting season. A number of the members spend considerable of their time on the river during the summer, and their work at the traps is of the intermittent variety. The improvement in some of the scores, I think, is due to 24 grains of Ballistite. I became interested in it, and some of the boys followed suit. My latest combination is a Scott ejector and 24 grains Ballistite—1⅛oz. No. 7½ chilled. The first day I tried it I ran 25 straight in the last event of the day's shoot, and to-day I averaged 91 per cent.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	T	T	6	7	T	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	*5	5	5	5	10
Thomas	23	10	8	10	4	5	5	*5	*4	*5	*4	*3	*5	..
Satterthwaite	16	7	8	7	4	5	2	2	3	..	*4	4	..	..
"Of Course"	13	9	9	5	2	..	..	3	*4	..	4	4	..	6
Daly	..	8	5	8	3	..	..	3	4	2	2	2	4	3
Moddock	..	..	8	6	4	4	..	4	3	4	3	5	3	..
Gaskill	..	..	6	6	4	4	..	5	4	4	2	2	4	..
Comp	..	..	..	..	4	5	2	4	4	5	3	4	3	..
Kirby	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	3	3	..	*4	3	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	2	2	3	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Braker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
Charles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Scannell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Sinclair	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

*Targets only.

South Side vs. Boiling Springs.

Newark, N. J., May 18.—The return match between teams of eleven men of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, and the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., took place on the grounds of the latter to-day. Each man shot at 25 targets, Sergeant system. The South Side team won by a score of 218 to 211, as follows:

Boiling Springs Team.

James	0110111111101010111011101—18
Paul	0111111110111011111110011—20
Lane	1011100110111110101110111—18
Crosby	1111110110011101101011110—18
Goesser	0110011110101111111101011—18
Woodruff	1110111111110111111111111—23
Apgar	1111110111111111111111111—24
Huck	1111100111111111011111011—21
Schneider	1010110111011011111111011—19
Lenone	0100011011111111101111111—19
Osterhout	0111001110010100100111010—13—211

South Side Team.

Hayes	1110111111110111111111111—23
Feigenspan	0111111111111111110011111—22
Sinnock	1111001111111111110111011—21
Hennsen	0011111000101100110101100—13
Whitehead	1110010110111111011111100—18
McSmith	1111111100011101111111111—21
Piercy	1011111111111111111101111—23
Herrington	1001001111101111111111111—20
Harrison	0101110111010110101011111—17
Dukes	1111111001111011111011111—21
Walter	1101101111110101100111111—19—218

International Team Subscriptions.

KEITHSBURG, Ill., May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please credit the following subscriptions made to the All-American Team to the following parties and oblige:

Lou Ehrhardt, Atchison, Kan	$5.00
R. S. Waddell, Cincinnati, O	10.00
Wm. Hopkins, Woodhaven, L. I	10.00
Tatham Shot Co., New York city	50.00
Jimmy O'Brien, Dubuque, Ia	5.00
Peru Gun Club, Peru, Ind	20.00
Harvey McMurchy, Fulton, N. Y	25.00
Sidney Gun Club, Sidney, O	5.30
Austin Podwer Co., Cincinnati, O	50.00
Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y	50.00
	$230.30

TOM A. MARSHALL.

Pennsylvania State Shoot.

Allentown, Pa.—When the holding of the eleventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was awarded to the J. F. Weiler and Allentown Rod and Gun Clubs, Mr. Charles Kramlich, secretary of the Weiler Gun Club, announced that they would hold the biggest shoot in the history of the organization, and every word Mr. Kramlich said came true. The programme was much the same that has been in use for several years past, and one which has always been shot through on two sets of traps. At this Allenton tournament, three magautraps were used; but in spite of this increased shooting facility the attendance was so large that several programme events could not be shot.

The tournament was held at the Duck Farm Hotel, at Griesemersville, on the outskirts of Allentown, at which place is located the shooting park of John F. Weiler and Allentown Rod and Gun clubs. The grounds were well arranged, and were equipped with three magautraps, two for the State events and one for the open. The ground was level for about 150yds. from the traps, then came a very high hill, at the base of which a long high sign had been built. This made the background bad, and the background was especially bad where targets were thrown toward the big sign.

The tournament was managed by Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association. John K. Starr, of Philadelphia, looked after the affairs in the cashier's office. Shaner and Starr had troubles of their own from the very start, as all their assistants were willing but very green at the work. Had the help been more experienced the target programme might possibly have been shot through.

That the tournament was going to be a huge success was demonstrated on Monday night, when a round of the hotels was made by Messrs. Shaner and Starr and ten full squads for the State events and five squads for the open events were made up for the next day. There was a noticeable absence of experts, which was probably due to an error in the programme, which announced that they would be barred from shooting in the open sweeps. This was an error, as the sweeps were open to all. The experts present were Capt. A. W. Money, J. R. Hull, J. J. Hallowell, B. Le Roy, A. H. Fox, J. H. Marlin, B. H. Norton, W. L. Colville, E. D. Fulford, G. E. Greiff and T. H. Keller.

The rules governing the tournament were those of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. The purses were divided into four moneys by the Rose system.

List of Assistants.

Cashier's Office—Cashier, J. K. Starr; assistant cashier, R. Gelb; clerk, Chas. Lang.

No. 1 Set of Traps—Referee, Ed Beck; scorer, J. Gelbert; puller, M. Beidler; messenger, H. Crader; trapper, J. McElroi; squad hustler, A. A. Fink.

No. 2 Set of Traps—Referee, H. Acker; scorer, H. Nagle; puller, Ed Bernhard; messenger, F. Strain; trapper, U. Shiffert; squad hustler, R. Werner.

No. 3 Set of Traps—Referee, M. Desch; scorer, W. King; puller, P. Fegley; messenger, O. Greismer; trapper, N. Shaffer; squad hustler, C. Gilbert.

General Manager—Elmer E. Shaner.

Live-Bird Referees—W. L. Colville, open traps; Herman Acker, State traps.

First Day, May 14.

The weather was clear and the bright sun would have been a little uncomfortable for the shooters had not a roof been built over the scores and large tents erected. The State events started on Nos. 1 and 2 traps, and both traps were in full blast by 9 o'clock and continued until nearly 7 o'clock, making nearly ten hours of steady work. During this time six sweepstake events and two team matches were shot off, the sweep having an average entry of seventy-eight. The average was on the first five events, 80 targets, and was won by L. B. Fleming, who broke 95 per cent.

The sixth event was the four-man team match for the State championship and the Reading trophy. Ten teams entered, including the Oil City Gun Club, Tyrone Gun Club, Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, two teams from the New Castle Gun Club, Chambersburg Gun Club, Spring Valley Gun Club, Keystone of Lebanon, Harrisburg Shooting Association, and the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia.

The conditions were 100 targets per team. New Castle No. 1—Fleming, Pills, Atkinson and Moore—won the trophy with 88. Their nearest competitor was the Harrisburg Shooting Association with 86. The Keystone Shooting League scored 84.

The seventh event was for the two-man team championship and the Milt Lindsley team trophy, 25 singles and 5 doubles per man. Sixteen teams entered this contest: Oil City, two teams; Tyrone Gun Club, two teams; Keyston Shooting League, two teams; New Castle Gun Club, four teams; Chambersburg, two teams; Keystone of Lebanon, one team; Harrisburg, one team; Clearview Gun Club, of Philadelphia, one team; Florists, one team. The New Castle team No. 1—Fleming and Pills—won the trophy with 65 for a total. The Keystone of Lebanon was second with 62. The Keystone Shooting League and Harrisburg Shooting Association tied for third with 61.

The final event on the State traps for the first day was the Remington gun handicap, 50 targets, handicap rise. This was one of the big events, and it took 3,800 to shoot it off. There were two ties for the gun, Fleming and Landis, and through an arrangement of their own the tie was not shot off.

Eight events were shot off on the open traps, having a total of 150 targets. Sim Glover made the high average. The eight events averaged forty-five shooters.

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	25	20	10	25	10
Bates	17	19	18	23	20	10	22	8
Clickner	17	13	17	23	16	7	21	5
Chlay	16	15	17	24	18	9	22	8
Mink	17	18	19	22	17	9	23	8
Hoffman	19	18	19	24	19	8	20	8
Hull	18	20	16	21	18	10	22	7
Sanford	18	15	18	16	19	7	20	..
Le Roy	17	14	19	23	19	9	23	10
Winchester	19	15	17	23	18	9	23	8
Marlin	10	14	17	17	15	10	20	..
Norton	5	2	8	16	10	2	..	..
Swiveller	13	11	19	19	19	8	19	..
Keller	14	9	14	19	11	8	22	..
Money	18	17	17	19	15	7	19	9
Fulford	18	16	18	21	16	8	23	10
E H K	17	18	13	16	..	..	..	..
Van Allen	16	16	15	23	16	8	20	10
Glover	19	19	19	25	18	10	24	9
Greiff	15	17	18	19	14	6	22	8
Fleming	17	19	19	22	20	9	24	10
Pills	20	19	18	23	19	8	24	9
Harper	17	17	18	23	15	10	18	5
Watson	13	19	20	25	18	8	23	8
Landis	17	19	18	22	20	8	25	10
Atkinson	20	16	18	23	18	10	24	9
Alexander	13	15	14	22	14	8	22	5
Moore	19	18	17	19	16	8	..	8
Shaner	15	16	19	22	13	9	..	9
Perkins	13	19	15	24	16	7	..	8
Feiles	16	17	13	21	18	8	20	6
Parker	15	12	14	22	16	8	19	3
H Stevenson	14	15	17	21	15	9	23	9
Brewster	14	14	18	20	7	8	20	8
Krueger	15	19	18	21	17	9	22	8
Boster	9	15	4	18	11	..	..	..
Gladfellow	13	13	15	17	17	..	..	..
Sprout	15	16	13	16	19	..	..	..
Stroh	15	15	18	20	20	8	21	..
Denny	15	18	11	20	17	8	19	..
Holderbaum	14	15	18	..	10	..	..	..
Stine	14	15	20	..	14	..	..	..
Trego	14	17	19	22	18	7	21	..
Heikes	15	..	19	13	..	..	..	..
W Smith	16	18	18	..	..	..	..	..
Ridge	18	18	..	25	19	9	24	..
Ritter	14	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Dietrich	13	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
I C E	..	..	16	..	..	..	21	..
Minnick	..	..	16	..	..	..	13	..
Russell	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Seitz	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	22	..	8	..	..
Fisher	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..
Harris	..	..	..	..	25	14	9	21
Cartledge	..	..	..	18	10	..	..	..
Hause	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Sweeney	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Murray	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Cressman	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Brey	..	..	..	..	18	9	..	..
Weinman	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
McFalls	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..
Booth	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Gallagher	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Groves	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Cowan	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Birch	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Worth	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Runk	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	15	25	15	50
J Rehrig	8	11	14	20	12	37
O Acker	7	7	10	17	8	33
Kramlich	8	11	12	22	12	49
Miller	4	10	9	20	14	33
L Ritter	7	12	5	17	13	29
Milson	4	10	6	13	12	36
Englart	2	7	9	16	5	32
Wilson	1	5	2	18	8	23
Ulmer	4	7	6	12	10	27
Brey	6	13	12	21	11	18
Feiles	8	12	10	18	15	35
Burnham	4	11	13	14	10	29
H Stevenson	7	10	11	20	7	45
Brewster	9	11	12	19	13	42
Krueger	7	10	13	16	13	42
Fleming	9	14	14	24	15	47
Pills	9	13	10	20	14	35
Harper	7	10	10	20	12	7
Watson	7	12	9	18	11	43
Landis	8	12	11	24	13	47
Smedley	4	10	13	19	7	38
Bates	6	12	14	13	15	41
Clickner	8	14	12	20	8	43
Chlay	7	12	14	19	13	41
Loomis	8	13	12	22	12	37
Holderbaum	8	11	13	24	12	59
D D Stine	5	10	10	22	19	35
Trego	8	11	13	23	10	45
W S Smith	8	11	13	21	13	42
Hicks	4	9	10	22	10	36
Runk	8	11	13	19	11	36
I C E	8	12	11	21	11	40
Kennedy	6	9	10	21	11	41
Minnick	7	14	9	19	11	39
Russell	8	12	12	20	12	35
Stroh	9	12	8	15	12	39
Murray	6	14	14	20	13	33
Mink	8	15	14	22	13	45
Seitz	5	12	14	14	12	20
Coleman	9	10	13	23	13	41
Fisher	9	13	13	21	15	35
Anderson	7	14	12	22	12	42
Ridge	8	15	13	22	12	45
Cartledge	6	11	10	18	9	35
W Stevenson	8	14	10	20	11	..
Mrs Park	7	11	11	19	15	37
Park	7	11	11	19	15	37
W H W	10	13	10	20	10	20
Sheeler	6	6	10	19	10	35
Eisenlohr	5	10	10	11	9	44
Wells	10	7	7	18	10	31
Trafford	4	12	10	16	6	38
Harris	9	12	14	22	13	40
Denny	3	5	4	17	8	34
R E Parker	5	10	9	21	9	37
Atkinson	9	10	14	14	14	45
Alexander	7	10	14	11	11	13
Moore	6	15	13	13	13	44
Shaner	7	11	10	13	13	30
Perkins	7	14	11	8	8	41
Sanford	9	14	12	19	12	..
Fritz	7	8	12	7	7	..
J N Bell	5	13	11	20	11	36
Coan	10	11	14	20	15	..
McFalls	6	11	9	22	12	38
G O Bell	7	11	11	20	8	..
Graff	4	13	10	17	12	28
Peifley	9	15	11	18	12	..
Croll	7	13	10	14	11	38
Worth	6	8	10	8	..	..
Birch	6	12	9	..	..	..
Ritter	5	11	8	17	8	..
Dietrich	7	12	13	17	7	..
Updegrove	6	..	4	..	6	..
Weinman	7	13	12	21	12	41
Ressler	..	..	4	..	..	..
Berk	..	..	13	15	..	17
Young	..	..	12	19	..	..
Jones	..	..	11	17	..	..
Cooper	..	..	13	23	13	44
Parsons	..	..	15	20	..	..
Hause	..	..	10	20	12	..
Reid	..	..	..	21	..	43
Spotts	..	..	..	..	9	..
Griffo	..	..	..	..	9	38
Grove	..	..	..	..	11	30
Addison	..	..	..	..	..	41
A Morrow	..	..	..	..	..	8
J Morrow	..	..	..	..	..	7
Hahn	..	..	..	..	..	15
Pepper	7	12	10	10	9	33
Gallagher	..	..	..	..	..	36

Reading team trophy, four-man teams, 25 targets per man:

Oil City Gun Club.
Bates 23
Clickner 19
Chlay 19
Loomis 19—80

Tyrone Gun Club.
W S Smith 22
Trego 21
Stine 16
Holderbaum 28—83

Keystone League.
W H W 21
W N S 18
Landis 22
Ridge 23—84

New Castle Team No. 1.
Fleming 22
Pills 23
Atkinson 24
Moore 19—88

New Castle Team No. 2.
Shaner 20
Perkins 13
Alexander 19
Watson 17—69

Chambersburg Gun Club.
Runk 20
I C E 15
Minnick 21
Russell 16—73

Spring Valley Shooting Assn.
Ritter 19
Dietrich 12
Young 21
Spatz 9—61

Keystone League, Lebanon.
Cooper 21
Coleman 21
Wells 15
Trafford 19—76

Harrisburg Team.
Fieles 20
Stevenson 21
Brewster 23
Krueger 22—86

Florists' Club.
Hallowell 17
Fisher 18
Anderson 21
Park 17—73

Milt Lindsley trophy, two-man teams, 25 singles and 5 doubles per man:

	S.	D.
Keystone League, Lebanon.		
Cooper	24	10—34
Coleman	22	6—28—62
Chambersburg Team No. 1.		
Russell	19	6—25
Kennedy	19	6—25—50
Chambersburg Team No. 2.		
Minnick	18	5—23
I C E	18	6—24—47
Oil City Team No. 1.		
Bates	20	8—28
Clickner	22	7—29—57
Oil City Team No. 2.		
Chlay	22	6—28
Loomis	23	4—27—55
Tyrone Gun Club Team No. 1.		
W S Smith	22	7—29
Trego	23	6—29—58
Tyrone Gun Club Team No. 2.		
Holderbaum	24	3—27
Stine	22	6—28—55
Keystone League No. 1.		
W H W	22	7—29
Ridge	24	8—32—61
Keystone League No. 2.		
W N S	22	5—27
Landis	24	7—31—58
New Castle Team No. 1.		
Fleming	24	10—34
Pills	24	7—31—65
New Castle Team No. 2.		
Atkinson	25	9—34
Moore	20	4—24—58
New Castle Team No. 3.		
Perkins	21	7—28
Watson	22	6—28—56
New Castle Team No. 4.		
Shaner	22	4—26
Alexander	21	5—26—52
Harrisburg Team.		
Brewster	22	7—29
Krueger	23	9—32—61
Florists' Gun Club.		
Hallowell	23	8—31
Anderson	22	7—29—60
Clearview Gun Club.		
H B Fisher	23	7—30
Cowan	22	9—31—61

Second Day, May 15.

The weather was nice and clear, although perhaps a little too warm out in the sun. The shooters began arriving as early as 7:30, and by 9 o'clock there were over 100 on the ground. With this number of men it was impossible to shoot off all the programme events, even on the three traps. By dark five sweepstake events, including the individual championship and the Parker gun handicap, were finished, these five events having an average of eighty-six entries, with a total of 145 targets. The State's average money was based on the events, which were from an even distance, the Parker gun handicap being handicap rise. Charles E. Mink won this average with 92 per cent, Fleming second with 89.

The fifth event on the day's programme was for the individual championship and Wolstencroft trophy, 50 targets. Out of a field of sixty-six entries P. J. Trego was the final winner, tieing with I. C. Elder and Brey with 47 out of 50 and then winning out on the shoot-off.

There were seventy-five entries in the Parker gun handicap, at 50 targets. Mink and Perkins tied for the gun with 49, and as was the case with the Remington gun, they did not shoot off.

The team race for the day was for the three-man team championship of the State and the Harrisburg trophy. Ten teams entered, including two from New Castle, two from the Keystone Shooting League, one each from the Harrisburg Shooting Association, Ambler Gun Club, Oil City Gun Club, Florists' Gun Club, Keystone, of Lebanon, and the Clearview Gun Club. Out of this field the New Castle team—Atkinson, Fleming and Watson—won, breaking 70 out of 75 targets. New Castle was the winner last year, and by winning this cup they won all three of the team trophies this year. The Florists' team were second with 69.

There was quite an increase in the open entries, and consequently the entire programme could not be shot off. Seven events were completed, an average of 58.5 entries, those shooting through the day having 150 targets. Le Roy made the high average, 95.33.

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bates	18	23	14	18	17	21	14
Clickner	17	21	15	17	13	20	17
Chlay	15	21	15	18	18	23	17
Mink	19	21	18	20	20	21	15
Hoffman	17	19	13	17	17	24	19
Hull	19	19	18	14	17	..	..
Money	16	21	15	15	16	..	..
Hallowell	19	23	19	16	14	23	17
Le Roy	19	25	18	15	20	25	19
Winchester	18	24	19	18	16	24	18
Denny	13	17	11	..	19	13	12
Naye	14	20	19	17	16	..	..
Naylor	13	22	17	15	18	..	..
Stroh	12	23	16	16	17	23	18
Hobbs	14	17	17	16	..	..	..
Parker	17	21	12	13	..	..	..
Darby	13	17	18	..	..	..	..
W H W	17	24	..	..	..	..	..
Worth	13	19	..	..	..	..	..
Ridge	18	23	..	..	..	..	..
Marlin	16	19	17	10	12	..	..
Booth	13	..	8	13	16	..	..
Swiveller	11	19	15	16	18	19	..
Keller	14	13	14	10	12	18	..
Lefeyer	19	8	10	15	18	20	..
Fulford	14	23	17	16	18	19	18
E H K	12	..	8	..	16	..	..
Van Allen	19	23	19	15	19	19	15
Glover	17	20	17	17	19	24	16
Greiff	14	16	17	16	19	17	..
Fleming	19	25	19	20	19	24	20
Pills	16	19	17	17	11	23	17
Harper	14	..	..	..	..	13	15
Watson	16	24	19	19	19	21	18
Landis	19	25	20	16	18	22	18
Atkinson	10	23	17	19	18	21	18
Alexander	16	21	19	12	15	16	16
Moore	12	23	12	19	16	21	14
Shaner	15	20	15	13	15	19	18
Perkins	18	23	18	17	18	..	18
Feiles	15	21	18	15	17	21	18
Burnham	14	18	15	17	13	19	14
Stevenson	18	18	18	18	10	22	17
Brewster	14	21	17	15	20	22	14
Krueger	15	22	16	19	20	22	17
Holderbaum	19	16	15	18	15	18	14
Stine	14	17	11	12	18	19	16
Hicks	14	15	10	14	14	23	17
Smith	13	20	11	14	..	..	..
Trego	17	21	15	16	18	20	17
Harris	16	23	19	18	19	..	..
Griffo	18	..	13	7	..	..	..
Brey	17	23	18	17	15	..	..
Simmons	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whitehead	12	19	..	..	..	..	..
Mahon	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
N C Pine	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Minnick	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peifley	..	18	12	..	..	..	..
Weinman	..	..	13	17	..	..	..
Cowan	..	..	19	17	..	..	..
McFalls	..	..	17	14	..	..	..
Marshall	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Kramlich	..	..	20	18	16	..	..
Pepper	..	..	17	..	14	20	..
Smedley	..	..	11	15	16	..	..
Larkin	..	..	..	8	14	..	..
Byers	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Daudt	..	..	..	15	..	..	9
C Miller	..	..	..	12	13	..	..
L Ritter	..	..	..	12	11	..	..
Kinzer	..	..	..	19	15	..	..
Updegrove	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Sobers	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Croll	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
North	..	..	..	..	11	21	10
A P Geist	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
G Anderson	..	..	..	..	19	..	..
Hartung	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Loomis	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Kennedy	..	..	..	..	16	..	..

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	5	6
Rehrig	12	12	15	..	40
Kramlich	13	9	13	..	42
Acker	13	11	12	..	37
Weiler	10	12	12	..	40
Benning	8	7	8	..	35
Harris	12	13	15	43	45
Griffo	10	9	13	..	39
Pfleger	14	12	11	43	47
Haywood	11	11	12	28	15
Denny	9	12	11	31	31
Feiles	12	13	12	43	41
Burnham	12	7	10	40	39
H Stevenson	13	13	13	42	41
Brewster	14	10	14	41	45
Krueger	12	12	15	45	41
Fleming	15	13	12	45	46
Pills	12	12	13	42	47
Harper	13	8	12	35	35
Watson	12	15	11	43	39
Landis	15	11	12	46	45
Smedley	14	13	14	31	19
Bates	13	12	13	44	42
Clickner	12	14	13	42	45
Chlay	12	12	12	42	47
Loomis	14	14	11	43	41
Holderbaum	10	12	14	..	37
Stine	12	10	12	..	46
Trego	13	11	14	47	46
Smith	13	11	12	..	..
Hicks	12	6	10	..	40
I C E	14	12	13	47	45
Russell	13	9	13	..	..
Minnick	9	12	12	..	..
Kennedy	13	12	15	39	..
Stroh	13	11	15	46	35
Murray	12	12	10	..	..
Mink	13	14	15	46	49
Seitz	4	9	11	20	30
Coleman	14	14	14	43	42
Fisher	13	13	13	42	41
Anderson	15	13	15	42	42
Ridge	14	15	12	46	43
Cartledge	10	9	13	37	43
Hobbs	13	13	8	36	37
Mrs Park	10	10	10	41	..
W K Park	12	10	10	36	..
W H W	13	12	10	44	44
J Anderson	11	14	14	38	44
H George	11	6	12	38	39
Runk	12	8	14	35	..
Atkinson	14	14	14	45	47
Alexander	12	14	7	37	37
Moore	13	13	10	..	40
Shaner	14	11	12	45	46
Perkins	13	12	13	44	49
Dr Pepper	8	15	10	..	..
McFalls	10	13	9	40	39
Cowan	11	12	12	43	41
Weinman	10	13	9	40	45
Houpt	13	9	11	40	..
Sanford	11	10	14	45	44
Davis	12	8	12	40	40
Darby	8	10	11	40	44
Painter	12	14	11	44	42
Wynn	9	11	10	38	..
Brey	12	13	14	47	43
C Miller	12	12	10	..	..
Croll	13	9	14	..	..
Daudt	10	11	10	36	39
Trexler	11	11	11	37	..
Parker	13	12	11	..	..
Kauffman	6	9	11	..	..
Worth	7	9	12	..	..
Pine	11	12	..	..	35
Ritter	6	10	9	..	..
Naylor	9	11	14	41	36
Nye	11	11	13	41	33
Volk	13	9	9	35	34
McCoy	7	10	..	..	..
Hendricks	5	8	9	..	..
Reading	10	13	11	..	41
Dietrich	11	13	12	..	42
Gallager	7	11	..	..	..
Thurman	7	7	5	..	..
Tosh	10	13	10	35	29
Berch	11	10	..	..	..
Trafford	12	12	12	..	..
Peifley	11	12	..	..	..
Bell	12	9	12	31	33
Dissinger	9	13	8	..	32
Hallowell	13	14	..	45	..
Cooper	12	15	15	40	44
Duston	7	..	..	..	..
Wells	11	11	10	33	40
O Melot	..	9	11	42	35
Paul	..	13	9	..	..
Gladfelter	..	12	13	..	..
Sprout	..	10	10	..	..
A E Smith	..	..	5	..	..
Conway	..	..	13	32	36
J B Park	..	..	12	35	37
Mahon	..	..	6	..	..
E Reid	..	..	14	43	38
Withers	..	..	13	..	..
Haure	..	..	..	28	..
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..
Larken	..	..	..	..	44
Sobers	..	..	..	..	26
Byers	..	..	..	..	38

Harrisburg team trophy:

New Castle Team No. 1.
Atkinson 24
Fleming 23
Watson 23—70

New Castle Team No. 2.
Pills 23
Shaner 21
Moore 22—66

Harrisburg Shooting Assn.
H Stevenson 21
Brewster 20
Krueger 23—64

Ambler Gun Club.
Mink 23
Pfleger 20
Haywood 17—60

Oil City Team.
Bates 22
Loomis 17
Clickner 23—62

Keystone League No. 1.
N H W 22
Landis 24
Ridge 20—66

Keystone League No. 2.
Cartledge 16
Ross 22
Hobbs 20—58

Florists' Team.
G Anderson 24
Hallowell 22
G O Bell 23—69

Keystone Team, Lebanon.
Cooper 21
Coleman 23
Fieles 21—65

Clearview Gun Club.
E Reid 21
H B Fisher 23
N J Davis 20—64

Practice event, 5 birds: Seitz 4, Jim Jones 5, Ross 5, McCoy 5, Davis 5, Painter 5, Darby 4, Wynn 5, Rehrig 5, Daudt 5, Hahn 5, Hobbs 4, Cartledge 4, Felix 5, Fleming 4, Volk 3, Tosh 4, Watson 4, Morris 5, Moore 5, Atkinson 4, Alexander 4, Harper 4, Larken 4, Oliver 4, Trego 5, Stine 4, Milson 5, Harris 4, Hallowell 5, Denny 3, Wilson 3, Holderbaum 4, Hillegas 4, Hendricks 4, Updegrove 5, Runk 4, Seltzer 4, Haverty 4, Bollman 4, Henry 4, Stover 4, Fieles 4, Krueger 5, Sobers 4, Peifley 5, Geikler 4, Spencer 3, O. Ritter 3, Ulmer 2, Zeller 3, Trafford 4, Steckel 5, Burk 1, H F H 4, Trumbauer 5, Stroh 5, Pine 5, Stubbs 4, Shimmel 5, Wellington 4, J. F. Weiler 4, Paulson 3, Gotwal 3, E. Emmers 5, Griffo 4, Brewbaker 4, J. F. Weiler, Jr., 4, Nye withdrew, O. H. Somers 3, Deist 5, Burnham 5, Brewster 5, George 5, Nevins 2, Porter 2, Brey 4, Pills 5, Naylor 2, Warton 5, Smedley 4, Byers 4.

Seven birds, $5 entrance, 30yds. rise:

Keller	2202220—6
Seitz	2021022—5
Davis	0022222—5
Painter	2222220—6
Darby	2222002—5
Wynn	1222202—6
Timmons	2222222—7
Larkens	2022201—6
Milson	2212001—5
Hendricks	0212222—6
Emmers	2222122—7
Budd	1221222—7
McCoy	2222222—7
Daudt	0122222—6
Hahn	2222222—7
H Hobbs	0222222—6
Brewster	2222222—7
George	0021102—4
Felix	2202220—5
Fleming	2202222—6
Volk	2021222—6
Tosh	1221200—5
Morris	1121022—6
Trego	2222122—7
Greiff	2222222—7
Hilligas	2222202—6
Stine	1220220—5
Hallowell	2111110—6
Denny	2221212—7
Wilson	1102101—6
Bollman	2221112—7
Henry	1221112—7
Harris	0221211—6
Sobers	1222222—7
Geikler	2222220—6
Jim Jones	1111222—7
Trafford	0212200—4
Zeller	2022222—6
S Steckel	2201201—5
Trumbauer	2222222—7
Wellington	2222222—7
Deist	2222222—7
Van Allen	2222220—6
Peifley	0221212—6
Rogers	1222222—7
Stubbs	2221222—7
Shimmel	2222222—7
Warton	2122222—7

Third Day, May 16.

The programme for this day was at both targets and live birds. Four events were scheduled for the State target traps and five for open traps. At 8 o'clock there was such a large crowd of shooters present that Mr. Shaner announced that the Lefever gun handicap would be the only event shot on the State traps, and that entries would be taken for two events on the open traps. The Lefever handicap was at 50 targets, handicap rise, with seventy-two entries. H. Stevenson won with 50 straight, shooting from the 15yd. mark. H. C. Watson was second with 49, shooting from the 16yd. mark. Ridge, Krueger and Stine broke 48.

The two open events averaged 78 entries at 20 targets each, and

both State and open events were finished at noon. All 50-target events were divided and shot on two traps.

Live-bird shooting commenced soon after lunch, and one event was shot on each set of traps.

The attendance of spectators on Thursday was very large—probably 3,000—and several of the old-timers say it was the largest crowd they have ever seen at a shooting match.

Two sets of traps were used for live birds. The birds were a very fair lot for summer birds, but with all of the building in sight at the back of the shooter, nearly all of the birds were incomers. A 5-bird event was shot on the State traps and a 7-bird race on the open traps. The open and State events follow:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
G Anderson	18	19	Loomis	17	13
Fisher	19	15	Harper	14	12
Ridge	16	15	Trego	19	20
Coleman	14	17	Smedley	16	15
Harris	18	20	Seltzer	15	..
Fleming	17	20	Brey	17	17
Cooper	17	16	Van Allen	18	16
Larkin	15	15	Miller	14	14
Spencer	18	17	Houseman	14	16
Pine	13	18	Trexler	13	14
Glover	19	19	I C E	15	15
Pepper	19	16	Hull	18	18
Kramlich	17	18	Winchester	17	16
Wells	17	..	Oliver	13	13
Stroh	11	18	Landis	16	16
Feiles	17	16	Porter	14	19
Stevenson	16	17	Brubaker	13	17
Brewster	16	16	Le Roy	18	17
Krueger	20	15	Hendricks	14	10
Mink	19	18	Trumbauer	15	16
Denny	13	11	Maurer	14	15
H R Nye	13	15	Bland	14	12
Naylor	13	7	Haverly	17	..
J Anderson	13	6	Hoffman	15	18
Sanford	13	18	Darby	15	..
Atkinson	17	18	W D Shealer	18	13
Perkins	19	17	Jim Jones	14	10
Watson	19	20	N Benner	19	17
A H K	14	13	Dissinger	10	13
Budd	15	16	Greiff	15	15
Pills	18	19	Henry	16	17
Bates	13	18	Fulford	18	18
Chlay	17	17	Marshall	..	6
Clickner	17	16	Felix	..	17
Holderbaum	14	15	Sobers	..	13
Stine	17	18	Gossler	..	8
Keller	10	..	Hahn	..	4
Swiveller	13	19	Zeller	..	13
Moore	15	15	Schools	..	11
Daudt	19	19	Burk	..	13
Weiler	15	17	Milson	..	10
O Ritter	14	..	Englert	..	11
Hobbs	10	13	O H Somers	..	11

Lefever gun handicap, 50 targets, handicap rise: Ridge 48, Fisher 46, Harris 46, Coleman 44, Anderson 47, Seitz 32, Cooper 46, Fleming 43, Larken 42, Byers 22, Spencer 43, Pine 43, Stroh 40, Disch 35, Kramlich 46, Feiles 43, Burnham 0, Stevenson 50, Brewster 43, Krueger 48, Mink 42, Denny 37, Naylor 43, Nye 35, J. Anderson 43, Sanford 47, Watson 49, Atkinson 44 Perkins 37, Bates 45, Chlay 44, Clickner 47, Rehrig 43, Acker 45, Stine 48, Moore 41, Daudt 40, Weiler 41, Hobbs 36, Loomis 41, Trego 44, Smedley 40, I. C. E. 40, Ulmer 30, Trafford 33, Trexler 33, Worth 35, Wells 40, Trumbauer 38, Davis 40, Darby 3, Painter 41, Warton 31, Hendricks 34, Brey 44, Volk 30, H. F. H. 39, Tosh 33, Harper 30, Runk 38, Cartledge 41, Bell 38, Pills 47, Benner 24, Weinman 38, McFalls 37, Cowan 43, W. D. Shealer 18, Sobers 26, Henry 39, Brubaker 34, Morris 34, W. H. W. 44.

Fourth Day, May 17.

The weather was just as fine as on the previous days, and the crowd of shooters remained about the same.

The first event to be shot on the State traps was for the three-man team championship and the L. C. Smith trophy. Ten teams entered, and the Keystone Shooting League was the winner.

To finish the trophy events it became necessary to double up and the Williamsport diamond medal, the Denny-Wilson cup and a 10-bird sweep were all shot in one 15-bird match, using the two sets of traps. The shooting was not concluded until dark, and the ties could not be shot off. Lots were drawn, and F. B. McCoy, of Philadelphia, won the badge; and Atkinson the cup. The scores follow:

Event No. 1, open, 6 birds, entrance $3:

STATE EVENTS.

Keller	202220—4	Volk	201102—4
Seitz	022*20—3	Tosh	221222—6
Davis	220022—4	I C E	201222—5
Painter	222*22—5	Hicks	222221—6
Darby	222222—6	Brubaker	212122—6
Wynn	010102—3	Byers	022222—5
Timmons	220222—5	Harper	220022—4
Larkins	0101*2—3	Mansfield	2000*2—2
Budd	220222—6	Trumbauer	200222—4
McCoy	222222—6	Runk	011221—5
Daudt	02222*—4	Brewster	222220—5
Hahn	102222—5	George	101012—4
Hobbs	101022—4	Hull	222222—6
Felix	220222—5	Shaner	020202—3
Morris	202*11—4	Brey	122112—6
Burnham	222222—6	Hendricks	222222—6
Bollman	010210—3	Alexander	102220—4
Geikler	222202—5	Ross	222222—6
Emmers	122211—6	Thomas	022222—5
Stine	0222*2—4	Englert	111220—5
Denny	212010—4	Geist	222222—6
Wilson	002212—4	Graff	022021—4
Trafford	110222—5	Croll	2222*0—4
Zeller	012222—5	Addison	2222*2—5
Ridge	222101—5	Stubbs	1*2221—5
Smedley	200222—4	Hallowell	211222—6
Stoner	122222—6	Peifley	221012—5
Fleming	2220*2—4	Van Allen	222222—6
E H K	000000—0	Kulp	122100—4
Mink	222222—6	Seltzer	221022—5
J Ritter	022121—5	Haverty	212110—5
Wellington	221222—6	Pills	222202—5
Jim Jones	122100—4		

Event No. 2, open, 10 birds, entrance $7:

Seitz	2202202101— 7	E Emmers	2212*02221— 8
McCoy	2222222222—10	Brey	2212221112 -10
Morris	21212121*1— 9	Milson	2220000210 — 5
Trego	*200221222— 7	Coleman	2221222221—10
Davis	2020222221— 8	Budd	2222221212—10
Painter	2222222222—10	Brewster	2222222222—10
Darby	0222022222—10	Cooper	2212122222—10
Wynn	101101*122— 7	Brubaker	2220112212— 9
Stine	222222*222— 9	Daudt	2222021222— 9
Tosh 1	1012120221— 8	Trumbauer	2222*2*222— 8
Vocht	0221021222— 8	Felix	2220222222— 9
Hobbs	2222212222—10	Runk	2101121111— 9
Bollman	0222222220— 8	Stubbs	222022*221— 8
Zeller	222012*121— 8		

Williamsport Diamond Badge.

Fifteen birds, $10 entrance, birds extra:

Seitz	202002101102222—10	Davis	2020222221111222—13
Wellington	*02222222022222—12	Painter	2222222222222222—15
Larkin	2202221220222210—12	Darby	0222022222222212—13
Byers	*22222200222222—12	Wynn	101101*12222222—12
Cooper	2212122222222222—15	Milson	2220000210222222—10
Coleman	2221222222122212—15	Addison	2220*2102221222—12
Hobbs	2222212222222222—15	Atkinson	2221111222222221—15
Bollman	0222222220222221—13	Stubbs	222022*21122202—12
Stoner	222222*2*222002—11	H F H	1222222221222222—15
McCoy	2222222222222222—15	Henry	0202222120122212—12
Denny	1222202121212202—13	Stevenson	2122122212111221—15
Wilson	*20220202022*02— 8	Geikler	222022*02220021—10
Hallowell	1221222212222222—15	Felix	2220222222222120—13
Jim Jones	2222222222222220—14	Morris	21212121*120122—13
Cartledge	2212110021221222—13	Daudt	2222021222122221—14
Tosh	1012120221101112—12	I C E	2122222222212122—15
Volk	02210212222*1202—11	Hicks	12222212*221002—12
Burnham	2222*22222222222—14	Stine	2222222*22221211—14
Oliver	2001220012121112—11	Ridge	1112121221221122—15
Trego	*20022122222122—12	Krueger	2112212212122211—15
Trumbauer	2222*2*22220220—11	Ross	2222202222222222—14
Emmers	2212*0222122*12—12	Brewster	2222222222222222—15

L. C. Smith Trophy.

Teams of three, $25 entrance:

Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia No. 1.

Hallowell	111222121212112—15	
McCoy	2022222222222222 14	
Ross	2222222022222222—14	43

Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia No. 2.

Ridge	212211222222221—15	
Jim Jones	2110212121211011—13	
Hobbs	2020222212222220—12	40

Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia No. 3.

Davis	2212222211111221—15	
Painter	2022022222222222 -13	
Darby	2202222201222222—13	41

Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia No. 4.

Sanford	2112211212112222—15	
Cartledge	1202022212111220—12	
Geikler	2222202222222222—14—41	

Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown.

Rehrig	2120112101202222 12	
Hahn	1112212200211122—13	
Daudt	2222022222222222—11	39

New Castle Gun Club, of New Castle.

Atkinson	1222222222222022—14	
Watson	2222222220222220—13	
Moore	2022022202022222—11	38

Keystone, of Lebanon, Pa.

Smith	1121110010221121—12	
Worth	1112111011212222—14	
Coleman	0212212222222120—14	40

Lebanon Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa.

Cooper	1222222122122221 -15	
Trafford	1222221002222220 -12	
Bollman	0222122022102220—11—38	

Lancaster Gun Club, of Lancaster, Pa.

Stoner	2220122202222222—13	
Feiles	2221212222222121—15	
Krueger	2120022022212222—12—40	

Allentown Rod and Gun Club.

Stubbs	2112101211122211—14	
Hausman	1012222221222222—14	
Milson	1101011202221220—11—39	

Denny—Wilson Cup.

Fifteen birds:

Hallowell	122122221222222—15	Trumbauer	2222*2*22220220—11
Denny	122220212121202—13	Emmers	2212*0222122*12—12
Wilson	*20220202022*02— 8	Henry	0202222201122221—12
Cartledge	2212110021221222—13	Felix	2220222222222120—13
Seitz	2202002101102222—10	Morris	21212121*120122—13
Bollman	0222222220222221—13	Daudt	2222022222212221—14
McCoy	2222222222222222—15	Krueger	2112212211221122—15
Jim Jones	2222222222222220—14	Ross	2222022222222222—14
Burnham	2222*2222222222—14	Atkinson	2221111222222221—15

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was held in the rooms of the Allentown Rod and Gun Club Tuesday, May 14, at 8:30 P. M. Over one hundred shooters from different parts of the State were present, and President J. O'H. Denny occupied the chair. The minutes of the last annual meeting, which was held at Chambersburg, were read and approved.

Secretary Runk's report showed the Association to be in a flourishing condition, several new clubs being admitted during the year.

Treasurer J. H. Worden was unable to be present. His report, read by the secretary, showed a substantial balance in the treasury.

Considerable business of minor importance was tranacted, the most important being the rescinding of the resolution passed at Chambersburg which prohibited manufacturers' agents who were members of the State Association from taking part in the sweepstake events. The motion to rescind was introduced by Dr. Goeble, of Philadelphia. Messrs. I. C. Elder, of Chambersburg, and W. L. Kinzer, of Pittsburg, spoke against rescinding, while Dr. Goeble and Elmer E. Shaner spoke in favor of it. The motion to rescind was passed almost unanimously.

Mr. Seitz, of Glen Rock, introduced a resolution amending the by-laws so that none other than white citizens could take part in the annual tournaments of the Association.

Under the head of New Business Mr. Loomis, of Oil City, placed that city in nomination as the place for holding the meeting in 1902. Carlisle was placed in nomination by Mr. Caufmann. Oil City was seconded by Messrs H. P. Shaner, of New Castle; Harry Thurman, of Philadelphia, and Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg. Carlisle was seconded by Mr. R. E. Shearer. Before being put to a vote Carlisle withdrew, as it was apparent that the great majority of the delegates present were in favor of Oil City.

President Denny called Elmer E. Shaner to the chair, and Mr. Shaner proceeded with the election of officers in record-breaking time. The old officers were all re-elected, and they stand for 1902 as follows: President, J. O'H. Denny, Ligonier; Vice-President, J. A. Wilson, Franklin; Secretary, J. M. Runk, Chambersburg; Treasurer, J. H. Worden, Harrisburg; Board of Directors, W. H. Burnham, York; J. F. O'Neil, Wilkesbarre; Geo. Crane, Mountville, and Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg.

On motion the meeting adjourned to meet at Oil City in 1902.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, May 15.—The Boston Gun Club's regular weekly prize shoot took place on their grounds to-day and eighteen shooters assembled to do justice to one of the best of sports. That each and every one enjoyed himself to the limit goes without saying, as who ever heard of a trapshooter who could not enjoy himself at a target shoot? The boy on the magautrap thought the enthusiasm had run away with every one, as at no time would they allow him to halt, only "Pump these birds out to the best of your ability," was the cry. His ability meant a good 1,500 targets, which were trapped in the short space of two and one-half hours' time, which says quite a good deal for the modern trapping appliances. The usual amount of interest to-day was swelled out a little larger by one of the shooters bringing a new 10-gauge with shells loaded for coot or duck shooting, which, after the target was shot at, looked as though they might have contained a pound of powder and a quart of shot. The way it was handled does not bid fair for next season's duck shooting around Massachusetts, but we are in hopes there will be some left for others. High gun in the prize match was Horace, 18yds., with 22, though hard pushed by Woodruff, 17yds., with 21, who has now got his shooting eye in just the right kind of condition. Third was taken care of by Ford, 16yds., with 19. The rest trailed just a small amount of targets in the rear. Scores below, all shooting distance handicap, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	5p	15	15	5p	10	15	5p	10	10
Howe, 19	7	8	7	8	6	10	11	7	..	..	..	..	..
Frank, 16	7	6	2	7	6	11	11	7	7	9	3	7	..
Woodruff, 17	5	7	9	8	6	13	12	9	8	..	..	..	..
Greives, 16	6	7	4	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Benton, 14	5	4	3	7	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nick, 14	2	3	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	9	8	7	7	6	10	14	8	..	15	6	5	7
Drake, 19	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	6	7	12	6	4	6
Arthur, 16	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	6	4	..	5	6	..
Poor, 16	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	1	..	..	..	..
Bradley, 16	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	5	..	4	7	..
H J K, 14	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	6	..	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	7	9	12	6	9	8
Ford, 16	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	7	9	10	3	8	..
Measure, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	8	7	..	5	..
Perry, 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	..	..
Frederick, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

Prize match, 25 bluerocks, unknown—15 singles and 5 pairs—distance handicap:

Horace, 18	1111111111111011	11	11	10	11	10	22
Woodruff, 17	1111101101101111	11	11	11	11	01	—21
Ford, 16	1101111111111001	10	11	10	11	01	—19
Howe, 19	1100110111111110	10	11	10	10	11	—18
Spencer, 18	1111111111100010	00	11	10	10	11	—18
Frank, 16	1111101001111011	11	01	01	01	11	—18
Drake, 19	1001100111011111	00	01	11	11	01	—17
Arthur, 16	0111110110110111	11	10	11	10	00	—17

Peru Gun Club's Fifth Annual Amateur Tournament.

PERU, Ind.—The Peru Gun Club's fifth annual tournament was held here on May 7, 8 and 9, and while this club's four annual tournaments preceding this were all successes in every way, this tournament must go down in the history of Indiana shooting events as one of the most successful in point of attendance, number and continuance of entries, good management and general smoothness of running, coupled with the great enjoyment participated in by all present, ever held in this or in fact any other State. There was in attendance during the three days something like fifty shooters, including the home contingent. The entries for the first two days averaged nearly thirty, and in the live-bird events about twenty-one shooters took part.

When the week opened on Monday, Secretary Chas. Bruck was delighted with the prospect of fine weather, as it was a beautiful day, and he with his corps of able assistants put in the entire day setting up tents, putting out the expert traps, filling the magautrap house with some 6,000 targets, and otherwise preparing for the proper care and entertainment of the big crowd of boys which always favor our tournaments with their presence, and as they began to arrive on Sunday, when E. C. Fort, of the Robin Hood Powder Company, put in his appearance, and as the Monday evening contingent, consisting of E. H. Tripp, of Indianapolis; F. T. Sherwood, of Bedford, and a little later in the evening Dr. Britton, also of Indianapolis, put in their appearance, it began to look like the regular thing at a Peru tournament. With Dr. Britton on Monday evening came a downfall of rain, which kept up all night, but it did not keep the crowd of amateurs away from Peru, for, while Tuesday morning was a wet one, and the rain kept coming down, the following came in on the morning trains: Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; H. J. Sconce, Sidell, Ill.; H. W. Cadwallader (Cad), of Danville, Ill.; J. A. Blistain (Slow), of Lafayette, Ind.; Al Bussell and Mr. Ousler, of Noblesville, Ind; Chas. E. Adamson, of Muncie, Ind.; Messrs. Jack Livingtone, Wayne Leeson and Harbet, of Elwood, Ind.; Messrs. Kellar and Bardt, of Fort Wayne; Mike Smith, of Huntington, Ind.; E. Foust, of Warren, Ind.; Messrs. Clark, Aukerman and Rose, of Wabash, Ind.; Messrs. Elliott and Southard, of Rochester; Mr. Savage, of Macy, Ind; Elmer Apperson, of Kokomo, Ind.; Chas. Townsend, of Knox, Ind. These, with the home contingent—J. L. Head, Jack Cavanaugh, Frank Dunbar, Will Daniels and Charles Bruck—and Mr. Chas. North, of Cleveland, to look after the "maggie," constituted the contestants for the first day, and while the weather was against us, the scores will show that this was a crowd of stayers.

John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., representing Peters Cartridge Company and King Powder Company, and who has always managed our spring tournaments, came in on the morning train from Detroit and immediately took charge of affairs in his own inimitable way, and after a couple of preliminary events the regular programme was started, running both the magautrap and a set of expert traps, Sergeant system. No man ever saw a shoot start prettier. Good hard old bluerocks went sailing out of the "maggie" and the expert traps at a good 60yd. gait, and never a broken a target in the traps, when all of a sudden an important part of the magautrap broke, and Charlie North threw up both hands, as he said that was the only extra part he did not have with him. However, he was hustled off to a foundry near by, where by your humble servant's persuasion an expert machinist was put to work under Charlie's watchful eye and the piece was soon repaired. In the meantime the crowd was good-natured, as the expert traps were working beautifully and the shoot went merrily on.

Nearly 6,000 targets were thrown on this day from the set of expert traps. The scores:

Events:	*1	*2	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	*3
Targets:	10	10	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	10	5p
†Fort	9	6	10	14	16	7	9	12	6	9	17	13	9	7	8
Elliott	10	6	9	10	16	13	11	12	10	11	12	12	12	4	..
Southard	6	6	5	12	17	9	13	16	12	11	16	7	10	7	..
Smith	4	9	9	13	20	14	10	15	12	9	13	12	7	6	6
Apperson	..	..	8	11	16	14	13	17	11	14	17	14	11	4	7
Leeson	..	..	7	15	14	14	13	15	11	14	18	10	13	8	6
Jack	..	..	6	11	14	9	11	14	110	9	15	11	11	9	..
Slow	..	..	..	..	12	18	13	12	18	14	12	18	13	14	10
Clark	8	6	6	11	20	13	12	15	11	9	18	13	13	6	6
Cavanaugh	10	8	8	12	16	12	12	18	11	14	17	12	13	9	6
Sherwood	9	7	7	11	18	10	9	18	13	14	19	10	13	7	7
Partington	9	9	10	12	18	12	11	16	12	13	19	13	13	9	..
Head	10	9	10	15	18	13	14	17	15	14	14	13	14	9	9
Burnside	9	10	9	14	19	10	13	19	14	15	19	15	13	7	8
Sconce	10	7	9	15	19	18	13	19	15	15	20	15	15	9	7
Tripp	10	9	9	15	19	13	14	19	15	14	20	15	15	10	9
Cad	8	7	10	11	18	15	14	17	15	12	17	14	10	6	7
Adamson	6	5	9	11	17	14	13	15	9	9	16	14	14	8	6
Neal	..	..	9	14	18	15	13	18	12	13	15	14	14	8	6
Dunbar	..	..	9	11	17	13	14	18	10	11	15	9	11	9	7
E Foust	7	†8	9	12	20	13	14	18	13	13	18	13	10	7	8
Rose	6	8	10	11	9	10	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Aukerman	5	9	8	12	16	11	11	17	11	11	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	9	8	5	14	15	14	13	19	14	13	14	..	..	..	..
†North	..	..	8	12	..	..	..	12	14	11	16	11	10	9	..
Bardt	..	..	7	..	..	8	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
‡Harbert	..	..	4	8	12	8	11	14	10	9	13	7	7	5	4
Ousler	..	..	6	12	..	11	13	16	11	11	..	9	..	..	..
Bussell	..	..	5	12	..	..	..	17	14	11	14	10	..	9	4
Townsend	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	19	14	12	17	13	14	10
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	12	8	..	8
Duke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	7
Bruck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

*Extra events. †Shot for targets only. ‡Shot for targets after sixth event.

Wednesday, the second day, brought better weather, a new piece for the "maggie" and Charlie North was correspondingly happy, and it also brought a lot of new faces in Emile Werk, of Cincinnati; Mr. Robinson, of Huntington; Col. A. G. Courtney, representing Remington Arms Company and U. M. C. Company; Dr. White, of Elwood; S. A. Jackson, of Montpelier, O.; Messrs. Yelton and Larue, of Anderson, Ind; Charlie Lamme, of Attica, Ind.; C. B. Wiggins, of Homer, Ill.; F. W. Myrick, of the Nonpariel Gun Club, of Chicago, and Mr. Shepard, of the home club, whose business had kept him on the road the first day. This lot of new comers made the attendance fully as large as on the first day, and as the magautrap was now again in commission and the expert traps still doing business at the old stand the programme was run through in jig time. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	*1	*2	*3	*4	*5	*6
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	10	10	5p	5p	15	10	10
†Fort	15	14	14	14	16	14	18	15	20	15	16	9	9	7	9	9	10	..
Smith	9	10	11	6	..	..	12	9	..	13	14	9	7	..	6	5	..	..
Townsend	15	13	19	14	16	14	..	14	..	15	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..
†Courtney	14	14	18	12	16	15	16	12	19	15	16	10	5	7	8	12	..	..
White	8	10	17	13	17	13	18	13	18	15	18	9	..	8	6	..	..	8
†Parker	12	13	17	15	17	13	15	15	15	14	18	9	9	9	8	..	..	..
Jackson	5	15	..	12	..	11	..	12	..	13	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson	10	9	15	13	16	13	18	..	16	..	15	9	5	7	6	11	..	..
Butler	13	13	17	15	..	15	..	..	..	10	..	9	8	6	..	..	10	9
Shepard	7	14	14	..	..	9	..	..	..	11	..	8	8	..	..	..	10	10
Wiggins	..	..	..	19	12	17	13	20	13	18	14	18	9	..	7	..	..	..
Clark	14	13	18	14	14	14	17	12	16	13	16	10	8	8	..	..	..	..
Cavanaugh	12	13	15	12	20	14	19	13	19	15	18	8	8	8	7	8	10	..
Sherwood	13	13	19	13	17	13	18	15	18	13	17	7	9	7	..	..	..	9
Partington	12	15	17	14	17	13	18	15	18	14	17	10	7	8	7	..	..	..
Head	13	12	20	12	18	11	20	14	17	14	20	9	9	10	7	13	..	..
Burnside	13	14	20	14	20	15	19	14	18	15	17	10	10	8	7	15	..	..
Sconce	13	15	20	14	16	15	19	15	20	13	19	10	10	6	9	12	..	..
Tripp	12	14	17	15	18	15	17	15	20	14	18	10	9	9	10	14	..	..
Cad	11	14	17	14	16	14	17	12	15	15	19	9	10	5	8	12	..	10
Adamson	12	12	15	15	18	13	17	12	17	11	15	9	..	4	..	11	..	..
Neal	14	14	16	14	18	15	19	15	19	14	17	10	8	10	7	12	..	10
Dunbar	11	13	12	12	13	13	16	13	20	15	17	7	..	9	7	..	10	8
E Foust	13	12	17	13	19	13	18	14	18	14	15	9	10	9	..	7	..	..
†North	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Daniels	..	..	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	..	..	..
Duke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8
Yelton	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Larue	10	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Myrick	..	..	..	..	10	..	14	..	10	..	..	..	5	..	6	..	6	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Stutesman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Redmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Laboyteaux	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..

*Extra events. †Shot for targets only in regular events.

Extra No. 1 was at 15 targets, 25yds., rise, use of both barrels. Extra No. 2 was at 5 pairs over expert traps. Extra No. 3 was at 5 pairs over magautrap, walk around.

Extra No. 7, 10 targets: Dunbar 8, Myrick 9, Shepard 10, Cavanaugh 10, Fort 10, Cad 10, Duke 5, White 10, Jackson 9, Butler 10.

Extra No. 8, 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, three moneys: Fort 25,

Tripp 24, Sconce 24, Burnside 23, Head 23, Sherwood 22, Neal 22, Cavanaugh 22, Cad 19.

Extra No. 9, miss-and-out, 25yds. rise, $1 entrance; one-half of purse to go toward expenses of American team to England, targets free; other half of purse to go to winner: Tripp 10, Sconce 3, Cad 0, Sherwood 0, Robinson 0, Butler 0, Wiggins 1, North 0, Neal 11, Werk 0, Myrick 0, Burnside 2, Parker 1, Head 0, Courtney 0, Fort 6. There were sixteen entries, and Neal won $8, and the other $8, with 50 cents donated by Dr. Britton, went to American team.

The third day was live-bird day, and brought still better weather, also Ed Voris, of Crawfordsville; C. Foust, of Warren, Ind.; J. H. Cox, of Detroit, Mich., and J. S. Butler (Ben), of the home club. The scores:

Event No. 1, miss-and-out, entrance $1, birds extra; handicap rise:

Head, 30	11*	Smith, 28	121220
E Foust, 27	112111	Neal, 30	220
Fort, 30	11*	Burnside, 30	212122
Voris, 30	111222	Sconce, 30	2220
Wiggins, 29	111222	Sherwood, 28	111212
Butler, 29	12221*	Werk, 28	1*
C Foust, 26	110	Cox, 28	*
Robinson, 26	1*	White, 27	10
Yelton, 27	2*	Courtney, 29	120

Event No. 2, 7 birds, $5 entrance, two moneys; handicap:

C Foust, 26	2220011—5	White, 27	1122112—7
Robinson, 26	2022220—5	E Foust, 27	222*202—5
Neal, 30	2222202—6	Sherwood, 28	2011011—5
Burnside, 30	2212111—7	Butler, 28	*111212—6
Sconce, 30	2212212—7	Dunbar, 27	1221112—7
Werk, 28	1221112—7	Parker, 30	2222222—7
Voris, 30	1102211—6	Smith, 28	2212212—7
Head, 30	1211222—7	Ben, 26	22*2212—6
Courtney, 29	12220*0—4	Fort, 30	2112200—5
Wiggins, 29	1222222—7		

Event No. 3, 10 birds, $7 entrance, three moneys; handicap rise:

Neal, 30	2222222222—10	Robinson, 26	1212001101— 7
Burnside, 30	1111111022— 9	E Foust, 27	1202122102— 8
Sconce, 30	2020221122— 8	Clark, 28	22222222*2— 9
Werk, 28	01012020w	Dunbar, 27	20222*0221— 7
Voris, 30	1122212222—10	Parker, 30	22**222222— 8
Head, 30	2*21202222— 8	Ben, 26	0*22111112— 8
Wiggins, 29	2222220222— 9	Sherwood, 28	2212120222— 9
Fort, 30	210221122*— 8	White, 27	122222011*— 8
Yelton, 27	202222212*— 8	Smith, 28	212*021010— 6
Butler, 28	0110121121— 8	Cox, 28	210121*121— 8
C Foust, 28	0222100012— 6		

Event No. 4, miss-and-out, $2 entrance, birds extra; 30yds. rise; to be shot to a finish:

Neal	12222212222222222220
Burnside	1111122120
Sconce	220
Werk	0
Voris	2*
Head	22*
Wiggins	2222220
Fort	22122122122222122222—20
Clark	2222*
Sherwood	1*
Parker	22122222222221122120
Butler	221*

Event No. 5, miss-and-out, $1 entrance, birds extra:

Burnside	1220	Butler	10
Parker	2122	White	120
Sconce	2212	Voris	20
Neal	2222	Sherwood	2222
Head	10	Aukerman	10
Fort	2220	Ben	0
Werk	220	Dunbar	10
Clark	0		

The management had secured what we supposed would be an ample number of live birds to shoot out a one-day programme—i. e., about 550, with another 150 to be shipped in on call, they being confined in a barn in a neighboring city. These were called for, but failed to arrive in time, and as the 550 on hand were exhausted by the foregoing events the remainder of the day was devoted to target shooting. In fact there was only one way to get the boys to quit shooting, and that was to run out of daylight.

The target scores for this day are appended herewith:

Fifteen targets, $1.50 entrance, four moneys: Wiggins 12, Sheffer 10, Voris 12, Head 13, Butler 10, C. Foust 10, Ben 12, Duke 8, Yelton 8, Larue 8, Sconce 14, Burnside 14, Neal 15, White 12, Schlosser 9, Dunbar 15, Daniels 13, Fort 15, Courtney 13, Sherwood 14.

Fifteen targets, $1.50 entrance, four moneys: Burnside 14, Voris 12, Sconce 15, White 10, Butler 12, Wiggins 14, Sheffer 12, Neal 14, Head 13, Dunbar 11, Schlosser 11, Fort 14, Daniels 13, Sherwood 15.

Fifteen targets, $1.50 entrance, four moneys: Burnside 15, Sconce 15, Neal 12, Butler 13, Sheffer 10, Head 14, Dunbar 13, Fort 14, Sherwood 15, Schlosser 8, Daniels 8.

Five pairs, over magautrap, entrance $1, two moneys: Burnside 9, Sconce 8, Head 9, Fort 5, Butler 7, Sherwood 7, Sheffer 8, Schlosser 4.

Match at 10 targets shot from point 50yds. to left and in front of magautrap: Burnside 6, Sconce 7, Sherwood 4, Head 7, Butler 5, Sheffer 4, Fort 6, Dunbar 4.

Walking match, 10 targets, $1 entrance, two moneys: Head 6, Butler 7, Sheffer 3, Fort 7, Schlosser 8.

Another match was shot by the same as above at 5 pairs, and was won by Butler 10, Head and Fort 9 each, taking first and second moneys, the scores being lost.

When an amateur tournacent can throw 13,000 targets and nearly 600 live birds in a three-day tournament, I call that a pretty fair tournament.

Mr. Fred Erb, Jr., of Lafayette, was on hand with three retrievers—a Chesapeake and two promising pointers. The Chesapeake is a wonder, and Mr. Erb surprised the management by his fast retrieving. It was expected that the birds would last until dark. As it was, with his dogs, they were all shot off by 3 P. M.

Harvey Sconce, with his red head, red necktie, red shooting jacket, red hat, etc., shot a lurid streak through this programme and the assembled cracks like the tail of a comet across a starry sky. He had a run of 91 straight the first day, winning high average for the tournament.

Ernie Tripp, Indiana's very best target shot, and so good at the game that he has been selected as a member of the American team, shot Harvey a close race and had more fun than is usually accorded a man in a year's time. He makes a lot of trouble with his shooting, but he lights up a shooting match with his wit and fun in a delightful manner.

The club added $20 in prizes of $5 each to the two high and two low guns shooting through the programme for targets. Sconce won first, Tripp second, and the two low prizes went to Messrs. Dunbar, of the home club, and Adamson, of Muncie.

Charlie Adamson, of Muncie, is quite an enthusiast, and holds up his end well for a man of his experience. He has invented a top shot wad that appears to be about the thing, and was very busy demonstrating its merits. I hope to see this wand on the market soon.

Elmer Neal, jolly, fat, rosy-cheeked and round-faced, shot a very good clip, and helped Ernie Tripp have a good time. Ask Elmer about his new diamond ring. It's worth seeing.

Mr. Guy Burnside, a nice little quiet gentleman, shooting a splendid clip with never a word to say, was in a little hard luck the second day, as he shot a gait of about 94 and yet could not land a winner, while others shooting lower were good winners. In fact Guy was the only high class shooter who did not win, thus demonstrating the faults of the percentage system.

The writer had provided a means of adding something by this tournament to the fund for the American team, which fund amounted to $11.20, as the manufacturers' agents present—Messrs. Courtney, Fort, Parker and North—paid for birds, $22.40. The event gotten up for this same fund provided $8.50, and I had the pleasure of forwarding the Big Chief, Marshall, $20 in total as the subscription from this tournament. Wish it had been $1,000.

Dr. O. F. Britton and Elmer Apperson now hold the record of being the only visitors who have contested in our five annual tournaments. Elmer is so busy making automobiles that he could only give us one day, but the Doctor stayed the programme through. May he be with us many years to come.

Mr. Robinson, of Huntington, is not bigger than your thumb, but he is as game as a pebble, and shoots well for his experience.

Mike Smith, of the same club, was shooting a new gun, and only shot well in streaks. They are both stayers.

The Foust brothers, of Warren, are a couple of game cocks that will bear watching. They shoot any old time and any old place and any old kind of a race for any old sum. Come again, gentlemen; your kind make a tournament.

Mr. E. C. Fort, representing Robin Hood Powder Company, shot well indeed. He landed 25 straight in the big extra race and shot the boys to a standstill in the miss-and-out at the pigeons. He works hard for his company.

The inimitable John Parker, of Peters Cartridge and King Powder Companies, managed this shoot as only he can. He never fails to get in good words for his powder and shells, and when he has time, he shoots a very hot pace.

The Elwood boys were out in force. They are a little new at target shooting, but Wayne Leeson held his end up well. We are all going to their tournament next week.

The Wabash, Ind., boys are a little out of practice, and with the exception of Hugh Clark they found our fast targets a little swift. Understand, they are to have a shoot in June, which should be well patronized.

Charlie Lamb, of Attica, shooting under the name of Butler, has a new Smith gun, which he certainly handles well for a new one. Charlie is an old Peru boy, a member of this club, and is at home here. He had two friends, Messrs. Sheffer and Schlosser, of Attica, who came up last day to see him shoot and be with the boys. The only way we could make this trio quit shooting was to put out the sun.

Old reliable Jack Cavanaugh, of Peru, Ind., by gum, and who is so busy dispatching trains that he really attends but two shoots a year—i. e., the Grand American Handicap and our annual tournament—shot the targets through, and is showing splendid form. He is shooting a pump, and with a little more practice will lead the Peru boys if they don't watch him.

Frank Dunbar and Will Daniels, of the Peru Club, did not shoot quite up to form, but they stuck to the game, and Frank landed several straights. He made a reputation among the visitors for being very straight himself, and the Peru Club is proud of these boys.

J. S. Butler (Ben) and Roxy Duke are two crack Wabash engineers, and could not be spared from their runs to take part in all the events, but they were with us every minute they could spare. Mr. Shepard, another new member of the club, who has been showing the boys "how" in practice, was called out on the road, but stayed with the tournament as much as possible.

Charlie Townsend, of Knox, got in just in time to get his feet warm. In his first race he landed 15 straight alone, and bagged about $12. Charlie is a fine fellow and a good shot. Come again, Charlie.

Mr. Frank T. Sherwood, secretary of the Indiana Trapshooters' League, and who resides at Bedford, where the league's annual tournament is to be held in June, was with us from start to finish. Frank is far from well, but he shoots like a giant and made many friends in this vicinity, this being his first visit to this part of the State in a shooting way. Frank shot as long as his shells held out, and when he borrowed some special loads from your humble servant and broke 44 out of his last 45 and lost the one by a flinch he came in asking a lot of questions about this load, You can bet he got the information and he will have to be watched from now on, as they just fit his gun. This was Frank's first effort at the pigeons, but he did well.

Emile Werk, of Cincinnati (Chief Rio Grande), was on hand and was pleased to see the fine lot of tents provided for the shooters. He said he did not believe he could protect the life of the writer, as he did last fall, if that Old Round Top Tent the Indians remembered so well had been on the grounds.

The Indians were well represented by Chief "Ride in the Wagon," E. H. Tripp; "Black Diamond," E. E. Neal; "Spoon Rover," Guy Burnside; "Rio Grande," Emile Werk; "Sitting Bull," A. G. Courtney; and "Des-Kra-Choska," Jack Parker.

Letters of regret were received from Whitney Thompson, C. R. Stevens, Rollo Heikes, Ed Rike, Dr. R. B. Short, and Charlie Budd. You were missed, gentlemen, and coulld you have been with us the fun and good fellowship woulld have just been that much greater. It is impossible to attend every tournament and the writer knows from experience that business comes first.

A little philosophy from Chief Sitting Bull: "Whenever you meet a 'lobster,' or a man who is not just right in his principles, take off your hat to him, for if it had not been him, you fool, it might have been you, and see what you have to be thankful for.

The writer, on behalf of the Peru Gun Club, wishes to thank each and every individual present for his attendance, and fully assures you that by lending us your presence you contributed just that much to the enjoyment of the occasion, whether you shoot one or one hundred times, and you were all equally welcome. On the other hand, if there occurred anything at any time during this tournament to annoy any man present or cause dissatisfaction, I am truly sorry for it, and assure you that you have our apologies and we will do better next time.

J. L. HEAD.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE Progressive Gun Club, of East St. Louis, held its regular semi-monthly medal shoot on the 12th inst., with an attendance of twenty shooters. The feature of the day was the shooting of Stephen Le Page, who went through the programme of 70 targets thrown from a magautrap, including the medal event and a miss-and-out, without a miss. The scores are appended:

Deletine	10	8	10	17	10	..	P Baggerman	10	9	8	16	8	7
T Ruff	9	5	10	15	8	10	Corray	9	9	8	17	..	..
J Ruff	8	8	10	17	9	8	Bellcour	8	9	8	14	9	5
Frei	..	6	7	12	8	6	Bunning	8	7	7	17	8	5
Holl	..	8	10	14	10	..	Doyloy	8	10	6	17	5	9
Neibrook	6	8	8	15	8	9	W Baggerman	10	9	10	18	10	9
Le Page	10	10	10	20	10	10	Dr Simms	5	9	8	17	8	9
Delarm	8	10	7	15	10	8	Grote	8	10	7	16	9	..
Hume	8	9	9	18	7	6	Free	6	8	7	..	..	..
Funk	8	6	10	20	10	10	J Baggerman	..	..	..	..	8	..

The North Alton Gun Club has begun regular weekly shoots, and is grooming some first-class timber that will be heard from ere long in the amateur class of Illinois. There are several of the boys already who may safely be relied upon to put up a score any day better than 80 per cent., and that is not slow for beginners.

The programme and prospectus of the twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association is out this week, and it presents a long list of attractions to the amateur shooter, such as perhaps no State tournament has offered in recent years. It is essentially an amateur shoot, all target events for sweeps or merchandise prizes being closed to the paid professionals, except that they may shoot for scores at price of targets. Live-bird events are open to all, but under the handicap plan, so that the amateur is here also looked after.

The tourney will be held at Dupont Park, west of the city of St. Louis, during the week of May 28 to June 1. Tuesday the ball opens with the State team medal shoot at live birds, four men, 15 birds each, entrance $20 per team, and birds extra. On the same date the Missouri State individual championship trophy will be shot for under same conditions as the preceding event. Then follows immediately the Interstate individual championship race, entrance $12.50, including birds. The Association adds $50; winner gets medal and purse goes to four moneys. On Wednesday comes the race for the St. Louis Republic trophy, and on Friday the Lemp amateur individual championship trophy. The live-bird programme closes Saturday with short open sweeps and shooting off ties. Birds will be charged for at 25 cents each, and trapping will be done from the Fulford traps.

The inanimate target events call for 140 shots per day through the week, targets being charged for at 2½ cents each, and the Association adding $100 each day. Bluerocks and magautraps will be used, and on two days alternate events will be shot for a long list of excellent merchandise prizes.

Illinois Gun Club Trophy.

Another spirited contest for the Illinois Gun Club trophy was shot on the range at Springfield May 15. Guy Burnside, of Knoxville, was the defender of the cup, there being six challengers, and he again won out against the field. He began poorly, by losing his eighth bird dead out, and it looked very much as if the original challenger, Tom Holl, would win, but he drew a stunning bird in the twenty-second round, and it died outside the wire. Richardson, a local and comparatively new shooter, was in splendid form, and after losing his eighth bird finished out straight. This left Burnside, Holl and Richardson high with 24 each. In the shoot-off Holl lost on his seventh bird, a very lively one, and Richardson missed his twentieth, giving Burnside the honors and the cup. The birds were a fine lot. Both high men shot in fine form, but the work of Richardson as a man new at the game was especially noteworthy. The scores are appended:

Burnside	2121112*1111112221212112—24
Holl	2122212221212222222222*222—24
Workman	2221212222212102220110210O—20
Craig	22*2111100212111121101112—21
Richardson	2111112011211212221121111—24
Lemeraux	2011201011111*100122111121—19
Lawrence	1121221 2*2*1012222121121212—22
Shoot-off:	
Burnside	21121122211112221122
Holl	21122*
Richardson	21211221112222112210

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, May 18.—Appended are the Chicago Gun Club's scores. The weather was fine, and there was a good attendance. Mr. Chas. Willard came down to the shoot to-day, and by the scores he put up shows that even three years without practice doesn't put him out of the game. When Charlie lived in Chicago and was in practice he was hard to beat. In event No. 2, 25 targets, weekly handicap in birds, Dr. Carson scored 24 and broke 25. The referee did not see the pieces. Bowles won second prize after shooting out four in tie. Event No. 4, 15 targets, monthly handicap in rise, was won by Dr. Miller, after shooting out Lovell.

Trophy event, 25 targets, handicap:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Bowles	1111111111111111111011101—23	6	25
Miller	1111101111111111110111111—23	2	25
Shelley	1111111111101110010101111—20	7	25
Jones	0100110111100000111111110—15	8	23
De Wolf	1110100011100101011111001—15	7	22
Lovell	1001111111111111001110000—17	6	23
L Willard	1000111111111111111111101—21	1	22
Mack	1010011111010101110111101—17	3	20
Mrs Carson	1110111111010101000111111—18	5	23
Dr Carson	1111111111111111111111011—24	0	24
*C Willard	0111111111111111111111110—23	0	23
Dr Morton	0111111111111111111111101—23	5	25
King	1000001101011111110100100—13	7	20
Borroff	0010111111101011110111010—18	6	24
*Carr	0110110100001011111101111—16	0	16
Mrs Howard	0000010000011101w		

*Visitors.

First tie:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Bowles	1111111111—10	2	10
Miller	1111110001— 7	0	7
Shelley	1111111101— 9	2	10
Dr Morton	1111011101— 8	1	9

Second tie:

Bowles	1111111111—10	2	10
Shelley	1111110100— 7	2	9

Monthly trophy, 15 targets, handicap rise:

Bowles, 16	111110001111111—12
Shelley, 16	011111011101100—10
Jones, 16	110000010111011— 8
De Wolf, 16	100101011110011— 9
Lovell, 16	101111111111111—14
Mrs Carson, 16	100111111010110—10
Carr, 16	001101001011010— 8
Mrs Howard, 16	000100111000010— 5
De Wolf, 16	100010000101110— 6
Dr Miller, 18	011111111111111—14
L Willard, 18	011001100111111—10
Mack, 18	010011010011011— 8
King, 18	001000001100011— 5
Borroff, 18	110111101010010— 9
O'Brien, 18	111101101011111—12
Dr Carson, 20	101111111011010—11
C Willard, 20	100110001110110— 8
Dr Morton, 20	011101111111111—13

Tie:

Lovell, 16.....0111000111—6 Dr Miller, 18.....1101101111—8

Dr. Miller wins monthly handicap trophy on shoot-off.

BLUE JEANS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 18.—Twenty-three members took advantage of the beautiful weather to-day for an afternoon's sport at the target trap. A light breeze blew across the traps, making it cool and pleasant, and not strong enough to interfere with the flight of the targets.

In the trophy event Dr. Shaw and C. P. Richards tied on 22 for Class A. N. H. Ford and W. A. Jones tied for Class B on scores of 22. P. McGowan won Class C on the splendid score of 21. Other scores follow:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Dr J W Meek	1111111110011110101111111—21	0	21
A McGowan	1111111110101011011111100—19	2	21
P McGowan	1111111111111100110111110—21	3	24
N H Ford	1001110111111111111111111—22	0	22
Dr S Shaw	1111101111111111100111111—22	1	23
J D Pollard	1101110110011101010011111—17	2	19
Black	1110111101110010101111111—19	3	22
J McDonald	0011001110011011101001100—13	3	16
Delano	1111101111111100111011000—18	2	20
T Eaton	1110111101110010111101111—19	0	19
J Wolff	1111101101111100011011111—19	3	22
C P Richards	1011111111111111111110110—22	2	24
White	1101011110111111111101011—19	4	23
F G Barnard	0110111101111010101111111—19	2	21
Dr Huff	1110111110111111011111111—22	3	25
T L Smedes	1111011110111010111111101—20	2	22
Benedict	1001111000001010011100110—12	0	12
Scheigley	0111011110111000110011110—16	0	16
O'Brien	1111111110111110111110100—20	0	20
A D Dorman	0110011001111111111101111—19	0	19
A Hellman	1111010111101111101111111—21	3	24
W A Jones	1111111111111100111111110—22	1	23
S E Young	0001001110001000100001001— 8	2	10
T A Hagerty	1110000111011100001100010—12	0	12

Audubon Gun Club.

Chicago, May 18.—The Audubon Gun Club held its medal shoot at Watson's Park to-day. There was a good attendance of visitors, the latter in the appended list being designated by an *. The scores follow:

Wilcox, 1	22100122	
Felton, 2	10110022210	
Gillis, 1	2211112211112*102	—14
Crow, 2	1121220220220202	—12
Howe, 3	0122221121020221O1	—14
Amburg, 0	11110102*222221	—12
*Johnson	1121*1220120112	—12
*Rice	122100012010102	— 9
*Barto	222*22221011222	—13
*Simmonetti	000110100000210	— 5
*Mrs Shepard	121122102000w	
*Street	202002222110102	—10
*Oliphant	122110102000000	— 7
*Fax	202020120000002	— 6
*Bacci	001022001112100	— 8

*Visitors.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Summer Homes.

IN the Lake Country of Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of most charming summer resorts. Among the list are: Fox Lake, Delavan Lake, Lake Geneva, the Lauderdale Lakes, Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Palmyra, the Dells at Kilbourn, Elkhart Lake and Madison, Minocqua, Star Lake, Frontenac, White Bear, Minnetonka, Marquette, Spirit Lake, Okoboji, Big Stone Lake, etc., etc.

For illustrated booklets "Summer Homes for 1901" and "In the Lake Country," send address with 6 cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.—*Adv.*

The Great Bristol Automatic Fishhook is claimed by its manufacturers to be more humane than other hooks on the ground that under no circumstances does it tear the fish, and a fish caught by it cannot escape, but is at once captured and killed.—*Adv.*

"What attracts my attention shall have it, as I will go to the man who knocks at my door, while a thousand persons as worthy go by it, to whom I give no regard."—Emerson.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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I wish I had long ago started, on a big plan, a series of FOREST AND STREAM scrap books for articles, just as I did for illustrations. I have material now cut out and piled up which would fill several big folios, but unless I break my leg I fear I shall never have a chance to put together these scrap books. The four big ones that I made of the FOREST AND STREAM pictures, which I once described to you, are a thing I am proud of, and my little boy values among his choicest possessions. A.

COLD STORAGE GAME.

THE seizure of unlawful game by Protector Overton in the cold storage vault of the Arctic Freezing Warehouse in this city is the most notable affair of the kind since the memorable confiscation of the Racey birds, more than a quarter of a century ago, which gave us the important Phelps-Racey game law decision. Protector Overton's rummage of the cold storage vaults has already disclosed many thousands of birds, and at this writing is still in progress. The complete statistics of the seizure cannot be given until next week. Nor can it now be foretold what the result of the prosecution will be in the amount of penalties recovered. The sum in which these law breakers are liable would, according to the strict letter of the statute, run into tens of thousands of dollars, but, of course, an attempt will not be made to recover any such maximum. It is customary in such cases to bring suit for a part only of the entire liability, and to inflict a penalty which while severe enough to fulfill the purpose of the law will still commend itself as reasonable and just. In this specific instance, with the evidence of their law violation so abundant and conclusive, the offenders should be punished so severely that they may be discouraged from persisting in defiance of the statute.

The cold storage warehouse people have in published interviews sought to evade responsibility for possession of the contraband articles by explaining that as receivers of sealed packages for storage they were not aware of the contents of the packages. This may very well be true in some cases, but on the other hand the circumstances which led to the detection of the game by the protector go to show that in this instance at least the freezer people did know what they were storing. It is reported that the protector was sent by a dealer from whom he had bought a half-dozen birds to the warehouse to get the birds; and that they were delivered to the protector at the warehouse out of a lot of birds which the warehouse was storing for the dealer. Moreover, the well-known facts as to the general practice of certain game dealers in this town go to sustain the supposition that the cold storage concerns know perfectly well that they are so storing game in the forbidden season, and are thereby making themselves parties to the offense. For in this town game may always be had at any time of the year and in any quantities asked for, and as it is kept during the close season in cold storage the dealer can supply it to the customer only by going to the cold storage warehouse and taking therefrom the amount of game required, or, as in this case, sending the customer to the warehouse for it. It is utterly preposterous for the cold storage people to pretend that they do not know that they are storing forbidden game, and it is difficult to perceive any important distinction between receiving and holding contraband game and receiving and holding stolen goods. In ethics the two things are the same.

There is good reason to assume that the game in the Arctic vaults is in a double sense illicit. Not only is it held unlawfully in close season, but never at any season could it lawfully have been shipped to market and become subject to possession by New York game dealers. The laws of the several States now so generally prohibit the killing of game for sale, or its export to market, that the presumption as to game exposed for sale in New York city always is that it has come there illegitimately and in surreptitious ways. In this State the law forbids the transportation of woodcock, grouse and quail from the county wherein killed, except in limited numbers and accompanied by the possessor. The intent of this law, and its operation, so far as enforced, is to stop the marketing of New York game. To get such game, certain of the city dealers send to their country correspondents instructions for packing it and shipping it with false labels, so that it may come through to New York without detection. When a dealer gets such a package of game he has in hand something to which he can no more legitimately have title than the Bowery fence can have to the booty he receives from the sneak thief. The laws of the States around New York, Conecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and of other States near and far forbid the export of their game; and whatever game reaches New York from these States is contraband, and may not be dealt in by an honest man. In part at least the game seized in the Arctic warehouse belongs to this category, and the men who have come by it by devious means and are now deprived of it by the act of the protector deserve no sympathy for their loss.

Nor is there anything in the representation made by the storage people that the dealers finding themselves stocked up with game at the close of the season have no other recourse than to put the surplus into storage. The answer to this is that they need not get stocked up. The law provides a certain season for the sale of game. The dealer knows what the season is and knows perfectly well that after a given date he may not lawfully have game in possession. Knowing this he can regulate his buying of game, and acquire only such a supply as he can dispose of. Failing to exercise this ordinary, every-day business precaution, he lays himself open to the penalty for game in possession in close time. The real reason for overstocking with game, however, is to have it for sale the year around, and it is kept for this purpose in the cold storage freezers, with the complicity of the proprietors of these concerns.

INTERNATIONAL TRAPSHOOTING.

SINCE the inception of target shooting at the traps, the intervening years are not so many that one needs to be old to remember it. In the latter part of the '70's, the doings of Capt. A. H. Bogardus and others in feats of glass ball shooting were the marvels of the shooting world, although as compared with some of the modern performances at the trap they are commonplace indeed. The Bogardus patent glass ball trap, which was a piece of plank with a cross piece at each end, to which was fastened by one end a curved piece of steel which served as an arm to throw the glass ball, price $12, was soon superseded by more ingenious and efficient mechanical devices for throwing the glass, and the glass balls, which sold at first for $2.50 per 100, were superseded by the clay and composition disks now used. It will be noted that the prices in the early days were far higher than they are now. However, the inanimate target shooting of the world had its origin in those simple and crude beginnings.

The sport grew rapidly in popularity. The game resources of the country were becoming scarcer, and in such sections as contained game in abundance it afforded sport through but a relatively short season. Live bird shooting at the traps was expensive, and owing to the area of ground required for traps, boundary, etc., it was difficult to arrange near the large cities. The inanimate target filled the shooting wants of the masses better than anything else. Target shooting soon became a form of national sport, both as a means to acquire skill in the use of the shotgun and as a test of skill in competition.

Astonishing perfection has been attained in this form of shooting. The records of continuous runs, formerly measured by tens, are now measured by hundreds.

The sport has at length grown in interest from the national to the international, as evidenced by the arrangement of an international series of matches between England and America and the departure of the American team on last Sunday for England, to be there in time to commence competition on June 11. The purse is, in amount, $5,000, or $2,500 a side.

Great as has been the growth of this form of sport, there is no doubt that the international contest will greatly stimulate interest in it and add to its healthful growth.

It is to be hoped, however, that the future international contests of this kind, should there be such, will be on even terms, for the Englishmen enter into it confessedly inferior, by the acceptance of a handicap—that is to say, they have the use of two barrels, while the Americans have the use of but one. Should the English win, it would not be classed as a perfect win, and should the Americans lose, they would still feel that they were not beaten on even terms. However, this match is much to be desired, and it may be hoped is the prelude of many more wherein neither give nor take a handicap. In any case, may the best men win.

The FOREST AND STREAM has arranged to have the trip and the shooting fully reported by Mr. Edward Banks, one of the best trapshooters and newspaper men in the country. His weekly letters will cover the whole time from the date of the team's leaving New York till its return home. In view of the very widespread and general interest in the contest, the publication of this report will cause the FOREST AND STREAM to be read more extensively than ever in the trapshooting world, both here and abroad.

BETWEEN CASTS.

OUR supplement illustration this week is from a drawing by W. P. Davison, who gives us an admirable picture of a trout stream. It is a moment of rest, when the anglers have stopped to quaff a draught from the cool stream and to make a change of casts. It is just such a scene and such a stream as many a one who looks on the picture can recall in memory, and better still, just such a spot as one may hope again to look upon in the reality on some of these June days of 1901. The picture will have an added interest for those who can recognize in the features of the older angler a portrait of Mr. J. L. Davison, who has for many years been known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM as a contributor to our natural history columns.

This is the third picture in the current series of illustration supplements; the others being: April 6—The Trapper's Camp; May 4—Rap Full, and July 6 (to come)—The Home of the Bass.

SNAP SHOTS.

AFTER a protracted correspondence between the New York Yacht Club and Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, announcement is made that Independence will be given an opportunity in the trial races to compete for the defense of the America Cup. The one point upon which the whole controversy hinged—namely, the qualification of the Boston boat by being put under the control of a member of the club—was so simple that a reading of the correspondence fails to disclose any sufficient reason for its voluminous bulk. One effect of the discussion has been vastly to stimulate interest in the trial races and the final selection of the boat which shall have the honor and responsibility of meeting Shamrock II. Until the relative merits of Constitution and Independence shall have been settled there will be much livelier speculation concerning the result between these two boats than about the final outcome of the race for the Cup, for no one questions that the record of 1901 will be of another victory for the American yacht.

We reprinted from Science last week an article by Dr. C. Hart Merriam calling into question the course of the California authorities in their destruction of the sea lion as a consumer of food fishes. To-day we take from the last report of the California Fish Commission a letter addressed to the head of the national Fish Commission, in which is set forth the other side of the case. This forms part of a somewhat voluminous correspondence between the California Commissioners and the Treasury Department and others, but the case is essentially summed up in the letter which is here reprinted. The California authorities claim that instead of having acted ignorantly and precipitately, they did not move for the war on the sea lions until after deliberate consultation with such authorities as Messrs. Jordan and Gilbert, and they say that while the sentimental side of the question appeals to them as strongly as to any one, they have been impelled by stern necessity to undertake a reduction of the sea lion supply.

The last session of the New York Legislature empowered the Game Commissioners to acquire by gift or purchase a stock of moose for restoring the species to the Adirondacks, and an appropriation of $5,000 was made for the purpose. Just what steps will be taken the Commissioners have not made public. The problem of acquiring the live moose is much simpler than that of protecting them after they have been put out. There are among the Adirondack guides incorrigible rascals who stand ready to kill the moose whenever opportunity offers, and the villainy of these human brutes is the only serious obstacle the Commissioners have to meet. Whenever the game can be assured protection, moose will be given to the State by the owners of private game preserves.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Repentance of Peshtigo Sam.

THE day was drawing to a close and the shadows were deepening in the forest, when the big stag bestirred himself and arose from his couch of sweet-smelling ferns. He stood for a moment sniffing the air and listening intently for any indication of the presence of a lurking foe, and then stepped forth with lordly air on his way to the running water where, each day at the setting of the sun, he was wont to quench his thirst. A faintly traced runway led him, with many a turn, through the heart of a virgin forest where tall pines of mighty girth towered aloft on all sides, stretching away in unbroken ranks as far as the eye could reach, like the sculptured columns of some vast temple. A great stillness brooded over the forest, broken occasionally by a slight sound—the snapping of a twig or the faint rustling of a bush. At each sound, at each suspicious movement of some low hanging branch, the stag became a living statue, motionless as an image of bronze, ready at a moment's notice to seek safety in flight, if necessary, or else to give battle to the intruder should he prove to be one of his own kind trespassing on his domains.

He reached the bank of the river unmolested, and stepping down to the water's edge lowered his antlered head and drank a deep draught of the cool water. Suddenly he started and half turned as if to flee. His quick ears had detected a faint, unfamiliar sound which seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer, and the next instant a canoe shot around a bend in the river just below him. Seated in the canoe were two white men, each plying a paddle with long, powerful strokes that sent the frail bark through the water at a rapid speed. An indefinable but none the less dreadful fear clutched the heart of the noble stag. He had never before seen a white man, but his instinct warned him that here was a new enemy, and one greatly to be feared. He hesitated a moment and then wheeled about and disappeared like a shadow in the depths of the forest, nor paused in his flight until he had put a safe distance between himself and this new terror.

"Gosh almighty!" the man in the bow of the canoe exclaimed. "Did you see that buck, Bill?"

"I sh'd say I did," the other replied. "He was a whopper, an' no mistake. That makes the tenth we've seen to-day, don't it?"

"Yep. The tenth or eleventh, I forget which. They're thicker'n sheep."

"We might 's well land here fer the night," the man called Bill suggested.

"Guess so," his companion asserted. "It's a likely lookin' place."

With a skillful touch of the paddle that denoted long experience in the art, the canoe was headed for the shore, and as the keel grated on the pebbly bottom the man in front leaped out and drew the light bark after him on to the gently sloping bank. His companion followed him, and together they beached the canoe high and dry for the night. The simple camp outfit was then unloaded, and in an incredibly short time a fire was blazing merrily a short distance back from the river and the woodsmen prepared their evening meal. Their hunger appeased, they filled their pipes and stretching themselves out beside the camp-fire, proceeded to enjoy the comfort of an after supper smoke and a quiet chat before turning in for the night.

The cruisers had traveled far on this trip in their search for a growth of pines of the proper requirements; they had tramped many miles, toiling over some rough portage or carry, and had paddled many more in their frail birch bark canoe. In spite of all the hardships and dangers, however, it was a life full of charm and excitement—the life that suited them.

"They ain't no use goin' no futher, I guess," Long Tom remarked, stirring the fire with his foot. "This is the best lookin' timber we've struck yet by a long shot an' they's plenty of it an' it's handy to the river."

"Couldn't be handier ef 'twas made t' order," his friend replied. "Guess we'd better start back to-morrow an' report. We'll jest 'bout be in time fer the boys t' git things in shape fer the crew."

"Tell y' what it is, Bill," Long Tom observed irrelevantly, "I'd like t' git a shot at that buck afore we start back. He's the biggest ever."

"What's the use!" Bill objected. "Ther's plenty more to be had fer the shootin' of 'em. It's a leetle early fer venison, anyhow."

"Mebbe so," Long Tom admitted, half reluctantly, "but he was a whopper an' no mistake."

A brief silence followed, which was broken by Bill's voice.

"Say, Tom," said he, "you promised t' tell me what you shook Green Bay so all of a sudden fer. I never could figger that out, nohow. Let's hev the yarn now."

Long Tom puffed silently at his pipe for some time before replying.

"Same old story," he at length began. "'Twas all long of a gal an' another feller. Y' wouldn't think t' look at me that a slip of a gal could git 'round me an' make a reg'lar durn fool o' me, would you, now?" he questioned, sheepishly.

"Seein' as one o' them same gals done the same t' me, I kin," Bill solemnly replied. "They're funny critters, gals is."

"Waal," Long Tom continued, "'twas long o' one o' them that I shook Green Bay an' a good job. I was dead gone on a gal, an' was calculatin' t' hitch up an' travel double fer the rest o' my days. Seein' as Sal—her name was Sal—seein' as Sal was more'n half willin', I'd got my dander screwed up t' the pint o' puttin' the queschin', when 'long comes another feller an' goes in fer t' cut me out. He warn't much of a feller, but he could git 'round the wimmin folks somehow, an' he sorter got 'round Sal. He warnt much fer size, jest a onery sort of a duck, but Sal seemed t' like him, an' the dern cuss know'd it. I allers thought he lied 'bout me, but I couldn't prove it, an' when he give it out that he an' Sal was goin' t' git married an' Sal didn't deny it, I jest naterly didn't wanter be 'round when the funeral come off, so I shook the hull bizness. That's all they is to it."

"What was the feller's name?" asked Bill.

"Haskins. Sam Haskins."

"Wha-at!" Bill exclaimed, sitting erect and staring at his companion in amazement. "Y' don't mean Peshtigo Sam? Waal I'll be derned! The onery cuss!"

"Y' don't mean t' say you know Sam Haskins?" Long Tom demanded, equally surprised.

"Know him! Wall, I jest guess I do. Why, he come near doin' fer a feller by the name o' Hogarth, a friend o' mine over in Peshtigo. Me an' Hogarth come near fightin' 'bout it. 'Twas all consarnin' a gal, too, her I spoke 'bout. We run Peshtigo Sam out o' camp. That was two years ago. Know him? Waal I jest guess."

"Y' don't say!" Long Tom could find no other words in which to express his feelings.

"Yes-sir-ee. An' I'll bet he warn't squar' in his dealin's with you," Bill emphatically asserted. "Ther aint a honest hair in Peshtigo Sam's head, b' gosh. Did he marry the gal?"

"Course," Long Tom replied. "They was all ready fer the bizness when I cleared out."

"It's too all fired bad," said Bill in sympathetic tones. "He was such a onery, sneakin' cuss. You mark what I say; he done some onderhand bizness consarnin' you an' the gal."

They finished their pipes in silence, each busy with his own thoughts of the past and of the "gal" he had tried to win. But these thoughts faded into confusion ere long, and their weary eyelids drooped and their heads nodded on their breasts. They replenished the fire for the night, rolled themselves in their blankets and soon their deep, heavy breathing announced that the cruisers had forgotten the cares of the day and rested from their labors.

In the still watches of the night the big stag cautiously drew near and gazed, half in wonder, half in fear, at the flickering fire and the shadowy forms lying there within the dim circle of light. He could not understand it. He

AND NOT A GOOD DAY FOR COONS.
Photo by W. P. Davison.

was all new to him, and he gave vent to his feelings of perplexity in a loud snort. At that sound one of the figures stirred uneasily and muttered in his sleep, and the stag, fearing he knew not what, vanished silently into the black darkness of the forest. Early the next morning Long Tom discovered the stag's footprints in the soft, mossy soil, and swore a big oath that before the winter snows had come and gone that stag should be his venison.

Having marked the spot where they had camped with blazes on the trees, the cruisers bundled their traps into the canoe, headed the prow down stream and with the aid of current and paddle were borne swiftly away on their journey back to the settlement.

* * * * * * *

The logging camp was completed; the main road, with its numerous branches extending to different portions of the "logging swamp," had been cut and well graded and leveled; everything was in readiness, and there was nothing to do but await the arrival of the crew with the teams and provisions for the winter camp. Scarcely a trace remained of the runway that led to the big stag's drinking place. In its stead was the main logging road with all its branching arteries, one of which led to a small clearing where the newly finished log house and the adjoining stables had been erected.

All this was the result of that visit of the two cruisers not long before. They had conducted the pioneer crew, the vanguard of the real army of the destroyers of the forest, to this spot, and at their arrival the ringing blows of the axe had resounded for the first time through this wilderness, and the work of destruction had had its beginning. When the big stag beheld these unwonted sights he gathered his herd about him and led them, trembling and afraid, far from the scenes of danger, but not beorfe three of their number had yielded up their lievs to their new enemies.

It had been snowing all night and all the morning, and still the light, swirling flakes fell unceasingly; the ground was covered with an ever thickening blanket of white, and the branches of the fir trees drooped heavily, weighted down with the unaccustomed load. Winter had arrived in all his panoply of state. The crew had finished their mid-day meal and were lounging in their bunks idly smoking, or engaged in some light occupation of mending or what not. There existed a certain similarity in the appearance of these men—the similarity that is noticeable in a regiment of well drilled soldiers who have campaigned together for many seasons. There was Bill White, and "Long Tom" Bartlett, and Seth Jenkins, the captain of the crew, and two or three others, none of whom looked up to six foot two, and last, but by no means least, "Slim Jim," the ever busy French Canadian cook, a man of medium height but of mighty girth, the most important man in the camp—three times a day. These men had performed the labor of Titans in clearing the way and making all the necessary preparations for the great work soon to begin.

"The teams ought t' be comin' along putty soon." Captain Jenkins remarked to no one in particular. "They've had sleighin' fer a week now an' they're just about due."

"How many men y' got this trip?" Long Tom inquired.

"Twenty-four all told," the captain replied. He stepped to the door, and opening it, looked out upon the snow bound forest.

"It beats all how it keeps on a-snowin'," he observed, half to himself, as he turned back into the room.

"Say, Cap'n," one of the men called out, "jest leave the door open, will yuh? It's hoter'n blue blazes in here."

As none of the others objected, Captain Jenkins complied with the request. He had scarcely taken his seat on the rude bench that served in lieu of chairs, when a faint, far distant cry came borne across the snow from the depths of the forest. In an instant the men all sprang to their feet and made a rush for the door.

"The teams at last," cried Captain Jenkins in jubilant tones, as their loud chorus of, "ho-hee's" was answered by another distant shout. "Here, Slim Jim, git a move on an' git grub ready fer sixteen hungry men. They'll be hungrier than wolves. You'll have to rush things."

"Certainly," Jim the cook answered. "I cannot cook ze grub in one minute, but she be ready dem quick. Mon Dieu," he grumbled to himself as he flew about among his pots and pans, "but it always is 'Slim Jim get a move on,' as if anybody move fast like me."

Presently the long train appeared toiling slowly and wearily along through the deep snow; the sleds laden with provisions and tools for the camp, and fodder for the cattle, and the lumbermen trudging along beside the sleds, or straggling behind in parties of twos and threes. Loud greetings were exchanged as they drew near enough to the camp for familiar faces to be recognized.

Long Tom and Bill White stood side by side, shouting out the names of the men they knew as they appeared in sight. Among the very last of the new comers was a man somewhat undersized in comparison with the rest. Apparently he was unknown to any of the pioneer crew, for he exchanged greetings with none of them, but as he approached nearer Long Tom suddenly grasped Bill's arm.

"I'll be cussed ef thar aint Sam Haskins," he exclaimed in suppressed tones.

"Peshtigo Sam, fer a dollar," Bill ejaculated in the same breath.

The two men stared at one another with looks that bespoke many varying emotions, and then turned their gaze on this last straggler as he slowly advanced toward them.

"Better not do nuthin' rash, Tom," said Bill in an undertone. "Let's see what his game is fust."

"All right, I won't," Long Tom growled, "I'd like t' smash his face, though."

"Hello, Peshtigo," Bill called out, as the man suddenly stopped with an exclamation of surprise at sight of them. "Whar'd y' come from, an' what brung you up here?"

Long Tom said not a word. Peshtigo Sam was clearly disconcerted, but he made the best of an awkward situation, and putting on a bold face stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Why, hello, Bill," he cried with a would-be expression of pleased recognition on his countenance. "I didn't know you and Long Tom was here."

"I reck'n not," said Bill with a grim smile, ignoring the proffered hand. "Guess you'd a tried some other loggin' swamp ef y' had."

"Waal, I guess not," Peshtigo Sam retorted with a blustering air. "You don't s'pose I'm 'fraid o' you, do yuh?"

"The last time I seen you it looked some like it," Bill drawled.

"O, waal, there was two of you then," replied Peshtigo Sam, "You an' Hogarth, an' you wouldn't listen t' no reason. There want nuthin' agin me but circumstantial evidence, as the lawyers say."

"I don't give a cuss what y' call it," Bill rejoined, "but you acted like a dern sneak, an' I want t' tell you right here that yer room's better'n yer company, as the lawyers also sez."

"I s'pose Long Tom's mad cause I cut him out with the gal he wanted," said the other spitefully.

Long Tom flushed with anger.

"Drop that," he commanded in menacing tones, "or I'll break yuh in two." And then on second thought he inquired: "I want t' know ef you married her, though."

"Course I did," Peshtigo Sam declared boastfully, "an all I've got t' say is, it's small bizness gittin' riled cause Sal liked me best."

"That's all I want t' know jest now," Long Tom interrupted. "From what Bill tells me y' seem t' have a likin' fer wimin, but ef you mention that gal's name agin I'll break yer infernal head fer yuh."

Captain Jenkins, happening to be standing near by just then, overheard Long Tom's threat.

"Here, what's the rumpus," he inquired, joining the

"Here, what's the rumpus?" he inquired, joining the group of angry men. "None o' your scrappin' here in camp, y' know. You kin save all that till spring, when there aint nuthin' else doin'. Sam, you better be gittin' your grub or you'll git left, an' Tom, you an' Bill lend a hand at the sleds there. There's plenty t' do without jawin'."

Peshtigo Sam was only too glad to escape from his disagreeable position, and the other two men turned their attention to the unloading of the sleds. The Captain's word was law in camp, and there was not much danger of a recurrence of the stormy scene.

And now all was bustle and confusion. The oxen were unyoked and led away to the stables; the sleds were quickly unloaded, and the surrounding forest echoed with the sound of loud laughter and coarse jokes, while through it all, like an accompaniment to a song, a steady

stream of profanity flowed, unceasingly, which added local color to the scene and made the men feel more at home. Profanity is one of the precursors of civilization.

In the evening, when they were all gathered indoors, "swapping lies" and repeating stale news from the outside world for the benefit of those who had been buried in the wilderness so long a time, some one called upon Long Tom for a song.

"I ain't in good voice," he objected with a laugh.

"Give us that one about 'When the ship went sailin' away,'" Bill White requested.

"That's too old," said Long Tom. "Here's a new one I learned off'n a Down-Easter last summer. It's called 'Eagle O.'"

This is the song that Long Tom, the cruiser, sang with mournful cadence as he lay sprawled out upon his back in his bunk; some of his hearers listening with all due attention, while others soon drifted away into the land of dreams, lulled to sleep by the sound of the singer's voice.

"O 'twas in the town of Eagle, O,
Where I did live and dwell;
'Twas in the town of Waxford
I owned a flour mill.
I fell in love with a Waxford gal
With a dark an' rollin' eye-ee;
I asked her for to be my wife,
Her wishes to comply-ee.

"I went into her father's house
About eight o'clock at night;
I asked her for to come an' walk,
Our weddin' to app'int.
We walked an' talked along the road
Till we came to level ground,
When from a hedge I drew a stake
An' knocked this fair maid down.

"She fell upon her bended knees,
An' for mercy she did cry-ee,
Sayin', 'Willie, dear, don't kill me here,
For I'm not prepared to die-ee.'
But none did I heed her pleadin',
An' I beat her all the more,
Till on the ground an' all around
Was strewn a bloody gore.

"I took her by her golden locks
An' dragged her o'er the ground,
An' threw her in the river
That ran through Waxford town,
Sayin', 'Lie there, lie there, you pretty fair maid,
Who was to be my bride;
Lie there, lie there, you Waxford gal,
To me you'll never be tied.'

"When this young man returnèd home
About ten o'clock at night,
His mother, bein' weary,
Woke up all in a fright,
Sayin', 'Son, O son, what have you done
To bloody your hands an' clothes?'
The answer that he gave to her
Was a bleedin' at the nose.

"He callèd for a candle
To light his way to bed,
Likewise a silken handkerchief
To tie his achin' head.
But tyin's an' all tanglin's,
No rest could this man find,
For the gates of hell before his eyes,
Before his eyes did shine."

Long Tom's voice had grown drowsy and drowsier as the song progressed, and at this point died away altogether into an incipient snore. History does not tell what became of the man from Waxford town.

* * * * * * *

The men were up before daybreak the next morning. Captain Jenkins assigned them to their different duties, and then headed the procession for the woods and the real work of despoiling the forest soon began. It transpired that Peshtigo Sam was to occupy the position of teamster, and after the first day or two the cruisers were obliged to admit that in this rôle he was a success.

The short days sped swiftly by, and the beautiful forest of tall pines was transformed into a graveyard of protruding stumps and huge piles of brushwood scattered about in wild confusion. With tireless energy the woodcutters plied both axe and saw; the crash of falling trees was ever in the air, while down at the river the great pile of logs was steadily increasing in bulk. It was a bitter cold winter. The snow deepened on the ground, hindering the loggers in their work, and many a savage oath rose from their lips as they floundered about in the deep drifts. Venison was hard to get, and the wolves, emboldened by hunger, grew daily more fearless about the camp, tempted by the odor of cooking food. The Captain was the only contented member of the crew. The deep snows meant plenty of water in the river for the spring drive and the Captain had an eye to business.

Peshtigo Sam had hauled his last load for the day and was now on his way to camp. He was not in a cheerful frame of mind. That last load had caused no end of trouble and delayed him until the dusk had begun to fall, and he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder from time to time, half expecting to see shadowy forms creeping up behind him, and urged on the weary, patient oxen. He was not popular in camp, and he knew that there would be little real sorrow felt if he should be torn to pieces by wild beasts. Long Tom would probably rejoice at his death. He had just turned off from the main road into the branch road that led to camp, when the sound of a light footfall behind him startled him. He wheeled about, and there standing in the road he had just left was the biggest stag it had ever been his lot to behold.

The stag paused a brief moment at sight of the man and team, and then bounded forward and disappeared in the direction of the river before Peshtigo Sam had time to raise his rifle to his shoulder.

"Thunderation! but he was a whopper," he exclaimed aloud. "Waal, to-morrow'll be Sunday, an' I'll jest go arter you, then, old feller."

The prospect of triumphing over the rest of the men (for none of them had shot a deer for weeks) was so pleasing that he cracked his whip and caled cheerlily to the oxen, arriving at camp in a happier frame of mind than he had been in for many a day. Had he lingered awhile longer he would have seen a dozen dusky forms speeding swiftly and silently down the road on the trail of the big stag, for there were other hunters abroad in the forest.

The next day was Sunday, and for once in their lives the men were glad of a short respite from their labors. As a rule the enforced idleness was irksome to them and they said hard things about the Captain in consequence. Shortly after breakfast Peshtigo Sam took his rifle and started forth on his hunt for the big stag.

"Whar y' goin'?" Captain Jenkins called after him, his curiosity somewhat aroused.

"Goin' t' git some venison," he called back.

This announcement brought forth a roar of laughter from the others, but Peshtigo Sam ignored their mirth and went on his way unconcerned. The more they ridiculed him, the greater would be his victory. His undertaking bid fair to succeed beyond his expectations, for he had not tramped more than a mile from camp when the big stag again crossed his path. The animal discovered him at the same moment and fled. Peshtigo Sam was too far away to risk a shot, so he followed in pursuit. It was an easier matter for the stag to elude a man than to shake off a pack of hungry wolves, and he forthwith proceeded to lead this hunter an interesting chase, doubling many times in his tracks, but always keeping near the road that led to the river, for a two-fold danger constantly threatened him.

Peshtigo Sam followed the trail where it showed plain in the deep snow. It was tiring work, and more than once was he half tempted to turn back and give up the chase; but the fear of the other men's ridicule constantly spurred him on to fresh efforts. Stumbling and cursing he toiled along, receiving many a nasty fall over some hidden obstruction in his path. The hours sped swiftly by, and it was late in the afternoon when he finally gave up the unequal struggle and turned his steps homeward.

In making his way through a "swamp" where the loggers had been at work, he suddenly tripped over a log buried in the snow and fell headlong. He scrambled to his feet with an oath, but the first step brought a sharp cry of pain from his lips. He realized in a moment what had happened. In falling he had caught his foot, and sprained his ankle.

He hobbled over to the nearest stump in sight, and sat himself down to think over the situation. Here he was miles from camp, with a sprained ankle, and only a few short hours of daylight left. There was no time to lose if he expected to reach home before dark. He started up, using his rifle as a crutch, and began the long painful journey back to camp. He made but slow progress, and before he had covered a mile of the distance the shadows were beginning to deepen in the forest. He apprehended that he could never accomplish the journey before nightfall, and the terror that men feel when lost in the woods assailed him.

As the short winter's twilight gradually faded, a chilling wind began to moan dismally through the tall pines, and the cold began to make itself felt. He tried to light a fire, but the wood was wet and he exhausted his scanty supply of matches, and the fear of freezing to death added new terrors to the situation. And then the far away cry of a wolf came to his ears. The cry was taken up and repeated from all the different points of the compass. Peshtigo Sam shivered with fright. He had no fear of the wolves so long as he could defend himself, but what if the cold should overcome him and he should lose consciousness before help reached him—would they not attack him in his defenseless state? The thought was terrifying and incited him to renewed endeavors. He struggled forward a short distance and then sank down utterly worn out beside a big beech tree.

He had been firing off the rifle at regular intervals until he had used all but three cartridges; these he reserved for emergencies. Oh, if help would only come before it was too late! He dreaded to die like this. As he now thought about it, he had not made a very good use of his life. He had done many things which he now felt ashamed of and which he would gladly undo if he could.

If he could! Well, there was one wrong he could undo, and that was his treachery to Long Tom. In his pocket he carried a memorandum book and a stub of a pencil. As he was dishonest in most of his own dealings he naturally judged others by himself, and so, for fear of being cheated, acted as his own timekeeper. He tore a leaf from this book and in the dim, uncertain light, scrawled the following message:

"Long Tom i lide about Sal. i didunt mary her she luvs you Sam."

He pinned the paper to the tree, in a conspicuous place, with his jack-knife. This act relieved his mind somewhat, and he hoped that Long Tom would forgive him when he read the message.

He wondered how much longer he could hold out, and if his frozen body would be devoured by the famished wolves now howling about him. He began to grow drowsy. He roused himself with an effort and in a fit of despair fired one of his three remaining cartridges. To his joy the shot was answered by another shot sounding far away. He waited impatiently until he heard a repetition of the sound, and then responded with his second cartridge. His third signal was answered by a faint, halloo! and he sent back an answering cry.

"Guess we got here jest in time," Captain Jenkins observed, as they raised Peshtigo Sam and forced a flask between his set teeth.

"Looks that away," said Long Tom. "He's comin' to all right."

Peshtigo Sam opened his eyes, and in the light of the three lanterns carried by his rescuers, recognized Captain Jenkins, Long Tom and Bill White.

"I can git on all right with a little help," he declared. "I sprained my ankle. How'd you ever find me?"

"Jest by luck," Captain Jenkins replied. "Waal, ther' aint no use lingerin' here."

"What's that stickin' in the tree?" Bill asked, as the light of his lantern flashed on the piece of fluttering paper.

"Oh, that's my dyin' message," Peshtigo Sam answered with an evasive laugh. "Guess I wont need it now," so saying he pulled out the knife and thrust it, along with the note, into his pocket.

Peshtigo Sam related his experience in his pursuit of the big stag, and was profuse in his thanks to his rescuers.

"Thank Long Tom," Captain Jenkins interrupted. "Ef 't want fer him you'd still be lyin' where you was. He proposed this searchin' party."

"Was it you? Honest Injun?" Peshtigo Sam demanded incredulously of the big fellow on whose shoulder he was then leaning. "It was dern good o' you, Tom, an'——"

"Oh, let up," Long Tom commanded; "I'd a done the same fer one o' the cattle. 'T want cause I love you a heap. 'Twas jest t' git ahead o' the wolves, that's all."

Peshtigo Sam had not another word to say. He was not deceived by Long Tom's disavowal of worthier motives for his actions, and his thoughts were busy with the confession which he had written on the leaf of his note book, and which, but for the big-hearted fellow beside him, might have been left to flutter on the trunk of the beech tree while the hungry wolves fought over his bones.

That night, as he sat all bundled up before the blazing camp fire, his glance constantly wandered from a silent figure in one of the bunks opposite him to a small piece of crumpled paper in his own hand.

"Ef 't want fer him I wouldn't be here now," he mused. I orter tell him. Mebbe I'd better wait awhile, though. I'll tell him in the spring. He can't go back thar now. Ther' ain't no hurry—but I orter tell him now. Ef 't want fer Sal——." He hesitated, and then tossed the piece of paper into the fire.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Where the Loon Laughs.

In Three Parts—Part One.

"OF course you are not well, and I doubt that you are particularly happy," says Kitchener at the close of a twenty-page letter, "and for the reason that you have forgotten the traditions of your lusty youth, that you have drifted away from the sweet and satisfying things that used to put the tan on your cheek and the brawn on your shoulders. Man! how long is it since you had a gun in your hands with a cocker ranging the blueberry scrub ahead of you, or held a troll in your teeth while you drove your canoe softly over the water in the shadow of the bank where the black bass lie? Sick Thing, will you yield to the snare I have tried to set for your unwilling feet through all these many pages? Will you come with us for one glorious month to the land where the loon laughs in the hush of the night and the crane stands on one leg to gravely consider your camp in the half-light of the shadowy dawn; to the haunts of the wood duck, the partridge, the big fight-full bass and pickerel, to the land where high serene thoughts come unbidden and the town-worn, weary man sits humbly at the Master's feet, learning again the half-forgotten lesson of life? Or do you intend to remain upon your knees, babbling sordid prayers to the unresponsive wooden god you glorify by the name of Business, until such time as Death comes stalking silently and lays his cold hand upon your shoulder?"

The Sick Thing heaves a great sigh and then reads Kitchener's long letter all over again. But he has made up his mind before the sigh is well begun, and the rereading of the letter is now only for the further delight of the thing. When he has finished, he touches a button under his desk.

"John," he says to the boy who appears in response to the summons, "find out for me the quickest and best way to get from New York to Toronto. And when you have done that, secure me a through sleeper for to-morrow night. Then telegraph to this address in Toronto and say I am coming."

Forty-eight hours later Kitchener meets him at the railway station in Toronto.

"Everything is ready," he announces. "All the stores are bought and the canoes have gone on by express. We leave at noon for Orillia, and the other two men are to meet us at the South Parkdale station."

"What about the guides?"

"Do you happen to know what a Corinthian is, in modern parlance?"

"Can't say that I do."

"Well, a Corinthian is a gentleman who scorns all guides and cooks when he goes into the wilderness. This is a Corinthian expedition. We'll all have to work like beavers, and that means that we'll get all the fun and all the benefits without having to endure any of the ordinary drawbacks."

By 4 o'clock of the same day the party of four stands on the wharf at Orillia. City clothes have been exchanged for comfortable and durable camp togs—the butterfly having crept back into the chrysalis, so to speak. With rough work to do, rough clothes must be worn. When the clothes have to be washed and mended by the man who wears them, they are neither numerous nor ornamental. A flannel shirt, woolen socks, khaki tunic and trousers and substantial laced boots of amphibious character, are, more or less, what each man has on. And the greatest of these is the boots, for they must wade, cramp under the canoe thwarts, climb over jagged rocks, plunge through tamarac swamps, submit to be baked by the sun, parboiled by the bog and supersoaked by water, and yet remain to the lattermost day a tough yet pliant protection to the wearer's feet.

The Sick Thing is gazing upon the two long, slender canoes lying side by side upon the wharf, and looking like a couple of pickerel treated to a coat of red paint.

"Kitchener," he says, solemnly, "do you seriously contemplate putting all these dunnage bags, guns, four men and a dog into those things? You'll sink 'em if you do, and they don't seem designed for submarine work. If you don't mind, I think I'll walk. I used to be very fond of walking."

Kitchener, with an arm thrust deep in a dunnage bag, bestowing the last of the loose articles, grunts softly as he works.

"Huh!" he grunts "point of view of the latter part of a misspent life in New York. You used to care mighty little whether you traveled above or below the water. But for to-day, we'll keep on top—mostly—just till you get used to it."

"There isn't anything of these ridiculous little things—they haven't any beam worth mentioning," the Sick Thing grumbles, squatting down to a closer examination of the canoes.

"Goodness knows that isn't the trouble with you, nowadays. Now we're all ready. Just get hold of the end of the canoe, Scik Thing, and lift it into the water. Good! Now, then, the bags. Now step in yourself."

"You don't happen to have a derrick about you, Kitchener, do you?"

"Nonsense! Just lay your foot fairly in the middle of the floor and step in. She's as steady as the Bank of England. There you are! That was splendidly done—for an elephant."

"If the Bank of England isn't any steadier than that," the Sick Thing remarks, clutching the sides of the canoe as Kitchener steps in, "then the Lord have mercy on the nation's finances."

"Come along, you fellows," Kitchener shouts to the others. "We've got to make camp somewhere before sundown. You don't mind the sea, Sick Thing, do you? It's running a bit high for the amount of freeboard we've got. Are you pretty comfy?"

"Lord, yes! This is simply luxurious. Vestibuled limiteds are not in it for a moment with this. I'm wet to the waist already."

"Hark!" says Kitchener, pausing in his paddling. "See if you can make out what Cyclops is shouting back there on the wharf. Confound this wind, even a fog horn like that can't carry against it! Something's wrong. I suppose, and we'll have to go back. We can't put about in this sea. Just back water, will you? We've only got twenty or thirty yards to go."

They backed up to the wharf, keeping the nose of the canoe to the wind, Cyclops in the meantime shouting prodigiously.

"Shut up, you infernal calliope," Kitchener growls. "Now then, what is the matter?"

"Have you got any tobacco?" Cyclops says, mildly.

"Chuck him your pouch, Sick Thing," Kitchener says with feeling. Then as the Sick Thing bows his head over his paddle in an anguish of laugher, Kitchener gives himself over without let or hindrance to a glittering flow of profanity.

"I wish I could swear like you, Kitchener," the Sick Thing says, wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeve. "It's beautiful."

When they are once more well away from the wharf they are brought to a halt by another voice.

"It's the Little Officer Boy this time," Kitchener says, gloomily. "He seems to be dancing and waving his hands. Now I wonder what in the name of Job he wants. Well, back her up again. If this goes on, we'll have to sleep at the hotel to-night."

When they are alongside once more, the Little Officer Boy makes himself understood:

"Why the deuce didn't you fellows stay where you were?" he cries, indignantly. "That's what I was telling you. You looked fine out there with the sea coming over you and the light was just right. I should have had a bully picture in a minute if you'd only kept still. Go out again, will you?—and come round into the trough of the sea, so as to get it good. I'll have my camera out in a jiffy."

"Step out, Sick Thing, and land the bags," Kitchener says, in the tone of a man who sees the sheriff coming with a writ. "We'll have to dump—the water's half-way to the thwarts already."

While this operation is being performed, Kitchener turns to the others and says quietly, but in a way that brooks no question, "Get off, you fellows, and we'll follow."

When the emptied canoe is again placed in the water and the bags are being lifted in, the other canoe is seen to be backing toward the wharf.

"Well," roars Kitchener, "what is it now?"

"Either of you fellows got a match?" Cyclops inquires, in a casual way.

"He insisted upon coming back, you know," the Little Officer Boy says, in explanation.

"Here, catch my match safe," Kitchener growls. "Now then, get away with you, and don't stop paddling until I give the signal to make camp. It's a quarter to five now, and the tent's got to be up by seven. Get off now, and don't let me hear another word out of you."

The expedition is started upon its first stage at last with all Lake Couchiching ahead of it and a stiff breeze to work against.

"How are you feeling, Sick Thing?" Kitchener sings out presently.

"Both feet asleep," the Sick Thing responds. "Don't mind me. I'll be all right when it spreads. It's creeping up my legs now."

"Don't bother about your feet. It always strikes a man like that the first day or two. Are you pretty comfy otherwise?"

"Long, thin pain from the small of my back to the nape of my neck; big square-built pain in my diaphragm; my left ear and the right side of my nose are itchy, and if I stop to scratch 'em, I know I'll get a tubful of cold water in my stomach. Yes; quite comfy, thank you. What was that poetical thing you said in your letter about the land where the loon laughs in the hush of the night? If he has any sense of humor, he'll laugh himself sick when he sees this procession go by, hush or hurricane. I say, Kitchener, don't you imagine that I'm not enjoying this thing. It's splendid, of course, but I don't want to glut myself with it. What's the matter with making camp now and getting something to eat?"

"Do you see that little island straight ahead? Well, we'll make for that and put up there for the night. I figured it out from the wharf before we started as about eight miles, so we'll only have about six more to go. Just stick to your paddle and you'll be there before you know it, and with an appetite of heroic proportions."

"One of my hands seems to be stuck tight to the paddle now, oozing blood, and with a loose bone working out between. Only six miles more—eh? Well, I'm going to give myself over to a silent enjoyment of it. Please don't talk to me. When you reach the island, just lift me out and put me to bed. I shan't want any supper."

The canoes reach the objective point about seven o'clock, the Sick Thing is helped out, and being beyond all inclination for speech, is laid away in a blanket. Within half an hour the tent is up and the supper is cooked. Kitchener gently prods the Sick Thing with the toe of his boot.

"Supper's ready," he announces. "I say, supper's ready. Do you think you could manage a mouthful? Poor old chap; we've worked you too hard the first day. Do you want to go on sleeping, or will you join us at the festive board?"

"Gracious!" says the Sick Thing, rolling over and opening his eyes, "I feel as if I'd been in a railway collision. Yes; I think I'd best try to swallow a little something. What's for supper?"

"Fried bacon, boiled rice and raisins, hardtack and tea. How does that strike you?"

"Strange to say, it strikes me as somewhat alluring," the Sick Thing says, getting painfully to his feet and beginning to limp toward the fire.

A rubber sheet is spread upon the ground between the tent and the camp-fire, and on this, four tin plates, four tin cups and a working force of knives and forks and spoons are ranged, with a tin plate in the center heaped with hardtack. At the edge of the fire stands a big, blackened tin pot containing a couple of quarts of tea, and near it a frying pan with eight thick slices of bacon half-submerged in brown juice and covered, more or less, with a deposit of wood ashes. Kitchener gathers the embers of the fire into a heap and places the frying pan on top for a last warming. When the brown juice is boiling he drops into it a handful of broken hardtack. When the hardtack has absorbed all of the juice, the preparations are complete. Each man gets two slices of bacon, a spoonful of fried hardtack and a big cupful of tea.

"Not in the spirit of criticism," says the Sick Thing, "but merely by way of friendly comment, I note the absence of butter."

"You do?" says Kitchener. "And ditto the absence of cream. You've left the dainties behind you, and for the next month will have nothing but plain soldier's fare, bar the fish and the partridges we take—and they won't come our way for the next day or two. I've never been over this route before, but as I figure it out on the Government maps, we'll have to have a rapids or two behind us before we get into the fish and partridge country."

"Did you bring a saw with you?" the Sick Thing asks, turning a hardtack biscuit over and over in his hands and being evidently unwilling to risk his teeth on it. "What do you mean about having rapids behind us?"

"Just lay it on the ground and smash it with your heel. What I mean is that for the first day or two we shall be in the country of the summer vacationer—the thing that comes from the inland towns of the States and wears a yachting cap and fishes with a worm. That kind of a fellow doesn't like either rapids or portages. Consequently he stays on the safe side of them and fishes and shoots all day, taking all the game he can get, whether he can eat it or not. He's probably been hard at work upon this part of the country for the last ten years, with the inevitable result that nothing is left but the scenery. How do you like the grub, now that you've got into it?"

"It's really very good. All one needs to enjoy it thoroughly is teeth, confidence and hunger. I never half believed the starvation stories of men eating their boots before. There doesn't seem to be anything improbable in it. What's in that other pot?"

"That's the rice pudding, my boy. It's the coping stone of the feast. If you're ready for it, just wander down to the water and wash your plate if you're particular to have a clean one."

"I think I'll have the pudding on the plate just as it is, thank you all the same. And give me another pint of tea and one of thost cast-iron biscuits of yours."

When the supper is ended and dishes, pots and frying pan washed and set away, the four voyageurs group themselves comfortably in a convenient position for viewing the wonder picture of the lake. The wind has now gone down, and the moon throws a palpitating track of silver light over the expanse of black water, making a central point of attraction from which the eye strays reluctantly. The black lines of the mainland and the dim shapes of distant islets are merely a frame and setting for it. For the moment that shimmering highway of light, leading—who knows?—to the gates of paradise itself, is the recompense of human suffering, the reward of human effort, the guerdon of life.

"Any of you fellows got any tobacco?" Cyclops inquires, casually.

"Child," says Kitchener, "you would do well to thank God daily that your jaws are permanently attached, for you have at least that part of the machinery of smoking always about you. Hand me over the Sick Thing's pouch and my match safe, which you will find in your pockets, together with your own pipe, which may be anywhere, and I will endeavor to supply the principal need of your existence."

Cyclops makes a lazy effort in the direction indicated, but finding the labor involved too great, presently desists.

"Just roll over, you know," the Little Officer Boy says, "and I'll go through your pockets for you."

W. E. AITKEN.

A Flower to Guido.

WILLIAM ARTHUR WHEATLEY, who for many years past has kept in touch with the sportsmen of this country by his many contributions to the sporting literature of the day, under the nom de plume of Guido, is dead. His life went out in the full vigor of his manhood in the twilight of May 11, 1901, while he was descending the stairs of his own home in Memphis, Tenn., to greet an old friend and sportsman who had called to see him. Wearied with the burden of life and overcome by the fell swoop of the "scythe of time," he sank by the wayside to rest, and fell asleep in the beyond ere loved ones could arouse him from his slumber. And before the lengthening shadows of that fatal day had been chased away by the somber clouds of night, a legion of his friends in this city had dropped a tear to his memory.

Mr. Wheatley was born in Memphis, Tenn., in the winter of 1843. He came from a parentage highly honored, the record of whose lives form a bright page in the development of this section before the Civil War. His father being possessed of wealth, he had the advantages of the best schools in the country, and therefore received an education befitting a Southern gentleman, which he used with fine effect in after years by scattering sunshine with his pen through the columns of journals of his choice, greatly to the delight of devotee of dog and gun.

Mr. Wheatley was far above the average man. As a citizen there was none better, as a friend he had few equals and as a sportsman no superiors, in the full acceptance of the term. The place to learn the good and bad qualities of a sportsman's nature is on an outing around the camp-fire. There petty strifes and jealousies rapidly develop into selfishness, which are never noticed in every-day life. There little meannesses crop out which show the true inwardness of the man and make him an objectionable companion. There, on the other hand, a true sportsman to the manner born, makes himself a lion among his companions and occupies a first place in their affections. Such a man was our dead friend. He was thoroughly unselfish, big hearted and liberal to a fault. No sacrifice was too great for him to make to add to the pleasure of a friend on an occasion. The more inconvenience he gave himself the greater was his pleasure when others profited thereby. He was alwyas on the alert to contribute to the happiness of others without any regard whatever for his own comfort. His even temper, good nature and fund of jokes rendered him the life of all occasions and the "bright particular star" around which they all gathered, and earned for him the just appellation of "the only Wheatley." Sad, indeed, is his loss to his friends, and none will feel it more keenly than myself.

A FRIEND.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May.

Natural History.

The Beaver at Home.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your different articles on "Experience With Wild Animals" are bringing out many interesting points concerning some of our wild animals, and are also developing some very interesting opinions and observations on the part of those who come in contact with these animals.

There have recently appeared many articles in our different outing papers concerning the beaver, and most of the writers give it as their opinion that very few opportunities are presented for observing the beaver at work or play on his native "using ground."

Inasmuch as most of the writers agree that the beaver is rarely seen in daylight, I am prompted to write you of an experience we had last September while on a moose hunting trip in New Brunswick. The region in which we hunted abounded in small lakes, the water of which was on an average of not more than three or four feet deep, and almost without exception these lakes had been formed by beaver building dams across the narrow portion of the marshes. Many of these dams are not over 2 feet high, while others were almost 3 feet. Each lake would have from one to three beaver houses, and in almost every body of water we were on we found recent cuttings and other signs to show that the lake was inhabited by beaver at that time.

One morning about 9 o'clock my guide, Mr. David Ogilvy, of South Tilley, Victoria county, New Brunswick, and myself were paddling on a lake about eight miles south of Trousers Lake—this body of water was about two miles long and almost 300 yards wide—a brisk breeze was blowing directly out of the north, and while drifting with the wind, we noticed, several hundred yards ahead, a large V in the water, as if made by some animal swimming. Ogilvy told me to be quiet, that he believed the same was made by a beaver, and that we would try and get as close up as possible. We gained on him rapidly at first, and the guide then allowed the boat to drift with the wind, the beaver gradually veering off to the bank and the boat fortunately taking identically the same direction. At the time the beaver struck the bank we were probably 50 yards from him, and, notwithstanding the fact that the wind was blowing directly from us to him, he had thus far paid no attention to us. As he crawled out upon the bank he turned round and looked at us intently, but after he saw that we remained perfectly motionless in the boat and were slowly drifting, he turned round and went about 8 or 10 feet up the steep bank into the bushes and commenced to work upon a black alder bush, the butt of which was about 1½ inches in diameter. It took a remarkably few incisions of his chisel-like teeth to cut the same through, and grabbing it by the butt he dragged it to the water's edge, backing into the water and pulling the bush after him. When he was about 2 feet in the water the bush became wedged between two rocks on the bank; he crawled out again and attempted to dislodge the bush by pulling the same back up the bank. This he was unable to do, and after a few futile efforts he attacked the bush and severed the limbs, which were acting as an obstruction, then entered the water and made toward the butt of the bush the second time.

Our canoe had now drifted down within 15 feet of the bank and was directly opposite the point where the beaver and the bush were on the shore. As he approached the bush the second time, he for a moment was directly facing us, and he seemed to catch my eye as he approached the boat. He stopped instantly, remaining perfectly placid on top of the water, and we stared at one another for perhaps the space of a minute and a half. At the end of that time he seemed to have made up his mind that things were not exactly right, and with an upward lunge he dove into the water, giving the same a resounding whack with the flat of his tail. The report of this blow was sufficiently loud to have been heard several hundred yards away. In order to get into deep water, he dove almost immediately beneath the boat and came to the surface on the far side, not over 10 feet away from the boat. Upon arriving at the surface he struck the water another resounding whack and immediately went under again. This was repeated five or six times as he made off out into the middle of the lake, coming to the top of the water about once every 30 feet. As he struck the water the first time on the lake side of the boat, he splashed the water in our faces and at no time seemed to be afraid or alarmed, or very much in a hurry to get away. We watched him clear across the lake, and as I have repeatedly stated the pleasure of watching this animal at such a close range was sufficient recompense to me for all the outlay of money and time and hardship spent upon the trip which we had in New Brunswick last fall.

On another occasion on the same water two beaver passed within 50 yards of Mr. Nolan, of Chicago, and myself as we stood on the lake shore. These animals

were swimming in the water, and as they passed by turned their heads repeatedly and looked at us, but seemed in no way alarmed. We had a log cabin built near the shore of another lake, about two miles from here, where we made our headquarters, and had a fine spring right at the water's edge. A hundred yards from this spring was a large beaver house, and frequently while going to the spring for water we would see beaver swimming in the water around this house. They appeared, however, to do all their work on the house (which was a new one) at night, and if we went down to the spring almost any time at night we could hear them striking the water with their tails. Evidently this sound which they made with their tails upon the water was a signal of some kind to their friends.

We had many beaver cuttings at our camp and at almost any point along the shore of these lakes could be found old beaver chips and beaver cuttings of various sizes. We saw many trees, some of which were by actual measurement 8 or 10 inches in diameter, cut down by beaver, and in numerous places found the runways leading from the water to the banks. A remarkable thing to me was how they manage to sink the cuttings which they stored in the lake for winter use. Many of these twigs, when dislodged, would come to the surface, but I was unable to find any in the shallow water which appeared to be run into the mud.

The dams, of which I send you a photograph, appear in large numbers, and are made of bushes, from which the bark had generally been stripped in feeding. This dam also contained stones weighing as much as 7 or 8 pounds which they had pushed up on the dam itself. Upon several occasions we made small breaks in their dams and would invariably find the same repaired next morning.

I know of no more interesting sight than to watch beaver and observe the care and intelligence which he

BEAVER HOUSE.
Photo by Dr. C. P. Ambler.

uses in locating his dam and also his house. Their method of building their dams, the arrangement of the sticks, the placing of the mud, and the position in which they locate the dam so as to give most bracing against the highest current of the lake, and all, make one highly respect their engineering ability. In the construction of a house the arrangement of the sticks and mud as an outside protection makes their house almost proof against any of their foes, while the great labor they expend in excavating around the house in order to allow them to make a way from the house to the deeper water is simply marvelous.

We were in the New Brunswick woods in this section twenty-nine days, and my diary shows that on fourteen different days I have noted seeing beaver by daylight.

Was I among a colony of beaver which had been so little visited by man that they had no fear of him, or are these beaver freaks as regards their habit of appearing in the day time?

To any one who wishes to study this animal, he certainly would make no mistake in going into the section mentioned.

I would like to hear from others. C. P. AMBLER.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Philadelphia Zoological Society.

THE Twenty-ninth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia has just appeared. It covers the period from Feb. 28, 1900, to Feb. 28, 1901, and is an interesting document. The number of visitors to the garden during the past year was 191,906, an average attendance of 526 throughout the year. Last year the attendance was somewhat larger, owing to the presence in Philadelphia in September, 1899, of the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. Compared with ordinary seasons, however, the receipts by the society from admissions show an increase.

During the year there have been exhibited in the garden 613 specimens of mammals, representing 169 species; 817 specimens of birds, representing 317 species; 1,069 reptiles, of 129 species, and 58 batrachians, of 11 species. Nearly 50 species of animals have been exhibited this year for the first time. Of these, 13 were mammals, 18 birds and 16 turtles and snakes.

A very considerable number of animals were born in the garden, among them monkeys, wolves, a brown bear, antelope, various deers, some birds and a number of snakes. There have been also a number of deaths in the collection, among which the most noteworthy is that of the male Indian rhinoceros, which has been in the collection for twenty-six years, and has been thirty-six years in the country.

The usual repairs and improvements have gone on, and the quarters of the collections are better than ever before, while their general wellbeing is looked after by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, the secretary of the Society, whose great knowledge and singular success in this particular field are well understood.

Game Bag and Gun.

Cold Storage Warehouse Raided.

IT has never been a very profound secret that New York cold storage warehouses were crowded with illegal game, but to obtain evidence of this that could be used in court has many times proved impossible. A few years ago, when the notorious Section 249 stood on the statute books, it was legal to have in possession at any time during the year game that had been legally killed in the State, or that had been killed out of the State. Happily, however, Section 249 was repealed, and at the present time the possession of game birds by any one in the State of New York at this season is a misdemeanor.

Mr. John E. Overton, State Game Protector, who has done excellent work on Long Island, has long realized that the cold storage warehouses of New York were a dumping ground for game killed all over the country, and at all times and all seasons. He knew, as most New Yorkers know, that at any time game can be obtained from almost any butcher, if ordered a day or two in advance. Some of the restaurant keepers do not sell illegal game, and those who do are careful about it, and besides calling their birds by a variety of foreign names, cut off the heads and feet from the birds so that identification becomes practically impossible. Butchers who sell to private families, however, are not so careful, and snipe, quail, grouse and certain other birds which the law says shall not be had in possession or sold at this season are, as a matter of fact, commonly bought and sold. Practically all these birds come from the cold storage warehouses, where they have been frozen, until they have lost all taste and character, and have become dry, tasteless morsels which are game birds only in name.

For a long time Mr. Overton has been at work trying to get evidence against the cold storage people which should be legal. When he had obtained this, he went with it to a police court and obtained a search warrant, on which he raided the Arctic Freezing Warehouse at 120 West street on Thursday May 23.

In two rooms on the second floor of the building he found 2,100 birds, among which are said to have been snipe, woodcock, partridges, quail, grouse, redhead and canvasback ducks. It is said that the managers of the freezing plant deny their responsibility in the matter, declaring that the birds are not their property, but are sent there in cases and barrels to be stored. In fact, they deny any knowledge as to precisely what is stored in their place. They do not deny that birds were in their place and thus physically in their possession, and precisely how they are to avoid the responsibility for this is not clear, since the language of the statute is quite plain.

The Arctic Freezing Warehouse is only one of many similar places in the city, and the knowledge of the raid which has been made caused abundant excitement in the other similar places. People thought to be in a position to know state that for a night or two after the raid they had busy times at these cold storage plants moving out illegal property. If the full legal penalty should be enforced against the persons interested here, the fine would amount to something over $50,000.

On Friday, the day after the raid, Magistrate Brann, who originally gave the warrant for searching the Arctic Freezing Company's warehouse, seemed to have whipped around and faced in the other direction. He is reported as having been more or less offensive to the State officer, and to have expressed sympathy for the warehouse people, whose disregard for law and order had been so strikingly shown the day before. He refused to grant a warrant for a further search through the warehouse. However, not at all discouraged, Mr. Overton applied to Judge Foster in General Sessions, and found in him some one apparently a little more familiar with the statutes than Magistrate Brann appears to be. Armed with this warrant, Mr. Overton returned to the West street place, and resuming his search unearthed 2,000 additional game birds, besides some barrels of venison. Besides that, a lot of "French pheasants" were found, and some barrels full of "song birds," which as yet do not appear to have been identified. Of these there were said to be about 1,400. Altogether more than 7,000 illegal birds are believed to have been captured, and the fines if enforced would probably amount to nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

Of course the birds in question were not truthfully labeled. Most of the barrels and boxes were tight and bore such labels as "young turkeys," "spring broilers," "puddle ducks," etc. "Squabs" is a favorite title for a great variety of birds, none of which to the simple minded ornithologist appear to have any relationship whatever with the pigeon family.

Mr. Overton seems to have the strong backing of District Attorney Philbin and of Assistant District Attorney Walsh, and as he has thoroughly established the illegal character of the contents of one storage warehouse he is likely to have the backing of the authorities in investigating others. However, the scare has been such a thorough one that it may be doubted if any similar success will follow his further investigation.

It may be remembered that it is but a short time since Mr. Overton was removed from the position of Game Protector, to which he was afterward restored. He is certainly entitled to great credit for the way in which he has worked up this matter of illegal game storage in New York city, a course which fits in admirably with the energy shown on Long Island, as frequently reported during the past fall and winter.

Texas Ducks and Tarpon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to say a few things about shooting in Texas and spring duck and snipe shooting. The duck shooting has been tremendous this year; there were more ducks around Galveston and on the mainland than have been seen for years, but if there is no stop put to spring shooting they will soon desert us (and I don't blame them) and look for new winter quarters. Now, I shoot ducks in the spring, but for this reason every one does so, and I cannot hear reports of good bags being made without wanting ter git inter de game mesilf. I hope and pray that before long we will have a law in Texas to stop the murderous slaughter of ducks and snipe in the spring. If we don't, then good-by ducks and jacksnipe. Think of two guns taking 185 jacksnipe in seven hours. This is the way they are killing them, but it is about over now. Well, all I can say is that every true sportsman in Texas should pray for a law to prohibit duck and snipe shooting after the first of March for five years, or, still better, forever. Teal and mallards, bluebills and redheads, and, in fact, nearly all the ducks that now visit us in the winter used to breed in Texas.

An old market-hunter told me that during the Civil War in almost every pond on Galveston Island you could find a brood of ducks, generally mallards or teal. But now if a duck hatched out a brood in less than a week some man would find it out and then good-by to those ducklings. One cannot express himself in decent language about men like these, yet they live, carry a gun and flourish, and are only waiting for just such a chance as I have mentioned. On the mainland east of Galveston toward Beaumont there are still a few ducks that stay there all summer, but they would not be hard to count. If these ducks were left alone they would breed there every year and soon things would resume their former state and shooting would be grand. As it is now, every one who has a gun is doing all in his power to run the ducks out of the country, and consequently ruin the shooting, and then they will wonder where the ducks have gone and why they don't come to certain death.

There is another thing. When a man kills a duck in the spring he kills a whole brood, because ducks breed as a rule before they start on their northward journey home. Another thing, if you kill one mallard out of a pair, the one that is left will not mate again that year. It is the same with snipe. If we don't have a law to stop all of this we will have no snipe, as well as no ducks.

There are lots of men in Texas who would welcome a law to prohibit wildfowl of any kind being killed in the spring (these are the real sportsmen), but they see every one else shooting and they see the ultimate end of it all—no ducks; so while it lasts they are not going to let the others have all the fun. There are men whose only idea is to kill as many birds as possible, who never think of the consequence, nor care where or how they kill a bird except that they prefer to get them on the ground or on the water bunched up.

We are going to have everything in fine shape for tarpon fishing—boats, men to row you around, in fact everything the tarpon fisherman requires, every comfort. I have described the tarpon fishing at Galveston before. Everything will be ready by the end of May, and I intend to get a new tarpon rig and then when I return to Galveston I will spend many a day on the north jetties. The new pavilion is being put up now, and is going to be great. I hope Mr. Waddell will be able to pay us a visit; he will not go away without having enjoyed himself.

Game laws are scarce in Texas?

Yes; something else going to be scarce, too, soon.

What is that?

Answer—Game.

C. K. H. B.

Rabbit Hunting.

SOMEWHERE in FOREST AND STREAM or some other journal I noticed some time ago a rather harsh criticism on the use of ferrets in rabbit hunting. Of course locality or circumstances may alter cases, but to my mind shooting a rabbit chased out of its hiding place by a ferret is no more unsportsmanlike than shooting a hare or deer chased by a keen-scented hound, or a pigeon liberated from a trap, and yet the sportsmanship of our deer hunters and crack pigeon shots is never assailed. All things considered, I think the rabbit has the better chance of getting away, for usually his retreat is located in uneven ground, or in some fence corner, or is surrounded by trees, shrubs or weeds, of the cover of which Bunny is sure to take full advantage. With the pigeon it is not so, for the locality of the trap is generally chosen with a view to giving the shooter every advantage. Were I asked for a definition of the word "sport" as applied to rod and gun, I would say that it is the pitting of the skill, courage, endurance and knowledge of woodcraft of the marksman or angler against the speed, courage, endurance and natural means of offense, defense and concealment of the denizens of the woods and streams. I do not mean to deprecate the sport of shooting live birds at the trap, for I have spent many a pleasant hour there, both as spectator and participant, although I must say I would rather hunt rabbits; but I do not think it just to draw too close a distinction and condemn wholesale the use of ferrets in rabbit hunting as unsportsmanlike.

It must be remembered that I am only speaking of rabbit hunting as we have it around here, where they are not very numerous, but have good cover and plenty of almost inaccessible retreats. A bag of from two to four per gun per day is considered very good, and one has more often to be satisfied with but a single one, and to get this perhaps many miles are covered, up hill and down dale, through deep snows and tangled swamps, over brier-covered ridges, boulders and fences.

Of course I do not attempt to defend the netting of rabbits except to procure like animals for breeding purposes. That is unsportsmanlike.

Were it not for the use of ferrets around here I believe rabbits would soon multiply to an injurious extent, for it is very seldom you can get a shot at one except perhaps just at dusk, when they come to the edge of the bush to feed, or else at daybreak. Occasionally the dogs will start one while hare hunting and run it pretty well for a time, but owing to the very erratic course it takes it is hard for them to hold the scent, and after a short run it will almost invariably hole up. Then it is that the ferret comes in so handy, and the man who can kill "ten straight" rabbits as they bounce from the hole, hollow log or stone pile is indeed a good shot. A pigeon may be able to make pretty good time through the air, but the way a rabbit can get over the snow-covered ground and twist and turn and dodge around bushes and stumps is an eye-opener to the uninitiated.

Perhaps I may be prejudiced in favor of rabbit hunting on account of the surroundings. The club or shooting grounds are usually situated within easy distance of the city or town, and there is unavoidably a certain amount of artificiality about it all. On the other hand, rabbit hunting takes you right into nature's lap—and who is there that can walk nature's winter carpet and breathe the pure, keen, frosty air for a day or half-day without coming home the better for the outing, even though he has nothing to show for it, except, perhaps, a bunch of green, delicately leaved moss, found on some old log, from which he has swept the snow in passing, or a root of winter firns dug from the frozen ground beneath the sheltering snow-laden arm of balsam or spruce? JAY BEE.

GUELPH, Canada.

A Pleasant Duck Hunt.

DID I feel like taking a hunt? I should say I did. The long winter had passed, in which I do not remember having so much as taken my gun from its resting place until there came one of those warm, still, balmy days of spring, made doubly enchanting by song of bluebird and robin, that makes a man feel, no matter what his temperament, that melancholia had never an existence save in the imagination of painters and poets.

My cousin, who had been mustered out at the close of the Civil War, felt, with me, a longing for the fields and meadows over which reigned most blessed peace in glorious contrast with the scenes of years in war's horrid strife, and so we took up our fowling pieces and started for the Black Creek and Shadigee Pond, about four miles distant, accompanied by a golden-haired setter of almost sacred memory.

After an hour's walk we came in sight of Black Creek, which far below us meandered through the meadows with scarcely a perceptible current, and which looked as inviting for ducks as a mill pond to me in the swimming days of my boyhood.

"There!" Sailing at considerable height over the creek was a quartet of ducks which soon pitched into the water, and down we started. As we got near them we took every precaution to cheat their vigilance, creeping behind bushes and whatever else might come between us and our game. When we thought we were near enough we rose suddenly from our covert and the ducks took instant flight. As quickly two shots rang out, dropping one bird, which fell on the opposite side of the stream. I bade my dog (as good a retriever as ever brought to hand a dead bird) go over and get the prize. As the current of the creek is very sluggish, the ice on either side had not been worn away. The dog plunged into the water, but could not succeed in getting upon the ice at the opposite side, and I instantly called him back. With an obedience not possessed in a greater degree by any other dog, he turned and essayed to get on the ice on our side, but his efforts were in vain. I saw his danger—he was weakening. Something desperate had to be done. Unexpectedly, to my joy, the ice yielded to the vigorous stamp of my feet, and in a moment or two I reached him, but not much too soon. When I got him on terra firma his hind legs were useless—benumbed by the cold water. He tried to shake himself, but what a shake! It was all fore and no aft, but he soon warmed up and was as active as ever.

Henry took a stroll up the creek, while, for some reason, I remained with the dog. He soon returned with a beautiful small-crested duck.

We sauntered along the creek as if to enjoy as much of the beauties of nature as possible, as well as keeping a sharp lookout for game. We came to a ditch, and as we jumped across it two big ducks rose, but were rather too far away to risk a shot. We watched them, and, to our surprise, they turned and flew directly over our heads. As they saw us all the while, one may be assured they were very high. Henry had a large, heavy gun of great reputation, but he thought it useless to fire, because of the great height of the birds, but as we were out to burn powder, more or less regardless of chances, I sent two loads after them. To our utter astonishment one of the ducks had to go on his way alone, as the other, swaying to and fro, came down to our very feet. Had I not yielded to Henry's solicitation to put a load of his big shot into my gun, that duck would not have been reached. He was struck by two pellets.

We now struck out for the pond, or rather lake. As we approached the inlet, which for about 75 yards was clear of ice, we espied a dozen or two duck in the water, very close to the ice. We stole along through the trees and bushes until we were afraid to advance further lest we should expose ourselves. We sat or lay there some time, not able to decide whether or not to open on them. After some deliberation, concluding they would come no nearer, we decided to pull trigger, hit or miss. Just as the word "Now" was spoken, I saw the green head of a mallard that was swimming a little out from the rest of his companions, and let drive. All took wing but the mallard.

The question now was, How shall we get the old fellow? We looked toward the shore on the left of us, and saw a boat bound in the ice. In order to get to it we had to cross the creek. We called to mind a bridge that spanned it a few hundred yards back, which we crossed and were soon in the boat breaking the ice before us to get to the open inlet. The task was not very great, as the ice had become very mellow. When we reached the water the duck made a desperate effort and succeeded in getting on the ice, and was walking pretty rapidly for one of his kind. Not relishing a long duck race through the ice, I leveled my gun and laid him dead.

On our way homeward we took the other side of the creek, and as good luck would have it, we came across the duck which the dog had failed to retrieve.

The sun was sinking behind the hills as two pretty well fagged out young men turned into their yard on Washington avenue, Highland, N. Y., but not at all regretting the tramp on that glorious, sunny April day.

N. D. ELTING.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Death of Governor Tanner.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 25.—In the death of ex-Governor John R. Tanner, of Illinois, which occurred on May 23, this State lost not only a prominent political figure but one not unfamiliar in the circles of sportsmen. Governor Tanner in his later years was not averse to a bout at the traps with a friendly competitor, and he was for many years an ardent lover of field shooting. Robust and powerful by nature, he was, like other strong men, too careless of his health, and it is stated that the exposures undergone during a snipe shooting trip which he undertook a few weeks earlier had much to do with the progress of the malady which carried him away. He was overheated, then underclad, and he slept in a cold draft upon the train while going home, the result being that he was assailed with a severe case of rheumatism, which is said to have been the cause of his later demise. Governor Tanner took an active interest in game protection as well as in field shooting, and he was a warm friend of ex-Warden Loveday, with whom he annually opened the fall shooting season upon some of the better preserves of lower Illinois.

Western Game in New York.

The news from New York this week, stating that State Game Warden Overton had raided the Arctic Freezing Warehouse, of New York city, and discovered 2,100 game birds illegally held in possession, comes like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Most of these birds came from the West, and we Western shooters have a very much undivided interest in them. It is stated that Mr. Overton traced most of the shipments, discovering them to be largely from the West. Now if any Western man needs stronger argument than this to induce him to hoist the banner of "Stop the sale of game," he is surely narrow minded enough to want to throw away his own goods, or liberal minded enough to want to give away his neighbor's.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Deer and the Railroads.

DUNBARTON, N. H., May 23.—Some time since a train coming to Concord, N. H., from the north, came to a stop (as I am told) a few miles from the above city to allow a herd of some six or seven deer to get out of the way. (The engineer of this train certainly deserves praise.)

A few days ago a deer was killed a short distance below Concord. It is supposed the newspaper train which reaches Concord very early in the morning killed the deer. A freight train which came next found the deer and brought it to Concord, where it was turned over to Commissioner Wentworth (who happened to be in town). Mr. Wentworth gave it to a market man with the understanding the latter was to pay what he could. It was found the deer was so badly bruised that it was only fit to be buried. I saw the deer, and it was a very small doe, as I judged, weighing not over 75 pounds. It was a very scrubby looking deer as compared with those I have seen in November and December. It had not shed its winter coat, although the hair was very loose and could be easily pulled out by the handful. It was also very evident that it was carrying a fawn. I know very little (from practical experience) as to the time does usually drop their young, but I supposed it was somewhat earlier in the spring. One of our prominent daily papers mentioned the killing of this deer, saying, "The paper train to Concord killed a beautiful deer just below Concord." As I looked at the dead deer, I thought any man who called himself a sportsman ought to be ashamed to kill such a specimen. I certainly would not bring home such a deer. Should I be unfortunate enough to kill one, we would use it in camp.

C. M. STARK.

A Fine Moose Head.

BOSTON, May 25.—Boston hunters have been interested this week in Mr. Thomas Ripley's moose head, which has been shown in a store on Washington street. The coloring has been preserved on the mounted head, a beautiful yellowish brown. Old moose hunters say that they have never seen that coloring on moose antlers before. Besides this coloring, the veination of the antlers is remarkable, reminding one of the veination of a net-veined leaf. The veins can be traced all adown the antlers, in a most remarkable manner.

SPECIAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

De Witt Clinton's Letters.

ONE evening at the Suffolk Club on Long Island, Mr. Daniel B. Fearing told me that he had Dewitt Clinton's letters upon the "Natural History of the State of New York," and later wrote me that he would have them copied for me, and this he has done. Ex-Mayor, ex-United States Senator and ex-Governor Clinton, the father of the "big ditch," wrote a series of letters over the pen name of Hibernicus upon "The Natural History and Internal Resources of the State of New York," which appeared first in the columns of a newspaper in 1820, and were later (1822) printed in book form. The volume is now very rare, though the letters are of great interest even in this day. The editor of FOREST AND STREAM tells me that one of them was once reprinted in whole or in part in this paper, but I have no recollection of it, though I have read the paper since its first issue, and have hoped that I might some time read the letters which I have heard of but never seen until Mr. Fearing was kind enough to have them copied for me. Governor Clinton predicted in one of the letters that the building of the Erie Canal would bring Western fish into Eastern waters, and, in fact, it did bring the black bass from Lake Erie to the Hudson, to spread over not only the State of New York, but into the waters of New England.

The latest edition of the "Manual of Fishculture," published within the year by the U. S. Fish Commission, states that the ovaries of a 75-pound codfish have been computed to contain 9,100,000 eggs. In 1820 Clinton wrote: "The vast fecundity of fishes is astonishing. Their powers of production transcend their powers of destruction. A single ovary of the large cod has been known to contain nine millions of eggs."

Now that salmon (salar) have reappeared in Salmon River, in this State, as the result of restocking by the U. S. Fish Commission, and the State of New York is erecting fishways to enable the fish to ascend to proper spawning grounds, it is of great interest to read what Clinton said of the salmon more than eighty years ago:

"The salmo salar, or common salmon, is found in Lake Ontario, and some of the secondary lakes which communicate with it, but in none of the waters above the Falls of Niagara. It is too well known to need description.

"This fish, it is said, is caught all the year in the lakes; perhaps some of them remain without ever returning to the ocean. They have never been observed at Ogdensburgh. May they not be deterred by the porpoises at Quebec from descending? The received opinion is that they are naturalized to the lakes, and stay all the year.

"Trout in ponds run up into streams to spawn. Fishes in lakes ascend the rivers which supply the lakes for the same purpose, and in like manner they proceed from the ocean. This is probably for a two-fold object—for the safety of their young in shallow waters, and for food. The salmon of Lake Ontario go up the great Salmon River in August, and return in September. In some other places they ascend twice a year and spawn.

"In Champlain River there is no dam for seven miles, and salmon go in about the middle of April, and are good till the first of June. The Little Sable River has plenty, also the Great Sable, because there are no mill dams. The Saranac River at Plattsburgh is a rapid stream, and its bottom is sandy and stony. Formerly it contained so many salmon that laborers, when about to be hired, would stipulate that they should not have it often; and the only danger in passing the ford, before the erection of a bridge, proceeded from the darting of the salmon through the water and frightening the horses. A mill dam was erected on it close to the head of the bay, and the salmon endeavored, for a number of years, to ascend, but failing, they abandoned the ground. This fish does not ascend the Champlain Lake above Ticonderoga. Salmon have been caught in the Oneida Lake and Lake Champlain by the hook. Some of the lakes and ponds are filled in July, August and September with the ova and teguments of aquatic insects, which substances go under the name of lake blossom. The ova are hatched on the surface of the water, and the winged insect flutters a short time in the air during the process of ejecting the ova, after which it perishes in a short time. During this state of these insects, the salmon and other fishes fare luxuriously and disdain the hook. In July the salmon of some of the small lakes are greatly annoyed by aquatic insects, which fix on the gills and fins, and eat the latter so that the fish can hardly swim.

"It is supposed by some that they go up into the creeks to get rid of this annoyance. The salmon has small, short teeth, and is undoubtedly carnivorous. When most as-

sailed by vermin, it is the fattest. The greatest weight is 48 pounds."

Then and Now.

In reading the above extracts in the light of modern knowledge of the salmon and its habits, it may be said that there are many errors concerning the life history of the fish in Clinton's letters, but to me, knowing how long it has taken to arrive at what we now know positively of the fish and its habits, and how many questions concerning it are yet unsolved, it is surprising that Clinton should have been able to arrive so near the truth as he did. Undoubtedly he depended upon hearsay evidence to a certain extent as to the habits of salmon in certain places, and some points are now explanable, but for one I cannot understand why it was reported that salmon ran up Salmon River from the lake in August and returned in September. It is easier to understand why it should be understood that salmon spawned twice a year, for there may have been an early and a late run of fish, as in some Canadian streams to-day, and therefore assumed that the early run spawned and returned before the late run. Within my day I have heard the belief that salmon once remained all the year in Lake Ontario, and I think the late D. W. Cross, of Ohio, so declared it on the statement of some old resident, and this was probably handed down from the same source from which Clinton obtained it. There is no question that Clinton would be an ardent advocate of fishways were he the Governor of New York to-day, for apparently he saw the necessity for them and how the erection of dams cut the fish off from spawning grounds. His reference to the "bloom" or "blossom" of the lakes, and the fish not biting at such times, is rather novel. That the "bloom" of fresh waters should consist of the eggs and skins cast off by aquatic insects is decidedly novel. His account of the birth of the May fly is incorrect if taken literally, for though the eggs are deposited in the water, they sink to the bottom, and there for at least two years the insect is in the larvæ form before it rises to the surface, bursts the skin—the tegument he mentions—and emerges a perfect fly to reproduce and die as he states.

More About Salmon.

In another letter than the one from which I have already quoted, Clinton writes more about the habits of the salmon, and I quote in part as follows:

"The science of ichthyology is pregnant with instruction and amusement. The migration of fishes, their occasional appearance and absence, their habits, etc., are subjects of interesting inquiry. The most remarkable circumstance in their natural history is their extreme longevity and rapid growth. A salmon weighing 7¾ pounds was taken on Feb. 7 at Warrington (England) and marked with scissors on the back fin and tail, and turned into the river, and was again taken on March 17 and was found to weigh 17½ pounds. Some of the salmon (I mean the salmo salar of Linnæus) stay in the Western lakes all the year. But these may perhaps be considered estrays. The history of this fish is involved in much obscurity, and so indeed is that of all erratic fishes. Pennant says that every species of salmon is found in the rivers of Kamtschatka. It is observed that each shoal keep apart from others of different species, and frequently prefer a separate river, notwithstanding the mouths may be almost contiguous. Every species of salmon dies in the same river or lake in which it is born and to which it returns to spawn. In the third year male and female consort together, and the latter deposits its spawn in a hole formed with its tail and fins in the sand. A fish of a year's growth continues near the place, guards the spawn and returns to the sea with the new-born fry in November. The salmons of Kamtschatka spawn but once in their lives; those of Siberia and Europe, the rivers of which are deep and abound with insect food, are enabled to continue the first great law of nature frequently during the period of their existence.

"The common salmon of the Western waters spawn, it is said, twice a year; also the brook trout. Linnæus enumerates between forty and fifty different species of the salmo. I have reason to believe that there are several in this country. Besides the common salmon, the salmon trout and the brook trout, there are, I think, different species of trout in rivers and lakes which are confounded under the general name of salmon trout and common trout. I have seen two kinds of the common trout which are considered as of the same species, but which are specifically distinct. One species generally inhabits streams, although they go into the shallows of lakes in the fall and conceal themselves in the grass. They have red spots on the body and square tails. The other kind have yellow spots and forked tails, and never leave the lakes. I am told that Oneida Lake is filled in July with a small substance called lake blossom, which is undoubtedly the exuviæ or ova of insects. I have seen on Lake Baikal, the greatest lake in the old world, vast quantities of the skins of the *Onischus trachurus,* a species of insect which abounds on the rocky shores of the lake, and is the food of the salmo lenok and sig. The salmo salar and its congeners are probably attracted into these lakes by the vast quantity of insects. * * * Along the canal I have been regaled with the salmon and pike in great perfection. The salmo fario, or common trout, is visible in various places in the canal."

Comments.

In Clinton's letter there is a curious mixture of fact and, I was about to say, fancy, but I suppose in his day it was most difficult to arrive at the actual truth in regard to the habits of fishes, and hearsay evidence, or belief handed down, was accepted, in the absence of practical investigation, as facts. A myth given currency for years will in time arrive at the dignity of a positive truth, and it will require more years to dispel it. Note in these letters I have quoted about the laborers stipulating that they shall not be fed too often on salmon. This myth was located on the Connecticut, again on the Hudson, which never contained salmon until they were planted; then it dated back to England before this continent was peopled by the white race, and not long ago an English writer traced it back to a hieroglyphic inscription of the stone age, cliff dwelling or drift period, or something of that sort. To-day we are not of one mind regarding the life history of the Atlantic salmon in all details, and to me the wonder is that Clinton should have come so near to the truth in so many things. The influence of English literature regarding the natural history of fishes is often apparent in his letters—in fact, he could have had no other ichthyological guide at that time. He refers to the common trout as *Salmo fario,* a common error in the early history of our country, as the specific name of the English trout was applied to our native fish before investigation proved it to be a charr and Mitchell had designated it *S. fontinalis.* The reference to yearling salmon guarding the spawning beds and "returning to sea" with the new-born fry in November is very obscure, but there is no difficulty in recognizing the two common trouts, as he describes the red spots and square tail of the *fontinalis* and the yellow spots and forked tail of the lake trout, or *namaycush.* By what process of reasoning he confused certain habits of the black bass, as we now know them, with the sea-going habits of the salmon, and sends the salmon fry to salt water in November and returns yearling from the sea to fresh water, will probably never be known. That he understood the habit of the Atlantic salmon of returning to the streams of its birth is apparent, though he locates the fish elsewhere, and the now known fact that salmon in the Columbia River die after spawning, he seems to have a glimmering of, though as in the former matter the location is moved a peg or two. To me the letters are very fascinating, as doubtless they will be to others interested in our fish and fisheries, as a voice from the past.

Black Bass.

I have always contended that the black bass was not native to any waters of the State of New York, except Lake George, unless the waters had direct connection with Lake Erie, Lake Ontario or the St. Lawrence River, and so far as I know no one disputes this, except that some years ago an old gentleman told me that Lake George was stocked with black bass from Saratoga Lake. He had no evidence to support this, and I believed then and now that he had confused Lake George with Schroon Lake. Of the black bass, Clinton says: "This fish inhabits all the western and northern waters." I find that he named it for Dr. Franklin, *Perca franklinia,* and adds: "This fish formerly abounded in Lake George, where he exercised dominion without a rival, there being no pike to contest his ascendency; but in late years he is said to diminish in number and to have retired toward the foot of the lake, and that scarcity is observed in all the other fishes, and is imputed to the erection of so many saw mills and to the burning of the pine forests on the mountains, which, it is supposed, frightens the fish into deep water.

"The waters of Lake George are, I am told, impregnated with lake blossom in June and July. This is undoubtedly the ova and exuviæ of aquatic insects, from which fish derive at certain seasons their principal subsistence. How easy to mistake for this food the saw dust which is unquestionably the principal cause of the destruction of fish, although the increased angling has a tendency to thin their numbers, or to terrify them from the hook."

I have long been familiar with Lake George, and never saw the water in blossom. There is a flight of May flies at the lake, and after they rise the teguments are blown on shore and make a windrow of filmy matter. The "bloom" mentioned so often in Clinton's letters is not the eggs of insects, as he supposed, for the eggs of aquatic insects, like the May fly, sink to the bottom, but it is generally conceded to be the seeds of water vegetation floating in the water. Strange it is, but true, that the growing scarcity of fish is attributed to everything but the real cause. Clinton charges it to saw dust and forest fires, but the men who settled this country, and those who descended from the settlers, to the present generation, have fished without ceasing with all sorts of devices in season and out of season, taking fish at the spawning season and from their spawning beds, and the engines of destruction have grown more numerous and formidable as the population has increased, and the demand for fish has increased with the population, with never a thought of the future on the part of those who are waging the war of extermination.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fishing Season Slow.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 25.—The Western fishing season is starting off very slow, if, indeed, it may be said to have started at all. To-day the weather is semi-Arctic in its quality, and barring two or three torrid days, the whole season has been backward and cold, too chilly to invite fish to the surface of the waters or anglers to the banks thereof. How long this state of affairs is to continue one cannot tell, for spring is due here now, and past due. Let us hope that within the next ten days we shall have milder weather and better fishing. Thus far, with the exception of the bass fishing at Cedar Lake, Ind., which early flurry is now about worn out, there have been no very good takes of fish made in this immediate vicinity.

For Trout.

Several of our Chicago anglers tried the Pere Marquette a few days ago, in the hope of being able to transact some business with the rainbows, but they failed utterly of any sport. Messrs. F. N. Peet, A. C. Smith and L. H. Chadwick made up the Chicago party, and were joined on the banks of Pere Marquette by John Waddell, Mr. Stuart and others of the Grand Rapids anglers. A great many fish showed, rising at some sort of feed on the surface, but utterly refusing to take the fly. They rose even during the progress of the severe snow storm which was one of the pleasant incidents of the trip.

Messrs. H. E. Warner and A. N. Fuller are now absent in upper Wisconsin after trout, but they have not sent back any word of success. Mr. E. Critchfield is another north-bound trout fisher, and he is at this writing located at Dudley, on the Prairie River.

The faithful little Prairie River seems to be about the only one to show any trout fishing this spring worth mentioning, or at least during the first two weeks of May.

Mr. Edward G. Taylor, who regularly opens the season on this stream at Delos Cone's place, below Dudley, had better sport this year than he had last. He and Chester Cone took forty trout in one day, and they had very fair fishing during Mr. Taylor's stay.

Just as Mr. Taylor left the Prairie, Charlie Antoine, of this city, went up to Cone's place, and has just returned from that point, where he spent two weeks. Mr. Antoine had very fine fishing this time—that is to say, he caught a very nice class of fish. On one day he took sixteen, and had nothing less than 10 inches, with several up to a pound and a quarter. He brought home fourteen fish, and out of the lot, four picked up at random weighed over 4 pounds. These are very good fish for the Prairie. Mr. Antoine reports the stream very low and clear, and fishing difficult, as the trout are working on ground feed. He was alone on the stream, except for Chester Cone, that very industrious young fly-fisherman, who can give many a city angler tips on big trout. The two had very good sport.

It is much to be regretted that the fish hog is beginning to search out this delightful little river, which a few of us have tried to enjoy and keep sacred to fly-fishing. Last week a party of four bait-fishers went in above Dudley, stopping at Bates' place. They brought out over 500 trout with them, all taken on bait. The trout in this part of the stream are smaller than they run below, but big or little, such destruction is greatly to be deplored on this little river, which can soon be fished out by such work as the above. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Dudley will stop that sort of thing, or pretty soon he will find his part of the river without any visitors.

Mr. B. W. Goodsell, of Chicago, starts next week for an extended trouting trip on some of the better boating streams of Wisconsin and Michigan. He will fish first the Brule, then the Paint and then will camp where he can reach not only these two streams, but also Cook's Creek and Bush Creek. He will then strike the Ontonagon River near Watersmeet. Later he will run the Michigamme River, with boat, and here he expects to take his biggest trout. He says the fish in this stream are not so numerous, but they run from one to three pounds and give great sport.

Mr. Fred S. Tinthoff starts this evening for Kalkaska, Mich., where he joins a friend from Jackson, Mich., for a trout fishing trip among the different streams adjacent to that point. The South Peninsula of Michigan is going to take a good many Chicago anglers this summer, and there is reason to suppose the trout fishing there will be better this year than it was last.

For Muscallunge.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago leaves next Tuesday for Squirrel Lake, near Minocqua, where he will spend a few days trying for muscallunge and bass. This is one of the better muscallunge waters of the Wisconsin region.

Messrs. Frank Stuart, C. D. Bertolet, D. B. Butler and L. Young are billed to start to-day for Woodruff for a little circus with the muscallunge. Mr. W. T. Davis, the hustling representative of the Kansas City Star, at this city, will head a party of fifteen friends who will start to Manitowish, Wis., after muscallunge early in June. They will either bring back fish or excellent reasons.

For Bass.

Mr. George Murrell, Mr. W. H. English, Mr. M. A. Devitt, Mr. J. B. Wallace and Mr. A. Wolfarth all start for Lake Beulah, Wis., to-night. Mr. English takes with him his wife and child, and will remain for several days. They all expect good bass fishing.

Mr. C. F. Hills, one of the veteran bait-casters of the Fox Lake Club, and one of the most successful fishermen of Chicago, starts to-night for some of his favorite fishing grounds on the Fox Lake Chain. Others to stop at the Lake Villa entering point are Harry Miner, Alex Friend, J. W. Law, F. E. Schall and Tom Waters. Given a touch of warm water, all these should have fun.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

At this writing the members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club are holding their first meeting for the season at Garfield Park. Practice will be had in "obstacle casting" to post the members up in overgrown-stream work. The team contest and the delicacy bait-casting contest furnish other features of interest.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Adirondacks in 1870.

THIRTY years ago the Adirondacks was almost a wilderness. Paul Smith's, Bartlett's and Martin's were the only hostelries, through several cabins entertained. It was a forty-seven-mile drive from the railway terminus at Ausable Forks to Smith's, on St. Regis Lake. Mr. Charles Hallock, who was there for the June trout fishing in 1870, wrote to his wife on the 8th day of that month, as follows: "I have just returned this evening from Tupper's Lake and a round trip through the wilderness. I took about 125 fish during my absence, but had better luck than any one else. The fishing so far—at least for three weeks—has been very poor on account of the weather, which has been very hot and dry. There has not been a heavy rain in this part of the country this spring. All that wet week previous to my departure from home it was about 90 degrees in the shade, and it was fully as hot during the first four days that I was out, so that I have come home so sunburnt and tanned that you would scarcely know me. Fires have been raging in all directions through the woods, burning over an immense amount of timber, and some houses. The flames were leaping up to the tops of the trees in some places near where I passed. It was very grand, and somewhat dangerous. Once Steve Turner and I had to carry our boat through the still burning remains of a burnt tract.

"There is scarcely any one in the woods now. At Paul Smith's, only Tom Denny, an old schoolmate of mine, and a friend of his. Now there are fourteen—seven of whom came to-night. There are three (antiquated) ladies here. At Bartlett's and other places there might have been a dozen persons altogether."

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea Lions as Fish Destroyers.

WE reprinted from Science last week a letter from Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in which it was sought to be shown that the sea lion did not destroy fish and that the warfare waged upon the sea lion by the California Fish Commission was unwarranted. On the other hand, the California Fish Commissioners contend that the fish-eating habits of the sea lion are well established facts, and that the fishery interests of California demand a reduction of the sea lions. The following passages, from a letter addressed by the California Commission to Commissioner George M. Bowers, give the views of the Commissioners and of such authorities as Dr. David Starr Jordan, Dr. Charles H. Gilbert and others:

All of the protestants have declared to the Treasury Department that this Board was proceeding unwisely and upon assumption rather than upon fact. They took the liberty of so declaring without inquiry of us in any respect, notwithstanding the accessibility of this office, notwithstanding that we are at all times ready to give such information in justification of any policy we may adopt, and notwithstanding that the courtesy of such inquiry was, in all conscience, due to us.

The sea lion question has been a burning issue in fishery circles in this State for more than twenty years. These animals have increased greatly in numbers during the past fifteen years, owing to the fact that they are no longer killed for commercial purposes. Prior to 1884, or thereabouts, vessels were outfitted at this port for sea lion hunting. They were then taken for their hides, oil and trimmings, and the industry was profitable; the oil, however, has now fallen in value; the skins, which were used for belting and kindred purposes, have been supplanted by other textures, and the pursuit of the animal is no longer profitable. When they were so hunted and destroyed for commercial purposes, there was no outcry in the land by biologists, scientists or others, upon the ground that another form of marine life was being exterminated, nor is there now any greater reason for such scientific distress.

The non-molestation of these animals has resulted, as aforesaid, in their great increase, and they have become the most cunning and destructive of sea robbers. It is utterly useless for men to talk of scientific examinations of the stomach contents, etc. The bold, bald fact stands forth before us every day that this animal pursues the salmon schools through the Golden Gate, through San Francisco, San Pablo and Suisun bays, clear to the railway bridge at the city of Sacramento, more than one hundred miles from the ocean shore. They are voracious and destructive to the last degree. It is estimated by the fishermen upon the rivers and the salmon canners that from twenty to forty per cent. of the fish entering the bays are destroyed by this means. They enter the nets of the fishermen and take the fish already gilled. They tear and destroy the nets, and cause irreparable damage to the hardy and industrious fishermen. They are seen every day during the salmon run with fish in their jaws, and almost no net is hauled that does not show a large percentage of fish destroyed by these animals. It is so now that the fishermen when laying out their nets must patrol them from end to end as they drift with the current or the tide, armed with Winchester rifles to protect the nets from the depredations of these beasts.

The situation has become intolerable. Our patrolmen upon the rivers early this year reported the devastation of these animals to be more than ordinarily excessive, and the cannery men and fish dealers also protested to us. Petitions, signed by every licensed fisherman in these waters, were presented to us, praying for our intervention for their relief.

Before undertaking any action, and in order to give all sides of the question a fair hearing, this Board called a public meeting, which was held in the general assembly room of this building, at which were present delegations from the fishermen, representatives of the cannery men, most of the wholesale fish dealers of this State, Dr. Jordan, of Stanford; Mr. Scofield, of Stanford; Dr. Harkness, ex-president of our Academy of Sciences, and many others.

Dr. Jordan took a prominent part in the discussion, and announced his appearance as attorney for the seals. All other matters pertaining to the subject were duly considered. At the conclusion of the hearing, Dr. Jordan stated that while he yet had some doubts as to the destructiveness of the gray seal (*Eumetopias*), there was no question in his mind but that the brown sea lion (*Zalophus*) was a terror and a robber who deserved no support. He also stated that the fishermen, the fishery interests, and others had been more than patient, and expressed wonder that they had not taken the matter into their own hands long ago. He distinctly approved of the killing of a large percentage of the herd. He also stated that the fact that the sea lion entered the rivers only during the run of salmon was strong evidence of the fact that they must do great injury to the schools of salmon in the sea, and there could be no doubt but that in the sea they destroyed great quantities of salmon.

Dr. Harkness said that he had favored the reduction of the herd for years, and admitted that there was no question but that they did a great damage to the fishing interests.

Dr. Charles H. Gilbert, of Stanford, sent his regrets at being unable to attend, and wrote as follows:

"My knowledge of the fish-eating propensities of the California sea lion dates from 1880, when I assisted Dr. Jordan to take the census of the fisheries of the Pacific Coast. I had then a fairly extensive experience upon the fishing grounds in company with fishermen, and I became convinced, from my own observation and from conversations with these men that the sea lion is enormously destructive of fish and fishing gear. I have seen these animals patrolling the gill nets. I have seen them eating fish, and I have seen the holes in the nets, said to be caused by their tearing out the captured fish. I am in favor of the reduction in the size of the herds of the sea lions on the California coast, believing that such reduction will materially increase the fish supply in these waters. That such a reduction is feasible can hardly be doubted. It may in the long run be most advantageously secured through the reduction of the pups and breeding females on their hauling grounds."

After the Treasury Department suspended the permit granted us to kill sea lions on the lighthouse reservations, Dr. Gilbert wrote us on June 8, saying, "I am sorry to learn of the interruption of the sea-lion reduction."

Dr. Jordan also wrote us, under date of May 20: "In the case of the small, black, barking sea lion (*Zalophus*) there can be no question. It enters the rivers and takes fish from the nets, and is probably very destructive."

Dr. Gilbert also says that he has visited Año Nuevo Island on two occasions, and that there is no lack of evidence that the sea lions there destroy many fish.

Therefore, against the biologists and scientists, C. Hart Merriam, B. W. Evermann and William T. Hornaday, who, confessedly, know nothing of the practical side of this question and who know nothing of the character and habits of these beasts, we set Dr. David Starr Jordan, Dr. Charles H. Gilbert, Dr. H. W. Harkness and our Mr. Schofield, who do understand this question from both a practical and a scientific standpoint, and who have devoted years of study to the subject. It, therefore, will not do to say that our campaign against the sea lions was conceived in ignorance and born in wantonness and brutality. The sentimental side of this question appeals as strongly to us as it does to any human being who feels a repugnance to take the life of any creature. Stern necessity alone has driven us to this extremity.

With all this evidence before us, and with the knowledge gained from personal observation, we determined to take steps to reduce the herd, and we sought and obtained permission to land upon and shoot from the rookeries at the lighthouse reservations at Año Nuevo and the Farallones. We fitted out our crews and had them landed upon the islands, when the Lighthouse Board revoked our permits.

So far as the examination of the stomachs of these animals is concerned, we have to say that nearly all of the stomachs examined by us were found to be empty. This was owing to the fact that the animals were killed during the breeding season upon their rookeries. We are informed, however, by Captain Butwell, chief light keeper at Año Nuevo Island, that within the past few weeks he made an examination of the stomach of a large gray sea lion, and found therein more than 60 pounds of fish bones of various kinds.

We have no desire whatever to exterminate the animal, and we may add this is impossible. Our desire is simply to make a material reduction in their numbers, and that number is very great. At one time this year there were 3,000 of these animals at the Año Nuevo Light Station, 3,000 at the Purissima rookery and fully 8,000 on the Farallone Islands, besides a large number upon Point Reyes rookery, all within fifty miles of the Golden Gate, and before entering our bay or our rivers each fish must run the gauntlet of these sea wolves.

We submit that protection, under the circumstances, to this animal is as reasonable as would be protection to a herd of grizzly bears that entered upon your fishery reservation at Baird in this State and regaled themselves upon the salmon which you have trapped for spawn-taking purposes. We cannot perceive any reason why your Department and ours should spend annually large sums of money for the purpose of breeding salmon simply to have a large percentage of them destroyed by these sea lions. It is not fair to those engaged in the fishing industry, nor is it fair to the taxpayers of the country. We in California breed salmon in order that a waning industry in this State may be revived and perpetuated, and we are pleased to say that the results of our labor are now being harvested each year in greater measure. We ardently hope that it may so continue, and we trust that in our efforts to subdue, in some degree, the greatest enemy of the salmon we may meet with your cordial approval and support, and not with your opposition. We are confident that if you knew the situation as we do, you could not but indorse our position.

An Afternoon with the Chinooks.

THERE were some three hours before sunset when Dr. Moore and I stepped into our boat that was tossing fretfully on the Rogue River. The Rogue River—how well it is named! One moment it glides by you as gently as a meadow brook; the next, white draped in foam, it rushes forward, lashing the rocks and boulders with flashing arms of spray. At the foot of each bar where the froth is lost in the dark blue swirl of a deep hole lies the king of game fish, the mighty Chinook salmon of the Pacific. He differs from his Eastern namesake, being thicker set, while his entire color is of molten gold.

During the early part of the day he keeps very quiet, but as the Western shadows commence to fall he comes to life. I know of no more beautiful sight than the Western glow of a September evening upon the foaming waters with the great golden fish leaping in the rainbow spray.

Again, unlike the Eastern salmon, he does not jump for flies. The most expert angler cannot coax a rise from him, nor does the patient bait-fisher fare any better, for, strange to relate, the Pacific salmon never tastes a morsel of food from the time he leaves the ocean until he dies far up some mountain stream. He never returns to the sea. How then is a sportsman to kill him with rod and reel? By using a spinner. A bright object seems to attract him, and he will strike it very fiercely.

We had been spending the last week of our summer vacation in an attempt to land a salmon on a fly-rod. So far our efforts had not been successful. We had no trouble in getting plenty of strikes, but the brush on the banks prevented a running fight, and so we had inevitably lost our fish together with most of our tackle.

With but one day remaining, we had decided to try our luck in a boat. Why had we not done so before? There are few men who can handle a boat in the Rogue River. I do not believe there are over a dozen in Oregon who would attempt to row you to the foot of one of the rapids where you must go if you want salmon. Fortunately, however, we had with us one of those men—Henry Hoover, an Indian, lieutenant of the police of the Kalamath Reservation. I have never seen his equal with the oars.

"Well," I said, as we took our seats, "if we don't get a salmon I shall be disappointed."

"If we don't get drowned I shall be happy," replied the Doctor, as he looked toward the tumbling waters of the bar.

The Doctor carried a 14-ounce split bamboo fly-rod, while I was armed with a steel one 8 ounces lighter. We each used a quadruple multiplying reel, carrying 100 yards of F line.

Trolling with about 30 feet of line out, back and forth across the current, we zigzagged up the stream. Suddenly the Doctor's line came taut and his reel commenced to sing. My spoon was struck at the same moment, and a giant salmon flashed in the air, but as he was not well hooked he was off at the first leap. The Doctor fared little better. He had a longer fight, it is true, but after fifteen minutes or so the handle of his reel caught in his watch chain and away went the salmon with several feet of line.

Luck, however, was certainly coming the Doctor's way, for, as we swung back across the current, he hooked a steelhead. One who has not caught this member of the trout family cannot realize how gamely he fought. It was a good eighteen or twenty minutes before the Doctor was able to bring him to gaff. Touching the scales, as he did, at a trifle over 6 pounds, he was a prize of which any angler might well be proud.

But we had not come for trout, so after Hoover had rested a moment we once more started toward the rapids. Luck seemed to have deserted us. We went as far up as we could, to the very foot of the bar, without so much as a nibble. The water boiled around us, and our boat was tossed as by a choppy sea. The weight of the current on our spoons bent our rods nearly double. "We'll go back and try it again," said Hoover. The words were hardly out of his mouth when the Doctor exclaimed, "By Jove, I've got him this time," and he had.

Out of the foaming waters shot a form of molten gold. Fully half a minute the great fish flashed in the sunlight. Five times in as many minutes he leaped a good 10 feet out of water, shaking his head from side to side in a frenzied attempt to cast out the spoon. So fierce were his efforts that the rod, as the Doctor pointed it downward, vibrated with the shaking head. Then like a shot he started down stream, and we were obliged to follow him. Yet with the oars and the current bearing us along, the handle of the reel was blurred as it whirled round and round. Three hundred yards he went without stopping, then, without a moment's warning, he was coming back up stream as fast as he had gone down. But we were ready for this move. As Hoover instantly reversed the course of the boat, the Doctor worked the multiplier for all it was worth. Between them the fish did not gain an inch of slack. Enraged at the failure of his plan, three times he hurled himself like a rocket into the air, then sank like a stone to the bottom.

A salmon's most dangerous moment is when he is sulking. Like a log he will cling to the bottom, until you think surely he has fouled the line. Suddenly he will give a quick little jerk away, then run toward you. Often this takes the most expert angler off his guard. If an inch of slack is gained the fish is lost. All these tricks were well known to the Doctor, and he did not give him a moment to rest, but kept steadily pumping him, until, goaded by the spring of the rod, the fish suddenly resumed the battle royal.

Twice he broke water, then darted up stream. This was a dangerous move. For a quarter of a mile we could have followed him down stream, but we could make little progress against that heavy current. Hoover with the oars and I with a pole forced the boat up stream as fast as we could. The Doctor, with the brake set and his thumb acting as a drag, forced the salmon to fight for every inch of line he took. But he tore it off by yards. When the strain of line and current became too severe, he would leap 6 or 7 feet into the air, and the Doctor must drop his tip and release the reel. Before he could regain control, the fish would have taken out precious yards of line. Thus the salmon fought his way to the foot of the rapids. There he certainly must stop, for surely no fish that ever lived could swim the first few feet of that cataract. One moment he paused at the foot of the bar, then, graceful as a trained hunter taking a fence, with one leap he cleared the worst of the rapids and started for a big rock. Unless the Doctor could turn him now the fish was lost. There were only 10 feet of line left in the reel. But the salmon lost his nerve at the crucial moment. He was exhausted by his long run up stream, and just as we were expecting to see the line snap he stopped to rest, with life and liberty all but won.

For a moment he sulked at the bottom; then, unable longer to maintain himself in the rushing waters, he once more started down stream. A second crisis had been reached. As he passed through the rock-strewn rapids only the most delicate and expert handling of rod and boat could have prevented the line from fouling, and we all gave a sigh of relief as he shot from the seething waters into the dark, still hole below the bar. In successfully bringing the fish through the rapids and during the entire afternoon Hoover deserved as much credit as the Doctor. He silently watched the battle. When he saw the line growing short in the reel, he followed the fish up stream or down again, or swung the boat this way or that to keep the fight in deep water.

Up to this point the salmon had fought upon old-time tactics, but now he seemed to lose his head. Desperate with fear and rage, he would come to the surface and fling himself to right and left. He lashed the water into foam and created a dozen small geysers around him. Now sulking, now breaking water, now dashing this way and that, he fought for his life as I had never seen a fish fight before.

But as a fencer's foil follows his adversary's circling point, so the Doctor's tip followed each move. Now it was raised high in air, now pointed low, now gently, as a mother's caress, it coaxed the struggling fish from rock and shoal. The drag and the break on the reel checked his runs; the swiftly moving multiplier took up the slack; the supple rod bent but never broke.

The fish was worn by the strain, and, unable to gain an inch of slack or to snap that silken thread that held his life as in a vise of steel, his rushes became shorter and shorter, his sulking longer and longer. He was drawn nearer and yet nearer to the boat, until at last he turned exhausted upon his golden side and was brought to the gaff.

Dr. Moore was nearly as tired as the fish. Well he

might be, for he had played him all the afternoon. The sun had set nearly an hour before. The night hawks were swooping low over the darkening waters, relieved here and there by the phosphorescent gleam of bar and rapid. For a few minutes we sat resting, enjoying the twilight—for what is more pleasant than a summer evening after a day of sport?

But if the light of day was fading, our boat was illuminated by the flush of the Doctor's cheeks, and his smile was as happy as that of a child who has just received a new toy.

"Isn't he worth working for a week?" he exclaimed. "Did you say he weighed only 28 pounds? Are you sure the scales are right? I should have thought he would have weighed at least 50. Do you know, I'd give a hundred dollars if my wife could have seen me land him. When I tell her about it she will think it is just another fish story."

NORMAN S. STERRY.

Still-Fishing.

PLEASANT LAKE, in Henrietta township, Jackson county, Michigan, is situated about twelve miles from Jackson and nine from Leslie. The lake is about one and a quarter miles long and one mile wide, fed entirely by springs. Toward the northwest end is a very pretty island, which the picnickers seem to make the most of. On the southeast side is an elegant grove with a small hotel and boats, owned and run by J. W. Cowan. Here you will find the finest spring of water in the State. At the northeast side of the lake is a resort run by E. C. Crumb. Here you will find a fair hotel, six or eight cottages and fair-sized pavilion; he also owns and runs a small steamer. On the southeast side is a resort owned and run by Patrick Hankerel, with a good hotel, large pavilion and over sixty cottages, owned by people of Mason, Leslie and the surrounding country. One of the cottages is the Oasis, 16 by 40, two stories high, five bedrooms upstairs and dining room and kitchen below complete, which is owned by Wm. Hutchings, A. C. Du Bois, M. L. Campbell, of Leslie, and Charles M. Norton, of Lansing, who likes to fish. The Oasis has been stocking the lake for the last five years with black bass, so in time we expect good fishing. At present the fish caught are a few perch, plenty of bluegills or roach, black bass and a few pike and pickerel. Among those owning cottages at Hankerel's resort is Mr. James Blair, of Leslie, one of the youngest on the grounds, although he claims to have seen seventy summers; but we have to take his word for that.

One evening Mr. Blair and Norton were out fishing. On their way home Mr. Blair made the remark that Mrs. Blair would like to go fishing with Norton in the morning, as she had not been fishing since she was a school girl. Norton was pleased to have her go, so next morning he rigged her out with an 18-foot rod, 20-foot line and Burgess weedless hook, with pork rind for bait. Off they started trolling. Norton picked up a couple of bass, and as he was reeling in the last one Mrs. Blair made the remark that she would like to get one like that. Inside of five minutes she had a strike; at first she thought that she had the bottom of the lake, but in a moment she realized that there was something alive on the end of her line, and called to Norton to take the rod, but he simply said, "No," as the worst cursing he ever got was for touching another man's line when out in a boat with friends, for he knew nothing about fishing at that time. So he quietly rowed along, and finally Mrs. Blair landed a 2-pound bass, and a more pleased woman you never saw. She did not hesitate to let the campers know that she caught the bass. The next day she went home to Leslie, and when she was telling of her success, one of the gentlemen asked her if she caught it "still-fishing." She answered, "Yes; I think so; we were not saying a word."

JULIAN.

Restocking Ontario Bass Waters.

OWING to the thousands of tourists and anglers who each year make the districts of northern Ontario their summer resort, the fish in several of the lakes have suffered to some extent; and to obviate any depletion or extermination the Ontario Government, in conjunction with the Grand Trunk Railway, has formulated a scheme for restocking many of the waters in the Highlands of Ontario, not by depositing eggs, fry or fingerlings, but by transplanting the parent fish early in the spring, in time to take advantage of the spawning season. With this end in view the Grand Trunk Railway system had built in its shops at Point St. Charles a special car for the transportation of these fish from the place of their capture to the different lakes which are being stocked.

Heretofore the stocking of the lakes has been hampered for the want of the proper means for the transportation of the fish. Young fish, fry and fingerlings, were carried by messengers in baggage cars on regular passenger trains. This method was inadequate and the Grand Trunk recognized the fact that a fish car would have to be put in service to transport fish in large numbers. A car was therefore constructed specially adapted for the distribution of live fish, the requirements of such a car being compartments for carrying fish in which an even temperature could be maintained, proper circulation of water and air in the tanks containing the fish and sleeping and living accommodations for the attendants. The interior of the car is arranged with a series of galvanized iron tanks to hold from 1,000 to 1,500 fish. At one end of the car is an upper and lower berth, like those in a Pullman car, to accommodate two men. The ice for keeping the water at a certain temperature is carried in two compartments built for this purpose and holding about one ton each. Arrangements have been made for replenishing the water in the tanks en route, which will be done by attaching a hose, provided with a coupling, to any of the hydrants at stations on the Grand Trunk.

The Ontario Government has already contracted for 10,000 parent bass. The first shipment has been planted in the waters known as the Lake of Bays, situated in northern Ontario, about 145 miles from Toronto. The fish now being transplanted are what are known as the smallmouth black bass, one of the gamiest species of the finny kingdom, and are being caught at St. Williams, on Lake Erie. Those which have been captured and transplanted are considered by experts as an exceptionally fine lot of fish, not one out of all that were loaded on the first shipment being less than a foot in length and many weighing three to four pounds. Another carload has been forwarded to the Muskoka lakes, and the fish have been deposited in Lake Rosseau. This work will be continued, until the lakes in the northern districts are thoroughly stocked.

The other lakes which will be restocked are Lakes Joseph, Muskoka, Couchiching, Simcoe and the Kawartha lakes. Though the fishing in all these waters has been good in the past, the lover of the rod and the amateur angler will be assured now of unlimited sport in any of these districts.

Canadian Angling Notes.

TROUT fishing in this Province is described as exceptionally good this season, and much better sport is reported than was enjoyed at the same time last year. The knowledge of this fact is accountable for quite a rush of visiting anglers, and though there are still many parties at most of the club houses in the Lake St. John and St. Maurice districts, every train is now taking more sportsmen into those sections of the country.

Messrs. Frank H. Hiscock, A. F. Hiscock, E. C. Stearns and R. S. Bowen, of Syracuse, N. Y., passed through Quebec to-day on their way to the limits of the Triton Club, of which they are members. Mr. J. H. Barclay, of New York, with a party of friends, has gone to the Nonantum Club's preserve, and W. M. Peelsham and party to the Laurentides.

W. C. Bryant, of Bridgeport, will be here with friends early next week, on his way to fish the Metabetchouan Club's limits. Mr. Folhurst, of Troy, who had excellent sport with the trout in the Laurentides, had also a painful experience before returning. His guide, a Lorette man named Gagné, was seized with an epileptic fit while in the boat with him, and his contortions caused its upsetting. Mr. Folhurst, being a good swimmer, was able to save himself. The guide sank in 20 feet of water, and his body was only recovered some days later.

Mr. Palmer, of Middletown, Conn., arrived here yesterday and left with his friend, Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr., of Quebec, for the camp of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club, in whose waters good catches of trout are reported this spring.

Dr. Zimmerman and party are expected next week at Lake Edward. A number of very heavy fish have already been taken out of this lake within the last fortnight.

All the Quebec men who have been fishing up along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway report good sport this year. Among their numbers have been Hon. Messrs. Dechene and Turgeon, of the local Government.

Messrs. Samuel Dodd and Wm. F. Hall, of Meriden, and C. B. Peet, of New Haven, returned home yesterday from a very successful fishing trip to their preserves on the Metabetchouan Club limits, carrying with them some pretty specimens of *Salvelinus fontinalis*.

Fortunately for the preservation of this beautiful fish in Canadian waters, the efforts of the Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec to stop the export of trout have been crowned with success. A delegation of the Association, justly alarmed at the enormous export of this fish last season to the United States, waited upon the Hon. S. N. Parent some time ago and urged that it be made illegal. Mr. Parent pointed out that it was the Federal and not the Provincial Government that regulated the export of fish, but promised to urge the prohibition of the destructive industry upon the Federal authorities. Mr. Parent acted in this matter with his usual promptness, and the result is seen in the passage of an order-in-council by the Dominion Government, putting in force the following regulations:

"No one shall receive, ship, transport or have in possession for the purpose of shipping or transporting out of the Dominion of Canada any speckled trout, river trout or sea trout taken or caught in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island; provided, any person who may so ship such trout caught by him for sport, to the extent of 25 pounds in weight, if the shipment is accompanied by a certificate to that effect from either the local fishery officer in whose district the fish were caught, or from the local station agent adjacent to the locality in which they were caught, or accompanied by copy of the official license or permit issued to the person making the shipment. No single package of such trout shall exceed 25 pounds in weight, nor shall any person be permitted to ship more than one package during the season."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 25.

"Killing" Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't like the use of the words "I killed" in referring to the number of fish caught and "killed" in referring to a spoon, etc., for catching fish. It is improper. The mode or manner of obtaining a fish is by catching. You get possession of a bird or animal by killing, but a fish by catching. Saying I killed so many fish does not necessarily mean you caught them. You might have killed the fish your friend caught.

Again, the word "catch" implies skill and strategy. The word kill implies murder. To speak of killing a trout grates on my ears. It's harsh, and implies an absence of an effort, resistance or art.

Summer before last (in Maine) I was fishing from a raft made of three logs, on which was the guide and myself. To keep the fish from floundering off as I caught them, I would take them from the hook and hand them to the guide, who broke their necks. He could truthfully have said, "I killed forty trout," although he caught none. He did not even have a rod. It would be very unsportsmanlike to fish with a spoon or other appliance that killed your fish instead of catching them.

Catching is the sport in fishing. It's the chance, the art, the be all in fishing. Let us hear no more about killing—or killers—unless you are using a rifle and smokeless powder.

TERRY SMITH.

NEW YORK CITY.

A Member of the Ananias Club.

A MAN up our way went fishing—trout fishing—and when he came home said that he had caught in one day 700 trout. This fish story went unchallenged—in fact, unheeded by every man in town, save the game warden. He took down the statutes and therefrom learned that the legal limit was just fifty trout. Then doing some figuring he arrived at the conclusion that there was due the State from this over-zealous fisherman just $6,500, being 650 trout at $10 each. Now the trout were not in evidence, and the game warden was acting upon the admission of the fisherman, in which he pleaded guilty and made himself amenable to the law.

The matter assuming a serious shape, the fisherman explained that the fish were caught in a stream on the boundary of Canada. But the game warden would not stand for this, and to his own knowledge denied the existence of any trout in the stream mentioned.

Then the fisherman became hazy as to just how a trout looked, was quite certain these trout had no spots—in fact, was not sure they were trout—and when he came to think over the matter, was quite convinced that they were not trout at all but smelts. The plea that he had caught trout was changed to one wherein he admitted that they were smelts, and the game warden having no evidence to the contrary, was obliged to let the man go.

From the above one might judge that it was not either proper or safe to tell the truth at all times, this holding especially good when one has returned from a fishing trip. It is generally to be regretted that the warden did not cinch this boaster and force him to go down into his breeches pocket and yank up 6,500 plunks. It would have proved a lesson in morality and veracity to the fishermen of the country. The fish story of the future would have been tame in matters of numbers and would be confined strictly to size and weight and the hours of fight the fish put up before coming to the net.

There is a latent idea that this fisherman caught neither smelt nor trout—in fact, caught nothing, and having to tell the boys something in doing his little story, got beyond his depth and consequently into trouble.

This is the nearest I have ever known a fisherman to come to paying $6,500 just because he stretched matters a little.

If the recital of this episode tends toward making some people a little more careful in future around the campfire, I will not have written in vain.

READER.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Maine Waters.

UPPER DAM, Me., May 26.—The fishing season is at its height. Sportsmen are in the land of realization instead of expectation. One not an angler is likely to catch the spirit, if he sits by the giant fireplace here for a single evening and listens to the recital of capture. Some of the more noted trout fishermen of the country are here, or have just gone home with pretty well filled creels. Anglers of many seasons declare that the fishing has never been better in Mooselucmaguntic, and good in Richardson Lake. Where so many trout come from is the wonder. Another remarkable feature is the fact that almost as many salmon are being taken as trout from the waters here, the natural home of the big salmo fontinalis of the world. This is a result of restocking. While the supply of trout has scarcely lost anything, a supply of landlocked salmon has been added. T. B. Stewart, of New York, who has spent so many seasons here, an enthusiast on the subject of trout, believes that the salmon are an added charm. Mr. Frank P. Waterhouse, of Boston, with Mr. S. Henry Emery, caught a salmon weighing 5 pounds in Richardson Lake a day or two ago. Mr. Freeland Howe, of Norway, Me., brought in a couple of good ones the other day, an every-day occurrence with him. A. C. Manson, of Boston, and son, H. C. Manson, are just in. C. A. Stearns, of Boston, is up and at it. State of Maine fishermen are numerous here. Lewiston and Auburn have been particularly well represented, and the anglers have taken home a great many fish. If angling enthusiasm continues to increase as fast among Maine people as it has been doing for two or three years, this great State of tremendous woods and waters will soon have room only for her own lovers of the rod and reel.

At the Bemis end of the Rangeley waters angling excitement has run to a great height. It is certain that more trout have been taken at that point than ever before and a great many salmon. A. S. Woodworth, of Boston, went up to the Birches Friday. He will try the fishing all round. D. J. Flanders, of the B. & M., has gone to Haines' Landing. At Billy Soule's the fishing has been great, and sportsmen go up there every day from the other points along the lakes. At Mountain View they have taken many good fish, as well as at Haines' Landing. H. W. Clark, of Boston, one of the veteran anglers, is at the Mountain View for his season there of more than a score.

At the Narrows, Richardson Lake, the fishing has been pleasing—fully as good as former seasons, if not rather better. Mr. Frank H. Stevens, of Boston, is home again from his fishing trip to Vine Vale camps. He caught a good many good fish. E. J. Shattuck, of Boston, and of the same camp party, had good fishing. He is an angler of the right sort. Having all the dead fish in his creel that he cared for, he turned a 6-pound trout loose, after weighing and admiring him, "for the good he would do some other fellow."

Mr. Shattuck and Mr. Stevens were treated to a rare sight when out fishing one day. The steamer Minnie French was coming down from the Upper Dam. They noticed that she had a batteau in tow. Suddenly there was a cry of "Fire! Fire!" The batteau was jerked up to the steamer's stern and one man clambered quickly from the batteau on board; another jumped overboard. Smoke was rising from the batteau. Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion. Mr. Stevens says that it seemed as though the whole earth had opened. The batteau carried 150 pounds of dynamite in a gunny bag. In the same bag were caps for exploding it. It belonged to Jack Lary's drive of logs. The two men were in the batteau to watch it. They fell asleep, evidently, and the gunny bag caught fire from the steamer's sparks. Alarmed by the cry of fire, the men saved their lives by getting out.

The batteau was reduced to flinders, and all the light work blown off the steamer. The man overboard was picked up, considerably hurt by flying debris, but not seriously. Nobody on the steamer was badly hurt. Four or five fishermen and guides in boats not far away were not hurt, though considerably shocked.

J. B. Watkins, of New York, goes home happy with a trout of nearly 8 pounds, beating Mr. Suffern by at least a pound. SPECIAL.

Eastern Tuna.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several fishermen who have spoken of prospective trips to California for sport with the tuna seemed to be much surprised when I informed them that the tuna was a common fish on our Eastern Atlantic coast. The fact does not appear to be generally known. If any one will take his tuna outfit to Halifax or Canso when the herring approach the coast he will have no trouble in finding all of the sport that he wants, provided that he can find boatmen who will accompany him. They are afraid of these monsters, and several natives whom I have tried to employ refused to go, saying that they did not care to "get upset quicker'n lightnin'." The tuna is called albicore and horse mackerel from Massachusetts to Newfoundland, but it is the same fish that is just now attracting fishermen to California.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

A Little Story from the French.

M. E. P., employed by the administration of the railroad of the State, is a very enthusiastic fisher with the line. His passion is well known to his chiefs and his fellows, and each one knows how he improves every occasion and invokes all the pretexts for himself to devote to his pastime favorite.

Wishing to profit by the opening of the fishing of the trout, he himself presented the other day in the office of his chief of bureau:

"My sister herself marries, monsieur; I would like——"

"Certainly, my friend; I not have any objection to this that you should go from time to time to the marriage of your sister, only you would do well me to bring a little of the fish."

Adirondack Fishing.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., May 27.—Our local paper reports that the largest lake trout ever taken out of Lake Piseco was caught by W. N. Courtney on Tuesday. The weight was 29¼ pounds, length 43 inches, girth 25 inches. John Yost, of Johnstown, held the record until now, having caught one which weighed 26¾ pounds. The fishing for trout has not been up to usual standard, although there has been a few exceptionally fine catches. High water and cold rains have made the season backward. Very few trout have been taken with the fly. The best catches have been made trolling with spoon and live bait.

C. M. R.

Canadian Trout Export.

AN Order in Council, May 13, forbids the export of speckled trout, river trout or sea trout from Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, except that an angler may export 25 pounds of trout, if accompanied by certificate issued by local fishery officer.

New Jersey Weakfish.

BAYVILLE, N. J., May 24.—The first school of weakfish (that is, biters) came in to-day. I caught some one mile south of the pier. There were plenty of them, so I do not think that the bad weather has affected the run. Parties would better hold off a short time longer. HERB.

Fly-Fishing for Pickerel.

WEST ROXBURY, Mass., April 24.—The other day while talking with a friend he remarked that he had read that pickerel could be caught with a fly. Perhaps some of your readers can settle this question, and if it is true what flies are best. MUSKODOSA.

Shenandoah River Bass Fishing.

BLACK BASS fishermen should not overlook the account of Shenandoah River fishing in our canoeing columns this week.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

66

EDDYVILLE, N. Y., April 24, 1901.—Robert O'Neil, while fishing in the Ulster & Delaware Canal, below the creek locks, last week, caught a large German carp. He says he found imbedded in the back part of its mouth a pair of false teeth. The teeth were identified as the property of Benjamin Torbush, of Eddyville, who, about three years ago, while removing driftwood from the sluice on the upper level of the canal, was taken with an attack of sneezing. The teeth became loose, dropped overboard and were lost.—New York World.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod and Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 2-5.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

A Battle in the Dark.

I AM not going to assert that there is any of the scientific brand in the following story, nor thoroughly trained dogs or crack shots, for there are not. There never are in a plain, old-fashioned coon hunt; but, as for a few hours of excitement and uncertainty, the night I am about to describe was about as full of it as any I ever had the pleasure of mixing up in.

In the late autumn of 18— all the farmers and farmers' sons were greatly excited over some animal that was said to be making its home in a piece of heavy timber, containing, perhaps, three or four hundred acres, and consisting principally of oak, ash and elm, of all sizes, and a greater portion of it covered with wild grape and ivy, while the ground was thickly covered with shrubbery, making an ideal spot for the wily old coon to rest during the day and go forth in search of stray cornfields at night; and you were pretty sure to run one into a tree almost any night with a fairly good dog.

Nearly all the farmers round the neighborhood had dogs of some breed, and most of them had, in some portion of our lives, killed or been unceremoniously whipped by some old long-legged papa coon, and it was the pride of the young men's heart to own a dog with a good coon record. At this particular time excitement was at fever heat. There had appeared in the woods, from no one knew where, some animal said to be all sizes, from that of a Newfoundland dog to a large coon, and before the coon hunting season was three weeks old he had whipped somewhere about twenty different dogs, and had whipped them singly and in pairs, threes and fours, and had done it in such an artistic manner that he left no show for an argument, and the referee's decision always stood. His mode of scrapping consisted of a warm reception for the dogs from the first, and a neat break-away and run at the first chance; and the dogs never cared to follow after the first mix up. He had made himself famous; he was the talk of the village and surrounding country. Small boys needed no curfew to get home before night. Men waited for their neighbors going home from the corner grocery and postoffice, no matter whether they were friends or not, and coon hunting parties became fewer and fewer, until the old woods were silent at night. This was the state of affairs when three other boys and myself, all considering we were past boyhood, met one Saturday night and the conversation turned on the animal in "the big woods." The elder of two brothers proposed we go after it, saying they had a dog that he felt sure would stay to a finish and give a good account of himself. The dog in question was not considered a coon hunter; he would, however, hunt anything else, from a field mouse to the pantry. He was a good tracker, however, and as a fighter he was a winner from the jump, and if that animal could have looked him over once he would certainly have given up the fight; he was as large as an ordinary timber wolf and about the same color, and his breed was descended at least 100 years from registered stock. He was a vicious brute and was never unchained.

We talked it over, and as we were all reluctant to show the white feather in a crowd, we finally decided to tackle him. As there was no gun nearer than a mile, we took an axe, in case we had to cut a tree, and marched forth. We called at Tom's place and he got old Major. We all owned dogs of some sort, but we decided to take only one, as one good dog is better alone than in company with several, as they get in each other's way or fight among themselves, and we wanted to give old Major a show for his white alley. As soon as we got in the woods we lighted the lantern; and it's really strange the feeling of affection that existed between us boys that night. We seemingly could not walk close enough together; and we were so alert that a falling leaf was not passed unnoticed. Old Sleuth would have been a four-horse team compared with us in regard to noise. We turned old Maj loose just before we went into the wods. None of us expected to hear the dogs, as we had no idea he would find the game. But after penetrating the woods for a hundred yards or so we sat down on a log and waited. But I noticed the two boys on the outer end of the line soon preferred to stand, so we were huddled pretty close together, and didn't talk much.

We had sat for some time and listened, but not a sound reached us, and we had just begun to think that Major had gone home, or taken it in his head to go after some stray mutton which, by the way, he was sometimes accused of, and was looked upon with suspicion accordingly, and we were trying to brace up our caurage to jokingly telling Tom the same, when, from the thickest and gloomiest part of the swamp, as that portion was called, we heard old Major's deep, hoarse bark. Usually, when coon hunting, the bark from the dog meant for us to spring up and the man with the lantern to head the line and plough through the woods, single file, as fast as we could go. Not so this evening; oh, no; we don't up and away. We sit still for a couple of minutes, when Tom says hoarsely: "Yes, that's Major, by thunder; he's in the thickest of the swamp. Wish we had a gun." We talked for a few minutes, then we decided to go on. The dog was barking more furiously, and we each armed ourselves with a good heavy club, and Tom taking the lead we commenced the toilsome tramp of nearly a mile through the heavy brush.

We had no trouble locating the dog, as he barked incessantly. We found him gazing up a large ash, about 16 or 18 inches in diameter and probably 25 feet to the first limb. We were meditating whether to cut it or stay till morning, when Tom took the axe and said: "Boys, I wonder if she's holler." Chipping the bark off he gave the trunk a resounding whack. Again and again the back of the axe struck the trunk, probably six or seven times, and Tom dropped the axe with the exclamation, "Sound as a bell!" when, hark! whish, thud, and a heavy body struck the earth not thirty feet from where we stood and was up and away in an instant with old Major in hot pursuit, pouring out such a volume of howling yelps that the woods echoed and re-echoed until it seemed to be full of dogs. Until now we had hoped that it might be a coon, but all doubts were dispelled—for no coon ever leaves a tree until nearly forced to, and we knew also that had it been a coon he would not have gotten away so rapidly.

Our spirits were somewhat risen by the way Major got away after it; and while we had no idea as to the identity of the stranger, we had great faith in the dog's ability to take care of him should it come to close quarters. The race was not a long one, however; and we had little time for reflection, as Major came to a standstill about 200 yards toward the endge of the swamp. We found him at the foot of a basswood about the same size as the first one, but he was in a different frame of mind; his hair stood on end and his eyes blazed; he was simply spoiling for a fight. We tried sounding the tree again, but to no purpose; his lordship had either grown tired from the fast run or didn't like the looks of the dog. There was none of us who cared to climb the tree and we had about decided to camp there for the night, as after having gotten warmed up we were determined to solve his identity if it took us all night. I, however, volunteered to shin up a tree that stood near it and take a birdseye view of the surroundings, which I did, and located the game on a limb running directly toward me, but some twenty feet away. I am not going to say I felt quite as comfortable as I do right now. But, corraling all my courage, I told the boys to look out—I would shoot him. The assertion was backed by a .22 caliber revolver of the most useless type, but I drew on him, so to speak, or on the bunch in the tree that looked like him, took deliberate aim and fired. The bunch in the tree did not fall, however; it simply seemed to run a few short jumps on the limb, rise and soar away, circling downward. He struck the ground as before and was up and away before the dog got to him; but Major made it much hotter for him this time and put him up a tree inside of 100 yards. I slid down the tree and joined the boys and we were soon at the foot of the tree. As I was the only one that carried firearms I was delegated to climb the tree, and as it was in compartively clear ground we thought we could bring our game to bay. We had noticed in the two previous times we had treed him, he, she or it had made his graceful descent as far from the light as possible, and as the dog was always with the light I volunteered to hold the lantern, inwardly thinking, "I should be delighted." But Tom said something about not wanting it broken, and as he owned it I told him I would hold the dog, thinking I would be about as safe with the dog as the lantern. But as I was delegated to climb the tree I could not hold either until Tom's brother Jack, a lad of sixteen, who always wanted to shoot off a revolver, said he would go up the tree "and blow his gol durned head off" on sight, and as the animal had hitherto always shown a disposition to get away if possible, he stuck my popgun in his coat pocket and scrambled up the tree. He had gotten nearly to the first limb when there was a scratching in the tree, and Jack said he guessed he would come down as there seemed to be nothing up there. I was holding Major by the collar and his eyes were riveted on something in the tree top. I told Jack to go on, for the dog saw him. Jack crawled to the first limb and surveyed the surroundings. He did not survey long. His voice trembled when he said, "I can see his eyes; they are like coals of fire," and right after he let out a yell like a foghorn and said, "There he goes right toward the dog." It was unnecessary for him to have said this. Old Major let out a roar like a caged beast, reared up, and in another instant there was nothing to it but a shower of flying leaves and dust, mingled with a few bunches of gray hair, and out of this mix-up came in a beautiful discord, yelps, howls and snarls, accompanied by the occasional whine of pain from the dog. Whether it was an instinctive and accelerated desire to give the dog a show, or, as we hear in a street fight, to "make room," I cannot answer; but certain it is I made room, and made room very rapidly, clearing about 15 feet of space the first leap. Tom, however, started to run—I am not saying which way—toward the dog, he says, and I am not trying to rob him of glory. At any rate he got tangled in the brush and fell, putting out the lantern, and we were in inky blackness. I have witnessed many fights in the woods between dogs and animals, but this was the fiercest I ever saw, or, rather, heard. They went over the ground so rapidly it seemed as if there were a dozen of them, and the uncertainty of the affair made it seem like a night scene from the infernal region. We hastily got the lantern and attempted to relight it, but as such is the case always, we were too excited to go about it in a manner that would bring haste, but as all things have an ending we at last got a light and, following as best we could the turmoil, which had somewhat abated, we found old Major fighting desperately with an animal which we could tell by the fleeting glimpses we caught of it was light yellow in color and larger than a coon, and as full of fight as a man hit in the face with a piece of pie from an excursion train. We could also see that the dog was holding his own; if anything, was getting the better of it, and finally getting a firm hold of it by the back, he pinioned it to the ground, and we saw that the struggle was nearly over and it had been a battle royal. After a few vicious shakes the animal ceased to struggle, and a few blows on the head with a club finished it and old Major was the hero of the hour. But he had not come out scathless; he was cut, scratched and bitten; we found blood flowing from over a dozen places on our arrival home. We examined our game, and though some of us had never seen anything like it, Tom, who had traveled, being to Barnum's circus once, proudly stated it was a wildcat, and "a whopper," too. He was correct in the first—it was a real wildcat, but was rather small, or I fear old Major would not have come out of it so easily, as many of the old pioneers said when viewing the skin which Tom had tanned and to this day occupies a conspicuous place in his mother's parlor. We were very jubilant over our capture and rather made life miserable for those who had failed before us. But we were justly proud, as no game of this sort had been seen around that locality for years.

Where the short-tailed, sharp-eared gentleman came from we never knew, but he was the last one ever captured there.

One laughable circumstance remains to be told. We were ready to leave for home, when we missed Jack, and called him. He indignantly replied, "You didn't expect a fellow to come down in the dark, did you?"

Jack was still up in the tree. A. E. JAY.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A MAIL vote has been taken on the petition for changes in the racing rules of the A. C. A., the result being sixteen in favor of the new plan as a whole, three in favor of it except on certain points in regard to paddling, and three votes against it, so that the sailing men won the day by a vote of nineteen to three. By this vote the sailing decked canoes that were in use last year can sail this year with unlimited sliding seats and also a fixed drop rudder. Only one rig can be used, which must be a practical hoisting and lowering one, not exceeding 112 sq. ft. in area, so that now a canoeist owning a sailing decked canoe has only to buy two sails instead of the usual four or more, and he must have a practical double blade paddle, which may be jointed in the middle. In the future a decked sailing canoe can lower her sails and be paddled ashore, instead of being a racing machine whose sails could not be lowered in case of necessity. Heretofore racing canoes have seldom carried paddles, so that if a man pulled out the canoe's masts and threw them overboard he was quite helpless, as he could not get ashore. Under the new rules a decked sailing canoe is safer in every way than an open canoe, and the only disadvantage is the extra weight and cost. The general impression among the sailing canoeists is that the price of the sailing decked canoes will be reduced to nearly the same cost as the open canoes.

A peculiar feature of the meeting at Gananoque was that the paddling men voted against the decked canoes being forced to carry a paddle. As a number of the sailing canoeists have written us in regard to this matter, we trust that some of the paddling men will write and explain their motive in voting as they did.

MR. B. B. CROWNINSHIELD has gotten out plans for three canoes for Mr. Herman Dudley Murphey and two of the boats have been constructed; whether the third boat will be built has not been definitely decided. The first boat was built by the Mather Boat Works, at Atlantic, Mass., and has already been tried on Mystic Lake and has given the greatest satisfaction to all those interested in her. The second boat is nearing completion at the yard of Mr. W. F. Stevens, at Bath, Me., and as soon as she is finished she will be tried out against boat number one. Whichever boat is selected to compete in the Royal C. C. race in England next August will be named Uncle Sam. Mr. Murphey is being assisted in his work by the veteran canoeist, Mr. Paul Butler, of Lowell, Mass.

MR. JOHN VOSS, who made a trip to South America in an open boat a few years ago, started in company with Mr. Norman Luxton on May 21 for a voyage from Victoria, B. C., to Great Britain by way of Australia and South Africa in a 40ft. Indian war canoe. Mr. Luxton is a journalist and he carries with him a complete photographic outfit, and if the voyage is a successful one he is to publish an illustrated account of their experiences.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

"THOSE fellows are having considerable luck over there," said Lacy, as he raked in the Colonel's last chip, and both paused to take a little nip of something hot to keep out the dampness before replacing the cards and chips in their walnut case.

The Colonel and I looked over in time to see one fellow playing a big fish, the play ending—in fact, consisting principally—in his rushing up the bank with his long pole over his shoulder and dragging the struggling fish to the water's edge, where the other two fellows, who in the meantime had taken in their tackle, threw themselves bodily upon it, regardless of the fact that it was still in the water, and, one of them capturing it, climbed in triumph up the muddy bank with the wet, struggling fish clasped in his arms and hugged tightly against his breast.

"That's a big fellow," said Lacy; "he'll go 2½ or 3lbs."

"Yes; and that's one way to land a fish," replied the Colonel in deep disgust. "I'll bet that fellow's wet; I hope so, anyhow."

"I suppose he thinks he can't get any wetter than he already is, out there in the rain," Lacy replied.

"That's the way they land all of them," said I. "While you fellows have been interested in your game, I've seen them land several in that way, all big ones, too. They're making a fine catch there."

"Yes; I always considered this a fine fishing place," said the Colonel.

"So did I," I replied; "it's a great resort for Harrisonburg fishermen.

Published in Forest and Stream June 16-23, 1894.

The Shenandoah is an ideal bass stream, both for the bass and the bass fisher. Its swift water, its rock-ribbed bed, with its myriads of reefs and ledges; its deep, cool pools and bright, sparkling shallows make of it a paradise for bass; while its accessibility, its surpassingly beautiful mountain scenery, its bracing healthful climate, its freedom from malaria, its pure, sparkling waters, make it equally an ideal stream for the bass fisher.

The bass are quite numerous in the stream, particularly in the more remote and less fished portions. As a rule, they rise readily to the fly, although with the usual uncertainty of this peculiarly capricious fish, in some localities I have never yet had a rise while taking them freely with bait.

With the liability to imperfection which is the lot of all things terrestrial, the Shenandoah has one serious drawback as a fishing stream, viz.: its tendency to get muddy after a heavy rain. The surface wash from the red clay soil of the well-tilled fields along its banks speedily converts it into a stream of liquid mud of a vivid brick red, which tint sometimes remains in the water long after the thick mud has run out, with a persistency most aggravating to the patient fisherman. On this account, therefore, probably the months of August, September and October, with the latter part of July, will be found the most favorable seasons in which to essay the river.

The best bait is a small piece of catfish, or bull pout, locally known as the "mad tom," which can be caught in abundance in almost any of the small side streams with a small seine and a lantern (it is a peculiarity of this little fish that it can best be found after night). Minnows, of course, are always good, but the "mad tom"—in addition to being if anything a more attractive bait—is so tough and hardy that it will outlive half a dozen minnows. It must be handled with care, however, as a stab from one of the vicious little horns or stickers concealed in the fins on either side just back of the gills, and on the back, is as painful as a bee sting, and the little fellow is so slippery that it is difficult to grasp him without coming in contact with his horns. Helgramites are also excellent for bait and are found in abundance in the river in the shallow, swift water under the rocks, and are readily taken by means of a small-meshed landing net, by turning over the rocks and holding the net below as the rock is turned and scooping in the creatures as they loose their hold and roll up into a little ball, to drift away with the swift current.

The local customs of the resident fishermen, some of whom along the upper river are noted for their success, are peculiar and interesting. While the town fishermen use light tackle—either a light bamboo or lancewood fly or bait rod, or a short Henshall rod with light line, leader and rather small hooks—the local fisherman uses tackle of enormous proportions, calculated to strike terror into the heart of the stranger. The pole (for it certainly is anything but a rod) is usually of the cane species, and is seldom less than 20ft. long and large in proportion, and would make a fairly respectable steamboat jackstaff. It must, of course, be used with both hands. The line is of oiled silk, rather thick and heavy, and of considerable length, rarely less than 200ft., and is wound upon a large multiplying reel, which is usually lashed to the butt of the pole. Two very large shelled hooks are used (without leaders), about 4-0 Carlyle being the usual size and pattern, and with this tackle, and standing up in the boat, the large, heavy "mad toms" can be cast out over the water to a considerable distance. No sinker is used (except in fishing from the bank), even in swift water, as the line is generally allowed to run out with the current to a great length and a sinker would be a source of endless trouble in fouling among the ever-present reefs.

The local fishermen seldom fish from the bank; but either wade—not infrequently up to the shoulders—or, as more usual, fish from a boat, which is a broad, flat-bottomed, comfortable, slow-moving affair about 20ft. long and capable of holding six or eight men, and is always propelled by a long pole wielded by a man standing in the stern of the boat. Some of the fishermen and boatmen attain great skill in handling these clumsy, heavy boats, and they can be forced up a rapid or against a swift current by this means, where a pair of oars would be entirely ineffective.

The boat is anchored directly across the stream, where the current will permit, by means of a heavy stone at each end; generally attached to a piece of fencing wire, that will not chafe or cut on the reefs, and the anglers make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit, casting down stream, of course, and letting the line run out in the current to considerable length; while those in the ends of the boat have considerable side sweep. When a strike is secured, the line is paid out to the fish to a considerable extent—some 20 or 30ft.—before striking, and the fish allowed to run with the bait. After running some little distance the fish usually stops, and when he again gets under way, the angler strikes, with a steady, sweeping pull on the long sagging line, which rarely fails to hook the fish.

The theory that the fish seizes the bait by the tail and then ejects it and turns it head first before swallowing, seems to be well founded, and is sustained by careful observation; for, if struck too soon—before turning the bait and getting the hook well in his mouth (the bait is usually hooked through the lips)—the fish generally escapes, and when the line is reeled in and the bait examined, it will be found to be scored with the marks of the teeth of the fish, in some instances crushed and killed, the marks being always on the lower part of the body down to the tail, showing that the bait was seized tail first; while, when a fish is caught, if the bait is still in his mouth (for frequently a bass strikes so ardently that the bait is sent spinning several feet up the line, or is thrown clear off) it will be found to be swallowed head first, with the tail sticking out of the fish's mouth.

When struck, the fish is reeled in and landed as quickly as possible, without any preliminary playing; indeed, with such tackle, which is capable of lifting a 3 or 4lb. bass bodily out of the water and into the boat without undue strain upon pole, line or hook, "playing" is unnecessary, and the local fisherman is generally desirous of landing and securing his fish as promptly as possible. In fact, I confess to the same desire myself; and never indulge in any more playing than is necessary for the safety of my tackle, having no particular relish for the cat and the mouse game.

In wading, their long, heavy tackle strikes me as being bulky, cumbersome and unhandy to the last degree; and I find my little 8oz. Henshall rod of 8ft. 3in. with a medium weight of line—not too long—to be as near perfection for this kind of fishing as is attainable in this imperfect world of ours; but in boat fishing the heavy long tackle possesses some undeniable advantages. In some two or three weeks' fishing in the Bear Lithia neighborhood last summer, most of which was done from a boat, there was not a day's fishing in which I did not lose one or more fish from having the fish shoot under the boat or foul the anchor chain. The fellows with the long heavy tackle, if their fish made for the boat, could check him or steer him off, while with my light, delicate tackle, if my fish took a notion to go under the boat, I had to let him go or smash my rod.

While the Henshall rod is unequaled for wading, probably the best tackle for boat and shore fishing is a rather stout lancewood or steel rod about 10½ft. long and fully as many ounces in weight, which is stiff and heavy enough to safely snub a fish when he darts under the boat, and long enough to be serviceable; with 150ft. of good, medium weight oiled silk line (not enameled) and hooks of medium or fairly large size, ranging from No. 2 Sproat to 2-0 or 3-0 Carlyle, with or without leaders, according to taste. I generally use a 6ft. looped leader, but I cannot say that I consider it strictly essential in bait-fishing.

In fishing from the bank a sinker is, of course, a necessity. The generally accepted method used by Shenandoah fishermen of preparing and using a sinker is to prepare a number of different sized pieces of lead by first splitting them with a chisel and then closing up the split by means of a hammer with some 6 or 8in. of common white cotton wrapping twine or string closed in the split or opening. One of these sinkers thus prepared is selected, the size and weight depending on the character of the water, whether swift or shallow or deep and still, and tied to the end of the line, and the hook (for but one hook is used in shore fishing) attached to the line some 18in. or more above the sinker.

A small piece of cork looped in the middle of the snell or snood of the hook will not add to the neat appearance of the tackle, but will prove invaluable in keeping the bait off the bottom, which, considering the tendency of mad toms and helgramites to creep under rocks, is quite an essential. The advantage of this peculiar combination is that the hook is kept off the bottom, and if anything fouls (and in such reefy waters fouls are of common occurrence) it is the sinker, and by a steady, strong pull the string will break instead of the line or hook, and the tackle will come free, leaving the sinker in the river instead of the hook; and as lead is much cheaper than hooks this is of no special importance.

In fly-fishing in the Shenandoah, as elsewhere, the finest and best tackle is the most satisfactory and produces the best results; the popular theory of the small boy with the willow pole, the tow string and the pin hook to the contrary notwithstanding. A fine bamboo, lancewood or steel rod, from 10 to 11ft. in length and of moderate weight, not too light, an enameled, tapered, size F line (25yds. is sufficient), a 6ft. looped leader of heavy single gut, and two flies of moderate size—No. 4 being about right—will probably prove most satisfactory.

The bright-colored flies, such as scarlet-ibis, Parmacheene-belle, white-miller and professor, seem to be the most attractive, although I have had considerable success with the Governor-Alvord, particularly in trolling, where the slow, steady drag of this mouse-like object through the water seems particularly tempting. George is a skillful and successful fly-fisher, and his favorite combination is a bright fly as dropper and a dark one as tail fly. His theory is that the fish is attracted by the bright fly, and if in making a dash for it he should miss it, or for any reason decline it, the dark fly is close at hand and is seldom missed. Whether this theory is correct or not, his uniform success would seem to indicate that there is at least something in it.

The fish do not, as a rule, rise or break above the surface, but generally strike from below, and it is but rarely that I see a fish take the fly, unless I am standing on a reef or other elevation from which I can look down into the water and see him make his rush; consequently, in casting, the flies should be dropped lightly out upon the water and allowed to sink a few inches below the surface—a foot is not too much—and then be gently drawn in through, not over, the water. I generally get my strikes just as this drawing-in movement has begun. It is not usually necessary to put out a great deal of line, except to reach special places or spots not otherwise attainable.

George and I have had some of our finest sport in trolling from our canoes on our various cruises, as we cruise along. A collar of flies is attached to the line as in ordinary fly-fishing, and the casts made from the canoe, throwing from side to side until some 40 or 50ft. of line is out, after which the rod is laid out over the stern of the canoe (the reel at the canoeist's feet, so placed that it will turn freely and readily), and the tip projecting aft under his right arm, with the line trailing out astern. The paddle is then taken up and the course resumed. A sharp lookout must be kept for stray ledges, and in running rapids or threading intricate, reefy places, the line is taken in. When not in use, the tackle is carried on the decks of the canoes, being secured by a simple contrivance.

It is not advisable to use a fine fly-rod in trolling, as in spite of care fouls will occur, and before the canoe can be checked and turned the rod is liable to be sprung or broken. I once ruined two tips in one afternoon in this same way, while on the same day George only saved his rod by dropping it overboard; a tedious half hour's fishing being required before he could find and recover it. A common stout lancewood or steel rod, moderately heavy, is best for this kind of work. When a strike occurs the fish promptly notifies the canoeist that he has arrived by a jerk that makes the reel whiz with a vigor and suddenness that never fails to startle him, however much he may have become accustomed to it. The paddle is then dropped, the rod taken up and the sport commences. If the fish does not much exceed a pound in weight, he may be landed aboard the canoe without much trouble, although at all times a landing net is a convenience that cannot be dispensed with without risk of losing the fish; but if a large, heavy fish is struck great care and patience are required in order to successfully handle him from the light, cranky canoe and get him safely aboard. I once saw George strike a 4-ponnder which gave him a fight for at least twenty minutes before he succeeded in securing the fish, and during which fight the fish actually towed George's canoe slowly and gently

clear across the river in his rushes, until he had worked him in so close to the right bank that I had to come to the rescue by paddling gently in and securing his bow painter and towing him out into midstream, where he finished the fight and landed the fish. This sounds like a veritable fish story, but it is a fact.

The local fishermen handle their immense tackle quite skillfully and effectively, but when placed for the first time in the hands of a man who has not been brought up on it, it is usually quite alarming. I was out one day last year with Will Compton and Tom Naylor, of Bear Lithia, and Will's father, a prominent member of the Harrisonburg bar. Compton, Sr., is an enthusiastic and expert fly-fisher, and it is doubtful if he ever before caught a bass with bait. He had run over to Bear Lithia from Harrisonburg for a couple of days, and, not expecting to fish, had brought no tackle with him, and his consternation may be imagined when one of these 20ft. flagstaffs—halliards and all—was placed in his hands and he was told to fish with it.

In the fullness of time, Compton, Sr., got a strike.

"Give him line! Give him line!" "Let him run!" "Give him plenty of time!" were samples of the advice showered on him by his companions as he sprang to his feet, the better to handle his cumbersome unaccustomed weapon, and was on the point of striking promptly, as he was accustomed to do in his fly-fishing experiences. He recovered himself and paid out some 15 or 20ft. of line, which the fish took up as rapidly as it was paid out.

"Now strike!" exclaimed Naylor, as the fish, after pausing a little, started off briskly again.

Compton, Sr., struck; not with the long, steady swing of the native, but with the sharp, quick, fly-fishing, 6oz. rod strike, forgetful of the tremendous latent energy stored up in that 20ft. pole. The fish—about a ¾-pounder—came up flying out of the river, through the air, directly toward the boat. Everybody dodged, but there was no danger. That fish sailed up the river like a flying fish, high above our heads, the full length of the 60 or 70ft. or so of line out before he dropped into the water again. There was a shout of laughter, and Compton, Sr., who probably in all his previous existence had never been guilty of yanking a fish out of the water like that, sat down, covered with confusion, while he reeled in and landed his fish, receiving, meanwhile, the congratulations of his friends.

He got the fish, though, which afforded him some consolation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Red Dragon C. C.

THERE is at present an unusual amount of activity around the Wissinoming home of the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, and from all appearances canoeing will be more popular than ever in this club. Several new boats have been added to the fleet, Mr. Shaw having purchased a new half-rater from Clapham, and Messrs. Murray, McLeod, Park and Cook augmenting the fleet of canoes with new ones.

The first run of the season was taken on May 5, a number of the men paddling up Pennypack Creek, lunching near the falls.

On May 11 Snug Harbor, the new Rathskeller, was formally opened in the club house, and a most enjoyable evening was passed.

An up-river cruise was ordered by Com. Wilt on May 19, but the unpropitious weather kept many from attending.

The annual camp was held at the old favorite site near Delanco, N. J., May 30 to June 2, and the usual pleasant time was enjoyed by many of the members.

The trapshooting contingent closed the season the last week of May, and the honors were awarded to Messrs. Fenimore, Gross, Hemingway and Park. Two matches were shot with the Philadelphia Y. C. during the season. The yachtsmen had a little the best of it, winning handily on the Red Dragon's range, and making a tie on their own grounds. Pleasant suppers followed both matches.

W. K. P.

Harper's Ferry.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in Mr. F. R. Webb's experiences as related in "'Mid Reef and Rapid." The well written story tells of a country and river of which I ought to know something, but of which, I am ashamed to confess, I know very little. Yet my parents were born right there, in the most beautiful and sublime spot in the Shenandoah Valley—Harper's Ferry. My mother was a Virginia Lee; my father a Virginia Avis. Capt. John Avis, of John Brown fame, was a great-uncle of mine, and John Brown's silver watch is in the possession of a branch of our family to-day. It was given to Capt. Avis by John Brown himself just before he stood on the scaffold.

When my mother was alive, and we were all at home, it was very interesting to hear my parents tell of the "John Brown raid," his fortifying of the "old armory engine house," his capture of prominent citizens, including Lewis Washington, a relative of George Washington, and the final capture of himself and men by Government soldiers. My father was a member of the local militia at the time, which was called to guard the jail in which Brown was confined. Finally came the war, the capture and recapture of the battle-scarred place, the dramatic blowing up of the armory and arsenal, and many other stirring events of those stirring times.

I was in Harper's Ferry but once. It was when nine years of age, and memory retains a faint vision of a sleepy little village, the crumbling ruins of long buildings near the edge of a sparkling, tumbling, foam-laced river, flowing turbulently through a great wondrous gorge—a place pronounced by Jefferson to be "the most stupendous thing in nature."

I would feel thankful if Mr. Webb could furnish me the full name of the Mr. Avis, of Charleston, W. Va., whom he met at the Walker place. I feel interested, and am sure he has discovered a relative of mine.

W. H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., May 20.

Clouds.

Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wildnerness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silves spires,
A blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilion bright,
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!

—Wadsworth.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

30. South Boston, club race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
30. Harlem, annual regatta, City Island, Long Island Sound.
30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
30. Canarsie, opening and parade, Carnarsie, Jamaica Bay.
30. Brooklyn, opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Staten Island, Stapleton, S. I.
30. American, opening, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
30. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Manhasset Bay, second series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, races for raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

JUNE.

1. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
1. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
5. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
8. Winthrop, special handicap race, Winthrop, Mass.
8. Canarsie, pennant championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
8. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
8. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
8. Brooklyn, open, Gravesend Bay.
8. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
12. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
15. South Boston, club cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
15. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
15. New York C. C., annual, Gravesend Bay.
15. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, first race, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
15. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
15. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
15-17. New York, 90-footers, Newport.
15-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
16. South Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, classes over 18ft., Hull, Boston Harbor.
17. Dorchester, classes 18ft. and under, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, first club championship, Marblehead, Mass.
17. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Brooklyn, annual regatta, Gravesend Bay.
17. Pavonia, annual, Bayonne, New York Bay.
17. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
19. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
20. New York, annual, New York Bay.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
22. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
22. Marine and Field, open, Gravesend Bay.
22. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
22. Manhasset Bay, third series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
22. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
22. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
22. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, second race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
25. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

2, 4, 6. Newport, Y. R. A., cup defender class, Newport.
2. Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
3. Columbia, City Point, Boston Harbor.
3. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
3-8. Brooklyn C. C., cruise, Gravesend Bay.
4. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
4. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
4. Boston City, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, second club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., first open regatta, Gravesend Bay.
4. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
4. Larchmont, annual regatta and schooner races for Colt cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
4. Pavonia, McInnis cup, Bayonne, New York Bay.
4. Canarsie, parade, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, annual, Bay Shore, L. I.
4. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5-11. Atlantic, cruise, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Shinnecock Bay, club, Shinnecock Bay.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
6. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
6. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
6. Beverly, convention, Monument Beach.
6. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, third race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
6. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
8. Norwalk, annual, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
8-9-10. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Moriches, club.
13. Corinthian, third club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
13. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
13. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
13. Larchmont, open, first day of race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, race for Roosevelt memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
13. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
13-20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15-19.—Interlake meet, Put-in-Bay, O.
17. Beverly, Buzzards Bay.
17. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
18, 20, 23. Newport Y. R. A., special races, Newport
20. Westhampton C. C., club.
20. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
20. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.

AFTER a number of very successful trials during last week, Constitution was formally turned over to her new owners last Saturday, Mr. August Belmont acting for the syndicate and Mr. W. Butler Duncan's private signal being hoisted aloft. Constitution's headquarters will now be at Newport, although she will be taken to Bristol occasionally to be inspected. A new mainsail and some spare steel spars are now being made for the boat at Bristol. Constitution's trials will go on with as much regularity as fair weather will allow.

WHILE maneuvering for a start in a race against Shamrock I. and Sybarita on Tuesday, May 21, Shamrock II. had her entire rigging swept away in a sudden squall. Shamrock I. had her gaff broken and her topsail was torn to pieces. King Edward was aboard Shamrock II. at the time of the accident and narrowly escaped serious injury. Sir Thomas Lipton was struck by a piece of wreckage, but was not hurt. All the sails and spars are now lying in nine fathoms of water off the West Brambles. There will be a delay of six weeks in replacing the lost gear and spars of Shamrock II., and it therefore became necessary for Sir Thomas Lipton to ask the New York Y. C. for a postponement of the Cup races at least a month. The New York Y. C. readily consented to his request, and the date of the first race is set for Saturday, Sept. 21, 1901.

The Independence Correspondence.

THE New York Y. C. has given out the correspondence relative to the sailing of Independence in the trial races, and the full series of letters are as below. The outcome of it all is that the Boston yacht will enter the races, and this is a subject of universal satisfaction.

41 West Forty-fourth street, New York, April 23—T. W. Lawson, Esq., 31 State street, Boston, Mass.—Sir: The committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club, to which was referred the challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club for a match for the America cup, with power, among other things, to select a vessel to represent the club in the match, has been officially advised by the owners of the Columbia and Constitution that those vessels will be prepared to enter trial races to be held under the supervision of the New York Yacht Club, with a view to the selection of its representative vessel.

The committee is informed that you are the owner of the Independence, now in process of construction in Boston, from designs by Mr. Crowninshield; that she is of the same class as Shamrock II., and the vessels above mentioned, and, as is generally believed, is being built for the purpose of being offered as a possible defender of the cup.

It has seemed to the committee proper that it should officially confirm to you what was informally communicated by its chairman several months ago to Mr. Crowninshield as to the conditions which would govern entries for the trial races.

The cup is held by the New York Yacht Club under the deed of gift. According to that deed, it is not open to contest between individuals, but a match can be sailed only between the challenging club, on the one hand, and the club holding the cup, on the other. By its terms the vessel selected to defend the match is made the representative of the challenged club.

The challenged club is made responsible for the vessel defending the cup, and for her management and conduct during the match.

It is evident that no club can justly assume such responsibility unless it be vested with corresponding authority and control over the vessel by which it is represented and for the conduct of which it is responsible. The challenged club can be effectively vested with such authority and control only by having the vessel under its flag and under the responsible management of one of its members, for only a member is bound by its rules, amenable to its control, and subject to its discipline.

These conditions have in fact existed in all former contests.

The committee are, therefore, compelled to hold that a vessel, in order to enter the trial races, must be qualified to fly the flag of the club, and must be under the responsible management of one or more of its members, and that if selected to defend the cup these conditions must continue to exist until after the conclusion of the match.

It is proper to add that in their selection of a vessel the committee, in accordance with the custom which has always been observed, would reserve to themselves absolute freedom to designate that vessel which, in their judgment, is, under all the circumstances, best adapted for the purpose. The result of the trial races will not be considered as necessarily conclusive, and the committee will regard themselves as at liberty to consider or not, at their discretion, the evidence furnished by performances of the respective vessels prior to the trial races. The committee believe that they are expressing the unanimous sentiment of the New York Yacht Club in saying that the appearance of the Independence as a competitor for the honor of defending the cup would be very heartily welcomed. They are not forgetful of the distinguished part which Boston yachtsmen have taken in these events in the past, and they are anxious to extend to the Independence every possible courtesy consistent with the duty of the club as trustee of the America cup.

Respectfully yours, LEWIS CASS LEDYARD,
Chairman of Committee.

Boston, April 25.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, chairman of committee, New York Yacht Club.—Sir: Your letter of the 23d inst., wherein you make clear to me the desire and intention of your club in regard to the selection and sailing of the vessel which will defend the America Cup, was duly received, and I thank you for the information which you have so fully and plainly given to me about the rules, regulations and customs which must, by the deed of gift, precedents and decisions of your club, control the entire match from the beginning of the trial races to the conclusion of the match. I also thank you, and, through you, all the members of your club, for your kindly expressions in regard to Independence and Boston yachtsmen.

That there may be no misunderstanding in this matter, which is one of great moment to us, who have exerted every effort and have been actuated by only one desire, namely, to create a boat which all Bostonians will be proud of, I ask the privilege of briefly reviewing your letter.

Your committee is correctly informed. I own Independence; she is of the same class as Constitution, Columbia, and Shamrock II., and I built her for the purpose of offering her as a defender of the cup. My understanding of the deed of gift is in accordance with your committee's, that "it is not open to contests between individuals, but a match can be sailed only between the challenging club on the one hand and the club holding the cup on the other," and that "the vessel selected to defend the match" must be "made the representative of the challenged club." "The challenged club is made responsible for the vessel defending the cup and for her management and conduct during the match."

I believe, as does your committee, "that no club can justly assume such responsibilities unless it be vested with corresponding authority and control over the vessel by which it is represented, and for the conduct of which it is responsible." And I also believe with your committee that your club should be vested with authority and control, and that the vessel representing your club should, during the entire match and until its conclusion, be absolutely under the management and control of your club, and I do not see how, in fairness to all who have any right to any interest in the great contest for the cup, your committee could do otherwise than to rule that all vessels which enter the trial races must be prepared to have your club absolutely manage and control them at all times, until the conclusion of the match.

I entirely agree that it is only right and fair that your committee "reserve to themselves absolute freedom to designate that vessel which, in their judgment is, under all the circumstances, best adapted for the purpose," and that "the result of the trial races will not be considered as necessarily conclusive and the committee will regard themselves as at liberty to consider or not, at their discretion, the evidence furnished by performances of the respective vessels prior to the trial races."

I therefore ask that the Independence be allowed the honor of defending the cup, if on the fair and wise judgment of your committee she demonstrates she is, everything considered, the best boat for the purpose, and I pledge myself, if the Independence is selected to defend the cup, to give to the New York Yacht Club absolute control and management of her until the conclusion of the match.

In my anxiety to hurry this matter along to a conclusion that will be satisfactory to every one interested, I have, immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and without opportunity to consult with Mr. Crowninshield or any of the other Boston gentlemen who are to sail the Independence, thus briefly answered

it. At the first opportunity I will lay it before them, and have little doubt but they will indorse my views.

Again thanking you, your committee and your club for your courteous attention, and assuring you that I know you will deal with the entire subject in that broad spirit of true sportsmanship for which your club is famed, believe me, sir, yours very truly,

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

New York, April 30.—Thomas W. Lawson, Esq., Boston, Mass.—Sir: The committee of the New York Yacht Club upon the challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, to whom I have submitted your letter of April 25, desire me to express to you their gratification at learning that the Independence will be offered as a competitor in the trial races, under the conditions communicated in my letter of the 23d instant.

In reviewing my letter, you omit to call attention in specific terms to the condition that the vessel must be qualified to fly the flag of the New York Yacht Club—but I assume from your cordial assent to these conditions in general that the omission is inadvertent.

I am requested to inform you that the committee will be glad to receive the entry of the Independence for the trial races, when she shall have been qualified under their ruling.

Should she before the trial races be qualified, under the rules of the club, to enter club events, there will be a number of occasions on which she can meet the Constitution and Columbia and thus enjoy equal facilities with those vessels for getting her crew thoroughly trained and disciplined and the vessel herself in the best possible form.

The committee has no other desire than that the Shamrock II. should meet the very best boat this country can produce. Respectfully yours,

LEWIS CASS LEDYARD,
Chairman of Committee.

Boston, May 1.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of Committee, New York Yacht Club.—Dear Sir: Your letter of April 30 was received today. In reviewing your favor of the 23d ultimo, I purposely omitted calling your attention in specific terms to the condition contained therein, that the vessel must be qualified to fly the flag of the New York Yacht Club. I did not know what your club would hold to be necessary qualifications to enable the Independence to fly your club flag, but I was satisfied your committee would at a time and in a way they deemed best convey to me this knowledge, which I could in no other way obtain, and in pledging myself to give to your club absolute control and management of the Independence, should she be selected by your committee to defend the cup, I felt I had covered beyond all possibility of misunderstanding any and all requisite details; but as you are good enough in the letter just to hand to invite my views on this point, I will give them to you frankly, asking only that your committee will receive them in the same spirit in which they are sent.

In asking your committee to accept the entry of the Independence for the trial races I would remind you we agree upon five essential points: I am the sole owner of the Independence; I am not a member of your club; your club is unanimous in its desire to have the Independence a competitor; I desire to have her compete, and consent to have your club absolutely control and manage her until the conclusion of the match. It is my opinion that in giving to your club the absolute management and control of the Independence I cover the condition that she must be qualified to fly the flag of the New York Yacht Club. As I understand such matters, your club's power as to who or what shall fly its flag is supreme; you can qualify the owner of the Independence to fly it, or you can qualify the Independence without me by having her intrusted to your club by charter or by loan.

If your committee will inform me at its earliest convenience what steps it will be necessary for me to take to qualify the Independence to enter the trial races and the club events to which you refer, I assure you I will appreciate it, as I realize it may be essential to her success that she enjoy the same facilities for tuning up as the Constitution and Columbia.

Again thanking you for your courteous attention believe me, yours very truly,

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

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41 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, May 10.—T. W. Lawson, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 1st inst. would have been answered before, but I have been unable, until to-day, to procure a meeting of the committee.

The question what qualifications are necessary to enable a vessel to fly the flag of the club must be determined by the constitution and by-laws of the New York Yacht Club.

There are two methods in which a yacht may be thus qualified: First, by being enrolled in the name of one or more members of the club and registered on the club's records in the name of such member or members; second, by being chartered to a member or members for a period of not less than two months. Under the first of these methods she becomes entitled to all club privileges which any vessel can have, including the right to enter all club events. Under the second, she acquires the right to enter the squadron runs upon the annual cruise, but no other club races. She would, however, under the ruling of the committee, communicated to you in my former letter, be entitled, if thus chartered, to enter the America's Cup trial races.

Either of these courses is open to the Independence, but you will perceive that the adoption of the former would give her a complete equality of privilege with the Constitution and Columbia as far as concerns preliminary opportunities for tuning up and comparison, the importance of which, to those interested in her success, the committee fully recognizes, that could not be obtained by resorting to a charter.

Should you desire either to put the Independence in the name of a member, or to charter her to a member, of course the selection of such member would be a matter for your own personal choice, and the arrangement made would be one wholly between you and the member elected by you. The club itself could neither charter nor borrow a vessel for this purpose. Its control over the general conduct of the vessel selected to defend the match as its representative is acquired through the fact that the individual who is responsible for her management, by ownership of record or by charter, is a member of the club and subject to its jurisdiction. Respectfully yours.

LEWIS CASS LEDYARD,
Chairman.

Boston, May 11.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of Committee, New York Yacht Club.—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 10th instant was received to-day, and I would again (that there may be no misunderstanding) ask your indulgence in reviewing its contents. You state that your club will neither charter nor borrow the Independence, and that the only possible way for her to enter the trial races and, consequently, the races for the cup, will be for me to have her enrolled and registered in the name of a member of the New York Yacht Club, and that she can only be so enrolled and registered when I cease to be her owner by making a member of your club her owner, or by giving a member of your club absolute control and management of her by charter,

In other words, if my understanding of the meaning of your letter is correct, the New York Yacht Club, with the knowledge that I am the sole owner of the Independence, that I have built her for the sole purpose of competing for the honor of defending the America Cup, and at a time when she is so far completed as to appear to have an equal chance with the chellenger, and of being as good a boat as any other candidate for the cup defense, informs me that it is the unanimous desire of its members that she be granted an equal chance with the other American boats, only to show to me that she will not be given any chance unless I make a gift to some member of your club of all that which belongs to me by the right of my having assumed the responsibility of an act which no member of your club or any other individual desired to perform.

If my understanding is correct, I deeply regret that your committee should have so poor an estimate of my intelligence as to have thought it necessary to call to my attention that it was within my power to transfer my ownership of the Independence to a member of your club; for, if my understanding is correct, the substance of all your committee has said to me in its courteous and welcome but nevertheless unsolicited correspondence is that I, being the sole owner of the Independence, can, if I desire, in any way that I deem best, transfer the ownership from myself to a member of your club.

I can give her, I can sell her, or I can charter her. I would respectfully call the attention of your committee to the fact that I did not build the Independence for the purpose of financial gain and I therefore, would not sell an ownership, in whole or in part, or by charter to any individual. Furthermore, if it was my intention to profit in ship dicker, she would, of course, be sold to the highest bidder, regardless of his membership in any club.

Of course your committee and all members of your club know that it is impossible for me to find an individual of sufficient respectability to have been admitted to any club who would treat with anything but contempt a proposition that he go before your club and the public with the deceptive assertion that he was the owner of the Independence, and, therefore, entitled to those things that necessarily go with such ownership, and I think your club members upon second thought will agree with me that no man sufficiently housebroken to be at large would ask any one to assume a position of such duplicity.

Imagine the situation of a respectable owner who had voluntarily intrusted a ship like the Independence to an individual—irresponsible as one would necessarily have to be to become the beneficiary of such a subterfuge—if, in the first race, she sank an excursion steamer or in any one of many ways was held responsible for heavy damages; or if at a critical moment in the race this peculiar individual, actuated by motives similar to those which prompted him to pose as owner of a ship in which he had no ownership, should purposely lose to the opposing yacht. Of course the ludicrousness of such a situation must appeal to your committee.

Recognizing that it might be absolutely necessary for the successful defense of the cup that the New York Yacht Club should have the supervision, management and control of all candidates for the defense, I determined, at the time I decided to build a candidate, to do anything it was possible for a self-respecting individual to do to have my boat defend, if she proved best for that purpose.

I had decided before I received your first letter that, regardless of personal feeling to the contrary, I would, upon request, turn over the absolute management and control of my boat to your club, and at the same time free your club absolutely from all responsibility and bind myself absolutely to do all those things which in the judgment of your club were deemed necessary, and supposing, as I did, that the power of your club to make or change its by-laws or constitution, its rules or its regulations, was supreme, and that it was the custom of your club to fly its club flag from its club house, buildings, club tenders, yachts, or other property at will, I am frank to admit I did not think the New York Yacht Club would have any trouble in deciding a way which would allow the Independence fair play; but if my understanding of the meaning of your correspondence is correct, it is impossible for the Independence to defend the cup, therefore impossible for the Independence to enter the trial races for the selection of a candidate to defend the cup, and I am not sure that it is not unfair for the Independence to race, previous to the cup race, against any vessel which may be selected for the defense; furthermore, I am not sure that it may not be unfair to the Independence to race, subsequent to the cup match, the loser of that match, or unfair to the loser of that match for the Independence to race, subsequent to the cup match, the winner of that match—that is, separately.

Therefore, I am of opinion that, if my understanding of the meaning of your correspondence is correct, the reason for the Independence no longer exists, for it is impossible to ascertain whether the best American boat is that boat which defends the cup, because it is impossible for any boat owned by an American other than a member of the New York Yacht Club to have any part in the cup defense.

As we are rushing work on the Independence in an endeavor to launch her next week, and as I have already entered into engagements to race her against the Constitution and the Columbia, will not your committee favor me as soon as possible after receipt of this with a reply, by telegraph if convenient, whether my understanding of the meaning of your correspondence is correct, that I may decide whether to abandon finishing the Independence and cancel her entries.

Thanking you in advance for your reply, and assuring you I most deeply regret the Independence was not created under conditions which would allow her at least an equal chance with a foreign vessel for a trophy that has until now been supposed by all to represent the highest type of American and English fair play, I am, sir, yours very truly,

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

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41 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, May 15.—Thomas W. Lawson, Esq.—Sir: Your letter, dated May 11, was received by me on Monday.

As I said to you in my first letter, the substance of the conditions which would govern entries in the trial races was communicated to Mr. Crowninshield, the designer of your yacht, at least four months ago, in answer to a request by him for information on the subject.

As appears from your letters, you "built the Independence for the purpose of offering her as a defender of the cup," fully "understanding that it was not open to contest between individuals, but that a match could be sailed only between the challenging club on the one hand and the club holding the cup on the other," and "that the vessel selected to defend the match must be made the representative of the challenged club." It would have been at least natural, under these circumstances, for you to inform yourself in advance of the conditions necessary to qualify her, if the information furnished Mr. Crowninshield was not sufficient.

It is true that the correspondence which has taken place between us was, as you say, not solicited by you. This committee voluntarily addressed you upon the subject, in an attempt to enable you to procure your vessel to be entered as a competitor for the honor of defending the cup, in the only way in which it was possible for her to be entered under the constitution and laws of the club.

If the committee erred in extending you this courtesy, the error is not one that causes them any regret.

We have no desire to enter into any controversy with you, and do not care to review your letter in detail. Your principal objection to the terms of "competition seems to be that in your judgment it would be impossible to find any individual of sufficient respectability to have been admitted to any club who would be willing to have a competing yacht transferred to him of record or by charter, and you criticise, in language which I refrain from repeating, the position of any member accepting such a transfer. Yet his position would differ in no respect whatever from that occupied by Mr. W. Butler Duncan, as manager of the Constitution, or that assumed by Mr. Edwin D. Morgan, as manager of the Columbia, and I have yet to hear the suggestion from any one that either of these gentlemen would consent to assume any relation that was not justified by the highest sense of honor.

We have already shown that it is entirely within your power to qualify the Independence for these events, by conforming to the rule which has been in fact observed in respect to all previous matches, viz., that a competing vessel should be qualified to fly the flag of the club and entitled to be entered by a member. The suggestion that to meet your individual views the New York Yacht Club should change its constitution and laws, for the purpose of departing from the custom of years, is, of course, one that cannot be entertained.

The committee can only regret that it has been possible for a correspondence, which was initiated by it entirely in a spirit of courtesy toward you and in a desire to do all that was possible to enable you to realize the object for which you had built the Independence, to close with such a letter as that just received from you—a letter which causes us no little surprise and disappointment, as in it you assume a position which we find ourselves at a loss to reconcile with your communication of April 25, in which you accepted with such apparent cordiality the committee's ruling as transmitted to you.

Respectfully yours,

LEWIS CASS LEDYARD.
Chairman.

Boston, May 23.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of Committee, New York Yacht Club.—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 15th instant was duly received. I trust you will pardon my delay in answering it.

I regret that your committee misconstrued my last letter. It hardly seems possible your committee can be dealing with the matter with only a desire to do all that is possible to enable you to realize the object for which I built the Independence. I have frankly stated that in building her I had no motives whatever other than to meet the urgent requests of Boston yachtsmen that a boat should be built, and incidentally to enjoy the pleasure which I anticipated would come with her ownership. I understood fully her position and how it might be affected by the deed of gift, your club's construction of it, or your club's possible action with reference to inviting the Independence to race. I understood fully I might have no opportunity to race, and with this knowledge I was satisfied with my position. I have made no complaint nor entertained any feeling that I had been in the least injured or unfairly treated by your club or by any one, and whatever feeling I had in connection with your club was that of admiration only for its past achievements in sports.

At this stage your committee opened a correspondence with me for the purpose, as you stated, of inviting the Independence to participate in the cup races. Your correspondence was not only courteous, but, as I stated in my last letter, very welcome to me. I entertained no thought while the correspondence was in progress but pleasant expectations that its results would surely be the racing of my boat under fair and honorable conditions, which I felt sure your club would evolve. I will frankly admit that when your letter containing the suggestion that it might be necessary to transfer the ownership to some individual came to me, in answering it on the spur of the moment I used strong expressions, but I emphatically disavow any intention in that letter or in any of my correspondence of treating your club, your committee or your members with anything but respect, and I ask you if you deem it fair to accuse me of desiring to hold controversy with your club or intending to insult two of your most representative members when all I have done is to answer the letters sent by your committee. Is it not possible that your committee have confounded my acts or intentions with those which have been attributed to me by rumor, for which I am not in any way responsible?

My case is a simple one: At an early stage of building the Independence, I was obliged to answer false public statements, and in answering I took the position that it was impossible for me to give my boat to any individual. Later, when your committee opened correspondence with me, it was, as I tried to show you, impossible under the existing conditions (not ideal conditions which might have been) for me to give my boat to an individual. The cases of Mr. Edwin D. Morgan and Mr. W. Butler Duncan, I still insist are in no way similar. Those gentlemen were selected by their fellow club members for the highest honor within their gift, and acceptance by these gentlemen of the ownership or management of the Columbia and Constitution has not placed them and could not place them in the eyes of sportsmen, fellow club members or the public at large in anything but an enviable and hororable light, and I ask that you accept my emphatic protest against the suggestion that anything which I have written in any way reflects upon the honor of these gentlemen.

I regret, as does your committee, if it should happen that our correspondence ends in anything but the pleasantest manner, and I beg to repeat to you I hold myself in readiness to do anything which it is possible for me to do to enable the Independence to race that, in the wise judgment of your committee, is deemed best, and I pledge myself that if your committee notifies me it is impossible—I do not care for what reasons—for my boat to take part in the cup defense, I will cease all effort in that direction and do all in my power to dispel any bad impression that may exist by arranging to in some other way settle to the satisfaction of all yachtsmen and others the question of which is the best American boat. Believe me, yours very truly,

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

New York Yacht Club, 41 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, May 24.—Thomas W. Lawson, Esq.—Sir: Your letter of yesterday was received this morning.

You appear to entertain an erroneous impression concerning the position of Mr. Duncan and Mr. Morgan. These gentlemen were not selected as managers of the Constitution and Columbia by the members of the club. In each case the selection was by the individual owners of the yacht, and the arrangement was one wholly between such owners as individuals on the one side and the gentlemen selected as managers on the other.

This committee certainly does not purpose to notify you that it is impossible for your boat to take part in the trial races or the cup defense. On the contrary it has very distinctly notified you that it is entirely possible for her to take such part, and has fully explained to you the conditions which it is open to you to avail yourself of for the purpose of qualifying her as a candidate for the match. Respectfully yours.

LEWIS CASS LEDYARD,
Chairman.

Boston, May 25.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of Committee, New York Yacht Club.—Dear Sir: Your letter of yesterday with the assurance that my boat can take part in the trial races and, if selected, may defend the cup, was received this morning. I will at once charter an interest in her to such person or persons as may be agreeable to your committee and will give such person or persons full control and management of her during the match. I thank your committee for having suggested a way to fairly determine in a sportsmanlike manner which boat shall be selected to defend the cup, and I will do all in my power to make the contest a success. Believe me, yours very truly,

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter III.—Laying Off, Making the Moulds and Setting Up the Frame (Continued).

IT is easier to fit the rudder trunk or case now than after the boat is planked, as would be the case with larger craft, and this is made like a box with two 1in. mahogany or Kaurie pine planks on each side of the sternpost, with a 1½in. centerpiece on the after side. The latter is rabbeted into the two sides, and all three are rabbeted into the counter frame.

All the joints, like the scarphs of the stem and sternpost, etc., must be well fittted and painted with thick red and white lead before bolting together.

Both boat's keels and frames are now ready to set up, but they will be treated in different ways, as the centerboarder will be built bottom up, and the keel boat keel downward.

Starting with the centerboarder, draw a central chalk line on the floor and mark all the sections out, then set up the midship section exactly square with the central line, so that the keel will be about 3ft. above it, using the plumb line to make sure the center line of the mould is vertical and right over the line on the floor. Fix the mould in place with a center post, which should be fixed to the mould so that one edge is on the center line. This post must be nailed to a cleat on the floor and well stayed fore and aft to keep it in a vertical position. Two side posts will be necessary to keep the mould level.

The exact distance apart from center to center of the moulds should now be checked along the center floor line and the height of the L.W.L. on the midship mould noted, as all the other moulds must be leveled to this height above the floor. They will all be set up in the foregoing manner and well stayed fore and aft so that they are all square with the center floor line and their vertical center lines plumb and L.W.L.'s level. This is a long and tedious business, but on its accuracy all the rest of the work depends, so do not spare a little extra care and time over it, and fix them so that they will not move when you come to work on them.

I would advise working to the fore edge of the moulds forward of and including the midship section and to the after edge of the others—that is to say, place the forward moulds so that the mark for their places on the central floor line comes just on the fore side of each, and on the after side of the after moulds. The object of this is to avoid bevels on the edges of the moulds, which would be required if the center of each were taken instead of the edge, as shown by the sketch.

Check the squaring of the moulds by measuring from the center of the stem to the outside of the first mould at the sheer level on each side, and see they are the same; then do this between each pair of moulds till all are exact.

The moulds are now ready for the keel to be bent over them and screwed to each, when it is seen to be correct and fair to the curve of the drawing, and the stem and transom must then be stayed in a similar manner to the moulds, squaring and plumbing from the central floor line as before, and a line should be stretched through all the moulds at the L.W.L. and carefully leveled. A sheer batten should be nailed around the moulds at the deck level to fair them and hold them all in place while the rabbet is cut.

The moulds for the keel boat will not be set up first, but after the keel and frame are set up in place on the stocks, and fixed by shores and stays from the roof and walls. The stocks are best made from a 3in. by 9in. deal on edge, firmly fixed to the floor at exactly the same angle as the keel.

When the frame is fixed, a clear center line must be marked along keel, stem, sternpost, and counter frame, and the stations for the moulds marked on it in the same manner as on the floor line in the case of the centerboard boat. The moulds can now be set up as before, except that they are now right way up and stayed from the roof, or if that is too high a fore and aft 3in. by 9in. deal must be fixed from stem to stern, and well secured to the roof and walls, and the moulds stayed from that.

When the moulds are all fixed square and plumb in their proper places and the sheer batten on, the next job is to cut the rabbet,

SHAMROCK II.
From The Yachtsman.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 27.—Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's letter to Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard, of the New York Y. C., which was sent Saturday, ends a controversy that has been painful in the extreme to yachtsmen in this city. There are some who claim that Mr. Lawson should not have receded from the stand he had originally taken, but the majority of the fair-minded ones are glad that the Boston man has taken the means at hand to qualify his yacht. All are glad that Independence is to have an opportunity of competing in the trial races and this feeling at present seems to outweigh all others.

The mast of Independence was stepped last Friday. It took several hours to complete the work, but it was carried out without a hitch, and there was no trouble in fitting the spar when it was lowered into the boat. Before the mast was sent up, the wooden topmast was fitted inside the mast head and a spar was lashed to the mast and to the topmast. With this stiffener the two were sent up together. Independence was hauled out from the north side of the dock, and when the mast swung clear she was hauled forward to the end of the dock and the two spars were lowered into her.

After the mast had been stepped she was again hauled to the north side of the dock, where her bowsprit was fitted to place. The bowsprit passes through two gammon irons. Directly over the stem there is a band with two great steel rods passing aft, on either side of the gammon irons. They do not come quite to the after gammon iron. The ends of these rods are threaded and carry big nuts. The rods pass through a steel fid, which is run through the bowsprit, and the spar is held in place by the two nuts pressing against the fid. The position of the bowsprit can be regulated by the nuts on the steel rods by turning them forward or backward as may be necessary.

Billman started to fit the bowsprit Thursday night, but it was found to be too large and would not pass through the irons. The heel was put in and the riggers tried to force it in by jumping it, but it would not work. A becket was then put around the spar and a luff tackle put into it. The crew set up on the hauling part of the tackle, but could not get the spar in but a little distance. Under the strain the hauling part of the tackle parted and the block came inboard like a shot from a cannon. Henry Billman, the rigger, was bending down close to the stem at the time and had his hand on the rail. The block caught him before he realized it was coming. Blood spurted from his hand, but he calmly wound his handkerchief around it, stuck the hand in his pocket and went along directing the rigging. It was learned the next morning that two of Mr. Billman's fingers were crushed, which speaks well for the grit of the Boston rigger.

When the mast and topmast of Independence, joined, were lying on the wharf, their combined length seemed enormous. As they were hauled up under the shears, this appearance seemed exaggerated, and it seemed that the topmast looked very small. When the mast was stepped it commenced to look proportionate, but it has a very lofty look yet. The spreaders, which have been put in place since, have greatly modified this. The lofty look of the spar caused several spectators to express doubts as to her being able to carry it, but they evidently did not figure that there are 20ft. of boat and keel below the waterline, which was visible to them and that there is much more stability of form in that under body than one would imagine from looking at her as she floats in the dock.

The riggers have been hard at work since the mast and bowsprit were put in, but the wire rigging is very heavy and takes considerable time to splice, and the work is necessarily slow. The eye splice for the turnbuckle on the big bobstay was made Saturday, but it was not screwed up. There are two shrouds on either side in which the eye splices have been made, and they have been secured to the turnbuckles. Most of the standing rigging has been cut. All of the splices on the standing rigging are served with wire. The mast head runners have been spliced and fitted to the tackle. Only the hauling part of the tackle of the mast head runner is manila rope, the rest being all plow steel wire.

With the mainmast, topmast and bowsprit in place, the stem of Independence is brought nearer the water and the bow line shows less of that distinct rise which was seen when the yacht was first launched. In fact, the forward overhang is going to lay very close to the water. The whole appearance of the boat is now changed by this and she commences to look the racer all over. One thing that is particularly noticed is her small beam as compared to her over all length. She certainly has the promise of speed, and from what I know of her model, she certainly should show much of it when sails are hoisted on her.

That extreme forward overhang does not seem so extreme as many sharps have tried to make it—in fact, it does not look any longer in proportion than the 25-footer Flirt's. It has something the look of Flirt's forebody, except that it is much flatter. There is not much to be obtained by looking at a boat in a dock, and to say positively that Independence would defeat all competitors would hardly be the statement of a sane individual; but one can perhaps be pleased with the lines shown. Independence is certainly pleasing to the eye, from a racing standpoint, and there are many who think that Crowninshield has turned out a boat that will keep Constitution busy at all times.

The first club handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed Saturday in a strong, puffy wind from the northwest, which made reefing the order, some of the little fellows being tied down to close reefs. The preparatory gun was fired at 3 o'clock, and five minutes later the 25-footers were sent away, followed at five-minute intervals by the other classes.

In the 25-foot class there were two Cape cats, Alert and Ideal, both of which have won a number of prizes in these waters before long overhangs came into use. There was a good race between these two, only 42 seconds separating them at the finish. In the 21-footers Privateer, which has always kept the boats of her class hustling in the Y. R. A. races, had a pretty soft time of it, finishing before the class above her. Harriet might have made a good race for Privateer if she had been traveling in company with her, but Harriet started with the 18-footers, and was thrown out of her class. Della won in the 18-footers and Clara in the 15-footers, both easily. The following is the summary:

	Actual.
25-Footers.	
Alert, B. Ridgeway	2 00 32
Ideal, H. B. Whittier	2 01 14
21-Footers.	
Privateer, John MacConnell, Jr.	1 49 20
Zoe, H. Waite	2 04 19
Ruth, A. S. Richards	2 06 12
Magic, C. Field	2 24 00
18-Footers.	
Della, H. Kelly	1 52 04
Thelma, E. H. Tewksbury	1 55 57
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 56 46
Martha, W. Jenkins	2 01 25
Henrietta, J. S. McCloskey	2 13 55
15-Footers.	
Clara, W. Burgess	1 57 14
Flash, W. H. Myrick	2 06 13

The judges were E. P. Morse, S. M. Crane and C. W. Gray.

At Lawley's the 85ft. auxiliary schooner Idler, designed by C. H. Crane for Henry T. Sloane, was launched Friday. An attempt was made to launch her on Thursday, but she stuck in the mud. She was hauled off Friday morning and is now at the end of the basin fitting out. The east shop is now pretty well cleared. The Binney 70ft. steamer, the Herter 35-footer and the Lowell 25-footer are expected to be launched very soon. The Wiggins 25-footer is all planked. In the west shop the plating is being put on the Crane 70ft. steamer and the Eno 120ft. steamer is being fitted up inside. The Boreland 86ft. steamer is ready for launching. Fred Lawley's 15ft. scow, Melodie, has been launched and was given a trial spin Sunday.

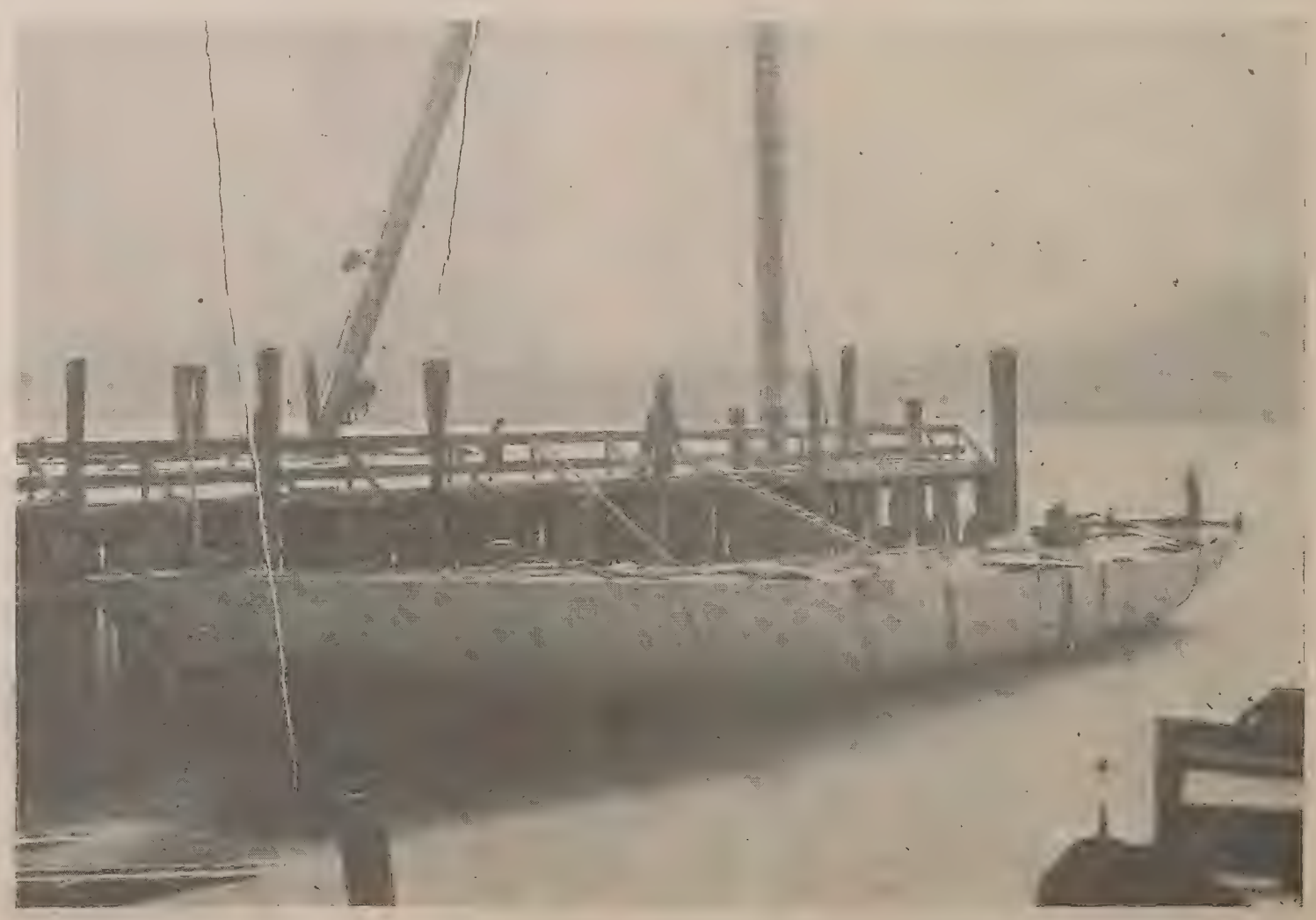
Hanley has the Canada cup defender Cadillac nearly ready for launching. She is 28ft. on the waterline, 40ft. over all and has 11ft. beam. She looks like Genesee. She will have a bigger centerboard than Genesee, and will carry about 1,400 sq. ft. of sail.

Crowninshield has designed three 20ft. raceabouts, which have been built by Graves, of Marblehead, and from all accounts they are all proving very fast in the preliminary sailing.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

New Rochelle Y. C. Spring Regatta.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. held its spring regatta on Saturday, May 25, under trying weather conditions. Mr. Charles T. Power, secretary of the Regatta Committee, received some twenty entries, but only seven boats showed up, and but two classes were filled. In the morning lowering skies and a chilly wind did not offer many inducements for a race. About noon it started in to rain and continued to do so for the rest of the day. The race was scheduled to start at 2 o'clock, but so few boats had materialized and the weather was so bad that the start was postponed until 3 o'clock. Four raceabouts were ready at that time, and the two new Herreshoff boats Rogue and Oonagh. Mr. Frank Bowne Jones was on hand with Badger, a boat of Crowninshield design and a sister ship to Jolly Roger and Scamp, and Nirvana, another Crowninshield boat that made a remarkable showing, considering she was not intended for racing and was in cruising trim. In the Manhasset one-design class three boats started—Lambkin, Bab and Arizona. The raceabouts were started at 3:20. Badger had rather the best of the start, until Oonagh forced her to give way just as they were crossing the line, and Badger had to take the leeward berth, although she crossed ahead. The starting line was a short one, and all the raceabouts were maneuvering at the easterly end of the line near the stakeboat. Rogue



INDEPENDENCE.
Designed by B. B. Crowninshield for Thos. W. Lawson. Photo by G. W. Dow.

unfortunately got pocketed and had to give way to Nirvana, the third boat, and cross last. In the Manhasset one-design class Arizona got away first, but to leeward of Lambkin, which boat was beautifully handled by Harry Ward. Bab crossed last. The first leg of the course was to the buoy off Hen and Chickens, and with the wind about east it was a beat to windward. The second leg was from the mark of Hen and Chickens to the buoy off Execution, thence to the starting line off Echo Bay. The raceabouts were sent around the course twice, and the Manhasset one-design boats only once. These little boats made good weather in the strong breeze and lumpy sea. The summary follows:

Regular Raceabouts—Start, 3:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rogue, F. T. Bedford	4 38 45	1 18 45
Badger, F. B. Jones	4 34 11	1 14 11
Oonagh, Pirie Brothers	4 36 26	1 16 26
Nirvana, F. W. Robinson	4 37 34	1 17 34
Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 3:25.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	4 12 14	0 47 14
Bab, Phillips & Morgan	4 12 43	0 47 43
Arizona, George Cory	4 13 31	0 48 31

The winners were Badger and Lambkin.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold for Messrs. Westcott & Story, of Washington, D. C., the auxiliary yawl Dione to Mr. Albert L. Pope, of Hartford, Conn.; the sloop Weona for Mr. J. H. Fermier, of Newark, N. J., to Messrs. P. M. & J. G. Oldner, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; the sloop Ojibway for Mr. John R. Brophy, of Brooklyn, to Mr. Daniel P. Morse, of New York; the knockabout Kittywynk for Dr. John B. Palmer, of New York, to Capt. John J. Phelps, of New Haven, Conn.

The following yachts have been recently sold through the agency of Mr. Frank B. Jones: The schooner Coronet, sold by Mr. John I. Waterbury to Mr. Louis Bossert, former owner of the steam yacht Mayita; the schooner Rosemary, formerly Elsemarie, sold by Mr. F. C. Fletcher to Mr. Cornelius P. Rosemon; the racing sloop Countess, sold by Mr. Oswald Sanderson to Mr. Edward Dimock King; the sloop Choctaw, sold by Mr. George B. Watts, Jr., to Mr. John Foley, Jr.; the yawl Clarice, sold by Mr. Walter Burgess to Mr. Frank S. Hastings; the raceabout Colleen, sold by Mr. L. R. Alberger to Dr. William L. Baum, of Chicago. Mr. Jones has chartered the speed launch 1492 for Miss Lotta Crabtree to Mr. John J. Phelps.

Mr. Frederic C. Penfield, N. Y. Y. C., has bought the auxiliary schooner White Rose.

We have received a copy of the year book of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. It is beautifully gotten up, and is far superior to any book yet published by the Association. Copies may be secured from Mr. A. T. Bliss, 60 Pearl street, Boston, Mass.

The yawl Ailsa, owned by Mr. Henry S. Redmond, N. Y. Y. C., which sailed from Southampton on April 5 for Greenport, L. I., arrived at Hamilton, Bermuda, on May 21.

The America Cup challenger, Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie III., which was defeated in 1895 by Defender, has been sold to a firm of iron brokers in Glasgow, and will be broken up at once.

Mr. Harrison I. Drummond's auxiliary yacht White Heather arrived at New York on May 21. The yacht sailed from Cowes on May 5 and experienced bad weather on the passage.

Messrs. Walling & Gorman, of South Brooklyn, are building a naphtha launch for a member of the Atlantic Y. C. She is 36ft. over all, 31ft. 6in. on the waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam and draws 3ft. 6in. The boat will be driven by a 12 horse-power motor. There will be a roomy cabin forward with a large cockpit aft. The boat has an oak frame and is planked with cedar. The same firm has recently completed a cabin catboat for Mr. S. C. Hunter from a design made by Mr. H. C. Winteringham. She is 32ft. over all, 24ft. on the waterline, 10ft. beam and draws 3ft. 6in. The cabin house is 11ft. long and there is 6ft. headroom under beams. The cockpit is large and is 11ft. long. She will be named Juanita. Capt. Paulding has had Walling & Gorman build for him a cruising catboat for use in the vicinity of Block Island and Martha's Vineyard. She is 26ft. over all, 22ft. on the waterline, 10ft. beam and draws 3ft. 6in. She is a powerful boat with high freeboard. The boat will be called Miss Betsey.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 30.—Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights.—Tournament of Our Own Shooting Society.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Our Own Shooting Society.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Good attendances continue to mark the weekly practice meeting of the Our Own Shooting Society and the session held here Wednesday, May 15, at Gallenkamp's Hall, 110 Grand street, Hoboken. During the evening new members were found in former Capt. John Stein and Jacob Flad, another well-known business man. William F. Dilger secured the highest score of the set at shooting, he tallying 240. The two shooting masters, Herman Bahn and John Spinck, took care of second and third honors. The records follow:

Wm. F. Dilger 240, John Spinck 236, J. H. Kinse 235, Chas. Drees 218, Fred Bunger 225, Dr. F. C. Wolff 227, Max Pfundheller 230, August Jacobsen 220, Julius Holm 225, Lieut. Robert B. J. Albeter 225, Wm. Ruhe 231, Lesser L. Levy 215, Wm. Schmidt 210, John Stein 217, E. Warnecke 215, E. Kallmann 205, Emil Jurgenson 206, Wm. Von Holten 210, William Donald 206, Gus Ising 217, Herman Bahn 239, C. G. Paul 220, John Schreier 210, Chas. Ullrich 205, G. Gallenkamp 210, John E. Wunschel 200, Wm. Haag 224.

May 22.—The regular weekly meeting of the Our Own Shooting Society was held at headquarters, 110 Grand street, Wednesday, May 22, and once again the meeting seemed to get the usual amount of pleasure out of the practice on the ranges and alleys. Robert Goldthwaite and Charlie Bischoff each succeeded in turning out the first-class record of 245 at shooting. Herman Bahn tallied 242, Adam Schmitt 240 and J. H. Kinse 235, Charles Drees tallied 69 at the headpin game in bowling, and won a gold medal. The members expect to carry off a fair share of the money Decoration Day at their all-comers' cash prize shooting and bowling tournaments at Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights. The rifle scores follow:

Lieut. Herman Warnken 220, Julius H. Kinse 235, John Spinck 231, Herman Bahn 242, Adam Schmidt 240, Otto Kruse 201, Max Pfundheller 228, Lester L. Levy 212, Fred Bunger 227, C. Drees 207, Gus Armhein 216, C. G. Paul 224, H. Mohrmann 208, H. Peyermhoff 202, Wm. Schmidt 214, George Neuner 206, John Clark 205, Gus Ising 225, John Martin 230, Fred Buehler 209, Chas. Bischoff 245, R. Goldthwaite 245, W. Donald 203, Wm. Van Holten 205, Wm. Haag 202, Julius Kreienberg 225.

The National Shooting Bund of the United States announces a long list of trophies and merchandise prizes, at its third national bundes shooting festival to be held July 14 to 23, at Shell Mound park, San Francisco. Write to Mr. L. Haake, corresponding secretary, 108 Ellis street, San Francisco, for programme.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 28-June 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Wheaton, Minn.—Wheaton Gun Club's target tournament.

May 28-29.—Dubuque, Ia.—Dubuque Gun Club's second amateur tournament.

May 28-30.—Xenia, O.—Xenia Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; magautrap; sweepstakes for amateurs only.

May 30.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day memorial shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—Memorial Day target tournament of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

May 30.—Pittston, Pa.—Nitro Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.

May 30.—Dansville, N. Y.—Amateur tournament of the Dansville Gun Club, on Decoration Day. Norman Tompkins, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. C. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual shoot of the Auburn Gun Club.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Second tournament of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association, held under the auspices of the Quaboag Gun Club. Dr. S. B. Keith, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Waukegan, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Waukegan Gun Club. S. H. Kennedy, Pres.

June—Osceola, Iowa.—Southeastern Amateur Shooting Association's tournament. Lee Wheeler, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association; valuable prizes. J. Mowell Hawkins, Mgr.

June 6.—West Chester, Pa.—All-day target shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Wisconsin Trapshooters' League. G. V. Dering, Sec'y.

June 4-5.—Stratford, Iowa.—Stratford Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 4-6.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Rochester, Minn.—Rochester Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

June 10-11—Tomah, Wis.—Tomah Gun Club's tournament.

June 11-12.—Bedford, Ind.—Fifth annual tournament of the Indiana Trapshooters' League. J. B. Stipp, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

June 13-14.—Pensacola, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Company's Amateur tournament, under auspices of the Pensacola Gun Club.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 19.—Gloversville, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Gloversville Gun Club. Chas. A. Bogart, Sec'y.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Bristol, Tenn.—Tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company. John Parker, Mgr.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

July 4.—Frankfort, N. Y.—Third annual target tournament of the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association. W. J. Weller, Sec'y.

July 5-6.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's tournament. J. W. Nelson, Sec'y.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. J. Blistian, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; $1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; $400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of the Virginia Trap Shooters' Association, under auspices of the West End Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds, $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 23-26.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York

The American team sailed on the Canadian, from pier 50, New York, on Sunday morning. The team consists of Hon. Thomas A. Marshall, R. O. Heikes, W. R. Crosby, C. W. Budd, J. S. Fanning, J. A. R. Elliott, Fred Gilbert, Frank S. Parmelee, C. M. Powers, Edward Banks, E. H. Tripp and Richard Merrill. Mr. Merrill will sail by a later steamer. Accompanying the team are Capt. A. W. Money, Mr. Emil Werk and his daughter, Miss Eugenie B. Werk; Mr. F. S. Harrison, F. Elliott, Mr. D. F. Pride and Mr. B. Leroy Woodard. Messrs. Banks, Tripp and Crosby are accompanied by their respective wives. A large number of friends were gathered to bid them bon voyage when the steamship sailed. A party of friends chartered a tug, Sea Wall, and accompanied the steamship down the harbor to near Governor's Island, when the giant, with its increasing speed, drew away from the tug. The passengers of the latter gave three cheers and a tiger to the departing team. There was a waving of handkerchiefs, a chorus of good-bys, and the team was on its way. The Canadian is due at Liverpool about June 4 or 5. The team will proceed to the Hotel Cecil, London, and will shoot the first match on June 11. The team is booked to return on the steamship Cestrian, which sails from Liverpool on June 29. The international match will be for a stake of $2,500 a side, play or pay. A series of five contests constitute the match. Each team consists of ten men, each man shoots at 100 targets, so that each contest of the series has 1,000 targets per team, or a total of 5,000 to each team for the match. Each team may use substitutes, but not in a contest after it has begun. The English team has the use of both barrels; the American team the use of but one barrel. A number of people have expressed the belief that such is a severe handicap, but when it is considered that the American team, on form, are good for 90 per cent or better, that the conditions of the contest require that targets shall not be thrown lower than six feet nor higher than ten feet at a point ten yards from the trap, the English team have no special advantage with the second barrel. It will be noted that the conditions make a very low flying target, and one barrel, in quick time, on such is infinitely better than two in slow time. Still, a race is never won till it is finished, and we are sure that English and Americans alike heartily wish the best team to win.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club desires to remind the shooters that its first annual prize series of shoots commence on June 1, at Hoyt's Grove, and continue every Saturday till Aug. 31. The following is taken from the programme: "List of prizes—First, Winchester repeating shotgun; second, dress suit case; third, sole leather gun case; fourth, 6¼ pounds nitro powder; fifth, Thurman shooting blouse; sixth, Powers cleaning rod; seventh, Tomlinson cleaner; eighth, Heikes holder. Ties, if any, shot off Aug. 31. High guns win. Conditions: Thirty targets, (15 known and 15 unknown). Distance handicap—subject to readjustment at any time. Open to all; no entrance fee. Targets 1½ cents each. Eight scores must be shot to qualify for prizes. Contestants shooting the full series may select their eight best scores. Prize event begins each Saturday at 3 P. M. No provision is made for late comers. Practice shooting before and after prize event. Ammunition for sale at the clubhouse. S. G. Miller, secretary. Take Main street car for Dustin square. Everybody invited."

The Frankford Gun Club, of Philadelphia, announces a second grand tournament at targets on June 15, to be held on its grounds at Summerdale station, Frankford branch of the Reading railroad. The main event is the 12-man team championship of Philadelphia and vicinity. It is open to all organized clubs within that locality. Each man of the teams shoots at 25 targets at 1 cent each; no other entrance fee. Individuals optional sweep, 50 cents; Rose system. The team trophy, won by the Frankford club on May 4, will be put up again. Any club may enter more than one team. There also are twelve sweepstake events; known and unknown angles. Sweepstakes commence at 10 o'clock; team race at 1:30. Send entries to Mr. Howard George, assistant secretary, Frankford, Pa.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, who has been with the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, for a number of years past as salesman, a position which he filled most efficiently and pleasingly, has accepted a position as traveling salesman for the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co. In addition to being thoroughly conversant in business matters Mr. Von Lengerke is an expert shot. He has been a formidable competitor in several grand American handicaps, and in numberless other tournaments. He will have charge of the interests recently supervised by Mr. W. Fred Quimby. Mr. Von Lengerke's thorough training and integrity, wide acquaintance and industry insure his success from the outset.

Mr. Haze Keller, who is a representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, is progressing rapidly as a skillful trap shot, in addition to his success as a salesman. While competing at the tournament held recently at Pottsville, Pa., he shot in the event the individual championship of the county, and out of forty-nine shooters was the only one to break 25 straight, but as he was a non-resident he could not win the trophy. We are informed that it is the only straight score at 25 made on the Pottsville grounds. Mr. Keller also was high average for the day. The popular T. K. will have to look to his laurels, else they will be shot off by his son.

Mr. S. G. Miller, secretary of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club, writes us concerning his club's forthcoming series of shoots, from June 1 to Aug. 31, as follows: "We shall be glad to see any and all lovers of the sport and will spare no pains to give them a good time. Anyone that has any particular grudge against that B-root of Providence will find our Saturday afternoon shoots excellent opportunities to practice and get in trim to go down to their interstate shoot in August and have it out with him. Any shooter who misses that tournament will have something to regret as long as he lives. I have been to Providence and know whereof I speak."

Mr. R. A. Welch, of the Carteret Gun Club, famous as an expert trap shooter, arrived in Paris on May 12. He has been doing some excellent shooting since his arrival abroad. At the Gun Club, on May 11, he won the £25 cup, from the 30½ yard mark, killing 16 straight. There were seventeen contestants. At Paris, May 13, he divided the first two events, and was one of the last three in the others. In the two days, he killed 53 out of 55. He has competed in eight events in Paris, up to May 16, and had divided in four of them, winning about £100. He will be in England to witness the international team shoot.

Mr. F. T. Sherwood, secretary-treasurer of the Trap Shooters' League of Indiana, Bedford, Ind., under date of May 24, writes us that "the Trap Shooters' League of Indiana has this day granted to the Lafayette Gun Club, of Lafayette, Ind., a sanction for a tournament on Aug. 8 and 9. For further information address Joe Blistian, secretary."

The Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association announces its second annual tournament, to be held at Palmer, Mass., on Thursday of this week. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The main event is the five-man team shoot, five teams respectively from Springfield, Holyoke, Winchendon, Brookfield and Palmer. There are thirteen events on the programme, 185 targets, total entrance $9.25; targets 1 cent; sweepstakes optional. Professionals, for targets only; Rose system governs; lunch served on grounds. Dr. S. B. Keith, secretary.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., was one of the passengers on the Canadian, which sailed with the American team and a number of its friends on Sunday of this week for England. Mr. Edward Banks, of the same company, went along as a substitute member of the team, and will also be of great assistance to it in England, as one who thoroughly knows the customs and geography of that country, he formerly having been a resident of that country. Mrs. Banks accompanied him abroad.

Owing to the fact that, to fit the Stadium up properly for the Pan-American shoot would cost more than the holding of the shoot would warrant, the managers decided to declare that shoot off. The ornamental work within reach of the shotgun loads would need to be boarded up to protect them from damage, and this would necessitate a larger expenditure of money than those in charge cared to apply to that purpose.

Mr. W. J. Weller, secretary of the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association, Frankfort, N. Y., writes us that "the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association will hold their third annual target tournament on July 4. We will have a very fine programme, and one first-class merchandise event, with prizes such as double and single barrel shotguns and rifles, etc."

The tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind., May 14 and 15, was a gratifying success. The Lieber trophy, an event at 25 live birds, $20 entrance, had seventeen entries. Messrs. Neal, Fort and Parker tied on 24, but the two latter, being non-residents, were ineligible in respect to the trophy. Mr. John Parker, the famous expert, managed the tournament.

Mr. J. W. Nelson, the secretary, writes us that at the meeting of the Central Gun Club, May 13, the date of the annual tournament was fixed for July 5 and 6. Several hundred dollars will be hung up in averages and added money, and it is probable that the event will be one of the best held in the city. Railroad rates good until Monday, July 8.

We are informed that Mr. Geo. R. Benjamin, who for the past seventeen years has represented the firms of M. Hartley Co., Remington Arms Co., and the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., has connected himself with the eastern department of the Peters Cartridge Co., 80 Chambers street, New York city, and will represent them on the road.

The New York State shoot will be held at Interstate Park. Each member of the American team is provided with a neat gold button, bearing a red, white and blue shield, very neat and tasty, without being gaudy in the slightest degree. They also have a full set of the Thurman shooting jackets, on which are the initials U. S. A.

The programme of the Westminster (Md.) Gun Club's tournament, May 31, provides eight target events at 15 and 20 targets, and two events at live birds, one at five, the other, the Westminster handicap, at ten birds; $7 entrance, birds included; three moneys, class shooting. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

In a match at 50 live birds, 30 yards rise, between Messrs. H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, and J. E. Applegate, of Freneau, N. J., on the grounds of the Middlesex clubhouse, South River, N. J., May 23, Mr. Stevens won by a score of 47 to 45.

The first contest of the series of six between teams of the Leominster, Gardner and Fitchburg Gun clubs, of Massachusetts, took place on the grounds of the Fitchburg Gun Club, on May 24, and was won by Fitchburg. Score 210.

The Nonpareil Gun Club, of Chicago, have fixed upon the last Saturday of each month for its contests. They will be held at Watson's park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.

Mr. J. H. Jack won the monthly live-bird cup for May, at the shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club last Saturday, killing 23 straight from the 29yd. mark. Ex-Sheriff Creamer lost his twenty-third, dead out, in this event.

Mr. E. C. Hinshaw, of Okoboji, Iowa, informs us that the Lake Okoboji tournament will take place on Aug. 27 to 30, at Arnold's park. Added money, $400. Mr. Hinshaw will send the programme on application.

Under date of May 27, Mr. Charles A. Bogart, the club's secretary, writes us as follows: "On June 19 the Gloversville Gun Club, of Gloversville, N. Y., will hold their annual tournament."

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, announces that the tournament at Bristol, Tenn., will be held on June 25 and 26.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Farewell Dinner.

The Interstate Association, among its members, officially and personally, felt the glow of friendliness and good will toward the American team, which has been so conspicuous in the trap shooting interests during some weeks past. As a friendly attention, the Interstate Association gave a farewell dinner to the team and a few friends of it, at Muschenheim's Arena, on Friday evening, May 24, the day on which the team arrived in New York. The president of the association, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, was at the head of the table. At his right sat the Hon. Thomas A. Marshall, the captain of the team; at his left sat Mr. Chas. Tatham, who urbanely acted as toastmaster. There also were Messrs. E. S. Lentilhon, A. W. Higgins, Ed Banks, Emil Werk, Chas. Daly, T. W. Stake, J. H. Marlin, T. H. Keller, Mr. Lienhart, Mr. Cook, L. J. Gaines, Mr. Heilman, Capt. A. W. Money, G. Bingham, L. Erhardt, H. Dressel, Mr. Marsh, members of the press and others to the number of thirty-nine.

The after-dinner talks were specially interesting. Capt. Dressel spoke most interestingly and pertinently. Mr. Marshall expressed the pleasure he felt in being selected to take charge of so great a team, representing the United States. Talks were also made by Messrs. Palmer, Banks, Higgins, Gilbert, Parmelee, Werk, Pride, Capt. Money, Heikes, and others. The dinner was marked by the utmost good fellowship and hearty interest in the success of the team. The dinner itself was perfection, as a matter of course, when we consider by whom and to whom it was given.

Stevens vs. Applegate.

MIDDLESEX CLUB HOUSE, South River, N. J., May 23.—Herewith are the scores made in a live-bird match held here this afternoon between H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, and J. E. Applegate, of Freneau. Conditions, 50 birds, $50 a side, 30yds. rise. A large-sized gathering witnessed the match. The birds were of excellent quality, all being selected:

H H Stevens.....2222221121111221102*22121—23
2221212121112222212222220—24—47
J E Applegate.....2222200222222222220022222—21
2222211222212211212221102—24—45

W. L. RHODES.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, L. I., May 22.—The launch shoot managed by Mr. J. S. Wright had nineteen entries. The conditions were 10 birds, $10, birds extra. First prize was a launch valued at $175. This was won by Mr. Carl Von Lengerke and Col. J. H. Voss, who tied and divided. Messrs. Money, Van Allen and Glover divided second money, shooting off miss-and-out. The 8s divided. Mr. Herrington refereed the shoot:

Launch shoot:		Shoot-off.
C Von Lengerke, 29	2222122122—10	222222
J H Voss, 28	2121121212—10	112222
J Morris, 30	2222222222—10	20
H S Welles, 28	2222222222—10	2222*
J B Hopkins, 28	1112122122—10	20
H C Langdon, 28	2222222122—10	2210
C S Super, 28	2221112222—10	20
M Rogers, 27	2222222222—10	222220
W H Sanders, 27	2201122121— 9	10
T S Reynolds, 27	2122102212— 9	120
Capt Money, 30	2220222212— 9	2221
S M Van Allen, 31	222*222222— 9	2222
S Glover, 31	2211220221— 9	1121
F Pfaender, 28	2111121021— 9	0
G H Piercy, 29	22222*2202— 8	
F L Hedges, 26	2101211201— 8	
W Hopkins, 29	201121*222— 8	
Dr Miller, 29	2202022022— 7	
F H Creamer, 27	2201220110— 7	
Ramapo, 27	2220*12202— 7	
Stubbs, 28	221012000w	
C F Wash, 29	022010w	

Before the programme began an extra miss-and-out was shot, $2 entrance, as follows:

Morfey	2221122222—10	Hedges	22212110
W Hopkins	1222121111—10	J B Hopkins	21222120
Piercy	2222122222—10	Stubbs	111110
Van Allen	222222220		

No. 1, 5 birds, $3, two moneys. The straights shot miss-and-out.
Morris and Waters divided:

Morris, 30	22222—5	Ramapo, 28	21112—5
Piercy, 30	22222—5	Stubbs, 28	21110—4
Waters, 29	21121—5	W Hopkins, 30	22011—4

No. 2, 7 pigeons, $5, three moneys:

Sanders, 27	2121222—7	Hedges, 26	1210122—6
Piercy, 29	2222222—7	Pfaender, 28	1112110—6
Morris, 29	2222222—7	Ramapo, 27	1120121—6
W Hopkins, 28	1112222—7	Stubbs, 28	0111121—6
J B Hopkins, 28	1111111—7	Voss, 28	0211212—6
Van Allen, 30	2222222—7	Creamer, 28	2012122—6
Dr Miller, 28	2222222—7	Super, 27	2221020—5
Langdon, 28	1221222—7	Waters, 28	0222201—5
C Von Lengerke, 29	0222222—6	Glover, 30	2220102—5
Capt Money, 29	2210112—6		

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 21.—The Emerald Gun Club's shoot to-day was well attended. Dr. O'Connell, Col. J. H. Voss and C. Wash made straight scores in the club event, the scores of which were:

R Regan, 25	1100102021— 6	I McKane, 28	22222212*2— 9
J Henry, 28	2111121110— 9	J Pillion, 28	1212020222— 8
Dr Hudson, 28	2121011221— 9	H Quinn, 28	1111010101— 7
Dr O'Connell, 31	2212222222—10	T Short, 28	2212102111— 9
A Schoverling, 28	2222220222— 9	W Sands, 28	222102*222— 8
W Joeger, 28	112222*221— 9	J Woelful, 25	0002000012— 3
O N T, 28	2221201220— 8	O Brown, 25	1110011122— 8
J H Voss, 30	1121111222—10	Rathjen, 28	1022021111— 8
H Cone, 28	0110022210— 6	Dr Grohl, 25	0020002001— 3
Catton, 28	2102112002— 7	A Warfield, 25	1022012222— 8
E Roberts, 25	2010121*12— 7	D Mohrmann, 28	2110022220— 7
F Kall, 25	2221220222— 9	G Breit, 25	1211121021— 9
J Moore, 28	1022111111— 9	P Woelful, 28	2022222222— 9
Dr Stillman, 28	1112*12222— 9	B Smith, 30	0202222222— 8
E Clark, 30	02222222*2— 8	F Hansmann, 25	0222222202— 8
M Rogers, 28	*011222102— 7	Dr Miller, 28	1022122220— 8
C Wash, 28	2212112222—10	A Anderson, 25	0202102110—6
A Doncort, 25	1200100122— 6		

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., May 25.—A rainy day was prevalent as to weather conditions, yet there was a good attendance when that circumstance is considered. No. 1 event was marked by a closely contested finish, the tie on this event being decided miss-and-out on the sixteenth bird. Mr. F. B. Stephenson won. The shoot-off of the monthly cup event was won by J. H. Jack. There were four contestants in it who killed straight. In the miss-and-out shoot-off ex-Sheriff F. D. Creamer lost his thirteenth bird dead out, and that left J. H. Jack the winner. The scores follow:

No. 1, 7 birds, for club prize, miss-and-out:

		Shoot-off.
E W Reynolds, 28	2212211—7	2211122222111120
J H Jack, 29	2220w	
F D Creamer, 28	1210w	
C A Ramapo, 28	220w	
G Stephenson, 29	2222222—7	222212112220
F B Stephenson, 28	2221222—7	21212112222111111
Dr Martin, 29	2212112—7	11111210
Dr Wynn, 29	20220w	

No. 2 shoot-off of monthly event, at 10 birds, then miss-and-out. All those entered in this event had previously qualified at 10 birds, at one of the previous shoots this month:

C A Ramapo, 28	2220122220— 8	
F D Creamer, 28	2222212221—10	1211212211122*
Dr Wynn, 28	1211121121—10	2120
J H Jack, 29	2222222222—10	2222222222222
E W Reynolds, 28	21210w	
Dr Martin, 29	2212222212—10	20

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., May 20.—No. 6 is the club shoot. Following are the scores made at the Hudson Gun Club's shoot to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	25	10			
Shorty	13	13	13	13	15	23	13	13	13	12	24	..	185	165	.89
Dudley	13	15	14	12	15	23	15	13	15	14	..	..	160	149	.93
G Hughes	10	9	9	11	9	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	115	78	....
Fee	9	9	9	9	7	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	115	66	....
Altz	11	7	..	8	10	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	75	46	....
Banta	..	9	12	14	12	18	13	8	11	..	..	..	130	97	.74
J Jones	..	..	9	13	8	22	11	13	14	12	..	..	130	99	.76
Duke	..	..	..	..	8	11	17	14	10	11	12	20	7	150	110	.73
Jim	..	..	..	..	6	4	10	..	3	..	..	..	..	70	23	....
Hansman	..	..	..	..	7	12	13	13	12	15	..	17	8	135	97	.71
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	12	12	8	..	..	85	58	....
Whitley	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	17	....
G Brewer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	8	..	..	..	45	23	....
E W R	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	2	..	3	..	60	21	....
Dooley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	5	....

DUKE, Ass't Sec'y.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., May 18.—Charlie Maddock proved to be the leading lady at the matinée to-day, and Assmblyman Page also made very creditable scores. The weather conditions were unfavorable for making good scores, and also cut the attendance down.

The best scores were made over the magautrap, which the boys seem to prefer, and when it came to shooting reverse pulls over the five-trap battery it made them open their eyes.

In the expert rules event Thropp broke straight, with Taylor as the runner up with 9.

I have tried to impress that it is wiser to mix the shooting, and have several times arranged the programme to include both sets, so that when we go away from home it would be easier to catch on to the altered conditions of speed, elevation, etc., that one is certain to find. We intend to cover the score in front of the magautrap and make some other improvement, so that we can shoot in comfort, rain or shine.

The striped bass are giving fine sport just now; one that was caught the other day weighed 40lbs. It was landed by some shad fishermen in their seines.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
J R Taylor	19	7	6	..	7	5	..	5	5	6	9	21
Wilkes	20	11	4	7	9	9	9	8	..	4	8	19
J H Thropp	20	11	4	7	8	8	6	7	8	6	10	21
C Maddock	21	10	5	7	7	9	7	8	7	4	8	23
Satterthwaite	..	9	4	5	7	6	5	2	5	..	..	..
Page	..	..	..	9	6	6	7	10	7	5	8	19
Smith	..	..	..	6	5	9	7	6	5	7	9	19
Rowan	..	..	..	6	5	9	9	..	6	7	5	19
Croft	..	..	..	4	3	5	5	8	..	6	7	15
Borden	..	..	..	8	6	7	7	6	6	6	..	17
Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	4	..	3 16

Events Nos. 1 and 2, magautraps; event No. 3, 5 pairs doubles, from five traps; events Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, magautrap; event No. 9, 5 pairs; event No. 10, reverse pulls; event No. 11, expert; event No. 12, magautrap.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 24.—The regular weekly shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the club grounds and the contest for the beautiful loving cup, presented by the Peters Cartridge Co., to the Fort Smith Gun Club was resumed.

The targets were thrown hard, and as the background is very bad, being a heavy growth of forest trees, the scores always rule about 5 to 10 per cent below what they would be on a sky background.

Mulraney came out for the first time this season and shot steadily throughout.

Ed Blattner was out selling chances for a raffle on a beautiful Smith gun, with two sets of barrels, and everybody took a chance, as it is hard to resist the possible opportunity of getting a $125 gun for 50 cents.

Mrs. Kimmons and Mrs. Leach favored the club with their presence, and seemed much interested in the shooting, applauding each good shot that was made.

Kimmons, who has been shooting an 80 per cent gait ever since he broke into the game last season, had an off day and made a very poor score, getting 10, 13 and 16 out of three sets of 25.

The scores yesterday were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Leach	75	62	.827	Boyd	50	28	.560
Williams	75	49	.653	Kimmons	75	39	.520
Mulraney	60	39	.650				

The scores to date on the cup race are as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Leach	300	234	.780	Boyd	275	171	.623
Webber	150	110	.730	Knott	75	44	.590
Echols	150	108	.720	Spicer	150	86	.570
Williams	300	201	.670	McCorkle	35	14	.400
Kimmons	150	100	.666	Gardner	75	27	.360
Mulraney	60	39	.650				

The loving cup, for which the club is now contesting, can be seen in the window of the Boston store. It is very beautiful, and will be a handsome souvenir for the lucky winner.

LEACH.

West End Gun Club.

RICHMOND, Va., May 20.—Appended find scores made by Richmond's two best clubs at their last weekly shoots. I inclose you a circular showing what is stirring the boys up here. There are over 100 men competing for these prizes, which speaks well for Richmond and its suburbs.

The scores of the West End Gun Club's weekly shoot follow:

Fifty targets, 25 over magautrap and 25 over expert traps; shot May 16: J. Jackson 34, J. A. Purdie 41, Dr. Bagby 23, Dr. George 32, W. Harris 29, G. A. Smith 28, Dr. Rudd 14, A. J. Warren 36, E. B. Wilson 16, J. C. Tignor 37, W. Buckner 34, F. Stearns 44, R. H. Johnson 41, J. W. Young 27, D. Edmond 21, Ed Hewitt 35, R. L. Gill 33, H. B. Greene 36, C. W. Saunders 40, O. H. Berry 32, W. Massie 38, T. Williams 32, H. S. Hawes 46, J. W. Harrison 21, T. Whittet 19, G. D. George 41, S. Fairlamb 22, R. B. Jones 23, Geo. Tiller 35, H. Blair 46, W. L. Boyd 46, J. Shuman 30, W. H. Colquitt 39, T. F. Green 28.

The Deep Run Hunt Club's weekly shoot, May 18, resulted as follows: Jackson 39, D. O. White 22, Boyd 43, Doyle 37, Colquitt 39, T. M. Tignor 37, Buckner 34, Woodruff 6, Wood 28, Stearns 48.

May 23.—Herewith please find scores made by members of the West End Gun Club, of this city, at their fourth weekly shoot, May 23. This is the oldest and largest club in Richmond, being now in its twelfth consecutive active year, and having forty-eight active members.

It will give the second tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association on Sept. 2 and 3, which will undoubtedly have a larger attendance than last year:

The scores were: Stearns 46, Hawes 44, Blair 44, Hewitt 43, Purdie 43, G. D. George 43, Boyd 42, Gill 41, Ellyson 39, Anderson 39, Colquitt 39, Buckner 36, Wilson 36, J. C. Tignor 36, Williamson 36, Warren 34, Jones 34, Dr. A. S. George 33, Wood 32, Jackson 32, Hart 32, Johnson 29, Tiller 29, H. B. Greene 29, Berry 28, Fairlamb 28, Shuman 28, Cannon 27, Massie 27, Young 26, Bridgeforth 26, Dr. Bagby 25, Edmond 23, Harris 22, T. F. Green 19, Dr. Rudd 16, Whittet 14.

FRANKLIN STEARNS.

The National Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 24.—The following is the result of the monthly prize shoot of the National Gun Club, which took place at National Park to-day:

Regular monthly prize shoot:

Klapinski	11201*1120— 7	Gumz	2*20020101— 5
Powell	222**22022— 7	Houghton	201*120200— 5
Himmelstein	0111110011— 7	Deiter	2222222202— 9
Stuth	2000021010— 4	Thomas	2122212220— 9
Weaver	0110011212— 7	Schuschardt	022022102— 6
Bush	0*22222222— 8	Clark	22022*1222— 8
Sherer	2100012200— 5	Jay Ell	2222222220— 9
Uno	1*11212112— 9		

Sweepstakes:

Uno	1112111111—10	Deiter	020112220
Clark	0212221000— 6	Thomas	2221202222— 9
Weaver	0020110121— 6	Paul	0121220112— 8
Comley	2212011012— 8	J E Bush	2222222022— 9
Pat	2221110122— 9	E Gumz	2002001000— 3
Houghton	2200022022— 6		

LINDLEY COLLINS, Sec'y.

Wollaston Gun Club.

WOLLASTON, Mass., May 25.—Six shooters faced the raw east wind this afternoon at the regular weekly shoot of the Wollaston Trap Club. Clean scores were scarce. Whitmarsh made the only one. Barry was high man with 59 out of 80. Events 1, 2, 6 and 8, 10 targets, unknown angles; events 3 and 4, 10 targets, straightaway; event 4, 10 targets, reversed angles, and event 5, 5 pairs. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Barry	8	8	9	6	5	9	8	6
Whitmarsh	7	4	10	6	4	7	6	8
Elwell	7	7	7	7	5	7	6	..
Muldown	7	6	4	2	..	5	7	3
Baker	3	6	7	2	5	..	..	..
Doell	3	4	7	3	3	..	..	..

The Peters Cartridge Company Tournament at Bristol.

CINCINNATI, O., May 20.—We have just wired you asking you to make notice of the postponement of the Bristol, Tenn., tournament for about four weeks. This we now confirm. We have letters from several of the prominent members of the Bristol Gun Club giving some very excellent reasons why the tournament should be postponed, and we therefore take pleasure in complying with their request. The boys want to make this the best tournament that has ever been given in that section, but they fear that on account of the Confederate reunion early in June, and for a number of other reasons, it would be impossible to give the tournament the desired attention of the earlier date. They therefore wish more time, and will select their own date, probably early in July.

J. H. MCKIBBEN, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Trap Matters at the Twin Cities.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 25.—Dr. Bill, of the Intercity Shooting Park, which accommodates the lovers of the gun who live at Minneapolis and St. Paul, sends a big bunch of shooting information from his part of the world, covering events for the past two weeks, from which it would indeed seem true that trapshooting is gaining in favor in the Northwest. He states:

"On Thursday of this week the Minneapolis Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot here. The attendance was not up to the standard, as the day was very hot and sultry. The old standbys of this club are trying their best to increase their shooting numbers, and no doubt will do so before long. The work of Mrs. Johnston, Johnston and French is of high class, showing great improvement from the first of the year.

"On Monday, the 13th, a squad of five came over in the afternoon and kept the traps going until dark. The best shooting of the day was done by Thompson, of St. Paul, who scored 94 out of 100.

"On Tuesday, May 14, Messrs. Coff, Dunn, Emerson, Andrews and Hunt shot a 100-bird race for the dinners, with Hunt low man and Emerson high man."

Thursday, May 16.—Minneapolis Gun Club scores were made as below:

Club diamond badges: Johnston 17, Mrs. Johnston 7, French 19, Danz 18, Mick 13, Thompson 12, Spear 10, Brown 15.

French won senior badge, Danz won junior badge, Mick won amateur badge.

Schlitz diamond badge: Johnston 23, Mrs. Johnston 22, French 20, Danz 16, Mick 13, Thompson 22, Spear 19, Brown 13.

Johnston won badge.

Val Blatz diamond badge: Johnston 11, Mrs. Johnston 13, French 10, Danz 12, Brown 17, Thompson 11, Mick 7, Spear 7.

Mrs. Johnston won badge.

Paegel diamond badge: Johnston 21, Mrs. Johnston 20, French 23, Danz 18, Mick 17, Thompson 22, Spear 22, Brown 23.

French won badge.

Saturday, May 18.—St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.—This was the largest attended of any club shoot of the season, forty-one shooters participating. The interest taken by this club is phenomenal. They continue to add interested shooters to their list, and expect by June 15 to have fifty regulars here each Saturday. The untiring energy displayed by the club's able president, Paul Hanser, and the secretary, A. E. Perry, assisted by Messrs. Morrison, C. Hanser, Joe Henry, Paul Gotzian, Jacob Danz, Chas. Thompson and Chas. Seibrook, shows what can be done for a club if they only hustle. The shooting of Morrison, Hanser, Gotzian and Wilkinson is of very high order. Morrison yesterday broke 15 pairs straight as a fitting climax of his day's shooting. Scores:

St. Paul Gun Club Cup Race.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Gotzian, 4	25	20	17	18	11	11	11	9
Danz, 5	24	18	20	..	..	..	..	..
J C, 2	24	20	21	21	5	8	11	..
P Hanser, 3	25	23	22	23	..	..	..	..
*Prediman	17	19	21	..	7	8	7	..
Perry, 5	22	19	13	20	12	11	11	8
Spear, 6	24	13	22	..	6	10	7	..
Thompson, 3	24	23	22	..	13	13	12	..
Morrison, 0	25	25	24	22	14	13	13	..
Thomas, 7	14	19	16	..	8	5	..	..
Henry, 4	15	16	18	..	9	10	9	..
Robertson, 10	25	13	15	..	7	6	6	..
*Switzer	22	21	21	..	6	10	9	..
*Gooch	21	21	21	..	12	5	9	..
Thorp, 2	21	19	19	18	15	13	..	..
McKay, 2	23	22	23	..	13	13	..	..
Irle, 5	17	12	15	..	8	9	..	..
Wilkinson, 2	18	25	23	25	13	13	..	..
*Lee	12	15	19	..	3	10	..	..
Dezotell, 5	25	19	17	..	14	10	..	..
Carl, 7	23	15	20	..	11	11	..	..
Somers, 8	24	21	21	..	10	7	..	..
Fanashon, 6	24	18	19	..	11	11	..	..
Defiel, 4	18	18	20	..	6	10	..	..
White, 7	23	11	18	..	11	12	..	..
Novotny, 4	21	20	21	..	11	5	..	..
Brown, 4	25	23	25	20	..	..	..	..
Alberts, 7	16	12	21	..	..	..	..	..
*Beyers	22	23	22	..	..	..	..	..
*Bliss	15	19	20	..	..	..	..	..
*Marsh	18	14	12	..	8	9	..	..
*Simpson	11	6	4	..	2	2	5	..
*Thayer	19	21	20	..	12	12	14	..
*Bonner	8	12	11	..	7	4	10	..
*Grain	11	14	14	..	6	7	6	..
*Baker	12	14	20	..	10	11	13	..
*Neeley	17	21	20	..	8	11	12	..
*Vanny	6	11	12	..	5	3	8	..
*Gloss	20	21	18	..	10	12	12	..
*Whipple	13	17	17	..	9	9	8	..

Handicap allowance applies to first event only.
*Visitors.

Nonpareil of Chicago.

The Nonpareil Gun Club, of Chicago, whose inaugural shoot recently furnished so interesting a variation of the club shooting programme in this city, holds its second shoot to-day at Watson's, and will henceforth claim at that park the date of the last Saturday of each month. It is anybody's race in this club at any event, and great interest attaches to these contests, the scores of which go forward from the ground.

Michigan Trap Shooters' League.

The first annual tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, begins next week, May 28-30, with two days at targets and one at live birds; $300 added. There will be two magautraps, and two squads will shoot at the same time. This will be a warm little proposition, and Mr. John Pop, president, and John M. Messner, secretary, will have a large contingent of visitors, who, it is needless to say, will all be satisfied.

Too Much Lemonade.

Mr. H. C. Hirschy, well known among all trapshooters, is in town to-day on his way from Springfield to his home in St. Paul, Minn. Mr. Hirschy is still feeling some slight effect from the case of lemonade poisoning which he with others sustained at the Springfield grounds. The beverage was made in a galvanized iron pail, and it came pretty near knocking out the whole combination. Harry Dunnell and Chris Gottlieb were both taken violently ill, and Mr. Hirschy himself was for a time unable to walk. No one was to blame for this little accident, which might occur at any time. In the Western towns, where everybody lives out of tin cans, it is a common matter of caution on the part of camp cooks never to allow a can of tomatoes to stand in the tin for more than a few minutes after it is opened, as the action of the air and the acid of the fruit upon the tin results in a compound which may be mildly or dangerously poisonous. It would be unwise for trapshooters to forsake lemonade entirely for other beverages on account of the little incident at Springfield.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 25.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the season. Notwithstanding the very uncomfortable day for target shooting, fourteen members came out to participate, and considering the conditions the scores were quite fair. The wind blew from the northeast, directly across the traps and was so cold that the shooters almost all wore coats while shooting, and several wore overcoats. S. E. Young won Class A medal, Dr. Meek Class B medal, and P. McGowan Class C medal on scores of 21, 20 and 20 respectively.

Fourth trophy event:

Dr J W Meek	1111101110111110011111101—20
J. D. Pollard	0011000110111111111101011—17
J. McDonald	0000011000111111110111100—14
A. McGowan	1001101111111010111100101—17
P McGowan	1011110111110111111110011—20
E W Eaton	1100100011111000011110101—14
T Eaton	1011111111110110001111111—20
T A Hagerty	0010000110010001111000101—10
F G Barnard	1001010101111101010111111—17
A Marshall	1101101101111001100110111—17
M E Bowers	1011111101010111101110011—19
S E Young	0111011111111111110111110—21
W A Jones	1011010011101000110110111—15
Dr Huff	0111011110011011001010010—14

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Chicago, May 25.—This club shoots down to the three high guns—no divide. Shoot No. 2 was the main event at Watson's Park, 15 birds, $5 entrance. The scores:

Dr Shaw	220222222222222—14	Alabaster	0122221212220 22—13
R Kuss	02*w	Amberg	0222222221 2*212—13
M White	2222220022222222—13	Dr Miller	22012120101*010— 9
Comley	0121211202102 11—12	S Palmer	1222221222222 12—15
J Graham	220222222222220*—12	J Barto	2122011012210 01—11
E S Graham	2222222122 21*02—13	L Willard	1122211222122 12—15
G Roll	22121*211121221—14		

Ties on 15:

Palmer	22212	Willard	22220

Ties on 14:

Shaw	12*	Roll	112

Same day, 25-bird match, for birds:

Street	1120220010221110010222 01*—16
Oliphant	*1020112*1022011122110022—17

Ten-bird match, for birds:

Street	0021212000— 5	Oliphant	10*0002200— 3

Miss-and-out, entrance $2, birds extra:

Alabaster	22220	
Willard	2122222	012222221222
Kuss	1222220	
Comley	0	
Dr Shaw	2211210	
G Roll	2111112	2
Amberg	0	
Barto	1211121	011112111210
Palmer	20	
Wade	22*	
Hoxie	212120	
Miller	20	

Same as above; Roll first, Palmer second, Willard third:

Comley	0	Palmer	2222 22220
Roll	2212 21112	Hoxie	2210
Barto	0	Willard	2211 10
Alabaster	10	Wade	0
Amberg	0		

Four men up, 5 birds each, two low scores to pay. Roll and Palmer paid:

Roll	10121221222*	Alabaster	11222
Palmer	22202210	Willard	212202211121

Same as above. Roll and Alabaster paid:

Roll	101210	Willard	11211
Palmer	202222	Alabaster	20*10

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, May 25.—Herewith find scores of the Chicago Gun Club's weekly shoot. Quite a number of the boys were at Springfield. The State shoot is on, and of course was the drawing card.

Dr. Carson won the weekly trophy handicap in birds. He shot scratch, breaking 23. Bowles won second trophy, 5 birds allowed him. Dr. Carson also won the distance handicap monthly trophy, shooting at 20yd. mark after shooting out Bowles at 18yds.

Next week we expect the regular attendance.

No. 3, weekly trophy handicap, 25 birds:

		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Walters,	1011001110100001100110111—14	5	19	
Bowles,	0011011111100111101111111 0—18	5	23	
Dunbar	1001010100111111111010111 1—17	5	22	
R B Mack	1011110101111111101011011 1—19	3	22	
Dr Carson	1101111111111101111111111—23	0	23	
Shelley	1111111011001010010010101—16	5	21	
Jones	1101000111000001101000101—11	6	17	
Dr Morton	0011000110101101010110000—11	5	16	
Von Lengerke	0100011111011111101111011 1—18	1	19	
Borroff	0111011101111000110101011—16	5	21	

No. 5, monthly trophy, handicap rise, 15 birds:

Walters, 16	1000000111111 11— 9
Dunbar, 16	0100011001101 00— 6
Shelley, 16	1010001100000 00— 4
Jones, 16	1110011110101 00— 9
Bowles, 18	1011111011110 11—12
Mack, 18	0011111100101 10— 9
Von Lengerke, 18	0101110111011 01—10
Borroff, 18	1001100111111 11—11
Dr Carson, 20	0222200111111 11—12

First tie:

Bowles, 18	1001110101—6	Dr Carson, 20	1110111111—9

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., May 24.—This proved a very windy afternoon, and most of the boys did very good work, considering it was blowing a gale most of the time. Several of the Gardner and Leominster men came down to get in a little practice for the prize five-man team shoot between Gardner, Leominster and Fitchburg, which is to commence next Wednesday afternoon on our grounds.

The scores on May 17 were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	25	10	10	15	5p	10
Hood	8	8	10	9	4	17	8	18	6	..	12	6	7
Sawin	7	8	9	6	10	22	8	22	10	10	14	..	10
Crabtree	8	9	7	7	4	22	7	..	6	..	12	..	8
Knight	6	9	8	8	7	..	5	19	8	..	12	..	7
Leland	9	8	7	8	6	..	6	16	5	..	14	..	8
Wood	2	6	3	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilder	8	8	7	8	8	23	9	23	10	10	..	6	..
Taylor	7	6	3	4	5	15	..	16	7	9	..	9	..
Cutler	8	7	7	9	9	22	..	21	..	9	..	..	..
Burbank	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	19	9	9	13	..	8
Esty	..	4	4	6	5	16	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	2	13	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Lamb	..	..	4	4	6	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	..
Churchill	..	..	6	6	4	..	..	..	8	..	..	3	5
Dwight	..	..	..	8	8	14	..	21	5	..	..	6	6
Donovan	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	15	6	..	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	..	9	15	..	20	6	..	..	..	..
Dix	..	..	..	..	5	16	..	15	7	..	..	4	..
Rob	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	4	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	8	..	4	..	4	4	..	3	3
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..

Scores made on May 22:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	25	25	10	10	25	10	10	15
Burbank	7	9	22	20	8	8	23	..	..	..
Gates	3	4	21	14	5	6	..	8	..	..
Andrews	5	6	20	19	5	..	20	..	..	..
Taylor	8	5	20	22	6	..	20	..	..	..
Converse	8	7	13	22	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stickney	6	7	..	..	7	8	16	3	..	..
Farrar	9	8	21	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Paine	7	10	20	18	9	6	..	9	..	..
Leland	8	7	17	14	7	9	17	6	7	11
Knight	7	9	19	24	6	8	18	6	..	..
Sawin	10	9	20	21	9	9	21	..	..	14
Wilder	9	10	22	22	9	8	19	..	9	..
Rice	5	8	25	24	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cutler	..	10	24	24	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lenoir	8	6	18	21	7	7	..	7	9	13
Russell	8	6	23	18	..	9	..	6	9	..
Dix	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rob	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	..
Dodge	6	7	..	..	7	7	20	..	..	..
Turney	1	3	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..

May 22.—The first leg of the triangular prize team shoot between Gardner, Leominster and Fitchburg was pulled off this afternoon. The weather conditions were as nearly perfect as possible. This was the first of six shoots—two to be held in each town, five men on each team, 50 shots per man. The prize is a very beautiful cup. Fitchburg won the first shoot, breaking 210 out of the 250 shot at. Leominster was second with 203 broken, and Gardner third with 192 broken. The highest score for Leominster was made by Rice, who went out with 49 out of his 50. Cutler was high man for Fitchburg with 48 breaks. Knight was high man for Gardner with 43 out of his 50. With all the men in form, these clubs are very closely matched, and it will be a matter of whose day it is to win. Several others took part in the shooting before and after the match.

Match shoot, Leominster, Gardner and Fitchburg:

Leominster.

Rice	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111111—49
Andrews	1111111011111011111111000100111100110111111111101101—38
Burbank	0111111101111110111111111111011110111011111111101—42
Gates	1010111011111110111111111110111111100101101101000010—35
Farrar	1111011111001111111111111011101110100011010111011111—38—203

Gardner.

Paine	1111111011111011111111000100111100110111111111101101—38
Leland	0111101110111110110100101111010011110100111100000—31
Lenoir	0111111111010111110110010111111111111111011111100101—39
Knight	1011010111101101111101111111111011111111111111111111—43
Sawin	1010111111111111011101110110111111011011011111111111—41—192

Fitchburg.

Taylor	1001101110111111101111111111101111111111101011111111—42
Russell	1101111111111110111111111111001111011111100110101111—41
Cutler	1111111111111011111111111111111111111011111111111111—48
Converse	1011000110011000111011001111101111011111110111111111—35
Wilder	1111111111111110001111111111111011111111110011111111—44—210

I. O. CONVERSE.

Aschenbroedel Gun Club.

NEW YORK, May 25.—Below please find report of our last club shoot, held Friday, May 17. Five events, 10 targets each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Wagner	8	2	5	7	2	Heidelberg	1	3	4	5	2
Ruhlender	5	6	6	3	6	Baier	3	5	4	2	0
Spargur	0	1	1	1	1	Moeslein	3	1	5	5	..
Wiegner	5	6	4	2	4	Walters	1	2	3	3	5
Siemers	6	3	5	3	3	Macdonald	0	3	1	1	3

Owing to a strong wind, the scores look very poor, which they really are, with the exception of the score of our secretary. His score is not poor at all. To the contrary, it is so good that he could never duplicate it, unless our friend Jack Spargur would accommodate him. Still it is hard to convince a man when he does not want to be convinced, and therefore our secretary has been trying ever since to find the reason why it was thusly. First he blamed the wind, then the traps, then a gun that he was using for the first time. He also blamed the cartridges. In fact, he blamed every one and everything but himself.

The truth of the matter is—and no one knows it better than the writer—he was too stuck up. Heretofore he used to walk the distance between the cars and the shooting grounds, a matter of three-quarters of a mile or so. He always said that he could make a better score were it not that he was tired walking such a distance, carrying a gun and a lot of cartridges. This time he thought he would get ahead of the others, and therefore engaged the help of one of his friends, who is the happy owner of a horse and buggy, to drive him to the grounds. All the way over he was happy in the anticipation of what a great score he would make. Nothing short of 45 out of 50 would do, with an occasional 10 straight hits thrown in. Alas! how pride comes to its fall. The first ten shots he fired were straight misses, and his total score was 8 out of 50. No wonder he disappeared in the woods after the trouble was over, and was not seen again for several days, which accounts for the lateness of this report. One occurrence is worth mentioning. Two of our members, whom I will designate by their initials only, fell into a discussion as to the identity of a bird whose notes they heard in a neighboring tree. H. said it was a sparrow hawk, while W. was sure it was a robin. H., however, was so certain that his knowledge of natural history—and especially the ornithological branch of it—was superior to that of W. (although it is rumored that he does not know the difference between a jacksnipe and an ostrich) that he offered to bet $10 that he was right. The bet was taken up immediately, but now the question arose how to settle it. To shoot the whilom songster was not a matter so very difficult even for a member of our club, who, as a rule, finds it a hard matter to hit any game smaller than an elephant. But as it was thought that one of the birds was a robin, and shooting it meant breaking the law, it was out of the question to do so for any law-abiding citizen. Still, H. being convinced that it was not a robin, and not seeing any particular harm in shooting a sparrow hawk, went up to the tree in the style of an aboriginal Indian, which he had learned by attending some Wild West show, and planted a shot where he thought it would do most good. To the surprise of every one, an old crow, which had been dead several months and which in its mummified state had wintered in a crotch of the tree, fell before the hunter's feet, while two birds, scared nearly to death, flew out of the tree, at too great a speed for any one to tell if they were two robins or two sparrow hawks or one of each. So all bets were decleared off, and H. was sentenced to buy the wherewithal to quench our thirst, which had become great during the excitement.

E. MACDONALD, Sec'y.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich., May 18.—Another windy day kept down the scores at the regular shoot of the Winchester Club, although 23 was apparently easy for Lewis in Class A, and no one disputed his right to the medal.

Class B medal, like the America Cup, seems hard to lift; no one in his class could see Warner's 18, and he still smiles.

Class C is developing some good ones, Brown winning the medal with 12.

In a little event at doubles Lewis afforded considerable pleasure by shattering 5 targets, singly, thrown as nearly simultaneously as possible by the magautrap at 14yds.—surely a very creditable performance.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Warner	9	..	..	9	4	..	18	Wren	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Hitchcock	6	9	..	..	..	5	10	Cox	5	..	9	..	..	10	19
Lewis	..	..	7	10	..	..	23	Babcock	..	..	..	..	4	..	15
Shiell	..	8	9	..	9	7	19	Rickham	..	..	6	..	..	..	2
Brodie	7	5	..	2	..	..	16	Randall	6	..	..	..	..	..	11
Clare	..	..	..	6	9	5	17	Brown	2	1	..	..	..	..	12
Toll	3	..	4	..	5	5	5	Huntington	7	9	..	5	..	..	..

The next meet will be the Decoration Day tournament, with sweeps, under the Rose system, and merchandise prizes. An attractive programme has been arranged, and every effort made to make the day a pleasant one. The latch string will be out to any stray shooter.

May 24.—Following are the scores of the Winchester Rod and Gun Club, made May 23. We had ten shooters out to try the clay birds. Some very good work was done for the fourth shoot of the season. Three clean scores were made. All events were at 10 birds, unknown angles, over our new magautrap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
F. Lesure	5	8	8	4	8	7	7	8	9	10
L Nelson	9	9	10	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
W Burbank	9	8	10	6	9	8	10	8	9	..
J Dickerson	5	8	10	7	8	9	7	3	9	8
H Swan	4	6	6	5	5	6	..	..	..	..
E Ellis	8	5	6	5	8	6	4	7	6	8
Parker	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Gale	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Young	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Putman	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	5	..

L. R. NELSON.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 25.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular weekly shoot on May 25. A gusty wind, accompanied by a drizzling rain, cut down the attendance—likewise the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J C Barlow	7	4	8	8	4	3	6	6	6
Peters	9	9	5	8	7	10	6	5	8
C Blandford	5	8	8	7	8	5	5	6	5
S Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4
D Brandreth	..	..	5	9	..	..	..	..	..
W Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Prize contest:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Peters	11	9	Blandford	10	7
Peters	11	6	Brandreth	11	6
Barlow	12	10	Brandreth	11	9
Barlow	12	10			

C. G. B.

The Twenty-seventh Illinois State Tournament.

THE twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, held this week in the city of Springfield, has established new records and made new standards of excellence in the shooting history of the Mississippi Valley. The tournament was held on the grounds of the Illinois Gun Club, which are unequaled in the State, or, for that matter, anywhere in the West. Add to this fact that some of the ablest and most wide-awake men in the State gave to this event their whole time and attention for weeks, and we have the key to the conspicuous success of this meeting. To the president, Col. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, and secretary-treasurer, Chas. T. Stickle, are especially due the thanks of every sportsman who attended, and this expression was conveyed by word of mouth many times during the week. This is one of the very few grounds where target and live-bird shooting can be carried on simultaneously with good success, and it was done here this week without a hitch anywhere.

The office work was handled under lease by Mr. F. C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., and the active management of the shoot was in the hands of the genial Charley Budd, whose name has been synonymous with good marksmanship and good fellowship in the shooting fraternity for, lo, these many moons.

It proved a week of record-breaking, work all round, in the general high scores made, most notably in the Dupont contest, when three men killed 100 birds straight, and Crosby's continuing score the next day. The 20-bird squad record on targets was made on the second day, when R. R. and E. S. Graham, B. Dunnell, R. Kussenberger and F. C. Riehl scored 99, and on the following day by the Messrs. Graham, Dunnell, Kussenberger and J. S. Boa, when they scored 75 straight.

First Day, May 20.

The week of shooting was happily begun to-day. Weather was at first threatening, but turned out cool and pleasant, with but little sunshine, and a refreshing breeze blowing over the prairie. The traps worked beautifully, and scores were several per cent. above the average tournament work. The squads were captained by the Indians and moved along like clockwork, so that the programme was finished by 4 o'clock. Fred Gilbert was high man for the day, losing but a single bird in the programme of 175. Crosby, Heikes and Dunnell tied for second place with 3 each lost, while Winchester and Conner dropped but 5 each. There were sixty entries in all, and 10,255 targets were shot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.	Av.
Burnside	19	19	13	18	14	20	14	20	14	18	159	.908
Sconce	14	19	15	18	15	19	15	17	14	19	165	.942
Crosby	15	20	15	20	14	20	14	20	14	20	172	.982
Hall	11	18	15	19	15	18	14	20	15	19	164	.937
Kline	11	16	12	19	13	17	13	17	11	19	148	.845
Parmelee	15	19	15	17	15	19	14	20	15	19	167	.955
Cadwallader	13	20	14	19	14	20	15	20	14	20	168	.960
Wiggins	9	11	13	14	15	18	14	20	14	20	159	.908
Irwin	13	18	15	19	10	18	13	18	12	18	154	.862
J C Scott	12	17	14	16	14	16	11	18	11	18	147	.840
Marshall	15	18	13	17	12	17	14	18	15	16	155	.885
Roll	13	18	15	18	15	20	13	18	14	20	164	.937
Fort	11	16	13	14	15	18	13	17	12	18	153	.874
White	14	15	13	17	12	18	14	18	11	18	155	.885
Linderman	14	20	15	14	12	20	13	18	12	20	165	.942
Rike	13	20	12	20	12	19	14	19	15	20	164	.937
Heikes	15	20	14	19	15	20	15	20	15	19	172	.982
Osborne	14	17	13	18	13	16	14	18	14	20	157	.897
Boa	14	19	14	19	11	20	14	18	13	18	160	.914
Baker	14	20	13	17	13	18	15	17	14	18	159	.908
Courtney	10	17	14	19	15	19	14	18	14	19	158	.900
Barto	15	17	15	17	13	18	14	18	14	18	158	.900
Herr	14	18	12	17	15	19	15	20	15	19	164	.937
Geo Crosby	12	18	11	18	13	18	12	18	15	17	152	.870
Budd	13	19	15	19	14	19	13	20	14	18	164	.937
Bingham	14	19	14	15	15	20	15	19	13	19	167	.954
Parker	12	20	14	19	15	20	14	20	14	20	168	.960
Hirschy	13	19	15	20	14	19	15	20	15	19	169	.965
Gottlieb	12	19	14	18	10	18	12	19	8	15	150	.960
Willard	10	20	15	19	15	19	15	17	13	19	162	.925
Powers	14	20	14	20	14	19	15	19	14	19	168	.960
Lawrence	12	16	18	16	10	16	13	12	13	16	142	.811
Workman	15	19	12	18	14	20	13	18	13	18	160	.914
Butler	13	17	13	18	13	18	..	..	..	..	...	....
E Scott	13	18	13	19	12	20	15	17	13	19	159	.908
Gilbert	15	20	15	20	15	19	15	20	15	20	174	.994
Rock	14	20	13	18	12	16	13	18	15	18	157	.897
Rossbach	12	18	11	18	13	19	14	17	12	18	153	.874
E Steck	14	18	18	17	19	20	14	20	15	18	158	.900
P Ward	14	20	15	17	14	18	13	18	15	19	159	.908
Riehl	14	19	14	20	14	20	12	19	13	17	162	.925
Brownback	12	18	13	14	10	17	12	18	13	18	150	.857
J R Graham	13	17	15	20	15	20	13	20	13	19	165	.942
Dunnell	15	20	13	19	15	20	15	20	15	20	172	.982
E S Graham	14	20	12	20	12	19	14	17	14	19	161	.920
Merrill	14	20	14	18	13	17	13	18	15	20	162	.925
E Bogardus	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Garvey	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Jarrett	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Winchester	15	20	14	18	14	19	15	20	15	20	170	.971
Connor	15	20	15	20	15	19	15	20	13	18	170	.971
Guptill	..	18	13	8	15	18	..	20	12	..	...	....
Stanbear	..	..	12	15	11	..	15	18	12	18	...	....
De Long	..	..	12	19	14	18	..	..	..	..	...	....
Miss King	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Dr Shaw	12	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Dunbar	12	..	8	16	13	19	..	..	..	..	...	....
Richards	11	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Dixon	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Shafter	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....

A very interesting feature of the day was the contest for the Governor's cup, emblematic of the ladies' championship at live birds. Any woman shot in the United States is eligible to compete for this prize, a handsome sterling silver cup, which becomes the property of the winner. There were six entries, Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Dr. Shaw, of Chicago; Mrs. Johnston, of Minneapolis; Mrs. Cabanne and Miss King, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Butler, of Springfield. The trophy went to Mrs. Shepherd, who scored 17 kills of the 20 birds, which constituted the race. The scores are appended:

Mrs Cabanne ....*2120121121211*11011—16
Mrs Shaw ....1*0122*1012021011211—14
Miss King........0100112120**10112110—12
Mrs Butler ....00010012211110000121—11
Mrs Johnston ....10200111122*11202121—15
Mrs Shepherd ....12221111101211102220—17

Second Day, May 21.

Heavy, dark weather and occasional rain handicapped the work at the traps to-day, notwithstanding there was an increased attendance of shooters and visitors. The main event was the contest for the Dupont trophy, shot under the usual rules, except that moneys went to four high guns. The birds were a rather indifferent lot, but perhaps as good as can be had at this time of year, and scores consequently unusually high. The main race was finished early in the afternoon, with sixteen straight scores. Then began a shoot-off which lasted until night, and was only stopped for darkness when the three last men in, Fred Gilbert, W. R. Crosby and H. J. Sconce, had each killed 100 straight, they agreeing to conclude the contest on the morrow. The retrieving was done by Fred Erb's splendidly trained string of dogs, under his personal charge, and birds were trapped for the Association by Ullman & Co., of Chicago. Some discussion was occasioned by the fact that Mr. Parmelee declined to agree to a division of the purse among those who made clean scores. He carried his point under a literal interpretation of the conditions as published; but after Parmelee had missed a bird a divide was finally agreed on among the last five men in the contest, Messrs. Sconce, Gilbert, Crosby, Fort and Barto.

Scores in the day's events are subjoined:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Winchester	15	20	15	20	14	20	15	20	15	20	174
Powers	15	20	15	20	15	19	14	19	13	20	170
Kuss	15	19	14	20	15	20	14	20	12	20	169
Sperry	15	19	14	19	15	19	15	19	13	20	168
Crothers	14	20	13	19	18	20	15	19	15	19	167
Kline	15	20	14	19	13	20	14	19	13	20	167
Burnside	14	19	14	20	15	19	14	18	15	19	167
E S Graham	15	19	14	20	14	18	14	19	14	20	167
Merrill	14	20	14	19	13	19	13	20	14	20	167
Dunnell	15	20	14	19	13	19	15	20	13	18	166
Herr	15	19	14	19	13	20	14	19	14	19	166
Linderman	14	20	14	18	11	19	14	20	15	19	164
Conner	14	20	14	19	13	18	14	20	14	18	164
Riehl	14	19	15	19	13	18	13	20	14	19	164
Parmelee	14	18	14	19	13	19	15	18	13	20	163
Rike	14	18	13	20	15	18	12	19	15	19	163
J R Crosby	12	19	15	19	13	19	12	20	14	19	162
Wiggins	15	17	13	18	15	20	13	19	13	18	161
Courtney	15	19	14	17	11	20	14	19	13	19	161
Boa	13	18	14	18	14	20	13	19	13	18	160
Word	12	18	15	18	13	18	15	20	12	19	160
Toness	13	19	14	16	15	20	15	16	14	18	160
Ed Scott	14	19	15	16	13	17	13	19	13	19	158
Marshall	14	17	13	19	14	19	13	18	14	17	158
Spencer	13	19	11	19	11	20	14	18	14	19	158
Thompson	14	18	15	18	13	18	12	17	14	17	156
G Crosby	15	17	14	18	13	19	13	17	14	15	155
Cadwallader	14	19	12	17	14	17	13	16	13	20	155
Post	13	15	13	18	12	20	13	19	14	16	153
Craig	10	17	13	18	13	19	12	20	13	18	153
Workman	13	18	13	19	13	15	15	18	10	17	151
Rock	14	18	12	16	13	17	12	18	13	17	151
Guptill	15	20	14	..	19	14	20	14	19	..	150
J Scott	12	17	12	14	12	17	13	18	13	17	145
Stevens	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	16	...
Ed Steck	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	12	19	...
De Long	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	18	..	..	...
Brownback	13	16	14	18	13	17	18	..	..	..	...
Tripp	14	17	13	18	14	19	..	..	..	..	...
Gilbert	15	20	14	18	15	19	..	..	..	..	...
W B Crosby	15	20	15	19	14	20	..	..	..	..	...
Argraves	11	12	13	15	18	14	..	..	..	..	...
Sconce	15	20	15	19	15	20	..	..	..	..	...
Baker	13	19	15	18	12	16	..	..	..	..	...
Heikes	14	18	15	19	14	17	..	..	..	..	...
Irwin	14	19	12	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	...
Hewitt	12	16	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Fort	13	17	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bingham	14	19	13	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hirschy	13	17	14	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Parker	14	19	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Gottlieb	15	17	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Willard	13	17	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dunbar	13	18	13	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Staufer	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Richards	..	..	11	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Fortier	13	16	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Roll	15	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hal Smith	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Heilman	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lomatsch	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Shafter	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Butler	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Miss King	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Rossback	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Smith	14	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Mrs Johnston	11	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Johnston	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J E Smith	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Funk	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lyons	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Meidroth	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Powell	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Dupont Trophy:

Burnside, 29........2112222222222112222222222—25
Hall, 29........2222222222222222222222222—25
B Wright, 28........1122112222222112222112122—25
Meidroth, 28........1*2211022222222112211002—21
Willard, 29........1211122222112212212222222—25
Sconce, 29........2222222222222222222222222—25
Palmer, 29........2222222*2*22222222222220*—21
Steck, 29........1212122212112222110112212—21
Bingham, 30........1122212220222222222222222—24
Parker, 29........2222222222222222202222222—24
Marshall 31........2222222022222222222222222—24
Hirschy, 29........2222222222222222222222222—25
Kline, 28........2222221022*22222222222222—22
Gilbert, 31........2222222222222222222222222—25
Crosby, 31........2222222222222222222212222—25
Parmelee, 31........2222222222222222222222222—25
Cadwallader, 29........2222221222222222222222222—25
Wiggins, 29........22222220022222020221w
J Scott, 29........221*2112222121202221w
E Scott, 29........2111221122221212222222222—25
Workman, 28........022222*222212122222211211—23
Roll, 29........2222122222112221222212212—25
Alabaster, 29........22221*2212w
Barto, 29........2222122212222222221222222—25
Rice, 28........1222200110w
Shaw, 29........2222222222222222222222222—25
Minor, 28........1222120211112122222122222—24
Powers, 31........222222222222222*222222222—24
Merrill, 30........2222222222222222022222222—24
Winchester, 30........1122222022222212122122222—24
Sperry, 29........2222222222222222222222222—25
Stevens, 29........2212222*111211212*w
De Long, 29........2122111122*22122122222222—24
Steidley, 28........2221222222221222222222222—25
Craig, 29........2211122112112112112122112—25
Fort, 29........2221221112222211122212122—25
Rike, 29........2222222222222221222222222—25
Budd, 30........*222111111w
Jones, 29........2220**2112w
Tripp, 29........222222221211211111*11121—24
Gottlieb, 29........2122210212w

Shoot-off of ties:

Burnside 2222222222222222222220
Hall 22222220
Wright 221111122221121 21*
Willard 2122111210
Sconce 22222222222222222222222222222222222222222222222
22222222222222222222222220
Hirschy 20
Gilbert 22222222222222222222222222222222222222222222222
222222222222222222222222212121220
Crosby 222222212111111112212222111212211112111111111221111
11121111222111111111122111112221 2222
Parmelee 2222222222222222222220
Cad ....2222220.
Roll 212221221112122220
Scott 2222222222222222222220
Rike 20
Barto 2122112122221222222122222221221212122112121 1222111
1*
Shaw 220
Fort 2211111111111111122211112221112211 21*
Sperry 2222222212222*
Steidley 22220
Craig 20

Third Day, May 22.

Targets and live birds were again shot to-day simultaneously on four sets of traps. Ten thousand targets were thrown, while the special features were the Smith cup contest at targets and the Board of Trade diamond badge at live birds. Entries were record-breakers in both these events. But all worked nicely, and the long programme was finished by 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Gilbert	15	20	15	20	15	19	13	18	15	20	170
Sconce	15	19	15	18	15	19	15	20	15	18	170
Parmelee	14	19	15	20	13	20	14	18	12	20	166
Dunnell	15	18	14	20	15	20	13	20	15	29	170
Heer	13	20	14	20	14	20	14	19	14	19	167
Parker	13	18	15	19	15	20	13	19	14	19	165
Winchester	14	17	13	19	14	20	15	19	14	20	165
Wiggins	15	20	15	16	15	19	15	19	13	18	165
Hirschy	15	18	14	19	13	19	15	19	14	18	164
Rike	14	20	13	20	15	19	13	17	15	18	164
E I A	15	19	15	17	14	18	13	20	15	18	164
Lundheim	14	19	14	20	15	15	13	17	14	18	164
Conner	13	18	15	18	13	20	14	19	15	18	163
Heikes	13	19	15	19	15	19	15	16	14	18	163
Powers	13	20	14	19	14	20	11	20	14	18	163
Cadwallader	12	19	14	19	12	18	15	19	14	20	162
Spry	14	20	13	20	11	18	14	17	15	20	162
Merrill	13	17	15	19	16	19	12	19	13	20	162
J R Conner	15	18	14	18	14	17	15	18	13	13	160
Burnside	14	18	13	20	13	17	13	18	14	19	159
Marshall	13	17	14	20	13	19	13	19	14	17	159
Boa	15	16	13	17	14	19	13	20	14	17	158
Shafter	14	19	11	18	12	19	15	16	13	20	157
Fort	9	18	14	17	14	18	14	18	14	20	156
Thompson	12	17	13	18	13	17	14	18	15	18	155
Riehl	14	12	13	13	14	19	14	19	13	19	155
Baker	14	18	14	18	14	12	11	18	15	19	153
Caruthers	13	16	13	19	11	19	11	15	15	15	152
Kline	9	19	14	18	13	20	14	18	9	17	151
Johnston	14	16	11	18	14	20	13	18	12	13	151
Word	14	16	13	17	14	17	13	17	12	19	151
A A C	13	18	12	19	15	17	12	16	14	14	149
Toms	11	18	14	18	9	18	15	15	14	16	148
Gottlieb	12	15	12	17	12	17	11	17	10	16	141
Mrs Johnston	11	16	11	12	19	11	5	15	10	15	115
Irwin	13	17	15	14	14	18	14	18	..	..	...
Kuss	15	19	13	13	14	15	..	..	..	..	...
Stevens	9	17	15	15	10	15	..	..	..	..	...
G Crosby	12	18	14	18	11	18	..	..	..	..	...
Ruppert	13	20	14	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
W D Stanner	13	17	14	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lyons	14	15	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Argraves	13	19	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Nance	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Simmonette	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hess	12	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
De Long	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Feller	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Post	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J E Smith	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Workman	13	..	..	..	12	17	..	..	..	..	...
Barto	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Willard	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Roll	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Steck	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Pankhurst	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Rupper	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	20	...
Stanfer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	...
Ketter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	...
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	...

Smith cup:

Peters ....11111011111111101111—18
Sconce ....11111111111111111111—20
Marshall ....11101011111111011111—17
Cad ....11011110111100111111—16
Burnside ....10111111111111111111—19
Workman ....01110111111001111110—15
Bingham ....01011011111111111101—16
Lyons ....11011011111111100100—14
Dunnell ....11111111111101111111—19
J R Graham ....11111111111111111011—19
Boa ....11111111111111111111—20
E S Graham ....11110101101101111110—15
Powers ....11111111111110111011—18
Brownback ....00111111101011111101—15
Eynottan ....01111111101110011101—15
Post ....01111110111111111101—17

Ties: Sconce 25, Roll 22, Connor 16, Sperry 6, Shafter 3, Boa 2.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the State Association was held at the Leland Hotel at 8 P. M., with a representation of most of the gun clubs in the State. A number of resolutions were adopted, among them one limiting the number of teams that any one club may enter to two, and one warmly indorsing the splendid work done by State Game Commissioner H. W. Loveday, in protecting the game of the State, and instructing the officers to request, in behalf of the Association, his reappointment. Springfield was again selected as the place for holding the next annual meeting. Col. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave was again chosen President; Chas. T. Stickle, Secretary-Treasurer; C. R. Stephens, First Vice-President; O. Von Lengerke, Second Vice-President, all by unanimous vote. A resolution was then adopted by standing vote and a tiger, extending Godspeed to the members of the All-American team who were to leave at 10 o'clock for New York to sail for Europe for the international target championship contest, and the meeting was adjourned to permit all members to accompany the team in a body to the depot.

Scores for the day were as follows:

Diamond badge:

Bauer	2222122220— 9	Fahnestock	1222202210— 8
Richl	2222222221—10	Kuss	202222222— 9
Schlosser	21220*0122— 7	Fortier	2211201021— 8
J Masters	1102200211— 7	D S Barr	2212212212—10
Dr Pankhurst	0221222122— 9	Sconce	2222222222—10
Cad	2022222222— 9	Dr Decker	2222212120— 9
Gackle	2122200222— 8	Boa	222*022200— 6
Klineman	2121212111—10	Bingham	2222222220— 9
G Solomon	01121*1220— 7	Weller	222222*101— 6
Dr Shaw	2222222222—10	A Bogardus	1221010122— 8
Marshall	2222022222— 9	J Thompson	1101121111— 9
Meidroth	2202010202— 6	W R Crosby	2222111122—10
Barto	2222222222—10	Hall	2222222212—10
Willard	2220211111— 9	Richardson	1222211111—10
Ed Scott	2222222222—10	Workman	12211221*2— 9
Craig	2102221011— 8	Powers	2221122211—10
Burnside	2122212222—10	Minor	2220222212— 9
Hess	2222222222—10	Rice	1220222221— 9
Argraves	2112221212—10	Wright	1220220221— 8
Woodford	2022222222— 9	F Barr	2211102211— 9
Butler	2202122222— 9	Whitney	2212222010— 8
Roll	1222222222— 9	B Curry	112010222*— 7
Sam Toney	2222222221—10	Steck	**11222202— 7
Alabaster	222222*122— 9	Stowber	1222222122—10
G Wilber	222*201021— 7	Dunbar	0221121211— 9
Kreiger	2121022210— 8	Richards	1120221011— 8
Shafter	2202222202— 8	Studley	2222220112— 9
Heilman	2211121122—10	Amberg	2220121122— 9
Hoff	2212122222—10	Levi	2122*22212— 9
J Watson	1112021100— 7	J Crowe	1222210021— 8
A C Connor	1221212210— 9	Loveday	20220000w
J G Graham	2222222222—10	Palmer	2222220222— 9
Wolpert	2021121221— 9	Von Lengerke	2022222222— 9
W Brown	2012122101— 8	Crothers	2112121222—10
Portman	1122212111—10	Lenone	2222*02021— 7
Simmonetti	1122012210— 8	Chicken	2*11102020— 6
Stannard	0202220221— 7	Nance	1220111111— 9
Sperry	2222222210— 9	W A Porter	0222221122— 9
Stearns	2202021111— 8	Cook	222111120*— 8
Tramp	1222212122—10	Col Felton	112111212*— 9
Bacci	2022221012— 8	Dramoe	2212122211—10
E S Graham	22222022*2— 8	Lameraux	**2121202*— 6
Dunnell	2222222222—10	Harbaugh	1121212112—10

Diamond badge; miss-and-out for cup:

Powers ....121121111112212111211212—24
Crosby ....2211112111121221212111 2*—23
G Klineman ....121121111222112112 11*—20
Dr Shaw ....222222222222222220 —17
Argraves ....212122222212222210 —17
Tramp ....212221112212222210 —17
Hall ....122212122222212120 —17
Drowne ....21121211110 —10
Burnside ....121222221* — 9
Portman ....1212122210 — 9
E Scott ....2222220 — 6
J R Graham ....2222220 — 6
Crothers ....2222220 — 6
Heilman ....120 — 2
Stamber ....110 — 2
Barto ....10 — 1
Roll ....20 — 1
Toni ....10 — 1
Sconce ....20 — 1
Richardson ....10 — 1
Riehl ....0 — 0
Hess ....0 — 0
Hoff ....0 — 0
Dunnell ....0 — 0
E S Barr ....* — 0
Harbaugh ....* — 0

Smith cup:

Crosby ....11111111101111111111—19
Stannard ....11111111111101011111—18
Fortier ....01111011010011111111—15
Argraves ....11111111011111111111—19
Steck ....11111111110110110101—16
Riehl ....01110101110110111110—14
James ....11111111111111111101—19
Sperry ....11111111111111111111—20
Meidroth ....11111011111111111111—19
Minor ....10111111011110111010—15
J E Smith ....01110011110111111111—16
J Thompson ....11111111101111101111—18
Connor ....11111111111111111111—20
Lemm ....11101110111101111011—16
Wilson ....01110111101011111100—14

BETWEEN CASTS.

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Shafter .....11111111111111111111—20
Wolpert .....01111111101011111111—17
Simmonetti .....10101011111101111111—15
Pankhurst .....00101101111111111111—15
Wiggins .....11111111111010111111—19
Woodford .....11111111111111001111—18
Hess .....11111111111111111011—19
Barto .....11111111010111111111—18
Roll .....11111111111111111111—20
Willard .....11111011111111111111—19
Crothers .....11111101111111111111—19
Hoff .....11111110011111111111—18

Fourth Day, May 23.

The State team contest at live birds and an amateur target programme, with Rose system of money division, were the attractions to-day. There were many new faces on the grounds, and the attendance was quite up to the high-water mark for the week. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Sperry	13	18	14	15	15	20	13	20	12	18	158
Wiggins	13	18	12	17	15	20	15	18	12	17	158
Cadwallader	13	18	13	19	14	18	12	19	14	20	160
Linden	13	18	13	18	14	19	13	18	10	18	154
Heer	14	20	14	18	13	18	14	19	15	18	163
Parker	14	20	13	20	14	18	14	18	14	18	165
Hirschy	14	19	14	20	13	20	14	17	15	19	165
Burnside	14	17	14	18	15	19	14	20	14	19	164
Connors	15	16	14	20	13	20	15	18	14	18	164
Workman	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Shafter	10	12	13	17	14	18	12	17	12	16	146
Stauber	13	15	13	16	14	14	10	16	..	..	...
Argraves	12	16	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Sconce	14	18	15	18	13	20	13	19	14	19	163
Heer	13	16	14	18	..	..	13	15	..	..	...
Keller	12	15	14	17	14	18	12	17	..	..	...
Bisdee	12	11	8	13	12	16	..	..	..	..	...
Stringer	13	11	10	9	9	12	..	..	..	..	...
Brownback	14	18	12	18	13	11	13	..	..	..	...
Thompson	12	20	13	20	14	20	13	16	12	20	...
Hoff	13	17	10	19	8	13	..	..	..	..	...
Wolfert	8	17	11	18	12	17	11	13	11	17	140
Meidroth	11	17	11	12	19	10	17	11	14	17	132
Perry	7	14	14	18	11	16	14	15	11	17	132
Crothers	14	16	14	17	14	16	12	17	..	..	...
Barto	14	15	12	17	12	13	13	17	13	19	145
Baker	13	12	13	12	14	11	8	..	..	..	...
Dixon	9	17	14	17	12	18	10	17	13	19	156
Fort	13	18	10	19	12	18	11	20	13	19	153
Courtney	13	15	12	17	14	15	13	13	14	17	158
De Long	10	17	13	15	14	15	13	19	13	17	146
Spuriel	14	15	13	19	14	18	12	18	13	19	161
Winchester	11	19	15	19	15	18	15	19	15	19	161
Rike	12	18	14	18	14	18	15	18	11	15	153
Dunnell	14	20	14	20	15	18	12	19	14	20	166
Kuss	14	15	14	19	15	18	12	20	13	19	159
J Courtney	15	19	14	18	14	17	15	17	14	19	162
Boa	14	19	13	19	14	18	13	18	12	20	160
E S G	14	18	14	18	14	18	15	18	13	18	160
Willard	11	13	14	16	12	16	11	15	13	16	160
Kline	13	17	13	18	13	12	14	17	10	19	143
Beckwitz	7	14	12	..	13	..	14	..	..	..	...
Ward	14	18	13	19	12	17	12	17	10	19	151
J P Jones	..	..	..	..	13	10	15	19	10	18	...
Minor	..	..	9	17	13	14	11	12	14	14	...

Team races:

Illinois—Harvey Sconce 10, Guy Burnside 9, Ed Scott 9, G. T. Hall 10; total 38.

Illinois—Henry Thesch 9, F. G. Weidlocker 7, Ed Flynn 6, Fred Dockson 9; total 31.

Dixon—Pankhurst 5, Woodford 9, Argraves 9, Shafter 9; total 32.

Shelbyville—Cook 10, Brownback 10, Strays 8, Bisdel 9; total 37.

Rock Island—Porter 9, Vance 8, Stephens 10, Stone 10; total 37.

Nonpareil—Willard 9, Dr. Shaw 8, Alabaster 10, Voakes 9; total 36.

Blue Island—A. C. Boher 9, Robert Kinger 8, A. Axry 9, C. Roll 10; total 36.

Dupont—Ruir 8, Crosby 10, Pulman 9, Bingham 10; total 37.

Garden City No. 1—Stark 10, Herr 9, Barto 8, Amberg 10; total 37.

Garden City No. 2—Watson 6, Kerr 7, Penill 8, W. Wing 9; total 30.

Twin City No. 3—Wilson 9, Dr. Peter 8, C. Henry 8, F. Eynattier 9; total 34.

Twin City No. 1—Stanfer 7, F. Barr 7, Foster 8, Riehl 7; total 29.

Illinois—Stickle 1, Workman 8, Richardson 6, Lamoreux 8; total 23.

Peoria No. 1.—Blackstock 9, I. H. Hoff 6, W. Hoff 8, Weinhoff 7; total 30.

Peoria No. 2—Wolpert 9, Portman 8, J. Thompson 8, Mattock 9; total 34.

Illinois—T. Stall 3, H. M. Smith 10, H. Argraves 7, A. Little 8; total 28.

Peerless—W. Wilburry 7, F. Carkle 8, J. Martin 8, George Khivers 9; total 36.

Twin City No. 2—Wroth 10, F. P. Jay 7, A. Conner 10, Cadwallader 10; total 37.

Heddrick—R. Wright 10, Ed Attison 10, Powell 5, D. S. Barr 9; total 34.

Beardstown—Dower 6, C. Whitley 7, A. Curvey 8, B. Carney 8; total 29.

Long Lake—Dunnell 8, Kuss 10, J. R. Crosby 9, E. S. Crosby 9; total 36.

Alpine—Simmonetti 9, Bacci 7, Toni 5, Patterson 9; total 30.

Taylorville—T. W. Long 7, J. P. Spear 9, Hewitt 8, J. Murphy 9; total 33.

Last Day, May 24.

It is regrettable to have to report two disastrous occurrences as marking the close of this most successful and satisfactory meet ever given by the Illinois Association. Late Thursday afternoon a terrific wind and hale storm struck the shooting ground with such force and suddenness as to level tents, trap houses and score boards to the ground in a twinkling, and for a few moments it seemed as if the club house would be carried away. It was one of the worst storms ever known in this section, and left much to repair and rearrange for the continuance of the programme. Then, almost simultaneous with this occurrence, came a message to Col. Van Cleave, president of the Association, that ex-Governor John R. Tanner had just died very suddenly at the Leland Hotel. He had lain down on his bed during the afternoon, and later an attendant found him dead. Governor Tanner was a member of the Association, and the Illinois Gun Club, and one of the genuine ardent sportsmen of the State and the West. This sad occurrence and the storm cast a shadow over the crowd of attendant shooters, and the officers concluded, after carrying through the scheduled events for the week in all club and team matches, to call the announced programme for Saturday off, and close the meeting Friday night.

The features of this day were the State team race at targets for individual medals and cup, an informal programme of ten 15-target events and a 7 and 10 live-bird sweep. The Illinois team won the first, Long Lake second and Twin City team third average. The latter two teams tied for first on 88, again in a shoot-off at 94, and finally the Garden City team won by a single bird, each man having shot at 60 targets. The Quincy team took fourth money.

In the shoot-off for the Parker gun between the five men who killed straight in team and diamond badge matches, T. G. Hall, of Springfield, was successful. The Lefever gun for longest continuous run at targets went to Bert Dunnell, of Long Lake.

Target scores for the day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Wiggins	13	15	13	14	14	13	11	14	15	15
Osborne	14	14	14	15	12	13	13	13	14	14
Shafter	14	15	14	14	13	13	11	14	13	11
Cadwallader	15	14	15	13	14	13	9	12	11	13
Steck	12	14	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Courtney	14	12	14	14	14	14	13	13	12	14
De Long	13	13	11	15	13	11	15	13	13	13
Burnside	5	13	15	14	15	13	15	14	14	15
Rike	12	14	14	15	14	14	15	12	15	13
Jones	10	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Butler	14	13	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Laney	14	15	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
O H Bogardus	14	15	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Riehl	14	15	14	13	13	12	13	13	15	15
H Sconce	15	15	15	15	14	15	14	13	14	15
Hirschy	14	14	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gottlieb	13	15	13	12	12	12	..	..	..	..
Boa	14	14	15	13	15	14	13	13	..	..
Fort	12	13	14	15	14	14	14	14	14	13
Conner	15	13	14	14	14	12	..	..	..	..
Parker	15	15	15	15	15	15	13	14	15	14
Dunnell	15	15	14	14	15	11	..	..	..	..
Kuss	14	13	14	15	15	14	..	..	..	..

F. C. RIEHL.

Zoo Rod and Gun Club.

ELWOOD, Ind.—The second annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club opened here on May 14.

Finer weather for an outdoor event of any kind could not have been desired than that which favored the second annual live-bird State championship tournament, held under the auspices of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind., May 14, 15 and 16. The attendance was considerably increased over that of last year, and many well-known marksmen from a distance were present. The cities of the State were represented by a number of new entries over the list of last year. The Zoo Club had spared no pains to provide every convenience and comfort for the visitors.

Capt. Jack Parker, of Detroit, acted as manager of the tournament, and much of its success was due to his skillful conduct of affairs.

First Day, May 14.

The opening day of the tournament opened favorably, with bright skies and just enough wind to temper the heat and call for the best efforts of the shooters. The day was devoted entirely to target shooting, and the schedule of fourteen events started at 10 o'clock. The register showed the following attendance: R. O. Heikes, E. D. Rike and C. H. Miller, Dayton, O.; Tripp and Partington, Indianapolis; Ballheim and Kirby, Greenville, O.; Miller, Toledo; Fort, Swanton, Vt.; Parker, Detroit; Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y.; Cavanagh, Peru, Voris and Lacy, Crawfordsville; Adamson, Farrell, Bender and Meredith, Muncie; Houser, Bussel and Ousler, Noblesville; Yelton, Anderson; Erb, Lafayette; Neal, Bloomfield, and others.

The first day's scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	10	15	15
White	7	9	9	14	12	8	13	9	12	13	14	8	12	14
Parker	8	12	9	13	14	7	11	9	10	11	12	9	11	14
Fort	8	12	7	12	9	9	15	9	14	10	13	7	8	10
Houser	7	12	8	14	9	7	12	8	11	11	12	8	12	9
Shumack	6	11	8	12	..	6	9	..	..	12	..	..	13	9
Adamson	9	11	5	13	11	10	10	8	10	12	13	8	12	12
Spencer	8	13	10	12	12	9	14	7	13	10	12	9	11	14
Leeson	8	11	8	12	11	6	11	9	12	13	14	10	13	15
Jack	7	10	7	9	9	4	13	7	10	7	9	7	10	9
Meredith	9	12	8	1	411	7	13	7	12	7	10	8	13	11
Heikes	10	15	9	15	13	9	15	9	12	14	15	10	14	14
Wm	7	9	7	9	10	6	9	5	10	8	12	6	10	12
Rike	9	14	9	14	13	10	13	9	14	14	12	10	14	15
Wells	9	14	6	14	11	10	10	7	13	12	11	9	12	12
Seniour	6	12	9	10	10	8	14	8	11	9	13	5	11	11
Hoosier	9	13	7	13	14	10	13	8	11	13	15	10	13	14
Tripp	9	14	10	13	14	10	14	10	14	14	15	10	12	13
Neal	10	14	8	15	15	8	15	10	14	14	13	10	15	14
Partington	7	11	9	13	12	7	14	10	12	13	14	9	11	13
Cavanagh	8	13	9	13	11	6	14	9	14	12	12	7	12	12
Ousler	8	13	8	13	9	5	11	9	12	14	9	7	12	12
Miller	9	12	8	11	15	9	11	8	13	14	14	8	12	13
Bussel	7	13	8	13	14	9	13	9	15	12	15	8	14	12
Kirby	8	11	8	13	15	10	13	7	14	14	13	10	14	14
Harbit	7	9	7	7	12	6	9	6	9	10	8	7	9	8
Smith	8	9	7	8	9	7	9	7	10	8	..	..	..	5
Ballheim	8	10	9	8	11	9	13	7	12	10	9	6	..	..
See	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	15	13	..	..	..	..
Newcomer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	9	8	7	..
Bender	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	12	12	8	10	14
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	12	11	6	5	..
Hinshaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..

Second Day, May 15.

The programme for the second day consisted of fourteen events of 15 targets each. The fine weather of the opening day continued, and the number of shooters in attendance was increased by the arrival of a number of new contestants. The traps worked well, and the following were the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Rike	13	15	14	15	14	14	12	14	13	13	14	12	12	15
Heikes	15	15	14	14	15	14	13	14	13	15	15	14	15	15
Miller	11	14	12	9	13	12	12	13	12	14	13	..	..	..
Seniour	13	11	14	10	12	8	14	10	8	..	..	..	..	..
Wells	1	013	13	14	12	12	11	12	11	10	..	..	..	..
Courtney	11	13	14	13	15	11	13	13	13	13	13	11	13	13
Ballheim	12	14	15	10	14	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jack	11	12	11	10	12	10	12	11	10	11	10	12	12	12
Fort	15	15	12	12	11	13	11	15	14	14	12	11	14	14
Parker	12	11	11	14	12	9	12	12	11	13	12	12	11	11
Hoosier	14	15	13	12	12	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tripp	14	14	15	14	11	15	13	14	15	14	11	14	14	15
Kirby	14	13	14	14	13	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Partington	11	13	11	11	12	14	12	14	13	10	11	11	11	11
Cavanagh	14	15	12	13	14	15	14	13	14	15	11	14	11	12
Voris	11	15	11	1	013	14	13	12	10	..	15	15	13	13
Leeson	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	14	9	12	12	11	9
Adamson	14	10	12	13	12	8	10	9	13	11	11	..	..	..
Dunbar	11	11	9	11	13	13	10	9	14	13	12	10	..	11
White	13	14	11	11	12	12	12	12	11	10	13	15	13	11
Houser	11	13	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harbit	10	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Farrell	7	9	..	10	8	..	9	..	12	11	9	11	..	..
Meredith	13	14	12	11	9	..	..	..	13	9	11	11	14	13
Yelton	12	13	12	13	12	8	12	10	10	10	12	11	..	..
Dacey	..	..	11	..	..	13	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	..	13	13	13	14	9	12	9	10	10	..	..	..
Wm	..	..	14	9	10	11	10	..	..	..	9	..	9	..
Smith	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	10	..	9	..
Newcomer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	10	9	9
Bender	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	12	11	13	12
Erb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	13	14
Kirkpatrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	10	10	10	
Swihart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	1
Howard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Norcross	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Craigmeyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

Of course the shoot would have been incomplete without the Indians being represented. Of these veterans, Elmer Neal, Chief Black Diamond; Ernest Tripp, Chief Ride in the Wagon; Rolla Heikes, Chief Bald Eagle; Jack Parker, Chief Des Chree Shos Ka, serpentine dancer and medicine man, and A. J. Courtney, Chief Sitting Bull, were present.

Third Day, May 16.

Of course the interest centered in the live-bird contests, which were the programme of the third and closing day. A crowd estimated at 1,000 people were at the grounds of the club to witness the shoot for the championship. The weather warmed up considerably from the temperature of the day before, but the enthusiasm of the shooters was not affected by the sun that shone as though it were July. The birds were good ones, and flew well. Two events were scheduled, the first one of 5 live birds. The scores were as follows: Voris 5, Rike 5, Fort 4, Howard 5, Yelton 4, Heikes 4, Lacy 2, Cavanagh 2, Hoosier 2, Adamson 4, Seniour 1, Parsons 4, Dunbar 4, Neal 5, Parker 4, White 3, Farrell 1, Courtney 4, Leeson 4.

The shoot for the State championship and the Lieber silver trophy, 25 live birds, $20 entrance, excited the greatest interest. There were a number of entries and the contest was close and exciting. The championship shoot lasted until late in the afternoon, and when the scores were finally footed up it was found that the title of State champion and the possession of the loving cup fell to Elmer Neal, of Bloomfield. The scores were as follows:

Voris .....2222222002211122220022 2*1—20
Hoosier .....2022*21221112222222222222—23
Neal .....22222212222222222222202222—24
Parsons .....20222222222222222221120220—22
Rike 22021220210w
Howard .....12212222222222222022*2222—23
Dunbar .....20222002122211221*22011*1—19
Jack .....01020022222220202*1220*222—16
Yelton .....2*1*21*2212*221*222210022—18
Fort .....22222222122211221212022 22—24
Heikes .....22220222222229*12122122*11—22
Parker .....22222222222222122202222222—24
White .....12222222222*22*22220202222—23
Leeson .....22002220202222222*22222222—20
Cavanagh .....2002*1**10200011211010112—14
Adamson .....2222222**22221222102*2221—21
Courtney 202210*

Jack Parker, of Detroit, and Harry Fort, of Swanton, Vt., were tied with Neal at 24 birds, but were ineligible for the cup because they lived outside the State. Heikes was also an outsider, so his good score could not land him the trophy. The other scores were made by Indiana marksmen. Neal did excellent work all through the tournament, and the shooters present agreed that the coveted prize was well won.

The cup was won at the tournament last year by Ed Voris, of Crawfordsville, who relinquished the trophy and title of champion to Neal with the best of feeling, and notice that he would be present to win it back next year.

Following the championship shoot were two handicap events of 5 birds each, with the following scores:

No. 1: Voris, 31yds., 5; Neal, 32yds., 4; Fort, 32yds., 4; Dunbar, 28yds., 3; Parker, 32yds., 5; Hoosier, 32yds., 5; Howard, 29yds., 5; Leeson, 26yds., 5; Cavanagh, 28yds, 5; Erb, 30yds., 4; White, 27yds., 4; Williams, 26yds. 4; Jack, 27yds., 3; Adamson, 29yds., 5; Newcomer, 26yds., 3.

No. 2, with the same handicaps, resulted as follows: Neal 5, Leeson 5, Fort 5, Voris 5, Dunbar 4, Parker 5, Cavanagh 5, White 3, Newcomer 3, Jack 3, Adamson 4, Williams 4, Hoosier 3.

Fred Erb, of Lafayette, Ind., was present with his kennel of fine trained dogs, which did the retrieving in all live-bird events, adding much to the interest. The dogs worked splendidly.

The many visitors returned home Friday evening, expressing themselves as well pleased with the second tournament, and promising their attendance at the future meetings.

Wayne Leeson is captain of the Zoo Club, and the committee having charge of the tournament consisted of Wayne Leeson Dr. M. L. White, Carna Williams, Nona Harbit, Charley Smith and W. J. Carleton. M. L. White is president and J. M. Livingston secretary.

Random Notes.

Neal had the keys of Madison country presented to him.

Tripp enjoyed the trip to the tinplate—he was chairman of the committee that opened the tinplate works here in 1892.

Somebody ask Neal to see his diamond ring.

Courtney doesn't like to walk, but says he shoots the best gun made.

Parker can hold a shoot in Elwood every week and make the boys feel good.

Watch us next year.

SECRETARY.

Virginia Trapshooters' Association Tournament.

RICHMOND, Va., May 25.—I would be pleased to have you announce in your columns the dates and place of the second great tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association. This tournament, as last year, will be held under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, of Richmond, Va., and will be on Labor Day and the day following, Sept. 2 and 3, 1901.

As you may recall, this Association last year gave one of the largest tournaments ever held in the United States, 130 men taking part in the various events, shooting at 19,825 targets.

The Association is now regularly organized (which was not the case last year), and is composed of fifteen clubs, as follows: Chesapeake Gun Club, Newport News, Va.; Portsmouth Gun Club, North Side Gun Club, Barton Heights, Va.; Blue Ridge Gun Club, Roanoke, Va.; Wytheville, Va., Gun Club; Ashland, Va., Gun Club; Lynchburg Gun Club, Staunton Gun Club, Charlottesville Gun Club, Lawrenceville Gun Club, Norfolk Gun Club and the West End, East End, Deep Run and Lakeside clubs, of Richmond, Va. These clubs have in the aggregate a membership of over 400, and the way they will flock to Richmond on Labor Day will be a surprise to the talent.

The two great features of the tournament this year will be the team race the first day between five-man teams from the several clubs for the club championship cup, which was last year won by the West End team from a field of eleven competing teams, each team shooting at 250 targets.

On the second day there will be a race at 100 targets for the individual championship of the State for 1901, a gold medal to go to the winner.

The balance of the two days' shooting will be for merchandise prizes and sweepstakes. Handsome programmes of this tournament will be issued in due time. Every shooter in the United States is invited to take part. They are barred from merchandise prizes, but can shoot for sweepstakes to their hearts' content. Manufacturers' agents are barred from all competition, but Virginia will be more than glad to see them all. They will find here a field well worth cultivating, as those who have been among us well know.

Not less than three sets of traps will be used at this tournament, and if the attendance justifies it, several more will be quickly put down.

I thank you in advance for any assistance you may render toward promoting the second tournament of the greatest State organization of trapshooters in the United States.

FRANKLIN STEARNS,
Pres. Virginia Trapshooters' Association.

Sherbrooke Gun Club.

SHERBROOKE, Can., May 20.—The coming Interstate tournament at Sherbrooke, July 1 and 2, has stimulated more than the usual interest in the sport, and several new members have taken up trapshooting this season. The club is in its seventh year, and has become one of the permanent institutions of the place. Every Saturday afternoon sees an enthusiastic lot of shooters and spectators at the grounds, and many ladies and gentlemen who never shoot find the club house veranda a pleasant place to spend an hour or two.

A series of handicap matches was begun on May 11, to continue through the season. Twenty matches at 25 targets each will comprise the series, the winner of the greatest number taking a gun cabinet. At least twelve matches must be shot to qualify. Each winner goes back a yard after each win. Ten shooters opened the series: Walton (18) 20, Loomis (16) 17, Foss (14) 17, Craig (18) 16, White (18) 14, Thompson (19) 14, Ingalls (14) 13, Matheson (14) 13, Cockroft (13), 13, Hood (13) 13.

On May 18 the result was: Craig 21, Loomis 19, Ingalls 17, Walton 15, Thompson 15, Bray 15, Matheson 15.

It rained, strange to say, and many thought there would be no shooting, so the attendance was small.

Several members of the club will attend the Westmount tournament on May 24. They always like to go to Westmount. It is one of the nicest places to go to, and Sherbrooke and Westmount have become somewhat related. JES.

Southeastern Iowa Amateur Shooting Association.

DURING the last year there has been a great deal of agitation toward forming a league of the gun clubs of southeastern Iowa. In order that some definite action could be taken on the matter the Ottumwa Gun Club called for a meeting of the clubs of the above-named portion of the State for April 25, 1901.

The meeting was held at Wheeler's gun store, in Ottumwa, and the following gun clubs were represented: Osceola, Centerville, Oskaloosa, Williamsburg, Pella, Waterloo, Marengo and Ottumwa. George W. Guinn, of Centerville, was elected temporary secretary and Lee Wheeler, of Ottumwa, secretary. Dr. Douthett, of Osceola, stated the object of the meeting.

After the matter had been discussed at some length it was decided that the organization be known as the Southeastern Iowa Amateur Shooting Association. The following officers were then elected: President, Dr. D. K. Douthett, of Osceola; Vice-President, L. T. Crisman, of Ottumwa; Secretary-Treasurer, Lee Wheeler, of Ottumwa; Captain, J. W. Knapp, of Centerville; Executive Board, President, Vice-President, Secretary and C. L. Holden, of Marengo, and A. F. McFarland, of Osceola.

The membership fee was made $2.50 for clubs, or 50 cents for individuals.

It was decided that two or more tournaments should be held each year at such places as the executive board decides, and that each club of the Association contribute $10 to each tournament, to be used as added money in the events of the tournament.

The first tournament of the Association will be held in Osceola about the third week in June, and a very interesting programme is assured,

LEE WHEELER, Sec'y.

Iowa State Tournament.

Newton, Ia., May 17.—The twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association had a larger attendance than at any meeting of the Association for the past five years. The weather was pleasant. The shooting was from two sets of traps, Sergeant system, and about 20,000 targets were thrown.

The convention was held on Wednesday evening. Ottumwa was selected as the place for holding the next convention and tournament. Dr. W. B. Kibby, of Marshalltown, was elected President; Geo. Macartney, of Des Moines, Vice-President; T. T. Crisman, of Ottumwa, Secretary; Walter Gephart, of Ottumwa, Treasurer; Joe Kersher, Dr. Kibbey, W. R. Milner and Geo. Macartney were appointed Legislative Committtee. D. Tripp, C. W. Budd, Dr. Douthett, Fred Gilbert and Ed Rothrock were elected directors

Just before the convention was called to order, Mr. Tom A. Marshall, in behalf of the sportsmen present, in a neat little speech, presented Mr. W. T. Irwin with a fine grip. Mr. Irwin has many warm friends among the sportsmen, and is one of the oldest trap shots in the West.

After the convention was over the Newton Gun Club gave a smoker to the visiting sportsmen.

Mr. F. C. Whitney, of Des Moines, had charge of the cashier's office, and Dr. Kerr made a good squad hustler, and kept things moving nicely. The business men's association gave the American team which sails on Sunday, the 26th, for Europe, a banquet at the Churchill. The Hon Tom A. Marshall, captain of the team, was called upon for information in regard to contests abroad. Mr. Marshall responded by giving a full account of how the matches came about, how many and when they were to be shot, and closed his remarks by saying his team would use every effort to return victorious in all the contests. Major Long then presented the team with the keys to the city, which would unlock all but the city treasury, and, for reasons he would not mention, he thought best to retain this key until the return of the team from Europe.

The Newton Gun Club is deserving of much credit for so ably managing the tournament. In the contest for the L. C. Smith cup, Mr. Selbhers, an amateur, and a member of the Newton Club, was the only one to make a straight score, and won the cup. In the team shoot for State trophy Kline and Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, made straight scores, and won the cup. Sixteen teams were entered. The conditions were 25 live birds per team. The birds were a good lot, and as fast as a member of a team lost a bird the team withdrew.

Marshall, Parmelee, Gilbert and Budd leave for Keithsburg tomorrow morning, where a reception will be given them to-morrow evening, and on Sunday morning will start for Springfield to attend the Illinois State tournament.

First Day, May 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	20	20	Broke.	Av
Gilbert	15	15	14	15	14	19	18	14	14	14	17	18	188	.940
Parmelee	14	15	14	14	14	17	20	14	13	13	19	17	184	.920
Bingham	13	13	14	14	13	18	19	14	15	13	17	16	179	.895
Budd	12	14	12	13	15	19	19	15	11	13	17	16	176	.880
T Marshall	13	18	14	15	15	18	17	15	14	15	19	17	180	.900
Linderman	13	11	13	12	14	16	18	15	13	14	18	18	175	.871
Herr	11	14	13	13	12	18	19	15	12	13	17	17	174	.870
Wallace	15	13	10	10	12	16	19	15	13	11	13	18	165	.821
K C	12	9	11	14	13	16	18	11	11	13	16	18	162	.810
Morrill	13	13	14	10	12	15	18	13	13	12	13	16	162	.810
Kline	11	14	11	10	14	17	15	15	11	13	16	15	162	.810
Kibbey	12	9	14	12	10	14	16	14	15	15	14	16	161	.801
Abbott	12	10	11	14	10	17	15	14	15	13	15	15	161	.801
Crisman	11	15	11	11	10	18	14	13	13	15	14	16	160	.800
Lane	10	11	15	13	11	15	16	13	11	13	17	14	159	.791
Tripp	11	11	11	10	15	15	17	13	13	13	13	16	158	.790
Bottger	13	13	14	11	14	18	13	12	8	13	15	12	156	.780
Mott	8	8	12	11	11	15	16	15	12	12	17	18	155	.771
McKelvey	9	10	11	12	13	16	17	10	11	13	17	16	155	.771
Douthett	12	10	11	11	12	17	13	13	11	10	19	15	154	.770
Powell	9	10	11	7	13	16	20	13	11	13	16	15	154	.770
Duis	13	10	15	11	13	17	16	7	14	10	14	13	153	.761
Ross	11	10	9	10	13	15	15	11	13	9	18	16	153	.761
Tramp	8	8	14	13	10	15	13	12	13	13	15	16	150	.750
Adams	11	12	13	8	8	12	18	13	13	12	15	15	150	.750
Linell	12	9	9	11	13	17	15	14	10	13	14	12	149	.741
J C Thompson	12	11	12	10	7	14	14	12	13	13	16	13	147	.731
Carrier	10	7	14	12	12	16	13	14	10	11	13	14	146	.730
Giese	6	11	14	12	10	14	15	12	9	11	16	14	144	.720
Mack	5	10	12	12	11	14	18	12	11	10	14	15	144	.720
Sheehy	7	12	9	13	13	15	14	5	9	9	16	15	137	.681
Grant	12	9	7	13	8	12	16	13	9	12	11	14	136	.680
Texas	10	6	10	12	9	12	16	10	14	9	9	18	135	.671
Densel	10	10	9	12	10	11	16	9	11	9	15	11	133	.661
Milner	10	10	9	10	11	10	12	7	11	8	13	13	124	.620
Char	12	10	12	14	8	14	11	11	13	11	11	..	...	....
G E T	9	12	13	13	11	18	14	11	14	13	15	..	...	....
Blasier	11	7	11	10	10	13	12	12	10	..	14	14	...	....
Wheeler	12	9	9	6	10	19	15	11	11	11	..	..	...	....
Geo Marshall	7	14	13	12	10	12	13	6	11	..	..	..	...	....
Proctor	11	8	11	7	..	..	13	11	11	..	..	10	...	....
W L Smith	11	12	11	9	..	..	18	14	..	13	17	15	...	....
Teal	12	12	13	12	8	17	15	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Clark	11	13	9	12	14	12	15	11	..	..	..	..	...	....
McShane	13	10	10	11	9	16	14	6	..	..	..	..	...	....
Butters	7	..	13	..	..	..	13	14	11	..	..	..	...	....
Wing	12	8	9	..	..	..	14	8	..	..	..	..	...	....
Selbhers	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	11	13	14	..	...	....
Harkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	10	..	..	..	...	....
Kaep	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	10	11	17	12	...	....
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	13	13	18	16	...	....
Jean	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	10	13	18	18	...	....
Harriman	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	12	11	15	16	...	....

Second Day, May 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	20	20	Total.
Kibbey	14	12	13	13	12	15	..	14	10	13	12	19	147
Wallace	13	13	11	14	14	17	..	14	13	11	19	16	155
Denzell	14	11	12	11	11	15	..	14	13	12	17	18	148
Linell	12	13	12	13	13	14	17	10	13	14	16	15	145
Abbott	13	10	13	15	15	15	..	13	14	10	17	18	153
Parmelee	14	13	12	10	15	17	..	15	14	15	18	16	160
Budd	13	12	14	12	14	14	19	12	14	15	17	19	156
T Marshall	14	13	13	15	13	18	..	12	11	13	18	17	157
Texas	12	7	14	13	14	15	13	10	13	11	18	15	142
Gilbert	14	15	13	15	14	18	19	14	15	15	20	18	171
Mott	14	15	13	11	10	15	19	11	7	7	19	14	136
Bingham	12	12	13	12	12	18	..	14	13	14	17	16	143
Rossback	12	7	15	11	11	19	17	11	8	11	17	11	143
Milner	10	11	14	12	13	16	19	12	11	14	19	19	151
Kline	13	12	13	13	11	15	16	12	14	13	19	16	154
Linderman	14	15	11	12	14	18	..	13	13	14	17	19	162
Duis	10	10	14	12	15	10	17	13	14	14	17	16	145
Herr	13	14	14	13	13	19	..	15	14	14	18	19	165
K C	12	7	11	13	19	15	18	11	13	14	16	18	139
Morrill	13	11	11	6	12	13	..	12	12	15	20	16	141
Kaep	9	10	12	11	11	19	16	10	15	11	15	15	138
O'Brien	15	10	12	12	14	14	16	11	10	12	20	13	143
Jean	12	14	13	11	12	17	..	12	14	13	18	20	146
Crisman	12	11	12	10	11	18	18	14	11	12	16	13	143
Mack	10	12	11	12	13	12	..	12	12	10	16	14	144
Douthett	14	13	11	8	12	18	16	13	11	10	16	15	141
De Gooyer	8	11	11	9	12	14	..	11	12	10	17	9	134
McKelvey	14	12	13	10	6	16	..	12	14	12	19	14	142
J C T	13	12	13	12	12	16	..	12	14	12	19	14	149
Giese	7	10	12	12	11	19	17	11	14	13	10	14	133
W L Smith	12	11	13	12	13	17	..	12	12	11	17	18	148
Adams	12	11	11	13	14	18	..	12	13	14	17	17	152
Phelps	10	13	12	10	13	20	..	10	13	12	15	16	131
Carrier	13	10	15	13	11	13	12	11	13	15	16	18	148
Ross	8	11	12	12	12	17	16	10	14	12	13	17	138
Bottger	9	12	9	11	8	14	8	12	11	11	18	19	138
Harriman	10	11	14	11	12	17	..	10	12	12	17	15	141
Tramp	12	14	12	10	13	17	..	14	10	13	17	18	150
C Foole	14	13	14	14	15	18	16	15	11	11	16	18	159
G Marshall	11	11	7	9	13	..	17	10	10	12	14	16	...
Triplott	11	11	11	9	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Selbhers	10	14	14	12	13	18	20	14	13	14	..	..	...
Grant	9	11	6	14	10	15	..	8	5	..	15	19	...
Hamilton	6	14	9	7	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marvin	11	12	7	12	13	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	...
Proctor	11	9	12	11	..	..	..	9	13	13	14	..	..
O R Corey	12	11	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.
F Corey	11	7	9	10	11	11	..	..	..	..	12	..	...
Gray	11	12	12	..	13	..	..	14	9	..	..	..	...
Harkins	13	10	..	..	..	12	..	10	..	12	..	..	...
Tripp	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	11	13	12	..	...

Craven	.. .. 11 13 .. 14 15		...

No. 7 was the Smith cup.

Third Day, May 17.

Seven live birds:

Teal	2222222—7	Selbher	21211*2—6
Gilbert	1111112—7	Harriman	1022211—6
Texas	2222222—7	Jean	0022222—5
McKelvey	2221212—7	Lofkin	2121020—5
Crisman	2211122—7	Sheehy	022222*—5
T A Marshall	2222222—7	Duis	1022011—5
Kaep	2222212—7	Knapp	0012201—4
Rossbach	2121222—7	K C	2222000—4
Grant	1121221—7	G Marshall	0211**02—4
Kline	2112102—6	D O'Brien	1200012—4
Vaughn	2022211—6	Tripp	222010*—4
Ross	0222221—6	Kibbey	1022220—5
Bottger	2211012—6		

Hawkeye.

Twin City Cun Club Shoot.

The Twin City Gun Club, located midway between Peoria and Pekin, on the Illinois River, gave an excellent two days' tourney on May 16 and 17. Chan Powers made another one of his excellent records, carrying off first honors, while A. C. Connor was second and Guy Burnside third. Expert traps were used, throwing targets by the Sergeant system. The scores are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
Burnside	15	15	16	14	15	19	14	14	20	15	15	20
Powers	14	15	19	15	15	17	15	13	20	15	15	19
De Long	14	14	19	14	15	19	14	15	19	13	14	19
Connor	15	14	19	14	13	20	13	14	19	13	14	17
Boa	12	14	20	13	13	18	14	10	16	15	15	20
Baker	12	13	18	12	9	16	15	13	16	14	11	19
Bluenenshine	12	15	18	13	15	19	15	13	18	15	14	20
Taylor	12	8	15	11	11	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Jones	14	14	18	14	12	19	9	12	20	13	15	19
Garver	9	8	..	12	13	15	11	..	..	..	..	16
Fouts	14	15	16	14	12	18	15	15	20	13	11	16
Raker	10	13	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	..	..
Reubsam	13	13	16	12	12	15	..	12	..	14	..	16
Bishop	..	12	..	8	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Dr Yoder	..	..	..	6	11	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Thompson	..	..	20	13	15	18	13	15	18	14	14	18
Gilbert	..	..	17	12	13	..	10	..	..	11	..	..
Caswell	..	..	..	10	6	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
C H Yoder	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Roth	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	9	10	..	..
Burnes	..	..	..	11	18	19	..	..	..	..	14	..
Brunemeyer	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	11	..	17
Gladfelt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	..	..
J Yoder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	..	14
A Heilman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	12	15
J Hoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	13	..
W Hoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	11	..	..
Scholes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	..	..	..
McGucken	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	..
Summerson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	17
Durham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Herman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..

Event No. 13, 15 live birds:

Burnside	212222222222222—15	Summerson	210111211012111—13
Powers	122122222222122—15	Connor	222211212212222—15
Garver	220022212120110—11	De Long	121111220122212—14

May 17.—The scores of the second day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
Burnside	13	15	19	14	15	19	11	13	19	14	13	19
Powers	14	15	20	15	13	19	14	14	19	14	14	20
De Long	15	13	15	12	14	17	14	14	19	11	15	19
Connor	14	13	20	14	15	20	15	14	19	15	15	19
Boa	13	14	15	13	11	18	13	11	19	10	14	17
Meidroth	13	14	19	12	12	18	13	14	16	13	14	18
Jones	14	14	15	15	15	19	14	12	16	13	13	18
Guptil	13	14	20	14	12	20	12	11	19	13	12	20
Blumenshine	15	15	17	12	14	18	14	10	18	11	15	20
Durham	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	..
Peterson	9	9	..	12	8	..	12	..	..	..	13	18
Herman	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

F. C. Riehl.

Intercity Shooting Park.

Minneapolis, May 11.—The events of this summer's sport will be the contest for the Chas. Thompson and the Jacob Danz trophies. The first is a beautiful loving cup; the second is a very handsome silver tea set. The conditions of this race are 300 targets to the man, shot in strings of 25, each Saturday. After the last race a shooter's total score will be figured, and to this his handicap will be added. In case of any ties the race will then be at 100 targets, with handicap allowance.

The above shoot is under the auspices of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, and the above-named race has increased their membership twelve in the past five days. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Hirschy	0	22	..	Danz	4	18	22
Slocum	3	25	19	Wilkinson	2	23	18
Ramaley	2	20	..	P Hanser	3	25	16
Novotny	3	21	19	C Hanser	3	22	20
Morrison	0	18	24	M Defiel	3	22	23
Spear	4	16	11	Faneschon	6	20	18
Thompson	2	20	16	Kennedy	2	16	..
Kribs	5	22	14	Miller	6	17	12
Penny	5	20	20	Sommers	10	24	7
Thorp	4	25	22	Wellaband	..	14	12
Henry	4	19	14	Alberts	7	23	20
Gotzian	3	18	29				

No. 1, handicap allowance. No. 2, St. Paul Rod and Gun Club cup. No. 3, Thompson-Danz trophy.

Schultz diamond badge, 25 targets, unknown angles: Parker 24, Hirschy 24, Biffton 19, Hays 17, Mrs. Johnston 19, Thompson 20, Spear 17, Danz 19, Jack 19, Wellaband 16, Johnston 24, Dezotell 20, Werrick 16, Dr. Bill 14.

Ties, 5 targets: Parker 4, Hirschy 5, Johnston 4. Hirschy won badge.

Paegel diamond badge, 25 targets, unknown angles: Parker 23, Hirschy 24, Biffton 21, Hays 22, Mrs. Johnstotn 19, Thompson 21, Spear 17, Danz 21, Jack 19, Wellaband 14, Johnston 20, Brown 21, Dezotell 18, Werrick 19. Hirschy won badge.

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles, unknown angles: Parker 15, Hirschy 13, Biffton 15, Hays 12, Mrs Johnston 10, Thompson 13, Spear 11, Danz 7, Jack 10, Wellaband 9, Johnston 13, Dr. Bill 10, Werrick 7.

Ties: Parker 5, Biffton 3. Parker won badge.

Club badges, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Parker 15, Hirschy 16, Biffton 16, Hays 14, Mrs. Johnston 15, Thompson 13, Spear 9, Danz 10, Jack 11, Wellaband 14, Johnston 12, Dezotell 15, Werrick 12, Jones 15, Palmer 18.

Hirschy won senior badge. Dezotell won junior badge. Hays won amateur badge.

The Coming Anglo-American Match.

All the preliminaries for the Anglo-American match are satisfactorily settled, the acceptance of the challenge having been cabled last Wednesday. The match will be shot by teams of ten shooters representing each country, and will commence in the second week in June on the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club. Five test matches will be shot on five succeeding days, and each team will shoot at 100 birds per man each day. The aggregate score of the three best days of each team will determine the winner. The stake is £500 a side. The conditions of shooting adopted by the two teams will be those used respectively in the two countries. The British team will use both barrels, carrying a maximum of 1⅛oz. of shot, while the Americans will be confined to the use of one barrel, with a maximum charge of 1¼oz. of shot. The relative efficiency of these two methods of shooting is much canvassed by those discussing the prospects of the British team, but the advantage, if any, is apparently with the home team. The American scoring, as a rule, is good, but frequent use is made of the second barrel. On the other hand, after a certain amount of practice the precision of aim with the first barrel is greatly increased, as a consequence of knowing that there is no reserve barrel in case the first scores a miss. No doubt the match will arouse a degree of interest in inanimate bird shooting not hitherto displayed in this country.—London Field.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, May 23.—Thirteen enthusiasts battled with a tricky wind at the Boston Gun Club's grounds this afternoon, the occasion of their regular weekly shoot. To be sure nature had left the steam heat on by mistake, but every one was equal to the occasion, and soon was sitting round the platform in shirt sleeves for the first time this season.

Leroy's shooting brought forth lots of applause and most assuredly it was due him, as he did powder those targets in a most businesslike manner. The new gun seems to benefit him in more ways than one, if his percentage of the afternoon is any criterion, and we are more than wishing that he will keep up his present form on the European trip. Shooting from the 21yd. mark in all the events, just 8 targets were permitted to escape unscathed out of the 100 shot at, which goes to show that man, gun and charge were in the right place and at the right time. While he was doing such good work others were plodding along in the usual style, with Spencer's straight 15 as top-notcher.

The prize match had eight contestants, each endeavoring to better his competitor as much as possible. How well each succeeded can be seen by the scores: Leroy, 21yds., first, 22; Frank and Williams, 16yds., second, 20; Woodruff, 17yds., and Cole, 18yds., third, 17; Andres, 16yds., fourth, 16; Ford, 16yds., fifth, 15; Spencer, 18yds., sixth, 13. Scores below, all shooting unknown; distance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	5p	15	15	5p	10	10	5p	10	10	10	15	10
Leroy, 21	9	9	9	15	13	9	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	9	8	6	13	11	6	5	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
Frank, 16	8	7	5	8	12	8	6	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Williams, 16	5	6	5	9	11	6	7	5	4	5	..	..	..	..
Cole, 18	..	..	..	..	12	5	5	6	4	9	9	7	12	..
Andre, 16	..	..	..	..	11	5	9	7	7	8	9	..	..	..
Poor, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	..	5	2	2	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	9	4	7	7	3	7	7	8	15	..
Ford, 16	..	7	..	13	11	4	8	7	3	6	9	8	8	8
Hollis, 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	7	4	..	..
Measure, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	3	3	4	..	1
Fredericks, 11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

Prize match, 25 unknown—15 singles and 5 pairs—distance handicap:

Leroy, 21	011111111111110	11 11 11 10 11—22
Frank, 16	010111111110111	11 11 11 10 01—20
Williams, 16	111111111011111	10 10 11 10 10—20
Woodruff, 17	011101111110110	11 01 01 01 01—17
Cole, 17	101101011111111	00 11 10 00 11—17
Andre, 16	111110100111011	10 11 10 10 00—16
Ford, 16	011110110 10111	00 00 11 01 10—15
Spencer, 18	101010110010111	10 11 00 10 00—13

Trap at Dupont Park.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Dupont Park medal shoot, May 19, had forty entries. The day was cool and clear. Phil Weber won on the tenth round of the shoot-off. The birds were first class:

Bowman, 28	0222222022— 8	Johnson, 28	1021111112— 9
Rock, 30	1212202222— 9	Dr Gaines, 31	1222211122—10
Spencer, 31	222222222*— 9	Dr Smith, 31	2221212222—10
White, 28	2222*2221*— 8	B Hill, 28	12111*1111— 9
Orvis, 30	2112110221— 9	G Prendergast, 28	2102102012— 7
Herbert, 28	221011*012— 7	Le Page, 28	211122212*— 9
Jess Lee, 30	1111001102— 7	Fink, 28	22222222*2— 9
C Turner, 30	1122011121— 9	Wintrick, 30	2221*20102— 7
Griesedieck, 31	1021211222— 9	P Weber, 28	2112211211—10
Collins, 30	012202*202— 6	P Baggerman, 28	01*2212011— 7
Dr Clark, 30	001*122111— 7	J Selzer, 29	1221112221—10
Meier, 29	2122020221— 8	Nason, 29	1111111011— 9
Kenyon, 28	1212110111— 9	J Cabanne, 30	2212212222—10
Dr Morris, 28	2111200211— 8	A B Clark, 28	2011120121— 8
C C Carson, 28	2211121121—10	D Cabanne, 29	120w
P Horton, 27	1212222022— 9	Sandberg, 28	0222202022— 7
J Walker, 28	11**111210— 7	Brook, 28	1121202222— 9
St Clair, 30	22*1122121— 9	Dr Spencer, 28	1011121012— 8
C Reber, 30	2222202222— 9	H Conrades, 30	11*1221221— 9
Lewis, 29	1101122222— 9	A Schneider, 28	01002*1201— 5

Smith—Cabanne.

Match for Mermod championship trophy, May 19. The birds were a good lot. Both men stood at 31yds. Dr. Smith was the holder:

Dr. J. W. Smith	2121222221120211121222221—24
Dute Cabanne	2221112022102 11*221*12122—21

Event 1, $2, miss-and-out, May 19: Dr. Smith 5, J. Cabanne 2, F. Meier 3, F. Orvis 5, Bowman 0, Walker 2, Mrs. Cabanne 2, Conrades 3, Spencer 5, Ed Prendergast 0, Brown 3, Clark 2, Pendy 5, Capt. Sedam 5.

Event 2, $2, miss-and-out: Pendy 7, Sedam 6, White 5, Orvis 4, Meier 7, Dr. Smith 7, J. Walker 6, Baggerman 6, Conrades 4, Dr. Morris 5.

Match, Dr. Gaines vs. Mrs. Cabanne, 15 birds. Mrs. Cabanne shot in excellent form, though she lost, and the birds were first class:

Mrs Cabanne	210112222222011—13
Dr Gaines	022221121212212—14

Cincinnati vs. Blue Grass.

Paris, Ky., May 14.—The return race between the Cincinnati and Blue Grass gun club teams resulted in a victory for the Cincinnati team by a score of 747 to 717. It was shot at Paris, Ky. The scores follow:

Blue Grass Gun Club—J. Q. Ward 48, T. H. Clay 47, Buckner 46, F. Clay 44, James 42, J. Ferguson 42, G. Clay 41, W. Thomas 40, S. Clay 40, J. Spears 39, E. Ferguson 39, B. Clay 39, Brennan 37, V. Ferguson 37, Bell 36, M. Ward 35, Crawford 33, T. P. Smith 32; total 717.

Cincinnati Gun Club—Phil 48, Rhoads 48, See 46, Maynard 46, Ahlers 46, Richmond 45, Goodman 43, Heyl 43, Trimble 43, Sullivan 42, Kirsch 41, Jay Bee 40, Fredericks 40, Dick 37, Robertson 36, Gambell 36, C. H. B. 34, Roll 33; toal 747.

Amateur championship of the blue grass region of Kentucky, shot at Paris, Ky., May 15, on the grounds of the Blue Grass Gun Club: Buckner 48, Brennan 46, J. Q. Ward 45, Allen 45, T. H. Clay 45, James 44, V. Ferguson 44, Kemper 44, J. W. Ferguson 43, Crawford 43, White 42, J. F. Clay 41, Mastin 40, E. Ferguson 40, J. M. Ward 39, Smith 36, Sellars 35, Oldham 31, Steele 26, Johnson 16, S. Clay 17, Moore 7, B. Clay 41.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Canada, with its trout, its ducks and its big game, is much more easily reached than the average sportsman imagines. To make the wanderer's path more smooth, the Canadian Pacific has just issued two interesting pamphlets, one on "Fishing and Shooting in Quebec," the other entitled "Hints about Camping in Canada." Both are interesting, the former as giving localities, the latter as explaining the ways of getting about, prices to be paid, the kind and quantity of provision to be taken, and other matters. In the last there is some useful information about cooking in camp and some hints on taxidermy which cannot fail to be helpful. Either or both these pamphlets will be sent on application to Robert Kerr, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal, Canada.—*Adv.*

This week the striking full-page advertisement of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company announces facts interesting to all gunners. That the New Rival shells, loaded by the Winchester Company, possess such strength as to admit of reloading will tend to make them very popular. The factory loaded New Rival shells are thoroughly waterproof, are gas tight, and are loaded by exact machinery. In other words, they are the most modern thing in improved ammunition.—*Adv.*

A large and beautiful pamphlet, recently issued by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Company, of Jersey City, N. J., shows not only the various products of the company, such as pencils, graphite for lubricant, and for the hundred other purposes for which this material is used, but also the process by which it is prepared for its various uses. The pamphlet is fully illustrated, and a very beautiful piece of work.—*Adv.*

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VOL. LVI.—No. 23. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The trout fly is a "conventional" creation, as we say of ornamentation. The theory is that fly-fishing being a higher art, the fly must not be a tame imitation of nature, but an artistic suggestion of it. It requires an artist to construct one; and not every bungler can take a bit of red flannel, a peacock feather, a flash of tinsel thread, a cock's plume, a section of a hen's wing, and fabricate a tiny object that will not look like any fly, but still will suggest the universal conventional fly.—Charles Dudley Warner.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

FEW things are more mysterious to us than the depth of the sea. We read of them and of the fathoms of water beneath which they are buried, yet these great depths convey to the average man no meaning whatever. If we know that more than one-half of the actual surface of the globe is buried under more than two miles of water, that the Challenger found depths of more than 4,500 fathoms in the north Atlantic Sea, and that recently a United States vessel found near the Island of Guam a depth of 5,200 fathoms, none of these things mean very much to us.

We know also that the fishes and other marine life living at great depths in the sea are specially fitted to endure the tremendous pressures to which they are subjected by the weight of water in which they live, and that when they are brought to the surface and this pressure removed, they seem to fall to pieces.

Much has been written too of the strange forms of life found at these great depths, and one of their most unexpected peculiarities is that many of these forms of life are brilliantly colored. This seems very extraordinary, because it appears inconceivable that color should exist without light, and it is believed that sunlight does not penetrate the waters of the ocean to a depth greater than about 125 fathoms. In fact, it is said that sensitive photographic plates are unaffected beyond that depth.

Animals which live in subterranean streams in absolute darkness—such animals as are found in the Mammoth or Wyandotte caves—are almost always colorless and practically blind—that is to say, they have no eyes useful for seeing, although the rudimentary eye may be there. This lack of color and lack of eyes is supposed to be due to the absence of light. Why then should the animals of the deep sea, where the light of the sun does not reach, be often brilliantly colored and also be possessed of large functional eyes? These animals may be white, red, orange, purple or green, and they are often far more brilliantly colored than the invertebrates of the shallow waters.

In a lecture recently delivered by Prof. C. C. Nutting, of the Iowa State University, attention is called to these facts, and with regard to the colors of these deep sea animals he announces that we are justified in making these general statements:

1. The colors are often as brilliant as in shallow water.

2. The reds, orange, yellows, violet, purple, green and white predominate.

3. The colors when present are usually in solid masses in striking contrast, or else the whole animal is brilliantly colored. Fine patterns are very scarce and nature seems to have used a large brush in adorning her children of the depths.

It would appear that the presence of these brilliant colors in the deep sea inhabiting animals presupposes the existence of light in these depths. Without light these colors would serve no purpose, would have no reason for existing, and the animal should be white as is the case in the cave dwelling species. But if there is light in the depths of the sea, then colors in these deep sea creatures mean precisely what colors mean in animals inhabiting the shallow water or dwelling in the air—that is to say, they are protective, attractive, directive, as the case may be.

Moreover, we cannot conceive that colors are useful, except among creatures possessing eyes to see them, which the great majority of animals living in the deep sea possess. While it is true that there have been dredged up from a depth of less than 200 fathoms blind crustaceans and other invertebrates—some of which possess not even rudimentary organs of vision—it is also true that the majority of animals living at a depth of 2,000 fathoms possess eyes. These may be rudimentary or may be like those of their allies of the shallow water, or may even be huge.

From these conditions it is deduced that there is light in the depths of the sea, and, to account for the bright coloring of these deep water creatures, it is evident that this must be light of some brilliancy. It must be more than that given by the stars or the moon at night, for we all recognize that—to our eyes at least—colors, even in the brightest moonlight, cannot be distinguished. There is white and black and gray, but nothing that we can call color.

It is of course well known that a great number of fishes and marine invertebrates give forth phosphorescent light, and Prof. Nutting believes that the light of the deep sea is phosphorescent. The power of producing this light is possessed not only by free swimming forms of life, but also by those that are fixed, as corals, hydroids and other forms which are anchored to the bottom. He believes that this light tends to attract the animals on which these fixed forms of life subsist, and to bring them within the reach of the creatures that prey upon them.

Another fact brought out in Prof. Nutting's discourse, while sufficiently familiar to specialists, is not generally known. This has to do with the very uneven distribution of life on the sea bottom. In certain places the dredge will bring up a profusion of forms of animal life, while other places near by will prove absolutely barren, the dredge bringing to the surface nothing but sand and the débris of the bottom. Thus the distribution of life on the floor of the deep sea is as uneven as it is upon the land.

THE NEW YORK GAME SEIZURE.

WE reported last week the seizure of a large store of contraband game in the Arctic Freezing Company's cold storage vaults in this city. The search was continued through last week, under a warrant secured from Justice Meade, and the goods found by Protector Overton comprised 32,688 pieces of protected game, divided as follows: Grouse, 3,934; quail, 2,791; web-footed wildfowl, 1,056; protected wild birds, 24,819; Mongolian pheasants, 36; gray squirrels, 40; carcasses of venison, 12. This makes a total to date of 48,367 pieces of illegal game discovered on the premises of the Arctic Freezer Company.

A cursory examination of a few specimens of the confiscated game shows, besides the quail, grouse and deer, the following birds: Mallard duck, green-winged teal, golden and black breasted plover, English snipe, greater yellowlegs, lesser yellowlegs, upland plover, pectoral sandpipers, snow buntings, Lapland longspurs and bobolinks.

Abundant evidence has been found to sustain the opinion we expressed last week that quantities of the game found in this New York storage house were of game of which the dealers and cold storage people could never have acquired lawful possession. The game was on a par with stolen goods. It had been killed for market unlawfully and shipped to market unlawfully. For example, there were found barrels of game birds shipped by the American Express from points in Indiana directly to the Arctic Freezing Company. But the Indiana law, in force when these shipments were made, reads:

Sec. 2115. It shall be unlawful for any railroad company, express company or other common carrier, or any other person, to transport or take beyond the limits of this State any deer, buck, doe or fawn, any quail, pheasant, wild duck, grouse, prairie chicken or woodcock.

The exported Indiana game, then, was an illicit commodity; the shippers violated the law, the American Express Company violated the law, and the Arctic Freezer Company became party to the violation of law when it received the contraband goods. (Parenthetically, it would be a wholesome proceeding if the New York and Indiana authorities could co-operate to convict the American Express Company's offending agents in Indiana.)

Under these circumstances, the complaint of Mr. Robinson, of the freezer establishment, that his business was being interrupted is precisely the protest that might be made by a fence when the police raided his place.

The material gathered by Protector Overton affords abundant evidence to be used in the suits which will be brought against the law breakers; indeed it is understood that the cold storage people will admit the facts as to the number and species of the game found. They also give out that they propose to carry the cases up to the United States Supreme Court. If they shall do this, we may await the outcome with the utmost confidence that it will establish the constitutionality of the statute prohibiting the possession of imported game in the close season.

LITTLE WHIRLWIND.

Two weeks ago we called attention to the case of Little Whirlwind, the Cheyenne Indian, who, on perjured testimony, had been convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Montana State Prison. We urged the case on Governor Toole's attention, and expressed confidence in his willingness to examine into it and to do substantial justice.

It is most gratifying to announce that this has now been done. After a careful study of the case, Governor Toole has reviewed it at length and has recommended to the State Board of Pardons that the prisoner receive a full pardon. This action is only what might have been expected from a man of Governor Toole's record and experience. He has studied the case on its merits, unswayed by the narrow prejudices of locality, and has considered only the question of justice.

In his trouble, Little Whirlwind—like Spotted Hawk, a relative condemned to death for the same crime, but equally innocent—has not been wholly without friends. Besides one or two private individuals who have taken an interest in this case, the Hon. Cornelius N. Bliss, former Secretary of the Interior, and the Indian Rights Association have contributed money and interest to save him.

When all is said, however, Spotted Hawk and Little Whirlwind owe, the one life, the other liberty, to the law firm of Sanders & Sanders, of Helena. These gentlemen, who were not called into the cases until after the trials, have by means of legal knowledge, calm judgment and wise discretion, succeeded in protecting these innocent men from what was practically mob violence set on foot by the local officials of the county where the prisoners were tried.

Col. Wilbur F. Sanders, the head of this firm, is one of the ablest lawyers and most eminent citizens of the great State of Montana, of which he has been a resident since 1863. With the greatest credit to himself and honor to his constituents, he has filled many offices, from United States Senator down, and in all his State there is no man better known or more highly respected. In ability, integrity, stern adherence to principle and a glorious courage to fight in behalf of his beliefs, whether he has to fight merely an individual or a whole community, Col. Sanders stands forth as a model citizen and an example to those about him. The influence for good of such a man cannot be estimated.

A. B. F. KINNEY.

If you should happen to meet A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, and hear him talk on one of his favorite themes, "Our old Massachusetts partridge," you would reflect, "Here is a man profoundly convinced of the value of shooting as a recreation, and who is doing what he can to protect the game, not for himself, but for others." It is this public spirited nature of Mr. Kinney's long service in the cause of game protection that is the most deserving of recognition and praise. The person who is working strenuously for his own individual shooting interest we have ever with us, but in the field of game protection, as in others, those whom we delight to honor are the men who are prompted to give their time and their means for the public good. As chairman of the Massachusetts Central Committee and in various other capacities, Mr. Kinney has been a force in game protection. He has contributed freely not only time and money but hard common sense to achieving results, and has been a most valuable ally in all movements to save the game for the people. To him is due a generous share of the credit for the capital law prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse—a law which has stopped the killing of grouse for market and has saved the bird from practical extermination. We quote elsewhere a pleasant personal sketch of Mr. Kinney as citizen, churchman and sportsman.

Here is another contribution to the sea lion subject. Oregon has put a premium of $2.50 per head on sea lions killed in its waters. An error in the wording of the law rendered the appropriation for the purpose unavailable; but the fishermen's union has raised a fund by private subscription, and the work of killing is now in progress. The sea lion in Oregon waters is charged with an enormous destruction of salmon and of fishing gear.

The Sportsman Tourist.

When the Logs Went Down.

Being the sequel to "Peshtigo Sam's Repentance," in issue of last week.

THE early days of spring had come. The voice of the young god was abroad through the land, bidding the dead world arise and cast off its frozen fetters, for the time of rejoicing was nigh at hand. The forest had not as yet fully awakened from its long winter's slumber, but there was a strange stirring among the tall trees in response to the summons of the god, like the restless movements of some heavy sleeper, half-aroused from his dreamings. Instead of the "cauld, cauld blasts" that swooped down from the north upon the frozen world, howling and shrieking through the stiffened, lifeless branches of the trees and piling up the snow in great drifts, the first low murmurings and soft sighings of the gentle south wind sounded overhead, whispering its message of hope and of balmy days soon to come.

These signs of the changing season were not unnoticed by Captain Jenkins and his crew of loggers. They had toiled hard during the long, cold, dreary winter months and had stripped acres upon acres of the surrounding forest of its richest treasures—its crowning glory of towering pines; and although their labors in this direction were at an end, the coming of spring but meant work of another kind for them. Down at the river the great mass of logs—the accumulation of the season's cutting—lay ready to be launched on their long journey to the abodes of men, so soon as the snows melted and the spring freshets swelled the volume of the river's water. Preparations for this new work had been going on for some days; everything was in readiness and the men waited impatiently for the command to move.

Long Tom Bartlett called to mind the vow—still unfilled—which he had at one time made to encompass the death of a certain big stag before the snows left the ground, and he therefore availed himself of the opportunity presented by this period of enforced idleness and went forth in search of his prey. This was in no wise his first endeavor of a like nature, for he had made many ineffectual attempts to outwit the ever-wary stag. The hunter tramped many miles on the trail of the big stag during these days of waiting. He learned many things about the ways of a hunted deer that were previously unknown to him, but there his success ended. Beyond an occasional fleeting glimpse of an antlered head, or the flash of a disappearing white flag, he never got within shot of the ever-watchful and resourceful quarry.

At last came the thaw, and Long Tom's hunting days were over for the time being. A warm south wind had been blowing for two days, and the temperature was steadily rising. One could almost see the snows melt and disappear before the eye. The mild-mannered river was the first to feel the effects of the south wind's breath—the first to show signs of life. Like a giant refreshed with sleep, it aroused itself and the first spree dispelled all gloomy thoughts. Old songs were sung with a fresh gusto; old jokes were told with a new relish as they packed their kits and made ready for their departure.

Sleep—heretofore a guest most gladly welcomed by the weary lumbermen—was not admitted to the camp until late that night, and even then her touch was light upon their drooping eyelids; so light that all through the night many a restless form stirred uneasily, and many a drowsy head was lifted with listening ear to catch the wished-for sound—the dripping of the melting snows.

One there was whom she forsook altogether, and that was Peshtigo Sam. His treachery to Long Tom—the lie he had told about the woman they both loved—stared him accusingly in the face; and to make matters worse, he owed his life to the man whom he had so basely deceived. He had intended to make a full confession before they broke camp, but the time had come and the words that would bring happiness to his rival still remained unspoken. The forlorn hope that with Long Tom out of the way he might eventually prosper in his suit kept him silent, but added nothing to his peace of mind. A guilty conscience is an unwelcome bedfellow, as Peshtigo Sam had discovered long ere this. The man with a sensitive conscience is poorly equipped for villainy, and Peshtigo Sam was not of the stuff of which successful villains are made; he therefore tossed uneasily in his bunk trying to decide upon some course of action that would serve as an atonement to Long Tom, and at the same time fit in with his own selfish inclination. He finally compromised with himself by postponing the meditated confession until they were out of the woods, or until he had again seen the object of his affections and learned beyond a doubt that his love was hopeless.

"All hands up!" Captain Jenkins' voice thus aroused the camp before daybreak the next morning. "Hey, there, Slim Jim," he shouted, shaking the sleepy cook. "Git out o' this. Git a move on an' git grub ready. We're goin' to bust camp to-day."

In a moment the place was alive with hurrying, bustling men, and by the time Slim Jim had the breakfast on the table the sleds were half-packed and the camp already had the appearance of being empty and deserted. That last breakfast was an all-important meal, and the men did full justice to the good fare.

When the logs went down it would be a different story, for in the days of toil about to come eating would be a matter of secondary consideration. How well the loggers realized this fact was evidenced by the quantities of food set forth by Slim Jim and the rapidity with which it disappeared down their capacious throats. After they had "eaten and were filled," they finished the packing of the sleds, and then with a chorus of good-bys to the drivers of the teams, the drivers of the logs shouldered their axes and other tools and started for the river.

When they reached the landing the men whistled softly to themselves or muttered an occasional oath under their breath as they gazed upon the swollen flood of water now rushing and foaming upon its way. Cakes of ice were whirled swiftly by, grinding themselves to pieces in their mad flight; in places where the banks were low the waters had overleaped their natural confines, forming new channels, so that the whole scene as far as the eye could reach was metamorphosed. The river, now thoroughly roused, rejoiced in its freedom after the long winter's bondage and shouted and roared in riotous glee, calling loudly to all things within hearing of its voice that spring had come at last.

"Let's git t' work, boys," Captain Jenkins cried, cheerily. "Here, Long Tom, you an' Bill White an' Jack Billings an' Peshtigo Sam start with the leaders. Git ready t' knock the chocks out."

"We kin git 'long without Peshtigo ef you need him anywhere else," Long Tom remarked, in an off-hand manner.

"No," said Captain Jenkins. "He goes with you. He kin hold his own with the rest of you at log drivin', can't you, Sam?"

"I reck'n so," replied the latter. "'Tain't allers the biggest ox what kin pull the biggest load."

Long Tom made no further objection. He merely shrugged his shoulders, and consoled himself with the thought that Peshtigo Sam might get drowned before they reached the settlements, in which event—well, he understood that widows had been known to marry a second time.

With skillful blows of the axe the chocks, or blocks of wood, that held the logs in place on the skids were knocked out and the first lot of logs was released, and gathering headway rushed impetuously down the skids into the turbulent water with a great splashing and commotion; here caught up by the flood they were hurried away on their long journey.

This is where the perilous work of the driver begins. The logs must be kept constantly in motion, and the men in charge labor like Trojans to prevent them from grounding in some shallow place, or, worse luck, from forming a jam in the first narrow bend they come to. Leaping from one slippery, rolling log to another, where a misstep may mean death, the driver watches over his charge like a shepherd over his flock, piloting it safely over all the difficulties of the way.

After the departure of Long Tom and the rest of the vanguard, the remainder of the logs was released, and the whole river for a mile or more was soon strewn with the floating sticks of timber, and the exciting work had begun. In the meanwhile the teamsters who had been left behind were not idle, and by the time the last log had rolled down the skids all was in readiness and the train pulled out from camp, the men merrily cracking their whips and making the forest echo with snatches of some rude song, glad at heart to be once more homeward bound.

From his hidden lair the big stag watched them until they were swallowed up in the wilderness and wondered greatly what this new move might portend. That night he cautiously drew near the recent abode of his enemies, marveling at the brooding stillness where but yesterday all was noise and disorder, and where danger ever lurked. The unwonted silence brought with it a feeling of peaceful rest to the heart of the hunted stag. He stood for a long time in the deep shadow at the edge of the clearing, gazing upon the abandoned lumber camp; but he dared not expose himself in the bright moonlight that flooded the open for fear of becoming a target for the rifle of some hidden enemy who had lingered behind.

Many days passed by and spring had come in all its glory before the big stag trod these new roadways through his former trackless domain—now, alas! so sadly altered and defaced—with his old-time freedom. In time he brought his mate with her fawn to this spot and showed them the deserted cabin, all overgrown with weeds and brambles, and told them the story of that dreadful winter when he had hung about this dwelling of their new enemies, risking his life almost daily that he might learn all their ways, against the time to come when they should overrun all the land, leaving death and destruction in their path.

Three days had come and gone since the logs were turned loose, and the drivers were in the midst of their exhausting labors, daily encountering and daily overcoming ever-increasing dangers. The angry flood into which the river had transformed itself grew mightier and more treacherous with every mile that was traversed, and the big logs were tossed about on its heaving bosom like so much driftwood. The men followed along the flooded banks through slush and icy water, and released the logs that were caught by the fringing trees and bushes. To venture out upon these slippery, tumbling "sticks o' pine" was to take your life in your hands, and yet these men had done this thing many times, and thought but little of the deed.

For bold recklessness and skill in their craft the men composing the vanguard excelled all others. They became heroes. To Peshtigo Sam the labor was a relief, and the ever-threatening danger acted as a tonic to his nerves. Long Tom and his friend Bill White laid aside their old grudge against him for the time being, and the feeling of ill-will between these three gave place to one of mutual admiration and respect for one another's courage, although no word was spoken to indicate this change of sentiment.

When Long Tom slipped and disappeared beneath the rushing water, it was Peshtigo Sam who caught his vanishing hand and dragged him from the very jaws of death onto the log which he himself had gained by a daring leap that meant death if he had failed in the attempt.

"Guess we're quits now," Long Tom had said as he clasped Peshtigo Sam's hand with a grip that meant more than words, when they were safe on shore again.

"'Twa'n't as bad as freezin' an' bein' eat up by them wolves," Peshtigo Sam had protested. "We ain't squar' yet."

When the logs jammed at the big bend it was Bill White and Peshtigo Sam who worked side by side in cutting it loose, where the slightest hesitancy or the least miscalculation meant a swift journey into another world, and when the jam broke and the men had rushed for shore at the first warning sound of snapping timber it was big Bill White who seized Peshtigo Sam as he slipped and fell and bore him bodily out of harm's way just as the great mass of logs rushed forward with the roar of an avalanche, crushing and grinding everything in their path.

Thus did these men of the woods toil together like companions in arms, risking their lives for one another without a thought of self; sleeping wherever the nights found them and getting their provisions—such as they were—from the crew following in their rear. But each day brought them nearer the end of their journey, and after the big falls were passed the worst of their labors would be over.

The longer Peshtigo Sam deferred his confession, the more reluctant did he become to acknowledge his treachery. Many a time was he on the verge of disclosing his secret to Long Tom; but the thought of the woman whom they both loved and the forlorn hope that success might some day attend his own wooing always restrained him. Possibly the affair might have terminated as he desired, had not the evil genius that had so far acted as his counselor suddenly deserted him and brought confusion upon him.

It happened at the falls. He and his three companions with several others of the crew were posted at that point, to keep the logs from jamming in the narrow channel through which the river rushed with mighty force, boiling and foaming in great white-crested waves about the huge boulders that strewed the way before it took its final plunge into the deep pool 30 feet below. At the mouth of the channel the river, now swollen to many times its natural size, was hurled back upon itself by the very pressure of the waters ahead, thus forming a broad and ever deepening whirlpool, and there all the trials and dangers of the drive seemed to culminate. Strive as they would the drivers could not keep some of the logs from being caught in this whirlpool, from which they were suddenly shot forth again athwart the current, where they created endless confusion in the ranks of the army of logs rushing by in a continuous procession with the speed of race horses.

Sometimes the logs approached singly or in pairs, and then again they charged down upon the narrow opening in solid phalanxes. During one of these assaults the inevitable happened. A log of enormous size and girth was suddenly caught in the whirlpool and thrown across the channel. So great was its length that it reached from one steep, rocky bank to the other, and in that position became jammed fast, forming a complete barrier across the river. In an instant the course was blocked; in an instant a violent tumult ensued. The logs in front, pressed upon by those in the rear, were raised on end and tumbled about in every direction in inextricable confusion. Thus arrested in their rapid course, the vast army of logs following in their wake charged upon the barrier, and soon the narrow channel was choken with an ever-increasing mass of huge timbers that formed a rough dam behind which the river began piling up its waters, striving to force its way through the obstruction. This was the jam which the drivers had tried so hard to prevent, and high above the crunching and grinding of the logs sounded the cursings of Captain Jenkins and his crew.

But there was no time to be lost. Every moment added to the difficulty of breaking the jam. Captain Jenkins called for volunteers to cut the big log—the original cause of the trouble. This was the "key log" of the jam, and when it was cut, if it were done speedily, the pent-up mass of timber would be liberated and many days of arduous labor saved. However, the man that undertook this task would incur a risk to which none of the crew was insensible, and there was therefore a moment's hesitancy on their part, as they thought of the dangers to be encountered. It was but for a moment, and then Bill and Long Tom stepped forward, and much to the surprise of every one—but of himself more than any one—Peshtigo Sam took his place beside them. He had no desire to die and could not tell what prompted his action; nevertheless he took the fatal step, and regretted it the next instant when it was too late to withdraw.

"Two kin do the business," said Long Tom. "I reck'n you'd better let me an' Bill 'tend to it, Peshtigo."

This plan met with the latter's warm approval, but he was afraid to appear afraid. He therefore simulated a confidence he was far from feeling, and replied:

"Why not me an' you, or me an' Bill? I ain't no slouch with the axe. Do y' think I'm 'fraid?"

"You're wastin' valuable time," Captain Jenkins interposed. "Why don't you draw lots t' see who'll go?"

"Good idee," Long Tom assented. "You hold the straws, Cap. The shortest one stays behind."

Captain Jenkins lost no time in settling the question. He held out the three fatal straws, and each of the three men drew one, while the rest of the crew looked on in silence. Long Tom drew the shortest straw.

Peshtigo Sam laughed nervously, and assumed an air of reckless indifference. Big Bill White evinced but slight interest in the proceeding. With him it was all a part of the day's work, and like Pet Marjorie's callous-hearted fowl,

> He "was more than usual calm,"
> He "did not give a single dam."

The two men fastened the life lines about their waists, and axe in hand started on their perilous undertaking. With difficulty they made their way over the barriers of logs until they reached the point of attack. Here they paused, and after a careful inspection decided that two logs would have to be cut in order to break the jam. They set to work with a will, on the alert for the first danger signal, and ready to seek safety in flight at the first suspicious sound of rending timber.

Peshtigo Sam had attacked the smaller of the two obstructions, while Bill was cutting an ever-deepening gash in the side of the big log which bore the brunt of the terrible strain. Suddenly there came a sharp cracking sound, and Bill scrambled for shore as the pile of logs trembled and began to move. A cry of distress rang out above the other sounds, and he paused and looked back. Peshtigo Sam was waving his arms frantically in the air, and shouting loudly for help.

"Fer God sake come help me," he cried wildly. "I'm caught, an' the logs are movin' down."

Bill stood irresolute for an instant, and then turned and began making his way toward the imprisoned man, heedless of the cries of warning from the men on the bank. He reached Peshtigo Sam's side, and a single glance revealed the cause of his plight. His log had parted without warning, although the other one on which Bill had been at work still held firm. The breaking of the log had relieved the strain on that portion of the jam and started a movement of the whole vast pile. Taken unawares, Peshtigo Sam had been caught between two of the moving logs, where he was now held a fast-bound prisoner. The threatening movement and stirring of the

jam warned both men that there was little time left for the work of rescue. At any instant the key log might snap asunder, and that meant a swift and certain death for Peshtigo Sam, with but slight hope of escape for his rescuer.

Bill swung his axe and sent the chips flying in all directions, as he attacked one of the logs that held Peshtigo Sam a prisoner. Few men could wield this implement as he could, and he now worked as he had never worked before.

"Y' can't make it, Bill," Peshtigo Sam groaned in an agony of terror. "She'll bust in a minute. I kin feel her goin'. You better clear out while ther's time."

The ringing blows of the axe was Bill's only answer.

"It's hell to die like this," Peshtigo Sam continued, with something like a sob in his voice. "I ain't ready t' die. Bill, I ain't treated you an' Long Tom on the squar'. Seein' as I'm a gonner, ef you git out o' this alive tell Tom I lied 'bout Sal. I didn't marry her, an' she ain't hitched onto nobody as fer as I knows. I was allers goin' t' tell Tom, but somehow I kept puttin' it off an' puttin' it off, an' now it's too late. You tell him, will you?"

The axe paused in the air over Bill's shoulder.

"Is that straight?" he demanded in stern tones.

"Honest Injun!" the other declared. "It was a mean trick, I know, but I couldn't give up Sal. She loves Long Tom, an' I was 'fraid ef he knew it he'd go back thar an' git her. His savin' me from freezin' to death made me change my choose, an' I figgered to confess; but it's too late now."

The axe descended with redoubled force and buried itself in the log.

"Won't you shake, Bill?" Peshtigo Sam pleaded. "Won't you call it quits, an' everything squared, seein' as I'm goin' t' pass in my checks?"

"Y' ain't goin' to—pass 'em in—to-day," Bill grunted between blows.

This confident assurance inspired Peshtigo Sam with renewed hope, and he watched each blow of the axe in torturing suspense. When the log was finally severed and he felt himself free at last, he became almost hysterical in his joy. He was too badly bruised to move without assistance, so that Bill was obliged to lift him to his feet, and thus supporting him with his strong arm he half-carried, half-dragged him over the heaving logs toward the shore. Long Tom sprang forward and met them half-way, and together he and Bill bore the helpless man to safety amid the cheering and shouting of the crew.

They were none too soon. There came a sudden loud report, the big log burst in twain and with a crash and a deafening roar the jam broke. The imprisoned logs were hurled forward by the raging flood of water in their rear, and with a deafening roar plunged over the falls into the deep pool below. Captain Jenkins and his crew sent up a great shout of exultation.

They camped that night at the falls, working in shifts by the light of bonfires to keep the passage clear and prevent a recurrence of the trouble from which they had so fortunately escaped.

Peshtigo Sam was resting easily, so far as his bodily comfort was concerned, but his mind was in a tumult of conflicting emotions. His secret was no longer his own, and he would now be compelled to acknowledge his duplicity to Long Tom and relinquish all claim to Sally. Why had he been in such a hurry to confess to Bill White? He might have known that Bill would save him, and even though they both had perished Long Tom would have discovered the truth for himself sooner or later. Now he would have to surrender all hope of winning the affections of the girl of his choice, while Long Tom stepped in and walked off with the prize. Truly it was an unfortunate state of affairs, and he felt very sorry for himself.

His meditations were interrupted by the approach of Bill White, with Long Tom bringing up the rear, and he realized that the unwelcome moment had come at last.

"I bin tellin' Tom you had somethin' t' say to him," said Bill, by way of introduction. "Jest tell him what you told me when you thought you was a gonner."

"You tell him, Bill; I can't," Peshtigo sam entreated.

"Not by a dern sight," Bill firmly replied. "Tell him yerself," and with that he turned away and left them.

The next morning Long Tom drew his friend aside. There was an expression of quiet happiness on his face that Bill had never seen there before.

"Say, Bill," Long Tom began, blushing like a school boy, "I wanter invite you to a weddin' what'll come off soon as we git back t' Green Bay, an' I want you fer my best man."

"Ain't it sorter rushin' things?" Bill inquired, dubiously. "Course I don't know nothin' 'bout Sal, but I allers had a sneakin' notion the gal herself had somethin' t' say 'bout this yere marryin' business. Leastwise that's bin my 'sperience."

"Oh, Sal's willin'," Long Tom replied. "Peshtigo Sam sez she allers was willin' ef I'd had sense 'nuff t' see it. Say, do y' know I'm sorter glad I didn't shoot that buck, 'cause ef 'twarn't fer him we'd never have saved Sam's life an' he'd never have confessed. He was a dern big buck, though."

"He was that," Bill agreed. "You must have it bad fer Sal if you're glad 'bout the buck."

"You wouldn't be s'prised ef y' knowed Sal," Long Tom declared.

"I ain't s'prised," Bill responded, after due reflection. "No, I ain't s'prised none; but I sorter got my doubts 'bout the business. It's a dern risky thing, b'gosh. Be you dead sot on it, Tom?"

"As sot as a settin' hen," Long Tom emphatically asserted.

"Waal, then," said Bill, resignedly, "ef you're that sot they ain't no use sayin' nuthin more. Count me in fer the funeral."

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Where the Loon Laughs.

In Three Parts—Part Two.

EARLY the next morning the canoes moved across beautiful Lake Couchiching to the mouth of the Upper Severn River, indicated by an iron railway bridge thrown across it. This part of the Severn is a narrow and tortuous stream shut in by clay banks and broken at close intervals by small rapids and falls about which short portages have to be made. Half way down, the canoes are confronted with the problem of floating logs, and lumber booms stretched either straight across or lengthwise through the middle and edging gradually toward one of the banks to end at last in a "bag" of logs constituting an absolutely impassable barrier. By creeping among the floating logs and shoving them this way and that, gradual headway is made. The booms across the stream have usually an opening at either end large enough to let a canoe through; and the lengthwise booms are crossed by running the nose of one canoe atop and sinking the timber sufficiently to allow the other to scrape over. By nightfall the little saw mill town of Severn Bridge is passed, and camp for the night is made below. Next morning the expedition moves on, crossing Sparrow Lake to the entrance of the Lower Severn.

The whole character of the country seems to change from this point, the banks of the river rising high and almost sheer and formed of granitic gneiss, with pines clinging to every little point of vantage, and the stream flowing between with greater depths of dark color, and a new air of strength and majesty. It is the first real taste of the wilderness—the beginning of the end of human settlement. The wind sweeps through the high walls with a touch of coldness in it and with that keen tang of the forest that quickens the pulses of the town-bred man shaking off the shackles of convention at last and claiming his share in the joy of a common birthright. From this on no blade of grass is seen—nothing, indeed, but gray rock covered with stag-moss and lichen, masses of dark forest of white and red pine, with here and there a small oak or maple, and a sprinkling of juniper and spruce. Here and there along the banks of the river and lake the cardinal flower stands forth flauntingly against the background of dark green and slaty gray—a little shaft of vivid scarlet that comes upon one like a suddenly shouted defiance. The Indian or the French Canadian may pass it by all unheeding; but when the town-bred man meets it, his dripping paddle comes out of the water and he pauses to do instinctive reverence to the wonder and the beauty of the thing. More shy and modest, and crouching low at the feet of its splendid relative, the little water lobelia grows. Find a cardinal flower and go down on your knees by it, and you will come upon its timid little neighbor hiding in the shadow as if dreading discovery. From afar you may see the cardinal, but you must search for the lobelia if you would find it. Yet it is always there. Here and there, in little sheltered streams, by far and by far, you come upon patches of water lilies, with olive and green sepals and pink edges, pure white petals and perfect hearts of gold—smaller, daintier and sweeter-smelling lilies than grow in the southland.

The first stage of the next day's journey brings the two canoes to a rapids, the roar of which has been heard through the previous night. As the first canoe is swept down toward it, Kitchener stands up and makes a quick examination.

"All right, Sick Thing!" he shouts above the roar of the water, "We'll try it. When I give the word, paddle as though all hell were behind you and all heaven before!"

Then, as the first inrush of the water grips the canoe and whirls it forward, he shouts to the others, "Land, you fellows—land! Don't follow!"

The rapids is something lustier than he had expected, and disaster seems imminent. But he is an old voyageur, cool and quick, and with the most sympathetic wrist that ever worked wonders with a paddle. There is a boiling column of water spouting in the center that means destruction to the poor canoe if once it lay hold of it. The canoe sweeps forward, helpless in the grasp of a mighty force. In another instant that spouting devil that stands there waiting must have it. A lightning turn of Kitchener's flexible wrist, and the canoe sheers off, ducks under a mighty wave, and escapes.

"We're awash to the thwarts, Sick Thing!" he shouts. "Make for the shore and get the bags out."

The Little Officer Boy comes dancing down over the rocks with his camera in hand.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he shouts; "confound it, all you know! I missed that, and it would have made the bulliest kind of a picture. It was lovely when you shot under that big 'un. If it isn't too much trouble, you know, would you fellows mind going back and doing it over again?"

The Kitchener curses him softly in Moccasin—and that always hurts the Little Officer Boy's feelings.

"You seem a trifle wet, Sick Thing," Kitchener says a moment later when the bags are safely out of the water. "Just slip your clothes off and hang them up to dry. We might as well have a swim and lunch here, before we go on."

From this on the river widens into a series of beautiful little lakes and inlets, all fringed about and shut in by high headlands. A few miles further along, and it rushes through a narrow gorge, the whole body of it compressed into a fifty-yard channel. It goes through in swirling maelstroms and sucking undertows that snatch the control from the paddler's hands, but really mean no danger to the canoe, for the banks are smooth, the water deep, and the course straight. Below this is the Raggedy Rapids, a half mile dash of roaring water and gaping rock that no canoe could live through. The beginning of the portage stands out, fair and clear, on the left bank, and for this the canoe makes. The tump-lines are adjusted on the dunnage bags and a pair of paddles lashed lengthwise to the center thwarts of each canoe. Cyclops whirls a canoe about on the point of its nose, bottom up, and slips his head between the paddles. Then, grasping the sides in his hands, he proceeds to climb the precipitous bank of rock and slipping sand as unconcerned as though he were doing an everyday thing of the most commonplace character. Then the Sick Thing follows with a tump-line over the top of his head and a big dunnage bag resting in the hollow of his back. Before he reaches the top, his head has been nearly jerked from his shoulders, his breath comes in painful gasps, his hands and knees are cut and bleeding with falls, and he is bathed in perspiration.

"All right, old chap!" cries the Little Officer Boy, laden with another dunnage bag about as large as himself; "you're doing fine. Keep close after Cyclops or you'll lose the trail and get lost in the bush. Here comes Kitchener with the other canoe. If we get in his way, he'll swear horrid."

As the Sick Thing staggers along the trail, feeling that every step must be his last, he is turning a curious reflection over in his mind. Up to this point in his life he had taken it for granted that he knew how to walk; he now realizes that what he knows of the matter is very rudimentary. With twice his load Cyclops has climbed the face of a precipice without a slip, and now he is traveling at a kind of jog trot over every conceivable kind of obstacle with as much carelessness and certainty as though he were traversing a flagstone pavement.

"Out of the way, you fellows!" Kitchener roars.

They step off the trail into the bush, and Kitchener goes trotting by with a canoe on his shoulders and a couple of guns in his right hand.

"He's as strong as an ox, that chap," the Little Officer Boy remarks. "He and Cyclops are just the deuce and all at this kind of thing. I'm a bit soft myself. What do you say to a rest?"

"You are just saying that for my sake. Thank you for your kindness, but I can hold out a bit longer."

"I'll go ahead, if you don't mind. Take it easy, you know, and drop the blooming bag when you've had enough of it. I'll come back and fetch it when I get to the other end."

A few minutes later and the Sick Thing has the trail to himself. He moves slowly, picking his steps with the utmost circumspection, but missing his footing every yard or two, nevertheless, and with each such experience the dunnage bag swings to the right or left and gives his neck a further twist in the direction of ultimate dislocation. The solution of his troubles would be to set his load down, but something in him forbids the thought as unworthy of his manhood. He toils on, gasping and trembling, but grim and determined. Presently he meets Kitchener and Cyclops coming back for the remaining bags.

"Poor old chap!" Kitchener said kindly. "This is a deuce of a hard portage for you. It's a good three-quarters of a mile. Do you think you can stick it out?"

The Sick Thing says nothing, passing them without a word. He is not without appreciation of Kitchener's sympathy, but he has no breath with which to express it.

"Clear grit to the heels!" Kitchener shouts after him. "You're as right as they make 'em."

The Sick Thing's benumbed hands grip the tump-lines closer yet, and his whole body braces under the tonic of the compliment. He knows that he is far from deserving it—indeed, he tells himself now that he is only a doddering old man from whom the glory of youth has passed, and with it the courage to endure. Nevertheless, upborne by his friend's commendation, his determination to carry the intolerable load to the end is confirmed. There is only one thing that can prevent him. He may faint. He fights against the growing sickness which he recognizes as the forerunner of this disaster, and he strains forward with every ounce of force which his will can lend to his failing body. The Little Officer Boy comes running along the trail toward him.

"Oh, I say, old chap, you know!" he says, "You're like Jack Falstaff, larding the ground as you go. Let me take the beastly thing and you lie down and have a rest. You won't do it? Well, you're a tough one. All right; I'll go along with you and show you the way. It's only a few hundred yards more."

How the Sick Thing gets over the remaining distance he does not clearly know. He has an indistinct idea that the Little Officer Boy chatters without ceasing, and that he likes it and gets a sort of comfort from it, though what it is all about he has not the remotest conception. But at last he is at the water's edge, where the canoes lie, and he shoots the big bag over his head and drops down beside it. When Kitchener and Cyclops arrive, he is fast asleep.

"Let him rest a bit, poor old chap!" Kitchener says. "And while we are waiting, I am going to try a cast in that pool. There ought to be something good to eat in it, from the looks of things. See if you can't find me a young and innocent frog, one of you fellows, while I get my rod out."

In a few minutes, Kitchener, his hook baited according to his desires, has crept out upon the rocks to a point where the tail-end of the Raggedy comes swirling past, leaving a sheltered pool in the lee of the land. With his first cast, there is a quick strike, and the reel pays out with a shriek.

"He's a big 'un, a big 'un!" the Little Officer Boy shouts, beginning to dance with excitement. "For glory's sake, don't let him get off!"

The Sick Thing opens his eyes at the shout, and gets up with alacrity, forgetting all about his late sufferings.

"Any you fellows got any——" Cyclops begins.

"Stuff that brute up with tobacco and keep him quiet," Kitchener calls. "One of you fellows get the gaff out and bring it here. I've got my hands full with this chap. If it's a bass, he'll leap in a minute."

The line, which has been tense as a bow string against the curved rod, suddenly slackens. At the same moment Kitchener begins to pay out from the reel and then the fish leaps high in the air. But with the slack line which Kitchener had provided, the fish fails to jerk the hook from its hold—an ancient device of the bass—and he plunges again into the water, defeated and raging. The wary fisherman lets him take all the line he wants, keeping it taut only until such time as the intention to try another leap is shown by a sudden slackening, when he pays out quickly again. Three times does the bass try the device of the leap, and each time Kitchener defeats him with a slack line. Then, little by little, the line is reeled in, the bass fighting stubbornly for every inch of the way, but bass strength and bass courage cannot much longer endure this strain, and so it comes to pass in the

course of the next ten minutes that the doughty fish is brought into shallow water and there landed without the help of the gaff.

"A fine fight, a fine fish and the certainty of a fine supper," Kitchener announces. "And, now, gentles, let's away."

The canoes are floated, bags and what-not packed in, and the expedition moves forward once more. A few miles further down the Severn, another rapids is reached, but so wide and straight and free from rocks that there is no question about running it. Nevertheless, as the canoes shoot through the dancing water, the paddlers catch a fleeting glimpse of a gleaming white cross standing out from one of the banks, commemorative, doubtless, of the drowning of some unfortunate voyageur. A few miles below this camp for the night is made. While Kitchener is preparing the big black bass for supper, and Cyclops is getting the tent up, the Little Officer Boy goes back into the country upon an exploring expedition for blueberries. He returns in half an hour with his hat filled with the luscious fruit.

"Boys," he says, "I never saw so many blueberries in my life, and the partridges are so thick it's just disgusting. They've fed on those berries till they're too fat to fly. I was falling over them at every step. We'll have to stay here to-morrow and have a go at them with the guns."

"Season doesn't open until the first of next month," Kitchener announces quietly.

"Look here, Kitchener!" Cyclops says, growing suddenly excited, "there isn't any law of God or man that'll keep me off those birds. What the dickens did we bring the guns and the dog for, I'd like to know! A fellow that croaks about laws in such a country as this ought to have his head stove in and be fed to the pike."

"Oh, well!" Kitchener responds with an amused smile, "sooner than suffer an ignominious death at the hands of outlaws I suppose I'll have to submit. If the worst comes to the worst we can plead the necessities of hunger."

Plead nothing!" Cyclops cries, indignantly. "You talk as though there were a magistrate around the next point. Why, confound it all, we might stay here for a month and never see a human being. It's downright immoral to talk about laws under the circumstances."

"Right, child, right!" Kitchener responds serenely. "I stand corrected. As the poet says, 'there's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three.'"

"This isn't fifty-three by a long shot," Cyclops says sulkily; "but it's far enough north for a decent man to do any bally thing he wants to."

"There, there, Cyclops; there, there!" Kitchener answers soothingly. "You have ridden me down, and there's no need to trample me to death."

"Kitchener," says Cyclops in a milder tone, "have you got any——"

"Yes, yes, child; here's my pouch and my match safe, and you can get my pipe out of my coat if you can't find your own. I hope you'll not stop smoking for so many minutes again. It seems to get on your nerves."

Next morning, long before the others are awake, Cyclops steals off with his gun and the dog. Kitchener and the Sick Thing are roused at last by an angry malediction from the Little Officer Boy.

"What is it?" Kitchener exclaims, springing to his feet. "What has happened?"

"Here's Cyclops gone and hogged all the fun for himself," the Little Officer Boy cries. "He's sneaked off with the dog and he'll not leave a bird in the whole blooming country. I call it a dirty low mean trick to do a thing like that, and I'm blessed if I won't tell him so when he gets back."

"Oh, is that all? It isn't enough to get wild over. He'll be back by breakfast time, and you can have your go at the partridges later. Come along, Sick Thing; roll out of your blankets and get into the water."

A moment later they have their night woolens off and go shivering through the raw air of the morning to a point of rock where the river runs dark and deep. One after the other, they plunge in. The Little Officer Boy and Kitchener come to the surface at about the same time.

"Hello, where's the Sick Thing?" the Little Officer Boy exclaims, looking about him.

"Oh, he'll be up after a bit. He's the most swimmingest chap I ever knew when his hand's in. And I fancy he's beginning to feel a good deal more fit than when he started. Isn't the water jolly warm!"

"Yes; it's like coming in out of the cold to get into it. I wish that beggar'd come up. I'm getting anxious."

"There he blows!" Kitchener cries. "We thought you were lost, old chap! You're feeling pretty coltish this morning—eh?"

Half way across the stream the Sick Thing's head bobs to the surface and he blows the water out of his nostrils with a mighty sound.

"I haven't done the like of that," the Sick Thing shouts back, "since somewhere about the beginning of the century. Kitchener, I believe I'm getting to that state of body which the Americans describe as 'so's to be around.' I'm feeling fit as a fiddle. Don't wait breakfast for me—I'm going down the river for a bit of a swim."

"You are going to do nothing of the sort," Kitchener retorts peremptorily. "You are coming ashore at once for a rub down and to get into your clothes."

"All right" the Sick Thing answers with a good tempered laugh. "I suppose you know best. But, really, I feel fit for anything this morning."

When they are dressed, Kitchener sends the Little Officer Boy off in the canoe with a trolling line and an order for something weighing about seven pounds, for breakfast; and he then sets to work to build the camp fire and get the kettle boiling. In ten minutes the Little Officer Boy is back with a big black-backed pike; and thirty minutes later breakfast is ready.

"I'm not going to spoil my fish by waiting for Cyclops," Kitchener announces. "I'll keep his share hot, and we can go ahead without him."

Breakfast is finished and the matutinal pipes smoked out, and still Cyclops has not returned. The miscellaneous work of the camp keeps everybody busy for another hour, during the latter part of which a general disinclination for conversation is observable. At last the Little Officer Boy voices the general uneasiness.

"I believe the chap's lost, you know. It's the worst looking country back there you ever saw. Nothing but nasty little lumpy hills that you can't see over, and scrub and scraggly pine till your heart aches. I didn't tell you fellows, but I had to climb a big white pine to find my way back yesterday. One spot looks for all the world like another, and there isn't a landmark to swear by. I believe that Cyclops has gone grubbling along after the birds, just watching the dog and slipping the shells in, and never looking where he was going. I've been sick about the thing for the last hour. Will anybody come with me? I'm off to hunt for him."

"Yes," says Kitchener quietly; "I'll go with you. We'll take the guns and the compass. As the wind blows now straight against us, there is no use in trying to signal to Cyclops, for he couldn't possibly hear the shots. But the wind may go down, and the guns will be the best way I can think of to foregather with him. Sick Thing, I'll leave you to take care of the house. We ought to be back in a couple of hours. If we're not, don't be uneasy, for the compass makes us safe enough."

The Sick Thing settles himself down to do a little necessary sewing. There is a large rent in one of his garments which he decides may be remedied by a neat patch. He gets the sewing-huzzy out and selects a needle which he thinks to be of about the right caliber. After spending an exciting half hour in a perfectly futile effort to introduce the thread into the eye, he decides that what he needs is a larger bore. He therefore puts away his first choice and selects instead a darning needle of heroic proportions. The thread goes through the eye without the slightest difficulty. "This," he tells himself, "is something like it." He inserts the point of the needle in the cloth, and is astonished to find that it refuses to go entirely through. He therefore inverts the needle, lays the head against his leg and bears down upon it, with the result that he at once inflicts a painful stab upon his anatomy. Profiting by this experience he now uses a small stone as a means of ramming the needle. This proving eminently successful he proceeds to draw the thread through. His thread is so long, however, that the utmost stretch of his arm fails to carry through more than half of it. He therefore places his mending on the ground with the stone on top, and moves a yard or two away, from which point of vantage he is able to achieve his object. He is a good deal chagrined, however, to find that the thread, not content with going to its limit, passes entirely through the cloth and comes out in his hand. "What that thread needs," he soliloquizes, "is a knot." He digs the needle into the earth to keep it safe, and crawls back to the end of the thread. He makes a knot and examines it critically. "Not big enough," he decides. So he makes another one with the intention of sliding it down on top of the first. But instead of doing this the contrary thing makes itself fast about an inch higher. He now tries to make a third knot which will fit in between the two first. When he has finished it, he finds, to his intense surprise, that it stands half an inch above the second. Abandoning the knot problem as quite hopeless, he proceeds with his mending. By keeping the article to be mended on the ground and kneeling a foot or two away from it, he is able to draw the thread through to the knots without moving his knees. He has simply to lean back over his heels and extend his arm in the same direction over his head. He decides, after a few minutes of this, that sewing is an uncommonly good exercise. The problem of holding the garment to the ground while he does this, he solves by laying a large stone on top, and he thus has the smaller stone to use as a needle-rammer. Despite the most skillful manipulation of the rammer, however, he stabs himself with the needle over and over again. Sometimes it is the point that catches him; sometimes the head, and occasionally he gets both of them at once, the head going into his hand and the point into his leg. "I believe," he says, reflectively, "that this is how Kitchener learnt to swear. It certainly is very aggravating." He finds on examining his work, when he thinks he has made some progress, that the thread, instead of passing through evenly, has left a lot of various sized loops on both sides of the cloth. Moreover, the patch will not lie flat, but insists upon humping itself into annoying festoons. The thread being by now short enough for closer operations, he takes his sewing on his knee, and proceeds calmly with it. He thinks he is doing finely in this position until he discovers that the last five stitches have firmly attached the leg of his trousers to the article being mended. Then he repeats rapidly all of Kitchener's profanity that he can recall, cuts himself free and flings his sewing into the tent.

His watch tells him that it is half past twelve, and he decides that he must get something to eat. There is no sign of the absent men, and as yet he feels no anxiety about them. He starts up the fire and puts on the kettle. Tea is the only thing he knows how to cook, and he is largely theoretical about that. In the course of half an hour he has made about two quarts of a very inky brew, which he is surprised to find quite unlike anything he ever tasted. By adding large quantities of cold water, however, it becomes fairly palatable, albeit somewhat chilly, and with this and hardtack he makes a lunch which, though not exactly appetizing, satisfies his hunger. Then he sits down to smoke and wait. By three o'clock, there still being no sign of his friends, he becomes anxious. As the wind still blows strong from the same quarter, he knows there can be no use in attempting to signal with the gun. All that he can think of doing is to wait until nightfall and then build a bonfire on the high land back of the camp. For this purpose he gathers all the available wood and carries it up to the point he has selected. Six o'clock comes and still they have not returned. He eats a miserable supper of hardtack and cold water, being too unhappy for anything more ambitious, and then sits watching the slowly darkening sky. Shortly after seven, he climbs to where his wood is stacked, and starts his fire. He sits before it, feeding it, and listening intently. The sky is completely overcast, with not a star showing, and no sound comes to his strained ears but the mournful whine of the wind through the trees. The stillness is terrifying. Out of it there suddenly comes to his alert senses the startling sound of a far-away laugh. It is so human and at the same time so weird a sound that his heart stands still. It is like the laughter of a maniac—wild, disordered, uncanny. His first thought is that it is one of his friends, gone mad with hopeless wandering in a desolate country. But immediately on the heels of that fancy comes the recollection of a sentence in Kitchener's letter—"the land where the loon laughs in the hush of the night!" That is the satisfying explanation—it is a loon and nothing else! He piles the drift-wood high upon his fire and watches the flames leap upward. Surely so vivid a point of light must be visible for many miles! It must guide the wandering steps of the lost ones—are they all lost by now?—back to the safe shelter and the comfort of the camp! Taking solace in the thought, he sits on the ground with his back to a rock, and watches the fire. From it he occasionally casts a furtive look into the black of the night about him. But instantly his eyes revert to the fire. He is shut in on all sides by an eternity of void space. The whole of his world is the few feet of ground between his rock and his fire. When he has to get up to add another log to the flames, he moves with trepidation. A step beyond the line of light would mean a plunge into black space, thereafter to fall forever. From the far shore of the river comes the plaintive grieving of a whip-poor-will, three long, sad notes, and then silence again. The weary hours creep forward laggingly, broken only by the work of feeding the fire and by mournful and terrifying sounds that come to him out of the desolate forest about. The last time he looks at his watch he finds it is past midnight. Then a new sound comes to his ears, borne from afar by the breeze, that brings him to his feet with a jump. There can be no mistaking it—it is pleasant human voices shouting a rude chorus. He cannot hear the words, but the dear familiar tawdry tune shapes them for him.

"It's the soldiers of the Queen, my lads."

He stretches wide his arms and shouts in the teeth of the breeze, his full heart choking him, "Kitchener! Kitchener! Kitchener!" He knows his voice will not carry half the distance that still separates them, but still. from sheer joy, he continues to shout as he piles fuel upon his beacon fire that is casting its light afar and bringing the lost ones home again. How they meet at last, and spend the rest of the night in feasting and singing; how he is told that the needle of the compass got off its axis and was of no use to them, and how at last they foregathered with Cyclops by getting to windward of him by chance and his hearing the faint bang-bang of their guns and running them down just about sunset, is afterward a confused and delightful recollection to him.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Natural History.

Intelligence of the Wild Things.

BY HERMIT.

The Red Squirrel.

(*Continued from page 825.*)

BISMARCK did not always hide bread beneath pine needles or leaves. At a certain season of the year the trees about my cabin were made into storehouses. This season was governed by the bluejays. When they were nesting they did not come to the cabin and Bismarck could store food in the trees without fear of being robbed.

My attention was called early to the fact that a gale of wind did not dislodge the pieces of bread which the squirrel had stored on the limbs of a hemlock tree. I found that each piece was held in place by a small twig. Scores of times afterward I saw Bismarck lift up a twig with his hands and then push the piece of bread with his nose to the junction of twig and limb. Of course the natural spring of the twig held the bread in place.

Bismarck always stored mushrooms in the trees, for he knew that the bluejays did not eat such food. He would drop the stem of the mushroom between the prongs of a forked limb, if there was cap enough left to hold the same in place, otherwise he treated it just as he would a piece of bread.

How Bismarck acquired a knowledge of the edible mushrooms is a mystery beyond my powers. Doubtless, when he attended the Chickaree College, he studied natural history instead of the dead languages. He knew how to harvest mushrooms. He gathered them soon after they appeared above the ground. Gathered thus, they would keep several days, while a few hours' growth would spoil them if left in the ground.

Bismarck knew how to eat mushrooms. He did not begin on the freshly gathered ones; he knew they would keep, and he selected those that would decay shortly. Human beings eat the specked apples from motives of economy, and the same impulse controls the squirrel.

In the woods about my cabin grow many varieties of the poisonous mushrooms. One deadly variety—the "Destroying Angel"—possesses a form most pleasing to the eye. Its symmetrical shape and pearly white color give it a look of innocence that has lured many a human being to an early grave. I have never seen a toothmark by a squirrel, mouse or mole in one of these deadly mushrooms, which goes to prove that the wild things know more than some human beings.

A few years ago, while out on a walk with the Appalachian Mountain Club, I told a professor, who was an expert on mushrooms, that I used the mushrooms which were approved by the squirrels, and no others. He said that I was risking my life, for he claimed that squirrels could eat poisonous varieties that might kill human beings. I thought that the professor knew more about mushrooms than he did about squirrels, so his warning was wasted on me. Up to date I have found the squirrels all right and I feel no fear when eating what they eat.

For years I attended a squirrels' school, and Bismarck was the schoolmaster. He taught me many things relating to squirrel life. Much of the knowledge acquired was wholly unknown to me before.

When Bismarck first introduced himself to me I think he was an old bachelor or a widower. Three years later he excavated a storehouse in a bank, beneath a boulder,

and made a sleeping nest in a pine tree, both in the dooryard. The storehouse was used but little after the first winter. The next spring he took to himself a mate, but did not introduce her to the dooryard. Some distance from the cabin, in a swamp, Bismarck's mate made a neat little nest in a hemlock tree. Here she reared two baby squirrels. Bismarck did not take much interest in his family through the summer. He spent most of the time in the dooryard, sleeping in his own nest by night. By day his time was occupied in fighting the crows and in driving squirrels and birds from the dooryard.

There was always a good lot of food for Bismarck to choose from, and I thought he would give up hard work and lead a life of ease. But I did not know the thrifty ways of the red squirrel. When the harvest season for hazlenuts drew near, Bismarck buckled down to hard work. He began his new life by calling often on his family in the hemlock tree. One day I found Bismarck and his wife digging beneath a pine tree that grew on the high land just out of the swamp. They brought out a great quantity of pine rootlets during the next two days. There was not much soil, which indicated that the squirrels had discovered a natural cavity, partly filled with pine rootlets. The third day, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the work stopped. Mrs. Bismarck ran to a pine root, sat up straight, folded her hands and said something. Mr. Bismarck ran to her side, folded his hands, and made a reply. Both squirrels looked toward the hole beneath the tree by turning half way round. Then they looked at each other, and Mrs. Bismarck ran into the hole and immediately appeared and said something that sounded very much like "it is well." Then both squirrels scampered away. The winter storehouse was completed.

When the hazlenuts were ripe Bismarck and his mate began to fill the storehouse. Bismarck gathered the nuts about the cabin, while his mate gathered those around the home nest. Bismarck did a lot of running, for he carried but one nut at a time. He always worked under high pressure, running to and fro at the top of his speed.

I noticed that he left many nuts on the bushes, but when I investigated I found a worm in each nut—a good reason for rejecting them; but as the husks seemed perfect, how did Bismarck know the worms were there? I think his keen scent was the secret. By the sense of smell he could tell a wormy from a sound nut. So could I after the nut was smashed, but not before.

After the hazlenuts, beechnuts were gathered. But right here competition was too great for the squirrels. The bluejays haunted the beech groves and could load up with from twelve to eighteen nuts, then could use their wings against the squirrels' legs, so the latter were usually short on beechnuts.

The acorn followed the beechnut crop, and as the woods of Cape Ann are made up mostly of oak trees, there were usually nuts enough for Bismarck's family and to spare.

Besides being a hard worker Bismarck proved to me, in many ways, that he was quick-witted and resourceful. A sweet acorn tree near my cabin was loaded with nuts. Beneath the limbs on the south side was a carpet of pine needles, while under the limbs on the north side grew a dense mass of brambles and cat briers. Bismarck did not drop a nut into the mass of briers, but carried each nut—one at a time—to the clear side before dropping it. Could human intelligence do more?

When Bismarck and his mate had stowed away food enough for winter, they made a winter nest in the pine tree that grew above the storehouse. In the new nest the whole family passed the winter after the manner of red squirrels.

The two baby squirrels for the most of the harvest time remained in the nest or on the hemlock tree in which the nest was located. Now and then they followed the mother to a nut tree, but were so noisy that I imagine the fear of enemies caused the discreet mother to drive them home.

When the family storehouse was well filled, Bismarck stored a few nuts in the hole at the cabin. I think he would have stored more if it had not been for the alert wood mice. He hid a great many nuts around boulders and trees. These nuts were used in the winter, and often lasted until late in the spring. In the spring, when the nuts started to grow, Bismarck dug them up, bit off the sprouts, and buried them again.

When the nut crop is a failure the squirrels are face to face with a famine. Long before the nut season approaches the squirrels know that they must depend on other food for the winter's supply. During one year of failure I carefully noted how Bismarck conducted himself, knowing that he would teach me how the red squirrel provides food when his main supply is cut off. When September warned the squirrels that the season for providing food for winter was on, Bismarck turned his attention to the corn in the dooryard. Years before he had stored corn, when he was obliged to compete with the bluejays and chipmunks. The latter could carry away from fourteen to nineteen grains, while Bismarck's load was but two grains. He soon evened things up by hiding corn in the dooryard, or near it. When the supply was exhausted, and the bluejays and chipmunks had disappeared, Bismarck would dig up his corn and carry it home. It was sharp practice, but the squirrel was justified, when we consider the circumstances. For several years prior to the famine, Bismarck had dropped the habit of storing corn, and only gnawed out the germ, leaving the mutilated grain for the bluejays and chipmunks. Now, Bismarck undertook to store corn, hiding it as of old, but I vetoed the act, by withholding the corn. The squirrel then turned his attention to a black cherry tree, and with the aid of a chipmunk soon stripped it of fruit. I think the chipmunk gathered the fruit for the stone. He gathered an enormous quantity and surely could not make use of the soft part. The red squirrel may have gathered for immediate use and also for a winter supply.

Bismarck's next move was a great surprise. I caught him carrying bones to his storehouse.

One summer I saw Bismarck sitting on a stone wall, apparently eating a bone. After he got through he hid the bone in the wall. I found that the bone was old and partly decayed. I smashed up similar bones and Bismarck seemed to relish a meal three or four times a week, but I never knew him to store bones for winter use before. His next move was to attack the pine cones. These were gathered while quite green. They were left on the ground three or four days and then carried, whole, to the family storehouse—a great quantity was stored under stumps, trees and boulders. The hemlock cones were gathered later, but were husked at the foot of the tree on which they grew.

During the following winter Bismarck looked to me for food. A loaf of bread was wired to a post near the cabin door, from which he could eat, while he could not carry it away. One cold, rainy day, he sat by the bread without eating, and whimpered like a little child. He was telling me in squirrel language that it was cold, rainy, and almost night, and that I ought to give him some bread to take home to his family. I understood his appeal and passed him a biscuit. He scampered away chuckling over his good luck. After that, fair or foul, all through the winter days, he would beg for bread to take home, and always chuckled when he got it. Perhaps he was laughing at me for being an easy mark, or it may have been a squirrel for "I thank you a thousand times." However that may be, he was welcome, for I thought of the baby squirrels starving along on a cone seed diet.

Bismarck would eat all kinds of meat—even fat pork—but he preferred cooked meat to raw. While the famine was on he turned his attention to many kinds of food found in the woods. I made a record of each variety and religiously tasted of everything he used. Frozen barberries and chokeberries were preferred to all others. I found the barberries had lost much of their usual sourness; the chokeberries were sweet and palatable. While the former remained on the bushes through the winter, the latter were soon exhausted, for they were food for quail, grouse, bluejays and mice. The berries of the greenbrier, staghorn, sumach and rosehips were used sparingly. The greenbrier berries had a sweetish taste; the staghorn sumach were sour and puckery, while the rosehips had a pleasant flavor at first, ending in a most disagreeable bitter. Many mushrooms were caught by an early frost and remained frozen through the winter. These were food for Bismarck. He would gnaw out the under part, or gills, rejecting the rest. I tasted the food, but cannot say that I care for frozen mushroom.

In the spring pussy willow buds formed a part of Bismarck's food. I found the buds nearly tasteless, but they crunched between the teeth like a crisp cucumber. As spring advanced, creeping wintergreen and partridge berries appeared here and there where the sun had melted the snow, and Bismarck greedily devoured the bright red berries. Later berries formed the greater part of his food until the hazlenuts were ripe. Wild apple trees abound on Cape Ann, and Bismarck attacked the fruit early in the fall. He destroyed great quantities for the seed, which was the only part stored for winter use. However, he seemed to relish an apple, if it was not too sour, and all through the winter he would eat a Baldwin apple, even to the seeds, at one sitting.

The history of Bismarck through a year of famine is the history of other red squirrels on Cape Ann. It is evident that the red squirrel is famine proof. If the nut crop is a failure, chickaree turns his attention to other food sources, and by perseverance and hard work is able to keep the wolf from the door.

For years Bismarck and the bluejays have matched wits. After nesting the bluejays would flock to the cabin and impudently appropriate all the food found in the trees. Bismarck seemed to know that it was useless to store food longer in this way, so he would bury it beneath the pine needles. The jays were soon onto this trick. When I threw a piece of bread to the squirrel he would start at once to hide it, while the jays would follow him, keeping in the trees, just out of reach. The moment he left, the jays would fly down, dig out the bread and carry it away. It often happened that Bismarck would fool the robbers by pretending to bury the bread. He would dig a hole, cover it over, put down the pine needles, but would run away with the bread in his mouth. While the jays were scratching the pine needles right and left, in a useless search, Bismarck would hide the bit of bread and return to the dooryard for more. He was not so particular if the food was wheat bread, but if it was his favorite food—doughnut—the jays were fooled every time.

Every spring Bismarck taps the trees around the cabin. He begins on the maples and ends later on the birches. If the tree is small, he taps the trunk; if large, he works on the limbs. He gnaws through the bark and into the wood, then clings to the limb or trunk, below the wound, while he laps the sweet sap. If there is a hollow in the bark into which the sap flows, Bismarck is sure to find it.

Did the red squirrel learn how to tap trees from the American Indian, or did the Indian learn from the squirrel?

The habits of the red squirrel are rapidly changing in this locality on account of a foolish State law. The story is quickly told. Ward 8 (city of Gloucester), where my cabin is located, contains over eleven thousand square acres. Its area is greater than that of the other seven wards combined. The bulk of the territory of ward 8 is made up of woodland and shrubland, the city proper being in the other seven wards. Ward 8 contains the delightful summer resort known as Magnolia. This resort derives its name from Magnolia Swamp, the only spot in New England where magnolia glauca is found in a wild state. The famous Coffin's Beach is also in this ward.

The General Court four years ago placed a close time of five years on small game in the territory east of Ward 8. This protects the seven wards of the city and the town of Rockport. Two years ago the town of Essex, which joins Ward 8 on the west, was protected, so that the gunners from a population of about forty thousand are turned loose in Ward 8. The extermination of nearly all the game, and of great numbers of song birds, has been the result of this peculiar legislation.

All the wilds things are desperately wild. The red squirrel if he hears the report of a gun instantly rushes to a hiding place. Well he knows the deadly meaning of the report. He has turned day into night and now harvests his nut crop in the night time. I sleep in the open air, and during the harvest season I listen for hours to the sound of droppingfi nuts which the industrious but wary squirrels, are cutting from the oak trees around my cabin.

Bismarck is still in the land of the living, although ten years have passed since he first introduced himself, and requested me to book him for table board. He has cost me many dollars, while he has not paid a cent in the coin of the realm. However, I owe him for teaching and am ready to balance the books and exchange receipts.

I know that my position in relation to the red squirrel's destruction of song birds will be sharply criticised by those who believe in the squirrel's total depravity. But the truth is that I describe wild life just as I find it, not as some books say I ought to find it. If the red squirrel was as destructive as reported, there would not be a young bird reared around my cabin. My notes show that last year the following named birds nested near my cabin, and probably every nest was known and visited by the red squirrel:

	Number of nests.
Chestnut sided warbler	3
Black throated green warbler	1
Oven bird	2
Vireo	4
Canada fly-catching warbler	1
Robin	2
Towhee bunting	2
Catbird	1
Wilson's thrush	2
Indigo bird	1
Total	19

A ruffed grouse nest was looted by the crows when it contained but four eggs, after which the bird resorted to a swamp and reared a brood.

Several of the nests named were destroyed, but none by the squirrel. In the light of my observations I cannot consistently denounce the red squirrel.

A New Caribou.

IN Volume XIV. of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. J. A. Allen described a new caribou from the Kenai Peninsula of Alaska. Unfortunately the only known specimen is a head collected in the autumn of 1900 by Mr. Andrew J. Stone, whose explorations of the far North are so well known to our readers. The animal is characterized by great narrowness of skull, by a great development of antlers, recalling in some respects the antlers of the barren ground caribou, but much heavier and with longer and more numerous tines. In the specimen described, there runs along the underside of the neck a strip of greatly lengthened white hair, four or five inches wide, which hair in the median line is eight inches long and sometimes even more. If this feature is a constant one, it would be a distinguishing mark of the species. Dr. Allen has called this caribou *Rangifer stonei*, in recognition of Mr. Stone's important contributions to our knowledge of the distribution of large game, and especially of the caribou in northern North America.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Ways and Means.

A TURKEY shoot was in progress. Three men were in the shoot-off. The first man up using the old rifle—his companion for many years in many States—centered the bullseye. The others could not beat nor equal the shot, and the winner proudly took the big gobbler homeward for the Christmas diner.

His wife seeing the gun and turkey, assured her husband that the prize was won by gambling, not by skill with the rifle; that the meat was defiled and should by no means grace the Christmas table.

No angry words followed, simply a philosophical silence. Then the horse was brought out and the turkey was taken to a neighbor's and exchanged for a fat hen turkey. This bird, being duly presented to the mistress, was pronounced wholesome, for it was, indeed, young and very fat.

Years passed. The lady of the house is at church on a spring morning, leaving the winner of the turkey shoot, now a sedate old man, at home to care for the house. He was reading and musing, when in walked his son with a few suckers—taken on the Sabbath day! The pair looked guiltily at each other in philosophical silence. Then the son, requesting secrecy on the father's part—as if such a request were necessary—took the suckers to the barn, where they rested in cold water that day and night.

Early Monday morning the boy made another visit to the brook, caught another sucker, put it on the string with those defiled ones and took the mess to his mother; who praised him for his skill. It was skillfully done, and the suckers were large and plump.

After the dinner was over and the sucker meat had been separated from the bones, the father took the young man aside and told him the story of the turkey given above, advising him never to waste good victuals, but always to consult ways and means for saving them.

OVID, N. Y. BENJ. E. BIRGE.

"I went coon hunting down in Georgia with two boys;" said George W. Bealock, the other day. "They knew nothing about it and it was my first experience. The dogs treed a coon; we saw the animal enter a hole in the tree, and we cut the tree down. It did not leap from the branches, as we expected, so one of the boys crawled into the tree and began to poke the coon with a pole. In about a minute we heard a combination of human and animal yells, which indicated that our friend had found the animal, and that it was not a coon. Soon he emerged from the log and a half-grown wildcat was clinging to him. With two pistol shots and a blow with an axe we succeeded in killing the animal, but the boy who crawled into the log will bear the scars of his encounter with the young wildcat for the rest of his life. I have been coon hunting since, but I am always certain that it is a coon that is treed before I cut down the tree."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Game Bag and Gun.

California Game Interests.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among "nails driven in 1901" you have recorded as No. VII., Sec. 626k of the Penal Code of California forbidding the sale of game and game birds.

The passage of the law was a notable victory for the best class of California sportsmen, and it was the outcome of a sportsmen's convention called last year, and which took place in this city. Representatives were present from most of the counties of the State, and the game laws, mainly through the efforts of the committee appointed by the convention, were thoroughly revised and quite satisfactorily amended by the Legislature.

Some of the principal newspapers of the State and Coast have been peculiarly antagonistic to game law legislation. Those the furthest back in the woods, and also in antique intelligence, have been the most ardent obstructionists. The usual argument advanced against laws for the protection of game has been that the laws are made in the interest of city sportsmen, clubs and rich fellows, who in open season can go out and kill all the game, while poor people—the other fellows—have to work. Another argument has been that some people do not shoot, but like game to eat, and if they cannot buy it they will be deprived. Both these theories look well to the uninformed when in type and nicely arranged phrases, but they are not so picturesque to those who consider that when the game is exterminated the poor fellows who work, and the other poor fellows who buy, will have a tougher time of it than ever.

One of the leading San Francisco papers (Chronicle) was notably worried and gave much space editorially to democratic ideas against "class legislation," as applied to game laws, although it is not appreciably democratic otherwise. It alleged that most game was plentiful. Deer, if much protected, would eat up gardens and fields, and quail were devastating vineyards (this claim is rich reading where quail are worth $3 per dozen and grapes are worth $6 to $10 per ton), and that conditions here are entirely opposite to those in Europe, where only the rich can have game, etc.

Even after the passage of the law by the Legislature the paper urged Governor Gage to veto the bill, and from an extensive editorial I copy the following paragraph verbatim ad literatim:

"Since the passage of the bill in the closing days of the session, hotel and restaurant keepers, marketmen, waiters and sportsmen in thousands have expressed their disapproval. They agree with everything the (itself) has said against it."

I consider the paragraph a curio worth further preservation, as a modern instance of editorial art, although the writer seemed to consider the sportsman the last leaf upon the tree—an omnibus waiter, or something coming after.

There is perhaps no region in America as much in need of wise laws for the protection of game, and where protection will be productive of so much good, as the Pacific Coast. Here is a vast and varied territory yet fairly supplied with game of many kinds, but from many parts of it the game has been and is being exterminated. Much of the territory is sparsely settled and vacant land owned by the Government. A great deal of it is only adapted to mining operations, grazing and lumbering. There are extensive parts of it that are used for pasturage alone, and for that purpose but few months in the year, while much territory in the mountains is rarely explored except by hunters of game.

Notwithstanding these natural conditions that are favorable to the game, there are many other considerations most unfavorable, and there is no lack of evidence that all kinds of game is being rapidly destroyed. Antelope, once plentiful in California valleys, are entirely extinct; elk, once generally scattered and numerous over a wide area, now exist in but a very few isolated and remote localities; bears are now seldom found in this State except in the extreme northern and northwestern mountains, while deer, until the protective laws of recent years, were becoming scarcer each season and were plentiful only in the more distant and undisturbed parts of the mountains. With the laws now in force for their protection, I do not think they will increase in numbers unless wardens are more generally appointed and systematically provided for.

There are many things to make the preservation of game more and more difficult, particularly in California. While there is vast mountain territory with many of the best natural provisions for the larger animals, affording great expanses of cover, browse, mast and water, there are also vast regions where some or all of these advantages are lacking or meager. Heavy snows drive the game from the higher mountains in winter, and in other regions the drought of summer restricts and confines it to narrow limits.

Each year even the most inaccessible of the mountain localities are being more thoroughly explored and exploited in one way or another. In addition to pasturing and lumbering operations, to which most mountainous regions are subject, the minerals of California and most portions of the coast offer a further inducement to explorers and settlers, and one of a most attractive nature.

Again, for six or eight months of the year in California men can live almost anywhere with the least need of equipment or shelter. They can carry necessaries for half a year into the remote nooks and corners of the mountains upon a single pack animal, and hundreds of hunters and prospectors do so, their supplies often consisting mainly of guns, ammunition, a few groceries and their blankets. The mountains must furnish the rest. There is not much difference between a hunter and a prospector. The latter may not hunt for a living or at times he may, but he nearly always hunts to live and relies to a great extent upon the game if there is any.

One of the best laws for the protection of game in California is the one made a few years ago prohibiting the sale of venison and deer skins. Before the establishment of this law it was a common thing to see wagons coming from the mountains of Humboldt, Trinity, Shasta and Siskiyou counties loaded with dressed or dried deer skins with from two to a dozen men in charge. A single wagon load might contain a thousand skins and not a pound of venison, all save that consumed by the party having been left to rot where it was killed. Such parties made a business of hunting deer for their hides, and made little if any disguise or denial of it. Although it was a despicable business, there was more or less money in it and nothing to prevent.

Many deer skins are doubtless yet smuggled out of the State, and deer are yet slaughtered for them in remote localities, but in the main it has been stopped, and the lines are being drawn closer and closer that will eventually stop it altogether. In prohibiting the sale or possession of hides the law is in a measure destructive, and those killing deer legitimately—bucks in the open season—often leave the hides in the woods or destroy them.

The conditions mentioned, with others of more or less consequence, such as floods and forest fires which drive game from its places of refuge, make the protection of game animals and birds in California very difficult. The scattered sportsmen who give thought to the subject, and others who are interested, need more encouragement and assistance than they receive or are likely to receive from local newspapers, too many of which have no conception of the importance or value of efforts made, and who know little about the subject. In nothing is a little knowledge a dangerous thing unless it be in the hands of editors who may lead thousands of readers astray. It would seem that the many States from which game has been nearly or quite exterminated should afford instances or examples enough to the few remaining with a comparative abundance that careful and intelligent work must be done for its protection and maintenance. But the game belongs to everybody, and everybody's business is proverbially neglected, unless somebody attends to it for everybody. This seems to be the case in more matters with which a Republican Government has to contend than one.

RANSACKER.

A. B. F. Kinney.

THE following appreciative notice of Mr. Kinney as citizen, churchman and sportsman is from the Worcester Gazette:

The three fields of business, hunting and church work seem at first thought so utterly diverse and almost inconsistent with each other that one would not expect to find a man who had attained not only success but prominence in all three. And yet that it what A. B. F. Kinney has done. To some Mr. Kinney might be known best as a business man who, in the twenty-five years that he has been in Worcester, has more than been successful. Others might think first of his activity in the Methodist Church, of which he is a member, and of his prominence in missionary work. And still others, perhaps most of those who know him, think of him as a lover of outdoor sports

A. B. F. KINNEY.

and an enthusiastic fox hunter. All three would be right. It is rare that a man wins prominence in more than one field, but Mr. Kinney has done it in three, and three that are so far from being kindred and so various as those that have been mentioned.

Mr. Kinney has been an ardent sportsman all his life. When a boy he had the love of hunting and fishing, but not the means of gratifying it, and it was not until he came to Worcester, twenty-five years ago, that he was able to indulge in the sports as much as he wished. In these twenty-five years he has probably done more than any one man in Worcester to build up an interest in hunting and fishing. That he has been successful the Worcester Fur Company and the Worcester Sportsman's Club, in the founding of both of which he was instrumental, will attest. The Fur Company was organized in 1884. Previous to that time there had been a company to which any one in the county who had ever shot a fox belonged. It was, however, without organization, officers or by-laws. Mr. Kinney conceived the plan of putting the company on a firmer and more definite basis. As a result, the present Fur Company was founded, and for the first eight years Mr. Kinney was its president. Since retiring from that office he has still kept up his interest in the company, and is always present at annual hunts and banquets. Mr. Kinney is also president of the Worcester Sportsman's Club and of the Worcester County Game Protective Association.

Mr. Kinney's experiences in hunting have not been confined to the small game near at home. He has traveled all over the United States, and shot all kinds of game. The last big animal that he brought down was a 700-pound grizzly, which he shot in the Teton Mountains, Idaho. At that time he was hunting with a party of whom Jerome Marble, of this city, was a member, and he went solely to get a grizzly. His friends finally left him to come back East, but Mr. Kinney stayed behind, and at last succeeded in securing what he wanted—a beautiful specimen, which did not drop until the fourth bullet had struck him. The beast's head is now mounted and occupies a prominent position in Mr. Kinney's home on Westminster street. Here, by the way, he has one of the finest collections of heads, horns and hides in New England. Further evidence of how widespread Mr. Kinney's prominence as a hunter may be seen in the fact that he was once president, and is now vice-president, of the National Fox Hunters' Association, and from the following dedication inscribed by Thomas Martindale in his "Sports Royal": "To A. B. F. Kinney, a friend of thirty years' acquaintance, and the best all-round sportsman I have ever met; a man equally expert with rifle, gun or fly-rod, who has killed game of every species that the American continent affords, from the grizzly bear to the ubiquitous rabbit, from the wild goose and its rival in migratory flight—the mysterious brant—to the solitude-loving woodcock, and who is, besides, what the world affectionately calls a royal good fellow."

Mr. Kinney, however, is not all sportsman. In business he has been very successful as a broker and dealer in guns and ammunition, and it was he who started here the first gun store between Boston and New York. Mr. Kinney is also a thorough churchman, and for the past twenty years has been a trustee of Trinity Methodist Church. He is president of the Methodist City Mission and Church Extension Society, and of the Sterling Camp Ground Association, the oldest Methodist camp ground in New England. In 1896 he was a delegate to the General Methodist Conference at Cleveland, O. He has always been prominent in religious and philanthropic work. It is not often that a man combines church work, business and fox hunting, but Mr. Kinney has done it successfully, allowing no one of them to interfere with the other two. He believes in healthful outdoor recreation, such as hunting and fishing afford, and thinks that they are not inconsistent with his standing in the Church.

Besides his efforts to arouse an interest in hunting and in shooting, Mr. Kinney has done a great deal toward improving the quality of American fox hounds; more, possibly, than any man in New England. The hounds here, not so long ago, were too slow to insure good sport, but by importing stock from Kentucky, Mr. Kinney has succeeded in greatly improving the quality. Every one hereabouts has heard of the Kinney-White pack of twelve hounds, and probably most of the fox hunters in the country have hunted behind them and know what they are worth. At present, however, Mr. Kinney has little to do with dogs except to hunt with them, and the pack is cared for by John M. White, of Millbury. The hounds, it might be said, are the chief source of pleasure which Mr. Kinney derives from fox hunting.

Tobique Guides.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the sporting publications of the last few months there have been a number of articles concerning the character of the Tobique River guides in New Brunswick. Some of these have been written temperately, others in heat and haste, and very few indeed have exactly hit the mark. This discussion began, I believe, late last fall with an interview printed in one of the Bangor newspapers. The sportsman that published his views had just returned from the Tobique, and having fallen afoul of the native, was in an exceedingly unhappy frame of mind. If my recollection is right, this gentleman had negotiated tentatively with two different guides, and had finally made a selection. But when he arrived at Plaster Rock he found both men and their outfits awaiting him. Naturally, he had no intention of employing two sets of guides, and when he said so and sought to show the second guide the mistake, the guide declined to see it, and demanded a month's payment to settle the affair. The gentleman, very wisely, declined to accede; there was a threat of legal process, of seizure and jail, and for a while it seemed extremely probable that the sportsman's trip would be ruined. The affair, however, was in some way compromised, but the annoyance, the delay and other disagreeable incidents had their decided effect upon the sportsman's mind, and when he came out of the woods he expressed himself in unmeasured terms concerning the rascality of people along the Tobique. It is only justice to him and to the other guide, however, to say that the trip itself was a thorough success, so far as the conduct of the guide engaged was concerned.

Now, in the Provinces there is a term of derision that exactly states what this sportsman had in mind. In words it is "Mean as a Tobiquer." It originated on the Mirimichi, so far as I can find out, but the truth of the matter is that the Tobiquer is only human—somewhat simple, to be sure, but still human. Justly speaking, human nature is displayed there as it is in every other quarter of the globe. There are rascals along the Tobique and there are also honest men. I don't know whether the rascals or the honest are in a majority, but I certainly can certify to meeting several honest men—also certain rascals. I know of men along the river that have fleeced and robbed by divers tricks every unsuspecting sportsman that fell into their clutches, and I also know other men that would blush to take the scantest advantage of even the most unwary. But this condition prevails everywhere. Take the Adirondacks, for instance. There are guides there that make a specialty of wringing the last cent from the departing sportsman, and there are others—some—that do not do this thing. It is the same thing in Maine, Canada, western Quebec, Muskoka—everywhere.

The point I wish to make in defense of the Tobique, which I know fairly well, is that its guides are no different from the guides of any other place, save that they have less experience. I repeat this to impress its truth.

It is an unsafe proceeding in any quarter of the globe to go blindfolded. One is likely to fall if he do. No man should go fifty or a hundred miles into the heart of a howling wilderness with a man he has no reason to be-

lieve may be trusted. I did it once with a man I had been warned against—on the Tobique, too—and the first year he was diligent, respectful and honest. The next year he proved himself to be a thief, a sluggard and other things too numerous to relate. He was also—worst of all—a liar without art.

It is also said that a majority of the Tobique guides are merely untrained farmers' boys. Many of them are, indeed. Many of them can't cook and can't make camp as finished and handily as the Maine guide does; but most of them know how to shoot—that is, the best of them. I should say that along the Tobique there are really about ten competent guides—men like Ad Moore and his partner, Charley Cremin, of Nictau; Henry Lewis, of Arthurette; the Barkers, of Riley Brook; Manzell Giberson, the Armstrongs, and McGinn, of Perth, and one or two others.

Whether the Tobique be good or bad, no man should go there without first learning something about his prospective guides. I think all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that have been in that country will bear me out in what I have said, and if I can give any further information to any one interested, I shall be only too glad to do it. M. F.

C. H. Barber.

DEATH in his ceaseless flight upon the tireless wings of time is rapidly adding to the number of his victims.

On Sunday, May 19, at his home in South Framingham, Mass., there fell before the grim reaper one of nature's noblemen, Mr. C. H. Barber. For more than fifty years Mr. Barber had been an annual visitor to the woods and waters of Maine, and to the many, many hundreds whose good fortune it was to make his acquaintance the announcement of his death will come as a pang, with all the force of personal bereavement and loss.

Mr. Barber had passed the allotted span of life—the three score and ten years of Scripture—and yet away back in early boyhood days he cast his fly upon the waters of the eastern portion of the State—Grand Lake, Grand Lake Stream and other noted resorts—long years before sportsmen penetrated the wilds to Moosehead Lake or the Rangeleys.

He was an old-school sportsman—a synonym for all that is included in the title of gentleman—genial in companionship, chivalrous, courteous and obliging to all, and as true and steadfast in his friendship as the needle to the pole.

He was a lover of good dogs and his kennel always contained choice specimens fit for the bench and field trials.

Few indeed, if any, there are who could boast of greater knowledge of or greater familiarity with the covers of New England, and often a well-filled game bag was ample proof of his love of the sport and skill with the gun. For many years he spent his winters in the South for quail and other upland shooting, and here as elsewhere his death will be deplored.

During all the years of his active life he was a lover of fine horses, and his stables always contained specimens of the choicest breeding which took no dust from the speediest, some of which he bred and raised. C. H. Barber is gone—the last sad parting on earth has come—but the afterglow of his life will long remain a prized legacy to all who knew him and came within his kindly influence. GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Grayling.

EARLY in May I made an appointment in New York with Mr. H. C. Pierce, of St. Louis, and talked with him about various things concerning fish and fishing, and particularly about his trout preserve and hatchery on the Brulé River, in Wisconsin. Incidentally, Mr. Pierce told me that he had secured a quantity of grayling eggs from Montana to hatch in his hatchery on the Brulé with the idea of stocking some of the Wisconsin waters with the fish. Later, I regretted that I had not gone deeper into this matter of introducing the Montana grayling into Wisconsin and made a memorandum to write to Mr. Pierce about it. Upon my return home I opened the latest copy of Land and Water, and the beginning of the very first item in the Fish and Fishing department referred to grayling in these words: "Rumors have been going about during the past fortnight that some of the people who hold the fishing rights on part of the Kennet at Hungerford are making arrangements to destroy all the grayling in their portions of the river. On making inquiries I find that there is a certain amount of truth in these rumors."

The writer Alder is at a loss to know why the grayling should be destroped, but assumes that it is to give more room for trout, and he concludes: "At any rate it would not produce an increase in the number of trout which would even remotely approach compensation for the loss of the grayling."

Within two weeks last past I was talking with Mr. Dean Sage, of Albany, and he mentioned a visit which he made to Michigan to angle for the Michigan grayling with the late Mr. David Fitzhugh, the times being before visits of other eastern men, fishculturists, who attempted to take the eggs of the fish to propagate the grayling in New York State.

Mr. Sage has very pleasant recollections of the grayling as a game fish and that they were the quickest fish to take the fly of any species he had ever fished for, but there is no accounting for tastes; for while one sportsman is spending money freely to bring one species of grayling to new waters, fishermen across the sea wish to destroy the fish in their waters, and other anglers are mourning the disappearance and utter extinction of still another species of grayling in yet other waters.

Rod-Fishing on the Banks of the Hudson

Often in riding up and down the Hudson River, either on the Central or the West Shore railway, I have observed from the car windows people fishing from the shore. At times nearly every dock or pier head will have several anglers, and at certain points the retaining wall of the railway itself will have anglers at intervals, and the thought has occurred to me that here was an industry that found no place in fishing statistics. The people who engaged in the fishing enjoyed a day in the open air, and there can be no better relaxation for the people of the towns, and they add to their larder excellent food at little cost, and it is certainly a distinct blessing to those who can engage in this fishing that the river affords both recreation and food at such slight expense. One afternoon, very lately, I presume the tide was just right as the train I was on, going south, rushed along, for there seemed to be an unusual number of fishermen on the wharves and sea walls, and I wondered how many people daily resorted to the river for the fishing from the banks purely for pleasure, and I regretted that I had not counted those to be seen from the car window, and I resolved to do so on my return. I returned on the Empire State Express and unfortunately the smoking compartment was on the land side, so that my count was very imperfect, as I spent some time in smoking where I could not see the river, and a great part of the river could not be seen from the train even if one gave up smoking entirely, for buildings hide some of the docks, and down trains will pass just as one is straining one's eyes to see if a particular dock contains anglers. I decided to count only those who were fishing with rods and fishing from the bank. As the train made the curve at Spuyten Duyvil I gave up a partly smoked cigar and went to my seat on the river side of the Pullman, and began my very imperfect count. The wall from Spuyten Duyvil north was well peopled and in a short distance I counted eighteen anglers. One man was accompanied by his wife, apparently, and she was reading a book while he held his rod in hand. A lunch basket near by indicated that they were out for the day. There were not nearly as many anglers visible when I went north as when I went south a few days before, and the tide was apparently not favorable to fishing. This I judged from seeing no squat nets in operation. In fact, I saw but one, and that on a man's shoulder as he walked toward the river bank. On the down journey I saw a number of squat nets in operation. I did not count hand liners on the bank, nor did I count anglers in boats anchored near the shore, but when I reached Albany I counted the marks in pencil on the margin of the morning paper I did not read, and found that they represented a total of 49 rod fishermen I had that morning seen fishing in the Hudson from the bank between Spuyten Duyvil and Albany. How many were fishing that I did not see it would be useless to speculate about, but I am satisfied from that and other days when I have watched the fishermen from the train that on every fair day several hundreds of people fish from the docks or banks in the Hudson between the Battery and Albany, the precise number of hundreds I leave to some one else to guess. Here is fishing that costs nothing, for guides or boats, a rod and line and bait and a walk to the water is all that is required. If the angler gets nothing but white perch or tomcod in the autumn, he is probably hoping always that striped bass will bite, and if he gets no fish at all he gets a summer day of rational, healthful enjoyment in the open air, and he is better for it in body and pocket than if it had been spent where beer flows and tempests blare and the hurdy-gurdy gets in its seductive work on a hot day. How many of these anglers have a love of nature in their souls and how many fish for the pan or broiler alone I do not care to know; it is enough that so many people are enabled to gratify one desire or the other, and I wish that there were more as fortunately situated. As I am writing a letter comes to me from a lady, and I quote a paragraph from it:

"I am here for a short stay and the weather is behaving disgracefully. I felt a wee bit hungry for the smell of the blossoms and the balm of green foliage on town-tired eyes, and so anticipated sunshine and balmy-scented breezes. Instead, I shiver in the light of a roaring hearth fire, and count the crystal beads that ornament the maple leaves outside my window.

"I like the country town in the rain, far better than the city's stones and flags, and I feast my soul on all its possible glories, forgetting, when I came, the absence of the sunshine. I am reminded by Thoreau's 'Week on the Concord and Merrimac,' and his description of fish and fishing, to ask you a question or two."

We all have a touch of it, if we examine into the component parts of our composition. It is less diluted and nearer to the surface in the case of the cultivated woman, who gives expression to it, than in the case of the man who sits dumbly, perhaps, on the railway wall on the bank of the Hudson, but we all have it in a greater or less degree, because "He orders all things well."

Trout Eggs.

Occasionally some angler enters a protest against the open season for brook trout, claiming it is too long because the trout he has taken have been found to contain eggs in July or August and therefore the season should close the last of June or the middle of July. When told that the eggs he has found in the summer are undeveloped eggs, and that they would not be fully developed until October or November, he is surprised, and perhaps more surprised when told that trout have eggs every month of the year. It is a good sign to have a man say it is wrong to take trout containing eggs in August, for it is proof that he has not seen the eggs of trout when they are ripe and after the legal season has closed, but there is no more harm done in taking the fish in August than it would have been to take the same fish on the first day of the open season—say, in April. While at the Suffolk Club, on Long Island, in April, I was examining the contents of the stomachs of some trout to find what they had been feeding upon, and in the ovaries of a female I found one single egg of last season's development with the undeveloped eggs of this season, which the fish would have deposited next fall had she not taken a fly of feathers and tinsel in mistake for the real thing, and I wished for once that I was a camera fiend that I might photograph the eggs to serve as an object lesson. The developed egg, as large as a June pea, was a great contrast to the undeveloped mustard seed eggs, and the most skeptical would have been convinced that if the single egg was ripe the others were far and away from ripe. Some individuals of the salmon family fail to deposit all their eggs and carry a few over until the next spring, and the belief is that these eggs are absorbed during the season of recuperation, but I have yet to be convinced that this is so. Of all the trout that I have opened and examined in the spring and early summer—and I have examined a great number during the past thirty years or so—I doubt if I have found more than five or six that contained eggs that should have been deposited the previous autumn, and never have I found more than two or three eggs in the ovaries in the spring that were developed, and these eggs have always been full and plump and well colored as though the time were October instead of April or May. Why the eggs that remain over should not have been cast at the proper time I shall not pretend to say, as it would be mere speculation, but in stripping trout by hand if all the eggs are not secured the fish will go into the hatching sacs and try and make a bed as certainly as if none of her eggs had been taken, and this will be repeated until all the eggs are taken by the operator or she casts them herself. A few years ago I noted in this column that a ripe female trout had been discovered in a New England breeding pond in August. My informant was one of the fish commissioners of the State, and he related what had been told to him by a former superintendent. In fact, I think two different trout had been found with ripe eggs at different times, one in July, as I recall it, and the other in August. That the eggs were ripe was discovered by handling the fish, and the explanation was that possibly something had happened to each fish to retard the development of the eggs the previous autumn, and so they had become ripe at an unusual time, and there was no ripe male fish in the ponds to impregnate the eggs. The number of eggs that came from the fish in the summer I never knew, but since hearing of the incident I have been led to believe that it was possible that the fish did spawn at the usual time and retained a few eggs in the ovaries, which made them escape when the fish was handled the following summer. Unfortunately such fish as I have discovered to have a few developed eggs in the spring were dead when the discovery was made, and, therefore, it was not possible to determine if the eggs could have been stripped from the fish in the usual manner employed by fish breeders in the autumn; but until it is proven to the contrary I shall hold to the belief that eggs remaining over in the ovaries can be stripped by hand if an opportunity offers to make the trial. The trouble will be that no one will be looking for a trout that contains developed eggs in the spring retained from the previous autumn, and so the trial may not take place. A. N. CHENEY.

"Between Casts."

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The exquisite illustration of a scene on a trout brook, entitled "Between Casts," in the supplement to FOREST AND STREAM received this morning, is almost an exact duplicate of an old photograph which hangs over my writing table, taken years ago, of a favorite Vermont brook, just across the Connecticut River from our village, out of which I have taken scores and hundreds of trout in the years long past. The photograph only needs the addition of the two anglers and the fallen pine to make the resemblance perfect. It is more than sixty years since I first fished the stream, but I have had many a day's pleasant sport by its waters, sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of brother anglers who have long since gone over to the majority. My last trip to its sparkling waters was in the company of a young friend from New York, who has since written you one or two interesting letters from Central America. The remembrances are recalled by your illustration, which will keep the photograph company, but I fear I shall never see those rapids again except in the pictures and in memory, for my days for such scrambles are over. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

I have been very much interested lately in brother Cheney's letters on large and small trout, and wish to indorse him fully in his expression of the opinion that the large trout are the ones to be caught, leaving the small ones to grow and become breeders at two or three years of age, when by all physiological experience in all varieties of animal life the progeny will be stronger and healthier far than from their maturer ancestors.

There is no question as to the cannibalistic propensities of these full-grown or overgrown fish, and I got a bit of information last week which seems to carry out the conclusion. I have written you once or twice of the extreme drought of the last two summers, which practically dried up most of the small brooks here in southwestern New Hampshire, leaving only pools of water here and there in the deeper holes, and of my fear that the trout would be exterminated. A few days ago I had occasion to employ the village Rip Van Winkle who strips the brooks annually, to do some work in my garden which was beyond my powers, and I asked him incidentally if he had been fishing this spring. He said he had, but had very poor luck, and added that all the trout he caught were very large ones. He said that he did not see a small trout in either of the two brooks he had fished. He had caught thirteen trout the first day and about twenty the second one, in another brook, and repeated that they were far above the average size of his catches, but that he saw no small ones whatever.

Now I think this carries out Mr. Cheney's contention completely. The trout had all been driven by the drought into the deep holes, the big fellows had gobbled up the little ones and another year the brooks will probably be tenantless. I fear my fishing days are over, except in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, where I enjoy the records of other fellows' adventures and successes. I hope Kingfisher and Mr. Starbuck will take to the woods again this year and give us some more delightful records of their experiences.

Let me congratulate you on the accession to your columns of Fayette Durlin, Jr. His stories of Old Hogarth, Sooner, and Saunders' Mule are among the best things I have read in a long while. If I do get a chance to wet a line, I will drop you one if I have a favorable response.

VON W.

Canadian Angling Notes

IF last year was an off season for fishing in Canada, anglers are having their compensation this spring. From all sides come reports of splendid sport. A party of Connecticut men who passed through Quebec a few days ago on their return home from their lakes alongside the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, and who have fished the waters of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club for the last ten years, told me that the fishing had never been so good in their waters as it was this spring. Both at the head of Lake Kiskisink and also in the rapids at the outlet, as well as in that portion of the Metabetchouan which flows through the club limits, the trout have proved most abundant, and some of them have run over three pounds in weight. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bryant, of Bridgeport, went up to the club house on Tuesday last, and among others now upon the limits are Major Hincks and son, and Mr. F. Benham, all of Bridgeport. Messrs. C. P. Peets, of New Haven, and Samuel Dodd, C. P. Bradley, Messrs. Coe, Stevenson, Chamberlain and Fay, of Meriden, Conn., returned home this week. Congressman Russell, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, has had some excellent sport this month as a guest of the Metabetchouan Club.

On the adjoining territory, controlled by the Bostonnais Fish and Game Association, good trout fishing has been enjoyed by Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, and Mr. Lincoln, of Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Grant Lafarge went home last week after having excellent sport on the waters of the Laurentian Fish and Game Club.

Lake Edward has been again yielding some of its heavy red trout, a number of the specimens brought to Quebec last week having exceeded five pounds in weight. The water in the lakes is still so cold that the large fish are rising quite well to the fly. The number of fish being taken on the fly in Lake Edward this spring is much larger than usual, while really excellent sport has been enjoyed on the Vermillion River—a little to the north and west of Lake Edward—during the last few days. A number of three and four pound fish were among those taken on the fly last week on these waters by a party of Quebec anglers.

Ouananiche are still being taken in large quantities in Lake St. John. During the last ten days they have risen freely to the fly in and about the mouths of the Ouiatchouan and Metabetchouan rivers, but the water is too high for them in the Grande Décharge. The fly-fishing there ought to be good this year by June 12 or 15.

Salmon fishermen are already commencing to arrive, and no doubt some of them will be upon their rivers before this letter appears in print. The fish have been about the mouths of the rivers for some time, and ought now to be entering them. A steamer arrived from the north shore of the Gulf here yesterday with a cargo of salmon from the nets at the mouth of the Moisie.

Dr. Johnson, of Cornell, has been here for some days making ready for a trip to some of the north shore rivers, and no doubt there will be good sport on the Labrador streams, as well as on the Ristigouche, by about the 10th of the month.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, June 1.

Unreliable Traditions.—I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It requires not a little boldness for any one to claim that the traditions which have become almost household words in the home of the angler are not always to be relied upon, and certainly no one should attack them without good cause. They are helpful to the young angler, but he should not rely upon them without a personal test on his part, as opportunity offers. Traditions are guides for what they are worth and not rules to be followed without question as to their soundness.

I will give you a few traditions which are very old and which, upon a full test, have been found by many veteran anglers to be quite unreliable.

1. Many years ago it was quite usual for anglers to arrange their trips so as to be on the stream during dark nights in the belief that the trout were in the habit of feeding during light nights, but a test of over twenty years, made long ago, showed that there was no perceptible difference between light and dark nights so far as the day's catch was concerned.

2. There was another which worked in the opposite direction. I have known many anglers to time their trips so as to be on the stream during moonlight nights on the ground that there is usually an excess of storms and rainfall during dark nights, but an actual test and record shows that there is really no difference whatever.

A few years ago the German Government published a record of the rainfall for thirty-six years, by which it appeared that during the first eighteen years the rainfall on dark nights, as compared with light nights, was in the proportion of 19 to 18, and during the last eighteen years it was 18 to 19.

3. It is quite a common belief that the earlier an angler can get upon the stream the more sure he is of sport with the fly, but after awhile he discovers his mistake. The fish will not rise readily until the flies are warmed into being by the sun, which is rarely before about 8 o'clock. By that time the trout begin to leave their haunts and get upon the reefs, where they lie in the little pockets watching for the natural flies, and they will travel many hundred feet for this purpose.

That veteran angler, Judge Fitch, rarely went out before 8 o'clock, and often later, and his first effort was to find out whether the fish were yet on the reefs, for there he always found his best sport tackling his fish in swift water, though, of course, he also fished the pools where the large trout are generally found.

4. There is another tradition which is almost universally believed, and that is that bright flies should be used on a dark day and dark flies only on a bright day, but any one who will make a careful test of this rule will find that it is far from reliable.

Some twenty or more years ago I visited a small lake in the Catskills, where we had a club house, and, although the afternoon was dark and rainy, I could not resist the temptation to "wet my line."

I tried all my bright flies, but got no rise. It then occurred to me that nature brought out the dark and ugly flies on such days, and as soon as I put my darkest flies on my leader the trout rose quite freely.

My experience since then has been quite in line with my success on that afternoon and several anglers to whom I related the above incident have told me since that they have frequently had greater success with dark rather than with light flies on dark and rainy days, and this simply means that there is no force in the above tradition, and that every angler must rely upon his own judgment and experience.

5. There is an old tradition, which I heard in my boyhood, and which is very commonly believed to this day, and that is that making a loud noise, or even talking on the stream, disturbs the fish, but there is no truth whatever in this claim. Fish are sensitive to the slightest concussion, but they cannot hear any sound emitted above the water, however loud it may be, and this I can state most positively from actual personal tests.

In 1856 I caught in one day quite a large number of pickerel through the ice in Lake Horicon, in Wisconsin, with the aid of a fishing box, which was then allowable, and my companion and I talked in our usual tones during the entire day without the slightest perceptible effect upon the fish, which were frequently within two or three feet of the surface of the water, but the slightest pound on the ice, which produced a concussion, scattered the fish immediately.

Many years ago Mr. Cornelius Van Brunt, who is well known as one of our oldest and most skillful anglers, and to whom I had related this circumstance, while on one of the streams in Canada filled with trout, found by actual test that the trout could not hear and were not disturbed in any way by any sound uttered above the water, and this was supplemented by both of us a number of years ago in a way which is of sufficient interest to mention quite fully.

We had on the shore of Lake Willewemoc a tank of considerable size in which the water was between one and two feet deep, and in it we had placed some seventy or eighty large trout. On one occasion we removed the cover and each leaned over the tank, remaining perfectly motionless, until the fish became absolutely quiet, and with our mouths not over two feet above the water we talked and shouted without disturbing the fish in the slightest degree, but the moment the slightest movement was made, which in this case was the simple raising of a finger, all the fish became frantic with fright.

There are two or three more traditions which are open to criticism, but to incorporate them in this article would make it too long, and I will reserve them for a further communication.

Of course the above views are given for what they are worth and as the result of my own personal experience.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

MAY 29.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fishing Season Begins.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 1.—To-day there came a little burst of sunshine and a little rise in the temperature and a little hope that we may possibly have more decent weather. The result on the angling trade was at once apparent, and the counters of the retail stores were crowded all this morning. There will be a big exodus of Chicago fishdom north bound this afternoon and to-night.

Within the last few days the trout season has come on apace, and probably the best fishing of this spring will be found within the next few days. The members of the Gaylord Club, whose fine preserves are on the south fork of the Pike River, Wisconsin, have gone up almost en masse to the club this week, and all those who have not already departed will start out this afternoon or to-night. The Gaylord Club is one which experienced almost an entire change of membership and management a few years ago. Its president is Mr. F. M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., and its membership now includes some of the wealthiest and most expert fly-fishermen of Chicago and the Middle West.

Mr. William G. Beale has outfitted to-day and started for a trout trip along the Pike in Wisconsin. Mr. Walter L. Lee, of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, goes north to-night, but he stops at Minocqua and is looking for muscallunge rather than trout.

Mr. A. G. Holmes and friend, of Green Bay, Wis., this week took twenty-six trout in a day's fishing along some streams near the latter city.

Dr. Boettscher and a friend or so, of Chicago, start for the Prairie River to-night, going in at Merrill. Mr. E. J. Dressler goes to the same place. By the way, I hear that the north fork of the Prairie River is this summer panning out better than the main stream, which has been much more steadily fished. The advent of a new railroad with a station close to the banks of the Prairie would seem to herald the doom of that pretty little river, of which a few of our Chicago fly-fishers have always been so fond.

The Watersmeet streams are reported good for trout this week, and several of our fishermen are going to take a try in that region, more especially watching the upper waters of the Ontonagon River near that point.

The Castalia Club.

The Castalia Club, of Ohio, was never in more flourishing condition than it is this season, and the famous little stream has been offering magnificent sport to all the club members. There are some members of this club who live in Chicago, and of these Mr. Robert Forsythe, Vice-President of the Illinois Steel Company, and Mr. R. P. H. Durkee, also prominent in capitalistic circles, leave to-night for some further adventures on the Castalia trout waters.

Muscallunge.

Mr. Harry E. Goebel, agent of the Hartford Building, in this city, and an awfully nice young man, in spite of the fact that he has a habit of collecting rent every once in a while, goes to-night with his friend, Mr. C. B. Cleveland, to Watersmeet, Wis., where he will fish for muscallunge and bass rather than for trout. Mr. Goebel nearly always manages to tangle up with a good fish or so before he comes back.

The muscallunge season has turned out nothing of consequence thus far excepting near Minocqua. Mr. C. H. Lester, who has been fishing there this week, has taken two or three fish, and yesterday telegraphed down that he had got a nice one weighing 18 pounds. Ten years ago this would not have been news, but to-day it is worth chronicling.

Mayor Harrison went in at Minocqua, but crossed to Squirrel Lake, and the success of his party has not yet come to light. The general impression is that it is just a trifle early for the muscallunge fishing, but in common with the trout and the bass fishing season, the season for the muscallunge will come with a rush when it does begin.

Bass.

The backbone of Chicago's angling sport is, of course, the splendid bass fishing which is so readily accessible from this point. That the bass fishers are getting busy is evidenced by the fact that one firm, Von Lengerke & Antoine, have been selling about 200 dozen live frogs for bait daily. To-day they sold 203 dozen, and this was before noon. Each bait-caster who goes out takes on an average of a couple of dozen bait frogs with him. This saves him the wear and tear on boots, trousers and temper which he would otherwise have to undergo in chasing the elusive frog around through the lilypads of his bass waters.

The biggest take of bass recorded for the past week was at the Lauderdale lakes of Wisconsin—seventy-three bass, taken by Mr. Salter and his friend, Mr. W. I. Blackman. I have not see either of these gentlemen, but the report of this take comes apparently well authenticated. It is very large for these days.

Among those who go up to the Fox Lake chain this afternoon are Messrs. J. E. Schall, Charles Olk, M. P. Ripley, Alex Friend, Charles Lawrence, J. W. Lowe, J. F. Hastings, Julius Rosenburgh, W. E. Rowe and H. Greenwood.

On Thursday, Decoration Day, Mr. Fred Gardner, one of our best known Chicago bass fishermen, took eighteen very nice bass at Cedar Lake, Ind., which water he fancies and fishes frequently.

Wisconsin Law Is Working.

That the Wisconsin law regulating the shipment of fish from that State is in prime working order this season is witnessed by the fact that on May 28 Game Warden Tracy, of Milwaukee, seized shipments of fish amounting to 15,415 pounds, the largest amount ever seized at one time within the limits of the State of Wisconsin. When you come to think what a pile of fish 15,000 pounds comes to and when you come to think also that this is but one lot, all seized on one day, the fact is brought home that it may pay a State very well to look after this part of its public property.

Inquiries continually come up as to the Wisconsin law forbidding the bringing out of more than 20 pounds of fish from the State. Anglers want to know whether this law is going to be enforced. The only way to regard any game law is that it is going to be enforced, and that it is right that it should be. Quite outside of this way of looking at the matter, the facts seem to indicate that these Milwaukee wardens are mighty good people not to fool with. They know their business and are looking after it in rather a hair-raising fashion. All the consignors of the above contraband fish will be prosecuted at once.

Huron County Association.

Mr. George F. Titus, of Norwalk, O., is secretary of the Huron County Game and Fish Protective Association, and he writes this week that his friends have every reason to hope that they will be able to accomplish some work for better game laws than are now on the statute books of Ohio. He says that the results aimed at by the Association are, first, a hunting license; second, no spring shooting; third, an open law on quail from Nov. 10 to Dec. 15, and on all other game Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; fourth, no marketing of game. It would seem that the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank is becoming a more stable affair every year. The Huron County Association has fifty members now, and expects to reach a membership of 200.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, re-entry No. 1, held at Stow Lake, May 25. Wind, southwest; weather, threatening:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Brooks	101	83.4	85.4	72.6	78.11	....
Brotherton	111	93.4	85.4	71.8	78.7	....
Edwards	102	87	91.8	78.4	85	....
Grant	105	95	..	..	..	....
Grant	104	92.4	..	..	..	....
Grant	104	86	..	..	..	....
Mocker	91	71	85.4	79.2	82.3	....
Reed	90	80.4	96	78.4	87.2	..
Reed	83	77	96	80.10	88.5	....
Reed	91	89.4	95.4	82.6	88.11	....
Reed	91	92.4	91.4	65.10	78.7	....
Young	98	91.8	90	81.8	85.9	....
Young	98	92.4	89	83.4	86.6	....
Young	98	89.8	88.8	78.4	83.6	....

Judges, Edwards and Mocker; referee, Brooks; clerk, Smyth.

Medal contests, series 1901, Saturday, contest No. 1, held at Stow Lake, May 26. Wind, north; weather, warm and hazy:

Battu	83	87.8	90	70.10	80.5	....
Battu	86	87.4	89	74.2	81.7	....
Daverkosen	105	94	91.8	73.4	82.6	....
Daverkosen	..	87	83	73.4	78.2	....
Haight	79	82	85.4	62.6	73.11	....
Huyck	78	94	84	60.10	72.5	....
Heller	67	95.8	94	74.2	84.1	....
Heller	..	86.8	..	..	..	....
B Kenniff	84	92	82	67.6	74.9	....
B Kenniff	85	86.8	81.8	66.8	74.2	....
R Kenniff	85	88	89.4	68.4	78.10	....
T Kierulff	71	86	87	63.4	75.2	....
T Kierulff	64	79	83.4	60	71.8	....
Mocker	92	87.8	73	61.8	67.4	....
Mocker	90	90	76.8	77.6	77.1	....
Reed	81	96	82	68.4	78.10	....
Reed	80	92.8	88	63.4	75.2	....
Reed	82	88	95.8	66.8	81.2	....
Grant	..	..	91.8	75	83.4	....

Judges, Mocker and Reed; referee, Battu; clerk, Smyth.

Lake Chautauqua.

LAKE CHAUTAUQUA lies in the northwestern corner of New York State, about seven miles from Lake Erie as the crow flies. The length of the lake is about 20 miles and breadth from a half mile at Bemus Point to 3 and 3½ miles at its broadest parts. As will be seen by the accompanying birdseye view map, it has a very beautiful and artistic shore line, full of bold points and headlands, so that whichever way the angler turns a new and pleasing panorama of scenic beauty opens up before him. High up among the hills, beyond the crest of a great ridge which divides it from Lake Erie, Chautauqua lies like an amphitheater among the rolling hills surrounding it. The elevation of Lake Chautauqua is about 1,400 feet above the level of the sea and 700 feet above the surface of Lake Erie. At this altitude the angler during the hottest season of the year finds the air cool, pure and bracing, which during the summer months is a perfect bliss to the worn-out, overworked, and parched city man.

As a fishing ground Lake Chautauqua is one of the most celebrated muscallonge waters of America. This is due to two facts: First, the lake is most admirably adapted to their welfare and growth. Second, it is annually stocked with millions of young fish from the hatchery on its shores. Muscallonge are found all over the lake, but the lower half, from Long Point down to the outlet, is by far the best ground to fish. It is so for various reasons. The fish are more plentiful there than in the upper half; they average a larger size. The lower half is better provided with hotels, boats, guides, bait, etc. The lower end is more easily reached by railroad from all principal points.

Chautauqua is a shallow lake and does not average more than fifteen feet. There are one or two deep holes in it. The principal one is just off Bemus Point. The bottom of the lake is thickly covered with weeds, which during the summer rise to the surface in large clumps.

Among these clumps of weeds are the best spots for muscallonge. In our map we have marked the fishing grounds thus: Muscallonge — — — — —; Bass x x x. Chautauqua is an exceptionally good bass water as well as muscallonge. Owing to the shallowness of the water and length of the weeds on the bottom the lightest of rigs are necessary; also short lines. We use for trolling this water Skinner's No. 4¾ and No. 6 spoons, with a No. 8 occasionally on dark, dull days, but, as a rule, small spoons double discount the large ones. In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 11, 1900, we gave cuts and details of how to mount spoons for Chautauqua.

For bass fishing we either use live bait or troll with the Delaware-belle.

We always make Lakewood our headquarters when fishing Lake Chautauqua.

With these notes in front of us and the map we will now start and make a tour of the best fishing grounds in the lower end of the lake, commencing at the Kent House dock. Almost alongside of this dock a drain runs into the lake. Around the mouth of this drain is a very favorite spot for bass. Bass fishing continues good all along the shore up to the entrance of Sherman's Bay. Directly you move out a little distance from this shore you are on good muscallonge ground.

From the Waldemere Point a large reef or rather series of reefs run up into Ashville Bay in the direction of Maple or Ashville Point, sometimes called one name, sometimes called the other. All around and over this reef is the very best of bass fishing; there is no better in the lake. Guides say this reef is 1,000 feet long, but after going over it hundreds of times we should say it is nearer 2,000 feet. The end can always be located by a set buoy there. On the inside of this reef the ground is bouldery and weedy, and is good bass ground. Muscallonge also work up into it. We have taken many a little fellow of 6 and 8 pounds out of the deepest holes here.

Around the point of the reef is a very favorite spot for muscallonge. We never like to leave it without getting one or two, and generally succeed if we stick to the spot any length of time. Many a fine fellow of 25 and 30 pounds has been taken from the point of the reef. From the point of the reef to Maple or Ashville Point, a distance of a mile and a half, is first-class muscallonge water. It is a very weedy piece of ground, and by about August the weeds grow to such an extent that there are merely channels between them, but they swarm with muscallonge. This is the time for 4¾ spoons, and, if mounted on a single hook they are better than on a treble hook, as they do not catch weeds so readily and hold a fish just as well. There is a little piece of clear water close to shore inside of Maple Pond. The water is about 12 feet deep. There are always plenty of muscallonge hiding up under the alders by this water; in fact, their tails must be sticking close to the bank.

We shall now leave Sherman's Bay and round Maple Point. About 300 yards out from the point is always a good spot for a big fellow. The fishing continues good all through Ashville Bay; fish from close to the weeds to 1,000 feet out from them. It takes half a dozen turns over this water to properly cover it. Ashville Bay is bounded on the north by a little point called Bly's Point; beyond Bly's Point up to Cheeney's Point is Bly's Bay. Close along shore in Bly's Bay are several good big clumps of lilypads, very much favored by black bass, and quite often a good sized muscallonge is here. Now we come to what we consider to be the very best stretch of muscallonge water in Chautauqua. It runs along the shore from Cheeney's Point up to Bemus Point. The ground lies from 100 to 3,000 feet out. On reaching Cheeney's Point we always put on No. 6 or No. 8 spoons, as this bit of water is pretty clear of long weeds. The possibilities here are always great. You may strike anything from 4 to 40 pounds, and one just as likely as the other. It is always worth while to put in half a day on this stretch of water. We believe more fish can be taken out of it than from any other similar stretch of water in the lake. Off Bemus Point is the deep hole; get on No. 8 spoons and sufficient line out to get it near the bottom. Your chances in this hole are to take one of the great-grandfathers of 70 or 75 pounds. They are here, and have been taken from this hole of the above sizes. It will be seen from the foregoing that the fisherman can start from the Kent House dock and come up to Bemus Point, nearly seven miles, without once getting off A1 muscallonge grounds. It is one continuous string of weed beds all the way; and it is safe to say that the angler will not pass a single clump of weeds that does not contain one or more of these fresh water tigers, waiting to rush out on some unsuspecting prey, or to try conclusions with some ambitious angler.

We will now crop the lake at Bemus Point and take the eastern shore home. We first strike Arnold's Bay. The shores are gravelly, and for about 100 yards out are good bass grounds; then weeds are struck, and also muscallonge. From Arnold's Bay we run along close to shore over A1 bass grounds until we get down to Bellevue Bay. From the northeast corner of this bay a reef runs out about 3 to 500 feet. It is a fine piece of bass grounds. Skirting the mouth of Bellevue Bay the muscallonge grounds commence again. Last season one seldom went over this stretch without getting one, but, as a rule, they run small in this part of the lake, averaging from 3 to 10 pounds.

From Bellevue Bay all the way down to Greenhurst the muscallonge fishing is good. About one-half mile out into the lake from Griffith's dock, in a direct line for the Waldemere Point, are three or four large, thick clumps of weeds. Troll around these weeds carefully three or four times, then shorten your lines a little and dash over them as fast as the guide can row. There are usually some old bouncers of 35 and 40 pounds in these weeds, and they have got a knack of rushing for the spoon directly it strikes a weed, when you are dashing over the bed. If one of our readers should ever have this experience he will find his fun commences when a 40-pounder strikes his spoon in the weeds. He will have a regular circus. The old fellow will dive down and run in and through the weeds in all directions. You can't hold him; you have to give him line, and all the time he is gathering up more weeds. We have seen our line apparently tied tight to the bottom under the weed bed and the fish jumping like mad 100 feet out. The trick is to get that fish; but you must first get rid of the weeds, which is no easy matter. On very bright days we always cork up our lines; that is, we split a beer bottle cork and put it on the line 15 or 20 feet from the spoon. We can then let out another 20 feet without dragging the weeds. There are some good muscallonge grounds below the Kent House, but we have never had the time to thoroughly explore them in such a manner that we can intelligently describe them. We think on the whole that the upper part of the lake, from Bemus and Long Point to Mayville, is generally better bass ground than the lower end. The shores on both sides are generally rocky and gravelly.

Lakewood, on Chautauqua Lake, can be reached from all quarters. The main line of the Erie reaches it from New York, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg and Chicago. Buffalo is only a few hours' ride over one of the branches of the Erie.

The Kent and Waldemere hotels give special rates to anglers during the early part of the fishing season, and again during the fall. We have stopped there many a time, and always regretted leaving one of the most genial and courteous hosts that is to be found by those seeking pleasure and sport.

J. CHURCHWARD.

NEW YORK.

Another Cabin by the Lake.

ON the shores of South Watuppa Lake, which lies a short distance west of Fall River, Mass., are eighteen camps, where from the middle of April until late fall lovers of fishing, boating, sailing and bathing congregate and store up energy for their winter's work in the city. The lake is about three and one-half miles long by half a mile wide, and the shores are for the most part heavily wooded. There is good white and yellow perch, pickerel and black bass fishing. The bass are gamy and afford one a great deal of sport.

Commodore Wm. Walker is the most popular man on the lake, and his camp has the finest location. From the veranda on the second story of his shanty (as he calls it) one gets a sweep of the whole lake to the north. On the hill top is seen Fall River, with its church spires and factory chimneys; across on the opposite shore stands an old weather-beaten farmhouse, and in the cleared space the cows are seen, giving one a feeling of company and at the same time one has sense of security from intrusion. In the heat of the day to lie in a hammock at the water's edge with a pipe and a book makes one feel that life is worth living after all. It is strange the men one finds here—ardent fishermen and sincere lovers of nature, who know by name all the birds, can call by name every rope on a sailing craft, and if they can find a listener will spin endless fishing yarns and tales of adventure—men who at their calling in the city appear as though their one thought in life was their business.

In the spring of the year wildfowl rest here on their way northward, and later in the season the gulls come occasionally from the bay for a taste of fresh water. To don a suit of old clothes, hoist the sail and pass a pleasant day at some camp down the lake is a pleasure which is enjoyed each year by an increasing number. However hot in the city, it is always cool here, and soothed by the gentle lapping of the water, you are sure to get a refreshing night's rest. But the lake has also its stern side, and in a storm can raise a sea which requires skillful sailing on the part of those unfortunate enough to be caught out. The waters of the lake have often reminded me of the emotions of mankind; sometimes it is smooth and pleasant, and one starts out with a sense of good times to come, when a change in the wind and other signs show that a storm is brewing; soon the waters begin to toss; they are getting angry and are looking for some victim upon whom to wreak their spite. A run is made for the nearest shelter, and from this vantage ground we see the lake work itself up into a pitch of great fury. The waters hiss and bubble and great waves roll shoreward and break impotently at our feet. The storm over, the waters gradually calm down, the sun shines again, the birds sing in the woods, and we wonder that the smooth surface, disturbed by only a few ripples caused by a pleasant southerly breeze, can be the same waters that a short while since were ready to deprive us of our property—yea, even life if they were able.

WEEQUASH.

FALL RIVER, Mass., May 24.

Flies for Pickerel.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent Muskadosa, of West Roxbury, asks whether pickerel can be taken with a fly, and if so what flies are best.

I do not know whether they can be taken throughout the entire season or not, but in the fore part of the season—say in the latter part of May or beginning of June—I have had them rise quite freely to a red or red and white bass fly, and other anglers have told me that they have had the same experience.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

See in advertising columns list of contents of Woodcraft Magazine. Hours of good reading there.

Blooming Grove Park Trespass Case.

From the New York Times.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., June 3.—The special charter under which the Blooming Grove Park Association has existed in Pike county for a number of years was declared in a measure unconstitutional by Judge Purdey at the opening of the regular June term of Pike County Court at Milford, Pa., this afternoon. The organization is composed largely of New Yorkers, and when it was formed David Dudley Field, one of the members, drafted a charter, which created for the Association a court of original jurisdiction, whereby persons hunting, fishing or otherwise trespassing on the lands could be treated without a jury before a justice of the Association and corrected and punished.

Since the charter was granted by the Pennsylvania Legislature the residents of Pike county believed it was unconstitutional, but no one who suffered under it felt disposed to fight the Association until last fall. At that time Charles Hazen, of Lackawaxen, and other sportsmen were hunting deer. Hazen shot a buck, and it ran on the big preserve of the Association and died. The hunters pursued, but an employee of the Association discovered the hunters' dogs, and later found the men themselves, who had hidden in the brush. Hazen was arrested and arraigned before Judge Shannon, who imposed a fine of $50. He refused to pay the fine, was taken to Milford Jail, but was later released on a writ of habeas corpus and instituted proceedings against the constitutionality of the charter of the Association.

The case was tried in the April term, but Judge Purdey reserved his decision until to-day. The Court holds that any act, general or special, under which a court is authorized to impose fines, and which deprives the defendant of a jury trial, is unconstitutional, and he therefore ordered the release of the prisoner. The decision has created a feeling of rejoicing among the Pike county sportsmen.

The Kennel.

Dog Churning.

ON Saturday the Carnarvon county magistrates gave their decision in the case of alleged cruelty to dogs, in which Owen Jones was summoned by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for using a sheep dog for the purpose of churning milk. The court was crowded, for the public manifested considerable interest in the matter, as the practice is pretty general in North Wales, especially among small farmers.

Mr. J. Menzies, who presided, said that the magistrates found considerable difficulty in adjudicating upon the case, inasmuch as they had no precedent to guide them, and because there was such a conflict of evidence at the time of hearing. However, they went to see the dog at work. The dog was young and in good physical condition, but it had not been long in training. The churning was done by means of a light wooden table about 9½ feet in diameter, placed at an angle of 45 degrees from the horizon, and revolving on a pivot. At the bidding of his master the dog willingly went on the table and worked with apparent ease, but in three minutes after the magistrates left he ran away. On being brought back he was chained to the structure, and from this time forward he showed signs of fatigue. His breath became shorter, his tongue protruded, and his legs seemed to get stiff and tired, and he got lower down on the table, thus dragging backward and requiring greater exertion to work the machine. The bench were of the opinion that ten minutes after the dog had been chained the cruelty began, but it was not excessive, and when the dog was again unchained he seemed to revive, and climbed up to a higher level, where he remained working easily for ten minutes more until the milk had been churned. They did not believe the defendant had any intention of being cruel to the dog, but if he continued to churn milk in the same way he could only be allowed to do so provided the dog was in good physical condition, and that he was not chained. Churning obviously was not to the dog's instinct, but that of itself did not constitute cruelty. In place of the chain the defendant might get a guard for the machine, which could be obtained at a trifling cost, and would render the chaining unnecessary, and leave the dog free to work at a higher level. In their opinion the ends of justice would be attained by dismissing the summons and cautioning the defendant not to use the machine again in a similar manner—namely, that the dog would not be chained.—London Field.

Points and Flushes.

THE veteran dog trainer, Mr. R. B. Morgan, who is now residing at Pryor Creek, I. T., had a serious misfortune recently, his kennels being entirely destroyed by fire. But Mr. Morgan belongs to the indomitable school. In writing us concerning the calamity—one which would dishearten most men—he says: "The ground is there yet. I will commence building in the morning (May 27). You know one of the old guard would not let a little thing like the burning up of his kennels stop him. Dan, my son, being close by at the time, got all the dogs out safely. I am very much pleased to think it is no worse, for I have five dogs in my kennel—setters. I do not think any kennel can produce five better ones. I am speaking of dogs which have no public record."

Mr. H. H. Cooper, secretary of the W. C. K. C., of Winnipeg, Canada, writes us that "The Western Canada Kennel Club field trials will be held this season at Lasalle, Manitoba, Oct. 2 and 3. These trials are strictly amateur, and are open to members of the W. C. K. C. only."

Mr. R. B. Morgan, of Pryor Creek, Indian Territory, while recognizing the naturalness and propriety of the universal wish to make good bargains, has this to say about some dog buyers: "I 'venture to say there is not a reputable kennel owner in the country to-day who does not spend more cash on the care and education of his really good dogs than most would-be buyers would think of paying for a dog thoroughly trained. A great part of this expenditure on the owner's part is made before he has really begun the dog's education. Speaking from my own experience, I am very glad to say that the FOREST AND STREAM inquirers are not looking for a cheap class of dogs, but are willing to pay the price, provided they get a good one."

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

5. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
8. Winthrop, special handicap race, Winthrop, Mass.
8. Canarsie, pennant championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
8. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
8. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
8. Brooklyn, open, Gravesend Bay.
8. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
12. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
15. South Boston, club cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
15. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
15. New York C. C., annual, Gravesend Bay.
15. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, first race, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
15. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
15. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
15-17. New York, 90-footers, Newport.
15-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
16. South Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, classes over 18ft., Hull, Boston Harbor.
17. Dorchester, classes 18ft. and under, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, first club championship, Marblehead, Mass.
17. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Brooklyn, annual regatta, Gravesend Bay.
17. Pavonia, annual, Bayonne, New York Bay.
17. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
19. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Ma
20. New York, annual, New York Bay.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
22. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
22. Marine and Field, open, Gravesend Bay.
22. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
22. Manhasset Bay, third series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
22. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
22. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
22. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, second race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
25. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

THE tuning up of Constitution was continued at Newport during the clear days of last week. Her sails are improving daily and her crew is getting into better shape, but until everything is working to Mr. Duncan's entire satisfaction no attempt will be made to drive her. On last Wednesday Constitution was taken outside the harbor, where there was considerable sea on, but she moved along with great ease, not seemingly disturbed by the waves. She seems to be almost perfectly balanced, for while under sail the wheel can be left for several moments at a time, and she moves along without coming up or keeping off her course in the least. Mr. Duncan was called away on Thursday, and during his absence the boat was taken to Bristol, where slight changes were made in her rigging. Her compass has been placed in position, but will be of little value, as the steel spars make it almost impossible to adjust a compass so it will be perfectly accurate. In the case of Columbia when sailing by compass it was necessary to place the instrument on the cabin floor at the foot of the companionway and keep a man stationed there to inform the helmsman as to his course. The steel spars are fast taking shape in the shop at Bristol. New hollow, wooden club topsail spars have arrived, and they will replace the old ones, that were considered too light.

Columbia has been lying at her mooring off the breakwater at Glen Cove. Mr. Morgan had her out several days last week, and as the wind was from the eastward most of the time, she would beat up to a point nearly off Stamford, then stand back toward Glen Cove, giving her crew plenty of practice with the light sails, which they handled in excellent shape. She is in splendid condition and looks more fit than she did two years ago. Columbia was taken into the Erie Basin dry dock on Monday. She will remain there for several days having her underbody cleaned.

The first race between Constitution and Columbia will take place off Newport on June 15, and they meet again on June 22 off Larchmont. The race is for a cup valued at $500, offered by the Larchmont Y. C.

SHAMROCK II. was docked at Southampton on last Saturday for the purpose of giving her a general overhauling before she receives her new mast and other gear. The salvers who have been engaged in recovering the spars and rigging which were lost when the challenger was dismasted have found that the topmast was not broken and that most of the rigging is intact. The condition of the mast shows that it only yielded to the strain put upon it by the heel of the topmast after the bowsprit had given away. The opinion abroad seems to be that Shamrock I. is ten minutes faster over a thirty-mile course than she was two years ago, and up to the time of the accident to Shamrock II. her performances against the older boat were as satisfactory as could be expected, considering she was an untried vessel. It has been stated that Shamrock I. will be seen in American waters this season, acting as a trial horse for Shamrock II.

INDEPENDENCE was given her first trial under sail on Monday. She was towed out to Boston Light, where the towline was cast off shortly after 1 o'clock and she stood out into Massachusetts Bay under her lower sails. The wind was blowing from the east and there was a long rolling sea on. Independence heeled down quickly, but soon found her bearings and moved rapidly, using her overhangs to an appreciable extent. Her full bow did not seem to retard her progress in the least in the seaway, and her wake was also very clean. Her head sails set perfectly, and the mainsail had but few wrinkles, which will draw out as soon as the sail is stretched. She seemed to steer easily with the balance rudder and minded her helm with readiness. All interested in the boat were more than satisfied in every particular. After some slight changes have been made in her rigging she will again have another trial during the latter part of the week.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, June 1.—It was expected that Independence would have gone out on her trial trip this morning, but a drizzling rain effectually prevented it. Everything was made ready and guests had been invited. Although she would have probably gone out if the weather had not been stormy, there is still considerable to do on her in the way of fitting out. Capt. Haff was rather pleased than anything else that she did not go out, for there are some things which he desired to have finished before sail should be put on her.

From all indications Independence will go out on her trial trip Monday morning. Throughout the day the workmen were busy on the fittings above and below decks. The eye bolts for the boom crutch were put in and mousings were put on the mainsheet bridles to prevent the blocks from going too far forward. The mainsheet has not been reeved through the blocks, and probably will not be until just before she goes out on Monday. The mainsail has not been bent, and will not be until she is ready to go out. The mainsheet will be taken off every night when she comes in from sailing. This is to keep it dry as much as possible, and also to get it off the deck, where it would take up too much room when coiled up.

Independence was towed from the Atlantic Works to Pier 1 of the New England docks last week, and the remainder of the work of fitting out will be carried on at this place. Although she will be provided with a tender for the crew, provisions are being made on board, not only for the officers and men, but also for Mr. Lawson and his guests. She is partitioned off below decks as if for cruising, but the woodwork is very light, and all of the panels are cloth.

The space at the extreme after part is given up to a stateroom. Forward of this, on the starboard side, is a guests's stateroom, and on the port side is the quartermaster's storeroom. Forward of these, on the starboard side, is Mr. Lawson's stateroom, with toilet connecting, and on the port side a guest's stateroom. Next comes the main cabin, with berths and lockers. This space will be used for a sail room when racing. Just off the main cabin, on the port side, is a locker for oil clothes. Forward of the main cabin is the captain's room, on the starboard side, and a guest's stateroom on the port side. Between these is a passage leading to the galley and officers' mess room. Forward of this is the sleeping space and messroom for the crew, provided with swinging pipe berths.

On Friday the big hollow wooden boom was swung into place. It looks very large and appears to take up much of the beam of the boat. It is supported by trusses with wooden struts, the same as Constitution. The wire guys are made fast at the outer end and are set up forward by turnbuckles. The fitting which takes the place of the jaws of the gaff is made of white metal. Suspended from it is a shackle upon which it is intended to secure the throat of the mainsail. Adrian Wilson, of the firm of Wilson & Silsby, is not in favor of this fastening, and claims that it will prevent the sail from setting properly.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Greenport Basin and Construction Company has had a busy season with the fitting out of a large number of older boats and the building of a number of new ones. The yawl Vigilant, owned by Mr. Perry Chubb, is now receiving finishing touches to her hull and rigging and will soon be in commission. The steam yachts Freelance, owned by Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn; Altair, Mr. E. D. Trowbridge; Magnet, Mr. Latham A. Fish; Nirvana, Mr. William T. Sands, and Willada, Mr. William Hester, have been overhauled and have left the yard. The cutter Isolde, Mr. F. M. Hoyt, went into commission last week and sailed for Stamford. Senta, Mr. J. H. Hinckle, which recently arrived from Southampton after a rough trip of sixty-five days, has been entirely rerigged and refitted. Mr. Henry S. Redmond's cutter Syce has been put in shape and is ready for sale or charter. Mr. Redmond's yawl Ailsa, that will race against Vigilant, arrived at this yard from Falmouth, England, on May 31. The cutter Eelin, purchased by Mr. Philip T. Dodge, left England at the same time as Ailsa. She has not been reported, but is expected any day. The English-built Taurus, owned by Mr. J. H. Hanan, arrived at this yard last week, thirty-two days out from Marseilles, France, and is now being overhauled. The schooner Katrina, Mr. James B. Ford, was put overboard a few days ago, and is having her rigging renewed. The 36-footer Grayling, built for Mr. Robert Toland, of Philadelphia, has been taken by her owner to her home port. The 30-footer Marion, built at this yard for Mr. F. M. Smith, has been hauled out and is to be given a last overhauling before the racing begins.

Mr. Cyrus P. Judson has sold his steam yacht Nushka to Mr. J. H. Hoadley, of New York city.

The twin screw steam yacht Irene, built for Mr. Leonard Lewisohn, was successfully launched from the yard of her builders, the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co., at Morris Heights, at 8:30 on June 1. The boat was named by Miss Irene Lewisohn. Her dimensions are as follows: 155ft. over all, 130 ft. on the waterline, 18ft. beam and 8ft. draft. She is a flush deck vessel of steel construction, with mahogany deck houses. The forward deck house will be used as the dining saloom, and the after deck house will be used as a music and drawing room. Below decks, starting at the bow, is the chain locker followed by the boatswain's store room, crew's toilet room and forecastle fitted with lockers and pipe berths. Aft of the forecastle are staterooms for the

officers. Next aft comes the galley, which extends the full width of the vessel, which is fitted with a large range, sink with hot and cold water, dressers, dish lockers, etc. Next aft comes the engine and boiler space. Following the engine space aft is the owner's bath and toilet room. The owner's and guests' staterooms are large and are fitted with every convenience. The main saloon is very roomy and is reached from the after deck house by a stairway. Triple expansion engines and Seabury water-tube boilers furnish the motive power. Her builders guarantee a speed of eighteen miles an hour. The yacht will be lighted by electricity and will carry a naphtha launch and three other boats.

The new steam yacht Hope, which was launched recently from the yard of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., for Mr. Guy Norman, has had her trial trip. The contract called for a five-hour trial, and she was to make twelve miles an hour consecutively. She made sixty-one knots in the five hours under natural draft.

Mr. Joseph M. Doggett, of the Larchmont Y. C., has bought the sloop Ludeah from Mr. J. Montgomery Sears through the Gas Engine & Power Co. Ludeah will be raced against Mira and Hebe. She was too large for Mr. Sears' use at Bar Harbor, and he is having the Gas Engine & Power Co. build for him a knockabout that is to conform to the Bar Harbor Y. R. A. rules. The new boat is planked and is nearing completion.

The new 45ft. steam launch General Mitchell, built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Seabury & Co. for the use of Gen. John R. Brooke, at Governor's Island, has had her official trial in the lower bay and has been accepted. The guaranteed speed was eleven miles an hour.

The auxiliary yacht building at Morris Heights from designs made by the Gas Engine & Power Co. is owned by Mr. R. W. Cumming, of Newark, N. J. She is 76ft. long over all, 52ft. on the waterline, 17ft. beam and will draw 7ft. 6in. Mr. Colgate Hoyt has purchased a 40ft. cabin naphtha launch from the Gas Engine & Power Co.

The English-built steam yacht Sagitta, which has been chartered by Mr. Joseph DeLamar, arrived from Southampton at New York on May 27. She is 563 tons Thames measurement, and can steam thirteen knots. She left Southampton on May 10, and St. Michaels, where she stopped for coal, on May 18.

The auxiliary schooner Diana has been purchased by Mr. F. C. Penfield, N. Y. Y. C.

Invader, the Canada cup challenger, was launched at Oakville, Canada, on May 27. The boat is 27ft. 6in. on the waterline, 9ft. 8in. beam and draws 6ft. She carries 1,485 sq. ft. of sail.

The Milwaukee yacht Orion, built to defend the Canada cup, was launched on June 1. She is 43ft. over all, 27ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft. The mainsail contains 967 sq. ft., staysail 240 sq. ft.

The steam yacht Nymph, recently purchased by Mr. F. S. Brown, of Philadelphia, ran on the Point Abino Rocks near Buffalo and is a complete loss. The boat struck the rocks during a dense fog. She was 100ft. over all and was valued at $10,000.

The schooner yacht Endymion, built for the late George Lord Day, has been sold to Mr. George J. Lauder, of Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Lauder will sail on June 22 in her for Scotland.

Mr. Edward Kelly's 51-footer Huguenot, recently built by Harry Huntington, is now hauled out at the Jacob yard at City Island having her fin fixed in place. She will race in the Larchmont regatta on June 15 for the first time.

Mr. C. C. Iselin has chartered the English steam yacht Christabel for the America Cup races.

The steam yacht Rival has been sold by Mr. F. J. Root through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh to Mr. Turner A. Beall, of New York.

The steam yacht Akela has been sold by Mr. W. H. Ames, of Boston, to Mr. Winslow S. Pierce, of New York.

The English steam yacht Sybarita, owned by Whitaker Wright and chartered by George J. Gould, arrived at New York on June 3.

Winthrop Y. C.

Saturday, June 1.

THE second race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed on Saturday afternoon, June 1, in a puffy breeze from the northwest. In the first class Udeal carried away her mast and the race was won by the Hanley cat, Thordis. Privateer again had an easy time of it in the 21-footers. In the 18-footers Della won handily. The following is the summary:

25ft. Class—Start, 4:00.

	Finish.
Thordis, W. Foster	5 10 40
Alert, B. Ridgeway	5 21 24

21ft. Class—Start, 4:05.

Privateer, J. McConnell	5 18 10
Ruth, A. S. Richards	5 41 03

18ft. Class—Start, 4:10.

Della, C. H. Kelly	4 57 21
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	5 00 25
Louise, W. D. Allen	5 01 00
Thelma, E. K. Tewksbury	5 02 07
Martha, W. Jenkins	5 06 07

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter III.—Laying Off, Making the Moulds and Setting Up the Frame (Continued).

It is easier to fit the rudder trunk, or case, now than after the boat is planked, as would be the case with larger craft, and this is made like a box, with two 1in. mahogany or Kaurie pine planks on each side of the sternpost, with a 1½in. centerpiece on the after side. The latter is rabbeted into the two sides, and all three are rabbeted into the counter frame.

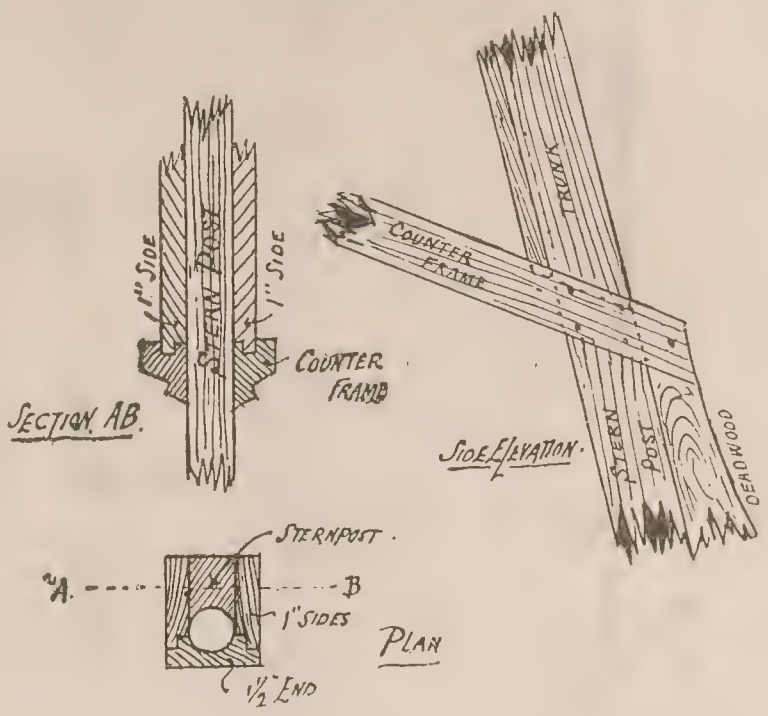


Fig. 8.

All the joints, like the scarphs of the stem and sternpost, etc., must be well fitted and painted with thick red and white lead before bolting together.

Both boats' keels and frames are now ready to set up, but they will be treated in different ways, as the centerboarder will be built bottom up, and the keel boat keel downward.

Starting with the centerboarder, draw a central chalk line on the floor and mark all the sections out, then set up the midship section exactly square with the central line, so that the keel will be about 2ft. above it, using the plumb line to make sure the center line of the mould is vertical and right over the line on the floor. Fix the mould in place with a center post, which should be fixed to the mould so that one edge is on the center line. This post must be nailed to a cleat on the floor and well stayed fore and aft to keep it in a vertical position. Two side posts will be necessary to keep the mould level.

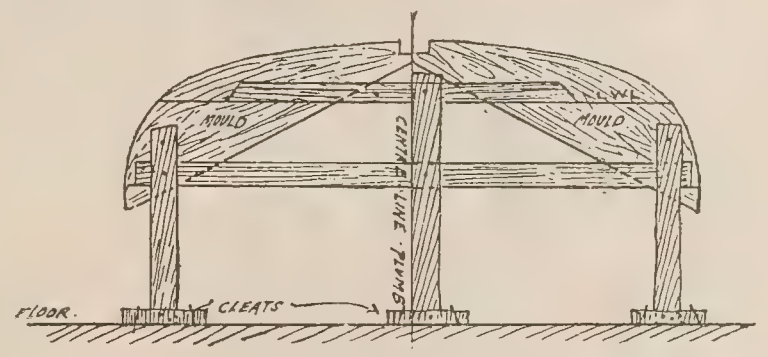


Fig 9.

The exact distance apart from center to center of the moulds should now be checked along the center floor line, and the height of the L.W.L. on the midship mould noted, as all the other moulds must be leveled to this height above the floor. They will all be set up in the foregoing manner, and well stayed fore and aft, so that they are all square with the center floor line, and their vertical center lines plumb and L.W.L.'s level. This is a long and tedious business, but on its accuracy all the rest of the work depends, so do not spare a little extra care and time over it, and fix them so that they will not move when you come to work on them.

I would advise working to the fore edge of the moulds forward of and including the midship section, and to the after edge of the others—that is to say, place the forward moulds so that the mark for their places on the central floor line comes just on the fore side of each, and on the after side of the after moulds. The object of this is to avoid bevels on the edges of the moulds, which would be required if the center of each were taken instead of the edge, as shown by the sketch.

Check the squaring of the moulds by measuring from the center of the stem to the outside of the first mould at the sheer level on each side, and see they are the same; then do this between each pair of moulds till all are exact.

The moulds are now ready for the keel to be bent over them and screwed to each, when it is seen to be correct and fair to the curve of the drawing, and the stem and transom must then be stayed in a similar manner to the moulds, squaring and plumbing from the central floor line as before, and a line should be stretched through all the moulds at the L.W.L., and carefully leveled. A sheer batten should be nailed round the moulds at the deck level to fair them and hold them all in place while the rabbet is cut.

The moulds for the keel boat will not be set up first, but after the keel and frame are set up in place on the stocks, and fixed by shores and stays from the roof and walls. The stocks are best made from a 3in. by 9in. deal on edge, firmly fixed to the floor at exactly the same angle as the keel.

When the frame is fixed, a clear center line must be marked along keel, stem, sternpost and counter frame, and the stations for the moulds marked on it in the same manner as on the floor line in the case of the centerboard boat. The moulds can now be set up as before, except that they are now right way up and stayed from the roof, or if that is too high a fore and aft 3in. by 9in. deal must be fixed from stem to stern, and well secured to the roof and walls, and the moulds stayed from that.

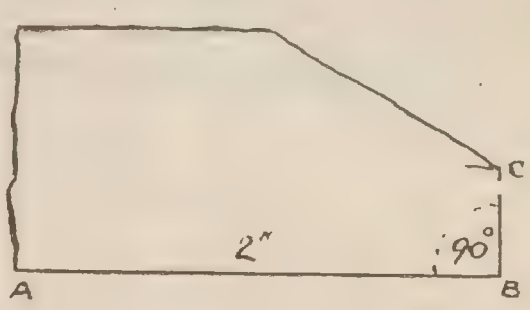
When the moulds are all fixed square and plumb in their proper places, and the sheer batten on, the next job is to cut the rabbet.

Chapter IV.—Cutting the Rabbet and Fairing the Moulds.

It is a common practice for professional builders to cut most of the rabbet of centerboard boats before the keel and stem are set up in place, as it is much easier to get at the work when they are in separate pieces, which can be easily moved into the most convenient positions for working.

This method, however, requires considerable knowledge of the trade before it can safely be attempted; and, though entailing more work, it is consequently much safer for the amateur to cut the rabbet after the whole frame is set up and properly fixed in its place, as in this case he can easily see the exact angles required at each section of the rabbet.

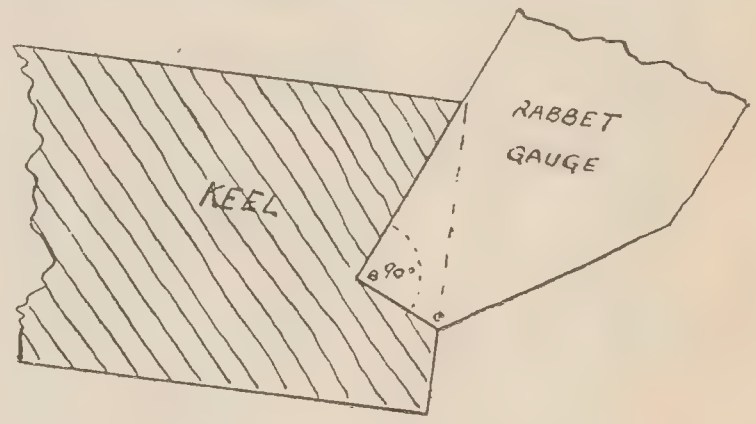
Before starting on the rabbet, a gauge must be cut out of a small piece of hardwood, about 2in. long, 1in. wide and ½in. thick. One edge, A-B, must be carefully planed up, and one end correctly squared to it, and marked off to the exact thickness of the planking—B-C.



RABBET GAUGE
A.B.C. = a right-angle
B-C = thickness of plank

Fig. 13.

The use of this gauge is to ascertain the proper depth to cut the rabbet at any part, and also to see if the inner angle is correct, the side A-B being placed on the flat of the rabbet, thus:



B, C—Thickness of plank.
Fig. 13½.

and the square end, B-C, showing the proper depth and angle.

This gauge should be kept in a convenient pocket, so as to try the rabbet continually while it is being cut. In addition to this gauge, a strip of American elm ¼in. by ¾in. in section, and 3 or 4ft. long, should be used to bend around each mould to show the angle of the back of the rabbet, with the side of the keel or stem, which must be a continuation of the curve of the mould.

Having prepared the gauge and the batten, set off the rabbet line on the keel and stem at each mould, taking the proper position of the lower edge of the rabbet, X from the sheer and half breadth plans at each station. This varies very much in the two types of boats now under consideration; as in the centerboarder, No. 1, the rabbet is underneath the keel, while in the keel boat, No. 2, it is on the side.

The only safe way to get it correct is to make a careful sectional drawing of the keel or stem at each station, and mark the rabbet line X on the keel and stem at those points as already stated,

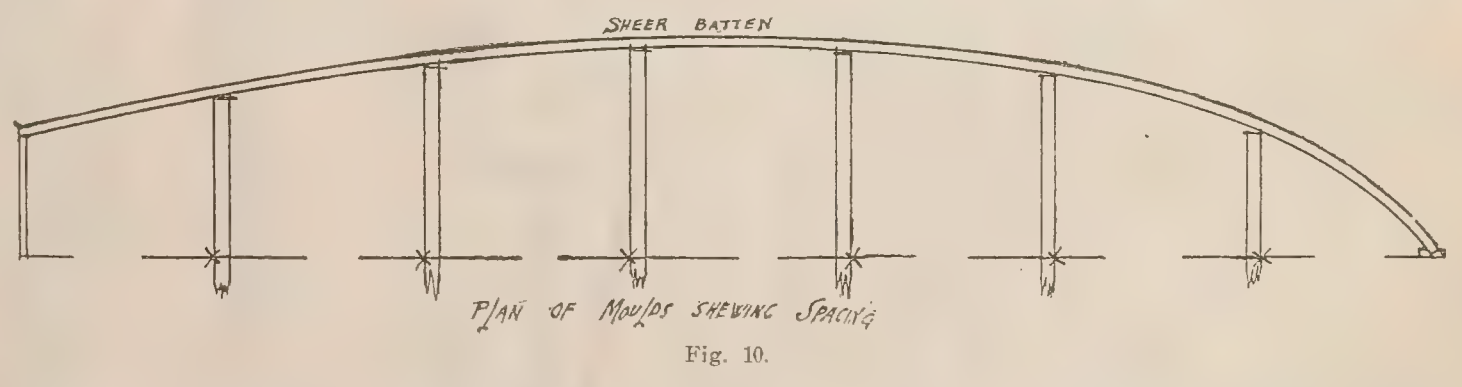
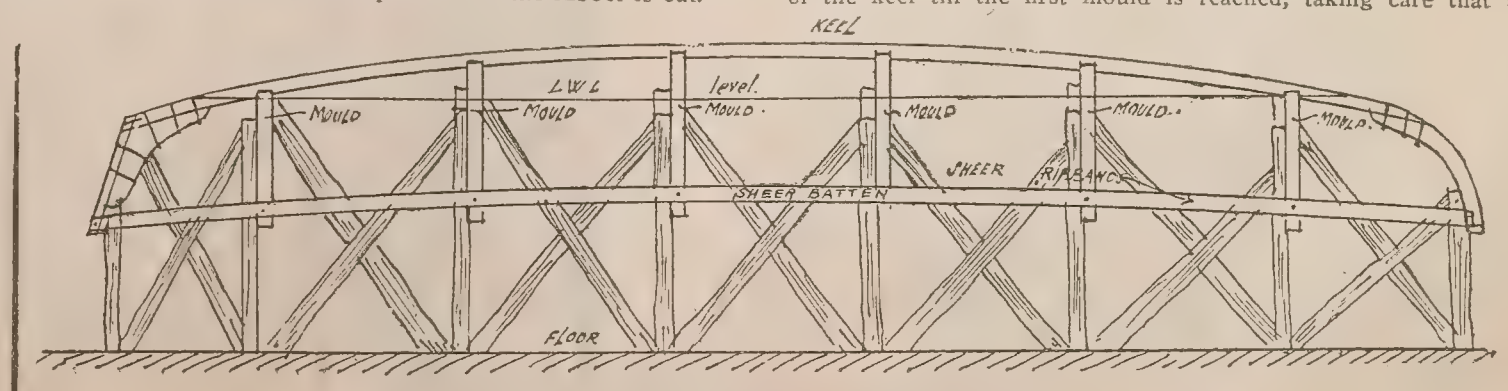


Fig. 10.

drawing a fair line through the spots, and cutting a few inches of the rabbet at each of these places, taking care to follow the curve of the mould, and not to cut quite to the full depth; the accompanying sketch will show how this is done at the moulds 1 and 2.

When a section of the rabbet is cut at each of the moulds, take a stiff batten about 12ft. long and tack it over the moulds, so that the fore end just touches the rabbet line on the stem at the deck level under the sheer batten; now cut a bit of the rabbet in the same way as before, letting the end of the batten into the stem to the depth of the rabbet, as shown by the rabbet gauge.

Repeat this about every 6in. down the stem and fore end of the keel till the first mould is reached, taking care that the



— ELEVATION OF CENTRE BOARD BOAT IN FRAME —

Fig. 11.

batten lies flat on the moulds and fits the rabbet, bending the batten over the moulds in various positions, so as to get the correct angle for the rabbet at all points from the stem-head to the first mould.

When these sections have been correctly cut at each mould,

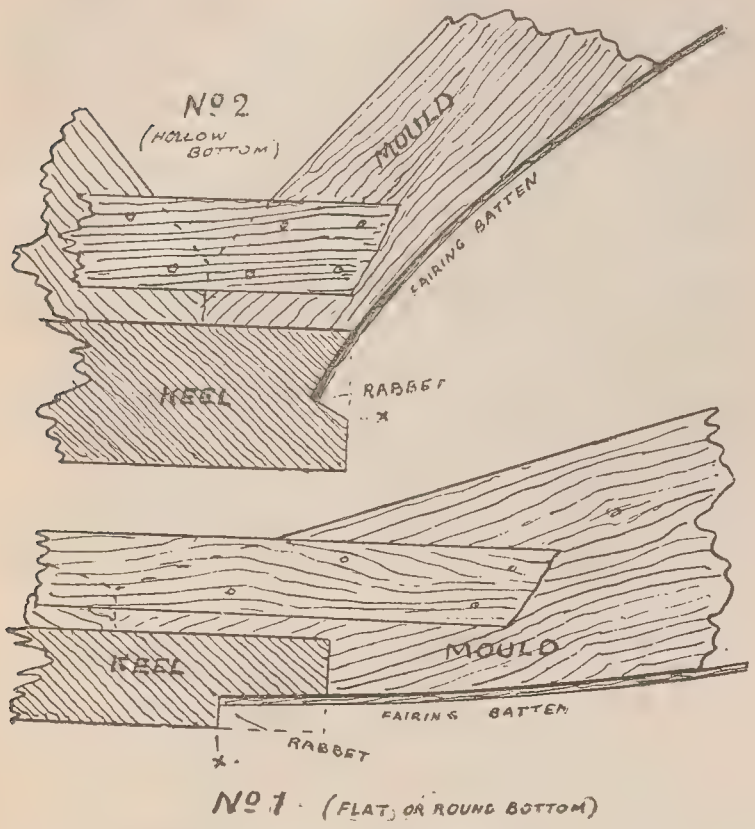


Fig. 14.

including the transom of the centerboard boat, and the sternpost and counter frame of the keel boat, the intermediate portions of the rabbet may be cut and faired up from section to section with the chisel and rabbet plane, testing every part with gauge and batten, and also laying the batten flat along the rabbet, to see that there are no lumps or hollows in it.

Harlem Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CITY ISLAND—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Harlem Y. C. held its nineteenth annual regatta on Thursday, May 30, in a light N.E. breeze. Thirty yachts started. The 51, 43 and 36ft. classes were sent away at 1:20 o'clock, and although the wind was light the tide was in the boats' favor. Aquila crossed ahead in the weather berth, but Mira soon drew ahead of her; with the wind N.E. it was a beat to Matinicock Point, the first mark, a reach to Delancy Point, and a run home, until the wind hauled and made it another beat. Memory appeared for the first time in a yawl rig. Snapper got away fourth in her class, but soon took the lead, and after passing the first mark she was beyond any danger of being overtaken by any boat in her class, barring accidents. The 51, 43 and 36ft. classes sailed over an eighteen-mile triangle; the 30 and 25ft. classes had a thirteen-mile course, while the 21 and 18ft. boats sailed over a nine-mile course. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops and Yawls—51ft. Class—Start, 1:20.		
Sunshine, W. Christie & Jones	Withdrew.	
Sloops and Yawls—43ft. Class.		
Aquila, J. K. Getty et al	Withdrew.	
Mira, Charles Lane Poor	5 34 45	4 14 45
Memory, W. N. Bavier	Withdrew.	
Coquette, M. Delaney	Withdrew.	
Ramona, C. H. Weeks, Jr	Withdrew.	
Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:25.		
Marguerite, T. J. Canavan	Withdrew.	
Emily, John Wimmer	6 02 00	4 37 00
Bessie F., F. J. Muhlfeld	Withdrew.	
Golden Rod, W. A. Towner	5 54 35	4 29 35
Cabin Sloops and Yawls—25ft. Class—Start, 1:30.		
Nirvana, F. Robnison	4 38 10	3 08 10
Snapper, A. Bryan Alley	4 32 00	3 02 00
Romance, A. Johnson	4 55 45	3 25 45
Naiad, C. Christiansen	Withdrew.	
Coquette, F. C. & W. S. Sullivan	5 29 00	3 59 00
Roxane, Baxter & Steele	6 03 00	4 33 00
Gertrude, C. Angus	Withdrew.	
Fortuna, Brudi & Ulrich	Withdrew.	
Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:35.		
Dot, C. T. Pierce	4 16 30	2 41 30
Glory, J. Greenbaum	Withdrew.	
Cabin Sloops and Yawls—30ft. Class—Start, 1:40.		
Alerion, A. K. Alker	4 26 30	2 46 30
Ereco, J. Oppenheim	Withdrew.	
Elua, L. P. Bigelow	5 34 30	3 54 30
Petrel, O. C. Rigl	5 44 00	4 04 00
Vim, C. Brauneck	5 45 15	3 55 45
Open Sloops and Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:45.		
Ox, Robert Bavier	5 12 25	3 27 25
Gazabo, H. V. Volte	5 13 00	3 28 00
Undine, A. M. Fecheimer	Withdrew.	
Ellide, M. R. Walsh	5 40 00	3 55 00
Dottie Deane, G. H. Lansing	Withdrew.	

The winners were: Mira, Golden Rod, Snapper, Dot, Alerion and Ox.

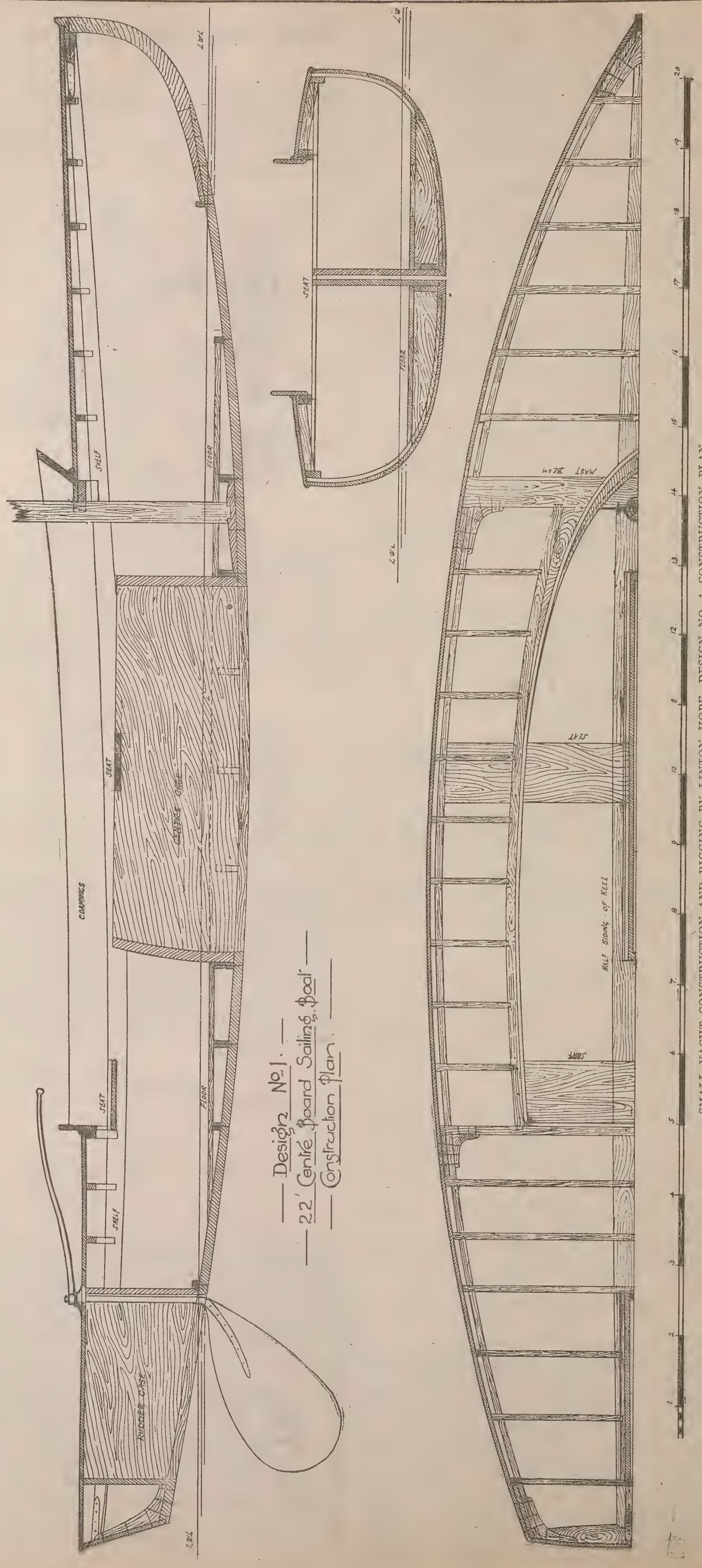
Williamsburg Y. C. Annual Regatta.

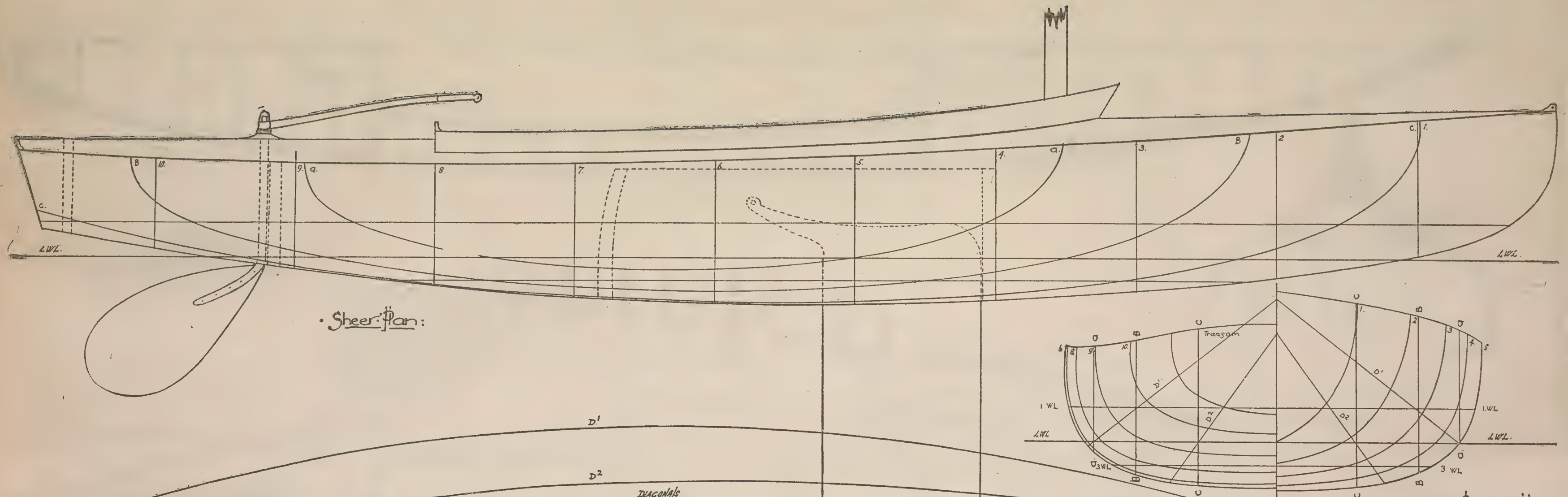
NORTH BEACH—FLUSHING BAY.

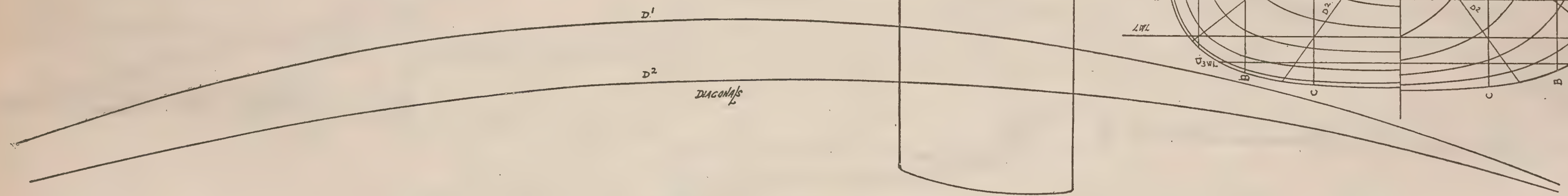
Thursday, May 30.

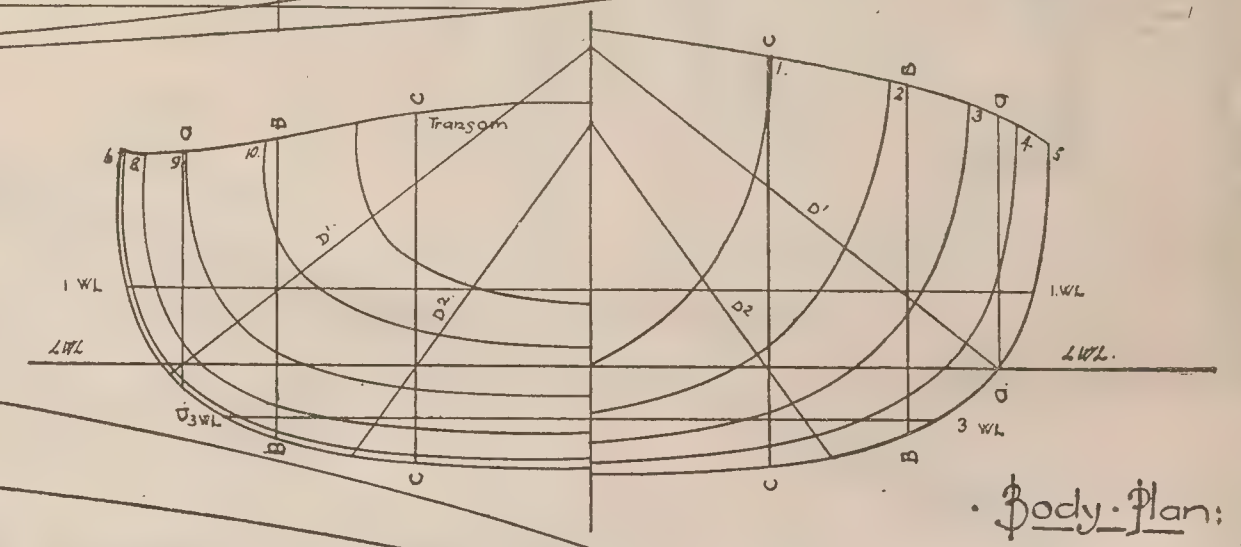
THE Williamsburg Y. C. held its thirtieth regatta on Thursday, May 30, in a variable wind over the club course off North Beach, in Flushing Bay. At the start the wind was light from the N.E., but later died out entirely and came in from the S.E. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Class A—Cabin Sloops Over 30ft.—Start, 12:10.		
Bertha K., Frederick Kaiser	2 58 00	2 48 00
Portia, John Fennell	Withdrew.	
Bel Ami, Daniel Noble	Withdrew.	
Class B—Cabin Sloops Under 30ft.—Start, 12:10.		
White Rose, Paul Schmidt	3 47 10	2 07 10
Iris, Frank Leonard	Withdrew.	
Class E—Cabin Catboats—Start, 12:15.		
Critic, E. V. Rosemond	3 20 05	3 05 05
Gloria, William Brown	Withdrew.	
Mabel, M. E. Haman	Withdrew.	
Virginia, George Stillman	Withdrew.	
Cabin Catboats Under 24ft.—Start, 12:15.		
Reckless, Lawrence W. Wright	3 17 00	2 58 00
Jessie, William H. Phillips	Withdrew.	
Florence, G. Stewart Card	Withdrew.	
Open Catboats—Start, 12:20.		
Echo, Charles M. Dillon	3 20 00	3 00 00
Edith M., Frederick Eardsley	Withdrew.	

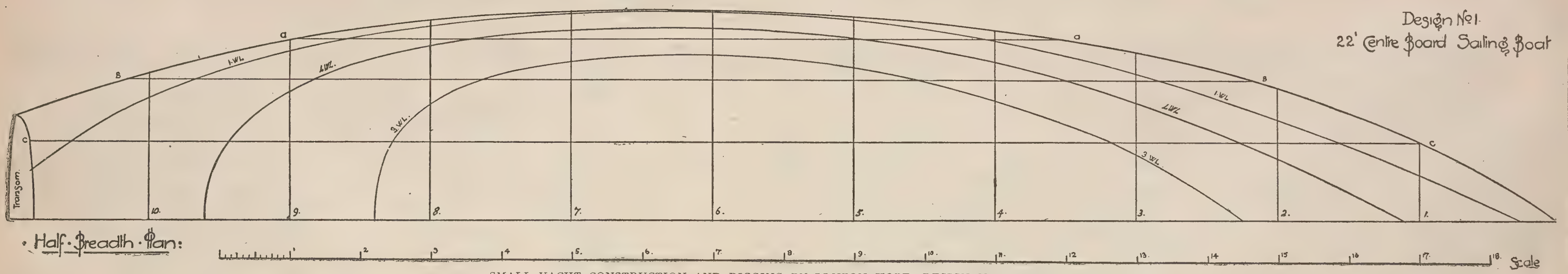








Design No 1.
22' Centre Board Sailing Boat



SMALL YACHT CONSTRUCTION AND RIGGING BY LINTON HOPE.—DESIGN NO. 1, LINES.

South Boston Y. C.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

Friday, May 31.

THE opening race of the Y. R. A. racing season was sailed on Friday in a light northeasterly breeze. The race was given by the South Boston Y. C., and twenty-seven yachts lined up at the start. There were several new boats entered, but, strange to say, the prizes did not all go to new boats in the classes in which they sailed. In the 25ft. open class the starters were nearly all Cape cats. Hustler had an easy time of it here, winning by over 9m.

In the restricted 25-footers, last year's champion Flirt, designed by Crowninshield, started in to repeat her performances of last year. In this class there were two new boats—Calypso, designed and built by Hanley, and Cyrilla, designed by Mills and built by Smith, of Quincy. Flirt, as usual, was right at the line at gunfire, and was never headed throughout the entire course. Early Dawn put up a hot argument, but the keel boat was too much for her. Calypso was just out of the shop, and was by no means in racing condition. On the reach from Buoy 7 to the ball mark off Moon Head she had trouble with her balloon jib and lost considerable ground. John T. Cavanagh, who sailed her, and her owner, A. W. Chesterton, were satisfied with her work under the conditions, and think that she will prove all right when she is thoroughly fitted up and has been tuned.

The race of the restricted 21-footers marked another success for Crowninshield. Opitsah III., designed by him for Sumner H. Foster, took away the honors after a hot fight with Harriet and the yawl Coquette. In the open 21-footers Bud and Cleopatra started. Bud had practically a walk over. In the 18-footers there was a hot scrap between Dauntless and Lobster from the starting line to the first mark, but after this Dauntless pulled into first place and proceeded to stay there. There were five starters in the 18ft. knockabout class. They went over the starting line in a bunch, and there was a hot scrap between Aspinquid, Oriana and Ayaya all over the course. Oriana was first over the starting line, but Aspinquid took the lead near the first mark and kept it. In the 15ft. class Vitesse, which was designed by C. D. Mower four years ago, had an easy win from Dorothea and Melodie, the latter a new boat designed by Fred Lawley. The following is the summary:

Open 25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Hustler, Whetmore & Robbins	2 37 51
Widgeon, A. J. Horton	2 47 42
Romance, Loring Sears	2 55 02
Theodora, Frank Burgess	2 59 06
Rival, W. S. Nickerson	3 03 52

Restricted 25-Footers.

Flirt, Fabyan & McKee	2 18 00
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 20 24
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 30 07
Cyrilla, W. D. Turner	2 38 28

Open 21-Footers.

Bud, S. N. Small	2 38 38
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane	2 48 55

Restricted 21-Footers.

Opitsah III., Sumner H. Foster	2 34 52
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	2 36 07
Coquette, B. D. Amsden	2 36 39
Eaglet, W. Starling Burgess	2 39 02
Tarpon, S. N. Johnson	2 50 20

18-Footers.

Dauntless, Benner & Patten	1 57 35
Lobster, C. J. Hendrie	2 01 35
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	2 08 06

18ft. Knockabouts.

Aspinquid, W. A. Comey	2 08 21
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	2 09 22
Oriana, Alfred Douglas	2 10 10
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat	2 12 08
Disa, Geo. A. Brackett	2 16 42

15-Footers.

Vitesse, W. J. Coombs	1 22 45
Dorothea, A. W. Finley	1 26 41
Melodie, F. D. Lawley	1 28 32

In the afternoon there was a race for sailing tenders, which proved the most interesting of the day. They were split up into two classes, one open to all and the other for the one-design boats of the Savin Hill Y. C. The summary of these races is as follows:

Open Tenders.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
J. Merrrill	1 07 56	1 07 56
H. Stickney	1 07 32	1 07 14
W. Colson	1 10 23	1 10 11
C. M. Dollbeare	1 11 32	1 10 41
F. O. French	1 13 12	1 12 42
J. Trotman	1 10 45	. . . .
C. Chance	Withdrew.	

Savin Hill One-Design Tenders.

A. J. Horton	1 06 28
C. Leach	1 06 30
J. McBeath	1 07 10
A. Hawes	1 07 42
H. Skinner	1 07 52
A. Maguiness	1 08 22
J. E. Robinson	1 09 34
C. Howland	1 09 35
E. Keeper	1 11 02
J Turner	1 11 30
J Wills	1 18 00

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. sailed its first championship race of the season on Thursday, May 30. The club went formally into commission, and the race was started at 2:15 o'clock. The wind was light from the S. and E., but quite steady. Two classes filled, Mr. F. B. Jones' Badger winning in the raceabout class, while Mr. Alfred Peats' Enpronzi won in the 43ft. class. The summary follows:

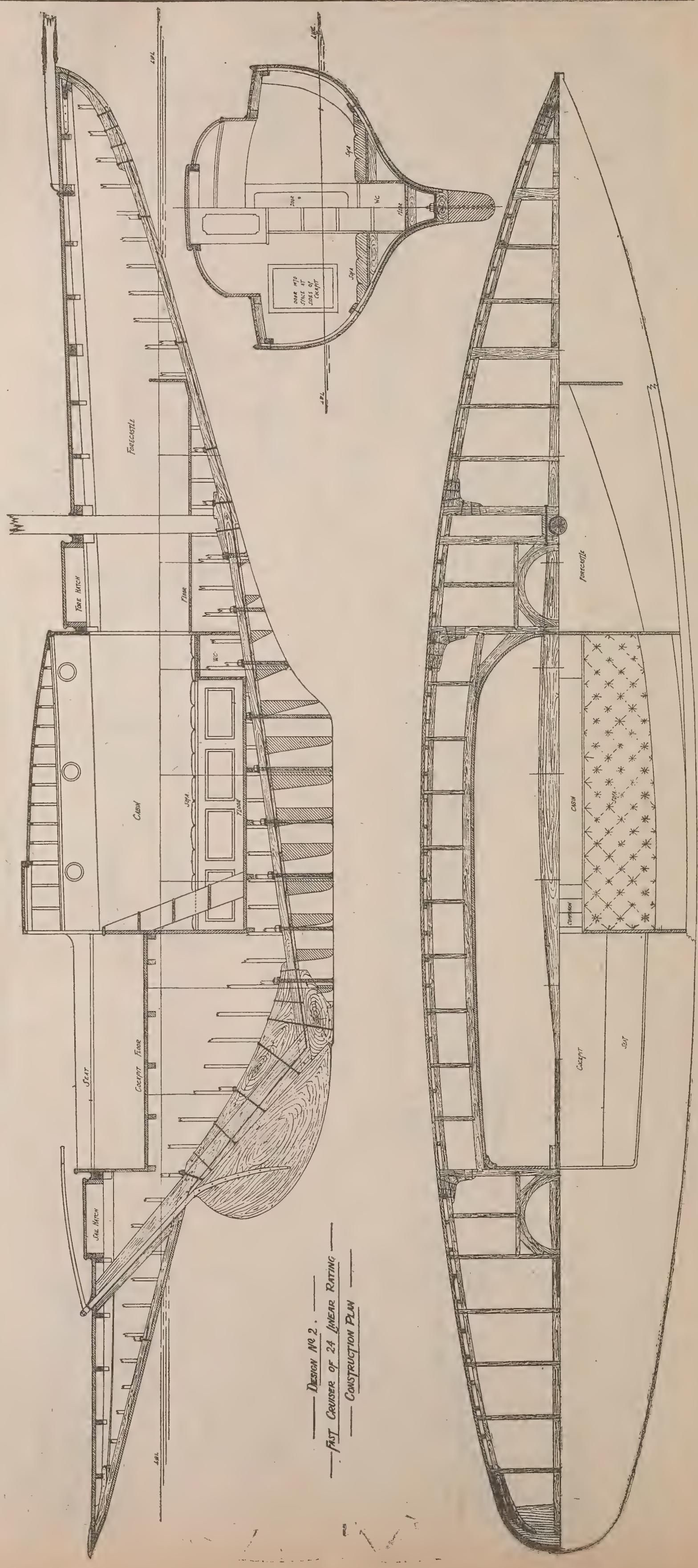
Raceabouts—Start, 2:15.

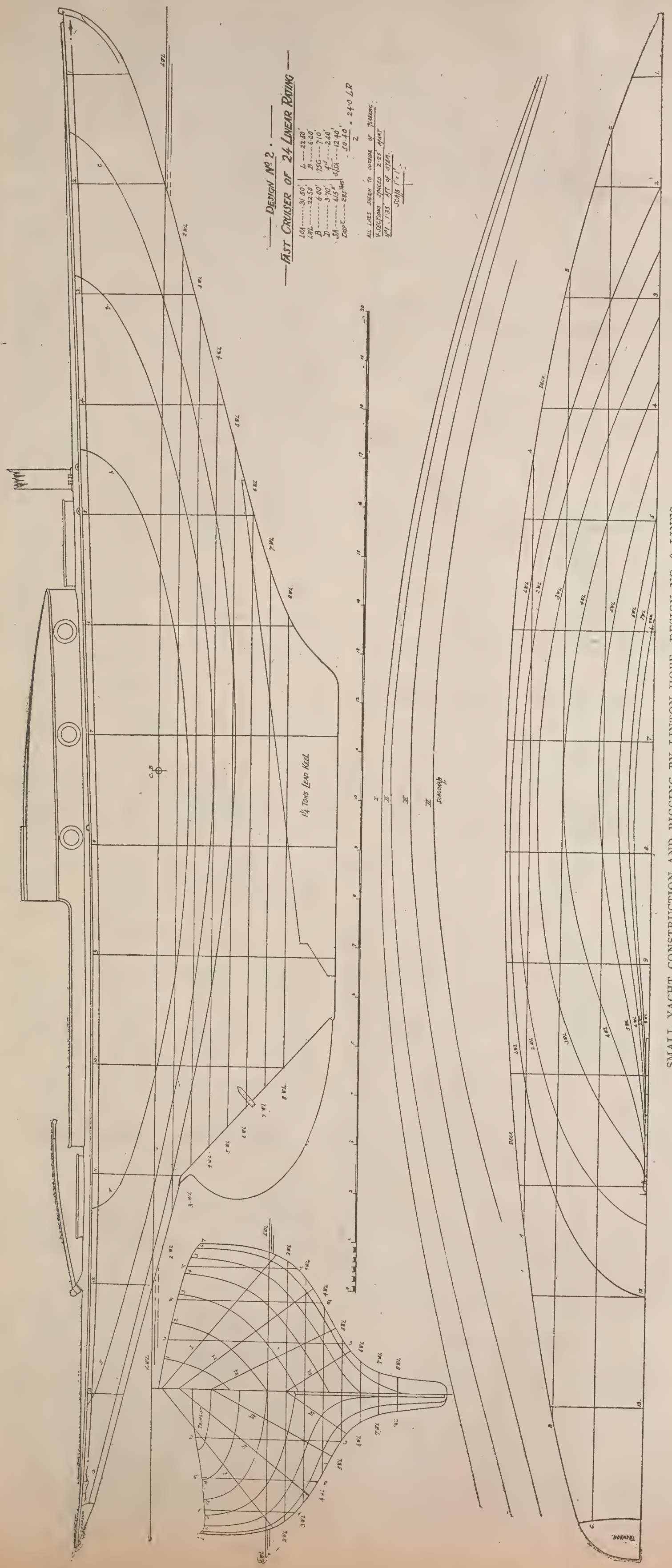
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Badger, F. B. Jones	4 17 29	2 02 29
Rogue, F. T. Bedford	4 19 42	2 04 42
Oonagh, S. C. Pirie	4 23 04	2 08 04

43ft. and Under.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Enpronzi, A. Peats	2 58 20	4 57 05	1 58 45
Sultan, C. S. Somerville	3 01 10	5 21 35	2 20 25
Sirene, R. Outwater	2 47 50	5 26 51	2 39 01
Bonnie, C. Mallory	2 47 50	5 43 45	2 55 55
Spindrift, E. S. Griffin	2 56 40	Not timed.	
Freya, G. J. Bradish	2 53 40	5 36 35	2 42 55

The Regatta Committee is composed of F. B. Jones, Charles F. Kirby, F. C. Henderson, Charles E. Simmis and Richard Outwater.





SMALL YACHT CONSTRUCTION AND RIGGING BY LINTON HOPE.—DESIGN NO. 2—LINES.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Atlantic Y. C. went into commission and held a race for its members on Thursday, May 30. The race was sailed in the afternoon over one of the triangular courses on the lower bay in a fair southerly breeze. The signal gun was fired at 3:05, and Maraquita and Ondawa stood down for the starting line. The latter boat in the lead by over half a length with the wind abeam, they had a run to the first mark to Fort Lafayette, a close hitch to Craven Shoal, a beat to East Bank and a run home. The boats sailed twice over this course, making a total distance of eleven miles. Just after the start Mariquita overhauled Ondawa and finally drew ahead, which lead she maintained until the finish, crossing the line 16s. in the lead of Ondawa. Mariquita has to be remeasured on account of some alterations that have been made on her, so that the figures may be changed on corrected time. In the other classes the boats crossed the starting line in the following order. Akista, We Win It, Song and Dance, Pebble and Peanut. They had a run to the first mark, a reach to the second and a close hitch home. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class K—43 to 51ft.—Start, 3:05.			
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen	46.83	5 11 08	2 06 08
Ondawa, H. J. Brabert	48.93	5 11 26	2 06 26
Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Start, 3:10.			
Akista, George Hill	36.00	4 26 43	1 16 43
Yawls—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Start, 3:10.			
We Win It, F. M. Randall		4 38 51	1 28 51
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Start, 3:10.			
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	21.00	4 49 04	1 39 04
Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft.—Start, 3:15.			
Pebble, R. W. Speir	16.52	4 46 07	1 31 07
Peanut, Calvert Brewer	16.52	4 52 28	1 37 28

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. went into commission and held its first race on Thursday, May 30. The boats sailed over the inside course and three classes were filled, namely, the raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats. The wind was from the N.E., so the first leg was a beat to Plum Point, then a reach to a mark in Cold Spring Harbor, and then a run back to Plum Point. The boats sailed three times over this course. In the raceabout class Mr. H. M. Crane started his new boat, Merrywing, which was designed by his brother, Mr. Clinton H. Crane, who also started in Raider, one of his last year's productions, while Mr. Johnson De Forest started in his last year's Scamp. Merrywing got the best start, leading over the line, with Raider second and Scamp third. In the second round Scamp got in the lead and finished first, beating Merrywing by a small margin. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Raceabout Class—Start, 3:05.		
Scamp, Johnson De Forest	6 35 05	3 30 05
Merrywing, H. M. Crane	6 35 23	3 30 23
Raider, C. H. Crane	Withdrew.	
Scamp wins by 18s.		
Knockabout Class—Start, 3:10.		
Vagrant, W. G. Low, Jr., and T. B. Brown	6 44 27	3 34 27
Wyntje, Colgate, Hoyt	6 53 12	3 43 12
Marcia, De Le R. Dresser and H. Jacquelin	6 54 37	3 44 37
Nakodo, J. T. Sherman	Fouled buoy.	
Seawanhaka Cats—Start, 3:15.		
No. 1, J. R. Whitman	6 29 28	3 14 28
Nos. 2 and 3 did not finish.		

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.—Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 1.

THE first of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. races was sailed on Saturday, June 1, under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C. There was a fresh S.E. breeze blowing at the start that held true throughout the day. The larger boats carried topsails, and their course was from the starting line off the club house to the red can buoy No. 12, and then to the Government buoy off Fort Hamilton to the white spar buoy off the Brooklyn Y. C., thence to the starting line. It was a reach to the first mark, where the boats jibed and set spinakers for the run to the second mark, and from there it was a beat home. The other classes sailing a shorter course, had a run to Fort Hamilton buoy, a beat to the Brooklyn mark and from there a close hitch to the finish line. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Akista, George Hill	5 07 09	2 02 09
Titania, W. H. Childs	5 16 45	2 11 45
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Squaw, H. J. Heath	4 37 34	1 27 34
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	4 34 56	1 24 56
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	4 41 11	1 31 11
Wink, W. A. Barstow	4 47 42	1 37 42
Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Peanut, Calvin Brewer	4 54 23	1 44 23
Pebble, R. W. Speir	4 54 57	1 44 57
Catboats—Class T—21 to 25ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Qui Vive, George Freeth	4 36 38	1 26 38
Catboats—Class V—18 to 21ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	4 55 11	1 45 11

The winners were: Akista, Squaw (sail over), Song and Dance (sail over), Wraith, Peanut, Qui Vive (sail over) and Elsie (sail over).

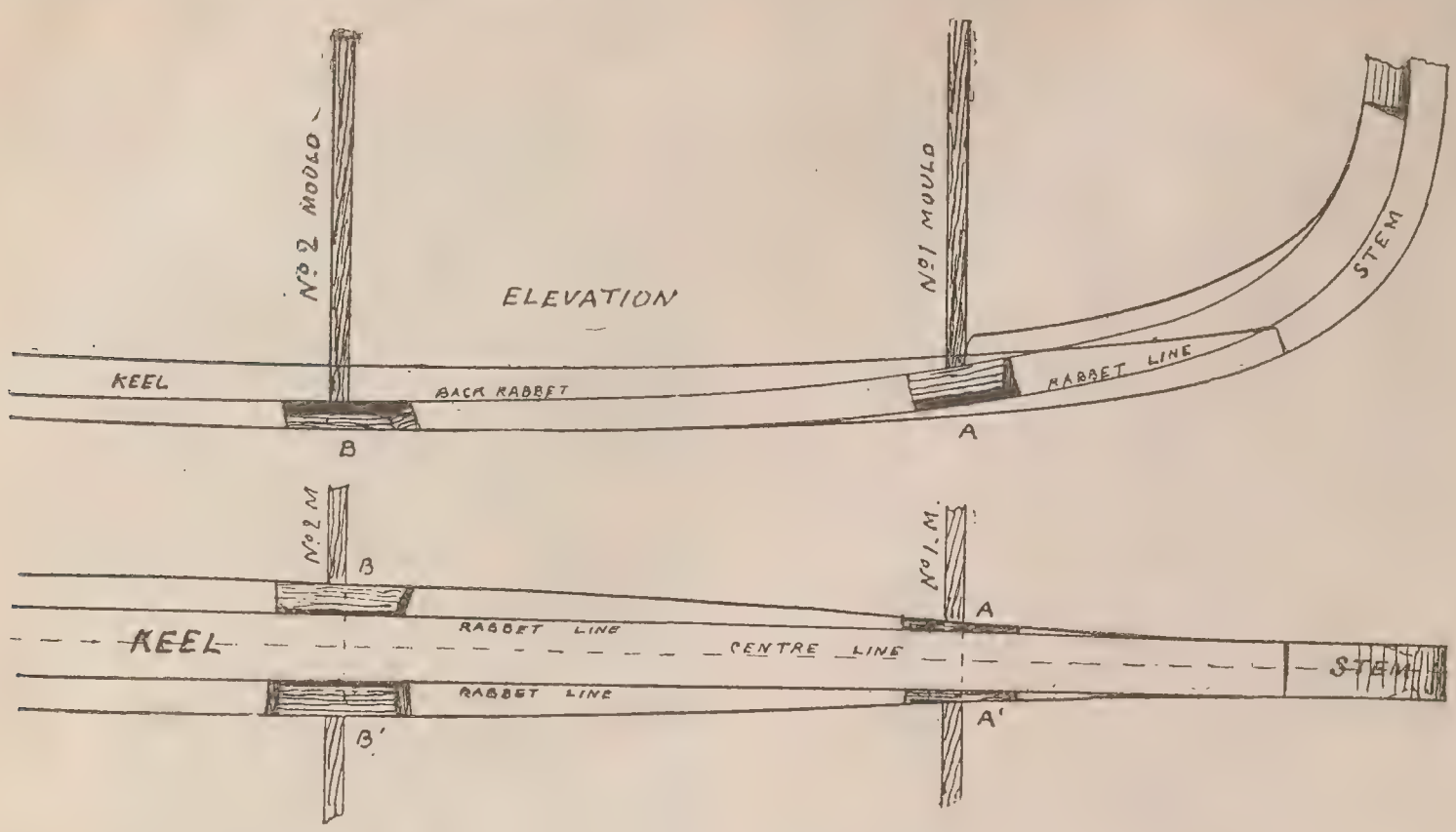
Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 1.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. held races for the Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats on Saturday, June 1, the boats sailing over the inner course twice at Oyster Bay. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 3:05.		
Nakodo, C. W. Wetmore	5 14 15	2 09 15
Vagrant, Brown & Low	5 15 33	2 10 33
Marcie, Jacquelin & Dresser	5 53 40	2 28 40
Seawanhaka Catboats—Start, 3:10.		
No. 3, H. W. Warner	5 37 22	2 27 22
No. 4, Ralph Hill Thomas	5 37 28	2 27 28
No. 1, A. R. Whitman	Withdrew.	



NO. 1 BOAT—PLAN—(Under Side of Keel). A 'A', Portions of the Rabbet Cut.
Fig. 15.

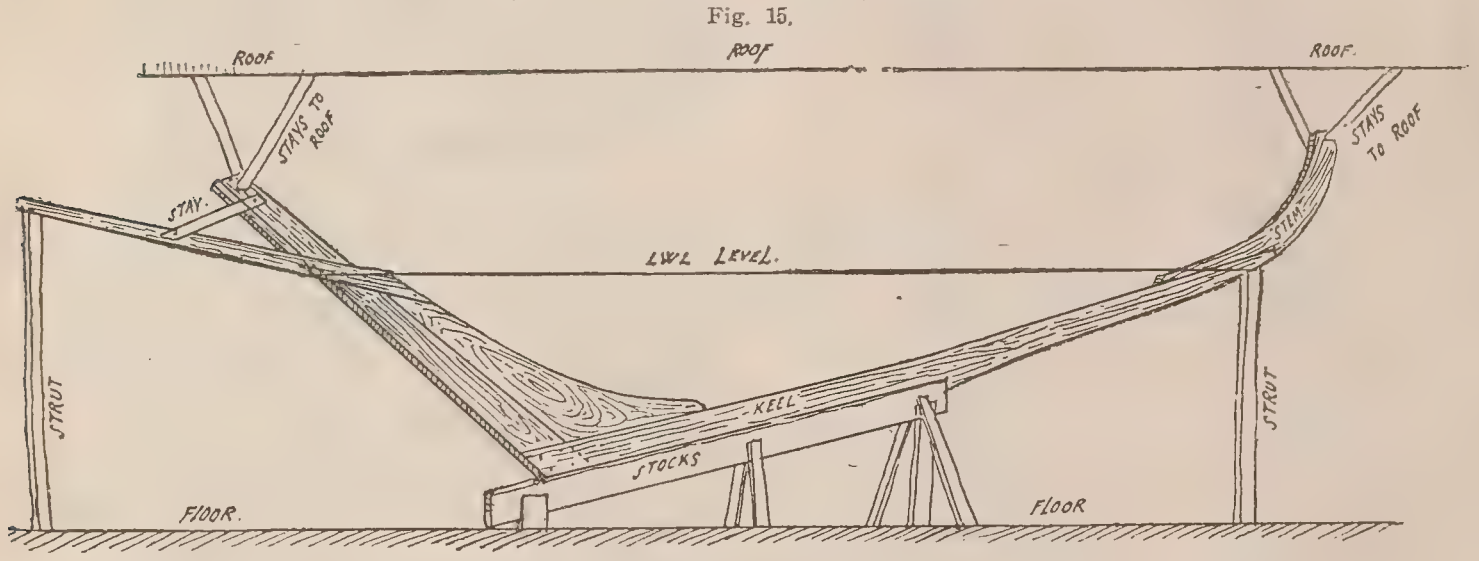


Fig. 12.

Knicknerbocker Y. C. Annual Regatta.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Saturday, June 1.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. held its annual regatta on Saturday, June 1. The course was around Gangway Buoy near Sands Point, a distance of 14.5 miles. The wind was E.N.E. at the start. The Manhasset one-design boats finished at Gangway Buoy. This made it windward work for the first half of the course, a run back to Throgg's Neck, and as the wind veered to S.W. about 3 o'clock, made it a close hitch up to the finish. The Newport special thirties and the raceabouts made the prettiest racing. Hera and Esperanza fought it out among themselves. Hera got the best of the start and held her lead to the finish. In the raceabout class there was some good work between the Herreshoff boats, Rogue and Oonagh, the Purdon boat, Snapper, and the Crownshield-designed Badger. The latter was sailed by her owners, Mr. F. B. Jones and Mr. W. R. Thorsen, with the assistance of Mr. E. Burton Hart. This makes the third consecutive race Badger has won. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners—65ft. Class—Start, 12:05.		
Miladi, S. H. Mason	4 40 04	4 40 04
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:10.		
Mira, Charles Lane Poor	4 04 44	4 04 44
Paiute, Beam Brothers	4 34 32	4 34 32
White Wing, Hall & Davidson	5 12 09	5 12 09
Gurnard, L. H. Zocher	4 32 46	4 28 47
Nautilus, John J. McCue	4 57 39	4 50 45
Sloops—43ft. Class—Special—Start, 12:10.		
Paiute, Beam Brothers	4 34 32	4 34 32
White Wing, Hall & Davidson	5 12 09	5 12 09
Gurnard, L. H. Zocher	4 32 46	4 28 47
Nautilus, John J. McCue	4 57 39	4 50 45
Eurybia, Charles Pryer	4 30 23	4 27 27
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 12:15.		
Memory, W. N. Bavier	4 21 03	4 21 03
Special Newport 30-Footers—Start, 12:20.		
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 02 52	4 02 52
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr	4 03 33	4 03 33
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:25.		
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr	3 59 22	3 59 22
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 15 32	4 15 03
Marion, F. M. Smith	4 08 11	4 08 11
Mab II., Clifford Brokaw	Withdrew.	
Sloops—Knickerbocker Y. C.—30ft. Class—Start, 12:25.		
Ouananiche, Rodman Sands	4 18 19	4 18 19
Feydeh, Hayward & Underhill	5 13 57	5 13 09
Porgie, J. G. Honey	5 29 13	5 23 13
Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:25.		
Dot, C. T. Pierce	4 03 09	4 03 09
Flyaway, Krasmer & Berrian	4 46 47	4 46 37
Leisure, F. B. Myrick	Not timed.	
Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:20.		
Oonagh, G. L. Pirie	4 16 38	4 16 38
Rogue, F. T. Bedford, Jr	4 14 12	4 14 12
Badger, F. B. Jones	4 12 12	4 12 12
Snapper, A. B. Alley	4 23 21	4 23 21
Nirvana, F. W. Robinson	4 27 03	4 27 03
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:35.		
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	4 26 50	4 23 33
Thisbe, W. D. Read	Withdrew.	
Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 1:30.		
Mist, J. W. Alker	3 00 02	3 00 02
Arizona, G. A. Cory	3 55 00	3 55 00
Firefly, Guy Standing	2 48 30	2 48 30
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 44 04	2 44 04

The winners were: Miladi (sail over), Mira, Eurybia, Memory (sail over), Hera, Oiseau, Ouananiche, Dot, Badger, Win or Lose and Lambkin.

Com. Frank Tilford, Indian Harbor Y. C., has appointed C. Stuart Somerville Fleet Captain; L. P. Jones, M. D., Fleet Surgeon, and the Rev. M. George Thompson Fleet Chaplain.

Marine and Field Club Match Race.

GRAVESEND BAY—NEW YORK BAY.
Saturday, June 1.

Two of the Marine and Field Club one-design boats sailed a match race for $300 on Saturday, June 1, over the club's course in Gravesend Bay. The two contestants were Kelpie and Quinque, owned respectively by Mr. W. K. Brown and Mr. L. H. Smith. The start was at 3:05 o'clock in a S.E. breeze. Kelpie took the lead in the first round, but on the second round she was passed by Quinque, which boat finished 37s. in the lead. The times were:

Match Race, $300—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quinque, L. H. Smith	5 26 15	2 21 10
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 26 44	2 21 47

Western Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 1.—In the trial spins off the lake front on Decoration Day, Illinois, the Canadian cup defender, had her first test with another yacht. Her competitor was Josephine B., and the new boat proved able to take the measure of Josephine very easily. The start was fairly even, and at the breakwater gap Illinois was leading by 58s. This was a beat into the wind, and at this sort of going Illinois was unmistakably superior. She seemed very tractable, and her fashion of going pleased the knowing ones very much.

On the homeward leg Josephine did a shade better, Illinois gaining only about a minute. The start was at 2:05 o'clock, and Illinois finished at 4:08:33, leading Josephine 15m. The wind was not strong, but steady, a good sailing breeze.

The building of the new club house of the Chicago Y. C. was enjoined by Clarence W. Marks, and a motion to dissolve the injunction was this week called before Judge Clifford, at which time counsel for Mr. Marks asked leave to file a bill of interpleader in the name of the Attorney-General, Mr. Hamlin. The latter was expected to appear in court within a few days. Mr. Marks owns the premises at Michigan avenue and Randolph street, and he objects to the erection of buildings along the breakwater. Judge Clifford continued the matter and the motion for dissolution will come up later.

In the Derocation Day races Vencedor and Siren had a little spin together, but Vencedor gave Siren no show at all, beating her decisively before the four-mile crib was reached. This was the first time the boats have come together since 1896, and Vencedor seems greatly improved since her earlier days. E. H.

Yacht Club Notes.

The New Haven Y. C. had its opening race on Decoration Day, May 30. There was one race for sloop yachts over a fifteen-mile course. It was won by Evelyn, owned by the Rev. John O. Berg, pastor of the Seamen's Bethel, in 3h. 59m. 2s. Kathryn, owned by James B. Smith, was second, in 4h. 38m. 5s., and Mariposa, owned by George H. Townsend, 2d, was third, in 4h. 45m. 58s. The wind was light.

❀ ❀ ❀

The opening regatta of the South Norwalk Y. C. was sailed on Decoration Day, May 30, over the inner course. A southeast wind favored the yachts and a good day's sport was had. Com. C. B. Keeler's sloop Defiance won in the sloop and knockabout class. A. E. Chasmer's Ayli won the race for cabin catboats. William H. Bynington's Grace was the winner in the open catboat class, and George Thompson's Florodora was the winner in the jib and mainsail class. The next race will be sailed on June 15, and will be open to all yachts enrolled in any club in the Long Island Sound Association.

A race under a five-mile breeze opened the yachting season here, the contest being the annual regatta for the Citizens' cup, sailed over the Bridgeport Y. C. course on Decoration Day, May 30. The contest was between the sloop Kit, Thomas H. MacDonald, and the sloop Tern, C. E. Perkins, of the Park City Y. C. The breeze was too light for the three yawls in the race—Hapassah, F. A. Wilmot; Gram, C. B. Bartram, and The Vagabond, W. E. Holah. The latter gave up on the second turn. Kit and Tern took the lead, and sailed evenly till the second turn, when the former showed more speed and came in first, beating the Park City representative 2m. 45s. No corrected time was given, as the Tern will have to be remeasured, so that the actual winner is not known.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Knockabout Association of Boston has offered a cup to be known as the Intercity Cup for Raceabouts, under the following conditions: Contest to be open to a representative boat from each of the following districts (or from any other district by approval of the Executive Committee): Islesboro, Maine and vicinity; Buzzard's Bay, Newport and vicinity; Long Island Sound, Marblehead and vicinity. Races to take place off Marblehead, and to begin on Monday, Sept. 9, and to continue daily until one boat has won three races; after four races have been sailed only winners of one race shall be allowed to compete; after six races only boats which have won two races. The cup to become the absolute property of the final winner. Races shall be sailed under the rules of the Knockabout Association governing raceabouts, and restrictions relating thereto, and under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts governing sailing regulations. The general conduct of the races shall be in charge of the Executive Committee of the Knockabout Association, and any point not covered by the above rules shall be referred to them, and their decision shall be final. Entries must be made to the Executive Committee of the Knockabout Association on or before Sept. 1.

❀ ❀ ❀

The second annual regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., of Port Washington, L. I., will be sailed over the club courses on Saturday, June 8. The classes are for the 43ft. boats and under; also for sloops, special thirties, Larchmont twenty-fives, the 21ft. and Manhasset raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and one-design dory class. Entries can be made with Edward M. MacLellan, chairman of the Race Committee, at 90 Water street.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Sing Sing Y. C. will hereafter be known as the Shattenuc Yacht and Canoe Club.

❀ ❀ ❀

J. V. S. Oddie, secretary of the New York Y. C., received a cablegram from Sharman Crawford, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Ulster Y. C., confirming the new agreement as to the time of the races off Sandy Hook for the America Cup. The cablegram reads:

"BANGOR, County Down, Ireland.—Secretary New York Y. C.: Date now definitely fixed; first race, Sept. 21.

"SHARMAN CRAWFORD, Vice-Com."

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. S. Montgomery Roosevelt has purchased the cutter Wenonah, formerly owned by Mr. James Stillman, and will change her rig from that of a cutter to that of a yawl at Hawkins' yard at City Island.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—Frank G. Trott and E. P. Trott, West Medford, Mass., Medford Boat Club; H. J. Walker, Woburn, Mass., Innitou C. C.; Walter M. Robinson, Boston, Mass., Innitou C. C.; William R. Traill, Fred Israel, Frank Walsh, Charles H. Rand and William H. Beaumont, Worcester, Mass., all members of the Tatasset C. C.

Atlantic Division—John W. Conrad, Beverly, N. J.

Northern Division—C. P. Howard and F. A. Shackwell, Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club, Montreal; H. J. Page, E. L. Harrison and Graham Kelsey, Toronto; C. N. Marshall, A. L. Marshall, H. Veavey and C. W. McLean, Grand Trunk Boating Club, Montreal.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 30.—Pohlmann's Pavilion, Jersey City Heights.—Tournament of Our Own Shooting Society.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

The Art of Revolver Shooting.

"THE Art of Revolver Shooting" is the title of a comprehensive work by the famous revolver expert, Mr. Walter Winans, vice-president of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain. It is artistically and profusely illustrated from designs by Mr. Winans and from original photographs. The thirty-five chapters which it contains are replete with useful information. The evolution of the revolver, selecting it, its cleaning and care, learning to use it, practice and training, ammunition, sights, targets of all kinds, competition, stage and trick shooting, big and small game shooting, target shooting off horseback, pigeon shooting with the pistol, and clay target shooting with the revolver, shooting in self defense, revolver shooting for ladies, revolvers for the police, revolvers in war, killing disabled animals, shooting in the dark, etc., are all minutely and ably treated. The illustrations are specially instructive. The advice concerning the careful handling of the revolver, to avoid possible accidents, is worthy of careful observance by all who handle firearms. The peculiar impulse which controls most people at sight of a revolver or other firearms is illustrated by a brief anecdote, told by the author, as follows: "One of my ornamental revolvers used to lie as a decoration on the writing table in my Bisley hut. Of course it was unloaded, and there were no cartridges near. Some visitors dropped in, one by one, to lunch. First came an elderly lady. She sat down near the table; her eye fell on the revolver. She instantly snatched it up with a laugh, and pointed it at me, with, 'I'll shoot you.' I

made her put it down, and was explaining to her how injudicious it was to point a revolver at any one, how it might have been loaded, etc., when in came a parson. He sat down and began talking pleasantly. Presently his eye caught sight of the revolver. Grabbing it, he shouted, 'Now, I'll shoot you,' and pointed it at me, roaring with laughter. I locked up that revolver." Were his advice followed, there would be none of the "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" accidents possible. He says, "Never leave a revolver, loaded or unloaded, where any one can touch it. Keep it locked up, unless actually in your possession." There is no circumstance directly or indirectly related to revolver shooting which is left untouched. The appendix gives a valuable dissertation on the law as it views the carrying and using of revolvers in Great Britain and the United States. The work contains 251 pages. It is printed on heavy fine paper, and well bound in cloth. We can furnish it. The price is $5.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 19.—The scores to-day were made in a very heavy cross wind. Mannel, Allen and Hoffman were on the sick list, and Barley and Brannagan on a vacation at Brannagan's ranch hunting coyotes and small game. Col. S. E. Beaver, one of our old-time revolver shots, brought out a new pistol, made from the Winchester .22 rifle action. He shot it at rest, and placed 18 out of 20 in the 3in. ring at 50yds. It is similar to the one with which Young shot himself. Young placed 9 out of 10 in a 3in. group with it off-hand at 50yds., using Peters short cartridges. It hangs much like the old dueling pistols. Becker had a Colt's automatic pistol, and made 49 out of 50 on a Blount bullseye. Henry Kenitzer presented Capt. Kuhnle with his Pope Winchester, and the Captain showed some of his old-time form, making a 6 average in his first 26 shots. A. H. Pape has taken unto himself a wife, and will be heard from later. A. H. Cady has just returned from the East, and has also joined the matrimonial ranks. If this mix-up continues it will disrupt our club. Washburn returned from Honolulu, where he has been for two and a half months. He couldn't hit a barn to-day, as the natives there gave him no chance to practice and keep in trim. Dorrell led with rifle to-day, and Young with pistol and revolver. Young also tried his light .22-74-45 Winchester rifle, using Peters cartridges, resting the weapon over his right arm near the shoulder, with good results, his 17 being one point away from club record. His 39 with revolver was made with Peters .44 Russian model cartridges, and is the best score ever made with factory ammunition in the club, but his best pistol scores were made with Peters .22 long rifle and .22 short cartridges, fresh from factory. Scores, off-hand on Columbia target; 10-shot scores:

Rifle, 200yds.:										
A B Dorrell, .32 Pope	5	5	12	3	1	6	5	3	3	7	50
	7	10	3	6	4	7	3	4	3	15	—62
	7	2	2	9	3	4	5	6	5	4	—53
	5	8	2	6	3	4	1	8	4	6	—47
	6	3	5	9	6	6	9	4	4	4	—56
	1	13	7	5	3	5	6	7	7	9	—63
Capt F Kuhnle	5	1	7	9	11	11	8	1	3	3	—59
	8	10	7	2	7	7	7	5	3	5	—61
	9	5	4	5	4	10	8	11	8	5	—69

Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young 38, 42, 42, 42, 46, 48, 49, 49; Ed Hovey 42, 43, 46; Dr. J. F. Twist 59, 72; Mrs. C. F. Waltham 74, 86, 88; J. B. Bradley 96; J. R. Trego 81.

Revolver, 50yds.: F. O. Young 39, 45; P. A. Becker 61, 66, 69, 70, 72; C. M. Daiss 62, 63; Dr. Twist 78, 90; J. R. Trego 87.

.22 rifle, 50yds.:

F O Young	1	1	2	3	2	2	2	1	1	2—17
	2	3	3	2	2	2	1	2	2	1—20

We congratulate E. E. Patridge on his record of 24. If his 4 had been a 3 he would have received a Columbia button from us.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, May 26. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 228. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 55; wind, 6 to 9 o'clock:

Gindele	228	222	222	220	212	24	23	19—66
Payne	225	221	221	220	215	17	21	22—60
Hasenzahl	222	222	222	220	220	23	22	22—67
Speth	221	218	216	214	213	21	22	19—62
Strickmeier	217	213	213	203	200	25	20	25—70
Nestler	216	214	210	209	209	25	21	20—66
Roberts	214	213	212	206	209	21	22	20—63
Jonscher	211	201	200	188	187	17	20	20—57
Bruns	205	207	204	201	196	22	19	19—60
Drube	199	197	196	195	190	22	17	15—54
Lux	199	192	191	189	185	21	15	21—57
Weinheimer	194	194	181	175	164	13	11	16—40
Hofer	189	186	186	185	185	..	..	..
Hoffman	191	154	151	125	121	..	..	..
Uckotter	185	185	182	180	180	22	23	16—61
Surkamer	182	174	142	136	113	18	13	17—48
Trounstine	196	184	179	171	...	..	..	..
Topf	176	172	169	168	166	12	10	15—37

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June—Osceola, Iowa.—Southeastern Amateur Shooting Association's tournament. Lee Wheeler, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association; valuable prizes. J. Mowell Hawkins, Mgr.

June 6.—West Chester, Pa.—All-day target shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Wisconsin Trapshooters' League. G. V. Dering, Sec'y.

June 4-5.—Stratford, Iowa.—Stratford Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 4-6.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Rochester, Minn.—Rochester Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

June 10-11—Tomah, Wis.—Tomah Gun Club's tournament.

June 11-12.—Bedford, Ind.—Fifth annual tournament of the Indiana Trapshooters' League. J. B. Stipp, Sec'y.

June 11-13.—Sioux City, Ia.—Seventh annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

June 13-14.—Pensacola, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Company's Amateur tournament, under auspices of the Pensacola Gun Club.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 19.—Gloversville, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Gloversville Gun Club. Chas. A. Bogart, Sec'y.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 20-21.—Amherst, Mass.—Amherst Gun Club's two-day tournament; $65 in cash and merchandise. H. B. Perry, Pres.

June 25-26.—Bristol, Tenn.—Tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company. John Parker, Mgr.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

July 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—All-day amateur target tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. Harry Strong, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club. Magautrap. M. F. Dietrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Frankfort, N. Y.—Third annual target tournament of the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association. W. J. Weller, Sec'y.

July 5-6.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's tournament. J. W. Nelson, Sec'y.

July 15-17.—Columbia, Mo.—State Amateur shoot, under the auspices of the Columbia Gun Club. W. A. Vivion, Sec'y.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. J. Blistian, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; $1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; $400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of the Virginia Trap Shooters' Association, under auspices of the West End Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds, $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 9-14.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 16-19.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of May 25 there was published an editorial on "Sweepstake Shooting." Mr. Will K. Park, a thorough expert in trapshooting matters, was kind enough to compliment it, and as further showing the benefits to be derived from shooting for sport instead of money, he cites the trapshooting conditions about Philadelphia, which explains as follows: "Our esteemed contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM, prints a very excellent editorial in a recent issue on 'Sweepstake Shooting.' They advocate the abolishment of all sweepstakes in club affairs, and cite the success of the New Utrecht Gun Club, in which trophies alone form the incentive for the display of skill. The Florists' Gun Club, of this city, might also be taken as an example of a successful club, although using flying targets exclusively, where sweepstakes in club shoots are never sanctioned, and where prizes alone reward skill, a handicap plan equalizing contestants. This excellent rule has brought many new shooters into the club, and, what is more to the point, it has kept them there as regular attendants, although they never advanced beyond a 60 or 70 per cent. marksman. Sweepstakes would drive this class away in a short time. In big open tournaments the sweepstakes are depended upon to draw the crowd. In a large number of programmes received at this office within the past few weeks we have noticed particularly one condition, which reads: 'All sweepstakes optional.'"

The programme of the Innterstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Sherbrooke Gun Club, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada, July 1 and 2, is now ready for distribution. It provides ten events each day, seven at 15 and three at 20 bluerocks, entrance $1.50 and $2. Headquarters will be at the Grand Central Hotel. The programme may be obtained of Mr. Charles H. Voss, secretary of the Sherbrooke Gun Club, or of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. Further information is presented in the programme as follows: "This tournament will be held on the grounds of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. Shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M. sharp each day. The grounds are situated on the banks of the St. Francis River, ten minutes' ride from the center of the city by electric cars. They are located in a beautiful meadow, with all the surroundings and arrangements that go to make trapshooting enjoyable. All purses will be divided according to the Rose system, into four moneys, at the ratio of 5, 3, 2 and 1. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Chas. H. Foss, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada, will be delivered to the shooting grounds free of charge. First-class loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. Price of targets, 2 cents each, deducted from purses before dividing. Black powder barred. Lunch will be served on the grounds. The Interstate Association's rules will govern all events."

The Waterville (Me.) Gun Club has issued the programme of its tournament, which is scheduled for June 20. It presents eleven events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target; 200 targets in all, with a total entrance of $20. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. To first high gun, $5; to second and third, $3 each; to fourth and fifth, $2 each. The competition is open to the world. A silver cup will be given to the amateur who makes the highest average for the whole programme. Lunch served on the club grounds. Guns, etc., sent in care of the club will be delivered on the grounds free. Arrangements have been made with the Maine Central Railroad whereby excursion tickets can be purchased for Waterville and return at the rate of 2 cents per mile from Bangor, Pittsfield, Gardiner, Brunswick, Bath, Lewiston and Portland, good June 19, 20 and 21. Mr. J. A. Davidson is secretary. With the programme came the following, which is as gratifying as it is novel: "FOREST AND STREAM, New York City, June 1.—Gentlemen.—Recognizing the fact that those papers devoted to the sportsman's world give the trapshooters and the clubs much free advertising, we decided to devote one page in our programme to such papers without any charge to them. We only ask that you continue to use us as you have in the past. Very truly yours, Waterville Gun Club"

The report of the Missouri State shoot, published in our trap columns this week, is of special interest to the amateurs of the trapshooting world, since it was an amateur shoot. It was a pronounced success.

Messrs. Griesedieck and Mermod made a great finish in the tie for the Lemp trophy, going as far as the sixty-sixth round, when Mr. Mermod lost a bird, thereby leaving victory with his competitor.

The Amherst (Mass.) Gun Club has issued the programme of its two-day tournament, June 20 and 21. Professionals may shoot for targets only. Handicap, 16 to 21 yards. Targets thrown from a magautrap at 1½ cents, included in entrance. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock; dinner on the grounds at 1 o'clock. Sixty-five dollars in cash and merchandise prizes. There are ten events on the first day, with a total entrance of $14, and eight events on the second day, with a total entrance of $13. For further information, address the president of the club, Mr. H. B. Perry.

The regular programme of the Woonsocket (R. I.) Gun Club provides seven events, a total of 100 targets for $5. It commenced on May 18, and continues on June 1, 15 and 29; July 13 and 27; Aug. 10 and 24. The conditions are known, unknown and reverse angles. Sweeps optional. Targets 1 cent. Rose system governs. Paid representatives barred from stakes. Mr. L. W. Campbell is president; Mr. E. W. Kent is secretary.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph of May 29 we learn that Miss Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank Butler) is giving her shooting exhibitions with undiminished skill and popularity with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. The host of friends of this charming lady will sympathize with her deeply on learning that she is suffering from a badly sprained ankle, caused by a fall; but she bravely continues her professional tasks.

The Canadian, of the Leyland line, on which the American team sailed, was due in Liverpool on Tuesday or Wednesday of this week. No doubt but what some of them han an interview with old Neptune, and that high averages with that famous old salt has been figured out ere this. On Tuesday of next week, according to the terms of the match, is the commencement of international trapshooting definitions.

The programme of the Soo Gun Club's seventh annual amateur tournament, at Sioux City, Iowa, June 11 to 13, announces $450 in cash and merchandise prizes. The events each day are in the main 15-target events, $1.50 entrance and $5 added. On the second day the Interstate championship contest takes place. There are eight prizes for the general averages. Mr. W. F. Duncan is the secretary.

There is a report current that Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, the expert shooter of Newark, N. J., has received and accepted a challenge from Mr. J. W. Vandeveer to shoot for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, and that the contest will take place on the grounds of the Freehold Gun Club, June 15. Mr. Neaf Apgar has an intention to challenge the winner.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, informs us that the programme for the Grand American Handicap target tournament, to be held July 16 to 19 (the dates being changed from July 23 to 26), will be ready for distribution by June 15.

Mr. W. A. Vivion, of Columbia, Mo., writes us as follows: "The state amateur shoot which was held at Moberly, Mo., last July, is to be held at Columbia, Mo., this year, July 15, 16 and 17. This is a state shoot and is usually well attended."

The Schenectady (N. Y.) Gun Club will hold an all-day amateur target tournament on July 4. The programme provides 15 target events, 15 targets each; added money. A magautrap will be used. The secretary is Mr. Harry Strong.

The Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club announces that it will hold its annual target tournament on July 4. Targets will be thrown by its new magautraps. Mr. W. F. Dietrich is the secretary.

Mr. Guy Burnside and Mr. F. C. Riehl were the finishers in the contest for the Republic cup. The former won in the eighteenth round of the tie, which was shot miss and out.

Mr. Geo. A. Mosher, who has been manager of the Syracuse Arms Co. during the past eight years, informs us that on May 31 he severed his business connections with that company.

Mr. A. F. Leonard, secretary of the Brockton (Mass.) Gun Club, won the silver trophy for the third time at the club's shoot, May 30. It is now his personal property.

At the Decoration Day shoot of the Auburn (Me.) Gun Club the Waterville team won the Lovell diamond badge, breaking 222 targets out of a possible 250.

The Bellow Falls (Vt.) Gun Club schoots on Thursday afternoon of each week, and is pleased to have shooters participate.

The next tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association will be held at Kansas City.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., May 30.—The Decoration Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club had a good attendance, considering the numerous other attractions of the day peculiar to the great cities. Numerous beautiful prizes, artistic bronzes, etc., rewarded the skill of the shooters. The pigeons were mixed in quality from ordinary birds to better, with an occasional lightning bird. Following are the scores:

Event No. 1, 7 birds, then miss-and-out, for club prizes:

B Waters, 28	2122112—7	D C Bennett, 28	0*11220—4
F D Creamer, 28	111120w	Dr Wynn, 29	1111111—7
W F Sykes, 29	2221222—7	W A Stuart, 28	1121212—7
G H Piercy, 29	2222121—7	Dr Martin, 29	2221111—7
C A Ramapo, 28	2210020—4	M Meyer, 28	1*11111—6

Ties on 7; after a few rounds each shooter went back 1yd., and the last rounds were shot from the 33yd. mark:

G H Piercy	2222212112222111112 22
B Waters	1121112211122212222120
Dr Martin	1212222121122212212*
Dr Wynn	11110
W F Sykes	20

Piercy first, Waters second, Martin third, Wynn fourth.

No. 2, 3 pairs:

C A Ramapo, 25	10 10 00—2	Snyder, 25	10 10 10—3
M Meyer, 25	11 11 01—5	Dr Wynn, 26	01 11 01—4
G H Piercy, 26	10 11 11—5	B Waters, 25	11 11 11—6

No. 3, 10 birds, then miss-and-out, for club prizes:

G H Piercy, 29	1112211111—10	W A Stuart, 28	2**02*1101— 5
D C Bennett, 28	1211212222—10	J N Borland, 28	222*102212— 8
B Waters, 28	2222222222—10	M Weightman, 28	2020w
C A Ramapo, 28	120*w	E W Reynolds, 28	2220w
F D Creamer, 28	2212221211—10	H Edey, 28	2122210220— 8
J H Jack, 29	2121222222—10	M O'Neill, 28	2100222w
Dr. Wynn, 29	1122212110— 9	A Hendrickson, 28	2222202122— 9

Ties on 10:

B Waters	2222212	J H Jack	222220
F D Creamer	2212220	G H Piercy	1121*

Waters first, Creamer second, Jack third, Piercy fourth.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Intercity Shooting Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 1.—Dr. Bill reports from the Intercity Shooting Park that the gun sharps of St. Paul and Minneapolis have not been making so good records during the week past as they are accustomed to do, the scores being away below the average. The weather has been bad, but this has not everything to do with low scores. The manager of the park has placed a trap on the peak of the club house roof. This throws the targets over the shooters' heads, and the result has been scores so low that the boys refuse to allow them publication. The targets are thrown about 75ft., and good scores are impossible. The shooter's back is toward the trap, and all shooting is at unknown angles. As may be imagined, this puts up a pretty stiff game for even the best of the experts. The following scores were made on May 23 by the Minneapolis Gun Club for the Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 targets:

Danz 15, Hays 10, French 14, Whitney 9, Shorty 11.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles: Danz 15, Hays 17, French 19, Marshall 20, Shorty 14, Spear 18, Thompson 21, Brown 20.

Club badges, 10 singles and 5 pairs: McKay won senior, Brown won junior, Hays won amateur.

On May 25 the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club made the following scores. Event 1, 25 singles, unknown angles, for St. Paul Rod and Gun Club trophy; events 2, 3 and 4, shoot-off for same; event 5, 25 singles, unknown angles, for Thompson and Danz trophy; events 6 to 10, 15 singles, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Thompson, 2	22	..	..	..	..	12	9	13	12	12
J C, 2	25	..	..	24	22	11	13	15	13	13
Spear, 5	20	..	..	..	10	7	8	10	12	6
P Hanser, 2	22	..	..	..	23	13	14	15	14	13
Thorp, 2	22	..	..	..	21	12	12	12	..	..
Fameschon, 5	25	25	25	25	19	11	13	8	13	14
Morrison, 0	23	..	..	..	25	14	15	14	15	..
Gotzian, 4	24	..	..	..	14	8	10	13	14	13
Danz, 5	25	25	25	23	19	10	11	12	..	..
Knox, 8	23	..	..	..	19	6	8	10	..	..
Somers, 8	18	..	..	..	14	13	14	13	..	..
Alberts, 7	16	..	..	..	17	8	10	12	..	..
Brown, 2	21	..	..	..	20	14	13	14	..	..
*French	19	..	..	..	22	14	13	14	13	14
Henry, 5	17	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Wilkinson, 2	22	..	..	..	23	15	14	14	..	..
Irle, 6	17	..	..	..	9	12	10	12	..	..
*Ramaly	21	..	..	..	..	10	13	12	13	..
Carl, 7	20	..	..	..	16	10	12	..	..	..
*Spratley	20	..	..	..	20	7	13	7	..	..
*Beyer	17	..	..	..	23	10	11	8	10	..
Predmer	..	..	..	..	4	5	6	7	13	..
Agnew	..	..	..	..	7	10	9	5	12	..
Switzer	..	..	..	..	11	9	9	10	10	..
Lee	..	..	..	..	6	7	5	10	12	..

*Visitors.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., June 1.—At the Chicago Gun Club's shoot to-day Dr. Miller did the best work. He won the high gun trophy in the weekly handicap in birds after shooting out Dr. Carson. He also won the monthly trophy handicap in rise, 21yds., for him, after shooting out A. W. Morton, at 16yds.:

Monthly trophy, 15 targets, handicap in rise:

Shelley, 16	101101110101010— 9
Bowles, 16	111111110111011—13
King, 16	110101111010001— 9
Dunbar, 16	111011111001110—11
Weart, 16	110011110100110— 9
Mrs Howard, 16	000011011011011— 8
A W Morton, 16	111011111111111—14
R B Mack, 18	101111001111010—11
Dr Carson, 21	011111111110000—10
Willard, 21	101101110011101—10
Miller, 21	101111111111111—14
O'Brien, 21	010110101001011— 8
Dr Morton, 21	010111011001111—10

Ties on 14:
A W Morton, 16...1101111111— 9 Dr Miller, 21.....1111111111—10

Weekly trophy, 25 targets:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
R B Mack	1110110101111110111111101—20	4	24
Dr Carson	1101100111111111101011111—20	0	21
L Willard	1011110101111111101011111—20	2	22
Dr Miller	1111100110111111111111011—21	3	24
Shelley	1111111111101100101110001—18	6	24
Bowles	1101101101010111110110011—17	6	23
O'Brien	1111011110011101111111100—19	3	22
King	0100010111000111000111100—12	7	19
Cop	1111111111111111111011111—24	0	24
Dunbar	0100111101101111111101001—17	7	24
Weart	0111100101010111110101100—15	7	22
Mrs Howard	0101010111011010000011111—14	10	24
Dr Morton	0111111010101110011111111—19	5	24
A W Morton	1110110001111111110111100—17	4	21

BLUE JEANS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., June 1.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the season. Pollard, Eaton and Young tied for Class A medal on scores of 22. Dr. Meek won Class C medal on 22, while P. McGowan won Class C medal on 23.

I guess we had our class business turned upside down.

The day was a delightful one for target shooting—just warm enough to be comfortable, and a nice light breeze. Owing to a special pigeon shoot being conducted to-day by some of the members of the club, the attendance was not quite up to our standard, only eighteen shooters being present:

Fifth trophy shoot, 25 targets:

J McDonald	0011111111101100100110111—17
A Dorman	0011111101111011111111101—20
P McGowan	1111111101111111111011111—23
A McGowan	1111100111111100111001110—18
Dr J W Meek	1111111101111111101111110—22
N H. Ford	1011011101111101111011110—19
Shrigley	1111000111001100101001101—14
J Pollard	1111111111111011111111101—22
T Eaton	1110111111111011111111101—22
T Hagerty	1101010011010110110110110—15
M Bowers	1011111010100011010111110—16
F Pits	1111111111111111100111111—23
Wolff	1100011010011000101111101—15
L Thomas	1111110100110101011011100—17
A Marshall	1111101101111111101110101—19
S Young	1111111110111111110101111—22
F Barnard	0011010101010100011100101—12
Dr Huff	1010111000111111010111111—17
T McGruder	1111111111111111010110010—20
F Leasure	1111111111111111010111001—21
W Jones	0111110011111111101011100—18

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Montana State Tournament.

GREAT FALLS, Mont., May 25.—The eighth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, held in our city, May 17, 18 and 19, was a grand success, being the largest and most successful tournament ever held in the State, as high as fifty shooters participating in some events.

The weather conditions were all that could be expected, barring the first day, which was rather windy, and from position of traps made the right-angle birds hard to catch.

Two magautraps were used, and 28,000 bluerocks thrown, including sweepstakes.

The individual bluerock championship cup was won by J. W. Huse, of Fort Benton. In this event, Huse, Benner and Nalbach tied with 44 each, and on shoot-off Benner and Huse again tied. On the second shoot-off Huse won it.

The Brownlee challenge medal was won by Wm. Cummings, of Stockett.

The three-man championship cup shoot was won by Benner, Gallagher and Nalbach, of the Great Falls team.

Highest average was won by Nalbach, of Great Falls.

Twohy, of Anaconda, won the live-bird championship medal, Morrison, of Fort Benton, winning the challenge live-bird medal, both having tied on 15 birds each. On 10-bird shoot-off they again tied with 10 birds each, and on second shoot-off at 10 birds Twohy killed 9 and Morrison 7.

The live birds used were good strong flyers—no duffers to speak of. Most of these birds were purchased of R. E. Cobb, of St. Paul.

A peculiar feature of the wind-up of the tournament was that the last gun of the last squad, with his last shot to shoot, killed the last bird that the club had on hand.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, held on Friday, May 17: Frank Klepetko, Anaconda, President; C. A. Tuttle, Anaconda, Vice-President; C. H. Smith, Butte, Secretary-Treasurer.

Anaconda was selected as the place of holding the ninth annual tournament.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	9	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	15	25	20	50	25	30	20	40	25	20	25	25	20	25
Hillis	13	18	17	39	20	7	16	19	28	22	19	24	19	19	20
Holohan	15	22	20	42	24	22	14	20	35	22	18	24	22	19	21
Brownlee	12	21	16	36	17	25	15	23	28	18	13	18	16	13	18
Twohy	12	23	13	38	20	21	16	22	36	22	18	23	20	14	18
Gallagher	10	21	16	38	19	24	13	14	25	20	16	24	23	15	19
Nell	9	17	15	36	21	14	15	18	27	20	18	19	18	16	21
Jones	12	19	9	..	21	15	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cummings	11	20	17	43	24	17	18	21	28	22	15	25	19	15	21
Gaunt	12	21	15	34	21	21	12	18	28	15	16	21	20	13	16
Benner	13	20	16	44	23	20	12	21	30	22	12	19	20	14	6
Frazier	13	17	15	42	24	16	15	17	29	17	17	20	19	15	19
G W Walker	12	17	15	28	14	..	..	..	..	22	12	19	20	14	6
Confar	11	23	15	40	18	22	11	23	25	19	15	21	21	16	..
Yancy	9	20	10	28	17	16	8	14	..	18	16	..	22	17	21
Fillian	9	..	15	..	..	18	..	13	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Klepetko	10	15	13	30	17	19	11	14	25	16	12	20	20	16	14
Prior	10	18	16	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spargo	10	16	11	38	16	15	11	13	30	20	14	15	15	7	16
Trudgeon	11	15	14	40	18	..	11	19	28	16	13	19	14	12	14
Batchelor	14	22	19	42	19	14	15	18	28	19	18	23	20	14	18
Stephens	14	18	13	..	19	12	..	19	..	..	13	..	21	17	..
Johnson	13	17	14	..	21	..	..	18	..	24	15	20	20	19	16
Smith	12	17	10	31	8	16	14	16	28	20	16	20	23	15	20
A J Walker	12	20	17	41	21	18	13	18	24	22	16	22	18	18	15
Richardson	13	13	12	30	20	16	9	19	..	17	10	..	21	14	16
Gillen	7	18	10	..	13	13	..	..	..	19	16	20	17	13	14
Weatherby	10	17	14	..	22	17	10	14	20	18	14	..	..	16	20
Bickett	10	17	14	..	22	17	10	14	20	18	14	..	..	16	20
Nalbach	14	20	18	44	20	18	13	22	33	24	20	24	24	19	20
McDonald	11	18	12	38	16	19	..	11	34	18	16	16	15	13	14
Stewart	12	..	14	..	..	..	..	18	..	14	14	..	..	..	..
J Conley	9	15	18	43	12	9	..	14	22	19	15	14	15	15	17
Huse	13	17	16	44	23	24	15	20	31	18	18	22	18	11	20
Morrison	12	20	13	35	17	15	14	14	28	22	17	16	22	14	19
Sharpe	10	18	19	35	15	..	11	18	..	19	15	18	15	14	15
Lewis	11	22	17	40	16	17	15	17	24	17	16	22	20	18	..
McGill	11	18	15	38	18	14	14	16	22	13	15	11	11	10	..
Pearson	9	21	15	..	22	5	..	18	24	22	..	..	11	..	6
Joslyn	..	18	15	37	15	15	12	16	..	22	..	..	25	18	..
Flynn	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McGowan	..	13	8	..	13	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pogreba	..	..	15	..	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Daniels	..	..	14	..	17	..	8	16	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
McLean	..	..	13	..	13	..	11	17	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Fisk	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	17	20	17	13	..	21	..	..
L A Walker	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	16	16	..	12	..	..
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Spogan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	15	16	..	..	7
Landers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	18	15	..	19	..
Murray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	8	14	..	18	..
Whitehead	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	12	..	..	..
Leland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	..	16	..
Burris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wackerlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	16	18	..	..
Klauer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	17	..	16	16	14
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	..
Cluston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

Event 6, two-man team, 20 birds per man: Twohy and Nell 32, Hillis and Holohan 32, Confar and Yancy 28, Trudgeon and Spargo 26, Conley Brothers 28, Gaunt and Benner 29, Lewis and Huse 33, Batchelor and Walker 30, Frazier and Bickett 32, Gallagher and Nalbach 28, Klepetko and McGill 25, Brownlee and Smith 30, Cummings and Pearson 29, Stephens and Johnson 30.

Three-man team, 25 birds per man, $6 per team: A. J. Walker, Confar and Batchelor 59, Trudgeon, Spargo and Yancy 53, Brownlee, Stewart and Klepetko 39, Gallagher, Nalbach and Benner 60, Twohy, Nell and McGill 58, Bickett, Gaunt and Frazier, 50.

Consolation, 20 birds, $2: Klepetko 13, Yancy 16, Richardson 12, Smith 12, Spargo 14.

Fifteen live birds, 3 misses out; entrance $10, birds extra:

J Conley	0122222220122211—13	D Twohy	2222212222221122—15
C Smith	1112112111222010—13	A Walker	2222010222221122—13
M Brownlee	222212021202220*—12	Trudgeon	0202220*
P Pogreba	1221221101102211—13	Huse	2211222222221220—14
H Benner	1211212122210012—13	O Walker	1221220100
J Gaunt	1222021222020**—10	Bachelor	2202212222222022—13
Gallagher	00210*	Spargo	2121212222220222—14
Hillis	2202222222222222—14	Morrison	2222122112111222—15
Frazier	2222012112021122—13	Murray	2110222100
Stephens	01100*	Klepetko	2110222200
Cummings	02112200*	Malbach	2102200
F Conley	0201221110*	A Fisk	01112202110
G Jones	2222222222022222—14		

Shoot-off No. 1, 10 birds:
Twohy .....2222222222—10 Morrison .....2222222222—10

Shoot-off No. 2, 10 birds:
Twohy .....2120221112— 9 Morrison .....220212202 — 7

H. L. NALBACH, Sec'y.

Westminster Gun Club.

WESTMINSTER, Md., May 31.—The annual spring trapshooting tournament, given in this city to-day by the Westminster Gun Club, was not very largely attended, the weather having been very unfavorable during the morning, with showers of rain up to 9 o'clock. The conditions throughout the day were not conducive to high scores. There were eight target, one live-bird and one miss-and-out events.

Of those participating in the tournament Hicks, German, Malone, Hawkins and Devall were from Baltimore; Seitz, Eyster, Bortner and N. H. Bortner, of Glen Rock, Pa.; Peters, Reif, Willis, Baughman, Ousler and Herring, of this city. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	20	15	15
Hicks	9	10	14	12	15	19	14	14
German	15	15	17	18	13	16	15	11
Malone	13	14	14	15	11	18	11	8
Peters	10	13	17	14	11	18	14	9
Hawkins	14	13	17	18	14	18	13	14
Seitz	12	8	10	14	10	10	10	7
Reif	14	13	17	17	12	14	13	12
Hering	11	10	17	15	10	14	..	11
Baughman	12	14	18	17	15	14	15	6
Eyster	7	10	12	15	6	15	7	7
Bortner	6	5	12	11	9	16	10	11
Devall	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12
Ousler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

Five birds, $3, high guns:

Peters	22222—5	Hawkins	21120—4
Seitz	2201*—3	Baughman	2202*—3
Eyster	22222—5	Hicks	0112*—3
Malone	21121—5	Reif	11211—5
N H Bortner	0222*—3	Willis	2120*—3
German	2012*—3	Devall	2110*—3
Bortner	2020*—2	Ousler	2210*—3

Miss-and-out, $2:

Peters	20	Seitz	10
Hicks	20	Reif	2222
N H Bortner	1221	Ousler	1122
Malone	2122	Willis	1122
Baughman	220	Hawkins	220

Zionville—Limeport.

STANDARD, Pa., June 1.—Herewith find scores of events shot May 24. The large shoot of ours was a challenge shoot for a chicken and waffle supper at the Eagle Hotel, Limeport, situated on the club grounds. We lost the supper on our grounds, but we have to shoot two big shoots yet before we can decide which club wins. The dates are not yet determined.

Zionsville Gun Club.

C Croll	1111011101011101101111111—20
E Hillegass	0010100111000111010100101—12
H B Schantz	0111101111011111011111111—21
C Schlecher	0111101111011111011010111—19
M Wilson	1111011101111101111011111—21
H Benning	1101111111011111111111011—22
A Desch	0111101111011111010100111—18
M Brey	1111011111110111111111111—23
R Schaffer	0001100101010010000110111—11—167

Limeport Gun Club.

O Griesemer	1011011001000101010011111—14
J Brunner	1101011101111101010101111—18
J Gallager	0101111100100101011010011—14
I Benner	1001011110011110110111110—17
H T Erdman	1011011001000010001111111—14
H Schlecher	1111111111011110111100111—23
A Knauss	1101101111111011011101111—20
C Schaffer	1001011010100101010010111—13
C Weaver	0110010001011001010100111—12—145

In the following events No. 1 was at 5 live birds, No. 2 at 3 pairs. The remaining events were at 10 targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	5	6	10	10	10	Targets:	5	6	10	10	10
Croll	3	..	8	7	..	Knauss	..	..	4	6	..
Benner	4	4	2	4	4	Desch	..	..	5	5	..
Brey	4	5	7	10	..	Hellegass	..	..	7	7	..
Weiler	3	4	..	..	..	Gallager	..	..	6	6	..
Engleman	4	..	5	4	..	Schantz	..	..	7	4	..
Schlecher	4	..	8	8	9	Fenton	..	..	..	..	7
Griesemer	..	..	5	8	..	Wilson	..	..	..	..	6

H. T. ERDMAN, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J.—The scores which follow are those made Saturday, May 25, and Thursday, May 30 (Memorial Day).

The attendance on the 25th was small, the weather being the cause, it being rainy and generally disagreeable. A few of the faithful, however, braved the elements and shot through the programme provided.

After we get the scores and walks covered, which is to be done at once, it will matter very little to us whether it rains or shines. It is also intended to increase the size of the club house to 34ft. frontage, and adding lockers for the convenience of the members and an up-to-date desk for the use of the cashier.

The attendance on Decoration Day was very good, considering the outside attractions, and also the fact of no attempt being made to provide anything unusual in the way of an extra programme. It was just a family affair, strictly private. Some members who rarely visit the grounds were on hand and enjoyed the outing. Mr. J. R. Taylor shot in splendid form, making the high average of the day, 89 per cent., with J. E. Thropp, Jr., a close second with 87 per cent.

As soon as the improvements are finished and some other work has been finished there will "somethin' doin'" in this locality. Will advise the nature of this later on:

May 25.—Events Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were optional sweeps, 16yds.; event No. 6 was gun held below the elbow at 13yds.; event No. 7 was 5 pairs; events No. 8, and 9 were optional sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	25	10	10	15	10	10	15	
Satterthwaite	13	..	6	6	5	3	5	..	..
J R Taylor	16	22	9	7	13	8	10	11	8
C Maddock	18	17	..	6	7	2	7	9	..
Kirby	..	9	..	..	..	..	5	10	7
Gaskill	..	..	6	7	8	7	8	14	8
Smith	..	..	5	6	11	9	5	11	4

May 30.—Events Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 were cash sweeps; event No. 7 was a team race; events Nos. 8 and 9 were reverse pulls; events Nos. 10 and 11 were 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	25	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	10
B Sinclair	5	17	4	..	..	10	19	..	..	..	..
G Sinclair	7	18	9	..	..	8	19	..	..	..	..
H Sinclair	8	..	4	..	..	4	12	..	..	..	..
J E Thropp	9	18	8	8	..	8	23	7	5	8	6
Ginully	2	15	4	..	6	6	10	..	6	..	..
J R Taylor	8	20	8	8	..	9	24	10	6	10	10
Worthington	4	12	6	..	6	..	..	..	8	..	..
Croft	5	..	8	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	..
Harding	..	15	7	..	..	9	..	..	..	8	5
Maddock	..	14	5	8	7	7	17	5	5	8	7
L and R	..	..	7	3	5	5	..	..	3	..	..
Gaskill	..	..	9	9	6	5	19	..	9	..	..
Borden	..	..	8	9	4	5	17	5	6	6	6
Rowan	..	..	5	6	..	6	20	5	..	6	5
Francis	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	5	14	5	..
Warner	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	6	13	4	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	17	7	8
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Steward	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	5	5
Hooper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	7
Woolverton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	16	..	..
Mickel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	4	7
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..

Team race, eight men on a side:

Capt. Thropp's Team.

J E Thropp	1111111111111111110101111—23
Gaskill	1101011011110101110111111—19
Borden	1111011001011101011111010—17
C Maddock	1110111101111100001100110—17
H Sinclair	1001100100111100101110000—12
Dr Rowan	1100111111101111111110101—20
Johnson	1101101010110111101101111—18
Woolverton	1111010111000111110001101—16—142

Capt. Taylor's Team.

J R Taylor	1111111111111111111111101—24
Mickel	1111011110011011111110001—18
Warner	1111101011010110000001001—13
Francis	0110011010111010010101101—14
Wilson	0111011101111011110101100—17
G Sinclair	1111011111111111100010011—19
B Sinclair	1110101111011100111101110—19
Ginully	1010001001001101001011000—10—131

Westwood Gun Club.

Westwood, N. J., June 3.—One of the largest shooting events ever held in Westwood, N. J., took place on Decoration Day, at the Westwood Gun Club grounds. Shooting started at 10 A. M. The first event was a match race between the Oradell Gun Club and the home team, which resulted in a victory for the latter. In the afternoon another match took place, with the Spring Valley Rod and Gun Club, which the Westwood Club won by 30 targets.

Both matches called for ten-man teams and 25 targets per man. After the contests were over there were both prize and sweepstake shooting, which proved very exciting. About 500 spectators witnessed the shooting.

E. L. GREENIN, Sec'y.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., June 3.—The shoot of the Hudson Gun Club to-day was at targets. Event 10 was at 20yds. rise. Event 11 was at 5 pairs. The next shoot will be on June 16. All are welcome.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	25	15	10
Schorty	9	14	8	14	10	14	9	14	23	13	..
Dudley	10	14	9	14	9	14	8	14	23	..	7
Fee	7	9	5	9	7	8	..	8	10	..	..
Jones	5	13	8	10	5	12	8	11	19	..	..
G Hughes	6	6	6	7	7	10	..	..	..	..	..
Altz	8	10	9	11	7	12	..	..	..	..	..
Duke	..	..	8	9	9	13	7	8	20	7	5
Whitley	..	..	3	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hansmann	..	..	..	..	4	10	13	11	13	7	4

DUKE, Ass't Sec'y.

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carstadt, N. J., May 30.—The afternoon was cloudy yet favorable for good scores. The club event was as follows:

P Rasmus	1110101001—6	J Rasmus	0000111010—4
C Steinbruener	0111101011—7	G Frank	1011100001—5
M Rasmus	0100111111—7	W Rasmus	0110011111—7
H Krug	1000111011—6	J Krauch	0100000001—2
W Tygert	0111010001—5	T Gempp	0100011100—4
A Niederer	0010001110—4	J De Paw	0000010000—1
F Mader	0101111011—7		

Missouri State Tournament.

THE Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association held its twenty-fourth annual convention and tournament in the city of St. Louis this week. It has been a good week and a good meeting throughout. With an attendance running steadily above the half-hundred mark, and this representing largely the element of bona fide amateurs of the middle West, a good strong programme, well managed and everybody interested in the game, there has been "somethin' doin'" in the full sense of the term, since the firing of the first practice gun, on Monday morning.

The tournament was again held at Dupont Park, under the able auspices of the St. Louis Shooting Association, and the direct management of Mr. David Elliott.

Live birds were shot over the Fulford traps, which worked, as they always do, most excellently; and two magautraps put out bluerocks at a pace that quite satisfied the shooters in that direction.

Tuesday, May 28.

After devoting Monday to practice work, the boys began earnest work on Tuesday morning in the Missouri State four-man team contest at live birds. The pigeons were not especially fast, but there were enough good ones to make the work interesting, and the high score of 59 out of 60, made by the St. Louis team, composed of Griesedieck, Smith, Denning and Field, is well worthy of remark. Ten teams participated in this contest, which occupied much of the day. An informal target programme was also shot, consisting of ten 15-bird events. The scores in the team shoot follow:

Washington Park.

Berkey	111122221111222—15
Beach	201000220212 21—10
Wright	2202022221222 22—13
Little	21222122*22212*—13—51

Hazard.

Mermod	2222011*1212220—12
L D Cabanne	2222222222122 22—15
Collins	2*00211211011 22—11
D Elliott	221122112112122—15—53

Belt Line.

Holmes	222002212212112—13
Glasner	012121220101102—11
Millett	*122112121222 01—13
Smith	2211210122222 12—14—51

Kansas City.

P Franke	222202222202222—13
W Mills	2222222122222 20—14
B Elliott	000112111212212—12
J Hall	0222212222222 02—15—52

Canteen H. and F. Club.

Dr Smith	2122221222222112—15
L Dennig	2212212111021 22—14
W E Hill	1221121221222 12—15
Griesedieck	2212111222221 22—15—59

Carthage.

Johns	2012021111220 10—12
Lister	1221010112102 21—12
Leggett	2101211221021 01—12
Dixon	222201201210112—12—48

Students.

J P Cabanne	2222222222222 22—15
Dr Clark	0121111121212 22—14
Spencer	22222200*212222—12
Chase	2212222002120 22—12—53

St. Louis Shooting Association.

Taylor	2221112112112 02—14
Selzer	2222120121222 01—13
Green	2221221121211 22—15
Pendergast	2222222222222 22—15—57

Medicos.

Johnson	2202222112211 11—14
Craig	112211122221 00*—12
Bond	1101222112222 22—14
Scudder	1222221222*2222—14—54

Scrub.

Walker	2210111202121111—13
Crosby	2121122022*1212—13
White	0220222222120 22—12
Horton	0221122 12*12012—13—51

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Association was held on Tuesday, at the spacious club rooms of the Rawlings Sporting Goods Company, 620 Olive street, with an attendance of fifty members. Meeting was convened at 9 P. M., by the president, Dr. M. C. Starkloff. Minutes were read by Secretary Taylor, and approved. All bills were paid to date, and reports by the officers, dwelling upon the necessity for broader game protective legislation and kindred subjects, were presented at some length and approved.

The next annual tournament and meeting was voted to Kansas City. Frank Smith was elected President; Dr. Plank, Vice-President; Robert Elliott, Treasurer; Paul Franke, Secretary—all of Kansas City. After voting thanks to retiring officers and G. H. Rawlings for courtesies extended, the meeting adjourned.

Wednesday, May 29.

Weather conditions were the best to-day, and excellent work was the result at both targets and live birds. The State and Interstate individual championship races occupied most of the day on the live-bird grounds, but the target end ran along smoothly, with a total of sixty-nine entries in target events. The Republic cup contest, scheduled as the regular event for the day, was not begun until 5 P. M., and only four squads were shot up to the tenth round. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Linderman	12	15	20	15	15	18	18	17	130
Crosby	13	13	15	14	..	..	..	..	...
Heer	14	14	19	12	14	17	18	20	128
Burnside	13	15	18	15	13	19	19	20	132
Morrell	14	14	19	14	14	16	16	20	127
Howard	15	14	18	14	14	18	19	20	132
Hampton	14	13	13	13	13	18	20	20	124
F White	12	12	17	8	9	14	12	13	97
Dixon	15	13	18	14	7	15	15	14	111
G D Leggett	12	14	16	8	12	17	17	16	112
Cunningham	14	15	18	15	14	19	20	20	135
A Holmes	12	15	15	13	13	17	17	17	119
L W Scott	15	14	18	13	12	1	817	19	126
West	12	13	19	12	13	16	17	15	117
Broyles	13	14	18	11	14	19	15	16	120
Hall	12	13	18	14	14	20	17	17	125
Garth	15	15	19	11	14	20	19	18	131
Johns	15	12	17	14	15	18	15	15	121
Hubby	15	13	17	12	12	19	15	19	...
J P Leggett	15	13	19	13	13	15	..	..	...
Ward	14	15	19	14	15	20	18	20	135
Wright	13	11	18	13	13	18	19	15	125
Watson	14	15	20	13	13	17	20	15	132
Hoyne	14	12	14	10	11	13	19	14	112
Daniels	12	14	20	15	14	18	19	18	130
Money	14	14	19	14	14	17	19	19	130
Gottlieb	15	14	16	14	13	18	17	19	126
Arnold	14	10	18	12	14	20	17	16	124
Brucker	9	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
Byers	13	12	16	14	..	..	..	..	...
J P Cabanne	13	14	15	12	..	15	..	..	...
Lister	9	8	14	12	..	..	..	..	...
Vivion	13	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	...
Spencer	15	13	19	15	14	19	19	19	133
Gay	14	13	19	13	15	19	16	20	129
Sedan	13	13	18	15	14	17	19	17	126
E Pendergast	12	13	17	15	15	14	17	19	127
W A Baker	14	14	17	10	11	15	17	15	113
Winchester	14	14	20	15	14	19	20	19	133
De Long	13	15	18	15	13	15	20	17	126
Tramp	15	11	16	13	13	20	19	20	127
Miss King	10	10	14	10	9	17	..	..	...
Mermod	14	12	16	12	11	14	19	20	118
Green	12	11	15	13	13	15	..	..	...
Dr Lockridge	13	12	17	11	11	17	16	..	...
Millett	9	10	17	10	..	..	..	..	...
Rock	10	11	18	14	15	16	12	16	112
Dr Simms	10	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	...
Weston	11	10	13	11	10	14	17	19	110
Walker	14	11	..	..	..	..	16	..	...
Tilling	11	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
Mills	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Beach	15	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	...
Selzer	..	8	17	8	12	14	..	..	...
Thompson	..	..	18	13	14	14	19	..	...
Kerth	..	..	..	..	13	17	17	18	...
Chase	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	11	...
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	...
Dr Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	...
Orris	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	...
Bond	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	19	...
Fresh	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	...
Elder	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	...
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	...
Bickman	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	...
Horton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	...
Reinhart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	...
Dodge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	...
Berkey	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	...

*Dr Clark	2122022222122220122112222—23
Linderman	1222221012122222212212 1110—23
White	22*022222222222022022222—21
*Beach	2222222112112211211212 0211—24
Money	2*222222*2222222210212222—22
*Berkey	1211111112022121212 10*122—22
*Griesedieck	1221122211112122222122122—25
*Little	2222222222222221111211222—25
*Mermod	1221111111222212222*2112—24
De Long	1211221122121222222112121—25
*Orvis	1222012222222211010211101—21
*Dennig	1221111222212222*212122212—24
*Chase	101*1122102111110211112 02—20
*Cunningham	1121111112211*12211212111—24
Brucker	1211210122220112112121222—23
Hubby	1110211221212111222111121—24
*Glasner	1222122222202111222220222—23
*D Elliott	2022212221222221112221121 1111—24
Walker	1112211211101112212210210 -22
*Weber	2121212211121201102211222 23
Broyles	*1111122220211222222222221—23
Garth	1021122220112111211121101—22
Skinny	2022121220221112111222112—23
Daniels	1211222222221222222112222—25
Arnold	2222012202221222222222220—22
*Gottlieb	2222202222220222222222222—23
Sedam	2222122222222222222222222—25
*Dr Simms	0022202122001122220222021—18
*Johns	2202*1122221220202212222—21
Howard	2202222022221222*22222222—22
*Collins	0212122222222 12*2110212212—22
*Pendergast	*2222212222222222222*22222—23
*J P Leggett	11212211*0212112211222122—23
*Lister	0202222222202221222211222—22
*Dr Smith	1122221122120222222212211—24
*F J Smith	0221*0122110w
*Green	1210211111121222122111221—24
*J P Cabanne	1222220222122222222222222—24
*Selzer	2221201*21121122111212111—23
*Hill	2111211111121111111121220—24
*Spencer	2222222202222222122222020—22
*Vivion	21221*11120211*2111010222—20
Brunson	2221012120212012222012220—20
L D Cabanne	2222222222*0*221222222222—22
Mrs L D Cabanne	*212011121*11122121121021—21
Mills	2202222222222022222222200—21

*Indicates those who shot in both Interstate and Missouri State championship races, one score counting for both events.

Thursday, May 30.

There were in all ninety-two entries in the target events to-day. It being Decoration Day, the regular attendance was swelled by many local shooters, who chose to pass the holiday at the park. Merchandise prizes of considerable value were given in alternate events, and this added novelty and vim to the game. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Linderman	15	15	15	19	18	19	19	19	139
Crosby	11	15	12	18	18	19	19	17	129
Heer	12	11	14	17	19	18	20	19	130
Barre	12	14	14	17	18	16	17	17	125
Morrill	15	14	12	19	18	18	17	17	130
Carson	9	12	13	14	19	20	18	18	...
Hampton	12	14	14	19	18	18	18	18	131
White	12	8	12	11	15	12	15	14	99
Johns	13	12	15	20	18	15	17	15	124
G D Leggett	13	11	14	16	18	19	16	15	122
Hubby	15	14	13	17	17	16	19	20	131
Cunningham	13	12	15	17	15	18	17	18	125
Broyles	14	13	15	16	19	18	17	16	128
Pendergast	14	12	11	16	18	17	17	19	124
Collins	11	12	14	18	19	18	20	17	129
Gay	14	15	14	16	20	20	20	18	137
Mermod	14	15	15	16	16	16	16	19	127
Baker	14	12	14	18	20	19	20	19	136
Lister	13	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Ward	12	14	15	18	19	18	20	18	134
Wright	14	9	12	19	16	17	..	..	...
Garth	15	14	14	18	18	19	20	16	134
Bickmore	12	12	11	16	13	15	14	10	103
Daniels	14	15	13	18	18	18	19	19	134
Sedam	14	14	11	19	17	19	19	18	131
-v	12	14	15	14	18	16	17	19	125
Gottlieb	13	11	10	19	20	17	16	17	123
Arnold	10	13	14	18	14	16	18	14	117
Hall	13	13	12	20	20	18	18	18	132
Texas	15	12	14	15	18	16	19	16	125
Bellecour	11	11	10	14	16	13	17	16	108
Scott	15	14	15	17	18	16	19	17	131
Mills	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hogue	11	..	12	..	13	..	..	..	...
Schiess	11	13	12	19	14	17	18	16	120
Howell	12	12	12	14	19	17	18	12	116
Dixon	14	14	12	19	17	19	20	19	134
Dunkel	14	11	12	17	15	15	17	14	115
Claes	13	13	11	17	17	19	19	16	125
Fay	13	13	11	19	18	19	16	17	126
Dug	12	12	11	19	17	11	19	16	117
Dr Clark	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Watson	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Stout	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
West	8	12	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Harris	7	14	9	19	..	15	..	..	...
Thompson	14	12	14	14	18	13	..	..	...
De Long	14	13	14	19	20	20	19	18	137
Winchester	15	15	15	20	19	16	19	19	138
Miss King	13	12	12	15	17	17	17	18	121
Tramp	13	12	14	18	..	..	16	18	...
Burnside	13	13	15	20	20	17	20	17	135
Green	12	10	14	15	18	18	..	13	...
Selzer	11	9	10	12	10	..	16	11	...
Berkely	12	14	..	..	..	13	..	..	...
Rock	10	10	8	16	..	..	..	..	...
Spencer	15	15	15	18	19	18	20	20	140
Howard	14	15	14	16	19	19	20	20	137
Spear	11	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	...
Harner	11	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
Walker	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	...
Brownbark	..	12	16	19	16	17	18	..	...
Serth	..	..	12	19	18	..	17	..	...
Skinny	..	14	10	17	..	16	..	..	...
Dr Smith	..	..	13	17	18	18	..	..	...
Bond	..	..	13	18	18	17	18	..	...
Orvis	..	..	..	13	12	19	12	20	...
Chase	..	..	..	20	17	16	..	..	...
Kenyon	..	..	..	14	14	10	7	..	...
Horton	..	..	..	17	14	15	..	..	...
Dennig	..	..	..	19	18	18	17	17	...
Griesedieck	..	..	..	17	20	18	20	18	...
Schoenberg	..	14	13	18	..	13	..	..	...
Hayner	..	11	13	16	..	12	..	..	...
Barkledge	..	12	12	18	..	18	..	..	...
Paulse	..	13	10	13	..	..	..	..	...
Blackshaw	..	9	8	11	..	..	..	..	...
Allbaugh	..	..	..	..	12	16	..	..	...
Philadelphia	..	..	..	11	18	..	..	..	...
Baggageman	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	15	12	...
Dodge	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	11	..	...
Candle	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	..	...
Childs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	...
Hutch	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	..	..	...

In the live-bird contest for the Republic cup there were sixty entries, and it was found impossible to quite finish the event. The birds were much faster than in the former events of the week, and of the forty-eight men who finished their strings of 25, only five had clean scores at sundown, when it was decided to finish the match on Friday.

Friday, May 31.

Features of the programme to-day were the conclusion of the contest for the Republic cup and shooting off ties for State and Interstate trophies. The birds averaged very good, and there were no straight scores added to yesterday's list. It took until almost noon to close this event, when the contest for the W. J. Lemp Brewing Company's amateur championship trophy was immediately called. This, however, was only half finished, as work was interrupted to permit of shooting off ties from Tuesday. For the Missouri State championship solid gold medal Griesedieck and Little had a spirited contest up to the eighteenth bird, when the latter retired on a fast outgoer.

There were five ties in the Interstate medal contest. De Long lost his first, Daniels his fifth, Griesedieck his tenth, and Little his thirteenth bird, leaving the field and victory to that splendid veteran, Capt. J. Sedam, of Denver, Colo. The Captain shot in splendid form, and well earned his laurels.

The target programme was continued, with an entry of fifty, Baker winning the day's average with but 3 lost, while Money, De Long and Gay were each but 1 behind. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Linderman	14	14	19	15	13	20	18	16	129
Crosby	11	14	16	14	13	17	18	18	124
Heer	14	14	20	14	14	19	19	17	131
Gay	14	15	20	14	15	19	19	20	135
Morrill	14	15	17	15	14	16	19	18	128
Howard	13	14	18	14	12	18	19	17	125
Winchester	13	14	19	15	15	18	20	19	133
Cunningham	15	14	17	15	14	15	19	18	127
Scott	14	14	17	14	15	20	18	16	128
Ward	15	14	19	15	15	18	19	20	134
Conrades	10	14	9	10	11	12	11	18	95
G D Leggett	11	13	19	12	10	15	18	17	115
Spencer	15	15	19	14	14	18	15	19	129
Broyles	13	14	18	13	13	17	17	20	125
Baker	15	14	20	15	15	18	20	20	137
Mermod	7	13	19	13	15	18	20	17	122
Barre	10	11	17	12	13	16	20	19	118
Pendergast	14	13	19	15	13	19	19	20	132
Garth	15	15	16	15	14	17	19	18	129
Hall	13	13	19	14	15	18	18	20	130
Hampton	12	13	20	13	14	20	17	20	129
J P Leggett	13	12	18	13	15	20	17	19	127
Miss King	12	13	18	13	13	18	20	18	125
Tramp	12	13	16	13	13	18	18	19	122
Daniels	14	14	17	14	15	20	20	20	134
Sedam	12	13	19	15	12	18	20	19	128
Money	14	12	19	15	15	20	18	20	133
Gottlieb	12	13	17	14	15	19	18	20	129
Arnold	14	12	17	15	13	19	18	14	122
Dunkle	11	10	17	13	13	16	14	11	101
Class	13	12	18	15	14	17	20	19	128
Fay	14	15	17	14	11	15	18	14	118
Dug	15	12	16	13	12	14	16	16	114
Holmes	14	13	17	9	..	..	..	..	...
Burnside	15	15	18	13	14	20	20	16	131
De Long	14	14	20	15	15	20	19	19	136
C S Cummings	12	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	...
Hubby	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Green	13	14	17	12	15	19	18	17	124
Bickmore	13	15	19	14	..	..	..	..	...
Mills	13	..	..	14	..	20	..	..	...
Texas	12	11	17	13	12	16	..	..	...
Albaugh	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	..	...
Bond	..	14	16	11	11	17	..	..	...
Berkey	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	...
Griesedieck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	19	...
Orvis	..	12	..	..	11	..	..	..	...
Chase	..	15	..	..	11	..	..	..	...
Fresch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	...
Reichert	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	...
Serth	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	...

Republic cup:

Dr Clark	*11121212202222222222211122—23
Weston	0122112022011220121011211—20
Hallowell	2222222222222220222222222—24
Winchester	2222229122222222222222202—24
Weber	1122111122111121221111*20—23
Chase	2222222222222222222222122—25
Griesedieck	2221212212122220120222102—22
Dennig	0222212112212122212201*101—21
Gay	2222222222222222222202222—24
Howard	222220*2221022222222202222—21
Riehl	2222222222222222222222222—25
Sedam	2211222222222*21222220222—23
Daniels	2212022222222222012222*0—21
Arnold	2122222122222212222*212212—24
Gottlieb	2222211212222222222222*22—24
Money	2222222222222222222220202 1—23
Wright	2211212212220222212220212—22
Heilegenstein	221*2212222022202222122222—22
White	2222222**2202222222222222—22
Burnside	2222222212222922222222222—25
Linderman	1211212122222211122*2222222—24
Hubby	1221211111221122211111222—25
Brucker	2111*2221111121112112222—24
Tramp	*1211021202011222222200122—19
Hall	0212222222112222*1*2101122—21
Fresch	1010200221002010021220212—15
Mermod	0022222212221112222222121—23
Walker	1112212212221112222012222—24
Crosby	2211221122222021212020122—22
Thompson	222222*2222222222212222221—24
Selzer	1121111122211111222201002—22
De Long	1122122221212200112211111*0—21
Mills	2022222222222222202222222—23
Bond	222101221*012112111201122—21
Field	2212112211221111012111112—24
Spencer	2202222222222222222222222—24
Garth	1121111012121111012210210—21
J Cabanne	2222202022212222222122022—22
Taylor	2201222221212210212212222—23
D Elliott	2212111222122112222102222—24
Cunningham	1211021222222010111112002—20
Rock	1222222022211211011212212—23
J D Woods	2222211221222222222201222—24
Green	21122*21110101222*1w
Pendergast	2202222222022222222122222—23
Beach	2111111111210122111121222—24
Little	2122122122222122122101212—24
Collins	2112222212212122222222222—25
Berkey	2122222222122222222022222—24
Holmes	2222221221111202111 1*1222—23
Broyles	2122021112122111111111112—24
Orvis	2212202222112111222222101—23
Horton	*1110200*1012122121121222—19
Dr Smith	1221220222222222122222222*—20
Johns	1012210*2222011212120110—19
Lister	2112220111222 12*122122222—23
Mrs Cabanne	20*2221*21w
L D Cabanne	2211222220012221122211122—23

Interstate ties:

Griesedieck	1222112110
Little	2112111212110
Daniels	21210
Sedam	2222222222222
De Long	0

Missouri State tie:

Little	212222221212122220
Griesedieck	222112121111222122

Saturday, June 1.

This was the last, though not least important, day of the big meet of the Missouri Association for 1901. Work was begun early on the conclusion of scores for the Lemp medal. This being cleared up, a 10-bird open sweep was shot, with twenty entries. The programme was cleaned up by 2 P. M., when the shoot-off for the Republic cup was called. Dave Elliott has selected a fast lot of birds for this event, and the lot was a very good one. Chase and Collins were the first to lose, each going out on right-quartering drivers in the seventh round. Hubby lost a hard bird just over the fence in the twelfth round. Burnside and Riehl then continued to the eighteenth round, when the latter undershot a left-quartering towerer from No. 1 trap, and Burnside won by killing his bird nicely.

The ties in the Lemp trophy contest were then called. It proved an event of much interest, the race narrowing down in the thirteenth round to Griesedieck and Mermod. These two determined and very competent St. Louisians continued to the sixty-sixth round, when Mermod lost a very fast bird, leaving Griesedieck the winner. It was a beautiful race, and a credit to both

gentlemen, the birds being good, though not averaging as fast as in the Republic cup shoot-off.

This ended the live-bird game, and the shooters, having completed the target programme, finished the day in spirited contests of ties for the merchandise prizes, of which there was a handsome lot.

Altogether it was a great tournament, with attendance remarkably sustained to the end. The Association, through its officers in charge, certainly deserves congratulations on the results obtained.

Scores of all events and finals follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Linderman	13	15	14	18	..	..	..	..	...
Horton	11	11	14	6	..	..	..	..	...
Burnside	15	15	15	20	13	20	19	20	137
Green	13	15	14	20	15	18	18	15	128
Morrill	15	12	15	18	15	..	20	20	...
Howard	15	15	15	18	15	19	18	20	135
Winchester	15	15	15	19	14	20	18	20	136
Cunningham	14	15	14	20	15	20	16	20	134
De Long	15	14	14	17	13	16	18	20	127
Tramp	12	10	13	17	11	18	13	20	114
Baker	15	14	15	20	15	20	19	19	136
Gay	15	15	15	18	14	19	20	20	136
Mermod	12	15	15	18	13	19	18	18	128
Pendergast	15	15	14	18	14	17	18	18	129
Collins	13	12	14	18	15	20	18	17	127
Daniels	15	15	15	20	15	20	19	20	139
Sedam	14	15	14	18	15	18	20	18	132
Money	15	15	14	20	14	17	18	17	130
Gottlieb	14	13	12	18	13	19	17	18	124
Arnold	13	13	14	20	15	18	20	19	132
Garth	12	13	13	17	14	17	19	17	122
Hubby	..	12	..	20	..	20	..	..	...
Miss King	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hall	..	..	11	19	..	..	..	..	...
Broyles	12	11	13	19	7	13	16	14	105
Texas	..	14	..	20	..	..	..	..	...
Baggageman	14	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	...
Walker	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	...
Stoll	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Snyder	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Carson	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Woods	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Lemp trophy:

Dr Clark	2222221222222222212011122—24
Walker	*1112211211222011111112111—23
Field	1120111212111122211122111—24
Gay	2222222222222222222222222—25
Conrades	2222122110222012221222221--23
Mrs Cabanne	22212222*121*21*1*2112101—20
Hubby	0222212121222221122222202—23
White	0222221022222222211211122—23
Mermod	2221222121222221222222212—25
Pendergast	222222222222222022222222*—23
L D Cabanne	2122202212222222222222222—24
Green	1112211222222222222221122—25
Daniels	2212122122221212221112102—24
Sedam	2122102112222122222221122—24
Hallowell	2222002222221212212212222—23
Gottlieb	2022221020w
Arnold	2222222112220221222222222—24
Taylor	2121111221102110202222020—21
Money	22222222222222221222*22112—24
Baker	22211*1122111121212111121—24
Burnside	0222222112212222221222022—23
Broyles	12111211121222l112*112112—24
Linderman	2222221122212*222111*w
Dr Smith	1122212221222212221120222—24
D Elliott	2122111221111111212212212—25
De Long	2122112111121112111*012212—24
Griesedieck	2212222112111111221122222—25
Garth	20222122220w
Chase	1101212220222222112222222—23
Hall	0111112111221222222222222—24
Reichert	2222221122222111112111222—25
Cunningham	0222102122222111221222202—22
A B Clark	2122222222011222202212212—23
Dennig	22211212221*2211121111112—24
Rock	11110222222211222112111*111—23
Selzer	0111111111212010211211212122—22
Weber	221211222221121*122222122—24
Dr Bond	20121211001012121111121*212—20
Orvis	1121022221212121122122121—24
Dr Simms	2222222122222222222222222—25
John Cabanne	2021222202w

Lemp ties:

Reichert	20
Dr Simms	2220
Dr Green	2120
Gay	222220
D Elliott	122212222212*
Mermod	2222222221222212222222222 2222222222222211221222222 2122212121212120 —65
Griesedieck	2121222222111222111221221 2112222221222111221111111 2211211111122222 —66

Ten live birds:

Dr Clark	2122222122—10	Broyles	1112111221—10
Mermod	2222112122—10	Arnold	1222112221—10
Collins	2102222222— 9	Daniels	2211222122—10
Pendergast	0222222222— 9	Hubby	1221211112—10
Sedam	2222122212—10	Green	1121112212—10
Walker	1112212222—10	Chase	2121211220— 9
Burnside	2202222222— 9	Reichert	12*1112211— 9
Riehl	11022021*1— 7	White	*21211122— 9
Rock	1011201101— 7	Orvis	1222111221—10
Irwin	1211122221—10	Wentrick	1021111221— 9

Republic cup ties, miss-and-out:

Riehl	222222222222222220
Burnside	222222222222222222
Hubby	12112122222*
Chase	1222220
Collins	2222120

Notes of the Week.

A. H. Fox won high average for the week with 23 lost, Dick Linderman being second best.

The Fox squad, composed of Fox, Howard, Cunningham, De Long and Irwin, scored 99 in one 20-bird event on Saturday, and the "Velox" squad, composed of Daniels, Sedam, Money, Gottlieb and Arnold, scored 74 out of 75 in one event on Friday.

Herbert Taylor took much pride in the programme, which he arranged with much taste and perception. It is worthy of preservation.

Dave Elliott was everywhere at once, the busiest and one of the best liked men on the grounds.

The Kansas City boys say that while this was a good shoot they will have a bigger one up the river next year.

There was only one kick registered during the week that was really wicked. This was by a granger who drifted in Saturday, used a 10-gauge gun without the knowledge of the management, and after shooting in one event declared he was robbed because he got no money. In his complaint he said he had purposely dropped for place, as there were too many straights; but as division in this particular event was high guns, his calculation went wrong.

F. C. Riehl.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The history of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association is replete with successful tournaments. For years they have been recognized as the most important event of each trap-shooting season. The attendance of representative sportsmen has made this tournament national in its scope and character. The Missouri State shoot has always had the best interests of the sportsmen at heart. It was the first large tournament to adopt the Rose system of division of moneys, thereby successfully demonstrating that it was applicable to large shoots as well as small club events.

The Kansas City Star cup and the St. Louis Republic cup have attracted the attention of the sportsmen for a number of years, and served to keep alive the interests in the sports of gentlemen.

The Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association has had these beautiful live-bird championship emblems in charge. Besides these, the Dupont trophy, Lemp trophy and E C cup have been important events. The Sportsmen's Review cup was redeemed last year by the Association at a cost of $100, and the Association has always guaranteed $1,000 to these championship events.

This year the Association decided to run a tournament without the aid of the professional. The results have shown that they were right. The tournament has been a most pronounced success from every point of view.

The programme has been carried out to the smallest detail. The attendance is the largest in any tournament this year. Sixty entries in the Republic cup, and ninety entries in the target events show that the professional is no longer necessary to the success of a tournament.

The Missouri State Association wishes to extend its thanks to the professionals who came here and shot for targets only. It wishes the sportsmen of the country to know that the St. Louis Republic, the Globe-Democrat, the Post-Dispatch and the St. Louis Star have had their special representatives on the grounds each day and given a large amount of space to the events. It wishes to thank Forest and Stream and Shooting and Fishing for sending their representatives, Mr. Riehl and Mr. Irwin, to report this tournament, and last but not least the Association desires to express its gratification to the many sportsmen who have attended the shoot for their assistance in making the tournament such a pronounced success.

Herbert Taylor, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass., May 31.—Owing to the threatening weather early in the morning the attendance at our Memorial Day shoot was not large, only twenty-one shooters participating; but what was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm and good fellowship. Everybody seemed to enjoy himself and had all the shooting he wanted.

Two thousand nine hundred and thirty targets were thrown, and a very good percentage was broken. It was an ideal day for target shooting, and some excellent scores were made. Almost 80 per cent. is not a very bad showing for twenty-one shooters "away out in the country."

Visitors were present from Boston, Hingham, Newburyport, Amesbury and Merrimac. In the prize event Allison and George tied on 47 out of 50 for first, Allison winning in the shoot-off. Howe and Tozier tied on 46 for second, Tozier winning on the shoot-off. Allen was third with 45 and Bowen fourth with 44. The summary follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10
Dickey, 19	9	10	9	9	9	8	10	10	7	9	10	7	8	8	9	14	9	..	..
Puck, 18	8	6	9	8	10	8	9	8	9	7	9	7	7	10	8	10	7	..	..
Howe, 18	9	7	6	9	8	8	10	9	9	9	9	10	8	8	10	11	8	..	..
George, 18	9	9	10	8	10	8	10	10	8	10	9	8	9	9	9	14	6	9	..
Allison, 18	8	6	10	9	9	8	8	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	9	15	9	..	..
Miller, 16	8	10	6	7	9	8	10	7	8	7	8	8	8	9	7	10	..	..	..
Follansbee, 16	9	7	4	4	10	5	6	9	7	7	6	7	9	7	7	..	..	..	..
Webster, 16	6	10	8	7	9	9	10	8	7	9	9	6	9	8	5	13	8	5	9
Tozier, 16	10	8	8	7	8	8	10	9	7	10	10	9	8	8	7	14	..	..	..
Lockwood, 16	7	9	8	8	9	10	8	8	7	8	8	8	9	7	6	..	..	..	..
Bowen, 16	8	9	8	6	7	8	9	9	9	8	9	8	10	8	7	14	..	5	..
Capt Allen, 16	10	8	7	9	9	10	8	9	9	10	9	9	9	9	8	13	..	..	..
Hatch, 16	6	4	6	8	4	9	6	5	3	4	5	5	8	7	8	9	..	..	..
Grieves, 16	..	5	10	5	9	6	6	8	5	9	9	7	7	8	6	11	..	..	..
Locke, 16	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	7	7	8	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spofford, 17	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	7	3	8	8	8	9	9	10	13	5	7	..
Graffam, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goodwin, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	7	4	8	9	6	13	..	..	..
Godfrey, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	8	8	8	9	7	14	..	..	..
Sprague, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	9	6	7	10	4	9	..	..	..
Brown, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..

S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

Fitchburg, Mass., May 31.—Memorial Day proved a very dark and dull day, and although there was not much wind, it was a hard day for the man with the scatter gun, for the light was very deceptive.

Two prizes were given, open to all except the five men on No. 1 team. Rob won the first and Donovan second. In six miss-and-out events Cutler won three and Converse three. Capt. Hawkins' team won both events in the team race. These events included all the shooters formed into two teams, wiht Capt. Hawkins on one side and Capt. Donovan on the other, but Hawkins' men were just a little too warm both times.

Several of the regular handicap matches were shot off, and altogether things were kept humming all day. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	5p	10	5p	25	25	25	25	25
Cutler	8	9	9	9	6	6	8	6	9	21	9	10	5	9	9	20	22	24	21	22
Taylor	6	7	6	8	8	4	8	6	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	23	20	18	24	..
Converse	10	10	7	4	5	5	8	5	6	15	7	8	8	7	8	16	18	17	16	17
Churchill	..	4	7	7	5	3	1	4	..	..	8	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Esty	..	..	5	5	8	4	6	2	7	15	6	4	7	8	6	12	15	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	..	6	10	7	4	..	..	..	6	5	6	..	14	18	..	..	..
Dwight	..	..	..	..	6	5	6	8	5	16	4	5	8	7	6	16	16	14	..	..
Ashton	2	..	4	..	1	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rob	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	21	..	..	..
Donovan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	5	7	6	15	10	17	14	14
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	8	2	5	2	6	12	..	..	..
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	4	10	6	..	..
Beer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	..	4	5	..	..	..	..	..
Pratt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	12	12	..	..	..
Proctor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	10	..	..	..	..
Kirkpatrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	13	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	..
Emory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..

I. O. Converse, Sec'y.

Providence Gun Club.

Providence, R. I.—A most enjoyable day was spent at the grounds of the Providence Gun Club on Decoration Day. F. Inman, of Pascoag, was high with .933 per cent.; Griffith, Cranston, Francotte and Inman made up the first squad, and they went straight in event No. 2.

The targets were thrown fully 65yds., but there was no wind, and a dull even shooting light held true all the afternoon.

It is most unusual for us to get such a calm day, as our club is situated on the highest land within twelve miles, and a strong wind sweeps across the grounds most of the time.

We missed our secretary, jolly Bob Root, who is ill, but will soon be about again. Mr. Root's work was performed by Hugh Bain in a most satisfactory manner. Budlong officiated at the keyboard in his usual quick and positive way.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	Broke.
Griffith	11	10	12	20	10	15	19	10	13	17	137
Cranston	14	10	14	18	8	12	19	10	13	19	137
Francotte	13	10	13	17	8	13	17	8	13	17	129
Inman	14	10	15	18	10	14	17	10	13	19	140
Bain	12	6	14	18	9	12	18	9	13	16	127
Smith	10	5	8	16	9	10	15	6	8	16	113
Bud	9	4	10	13	6	7	10	7	10	..	...
Prosser	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
F Arnold	5	13	18	10	10	18	9	..	..	..	...
Stanley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	..	...

F. I. Cranston, Ass't Sec'y.

Pigeon Shooting at the Gun Club.

France, May.—At this club's meeting the competitors included that redoubtable shot, Mr. R. A. Welch, of the Carteret Club, New York. Shooting commenced with the weekly contest for the members' £100 challenge cup, added to a £5 sweepstakes at 7 birds each, 30yds. rise. Thirteen gunners faced the traps, and Mr. F. Hodgson Roberts, making a run of 8 kills, secured temporary possession of the trophy. The pool of £65 he divided with Mr. Calder, who stopped 7 birds out of 8. For the Newmarket £4 handicap sweepstakes, with £25 added, seventeen sportsmen tried conclusions, and some exceptionally fine shooting was witnessed. Ultimately the American, Mr. R. A. Welch, 30½yds., won the cup, his total being 16 kills consecutively. He beat Mr. Gordon Smith in the ties, with whom he divided the stakes of £68. A £3 sweepstakes, with a £10 cup added, at 26yds. rise, followed, for which eighteen entries were received. After some good all-round form had been displayed, Mr. C. Collier, who brought down 11 off the reel, was returned the winner of the cup. The proceeds of the sweep, £54, he shared with the Australian, Mr. A. W. Eales, who had 1 kill less to his credit. In the minor events honors rested with Mr. Ross, Mr. Brougham, Sir T. Freake, Mr. Holt, Mr. Calder, Mr. A. W. Eales and Mr. Peterson.—London Field.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., May 31.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the Memorial Day shoot, May 30. The new club house, while not completed, was used, and amply accommodated the large crowd of shooters and their friends. All events at 10 targets. The best percentage was made by J. Carpenter, of Kensico, 85 per cent.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
C Barlow	7	3	4	5	6	8	6	4	8	8	5	5	5	3	2	9
A Burns	6	9	5	6	5	4	6	7	5	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
A Bedell	9	5	8	9	7	8	6	8	9	8	10	8	..	..	..	..
Dr Sherwood	4	3	8	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
B Applebee	4	5	8	4	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	6	5	8	8	7	8	7	9	9	7	7	7	..	..	..	..
G Calkins	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Carpenter	..	..	..	10	9	9	8	9	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Garrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	6	8	5	6	..	..	..	..
S Macbeth	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	5	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Aitchson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	6	4	3	..	..	..
W Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
W Hall	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	8	8	6	9	9	6	10	..	..
W Smith	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	8	9	5	4	..	..	..	..
A Rohr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	3	4	5	5	..	..	..	..
W Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	5	5	4	6	4
W Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	8	5	3	4	4	4
F Valentine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
E Acker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
G Gerlach	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	4	2	3	3	4
N Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	5	8	7
W Bittner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	3	4	..	..
F Jaeger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	8	..	..
W Hyland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	6	7	..	..
Miss M Hyland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	9	6	7	..	..
J Hyland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	7	..	..
H Ingraham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	..
G Edgers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
C Lent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2
F Kelley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	1
L Terwilliger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	1
F Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	1
H Tonolla	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	5
D Brandreth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..
C Acker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
J Foley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..

June 1.—Scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular Saturday shoot, June 1. All events at 10 singles. Washburn, in three practice strings of 25 each, scored 21, 22, 22:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
J C Barlow	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
I Washburn	10	8	7	7	10	7	7	9
N Tuttle	5	7	6	7	5	..	..	..
C Blandford	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Rohr	..	3	4	4	5	..	..	..
R Kromer, Jr	..	..	..	1	3	3	..	..
A Bedell	..	..	..	..	8	8	6	..

Prize events:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Barlow	12	6	Rohr	15	7
Barlow	12	7	Rohr	15	8
Bedell	12	10	Kromer	13	3
Bedell	12	7			

C. G. B.

Richmond Gun Club.

Silver Lake, Staten Island, May 30.—The scores made at the shoot of the Richmond Gun Club to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	25	10	
G Bechtel	9	8	8	7	6	5	10	..	8	2	8	8	7	..	..	10	..	8	19	6
F Schoverling	6	5	4	4	7	6	9	7	5	7	6	7	6	4	7	7	10	5	16	5
O Fach	5	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Schoen	5	4	6	4	..	5	..	5	5	4	4	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	4	..
F Pommer	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L H Schortemeier	..	..	..	3	8	7	8	9	10	9	8	8	9	10	10	14	14	8	24	8
J Jones	..	..	..	1	9	9	5	5	6	7	4	5	6	3	8	7	8	..	10	8
C Stuetzle	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	5	6	7	7	5	6	3	11	11	9	13	8
E Meurer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	2	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	9	..
O Albrecht	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	6	..	..	..	..	5	12	6	16	4
J Barth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
T Diffley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	..	12	6
Dann	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Hahn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	5	5	6	..	..	..	..
Duke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

No. 21, 25 targets: G. Bechtel 20, L. H. Schortemeier 21, J. Jones 10, T. Diffley 10.

Duke.

Brockton Gun Club.

Brockton, Mass., May 30.—No. 11 is the total; No. 12 is the handicap; No. 13 is the per cent. in the silver trophy shoot, which was won three times by Leonard, and now becomes his property. The weather conditions were fair:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Baker	8	8	9	9	10	9	9	10	10	8	90	13	100
Worthing	9	9	9	8	8	9	10	9	7	8	86	20	100
Bartlett	8	10	9	8	9	8	10	8	9	10	89	20	100
Grant	8	9	8	6	10	8	10	10	8	9	86	20	100
Leonard	8	8	9	8	9	5	10	10	9	8	82	20	100
Scott	9	10	8	10	8	10	8	8	8	9	88	25	100
Steck	9	8	10	8	9	7	8	6	8	8	81	22	100
Lambert	5	8	8	9	7	9	8	8	6	9	77	46	100
Taylor	8	6	7	6	8	8	6	8	9	6	72	20	92
Donahue	6	7	8	7	7	6	9	6	7	5	70	32	100
Visitors.													
Porter	8	7	9	5	5	6	7	9	6	4	..	..	...
Pratt	6	8	6	9	8	8	9	9	7	10	..	..	...
Snow	5	7	7	5	5	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	...
Robbins	6	4	8	6	6	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	...
Cushing	6	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
McKay	5	4	3	2	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Irish	3	6	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Murdock	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

A. F. Leonard, Sec'y.

Wollaston Trap Club.

Wollaston, Mass., May 31.—The Wollaston Trap Club held an all-day shoot on Memorial Day. The number of shooters present was not very large, but all hands had a good time.

Paolucci and Barry, two old-time rivals, furnished a lot of amusement by shooting a couple of private matches, in both of which Paolucci was the winner.

Events 1, 3, 5, 7 and 8, 10 targets, unknown angles; events 2, 6 and 10, 10 targets, regular angles; events 4 and 9, 10 targets, reversed angles; events 11 and 12, 5 pairs. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Elwell	5	6	9	8	6	8	8	4	7	5	5	7
Muldown	5	4	9	5	9	8	7	5	5	6	3	..
Baker	6	6	9	7	6	7	6	7	6	5	..	..
Whitmarsh	3	6	..	4	7	7	7	7	6	8	5	..
Barry	8	7	8	5	7	7	7	9	1	6	4	5
Lane	..	..	8	7	9	4	7	5	7	5	7	8
Noleen	..	..	..	..	5	9	6	9	8	7	8	7
Paolucci	..	..	10	6	..	6	5	8	..	..	..	7
Bates	9	6	6	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bixby	..	..	..	8	5	4	5	8	..	..	..	..
Poor	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	6	6	7	..	..
Doell	..	..	6	2	5	6	4	7	3	3	..	..

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The new price list of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's shot shells is not only a very attractive pamphlet but contains a great deal of matter useful and interesting to shooters. It gives excellent illustrations of loaded shells, wads and primers, and also the new names which have been adopted "to protect the reputation of the U. M. C. factory loaded shells against the inferior loading of their empty shells by others." Dealers and sportsmen alike will wish to supply themselves with this list, which may be had, on application, from the company, at Bridgeport, Conn.—*Adv.*

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Fish have their various characters, defin'd
Not more by form or color than by mind;
The wary trout but few temptations hit,
The perch an idiot, and the carp a wit.
We cheat the finny fools, ourselves as blind,
Fools, in our turn, are cheated by our kind!

AN INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT CASE.

THE situation with respect to the notable seizure of illicit game in a New York cold storage warehouse by Protector Overton is this: The game protective authority and the Arctic Freezing Company have arranged to submit for adjudication an agreed statement of facts, and the case is to be carried from one court to another as expeditiously as may be practicable, until it shall have been determined by the United States Supreme Court.

We have here quite the most interesting and important issue that could be made in relation to game protection. The point to be tested is the constitutionality of a law which prohibits in one State the possession in close season of game imported from another State. The New York case is of national interest and of national importance, because the principles involved are of national application. While the entire prohibition of the possession and sale of game in the close season irrespective of the origin of the game is not universal throughout the country, it prevails so generally that it may be said to be a characteristic feature of game protection in the United States, just as it is abroad. It is a factor of such importance as to be absolutely essential to any effective scheme of game protection. Every State, then, which has such a law and depends upon it to keep its game from the market in close time, is concerned quite as much as New York in the result of this test suit, since upon the outcome will depend the determination of the constitutionality of all such laws.

It is understood that the cold storage people are putting their trust in the decision which was rendered last year by the New York Court of Appeals in the case of the People vs. the Buffalo Fish Company, Lt.

By a popular misinterpretation the court was believed to have held in that decision that a statute forbidding the possession in close time of fish brought into the State from outside territory was invalid because in conflict with the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution. But the fact is that the court did not so decide. The prevailing opinion was written by Justice O'Brien, who based his decision upon two grounds. The first ground was, as he wrote referring to the section of the law under review: "What it means, and all it means, is to forbid any person to catch, kill or be possessed of the fish described from waters of this State. The word 'possession' obviously refers to those fish the catching or killing of which is prohibited—that is to say, fish in the waters of this State, and not those procured in a foreign country."

As the second ground upon which his decision was based, he wrote that if the statute were conceded to apply to fish brought into the State, "then I think it is clearly invalid as in conflict with the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution."

On the other hand, Justice Gray wrote a dissenting opinion, in which, as to the point of conflict with the Federal Constitution, he said: "There is no question of interstate or foreign commerce, in my opinion, but merely one of whether in the interest of the protection and preservation of game fishes the Legislature may not competently enact a statute so stringent in its provisions as to insure the accomplishment of the end in view, however it might result in apparent restriction of the liberty of the citizen."

The court was composed of seven members. Of these Justices Parker and Landon concurred with Justice O'Brien as to both points; and Justice Werner concurred only in the first ground stated; while Justices Haight and Martin concurred with Justice Gray in the dissenting opinion. Thus, of the seven members of the court, while a majority of four believed that in its wording the statute did not apply to imported game, and hence that the case should be dismissed, only three (or less than the majority) agreed as to the unconstitutional nature of the law.

Under these circumstances, as was pointed out in one of our recent issues by Willard S. Reed, of the Corning Bar, the Phelps vs. Racey decision is still the authority in New York; and that decision was that a statute which expressly forbids the having in possession of game during the close season, regardless of where, when or how obtained, is valid.

As we have said before, there is every reason for confidence that the prosecution of this present case, if it shall reach the Supreme Court, will result in establishing by that highest authority the constitutional integrity of this most important and essential feature of our game protective system.

FOREST RESERVES AS GAME REFUGES.

THE first settlers in a new country are always careless of the natural resources spread out in such abundance all about them. As population grows denser people begin slowly to realize the value of such resources and to see that they ought to be made the most of, because they add to the income of State, of landed proprietor or of public.

The history of the settlements here in America has been one of reckless waste, but at last our eyes are beginning to be opened and we are coming to view these matters somewhat as people see them in the densely populated countries of the old world. For thirty years and more a few people have earnestly urged the importance of forest care and preservation, without apparently awakening the least public interest. But suddenly within the last five years the whole country has become aroused on this subject. The Government is doing great work; State colleges of forestry are being started; the more important institutions of learning have established forestry schools; the profession of forester has become a recognized one, so much so that the growing boy in considering what calling he shall follow when he becomes a man, counts this vocation as one of the possibilities.

As with the forests, so with the game and fish. These are recognized sources of income and are coming to be looked at from the intensely practical side. Maine has given more attention than any other State to the question of what its game may be worth to it, and it has been estimated that the annual visits of anglers and hunters bring millions of dollars into the State. Vast sums are spent for the mere privilege of catching fish, or taking game, or traveling through the woods or over the waters, and spent by people who except for these attractions would stay at home or would go elsewhere. What is true of Maine is true of the Adirondacks, where, according to the State authorities, 7,000 deer were killed last year in a tract of country only ninety miles in diameter. Of the visitors who killed these deer a large proportion came from other States and practically all came from other counties. The Dominion of Canada realizes the money value of her game and fish, and strives to induce people to visit her woods and streams for the fishing and hunting.

For every fish taken and for every bird or deer killed, the visitor pays a liberal price. His money is distributed among railroad companies, hotel keepers, merchants, guides and farmers. It is money that would not come to them except for the game and the fish which lure the visitor to the section. So long as these are abundant people will continue to come, and in ever increasing numbers, but so soon as the supply becomes exhausted the travel will stop.

Evidently then it is worth while to keep up the supply, and this fact is now well recognized. One of the readiest and simplest means of stocking a region, or of keeping up an existing supply, is the establishment of game refuges which shall be rigidly protected, and from which the surrounding country may be constantly restocked. We have an example of this on a very large scale in the Yellowstone National Park, from which each season the elk pour out over the surrounding country in something like their old-time abundance, so that only in the vicinity of this Park can good elk hunting now be had.

The game refuge idea is growing. Already it has been adopted in New York, and on a small scale in Connecticut. Pennsylvania is taking hold of it. A bill on the same line is shortly to be introduced in New Jersey. Canada has its state and national parks, where hunting is absolutely prohibited.

Over almost all the vast regions west of the Missouri River game has been practically exterminated, and unless something is done this extermination will be as complete within the next twenty-five years as that of the buffalo to-day. Such extermination can be indefinitely postponed by the establishment of extensive game refuges, where the different species shall be rigidly protected.

We have already called attention to the desirability of constituting the forest reserves as such refuges. These reserves have already been withdrawn from settlement, and though established for a widely different purpose—one absolutely essential to the well-being of the arid West—they are well fitted for game refuges. Within one or other of these reserves every species of North American game may find a natural refuge, where in peace and quietness it may increase and multiply for all time.

The setting aside such refuges falls within the province of the different State governments, and ought to appeal to them with especial force. Each year the number of people who wish to go into camp to shoot and fish increases, and if places were known in the mountains of the West where good fishing and hunting could certainly be had, thousands of men with their families would annually turn their faces westward who now go to the Adirondacks, or to Maine, or spend their time at some resort on the sea shore, by the Great Lakes, or by the rivers. The establishment of such game refuges and the consequent increase of game would bring millions of dollars into Wyoming, Montana, Colorado and California, and most of these dollars would find their way into the pockets of the local population.

SNAP SHOTS.

The hotel proprietors of Helena, Mont., have been accustomed to serve game in close season quite as freely as do the hotel and restaurant men of New York. The new game law contains a section specially designed to stop this close season game traffic. One of the most ardent advocates of the new statute was a Helena hotel man, and some amusement has been had over the fact that this particular person was the first one to be caught up under it. State Game Warden Scott lives at this hotel, and when he saw wild ducks on the table after the season for them had expired he promptly invited his host to repair to the nearest justice and settle. The local paper in reporting the case says that the ducks "were shipped in from St. Paul, and that is where the Lacey Act concerning the killing of game came into play. Sec. 5 of that act provides that 'the dead bodies of any wild game animals or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale or storage therein, shall upon arrival in such State or Territory be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals and birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original package or otherwise.'" But the Lacey Act had no bearing on the Helena case. As we have pointed out before this, the application of a State law to imported game depends upon the wording of the statute. If the text of the State law is so comprehensive as to cover imported game, the law applies to imported game; if the State law does not cover imported game, such game may not be made subject to it by act of Congress. Congress may control game only so long as the game remains a subject of interstate commerce; when it ceases to be an article of interstate commerce it immediately thereupon comes under control of the State.

Two recent cases of prosecution for Sabbath breaking, in Yonkers, N. Y., have directed attention to that provision of the penal code which forbids fishing on Sunday. The law is altogether a dead-letter; it is put into force once in a while as a spite measure; but tens of thousands of men go fishing on every pleasant summer Sunday, and no one ever thinks of interfering with them as Sabbath breakers. The fishing statute is one which should be repealed, for the simple reason that as a dead-letter it breeds contempt for other fishing laws which are not and should not be dead-letters.

The Sportsman Tourist.

On Reading "Sam Lovel's Boy."

So this is the last time; never more, hereafter,
May we gather with them where the light leaps high;
Hark the cobbler's stories, echo the gay laughter,
Prod the old man's memory tn his "Taking Ti."
Never more the linter, of a night, shall hold us;
Never shall we wander forth with Drive and Sam.
This is the last time Mrs. Purin'ton shall scold us;
Antwine racks invention one more "teekly tam."

Aye, here we part, for he, the dear magician,
Waves his creatures from him, and goes on before,
Leaving us he summoned to the fields Elysian,
Gazing sadly after at the close-shut door.
He has gone, and, henceforth, growing grass shall cover
Half the broken hearthstone; birds in flight shall stop,
Squirrels perch and chatter of their own true lover,
On the drooping shutter of Uncle Lisha's shop.

Ruth Hall.

De Witt Clinton's Letters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A. N. Cheney's contribution on De Witt Clinton's letters about the National History and Internal Resources of the State of New York must have been read with deep interest by all your subscribers, and to one reader of FOREST AND STREAM the article was specially attractive, for it served to remind me that I had the good luck, several years ago, to find a copy of the letters by "Hibernicus" among a quantity of trash in an unpromising situation, and since exchanging a nickel or two for the book, have never failed to pick it up without finding entertainment on every page. Since Mr. Cheney describes the volume as "very rare," I am, perhaps, warranted in regarding my copy as well worth preserving, for although it is bound in the cheapest style, its pages are perfect.

To a resident of this quarter of the State the letters are particularly interesting. Their author is regarded as the Father of the Erie Canal, but all through its pages he refers to the waterway as "The Western Canal." The first letter is dated "Montezuma, May 26, 1820," and in these days of enlarged-canal discussion, it is worth noting that Clinton describes the boat on which he traveled as 74 feet long, 13 feet wide, "which draws, when not loaded, 7 inches of water, and when loaded, 11." The canal itself was 40 feet in width at the surface; at the bottom 28 feet, and its depth 4 feet. To quote every paragraph of interest would require more space than you might care to give, for the letters are written from the point of view of an enthusiast who now and then ventures on the domain of phophecy. For instance, anticipating one effect of the canal, he says: "When the great six-horse heavy teams are banished from use, the roads will be improved. The tippling houses, which derive their principal support from teamsters, will fall into disuse." Another prediction not yet fullfilled was this: "The opening of a market for grain will prevent its conversion into ardent spirits—the curse of morals, and the bane of domestic felicity. Whisky now sells for 18 cents a gallon. What a temptation to inebriety! A man may now keep constantly drunk for three or four shillings a week. Nothing but a heavy excise can banish the use of this deleterious poison." He discusses the geology of the canal country as it was known at that time, but admits "we are but in the horn book of this science." He was confident that coal would be found along the route of the canal, and his belief led to this reflection: "The moment coal is discovered within fifty miles of the canal, what sources of wealth will immediately be developed. Deprive Great Britain of its coal, and you ruin the kingdom. Give it to the proud republic of New York, and she will soar on eagle wings above all competition." In a letter dated Geneva, June, 1820, he laments that "natural science has no hold of the affections of this community," and in illustration of the fact continues: "The common names of European birds are applied without discrimination to American ones, and this has created endless confusion. It is in vain that I look for our quail, our partridge, our woodcock, our pigeon, our swallow, our robin, our goldfinch, etc. There is nothing of the kind to be seen. I am pointed to birds of those names, but here the resemblance ceases. The English snipe is the same in Europe and America, and probably many aquatic birds, but that snipe is the only one in which I have ascertained a complete sameness."

Here and there in the letters are allusions well calculated to stir the blood of the reader who happens to have a weakness for the rod or gun. One paragraph says: "Along the canal I have been regaled with the salmon and pike in great perfection. The salmo fario, or common trout, is visible in various places in the canal," a statement from which one must infer that the water in the canal at that time must have been purer or the trout less particular than they are now. One of his observations I can testify to being well founded, viz.: "A species of crayfish, which I have not seen, is said to be peculiarly dangerous to mill dams by its perforations. It inhabits the Genesee River in abundance." Every boy who has ever fished in the Genesee River, and had his fingers seized by the claws of the "crab," knows how abundant they are and what an excellent bait they make for bass. One letter dated Canandaigua, devoted to birds and the ornithologists, opens with this sentence: "At the house of the respectable and worthy Mr. Greig I met for the first time with the ornithology of Alexander Wilson, in nine quarto volumes, and need I say that I am delighted with it beyond measure?" Another letter begins with this picture to tease the wildfowler of the present day: "I saw, for the first time, in the Seneca River at Montezuma, the aquatic plant called wild rice or *Folle avoine.* It grows all over the West and North—and wherever it flourishes, myriads of water fowls are attracted to it, and derive their chief support and exquisite flavor from its alimentary qualities. In the lakes and rivers adjoining Montezuma thousands of wild geese and ducks of all kinds congregate at the proper season for food, except the canvasback duck, or *Anis vallisneria* of Wilson, which derives its name from a water plant called *Vallisneria,* on the roots of which it feeds, and which is a fresh water vegetable, that grows in some parts of the Hudson and Delaware, and in most of the rivers that fall into the Chesapeake."

Two letters dated "Western Region, August, 1820," are devoted to discussing the rattlesnake and its peculiarities. In early days the country about here was famous for the number of rattlesnakes that could be found by anyone who was looking for them. They are now about as rare as the dodo in this vicinity, but they have left their name on a point in the Genesee River below the city, and it will doubtless be called Rattlesnake Point ages hence, although the last of the reptiles was killed there many years ago. It is the only place of which I have any knowledge that one could identify with the spot alluded to in this passage of Clinton's: "A great den exists on the east side of Genesee River, near Rochester. In the spring they travel west (as their heads are then found in that direction), ten or twelve miles, and scatter themselves over the lowlands; and for this purpose they swim across the river. In the autumn their heads are pointed to the east, as they return to their den."

Apropos of the proposed introduction of moose into the Adirondacks, an extract from letter XLIV is suggestive: "On my way to the west I passed a few days at Albany, and among other public places visited the Museum of Natural History. Here I saw the largest of the cervus genus, called the moose. It was mounted in the museum. Its height above the shoulders 7½ feet, and its weight 1,000 pounds. Its horns had fallen off before it was killed. Twenty-five, it is said, were killed in the country north of Whitestown last winter at different times. This one belonged to a herd of five."

I have refrained from quoting what the distinguished author said about the fish of the lakes and rivers tributary to the canal, for Mr. Cheney has presented the matter fully. But in regard to the "blossoming" of the lakes I find, in the handwriting of some former owner of the book, notes commenting on Clinton's contention that the phenomenon was due to the exuvia or ova of insects. The first note says: "The effect is too great for the cause. From closely examining this substance, I am of opinion that it arises from the flowers of eel grass (*Zostera mariana*), which flowers in July to August, and I have seen lakes blossom only where this grass grew." Again, when the writer of the letters refers to the "blossom" as of animal origin, the writer of the notes (who I fancy was an engineer on the canal), says: "I cannot forego the observation that the lake blossom is attributable to aquatic vegetables, in part to its flowering, and partly and more especially, to its decay. I have never seen it except in bays where the *Zostera mariana* grows. I subjected it to alkaline tests and from yellow produced a green color. There are on the Oneida Lake insects which perch on the surface of the water. Their quantity is immense, but they appear to deposit their ova on small bushes from the edge of the lake half a mile inland. I have noticed their slimy deposits, and seen them in various stages of growth. They move from the land to the lake in masses, toward evening, and so numerous as to intercept the rays of the sun. This continues maybe ten days, and their death sometimes occasions great stench."

EDMOND RICHMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Where the Loon Laughs.

In Three Parts—Part Three.

THREE luxurious and happy days are spent in camp before the expedition moves on. Then everything is packed away, the dunnage bags laid in the canoes, and a start is made. Just below the camp they pass the entrance of Lost Channel, and a mile or two further down come to the entrance of North Channel, closed by a boom. They slip around the end of the boom without any difficulty, and proceed. North Channel is a series of little rapids and falls, every one of which requires a portage of fifty yards or less. To the Sick Thing it is an interesting experience to observe how close to these rapids and falls Kitchener will guide the canoe without apparent danger of being sucked in. It is simply a matter of making use of the back water and keeping close to the shore. Then, when a clear view is obtainable, the Sick Thing lays hold of a rock and Kitchener stands up to inspect—the other canoes waiting for orders. By noon the last of the rapids is passed and the entrance to Six Mile Lake is observable in the distance. It has been a hard and quick morning's work, and everyone is hot and tired. Clothes are off in an instant and all four men plunge into the tail of the rapids. Then comes a luncheon of hardtack, stick chocolate and raisins—a delightful feast to ravenous men. After that, a quiet smoke, and then on again. Six Mile Lake is lashing itself into fury under a stiff breeze, and the heavily loaded canoes take in a good deal of water. But the open water is passed over safely, nevertheless, and camp for the night is made on an island which promises good shelter from the coming storm. By the time the tent is up and the fire started, the rain is coming down in torrents. How Kitchener accomplishes it the others do not rightly know, but while they lie comfortably in the tent, he actually prepares and serves a big pot of delicious soup, a pot of refreshing tea, and what goes by the name of a rice pudding. By the time this is disposed of, the rain has ceased, and nothing is left of the storm but an occasional flash of lightning and the grumbling of distant thunder. In the twilight, a loon passes close overhead, his wings making a loud whistling; and a moment later a stately crane goes by. The fire is flooded out by the rain long since, and the fuel lying about is too sodden to make another. There can be no cheery camp fire for this night. But presently the moon comes up, shining weirdly through driving clouds and lighting fitfully the black water and blacker headlands. Then, away in the distance, comes the voice of the loon. For reasons of his own, probably, the strange wild creature is not laughing to-night, but instead, indulges in an undertoned whimper broken at intervals by an unearthly shriek.

"Boys!" says Kitchener, solemnly; "there's the agony and despair of twenty centuries in that creature—and let me tell you why. The soul of Judas Iscariot, the man who betrayed his Friend for money, dwells in him."

Nobody makes any rejoinder. The thought sinks in and becomes part of the gloom and the silence of the night. Until they creep at last into their blankets, the four voyageurs remain in melancholy reverie.

Next day, the sadness of the preceding night all forgotten, they go forward again. At the end of Six Mile Lake they pass through a narrow channel into Crooked Lake, at the extreme northern limit of which they find an abandoned lumber camp. According to the map, there should be a portage here, but so far as the eye can discern there is no possible way through the tangled growth of forest and underbrush which fringes the shore. Kitchener lands and plunges into the bush. In fifteen or twenty minutes he returns.

"I have found it," he says; "but it's the most dubious looking trail I ever saw—hard to find and harder to hold to. However, it's all there is."

As they are taking the bags out of the canoes a big, straight, keen-eyed young man, carrying a Winchester over his shoulders and holding it by barrel and stock with both hands, comes out of the bush and approaches them. It appears from the little he says that he is a French-Canadian farmer from Go Home Bay, about twelve miles to the southeast. He grows a little garden truck, owns a cow and a horse, raises a few hogs and chickens and hunts for game the year round. "All the year round?" "*Mais non!*—honly w'en she was allow it by de law." This with a quiet smile. "Yes; that is the portage—dam bad portage, certainlee!"

The beginning of the portage is a plunge into the bush and then the faint outline of a trail. Then a broken and rotten bridge of logs that would be hazardous enough to cross empty handed. Then a long flight through an almost tropical growth, climbing over dead trees and plunging unexpectedly into sodden spots of morass where the foot sinks to the ankle—a short portage after all—only about two hundred yards, but an exceedingly bad one, and ending by the margin of a little stream choked with weed and bullrush. Following this a few yards down, open water is reached, but apparently landlocked.

"There isn't any outlet from this," the Sick Thing announces.

"Do you see that tangled mass of swamp weed straight ahead?" Kitchener asks.

"Yes; but you don't surely imagine that to be a channel! It is evidently impenetrable."

"The reeds bend in that direction. What movement there is in the water is through there. Let's try it."

The Sick Thing laughs derisively. For once Kitchener's woodcraft is at fault. But they drive the canoe in and pull themselves along by the help of the sturdy bulrushes. In five minutes they have won through, and there before them stretches open water. It was the channel after all, and the Sick Thing hastens to apologize. At the head of this water an ancient dam is found. Then follows a portage, commencing over steep rocks, continuing through a ravine choked with dead timber, and then on over a fairly good trail—about one hundred and fifty yards in all. At the end of it, the canoes are slipped into a little stream perhaps five yards wide. A dozen yards down this a big dead tree blocks the way, and too close to the water to allow the canoes to pass under. The bags are lifted out and laid atop of the tree and the canoes passed over, a ticklish operation. Then, five yards further along, a submerged tree blocks the channel, too high in the water to allow the canoes to pass over and too heavy to be sunk by any available means. Fortunately it is covered with slime, and by dint of coaxing, lifting, shoving and wriggling, the canoes are at last got over it. Five hundred yards further, the open water of McRae's Lake is found. At the northern extremity of this, a dam with an open flume is reached. The canoes slide through the flume without having to be unloaded, the men stepping dryshod over the rocks alongside. The four voyageurs are now in Georgian Bay. Camp is made at the first convenient spot on the mainland, and a hearty supper and ten hours of unbroken sleep follow. A seven pound pike for breakfast, parboiled for twenty minutes and then fried with bacon and seasoned with pepper and salt and a dash of curry, and the expedition moves forward once more. It passes the deserted lumber mill village of Muskoka Mills, stopping a moment to leave letters to be forwarded by the next steamer, and then on to find good camping ground for the night. This is found to be not only good, but really delightful, and a whole day is spent in luxurious idleness. There are socks to be darned, shirts to be washed, buttons to be sewed on, and a world of social happy talk to fill in the time, with the smell of the birch log from the camp fire at night and the glory of the heavens to gaze upon.

As the course from this on is likely to be somewhat puzzling, Kitchener submits the Government map of Georgian Bay to the first native he meets.

"We think up here," says the native, "that the survey must have been made in the Government offices in Toronto. The map is worse than useless. You would do well to put it away and ask your course from point to point as you go along. I know every inch of the coast from here to the entrance to Moon River, myself. I'll draw it on the blade of a paddle, if you like; but I warn you that even that won't be sufficient. There are big bays you are certain to go into, if you are not careful, and they'll cost you anywhere from three to twelve miles of paddling. Stop at every house you come to and ask. That's the only way to do it. The first you'll come to is Jimmy Darling's, on Aberdeen Island, and the next is Loudon's, on High Rock. Those are two points that will see you safely over part of your journey. But for heaven's sake look out for the bays!"

He makes a rapid, free hand drawing on the paddle, and leaves them. They go straight to Darling's Island through a sheltered channel, and from there see the open water of Georgian Bay, white-capped and threatening. A call at Darling's house results only in an interview with a servant, who seems profoundly ignorant of the geography of the country. However, she is quite sure

there is an inside channel, back of the islands, that will afford safe passage for the canoes. Another glance at the tumbling water convinces them that the inside channel must be found, and as there is no one else to consult within several miles, they proceed to search for it themselves. In a few minutes an entrance is found back of what seems to be a large island facing Darling's. This they enter, and find themselves in a wide and sheltered stretch of water dotted with innumerable islands. Never doubting that this is the channel they are in search of they proceed. After several hours' paddling they discover they are in a big landlocked bay—one of the snares the native had warned them against—and they have to turn back. They eventually creep out by the same channel they entered, and are once more in face of Darling's Island, with only enough daylight left to make camp for the night. They sleep that night with the booming of the surf in their ears. Shortly after 7 o'clock next morning the canoes are launched again. As the sea in the open has gone down, and there is no wind worth mentioning, they decide to cut through the wide stretch of water and head directly for Loudon's Island. The next island with a house on it that comes in view they stop at, and Kitchener climbs over the rocks to interview the inmates. Nobody being astir, Kitchener boldly knocks at the door, and presently it is opened by a man in his night shirt, who takes in the situation at a glance.

"What can I do for you?" he asks. "I suppose you are lost—everybody who ventures into Georgian Bay gets lost sooner or later—and you want me to find you again. Where are you headed for? Moon River? Well, come out here and I'll try to show you; but I warn you that you are more in the hands of Providence than in mine."

He steps out upon the rocks with his solitary garment fluttering in the cold morning wind and proceeds to point out the way.

"You fellows will have to hurry," he says, in conclusion, and wagging his head at the sky, "for it's going to blow like blazes."

They steer for a fishing hut which appears in the distance, and there interview a lone woman guarded by two fierce dogs. Her opinion is that they will never find the entrance to Moon River though they search for it for a month on end. Nobody ever finds it, that she has ever heard tell of. Sometimes it seems to be in one place—but mostly it isn't. But they can try for it if they want to. There isn't any law against that that she has ever heard tell of. Then she exhausts her store of knowledge by telling them the way to Indian Harbor.

They pass on to the next objective point, to-wit, a small island with a solitary tree growing on it, and marking the entrance to the harbor. Indian Harbor proves to be merely a channel between an island and the mainland. At the end of it the open water of Georgian Bay is again encountered. A long paddle through tumbling seas brings the party to the next indicated point, namely, Jubilee Island. Here an intelligent half-breed, in charge of a Mackinac boat, is found; and from him minute instructions are obtained with the usual warning against landlocked bays. Despite this, not only is the entrance not found, but once more do the weary voyageurs find themselves at the end of a long bay with a great stretch of paddling to live through before the open is reached once more. Then, night coming on, camp is made at the first available island. Supper finished and black night shutting in, the four gather round the blazing logs, light their pipes with a live ember—which, by the way, imparts a new and delightful aroma to tobacco all its own—and settle down for a comfortable chat.

"Do you know, Kitchener," the Sick Thing says, drawing dreamily at his pipe, "I have made a discovery on this trip! The waterways of this country, all of it probably from the Atlantic to the Great Divide, were used as highways by the inhabitants long before roads were even thought of. If they wanted to get from the interior to the seaboard, from trading post to town, or from their own settlement to the next settler's clearing, they used the waterways. Here have we been traveling over lakes and rivers we never saw before, and the course has been marked for us by thousands and thousands of men who have gone before us. And another interesting thought comes to me. We are traveling just as the early voyageurs did—like La Salle or Marquette, or any of those splendid old chaps who did it for glory or for skins, or to preach the gospel to the red man. I wonder if they ever went over our course."

"The usual course from Quebec and Montreal to Mackinac and beyond was up the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing, down the French River to Georgian Bay, through the Soo, and so on. Our course has too many portages for big canoes and heavy loads. However, it is quite evident from the plainly marked portages that the course has been in constant use from the beginning—probably from the earliest settlements in America."

"Wonder if the priests did any swearing on the portages," Cyclops remarks, sleepily.

"I fancy they did a bit of praying, you know, when they passed through the shoals of Georgian Bay," the Little Officer Boy says, reflectively. "They're just awful."

"They'd be all right in a breeze," Kitchener says, "for they'd be shown by the whitecaps then. But in such a day as we've had, with the water almost still, why, they're enough to make a man old before his time. My hair has stood on end so long to-day that I doubt it will ever lie down again. It's nothing but shoal and sunken reef from the time we left Darling's Island. The first thing you know there is a sudden yellow gleam through the black water, for all the world as though some submarine monster were reaching out to crush you in its maw, and you just sheer off in time to save the canoe. But if we can find the entrance to Moon River to-morrow, I think we shall be free from that part of our dangers. I don't mind rocks above water, but I hate those sneaking things that lie hid just below the surface."

"The rock formation in this country," says the Sick Thing, "is most interesting. We are probably standing on the earliest geological formation known to science—on the very backbone of old Mother Earth, so to speak. And what an idea you get of an early molten condition with mighty forces heaving and twisting in the birth-throes of creation! How the river courses are marked and scored with the passage of glaciers! All the rest of the earth is young compared with this. Why, the very rock we are sitting on may have stood exactly where it stands now ten thousand years before Moses came upon the earth to make his great trek into the wilderness according to the will of God! It is to me a most solemn and——"

"I say," Cyclops interrupts, and is promptly checked by Kitchener.

"Be quiet, child! Go on, Sick Thing."

"What is it, Cyclops?" the Sick Thing says, indulgently. "Tell us how it impresses you."

"I was only going to ask if any of you fellows had any tobacco," Cyclops says, giving vent to a mighty yawn. "Sorry I interrupted you."

They all replenish their pipes, and then fall into a comfortable silence, gazing steadily into the glowing embers of the fire. There is too much lazy content to require the stimulus of conversation. It is sufficient to sit and think, or even not to think at all, but just to smoke and smoke, growing deliciously sleepier with every moment. And then, the unspeakable comfort of creeping into blankets laid atop of odorous spruce twigs, to fall asleep on the instant and lie quiet and dreamless for ten blessed hours of forgetfulness!

Next morning Kitchener and the Little Officer Boy go off in one of the canoes to explore for the entrance to Moon River, while the Sick Thing and Cyclops remain on the island and keep house. According to the Government map there is a perfectly straight entrance from Moon River Bay into Blackstone Harbor. When Kitchener returns, after an absence of about five hours, he has a different story to tell. The entrance may be described as follows: Sadie Island, lying at the southwest corner of Moon Island, is the beginning. Its name is plainly painted in large characters on a rock. The course is then southeast, following the main channel and avoiding the bays on either hand. Then comes Keller's Island on the right, also plainly marked, and further along, Island 62 on the left. About two miles beyond this an island lies in mid-stream, which may be recognized by a large rock shaped like a sugar loaf, which is a prominent feature of it. Here a turn to the northeast is made into Captain Island's Straits. The course is then along the left bank until a house on the far side of a bay is reached. This house marks the entrance to Blackstone Harbor.

The expedition does not move until the day following Kitchener's investigations and his redrawing of the Government map. The two canoes find their way into Blackstone Harbor without any difficulty. They cross the harbor, keeping a long point of land on the left, and come to the entrance to Blackstone River. This is closed by a boom, necessitating unloading the canoes and a lift over. Then comes a dam and another small portage. The Blackstone, a narrow, winding and picturesque stream flowing between sedgy banks and shut in by heavy timber which throws it into deepest shade, is a charming bit of traveling. A few miles further along it runs more swiftly over a pebbly bottom, so shallow that the four voyageurs have to step out of the canoes and wade the rest of the way to the next dam. At this dam there is an awkward lift over an almost perpendicular bank, and a short portage beyond. The canoes are set down in the midst of a tangle of logs, beyond which is a boom which the canoes slide over. Then there is a little bay, completely shut in by forest, at the far end of which a river is found flowing through drowned land. By means of a dam the lumbermen have so raised the level of this stream that it overflows both its banks and submerges the forest. As the stream itself is choked with logs, a short cut through the forest is made—a decidedly novel experience in canoeing. Every condition of a stroll through summer woods is there—the hum of insect life, the shy call of a bird, the multitude of forest colors, and above all the solemn hush of the woodland. It is slow progress, but so delightful an experience that the voyageurs feel no impatience, but rather regret when it is ended and the river channel reached once more. This part of the river, too, is filled with floating logs, which have to be slowly manipulated for every foot of way the canoes make. At last the dam is reached and the tired men land, strip, and plunge into the water just where it comes tumbling over. Then, luncheon—and after that the weary trail. A portage of something over a mile—an easy one, however—brings them to the water above a flume. More logs and a boom, and after that a half hour's paddling into Crane Lake, where camp is made. It is evidently an old camping ground, abundant evidence of sojourners who have gone before being found—some of them not quite satisfying to dainty nostrils. Kitchener is a sworn enemy to making camp where another camper has preceded him, but in this case there is no alternative, the afternoon being too far advanced to permit of further seach. On one of the trees is pinned the following curious legend: "Hemah che lie juh no Moon ewh O mah ah yah—Mr. Elijah Yellowhead from Orillia, Ont., Aug. 12, 1900."

Next morning the camp is visited by a Fire Ranger, who serves the customary notice—Victoria, by the grace of God, desires her well-beloved to carefully extinguish their fires before leaving, whereby Her Majesty's forests may be preserved, with minute instructions how to proceed in the matter. The Fire Ranger carries in his canoe the invariable fire pail and the equally invariable rifle, without which latter no native seems ever to stir abroad. He is a big, straight, alert, self-reliant young man with a wonderful air of dignity and good-breeding about him—the kind of man one would desire to know more of. Out of native politeness he makes an effort to translate the inscription on the tree, but fails for want of knowledge of the tongue. He hazards the opinion, however, that it was written by an Indian guide who took a party of Americans through recently, and probably contained some timely hint for other guides to follow.

"Down on Georgian Bay," the Sick Thing says, "the natives would have characterized your Americans as a d—d Yankee push."

"There's no call to speak of the Americans that way," he answers, quietly. "We get lots of them through here, and they're as decent men as I want to know. They take care of their fires and leave their camps sweet and clean. They don't take any more fish than what they can eat, nor cut any more wood than what they need. The Americans are all right—as right as they make 'em."

Next morning, the channel from Crane Lake into the Upper Blackstone Lake is found to be an easy course, there being only one dam, and that open and with sufficient water to float the canoes through. The Upper Blackstone breaks upon the view like a glimpse of paradise. It is so entrancing a spot that the voyageurs, though they have paddled not more than five miles since breakfast, decide at once to make camp. From the spot they select for the purpose they can see, away in the distance, a clearing in the forest with a scattered group of little houses in it. When the tent is up and everything made snug, one of the canoes sets off to visit this clearing and obtain, if possible, a supply of fresh vegetables—anything, in fact, to vary the ordinary round of camp diet. Potatoes, eggs, bread and butter are the fruit of a ten miles paddle, and the voyageurs live high that night on black bass, bacon, blueberries, fried potatoes and great slices of good white loaf spread thick with the unaccustomed luxury of butter. To properly appreciate such delicacies one must have been deprived of them for a week or two. Then, they are eaten in a kind of exalted ecstacy, as something almost too precious for mortals.

The delights of the Upper Blackstone are so great that it is left behind only after several days, and then with regret. A climb of perhaps sixty feet by a trail through the forest brings the party to Birch Lake. A mile's paddle brings them to a dam with a hundred and fifty yards portage around it. Then a half mile through Burnt Lake, and another portage, beginning with a sharp ascent and then winding for half a mile through the bush. Then Portage Lake, with a mile and a half portage over a wagon trail at the end of it.

"Boys," says Kitchener at the beginning of this, "as this is a long portage I propose that we make it in one carry. Sick Thing, are you good for two of the bags?"

"Sling 'em up and I'll try it," the Sick Thing responds.

He starts with something more than twice the load he has thus far carried. At the end of half a mile or so he shoots his load over his head and rests. He is doubtful about ever getting it up again—but he must rest. Then, when his breathing is easier he lifts the heavier of the two bags to his shoulder, adjusts the tump-line about his head, and slides the bag to the hollow of his back. Then, taking the other bag by its tump-line, he swings it over him and drops it on top of the other, finding the operation much easier than he had dared to hope. Training has done wonders for him. Another half mile, and he rests again. Kitchener goes past him now at a jog trot, a canoe on his shoulders and a miscellaneous load in his free hand.

"Can you do it, old man?" he calls.

"Yes; to the Queen's taste. I just stop now and again to admire the scenery."

When he has his load up again, Cyclops trots past him bearing two bags, an axe, a couple of guns and various odds and ends. He looks quite comfortable and entirely happy. A shorter carry this time, and the Sick Thing admires the scenery once more. The Little Officer Boy now passes him, bearing a canoe, and the Sick Thing falls in behind and makes a lusty effort to keep up. But he cannot do it, and when the Little Officer Boy has disappeared around the next turn he lets his bags drop once more. Then Kitchener comes running back to him.

"By George, old chap," he cries heartily, "you've done it within a couple of hundred yards. This expedition is just what you needed. It's made a lusty youth of you."

The course from the end of the portage is into Lake Joseph, and thence by a small channel into Lake Rosseau. At the far end of this is Morgan's Bay, the ultimate destination. Just three weeks have passed since the four voyageurs left Orillia. The remainder of the month is to be spent in permanent camp in fishing, shooting and in limitless idling. Though the mainland is dotted with summer cottages and the village of Rosseau lies in a corner of the bay, civilization is still sufficiently removed to be easily forgetable. Camp is pitched on a little island nearly three miles from the mainland, and the only sounds which reach it, other than the familiar sounds of the forest, are the occasional hootings of a steamer passing in the distance, the steamer which will ultimately carry them homeward again. The place is as wild and primeval as though there were not a settlement within a hundred miles.

One of the first excursions the party makes is to the wonderful Shadow River—one of the show-places of Muskoka. The canoes go dancing across the bay to this. Even with a load the canoe, modeled directly after the red man's primitive design and changed in no particular save that basswood takes the place of birchbark, has a certain capriciousness in its motion. But with just two paddlers in it to carry, its coquetry breaks out and colors all its behavior. It goes swiftly through the water, but with a little mincing way that is indiscribably charming—never steady for a moment. The little creature seems to enjoy herself too much in her play with the water to be sedate. She curtsies to it, invites it, shifts away from it, coquettes with it, and acts generally like a willful, beautiful hoyden in the presence of a big lover she is more than half afraid of.

The water of the Shadow River is so dark and still that it looks like a pool of ink, and the shadow pictures in it are depicted with extraordinary fidelity. The stream winds and winds through ever-changing banks, and the sheer beauty of it is beyond description. Here it will be shut in and overarched by deep, dark forest, with now and then a little opening glade that gives you a vista of a hundred yards or so, not of the ordinary tangled mass of rock and rotting timber common to this country, but something as soft and soothing to the senses as an English landscape. Then the banks will change to rocks and ferns and gorgeous wild flowers, with little curving pools formed for no other purpose than to delight the eye. Sometimes the trees shoot straight up and leave the open water to paint its color harmonies of sky and cloud and bank, and then, again, the overarch is so complete that the sun only comes through in little flecks and splotches. But, sun or shadow, the pictures are always there—such pictures as it is worth a three weeks' journey to see. There is a curious illusion forever in the mind of the visitor to this extraordinary stream. He is led to expect that the next bend will bring him in sight

of some bit of ancient architecture—a monastery, a cathedral, a battlemented tower, something to complete the impression of old-world mystery and romance which seem to belong by right to magical Shadow River.

Kitchener's Memorandum of Expenses, Treasured by the Sick Thing as a Memento.

FOOD SUPPLIES (FOUR MEN FOR ONE MONTH).

40lbs. shanty biscuit. 20lbs. smoked bacon. 5lbs. clear pork. 10lbs. small white beans. 30lbs. granulated sugar. 3lbs. Edwards' desiccated soup. 3lbs. black tea. 7lbs. oatmeal. 7lbs. cornmeal. 6lbs. Carolina rice. 6lbs. sago. 8lbs. evaporated apples. A few cloves. 5lbs. dried apricots. 6lbs. cooking raisins. ¼lb. white pepper (in a bottle). 2oz. India curry powder (in a bottle). 3lbs. table salt. 5lbs. flour (for thickening). 2lbs. maccaroni (broken into short bits). 5lbs. Canadian fall cheese. 5 cakes Ivory soap. 1 cake Sapolio. 1lb. 12s paraffin candles. 3lbs. sweet stick chocolate. Matches in a tin box.

Cost of above, $21.60.

All in separate drill bags made to fit. Tea, soup and salt to be covered in addition with oilcloth. All bags to have tie strings at mouth.

Five dunnage bags, water proof, 24 × 36in., with flap at top and rope through the grommets to tie—$10.

Five leather tumplines 7ft. long, with head bands, 3¼ × 12in.—$3.75.

Three waterproof sheets—$3.

Frying pan with folding handle. 3 tin pails, the largest 9in. in diameter by 9in. in height, all to fit into each other, and all with covers. 4 tin cups. 6 tin plates, 1¾in. deep by 7in. in diameter. 1 tin spoon 9in. long. 4 tablespoons and forks. Candle lantern. Light axe with cover—$3.90.

Carbolated and plain petrolatum. Pond's extract. Purgative. Carminative. 2 rolls surgical bandages. Quinine pills—$1.50.

Combination tool holder containin screw driver, file and awl. Small pincers. Copper wire. Some 1in. riveting nails. Strip of tin 5in. wide by 10in. long. 1lb. white lead and putty mixed, two parts of former to one latter. ¼yd. stout canvas. Some ¾in. wood screws. Some 2in. wire nails. Oil stone. These are for mending possible leaks in canoes—$1.75.

Rent of two William English canoes for one month—$10.

Rent of 7 × 7ft. tent with 3ft. wall, one month—$4.

Total cost to each man—less than $15.

All food supplies obtained from Michie, a dealer at No. 5 King street west, Toronto. He can direct strangers where to get canoes, tent and dunnage bags. Bags are carried by railroad as baggage. Expressage on canoes is not expensive.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT FOR EACH MAN.

Khaki suit. Extra trousers. 2 flannel shirts. Sweater. Belt. Suit heavy underclothes for night wear. 2 pairs heavy wool socks. Hockey boots with rubber heels. Tennis shoes. 3 large bandanna handkerchiefs. 3 white handkerchiefs. Slouch hat. Tuque for sleeping. Seaman's long oilskin coat. Tooth brush. Hair brush. Comb. Shaving tackle. Sewing outfit. Bath towel. Pair heavy blankets (two pairs sewed together form sleeping bag for two men). Clasp knife with ring and lanyard. Compass. Match safe.

Total weight of entire equipment, including everything but canoes, about 300lbs.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Natural History.

Breeding the Wild Pigeon.

BOSTON, June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed I send you a letter from Prof. C. O. Whitman, of the Department of Biology of the University of Chicago, upon his experiments in breeding and rearing of the passenger pigeon in captivity. The interest of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the almost accomplished extermination of this beautiful and once so abundant species is evident by the frequent communications which have appeared in your columns.

Prof. Whitman's most interesting letter was, as will be seen, written without any idea of publication, but gives the news—delightful to me, as I think it will be to many readers—of the easy domestication of the species and the way open for its preservation, at least for purposes of study, and possibly eventually for restocking territory favorable to the experiment.

Readers of the paper will remember the brave efforts of Mr. J. B. Battelle, of Toledo, to domesticate the ruffed grouse and induce it to breed in captivity—an experiment which I hope he has not entirely given over.

Prof. Whitman's report that the passenger pigeon will breed all right in confinement is most encouraging, and his statement, "If I could get one new bird I would soon have a flock of fifty," will, I hope, stimulate readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are so situated as to make it possible to furnish Prof. Whitman not only one but a number of specimens in the interest of his remarkable experiment.

It is part of a series of great interest to biologists and naturalists generally, which he is conducting at his biological laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass., where he is hoping to create a natural history farm. As a first installment, he has now under cultivation a columbarium and a collection of pigeons, already the largest of the kind in existence, and rapidly increasing by accessions from all parts of the world.

This has been undertaken with several ends in view, as he states in a communication to Science (N. S., Vol. XIII., No. 327, pages 538 to 540, April 5, 1901). He most interestingly says:

"The pigeon group, containing between 400 and 500 wild species, and not less than 150 domestic species or varieties, offers one of the most favorable fields for the comparative study of variation, and for experimentation in dealing with the problems of heredity and evolution."

Readers interested in the subject are referred to the Science article for a brief but most interesting exposition of the scientific uses to which such a natural history farm can be devoted. If, as seems to be the case, the passenger pigeon is still known to exist in small numbers, and to breed in the central parts of New York, and perhaps in some portions of Missouri, Michigan and Wisconsin, I am hopeful that the appearance of this letter will not be too late to stimulate bird lovers and naturalists to make captures of the bird, and to communicate at once with Prof. Whitman at the University of Chicago.

C. H. AMES.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, May 20.—Dear Mr. Ames: I am always glad to find a friend of the passenger pigeon. I have at present thirteen. A Mr. Whittaker, of Milwaukee, obtained a pair from the Indians about twenty years ago. He kept them and raised a flock of fifteen. I had about half his flock, and increased this number, although not rapidly. During 1899 and 1900 I failed to get a single egg hatched. The birds began mating early in February and laid many eggs before June 1, but all failed to give young, although many developed to, or near to, the point of hatching.

This year I separated males and females until April 1, then got three pairs to work. One young was hatched and did well. When two weeks old it fell down from its nest and was injured and died. I have three pairs sitting now, each pair in a separate pen. They are now quite well tamed, and are faithful in incubation.

They are very hardy, living outside all winter in my back yard in pens that are protected from wind. They are apparently proof against diseases that carry off many of the other wild species. They are my special pets, and I have tried in many ways to obtain one or more new birds, so as to strengthen the reproductive power, which seems to weaken as the result of long inbreeding. I am afraid it is almost hopeless, for only a few scattered pairs seem to be left in the country, and no one is likely to succeed in capturing a bird alive. I have not, of course, abandoned the effort, and have some parties on the lookout.

They will breed all right in confinement. If I could get one new bird, I could soon have a flock of fifty. They lay only a single egg at a time, but hatch in twelve and a half days, and lay again by the time the young is two weeks old. I have crossed them with the little ring dove, and have some fine hybrids, all of which are sterile. I am studying wild species in general, and am testing various crosses. I have obtained some fertile hybrids, and a few are reproducing, so that I expect to get some interesting results in this line.

I am studying the modes of life, voices, color patterns, origin of specific characters, the embryology—in short, the whole natural history, distributing problems among my students when I can do so in their interest. I have as yet published no report of work, but may get to that point soon. Very truly,

C. O. WHITMAN.

[What Prof. Whitman has done is certainly of the very greatest interest, and it is much to be desired that he should receive specimens to renew his breeding stock. It is possible that Mr. J. B. Battelle, of Toledo, may be able to help him to do that, since fourteen or fifteen years ago that gentleman wrote to FOREST AND STREAM telling of Ben Frost, who lived near Toledo, and across the Michigan line, who at that time bred wild pigeons. This was in January, 1887. Still further back, in Vol. XII. of FOREST AND STREAM, May 8, 1879, an account was published by Mr. Frank J. Thompson, so long in charge of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, of wild pigeons breeding in confinement under his charge there. Later, if we recollect aright, Mr. Thompson published in FOREST AND STREAM a more extended account of the breeding of these birds in confinement.

It is certainly much to be desired that Prof. Whitman should secure the birds needed for continuing his experiments. From all points of view the matter is one of very great interest.]

Experience with Wild Animals.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If the discussion of "Experience with Wild Animals" which has taken place from time to time in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM has not been officially closed, I shall be pleased to add an item, which I recently happened upon, relating to the subject. While the facts quoted are not from my own experience, and perhaps may be considered hardly up to date, still they seem to prove that in the old flintlock days, if not in the age of repeaters, there were occasionally some dangerous wild animals. Although the following case was an exceptional one even at that time, it is perhaps of sufficient interest to bear present repetition. Ross Cox, the narrator of the incident, was one of the Astorians who sailed from New York on the Beaver in 1811, and remained on the Columbia River until April, 1817, when he made the overland journey to Montreal. I quote from his "Adventures on the Columbia River," p. 213. Commenting on bears, the author says: "From the scarcity of food in the spring months, they are then more savage than at any other season, and during that period it is a highly dangerous experiment to approach them.

"The following anecdote will prove this, and were not the fact confirmed by the concurrent testimony of ten more, I would not have given it a place among my memorabilia:

"In the spring of this year (1816) Mr. McMillan had dispatched ten Canadians in a canoe down the Flathead River on a trading excursion. The third evening after quitting the fort, while they were quietly sitting around a blazing fire eating a hearty dinner of deer, a large, half-famished bear cautiously approached the group from behind an adjacent tree, and before they were aware of his presence, he sprang across the fire, seized one of the men (who had a well-furnished bone in his hand) round his waist with the two fore paws, and ran about fifty yards with him on his hind legs [sic] before he stopped. His comrades were so thunderstruck at the unexpected appearance of such a visitor and his sudden retreat with pauvre Louisson that they for some time lost all presence of mind, and in a state of fear and confusion were running to and fro, each expecting in his turn to be kidnapped in a similar manner, when at length Baptiste LeBlanc, a half-breed hunter, seized his gun, and was in the act of firing at the bear, but was stopped by some of the others, who told him he would inevitably kill their friend in the position in which he was then placed. During this parley Bruin relaxed his grip of the captive, whom he kept securely under him, and very leisurely began picking the bone which the latter had dropped. Once or twice Louisson attempted to escape, which only caused the bear to watch him more closely; but on his making another attempt he again seized Louisson around the waist and commenced giving him one of those infernal embraces which generally end in death. The poor fellow was now in great agony, and vented the most frightful screams, and observing Baptiste with his gun ready, anxiously watching a safe opportunity to fire, he cried out, *'*Tire! Tire! mon cher frere, si tu m'aimes. Tire pour l'amour du bon Dieu! A la tete! A la tete!'* This was enough for LeBlanc, who instantly let fly, and hit the bear over the right temple. He fell and at the same moment dropped Louisson, but he gave him an ugly scratch with his claw across the face, which for some time afterward spoiled his beauty. After the shot LeBlanc darted to his comrade's assistance, and with his *conteau de chasse* quickly finished the sufferings of the man stealer, and rescued his friend from impending death, for with the exception of the above-mentioned scratch, he escaped uninjured. They commenced the work of dissection with right good will, but on skinning the bear they found scarcely any meat on his bones—in fact, the animal had been famished, and in a fit of hungry desperation made one of the boldest attempts at kidnapping ever heard of in the legends of ursine courage."

CHAUNCEY P. WILLIAMS.

*Shoot! shoot! my dear brother, if you love me! Shoot, for the love of God! At his head! At his head!

Wild Pigeons and Rice Birds.

IN a recent article on "Birds and Their Habits," says the Richmond Dispatch, we incidentally alluded to the wild pigeons which formerly flocked by thousands to Virginia, and ventured the assertion that this disappearance in late years is "one of the dozens of mysteries which ornithology presents."

Several of our contemporaries say that there is no mystery at all about the non-appearance of the wild pigeons, and unhesitatingly attribute the absence of these birds to pot-hunters and sportsmen, who formerly slaughtered them in great numbers.

For our part, we are more than willing for the shotgun to receive its share of odium—the more the better, we say, in fact—but we are not prepared to stand corrected in this matter.

The same fallacious reasoning which attempts to explain the absence of the pigeons overlooks the annual visitations of millions of sora which flock to our marshes at certain seasons. These strange little birds are killed by the ton with guns, sticks and what not; yet there is no apparent diminution in their numbers. Year by year and decade by decade they mysteriously appear in certain months, and despite the pitiless war waged against them, tarry with us until the voice of nature, speaking through their instinct, summons them to other climes. Their movements and the reasons which prompt their migrations leave man entirely out of the question.

So, too, our mottled little friend, the partridge, lingers constantly with us, despite the cruel treatment accorded him at times by sportsmen. In the summer, when nesting, he is almost confidential, and comes quite near our rural habitations to whistle the story of his domestic felicity. When autumn sears the meadow lands and the forests blush—possibly at the rapacity and selfishness of man—he grows shy, and the instinct of self-preservation makes him cautious. But through all his vicissitudes he is with us the year round, and even the hosts of his enemies cannot quite exterminate him.

Now why, we ask, do the partridges and the sora—two most toothsome birds—still survive when the wild pigeon has practically disappeared from our woodlands? The arguments which apply to one should apply to the others—indeed, the wonder is that poor little Bob White can live to whistle a single note when he is so beset by his pursuers.

Game Bag and Gun.

A Goose Hunt with Two Hearts.

THE word "goose" has long been synonymous with "fool"; but this, I believe, is a popular error, like that which attributes unusual wisdom to the serpent. The goose, besides possessing the keenest of hearing, has, in a wonderful degree, the ability to profit by experience and the faculty of transmitting to others of its kind the knowledge gained by experience.

The geese that wing their migratory journeys between the winter quarters on the Gulf and their breeding grounds among the lakes of the far North have developed their senses to a degree that is truly wonderful and that brings upon them many a curse from baffled hunters. Their flight is across a great open plain, two thousand miles in length. In this distance there is scarcely a lake where they may alight and be secure upon open water. The whole stretch is now fairly well peopled, and nearly every farmhouse possesses a shotgun. The rivers afford the only resting place in the long journey, and along these every conceivable strategem and ambush is employed to bring about their destruction. Be they never so weary, or be the water never so tempting, no least suspicious sign is too small for them to note.

It is of some experience of their baffling acuteness and a successful stratagem of old Two Hearts that I wish to tell you.

I had been spending my vacation at an Indian agency on the Missouri River. A dreary enough place it was, too, with its single, dusty street and gaunt, cheerless Government buildings—painted all of one dull green and trimmed with a duller shade of green—standing in bold relief against the great gumbo hills, that rose behind them and stretched on beyond the limits of the reservation. My memory of those gumbo hills is always colored brown. True, they were sometimes green, but only for a few weeks in the early spring, before the hot, dry winds swept up from the south and blasted the scant herbage that covered them. But with all the drawbacks that appeared to one who had spent ten years in a beautiful green village of the East, the place for me had a charm that outweighed all the charms of other places—for to me it was home. There I had spent the first ten years of my life—the happy years of childhood—and during the ten years that succeeded, all my dreams of sleeping hours and the dreams of waking hours, called day dreams, had been of those gumbo hills, that rose, gloomy and bare, above the great muddy river, and of the people that lived in the little log cabins that nestled in the deep ravines and dotted the valleys.

At several of these little cabins I was ever a welcome visitor, and I found in them what the vague but tenacious memories from childhood had told me of, love—not pity—

sympathy and real interest—not curiosity. To the people of those little cabins I was not an alien, not one of a different race; and among them I enjoyed a real rest and threw off a self-consciousness that was the natural outgrowth of being regarded, on every hand, for ten years, as a wild West curio.

When autumn came and a summons to return to school, I still remained.

At one cabin in particular I was a frequent and ever welcome visitor. It was not three miles from the agency and stood on a little bench or notch of the hillside, just at the mouth of a deep ravine that opened to the river.

I liked to walk the narrow trail that brought me to this cabin, for it led, cool and shady, along the foot of the high bluffs, that were cut abruptly off from the big hills. I liked my welcome. I liked to sit in approaching evening and watch the little specks of moving life on the broad flats below, and watch the setting sun and the great river that hurled its turbid current against the foot of the staunch bluff, but a short distance above, in a fierce attempt to tear the bluff down, only to be turned aside and made to swing diagonally across the flats, from whose opposite side the crunch-crunch and the following thud-thud, on the still air, told of the river's unrelenting energy and its better success with a less resisting prey. Seeming to forget its recent rebuff in the success of the moment, it hurled itself at the opposite bluff, to be served as it had been served countless times before, and would be countless times again, during its journey to the sea. I liked to smoke with the old man his kinnikinik and listen to his tales of other days. And I liked the way he listened, when in my turn I told some tale of school days and the land strange to him "back East."

He could relate some strange stories, could the old man—Two Hearts—tales of a childhood and youth passed by the clear rivers, the limpid lakes, the laughing cascades and in the virgin forests of the land of Hiawatha; tales of the chase and the warpath, and the great uprising that had ended in his people being driven to these parts, to learn the art of agriculture in the gumbo hills. Some of his tales of the all-conquering race sounded strangely like a translation into his own tongue of some English tales of Spanish doings. Yet for the truth of all I had but to look into his deep, honest eyes, or note the great scar across his right cheek, his pronounced limp, and his mutilated left hand—relics of those other days. No tone of malice or deferred vengeance spoiled the harmony of his talk. He had made a personal application of the severest test—"pray for them which despitefully use you"—of his new religion; the religion that he had heard the missionary preach and had seen the soldier and frontiersman practice.

So, during those summer months I renewed a friendship that had been mine in childhood and profited by my friend's knowledge of the folk-lore and inner and unwritten history of his people, as I had profited before by his skill in making bows and arrows and snares for small game.

As autumn passed and winter approached I went not so often to the old man's cabin, but spent my free time along the river flats, where prairie chicken and quail fattened on the wild sunflower and bullberry seeds. There was a keen but friendly rivalry among some half-dozen of us in hunting these birds, and each carried a short stick, which told by its notches a score kept with a conscientious honesty unknown among some hunters. But this sort of sport was beginning to pall, and all were delighted when the chilly winds from the northwest became more chilly and the advance guard of migrating geese squawked a promise of a month of real sport.

Being young, we were sanguine, and, from soap boxes or the counter top near the stove in the trader's store, aired our skill with shotgun and rifle, the superiority of our make of arms, the fine qualities of our dogs and our consequent expectations. From other soap boxes the old-timers laughed at us. They could all tell stories of successful goose hunts in the days when geese were plenty, but now contented themselves with finding out which one of us had gone in the afternoon to the river, and greeting these with a haw-haw chorus when they made an appearance at the trader's.

Being new to this particular sport, I had it all to learn, and began to appreciate its difficulties when I tried the range from some bushes where I thought to conceal myself to the point of sand bar on which a flock had alighted the evening before. Finding the range across the bar too long—the June rise does its work well—for much chance of success, I tramped a couple of miles through willows and brush to a point where the river seemed to narrow and the current washed the near bank. Here I tried the range to the bar opposite me. I could easily shoot to the bar, but accuracy was impossible. Some three hours yet remained before the geese would come in for the night, and I hastened back to the bar I had first visited. I remembered a large drift log stranded there, with a quantity of brush clinging to its gnarled roots. Beneath the roots and brush I made what I fancied to be a close ambush, and patiently waited, till I was chilled to the marrow and my fingers became so numb that I could hardly have handled my gun if I had had occasion. No goose came near. With chagrin I saw a flock of twenty swing in from the north, their white breasts glistening in the last rays of the setting sun; they wheeled in two wide circles above me, brought their flight directly over the river, out of range from either bank, and settled on the point of bar that I had tried to shoot across to. Another flock, after like maneuvers, settled on the bar a mile above. It was getting dark, when a third flock swept its wide circle above me. I saw that it, too, was going to move on, and I leaped from cover and, to vent my spite, banged away at them, knowing that they were far out of range.

Each day for two weeks I evolved some new scheme, in the evening tried to put it into execution, and at night walked home, tired, cold and hungry, with empty game bag, a strong desire to keep out of sight and a certainty of being laughed at when I showed myself at the trader's. My friends had met with but little better success. The most successful, the trader's clerk, had invited me twice, with a taunting smile, to eat roast goose with him.

Each failure, however, had only made my appetite the keener. At first I wanted a goose for the mere sake of it. Now success meant vindication before the old-timers, triumphs among my friends and revenge on the fool geese. It was when I had exhausted my own ingenuity that I remembered that I had not visited my old friend for three weeks, and I hastened to repair my neglect.

After we had indulged in a little random talk and had each inhaled several lungfuls of fragrance and comfort from the long-stemmed red-stone pipe, I went through a catalogue of my failures as a hunter—even as with other failures to a father confessor. An onlooker would have thought, to see my eagerness and the sympathetic face of Two Hearts, that we were deep in some grave subject. When I had chattered on for half an hour the old man straightened himself, finished lighting his pipe and gave me a comforting reply. "Yes, my son, the ways you have attempted were good once. I have used some of them, and with success, until the magáh became knowing of them. Even now some leader not so wary as the rest may take his flock within range of some well-constructed ambush, but it must be a very good one indeed. I have a method which I think is yet good, for I have used it but twice, and know of no one else having tried it. If we get what we shall seek you must keep the manner of getting a secret, for if it is used many times it will become as useless as other ways. I can do the trick by myself, but if I were to instruct you and let you try it by yourself, you might spoil the matter, so we will try it together. Ask from your friend at the trader's his fast-shooting gun and bring also your double-barrel. I will use it and you the fast gun. I like not the fast gun, because it speaks too much of wanton killing, but for this time it will be good, for we must get what we want in one hunt, or, at most, in two. Load nine shells with buckshot; we will need no more. Come every evening until the magáh alight on the point of yonder bar on the left side of the river. Our preparations, once made, cannot be changed easily, and I will make preparations with that bar in view."

With me this half-promise of success from Two Hearts was as good as a "promise to pay" from most people. I counted four or five geese as already mine. And why shouldn't I? I figured it out logically, as I had been taught to do in school. If "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," then two birds in the bush are equal to one in the hand, and ten geese on the bar equal to five in a gunny sack.

My suppressed excitement must have shown itself when on the next day I asked for the loan of my friend's repeater, and I turned my eyes guiltily away while he looked me over in surprise and broke out with "Humph! What lay are you on now? What the Dickens do you want with a seven-shot pumper when you haven't got action yet for your double barrel?" But I got the gun without compromising myself, and with it and my double barrel went by the hill trail, so as to encounter no one, to the old man's.

No geese settled on the bar that evening, nor yet on the next. On the third evening our vigil on the hillside above the cabin was rewarded by the sight of fifteen (as nearly as we could count, at two miles' distance) alighting on the bar we watched. When they were fairly settled, the old man jumped to his feet and cried, "Come. We must work fast now. In but two hours it will be too dark," and limped swiftly down the hill. Picking up the double barrel at the cabin door, he struck off up the river on the trail along the foot of the bluffs, while I followed close, carrying the pumper. We hurried on for nearly a mile, until well around the bend and out of sight from the long, straight sweep below and the bar on the next bend. Here Two Hearts scrambled down the bank to where a light skiff was tied. We quickly entered and rowed to the opposite shore.

Now I understood his scheme, for I saw a large drift log, dry and light, that rode high on the water, lying along the bank, and to its outer side was lashed, with elm bark thongs, a small dug-out canoe, just big enough for two men to curl up in. I saw more than that. By the markings of the sand I saw that the log had been dragged from a point a hundred yards back on the bar, and by horses, too. The old man had swum his horses across the river, had skidded the log over the bar and had swum his horses back again—just to give me a pleasure. A lump rose to my throat and a fuller knowledge came to me of this friendship I possessed.

When I had placed the guns in the canoe and had curled up in the forward end, Two Hearts pushed off. Then, taking up a short paddle, he curled himself into the back end and we were off on our strange voyage. In but a few minutes my cramped position became uncomfortable, but I tried not to give evidence of it, because my companion was cheerful under worse conditions. He had an arduous task indeed to handle from his cramped position our old craft, to keep it from entering the swift current and hold it on its course in the quieter water along the bar and all the while keep the head end of the log from swinging shoreward and revealing the canoe. And all this he did without permitting any part of him to appear above the level of the log's top. What a botch I should have made had I tried it by myself! We had drifted along for nearly half an hour; the sun had set, and it was growing chilly, when my companion broke the silence with some instructions: "We are about half-way there. We shall be in good time, and shall have light to recover our game, should it fall into the river. Rub your hands and keep the blood in them, for when the time comes we must work fast. Our chance will be only for a minute. When those two dead trees on the right bank come in line I will give you a sign. When I have fired at the magáh sitting, then do you let the fast gun speak. Do not fear the boat, the log will keep it steady."

In the deepening twilight and gathering chill we drifted along. When the two dead trees came in line the old man gave me a little kick, as though he thought me asleep, and, laying down his paddle, picked up the double barrel. Just a moment he waited, while I prepared for action, then he jumped to his feet, steadied himself just a second, and poured the deadly contents of both barrels into the perfectly surprised flock. Then he leaped into the water (not waist deep) to arrest the drifting craft. Panic! It had full sway there on the bar. One goose lay still, while two others tried vainly to join the twelve that, with terrific clamor of squawking and beating of wings, rose straight into the air. Now belched the pumper. As Two Hearts had jumped into the river I had sprung to my feet, steadied myself with one foot on the log, and poured charge after charge of buckshot into the rising flock. So close together did they rise that they beat each other with their wings and impeded their own haste. Great is the repeater! Though my last two charges found the remnant of the flock out of range, only five of the twelve winged in disorganized rout down the river to tell, among their fellows, of terrible disaster by a new method. Two Hearts now quickly cut the thongs that bound the log and canoe and bade me collect the geese from the bar while he paddled after the four that had fallen into the river. A little later I joined him a half-mile below. Crossing the river again, we spent the night with a near-by friend. Two Hearts would take only the three geese that he had himself shot, for, as he said, "There is only I and the old woman." Two of the remainder I left at our friend's, so with five geese in a gunny sack I trudged back to the agency. I tossed my heavy load into a corner at the trader's as though it were very common stuff and this an every-day occurrence, but I was nearly bursting with exultation. When, the next day, I had my friends to eat goose with me, my triumph was compete. In their presence I cut seven large notches in my score, and my conscience made no whisper against the big yarn I told to protect Two Heart's secret.

For a long time my reputation was like a fir tree and my glory like the moon. But it leaked out that Two Hearts had had more to do with getting those magáh than I. It leaked out through the chatter of women. Bah! When could a woman, of any race or people, keep a secret?

RODERICK HERON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

General Changes Among Illinois Wardens.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—Sweeping changes in the executive department of both the fish and game commissions of the State of Illinois were made yesterday at Springfield. It seems to be the policy of Governor Yates to make radical changes in the service in both these branches and resignations of the deputy fish wardens will be asked for forthwith. All the deputy game wardens will be asked also to hand in their resignations. State Game Commissioner Lovejoy is not a resident of Chicago, but it has not yet been determined who will represent him in this important city. One or two of the old deputies will in all likelihood receive new commissions, but at this writing the personnel of the fish and game deputyships is a matter of speculation.

The sportsmen of the State have as yet had no opportunity to form an opinion in regard to the qualifications and personal plans of the new appointee to the office of State Game Commissioner; Mr. Lovejoy, of Roscoe. He is reputed to be an able and energetic man, and although a novice in the work of game protection, as, indeed, must be any man new to this office, he has expressed his intention of doing all that he can to enforce the laws of the State. He has already been addressed by some of the leading sportsmen of Chicago, who have expressed the hope that he will take early and strenuous measures for the suppression of the illegal traffic in young prairie chickens which is sure to take place again this summer as it has so regularly in the past years. Up to this time our State Game Commissioners have rather inclined to the theory that the place to carry out protective measures is in the country and the fields, the intention being rather to punish the individual violator of the law than to go after the root of the main temptation which induces so many men to break the game laws, namely, the game traffic of this and other large cities. It cannot be said that there has ever been made a thorough and business-like attempt to break up the illegal game industry of Chicago. If Mr. Lovejoy shall devote his energies to this consummation he will receive the thanks and approval of every thinking sportsman of the city. The office of Game Commissioner has taken an added importance of late years and its duties require of any public servant an honest and faithful administration. There is as yet no reason to suppose that Commissioner Lovejoy will not thus discharge his duties.

Summer Deer Hounding by Fishermen.

I am asked by a prominent sportsman of this city to give as much currency as possible to the news of the continuous violation of the Wisconsin game laws by the guides and fishermen in the neighborhood of Minocqua and Woodruff, Wis., and, indeed, all through the chain of lakes adjacent to these points. This gentleman says he knew of three deer killed ahead of hounds by a guide a week ago. He saw many other parties out hunting and was invited to go hunting himself. He says that many of the hotels in that part of the country serve "mutton" on their table as often as they do beef, and that it is a common practice for anglers to go out with a rifle in the boat with them. He says that these men are not content with shooting deer around the edge of the lakes or fire hunting them at night, but are doubly breaking the law by using hounds to hunt them. This would seem just a trifle open and brazen, and this gentleman asks, through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, to call attention of the authorities of the State of Wisconsin to this state of affairs, in the hope that immediate steps may be taken to set the matter right. Attention has been many times invited in these columns to the ill-assorted practice of taking a rifle in the boat while out muscallunge fishing.

The Minnesota Pine.

The lumbermen of Minnesota have, as chronicled herein from time to time, succeeded in getting their finger into the big commercial pie of the Indian pine lands of the Minnesota reservations, having one way or another succeeded in getting permission to cut certain amounts of timber on the reservations. Not content with their success they have attempted to carry on the old game of dishonest operations. So bold have been their actions in this regard and so general the complaint from the Indians in regard to the measurement of the timber cut on the reservations, that Agent Mercer and other officers of the Indian service have nearly concluded that a complete end must be put to the lumbering operations on the

reservations. Thus far something like $80,000 has been taken from these lumber operators as penalties for cutting green timber under the "dead and down" act. It would seem that there is at least a tardy and partial awakening of those most interested in preventing such nefarious operations as those which have disgraced the State of Minnesota and the Government of the United States under the protection of this infamous "dead and down" timber act.

As to the Minnesota Park, let us be patient. After the lumbermen have by hook or by crook succeeded in cutting away all the dead and down timber, all the green timber, and everything else marketable, then perhaps we may have our park.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Gun Licenses.

NEW YORK, June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I was a boy, my grandfather, whose boyhood went back to within a few years of the foundation of our Government, and who was very much alive to the rights and privileges conferred thereby, used to take me squirrel hunting, and deeply impressed on my youthful mind that in this great and glorious land of liberty "fishing and fowling are free to all men."

Now I read in FOREST AND STREAM "The gun license question in this country is not, Should we have the license? nor, Shall we have the license? but, When will the license come?" and it jars me. Rather than put a price on what most Americans have been taught to consider a birthright, would it not be better and more American to cut the open seasons shorter and shorter, if necessary, to preserve the game? Would not an open season of a few days only, free to all lovers of field sports, be better than one of several weeks, open only to those who have surplus dollars? Should not necessary restrictions be for all alike, and not be measured by the size of anybody's pocketbook? And is it not to be hoped that the legislators of certain States will become ashamed of the petty meanness of non-resident license laws taxing "the other fellow"?

Allow me to propose as Plank No. 2 of FOREST AND STREAM Platform, "Carrying guns in woods or fields should be prohibited in the close season." Laws to that effect would do more to preserve song birds and game than any possible license laws. Exceptions could be made of registered shooting grounds for practice, and allowing farmers to shoot predatory animals and birds on their own land only, to protect their crops and poultry yards.

As one of the correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM recently said, "What use has a man for a gun in the woods or fields in the close season except to violate the laws?"

D. R. MARSHALL.

A New Adirondack Preserve.

ON Monday, June 3, at Albany, N. Y., the Fenton Game Preserve Association was incorporated. Its purposes are to lease or own 40,000 acres of the John Brown tract in Lewis and Herkimer counties, to be maintained as a private park for hunting and fishing purposes and for recreation. The directors are Arthur Luetchford, of Rochester; Sanford E. Stanton, of Watertown; Pierce D. Schenck, of Dayton, O.; Prof. Eugene L. Richards, of New Haven, Conn., and Samuel W. Skinner, of Cincinnati, O.

Wild Geese at Little Magog Lake.

SHERBROOKE, Que., June 4.—Little Magog Lake, nine miles from Sherbrooke, Que., is a favorite resting place for wild geese in their migrations. This spring six out of a flock seemed to admire the place so much that they are still there. They are being watched with interest, and woe to the being who may dare to molest them. Whether they are nesting or not is not yet known. JOS.

Partners Wanted for the Rockies.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am thinking of a trip for big game in the Rockies, and would like to find one or two companions to make up a party. Perhaps some reader of FOREST AND STREAM might care to communicate with me through your office.

S.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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About the queerest fish story I know of, a highly truthful-looking man—indeed, he was a clergyman—tells the Washington Star, happened to me at a little lake in Wisconsin where I used to summer with my family. One day my wife was out in our boat with a party of friends. She was letting her hand trail in the water, without thinking about its shrinking effect, and when she finally took her hand in her wedding ring was gone. The lake was deep at that point, and although we made considerable effort to recover the ring, it was not found. Naturally it worried her a good deal, and the next year she would not go back to the same place. Nor did we go the following year; but the third year we went there again, and one day I was in the woods, about a mile from the lake, with my boy, trying to get a shot at some denizen of the forest or other. As we went peering around among the trees to get a squirrel we had seen, I noticed something shining on a twig in a tree about twenty-five feet from the ground. I sent my boy up after it, and when he came back I was more than astonished to find that the shining thing was my wife's wedding ring.

How it ever got there was a mystery at first, but I was not a believer in fairies and that sort of thing, so I began to investigate for material causes. The top of the tree had deadened, and with a suspicion in my mind I sent my boy up to see what signs might be above the green boughs. He called down to me presently that there were remains of a fishhawk's nest in the forks of the tree, and, putting this and that together, I came to the conclusion that the hawk had caught the fish that had gobbled up my wife's ring in the lake, and had taken it to the nest for the young hawks. They didn't care for jewelry and had left that part of the fish in the nest, from which, as the nest was blown to pieces by the wind and beaten by the storms, the ring had dropped out and by chance had caught on the twig where I found it. In any event, if that was not the way it got there, how did it? For it surely was there, and my wife is wearing it to-day.

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And here is another ring story to go with No. 67. The New York Evening Sun tells it, and if you see it in the Sun it may be so:

General Grant was very fond of fishing at Greenwood Lake, and stories of his fishing exploits are still told at the Fuller House. Here is one of them: "One afternoon the General was fishing for pickerel on the lake when he hooked a large eel. The slimy creature knotted itself with the leader, and in removing it a beautiful horseshoe ring slipped from the General's finger and fell overboard. Banker J. Rhinelander Dillon visited the lake two weeks afterward and killed a large pickerel. The idea occurred to him that he would like to taste a fish just out of the water, so his guide cleaned it, and they were about to row to shore to cook it when the guide picked up the entrails, preparing to throw them overboard. To his surprise he discovered the very ring which General Grant had lost two weeks before."

To verify this story an Evening Sun reporter called on Mr. Dillon. This gentleman not only said the story was true, but he also exhibited the ring in question.

Said he: "I believe it was in either '74 or '75 that the affair occurred. I rarely eat fish, but that particular pickerel looked so tempting that I was seized with a strong desire to eat it. Under ordinary circumstances I should have given the fish away. I told the story of the find on my arrival at the Fuller House, and then learned that General Grant had lost the ring. I wrote to his son, Colonel Fred Grant, and explained how the ring came into my possession. He wrote back that if my story was true I was entitled to the ring, and might keep it. I actually believe that Fred thought I was telling a fish story, or he would not have told me to keep the ring."

Mr. Dillon now wears the ring on the little finger of his right hand.

Sea and River Fishing.

Unreliable Traditions.—II.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN an article recently sent to you in regard to unreliable traditions I stated that there were some other traditions open to criticism, which I would refer to in a later communication, and the first to which I would refer is the one which has come down from time immemorial and commonly believed, that trout should be eaten, if possible, on the day on which they are caught, and when I say that trout should be kept over night and cooked on the next day to be at their best, I am aware that almost every angler will say that this claim is simply absurd.

But right here I must ask my brother anglers the question whether they speak from their own actual test and experience. Can any angler give me, from his own knowledge or experience the name of any fresh water fish which should be cooked on the day in which it is caught?

I am not bold enough to say that there are none, and can only say that after a pretty large experience I do not know of any, and, least of all, those belonging to the salmon family.

About three-quarters of a century ago a man by the name of Evans was the proprietor of a hostelry some three miles or more north of the city of Philadelphia, on the road lying on the east bank of the Schuylkill River. It was a typical wayside inn lying on the west of the road, with a charming lawn extending to the east bank of the river. The building was only a story and a half high, but with its ample piazza and grounds kept in perfect shape it naturally commanded a large patronage. But to this Evans very soon added a new attraction.

He very soon discovered that the Schuylkill River, whose waters were remarkably pure, was full of catfish of the most delicious variety, and when parties came to his hotel he always served them with a supper of catfish, and it very soon became quite the rage in Philadelphia for persons to get up parties to go to Evans' hotel for a supper of catfish and coffee. Evans tried to impress upon his guests that the catfish were never killed until after their arrival, and he carried out this delusion in this way: He had a large trough at the pump near his hotel in which he kept a large number of fish, about a half pound each in weight, and when a party arrived he always took enough fish by count with a little net to supply the table, and they always believed that the fish on the table were cooked and served as soon as they were killed, and this belief made his inn so popular that in the '40's he retired with a fortune.

But now as to the real facts of the case.

In the early '40's, while yet a mere lad, I had the privilege of enjoying one of these suppers of catfish and coffee and saw Evans take the fish which we supposed we were to eat, out of his horse trough, but after our supper he quietly admitted to me that it was utterly impossible to cook a catfish as soon as it was killed, for the reason that it would curl up in the pan or spider and that he, therefore, always had plenty of fish in his cellar which had been killed the day before, which had become hard and which would lie out straight in the pan and not curl up while being cooked.

He also admitted that the fish taken from the trough in front of the inn were put in a tank at the back of the house and replaced over night in the trough.

Why Evans was so frank I do not know, unless because he felt safe in satisfying my boyish curiosity, knowing that I lived far away.

And now let us apply the same rule to trout. When they are first brought in the fish are usually soft and pressed out of shape, and if they are immediately cleaned and put in the frying pan or spider the tail ends will invariably curl up, and often be underdone.

But if they are cleaned and wiped dry, and the dish or pan in which they are placed set on a cold cellar floor, the fish on the next day will have resumed their natural shape, the flesh will be hard and solid, and they will lie in the spider as straight as shingles—and a trout to be its best must be evenly cooked.

Years ago, when a surplus of trout was brought in at Murdock's, on the Beaverkill, or at Smith's, on the Rondout, they were always cleaned and kept in the coolest part of the cellar to be drawn upon in case of a scarcity, and they were often drawn upon in another way. On a number of occasions both Mrs. Murdock and Mrs. Smith suggested that to wait until the day's catch was cleaned and cooked would delay supper a full half hour, and to avoid delay it was proposed to cook for the first dish the first fish caught the day, or, perhaps, two days before, and furnish the second one from the day's catch. I was in the secret, and, at their request, usually stated that only one of the dishes had been supplied from the day's catch, and in every instance the response was that they had noticed that the first dish was the most perfectly cooked and the most delicious, with a regret that the second dish could not also have been supplied from the day's catch.

There is one more tradition in which I believed and followed for some years, and that is that ice should be used for the purpose of transporting trout, but I soon discovered that the presence of the ice destroyed, to a large extent, the delicate flavor of the fish, and in two or three instances the fish became tainted during the process of cooking, and others have no doubt had the same experience.

I resolved to abandon all efforts to bring my fish home, but was reminded that in many places, particularly in Mexico, it was customary to wrap a wet flannel cloth around a pitcher or jar of water, with the result that by reason of the gradual evaporation from the wet cloth the water in the jar would be kept cool and even reduced in temperature, and as an experiment I applied the same principle in the keeping of trout, and have done so many times since, and always with the result that I have never had a fish spoil or become tainted, although kept for several days, and I therefore feel that I can very confidently recommend to other anglers the following plan:

Never open or clean a trout. It is not according to nature that the air should be allowed to touch the inside of the fish and the little sac of blood at the head of the stomach will very frequently cause the fish to spoil or become tainted even after it is placed in the spider.

The angler usually desires to take home his catch of the last two days, and possibly the third, which can readily be done if the weather has been cool, and he can do so by adopting the following method:

Select the fish which it is desired to take home, wipe them dry with a soft cloth and place them unopened in a dish or pan upon a cool cellar floor. If the cellar is not sufficiently cool a cake of ice to cool the air may be placed within one or two feet, but must never be allowed to touch the fish. When it is desired to pack the fish for transportation again wipe them dry and then pack them in the following manner:

Take four or five thicknesses of ordinary wrapping paper, or if that cannot be obtained take newspapers, inclose the trout in the paper and tie up the package.

Then take a woolen cloth or flannel, for which an ordinary blue flannel fishing shirt will answer every purpose, soak it thoroughly in cold spring water, then wring the water out, as far as possible, and wrap this cloth or flannel three or four times around the package of trout, and then, in order to prevent too rapid evaporation, wrap three or four thicknesses of paper again around the bundle, and the package is complete and need not be examined until home is reached.

If a woolen or flannel cloth cannot be obtained, the moss which grows in the beds of our streams will answer the purpose almost quite as well, only that the water, as far as possible, must be pressed out of it; and there is also another way of keeping trout upon the same principle, which I have tried with perfect success.

Some years ago I caught, with my companion, quite a large number of trout on Monday morning in Balsam Lake, and left them in my basket over night, simply setting it on the cold cellar floor.

On the next day I took out the trout, wiped them dry, and in the absence of the woolen cloth I soaked my basket in cold spring water, using it as an evaporator, then put three or four thicknesses of newspaper inside of the basket and filled it with trout, and to prevent too rapid evaporation I wrapped five or six thicknesses of newspaper around the basket, which was not opened until Wednesday morning, when the trout were cleaned, and in the afternoon they were served at a trout supper at which two or three old anglers were present, all of whom refused to believe at first that the trout had not been caught on that very morning.

I have suggested the above method of preserving trout with great reluctance, but the use of ice is attended with so much labor and annoyance that if any other method to preserve the fish can be suggested it is at least worthy of a trial, and this is all that I would suggest to my brother anglers.

I am not prepared to say that the plans which I have suggested could be adopted with equal success with regard to other fish, for I am aware that some fish—notably the black bass—cannot be preserved for any length of time without the use of ice.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

JUNE 5.

*For first paper see issue of last week.

Pickerel Fly-Fishing.

DUANE, N. Y., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Answering your correspondent, Muskodosa, of West Roxbury, Mass., in your issue of June 1, with regard to catching pickerel with a fly, let me record that my wife while trolling near the shore for speckled trout on the evening of June 3, in Lake Meacham, Duane, N. Y., caught on a fly-rod with a dark alder fly, size No. 6, a pickerel that weighed 5 pounds. Guides of thirty years' experience in this vicinity have never known of one being taken in this way before.

H.

ANGLING NOTES.

Trout Waters and Eel Pots.

THE Forest, Fish and Game Law provides, in Section 61, as follows: "Eel weirs, the latter of which are not less than one inch apart, may be maintained in waters not inhabited by trout or lake trout. * * * Eel pots of such form as may be prescribed by rules of the Commission may be used in waters not inhabited by trout or lake trout." Waters inhabited by trout are the very waters from which eels should be removed, and the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners were apparently of this opinion, for, in their first annual report to the Legislature (1895), they said: "Eels are notorious spawn-eaters, and, as such, seriously interfere with the propagation of better food fishes by natural processes, and if the commissioners had power to set eel baskets in waters containing *Salmonidæ* for the purpose of taking eels that come onto the spawning beds to eat the spawn of trout, it would aid materially in minimizing the devastation from this cause." No action having been taken by the Legislature to give the Commissioners the power they sought, in their report for 1896 they referred to it again:

"Many of the fresh water fishes are spawn-eaters to a greater or less degree, but the eel is more destructive of spawn than any other fish, as it does not spawn in fresh water and is ready to prey upon both fall and spring spawning fishes, as it has no fasting season at the spawning time. * * * At night, when lake trout are spawning on a shoal in mid-lake, the eels are present in vast numbers to eat the spawn as fast as it is deposited by the trout. * * * We would ask that the Commission have power to use or authorize the use of eel pots in all waters, whether inhabited by trout or not, for it is in trout waters particularly that eels are proving destructive of young fish."

The Commissioners, as I understand, have contended that trout would not be taken in eel pots if they were set in trout waters, and the only argument I have heard against this position was that it was theory only because it had not been tried and it was illegal to try it in public waters, and it would be a risk to try it even for experimental purposes. Manifestly absurd as this argument is, it has prevailed apparently, for the law still remains on the books as I have quoted it, and the eels prey upon the spawning beds without let or hindrance, for it is comparatively a rare thing to catch eels in trout waters with hook and line. In one lake that I am familiar with that the State has stocked with a lavish hand, planting several species of the salmon family, there are mills on the outlet stream, and it is not uncommon, when eels are leaving this lake to go down to the sea, for them to so clog the mill wheels as to cause a shut down to clear the wheels. Last fall an employee of the State spent some time on the lake examining the spawning beds of lake trout and he reported eels, eels everywhere in abundance wherever the fish congregated for spawning.

Early in the month of May I made a visit to Mr. August Belmont, at Babylon, L. I., where he has a trout preserve. While we were wading one of the inlet streams he asked the superintendent something about eels, and the man replied that he had taken a certain number, and I then found that eel pots were set in the pond (there were six set when I was there, and Mr. Belmont gave directions to set six more), and upon returning to the house we rowed across the pond and lifted two of the pots, finding one eel, one bullfrog and one small pickerel (*Lucius reticulatus*). The pond is shallow and is devoted exclusively to trout, but small pickerel have found their way into it, and, of course, eels cannot be kept out of it, although they are kept down by using the pots, and in all the history of the pond no trout have been taken in the eel pots. It simply confirms the position of those who think the State law should be amended to permit, under restrictions if necessary, the use of eel pots in waters inhabited by trout. Eels are excellent food, and if pots should be permitted by law a sufficient number would be taken to materially reduce the hordes of eels that are, under the present law, devastating the spawning beds of trout. Another theory: If eel pots will take bullfrogs and pickerel, by all means set them in trout waters that have become infested with pickerel, and the bullfrog is a spawn destroyer and is much more ornamental and useful served minus his body than alive in a trout pond. So that eel pots will serve several good purposes if placed in waters that contain trout, and work no injury whatever to the trout themselves.

First Report from the Salmon Rivers.

Under date of May 26 Mr. Archibald Mitchell writes me from Runnymede, P. Q., on the Ristigouche River, a personal letter, which I quote in part: "In my last letter I told you of my plans for this year; that I would not be able to stay long on the river on account of going to Europe. Archie [his son] and I arrived here May 24. We got to work at once and fished all day. I did not get a rise, not even from a kelt, but I hooked two very large and healthy-looking parr, which somewhat surprised me, as in past years, so far as my recollection goes, they have not risen to the fly until the season was pretty well advanced. Archie killed a fresh run fish of 17 pounds near where you killed your first fish last year. For the past three seasons Archie has been fortunate enough to get the first fish on our waters. I had heard of fine strings of large trout being taken down at Side Head, and for years I have been trying to hit it right and get a little trout fishing. I left our salmon pools and went down to Side Head to fish for trout on Saturday, but this trip, like all the others I have taken down there for trout, was simply "a delusion and a snare." I got nothing. The smelts had been running a day or two, and had gone to parts unknown, and the 2 to 4 pound trout had evidently followed them. When I returned up river Saturday evening I was agreeably surprised to find that Archie had killed another fine fresh run fish of 22 pounds. It put up a good fight, and although it did not jump once, it made several very long rises and took out much line. These two are the first fish taken with the fly on the Ristigouche this year, as far as I can learn, and the earliest ever taken on the river so far as my record goes. James Wheeler informs me that Mr. James Bryan, of New York, killed a salmon some years ago on the same water on May 21. The water is extremely low for this season of the year. The snow is all melted and the water is still dropping very fast. If copious rains do not come soon we will have very low water in June, and poor fishing, I think, on all the early or high water pools. Note that we arrived on May 24, which is very early. Club house [Ristigouche Salmon Club, at Metapedia] not open, and no other fishermen here. Last year we reached here June 3. At Runnymede the river was then full from bank to bank, and the snow in the woods not all melted. I beached a kelt standing and casting from shore outside and just above where the Alford gate stands." (This is almost directly opposite the Capt. Sweny cottage, and below Camp Harmony, where the Upsalquitch comes in.) "This year, with all the snow melted, one has to walk about 150 feet to reach the edge of the water."

One of the greatest charms of salmon fishing is, that no two seasons are ever exactly alike, and one never knows what kind of fishing he is going to have any year until he gets to the river and tries it. The water may be right and the fish not there. The fish may be there and the water all wrong, and it is only once in a number of years that the combinations come right, as they did in '96. But fishing as good as it was that season would spoil any fisherman in a few years, and soon take the romance all out of it. As our friend the late Mr. John Mowat used to say, "It would not be angling; simply 'Pull, Dick; pull, Devil.'" But, after all, nowadays, there is really not much danger of our becoming bloated on account of too luxurious salmon fishing, and in my opinion it will take something very like eternal vigilance and not a little expenditure of money to keep the fishing for years to come as good as it is now. I suppose you must have noticed that they had excellent fishing on the Penobscot this year. It appears that by some unforeseen and fortunate combination of conditions that does not occur often, a school of salmon happened to get past the nets. I was busy and did not get a chance to go there and try my luck, but when I heard of the good fishing, through Mr. Ayer, and received a fine salmon by express, it started up some of the old time enthusiasm, and I wished very much to be at Bangor pool.

I met your friend Mr. Wilson and another gentleman who is with him (Mr. Williams, of Salem, N. Y.), at Metapedia yesterday, on their way to Deeside, and I hope they will meet with success this year. Alexander Mowat wrote me that the pool was very much changed by an ice jam, which formed last winter at Maclan Island, and I hope the change has improved the pool, as very likely it has. You will remember that this is the pool where I killed salmon of 22½ pounds last year on June 13. I shall return home on June 10 this year, so I will not get much fishing."

Mr. Mitchell is nothing if not philosophical. It is rare to find an angler more so; and he is a living exemplification of the late George Dawson's maxim (which I once borrowed unwillingly), that it is "not all of fishing to fish." Anglers are not numerous who would see danger in salmon fishing that was of a superior order, because it would take the romance out of angling; but if this sentiment could be cultivated it would aid much in the preservation of our game fishes.

Catch or Kill.

The communication in the FOREST AND STREAM from Mr. Terry Smith upon the subject of killing fish induces me to suggest to him that some kinds of fish are very properly killed, while others are caught; and as to the latter I think his argument good that they should not be killed in type after they are caught with a hook. For instance, the fish I have written about in the preceding note, the salmon, is not reduced to possession until it is killed. The salmon takes the fly and may be securely hooked, but he is not caught until brought within the embrace of the gaff and then the fish is killed with a club by a blow, or several of them, on the head. No salmon fisherman would claim that he had caught a salmon merely because he had hooked it. The late Billy Florence always vigorously protested against "catching salmon" as a misnomer, and that the hall mark of a salmon fisherman was when he declared that he had "killed salmon." It is quite a different matter with brook trout or black bass, which are also lured with the fly. When they are securely hooked and played to the inside of a landing net they are caught, but they are not necessarily killed, for they may be returned alive to the water. Fresh run salmon are never returned alive to the water and they must be killed if they are possessed, and it may be equally fitting to "kill" tarpon, but it would not, in my judgment, be a fitting term to apply to the taking of small fish that may be secured in the landing net, alive, after being caught on the fly.

Development of the Brook Trout.

It was in May that I reaceived from Dr. R. Ellsworth Call a letter, from which I make the following extract: "At the suggestion of Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, which is heartily seconded by my wish, I have prepared an exhibition of the stages of development of the common brook trout, the material coming from the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery. This is arranged in two glass jars and will be left for you to-day at the Madison avenue office of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, in New York. It is the wish of the trustees of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences that you will accept these jars and contents with their compliments. I trust that the exhibit will prove of interest to you. At the next sportsman's exhibition at Madison Square Garden I shall try to illustrate a whole series of these developing forms as a part of the exhibition."

It was at the Sportsmen's show in New York last spring that Mr. Blackford first told me of the exhibit of the development of fishes as prepared by the Brooklyn Institute, and he said that it was nearer to perfection than any similar display he had seen. Early in this month of June I brought the jars with me from New York to Albany, as great care had to be exercised in their transportation, and they could not be intrusted to a transportation company. Mr. Blackford's praise of the exhibit I can now indorse in similar terms. Each jar contains a glass slide in alcohol, and on the slide the development of the trout is shown, each stage bearing a legend. The alcoholic mixture has apparently been filtered, for it is as clear as crystal. One jar contains the following stages: Eggs just taken, eggs at thirty days (showing eye spots), eggs at sixty days, fry just hatched, fry three weeks old, fry six weeks old (sac nearly absorbed), fry three months old, monstrosities (double-headed fry. The second jar contains fingerlings six months old and fingerlings nine months old. Altogether it makes a most interesting and instructive exhibit of the development of the common or native brook trout *Salvelinus fontinalis,* and tells the story of the growth of this fish much better than pages of printed matter. Within twenty-four hours after the jars reached the capitol in Albany the question was asked a score of times, "What holds the eggs and fish to the glass slides that the alcohol does not dissolve it?" And on each occasion I have replied with truth, "I do not know." I never make it a practice of looking a gift horse in the mouth, particularly if it is a very fine specimen of a horse.

A. N. CHENEY.

In New England Waters.

BOSTON, June 8.—Returning fishermen report cold weather, east winds and rain the most of last week. Such conditions are not only against fly-fishing, but detrimental to enjoyment in the woods and on the waters. The James L. Richards party to the upper waters of the West Branch of the Penobscot, Me., has returned. They found the weather cold and very rough, but still they had pretty good fishing. "Only the fly" is used by any of the members of this party. Mr. W. J. Follett got twenty-nine trout the first evening in, from Foss and Knowlton Pond, which is the pond on which the camps of the party are located. Mr. George W. Brown says that the fishing was all they could ask for. W. J. Leckie is entirely satisfied with his catch. They also fished Kidney Pond and other waters belonging to the upper waters of the Sourdnehunk Stream. The trout run from ¾ pound up to 1½ and even 2 pounds. They are exceedingly gamy, biting very freely, frequently even three being taken on one cast. Many beautiful trout were returned to the waters, because "almost a bucket full" were already in camp. Mr. P. S. Allison, the Englishman, was charmed with the outing. He had no conception of State of Maine fly-fishing, though he had often tramped the Scotch moors for sake of a few fingerlings. Even the cold, damp weather delighted him, reminding him of "a fine Scotch mist." It is evident that the party has visited one of the best trout sections in Maine; rather hard to reach, requiring a canoe trip up the Twin Lakes from Norcross, and thence by land to the upper waters of the Sourdnehunk, which flows into the West Branch. The canoeing was a decided novelty to the Englishman. It is understood that Vice-President Roosevelt is booked for a fishing trip to these waters this summer.

Mr. C. F. Danforth, of Boston, has again surprised himself by taking a landlocked salmon of 10 pounds weight from Dan Hole Pond, New Hampshire. A friend with him on the trip also secured one of 5½ pounds. It will be remembered that Mr. Danforth landed a big one from the same pond last year. There has been a week of good fishing at Lake Auburn, Me., and some large salmon have been taken, mainly by local fishermen, who have thronged the pond since the fishing became better. Mr. C. H. Jones, of Boston, has good reports from some friends who fished there a week ago. Mr. S. Everett Hyde, with his friend Herbert Hall, has just returned from a successful fishing trip to the ponds in the region of Holeb, Me. They had remarkable luck and fine sport. They caught, trolling, trout up to over 3 pounds—square tails, with only a few lakers. But their best sport was in fly-fishing. Mr. Hyde remarks that it is a feature of some of the ponds in that section that the trout will rise to the fly any day in the year when the ice is out. Their best day's work was seventy-eight trout, all on the fly, and one small salmon. Mr. Hyde owns a camp in that part of Maine, and is greatly pleased with his location, both for hunting and fishing. Mr. A. C. Manson and son, H. C. Manson, have just returned from a short fishing trip to the Upper Dam. The shortness of their stay was about the only trouble they experienced. The weather was cold, with a cold, easterly wind and rain, but they caught trout every day. Mr. Manson remarks that "We caught all the trout we ought to have, and greatly enjoyed the outing." Mr. Manson is one of the busiest of Boston merchants. The Camp Stewart party to Upper Richardson Lake had fair success, though the weather was almost too cold and rainy for fly-fishing. Mrs. H. C. Day took some good trout, and landed a salmon of 3 pounds, the only one taken by the party. Mr. C. A. Stearns was high line, with the largest trout—4¾ pounds. Prof. J. F. Moody took the largest number of trout. Mr. H. C. Day had his usual good success. Mrs. W. W. Moody lost a "big one," after having him hooked three-quarters of an hour. Charlie Roberts, the guide, said that his whole trip was spoiled by losing that trout. Still, he was not in the least to blame, the hook having evidently worn out. Mrs. F. E. Stanley, who had never fished before, caught fourteen handsome trout, and is now thoroughly converted to the sport. So it is. Once they get a taste of angling, they are anglers ever after—both men and women.

BOSTON, June 10.—The fishing trip of Mr. A. S. Woodworth, of Boston, was a very successful one. Indeed, he carries off the record for salmon for the cold, rainy days that he fished. From Rangeley Lake he took his biggest salmon, weighing 7½ pounds. From Mooselucmaguntic he took fourteen salmon, from 2½ to 4 pounds, and a great many trout. From Rangeley he went to Kennebago for fly-fishing, where his success was only fair, the weather being too cold and rainy. Mr. Woodworth says that he attributes the success he always has to the fact that he employs a guide who knows where the fish are, and then he gives his whole attention to fishing. He does not believe that fish are to be caught by sitting around the camps and hotels and bragging. There are other good reports of salmon caught out of Mooselucmaguntic. Near Bald Mountain camps, E. C. Brunelle, of New Bedford, landed a salmon the other day that thoroughly tried both his skill and his tackle. The salmon weighed 9½ pounds, and it took two hours and a half to bring him to the net.

From Birch Point, Dr. Bates, of Lowell, has taken a salmon of 10 pounds. Mr. Cospray, of New York, has taken a salmon of 10½ pounds at Capt. Billy Soule's camps, Cupsuptic Lake. Mell Sampson, of Norway, caught a trout at Haines' Landing last week that weighed 5½ pounds. At the same point Mrs. C. F. Wyman, of Worcester, took a salmon of 5½ pounds. Miss Harriet W. Blair, also of Worcester, a salmon of 5 pounds. A further salmon record at Rangeley Lake is appended: Mrs. S. L. Kenyon, Springfield, Mass., 3¾ pounds; W. F. Sturtevant, Springfield, Mass., an old-time angler at the Rangeleys, 4 pounds; B. D. Sweet, Boston, Mass., 6½ pounds; B. F. Greeley, Boston, 3 pounds; C. A. Taft, Whitinsville, Mass., 3½ pounds; Mrs. T. O. Bemis, Springfield, Mass., 5 pounds.; W. W. Coolidge, Salem, Mass., 3¾ pounds; G. A. Hale, Peabody, Mass., 3½ pounds; C. H. Hayes, Boston, 3 pounds; Miss Ruth Smith, Springfield, Mass., 7½ pounds; Mrs. A. A. Call, Springfield, Mass., four salmon, the largest 7 pounds. But the Rangeley record for big landlocked salmon is smashed at Lake Auburn. Mr. Bartlett, of Norway, Me., has taken one from that lake this spring weighing plump 11 pounds. Later that record has been broken by Mr. James Dawes, who has caught a salmon weighing 13½ pounds. Before this the record had been held by Mr. Frost, of Portland, with a salmon only an ounce or two scant of 13 pounds. The big fish are being taken on the Rangeley spinner, which is also true of the fish taken at the Rangeleys. Still, Mr. A. S. Woodworth, noted above, fished only with the old style of live minnow, put on so that it would spin.

The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners held two hearings at Haines' Landing June 6, in response to petitions from those interested in fish and game. The first petition was presented by W. E. Paterson and twenty-four others of Rangeley and Franklin county, and asks that only 10 pounds of fish be permitted to any one boat at a time, on any of the Rangeley waters. The other petition, presented by John B. Marble and fifty-three others, also W. H. Ellis and fourteen others, asks that only fly-fishing be allowed on the Kennebago Stream, from its source to a point opposite the boathouse of the Oquossoc Angling Association; also on Rangeley Stream, from its source to its junction with the Kenenbago Stream. The petitions have caused a good deal of discussion among guides and sportsmen who visit the Rangeleys. No decision has yet been arrived at, and the matter will come before the Board of Commissioners at Augusta in a week or two.

The brook trout fishermen are still at it, and the catches have been better since the high water and cold weather have been over. Mr. Wesley C. Hemenway, of Boston, has been up to Ludlow, Vt., in charge of George L. Armington, of that place, and took fifty-three trout. Mr. J. H. Jones, of Boston, with a friend, has been up to Tamworth, N. H., brook trout fishing. They caught fifty-three trout. Asked about the size of the fish, Mr. Jones simply turns his head and says, "Don't ask me." It is simply the old story of stripping all the fingerlings out of the Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont streams each year, and hence there never are any large trout to catch.

Mr. Felix Tausig and Leo Pickert, of Boston, are on a fishing trip to the preserve of the Laurentian Club, in Canada. Mr. E. C. Stevens, of Boston, drove out to a trout stream in Bedford the other morning with his daughter. He caught thirteen trout before breakfast, his daughter taking one of ¾ pound. Mr. Stevens says that he has not begun to fish yet; will go later.

Mr. D. J. Flanders and F. J. Bartlett, of Boston, have been on a fishing trip to the Rangeleys. They had good success at Haines' Landing and other points along the lakes. The F. Y. Fitzpatrick party, of Boston, has returned from a very successful fishing trip to Moosehead. They were quartered at Kineo. The strings of the several individuals of the party were: 23 trout and togue weighing 40 pounds; 31, 98 pounds; 39, 80 pounds; 40, 85 pounds; 51, 100 pounds; 28, 52 pounds. Mr. Fitzpatrick caught a salmon weighing 6 pounds, and many large trout. The Camp Comfort Club, composed of Boston and Pawtucket sportsmen, have had great success at Moosehead. The party, in two weeks' fishing, took over 700 trout and togue of good size. The Walter H. Messon party, of Springfield, at the same lake, took a string of thirty-one trout in one forenoon's fly-fishing; average weight, 2½ pounds. To R. E. Traiser, of Boston, is credited a trout of 4 pounds—a good one for Moosehead; Geo. A. Fales, of Boston, salmon of 4 pounds; A. P. Jaques and C. W. Arnold, Haverhill, both trout of 3½ pounds.

Good fishing is reported from the Dead River region, although the weather has been cold and stormy. The abominable little flies that have covered the Rangeley waters in windrows, almost, have been found on all the ponds in the Dead River section. Even the trout waters in Aroostook county have been covered with them. Much interest is manifested among sportsmen as to what these flies are. They have never been seen before, and will they ever come again? There are accounts of many young salmon being taken by boys and others trout fishing the brooks that empty into the Penobscot at Bangor and above. It is believed that these young salmon are those liberated in the streams by the Fish Commissioners, hence the boys and trout fishermen are undoing the work done by the Commissioners. Good bass fishing is already reported from the vicinity of Vanceboro, Me. A great bass season is promised on all Maine waters. SPECIAL.

Fishing in Greenwood Lake.

GREENWOOD LAKE is on the line of the Erie Railroad just forty-five miles from New York. Perched up among the mountains a thousand feet above the level of the sea, Greenwood Lake rests like a sapphire gem in a somber setting of forest trees which fringe it on all sides. This water is one of the best fishing grounds within a day's journey of New York. In a couple of hours after leaving his office in New York the angler can be struggling with a mighty bass among the stumps at the head of Big Horn Island, and if he be a very ardent disciple of Walton he can get up in the morning, catch some fish and have them in New York before 10 A. M. During the past season we have heard several fishermen declare that everything connected with the lake is perfect except the railroad transportation, and the only thing necessary to make that so would be the addition of a chair car to the business men's trains. It is now up to the Erie to try the result of a chair car this coming season. Greenwood Lake contains the following game fishes: Small-mouth black bass, large-mouth black bass, wall-eyed pike, pickerel (Eastern Pond), perch, bullheads, etc.

Large catches of bass and pickerel were constantly recorded during the last season, and some enormous specimens of the large-mouth black bass are often taken. We have seen specimens of 10¼, 12½ and 14¼ pounds. They were weighed on our own scales (and these we can guarantee to be correct).

We give a bird's-eye view map of the lake, which shows the general outline and contour of the surrounding country. It also shows the location of the principal reefs, bars, sunken islands, etc., where fish congregate. We have purposely drawn the lake a little wider than it really is. We did this to give room to detail the fishing along the sides. To explain this map intelligently, we will imagine ourselves in a boat, making a circle of the lake and fishing it as we go along. We will start toward the head from the Greenwood Lake Glens Station. From the Glens docks to Stirling Forest dock there is a fine productive stretch of water, especially for small-mouth black bass.

A NEWFOUND LAKE LANDLOCKED SALMON.

In this stretch there are a few exceptionally good spots. One is on the inside of the Cranberry Marsh and around it. When trolling this stretch of ground, the first course should be taken within 20 feet of the shore, then another 20 feet further out. If casting, the whole course can be covered as you move along by taking the center and casting on both sides of the boat. At Storm's Island we find a reef at each end; these reefs are good spots. If trolling, work around them once and then in, over and across. If casting, keep the boat out in the deep water and cast in over them. On the outside of both reefs the water drops deep suddenly and forms two good wall-eyed pike holes. When still-fishing, anchor the boat on the reef and drop the bait out into the deep water.

Just beyond Sterling Forest Station is Hickory Point, about 20 to 30 feet out—a good deep hole for still-fishing. There are three reefs running off from this point; the water is very deep between them and A1 wall-eyed pike grounds. From Hickory Point up to the Brandon House is all good ground. Keep pretty close to shore. Just below the Brandon House Point a big rock will be noticed on the shore; a little distance out from this rock is a small reef, A1 for bass. On the outside of the reef the water is deep and good for wall-eyes. Passing Chapel Island we enter the upper right arm of the lake. This is good ground everywhere, and is patronized by small-mouths, big-mouths, pickerel, etc. Along the reaches in front of the Windermere Hotel are first-class bass grounds. Directly down from the Windermere dock is a reef; it can be located by bringing in line the Brandon House Point and Willow Point. The reef is in about 10 or 12 feet of water, and generally has some very big bass, either on or around it. On the outside toward the Brandon House is deep water and good for wall-eyes.

Continue down the lake and bring in line the Brandon House Point and Ferncliff Hotel dock, and here the fisherman strikes a sunken island. This is excellent trolling and live-bait fishing grounds. All along the shores from Ferncliff down to Big Horn Island is first-class bass water. Just off the Hohokus Club house and again off the big rock just below are reefs. These reefs are known as the State Line Reefs, as the boundary line between New York and New Jersey crosses them. At the head of Big Horn Island will be found a lot of old stumps and a little out beyond them a sunken island. These are the spots for the monster big-mouths. All over the stretch of water on the inside of Big Horn Island are good pickerel and large-mouth bass grounds. On the outside of the island and around the rocks at the foot are small-mouth grounds. From the head of Big Horn Island to the ice house just above the Glens dock in about 10 feet of water is the old dam; bass often congregate about it. From this old dam down to the bottom of the lake is all good water for pickerel, with here and there a stray bass.

The best casting baits for Greenwood Lake are night-walkers (worms) and frogs. We have found our ordinary pickerel and bass baits take well in this water.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

Newfound Lake Fishing.

I AM somewhat late in telling the story of our fishing trip to Newfound Lake. The ice went out earlier than usual. Generally the Hebron end of the lake opens first, particularly when there is a west wind. The present season the wind held steadily from an easterly direction, and the whole lake cleared at about the same time. On the morning of April 23 my companion of our successful deer and bear hunting trip of last November and I started for Rogers' camp, at the head of the bay, a short distance from the village of Hebron. On the train we met two brother anglers from Exeter, N. H., bound for the same place. Rogers met us as lively as ever at Bristol. The following day the sprightly General appeared as he always does with the breaking up of the ice. When the time comes that he fails to show up, Newfound will have lost one of its attractions.

In nearly all my former hunting and fishing trips I have had pretty good luck. My companion, although quite young, is very successful, and our combined luck held good during the few days we fished. We caught six salmon and five trout, most of them from 4 to 5 pounds, the largest weighing 8 pounds. We would have caught more if we could; also, we would have been satisfied with less. We had all we could use after giving away one-half. The best fish taken by any one while we were at the lake was caught by the fourteen-year-old son of Col. R. N. Elwell, of Exeter. I mail a photograph of the young angler and his victim. This salmon was caught on the morning of April 27, and weighed at camp 11 pounds. The fish was quite a fighter, and his captor handled him very coolly. His younger brother, who was in the boat (and who also landed two salmon), was awed into silence during the contest.

The General as usual brought his brother to navigate the boat. This young man spent a part of last year at Cape Nome and in the Klondike. He overflowed with marvelous tales of the Alaskan region, and the General called him the K. L. (not meaning a knight of labor, but referring to a certain gentleman who in times past answered to the name of Anannias).

There were other attractions at the camp besides the fish and the numerous meals which Rogers provided. A certain young member of the Rogers family and also a schoolmarm who mysteriously appeared, rather diverted the attention of the K. L. and my young man from the business they were brought up to attend to. The General and I had some serious talk about what the former called nocturnal rambles on the lake with female companions. The General and I had long since gotten over such foolish behavior. Our arguments had no effect. The young folks said they went out fishing, and perhaps they did; at any rate, they never caught anything, and the only result, as far as we could see, of those moonlight wanderings was a decided disinclination to respond to our call to get up at 3 A. M. to take us fishing at daybreak. Well, all of us have been younger. Killing a lot of game or catching a great many fish is not the only pleasure of an outing of the present time. I know we all enjoyed the days spent at Rogers' camp. All regretted leaving ,and hoped to meet at the same place when the ice goes out next spring. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

West Virginia Prospects.

ROMNEY, W. Va., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will endeavor to write you a line or two about our fishing prospects for this summer and prospects for hunting this fall. The South Branch has been high four times this spring, and that cleans out the river and makes fishing better. I think we will have good fishing here this summer. Our season opens June 15. A good many suckers were caught this spring by local fishermen. I spent a month this spring in Webster county on the Elk River, and that stream is a good bass stream, and if the dynamiting and logging was stopped it would soon be full of black bass. I saw a pheasant dusting itself in the road two miles out of town the other day, and saw several pairs of partridges. I think the pheasants, quail and wild turkeys will be plentiful next fall, as we had an open winter and the snow did not destroy them. The tanneries are being built on the river above here, and that will injure the bass fishing to some extent. Will write you if any good catches are made here this season.

J. B. BRADY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and so much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Muscallunge Fishing.

The muscallunge began to rise to some extent this week. Further catches are reported from the lakes immediately adjacent to Minocqua, Wis., Charlie Lester having taken several very nice fish besides those reported last week. A gentleman just back from Squirrel Lake says that no big fish had been taken there, although two ladies had been lucky enough to land two fish, of 17 and 18 pounds respectively. Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, took a number of muscallunge, but none of them heavier than 11 pounds.

Mr. George K. Wheelock, with his friends, Ex-Superintendent of Streets Redmond, Dr. Dunham and Mr. McDonald, with ladies, are this week at Conover, Wis., and they send down word that they are having very good luck both with muscallunge and bass.

A strong tip comes from an experienced muscallunge fisherman who is well acquainted with the Wisconsin waters that about the best lake in the Manitowish chain to try for muscallunge is Boulder Lake. There is another little lake between Wildcat and Rice, which has no name, but is also a good muscallunge lake. These matters are worth remembering.

Good Tips for Bass.

For those who wish to get good bass fishing in upper Wisconsin it is good counsel to keep in mind Fish Trap Lake and Sand Lake, both of which were at one time known as muscallunge waters, but which still retain their reputation as good waters for black bass.

I offer as a good tip for someone who wants to go fly-fishing for bass, the Fox River, at Dayton, Ill., which, if I remember correctly, is reached by the C., B. & Q. railroad, the point being near Ottawa. Mr. Elmer Wilkinson, of this city, three weeks ago caught 32 small mouth bass at this point, the fish averaging 2 pounds in weight.

I suggest as something worth looking into the water known as Wawasee Lake, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, about 100 miles east of Chicago. This lake is located on the divide between the Kankakee and Lake Michigan regions, upon the summit of the great terminal moraine which lies at the foot of Lake Michigan. It is 300 feet above Lake Michigan, is nine miles long and two miles wide, and in places 80 feet in depth. It is said that this lake sometimes offers very decent bass fishing, and as it seems to be a new one to most Chicago anglers, I hope someone will try it out and report his success.

Cisco at Lake Geneva.

Lake Geneva, Wis., has the unique reputation of being the only lake hereabouts in which there is an annual run of cisco. Much has been written at different times in the angling columns of FOREST AND STREAM regarding this peculiar phenomenon of this particular water. Annually, some time early in the month of June, there comes this great run of cisco feeding at the surface of the lake. They can then be taken in untold numbers and rise beautifully to the fly. Mr. L. C. Kunze, who is just back from Lake Geneva (by the way, with a very nice string of bass and pickerel), reports that this week the cisco are just beginning to jump and that in about a week the full run of the fish will be on. Then there may be seen the familiar spectacle of the surface of the lake dotted with boats all busily engaged at the exciting sport of taking these little fish. The run lasts about a week or ten days, ordinarily, and then the fish retire again to deep water, and nothing is heard of them until the following spring.

Out-Bound.

Mr. James A. Patton and a party of several friends, all of Evanston, Ill., leave this week for the Manitowish chain of Wisconsin for muscallunge.

Thus far there have been but few parties out on the famous Fifield chain of Wisconsin, but the Wisconsin Central line reports that quite an exodus will take place at the end of this week for Fifield and the Mason chain. One party of eight gentlemen, under the leadership of Mr. Otis, are outfitting to-day in preparation for a trip to Fifield. They ought to strike the muscallunge about right.

Mr. Wm. H. Bartlett, of this city, starts for Colorado this week with a complete and variegated assortment of trout flies. Mr. Bartlett is an enthusiastic fly-fisherman and he owns in New Mexico a splendid trout stream thirty miles in length, which crosses his big ranch ground, the latter embracing 175,000 acres. By the way, can some kind reader of FOREST AND STREAM advise Mr. Bartlett where he can obtain a few adult specimen of ruffed grouse for stocking purposes? He wants very much to introduce this breed in New Mexico.

Speaking of these birds reminds me that, contrary to our earlier ideas on such matters, we found the ruffed grouse in considerable numbers along the Two Medicine River on the Blackfoot reservation of Montana. We saw also in that locality numbers of the big blue grouse, and also the sharp-tailed grouse, together with what we took to be the genuine pinnated grouse or old-time prairie chicken. Higher up in the mountains we also saw the "fool hen." The blue grouse we saw in heavy pine timber, and also on the high ridges of considerable altitude. The prairie chickens were sometimes near the aspen thickets and sometimes out on the open plains.

He Wanted Just a Dozen.

A man who was going trout fishing stepped into a sporting goods store this morning. He had decided to go trout fishing on Saturday and needed just a few flies, merely as a matter of form, to take along with him. He had a box full of flies at home—probably fifty dozen in all—of different patterns, but his friends who had fished on the same stream earlier this week had written him that the grizzly-king and coachman divided the honors. The man was not sure that his grizzly-kings were all as good as they might be, and his coachmans were nearly all 8s or 10s, whereas number 6 was reported to be a better size for the good fish in this water. As a matter of form, then, he decided to get about a dozen more flies, perhaps half each of grizzly-king and coachman. Really he would not get another fly more than that; because he had plenty of flies already, and what is the use of getting a lot of things one does not need?

The salesman, polite and obliging, brought out upon the counter the long boxes containing the latest millinery in trout flies. "Well, perhaps I can take a dozen and a half in all," said the man to himself, as he tumbled among the brightly painted attractions. "Maybe I might as well make it a couple of dozen. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll take a half-dozen each of the grizzly-king, coachman number 8, coachman number 6 and Seth-Green. No, make it a dozen grizzly-king. They may come to that fly strong, and I may run out.

"Now, what is this new Lady-Martha with a white wing, black body and red tail? Looks as if that might be good to have along, too. I'll take a half-dozen—no, make it a dozen. A half dozen one way or the other don't make any difference. On the whole, I think I'll have another half-dozen of the Seth-Greens, as these are tied very prettily. Yes, as you say, this new Wickham's-fancy is a good fly. I'll have a half-dozen—no, make it a dozen. I'll bet I'll do business with that fly. What do we say about the Parmachenee-belle? Well, I hear all kinds of stories about that. Never caught a thing on that fly in my life, but everybody else says it's the only thing a fellow ought to have. Give me a dozen of those, just for luck. And this thing with the little red wing and peacock body—what do you call that? Well, give me a dozen of 'em. It looks a killer or else I'm no good judge. I'll take three or four professors—I mean a dozen professors. They are good sometimes. And now that I think of it, my friend told me that last year the silver-doctor was the only thing worth a cent on that stream. I believe I will have to take a few silver-doctors along. Now this firefly-coachman wing has a fine red body—if I'm any judge of a fly that surely ought to do some trading with them along in the afternoon, especially if the light is getting a little dim.

"Now, about leaders. Of course I've got thousands of them, but probably they'll break. It's best not to take any chances about it. I ought to have some drawn gut leaders, anyhow—a half dozen—no, I mean a dozen. Well, make it three dozen while you are at it, and give me the best gut in the house. Now, tie these all up. I've got to go to lunch, but I'll be back in about a half hour and we'll pick out some more."

"I sold one gentleman sixty dozen trout flies in one hour yesterday," said the salesman, bland and unruffled. He is well acquainted with human weakness. He knows that when once a brand new collection of trout flies is spread before an enthusiastic fly-fisherman, the salesman does not even have to press the button.

Twenty-five And.

President Nat H. Cohen, of the Illinois Fish Commission, is like charity which begins at home. He lives at Urbana, and has just caused five of his fellow-citizens to make appearance in court on the charge of illegal fishing. Each man was fined $25 and costs.

Report of State Fish Commission.

The annual report of the State Fish Commission of Illinois contains some very interesting reading. It takes up among others one question which has always been of the greatest interest to those who have undertaken to enforce the State game laws. In the old days we used to arrest a game dealer who had prairie chickens in his possession out of season. "True," the dealer would say, "I have prairie chickens, but they were killed in Dakota, so what are you going to do about it?" Since those early days there have been three or four strong State decisions maintaining the position that game cannot be held during the close season, no matter where it was taken originally. The report of the Fish Commission may be seen to cover practically the same ground. It goes on to state:

> The general impression had ground among the Commission men that any fish shipped from outside of the State to the Chicago market, whether of under size or not, could be legally handled. As a result that point has been hotly contested by the Chicago fish dealers, and the abuse has descended of course to fish shipped in from all portions of our State, and it could not be accurately determined whether they were fish from Illinois or from States where it has been found consistent with the law to have permitted the sale of fish from other States. The ruling of the Commission has been backed by good legal advice that the State of Illinois through its Legislature had the right to say what should be legally offered for sale within her own borders. Whenever under size fish have been found in the possession of the dealer, when not offered for sale, they were confiscated and turned over to the Chicago charitable institutions. This met with some opposition at first, but we are pleased to say that the better classes of dealers in Chicago have become convinced of the correctness of the opposition, and as a rule now refuse to receive consignments of fish smaller than allowed by law, and if such consignments are received and found to be mixed with larger fish and not detected until after receipt, were voluntarily turned over to our wardens for disposition named. While all parts of the State were well supplied with shipments of fish from various markets, they are, many of them, too small to be legally offered for sale, and it has required a great deal of time and patience to enforce the law in these instances and yet not work hardships. Our wardens have been instructed, when such fish are found in the possession of dealers, to notify them that they are too small, obtain the name of the shipper and notify him also of the infraction of the law. This for the first offense. If the offense is repeated, then in every instance to prosecute. Fish smaller than those authorized by law that can be offered for sale are not wanted in the markets; they are not in any sense desirable, and are known among fishermen as trash. The dealers themselves admit that there is no profit in handling them. The last session of the Legislature enacted laws compelling shippers to label their barrels or boxes, such label expressing kind of fish, from whom and to whom. This has given us an opportunity of tracing always the shipper of small fish. The clause mentioned makes both the shipper and transportation company liable.

The State Commission seems to feel itself put upon the defensive, and no doubt it has felt some criticism of its work as viewed from the standpoint of the sportsman. The following paragraph shows the position of the Commission:

> A great hue and cry is raised about the immense damage the seine does on the Illinois River. I think that we can safely assert that more harm is wrought by the injudicious use of hook and line in the river itself than by the seine. We have given this matter especial attention, and note that more fish of less than prescribed market size are brought in and offered for sale by the anglers than by the fishermen who use seines of proper mesh.
>
> We have, at various times, seen hundreds of small bass and crappie taken by an angler in a day's fishing near the dams, and many of them were thrown away as too small to use, or after being kept on a string all day they were either dead or injured to such an extent as to make it useless to put them back in the water. There is no limit to the size of fish that can be taken with hook and line, but there should be.
>
> The Fish Commissioners conceive it to be their duty to undertake to protect the fish for the angler, but not for him alone, and do not believe it to be incumbent on them to destroy a great industry to gratify personal pleasure.
>
> The time will come in this State, as it has already in older countries, when the waters will have to produce their full share of food, as a matter of public economy, and there will always be, as now, a necessity for the use of some means of taking the fish when of sufficience size for use, and to do it we know of no other appliance better than the seine, but that of course to be used under proper restraint.
>
> We are informed that another effort will be made during the next session of the Legislature to enact a law to prevent the use of the seine. The matter should be very carefully considered and the facts thoroughly canvassed before legislation is enacted, and

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF GREENWOOD LAKE. SHOWING FISHING GROUNDS.

it should be prompted, not by sentiment, but the consideration of the best interests of all concerned.

There is a lot of good sense in this, as there is in all that Dr. Bartlett or Mr. Cohen has to say. As to the sincerity, integrity and ability of Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Cohen, and their enthusiasm in their work, there can be no question whatever. We could not have better men in the very position which they occupy, and perhaps they know better than the soprtsmen themselves how helpful their work has been to the sportsmen. It is only to be asked of them if, in confining the bulk of their work to the Illinois River, they are not more or less unconsciously brought under the influence of the Illinois River Fishermen's Association. It is true there is a very large commercial industry carried on along that stream, and perhaps that industry ought not to be at once, or at all, abolished. As to its magnitude and popular benefit, however, there are two ways of looking at it. The total membership of the Market Fishermen's League, and all the men employed by those market fishermen, does not number one-tenth that of the active anglers of the State. These marketmen make a business of fishing, and they benefit themselves a hundred times as much as each angler would. To say that they benefit the people of the State is wrong, for the Commission itself admits that the greatest market for these coarse fishes of the Illinois River is in New York city. Now, whether it is better to help 50 fishing firms make $5,000 or $10,000 each per year, for themselves, not for the people, and to do this at the expense and through the efforts of the State; or whether it is better to please and benefit 5,000 anglers of the State, is something which ought not to be decided offhand in favor of the commercial proposition. The sportsman is used to hearing the talk of "class legislation," but when you come to figure it out, the game and fish dealer is about as apt to take advantage of a bit of class legislation as anybody, when he gets a chance. Of the commercial success of the Illinois Fish Commission there cannot be any question whatever. Its members state they have incidentally benefited anglers, and let us hope that this is true, though our streams and lakes do not prove it.

The report gives some interesting figures regarding the introduction of German carp. It seems that the latter fish was first planted in 1886, in the following numbers and at the following places.

Okaw River	3,000
Saline River	2,000
Little Wabash River	2,000
Big Muddy River	2,000
Sangamon River	2,000
Clear Lake	5,00
Illinois River	5,000
Rock River	2,000
Fox River	2,000
Kankakee River	2,000
Lincoln Park Lakes, Chicago	1,000
South Park Lakes, Chicago	1,000

In the past year, 1900, the carp has taken a place far in advance of all other coarse fishes in the market totals, the statement of the Illinois Fishermen's Association giving the pounds of different fishes sold in 1900, as below:

	Pounds.	Value.
Carp	6,332,990	$189,980 70
Buffalo	3,143,154	94,294 62
Catfish	241,000	9,640 00
Bull pouts	499,100	19,964 00
Sunfish and ring perch	252,050	7,561 50
Striped bass	92,931	4,646 55
White perch	459,580	13,787 40
Crappie	114,490	6,869 40
Black bass	70,221	7,022 10
Number of turtles, 202,900	.....	8,471 50
Total	11,205,516	$362,246 77

From the position of the Commission in regard to the commercial value of its efforts, it may be readily imagined that a vigorous apology would be forthcoming for that industrious creature, the carp. The Commission points with pride to the 6,000,000 pounds of animated raw cotton which it has sprung on the public within the space of one short year, but it would seem to confess a certain anxiety in the following paragraph:

In many of the lakes that are fed wholly or in part by springs, such as Fox Lake, for example, carp have increased in great numbers, as they cannot well be kept down with hook and line. Citizens and owners of property on the lake petitioned to have a warden appointed under whose supervision they might remove the gar and dogfish and at the same time the surplus carp. This arrangement was made and we sent Mr. G. R. Ratto, one of our best wardens, to Fox Lake to attend to this work. This was accomplished, and over 60,000 pounds of carp were taken out. We were much surprised to find carp of such large size and in such great numbers where the water was of such low temperature. A number of the carp yeighed 40 pounds or over, and one was taken that weighed 55 pounds. While taking out the carp a muskalonge weighing 49 pounds was caught. This specimen was preserved and mounted, and is now in the possession of Mr. Cohen. From Calumet Lake and River nearly 100,000 pounds of carp have been taken during the past two years. From the Sni Ecarte Club preserves in Adams and Pike counties nearly 100,000 pounds of carp and spoonbills were taken, etc.

As a man and a citizen one cannot feel anything but pride in the work of our able Fish Commission, but as a sportsman and as an angler who has seen some of the best of our Western fishing grounds usurped by this useless fish, the carp, one might be forgiven if he used the words of the old Scotch divine and said, "I hae my doots." Let us hope for a later repentance and confession on the part of these good gentlemen. Suppose they try the mongoose on the carp!

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

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Canadian Angling Notes.

THE feature of the coming week in angling circles in northern Canada will no doubt be the opening of the spring fishing for ouananiche in the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John. Up to the present time of writing, all the ouananiche fishing has been done in the waters of the lake, and it is usually from the 12th to the 15th of June before the water lowers sufficiently to afford good fly-fishing in the pools of the Grande Décharge.

The season is undoubtedly much earlier this year than usual, and I am daily expecting to hear of good catches being made in the vicinity of the Island House, for the steamer is now crossing daily and the hotel was to have opened on the 6th, or nearly a week earlier than is customary. Judging by the abundance of the fish secured by the bait fishermen in the lake itself this spring, there is every indication of a fruitful fly-fishing season in the Décharge.

As if to compensate for the disappointments of last season, the trout fishing continues to be extraordinarily good in all parts of the Lake St. John country, and if the game seen at this time of the year be any indication of what the hunting will be like next autumn, this ought to prove a banner year for sportsmen. Several parties of anglers report having seen caribou, and I am told of one party in the vicinity of Lake Edward which secured a good photograph of a fine moose at very short range.

The Lake Edward region is surprising everybody this season by the excellence of its sport. Not since this territory has been opened up by the railway has there been better fishing in the big lake itself than during the last few weeks. Only a few days ago another lot of 4-pound brook trout was brought to town by local anglers. The catch was made upon the chain of lakes connecting with Lake Bouquet, and extending as far as the Vermillion River. The waters connecting these lakes are rich in rapids, which afford good fly-fishing throughout the season.

All the members of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club who were on their preserves this spring have now returned, and so have most of the members of the Triton Club. A Syracuse party from the Triton limits passed through Quebec last night on their way home. All seem satisfied with their spring outing.

Lake Quaquakamaksis, in the vicinity of Lake St. John, is attracting numbers of anglers this spring and yielding some very heavy trout.

Gen. W. W. Henry, U. S. Consul here, has been re-elected president of the Lake Bernard Fish and Game Club, which controls one of the finest preserves in the country. Several members of this club are still upon the limits, but the General has returned to town, and reports that in one day's fishing on Lake Saccicoma his catch included ten speckled trout running from 2 to 3½ pounds each.

Salmon fishermen are hurrying down to their rivers, a number of the Ristigouche anglers having reached their pools as early as the first of the motnh. Mr. C. W. Wilson, of Glens Falls, is one of the new men on the river this season. The members of the St. Marguerite Club will pass through Quebec in a day or two for their river, while many of the north shore rivers will not be fished till about the middle of the month.

QUEBEC, June 8. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Kennel.

Honest Dog Dealing.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A short time ago I noticed an advertisement for Mr. R. M. Morgan's kennels, of Prior Creek, I. T.

I wrote to him and asked if he could furnish me with a puppy from six to ten months old, and he replied that he could fill the order. The puppy when little was very promising, and he had sent same to the country to a farmer friend to raise. Upon receipt of my order he went to the country for the puppy, but was very much disappointed in the way it had turned out, as it had not developed in the way he had hoped. Mr. Morgan very promptly wrote me that the dog had not turned out as he had expected, and as an honest man he could not afford to ship me the dog, as it would not be a credit to his kennels or satisfactory to me, returning me the check with his regrets.

I determined this was the man from whom I wished to buy a dog. As he had others, I purchased one eighteen months old from him, which is in every way a very promising dog, showing good breeding and good qualities.

I feel that such honesty and straightforwardness should not go unnoticed, and I take the liberty of giving you this information. FREDERICK RUTLEDGE.

The Augusta Journal received the following story from Mr. Norris, of Iceboro, who vouched for its truth. Mr. Norris says that one day last week, while working near the river, he heard the baying of a hound in the camp meeting woods, and supposed that a fox hunting party was abroad. A minute later the fox appeared; he crossed the railroad track and ran on to the ice at the top of his speed, heading directly for the hole in the ice. Mr. Norris thought he would run into the hole and be drowned. But such a finale was not down on Reynard's programme. On arriving at the hole in the ice he turned back, and, doubling his track till he reached the railroad, and turning down that, which runs at right angles with his own track, he ran several rods, then sat down to wait and watch. He had but a few moments to wait before the hound appeared in hot pursuit of the scent. The dog, with his nose to the snow, kept on across the railroad track, on to the ice, and straight for the hole where Reynard had turned back. As is well known, hounds trust to their keen scent rather than to their sight, and when the dog arrived at the end of the trail his momentum was too great to stop short of the hole in the ice, and with a farewell yelp he disappeared into the swift current of the Kennebec, never to reappear. Whether Reynard smiled as he trotted leisurely off is not known, but can be imagined.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

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Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
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Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R, Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.
Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.
Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.
Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

The Meet of 1901.

IT has been definitely decided that the camp site for the meet of 1901 will be Mudlunta Island, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 9 to 23, and the following particulars will therefore be interesting:

The twenty-second annual meet of the American Canoe Association will take us back again to the ever-popular islands of the St. Lawrence River.

The Camp Site.—The Commodore has kindly placed at the exclusive disposal of the Association his Island of Mudlunta for the meet of 1901.

The Island of Mudlunta (meaning Crescent) is one of the prettiest islands of the St. Lawrence. It is one of the Admiralty group, is over ten acres in extent and situated about two miles south from Gananoque, between the Canadian and middle channel, and it is believed will make one of the most attractive and convenient sites the Association has ever had the pleasure of camping on.

The headquarters will be very conveniently located in the Commodore's residence (which will be used exclusively for that purpose only during the two weeks of camp), within easy access from the main and ladies' camp and dock.

The main camp will lie to the east of headquarters on a high and level tract of land, and will embrace such a space that desirable spots can be secured by all.

The ladies' camp, or Squaw Point, will be situated to the west of headquarters, and while the portion laid out for this purpose is not as large as that of the main camp, still a sufficient number of beautiful and desirable locations will be found to accommodate every one.

The Camp Store.—The exclusive privileges of the right of sale on the camp grounds have been awarded to Messrs. Johnston & Hale, both of whom have been in the grocery and supply business in Gananoque for years. They will build a commodious store in the vicinity of headquarters and will endeavor to serve to the best of their ability the wants of the members. They will also supply ice if required.

The camp dock will be a large one, equal to all emergencies, and be situated on the side of the bay in front of headquarters.

The Mess Tent.—This will be most advantageously situated on a level stretch of land lying between two bays. It will be to the east of headquarters and very convenient to both the ladies' and main camp. A capable caterer will have charge of this department, and guarantee satisfaction. The rate will be as usual, $1 per day.

Bring Your Bathing Suits.—The waters of the St. Lawrence are famous for their bathing virtues. Sand beaches are numerous on Mudlunta Island, both in the ladies', headquarters and main camps.

Transportation.—Special efforts are being made along this line, and it is hoped that many of the members will take advantage of the special rates to attend the meet.

Carpenters and laborers will be engaged and lumber purchased and tent floors, skids, etc., will be built for the members at reasonable rates. Tents, cots, camp chairs and tables will also be rented at low figures. Full particulars will be given later.

Racing Programme.—The Regatta Committee have arranged a very attractive list of sailing and paddling events. War canoe racing will again be made a feature and many suitable trophies will be put up for contest, among others being the very handsome shield representative of the war canoe championship of America (won last year by the Toronto C. C.), and which, if won by them again this year, will become their property. It is a very handsome trophy, and every club should put forth an effort to secure it for the adornment of their club house. The sailing petition, as presented by the sailing men, having had the approval of the Executive Committee, it is hoped that increased interest will result in the sailing events therefrom.

Cruises.—Several short cruises will be arranged for under competent guidance to some of the many beautiful spots of the Thousand Islands, and it is hoped that many of the members will come prepared to take part. Among other cruises in prospect may be specially mentioned one up the Gananoque River to Marble Rock, a trip that is acknowledged by all who have taken it as one of the most beautiful and enjoyable.

Membership in the American Canoe Association can be secured on application, indorsed by two members in good standing, and on no objection being raised to the applicant

after publication for two weeks in the official organ of the Association he becomes a member. The entrance fee is $1 and the annual dues $1.

A Final Reminder.—The administration is sparing no effort to make this one of the most successful meets in the history of the Association, and urges every one that can attend to come. They will not regret it.

Further particulars will be given later in the usual camp circular.

The racing petition as presented to the Executive Committee for approval has passed. A gist of the changes is as follows, viz:

First—A limit has been put on distance between bulkheads and size of cockpit. (Rule 1, Par. 1.)

Second—A minimum weight has been placed on decked sailing canoes. (Rule 1, Par. 1.)

Third—A canoe must use the same suit of sails at a meet with reduced area for decked canoes and increased area for open canoes. (Rule 1, Par. 1.)

Fourth (a new rule)—Rule 2. Classifying the canoes into three classes.

Fifth—Flags not to be given as prizes except for the paddling and sailing trophy races. (Rule 6, Par. 1.)

Sixth—Putting a fixed length and time limit on the record races. (Rule 6, Par. 3.)

Seventh—Putting a fixed length on the paddling trophy and adding other fixed races. (Rule 6, Par. 6.)

Eighth—Allowing all comers to enter the trophy sailing race. (Rule 6, Par. 7.)

Ninth—Decision of protests of members present at meet to be final. (Rule 10, Par. 2.)

Tenth—A canoe upsetting in a race debarred from winning prizes. (Rule 13, Par. 2.)

Eleventh—Allowing old canoes to race at 1901 meet. (Rule 25.)

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XIII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

"WELL, what do you think of it?" queried George, an hour later, as he paddled across to us. "The rain's let up for the present, but it's evidently going to rain more or less all day. Hadn't we better make camp here and be through with it? This will make an excellent camp place."

"It's a very good place," said the Colonel, "and I don't know but what, perhaps, the most sensible and comfortable thing will really be to hang up and make ourselves comfortable right here. It is almost lunch time now, and I'm afraid we can't make Bear Lithia to-day. The great objection to this place is the lack of water. There's none nearer than the mill, and that's a quarter of a mile away."

"Yes; it's about three-quarters of a mile away, across those fields and in the rain," said Lacy, whose job it is to carry the water. "I move we go on, now that it has quit raining, and if it comes on to rain again we can easily find as good a place as this, with the chance of its being closer to water."

"Well, it's all the same to me," said George from his canoe. "What do you say, Commodore?"

"Well, I'll tell you," I replied. "This is a good enough camping place, barring the lack of water, but I'm particularly anxious to reach Bear Lithia, if possible, this evening, as I wrote Compton we would be there to-day, and——"

"But he will hardly expect us on such a day as this," the Colonel broke in.

"That may be," I replied, "but there is no harm in making the effort, and if worst comes to worst we can easily find as good a place as this to camp in, and, as Lacy says, with the chances in favor of its being closer to water. I vote to go on."

"So do I," said Lacy.

"Well, it's all the same to me one way or the other," said George.

"Same here," said the Colonel, as he began to take down the fly, in which operation Lacy lent him a helping hand, and in a few minutes it was folded up and repacked in George's canoe, and we were paddling out into the still, deep pool, headed for the bend ahead, while the clouds still hung low, heavy and wet, across the entire heavens. A little breeze rippled the water into cold, leaden wrinkles and shook the drops from the overhanging trees in miniature showers into the water beneath with a soft musical tinkle.

Around the bend the river seemed to come to an end like a large pond in a broad, flat, gravelly beach, at the outer edge of which was strung a low fringe of bushes and small clumps of cottonwood trees, which extended clear across the river. A nearer approach disclosed the cottonwood patches to be small, clumpy islands, between two of which most of the river rushed and pitched headlong in a foaming mass down a short, narrow and very steep slope, in a glorious rapid, whose tumultuous waves tossed their shaggy white crests high in air. At the foot of the islands, below this deep, narrow pitch, the river spreads out in a broad, shallow, fan-shaped rapid, down which the water shoots swiftly with a flat, gently rippling surface. At the bottom, and extending clear across the river, is the usual fringe of loose stones, over which the water tumbles in a mass of pearly foam in a fall of a couple of feet or so.

This final shoot is always shallow, and we were well aware that we couldn't jump it on the present stage of water. Last year we disembarked some little distance above it, and led the canoes down to and over the fringe of stones, but this morning, after a glorious rush down the shoot above, over the big waves, over which our canoes bobbed up and down like corks, we let the canoes run swiftly out over the glassy shallows below, back paddling vigorously all the time, and gradually checking their speed, so that when they began to grate gently on the gravelly bottom a few yards above the pitch we sprang quickly out before the canvas skins of our boats had time to come to harm on the uncompromising stones, and by means of the stern painters gently eased them down the fall into deeper water below, where we drew them alongside of us, as we stood, knee-deep, in the swift, foaming water, and dropped over the sides into our seats with our feet hanging out over the gunwales on either side to allow the water to run out of our canvas shoes.

We had harly got settled comfortably in our canoes before the rain began again—a chill, fine, penetrating rain, which shimmered grayly on the cold surface of the river and glistened like a sheet of varnish on our decks and hatches. We speedily drew our rubber capes and hats from under the front hatch, where they are usually carried, for accessibility, and put them on. Thus attired and with closed hatches and aprons, we were in position to disregard the rain and so kept right on down the river.

The three miles between the Shaver and Riverbank dams is pretty much one continuous rapid, and is a conglomeration of reefs and ledges requiring great care and skill to successfully navigate, particularly with the rain shimmering on the water and obscuring the surface indications; but we succeeded in slipping in and out among them, and threading our way through them with but little trouble and without mishap. Fortunately, at the present stage the water was not so swift and powerful as usual, giving us time and opportunity to negotiate the reefs comfortably and leisurely.

The big fish dam a mile and a half below Shaver's looked formidable as we approached it. It is one of the biggest dams of this character on the river—really as big as most of the mill dams—and it required not a little skill and care, as well as nerve, to jump it successfully. In one spot the water shoots over a little gap in the top of the dam in a long, narrow tongue, breaking up into big foam-crested surges at the foot, two or three suspicious lumps along the edges in the course of this tongue being suggestive of big rocks. I landed on the dam and inspected it closely, feeling out the rocks with my pike pole, while George, after maneuvering for position by back paddling, hung poised above the fall while he studied it. Becoming satisfied as to the position of the rocks, he let go. His canoe dropped down into the powerful suction, settled down into the water to the gunwales as it dropped over the verge, and then shot out into the long tongue of water below the dam. For an instant she was buried in the snowy foam below, and then emerged, with the water streaming in sheets from her decks, as she shot down the swift rapid below in safety. The rest of us made the shoot with equal success, the Colonel and I each scoring a slight bump from the rocks as we went over.

The next quarter of a mile required peculiar care, as the water was not only reefy but, owing to a considerable fall of two or three hundred yards or so in length at this place, was quite strong. However, there is a fairly good boat channel through this fall, along close to the left bank, down along which we shot swiftly, without much trouble, and we passed on down into deeper water below.

The art of back paddling is a very useful and valuable one—I might say, indispensable one—to the practiced canoeist in threading his way in and out among the reefs and ledges. He works his boat around from one little cross chanel to another, or gets her in position to slip through opportune little gaps in the ledges much easier and surer than by driving ahead in a frequently unsuccessful attempt to beat the current through. He holds his canoe stationary while he surveys his course, and if an eligible opening appears to right or left he inclines the stern of his canoe—not the bow—in that direction, and by holding the boat stationary with a few easy back strokes with the paddle, the current gently swings the canoe into position, when, on getting in line with the shoot, he lets go, and she gently slips through or over. Care must be exercised in this backward swinging around or across currents, that a swift shoot of water from around the corner of some rock does not catch him, or it will take his boat by the stern and throw it around end for end in a twinkling, and with consequences that may prove disastrous.

"Hello, you fellows!" came a hail from a little group of three or four disconsolate looking rustics huddled up shivering together under the trees along the bank out of the rain as much as possible, while the "set" fish poles, strung out in a row along the edge of the gravelly bar, pointing out over the water, with the lines sagging away down stream in the set of the current; proclaimed their occupation.

"Where you all from?"

We admitted our abiding place.

"Where you all goin'?"

We confessed to our destination.

"Must be runnin' a race, ain't ye?"

We modestly disclaimed any pretentions to speed.

"Mebbe you're surveyin' the river?"

We admitted that we undoubtedly were surveying the river, but not strictly in the interests of science, technically speaking.

"Well, say!" in a hopefully pleading tone, "can't you all come ashore for a few minutes and give a feller a nip of somethin' hot? It's powerful chillin' settin' here in the rain, and nothin' to drink."

"Singular," said George, in a musing tone, as we drifted slowly by on the deep, gently moving water into the Riverbank mill pool, after apologetically explaining that our section had just passed through a heated prohibition campaign, and that we had all reformed. "Singular how when a stranger learns that this crowd hails from Staunton he at once assumes that there must be something to drink along. Now this is the second time in the last three days that this expedition has been hailed from the bank by thirsty gentlemen, hopeful of procuring liquid refreshment of a spirituous character. I didn't expect this when I consented to join this expedition. I am not accustomed to it, and my reputation will be ruined."

"Yes; it's a pity about that reputation of yours," Lacy replied. "Let's see, how does that celebrated old quotation go? I think it is something in regard to the difficulty experienced in injuring eggs that are already in a hopeless condition."

"That's all right about that reputation," George retorted; "you Staunton fellows need some one along to give tone to the crowd, but while I am willing to make some sacrifices to benefit my friends, I feel that there are limits to what a man ought to be expected to stand, and in justice to myself I feel that I really ought to draw the line somewhere."

We portaged the Riverbank dam in a light drizzle. The portage was an easy one—in fact, so easy that all we had to do was to slide the canoes over the round, smooth, slippery log that formed the crest of the dam next to the right bank, and drop them about 3ft. into the swift water below, and each man portaged his own canoe without assistance from the others.

The heavy, swift rapid below the ferry at the mill was shot without touching—in fact, as we proceeded down the river we were surprised and delighted to see how our hopes of finding better water were realized. On leaving our temporary camp at Shaver's, I really anticipated considerable trouble in navigating the section of river between that place and Elkton, which is particularly shallow, swift and rocky, and I fully expected we would be out in the water half the time; but, except at the dams, we really had but little getting out to do. Of course our intimate acquaintance with the river stood us in good stead, for there was really as little water in the river down here—allowing for its increased size—as there was up in North River, but in running the falls and rapids, if there was any water at all to be had, we knew just where to find it.

The rain obligingly let up for an hour, when we reached the fine old Yancey place—our usual stopping place for lunch—so, after easily sliding the canoes over the low mill dam 100yds. above, we went ashore and opened up our canoes, and taking the mess chest and our camp stools with us, we enjoyed a very satisfactory lunch.

While the rest of us were enjoying our after-dinner smoke, George took his fly tackle—which he always keeps rigged up and strapped to the deck of his canoe—and wading out into the swift, shallow stream, he made a few casts around in likely spots, and, as the result of his experiments, he soon had four nice bass on his stringer, insuring us a good fish supper. He might eaily have taken more, but the return of the rain hurried us into the shelter of our canoes and our rubbers, and we pushed out into the rapid stream and proceeded on our way, while the rain descended in a fine, penetrating, mist-like shower.

The Blue Ridge Mountains throughout the entire extent of the valley are more or less hidden from near view by a parallel line of buttress-like spurs and foothills, which jut out from the main range, through which at close range only occasional glimpses may be had of the great mountain chain proper. In the reach to the right a few miles below a most impressive, beautiful and imposing view is obtained through a broad gap in these foothills, through which a brawling creek finds its way down to the river.

The rain opportunely ceased, giving us a wider, clearer view, and the mountain slope was most beautiful and majestic, as seen through this gap; its lofty summit shrouded from view in the heavy rain clouds which enveloped it, and whose black masses loomed up ominously up the river, while light, fleecy folds and wreaths lingered caressingly lower down the mountain sides.

The rain swept in a dense, leaden gray cloud from up the river, down along the flanks of the mountain chain, blotting out everything from view as it advanced, like a huge curtain, streaked with slanting, wavering, parallel lines from top to bottom.

It came hissing and blistering down the river in a long, white line across the still surface of the pool in which we were floating, and swallowed us up in its whirling embrace as it passed, shutting us up closely in its heavy, drenching folds, through which each canoe loomed up in vague, blurred outline, while the big, heavy drops pelted fiercely on our decks and hatches, smashing into spray, and the water ran in little rivulets down the black, shining folds and little gullies of our gossamers, into the hollows of our oiled canvas aprons over our laps, where it collected in pellucid little pools, into which the big drops splashed again, while the entire visible surface of the river was covered with little ets and spouts of water, as the fierce slanting lines of rain penetrated the surface.

We backed in under the dense, low-hanging trees on the left bank, to wait until the fierce onslaught should pass over, where Lacy and the Colonel, under the shelter of some particularly thick, overhanging boughs, managed to light their pipes, while I, at the same time, secured a light for a cigar.

The storm, meanwhile, raged around us with increased fury, and the mountains and foothills were entirely blotted from view by the dense cloud of rain, while the trees on the other side of the river loomed up in an indistinct mass as though seen through a fog.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Meet of the Atlantic Divison, A. C. A.

THE meet of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., was held at the Lime Kiln, on the west bank of the Hudson, opposite Yonkers (Glenwood), N. Y., on May 30 and 31 and June 1, last, and although the lateness of the season and the constant rainfalls of April and May doubtless tended in some degree to diminish the attendance at the meet, yet it turned out to be a highly pleasant and successful affair.

The registered attendance was about thirty, and the members present included such old-timers as Robert J. Wilkin, C. Bowyer Vaux, H. Lansing Quick, Daniel B. Goodsell, Frank C. Moore, Robert H. Peebles and Thomas Hale, Jr.

Camp was made on Thursday morning, a number of out-of-town canoeists having spent the night with the Yonkers C. C., to whose courtesy and hospitality the success of the meet was in great measure due, and was continued until Sunday afternoon, after the official termination of the meet on Saturday. The camp site had been carefully prepared by the Camp Site Committee, consisting of M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., chairman, and Mr. Louis Simpson, and would have been able to accommodate triple the number of canoeists in attendance.

The campers had the good fortune to have a little interval of generally fair weather during the meet, and improved it to the utmost. The Regatta Committee, with Mr. Goodsell as chairman, arranged a number of races for those in attendance. On Thursday two paddling races were held, the first a tandem, double-blade paddling race, in which Messrs. Davis and Conrad defeated Messrs. Stark and Eastmond in a close race; the second a double-blade paddling race, in which Mr. Stark defeated Mr. Davis by a very narrow margin.

On Saturday the possession of the Atlantic Division sailing trophy was contested, and the race won by Mr. Alexander H. Paula, of the New York C. C., with Mr. H. Lansing Quick, of the Yonkers C. C., present.

The meet as planned was a practical cruising meet, no general mess being provided, the members bringing their own camp kits and stores and preparing their meals in camp. The result demonstrated very clearly the possibility of a successful meet on a purely cruising basis.

Eastern Division Meet 1901.

CAMP BLUFF—MERRIMAC RIVER.

June 15 to 17.

Eastern Division Officers.—Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.; Rear-Com., Chas. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.; Purser, A. Elliott Kimberly, Lawrence, Mass.

Executive Committee.—Chas. W. Dodge, Boston, Mass.; Frederick H. French, Boston, Mass.; A. V. Coulson, Worcester, Mass.

Committees.—Camp Site: H. W. Horn, chairman, 613 Common street, Lawrence, Mass.; John H. Richardson, Lawrence, Mass.; H. P. Poore, Lawrence, Mass.; A. W. Lang, Lawrence, Mass.; C. W. R. Seeton, Lawrence, Mass. Regatta: Marcus Butler, chairman, Lawrence, Mass.; Herman Dudley Murphy, Winchester, Mass.; Louis S. Drake, Auburndale, Mass. Transportation: C. M. Lamprey, chairman, 119 Bailey street, Lawrence, Mass.; George M. Littlefield, Lawrence, Mass.; Henry A. Bodwell, U. S. Appraisers' Office, Boston, Mass. Signal Officer, James A. Greer.

Purser's Office, Eastern Division, American Canoe Association, Lawrence, Mass., May 27, 1901.—The annual meet of the Eastern Division, A. C. A., will be held at Camp Bluff, on the Merrimac River, four miles above Lawrence, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 15, 16 and 17.

The camp is charmingly situated in a pine grove on high land, one of the prettiest spots on the river.

The catering will be made a special feature. No effort will be spared to make this important detail of camp life an attractive one. Meals will be furnished at the usual reasonable rates.

Transportation.—All canoes and duffle shipped care of Lawrence C. C., Lawrence, Mass., so as to arrive not later than Friday, June 14, will be forwarded to camp.

Take Lowell electric cars, leaving Lawrence, North Station, every thirty minutes, to A. C. A. landing. Arrangements will be made for ferrying members across the river.

Tents and tent floors will be supplied on application to the chairman of the Camp Site Committee. Please make your applications early.

A reception will be tendered to visitors by the members of the Lawrence C. C. on Saturday night.

Be sure to attend the meet and get to camp Saturday evening, if possible. Per order,

LOUIS A. HALL, Vice-Com.

A. ELLIOTT KIMBERLY, Purser.

Programme of Races—Monday, June 17.

1. Single blade, one-half mile.
2. Tandem, single blade, one-half mile.
3. Club fours, single blade, one-half mile.
4. Club fours, double blade, one-half mile.
5. Tandem, double blade, one-half mile.
6. Single, double blade, one-half mile.
7. War canoe, one mile straightaway.
8. Relay race, three men, single canoe.
9. Tandem, man overboard, one-fourth mile.
10. Sailing race.
11. Tournament.

Extra events, hand paddling, hurry scurry, standing paddling.

Order of events subject to change.

Remember the A. C. A. national meet at Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 9 to Aug. 23, 1901.

Also, Pan-American Exhibition meet at Buffalo, N. Y., June 24 and 25.

1902 National Meet.

Next year it is the turn of the Eastern Division to hold the national meet, and if the members of this division desire that the national meet should be held in New England waters, and that an Eastern Division man should be elected Commodore, they should be present at the business meeting to instruct their delegates.

Knickerbocker C. C.

THE annual spring regatta of the Knickerbocker C. C. was held off the club house at the foot of 152d street, Hudson River, New York city, on Decoration Day, May 30. The summary follows:

Single Paddling—Won by L. P. Stockwell; B. F. Cromwell, Jr., second.

Double Paddling—Won by L. P. and E. H. Stockwell; B. F. Cromwell and Fred Kellar, second.

Triple Paddling—Won by E. H. Stockwell, W. G. Harrison and F. E. Taylor.

Swimming—Won by George E. Taylor; Fred Kellar, second.

Sailing, Racing Rig—Won by Surprise, handled by D. H. Kretzner; Chiquita, handled by Matthew Ohlmeyer, second.

Sailing, Cruising Rig—Won by Twilight, handled by W. G. Harrison; Bee, handled by George E. Taylor, second.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Sec'y-Treas. Herb Begg has the Year Book in press, and will, it is expected, be able to place it in the hands of the members very shortly. He has been successful in securing over $800 of advertising for it.

F. H. Dobbin, of Peterboro, has been appointed to a position on the Camp Site Committee. He is an old A. C. A. man, and will fill the position very acceptably.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—J. E. Haviland, Brooklyn; Herbert S. Turtle, New York. Both of the New York C. C.

Eastern Division—Samuel E. D. Hartshorn and J. Rodney Wood, Woburn, Mass., Innitou C. C.; Jas. C. Ramsey, Lawrence, Mass., Lawrence C. C.; William C. Corey and W. R. Locke, Winchester, Mass., Winchester B. C.; Waldo P. Cutter, Woburn, Mass., Innitou C. C.; Benjamin I. Page, Haverhill, Mass., Pemigowassett C. C.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

12. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
15. South Boston, club cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
15. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
15. New York C. C., annual, Gravesend Bay.
15. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, first race, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
15. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
15. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
15-17. New York, 90-footers, Newport.
15-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
16. South Boston, cruise, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, classes over 18ft., Hull, Boston Harbor.
17. Dorchester, classes 18ft. and under, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, first club championship, Marblehead, Mass.
17. East Gloucester, club race, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Brooklyn, annual regatta, Gravesend Bay.
17. Pavonia, annual, Bayonne, New York Bay.
17. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
19. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
20. New York, annual, New York Bay.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
22. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
22. Marine and Field, open, Gravesend Bay.
22. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
22. Manhasset Bay, third series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
22. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
22. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
22. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, second race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
25. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

2, 4, 6. Newport, Y. R. A., cup defender class, Newport.
2. Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
3. Columbia, City Point, Boston Harbor.
3. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
3-8. Brooklyn C. C., cruise, Gravesend Bay.
4. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
4. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
4. Boston City, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, second club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., first open regatta, Gravesend Bay.
4. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
4. Larchmont, annual regatta and schooner races for Colt cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
4. Pavonia, McInnis cup, Bayonne, New York Bay.
4. Canarsie, parade, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, annual, Bay Shore, L. I.
4. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5-11. Atlantic, cruise, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Shinnecock Bay, club, Shinnecock Bay.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
6. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
6. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
6. Beverly, convention, Monument Beach.
6. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, third race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
6. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
8. Norwalk, annual, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
8-9-10. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Moriches, club.
13. Corinthian, third club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
13. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
13. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
13. Larchmont, open, first day of race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, race for Roosevelt memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
13. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
13-20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15-19.—Interlake meet, Put-in-Bay, O.
17. Beverly, Buzzards Bay.
17. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
18, 20, 23. Newport Y. R. A., special races, Newport
20. Westhampton C. C., club.
20. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
20. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
20. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Mass.
20. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fourth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
20. Trial race to select Canada cup defender, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
22. New York, cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
22. Harvard, cruise, rendezvous, Morris Cove, L. I. Sound.
22. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
23. New York, cruise to the eastward.
24. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
24. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
25, 26, 27. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
25-26. Erie, regatta, Erie, Pa.
27. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
27. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
27. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
27. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
27. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
27. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Manhasset, fourth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
29. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
29-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30-Aug. 3. Pan-American regatta, Buffalo, N. Y.
30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1-3. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
3. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
3. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
3. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
3. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, Conn.
3. Moriches, association regatta.
3. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Robert Center memorial cup races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
3 Manhasset Bay, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
3. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
3. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
3-5-7. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
5, 6. Manchester, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
7, 8. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
7. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
9, 10. Annisquam, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Monument Beach.
10. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
10. Westhampton C. C., association regatta.
10. Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay.
10. Shelter Island, open.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Marion.
10. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
10. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Horsehoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
10. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, sixth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
10-15. Chicago, races for the Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12, 13. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
17. Moriches, open.
17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. New York, New York Bay.
17. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
17. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
24. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
24. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
31 Westhampton C. C., open.
31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
31 Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.

CONSTITUTION was dismasted on Tuesday, June 4, when about three miles southwest of Brenton's Reef Lightship. The accident is attributed to the breaking of the starboard spreader, it being the same kind of a mishap that befell Columbia on Aug. 21, 1899, in nearly the same place. It was unfortunate that the accident happened at this time, as the crew were beginning to work together so well. At the time of the accident the wind was blowing strong from the southwest, and there was a jump of a sea on. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, although some of the men were pretty well bruised. After the accident Constitution was taken to Bristol in tow, where the steel mast will be repaired. Mr. Duncan hopes to have the boat ready for the Glen Cove races of the N. Y. Y. C., which are to be sailed on Tuesday, June 25.

The English-built cutter Astrild was destroyed by fire on June 5. The yacht was owned by Messrs. Addison G. Hanan and Herbert W. Hanan, N. Y. Y. C. The boat was lying at anchor off the owners' country place at Port Chester, N. Y. The fire was caused by the explosion of a five-gallon tank of gasoline that was connected with the stove in the galley. The steward was badly burned, but his life was saved through the efforts of the sailing master of the yacht, Capt. Peterson. Astrild was burned to the water's edge and sank in about fifteen minutes after the fire started. The crew escaped in the boats. Astrild was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and was 60ft. on the waterline, 87ft. over all, 15ft. beam and drew 11ft. She was valued at $20,000, and $4,000 had been spent on her this season. No insurance was carried. The crew lost everything, including their savings, which amounted to several hundred dollars.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, June 9.—Boston yachtsmen have now reached the conclusion that there will be no chance for Independence to compete in the America Cup races this year. It is lamented on all sides, and there are some who are greatly chagrined over the latest phase in the controversy between the Cup committee of the New York Y. C. and the owner of Independence. They feel that Independence is a very fast boat, and would like to see her qualities practically proved in competition with Constitution and Columbia. But, from the present outlook, there seems to be little hope that she will have a chance at the Cup races even though she should prove her worth in informal trials. Mr. Lawson intends to get the yacht into the best possible trim, and expects to meet Constitution and Columbia in the races of the Newport Yacht Racing Association on July 2, 4 and 6.

It is really to be lamented that the Independence controversy has resulted so unsatisfactorily, for in the trials which the yacht has had during the past week it has been shown that she is wonderfully fast. She is a beautiful boat under sail, and the manner in which she moves through the water exceeds the hopes of even her warmest admirers in model. She has a beautiful set of sails, not only beautifully made, but of such proportions as to impress one upon first sight. All of her sails show the Wilson peculiarity of a flowing luff and a straight leach.

The way in which she gets moving is simply wonderful. She does it so easily and gracefully that one would have no idea that she is developing any speed until one has had the opportunity of trying to keep up with her. That flat bow of hers does not seem to make as much fuss in the water as some have claimed it would—in fact, her entrance and wake when under sail are very fine. She pushes a little wave out from her bow which goes aft without ever again coming near the boat. The wonder of it is where this wave goes to. There is no disturbance at the stern and the water closes in around her after she

has gone through it, so that one would think that it had never been disturbed.

She takes a heel very quickly and gets her bearings quickly. The strongest breeze she has been under yet was not over fifteen knots, but she proved very stiff in it. It was intended by her designer that she should take a heel very quickly, so that her sharp bilges could get into the water. When she is heeled her entrance is much different than when she is on an even keel, and instead of a bluff entrance, those hard bilges, with the flat floors, make it very easy. The little wave that is pushed out from her bow is merely surface water, and has absolutely no body to it. It curls away from her and settles back, and underneath it is solid water.

She is simply a marvel of designer's skill, and she carries out every characteristic upon which B. B. Crowninshield figured when he contemplated her lines. In taking a heel very quickly, she gets those long ends of hers into the water, and when she has started to move she uses the greater part of her overhangs. Thus she gets more side to sail on, and though she gets down on it very quickly, she has greater stability when she gets there.

Her first trial was on last Monday in a very light air, and though she showed that she could move fast under the conditions, it was not quite enough to be satisfactory. On Thursday she was given a trial which showed her to be not only a wonderful boat as far as sailing goes, but also that her construction is much more staple than that of other 90-footers which have been built in recent years. She sailed very fast—faster than the wind on a reach—and she easily distanced the tugs in the light breeze in which she started, which was not over eight knots. In this breeze she ran right out of her own wind.

As the trial progressed the wind became stronger, and at the last was fully fifteen knots and puffy. In this breeze she jibed over quickly and put her steel mast to a test which it will probably never be called upon for in a race. It was thought at first that Capt. Haff was trying her to the limit, but it was afterward found that he could not help himself. The screw of the steering gear of the balance rudder became jammed and it was impossible to turn the wheel. Capt. Haff had put his wheel hard up to wear ship. He had intended to run out in the bay again and try the topsail under a different setting. When he tried to put the wheel down it would not move, and the jacht jibed.

It came so suddenly that everything went over with a run. She was on the starboard tack at the time, and the starboard preventer backstays and the mast head runners were hauled taut. There was just time to pull the hook of the preventers out of the eye bolt, but the runners were still in place. The boom came over and banged up against the runners. Designer Crowninshield jumped and cut the tackle on the runners and let the boom go out. The port masthead runner and the preventer were not in place, and there was no time to lace them down.

Those who have seen Constitution and Independence claim that Independence is the better moving boat. I have seen both in their first trials, and followed both in the same tug, and it is my opinion that in the trial of Thursday, in the same conditions of wind and water Constitution had in her trial off Bristol, Independence moved the faster of the two. Of course this might not always be the case, but it shows that Independence is not a yacht to be idly considered, for there is little doubt that she is exceedingly fast.

At Lawley's almost everything has been finished in the east shop. The Wiggin 21-footer, the Wade 21-footer, the Herter 35-footer and the Binney 70ft. steamer are ready to go overboard. In the west shop the 70ft. steam yacht, designed by C. H. Crane for Edmund Randolph, is partly plated. The Eno 120ft. steam yacht is fast nearing completion. The keel of a 103ft. steam yacht is ready to be set up. She was designed by Fred Lawley for New York parties. Chauncey B. Borland's steam yacht, Monaloa, designed by Binney, was launched Saturday.

The cruise of the Boston Y. C. will be held on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 15, 16 and 17. There will be racing runs on all three days. The first run will be to Marblehead on Saturday. On Sunday the fleet will run to Gloucester, and on Monday will run from Gloucester to Hull, reaching there in time for the boats of the club to enter the Y. R. A. open race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

The schooner Constellation, Francis Skinner, Jr., arrived at Marblehead from Newport Thursday. At the Marblehead yacht yard, W. O. Gay's 70-footer Athene has been hauled out for cleaning and overhauling. It is understood that she will go out for a try with Independence this week. It is also expected that the schooner Hildegarde will enter the game.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Brooklyn Y. C.

GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, June 8.

THE second race of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. was sailed under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. The wind was strong from the west, making reefs necessary for some of the boats. They went twice around the usual courses. The first leg was a beat to the mark off the Atlantic Y. C. club house, the second leg was a broad reach to the Fort Hamilton buoy, and then it was a close reach back to the home mark. The summary follows:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 3:35.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Akista, George Hill	5 18 30	1 43 30
Bonita, Haviland Brothers	5 28 39	1 53 39

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 3:40.

Squaw, Vice-Com. H. J. Heath	4 49 07	1 14 07

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 3:40.

Song and Dance, Mr. Luckenbach	4 54 30	1 19 30

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 3:40.

Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	4 59 00	1 19 00
Wink, W. A. Barstow	5 00 00	1 20 00
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	5 02 07	1 22 07

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 3:40.

Kelpie, Mr. Brown	5 04 08	1 24 08
Pebble, R. W. Spear	5 05 33	1 25 33
Peanut, Calvin Brewer	5 06 00	1 26 00

Open Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 3:40.

Martha M., R. Moore	5 08 58	1 28 58

The winners were: Akista, Squaw (sail over), Song and Dance (sail over), Wraith, Kelpie, Martha M. (sail over).

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, L. I.

Saturday, June 8.

THE Manhasset Bay Y. C. held its annual regatta on Saturday, June 8. It was an ideal day for a yacht race. A strong but steady westerly breeze continued throughout the day. Com. Stephen W. Roach's steam yacht Emeline, the flagship of the club, was used as the committee boat. Twenty-nine boats started, and the racing in most of the classes was quite close. The boats of the 36, 30 and special 30 had a nineteen-mile course round the Gangway buoy to Matinicock Point, then to Delancy Point on the north shore and back to the finish line. After the beat out of the bay, the boats then had a broad reach to Matinicock, a beat to Delancy Point and a broad reach home. The 25 and 21 footers and knockabouts went to the Old Hen buoy and the Hen and Chickens reef and back, a distance of eleven miles. The 21 and 18 footers Manhasset Bay one-design boats and open catboats sailed a shorter course to the Old Hen buoy and back. The 36-footers were the first class to start, as no boats appeared in the 43ft. class, and the other classes followed at intervals of five minutes. At the start Memory got the lead, followed by Leda and Anoatok, and Hera got away before Esperanza in the special 30ft. class. In the 30ft. sloop class Alerion got the best of the start, with Oiseau second, Enpronzi third. Dot led Flyaway at the start in the 30ft. class, but the start of the day was when the raceabouts crossed the line. Snapper, handled by her new owner, Mr. Bryan Alley, got over first, with Rogue second, Sis third and Badger last. The strong breeze put the boats' rigging to a hard test, and three of them were disabled. Rogue lost her bowsprit, and as soon as that gave way her hollow mast snapped and went over the side. Sis immediately withdrew and went to Rogue's assistance. Snapper carried away a masthead runner and withdrew. Oiseau lost her bowsprit, but as she has a solid mast it remained intact. Mr. F. B. Jones scored his fourth consecutive win with Badger in the raceabout class. Harry Ward lost his first race in Lambkin, but the boat's jib was in bad shape. The summary follows:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:40.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Anoatok, J. R. Martin, Jr.	3 43 43	3 03 43
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	3 37 36	2 57 36
Memory, W. N. Bavier	3 46 22	3 06 22

Sloops—30ft. Class—Special—Start, 12:45.

Hera, R. N. Ellis	3 48 14	3 03 14
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	3 46 21	3 01 21

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:45.

Enpronzi, Alfred Peats	4 02 30	3 17 39
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	Disabled.	
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 01 58	3 16 58

Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:45.

Dot, C. T. Pierce	4 13 07	3 28 07
Flyaway, F. L. Kraemer	Withdrew.	

Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:05.

Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	Withdrew.

21ft. Raceabouts—Start, 12:50.

Rogue, F. T. Bedford, 1st	Disabled.	
Sis, E. T. Bedford	Withdrew.	
Snapper, A. B. Alley	Disabled.	
Badger, Thorsen Jones	2 44 29	1 54 29

S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 1:00.

Ruby, G. E. Edwards	3 02 27	2 02 27

Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 1:00.

Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 47 42	1 47 42
Bob, Phillips & Mayan	2 50 54	1 50 54
Mist, J. W. Alker	2 53 33	1 53 33
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 49 19	1 49 19
Firefly, Guy Standing	2 55 31	1 55 31

M. B. Y. C. Special Knockabouts—Start, 1:15.

Scintilla, J. R. Hoyt	2 55 31	1 40 31
Lassie, E. C. Wallace	2 59 27	1 44 27

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:05.

Ox, R. N. Bavier	3 10 00	2 05 00

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:10.

Nora, Louis Iselin	3 06 21	1 56 21
Chipmunk, B. Jacob	3 10 34	2 00 34
Mistral, A. C. Bostwick	3 02 50	1 52 50
Cricket, H. C. Preyer	2 53 10	1 43 00
Sora, W. Holy, Jr.	2 52 20	1 42 10

The winners were: Leda, Esperanza, Alerion, Dot, Badger, Arizona, Scintilla and Sora. Sail over: Ruby and Ox.

Edward MacLellan, Robert Jacob and Charles D. Mower were the Race Committee.

Wollaston Y. C.

WOLLASTON—QUINCY BAY.

Saturday, June 8.

THE first handicap race of the Wollaston Y. C. for the Chase cup was sailed in a strong westerly breeze, Saturday, June 8. The race was sailed off the club house in Quincy Bay. The entries included yachts of from 17 to 34ft. waterline. Neptune led to the first mark, when Claytonia pulled in ahead of her. Claytonia led to the finish, but Neptune won on time allowance. The summary:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Claytonia, W. S. Wiley, Jr.	33.02	1 41 37	1 25 01
Neptune, A. E. Linnell	26.02	1 42 31	1 20 36
Rover, J. L. Smith	31.00	1 53 55	1 33 48
Shamrock III., W. D. Given	22.00	2 02 08	1 37 11
Mudjekewis, A. L. Baker	25.00	Disabled.	
Thelma II., E. A. Merrill	22.02	Withdrew.	
Sea Gull, A. Shay	16.04	Withdrew.	
Canacum, E. Morse	23.11	Withdrew.	

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

Saturday, June 8.

QUITE a surprise was developed in the race for 25-footers in the first regular club race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. on Saturday, June 8. It was the first complete defeat which the champion Flirt has yet sustained, and it was so clean that there was no room for doubt that it was done on its merits. Calypso, designed and built by Hanley for A. W. Chesterton, was the boat that did the trick. In the race of the South Boston Y. C. on Memorial Day, Calypso did not show up very well, but she was then a new boat just from the shop. The cleats for her jib sheet were not even on her deck.

On Saturday she was again from the shop, but this time in better condition for racing. There was a rattling breeze blowing from the southwest, which was calculated to be good enough to try out any boat. They were given a three-legged course, which gave them a beat, a reach and a run. Both were at the line together at the start, with Flirt in the weather berth. Calypso pulled out from under the keel boat's lee, less than 100yds. from the starting line, and was never headed again during the race. She beat Flirt on every point of sailing, even on the windward leg, where Flirt has always been surpreme.

There was also a race between the 18ft. knockabouts, in which Aspinquid again proved a winner. Aspinquid was sailed by Dr. Litchfield, which is calculated to make her faster by three minutes over the course sailed. These boats went over the starting line in a bunch, but separated soon after, Aspinquid taking the lead, which she never relinquished. The summary:

25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 52 17
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee	1 56 59

18-Footers.

Aspinquid, W. A. Comey	1 49 19
Bonito, G. H. Wightman	1 50 17
Barbara, A. F. Hayden	1 53 19
Tethla, C. W. Cole	1 53 21
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat	1 53 41
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	1 58 08
Oriana, Alfred Douglas	1 59 29

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Corinthian Y. C.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Corinthian Y. C. held their opening race on Thursday, May 30. The weather was clear and the wind was southwest. The times were:

Essington to Claymont—Six Miles—51ft. Class—Start, 11:05.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Liris, Robert Barrie	1 10 16	2 05 16
Narounya, R. P. White	1 02 16	1 57 16

36ft. Class—Start, 11:05.

Paukewis, C. Clark, Jr.	12 44 56	1 39 56
Alays, H. D. Henry	12 51 56	1 46 56
Fidelio, H. S. Jeanes	12 46 09	1 41 09
Vaya, Dr. R. Harte	1 05 09	2 00 09

Knockabout Class—Start, 11:25.

Raccoon, B. Koons	12 56 10	1 31 10
Gavota, R. W. Koons	12 58 47	1 33 47
Grilse, E. D. Toland	1 01 02	1 36 02

Return from Claymont to Essington—51ft. Class—Start, 2:45.

Liris	5 06 05	2 21 05
Narounya	4 39 03	1 54 03

31ft. Class—Start, 2:45.

Paukewis	4 34 32	1 49 32
Alays	4 36 55	1 51 55
Fidelio	4 35 40	1 50 40
Vaya	5 26 45	2 41 45

Knockabout Class—Start, 2:50.

Raccoon	5 16 53	2 26 53
Gavota	4 52 40	2 02 40
Grilse	5 20 55	2 30 55

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 8.

THE first special handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed off the club house Saturday, June 8. The yachts were divided into two classes—21 and 25 footers, and 18 and 16 footers. The 25-footer Thordis won easily in the first class and Della had room to spare in the second class. The summary:

21 and 25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected
Thordis	0 42 37	0 42 37
Harriet	0 48 05	0 45 05
Ruth	1 04 00	0 47 00
Freja	0 55 10	0 52 10
Alert	0 56 20	0 50 20
Zelica	0 55 42	0 52 42
Winthrop	1 03 50	0 51 50

18 and 16ft. Class.

Della	0 54 31	0 54 31
Dupe	1 03 10	0 58 10
Hector	1 03 40	1 01 40
Martha	1 09 45	1 01 45
Virginia	1 15 28	1 06 28
Flash	Disabled.	
Bubble	Withdrew.	
Louise	Withdrew.	

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

South Boston Y. C.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 8.

THE first handicap race of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed Saturday, June 8, in a strong westerly breeze. There were three classes and nine starters. The 30-footer Emma C., which in former years kept the boats of her class in the Y. R. A. guessing, had an easy win in the first class. In the second class Disa, an 18ft. knockabout, won easily from boats which were much larger. Maison had a soft time in the third class. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., Peter Coupal	1 16 19	1 15 19
Bohemian, George Field	1 35 46	1 27 46

Class B.

Disa, G. A. Brackett	1 15 27	1 12 27
Nancy Hanks, George Lane	1 23 20	1 19 20
Marguerite, J. Palmer	1 23 20	1 20 20
Empire, Frank Cobb	Did not start.	
Jungfrau, H. B. Bailey	1 38 34	1 34 34

Class C.

Maison, J. Blaisdell	1 51 52	1 47 52
Angora	Did not start.	

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Riverton Y. C.

RIVERTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Riverton Y. C. opened the season on Thursday, May 30, sailing their first race on that day. The wind was strong and steady from the southwest. The summary:

Catsboats—Start, 3:10.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Catharine, J. H. Reese	4 58 00	1 48 00
Gertrude, G. N. Halloway	5 00 00	1 50 00
Sea Gull, Lee Cook	5 04 30	1 54 30

Barolyn, C. C. Rianhard, broke mast, near gaff, before passing first buoy.

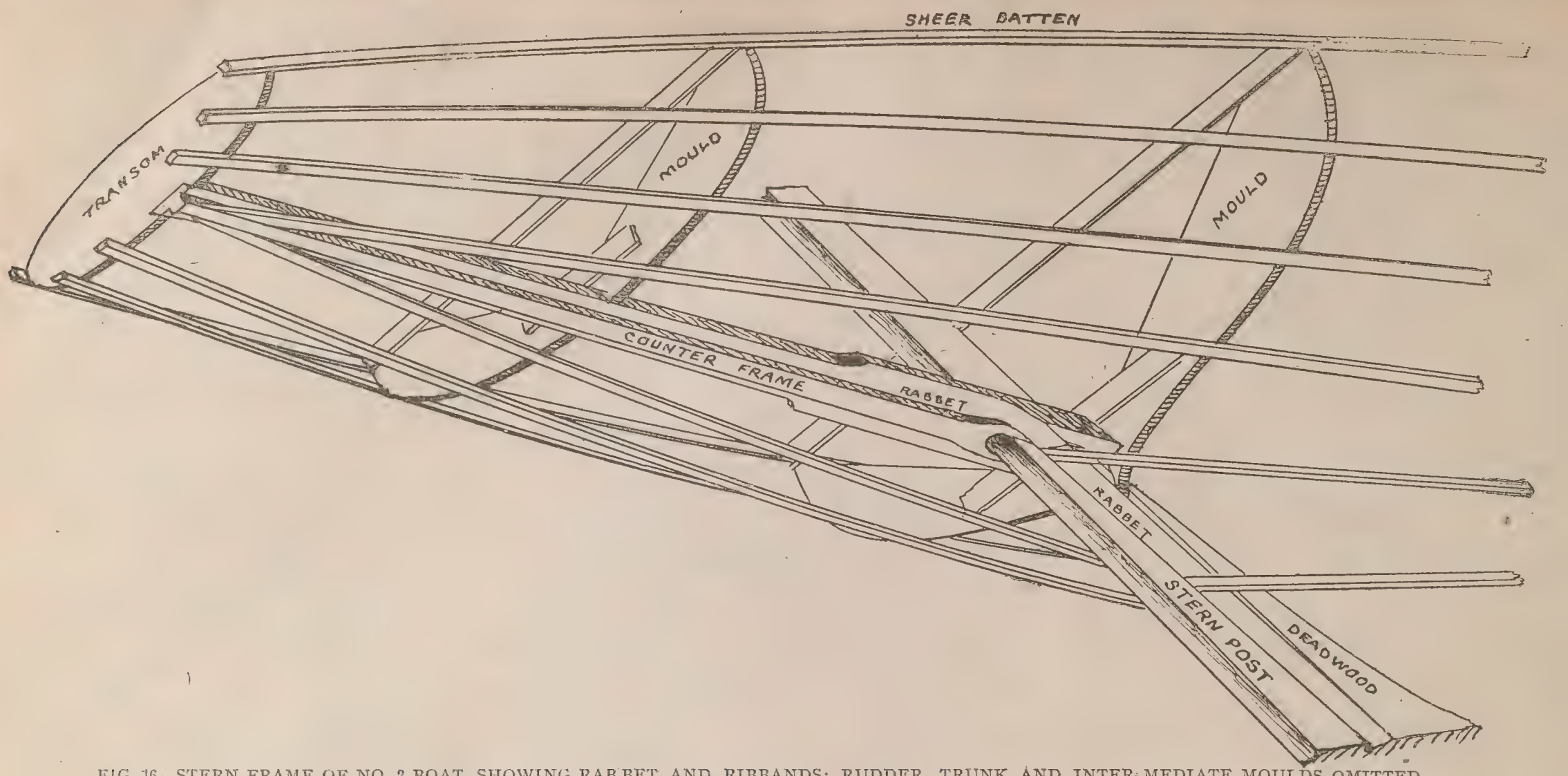


FIG. 16.—STERN FRAME OF NO. 2 BOAT, SHOWING RABBET AND RIBBANDS; RUDDER, TRUNK AND INTERMEDIATE MOULDS OMITTED.

Second Class—Start, 3:10.

Serapis, Edwin Bonsack	5 15 00	2 05 00

Jib and Mainsail Class—Start, 3:15.

Fiona, J. H. Hillman	5 10 00	1 55 00
Pumpkin, J. Frishmuth	5 35 00	2 20 00
Kaloola, H. W. Emmons	Withdrew.	

Fiona failed to finish inside of buoy and lost race.

Mosquito Boats—Start, 3:20.

No. 11, A. Cook	5 00 00	1 40 00
No. 2, C. M. Biddle, Jr.	5 01 00	1 41 00
No. 14, H. Walnut	5 05 00	1 45 00
No. 1, S. Solomon	5 07 00	1 47 00

No. 14 lost first place by finishing outside of buoy.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter IV.—Cutting the Rabbet and Fairing the Moulds (Continued).

THE most difficult parts to cut are where the rabbet turns from the under side of the keel to the side of the stem in No. 1, and where it runs off the sternpost on to the counter frame in No. 2 (see sketch). In each of these cases the only way is to cut plenty of small sections as before, and continually try the rabbet gauge and battens, using the large batten at various angles over the moulds, so as to fair the rabbet in all directions. As the planking will run past the transom in both boats, all that need be done here is to cut the transom nearly to shape, and fit the joint between plank and transom as each plank goes on.

I have, perhaps, put the cart before the horse in dealing with the rabbet before explaining the method of fairing the moulds by means of ribbands or battens; but it is usual to cut the rabbet roughly to nearly its full depth, and then to fair up the moulds before finishing off the rabbet.

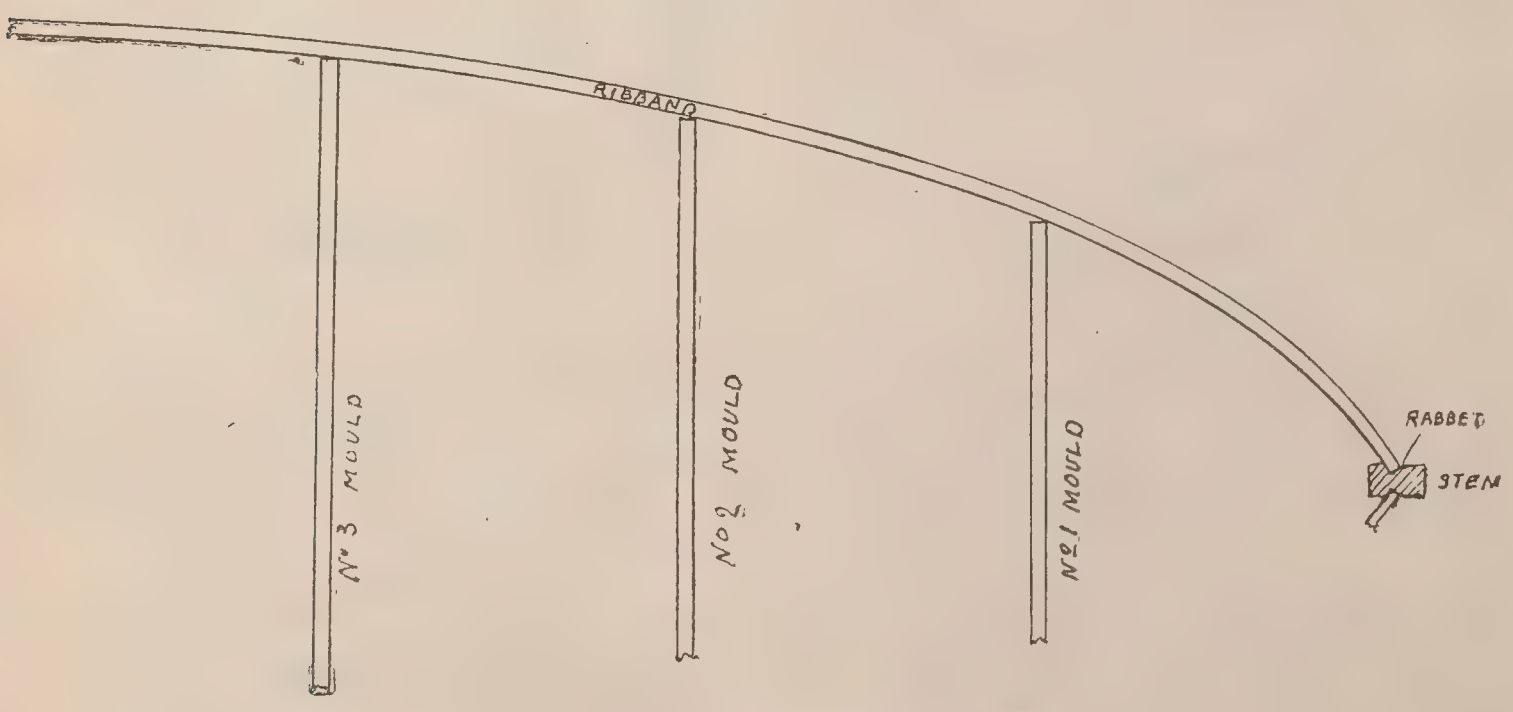


FIG. 17.—METHOD OF FAIRING MOULDS AND STEM RABBET.

This fairing is done by nailing over the moulds six or eight long ribbands of Oregon pine, or other suitable wood, clear of knots, and at least as long as the boat, with a square section of say ¾ by ¾in. for the centerboard boat, and 1in. by 1in. for the keel boat. They should be fairly evenly spaced on the midship mould, and nailed to it with 2in. wire nails, and then bent carefully around all the moulds and fastened into the stem rabbet, and to the edge of the transom. When the curve is sharp, as in the fore ends of the upper battens, they may be tapered a little, to enable them to bend easily, but the taper must be quite fair and very gradual.

If the battens do not touch all the moulds fairly, they must be make to do so by either cutting away the moulds that are too full or by packing up with slips of wood on the slack places. This is one of the most difficult parts of the whole work, requiring great patience and judgment and a correct eye. It is very seldom that all the moulds are absolutely correct, no matter how carefully they have been made, and there are sure to be errors both in the original design, the full-sized drawing on the floor, and also in making the moulds from the drawing and setting them up; so that it is only by careful fairing with the battens that these errors can be put right.

A good rule in fairing when an error is found in a mould is to go carefully over the measurements at that station and see if the error is in the mould itself, or in the spacing, or merely through the batten failing to bend fairly. If you cannot find the cause in any of these, then get well away from the boat, first at one end and then at the other, and try to see if the fault is not at some other mould which is either too small or too large.

Also see if the ribband is pinned—that is to say, fastened at the ends so that it is forced into a greater curve than that required by the moulds, as this should not occur unless a very sudden curve is needed, as in the fore ends of the upper ribbands. Each ribband should be pulled toward the ends of the boat before it is fastened, and should be fastened first to the mid section and then successively to each of the moulds till the ends are reached.

Do not attempt to start timbering till you have got the moulds, ribbands and rabbet thoroughly fair, the latter being cut to its full depth and finished, as once the timbers are in place it will be difficult to make more than very slight alterations in either moulds or rabbet.

V.—Timbering and Planking.

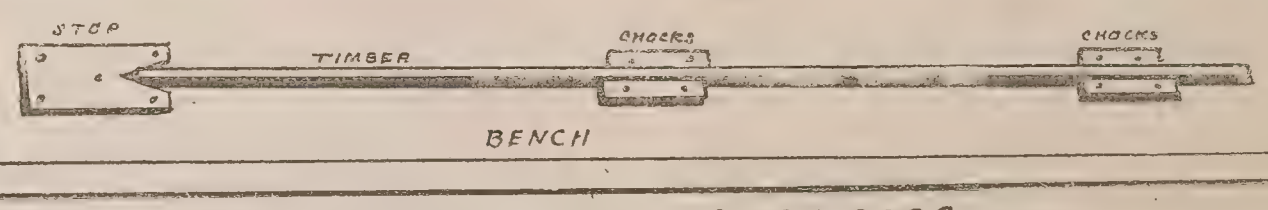
When choosing the American elm for the timbers (or ribs), see that it is white in color, close-grained, and free from shakes or knots. Get it cut at a saw mill, so that it is in convenient lengths, say a foot or 18in. longer than the lengths required for the longest timber, and 1-16in. over the moulding and siding given in the specification to allow for planing up. By having the wood cut in planks and planed up to the exact thickness of the timbers, and then sawn into the proper widths, you can save the labor of planing two sides of each timber; and as this is a very tedious job it is well worth the extra shillings charged at the mill.

Before starting to plane them up, two pairs of cleats or chocks must be screwed to the bench, so that they are some distance apart in each pair, as the width of the finished timber, and an end stop cut into a V to hold the end of the timber firmly. All these must be ⅛in. lower than the finished timber will be, so as to clear the plane. The first pair of chocks should be about half the length of the longest timber from the end stop, and the second pair a similar distance beyond the first.

The object of these chocks is to hold the timbers firmly on the bench while being planed, and to prevent them doubling up and breaking, as they would do if simply laid on the bench in the usual manner. Great care should be taken to set the plane carefully and to keep it sharp, otherwise it will tear the elm badly and spoil most of it.

Having prepared the timbers, their spacing must be set off along the keel and sheer batten, according to the specification, taking care that none of them come just on a mould. At the bow it will be found that the distance from the stem of No. 1 mould is much greater along the sheer batten than it is on the keel. Therefore, if the spacing were the same on both, there would be a gap on the sheer batten near the stem with no timbers. To obviate this the spacing on the keel is slightly reduced, especially where it runs into the curve of stem, and the spacing on the sheer batten correspondingly increased, so as to set the same number of spaces on both. The result is that in a boat with a bluff bow the timbers are almost in the form of a fan from the stem scarph to the deck. In boats with an easy curve of stem and deck line like No. 2 this is not very apparent, but it is there to some extent, and must be allowed for in spacing.

As the heels of the timbers are to be let into the keel, a small joggle or notch is cut in the top of the rabbet for each timber to fit into; and to get these joggles the right width and depth a simple way is to get two cheap dovetail saws about 6 or 7in. long, set in straight handles, and knock the handle off one. Now get a ¼in. hole drilled through both ends of each of the blades and screw them side by side, with a pair of ¼in. gutter bolts,



METHOD OF HOLDING TIMBERS FOR PLANING

FIG. 19.—METHOD OF HOLDING TIMBERS FOR PLANING.

which can be bought at any iron monger's. Before screwing them up, slip a piece of hardwood, of slightly less thickness than the siding of the timbers, between the two saw blades, and let the bottom of it be parallel to and at the same distance above the teeth of the saws, as the depth to which the joggle is to be cut. The two bolts will of course pass through the wood, and when screwed up firmly, will hold all three together, so that they can be used as a single saw.

By this means you saw both sides of the joggle at once, and it is impossible to cut it too deep, as the gauge will stop the saws cutting when they get down to the wood.

Before cutting the joggles, run a gauge line along the side of the keel of the centerboard boat, as it will be an extra guide to regulate the exact depth to which they should be cut; and there is no room for alteration in a keel of this sort, owing to the small amount of back rabbet.

In cutting the joggles, the points of the saws should be used, and the cut started on the angle of the back rabbet and side of the keel, holding the saw at such an angle that when it is down to its full depth at the deepest part on the angle, the point of the saw just cuts the inner angle of the rabbet. Remove the wood between the pair of saw cuts with a narrow chisel, so that you have a wedge shaped notch, as shown in the sketch.

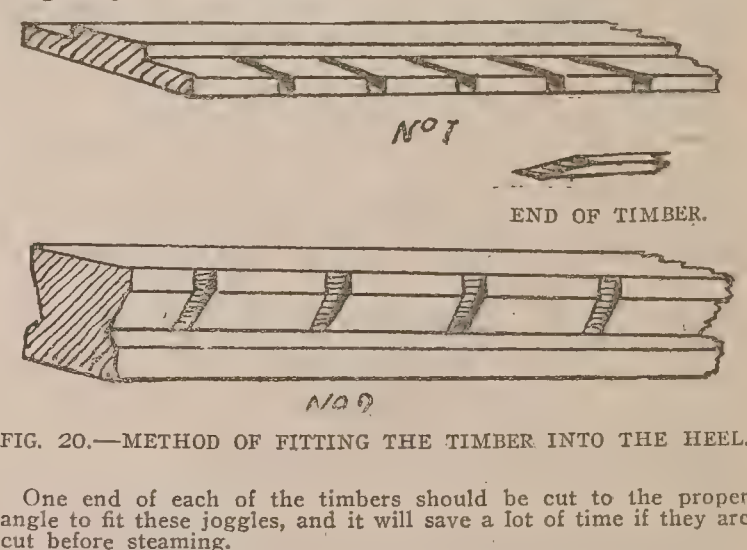


FIG. 20.—METHOD OF FITTING THE TIMBER INTO THE HEEL.

One end of each of the timbers should be cut to the proper angle to fit these joggles, and it will save a lot of time if they are cut before steaming.

The timbers and keel being prepared according to the foregoing instructions, get up steam in the kiln or steam chest, and put the timbers in for half an hour's steaming. When they are soft, start with the longest, in the middle of the boat, taking each one quickly from the kiln, and fitting the heel into the joggle in the keel, which, if it is properly cut, should hold it firmly, but a nail must be driven through it into the keel to make sure; then pull the timber gently into its place inside the ribbands, working from the keel to the sheer batten, to which the outer end of each should be nailed, but see that every timber is fairly touching all the battens befor nailing the end to the sheer batten.

The boat is now ready for planking, and we will suppose the material for this to be ready for use, cut to the required thickness, and of ample length and width. Before the planking is started, the widths of all the planks must be set off on the midship mould, stem and transom, or sternpost and counter frame, as the case may be. To do this correctly will take a fair amount of patience to avoid any of the planks running off to a point at the ends, and at the same time to get them round the turn of the bilge and quarters without splitting.

A fairly safe rule is to have the narrowest planks at the bilge, and the widest at the garboard next the keel. The top strake or sheer plank is usually a little wider than the one below it, and they gradually get narrower to the bilge, and then widen out to the garboards. The forward ends of all, except the top strake and garboard, should be about the same width where they meet the stem, but at the transom of No. 2 boat they must be narrowest at the top strake, as the sharpest curve in the transom is just at the deck, and it would be impossible to work a wide plank over such a short turn.

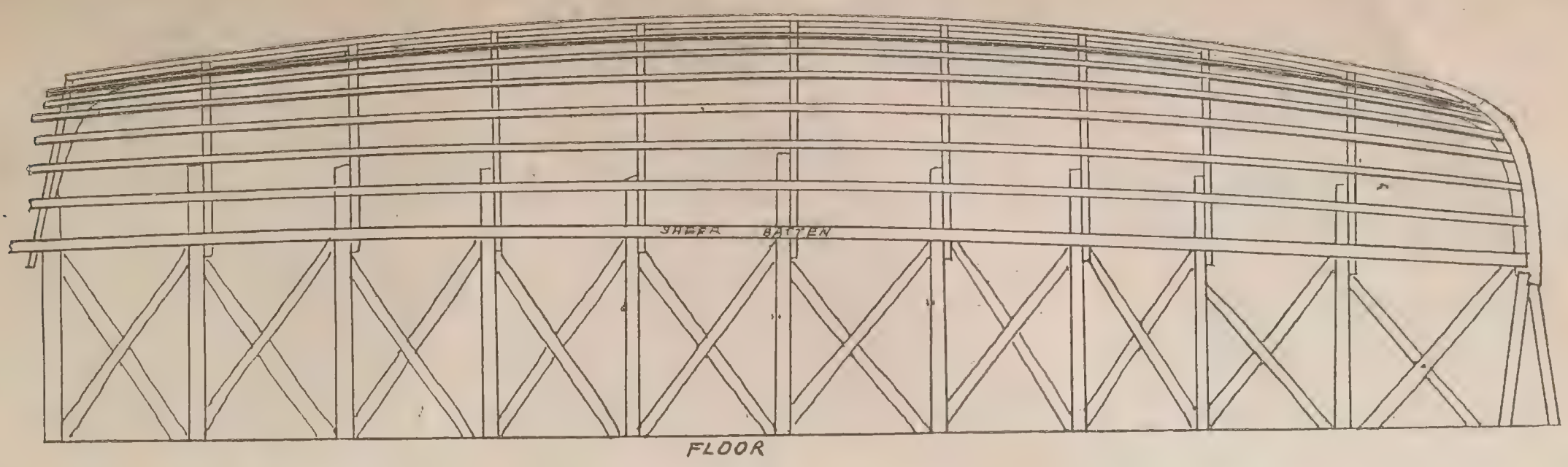


FIG. 18.—FRAME OF NO. 1, WITH RIBBANDS IN PLACE READY FOR TIMBERING AND PLANKING.

The Independence Correspondence.

THE Independence controversy is closed so far as the New York Y. C. is concerned, and unless Mr. Lawson conforms to the rules and regulations of the club, which he has not seemed disposed to do up to date, his boat will not be seen in the trial races. The letters are as follows:

"BOSTON, May 25.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of Committee, New York Y. C.—Dear Sir: Your letter of yesterday with the assurance that my boat can take part in the trial races, and, if selected, may defend the cup, was received this morning.

"I will at once charter an interest in her to such person or persons as may be agreeable to your committee and will give such person or persons full control and management of her during the match. I thank your committee for having suggested a way to fairly determine in a sportsmanslike manner which boat shall be selected to defend the cup, and I will do all in my power to make the contest a success. Believe me, yours very truly,

"THOMAS W. LAWSON."

"41 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, May 28.—Thomas W. Lawson, Esq.—Sir: I have received your letter of May 25, in which you say that you will charter an interest in your yacht to such person or persons as may be agreeable to the committee, and will give such person or persons full control and management of her during the match.

"Any member or members of this club to whom you may elect to charter your yacht by a charter which will vest in him, or them, during its term, the full control and management mentioned in your letter, would be a 'person or persons agreeable to this committee.'

"If you will refer to my letter of May 10 you will find that this matter has been already fully explained to you.

"Respectfully,

"LEWIS CASS LEDYARD, Chairman."

"BOSTON, May 29.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of Committe, New York Y. C.—Dear Sir: Your letter of 28th inst. received this morning. I have handed the entire correspondence to my counsel with instructions to draw a form of charter in accordance with the agreement reached therein.

"Upon receipt of same, and before selecting the members of your club who will be asked to act, I will submit same to you for your approval. Believe me, sir, yours very truly,

"THOMAS W. LAWSON."

"41 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, June 3.—Thomas W. Lawson, Esq.—Sir: In reply to your letter of May 29 I beg to say that it is not necessary for you to submit to the committee the form of any charter you may propose to make.

"It is the duty of any member chartering a yacht to notify the secretary of the club. He thereby accepts full responsibility for the conduct of the vessel.

"The arrangement between the owner and the charterer is, as already stated to you, one wholly between them.

"It is the custom of the club to accept the statement of the member without further inquiry, and the committee is not aware of any reason for departing from that custom.

"Respectfully,

"LEWIS CASS LEDYARD, Chairman."

"BOSTON, Mass., June 5.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of Committee, New York Y. C.—Dear Sir: Your letter of June 3 received. As I informed you in my letter of May 29, I handed the entire correspondence to my lawyers with instructions to draw a charter in conformity with the views of both of us as expressed in the letters.

"I inclose herewith such charter, duly executed by me, together with a copy of the letter of the attorneys to me, giving their opinion of and their reasons for the form in which the charter is drawn. My own opinion is that they have fairly and successfully overcome the seeming obstacle by making a charter which, while it allows you to maintain your position that the vessel defending the cup is the representative of your club, also allows me to maintain the position which I have held from the start, viz.: that any American owning the best American boat may defend the cup without giving away his boat.

"In asking the members of your committee to accept the position of the charterers, I wish to assure you that I will do everything necessary to free you in every way from owners' duties. My captain, officers and crew are in every way able and competent; the designer, Mr. Crowninshield, will be with the boat, and as I will personally manage my boat through the season I will be only too pleased to give to the charterers all the assistance desired.

"I trust the charter will be entirely satisfactory and that the members of your committee will accept the same. If, however, it should not in whole or in part meet their views, kindly send me one with any changes you may desire. Believe me,

"Yours very truly

"THOMAS W. LAWSON."

The charter in full follows:

"I, Thomas W. Lawson, of Winchester, Middlesex county, State of Massachusetts, sole owner of the yacht Independence, do hereby charter, devise and let such interest in the said yacht Independence as is hereinafter expressed and set forth, to Lewis Cass Ledyard, S. Nicholson Kane, August Belmont, C. L. F. Robinson, J. V. S. Oddie, E. D. Morgan, E. M. Brown, J. Pierpont Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin, members of the New York Y. C., for the period and for the purposes, conditions and limitations hereinafter set out.

"Whereas, The yacht Independence was built by said Lawson for the purpose of offering her as a candidate for the honor of defending the yachting trophy called 'The America's Cup,' and of defending the said cup and keeping the same in America, provided said yacht be the best American-built vessel for that purpose, and the New York Y. C. holds as trustee said cup under a deed of gift in trust, and the New York Y. C. has notified said Lawson, owner as aforesaid, that a match for said cup can be sailed only between a challenging (foreign) yacht club on the one hand and the said New York Y. C. on the other, and is not open to other contest (nor to defense by the best American-built yacht unless entered for the match by a member of said yacht club which holds said cup as trustee); and,

"Whereas, The New York Y. C. has notified said Lawson, owner as aforesaid, that it, said yacht club, trustee as aforesaid, has made certain constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations or customs, in addition to said deed or deeds of trust, to the effect that the said yacht Independence, in order to enter, if selceted for the purpose the races for the defense of the America Cup, 'must be qualified to fly the flag of the New York Y. C.,' and 'be under the responsible maangement of one or more of its members,' and that to be so qualified she, the yacht Independence, must be either 'enrolled in the name or names of members' of the New York Y. C., trustee as aforesaid, or must be 'chartered to a member or members' of the club, trustee as aforesaid, 'for a period of not less than two months;' and,

"Whereas, The New York Y. C., trustee as aforesaid, upon being informed by said Lawson, owner as aforesaid, that he would charter an interest in said yacht, 'to such person or persons as may be agreeable to the committee' of the New York Y. C., and would 'give such person or persons full control and management' of the yacht 'during the match,' notified the said Lawson that 'any member or members' of said club to whom he might elect to charter the yacht 'by a charter which will vest in him or them during its term the full control and management' of her during the match 'will be agreeable' to said New York, Y. C.; and,

"Whereas, The said Lewis Cass Ledyard, S. Nicholson Kane, August Belmont, C. L. F. Robinson, J. V. S. Oddie, E. D. Morgan, E. M. Brown, J. Pierpont Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin are members of the New York Y. C. and persons agreeable to the said club;

"Now, this instrument witnesseth: That the said Lawson in order that the said yacht Independence may qualify, provided she show herself to be the best American boat, to enter the match to defend the said cup, does hereby execute this charter on the following conditions:

"First—That, provided the charterers or the New York Y. C. notify said Lawson that said yacht Independence has been selected to defend the America Cup, the said Lawson will deliver such interest in said yacht as is necessary to give to the charterers sole control and management during the match for the America Cup to the charterers in the port of New York three days preceding the date fixed for the first match or cup race, such interest in the said yacht to be retained by the said charterers for a period to and including the last match for the said America Cup, and in general for such period as may be necessary to qualify said yacht to enter and take part in said match.

"Second—That the said Lawson will provide and pay for all the provisions and wages of master, officers and crew and other expenses necessary to maintain the said yacht and those in connection with her, and such sails, spars, rigging and other things that may be necessary in order to properly carry out the purpose for which this charter is made.

"Third—That the charterers shall not have the right to use the said yacht for any other purpose than that heretofore specified, or what may be incident thereto, and it is distinctly understood and made a part of this instrument that said Lawson shall continue to be the sole owner of said yacht Independence at all times until said match shall have been completed.

"Fourth—That the charterers are to see that the purposes for which this charter is made are complied with.

"Fifth—It being the purpose and effect of this charter to give unto the parties to whom said yacht is hereby chartered all rights and powers, both as to time and as to management and control, which are necessary to qualify said yacht Independence to enter and take part in said match for the America Cup, and this instrument shall be so construed.

"In witness whereof I, the said Thomas W. Lawson, hereunto set my hand and seal this 6th day of June, A. D. 1901.

"THOMAS W. LAWSON."

The opinion of Mr. Lawson's attorneys is as follows:

"BOSTON, June 5.—Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, 33 State Street, Boston.—Dear Sir: At your request we have examined the correspondence between yourself and the chairman of the committee of the New York Y. C. for the purpose of drawing a charter which should conform to the views of both parties as expressed in the letters which have passed between you, and we herewith inclose a form of charter which seems to us to meet the requirements.

"We have also examined copies of the deeds of gift under which the America Cup is now held in trust, and incidentally, the constitution and by-laws of the New York Y. C., and so far as we are able to procure the information, the 'customs' to which one letter of the committee makes reference.

"The committee of the club seems to be of opinion that, either by the deeds of gift or by the constitution or by-laws or customs of the club it is necessary for the Independence to be under the control and management of one or more of its members during the match. It is unnecessary for us to comment on the legality of a trustee modifying the terms of a deed of trust for its own benefit, for, as we understand it, you desire a charter drawn to meet the views of both of you, and this is not impossible, as the inclosed form indicates.

"The committee is, of course, familiar with the fact that in the past, since the cup has been in the possession of the New York Y. C., it has been defended by owners other than members of the New York Y. C., and in the later letters of the committee—see letter dated May 28—they recognize the propriety of your chartering only such an 'interest in your yacht' as will give to the members of the club the full control and management mentioned in your letter—i. e., during the match. In other words, their later letters only ask for a technical compliance with their views, and they do not now ask that you transfer your actual ownership.

"Your own position in the matter is clearly stated in your first letter to the committee, i. e., the letter of April 25, in reply to their letter of April 23, viz.: that you would give to the New York Y. C. full control and management—that is repeated, substantially, though in different words, in your subsequent letters—though you have steadfastly pointed out one limitation, viz.: that you will not in fact part with your ownership to any individual, nor become a party to a deceptive pretense of transfer of ownership. You will, however, notice that in their letters of May 24 and May 28 the committee recognizes that your boat may race—not merely a boat which you now own may race if you cease to own her, but your boat; and the committee's letter of May 24, and your own letter of May 25 define the practical method of complying with the requirements of your own previous correspondence, viz.: the open retention of ownership, and at the same time of complying with the requirements of the committee by giving over to a member or members of the club full control and management during the match.

"The committee has in its later correspondence said nothing regarding a desire to control your boat during the trial races, as distinguished from the match or cup race; apparently recognizes the incongruity, if not impropriety, of asking to control your boat while in competition with their own.

"You will notice that we have inserted the names of the members of the Challenge Committee of the New York Y. C. as the charterers. We entirely agree with your own suggestion that it would be inappropriate for you to make any invidious distinctions by the selection of a particular name from the list of the New York Y. C members, especially as the charter is only demanded by the committee to technically conform to their views. It would have seemed most appropriate to name all the members of the club as charterers were this not impracticable; the only remaining course seems to be to select certain officials of the club, and as this committee consists of the only members of the club whom you officially know; as they opened up a correspondence with you, and declined to express any preference, these persons are most naturally the ones to assume the duties which they themselves demand to have assumed by some one.

"We have, therefore, drawn a charter, which exactly meets the requirements of both of you, and have incorporated the material portion of the correspondence as the simplest and clearest method of expressing these requirements. Yours truly."

Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard's reply to all this, which closes the subject, was sent on June 7, and is as follows:

"41 West Forty-fourth Street, June 7.—Thomas W. Lawson, Esq.—Sir: Your letter of June 5 was received this morning. The papers inclosed therewith consisting of an instrument signed by you and a copy of a letter addressed to you by counsel, whose name is not disclosed, are herewith returned to you, the committee having notified you on June 3 that it did not desire you to submit to them a form of any charter you might propose to make.

"Throughout the entire correspondence this committee has been anxious to believe that you had no other object than to avail yourself of such reasonable regulations as might be necessary to qualify the Independence to compete for the honor of defending the cup, and they have, therefore, in spite of many things in your letters to which exception might have been taken, treated you with uniform courtesy.

"Your last letter, however, with its inclosures, indicates a settled purpose on your part to misunderstand the position of the committee, which has been again and again stated to you in terms too plain to be open to any but willful misconstruction.

"It is evident that further discussion can serve no useful purpose, and the committee therefore must decline to pursue the subject further with you.

"If a member of this club notifies the secretary that he has chartered the Independence, or that he has accepted a transfer of her, it will be for such member to enter her for such events as she may be qualified to enter. Respectfully,

"LEWIS CASS LEDYARD, Chairman."

Yacht Club Notes.

The open spring regatta of the Morrisania Y. C. will be sailed Sunday, June 23, over the course in the East River and Sound. The yachts will sail in three divisions, and the start will be made at 11 A. M. from a buoy anchored off the club house at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street and the East River. Entries will close with H. J. Bartro, Secretary of the Regatta Committee, on or before June 23.

The Regatta Committee of the Larchmont Y. C., John F. Lovejoy, Howard W. Coates and Frank Hardy, has issued a circular announcing the spring regatta of the club, which will be sailed on June 15. This regatta is open to yachts of the New York, Eastern, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Atlantic, American, New Bedford, New Haven, New Rochelle, Corinthian of Marblehead, Hull, Indian Harbor, Riverside, Horse Shoe Harbor, Corinthian of Philadelphia, Sea Cliff, Knickerbocker, Huguenot, Shelter Island and Massachusetts Bay yacht clubs. There will be races for all the regular classes according to the club's classification, and for special 30-footers, Larchmont special 25-footers and raceabouts. Prizes will be given in each class where there are two starters, a second prize where there are four starters, and a third prize where there are five or more starters. The preparatory signal will be made at 11:30 o'clock. Entries must be lodged with the Regatta Committee at Larchmont not later than 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, June 13. All yachts entered for this regatta must be reported to the Regatta Committee at the Club house before 9:30 o'clock on the morning of the race, when the owner will receive a chart of the course and sailing instructions. The tug C. P. Raymond has been chartered for the use of the committee, and will carry a limited number of members. Tickets are $1 each.

The Regatta Committee, N. Y. Y. C., has issued the programmes for the club's fifty-fifth annual regatta, and the races for the Glen Cove cups. The former will be sailed over the regular courses down the lower bay and around the lightships, on Thursday, June 20, while the latter will be over a triangular course on the Sound, starting from a line between the committee boat and a mark one-quarter of a mile from Matinicock Point buoy, on Tuesday, June 25.

Entries are invited for the several schooner and single-masted and yawl classes in the annual regatta, for which prizes are offered in each class—a cup for the first boat, if two or more start, and a cup for the second, if four or more start, the cups for the yachts in cruising trim being two-thirds of the value of those offered for the boats in racing trim.

The Bennett regatta cups—a cup for schooners and a cup for single-masted vesse's and yawls—will also be sailed for, in racing trim, over Course No. 1, around Sandy Hook Lightship. These cups may be seen at the club house.

Entries for the annual regatta must be made in writing and lodged with the Regatta Committee at the club house before 11 o'clock in the morning on June 19.

The iron steamboat Cepheus, provided for members and guests of the club on regatta day, will leave Pier No. 1, North River, at a quarter past ten o'clock punctually.

The Glen Cove or N. Y. Y. C. Station No. 10 races are for all the classes, and also for the 30-footers owned by members. In each class there will be a prize for the first boat if two or more start, and a prize for the second if four or more start.

The start of the Glen Cove races will be made at half-past eleven o'clock. The usual preliminary and preparatory signals and intervals of time will be given for the schooners and sloops; but the thirties will have a one-gun start.

Appended to the Glen Cove programme is this notice:

"The 90-footers will be started fifteen minutes after the others have been sent away. Their sailing directions will be issued later." It is not believed, however, that any of the nineties, or Cup yachts, will be present, but there is just a chance that Constitution and Columbia may be around, and hence the Regatta Committee want to be prepared for them.

Entries for the Glen Cove cups must be made in the same way as those for the annual regatta, and will close before 5 o'clock in the afternoon on Monday, June 24.

The Regatta Committee is composed of Mr. S. Nicholson Kane, Mr. Chester Griswold and Mr. Newbury D. Lawton.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Duke of Sutherland's steam yacht Catania has been chartered through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox to Mr. R. A. C. Smith, N. Y. Y. C. She is a single screw yacht of 668 tons, and is 222ft. over all, 193.45ft. on the waterline, 26.7ft. beam and 15.35ft. deep. There is 9ft. headroom in her cabins. Catania was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson and was built by Messrs. D. & W. Henderson Co., in 1895. The yacht has a spar deck with deck houses of teak, the forward one containing the dining saloon and the other containing the owner's sitting room and library. On the lower deck there are six guests' staterooms and two bathrooms. A passageway connects the forward part of the boat with the after part between decks. The owner's stateroom is forward, and connecting with it is a large bathroom. Catania has triple expansion engines. She carries a crew of thirty men.

The ketch rigged yacht Taormina arrived at Newport on June 6 in a strong southwest breeze. She has on board three lieutenants of the Austrian navy, who are making a year's cruise in the Atlantic. Since leaving Austria they have visited Gibraltar, Trinidad, Martinique, La Guayra, Virgin Island, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, Baton, Baltimore, Annapolis, New York and several places along Long Island. They went up the Orinoco River for a distance of 230 miles. They expect to cruise to the eastward, and hope to be in this country for the Cup races, after which they will return to Austria by steamer. Taormina is 74.6ft. long, 15.8ft. beam and 9.7ft. deep. She was designed by J. P. H. Payne, and built by A. Payne & Sons at Southampton in 1877. She is owned by Count Colloredo-Mannsfeld.

Mr. Walter Jennings, N. Y. Y. C., has chartered through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane the English-built auxiliary steam yacht Cuhona, owned by Mr. H. A. Campbell, Mumford, England. She has three masts and is rigged as a barkentine. She was built under special survey, and has a rating of 100 A1 at Lloyds. Her dimensions are: Length, B. P., 163ft.; beam, 26.1ft., and 14.5ft. depth of hold.

The 75ft. schooner Muriel, owned by Mr. Charles Smithers, N. Y. Y. C., has been launched from the yard of her builders, the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., of Shooter's Island, S. I. She is built of steel, 68ft. on the waterline, 99ft. over all, 20ft. beam and 12ft. draft. She was designed by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey.

Mr. Charles R. Flint, N. Y. Y. C., has chartered the steam yacht Artemis from Mr. Frederick G. Bourne, N. Y. Y. C., through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Through the same agency Mr. J. A. Garland, N. Y. Y. C., has chartered from Mr. E. E. Morse the schooner Kiwassa, formerly Viator.

Gunilda, the English steam yacht chartered by Mr. Henry A. Hutchins, N. Y. Y. C., arrived from Southampton and St. Michaels on June 5 at New York. She carried a crew of twenty-five men, and reports a good trip with fresh westerly winds during the last part of the passage. She is rigged as a schooner, and has a sail area of 4,620 sq. ft. Her dimensions are: Over all, 177ft.; waterline, 166.5ft.; beam, 24.65 ft., and draws 14.15ft.

The Bath Iron Works closed a contract with New York parties a few days ago for the construction of a steel yacht to cost $200,000. The owner's name has not been made public.

The auxiliary yacht Lady Godiva, chartered by Mr. H. C. Rouse, arrived at New York from Cowes last week. She sailed on May 15, and touched at Hamilton, Bermuda, where she coaled and left on June 3.

It is stated that the King of Portugal will order a yacht with which he will try to win back the Vasco de Cana cup, which was lately won by Mr. Guinness' Leander. The cup is in possession of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Preparations are being made for an ocean yacht race during the summer from Southampton to Lisbon. Several English boats are expected to compete.

A copy of the Yacht Register for 1901, published by Lloyds Register of Shipping, has been received at this office. The space devoted to particulars of American yacht clubs has been increased from two to eight pages, much information on the date of establishment, entrance fees and annual dues of American yacht clubs and a list of officers being given in addition to the clubs' burgee. There is also a very accurate list of American yachts of 30ft. over all length and upward. This book has become such a complete and elaborate work that it is indispensable to every yachtsman and every club library. We congratulate the publishers on the excellence of the book. It is superior to any work of its kind yet published. Copies may be secured from 2 White Lion Court, Cornhill, London, E. C.

We are indebted to the Secretary of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. for a copy of their club book. It is well bound in brown canvas, carefully printed and contains much valuable information.

The year book of the English Y. R. A. is now in circulation. The book is larger than in previous years and contains much interesting matter.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox, of this city, have made the following sales: Steam yacht Seneca, sold by Charles Fletcher, of Providence, to Theodore R. Hostetter, of Pittsburg; steam yacht Washita, sold by H. W. Putnam, Jr., to James Sherman, of Port Henry, N. Y.; catboat Ethel, sold by A. B. Boyd, to W. T. Eames, and W. R. Fry, of Sewaren; catboat Themis, sold by R. H. Eggleston to James T. Graff, of Philadelphia; knockabout Argonaut, sold by A. O. Von Kilch to R. Floyd Clarke; launch Seawanhaka, sold by Frank Nitteberg to George Beebe; steam yacht Toinette, owned by E. E. Smathers, chartered to Frank J. Gould.

The Battle of the Yatches.

THE following doggerel was printed in Cruikshank's Comic Almanac for 1852, the year following the original race for the America Cup:

A truly affecting copy of verses, made by a British tar in Spithead last August, and corked up in a bottle, floated to the end of Herne Bay pier last week. The bottle was speedily uncorked, in a vague expectation of cognac; but the finders, discovering that the only spirit which it contained was the spirit of the verses, magnanimously surrendered the whole to the Board of Admiralty, as justly and legally appertaining to the body. The Board, having sat upon the bottle (and broken it), rose as soon as possible, after instructing the First Lord to transmit to us the poetry, with a polite note stating how they had come by it, and lamenting that the poet should have so obstinately adhered to his peculiar mode of spelling the word "yacht."

O weep, ye British sailors,
  Above or under hatches,
Here's Yankee Doodle's been and come,
  And beat our crackest yatches!
They started all to run a race,
  And were well timed with watches;
But, oh! they never had no chance,
  Had any of our yatches.

The Yankee she delayed at first,
  Says they, "She'll never catch us,"
And flung up their tarpaulin hats—
  The owners of the yatches!
But presently she walked along;
"Oh! dear," says they, "she'll match us!"
And stuck on their tarpaulin hats,
  The owners of the yatches!

Then deep we plows along the sea,
  The Yankee scarcely scratches,
And cracks on every stitch of sail
  Upon our staggering yatches.
But one by one she passes us,
  While bitterly we watches,
And utters imprecations on
  The builders of our yatches.

And now she's quite hull down ahead,
  Her sails like little patches;
For sand barges and colliers we
  May sell our boasted yatches.
We faintly hears the club house gun—
  The silver cup she snatches—
And all the English clubs are done,
  The English clubs of yatches!

They say she didn't go by wind,
  But wheels and springs and ratches;
And that's the way she weathered on
  Our quickest going yatches.
But them's all lies, I'm bound to say—
  Although they're told by batches—
'Twas build of hull and cut of sail
  That did for all our yatches

But novelty, I hear them say,
  Some novelty still hatches!
The Yankee yatch the keels will lay
  Of many new club yatches.
And then we'll challenge Yankeeland,
  From Boston Bay to Natchez,
To run their crackest craft ag'in
  Our spick and span new yatches.

A new industry has been brought into the United States during the past two years by the introduction and acclimatization of the little insect which fertilizes the Smyrna fig in Mediterranean countries. The dried-fig industry in this country has never amounted to anything. The Smyrna fig has controlled the dried-fig markets of the world, but in California the Smyrna fig has never held its fruit, the young figs dropping from the trees without ripening. It was found that in Mediterranean regions a little insect known as the blastophaga fertilizes the flowers of the Smyrna fig with pollen from the wild fig which it inhabits. The United States Department of Agriculture in the spring of 1899 imported successfully some of these insects through one of its traveling agents, W. T. Swingle, and the insect was successfully established at Fresno in the San Joaquin Valley. A far-sighted fruit grower, George C. Roeding, of Fresno, had planted some years previously an orchard of 5,000 Smyrna fig trees and wild fig trees, and his place was the one chosen for the successful experiment. The little insect multiplied with astonishing rapidity, was carried successfully through the winter of 1899-1900, and in the summer of 1900 was present in such great numbers that it fertilized thousands of figs, and fifteen tons of them ripened. When these figs were dried and packed it was discovered that they were superior to the best imported figs. They contained more sugar and were of a finer flavor than those brought from Smyrna and Algeria. The glastophaga has come to stay, and the prospects for a new and important industry are assured.—Everybody's Magazine.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 27.—Yesterday at Shell Mound range was gloomy and wet, but the shooting stand was filled with marksmen.

In the semi-monthly event of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club J. E. Gorman surpassed his own world's record for fifty shots with the small arm at fifty yards. Gorman's record at this distance was 471 points out of a possible 500, which had never been beaten, though it was tied by Anderton, the crack pistol shot of Boston. Yesterday Gorman entered for fifty shots, but found himself in such good form he shot the full 100. His score for the second fifty was 474, beating the world's record three points.

Gorman's detailed score follows:

10	9	10	10	8	10	9	10	10	8	—94
10	10	9	10	9	9	8	10	8	9	—92
9	9	9	10	10	9	9	10	8	9	—92
10	10	10	9	10	9	9	10	8	10	—95
9	9	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	9	—95
10	10	9	9	10	10	9	10	10	8	—95
10	10	9	9	10	9	9	10	10	9	—95
9	10	10	10	7	8	10	8	8	10	—90
10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	—98
10	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	9	10	—96

The results of the shoots of the various organizations were as follows:

Semi-monthly shoot of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, pistol section, gold medal—J. E. Gorman, 95, 98; W. F. Blasse, 85, 84, 84. Silver medal—F. S. Washburn, 90, 88, 86; Ben Jonas, 78, 73.

Rifle section, handicap—C. M. Henderson, 216, 213, 221, 223, 217; A. D. Dorrell, 217; H. M. Pope, 221; D. B. Faktor, 227, 219; O. Boehmer, 210, 213, 211; A. Gehret, 227. Silver medal—W. F. Blasse, 182, 190, 189, 212. Gold medal—B. Jonas, 202; W. F. Blasse, 206, 200; J. F. Bridges, 214, 222; H. Hinkle, 210; D. B. Faktor, 231.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, regular bullseye shoot—Prize winners: F. Brandt, A. Pape, R. Stettin, L. Ritzau, F. Atzeroth, William Goetze, Capt. J. Thode, D. B. Faktor, F. Rust, Charles Thierbach, Dr. F. H. Cranz, Henry Meyer, John Gefken, August Meyer, D. Dunkel, Henry Zecher, Otto Burmeister, Andrew Mocker, Otto Bertelsen, Henry Huppert.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot—F. P. Schuster, 251; E. H. Frost, 278; W. Doell, 532; G. H. Bahrs, 540; F. Brandt, 556; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 633; R. Stettin, 900; H. Huber, 905; C. M. Henderson, 910; F. Rust, 998.

Red Men's Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot—Champion class, P. H. Rulffs, 386; first class, Capt. H. Grieb, 357; second class, J. A. Mohr, 356; third class, H. Schult, 326; fourth class, D. Tamke, 263; first best shot, J. A. Mohr, 25; last best shot, H. Schult, 21.

ROEEL.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 2.—We had one of California's loveliest days, which brought many visitors to the range, and among them were many ladies, who always bring good luck, good wishes and good looks. Even the surly face of some shooter who makes a miss changes into broad smiles when he turns and faces the misses or mistresses, for we have several of the latter now. Several new members were added to-day, among them Alex Pape, brother of A. H. Pape. Alex is the champion sculler of the Pacific coast. Mrs. A. H. Pape has also joined our ranks, and tried her husband's big rifle to-day. Pape rolled up the fine score of 38 to-day in honor of her first appearance, and Young beat the revolver record here for 50 shots, while Brannagan slammed in two scores of 40 with his revolver, after having aired it at the small game and coyotes in his country trip. Hovey showed up with a new .38 Winchester rifle and shows he has not lost his hold yet. Capt. Kuhnle, our old veteran, led the boys on the 3 shot match. He is practicing for the bundfest. Scores, offhand, Columbia target, rifle, 200 yds.: A. H. Pape, 38, 59, 59; G. M. Barley, 55, 71; Ed Hovey, 57; C. M. Davis, 57; Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 62, 68, 71, 74; H. Hinkel, 67, 84; G. Mannel, 75; Alex Pape, 87, 119; E. A. Allen, 103, 147; Dr. J. F. Twist, 135, 135; F. L. Pape, 144, 169, F. Page, 146; Mrs. A. H. Pape, 194. Pistol, 50 yds.: F. O. Young, 42; Dr. Twist, 55, 62, 64; Dr. H. W. Hunsaker, 60, 74; G. Mannel, 68; Mrs. G. Mannel, 76, 79. .22 rifle, 50 yds.: F. O. Young, 25, 26; Horace Stevens, 30, 33, 36; E. A. Allen, 34, 39; C. Bachman, 37, 38, 40, 42, 44; A. Emich, 41. Revolver, 50 yds.: F. O. Young, with revolver ammunition, made 57, 56, 52, 50, 63; then, in a 50 shot match with Brannagan, in which he shot Peters Russian model .44 factory cartridges without any sighting shots, in his .44 Smith & Wesson revolver with 4 pounds pull of trigger and blowing in barrel, made the following, viz.:

Young	9	9	4	7	6	6	6	5	1	5—58
	2	5	4	2	8	5	5	1	5	6—43
	4	7	3	2	3	6	3	4	3	3—38
	3	2	6	2	2	6	6	9	3	8—47
	4	9	2	5	7	3	2	3	5	4—44
Total										230

Fifty shots in 9 inch ring; 46 shots in 8 inch ring; 44 shots in 7 inch ring; 35 shots run in 8 inch ring; 49 shots run in Blunt bull; 457 count on Standard target. This may never have been beaten under conditions; has it?

A. J. Brannagan (.38 Smith & Wesson, Laflin & Rand powder), 40, 40, 51,; P. A. Becker 49, 60, 70; S. Carr 56, 79; F. W. Page 69, 76, 77, 81, 85; Dr. W. F. Browning 106.

Rifle 3 shot match, 200 yds.: Capt. Kuhnle 12, 15, 20; G. Mannel 14, 15, 16; C. M. Davis 15, 18, 19.

FRED O. YOUNG,
Recording and Corresponding Secretary.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, June 9. Conditions: 200 yards, offhand, at the German ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 225. Weather fair, thermometer 76, wind 11 to 2 o'clock:

						Honor.	
Payne	225	220	216	214	213	22 23 25	—70
Nestler	224	202	198	196	197	12 19 19	—50
Gindele	221	220	217	215	213	21 22 21	—64
Strickmier	221	213	206	206	206	24 21 25	—70
Roberts	219	206	200	199	...	24 21 23	—68
Hasenzahl	218	218	214	213	207	19 23 21	—63
Trounstine	216	202	188	187	185	.. .. ..	..
Bruns	214	184	181	176	175	20 13 17	—50
Speth	212	212	210	210	206	19 23 24	—66
Drube	206	204	201	193	176	23 16 24	—63
Uckotter	203	193	190	190	184	16 14 13	—43
Weinheimer	200	196	188	188	178	17 20 18	—55
Hofer	200	192	191	191	187	21 21 12	—54
Lux	198	197	195	191	190	21 17 18	—56
Jonscher	192	191	187	187	182	20 17 22	—59
Topf	184	181	180	176	170	21 16 11	—48

Like Picking Up Money.

In every city, town and village in the United States where there is shooting or fishing or yachting we want agents to canvass for subscriptions for FOREST AND STREAM. Every sportsman is deeply interested in its subjects, and every sportsman is glad to discuss his doings afield and to hear of the adventures of other sportsmen.

Money is to be made by canvassers for FOREST AND STREAM, and those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity we offer should send for premium list and circular.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 12-13.—St. Marys, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of West Virginia Gun Club. Mallory Brothers, Mgrs.

June 13-14.—Pensacola, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Company's Amateur tournament, under auspices of the Pensacola Gun Club.

June 13-14.—Bellefontaine, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 17.—Wollaston, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Wollaston Trap Club.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Southern Interstate tournament; two days targets, two days live birds. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 19.—Gloversville, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Gloversville Gun Club. Chas. A. Bogart, Sec'y.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 20-21.—Amherst, Mass.—Amherst Gun Club's two-day tournament; $65 in cash and merchandise. H. B. Perry, Pres.

June 25-26.—Bristol, Tenn.—Tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company. John Parker, Mgr.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

July 3-4—Flint, Mich.—Second shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League. John Parker, manager; Chas. Caleb, Sec'y.

July 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—All-day amateur target tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. Harry Strong, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club. Magautrap. M. F. Dietrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Frankfort, N. Y.—Third annual target tournament of the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association. W. J. Weller, Sec'y.

July 4.—Ossining, N. Y.—Target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Champlain, N. Y.—Champlain Gun Club's tournament; all events open to amateurs; some events open to professionals. Wm. Fraser, Pres.

July 5-6.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's tournament. J. W. Nelson, Sec'y.

July 9-11.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Pine Bluff Gun Club. E. A. Howell, Sec'y.

July 15-17.—Columbia, Mo.—State Amateur shoot, under the auspices of the Columbia Gun Club. W. A. Vivion, Sec'y.

July 24-25.—Detroit, Mich.—Third shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Pastime Gun Club. John Parker, manager.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. J. Blistian, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; $1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.

Aug. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can.—First annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; $400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of the Virginia Trap Shooters' Association, under auspices of the West End Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds, $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

June 14.—Interstate Park.—Live bird shoot; main event 20 birds, $5 entrance; class shooting; four moneys. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, Mgr.

Sept. 9-14.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 16-19.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Schenectady (N. Y.) Gun Club's tournament, to be held on July 4, announces that all are invited. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Magautrap and bluerocks. The competition will consist of fifteen 15-target events, each $1.25 entrance, except Nos. 10 and 15, which are $2.25 entrance, but which have each $4.00 added. Targets, 15 for 25 cents. The Rose system will govern. Manufacturers' agents and professional shooters may shoot for targets only. Lunch and shells may be procured on the grounds. Take trolley cars at railroad station for Union avenue six minutes past the hour and every fifteen minutes thereafter. Fare 5 cents. Four minutes' walk from car to shooting grounds. Shells may be sent in care of Capt. V. Wallburg, and will be delivered to grounds free of cost. Five trains east and west after 3 P. M. on New York Central railroad. Gentlemen wishing to shoot for targets only are cordially invited to do so. Communications addressed to the undersigned at Schenectady, N. Y., will receive prompt attention. V. Wallburg, president and captain; H. Strong, secretary.

Under date of June 8, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner writes us as follows: "The tournament scheduled for Buffalo under the auspices of the Pan-American Exposition has been officially declared off. I am in receipt of a telegram from Mr. S. D. Clarke, secretary of the bureau of sports, stating that it will be impossible to give the shoot."

In a cablegram to Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, on Tuesday of this week, it was reported that in a preliminary sweepstake Mr. R. O. Heikes broke 25 straight, with Crosby and Gilbert 22 each. In the second sweep Mr. T. A. Marshall was high with 22. The main event, the international shoot, was started. The weather was fair, with a blustering wind, and there was a fair attendance, a good part of which was ladies. Crosby scored 19 out of his first 20 and 17 out of his second 20. When 400 targets had been shot at the scores were 319 to 303 in favor of the Americans.

Further details were omitted, excepting that the results of the first day were: American team, 866; English team, 801. This indicates a much closer race than was anticipated on this side of the frog pond, although the American eagle as yet has lost no tail feathers.

In the Sun of June 10 the following concerning American shooters in London was published: "John W. Gates and C. C. Naumann have been taking part in the pigeon shoots of the London Gun Club at Notting Hill, London. J. W. Gates on May 25 had very good success. He was handicapped at 28 yards. In a $10 sweepstakes he killed seven straight and took as his share of the money $100, and in a similar event he divided after killing only four and won $105. C. C. Naumann shot from the 33 yard mark in the handicaps, and in four events he missed early in the shoot. He and Vernon Baker shot a match with A. W. Eales, of Australia, and Mr. Heywood. Each stood at the 30 yard mark and shot at 24 birds. Eales and Heywood killed 20 each, winning the match. Baker killed 20 and Naumann 17."

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Jamestown Gun Club, Jamestown, N. Y., July 10 and 11, is now ready for distribution. It provides ten events for each day, seven at 15 targets and three at 20 targets; entrance $1.50 and $2. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Guns and ammunition forwarded to J. W. Graff, Jamestown, N. Y., will be delivered on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. Lunch will be served on the grounds. To reach the grounds, take Lakewood car, in front of the Sherman house (which will be the headquarters) for Livingstone avenue; or Celeron car for Ashville avenue. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, is the Interstate Association manager.

An Associated Press cablegram contains the information that on Monday of this week the American team had a preliminary practice shoot, and did not perform so well as expected. The conditions are different from those to which the American shooters are accustomed. The rise is at eighteen yards and the targets are thrown very swiftly down hill. Some of the best shots of the team were much out of form. The English were not shooting as well as the Americans, yet it was intimated that it was possible that the former were not doing their best in the practice shoots. The cablegram intimates that there is the realization of the possibility of defeat on the part of the Americans.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier announces a live-bird shoot at Interstate Park, L. I., on June 14. Shooting on the arrival of the 9:20 train from East Thirty-fourth street, L. I. R. R., will commence with $2 miss-and-outs from the 30yd. mark. On the arrival of the 11 o'clock train the Monte Carlo event will begin. It is at 12 birds—6 at 29yds., 6 at 31yds.—entrance $5, high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The main event, 20 birds, 26 to 33yds., $5 entrance, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., commences on the arrival of the 12:20 train. This handicap remains open till the arrival of the 1:50 train. Birds extra in all events.

A press dispatch states that the American team arrived safely in Liverpool on June 6, and as soon as their baggage could be checked they left for London, where a welcome from the representatives of the English team and Middlesex Gun Club awaited them. The dispatch stated that Messrs. Parmelee, Crosby and Elliott started in earnestly to be sea sick at the commencement of the voyage, and made a very high average. The match begins on Tuesday of this week. It will be reported for Forest and Stream by Mr. Edward Banks, whose eminent ability as a trapshooter and writer is well known.

Mr. John S. Bowen, Gainesville, Fla., under date of June 4, writes us as follows: "Our Interstate shoot is to take place here on the 25th, 26th and 27th of this month. It will be managed by the Peters Cartridge Company. There will be ten events each day the first two days, with about $100 added money by the Gainesville Fla., Gun Club. The third day will be a 50-bird handicap for the amateur championship of Georgia and Florida, the winner to be awarded the Peters Cartridge Company trophy. As soon as I get the programme from the printer, will forward same to you."

The Cleveland Gun Club Co. write: "In our interstate shoot, June 19 to 21, we will add a special event on the second day. This event does not appear on our programme. It will consist of 100 targets, entrance $5, targets included, open to all amateur shooters of the State of Ohio; prize $200 diamond badge, to be known as the Amateur Championship Diamond Badge of Ohio. Highest score to win and own badge. This badge will not be shot for unless 20 or more entries are made."

Under date of June 6 Mr. C. F. Kramlich, Allentown, Pa., informs us that the Weiler Gun Club shot a five-man team race at bluerocks with the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, and defeated the latter by a score of 100 to 90. The losers paid for a supper for the entire party.. The scores were: Weiler Gun Club—Miller 21, Straub 18, Daudt 20, Weiler 21, Kramlich 20; total 100. Independent Gun Club—Frederick 20, Mauser 14, Transue 19, Harrison 17, Heil 20; total 90.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining Gun Club, writes us that "a clay bird shoot will be held by the Ossining Gun Club July 4. Opening of the new club house. Refreshments, shells, etc., on the grounds. Trolley cars run directly to the grounds. Experts and professionals are invited to shoot for targets only, at 1 cent each, or shoot in the sweepstakes, with a slight handicap, to be arranged by the club's handicapping committee. Shooting, rain or shine."

The great international trapshooting contest began on Tuesday of this week. The preliminary practice demonstrated that the contest would not be such a cinch as it at first was considered to be. But, as is well known, the American team is composed of shots who are mighty with the gun, who learn new conditions quickly, and therefore will give a good account of themselves whether they win or lose.

In a match at 50 live birds for a $100 purse, 30 yards rise, use of one hand only, Mr. L. T. Duryea defeated Mr. T. W. Morfey at Interstate park last Saturday by a score of 44 to 37. Another match at 50 birds for $100 a side was made and shot forthwith, and was won by Mr. Duryea by a score of 45 to 44. On June 1, at 50 birds, 31 yards rise, Mr. Duryea defeated Mr. Morfey by a score of 46 to 42.

Under date of June 5 the Pine Bluff Gun Club writes us as follows: "The eleventh annual tournament of the Arkansas Sportsmen's Association will be held in Pine Bluff, Ark., under the auspices of the Pine Bluff Gun Club, July 9, 10 and 11. Programmes will be mailed later. For further particulars address E. A. Howell, secretary."

Miller's Gun Club, of Toledo, O., has issued the programme for its second annual tournament, June 25 and 26. The events, which are alike for each day, are four at 15 and six at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. The shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Magautrap rules govern. Targets 2 cents. Class shooting. Manufacturers' agents may shoot f. t. o. All shells shipped in care of the secretary, Mr. Geo. Volk, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. One-half cent for each target thrown will be reserved for average money, to be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., for those shooting through the programme of both days.

We are informed that the second shoot of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League will take place at Flint, Mich., July 3 and 4, John Parker, manager; Chas. Caleb, secretary; and that the third shoot of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League will take place in Detroit under the auspices of the Pastime Gun Club July 24 and 25.

Mr. A. W. Throop, secretary-treasurer, Ottawa, Canada, writes us as follows: "The Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association desire to claim Aug. 15, 16 and 17 next for their first annual tournament, to be held in Ottawa, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. Programme will be sent in due course."

On May 29 the president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Mr. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, appointed Hon. Wm. J. Butler secretary-treasurer of the Association. Mr. Butler is a charter member of the Illinois Gun Club, is enthusiastic in shooting matters, and has had experience in the management of tournaments.

In a team match, fifteen men on a side, between the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, and the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., Boiling Springs won by a score of 298 to 278. Each man shot at 25 targets.

In the Diamond Badge event, at a tournament of the Freeport (Ill.) Gun Club, June 4, Mr. J. S. Boa won with the excellent score of 49 out of 50 targets.

The Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a tournament on July 4 and 5. All events open to all amateurs, and some events open also to professionals.

Mr. L. T. Duryea sailed for England on the Majestic on Wednesday of this week. He will do some trapshooting before his return.

The programme for the Grand American Handicap at targets will be ready on June 22, instead of June 15 as at first announced.

BERNARD WATERS.

Ashland Gun Club.

RICHMOND, Va., June 5.—Following are the scores of the Ashland Gun Club's first annual tournament:

Event No. 1, trophy; 25 targets; open only to farmers of Hanover county, Va., who do not belong to any gun club: Payne 4, England 5, O. Mallory 10, Lake 6, Harrison 7, Dr. Lamens 5, White 15, Dr. Winston 8, F. B. Winston 3, Mackey 13, Butler 6, Pendleton 1, Baker 7, Parkinson 12, Irby 4, Sydnor 7, Maas 4, Dahl 1, W. G. Mallory 8. Swift 6, J. A. Mallory 5, D. Vaughn 4, Vial 11, Tiller 7, Kersey 5, C. H. Vaughan 11, Seay 6, Lane 11, Carpenter 11, H. G. Vaughan 5, Ellett 10.

The following events were each at 25 targets. Nos. 2, 4 and 6 were open. Nos. 3, 5 and 7 were handicaps:

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7	Broke.	Av.
F Stearns	21	24	23	23	21	22	134	.893
Hewitt	22	23	23	21	25	19	133	.886
Saunders	20	23	23	21	24	21	132	.880
Johnson	21	22	22	25	17	22	129	.860
Gill	21	22	20	18	22	20	123	.820
J C Tignor	19	18	18	23	24	20	122	.813
Jackson	15	25	22	20	22	18	122	.813
Ellyson	20	20	23	18	20	21	122	.813
Blair	23	23	21	18	22	14	121	.806
T M Tignor	16	22	21	22	20	19	120	.800
Trevillian	19	18	20	19	23	19	118	.786
Heckler	17	21	19	19	20	21	117	.780
Purdie	17	19	20	21	18	21	116	.773
T F Stearns	19	18	17	20	19	22	115	.766
G D George	15	20	23	21	17	19	115	.766
Vaughan	15	17	19	18	20	20	109	.726
Dean	16	20	21	16	19	19	109	.726
Hammond	15	20	18	19	18	18	108	.720
Talson	15	20	19	14	23	17	108	.720
Flippen	11	19	21	20	15	16	102	.680
Edmonds	17	16	13	21	19	12	98	.653
Cross	19	15	18	17	15	13	97	.646
H B Greene	16	16	16	19	14	16	97	.646
Warren	12	16	17	16	22	13	96	.640
Mackay	15	19	16	14	19	13	96	.640
Grady	8	24	17	20	12	13	94	.626
Buckner	14	16	18	13	16	15	92	.613
Tiller	11	17	13	18	13	15	87	.580
Young	8	17	11	14	14	12	76	.506
Harrison	14	6	18	7	17	12	74	.493
Wilson	8	16	11	16	5	11	70	.466
Lake	14	14	15	12	11	4	70	.466
Christian	6	9	13	13	15	10	66	.440
Barksdale	6	9	10	11	10	w	...	....
Smith	10	11	8	10	6	w	...	....
Cannon	10	8	12	15	12	w	...	....
Hart	20	..	20	18	22	22	...	....
Burnett	8	12	5	..	..	..	...	....
Lewis	12	17	12	..	..	..	...	....
Southard	17	16	8	..	..	..	...	....
F M Fox	5	18	..	..	..	..	...	....
T H Fox	..	..	..	..	..	13	...	....
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	18	...	....

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club

FITCHBURG, Mass., June 7.—Our regular shoot was held on the afternoon of June 5, and every one present had a most enjoyable afternoon's sport.

In the handicap prize shoot there were some very close and interesting contests. This club has spent a goodly sum in protecting, propagating and releasing game birds in this vicinity, and it was a very pleasing thing to hear all the afternoon around our grounds the pleasant call of Bob White, although the shooting was continuous. Several sat on the fence surrounding the grounds and called all the afternoon; but when they hear a gun next October they won't stay around like that. They will "lite out" lively then, and it will take our good dogs some time to locate them. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	15	5p	25	25
Taylor	7	7	7	5	9	8	8	9	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
Wilder	9	8	8	7	7	8	9	10	9	19	19	14	8	..	..
Cutler	5	..	6	..	7	9	7	8	10	22	..	..	..	..	..
Converse	..	..	6	9	8	7	5	7	7	16	17	..	4	17	18
Lenoir	7	6	7	9	8	8	10	5	7	19	19	..	5	18	19
Doten	8	4	..	5	3	6	7	7	9	17	14	..	6	..	..
Churchill	..	6	..	..	7	..	..	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Donovan	..	..	..	3	4	4	7	5	6	12	..	..	..	..	..
Andrews	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	8	16	..	..	5	..	..
Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	4	8	..	..	..	..	..
George	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sty	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bean	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	..	12	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	15	..	11	..	..	..
Dwight	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	4	..	4	..	..
Dix	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	15	10	..	18	17
Ellis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	19	..	7	16	14
Rob	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..
Emory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	14

I. O. CONVERSE, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, June 5.—Just the right kind of weather was in evidence at the fifth serial shoot on the Boston Gun Club grounds to-day, and though a light attendance, no enthusiasm whatever was lacking. The usual gathering was augmented by two new faces for this series, though not new on the grounds by any means, and the way they handled their scatter guns was a caution to most of the others. The lady friends of the club were out in full force, two of the number venturing to try their hand in the sport, with the best of results, one of them incidentally making a fellow shooter look like 30 cents in the trapshooting arena, and the other coming out on the right side of the ledger with a 53 per cent. average—a no mean score considering the short acquaintance with gun, cartridges and targets.

The prize match to-day brought forth new aspirants for first honors, Paine and Adams coming in ahead of the others, the former 1 bird in the lead of the latter. From now out the interest increases, as the shooter has a chance to throw out poor scores. At present the leader is Frank with 97, with Woodruff 4 targets in the rear, though not out of the hunt yet.

Scores below. All shooting unknown except event No. 15, known angles, and event No. 5, infielders.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	5p	10		15	5p	10	15	5p	10	10	10	10	5p	15
Frank, 18	7	6	6	6	7	11	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Adams, 17	5	6	5	3	..	14	8	8	10	7	9	8	8	..	..	..
Lane, 16	7	7	5	7	7	10	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	8	8	9	5	..	10	7	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Benton, 14	5	5	3	6	6	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	7	7	9	8	7	12	9	7	11	7	..	..	10	8	10	14
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	14	4	9	12	7	9	7	10	..	..	..
Paine, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	10	10	7	9	8	5	13
H J K, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
M E P, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	11

Prize match, 25 unknown—15 singles and 5 pairs—distance handicap:

Paine, 16	1111111111111010	11	11	11	11	11—23
Adams, 17	1111111111111011	11	11	11	00	11—22
Horace, 18	1011111111011110	11	11	11	01	11—21
Spencer, 18	1110111110111101	10	10	11	11	10—19
Frank, 18	1111011110101110	11	10	01	11	10—18
Woodruff, 17	1111110010011110	11	00	11	01	11—17
Lane, 16	1011110111110010	10	11	01	10	11—17
Benton, 14	0001000100011100	10	10	10	00	00— 7

BOSTON.—The scores made May 24 at the Boston Shooting Association's shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15
Le Roy	13	15	12	12	20	14	12	18	14	11
Farmer	14	11	10	13	17	13	11	13	11	14
Herbert	13	7	9	12	17	10	15	19	10	12
Tozier	10	7	5	9	12	..	..	10	8	6
Woodruff	14	11	9	11	16	9	11	14	12	8
Lane	10	4	5	9	10	6	6	..	..	..
Crabtree	13	12	7	11	14	..	13	19	11	9
Andrews	10	14	12	12	17	14	14	12	10	9
Simpson	13	11	11	13	15	9	9	9	9	7
Le Noie	11	11	10	10	16	13	10	12	9	10
Miller	12	11	10	11	17	11	8	13	9	9
Tuck	9	11	11	12	16	8	12	14	8	12
Henderson	9	12	14	13	20	13	11	14	15	10
Snell	13	12	14	13	17	14	14	20	15	14
Sawin	12	12	12	14	15	9	12	18	14	12
P H	10	10	12	13	18	12	13	17	13	12
Griffith	11	11	10	14	18	15	13	17	15	12
Inman	5	9	4	9	14	13	10	17	14	11
Coffin	10	9	12	11	11	11	12	14	12	12
Howe	10	12	11	15	18	8	13	14	11	10
Cutler	10	6	14	13	15	10	10	19	7	11
Bond	..	13	11	14	18	11	..	..	..	..
Rundlett	..	..	7	5	15	9	6	11	9	10
Doten	..	..	..	11	16	9	12	16	10	11
Gore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	7
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	12
Horace	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	14
Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	16
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	11
Daggett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	10
Wild	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	17
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	13

May 25:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15
Griffith	13	12	12	13	17	12	14	20	13	12
Inman	14	12	9	13	15	9	9	18	14	11
P H	9	13	11	8	13	9	7	6	2	4
Herbert	10	10	8	11	14	13	10	16	12	11
Cutler	11	9	7	9	12	9	10	16	12	12
Clark	10	9	8	10	14	11	15	15	10	7
Lane	6	5	5	4	5	3	9	9	8	7
Rule	..	..	..	14	16	12	9	20	12	10
Burton	..	..	..	9	13	11	11	12	8	8
Jack	..	..	..	13	15	12	14	13	..	..
Farmer	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	16	12	10
Andres	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	15	10	10
Gore	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	13	9	10
Howe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	12
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	7
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9
Puck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12
Climax	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13

WESTERN TRAPS.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—On May 29 Hon. William J. Butler was appointed secretary-treasurer of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, succeeding Mr. Charles J. Stickle, the former incumbent. Mr. Butler is a charter member of the Illinois Gun Club, of Springfield, and has always kept up a keen interest in shooting matters. He was well known in the management of the tournament given at Springfield this spring, and is bound to make a very efficient and popular officer in the onerous and sometimes thankless duties of the secretaryship of a shooting organization whose proportions are those of the old Illinois State Association. Mr. Butler is by profession a lawyer and has been a member of the Illinois State Legislature. Thoroughly posted as he is upon practical legislative matters, he ought surely to be of the utmost service during the session of the next Legislature in framing proper laws for the protection of our game birds and fishes. The selection of so useful and prominent a citizen for the duties of the secretaryship of the Association not only adds dignity to the Association itself but gives promise of good work on its part during the coming year.

Central of Duluth.

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., held a very pleasant shoot on Decoration Day. The honors were carried away by John Nelson, who won the diamond badge in the final shoot for the possession of this trophy. Twelve men who had won this badge during the past two years were entered in the shoot on Decoration Day, hence the competition was certainly a warm one, and Mr. Nelson's win is a very distinguished one. A large crowd of interested spectators watched the shoot. The event for the diamond badge was at 100 birds, shot in strings of 25. The winner was tied by Dr. D. H. Day, each breaking 94 out of the 100, certainly a mighty sharp gait. In the 25-bird tie Nelson broke 23, and Dr. Day falling back to 19 the former was declared the winner and owner of the badge. His performance is thought to be the best ever seen on the Central grounds. This diamond badge was bought by the Central Gun Club and the Lake Superior Gun Club in 1899, and put up in competition between the two clubs. The Superiors at first had the best of it, and the medal was won more than once by J. D. Finn, of that city, as well as Dwight Kennedy and Levi Fulton. During the past year Duluth has forged to the front, and the Central Gun Club men have been taking the medal most of the time themselves. It has now come to Duluth to stay. The following were the scores: J. W. Nelson 94, Dr. D. H. Day 94, Dr. H. W. Spratley 93, A. W. Loud 92, Warren Mendenhall 89, Levi Fulton 87, Lewis Eisenach 86, A. A. Farrington 85, T. J. Storey 85, A. B. Thomas 83, D. H. Kennedy 83, Walsch 83.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, June 8.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the season. The day was a nice one for trapshooting, barring a chilly north breeze, which blew across the traps. J. S. Boa won Class A medal on a score of 23. John Wolff won Class B medal on a score of 22. P. McGowan won Class C medal on a score of 21. The attendance was good, there being thirty-four shooters present. Shooting continued until almost dark:

J D Pollard	0111010110100001011111110—15
Dr J W Meek	1101111100110111111011111—20
C H Kehl	0110100100000101110010100—10
H N Delano	1110101110110111101101101—18
J McDonald	1000111101100011011100011—14
A Dorman	0101111111111101101001011—18
A McGowan	0011101111111101111110110—19
P McGowan	1111011111111001111011111—21
F G Barnard	1111101010110111111101011—19
Shugley	1111011001000110101010000—12
E Eaton	0111111111010100011100010—15
T Eaton	0111100111111111001011111—19
L Thomas	0111110111011111110110011—19
T H Haggerty	0001110100001110111000000—10
C P Richards	1111111011110110011010000—17
Midgley	0110111111011011111101111—20
Dr Mathews	0011111111111010100110111—18
J S Boa	1011110111111111111111111—23
J Wolff	0111111111111111111100111—22
E B Ellicott	1100110001011010010110001—12
C T Keck	1110000001011101000100101—11
Drinkwater	0100010010000000w
Kissick	0111100100001010000001011—10
Bruner	1011111111110111111011011—21
Blair	0101100101111100001000111—13
L Wolff	0100001111100100011010101—12
L Wolff, Jr	1110111010101101001110000—14
W A Jones	1010110011111011101101111—18
A Hellman	1111011111111111110111101—22
S E Young	1111111011111101001100010—18

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., June 6.—Most of the members were out of town fishing. There must be great fishing through the ice. In other words, it's very cool here. R. B. Mack made a fine record in the weekly shoot. Dr. Wolf won second prize and Bowles won the monthly trophy. Messrs. Willard and Antoine shot three races of 25 targets each. The first was: Willard 25, Antoine 24. Second: Willard 22, Antoine 24. Third: Willard 21, Antoine 22. The scores:

Weekly trophy, 25 targets, handicap in birds:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
De Wolf 1111111110011011011011010—18	7		25
Bowles 1101001111111111011101101—19	5		24
Buck 1011110101010100111111011—17	6		23
R B Mack 1111111111111111111111101—24	4		25
Burcky 0110100011101110001101101—14	0		14

R. B. Mack wins high gun trophy. De Wolf wins handicap trophy.

Monthly trophy, 15 targets, handicaps in rise:

De Wolf, 16	1100011101111101—10
Buck, 16	1101011111011111—12
Burcky, 16	1000101110011100— 7
Mrs Howard, 16	0011110111011011—10
Weart, 16	1101011100001111— 9
Bowles, 18	0111101111111111—13
R B Mack, 18	1111100111110111—12

BLUE JEANS.

Garden City Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., June 8.—The regular monthly shoot of the Garden City Gun Club resulted as follows:

H Levi, 3	212*11212222220102—15
S Young, 3	122122121211111 —15
Oliphant, 3	211222122202201 01 —15
J. M. Gillis, 1	2121101212212111 —15
G Roll, 1	2122222212212221 —15
White, 0	2122220122022 12 —13
Palmer, 1	2*202022222222210 —12
Kreuger, 1	2122*20212121211 —14
A Kleinman, 0	2211212111111111 —15
Cutler, 2	012011010010212 01 —10
Amberg, 0	2221*2101222102 —12
O'Brien, 1	10111*2111111121 —14
Barto, 1	0222*22022020111 —11
Steck, 0	1002102011111111 —11
Street, 3	1200200210122000w

Ten-bird sweep, entrance $7:

Barto	2222012222— 9	Healey	2001011102— 6
Steck	1001111222— 8	Amberg	2200111*12— 7
Palmer	0122122022— 8	Kleinman	1111110011— 8
Roll	2222112212—10	Gillis	10221*1222— 8
O'Brien	2021122212— 9	Kreuger	0122222022— 8

Maryland County Shoot.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The Maryland county shoot, which took place on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, June 5 and 6, was a complete success. It was in the main a tournament for amateurs, although there were events open to all.

June 5, First Day.

Eighty-one shooters, representing thirteen counties of Maryland, participated in the first day's contests. From 9 o'clock in the morning until about 7:30 at night two sets of traps were in constant use. During that time more than 12,000 targets were used. Together with the club members who took part in the open-to-all events there were about 100 shooters present. This far exceeds the attendance at any previous shoot of any sort on any day in the history of the local Association.

The weather conditions were most favorable. This was the first time that such an event was ever successfully pulled off in this State. About two years ago a well-known local trapshooter attempted to have a similar event here, but could not get the shooters. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, secretary of the B. S. A., deserves great credit, as he was the chief worker.

The most interesting event of the day was the three-man team race for the amateur team championship of Maryland. The team from Queen Anne county won the first prize with 107. The team representing Caroline county was second with 105. Twenty-three teams entered in this contest, the entire afternoon being required to decide it. The prizes were: First, three gold medals; second, three silver medals; third, three gold scarfpins. Peters, a member of the local club, carried off the honors in the eight professional events, and also won the Schirm cup. For the winner in the Baltimore handicap at 50 tarrgets, Peters broke 47 targets and Storr and German were each second with 46. The summaries follow:

Events for county amateurs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15
Hopkins	9	10	8	12	W Jackson	7	11	4	6
Levy	8	10	9	8	Bancher	6	6	..	..
McMaster	8	4	5	8	Cather	6	8	6	7
Pokomoke	6	11	9	13	Robinson	6	..	..	..
King	5	11	6	8	Harran	5	..	..	..
George	8	14	5	12	Kooh	10	..	8	9
Snow	4	9	5	12	Miller	7	10	8	9
Shaab	6	13	5	11	Moore	5	..	..	10
Cordry	8	9	3	6	Nelson	7	8	3	7
Jones	5	9	3	4	Shanklin	2	5	..	..
Steele	6	4	3	..	Griffin	7	..	..	..
Alberger	8	10	6	12	McCush	7	7	..	..
Berry	6	10	6	6	Marley	5	..	..	..
Longfellow	7	9	3	8	W L Jones	5	6	3	7
Hallihan	4	..	..	..	Thomas	..	10	4	..
Bird	7	8	8	..	Tydings	..	14	..	..
Foster	5	5	6	10	Carson	..	11	7	7
Worthington	7	13	10	12	Arminger	..	2	..	..
Sullivan	8	12	10	12	Cullison	..	12	6	..
England	8	9	8	11	Wetherald	..	11	..	..
Sutton	8	13	5	9	H Geittler	..	6	..	..
Barnes	6	11	6	13	W Geittler	..	9	..	..
J Kirk	7	11	7	13	W Sullivan	..	..	7	6
Cole	5	..	8	4	Painter	..	..	5	7
Little	3	..	..	7	Jack	..	..	7	..
Jackson	9	..	9	11	J M Smith	..	..	6	..
Parson	10	..	..	..	Gould	..	..	8	8
Scott	6	..	..	..	Booker	..	..	7	12
Upton	5	..	..	..	Goodwin	..	..	4	12
Offitt	6	11	7	8	J Smith	..	..	2	8
Armier	7	12	7	10	Daugherty	..	..	4	3
Kirk, Sr	8	12	9	9	W G Boyd	..	..	6	6
Ensor	3	9	..	..					

Three-man team race: 50 targets each man: Queen Anne county 107, Anne Arundel county 100, Calvert county 46, Montgomery county 102, Harford county 102, Carroll county 54, Baltimore county No. 1 93, Baltimore county No. 2 73, Cecil county 61, Baltimore county No. 3 101, Baltimore county No. 4 67, Baltimore county No. 5 81, Baltimore county No. 6 80, Baltimore county No. 7 86, Cecil county No. 2 94, Cecil county No. 3 79, Queene Anne county No. 2 72, Queene Anne county No. 3, 61, Caroline county 105, Cecil county No. 3 88, Worcester county No. 1 99, Worcester county No. 2 64, Cecil county No. 4 100.

Events open to the world:

Extra, 15 targets: Hicks 11, Lupus 12, Malone 13, German 11, Dupont 11, Leland 9, Baughman 12, Peters 13, Storr 13.

First event, 15 targets: Lupus 15, Peters 15, Malone 14, German 14, Baughman 14, Hicks 12, Storr 12, Dupont 11, Leland 10.

Second event, 20 targets: Storr 20, Dupont 19, Peters 19, Hawkins 18, Leland 18, Lupus 17, Baughman 16, Hicks 16, Chelf 12, Malone 11, German 10.

Third event, 15 targets: Peters 14, Baughman 14, Dupont 13, Hicks 12, Lupus 12, German 11, Malone 10.

Fourth event, 20 targets: German 19, Leland 19, Storr 19, Peters 18; Hicks 17, Lupus 17, Bond 17, Baughman 16, Malone 12, Dupont 12.

Fifth event, 15 targets: Peters 15, Storr 15, Bond 14, Leland 14, German 14, Hicks 13, Dupont 13, Lupus 12, Baughman 12, Worthington 11, Kirk 11, Calvert 7.

Sixth event, 20 targets: Lupus 19, German 19, Dupont 19, Peters 19, Storr 17, Baughman 17, Hicks 16, Malone 16, Leland 15, Bond 15, United 9.

Seventh event, 15 targets: Peters 15, German 14, Dupont 14, Malone 13, Hicks 12, Lupus 12, Storr 12, Baughman 11, Leland 9, Bond 8.

Eighth event, 20 targets: Dupont 19, Peters 19, Bond 18, Lupus 17, Malone 17, German 17, Baughman 17, Storr 16, Leland 14, Hicks 12.

Baltimore handicap: Hicks 35, Lupus 43, German 46, Malone 41, Dupont 42, Baughman 42, Sampson 33, Wetherall 33, Levy 35, Pensy 38, Smith 44, Dawson 19, England 34, Schhaab 39, Edwards 28, J. Kirk 35, Prospect 29, Leland 41, Bond 45, Peters 47, Storr 46.

June 6, Second Day.

The second day of the county shoot opened up with ideal weather. In the afternoon the wind increased and ended up in a blinding rain and thunder storm, which was the means of cutting out the last event of the professionals, but did not stop the county amateurs, who shot off the ties in a blinding rain. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, secretary of the B. S. A., handled the crowd of shooters with ease, and kept them all in motion. In all there were over 21,000 targets shot at, being a larger number than ever were shot at in a similar event in Baltimore. Mr. L. H. Schaab, from Howard county, made a score of 83 in the 100-target amateur championship shoot, and deserves great credit, being the lone representative from that county, and carrying off the second high score, the first and second scores being a tie.

The first prize of the professional open event, a gold medal, was won by Dr. Lupus, with a score of 162 targets. Mr. L. A. German was a close second, breaking 161 targets.

The 100-target amateur event was won by H. Linn Worthington, of Cecil county, winning a silver loving cup from Grant Alberger, also of Cecil county, in a shoot-off in a driving rain for first place, both having made a score of 84 targets in this event. The second prize was a shotgun. The third prize, a silver water pitcher, went to L. H. Schaab, of Howard county. The balance of the prizes went to the following, in their order: Nelson, of Baltimore county; Marley, of Worcester; Kroh, of Baltimore; Barnes, of Cecil; Robinson, of Montgomery; George, of Queen Anne; Hopkins, of Harford; White, of Cecil; Kirk, Sr., of Cecil; Medinger, of Cecil; Dr. Hopkins, of Frederick; Sparks, of Baltimore, and H. W. Sullivan, of Worcester, who made low score, winning a bottle of wine as the booby prize.

Events for county amateurs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15
George	8	11	9	12	Warfield	7	5	..	..
Goodwin	7	5	8	7	Baxter	5	9	..	..
Schaab	5	6	5	11	Molewith	4	5	..	..
Worthington	8	13	10	15	J J Sullivan	5	7	..	..
Hopkins	7	12	6	10	Dawson	2	..	2	..
Jamieson	2	8	4	8	Greenboro	3	..	..	..
Kirk, Sr	7	13	6	12	Berry	6	..	..	..
Kirk, Jr	8	10	3	8	Smook	2	4	..	..
Barnes	7	10	9	10	Jackson	7	11	7	11
England	8	9	6	10	Robinson	6	..	..	..
Sutton	6	9	4	7	Clay	4	9	..	..
Vansant	2	8	8	1	Steele	3	..	4	..
Viers	7	11	4	..	McCush	7	..	..	7
Hunt	3	..	..	..	H W Sullivan	4	..	..	..
King	7	..	..	..	Evans	5	5	..	..
Browning	6	10	..	..	Johnson	6	10	5	8
J Kirk	4	..	..	..	Offitt	5	10	6	11
Edwards	5	6	..	..	Upton	5	9	5	10
Bennett	3	..	6	..	Dr Hopkins	8	8	7	..
Booker	8	..	9	..	Little	5	..	..	..
Foster	7	11	1	..	Hollihan	5	7	3	..
Levy	8	8	5	9	Barney	6	7	..	..
Alberger	8	..	8	..	Parren	1	8	4	..
Smokey	6	10	4	..					

Amateur championship, 100 targets: George 75, Schaab 83, Worthington 84, Hopkins 75, Kirk, Sr., 74, Barnes 76, England 66, Vansant 51, Bennett 60, Levy 69, Alberger 84, J. J. Sullivan 63, Robinson 76, Clay 42, H. W. Sullivan 24, Offitt 70, Dr. Hopkins 72, Tydings 68, Armiger 37, Wetherall 66, Kroh 76, Sparks 71, Nelson 82, Marley 81, Moore 58, Adams 47, Medinger 74, White 75.

The events open to the world resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Hicks	13	15	14	12	9	20	12	16	12
Dr Lupus	14	19	15	17	12	19	14	19	13
German	14	17	14	18	13	18	13	19	15
Malone	13	12	12	14	11	18	12	16	8
Dupont	11	19	15	18	12	17	13	18	11
Leland	13	15	14	16	10	13	13	15	14
Peters	14	15	13	17	12	13	13	18	14
Pensy	9	10	10	14	11	..	..	..	..
Smith	12	17	..	13	10	13	13	15	..
Hawkins	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bosson	6	7	7	13	..	10	..	..	..
Duvall	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	7	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Worden	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bonday	..	8	17	14	16	10	..	..	..

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., June 8.—Owing to June 1 being very stormy our prize series was not started until to-day, and but very few shooters were present. The inclosed scores are not very brilliant to look at, but are fair considering the conditions. The northeast wind was very strong, and the targets cut up about all the antics that were possible, and we hope for better conditions and more shooters later on. Events 2 and 3 were prize events. Tozier and Follansbee tied for first place with 25 out of 30:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10			Broke.	Av.
Lockwood, 18	7	10	10	7	6	6	8	7	8	..	..	69	.690
Follansbee, 17	9	14	11	6	8	8	6	8	7	5	..	82	.745
Spofford, 18	7	11	11	8	8	9	7	7	7	..	..	75	.750
Tozier, 18	5	11	14	8	7	9	8	8	8	..	..	78	.780
George, 20	8	10	12	10	8	9	4	9	8	7	6	91	.758
Miller, 18	4	6	10	7	8	6	8	6	8	6	7	76	.633
Brown, 15	7	6	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	29	.580
Childs, 16	5	10	9	7	8	6	6	7	6	..	..	64	.640

SECRETARY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Michigan State Trapshooters' League.

Saginaw, Mich.—The first shoot of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League took place at Saginaw, May 28, 29 and 30, and was a very successful affair.

The shoot was very ably managed by Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, and complimentary remarks were heard on all sides for the way the tournament was conducted. The trade was represented by John Parker, representing Peters Cartridge Company; Ralph Trimble, representing Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Capt. Arthur du Bray, representing Parker Brothers; Squires and Phyllis, representing Dupont Powder Company; E. C. Fort, representing Robin Hood Powder Company; Charles North, representing the Cleveland Target Company; A. G. Courtney, representing Remington Arms Company.

Mr. North very ably assisted Mr. Parker in conducting the shoot, and made a great many friends for himself and his company. About 15,000 targets were thrown, and it was generally conceded that it was the best State shoot that had been held in Michigan for years.

The team race was won by the Flint Gun Club team; the individual expert championship was won by Frank Shearer, of Bay City; the semi-expert championship was won by Charles Caleb, of Flint, and the amateur championship was won by A. E. Gorham, of Mt. Pleasant; the Iron City handicap was won by Caleb, of Flint.

On live-bird day the birds were an exceptionally fine lot, and over 2,000 spectators were in attendance. Messrs. White, Parker and Flanders tied on 15 straight for trophy, and in shooting off the tie Flanders won.

The next shoot of the State League will be held at Flint, July 4 and 5, and the following shoot will be held in Detroit in July on the ground of the Pastime Gun Club.

Phyllis, shooting at the 20yd. mark, won high average prize on targets, and also won non-resident high average prize on live birds.

Resident average prize was won as follows: Messrs. Parker, Mercier, Thompson and White divided first average; Capt. F. C. Merrill, of Bay City, won second average, and Mechon, of Saginaw, won third high average on live birds.

May 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Phil, 20	11	12	18	14	19	23	15	18	14	23	167
Squier, 20	15	13	19	13	17	24	14	18	11	21	165
Trimble, 20	14	15	18	15	17	24	13	19	11	23	169
Parker, 20	12	12	16	12	18	17	13	14	14	16	144
Courtney, 20	12	13	19	13	18	21	12	16	12	21	157
Fort, 20	14	13	18	11	19	12	14	18	12	23	164
Wolf, 18	13	12	17	12	14	16	13	15	11	16	139
Marks, 18	13	15	18	12	19	22	13	17	14	18	161
Flanders, 18	14	13	18	11	14	21	13	15	13	22	154
Caleb, 18	13	14	19	12	16	24	11	20	14	23	166
Beeson, 18	14	14	16	11	19	22	15	19	14	23	167
Scott, 18	13	12	18	14	20	23	13	18	14	22	167
Rike, 18	11	13	15	13	19	21	12	15	14	24	157
Thompson, 18	11	12	15	6	12	19	12	18	12	16	133
Cotter, 18	9	15	14	11	16	20	14	17	10	20	146
McQueen, 18	14	13	16	12	16	21	12	18	10	21	153
Shearer, 18	11	12	17	13	15	23	12	18	12	15	148
Caldwell, 16	12	11	15	12	18	18	12	16	8	21	143
Gorham, 16	10	14	18	13	14	23	13	18	9	21	153
Rhinehart, 16	12	14	15	13	16	21	13	17	11	18	150
Summerville, 16	15	13	17	13	16	20	13	15	13	20	155
White, 16	9	12	15	12	15	20	11	14	11	22	141
May, 16	7	12	14	11	16	17	13	16	8	15	129
Vermilya, 16	12	13	15	12	17	22	12	20	14	24	161
Doty, 16	13	9	16	13	15	18	11	13	12	14	134
Watts, 16	11	15	17	13	15	23	14	16	13	24	161
Stanley, 16	13	12	17	13	17	20	14	19	12	21	158
Du Bray, 16	14	13	17	13	16	23	14	16	10	24	160
Merrill, 16	11	13	14	12	10	19	11	19	10	17	136
Carpenter, 14	11	15	16	13	17	19	12	17	12	22	154
Bastian, 14	9	7	9	11	8	14	7	14	11	9	99
Willhite, 14	12	8	15	10	14	18	10	17	11	16	131
Hardy, 14	10	10	15	5	11	16	9	13	8	..	...
Waruf, 18	..	..	18	10	14	18	12	..	..	..	...
Cox, 18	..	..	19	13	17	23	12	..	11	23	...
George, 16	..	..	..	..	..	21	10	14	5	22	...
Goodrich, 14	13	15	..	12	..	17	12	..	14	..	...
Whittey, 14	12	12	..	11	..	22	13	..	14	..	...
Lee, 14	9	8	10	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	...
Bowden, 14	9	7	18	12	17	19	..	..	..	..	...
Meisenberg, 14	13	12	16	13	13	21	..	..	..	..	...
Baum, 14	11	12	16	10	..	19	..	13	..	..	...
Meldlein, 14	13	10	10	8	..	13	..	..	..	..	...
Duchane, 14	8	11	14	7	8	16	..	..	..	..	...
Popp, 14	9	..	..	..	..	16	..	14	6	21	...
Messner, 14	9	..	12	..	..	16	..	..	5	..	...
Lafayette, 14	..	10	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	...
H W Merrill, 14	..	8	12	..	..	..	8	14	10	8	...
C A North, 16	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Skolil, 14	..	..	..	11	..	15	8	..	13	16	...
Breck, 16	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	...
Schmidt, 16	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Ditz, 16	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	7	..	...
Baumgartner, 16	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Smith, 16	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	9	..	...
J Henney, 16	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	8	..	...

Event No. 6, all at 16yds.

May 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	20	Broke.
Phil, 20	15	13	18	15	19	14	19	21	20	154
Squier, 20	12	11	18	12	18	14	15	22	19	141
Trimble, 20	9	12	20	11	15	13	19	23	17	139
Parker, 20	13	10	12	10	15	21	13	20	14	119
Fort, 20	12	12	18	13	15	11	14	18	18	131
Courtney, 20	12	11	19	11	16	10	13	18	13	123
Scott, 18	12	15	15	15	16	14	14	24	18	143
Caleb, 18	13	14	15	14	20	14	18	25	19	152
Cotter, 18	13	12	14	13	20	14	18	21	17	142
McQueen, 18	13	13	10	14	17	10	19	20	16	132
Flanders, 18	10	14	19	13	16	14	14	22	14	136
Cady, 18	10	12	13	10	16	12	13	19	17	122
Cox, 18	14	14	14	12	14	11	17	21	18	135
Wolf, 18	12	11	18	13	18	8	11	22	17	130
Marks, 18	12	14	18	10	19	14	15	22	15	139
F C Merrill, 16	15	12	16	11	14	11	17	19	..	...
Du Bray, 16	13	11	13	13	18	12	17	21	..	...
Carpenter, 16	13	11	18	13	18	13	16	20	17	139
Baum, 16	12	11	16	9	13	..	..	..	..	...
Gorham, 16	11	14	14	12	19	14	14	19	..	...
Watts, 16	14	11	16	14	18	13	12	21	14	133
Thompson, 16	13	14	15	11	13	10	19	20	20	135
May, 16	11	9	9	5	17	9	14	15	12	101
White, 16	11	10	18	12	17	13	12	22	15	130
Stanley, 16	14	12	15	14	16	12	19	24	14	140
Rike, 18	15	13	20	13	17	10	17	20	20	145
Shearer, 18	12	13	12	11	20	..	..	..	..	...
Rhinehart, 16	11	15	16	14	19	13	..	..	..	...
Sommerville, 16	12	13	10	13	18	12	16	..	..	...
Vermilya, 16	13	13	..	..	..	..	18	23	17	...
Caldwell, 16	14	13	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
Messner, 14	9	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	8	...
Popp, 14	9	..	..	8	9	12	9	13	13	...
Willhite, 16	..	..	15	6	18	14	16	19	14	...
H W Merrill, 16	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	...
Duchane, 16	..	..	..	..	14	..	17	..	..	...
Tucker, 16	..	..	..	..	18	..	17	..	..	...
Lafayette, 14	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	...
Mercier, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	18	...
F E Sayers, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	8	...
M E Annis, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	17	6	...
Beebe, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	...
George, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	...
Bud White, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	...
Ditz, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	...

Event No. 6, team race:
Flint—Caleb 24, Rhinehart 23, Sommerville 20; total 67.
Pastime No. 1—Parker 20, Cox 23, Wolf 21; total 64.
Leonia—Scott 21, Beebe 20, Watts 20; total 61.
Bay City No. 1—Shearer 20, Cotter 22, McQueen 18; total 60.
Bay City No. 2—F. C. Merrill 19, Duchane 19, Tucker 22; total 60.
Saginaw No. 1—Willhite 19, Carpenter 21, Vermilya 20; total 60.
Pastime No. 2—Marks 19, Stanley 19, Cady 18; total 56.
Jackson—May 20, Thompson 16, White 18; total 54.
Saginaw No. 2—H. W. Merrill 19, Messner 11, Popp 14; total 44.
Courtney 24, Rike 25, Fort 21; total 70.
Phil 23, Squier 24, Trimble 22; total 69.

Live-Bird Day, May 30.

Event No. 1, 5 live birds, entrance $5:

Johnson	22221—5	Parker	22212—5
Scott	022*2—3	Phil	11222—5
Merrill	22212—5	White	2211*—4
Fort	11110—4	Thompson	22222—5
Du Bray	20122—4	Mercier	22122—5
Cady	22220—4	Mershon	02222—4

Event No. 2, 7 live birds, $7:

Fort	1001111—5	Caleb	2211220—6
Cady	2110222—6	Armstrong	1*00222—4
Merrill	2020022—4	White	2222222—7
Mershon	1222101—6	Thompson	212022*—5
Du Bray	1222222—7	Parker	12*2212—6
Phil	2010122—7	Johnson	2022200—4

Event No. 3, 10 live birds, $10:

Fort	122*222122— 9	Thompson	2221222222—10
Cady	220020122*— 6	Cox	2110222222— 9
Mershon	2010212102— 7	Caleb	22222*2222— 9
Parker	2202220211— 8	White	2122202012— 8
Du Bray	2202211022— 8	Rike	2202012222— 8
Phil	2121222222—10	Courtney	1112*22222— 9
Mercier	1212020222— 8	Merrill	1222222222—10

Event No. 4, 15 live birds, $15; and live-bird State championship trophy:

Fort	210211121112012—13	Lafayette	110222211022202—12
Rike	210122222012020—11	Shearer	202202222222222—13
Merrill	022021021022021—10	Sayers	*20221102122000— 9
Mercier	112022221221212—14	McQueen	222001212122002—11
Parker	222222222222222—15	Flanders	221221222212212—15
Johnson	2022022*1222212—12	Mershon	222*22101021201—11
Du Bray	222220021211000—10	De Lorge	122211*00012021—10
Thompson	2222*2222222222—14	Caleb	222122222222220—14
White	122211122221222—15	Phil	112222222222212—15
Armstrong	012202001102202— 9	Cox	222121212212021—14

Ties on trophy, miss-and-out:

Parker	21*	Flanders	221
White	0		

Phyllis wins high non-resident average, $5.

Parker, Mercier, Thompson and White tie for resident high average, $5.

Merrill won second high average, $3.

Mershon won third high average, $2.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., June 3.—Find herewith scores of shoot held on Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club's grounds, May 30. One is the yearly prize shoot and the other the sweepstake events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	25	25
Carlough	7	7	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	13	17	10
Axford	8	7	6	6	8	6	9	5	7	5	9	..	..
P Jaennerette	..	7	6	..	7	7	8	..	..	..	5	..	..
Bouwker	5	9	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	13	16
Apgar	..	..	8	6	8	8	..	7	8	7	..	..	22
Goesser	..	..	1	6	7	8	..	9	8	7	..	..	..
Lenone	..	..	5	4	6	4	..	2	7	5	..	..	12
R Strader	..	..	6	..	6	..	5	5	9	6	..	..	..
A Strader	..	..	8	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	8	9	10	..	..	20
Wise	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	5	8	8	..	..	9
Matzen	..	..	..	5	6	6	..	7	7	5	..	..	12
Blauvelt	..	..	..	6	..	5	..	7	..	6	..	..	..
Coe	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	5	..	5	..	..	..
Creveling	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	..	5	..	..	..	..
Seeley	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	5	6	7	..	..	..
Proctor	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	6	3	..	..	..
Coman	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Jaennerette	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	9	..	..	15
Pellens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	5	6	..	..
Tinney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	0	..	..	..
Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	..	2	..	..	..
Wells	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	21

The prize shoot resulted as follows: Axford 24, fishing rod and reel; Goesser 22, umbrella; Apgar 21, fancy clock; P. Jaennerette 21, hammock; Matzen 21, thermometer clock; E. Jaennerette 20, rug; Blauvelt 20, fancy clock; Krebs 20, glass pitcher; Hall 19, picture; Coe 18, rocker; Seeley 18, wine set; Wise 15, flask; Lenone 14, wallet; Lane 14, picture; R. Strader 14, match safe.

Winch

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—The Forester Gun Club held another well attended shoot on Decoration Day. The morning started with threatening weather, but turned out a capital day for target shooting. The grounds have been remodeled so as to give some of the old-time style of shooting. There were events of walking matches which proved to be very interesting to the participants. There were three events, handicaps, for merchandise. Belcher won a pair of cuff bottons and a can of powder; Stanton also won a can of powder.

The programme for live birds in the morning was dispensed with, as the city had a gang working on the Suez Canal alongside of the club, and the management would not endanger any one.

All the events were at 10 targets. The figures in No. 8 are allowances in No. 7; No. 10 contains allowances in No. 9; No. 12 contains allowances for No. 11; No. 14 contains allowances for No. 13; No. 16 contains allowances for No. 15:

Events—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
A Smith—	4	7	9	..	..	3	7	4	8	2	7	1	..	9	4	7	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Fleming—	6	8	8	..	7	10	9	2	8	1	..	..	..	7	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weller—	7	10	7	..	..	6	8	2	8	1	..	..	..	7	3	8	1	..	..	..	5	3	7	1
Ferguson—	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Belcher—	..	..	..	5	5	7	8	5	9	2	8	1	..	6	4	8	2	7	1	..	7	4	7	2
Tigh—	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	5	2	..	..	..	8	4	3	2
D Fleming—	..	..	..	5	6	9	8	3	7	1	..	..	..	8	4	6	2	..	..	..	10	4	5	2
Tarlton—	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	3	3	..	..	..	7	4	3	3
Disbrow—	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	5	7	2	..	..	..	5	5	7	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J H Cummings—	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	5	7	2	..	..	..	8	2	8	1	..	..	..	6	4	6	2
Baldwin—	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	6	3	..	..	..	7	6	5	3	..	..	..	6	4	5	2
Stanton—	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	3	2	..	..	..	8	6	7	3	9	1	..	9	6	6	3

Walking matches:

Events:	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
D Fleming	5	6	4	7	6	7	9	8	8
J J Fleming	..	5	6	8	..	7	6	8	8
Belcher	5	5	4	8	4	6	7	..	6
Tigh	..	..	..	7	8	8	8	6	8
C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..
Weller	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	7
Disbrow	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Tarlton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs vs South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., June 8.—The fifteen-man team race between teams of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, and the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., shot on the grounds of the latter club, was won by Boiling Springs by a score of 298 to 278, each man shooting at 25 targets. The scores follow:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Goesser ....1111011101111110010001011—17
Hall ....1011011111111111111111111—23
Oxford ....1110110111101101111110011—19
James ....1111111110111111100111000—19
Snyder ....1101111011101111101111011—20
Crosby ....1111101010110111001011111—18
Wise ....1011111010111110111111111—21
Collins ....1111111111111111101011000—20
Speigel ....0111111000011111100010011—15
Carlough ....1101010111101110101111111—19
Huck ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Wells ....1110111101111011011101111—20
Woodruff ....1111011110111110111111111—22
Apgar ....1111111011111011101111101—21
Paul ....1111111011101111001011110—19—298

South Side Gun Club.

Piercy ....1011101111111111111011111—22
Dukes ....1011101110111100111111101—19
Engel ....0011101100111101111111110—18
Terrill ....1110100011011010000101010—12
Drake ....0111111101101111111111111—22
Joeffrey ....0111111101111111111110111—22
Douglas ....1110101111100110010101101—16
Gardner ....1101011110111111000111111—19
Weller ....0001111111111111111011101—20
Sinnock ....1100010011011111111111111—19
Hays ....0111100111111111111111111—22
Whitehead ....0011100100111000111110111—15
Wilson ....0001011110111000110111111—16
Feigenspan ....1111111010100111111001111—19
Yeomans ....1111100001011010111111110—17—278

Mississippi Valley Notes.

A pleasant informal shoot was held June 3 at the Western Cartridge Company's Sunnyside range, at East Alton. In considering the scores, consideration must be taken of the fact that it is an especially difficult ground on which to shoot, and that much of the work was done at 20yds. rise:

J H Moulton....01110011101011110101
F Riehl....110101110011101111111111101111110111101111111111
111111101111110101110111101111111111101110111—85
G Burnside....01111111111101111111111111111110110011111111101
1111111110101101011111111101101110111111111110011—85
G Crosby....101000101110011011110110110110101010111011111111
100111101110111101111110110111111111111111101111—75
E H Ford....0010110000001000100110110101001010110111101110101
0111110011 —32
H Money....1111101100101111111111101101110101011111110110101
111011111111111111101110111111111111111110111101111—83
Quimby 1101110111010111110011111001100111100101110011111
1110110011 —41

The sportsmen of Louisiana, Mo., have organized a gun club, with twenty members, and are practicing regularly every Saturday afternoon.

The Quincy, Ill., Gun Club has added ten members to its list this season, and was never in a more flourishing condition.

The fine store and stock of the Fink Hardware Company and sporting goods house at Quincy was totally destroyed by fire on June 2. The firm will rebuild at once.

The Mt. Sterling, Ill., Gun Club will give a novel shooting tournament on the 18th inst. Incidental to an excursion on the Illinois River from Beardstown to Kampsville and return, a barge will be fitted with a set of expert traps and a programme of 150 targets per man is to be shot as the boat steams up and down the river.

The Roadhouse, Ill., Gun Club announces a two days' open target tournament on June 25-26.

Col. A. J. Lovejoy, the new Illinois Game Commissioner, is organizing his forces for an active compaign against illegal shooting of any and all kinds during the ensuing season.

The Freeport Gun Club held an excellent home tournament on June 4. Complete scores are given below. The diamond badge event at 50 targets per man, for State championship, was won by J. S. Boa, with the excellent score of 49. The event was at 50 targets, $3 entrance:

Woodford ....10111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Boa ....11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111—49
Haines ....11111101111111111111000110101110011111011110111110—39
Henry ....11111111111111111111101111111100111111011101111111—45
Vance ....10111101111111111111111111111111111111111111110110—46
Mills ....11111011111111011111111111111111111001110111011111—44
Dodge ....11111111111111111110110110111111111101111111111110—45
Farwell ....10001100111101011100000101111101111101101001011110—31
Stephenson ....11110011110111111111111010111101111110101111111111—42

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	10	15	15	15	15
Woodford	9	12	8	15	13	10	13	15	9	10	15	14	14	13
Vance	9	12	9	15	14	9	13	12	9	8	15	12	15	14
Avery	10	12	6	11	10	8	11	8	6	..	..	..	..	..
Rice	9	9	2	11	9	5	9	9	5	..	..	..	..	..
Cushing	6	11	5	11	7	5	10	13	10	8	10	11	10	10
White	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wagner	7	..	9	7	6	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	12	9
Burkhart	4	5	6	10	12	13	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reichert	9	14	7	15	13	7	13	14	..	..	15	14	12	11
Farwell	7	12	8	10	9	8	12	7	1	..	..	11	..	..
Hollister	8	6	2	12	9	2	5	2	4	6	..	..	6	..
Mills	..	12	10	13	14	9	12	13	9	8	14	13	..	..
Dodge	..	10	8	10	11	6	14	12	10	10	13	13	15	12
Campbell	..	9	8	12	14	9	13	8	9	7	..	..	..	..
Stephenson	..	13	9	13	14	8	12	9	10	8	13	12	14	13
Lima	..	..	..	..	7	7	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Boa	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	9	9	14	15	15	15
Haines	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	10	8	6	..	..	13
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	9	8	15	13	13	15
Waddington	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Andrews	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Southard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Kline	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Bergman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..

F. C. Riehl.

Bellows Falls Gun Club.

Bellows Falls, Vt.—The Bellows Falls Gun Club held a very pleasant shoot on Decoration Day, on the grounds, Drislain's Field. The Claremont Gun Club sent down a team of five men, and they showed great improvement over their last year form. Below is given the score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	10	5p	10	Targets:	25	25	10	5p	10
Shepardson	21	..	..	..	..	H H Russell	22	21	..	11	7
Flint	13	15	..	..	..	Isham	11	..	..	..	..
Knight	19	..	..	..	..	Underhill	23	21	..	14	6
Fassett	19	19	..	11	..	Norwood	19	21	..	17	10
Jack	19	24	8	12	8	Capron	21	19	..	3	..
Fletcher	22	17	8	12	9	Adams	10	..	14	..	..
Atwood	16	17	9	14	5	Patterson	12	..	8	14	..
Ott	21	17	..	12	9	Knowlton	20	22	..	12	..
F M Russell	11	16	..	..	5	Knight	15	21	..	9	6
Farrington	17	15	..	..	..	Hapgood	..	..	3	..	..
Ray	17	23	..	14	6						

The club will shoot every Thursday afternoon, and are always glad to have all of the shooters and their friends present.

The Bellows Falls Gun Club held a weekly shoot on the club grounds, Drislain's field, Thursday afternoon, June 6. Below are given the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	5	15	10	15	10	5p	15	10
Shepardson	4	12	7	7	8	6	12	6
Fassett	4	15	7	11	10	..	11	5
Jack	5	12	10	15	9	6	14	8
Norwood	..	12	7	14	9	9	9	7
Ray	..	14	9	12	7	..	13	6
Russell	..	10	7	13	7	..	11	9
Underhill	..	..	..	11	9	..	11	8

The boys had considerable fun shooting a three-man team race, made up as follows:

Shepardson 52, Fassett 59, Jack 68; total 179.
Norwood 58, Ray 61, Russell 57; total 176.
Jack made a nice run of 38 straight.

C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

Lewis Creek Gun Club.

North Ferrisburg, Vt.—At the Decoration Day shoot of the above club six members were present. Targets were thrown in blocks of 10 from every angle on the expert traps. The scores:

Thompson ....11100010110111010010011001110100001101110110111111—30
Jackman ....11011111010101011010110101100101101010011110100111—31
Barney ....00111001000101100101101010110101111111010001111110—29
Harrington ....00111010111110111110110101111111111111011110010011—37
Chase ....11100110111001011001111100101110010111111100111111—34
Mallory ....01101000001101110111010000011111110000001101000111—24

H. B. Chase, Sec'y.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., May 30.—The Portsmouth Gun Club held an all-day shoot on their new grounds, on Christian Shore, yesterday, and in point of attendance it was the largest trapshooting contest ever held in this vicinity. Fifty-five shooters were entered, and some fine scores were made. The new magautrap worked like a charm, and the sportsmen were enthusiastic over it. There were present to enjoy the day members of the clubs from Dover, Exeter, Boston and Concord, while the local shooters were never so largely represented. Many of the business and professional men of the city were present and took a hand in demolishing the whirling clay pigeons.

The out-of-town guests arrived early, and Dover and Exeter were well represented, while Messrs. William and Horace Kirkwood were present from the Boston Gun Club, and assisted in placing the trap and otherwise conducting the shoot.

The presence of Messrs. William and Horace Kirkwood, of Boston, added greatly to the pleasure of all, as they are thorough sportsmen, expert shots, and the best of friends and companions. The local gun club always feels honored by their presence, and gladly extends a welcoming hand to them.

Mr. Rowe, of the Concord Gun Club, with sportsmen from Rochester, York, Kittery, Rye and other places, were present, and all entered very heartily into the enjoyment of the sport.

Fully 4,500 targets were thrown during the day.

The event of the day's shooting was the cup contest between teams from Exeter, Dover and Portsmouth. This is the first in this season's series of interclub shoots, and much interest was manifest. Last season three shoots were held, and each club by turn captured the trophy, leaving it in the hands of the Dover team. This season it is expected to hold six shoots unless the cup is won in three successive shoots by any one club before the tournament is completed. As the clubs are fairly well matched this seems hardly probable.

The first shoot resulted in a victory for Exeter.

The highest individual score was by Carlisle, of Exeter, who scored 19 out of a possible 20, and was very heartily applauded.

The next shoot in the series will be held in Exeter on the Fourth of July.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	10
Tilton	6	12	5	11	..	10	12	..	..	..	..	..
Carlisle	7	11	9	..	..	11	19	..	12	8	..	..
Gerrish	5	10	8	..	..	11	14	..	13	9	..	..
Williams	8	12	6	13	7	11	..	4	7	7	..	..
Horace	7	12	9	11	7	12	..	8	11	7	..	..
Tony	6	9	8	10	6	11	13	6	10	..	..	..
R Winn	8	10	6	11	8	7	10	6	12	10	..	..
Gifford	4	9	4	9	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
A Goodwin	8	9	*	13	8	10	12	..	..	10	..	..
F Lewis	3	7	6	2	3	5	..	3	5	..	..	..
Storer	6	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
W Philbrick	7	12	7	..	7	11	12	6	11	..	..	..
S Winn	4	10	7	9	4	9	..	5	7	..	..	..
H Philbrick	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Manson	7	8	9	9	7	12	..	5	10	7	..	6
Mitchell	2	8	5	10	7	9	11	6	..	..	..	..
W J Lewis	10	..	9	10	4	12	15	5	..	..	..	..
N Wentworth	7	11	6	9	8	..	11	4	..	..	..	..
Meseroe	..	3	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Drew	..	6	3	5	3	5	12	..	..	..	..	..
Morton	..	8	6	11	8	13	13	3	7	8	..	..
Carson	..	7	4	11	6	11	12	5	13	7	..	..
Young	..	5	2	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fisher	..	9	7	12	6	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Beard	..	10	7	8	5	..	10	..	11	..	..	..
W Fernald	..	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Fernald	..	13	3	5	3	6	..	4	5	..	..	..
Prince	..	10	10	9	4	8	..	3	7	..	..	..
White	..	6	2	3	4	3	..	0	6	..	..	..
Roberts	..	10	7	9	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Durgin	..	..	..	3	8	3	3	..	..	..	..	..
Merwin	..	..	..	7	6	5	0	..	3	8	4	..
Bickford	..	..	..	7	12	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Emery	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Goodwin	..	..	..	..	4	4	7	..	5	9	..	..
L Drew	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Langley	..	..	..	..	8	..	11	15	15	10	7	..
W Manson	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	14	14	9	..
Kieling	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Gillis	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	2	7	..	..
Stinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	7	7	..
Dodge	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	5	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	..	..	..	..
F Wentworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..
Bailey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..
Sowersby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	4	..
Dumenberger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	0	..	..
Rowe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	3	..
Abram	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Meloon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	3	..	..
Blaisdell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
C Manson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
H Mitchell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Lytle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
Knight	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..

Event No. 7 was the team shoot.

W. I. PHILBRICK, Sec'y.

Millbrook Gun Club.

MILLBROOK, N. Y., May 31.—The Millbrook Gun Club held its first open shoot on May 30. On account of the bad weather only seventeen shooters turned out. It had rained for six days, and looked as if it might continue on Thursday morning, which kept many away who had decided to come. Inclosed please find scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Tallman	7	8	10	10	9	9	8	10	8	9	24
Foster	8	8	10	9	10	9	10	7	9	9	..
Tompkins	8	6	9	5	7	7	6	7	6	7	..
Russell	5	7	9	6	10	4	6	7	6	7	16
Hoctor	9	8	5	5	6	6	8	8	6	4	..
Baldwin	7	10	4	4	9	6	5	5	5	7	19
Sipperly	1	6	..	6	5	..	4	..	..	..	..
Olivet	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lake	7	..	5	..	8	7	4	..	..	..	..
Hicks	3	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Carman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	8	..
Vincent	..	..	4	4	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
De Witt	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	5	..	..
Keaver	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	..
Butterfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..

Merchandise event, 50 birds, handicap:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Tallman	47	4	50	Olivet	33	20	50
Foster	43	9	50	Lake	34	20	50
Tompkins	38	20	50	Hicks	26	25	50
Russell	35	20	50	Carman	34	25	50
Hostor	35	25	50	Vincent	19	38	50
Baldwin	34	25	50	Gross	34	15	49
Sipperly	19	30	49	Sheldon	22	30	50

F. J. HOPKINS, Sec'y.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The Aquidneck Gun Club held a successful holiday shoot on Decoration Day, at which eleven members were present, besides a number of spectators. Seven events were shot, aggregating 100 targets. The weather, while not clear, was well suited to shooting, the light being even, and the absence of wind favoring the targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	15	10	20	15	10	20	10	at.	Broke.
Plumer	3	4	8	8	2	..	..	70	25
A Sherman	12	6	11	7	7	6	6	100	55
Clarke	5	1	7	..	..	..	..	45	13
Hughes	11	3	11	8	4	..	..	70	37
Openshaw	3	2	4	5	..	..	..	60	14
Coggeshall	4	3	12	5	5	4	4	100	37
Mason	7	6	12	12	6	17	7	100	67
Manchester	3	4	5	..	..	..	..	45	12
Dring	12	6	13	11	6	16	7	100	71
*B Sherman	4	6	15	7	4	..	..	70	36
Champion	6	4	9	9	..	..	..	60	28
Howard	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	15	3

Events 1, 2, 4, 5 and 7, regular angles; events 3 and 6, unknown.

*Visitor.

J. S. COGGESHALL, 2d, Sec'y.

Titusville Gun Club.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 2.—Although several contests for a local medal had taken place previous, on Decoration Day occurred practically what might be termed "opening day" of the Titusville Gun Club. On this occasion Oil City Gun Club members to the number of fifteen came to give the home club a "send off," and from their arrival at noon until late in the evening the shooting was fast and furious. At the conclusion of the event the visitors, who are true sportsmen, clever shots and genuine gentlemen, were banqueted at the Mansion House. So great was the crowd of spectators that it interfered not a little with shooters getting to the score. However, all enjoyed themselves hugely, and the shooters from the Hub of Oildom (where the next Interstate shoot will occur) were loud in their praise of the local organization as entertainers. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Jordan	12	11	11	13	10	10	..	..	..	90	67
Young	5	5	5	5	7	8	8	9	..	120	52
F Brown	3	5	9	2	7	4	7	8	5	135	50
G Brown	10	8	11	9	10	6	6	6	..	120	66
Schwartz	9	12	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	45
Love	9	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	60	30
C Brown	6	12	9	10	10	9	9	4	..	120	69
Cooper	9	8	10	9	4	4	..	..	..	90	44
C Meyer	8	9	13	12	13	13	13	8	..	120	89
Force	10	11	7	8	10	7	5	..	..	105	58
Leibrick	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	19
A Bue	10	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	30
O Bue	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9
Kellogg	11	12	12	15	14	..	..	..	..	75	64
Smedley	13	14	13	12	10	..	..	..	..	75	62
McLouth	8	10	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	60	33
McClintock	9	9	8	9	3	..	..	..	..	75	38
C H Lay, Jr.	13	14	9	10	13	9	9	12	9	135	98
Kern	10	10	10	11	10	7	10	..	..	105	68
Robinson	8	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	29
Kimber	7	9	5	9	9	7	..	..	..	90	46
Crozier	12	12	13	12	7	8	..	..	..	90	64
Loomis	11	13	14	14	14	12	13	..	..	105	91
Farmer	4	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	20
R C Lay	12	12	12	14	15	11	13	14	..	120	103
S Mayer	9	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	25
Ruppersberger	10	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	24
Dr Davis	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	4
J D Dinsmoor	15	10	9	10	7	..	..	..	..	75	51
J C Dinsmoor	10	14	10	9	7	..	..	..	..	75	50
Fritts	7	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	15
C F Emerson	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	15
J L Emerson	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
Foskitt	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
Bideaux	13	5	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	60	29
Fertig	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Pfeiffer	1	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	10
Warner	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	2
Greek	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	6
Andrews	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	25	14

First event, at 5 pairs: Young 4, F. Brown 6, Kellogg 5, Greek 5, G. Brown 4, C. Brown 5.

Second event, at 5 pairs: Loomis 5, Smedley 7, Kern 5, McClintock 3, R. C. Lay 8, S. Mayer 3, Lay, Jr., 6, Kellogg 9, Jordan 8, C. Meyer 3, C. F. Emerson 6, Young 3, C. Brown 5, Farmer 6.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., June 8.—The summer series of shoots of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club began to-day. Among the visitors were ex-Register Hugh McLaughlin, James Shevlin, John Schlieman and P. H. Quinn. Two tied on 11, the possible being 12. The scores:

P Quinn, 27.....222222112021—11
L Allen, 25.....211222012211—11
J Pillion, 28.....2221222122*0—10
J Schlieman, 27..1120111011111—10
S Berry, 25.....111211*21011—10
P Suss, 28.....111110*11020— 9
W Brand, 27.....21*021121*11— 9
H Montanus, 27..020212*12222— 9
P Kramer, 25.....011110210111— 9
Paul Suss, 25.....2222*1112010— 9
C Laeger, 27.....202011101101— 8
J Shevlin, 27.....212110100*01— 7
H McLaughlin, 27.011101012010— 7

Duryea vs. Morfey.

Interstate Park, L. I., June 8.—There were two matches shot to-day between Messrs. L. T. Duryea and T. W. Morfey, both of which were won by the former. The first match was at 50 birds, $50 a side, use of one barrel only. Morfey was in hard luck, having many birds dead out. The scores:

T W Morfey.....*2211*22212112*110212212*—20
**2022*1*222221120*221022—17—37
L T Duryea.....2121021210102122101111121—21
12*1121210212111112211122—23—44

Match at 50 birds, $100 a side, use of both barrels:
T W Morfey.....22*2222222*22202222122212—22
**22222022222222222222222—22—44
L T Duryea.....1111211102122111110211122—23
22122210212*22121*1122222—22—45

Auburn (Me.) Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me.—The morning of May 30 dawned damp and dismal, and the outlook was enough to put a damper on the spirits of the most enthusiastic trapshooter; but in spite of unfavorable weather, twenty-one shooters answered the "roll call" at the Auburn, Me., Gun Club's annual tournament and shot through the programme of the day.

Waterville, Portland and Androscoggin gun clubs were represented, and some very good scores were made, considering the day. Waterville again won the Lovell diamond badge, breaking 222 targets out of a possible 250. The Auburn team came next, and Portland third. Hunnewell was high gun for the day.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	15
Barker	11	13	8	18	13	12	12	17	13	9
Conner	14	11	16	18	12	15	18	19	14	13
Snow	9	13	14	12	10	10	15	18	12	11
Jordan	14	15	18	18	14	33	17	19	11	15
Taylor	15	13	13	20	11	15	15	19	15	14
Green	12	12	17	20	13	15	18	19	14	12
Stobie	12	14	19	19	14	14	18	19	14	14
Foster	15	12	16	17	12	13	18	20	13	14
Preble	13	12	20	18	12	15	18	18	13	14
Reid	14	13	18	18	12	10	19	17	11	14
Hunnewell	14	15	19	19	13	14	18	20	14	14
Ashley	12	14	17	18	12	13	17	19	11	14
Fletcher	15	12	16	19	12	10	14	13	11	13
Childs	10	13	14	20	9	10	13	15	7	11
Noble	15	12	17	19	13	13	20	20	10	14
Wyman	9	15	10	15	12	14	12	15	10	13
Hinds	11	10	13	15	9	10	17	15	11	12
Haines	9	11	12	17	10	10	10	15	11	13
Norcross	..	..	9	19	..	..	..	..	11	11
McMurry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13

SECRETARY.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I.—The second regular programme of the season was shot on Saturday afternoon at the club grounds. Unfavorable weather conditions prevailed, and high scores were not the order of the day, but the enthusiasm of a true trapshooter is proof against north winds, driving mist and low scores. Nos. 1 and 6 were known angles; Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 7 were unknown; No. 4 was reverse:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	10
Mills	8	12	15	12	7	17	10
Campbell	9	14	15	9	9	14	7
W O Darling	8	8	14	8	4	10	8
Balcom	3	9	9	..	2	7	..
Emerson	5	9	..	8	..	..	..
E R Darling	..	..	13	12	8	10	7

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., June 8.—Messrs. C. Geikler and F. M. Eames made a very interesting competition for supremacy. Eames won three 10-live-bird matches in succession, the scores being: Eames 7, 9 and 10; Geikler 4, 5 and 9, each of the three matches being shot from the 30yd. mark. They then engaged in a target contest at 12 pairs, and tied on 20. Eames won in the shoot-off.

The three match events at 25 targets were shot as follows:
First match: Ridge 25, Longnecker 22, Terry 19.
Second match: Ridge 24, Terry 17, Smith 18.
Third match: Howard Ridge 23, Dr. Smith 20.

There was a match between Luther and Jones, of 50 targets, at unknown angles, 16yds. rise, and Jones broke 40 and Luther 35.

The three open sweepstake events were all shot at unknown angles, 25 targets, 16yds. rise. The scores follow:

Second event: Terry 19, Stevenson 18, Eames 18, Wagner 17, Geikler 15.

Third event: Longnecker 24, Ridge 23, Stevenson 22, Eames 22, Geikler 21, Terry 19, Wagner 15.

The following, prepared by the board of governors of the Keystone Shooting League, shows the averages made by the members who contested in the past season in the club handicap at live birds, in five or more shoots:

	No. of shoots.	Shot at.	Per cent.	Points.	Class.
Brewer	23	230	80 4-10	116	B
Budd	20	200	92	116	B
Bucknell	5	50	90	32	A
Balz	7	70	62 8-10	8	B
Davis	15	150	84 2-3	74	B
Darby	19	190	82 1-10	92	B
Fees	21	210	82 4-10	102	B
Fitzgerald	28	265	70	138	B
Geikler	35	348	80 2-10	138	B
Harrison	10	100	82	52	B
Hobbs	21	207	81 6-10	88	B
Henry	32	320	89 7-10	206	A
McCoy	28	280	89 7-10	186	A
Luther	5	50	76	14	B
Painter	12	120	91 2-3	80	A
Ross	15	150	84 2-3	70	B
Russell	13	124	82 4-10	54	B
Sanford	10	100	80	42	B
W N Stevenson	16	160	90	106	A
O K Stevenson	6	60	86 2-3	34	A
Vandergrift	19	186	90 3-10	124	A
Van Loon	35	350	84 3-10	180	B
Wynn	8	76	71	18	B

Class A, 85 per cent. and over: Henry, first; McCoy, second; Budd, third.

Class B, under 85 per cent.: Van Loon, first; Geikler, second; Brewer, third.

Wollaston Trap Club.

WOLLASTON, Mass., June 8.—The regular weekly shoot of the Wollaston Trap Club was held this afternoon. The wind was quite brisk, but it did not prevent some pretty good shooting.

Event 3, 10 targets, straightaway; event 12, 5 pairs; event 13, 10 targets, reversed angles; all other events 10 targets, unknown angles. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Barry	4	8	7	6	9	..	4	6	..	..	8	8	9
Thomas	10	8	10	7	6	10	9	5	5	..	9	4	..
Britt	10	8	7	9	6	3	6	4	..	7	4	..	..
Muldown	5	4	7	5	3	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..
Whitmarsh	10	7	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	9	5	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tibbetts	5	4	7	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Doell	3	4	8	4	4	4	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Mann	6	4	5	3	3	4	1	7	..	3	..	..	..
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	8	8	7	9	6	10
Howe	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	7	8	9	9	6	8
Bates	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	7	..	..

The club will hold an all-day shoot on Bunker Hill Day, June 17. There will be ten events of 10 targets each on the regular programme. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Scores made at the regular Saturday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, June 8. A strong wind made the flight of the targets uncertain:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C Blandford	7	6	7	8	7	5	7	8	8
E D Garnsey	6	6	4	7	7	..	..	..	..
A Rohr	5	4	2	5	..	..	..	..	..
M Tuttle	6	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
J C Barlow	..	..	..	3	6	7	..	..	..
A Bedell	..	6	6	8	7	8	..	..	..
S McBeth	..	..	..	..	4	5	2	..	..
W Smith	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
C Rohr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..

Prize events:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Barlow	12	7	Rohr	15	9
Barlow	12	7	Bedell	15	9
Rohr	15	4	Bedell	12	8

C. G. B.

Sherbrooke Gun Club.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., May 25.—The third match of the gun cabinet series was shot by four men only. There was a lot of resting to be done by a number of those who attended the Westmount tournament the day before. Loomis won with 20 from the 16yd. mark, after a shoot-off with White.

June 1.—This was a perfect day, and the shooters showed their appreciation of the weather by a good turnout. Many visitors also were present, several of whom did a little shooting. The scores in the cabinet match were: Bray, 18yds., 21; White, 18yds., 19; Craig, 19yds., 18; Thompson, 18yds., 17; Walton, 19yds., 17; Loomis, 17yds., 17; Neil, 16yds., 15; Matheson, 14yds., 13; Ingalls, 14yds, 11; Goodhue, 16yds., 10; Kirkpatrick, 14yds., 9.

The club had the pleasure of the company of Mr. Rupert M. Watson, of the Dominion Cartridge Company. Mr. Watson starts for the West shortly in the interests of his company, and will be found wherever there is any shooting going on. Jos.

J. F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa.—The J. F. Weiler Gun Club's monthly shoot, held at the Duck Farm Hotel, was well attended. Following are the scores made:

Monthly shoot at 25 targets: Daudt 18, Miller 18, John F. Weiler 7, Lucas Straub 17, Morrow 14, Plad 14, Jones 22, Sobers 14, Griesemer 15, Hohe 9, Shindel Weiler 19, Banner 21, Kramlich 25, Flickinger 7, Lieberman 11, Mitman 12, Ulmer 15, Acker 19, A. S. Weiler 7.

Live bird shoot at 7 live birds: John Weiler 6, Banner 6, Jones 5, Plad 7, Straub 5, Flickinger 4, Lieberman 6, Daudt 7, Sobers 7, Acker 7, Shindel Weiler 7, Mitman 4, Ulmer 6.

John F. Weiler, treasurer of the club, gave an exhibition at 33yds.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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For illustrated booklets "Summer Homes for 1901" and "In the Lake Country" send address with six cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

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A PROPOSED AFRICAN GAME RESERVE.

THE vast herds of wild animals which formerly inhabited South Africa have been swept away by the pitiless rifles of the so-called sportsman and the hide and head hunter. Last year in London a convention was called to take steps to induce the Government to establish game refuges in what was formerly the greatest game country in the world. The horse having been stolen, it is now in order to lock the stable door. We may hope that it is not too late, and that protective regulations may be properly enforced, to the end that some of the species now pitifully reduced in numbers may re-establish themselves.

Africa is a vast continent, and as yet it has not all been run over by the exploring white man. What its possibilities still are is suggested by an interview ascribed to Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston, British Commissioner for Uganda, who has just returned to London after an absence of two years. Much of this time has been devoted to exploring portions of British East Africa, and especially the Uganda district and the great region roughly bounded on the east by Lake Rudolph and its tributaries, on the south by the Victoria and Edward Nyanza, on the west by the Albert Nyanza and the River Nile, and on the north by the fifth parallel of north latitude. Here is a territory more than four hundred miles from north to south by three hundred from east to west, over much of which, owing to the tribal wars of years ago, there are no inhabitants. Its depopulation either by the slaughter of its people by their foes or by their being driven out through fear of attack is complete. Throughout this region uninhabited by man, large animals are marvelously numerous, and have been so long unmolested that they are wholly without fear of man. Here too are found strange animals, one of them reported to be a species whose fossil bones have been found in the later Miocene or early Pliocene deposits of southern Europe, but which was thought to be long extinct.

The exploring party passed through a beautiful country, abounding in animal life, constantly meeting herds of elephants, of zebras and of antelopes, which looked at them curiously as they passed along, but showed no fear. Rhinoceroses were frequently met, as were also lions, but these last were so well fed on the antelopes, hartbeests and zebras that they showed no disposition to attack the caravan nor any interest in it.

The game was so abundant and so tame that no hunting was done. The expedition was a scientific one, and it was necessary to obtain specimens of all the animlas seen for the British Museum collections, but aside from this the members of the party refrained from shooting game. It said that they found more pleasure in wandering through this beautiful natural zoological garden and in watching the tame and half-tame creatures than in killing them—a matter so easy as to be butchery.

It is reported that Sir Harry Johnston intends to advise the Government to maintain the district as a national park and game preserve; something which it is earnestly to be hoped will be done. The region appears to be wholly within British territory, it is amply stocked, and immediate action as advised by its explorer—the man who of all the world knows most about it—will maintain a state of nature here for all time. This action, however, must be prompt. The report brought back by Sir Harry Johnston is certain to start out into this region a horde of hunters who in very short time may do an amount of damage there which years of careful protection will hardly be able to undo. Britons, like Americans, have had so many object lessons in this matter of game destruction that it may be hoped that the Government will act promptly. It is an easy matter to take life. A species may readily be exterminated, but to re-establish one greatly reduced in numbers takes time, or the attempt may fail.

Yet among those who are bent on killing, such protective enactments may be very unpopular. Each individual who wishes to indulge in slaughter feels that to him full privileges should be granted, but that other people should be restrained; and regards restrictions of all kinds as a great hardship—when they apply to himself.

The time has come—and this fact is coming to be more and more generally appreciated—that all sorts of barriers must be erected by law and by public opinion in the way of the civilized man who uses firearms in pursuit of wild creatures. Short seasons, a limit to the bag, shooting licenses, gun taxes—all these things have come or are in sight in most civilized regions. But by far the most efficient means of protecting our large game is the establishment of refuges such as we have in the Yellowstone National Park, where protection shall be absolute. It would be a fine thing if Sir Harry Johnston's reported recommendation to the British Government should be carried out.

THE MICHIGAN GRAYLING.

WE alluded the other day to the effort making in Michigan to secure a respite for the grayling—a fish dear to the angler and threatened with early extinction. There is but one stream in the State—the Manistee River—where the species is now known to breed. If the Manistee could be protected by the prohibition of fishing in its waters for a term of years, there is every reason to believe that they would increase in such numbers that the stock might be regarded as permanently established. Without such protection the species is doomed. To convert the Manistee into a refuge for the fish has been the task undertaken by Mr. W. B. Mershon, of East Saginaw; the projcet has been with him a labor of love, and to it he has devoted unstinted time and effort. At his instigation a bill protecting grayling on the Manistee was introduced in the Legislature of 1901, but we regret to record that it was defeated by a combination of selfishness and stolid indifference; in particular by the pig-headedness of a certain Senator Palmer, who came from some upper county or district through which the Manistee River passes, and who thought it would abridge the rights of his constituents if they were not allowed to go out and exterminate this fish. The other members of the Legislature failed to recognize that the Manistee River did not wholly belong to this backwoods legislator, and did not recognize that the fish in Michigan were the property of the entire State of Michigan instead of this one little district, so they allowed him to have his own way and had what they considered the courtesy of not interfering in a local matter.

Inasmuch as the Legislature will not meet agian for two years, and thus two seasons will be left for the grayling fishermen to prosecute their industry, the probability is that the fish will have been cleaned out from the Manistee as they have been from other Michigan waters.

DOGS AND MEN.

IN the United States the history of the dog, concerning his legal, commercial and domestic status, shows that the people at large have been much divided in their opinion concerning him.

From the extreme point of view which magnifies him into a paragon of nobility and worth on the one hand, to the point of view which reduces him to an unmitigated nuisance on the other, there are many graduations and qualifications of opinion. It is less so in England and other countries of Europe wherein there is more uniformity of opinion on the value and rights of people and dogs, and more respect for the laws governing them.

Dog owners of the United States have felt that they were and are most unjustly discriminated against, to the deep hurt of their pride in a noble friend, to say nothing of inroads on pocketbooks. State legislatures and courts have many times refused to recognize the dog as being property, though in a few instances an involved qualified interest has been conceded to owners; municipalities have imposed burdensome special license fees with the further obligation of a collar with a special tag thereon as a condition precedent to the rights of the owner to keep the dog at all, and the right of the dog to continue to live; express companies exact double rates for carrying dogs to and fro, at the same time disclaiming all responsibility for their loss, death or escape; park commissioners and railway managers exclude dogs entirely from the properties of which they have charge; many landlords show a hostility to dogs living on their premises, and many families, neighbors to other families which own dogs, exhibit a most peevish disposition when said dogs bay the moon of nights, or hold barking dialogues by the hour when people best sleep if dogs do not bark; or make predatory calls in the neighbors' cellars or kitchens to steal food or visit the gardens to kill the flowers.

All these subjects have been topics of deep and prolonged discussion, public and otherwise, from time immemorial. The dog owner contended that he truly loved his dog; that the latter was the children's pet and the guard of the home, and had a pedigree or should have one if it could be unearthed; the injured or disturbed party maintained, with some show of justice, that, if the dog loved his owner and guarded his family, such did not condone the dog's misdeeds in respect to others, if indeed he were guilty of any. Express companies found that dogs were presented for shipment with a piece of rope or dog chain to secure them, and that a dog, commonplace to the eye before shipment, increased several hundred times in value if lost after shipment. Legislatures viewed with disfavor a property recognition of dogs, because for each really valuable dog there were hundreds of worthless curs, many of the latter living a predatory life, and exceedingly prejudiced to sheep growing. Municipalities, for special sanitary reasons, and for general reasons of comfort and protection, were forced to restrict the multiplication of curs, vagrant and otherwise, incident to irresponsible ownreship.

However, all these subjects have been given earnest and prolonged discussion from time immemorial. Grave as they were and are, they sink into relative insignificance when considered in relation with the actual killing of a dog for any cause by any one other than the owner. Many years ago some of the States adopted laws which justified the summary killing of dogs caught in the act of pursuing deer or sheep. At that time such laws met the resentful denunciation of many dog owners. Nevertheless, the laws remained, and time and experience have proved their wisdom and beneficence. This legal principle as it concerns dogs seems to be gaining wider adoption, for one State after another has added the law to its statutes. The owners at large accept it passively, therefore with their approval presumably, in noteworthy contrast to their protests of years ago on this point. It thus implies a recognition of the rights of others on the part of dog owners, which is better for themselves as owners, and incomparably best for the advancement of the dog in public esteem and his property possibilities. So long as owners as a class were insistent on the dog being a matter of property, and that regardless of whom he might assault or what property he might destroy, or what distrubance he might create, he still was property to be dealt with only by due process of law, they could hope for nothing favorable to their cause from public opinion on legal enactment. There is a distinct gain when their own rights are recognized in conjunction with rights of others.

PROTECTOR OVERTON'S RAIDS.

ARRANGEMENTS for beginning action in the cold storage cases which recently made such a sensation in New York have not yet been completed, though the negotiations are more or less well under way.

Incidentally, the case against Frank W. Burns, a dealer in poultry and game, of 390 Park avenue, who was the first man arrested by Protector Overton this spring—May 7—for selling game out of season, came up in Special Sessions before Justice Jerome, upon motion of the defendant's counsel for an adjournment to give the defendant an opportunity to obtain witnesses from Pennsylvania. It is inferred from this that the defendant's plea will be that the birds which he sold came from that State. If such a defense is to hold against the laws of New York, all attempts to enforce game laws so far as they refer to sale and possession might as well be abandoned. It had been reported that the arrest of Burns gave Protector Overton the first evidence that he had against the Arctic Freezing Company. This, however, is not the case. The evidence against that company was obtained in quite a different way, which, however, is not made public.

The interest in this attempt to enforce the State laws is very widespread. Protector Overton has received letters from many parts of the country, congratulating him on the raid. Vice-President Roosevelt, who, as is well known, is deeply interested in game protection, and is especially desirous to see the illegal cold storage business broken up, has written a very strong letter to Mr. Overton, and says:

> I want to tell you how heartily pleased I am at your recent really noteworthy feat in making the raid on the cold storage offenders. You are entitled to the respect and gratitude of good citizens generally, and in particular of all believers in the protection of game and song birds. Sincerely yours,
>
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

While from the mountains of California a reader of FOREST AND STREAM writes: "Away up here in the mountains 3,000 feet above the sea I read of your quests for illegal game, and congratulate the State of New York upon having a square game protector."

The Sportsman Tourist.

A New Guinea Tragedy.

SOMEHOW it has ever been the fate of Samoa to be the home of mistakes and the land of misconceptions. Everything that is has been neglected, and everything that is not has uniformly been taken for fact, the result being by no means all that was to be desired. Among other things there seemed to be a common convention to forget that we were but a handful of white people and wofully discordant at that, living on sufferance among a host of savage people. On every hand there was conclusive evidence of battle, murder and sudden death, yet with a wave of the hand all this evidence was brushed away, and we practically consoled ourselves with the air of looking upon Samoa as possessing more or less of the nature of a summer resort.

To be sure, it was only necessary to look at the lawn in our official compound to spy the 10-inch shell which proved that it had on occasion been forced on navies as a duty to shoot up the place. No further away than our flag pole was a double proof that these still waters and steady trade winds had brought ruin to fleets, for both the mast itself and a mighty piece of wreck stuff at its tabernacle were relics of the Trenton and Vandalia, which had met their fate just around Matautu Point. We used to grin complacently at the terror of the folk who lived back in the bush no more than two miles from the beach, who had conniption fits as soon as it was dark and who kept a young battery of lightning rifles in every room. But there were bullet holes through and through the Consulate as a proof that Samoan wars respected official life no more than anybody else. Once it had fallen to my unaided lot to stand off a party of rebels who had learned of the arsenal of modern rifles and ammunition that was under our care for use should war break out. Even that seemed somehow unreal and merely a part of the comic opera which is the one thing with which the attempt to administer Samoan affairs can be compared.

It is only now in the backward view and after putting Samoa half the world apart that it comes clearly into mind that life there was really life among the savages, and that the danger was but thinly veiled by consenting complacency. Yet, as I have already indicated, there was every reason for us to know better. That we simply ignored the danger was not because it did not press upon us at every side. I remember when the wife of the Apia chief, Fa'atulia her name was, and a most matter of fact person, told me the story of her brother's disappearance, and later the identification of his bones cooked near a pit oven in the bush, all going to show that he had gone the way of all flesh and had become meat; yet even such a story as this did not seem to possess any personal warning. About my only impression of that narrative is that I wondered how Fa'atulia could drink the "suamalie," the cheap and mawkishly sweet, red wine which was reserved for the visits of high chiefs' wives.

Many such stories of the wildest aspects of South Sea life were brought to me on my cool veranda looking out to sea from the village green of Vaiala. One I recall in particular as a record of adventure of the wilder sort, especially interesting to me because I was intimately acquainted with the chief actor in the events, and was listening to it from his own lips over the tea cups in my island home. He was the captain of the British cruiser that was doing a tour of guard duty in our wretched little kingdom, and the story seemed to arise naturally from the surroundings, for we were watching just outside our reef the efforts of a Danish bark to work to windward, so as to be able to lay a course that would set her clear of the group during the night.

"That barkentine out there," said the captain, "was my first command."

"Why, Captain," I exclaimed, "were you ever a slaver?"

"Oh, come now!" he replied. "I like that, you know. The Royal Navy doesn't go in for slave dealing—rather the reverse. But it's refreshing the way you Americans have of describing one of the ancient and technically honorable pursuits of the Pacific Ocean. Morally, you are all right when you call the Dagmar out yonder a slave ship, but technically you are all wrong, for she is a labor trader. We are to blame for legalizing the traffic and giving it that name. That's why we have just to grin and bear it when the Germans hire a lot of cheap ships from the Danes and the Norwegees and fill them up with these wild islanders for work on the German plantations here and in the Marshalls. We can't say a word, but I'd just like to be around some time when an American cruiser should overhaul one of these labor traders on the high seas with the recruited labor in her hold like sardines in a tin. Your people spell the thing in the old way, and labor traffic is slavery just the same. I don't believe they would make an international question of it, but in the time I'm telling you about the Dagmar was neither a jackass bark nor a blackbirder, nor was her name Dagmar at all. In those days she was quite respectable, being no less than a British gunboat, H. M. S. Swinger. You are familiar with that type of ship, just big enough for a lieutenant's command, if he does not happen to be too big to squeeze into her tiny cabin. You must have had them here as guard ships, but for the most part on the Australian station they are used to do survey work in among the islands of the western Pacific. It's not a half-bad billet for a young lieutenant, and if he only has the luck to discover a new island or outlying reef, and is willing to spend his own money in painting his ship once a year, his speedy promotion is a moral certainty, and meanwhile it's like running a yacht.

"It was in Tryon's time that I was broken out of the ward room country of the Nelson and put in command of the Swinger. You will recall Sir George Tryon. He was the first admiral we ever had on this station, and we were his first command when he reached flag rank; he's the same one that made a blunder in maneuvers a few years ago in the Mediterranean and went down with his ship—a particularly neat way out of it. Well, as soon as I read my commission on my own quarter deck, I lost no time in clapping a mortgage on all my future prospects to raise the money to paint the ship. I slapped the paint on her the very first thing—did it in Farm Cove, right in the admiral's sight—and when she was painted till she shone, I striped her from stem to stern, with a gold band—it was real gold leaf, too. After that the admiral recognized that I was a junior officer to keep an eye on, and he tried to make my billet a pleasant one.

"Just about that time there was an aide at Government House who was no end of a swell at home, related to half the peerage in one way or another, held a commission in and a leave of absence from a crack regiment of cavalry. With all these qualifications, he became the season's society idol, the envy of all the young squatters who came into Sydney for a fling, and the despair of our service, for, of course, we could not begin to compete with that sort of thing. Being just on the edge, as you might say, of the South Sea, this chap in his idle moments read rather extensively of the books that have been written on various phases of island life, and somewhat affected naval society in order to ask questions. Accordingly, it was no very great surprise when it was given out that the Governor had commissioned him to investigate the 'recidiviste' question—you know that meant the disposition of the runaway convicts from New Caledonia, a topic that was then greatly worrying colonial statesmen. Of course this chap—we might as well call him Forrest—was no more interested in the ultimate destination of a parcel of French convicts than you are, but he was just crazy for a cruise about the islands. But it was a great surprise to me when the admiral told me that Forrest was to make the cruise with me on the Swinger, and that as far as possible I was to take him wherever he wanted to go. The rule is in cases like that for the guest to put in the cabin stores, and that rule was a mighty lucky thing for me just then. I had almost come to the conclusion I should have to draw my ration in kind and live on that, for the gold leaf for that stripe was awfully expensive. Taking such a passenger, however, put me at once on Easy Street. All I had to do was to give him a list of the cabin stores that would be needed. He more than doubled the list when he came to give the order—the wines and tobacco came out of Government House. When we came to lay out the cruise, he asked if it would not be as well to go to the Marquesas first off. Then I knew that he had been reading Herman Melville, and was just about ready for a disappointment. But I fell back on the terms of his orders, and pointed out that there was no recidiviste problem in the Marquesas—the convicts could never escape from New Caledonia to windward. But he had it all fixed as pat as you please, and I suppose made it seem very logical to the Governor. His argument was about this fashion: There were French people in the Marquesas. If they were convicted of high crimes they would be sent to Nouméa; if they should escape they would strive to reach Australia; the upshot being that the only logical thing to do was to begin his investigations at the fountain head—namely, the Marquesas.

"I can assure you we had a great cruise in the Swinger, and I mention it now only because that put me on such good terms with Forrest as to make it almost imperative that I should be concerned with the second and tragic chapter. There was this to say about him: In a literary way he seemed to accept all the fine-spun ideas of the novelists who have entered into a conspiracy to rank all the South Sea kanakas 'with but before' the angels themselves. But in practice he could not quite go it. He made a whole lot of front, never went ashore except in the fullest kind of full dress uniform—and I may remark that his regiment was manifestly one of the pictorial lot that you see in reviews. But with the people themselves he was very standoffish; he made them keep their distance and never allowed any familiarity. You can imagine how that sort of thing would work with these kanaka kings and chiefs who strut through life as if they were as good as anybody and probably rather better. Why, I have seen him insist on shaking hands with a bunch of them through his handkerchief—he spread it all over his hand first, and then when they had done shaking hands with him, he threw the handkerchief into the fire. I don't hold with that sort of thing exactly, not that I believe in making the islanders your equal, but a man who is so dead set about them ought never to come among them. It's their home and their customs, and they are entitled to them, and those who don't like them don't have to come anyway. I told him often it was lucky he was not off by himself alone on this trip, for he'd most likely never come back. It was simply astonishing that a man who was so keen set on the kanakas of the story books and who seemed to find so much enjoyment in his cruise about the islands should have such a down on the real islanders.

"This cruise with me served to start in him a desire to do some exploration off his own bat. I suppose he was after the Geographical Society's gold medal or membership in the inner circle at the Travelers. Still, it's an innocent enough ambition, and there has been any quantity of good work done by these amateurs of geography. The spot he selected for his exploration was New Guinea. It's just as true to-day as it was then that New Guinea is so completely unknown that if you will only strike back from the coast anywhere at random you will discover something new, and the further back you go the more discoveries you will make. But it has this advantage, that the further in you get the less likelihood there is of your ever winning out to tell the world about the things you have discovered. It's not entirely climate that's at fault; quinine might protect you from the country fever, but it would be a difficult matter to protect yourself from the large and perennially hungry population. A man might make friends with them—it has been done—but I have made it quite plain that Forrest was not the man to do it. He made up a small party in Cooktown—just enough to work his steam launch and Nordenfeldt gun. His plan was to run up the Fly River as far as there was water enough for his launch, then make a secondary base at that point, and with two men push through the forest in a generally northerly direction to see what there might be to see. I was away on a cruise at the time, but when I heard what he had done, I knew there was nothing left but to write his epitaph.

"Sure enough the epitaph was needed. Six months later two survivors managed to work the launch into Port Moresby, on the Gulf of Papua. They reported that the trip had been without incident until the head of navigation was reached, the latter portion of the way being through absolutely new country, and they had Forrest's sketch survey to prove it. Here the leader left them, according to his plans of further exploration. All along up the river there had been slight brushes with the natives, but after every such skirmish the people seemed content to make friends and proved themselves to be of very thievish natures. At the secondary base the party protected its position by a stockade, and soon established cordial relations with their neighbors, and opened a market, where trade goods were bartered for provisions. They heard nothing from Forrest and his two companions after they had set out on foot, but that did not excite any comment, because there were no means whatever of communication. Their orders were to maintain themselves at the head of navigation until the return of the advance party, and not to expect them back short of six months. The survivors explained that within a month after the division of the expedition they found their stockade beset by a vastly superior force, who cut off all supplies from the country. After defending their position until they two were left alone, they had gone into the launch under cover of the darkness and made their way to the mission settlement at Port Moresby.

"Naturally a relief party was demanded by the Governor and by everybody. The admiral put me in command, both because I had been a friend of Forrest and also because I had had some little experience in such work. As far as the head of navigation on the Fly River it was all plain sailing, for I had the survivors to guide me and copies of Forrest's chart. We found the stockade destroyed and all the goods looted, but no evidence that Forrest had returned thither from the interior. At that point the real difficulties began, and we found the temper of the people such that we did not venture to divide our party. It was like searching for a needle in a hay mow, but we kept at it diligently. The only thing to do was to investigate each village until we found one where Forrest had passed through. Then from this village we cast about among all villages within a day's march, until we found another point of departure. This you may imagine was no easy thing to do, for it was not always the case that our coast natives could make themselves understood. In this way we followed Forrest and his companions to the higher lands on the central chain of mountains, and there we lost the trail. We had more than once lost the trail before since leaving the river, but it had meant only the expenditure of time and patience to pick it up. But in this case we were unable to find that our predecessors had ever passed a certain village to which we had trailed them. The people were sullen, refused to understand our interpreters, and tried to make it plain that before our coming they had never seen white men or heard that there were any such beings in existence. It was overdone, and I promptly suspected the community. When we had quartered all the land beyond without finding trace of our missing friends, it was determined to round up the suspected village and make a full investigation. It was not long before we found what the French call a piece of conviction. The chief or king of the place was wearing a not uncommon ornament of cannibal society, the lower jaw bone of a man hung on a rope of fiber about the neck and worn as a gorget. But the jaw bone worn by the chief carried teeth that were filled with gold, and this proved that some white man had been killed and eaten there. The prompt execution of the chief brought the rest of the people to confession. They acknowledged that they had attacked the three white men in their sleep, had killed them with clubs and later in the day had dined upon them. Their possessions they had divided up among the different families, but when they had learned that more white men were coming in their direction they had hidden them in the thatch of their houses for fear that we would hold them responsible for the other white men who had been killed. These goods, when produced, were ample proof that it was Forrest's party that had here come to grief. Accordingly we burnt the town and destroyed their plantations in order to teach the whole interior that white men were not to be eaten with impunity. It may seem somewhat unjust to inflict punishment thus by wholesale, but it is the only thing that such savages can understand, and it is pretty safe to assume that all were guilty alike.

"Search as diligently as we might, we could find no more human remains identifiable as belonging to Forrest's party beside that one polished jaw bone. That was removed from the chief before he swung for it, and I carried it back with me. In Sydney it was identified beyond a doubt by the dentist who had done some recent work for Forrest, and who had kept a chart of his mouth, showing the old and the new work. I passed it on up to the admiral, and he to the Governor. That jaw bone was all that was left of Forrest, the cousin of half the peerage, and it was treated with respect. The Governor sent it home in a plush jewel box. Only fancy being called upon to mourn one's dear departed represented solely by his jaw bone."

"Considering your description of Forrest's manner with the islanders, his fragmentary remains are somewhat reminiscent of the instrument with which Samson did such great execution," said I.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Taking Him at His Word.

A young hopeful of some five sleighrides recently acquired a small rabbit. His aunt found him the next day sitting on his knees with the rabbit held before him in both hands, and alternately shaking it and exclaiming: "Five times five!" "Six times three!" "Four times seven!"

Shocked at this seemingly cruel act on the part of her usually gentle nephew, she said: "Why, Harry, why on earth are you shaking that rabbit so? You'll kill it!"

"Well," responded Master Harry, "pape said this morning that rabbits multiply rapidly, but I can't make this one say a thing!"—New York Times.

Boyhood Memories.

OTHER chapters in this series have been: March 23—"In Close Quarters," by C. P. A.; "Old Sanger's Boat," by A. L. L.; "Another First Trout," by S. D. R.; "A Hunt in the Backwoods of Tennessee," by B. M. S. April 6—"An April Afternoon," by O. H. Hampton; "Gray Squirrel in a School House," by Graeme. April 20—"A First Visit to the Adirondacks," by A. N. Cheney. May 4—"The Hollow Tree," by Fall Leaf. May 11—"A Boy, a Man and a Memory," by Dr. T. J. Tompkins.

Some Boyhood Memories.*

X.—"Uncle Jim's Reel."

WHEN a boy, I lived on a farm in Kentucky near Silver River.

This stream was beautiful at all seasons, but in the spring when the fish began to bite—or were supposed to—my home was an earthly paradise.

At that season I would not have changed places with a circus rider, an Indian fighter or even a pirate.

Days spent on that clear, cold, bank-shaded stream were days to enjoy and remember.

My mother's youngest brother lived in Frankfort, and often made us short visits. He seemed greatly to enjoy the change from town to the country, and also the good, wholesome country fare, but most of all the freshly caught fish that I nearly always had for him in season.

He finally came to share my enthusiasm, and said he would come down some day and go fishing with me, and show me how to catch fish. There was probably never a man living, that fished at all, who did not think that he could catch more fish, and larger ones, than any boy. Just because boys use a sapling for a rod, any kind of string that is strong for a line, spit on the bait and jerk the fish right out on the bank, when hooked, they say we don't know how to fish. "You are not scientific," is what Uncle Jim used to say. "Just wait until I come to take that fish with you, and I will show you the scientific way."

One Friday afternoon on my return from school I found that Uncle Jim had come, and the next day being my holiday, I was to have the promised lesson in scientific fishing.

We were up at daybreak next morning, a beautiful day, and by the time breakfast was ready I had a can of angle-worms dug and my tackle all rigged up. When we reached the river I found that Uncle Jim had provided himself with more tackle for one day's fishing than Mr. Moss, our storekeeper, had for his entire stock in trade. Many of the things he had brought I could see no earthly good in, and the profusion of hooks, lines, floats, leads, etc., looked to me like very foolish and wasteful extravagance, but the beautiful pole, that came apart in sections about as long as a walking-cane, and had bright metal tips, ferrules and trimmings, commended itself to me and won my sincerest admiration and praise.

But the most useless and impracticable article in all his varied outfit, to my notion, was his reel—the first one I had ever seen—and his explanation of its use only served to strengthen me in this belief. That you should unwind and let out a whole lot of good line for a fish that was too big to pull in, to run off with, was to me the most foolish idea of all, and my uncle's theory, that the fish would become tired out when it had run to the end of the line, and you could pull it back, was one that my judgment did not approve at all, and I very frankly told him so.

Then he proceeded to give me a long talk on "scientific fishing," entering into details and explanations, that did not prevent me from jerking out two nice white perch and one goggle-eye in an unscientific manner entirely satisfactory to me, while he was talking about and getting ready to illustrate the art of catching fish. The fish bit freely, and my luck was even better than usual, and by the time Uncle Jim was ready to begin, I had caught nine nice ones. He would not use my bait, but had caught a minnow on a very small hook that he had, and by a long sweep and swing of the rod was casting his hook, baited with the minnow, nearly to the middle of the river. It was certainly very interesting to see him, with easy, graceful swings, cast 'way out in the deep water—ten times the length of his pole—where I knew there must be some big fellows, but casting out and winding in was all he did, while every few minutes, with a vigorous jerk, I landed a fish high and dry.

But then, as he very truly said, "A fish that will swallow this minnow of mine will be worth a dozen such as you are catching."

Nevertheless I was making sure of mine, and after more than an hour of hard work he was no nearer to success than when he began. I had just urged him to shorten up his line, put on a worm for bait and catch some fish by my unscientific method, when something struck his bait. The large float gave a dip half under, trembled a moment, and then began to slowly disappear under the water, as though the fish taking it was too large and dignified to move quickly. In a moment I was all excitement, and dropping my pole, I dashed up to Uncle Jim, shouting, "Pull! Pull him in! Pull with all your might." He promptly told me to keep quiet and stand back. Waiting for the line to tighten, he made a quick backward sweep with arm and wrist, and whatever it was, was hooked firm and fast. I immediately made up my mind that it was a big fish—the very biggest in the river—and was as wildly excited as a boy could well get. With my whole heart I wished I could get hold of my uncle's rod and try conclusions with the monster, feeling sure that it was strength and not science that was now needed. But though Uncle Jim's eyes fairly snapped, he made an effort to appear cool and collected—it was not scientific to get excited.

It was easy to see that the thing he had hooked did not know, nor care, anything about science, for after remaining quiet for a few seconds, it made two or three lunges like a wild bull, that made the line sing, and then down the river it went at a steady gait, that seemed to say, "I'm off; you can come or not, as you please."

Uncle tried again and again to check his catch, pulling back as hard as he dared, but the strain on the line was so great he had to let it go, paying out the line from off the reel so fast that it fairly buzzed.

Finally the line was all out and Uncle Jim started on a run down the stream, keeping near the water's edge, winding in line whenever he could get any slack and trying by frequent pulls to tire his catch, which was steadily sailing down the stream, keeping about in the middle. "Bring the landing net," he shouted to me, and I ran back to where he had left it, rejoicing that he had explained its use to me. Dashing down the river bank I soon overtook him, and found that he had run down opposite his catch and was walking rapidly along, winding in his line.

"Strange he don't turn," said my Uncle; "they nearly always run up stream when hooked."

"But he is a big fellow, sure," and I plainly saw that my uncle was showing some very unscientific symptoms of excitement.

"Pull him in! Pull him in so I can reach him with the net," I shouted, making dashes into the water's edge.

"Can't do it until I tire him out; he is too big," said he. On down the river we went, running wildly over rocks, logs and brush, sometimes on flat banks and sometimes on steep, rough ones for a little way as fast as we could run, and then for a few moments more slowly, I shouting as loudly as I could every few moments some request, or suggestion, to my uncle, for I was not a scientific fisherman and did get excited.

Finally on a steep, narrow bank I managed to get the landing net between my legs, and fell headlong, with such force as to throw me heels over head down the bank, and against my scientific relative's legs, as he balanced himself on a narrow, steep ledge, and dropping his pole he went head first into the river like a big frog, arms and legs flying. The water was deep and he disappeared entirely from sight. Before he had come to the surface I had caught up the pole and was holding it as he had been doing, letting the line run out. Ordinarily, under such circumstances, I should have felt solicitous for his safety and have hastened to render him assistance, but the big fish was my only thought now.

Swimming to the bank and scrambling out of the water, bare headed and dripping, he snatched his pole without a word, and I picked up the net, and away we went after our fish.

It was fearfully hot, and we had run almost half a mile, which over the rough and obstructed river bank was equal to several times that distance on level. But at last the whale—as I had about begun to believe him to be—began to show signs of exhaustion. He did not spurt so lively, and frequently sulked, affording an opportunity to recover line, without running after him, and I began to look around to see if we were near a road, feeling sure that it would take a wagon to haul him home. But I was meeting the difficulty of transportation altogether too soon, for a moment thereafter the line ran against a snag almost in the middle of the river, and do what he would my uncle could not release it.

The line was running out at a right angle round the snag, as the catch ran down the stream, but we could not follow on and wind it in, and of course it would all be out in a few moments and the fish would break away. Big boy that I was, my eyes filled with tears of disappointment, as I realized that in a few moments our magnificent prize would surely escape.

"It will never do to let such a fish get away," cried Uncle Jim, and thrusting his pole into my hands, he threw off his coat and boots and plunged into the river. Almost breathless with anxiety, fearing he would not reach it in time, I watched him swimming swiftly out to the snag, while the line on the reel grew less and less. But at last, just as it was tightening up on the last bit of slack, and after I had waded out into the river as far as I could keep my footing to ease the strain, Uncle Jim reached out and caught the log with one hand, and with the other quickly lifted the line and dropped it into the water below the log, giving me a chance to run down the bank a short distance and relieve the strain. And now I felt that with a man of such resources as my scientific Uncle was proving himself to be, we were sure to win.

I had run but a little way when he overtook me, all out of breath and without his boots, running like a professional sprinter, although the rocks must have caused his tender feet much pain.

He was a gritty fisherman even if he was a little too scientific, was my mental criticism, as I ran back to recover the net that I had laid down upon taking charge of the pole, and I felt sure that we would soon need it now.

When I overtook my uncle, and got a good look at him, I immediately concluded that if he was to enjoy that fish we would have to catch it soon, for he looked as though he had about reached the limit of human endurance. From his general appearance he might have been a prisoner to the Indians and run the gauntlet.

He was standing on a low point that extended out into the river some distance, with his pole pointing up stream and into the bank—having run down below the fish—and was slowly but surely guiding it into the pocket formed by this point, but he was a grewsome sight. One leg of his pants was torn almost entirely off; his toes on the right foot were all bloody where he had knocked them against a stone; his suspenders were broken and hanging down; one shirt sleeve was torn from shoulder to elbow, and a long mark of blood was down one side of his face from a cut in the temple he had received by coming violently in contact with the broken limb of a dead tree.

Although I was really frightened about him, the fish was my first care, and when he called me to come quietly with the net I did so, feeling that we were now surely about to be fully repaid for all of our trouble. "Easy, Louie," said he, as I rushed in to the water's edge. "Don't go in yet; he is near, but not in reach." Then came five minutes' agony of suspense. I could hear my heart throbs.

For a moment the line would come in slowly, then with a sluggish motion be drawn back; then in a little more, then back again, we winning a few inches every time.

"We will get him, Louie; he is tired out," whispered my uncle, "and what a monster he must be," he added. It occurred to me then that if tiring out meant defeat, the fish about had us.

But in he came, slowly but surely, closer and closer, and finally I could see the water getting muddy where it shoaled, and I begged uncle to let me dash in and scoop him up with the net.

"No," said he; "now is the critical time; a wrong move now and we lose our magnificent prize and all our labor. Be patient and follow carefully all of my directions."

I knew then that my uncle was not seriously hurt, as he was still scientific.

A little nearer and a little nearer, and now I could plainly see the float on the line, and felt almost sure that I could make out the dim outline of a monster of a fish. I was glad the net was big and strong.

"Now get ready," said uncle at last, in a low tone, "and when I give the word, you can jump in and plant the net about 3 feet beyond where my hook it, and come with a rush, and I will pull in as hard as I can on the line, and I think," he said with a chuckle, "I will show you a fish that will surprise you." And he did.

Working him in a little closer, uncle wound in his line with great care, until it was all in but the tight 3 or 4 feet running straight out in the water, then bracing himself, he nodded to me, and in I went.

Landing, with a jump, just beyond where I judged the fish to be, I clapped down the landing net, and with a desperate effort rolled and tumbled, while Uncle Jim shouted and hauled clear up on the bank our prize, and the next moment we stood looking down on the biggest, dirtiest old rusty snapping turtle I had ever seen in all my life. The great, ugly, slimy thing was as large as the bottom of a tub, and his head nearly as large as my two fists.

My disappointment was indeed terrible, for my expectations had been great, and I could either have laughed or cried; but one glance at Uncle Jim convinced me that it was no matter of choice—crying was the only safe thing for me then. He was the maddest man I ever saw.

After looking at the hideous old reptile for a few moments, he silently turned away, and searching around selected a large stone—so large that he could barely carry it—and this he brought and dashed down on the turtle's head with such force that it literally beheaded it.

It occurred to me that it was done quite "scientifically," but I did not feel that facetiousness would be appreciated just then, so kept the thought to myself.

Uncle Jim then wound up his line and sat down on the water's edge to wash the blood from his wounded foot, while I went back after his boots and coat. Then we slowly limped our way back along the rough way we had come, Uncle Jim first, I in the rear, and not a word was said.

When we returned to where I had left my pole and fish, fresh troubles awaited me. Somebody, or something, had carried off my pole and line, and a hog rooting along the bank had released my fish, which the current had carried off, and then my cup was filled to overflowing, and I lifted up my voice and kept.

But my consolation came quickly, for Uncle Jim, opening his tackle box, took therefrom a handful of hooks, lines, leads and floats, and these, with the beautiful jointed rod, he handed me, saying, "For you, Louie, and you need not say anything at the house about our luck this morning."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Ex-President Harrison as a Sportsman.

IN the death of our beloved ex-President, Benjamin Harrison, the fraternity of true sportsmen lost one of its most distinguished members. The world knew him as an orator, an intrepid soldier, an efficient ruler, an astute statesman, an exemplary citizen and a God-fearing man. A few intimate, lifelong friends, however, knew him as a sportsman in the fullest sense of the term. When a mere lad his love for the rod and gun manifested itself. The rivers flowing close by his old home at North Bend, O., were well stocked with fish in that day, and in their season wildfowl were plenteous. The woods were veritably alive with squirrels, wild pigeons and partridges, and in the pursuit of such game young Harrison became an expert shot, particularly with the rifle. General Lew Wallace, in his "Life of Benjamin Harrison," is authority for the statement that "Very frequently he [Harrison] assisted the negro who served the household in the capacity of cook, carried wood and water for him and helped him wash the dishes, that he might the better secure his company in a bout at fishing or hunting." This fondness for fishing and hunting became a passion with him in later life, and it was very rarely that a shooting season went by without his indulging in a few days' sport with the ducks, the prairie chickens, the jacksnipe or the quail.

Jacksnipe, prairie chicken and quail shooting afforded him more real enjoyment than any other kind of shooting, as pleasant weather is to be had during the shooting season of these birds—a thing seldom met with during the ducking season. He was, however, in his younger days an enthusiastic duck hunter, and his love for the sport frequently carried him out into Illinois, where a few days were spent over the decoys on the Illinois River and neighboring waters, or up into the prolific Kankakee marshes in northern Indiana. A few years after he had left the White House he made a trip to California, and while there was a member of a duck shooting party. The guides of the expedition to this day delight in telling of the time when they went shooting with an ex-President who wore long rubber boots, an ordinary corduroy shooting suit and a slouch hat. During the later years of his life he confined himself to quail shooting almost exclusively, as he considered it indiscreet for a man of his years to expose himself to the inclemencies of the weather that one is forced to encounter when ducks are the objects of pursuit.

General Harrison was always an admirer, in fact a lover, of a good bird dog, and he was never without a thoroughly trained, well-bred pointer dog, and on all hunting excursions was exceedingly solicitous for the welfare of his dog. He always took particular pains to see that his dog received the best of care.

When in the field, his garments were always of unostentatious cut and pattern. A corduroy coat and vest, with knickerbockers of the same material, canvas leggings, waterproof hunting shoes and a slouch hat of soft felt made up his apparel. It has been said that when thus harnessed for the field he was not the most prepossessing being on earth, owing, no doubt, to his shortness of stature and great abdominal development.

He was never a connoisseur of fine firearms, but always kept several good, substantial, serviceable guns about him. In his will he made disposition of two shotguns, a Lefever and a Daly, and one rifle, the last forming a part of the equipment of his summer place in the Adirondacks.

Quail shooting was unquestionably his favorite sport, as year after year found him climbing fences, plodding through the mud, brushing aside corn stalks and penetrating dense thickets in quest of America's most intelligent, most cunning game bird. Quail shooting is delightfully fascinating, intoxicatingly so, and any one who has ever been fortunate enough to get a taste of it invariably wants to drink a little deeper every season. This was true of General Harrison, and just three months before his death he, with a party of friends, with whom he had hunted

annually for twenty years, again had their hearts gladdened and their longing gratified by a three days' hunt over the beauteous fields of northern Indiana, where a goodly number of birds were secured. To illustrate his love for quail shooting, it might be pertinent to state that during his hunt last December, which regretably was his last, the third day was rendered unfit for shooting by a slow, miserable rain that made all nature take on a gloomy aspect. This, however, was not sufficient to lessen the ardor of General Harrison, and it was only after several vigorous remonstrances of his friends that he was persuaded not to expose himself to the raw, bitter wind and the chilling rain.

General Harrison was always considered a most excellent shot by all who ever accompanied him on a hunt. He was what is popularly known as a "snap shot," especially during his younger days, but even up to his last hunt his "draw" was surprisingly quick and his aim remarkably true for a man of his age. He never went forth into the field to make a "bag," but simply contented himself with a reasonable number of birds, even if many more were to be had. He strenuously condemned the wanton slaughter of any kind of game, and was a staunch advocate of all game protection movements. He was not, however, in sympathy with the present popular practice of the various States of charging an exorbitant price for a license to hunt within their borders. He believed such legislation to be unwise and wholly impotent.

One would naturally believe that General Harrison, because of his lack of physical exercise and his corpulence, would not be able to cover much territory in a day's hunt. Such belief, however, is far from true, as he was an indefatigable walker, the matter of wonderment and admiration among his friends, and he not infrequently led the much younger members of his party a merry chase across the country.

For a few years before his death General Harrison, with his family and a few intimate friends, spent his summers up in the Adirondacks in Herkimer county, N. Y., on the Fulton chain of lakes, where excellent fishing and good shooting were to be had. It was here that he got his first taste of big-game shooting, and a well-authenticated report is that more than one magnificent buck fell before his unerring aim.

There are men who say that General Harrison was cold, distant and unsympathetic. It may possibly be true that he did not wear his heart on his sleeve in public life, but every man who was ever fortunate enough to come in contact with him as a sportsman will gladly testify that a more genial, a more considerate or a more companionable sportsman never drew a gun to shoulder than he. He was a great student of nature, and his unbounded love for her frequently manifested itself. Her innumerable charms and delights seemed to completely captivate him, and being with and communing with her furnished him as much enjoyment and pleasure as the pursuit of her children.

There was one phase of hunting for which he displayed a decided antipathy. This was the killing of a wounded or crippled bird, and quite frequently a friend was called to administer the death blow.

No difficulties were ever experienced by him in finding good shooting grounds, as he was deluged every season with letters from his many friends inviting him to hunt over a neighborhood where quail were legion. He had his favorite grounds, however, and hunted over them year after year with the same companions, two or three bosom and life long friends, from his own dear city of Indianapolis.

He was always exceedingly popular with the country people—so much so, in fact, that when the people gained intelligence of his being in their neighborhood on a hunt, urging invitations were immediately sent to him to come and hunt over their farms. This popularity was doubtless ascribable to the fact that he was always especially sociable and considerate when in their presence, and showed a lively interest in topics interesting to them, such as crops, stock, etc. He never displayed any unwillingness to sit at the table with the farm hands in their shirt sleeves, but merely took it as a matter of course—an unmistakable example of his catholicism.

Around the fire after the day's hunt, General Harrison with a cigar between his teeth would often entertain the entire party with his hunting reminiscences. They were told in such a charming, delightful and inimitable style that his auditors always became insistent for more—more, and the result was that the lamp would be kept burning until a late hour. He was a man who thoroughly enjoyed a wholesome, inoffensive joke. His sense of humor was remarkably well developed, and many are the stories told by his old hunting companions of the jokes played on them and others by the General. He was many times the butt of a joke, and he took it as good-naturedly as if he had played it himself, which proves conclusively that he possessed a fine sense of humor.

His visit to a community always created a sensation. The whole populace became agog and every one had an irrepressible desire to get a glimpse of him. A few years ago he slipped into Sheridan, Ind., and enjoyed a few days' quiet shooting. The villagers, however, were apprised of his presence, and when he arrived at the station to board a train for home he was confronted by a vast assemblage of men, women and children from miles around. The public schools had been dismissed and the children were there en masse. General Harrison's little party was completely surrounded by a curious, inquiring, admiring crowd. A member of his party told a little girl who happened to be standing near by, gazing in open-mouthed wonderment at the General, to speak to him, that he should be glad to shake hands with her. She took one step forward, halted, then her courage failed her, and she was soon lost in the crowd. A buxom country maiden who had overheard the conversation, and after being assured that she would be cordially received, finally mustered up sufficient courage to proffer her hand to the General. He took her hand in his and spoke a few kind, reassuring words to her, and she went away, the happiest girl in the world. The effect of her action was electrical. From every quarter came hands thrust forward, eager to grasp those of the ex-President. And he had a firm, welcome and inspiring handshake and a pleasing smile for all. This little incident truly brought out the intrinsic character of the man. He had had a hard day's hunt, and was tired and dressed in his muddy hunting clothes. How easy it would have been for him to have refused to send the sunshine into those people's hearts, that he so graciously sent. But that would have been another man—not General Harrison.

Sportsmanship is sadly in need of such type of sportsmen as General Harrison, and in his death a distinct and irreparable loss is to be recorded. He was a model sportsman, and may his life as such be honored and emulated by all who are true lovers of the rod and gun.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. WILBUR CARLIN MCINTOSH.

Poke-o-Moonshine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps Mr. Ames will find that Poke-o-Moonshine is a wanderer from the Spanish south, disguised and very much Americanized. The Mexican has a drink which is called mescal. Its effect is somewhat out of proportion to its quantity when swallowed. So the native is sometimes diffident about taking it in too large quantities.

"Poco mescal! Pocotito mescal!" is to be heard in the Mexican inn, I have read. "A little mescal; a very little mescal," is what the speaker means. "Pocotito mescal," however, is likely to mean two fingers taken in the traditional fashion.

I imagine that a South American first asked for "poco moonshine," and that he got it. The expression is of the sort that travels, so finally it came to the Adirondacks and Maine, where it rested on a mountain stream in the form of Poke-o-Moonshine.

A much more appropriate derivation would be to link Poke-o-Moonshine with the word "pokerish," a hazy, shivery sort of word, expressive of the haunted four corners and the back garret where the relics are visited by ghosts who lived and died when the relics were in prime use, and equally applicable to the dark shades of the forest in the moonshine.

Perhaps Poke-o-Moonshine Mountain is a long, tedious one to cross, a poky, uninteresting stretch of a trail that passes it—one that makes one poke along in the moonshine after sundown. Still I presume the Spanish "poco" is likeliest to be the source of the expression.

Perhaps this venture in word analysis will help Mr. Ames both as to Poke-o-Moonshine and "Poke-Logan." I never saw the latter one before that I remember, nor do I know what a "logan" is, unless it is "a logging rock or rocking stone," which is the dictionary definition.

In this connection, Mr. Editor, why isn't there a dictionary of woods terms? A book, I mean, in which one would be able to get the meaning of hobnails, still-hunt, cold trail, runway, leader, stretcher, dropper, drawing fire, holding over and the like. There are terms in general use among Rocky Mountain trappers, Maine guides and sportsmen which deserve explanation, not to say perpetuation, by a competent word analyzer and sportsman. Think what a help it would be to have descriptions of the native flies, for instance, when one is planning a trip into unfamiliar waters. See what a pleasure it would be to the writer to realize that he wasn't putting his hero on the back track of the villain when he came to the woods. "For trolling an artificial minnow is best. A small spoon is also good. We had neither with us on this day, and instead we used large, dead minnows with swivels to prevent the lines from becoming kinked. We had proceeded only a short distance when the bass began to strike," is a specimen of average fish story lingo likely to make trouble in the mind of a man who never used anything but flies on an Adirondack stream. A "strike," a "bite" and a "rise" are, perhaps, typical of three kinds of fishing—i. e., trolling, plugging (?) and fly-casting—but one might write a long time and not use the terms properly.

Of course one can find nearly all of these words in a six or eight volume general dictionary. For example, "Still-hunt, see hunt"; "hunt" is three volumes away. Then "Still-hunt, a hunt conducted with unusual silence and caution; hence, in American politics, a canvass conducted in a quiet and secret manner." I imagine the man who wrote that definition would canvass the wilderness a long while in his quiet, secret, unusually silent and cautious fashion before he would be elected a successful pot-hunter. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

Directions for a Traveler.

From the Berea (Ky.) Quarterly.

THE highways of the mountains are not laid out by compass and surveyor, but by the far more irregular laws of nature. It will be truly interesting to read through the following succinct directions actually given one of our extension workers for going from Booneville to Hazard. And the mountain man who can remember these directions without "taking notes" has a memory that surpasses that of most "furriners."

Route from Booneville, Owsley Co., to Hazard, Perry Co.

Up South Fork of Kentucky River to mouth of Cow Creek.
Up to head of Cow Creek to head of Burton's Fork of Long's Creek.
Down Burton's Fork of Long's Creek to E. D. Collihan's.
Up Sycamore Fork of Long's Creek to mouth of Trace Fork.
Up to head of Trace Fork of Long's Creek to head of Trace Creek.
Down Trace Creek to Squabble Creek.
Down Squabble Creek to Middle Fork of Kentucky River.
Up Middle Fork two miles to mouth of Gray's Creek.
Up to head of Gray's Creek to head of Joe Eversole's Branch.
Down Joe Eversole's Branch to the North Fork of Kentucky River.
Up the North Fork to mouth of Camel's Creek.
Up to head of Camel's Creek to the head of Forked Mouth.
Down Forked Mouth to the North Fork of Kentucky River.
Up North Fork one mile to mouth of Willord's Creek.
Up to head of Willord's Creek to head of Big Creek.
Down Big Creek to lower left-hand Fork.
Up to head of left-hand Fork to head of Hale's Creek.
Down Hale's Creek to North Fork of Kentucky River.
Ford the Kentucky River and enter Hazard.

Natural History.

An Outing in Acadia.—V.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[*Continued from page 345.*]

THE young growth that John had mentioned was soon reached, but with the exception of a single woodcock, no more birds were obtained.

"What a lot of blackberries there are here," exclaimed the Doctor, as in a short time we emerged from the thick covert and entered a large tract of raspberry and blackberry bushes. "What a harvest the young ladies could gather here," he continued, as he picked handfuls of the ripe and lucious fruit.

Delicious they proved to be, and we picked and ate all we desired. "There has been a fire through here within a few years," said the Doctor, as we moved among the bushes, "and it almost always happens that the raspberry and blackberry spring up and flourish as they do here, the fruit furnishing an abundant and welcome food to many animals and birds. By and by the bushes will be over shadowed by trees, which are again establishing themselves, as we can see here, and they will weaken and die, for the sunlight is essential to their life."

"Yes," I replied; "I notice that young trees are growing, but they are not pines and spruces, such as are seen on all sides of this little patch, but are oaks, mostly, and a few maples."

"You are right," said the Doctor. "Yes; they are principally oaks, and they will for many years to come replace the cone-bearing trees in this place."

"Can you imagine how this comes about?" asked the guide.

"Very easily, indeed; the change is effected by the squirrels, chiefly."

"How do the squirrels plant the trees?" he asked.

"They plant them by burying the nuts in the autumn, and it is astonishing how accurately, how unerringly they dig in the winter to their buried treasures, which are

A PLANTER OF FORESTS.

sometimes covered by six or eight inches of snow. Of course they do not recover all that are cached, and from those that are left spring the young trees, such as those we see around us."

That the Doctor was right has been proved by the observations of many good and careful students.

The squirrel tribe seems, from its general physical conformation, to be the means—the agents—that nature has provided for securing a diffusion of our nut-bearing trees.

The little rodents, bright, nervous, active, provident, are gifted with good digestive powers, and as they are active through the winter their appetites must be provided for. Their favorite food, which is susceptible of preservation for many months, is by their peculiar instinct stored in just the right form and manner to meet not only their hibernal wants, but also to provide for a future supply.

For the nuts buried here and there, one or two inches deep in the damp, rich humus, are planted under exactly the right conditions for future germination, and if but a small proportion of them escape the squirrel's appetite, enough are left to continue the forest growth generously—yes, munificently. Every good observer will see as he passes among the pines and spruce, little sprouts of oaks and beeches scattered here and there, some rising a foot, others two or more feet in height. These are sprouts one or two years old, sprung from the nuts which had been buried and forgotten by the squirrels. Not a nut-bearing tree is anywhere in sight, and the seed must have been brought from quite a distance. I have known instances of hickory nuts being buried a half-mile from the parent tree, and acorns from even a greater distance.

The question might well be asked, "Why do the squirrels bring them to these pine groves? Why not bury them in any other place?"

They bury them everywhere—in birch woods, in fields, in old pastures and even in orchards; you can find in any of these localities at any time seedlings of our nut trees which have been planted by the squirrels. But they prefer the denser evergreen woods for storing places, and for their homes, because a better covert is afforded them from their many enemies than is found in the deciduous woods, and here again the wonderful provisions of nature are apparent. Not only is the proper rotation of vegetable life thus secured, a rotation absolutely essential, but the very best and most favorable conditions are secured for

the new growth in being planted where, during the earlier period of its life, it will be protected from the too fervent rays of the sun.

So well recognized is the fact that the deciduous trees can best be propagated and grown when shade in some form is provided them, that for many years German and English arboriculturists have provided evergreen shade and shelter trees for their young oak plantations. Thus it happens in nature's workings, that when a grove or forest of evergreens is felled it is succeeded principally by a deciduous growth.

Anually the squirrels plant the nuts, the sprouts start up and live two, three or even more years, according to the density of the shade above them, and then they die, for too much shade after a certain period is fatal to them. This planting of the nuts and the early dying of the sprouts go on year after year, steadily and constantly, until the time comes for the pines to die, when their dense shade being removed, the sprouts which had found one or two or three years' protection in it, start up with the greatest vigor and rapidity of growth.

"But it is growing late," exclaimed the Doctor, as we reached the border of the blackberry patch. "There seems to be no grouse in this neighborhood, and we had better work our way toward home; the young ladies will be expecting us."

Our steps were now turned toward the falls, John leading the way through the thick undergrowth and over windfalls and decaying logs. An occasional hare was started from its lurking place or "form," and one was not quite quick enough to elude my aim.

The hares that abound in the woods of Nova Scotia are known as the great Northern hare. Unlike the brown hare (often, but improperly, called rabbit) of southern New England, it is strictly an inhabitant of the woods, and very seldom ventures into fields and cultivated tracts.

In winter it seems to prefer the swamps, where its paths are seen running in all directions. In summer it avoids such localities, choosing higher ground at all times, being fond of a thick undergrowth of young evergreens. So abundant is it in Nova Scotia that the writer has seen many wagon loads of them carried to market. On being hunted by dogs, it often doubles on its tracks, and thus sometimes eludes its pursuers. It does not take refuge in holes in the earth as does the common rabbit on being hard pressed, but depends entirely on its fleetness and strength and the thickness of the covert. Its flesh, though rather dry, is generally palatable, but in winter, when it feeds on spruce and hemlock twigs and bark, it is far from attractive. In fact, specimens that I have shot in winter were so strongly flavored with this food that even in a highly seasoned stew they were absolutely repulsive; in trying to eat them, the flavor seemed almost as strong as turpentine.

The hare does not move around in the day time very much, but remains concealed beneath a clump of bushes or beneath a windfall or mass of rock.

It has innumerable enemies, and it forms the principal food of the lynx, fox, various species of owls and other rapacious animals and birds. Were it not very prolific it would soon be exterminated. The young are usually five or six in number, and two families are born in a year. The color of its fur changes from a light yellowish brown or buff in summer to white in winter.

At the falls the young ladies with overflowing baskets were awaiting our return, and we were soon on our way, homeward bound. The road led through a long stretch of maples and birches, their foliage showing brightly against the somber hemlocks and other evergreens which occasionally sprang up among them.

"The frost was pretty keen here," said the Doctor; "the maples are becoming brilliant and the ferns show that the touch of the *avant courier* of winter has been laid upon them."

"I wish it had been laid on some of these mosquitoes that are continually flying in my face," exclaimed Edna, petulently. "I did not expect to find any in September."

"There will be a few left until the cold weather comes," replied the Doctor, "but they will not be very troublesome—in fact, those which are hovering about us are chiefly males, which do not bite us."

"Can it be possible that the females only are the tormentors?"

"Yes; the females are the misery producers among mosquitoes."

"Awful nuisances they are," said Phœbe. "I never could understand why they were created."

"The mosquito has its mission," replied the Doctor. "It is, during most of its life, an aquatic insect, and it is then that its usefulness is apparent, for at that period of its existence it subsists on various animalculæ which render the water impure, and consequently injurious to man and other animals."

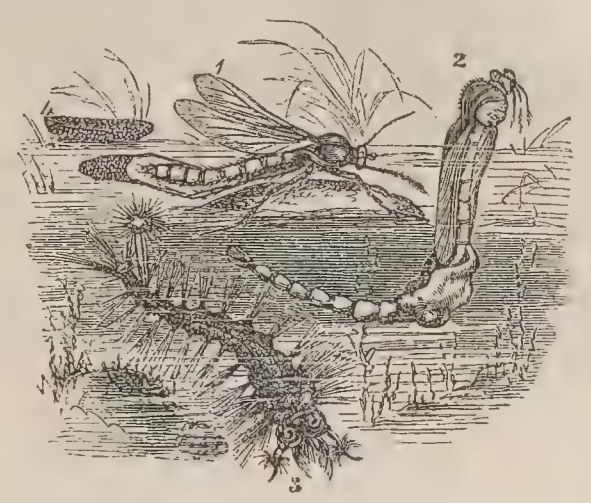
"Really, I had no idea that the pest was ever of any benefit to anything."

"Yes; I have no doubt it is of considerable benefit, although I feel sometimes that its attacks on us more than offset all the good it does."

The life history of the mosquito is far from uninteresting. The female lays her eggs in the spring and early summer. I have never seen the act performed, but it has been stated by an entomologist, who witnessed it, that she rests on a bit of grass or leaf on the top of the water, clinging to it by her first and second pairs of legs; the third pair she crosses behind her like the letter x. The first egg is caught and held between her legs, then another and another are fastened to the first by the gum that covers them, until fifteen or twenty have been arranged side by side like seeds in the head of a sunflower. The writer further states that when the mass becomes too heavy for her to support, she lowers it upon the water, but still holds it by putting her feet on either side, until two or three hundred eggs have been laid. The whole mass is shaped somewhat like a canoe, and is about as large as a grain of wheat. We can often see these tiny black boats floating on the top of a stagnant pool of water; the life within the eggs is not destroyed even if the water freezes.

If the weather is warm, the eggs hatch in three or four days, and each one sends a wiggler down into the water through a hole in the bottom. The little mite or larva swims about and ever and anon hangs himself by his tail to the surface, leaving the tip out of the water. The reason it does this is, the tube through which it breathes is not in its head, but at the tip of its tail; this ends in a few hairs, which spread out in a star-like form and are oiled to repel the water.

The larvæ mosquito soon changes into the pupa form. It now breathes through its ears, or rather tubes that look like ears, which are thrust a little out of the water; its tail resembles that of a fish, and by it it can move at will through the water. In this stage of its existence it remains about fifteen days, and then another change takes place. The pupa rises to the surface and thrusts out its head and shoulders, and then burst its skin. The filmy wings now appear, but the insect instinctively remains



MOSQUITO MAGNIFIED.

1. Insect depositing eggs. 2. Insect escaping from pupa case. 3. Larva of mosquito. 4. Floating raft of eggs.

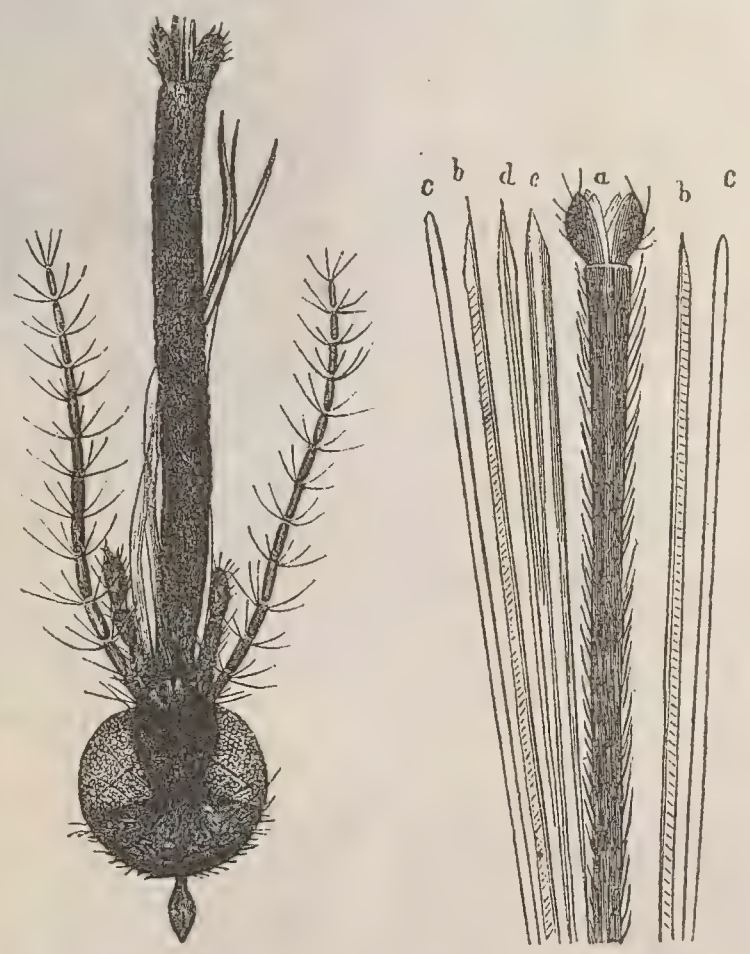
quiet until they and its slender legs are dry. When they are ready for use it leaps into the air, a singing, full-fledged insect.

"In the larval form," continued the Doctor, "it feeds upon decaying matter and micro-organisms; it is stated that it rids the stagnant pools of microbes which produce miasmatic fevers; it also eats a variety of animalculæ, and it has been known to seize and kill young fishes. When it changes to the pupa form it apparently does not eat."

"It eats all right when full grown," added John. "I've always wondered what it fed on when no animals were round to furnish it a meal."

"Probably it sucks the juices of plants," was the reply, "or perhaps it does not feed at all, if it cannot obtain the food it desires."

"The sucking or biting apparatus of this insect is quite interesting. It consists of six bristle-like organs which are inclosed in another called the labium; these are thrust into the skin and then into the flesh of the victim, until they are sunk their entire length. Gosse, the eminent microscopist, in describing the process, says: 'When the array of lancets is introduced into the flesh, you are aware that a tumor is left, which by its smart, itching and inflammation, causes much distress, and lasts many hours.



Head and proboscis of female mosquito as seen under the microscope. The reticulation on each side of the head shows the space occupied by the eyes.

Proboscis and lancets of female mosquito as seen under the microscope. a, Labium; b.b., mandibles; c.c., maxillæ; d, tongue; e, labrum.

This effect is probably produced partly by the deep penetration of the instruments, for they are fully one-sixth of an inch in length, and they are inserted to their very base, and partly by the injection of a poisonous fluid, intended, as has been conjecturally suggested, to dilute the blood and make it more readily flow up the capillary tubes. The channel through which this fluid is injected is probably the tongue, which is permeated by a tube containing a fluid, and the same channel may afford ingress to the diluted blood.'*

"The labium does not enter the wound. If you have ever had the philosophic patience to watch a mosquito while puncturing your hand, you have observed that the knob at the end of the proboscis is applied to the skin, and that then the organ bends with an angle more and more acute, until at length it forms a double line, being folded on itself, so that the base is brought into close proximity to the skin. Meanwhile the lancets have all been plunged in, and are now sunk into your flesh to their very bottom, while the labium which formed merely the sheath for the whole, is bent up upon itself, ready again to assume its straight form, as soon as the disengaged lancets require its protection."

*Recent experiments at Havana have proved conclusively that the yellow fever is communicated by the bite of the mosquito, and well authenticated cases of other diseases being spread in like manner are recorded.

A writer in the Strand Magazine, in describing the habits of the mosquito, says:

"You can best observe the mosquito in action by letting one settle undisturbed on the back of your hand and waiting while she fills herself with your blood. You can easily watch her doing so with a pocket lens. Like the old lady in 'Pickwick,' she is soon 'swelling wisibly.' She gorges herself with blood, indeed, which she straightway digests, assimilates and converts into three hundred eggs. But if while she is sucking you gently and unobtrusively tighten the skin of your hand by clinching your fist hard you will find that she cannot any longer withdraw her mandibles. They are caught fast in your flesh by their own harpoonlike teeth, and there she must stop accordingly till you choose to release her. If you then kill her in the usual manner by a smart slap of the hand, you will see that she is literally full of blood, having sucked a good drop of it.

"The humming sound itself by which the mosquito announces her approaching visit is produced in two distinct manners. The deeper notes which go to make up her droning song are due to the rapid vibration of the female insect's wings as she flies, but the higher and shriller notes of the complex melody are due to special stridulating organs situated like little drums on the openings of the air tubes.

"The curious mosquito music thus generated by the little drums serves almost beyond a doubt as a means of attracting male mosquitoes, for it is known that the long hairs on the antennæ of the males vibrate sympathetically in unison with the notes of a tuning fork within the range of the sounds emitted by the female. In other words, hair and drums just answer to one another. We may therefore reasonably conclude that the female sings in order to please and attract her wandering mate, and that the antennæ of the male are organs of hearing which catch and respond to the buzzing music she pours forth for her lover's ears. A whole swarm of gnats can be brought down, indeed, by uttering the appropriate note of the race. You can call them somewhat as you can male glowworms by showing a light which they mistake for the female."

"It is only when it is the 'little wiggler' just hatched from the egg, then, that the mosquito is beneficial," said Phœbe. "What a pity it is that it does not always remain a wiggler."

"There must be more than one kind of mosquito," said John. "I have certainly seen several varieties."

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "there are over thirty North American species, and some of them are terribly bloodthirsty."

Ocean Waifs.

A NUMBER of instances have been recorded of land birds appearing near vessels far out at sea, and apparently overcome with fatigue, they would perch for several hours in the rigging before proceeding on their journey; or, desperate with hunger, would fly fearlessly down to the deck, where food and water is never refused them. Small events like these are welcome breaks in the monotony of a long ocean voyage, but are soon forgotten at the end of the trip. Two of these ocean waifs have recently been presented to the New York Zoological Park, and are on exhibition in the bird house. One is a young European heron (*Ardea cinerea*), the gift of Capt. G. E. Warner, of the steamship Glencartney. The bird flew on board his vessel when about 205 miles southwest of Cape Cormorin, the southern extremity of India, but did not appear tired out, although it had probably not rested since leaving the land. A storm must have driven it seaward, as there is no migration route near this locality. The heron's wing was clipped ,and it proceeded to make itself entirely at home, and, showing a fierce and aggressive disposition, was confined most of the time in the potato bin, which it defended so vigorously against the inroads of the cook that the latter received several wounds from the bird's beak while attempting to secure the daily ration of potatoes.

The second bird is a European turtle dove (*Turtur turtur*), which was captured not less than 750 miles from the nearest land—Ireland. On May 27 it flew on board the steamship Phœnicia of the Hamburg-American Line, and was cared for and presented to the park by Capt. Paul Froehlich. It was in an exhausted condition when caught, but quickly recovered, and at present is in beautiful plumage, showing no signs of the buffeting of the storm which it must have undergone. The turtle dove migrates northward to the British Islands about the first of May, but, as this bird was captured on May 17, it was not migrating, but, caught by a gust of wind, was probably blown away from the land. The force of the storm would then drive it mile after mile, allowing it no chance of controlling the direction of its flight, but, from the very velocity, making it easy for the bird to maintain its equilibrium.

Hundreds of brds must perish when left by storms far out at sea, and the infinitely small chance of a vessel or other resting place being in sight makes a bird which has passed through such an experience and survived an interesting addition to a collection.—New York Evening Post.

Breeding the Wild Pigeon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I suggest that the reason why Prof. C. O. Whitman has had so little success in breeding wild pigeons (vide his letter to Mr. C. H. Ames, yours 15th inst., page 464) is that his breeding stock is infertile from too intense breeding?

Prof. Whitman says that his stock comes from a pair obtained by a Mr. Whitaker twenty years since. Necessarily any existing descendants must be intensely inbred, and the fact that too long continued inbreeding impairs fertility seems thoroughly established, at least in connection with dogs, as was conclusively shown by Dr. J. Sydney Turner, of London, England, some years since. And it also seems well established that the most intensely inbred bitch will breed freely if mated with a totally unrelated male, more especially if that male be of another breed of dogs; therefore it would seem that the course for Prof. Whitman to pursue is to procure a cock pigeon from some other source than the one his stock came from.

W. WADE.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Capercailzie.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with great regret that I read in your columns at the time, of the untimely death of the caperacilzies put out in Vermont, not only on account of the financial loss sustained, but particularly because I am convinced that all foreign game birds introduced in our country can successfully be established and propagated if only all the important conditions for their sustenance and protection are duly observed. While I do not pretend to appear before you as an expert in raising game birds, I feel that I can nevertheless speak with authority of whatever I have to submit to you and your readers, inasmuch as I have at every opportunity presented during the past twenty years studied these birds, not only in their natural haunts but also in captivity, and furthermore, have hunted them successfully. Since I do not know under what natural conditions in reference to cover and feed these birds were given their liberty, it may be taken for granted that one or the other necessary factor for their welfare must have been overlooked. The pot-hunter or poacher alone did not hasten their destruction. I believe faulty selection of their breeding grounds or want of proper food killed them.

To write a natural history of the capercailzie would mean writing a book, and of course is out of the question here, but a few practical hints might be of value. Speaking of the capercailzie (*Tetrao urogallus*) as the king of European game birds, we must not forget that when he is brought over here he not only finds entirely new surroundings, different food, but, what I consider of particular weight, arrayed against him a whole army of beasts and birds of prey which are unknown to him on the other side, and his large size making him so conspicuous he easily becomes their victim.

In the localities where I have observed and hunted him such animals as our lynx, wildcat, panther, mink, skunk and many other rapacious animals do not exist. His only enemies there are a few species of hawks and rarely eagles. The red fox, marten, etc., are kept pretty well in check, so that from that side he is pretty well protected.

Our native forests are, with a few exceptions up in the North Woods, not adapted for his existence, being entirely too open and generally stocked with species of trees, which with their seeds are not to his liking. Since he principally feeds on young shoots, tender buds and berries of evergreens, who knows but that just the want of the right kind of food did not kill him in Vermont—the eating of strange and indigestible food?

Wherever I found him it was in mountainous districts, away from civilization, as in the southern part of Austria, in Steiermark, in the Tyrol and the Bohemian forest. Here in thick stands of pine and spruce, mixed with birch and a generous undergrowth of juniper, he thrives best.

These woods, of course, are more or less grown and managed by proper forestry systems, and are mostly so thick that he finds plenty of shelter therein. Of a number of cocks shot (hens are never killed abroad) I found the contents of their stomachs and crops to consist principally of resinous substances. He seems to be particularly fond of the seeds of Norway spruce and Scotch pine, and in addition I found a variety of other vegetable matter. It would seem from this that if a proper forestry system were introduced, wherever one would like to have them establish themselves, a continuous war declared on all rapacious animals and all possible precaution taken against poachers, nothing would stand in the way of success.

Last April, while abroad, I received an invitation to an Auerhahnjagd (hunt for the capercailzie cock) on the preserve of the Duke of S., and of course I was not slow about accepting. On arriving at the nearest railroad station to the preserve, I was met by one of the game keepers who was to take me in charge and see that my trip was successful.

Driving for about six miles into the forest, we put up for the night in a log cabin, and after the regulation hunter's supper and a pleasant chat and smoke following, retired early. The game keeper asked me during our conversation if I had ever hunted this game before, which I answered in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "our birds here will strike you as particularly wild and hard to get at, although in severe weather with plenty of snow on the ground, they congregate in large numbers on the place and surroundings from which the original stock had been liberated, and where we feed them during the hard winter. But the moment spring sets in away they go. Well, you will see for yourself. When you do your jumping, do it as carefully as possible, otherwise you will not succeed." I promised to do as directed, and when he called me next morning at about 3 I was only too willing to prove my ability as a hunter, and after some breakfast forth we went out into the dark night.

A tramp of about two miles, covered under most trying conditions, continually climbing up the mountains, brought us finally to a point where three valleys came together, and from which after light set in, one had a most beautiful and commanding view of the whole surrounding landscape. After whispering into my ear to have a sharp lookout for some prominent large spruce trees 200 yards to my left and further up the mountain, the game keeper left me, promising to meet me there again as soon as the calling and strutting time for that day was over. While it was still too dark to distinguish anything clearly, not very long after he had left me, the first signal call from a rock across the valley reached my ear and acted like an electric shock upon me. Although I had heard this call many a time before, I could not control my heart's palpitations, and just imagine one who has never heard it in his life. Would it be a disgrace for him to be overcome by the so-called "buck" or hunting fever? Certainly not.

The signal call of the capercailzie cock is so distinct, shrill and loud that it can be heard far away—it cannot be properly imitated or described by words. It is a combination of whistling and smacking—a proclamation that his majesty is wooing for the love of all the hens in his domain. It is one of the finest natural love and war songs ever heard. There are three distinct acts or verses in his calling that may be distinguished; the first is the so-called "knappen." It is a smacking with the tongue and bill ,and acts as a part of introductory. His eyes are wide open, gradually he raises his head, his voice becomes louder and louder, until it almost sounds like a challenge. This is the signal call or act 2. From this his somewhat angry call gives place in act 3 to one of entreaty and love. With fan-like tail, lowering wings, body in the strutting attitude, his eyes shut, he enters love's dreamland. In this, the third act, or so-called (schleifen) grinding or whetting act, called so on account of the peculiar noise he makes with his wings, tail and feathers, the outside world and its dangers are entirely dead to him; he, in fact, seems himself to be almost unconscious, hearing or seeing nothing. During this last act, when his eyes are shut and he seems to be in a regular fit, the hunter tries to stalk him. Generally two to four large jumps under as much cover as possible is about all he can do. The very moment the cock stops with act 3 the hunter must remain in the place and position where he happens to be as if transfixed. The least little movement and your game is gone. It has always seemed to me that nature actually comes to his assistance at the end of his love song in detecting an enemy. The moment he awakes from his trance he surveys his surroundings, and the least suspicious looking object is cause for his immediate removal to other quarters. As I have said before, the first signal call had been given across the valley, and soon was taken up by a number of cocks in various directions. To my left some

THE CAPERCAILZIE'S CALL.

gigantic pines, almost 200 feet in height, with the advancing daylight became more distinct, and as instructed, I kept a close watch over them. One large dead branch quite near the top of one of them stretched out far across the valley, forming all sorts of fantastic figures against the sky behind, and as the game keeper told me afterward, at least one dozen cocks had been shot from that particular branch. While this wooing was going on all around me, I had carefully loaded my little three-barreled 16-bore with an 8 mm. smokeless rifle barrel attached (by the way, a most powerful little gun) and stood there well hidden among some thickly grown spruces awaiting developments. I had just listened to the love song of a cock further up the valley to my right, and it seemed to me not so very far away, still I remembered that on former occasions I had been misled many a time in judging distances from sound, and was just figuring out if a stalking of a mile or so would be advisable, when suddenly to my left the first introductory notes from a cock were sounded. Quickly turning my head in that direction, I failed at first to see anything, owing to trees and branches obstructing the view, but when I had left my hiding place and had begun the jumping or stalking during the first production of act 3 of the cock's love song, I could make him out perched on a limb almost near the top of one of the monarchs of the forest.

The distance to that tree from where I stood then was at least 300 yards, and he was anywhere from 100 to 150 feet above the ground. At every repetition of his strutting I came closer and closer, executing all kinds of catlike performances to keep under cover, until I must have approached to within about 100 yards or even less. Here, to my great chagrin, further progress was stopped by an opening among the timber over which I could not proceed without exposing myself. There being no chance whatever to either get around this one way or the other, and shooting from where I stood being equally out of the question, the bird being hidden more or less by intervening branches and twigs that it would have taken a cannon ball to knock him off of his perch, I did the next best thing under the circumstances, and stopped where I was. Carefully pulling my field glasses out of my pocket, I stood there for about twenty minutes observing this noble bird through the branches in all his love antics, which he repeated at regular intervals. Finally, as it became almost daylight, he suddenly stopped calling and flew off down toward the valley, and was soon lost to view, without even then giving me a chance for a successful shot.

Probably another person in my place would have taken his chances and fired at the cock anyway, but years of experience in the forest have taught me never to shoot unless I have a fair chance of bringing my game to bag. This blazing away, emptying your magazine at a fleeing animal, is simply absurd. Ninety-nine out of a hundred it is a case of wasting ammunition, alarming all other game foolishly for miles around, and should the game really receive a shot, its effect generally is not sufficient to stop it, and the consequence is a miserable lingering death, which is directly in opposition to all rules of true sportsmanship.

By this time Father Sun had put his nose above the mountains and asserted his supremacy. Returning to the place of our rendezvous, I met the game keeper, as arranged, who greeted me with a broad smile upon his face, assuring me at the same time that he had followed my movements as best he could from his hiding place, and that I was perfectly justified in not shooting, since this very cock would probably come to that same place again, as they invariably do if not alarmed in the meantime.

"Patience is a virtue," and particularly so in stalking any noble game, we argued, and then went back to the cabin, where, after a second breakfast, I indulged in a little nap, dreaming of course of nothing else but swarms of capercailzie cocks.

Wanting to see the various winter feeding grounds, we went out in the afternoon and first visited a few of the cleared places where the red and roe deer are fed. On approaching one a number of deer were seen feeding on hay and unthreshed oats tied around a number of large trees. They allowed us to come within about 200 yards, but soon saw or smelled us, and off they went with tremendous big bounds. Making a little detour, the game keeper took me to the place from which eight years before the capercailzie had been first liberated, and where they are being fed during severe weather. The whole arrangement and layout of this place struck me as so ingenious and practical that before leaving I familiarized myself thoroughly with every detail, and hereby submit it to your readers with the hope that my observations may be of practical value.

It seems that the whole secret in the successful introduction of the capercailzie lies, as I have remarked, in the proper selection of the grounds first and all the time. In this particular case an area of from two to three acres stocked with closely grown together spruce, pine and birch, with some juniper trees as undergrowth, of various sizes, had been fenced in by wire netting to the height of 10 feet, 18 inches of the bottom being buried below the ground in such a way that no animal could very well dig in under the fence without bringing up at the wire. Around the whole inclosure about 1 foot away a trench 2 x 2 feet deep and wide was dug to serve as a means of further impediment; to be short, the whole arrangement was made so that it was equally impossible for any animal to get in or out of the inclosed area. To still more protect the birds against any animal that might try to climb over the fence, a wire was stretched as tight as a piano string across the tops of the posts all around, and to this finally at certain intervals necks of old broken bottles were

tied, so that the slightest coming in contact with the former would by its vibrations bring forth such an infernal noise as to scare the boldest prowler out of his wits.

Into this inclosure two cocks and twelve hens were brought, after their wings had been clipped so they could not fly, in fall time, and here they were cared for until the following spring, when the mating season began. The game keeper who had charge of them told me that by that time they had become quite tame, and although the feathers on their wings had sufficiently grown to permit them to fly a little, they did not avail themselves of the opportunity to escape, but instead built their nests right there. When summer came the colony had grown to the respectable number of about 150 birds.

The moment the young birds were strong enough, one of the smaller sides of the inclosure was gradually removed, permitting the old and young to go out or in at will, and when fall time came they had all left their birthplace and could be found all over the neighborhood. But during the severe weather they congregate there in large numbers, owing to the fact that the snow is cleared away and they are fed. During all this time a continuous war has been kept up against all "varmint," so that killing sly Reynard, marten or weasel is of very rare occurrence at present. No wonder that the birds thrived so well. The game keeper told me that there are from forty to sixty cocks shot every April now, and that to his best belief there were at least a thousand birds on the preserve.

After having made all these observations, we retracted our steps toward the cabin and retired early.

Next day being a stormy, miserable sort of an April day—rain, snow and sleet combined—we stayed in and killed the day as best we could, spinning yarns, looking after the rifles, eating, smoking and sleeping alternately. As is usually the case after such showers, the next morning brought better weather conditions. With the moon and stars shining brightly, we left our resting place and carefully stole over to the place where soon after a cock's love drama should end in a tragedy.

I had selected a hiding place nearer to the big trees, upon one of which his majesty had two days ago given me such a fine exhibition of his abilities as an ardent lover, and from which I could easily oversee all the "likely" places around me.

Long before daylight came the whole neighborhood echoed and re-echoed with the love calls of a number of cocks, all ready for business. My rifle was ready for action, and I was just thinking if I really should have luck that day, when with loud clapping and whizzing of wings, breaking and cracking of twigs and branches, one of these noble cocks alighted not fifty yards from me on an old dead limb. To say that I was not excited would tell an outright lie, and I do not deny that during the next few minutes my heart beat so loud that I almost could hear its throbbings. The cock immediately began the introductory of his love song. Turning his head one way and the other to see that there was no danger lurking near, he gave the signal call, and soon after was lost in love's dreams, from which he was never to awake—comedy was suddenly turned into tragedy, of which he was the principal actor. Being distinctly lined out against the sky, my shot was more or less an easy one, and the bullet went home where intended—clear through the neck—and I dare say when that cock came crashing down he never knew what had struck him.

He was a full grown, magnificent bird, and tipped the scales at an even 14 pounds. So ended a very instructive and still more pleasant and successful trip in search of the wily king of the grouse family, *Tetrao urogallus*. May he finally be introduced with success into our country is the ardent wish of the writer.

F. VON HOFFMANN.

Three Weeks in the Adirondacks.

A SPIRIT of unrest kept me unsettled, so far as business matters were concerned, the greater part of the summer of 1900. The only outlet for my discontent (better defined as "woody feeling") was found in constructing various camp furnishings—chiefly a stove. Day by day found new additions to the store; day by day found new plans and enthusiasm, known only to those who love nature, and who can find the enjoyment of planning and anticipating a trip to the North Woods—second only to being there.

The complete "ready to start" outfit consisted of a marvelous camp stove, with several feet of telescope pipe, quite suitable of serving in any well-ordered kitchen. Besides these, there were two tents and fly, two pack baskets filled to the brim with sandwiches, which were made of clothing and provisions. Our trunks were also filled, and were, on our arrival, to serve a double purpose—they were to be supplied with shelves, to be set on end, to furnish a cupboard. There were two barrels of provisions, and last, but not least, two tired men, only too glad to get away from business for a play spell. The partner of the writer's joys was W. J. Leake, a time-worn camping friend. About 5 o'clock on the afternoon of Sept. 4 we were safely landed at Lake View Lodge, on Big Moose Lake, the most beautiful spot beyond the Fulton Chain. Many friends and acquaintances greeted us on our arrival, which added much to our pleasure.

Early the next morning we were astir, and began to look about for a place to pitch our tent. The place that had been our home two years before had been demolished by the loggers, but we finally selected a beautiful spot, a bit higher than the surrounding ground, while a fine stream, which was near by, supplied us with water. Our tents were soon put up, cupboards put in order, a rustic table built, beds made on the boughs, a fire built—and Camp Jolly was in running order.

The prospects for good hunting were discouraging, as but few deer and practically nothing else had been seen. We had game dinners, however, although they consisted of squirrel potpies (of course we must add they were red ones, and quite small, but as none were allowed to be brought to camp, unless shot through the head, they were well shot—even if pretty small game).

While friends may be considered one of the greatest earthly possessions, it is not considered, by your humble servant to be conducive to successful hunting, to have too many such possessions near by when you intend to get some game. Because of this particular condition of affairs, our social obligations seemed very great, and it soon became generally known that the cuisine at Camp Jolly was worth tramping over many a rough road to partake of; therefore, very often some one would happen along our way, just in time for dinner.

In the meantime, I could not quite give up the idea of getting a deer, and kept wandering about, always on the alert for at least a sight of, if not a shot at, a buck, or nothing. On returning from one of these tours late one afternoon, a porcupine slowly dragged itself out of my path. I remembered that a friend had wished me to capture one for him, so taking my leather belt from about my waist, I hastily secured the animal, tied the strap about one of its legs, and thus fast to the end of my gun barrel, swung it over my shoulder and started tentward once more. A noise attracted my attention, when after proceeding but a short distance, on turning a sharp angle in the beaten path, lo! there stood a large, handsome buck, quietly feeding, only about twenty-seven paces distant. My expectations were to be realized. I was sure he was my game; it was such a good shot I could not miss it. Let the reader not make the same mistake that the writer did, and forget about the previous disposal of the hedgehog. I had cause to remember it very soon, when, as I sank quietly to the ground to be better prepared to take aim, the gun inclined just enough to allow the strap and porcupine to slip forward, and in an instant four claws and seemingly 4,000 quills were buried in my sweater, and incidentally in my back. We were both very busy for a few moments. The crawling creature became a veritable "thorn in the flesh."

It is superfluous to tell you, kind reader, that when the smoke of the battle had cleared away, the beautiful buck was scampering swiftly away in the distance, while by its side was another, even larger, which had been hidden from my view when first I came upon them.

Possibly it was the rain which bade fair to deluge our camp, possibly it was that I suddenly became ambitious and decided to return to work again possibly it was the disappointment and regret caused by seeing that deer literally slip from my grasp; but, whatever the cause, hunting, shooting, camping, lost interest for me. My one ambition was to murder in cold blood all members of the porcupine family. Soon after we broke camp, packed our belongings carefully in a roomy cave in a rock near our happy hunting ground, where, sheltered from the wind and storms, they await us when other vacation days shall come.

BYRON V. COVERT.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Anti-Spring Shooting Effects.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe that the much disputed question as to whether ducks will breed in this State if they are unmolested by the spring shooter is in a fair way to be settled by the result of our experiment in this county this year. The sportsmen of this county succeeded in securing the passage of a law last winter prohibiting the spring shooting of wildfowl in Jefferson county for a period of three years, and although this act did not become a law until April 6, after the first flight had come and a great many birds had been killed, we succeeded in practically stopping all shooting after that date. The result is astonishing, exceeding by far the most sanguine hope of all who supported the bill.

Geese and ducks of all kinds have been with us in thousands all the spring, and they are with us to-day—May 25—and show no more inclination to leave than they did a month ago. I inclose clipping from the Watertown Daily Times. The article is from their Chaumont correspondent:

"Since the new law has been in force against duck shooting at this season, these fowls are as tame as domestic ones, allowing persons to approach them to within a few yards. There may be seen any day on the shores of the bay flocks containing 200 ducks. Don Rogers, of Point Salubrious, counted 160 one day last week sitting on the beach near his dwelling. Fishermen report the bay teeming with bass, and there are many indications that the season will be a good one for the sportsmen."

The same condition of things prevails in all the waters of our county; ducks of all kinds are here by thousands, and I believe the people who live along our shores will bear me out in this statement, that there are more ducks in this county at the present time than there have been at any time in twenty years. While we are not disposed to want our ducklings before they are hatched, it begins to look as though the birds were satisfied with their treatment this spring, and intend to stay all summer. If they do we want you fellows in the rest of the State to keep right on shooting in the spring and drive them up here. Judging from the number of birds that got here this spring, I don't believe that many of you can hit a duck anyway.

The boys are talking now about a non-resident license for shooting ducks in this county, costing $25 for the ordinary decent sportsman. No license to be issued to pot-hunters, Oswego or Long Island shooters.

By the way, I noticed in the press dispatches the other day that Magistrate Brann, of New York city, had revoked Protector Overton's search warrant in the Arctic Freezing Company case, saying, "I will not allow this thing to go any further. The practice on the part of rural yaps coming to this city and disturbing merchants who are honest and trying to do business is all wrong."

Up in this section of the State the "rural yap" is content to eat game during the open season only, and if I know our new Game Commissioner, the "city yap" will come pretty near doing the same thing, and the "honest [?] merchant trying to do business" in defiance of the game law will find a "rural yap" at Albany that he can't convince with the same argument that he did Police Magistrate Brann.

Every fall and winter the covers of this State are cleaned up to fill the freezers in New York city, and I hope and believe that the time is not far distant when the "rural yaps" will get after their Senators and Assemblymen and demand the passage of the FOREST AND STREAM Plank, "Stop the sale of game at any time."

W. H. TALLETT.

WATERTOWN, N. Y. May 25.

Woodcock and Wood Duck.

TORONTO, Ont., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am gratified with the result of my appeal to the sportsmen of the United States—through the kindness of FOREST AND STREAM—in the important question of united action of sportsmen for the better protection of woodcock and wood duck. I feel sure that sportsmen in general will agree with me in classing the North American woodcock as the finest game bird in the world, and the wood duck as the most valuable. From genuine sportsmen residing in the Eastern, Middle and Western States who so promptly responded to my request, I learn that their experience coincides with ours in Ontario, which is that woodcock and wood duck are becoming scarcer each succeeding season. Such being an admitted fact, what are we going to do about it? This is a case that requires prompt and concerted action of the States and Provinces if the extermination of these grand birds is to be prevented.

I would like, if time would permit, to correspond with all the game protective associations in the United States and Canada, but life is too short and uncertain to undertake such a task, however congenial it might be. I therefore make an urgent appeal to the editors of all the papers devoted to field sports in the United States and Canada to earnestly take hold of this matter on behalf of the true sportsmen of this vast continent.

This is a work that needs to be done at once; it will not admit of delay. A close season for some years in the case of wood duck is absolutely imperative. Similar action regarding woodcock is to be desired, or in the event of this being objected to, the open season should be reduced to one month. That month for the greater portion of the United States and Canada should be October.

What sportsman who has had the incomparable pleasure of shooting woodcock in October but will regret having shot the poor, half-fledged, immature birds in July and August? We who claim to be sportsmen have a great deal to answer for in our ignorance or thoughtlessness in the past, when we could kill twelve or fifteen brace of woodcock during a day's shooting, fondly believing this sport would continue, at least for our time. Well, we have had a rude awakening, and our pleasant dreams dispelled.

Brother sportsmen, this matter to a large extent is in your hands. The editors of your respective papers will, I am sure, give you the powerful assistance controlled by them. This, of course, with the energetic assistance of your legislators, especially those that have been so fortunate as to indulge in the pleasures only to be found in outings in fields, forests and streams.

If my humble efforts result in concerted and active measures being taken for the better protection and perpetuation of these and other game birds, the efforts of your humble servant will not have been in vain.

E. TINSLEY.

Murder in the First Degree.

IN my younger days in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, I put in many years in what we call the Moose Belt in Quebec—that is, from the St. Maurice River on the east to Lake Nipissing on the west, from the Kepewa on the south to near the height of land on the north. All inside these boundaries was teeming with moose. They were killed in the most wanton manner by Algonquin Indians and the lumbermen, in many instances only the hide being taken, and the meat left. Our own Indians, who lived year in and year out in the country, never wasted a particle of meat. If they killed more than the family could consume during the winter months, before the warm days of April set in, it was carefully collected, cut in strips and smoke dried for summer use. While attending to the curing of the meat, the thrifty squaw dressed the hides. These were cut up and made into moccasins and traded at our store during their stay about the post in summer. An ordinary sized hide would cut up into about twenty-two pairs of shoes (without tops) and commanded $1.50 per pair, we selling them for the same price in cash to lumber concerns, making our profit on the goods bartered.

The young Indian the year prior to getting married always exerted himself to show how many moose he could kill. This was their boast and pride to show they were good providers of food. The Indian nature to kill would manifest itself at this time, and the numbers killed by some of the young slips is hardly to be credited. Older men with families never killed for the sake of killing.

I knew a young Indian personally whose mother had been left a widow with a large family. He was the eldest of the children, and that summer began to strut about the post in fine clothes and mix with the men of the tribe. This is one of the traits that shows itself before matrimony is contemplated. The killing of many moose was sure to follow these signs. That young boy actually killed to his own gun ninety moose. Averaging the butchered meat of each moose at the low estimate of 600 pounds, we have a gross weight of 54,000 pounds of good, wholesome food.

This section of country was in those days, I venture to say, the richest in game on the continent of America. Every little creek or lake had its beaver lodge, and even on the main routes of travel one would see beaver swimming two or three times in the course of a day's paddle.

At the posts we lived on fish game and potatoes. Our allowance of flour was only 100 pounds for each man for the twelve months, and we used to spin this out by eating only a pancake or so on Sundays and a pudding on Christmas.

The choice bits of the moose—the tongue and muzzle—the Indians brought us in quantities, the trade price of each being half a "made beaver," equal to a supposed sum of fifty cents. This was paid in goods, and would be further reduced by 100 per cent. our advance for transport and profit.

One cannot but look back with regret to those days and think such slaughter was murder.

MARTIN HUNTER.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Use of Dogs for Wounded Deer.

OAKMONT, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I don't care the snap of my finger for all the deer in the United States, and would not contribute a nickel to save the whole race from extinction, as they have been pests in all my fox hunting from their infesting woods we hunted and carrying our hounds far away. So I am not prejudiced in their favor, but still, as a measure of protection, I would ask why you ardent protectionists do not favor amendments of the game laws permitting the use of some small trailing breed of dogs to trail wounded deer? Is it not probable that a large proportion of the deer wounded by "sportsmen" escape and die undiscovered? We all know what an amount of shooting a deer will take and be able to run, and if some small dog, such as a spaniel, was used to trail a wounded deer, the shooter would get his deer and be satisfied; as it is, he only kills it (a lingering death) and forthwith goes and shoots another which he may or may not get, using two deer where one would do him. I only speak of the experiences and observations I had and made in our western Pennsylvania mountains many years since, and I am sure that when we did permit our hounds to run a deer, if that deer was shot, we very, very rarely lost it, for Old Bulger, or Pete, or some other hound, could always be relied on to lead to the dead deer, after coming in on the finish of a chase. I certainly cannot remember an instance where we did not get the deer, if shot.

Against this is the fact that hounds run any quantity of deer when nobody is ready to shoot them, and what the finality of the chase is is often unknown; but if spaniels, for instance, particularly the "good ones," the "typicals," etc., of dog shows—dogs with four cigar stumps under them for legs—were used, only deer so seriously wounded as to die of the wound would be killed. Anyhow, while it don't matter to me, I wonder what kind of sport it is to shoot an animal with the result that it dies unknown and rots in the woods. Hurrah for humbug!

W. WADE.

The End of the Everglades.

There was a time when our schools taught the existence of a Great American Desert, and political economies were troubled to remedy a permanent separation between the eastern and western halves of our territory. That desert is now the Egypt of the modern world, and must continue to supply the nations with bread till the "wastes of Siberia" take up a share of the burden. What has accomplished these wonders? In both cases the railroad, that greatest factor in the civilization of our times. Supplement the road with the canal and even the parched and arid portions of the earth's surface will blossom like the rose.

Another wide district, considered a waste to all good purpose, was the swamp area, but a canal has been cut into the Dismal Swamp, and another into the Okeefinokee. There remains but the Florida Everglades, long unknown merely because of the terrors surrounding it to the imagination, though it was never deadly or dangerous to the Indian or the hunter. Now the Everglades will soon become one of the richest portions of a rapidly developing State that allows nothing to stand idle—a company has been chartered which will probably drain it by cutting a ship canal, and another incorporated to cross it with a railroad and telegraph line from the Gulf to the Atlantic. Therefore the visitor of a few years hence will find a new scenic route opened for his exploitation—leaving Jacksonville, he can sweep across the State in a grand circle and return at his leisure to wonder how and why it was supposed the southern end of our State was once considered uninhabitable, as well as uninhabited. We have already prophesied the existence of the greatest sugar plantation the world knows along a line of road from Miami to Tampa—it may be that some now living will see it.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

Sport in the Soudan.

LONDON, England, June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Big-game trophies of exceptional interest have recently been obtained in the Soudan. It is something like twenty years since sportsmen were able to shoot in this country. Among others who have enjoyed good sport this season, are Lord St. Oswald, Mr. W. D. James, Count Potocki and the Counts Hoyos, Prince Liechtenstein, Mr. E. N. Buxton, Mr. C. Adeane and Mr. S. H. Whitbred. The trophies obtained, now being mounted by Mr. Rowland Ward, of Piccadilly, include elephant, lion, leopard, hyaena, buffalo, roan antelope, Mrs. Gray's water buck defassa, white-eared kob, hartebeest, reed buck and gazelle. For the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, many of the army officers have obtained important specimens, notably a fine example of Mrs. Gray's water buck, presented by Capt. H. N. Dunn. W.

Gray Wolf Bounties.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It would seem that Sheridan county, Wyo., is the banner county for gray wolves. During the week ending April 13 the State paid out $503 for wolf bounties. The two highest individual payments were to R. E. Poole, $105, and to J. P. Barton, $99, both of Sheridan county, the former having killed thirty-five and the latter thirty-three, at $3 bounty. We hear from Ira Barcus, who recently returned to Saratoga after a trip to the northern part of Idaho, which he reports as being a veritable hunters' paradise. He brought with him the foot of a caribou and the horns of a white goat, both of which are abundant in the mountains of that region. EMERSON CARNEY.

Indiana Jacksnipe License.

We have had all kinds of talk on one phase or other of the question whether or not a shooting license is necessary for hunting jacksnipe in the State of Indiana. The matter may now be finally considered as settled by reference to the following letter from Mr. Z. T. Sweeney, Commissioner of Fisheries and Game, under date of June 7: "It is made very clear by the statutes that it is necessary to have a license to shoot either jacksnipe or plover by an act of March 5, 1891, which defines game birds, both plover and snipe, and also the sandpipers, tattlers and curlews, defined under same head. By comparing the above with Section 10, you will see that these birds become game and are protected from the first day of October till Nov. 10. By also comparing Section 13, you will find that you cannot kill such birds without a license."

E. HOUGH.

Another Suffolk County Eagle Killer.

SOME weeks ago we announced the arrest and trial of an eagle shooter on Long Island. On June 15 Game Protecor J. E. Overton got another. This was one Pelton, of the town of Huntington—a schoolmaster if you please—who was charged before the local justice in violating Section 33 of the Game Law. The defendant pleaded ignorance of the law, and seemed to think that this should be an excuse. A small fine—only $10—was imposed. This is the second case tried in Suffolk county for eagle killing, and it is quite time the offenders knew the law and paid heavier penalties. It is hoped that hereafter these will be imposed.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

"Memories of the Months."

THIS is the title of an English book I have recently received from the author, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., whose universal knowledge and information upon the subjects of natural history, angling, fisheries, fishculture and kindred matters entitle him to be ranked as an encyclopedic writer upon field sports; one who writes so convincingly as to leave little room for argument, and with such easy familiarity with his subjects as to carry conviction with his conclusions. The contents of this particular volume are diversified, indeed, under more than three score of captions, from Mercy in Field Sports, Trap Reform, Protective Coloration in Birds, Fish and Game Reservation in America, Fly-Fishing, to Autumn Flowers, The Age of an Eagle, and Mistletoe upon the Oak, but it is Spring Salmon which has specially attracted my attention this evening. I fear that I am something of a heretic in my belief concerning the attributes of killing salmon flies, and not being a grizzled veteran, I have sometimes wished that I could know the precise shade of color of topping, cheeks, tag or hackle that would raise a salmon that I was unsuccessfully casting for with an ordinary Jock-Scott that I would think contains colors enough for any well regulated salmon if he was inclined to rise at anything.

When Mr. George Kelson once wrote me that a certain salmon fly would be improved, as I now remember it, by changing the color of a single strand of a feather in wings, then in hue not unlike the coat of biblical Joseph, I gave up in despair, for I knew that the niceties of coloration in salmon flies were beyond my comprehension, and I would have to plug along as best I could and kill such color-blind fish as came my way and were satisfied to investigate something with movement in the water over their heads. Under Spring Salmon Sir Herbert writes: "We don't waste much time at this season in discussing the merits of different flies. A Highlander's imagination runs riot in change; a Lowlander is obstinate in preference for some particular pattern, and turns sulky if you hesitate to conform exactly to what he prescribes; but a Norseman is sensible—all he stipulates for is size; provided the lure be big enough to stir fish lying in a snow-fed stream, he sets no store by nice shades of color or variety of material."

It will be observed that the author does not say that the Norseman is more sensible than the Highlander or Lowlander, simply that he is sensible. I have another book written by Sir Herbert, "Salmon and Sea Ttrout," and so far as I have had the time to read it, found it most interesting and instructive—a book that I have put down every time with regret that I could not read it from cover to cover. In this volume, under "Salmon Flies," he says of a day's fishing when he killed five fish on a Butcher, though urged by his boatman to use a Wilkinson, as being the proper fly for the water: "The only lesson that I could deduce from this day's experience was that it didn't matter a hayseed whether one fished with a Butcher or a Wilkinson, or any other fly in the whole repertory, provided it was of a suitable size, not too small to escape observation, and not too large to arouse suspicion."

One experience of my own stands out prominently, for it marks the time that I made more changes of flies, size and pattern, to get a fish than ever before or since. The fish rose to a Jock-Scott, so torn and mutilated that I was a little ashamed to offer it, for it was really disreputable with half the junglecock gone, ditto tinsel and a piece hanging loose below the body; wings, body, hackle and horns simply mangled. I rested and changed flies, and changed flies and rested in the most orthodox manner, and returned to the remnant of a Jock-Scott that provoked the original rise and hooked the fish.

There is one illustration in "Memories of the Months" about which I would like to know more than the picture tells me. The legend under it is Bargrennan Linn, and a salmon is shown in the act of leaping what is apparently a sheer fall of water. Just above the position of the fish there seems to be a shelf, but of this I am not sure, but to that point the distance from the surface of the water below is six times the length of the fish; to the crest of the fall the distance is about seven times the length of the fish. I have dipped into the book here and there to find if the height of the fall is given and something about the character of it, but so far I find no reference to it. I have been greatly interested in the leaping of salmon in passing up over natural and artificial falls, and while the photographs made by Dr. Morris (reproduced in FOREST AND STREAM) have demonstrated that salmon can do wonderful leaping when it is necessary to reach spawning grounds, fresh light upon this subject is always welcome.

Brown Trout on Deep Troll.

Twelve years ago Mr. Marston sent me 10,000 eggs of Hampshire brown trout, and after the eggs were hatched I planted some of them in this State. I say some of them, for I divided the eggs with Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt, who hatched his portion on the Hewitt estate at Ringwood, N. J. There is a small spring-fed pond nine miles from my home, a private pond, the waters of which empty into Lake George. In this pond I planted a few of the fry from the Marston eggs, and said nothing about it. The owner of the pond had given his consent to the planting, and there was no boat on the pond, and he said there would be no fishing in it as long as I desired to use it. My idea was that the fish would get a start unmolested in the pond, and they or their descendants would eventually work down into the lake. I have never fished in the pond, and have visited it but once, soon after the plant was made and before the fish could have been large enough to catch had they established themselves in the water. Yesterday I met a man who asked me if I had ever stocked Black's Pond with brown trout, and I said yes, though I had not even thought about it in years, and had to look up the date of the plant. He said that he got permission to fish in the pond, and caught one brown trout with bait that weighed 3 pounds, and lost a larger fish. The water was very clear and deep, and as he could get nothing near the surface, he arranged a line with a heavy lead, such as is used in trolling at the bottom in 100 to 150 feet of water for lake trout, and trolled at the bottom of the pond and caught another brown trout of 7 pounds. This is the first that I have ever heard of catching brown trout by deep trolling. It is scarcely as artistic as dry-fly-fishing in the original home of these fish, but deep trolling is a meat getting method of fishing when lake trout are at the bottom, though I never expected to hear of its being practiced on a fish that will take the fly.

Fishing Rods as Lightning Conductors.

For years I have maintained that our English cousins are more thorough in looking after the adjuncts of angling than we are on this side of the sea. A look at the pages of an English tackle maker's catalogue will prove it to any doubter, for there will be found tools that the average angler on this side never thinks of as necessary on a fishing trip. There is reason for this, because they have beeen in the business longer than we have; but the English papers often contain discussions over angling matters that to a Yankee seem trifling. For instance, did it ever occur to an angler over here that he was in danger from being killed by a lighting stroke through the medium of his fishing rod if it happened to be of steel or have a steel center? This question has lately disturbed some of our English brethren, and the question has been asked if it were not dangerous to use a steel or steel-centered rod, and one editor replied, but his answer was not deemed satisfactory to a correspondent, who writes (really I had to read it twice to determine whether or not it was a joke): "Many besides Brutum Fulmer have asked the same question. The editor's reply is not an answer to the proposition. The answer should be: (a) For whole steel rods there is exceptional danger, the case being equivalent to grasping a lighting rod at its termination; (b) in wood or cork handled rods where the touch does not in any way come in contact with the steel, there is not only little or no risk, but there is protection, the wood or cork (especially the latter) forming an insulator between the electricity of the person's body and that of the discharge from the storm cloud."

This to me is as funny as a reply an acquaintance of mine once made. He was an expert fly-fisher, using always a very light fly-rod, and he had no earthly use for bait-fishing. A friend showed him a new rod much heavier than the doctor was accustomed to, and asked him what he thought of it. The doctor balanced the heavy rod in his hand for a moment, and said quietly, "Yes; it is a good rod, and it will be very convenient if you should get lost, for you can stick the butt in the ground and climb the rod to get your bearings."

A. N. CHENEY.

Fishing on Lake Quassapaug.

LAKE QUASSAPAUG is the handsomest bit of natural water on the earth. Not that I pretend to have seen all the lakes in the world, but I do not see what natural beauty could be added that Quassapaug—Lake of the Indians—lacks. It lies in a basin on the top of the Middlebury hills. To the northward rocky cliffs, half hidden by a heavy growth of laurel, rise from the water's edge. Westward is a timbered slope; southward a level plateau, while sloping in graceful undulations to the eastward is a vast lawn, luxuriously verdured. Its waters are pelucid. No surface streams enter the lake. It is fed by several mighty springs in the clear, sandy depths, the force of whose flow produces a perpetual ripple on the surface. At the outlet, at the southern extremity, a roaring, foaming stream plunges down the rocky declivities, furnishing in the days gone by power for a multitude of mills and manufactories. Such is the descent that the water boiling from the buckets of an overshot wheel plunged directly into the penstock of a second wheel. For eight miles the stream works its way past mills, frets through rocky gorges, murmurs by pastoral scenes, until it loses its identity in the broad Housatonic at Quaker Farms. Six miles from Waterbury, the "City of Brass," Lake Quassapaug is the favorite resort of amateur Izaak Waltons and all sorts of pleasure seekers. George Wallace exercises the functions of a model boniface, ruling the destinies of the Quassapaug House, and is the personal friend of every summer girl and picnicking party in Connecticut. He controls the southward plateau. The eastward lawns are looked after and their primitive beauty maintained by John H. Whittemore, the malleable iron king, whose summer home and grounds on the crest of the slope rival the Hudson country seats and are the pride of the town. One feature of the lake is likely to be destroyed by a projected line of electric cars from Waterbury. Its sequestration has been a taking feature in the estimation of those who enjoy absolute rest and quietude. It is feared the trolley will introduce an objectionable element, but the wheels of progress cannot be stayed for such considerations.

Many years ago, before Quassapaug came into the prominence which it now enjoys, the citizens of Middlebury, with a view to appease their longings for a fish diet, stocked the waters of the lake (pond, they called it)

with pickerel. By-laws were enacted for the protection of the same, and they were permitted to grow and multiply for several years. Then a fishing company was organized, and a large seine was purchased. Certain days in each year were set apart as fishing days. Then the seine would be manipulated, the results divided among the fishers in the ratio of individual subscriptions. Thus, for some years, Middleburians had their sport, though I have been told by some who participated that other than fishing it would have been considered very hard work, and also had all the fish they could consume at stated seasons. After a time rock bass were added to the supply, and then some one introduced a quantity of young perch and roach. Attempts to stock the lake with trout were frustrated by the pike, who seemed to regard them as personal perquisites. Bullheads and eels were indigenous to the lake.

But the people wearied of seine fishing, and, one after another, they dropped out of the company, until finally there could not be found a force sufficient to operate the seine on fishing days, and the custom was abandoned. Meantime the various kinds of fish multiplied and increased in size, until marvelous tales were told by residents of the vicinity of huge bass and pickerel as 'long as a boy," seen sporting in the waters in the summer twilight. These tales found their way to Waterbury, Hartford, Danbury and New Haven, and it was not long until the farmer boys were asked almost daily the road to Quassapaug; residents of the lake region told their neighbors at the "horse-shed class" on Sunday about the great strings of bass and pickerel that "two men in a livery rig" had taken from the pond.

A better fellow or truer sportsman than Milo Wilson never lured a 5-pound pickerel to its doom at the end of 60 yards of grass line. He entered into the sport of fishing with a childlike enthusiasm that made a body happy to see him. To him I owe the knowledge that an Aberdeen hook discounts every other make for each and all sorts of fishing. He was not an erudite nor man of the finest social polish, but he would beat any man that ever came up the pike for catching fish. Nor was he above imparting this lore to his friends. Milo lived in Morrisania, and it was my knowledge of his desirable characteristics that led me to his house one warm and sultry July evening. After a supper, such as Aunt Jane, his estimable helpmate, only could prepare, augmented by relishes of his own raising in his own little garden, scarce the size of a dining-room table, I broached the subject of a trip to Quassapaug and a day in the haunts of the pickerel and bass. Milo's face beamed like the harvest moon, and happiness seemed to percolate his whole being and enwrap him as a vesture. Arrangements were quickly made on the basis of transportation on my part over against tackle and forage on his part, not forgetting his experience.

With a fishing trip in view, Milo's whole being was permeated with the consideration of ways and means incident thereto, and it was not till after midnight that he had the requisite paraphernalia for two assembled and put in trim, and would consent to take notice of either interrogatories or suggestions that had not fish in their conception. It takes about six hours to reach Wallace's boat house from the Grand Central Station, allowing two hours for lunch in Waterbury and the six-mile drive over the Middlebury hills. We reached Quassapaug in the night and had a good, long nap, though it seemed as if I had been asleep about five minutes when Milo's finger between my ribs brought me face to face with life's realities. "Did you come up here to sleep or to fish?" queried Milo, who, I was surprised to find, had everything in readiness for a start to the fishing grounds. He stoutly maintained that he had had a nap, but if so he must have done a powerful amount of work in his sleep, and I told him so, eliciting a self-complacent smile.

It was 3 A. M. when we had finally shipped our tackle and pushed off from the steamboat wharf. A heavy fog bank rested on the water; when we sat at the oars we seemed immersed in a dense cloud of smoke, and were obliged to shape our course instinctively. By standing on the anchor rest in the bow, one's head was above the opaqueness of the vapor, and the landmarks were dimly visible. So I allowed Milo the privilege (?) of rowing while I acted as pilot and sang out orders, "Port oar! Sta'board!" etc., until we finally reached the outer fringe of lilypads skirting the entrance to a strip of shallow water, caused by an overflow, when the lake outlet was dammed some years ago. I made ready to cast a spoon into the lilies and do a bit of skittering, when Milo suggested that we act on a plan which he had formulated on the road to the lake. Knowing from past experiences that it was always safe to take council from Milo in matters piscatorial, I quit my preliminaries and awaited developments. Milo unreeled a half-dozen hundred-yard lines, which he fastened at intervals to the boat's gunwale nearest the lilies. To each he attached an Aberdeen hook with gut snell, slipped a cork half-split upon each line 4 feet from the snell and proceeded to bait with minnows, of which we had ten dozen alive in our bait can. He had barely tossed the first line off and turned to bait another when in the faint light I saw the cork disappear. My first thought was that the live bait had proved sufficiently strong to overcome the float. But Milo, whose eye was also on the line, thought otherwise, for he quit his baiting operations and gave it his sole attention. The line ran out to almost its full length, and was getting dangerously near the lily thicket, when Milo arrested its progress. Instantly the slack was absorbed with a jerk and the line whizzed through the water as the fish (or whatever had hold of it) inscribed a lateral parabola.

"Jimminy Crickets, but he's a buster!" with which lucid observation Milo proceeded to manipulate the unknown and prevent the line from fouling the anchor ropes. After five minutes' play, which in point of fact was hard work, Milo succeeded in landing a 6-pound pickerel without the use of net or gaff.

Meantime, in the intervals of watching Milo's sport, I had baited a second hook, gotten it overboard and, while he was disengaging his fish, I had my hands full with fish No. 2. With a little assistance—not of my own seeking—I succeeded in landing it. It was little more than half the size of the initial catch, but it made up in gaminess what was lacking in weight.

For the next half-hour it was a nice problem to bait a hook and get it into the water in the intervals allowed us by the pickerel, which seemed bent on getting caught. It was not unusual to have three fish on hook simultaneously, and we were compelled to ignore all preconceived notions in the matter of landing them. Ignoring both gaff and landing net, the moment a cork disappeared we simply exercised brute force and pulled in hand over hand, and, strange to say, in a catch of 160 fish, several better than 4 pounds in weight, we did not lose a dozen.

Just before sunrise Milo made the depressing discovery that our live bait had been used up. We rowed in toward a rocky shore, adjusted some roach hooks, and, with worms for bait, caught a quantity of shiners. By careful handling and slipping them at once into the water bucket we managed to secure some dozens of a rather large bait. The last shiner I caught was firmly hooked, and as Milo had the anchor up I did not stop to take it off, but allowed it to drag over the edge of the boat as we rowed back to our former fishing grounds. Suddenly the end of the pole flew up, barely missing my nose, and shot overboard. Supposing it had caught a lilypad or snag, great was my surprise to see the pole shooting along the surface, making an occasional dive. Milo backed water and we rowed in pursuit. Reaching over the gunwale, I caught the pole and with not so much as a shadow of ceremony swung into the boat one of the biggest rock bass I ever saw.

But now the sun shone with fierce heat, we were sated with fish, and, after landing a couple more pickerel, we rowed for the landing. Eviscerating a dozen of the larger pickerel and the bass, which I claimed as especially my own, we gave the remainder to some other fishermen and turned our faces homeward, well pleased with Lake Quassapaug as a fishing proposition.

SAMUEL MANSFIELD STONE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bass and 'Lunge.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 15.—The bass fishers of Chicago are threatened with a frog famine to-day. Owing to some unforeseen and unknown cause, the natural Indiana output of these speckled beauties is a shade shy this morning, and the tackle stores are filled with crowds of irate anglers who will probably be forced to depart for their customary fishing grounds this afternoon without the well filled frog basket which makes a part of the Chicago bass fisherman's outfit.

Among those who leave this afternoon or evening for the lakes of upper Illinois are Mr. I. B. Belasco, his friend Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Charles Lawrence, Mr. H. Miner, Mr. William Dubois, Mr. Charles Olk, Mr. L. Lowe, Dr. Friend and Mr. Alex Friend. Mr. Garrett takes a party of friends up to Billy Tuohy's place on Eagle Lake this afternoon.

Thus far no very extraordinary fishing has turned up among our bass lakes. The average catch for the good bait-caster has not been more than six or eight bass for a morning's and evening's fishing. The intense heat of this week, followed by heavy rains, may have changed the fishing conditions, and perhaps we shall hear of better sport, although the season is now growing late for the best of the fun at bait-casting for bass.

Elmer Wilkinson was at Dayton, Ill., last week and caught eight small-mouth bass and a few pike in the Fox River at that point.

The George Wheelock party, which has been located about eight miles from Conover, Wis., for the past ten days, is having good sport with bass and muscallunge. Mr. Wheelock has sent down to some friends in the city one muscallunge weighing 22 pounds, which is the largest 'lunge of which I have any authentic word this spring.

Spring Run of White Bass.

I was speaking recently of the run of cisco at Lake Geneva, Wis., which takes place every year early in the month of June, attention being called to the fact that the cisco run was at that time just beginning. There is another piscatorial pilgrimage which ought to be included in these Western spring fixtures, although I have never seen it mentioned in the columns of any sporting paper. This is the great run of white bass in the Wolf River of Wisconsin, a matter which is entitled to considerable notice from the standpoint of the angler and the naturalist. At this writing the run for this year is just over, or, perhaps more accurately stated, the fish are returning down the Wolf River after having made their journey to its head waters.

These white bass breed in great numbers in Lake Michigan, and these runs into the streams on both sides of Lake Michigan are not uncommon at different points. At St. Joseph they sometimes go into the mouth of the river, and at Grand Haven these big schools are also occasionally chronicled. The white bass of the Wolf River breed either in Lake Michigan or in Lake Winnebago, probably in the latter sheet of water, although they may come up in Winnebago from Lake Michigan. They are the source of considerable profit to the net fishermen, who are so keen in their pursuit that they make abundant trouble for the authorities of the Fish Commission, who have done all they could to restrict the injurious and destructive fishing for this and other fishes of Lake Winnebago. Each year, usually about the first week in June, these white bass seem to congregate in one great body at the mouth of the Wolf River, and they pass up above the Butte des Morts country and ascend the Wolf River in one enormous school. The surface of the water is at times broken into a myriad of ripples, the fish swimming close to the surface, in the same manner as may be sometimes noticed in schools of small black bass or schools of croppies, or, less frequently, schools of yellow perch. At such times the river is absolutely alive with these fish. The school has been known to cover the river for a length of nearly twenty miles, and at any point within that distance one may at such times take all the white bass he wishes. It may be supposed that the residents of that country hail the arrival of the white bass run with joy, and while the schools are passing the river is dotted with boats, all busy in taking the bass. At such times they take the artificial fly with perfect readiness and offer very considerable sport. The native fishermen usually use small minnows or piece of minnows. The catch is limited practically only by the patience of the fisher, and 100 or more is not an unusual take.

These white bass should not be confused with the crappie or strawberry bass, which is sometimes called locally the silver bass or the white bass. It is in weight rarely over a pound and a half, and about one pound is about the average weight of the fish during the spring run. It is a gamy little fellow and very fine upon the table. I should classify this run, that of the cisco of Lake Geneva and that of the mooneyes, or moon-eyed shad in the river at Neenah, Wis., as being the three great spring pilgrimages among the Western fishes.

Trout.

Some of these facts regarding the run of white bass were gathered the other day while in company with Mr. Graham H. Harris, President of the School Board, I was journeying with Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, for a day or so on that beautiful little trout preserve of which I have often spoken so enthusiastically. This stream—the Pine River, about eighteen miles from Waupaca—is controlled by Mr. B. K. Miller and Mr. McLeod, of Milwaukee, and is no doubt the best private trout water in the State. Mr. Harris, who is an enthusiastic fly-fisherman, was anxious to see this stream, and Mr. McLeod promised him very confidently that he would see some good sport. Up to that time the spring had been rather backward, and although some very nice takes of trout had been made, the fishing had been peculiarly erratic. It was supposed that the spell of warm weather would put the trout on the feed in good shade, and that we would have the cream of the season's fishing. Contrary to our expectations, however, a cold northeast wind continued to blow, and whether there is anything in the proverb about an east wind or not, we certainly had nothing like the trout fishing which we had a right to expect. From a dozen to two dozen small trout daily was all one rod could produce, and this only after the steadiest and most patient work at casting all day long. This is a fly-fishing game which these Milwaukee gentlemen put up and the tyro in the art of fly-casting need not expect to take any trout on this stream, which is deep and clear as glass, and can be fished only from the bank. Mr. Harris, who uses split bamboo rods of his own make, and who is a skillful fly-caster and the wielder of a very long line, found that the fish were timid to the last degree. This was not the reason for poor baskets, for the fact was that no good fish were rising, and only an occasional little fellow would turn over at some passing insect. As usual, Mr. McLeod took the best basket of fish on the fly. He did not fish so steadily as Mr. Harris and myself, being disgusted with his beauties because they would not do as he liked. Yet he took three nice trout in the morning, and in the afternoon, in the course of a few moments on an utterly impossible reach of open, shallow water just back of the club house succeeded in killing ten handsome trout on the fly. In order to take home a few trout, Mr. McLeod and I resorted to the use of cut bait for a little while in the afternoon, and I am ashamed to confess that I took over a dozen handsome trout in this way, whose weight exceeded all that I had killed on the fly.

Mr. McLeod and the club guardian, William Wood, are anxious to kill down some of these larger trout, as they think this improves the fly-fishing, so once in a while they take out some of the larger ones in the only way in which they can be killed—by bait-fishing. William Wood is still studying over the problem of keeping his trout on the club preserves. As it is, this private hatchery is feeding about ten miles of open water above the preserves. One of these days Mr. Miller and Mr. McLeod will take up seriously the matter of fencing in their trout, and if they do begin it they are apt to complete the matter in a thorough and satisfactory manner.

I presume one reason the trout were not rising better lay in the fact that they were full of this same larvæ which William Wood called "stick bait." The stomachs of these trout were full of these black bits. Yet Mr. McLeod tells me that later in the summer and at times when the trout are rising most eagerly to the fly they find their stomachs distended with this same sort of food, of which this stream has the greatest abundance, apparently at nearly every season of the year.

Mr. Harris says that he has never seen a stream which held so large an amount of fishing water as this stream in which we were fishing. Indeed, there is hardly a foot of it which ought not to be fished by the fly-fisherman. In many of the wild streams of Wisconsin the banks are hard or rocky, so that as one goes down stream he sees practically all the fish which the waters hold. Now on the Pine the banks are of turf and the stream undercuts them, leaving great caverns of an unknown extent under the overhanging banks. It is here that the trout lie, and if one stand on the bank he will very often pull out a whole school of them, some lusty ones, which he would never have dreamed lived in such a water. The stream averages only from 20 to 30 feet in width, although there are some wide and very deep holes running perhaps 6 or 8 feet in water. Mr. McLeod was much disappointed that he could not show his guests any better sport, yet he has no reason in the world for feeling that way. We surely had fish enough to eat, and we surely had the privilege of catching trout if we could, and they were surely there to catch, as we could see at any minute of the day.

By the way, there has been a little addition built to the lodge which Mr. Miller has on the Pine, and the little cottage is now one of the most artistic woods dwellings which it has ever been my fortune to see. It is all made of tamarack logs, and the railings of the balcony, the grille work for the screens inside, the hat racks, tables, picture frames, and indeed everything else about the place, are made from the native woods which grow about. A very handsome support for the big oak table is made out of a single stump, its spreading roots being nailed fast to the floor. Mr. McLeod is developing new artistic tastes in decoration every year. This spring he manufactured a couple of portières out of burlap, on which he has displayed his ability as an Indian artist, using the crude colors and the figures which one may see on the Indian robes. The effect is bizarre and very fetching.

Mayor Harrison and Mr. Hempstead Washburne were to have fished the Pine this week with Mr. McLeod, but unfortunately were unable to get away. Mr. Washburne leaves at the close of this week for the Huron Mountain Club, of Michigan, where he is accompanied by his family.

The reports regarding trout fishing this spring seem to show it as rather patchy, or rather more patchy than

trout fishing ordinarily is. Some good takes have been made on different waters, but of late for some unknown reason the trout are off their feed. I have not heard of any very good fish this week. The weather has been strange and unsettled, very cold for a long while and then suddenly very warm, with yesterday a very heavy storm, which extended all over the country up to northern Wisconsin and Michigan. Perhaps this heavy rain may have a better effect and set the trout once more on the feed.

Dams on the Illinois River.

The committee of the drainage board, which has in charge the affairs of the drainage canal which connects the Chicago River with the Desplaines and Illinois River system, has lately made a trip over the waterway as far as the Mississippi River. During the trip an examination was made of all the dams which cross the Illinois River, including those at Copperas Creek and at Henry, the former named of which is the same celebrated Copperas Creek dam which has figured so long in the Illinois fish laws. These dams have always been considered fixtures on the Illinois River, but there is reason to believe that they are to go. The testimony of all the inhabitants near these dams was that the increased flow of water turned into the Illinois River by the drainage canal retards the drying out of the spring overflows, so that crops cannot be planted until later in the spring than was formerly the custom. It is thought that were these dams taken out of the river the water would subside more quickly, whereas the increased flow given by the canal would give the river all the water it needed for navigation. The trustees have become satisfied that the Copperas Creek dam is unnecessary, and they will recommend its removal. As to the dam at Henry, no decision has as yet been reached. These great obstructions to the flow of the Illinois River, never properly provided with fishways, have always cut off a large amount of the natural up-stream migrations of our game fishes. Their removal would seem to augur better things for the anglers along the Desplaines, the Kankakee and the Fox rivers, all of which are tributary to the Illinois.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The following are the scores made by the Chicago Fly-casting Club on their Saturday meetings of May 25 and June 8:

	Long Distance Fly. Feet.	Bait Casting. Per Cent.	Delicacy Bait. Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco	92	83 4-5	70 2-3
I. H. Bellows	95	91 9-10	89
W. T. Church	75	72 7-10	79 1-2
H. G. Hascall	98	93 3-10	91 5-6
N. C. Heston	83	93 2-5	88
G. A. Hinterleitner	..	77 7-10	77 1-2
E. R. Letterman	75	84 4-5	86 1-3
F. N. Peet	107	83 2-5	76 5-6
H. W. Perce	75	87 1-5	78 5-6
C. B. Robinson	..	73 3-5	84 1-3
A. C. Smith	94	91 3-5	94 1-3
June 8:			
H. H. Ainsworth	87	85 7-10	86
I. D. Belasco	90	95 4-5	..
W. T. Church	75	78 1-2	94 1-6
H. Greenwood	75	94 9-10	85 2-3
H. G. Hascall	95	90 2-5	95 5-6
N. C. Heston	75	96 1-10	95 5-6
G. A. Hinterleitner	..	93 1-5	88 1-6
F. N. Peet	..	98 1-10	94 1-2
H. W. Perce	70	93 1-5	87 1-2
A. C. Smith	93	94 1-5	97 1-2

Winning scores, May 25: Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; bait casting, N. C. Heston; delicacy bait, A. C. Smith.

Winning scores, June 8: Long distance fly, H. G. Hascall; bait casting, F. N. Peet; delicacy bait, A. C. Smith.

Prairie River Fish Butchers.

Mr. Henry Dudley, who runs a comfortable resort on the Prairie River, about sixteen miles from Merrill, Wis., makes the following communication in regard to certain statements recently printed in these columns regarding excessive catches of trout upon the stream near this place:

"I have just read an article on page 427 which puts me in the light of one who is not doing justice to my patrons and to Prairie River itself. I wish to say in defense to myself, that if the fish hog wishes to stop at the different farmhouses along Prairie River and goes in the river with his pockets filled with worms, I do not know how I am capable of stopping him as long as it is legal. I do not own the stream, but if I am lucky enough to get a bait-fisherman as a guest here, he is in nine times out of ten transformed into a fly-fisherman, or else, if not of the true sportsman blood, is so shamed that he will stop elsewhere on the stream the next year, where the worm is not abhorred. I am doing all in my power to keep and make this an ideal fly stream, and do not want myself shown as one who advocates any such doing as published in your issue of June 1. I hope to get the co-operation of all true sportsmen in making this the best fly-casting stream in the United States. HENRY DUDLEY."

I am very willing to agree with Mr. Dudley as to his proselyting for the ranks of the fly-fishers, and indeed I know that he is not only a good fly-fisherman himself, but discourages anything but fly-fishing on this particular stream. I am glad to know that the men who took more than 500 trout did not stop at his place. This beautiful little Prairie River has a peculiar reputation as a stream suitable for fly-fishing. It has been loved for many years by those who like to fish with the artificial fly, and nearly every man who has sent a friend up there has done so on the supposition that that friend was a fly-fisherman and not a bait-fisherman. There is no open stream of the size of the Prairie which can long withstand the inroads of the bait-fishing public. If these two fishers who stopped above Dudley's place had contented themselves with a decent amount of fish the matter would hardly have seemed worthy of comment, but when they take 500 or 600 trout away from so small a stream they are taking more than could be done by fly-casting and more than the stream will stand. Most of the farmers along the stream, as well as Mr. Dudley himself, take the same attitude in regard to methods and numbers, and perhaps before it is too late we shall see this river practically protected by this very wholesome sentiment. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Permanent Angling Trophies.

A Method of Making Casts of Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of your angling readers may one of these days catch a fish of such dimensions or under circumstances that a permanent memorial of the event will be desirable. Where the taxidermist can be employed to save the specimen, his art answers well enough. But there are many occasions on which it is quite impossible to avail one's self of the professional artist's skill in order to save visible evidence of an interesting catch, and in such circumstances at present the best one can do is make a measurement, or perhaps draw a sketch, of the prize on a piece of bark. Even the photograph is unsatisfactory, for an explanation of the size of the fish must accompany it. A plan by which a cast of the trophy can be taken with ease must be welcome, and as I have discovered a method by which very satisfactory results have been attained, others may also find advantage in knowing the art, which consists in pouring melted paraffine on the object, and when the wax has hardened, removing the fish and filling the shell of paraffine with plaster of paris mixed with water to the consistency of cream. When the plaster hardens, hot water will remove the paraffine and leave a cast of the fish, showing every feature in natural size. If the model has been well posed, the effect is quite artistic. The paraffine can be saved and used repeatedly.

If one wants a copper cast of the model, he has only to save the paraffine matrix and send it to an electrotyper, who can deposit on the interior of the mould a coating of copper, reproducing in perfection every line of the fish. Doubtless if one will pay for it, a cast in silver or gold can be made as easily as in copper.

I have made several casts in plaster by the plan above described, and one that I made in copper of a perch was regarded by the United States Commissioner of Fisheries as sufficiently interesting to be exhibited at the International Fisheries Exposition in Bergen, Norway, in 1898. There is practically no limit to the size of a fish that can be represented by this process, for even a shark could be moulded and cast in sections by it and the pieces put together so as to give a complete figure of the creature. With small fish it is a very easy matter to make casts.

At one time I thought that this method of copying from nature would be employed by curators in museums of natural history to make metallic casts of interesting objects, but thus far they have not become sufficiently interested in the plan to ask for particulars. The amateurs and anglers can now take up the art if they are so inclined.

EDMOND REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

New England Anglers.

BOSTON, June 15.—Mr. Felix Tausig has returned to Boston from his fishing trip to the preserve of the Laurentide Club, of Canada, of which club he is a member. With his fishing friend, Mr. Pickert, also of Boston, some most happy fishing days have been spent. They were over seventy miles north of Quebec, well into the north woods. The preserve of the club includes the fishing and hunting rights of about 400 square miles of territory. Numerous lakes, ponds and streams are a feature of that part of the country, all stocked with squaretails, or brook trout. They caught all they cared for. A beautiful catch was shown to a few of Mr. Tausig's friends on Friday. In the catch were trout up to 3½ pounds, with none smaller than ½ pound. This is about as the trout run in those virgin waters, though larger fish are frequently taken. The largest taken this year weighed 4½ pounds, but they are sometimes taken as large as 7 pounds. The fishermen took a great many—all they could use with their three guides, and a good supply to bring home. Fly-fishing was good, and Mr. Tausig says that it was great sport. They were up betimes in the morning, for the mornings were too beautiful even to recline on the luxurious bough beds made up by the deft-fingered Indian guides. These guides are satisfied to work for $1.25 a day, and are untiring for the comfort of the sportsman. They saw two beautiful caribou and plenty of signs of other game. The gentlemen are much pleased with fishing in that part of Canada, the only drawback being the disagreeable license required. But a member of the club escapes this.

Mr. Frank Wise is at home from his spring fishing trip to Nova Scotia. With a couple of West Newton friends he had good sport. They are much in love with the lakes and streams back of Yarmouth. Mr. Wise's friend, Mr. Boss, who has usually accompanied him on his spring fishing trips to Nova Scotia, went this year to New Brunswick instead, to a section on the Bonnie River, where he found good fishing.

One has to have a permit to fish Fresh Pond in Cambridge, which pond is controlled by the Cambridge Water Board. These permits are few and far between, and come somewhat in the nature of political favors. But Lieut. Angus McDonald and Charles Gove have made a big catch there. They landed about 18 pounds of pickerel in one day, and under one permit. One pickerel weighed over 5 pounds, and was pronounced the largest pickerel ever taken from that pond. Mr. Gove captured the big fish, Mr. McDonald happening to be rowing at the time. The members of the Water Board and City Council were inspecting the Fresh Pond Pumping Station at the time the fish were brought ashore, and the catch was much admired. Now all the officials will want permits to fish there.

June 17.—To-day—Bunker Hill Day—is a holiday in Boston and Charlestown, but fishermen are not generally fond of firecrackers and empty parade, and a good many fishing trips were planned, and trains taken Saturday evening. Brooks in New Hampshire and Maine were to be visited and expectations were great. Mr. W. T. Farley and Frank Morse went to a pond in the Chocorna region last week. They fished one day, without a trout. That night the people at the hotel told them of another pond where they would be sure of some trout. They early visited that pond. They found the water very clear, but the fish did not bite. Looking down they could see fish moving about. At last they hooked up one, and behold! it was a hornpout. C. L. Bent and George Bean had a little better success at some brooks in Bristol, N. H., the same day, but the trout were small.

The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association is booked for Kineo, Moosehead, for its annual summer outing, from July 6 to 15. Programmes of sport will be arranged, while the evening literary exercises will consist of a discussion of the circumstances of the repeal of the September law, opened by Commissioner Carleton, and the Proper Policy of the State Toward its Guides, opened by W. E. Parsons, of Foxcroft. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, whose term of appointment expires next winter, has announced in the papers that he is a candidate for reappointment. He is in love with the work of fish propagation, and the feeling among the best of sportsmen, with whom I have talked is that he should continue in it. Summing up the total catch of salmon at Lake Auburn, Me., on Memorial Day, it is reported the number was sixty, with a total weight of about 300 pounds. This was about the best day ever recorded at that lake, and it should be remembered that Lake Auburn never knew what a salmon was till Henry O. Stanley put them in there.

Reports from Moosehead note good fishing last week. Fred S. Lufkin, of Gloucester, Mass., was high line for the week. Early in the week he took in two hours' fishing two trout weighing 4½ pounds each; two togue, of about 8 pounds each, and one salmon, of 5 pounds weight. The Owl Club, of Boston, has been having good fishing. Two of the best strings consisted of five trout and twenty-four togue, about 100 pounds, and sixteen trout and togue, 48 pounds. Dr. C. W. Deering, of Boston, and J. F. Hutchinson, of Lexington, Mass., have both taken salmon of about 4 pounds, and Miss Murphy, of Boston, a togue of 6 pounds. Mr. Lowell, of Worcester, has caught a salmon of 4½ pounds. The number of salmon taken is a surprise to everybody, and it must not be forgotten that there were no salmon in Moosehead till put there by Commissioner Henry O. Stanley.

At the Rangeleys the fishing is good, the season holding out remarkably well. Sportsmen from all parts of the country are at the different Rangeley resorts. Much fishing is done at the outlying ponds, as well as on the lakes. A catch of 10 or 15 pounds of trout in a day's fishing at these ponds is nothing at all unusual. It is thought that the heavy rains and cold winds have prolonged the spring fishing season. Some of the fishermen recorded have visited those resorts for many years. Mr. Loring Coes, fishing from the Mountain View House, has fished the Rangeley almost every season for the past forty years. He is now in his eighty-ninth year. Mr. H. W. Clark, of Boston, is another veteran angler, quartered at the Mountain View. He has fished almost as many seasons as Mr. Coes. This season he has to his record so far a salmon of 5½ pounds, and another of 3¾ pounds, besides any number of smaller fish, all taken on the fly. A partial record of the fish taken by guests of the Rangeley Lake House for the week is as follows: J. J. Brigham, Springfield, Mass., 4-pound trout; S. S. Lunt, Boston, 3½-pound salmon; A. A. Call, Springfield, Mass., three 3¼-pound salmon; C. H. Hayes, Boston, 3¼-pound salmon and one of 4 pounds; W. F. Sturtevant, Springfield, Mass., 3½-pound salmon; Mrs. R. H. Hinckley, Boston, 7-pound salmon; J. P. Morse, Brockton, Mass., salmon of 5¾, 3¼, 3¾, 3¾ and 6 pounds, and trout of 6 and 5½ pounds; Mrs. J. P. Mores, 3¾ and 6 pound salmon. Some good catches have also been made from the Mooselucmaguntic House. Mr. and Mrs. E. Coburn, of Lawrence, who are regular fishermen at the Rangeleys, have landed twelve salmon and trout, weighing from 1 to 5½ pounds. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Clapp, of Boston, have taken fifteen trout and salmon the past week, weighing from 2 to 5 pounds each. Mrs. J. O. McFadden, of Boston, has landed two salmon of 5 pounds and 6 pounds weight. Both fish were taken inside of an hour. Frank Ridlon, of Boston, has landed ten trout and salmon, the string weighing 28 pounds. Sportsmen will not forget that there were no salmon in any of the Rangeley waters till Henry O. Stanley put them there.

At the Megantic preserve fishing is good, and guests and members are beginning to assemble. Some fine togue are being taken at Arnold Pond on spinners. Henry R. Pearson, of Pittsfield, Mass.; D. C. Nickerson, of Leominster, and C. E. Dresser, of Boston, are making a tour of the preserve. They have had great luck at some of the ponds. Tuesday night they caught 108 good trout on Northwest Pond, fishing only a little over an hour. The trout were no fingerlings either. SPECIAL.

Canadian Angling Notes.

REPORTS continue to come in from Lake Edward of the splendid sport afforded by the trout of that and the neighboring lakes this season. Mr. E. T. Kulhn brought in a 5-pound brook trout a few days ago, and during Dr. Zimmerman's recent stay of a fortnight in his private camp there, he killed fontinalis on the fly up to 4 pounds in weight. Col. Blair, of Scranton, Pa., and his friend, Mr. Shaw, had a very successful experience last week on the chain of lakes west of Lake Edward. Lac des Belles Trintes, in the vicinity of Lake St. John, has also been yielding some very heavy trout.

The chief attraction of the Lake St. John country, however, during the last week, has been the success attending the opening of the ouananiche season at the Grande Décharge. Details of the principal catches have not reached me, but telegraphic reports state that the fish are very aundant and are rising freely to the fly, the water being in splendid condition. Notwithstanding the early character of the season, the majority of the fishermen who have expressed their intention of coming up are even later than usual, so that the earlier men have special opportunities for good sport.

The rush to the salmon rivers continues. Mr. J. J. Hill, of St. Paul, will be here to-night to join his yacht with a party of friends on their way to the St. Jean River of the North Shore.

Another important party left to-day by steamship Douro for the Natashquan and other rivers of Labrador.

Lord Savordale and Mr. H. Harris, of London, have gone to the Mingan; John Mannel, Col. Whitehead, Mr. Law and Robt. Patterson, of Montreal, to the Godbout, and Messrs. Morton Patton, of Montreal, and Edson Fitch and Veasey Boswell, of Quebec, to the Trinity. The Moisie is being fished by its recent purchaser, Mr. Ievers W. Adams, of Boston, and his son and a friend, while the Natashquan party includes F. S. Hodges, of Boston;

E. C. Chapman, broker, of New York; R. W. Johnson, of New Brunswick, N. J., president of the Johnson Manufacturing Company, of the surgical antiseptic supply business, and Mr. H. K. S. Williams, of New York.

Mr. Louis Cabot, of Boston, and nephew, are on the Grand River of Gaspe. Mr. John Fottler, Jr., of Boston, on the St. John, of Gaspe; Mr. Gardiner T. Lyons, and Mr. Walter M. Brackett, and Mr. H. O. Wilbur, and others, on the St. Marguerite, while the parties of Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, and of Lord Minto, of Ottawa, are still on the Ristigouche. One of the earliest parties on this river this spring had rather poor sport, but good reports come from the Chamberlain Shoals party, which killed a number of fine fish on the first day out. The Ristigouche Club waters are pretty fully occupied.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 15.

The Potomac Threatened.

ROMNEY, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an issue of the Washington Post recently I noticed an article on the pollution of the Potomac and its tributaries, which said the tannery owners would do all in their power to prevent pollution. As this statement is foreign to the facts and to what has already been done by these tannery owners, I would like to state that the Capon River, which was at one time a fine black bass stream, has two tanneries on it, owned and operated by the Covers, who have purchased a site at Moorefield and are building a large tannery there. At these tanneries on Capon River they have run all their filth and garbage into the river for years, although there is a State law against pollution of streams. We can only judge their future by their past record, and as to the United States Leather Company, who have bought a tannery at Petersburg, eleven miles above Moorefield, will say that they have run a large tannery at Paw Paw on the main Potomac for years, and have run all their refuse stuff into the main Potomac River.

With the cutting of pulp wood in the Trough and driving it down the river, a new boom and lumber company formed for the purpose of rafting or driving white oak and pine timber down this beautiful stream, the two tanneries, one ooze factory, the cross tie rafting, a great deal of fishing and very little restocking of this stream, I fear that black bass fishing in the waters of the South Branch of the Potomac is doomed, unless adequate laws are passed and enforced to protect the fish and also the people whose stock are necessarily watered in the summer by this stream. Hoping the people who have taken this matter up in Washington will not be fooled by the empty promises or misleading reports they receive from these tannery moguls, I remain yours for pure streams,

J. B. BRADY.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday re-entry contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake, June 8. Wind, strong S. W.; weather, beautiful:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Everett, No. 1	100	90.8	85	75	80	....
Everett, No. 2	100	83	90.8	78.4	84.6	....
Golcher, No. 1	104	84.4	84.8	74.2	75.5	....
Golcher, No. 2	116	79.4	91.4	75	83.2	....
Grant, No. 1	..	..	90.4	75.10	83.1	....
Grant, No. 2	..	..	85.8	75	80.4	....
Grant, No. 3	..	..	87	77.6	82.3	....
Mansfield	..	84.8	90	78.4	84.2	....
Skinner, No. 1	96	79.4	75.4	65.10	70.7	....
Skinner, No. 2	97	..	..	..	..	....

Judges, Battu and Golcher; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Smyth.

Sunday re-entry contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake, June 9. Wind, strong S. W.; weather, beautiful:

Everett, No. 1	93	87.8	91.4	75.10	83.7	....
Everett, No. 2	100	80	88	76.8	82.4	....
Blade	74	76	56.8	69.2	62.11	....
Daverkosen	99	..	..	..	..	....
Grant	..	..	84.4	73.4	78.10	....
Turner, No. 1	67	81.8	81	72.6	76.9	....
Turner, No. 2	..	86	76	71.8	74.4	....
Young, No. 1	88	91.4	89	78.4	83.10	....
Young, No. 2	86	91.4	89	75.10	82.5	....

Judges, Brotherton and Golcher; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Smyth.

Spawning of the Winninish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very properly criticised of late years for what I wrote in the "Fishing Tourist" some twenty-eight years ago regarding this species of salmon, to the effect that "in winter they are scattered through the deep water of Lake St. John, P. Q., and in June descend to the series of rapids below to spawn." I will confess that I wrote under the impression that they were a landlocked species. My only ground for the conclusion was that the fish were never seen in the lower Saguenay, which is not marvelous, since it has a uniform depth of 1,000 feet from Tadousac Bar to the Chicoutimi. However, I would now like to repeat what I said in my "Salmon Fishes" in 1890, in revision of that antique hypothesis, that "in winter they are scattered through the deep water of Lake St. John, and in June ascend the rapids of the tributary rivers to spawn," having previously visited the sea, which is easy to do *ad libitum* at any season of the year, as they are at no time landlocked or ice locked, which latter can be said of very few rivers on either side of the continent.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Austrian Fish Exhibition.

UNDER date of May 1, 1901, Consul Hughes, of Coburg, writes as follows: "I have just learned that the Austrian Fishery Association will hold a large international fishery exhibition at Vienna during the latter part of September, 1902, a large subsidy for this purpose having been granted by the Imperial Austrian Department of Agriculture. A special effort will be made to have as the principal figure of this exhibition a complete representation of the Austrian portion of the Adriatic Sea, the products of its fisheries, etc. In my opinion, this would be an excellent opportunity for United States houses interested in the fishing industry and in the manufacture of fish-taking apparatus to exhibit their goods."

Fishing in Home Brook.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 15.—"Between Casts" is framed and glazed, and hangs over the other corner of my writing table, opposite to "Commissary Brook," so called, I suppose, from the quantities of trout it used to furnish. I made a trial last week of the little brook at the end of the village, in which I caught some very large trout three years ago, of which I wrote you at the time. My trip was not very successful, except for the evidence it gave of the absence of small trout. I saw no signs of any, for the first quarter of a mile, from the head springs down through the pastures, but when I reached the level meadows, where the brook is sunk, in a deep, narrow cut through the soft soil, I felt a gentle pull in the first deep hole, and on lifting my rod I swung a half-pound trout out, which dropped on the grass the other side of the brook. I dropped my rod instanter, and made a flying leap across the brook in season to catch him before he could flop back into the water, as their habit is, and breaking his neck, dropped him into my basket. This done, I jumped back again, picked up my rod, and proceeded to examine my bait, for I had to use the humble angleworm, the brook being too narrow, deep sunk and bushy to admit of casting a fly, and found to my dismay that in my two leaps I had jolted every vestige of a worm out of my bait box, which was strapped about my waist, and my sport was at an end. I tried for a few rods further with what was left of the old bait, but could tempt no rseponse, and reeled up and came home with a nice breakfast relish for my wife and daughter.

The same Rip Van Winkle of whom I spoke in my last tried the same brook a day or two after and got eight large trout, but saw no small ones, and we both agreed that these large ones had run up from the Connecticut River.

VON W.

Keuka Lake Fishing.

BATH, N. Y., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just had a day's lake trout fishing in Lake Keuka. My catch was twenty-six in all, large and small. I kept nineteen, all over 2 pounds. The largest was 11¾ pounds, the average about 4 pounds; so it will be seen that the average was good, but nothing very large. The fishing in Lake Keuka is better this year than it has ever been before. If any one wants good lake trout fishing, Keuka is the place. Will Dart, of Catawba (on the lake), the guide, and the central spot to stop at is Gibson's Hotel, Catawba. The trunk roads are runnig excellent fast trains to Bath. It takes two days now to get to Gibson's from Bath via the B. & H. R. R. and steamboat, a distance of fifteen miles. The best thing to do is to take a livery from the D., L. & W. station direct to Gibson's; the time a livery will take is about two and a half to three hours through a glorious country. Messrs. Talmadge & Sons, of Hammondsport, have offered special rates from the D., L. & W. station at Bath to Gibson's on the lake for readers of FOREST AND STREAM. He will take one or two persons in a surry or closed carriage for $3. This reduced rate will only be given when the claim is made in the name of FOREST AND STREAM.

J. CHURCHWARD.

Big Wisconsin Trout.

BERLIN, Wis., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have been out for few days trout fishing at Benjamin's Farm on the White River, a place that is fast becoming famous for big trout.

One of the party, Mr. Owen Gudden, caught on Tuesday a trout 20 inches long, weighing 3¼ pounds. This gentleman has the distinction of taking next to the largest trout out of White River.

The honor of taking the record trout belongs to Mr. F. H. Josslyn, of Oshkosh. It was caught last summer and nearly cost the gentleman his life, as he was obliged to lay down on top of the trout in quite deep water. The measurements of the fish were 24 inches long, 12-inch girth. It weighed 4¼ pounds.

H. R.

An Absent-Minded Preacher.

An odd circumstance happened once at Winchester. As Dr. Wilson was one Sunday morning going through the streets toward the cathedral, he heard a woman cry: "Mackerel! All alive, all alive, O!" And on his arrival at the church he began the service as follows: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive, alive, O!" These last words the doctor proclaimed aloud, in the true tone of the fisherwoman, to the great surprise of the congregation. But the good doctor was so studious and absent minded that he knew not what he had done.—Household Words.

Keeping Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. J. S. Van Cleef rather knocks all accepted ideas in the head when he says, in his article, "Unreliable Traditions.—II.," that a trout should not be "drawn" until ready for the frying pan. But I am always open to conviction and glad to be set right on this point, for I have always heretofore cleaned my fish on the stream.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Animal Humbugs.

In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest, and to make the deception surer it takes away one of the other bird's eggs. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus, bees which steal hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed theft; while he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening.—London Exchange.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 2-5.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XVIII.—The Force System.

As the term "force system" suggests, it is a system of teaching the dog retrieving, which in part is accomplished by the exercise of force. As a title, it is misleading in its significance, since force is used only in the elementary stages of the lessons, and then to a limited degree.

The force, as applied, is for the purpose of causing pain to the dog. The pain is so associated with certain acts which free him from it that he commits them mechanically to avoid it. Pain of itself teaches the dog nothing whatever in the way of intelligent and positive retrieving. Its scope, however, is quite sufficient to enable the trainer to lay a firm elementary groundwork upon which the retrieving superstructure may be built.

When left to the exercise of his own will in the use of his mouth, the dog is predisposed to harshly grasp such objects as he closes it upon. Under the schooling of the natural system, the manner in which he uses it is practically beyond the control of the trainer. Indeed, his schooling, under that system, has a tendency to develop a hard mouth rather than to preserve a tender one.

In the force system, the dog's manner of using his mouth is under the direct control of the trainer. Tender grasping of the object to be retrieved is a feature of it from the very beginning. The dog notes that when he has the object in his mouth, pain ceases.

The manner in which the dog uses his mouth to the end that pain may be avoided, and that which he uses when impelled by natural impulse, are quite distinct. The one is gentle, the other forceful.

If cruelty is inflicted by any instrument which causes pain to the dog, the trainer should not, by any sophism, assume that the cruelty is inherent in such instrument. The cruelty, when it exists, comes from the application of the punishment.

Pain can be caused without any injury whatever to the dog. When the trainer loses his temper and mutilates and shocks his dog to gratify it, he should not for a moment imagine that the origin of the cruelty is in the collar. The latter being absent, his boot, club, shotgun or whip would be quite likely to come into use, and are then cruel instruments solely because they are so applied in a cruel manner by a cruel man.

To teach the dog to retrieve from the effects of pain, some trainers pinch the toes, the ears, the nose, or apply the whip or collar. The latter has the special advantage of direct control over the dog's mouth while the pain is inflicted. Pinching his mouth hampers him in the use of it. When the pain is inflicted by the other means enumerated, the dog's mouth is under but little control, hence the progress is less positive and less complete.

In the application of force, intelligence, kindness, sympathy for the dog in his efforts to perform the desired act, good temper and a knowledge of dog nature are essential to the best success. An ignorant man can apply more force, but he should not confound his senseless punishing ability with true dog training. The cause of pain is a limited aid to training; it is not the training itself.

Retrievers trained after the force system are finished performers in their work. By virtue of this system, they have undergone a discipline which left their dislikes and objections unconsidered. They have recollections of implicit obedience only as a means of avoiding pain. Their impressions concerning it are lifelong.

A tender mouth can be insured under this system if the trainer has ordinary skill. Also, under it, the dog can be caught to retrieve whether he is old or young. The discipline further conquers and subjugates him in a general way, without impairing his independence or breaking his spirit.

Any hurry in the training should be carefully avoided. The dog must have ample time to comprehend the purposes of his trainer, and to remember what associated acts free him from pain.

After the dog will pick up the object and fetch it mechanically, the so-called natural method is applied, and the dog is then petted, flattered and rewarded in his work to the end that his enthusiasm and self-interest are evoked.

In the force system, the progress may be roughly differentiated into stages—namely, that in which the dog merely opens his mouth mechanically when he hears the command "Fetch," as a preventive or avoidance of pain; that in which he will actively engage in an effort to grasp the object when he hears the command, if the object is held on a level with his mouth, a few feet in front of him; that in which he will follow it up and pick it out of the hand of the trainer or off the ground or floor, knowing then fully that the act if completed will free him from pain; that in which the attempt is made to teach the dog to pick up an object off the floor or ground. If each stage has been thoroughly inculcated, but little if any difficulty will be encountered in steady advancement.

He further must be schooled to go after the object when or it is thrown to a distance.

If he fights the collar the trainer lets him fight it out at the end of the check cord till he entirely desists.

A corncob is a good object to school the dog on in his first lessons. It is not repugnant to him; it is shaped so that he can conveniently hold it in his mouth, and a clean one can be conveniently used at every lesson.

The first lessons should be given in a room, free from disturbing noises and the presence of spectators. The dog should face diagonally across, on the right side, so that he will be facing an object held in the trainer's left hand in front of him.

The running free end of the collar rests on top of the dog's neck. A piece of half-inch rope, about three feet long, is fastened to it. The trainer firmly grasps the col-

lar close up to the dog's neck, holds the cob close in front of the dog's nose, and gives the command "Fetch," pulling firmly on the collar at the same time. If the dog opens his mouth to cry out, the cob is then instantly slipped into his mouth, at the same time slackening on the collar and stopping all pain.

The first pull or two will determine the character of the pupil. He may be tenderly responsive to the force, or grimly sulky and mute, or disposed to fight. If he will not open his mouth to a jerk of the collar, the trainer catches it close up to the dog's neck, twists his hand outward, thereby drawing the collar tightly and shutting off the dog's wind partially and forcing him to open his mouth in a moment. The cob is then put in his mouth and the collar at the same time is loosened to end the pain.

If he shows fight, the whip is administered while he is held to the punishment with the collar, and this is continued till all the fight is taken out of him.

After each command to fetch with the corresponding pull on the collar and insertion of the cob in the dog's mouth, the trainer waits a few moments, soothing the dog kindly, to restore his confidence. When he holds it well, leave in his mouth a few moments and praise him. If he ejects it, replace it instantly in his mouth, at the same time giving him a sharp admonitory jerk.

His little weaknesses should be studied so that advantage may be taken of them. Make the first lessons short. There is plenty of time to teach the dog the accomplishment, and there are two things therewith to ever keep in mind—namely, to avoid hurry and to keep in good temper. The dog must have time to comprehend the purposes of the trainer; to associate the command and pain with the act which will avoid the latter, and to memorize all the particulars which make up the lesson. When hurried or distressed from the confusion, he becomes overheated and holds his mouth open while panting, at which juncture he cannot close it on the cob without great distress.

Each lesson should end in a romp after the collar is removed, thereby restoring the dog's confidence and making a pleasant ending to the lesson.

The first simple lessons should be continued till the dog will open his mouth promptly the moment that he hears the order "Fetch." The next stage is to teach him to step forward and grasp the cob when he hears the command. The dog is now brought into active instead of passive obedience. He must act instead of being acted upon. The trainer holds the cob about a foot in front of the dog's nose, gives the command "Fetch," at the same time jerking him forward sharply to the cob, which he is induced to seize, and which he will seize when within reach of it if the preliminary lessons have been properly inculcated. These lessons teach the dog to advance forward for the cob when he hears the command. When the dog has grasped the cob, or when he has in good faith attempted to do so and failed, the punishment should instantly cease.

When he quite realizes the virtue of the cob in his mouth in affording immunity from punishment, he will object to release it even when the trainer so desires. Its absence after a time signifies that punishment impends. When he releases it, caress and reassure him. If he closes tightly on it and refuses to deliver it, no violence or impatience should be manifested. Grasp the cob in the left hand gently, utter the command "Give," stepping on the toes of one of his forefeet at the same time. It is not necessary to pinch them severely. A gentle pressure will be quite sufficient to accomplish the purpose. The order "Give" will be promptly obeyed after a few lessons given in this manner.

Up to this stage the dog as a general rule acts mechanically. He steps forward and puts his mouth on the cob because the act saves him from pain. He has not perception sufficient to enable him to comprehend that it is necessary for him to lower his head if the trainer holds the cob near the floor in front of him. At this stage the dog's natural inclination to grasp a moving object may be aroused, and then he may follow it up and grasp it on his own initiative. When this is evoked, the rest of the training is easy. The trainer caters to the dog's inclination to make it an amusement. The command "Fetch" is given, the cob is wiggled teasingly close to his nose, and when he follows after it it is moved two or three feet further on, till he overtakes and closes his mouth on it.

Some dogs soon develop an enthusiastic inclination to enter into the matter as amusement at this stage, but no more playfulness should be permitted than is necessary to make the lessons cheerful and successful. The grave and the gay should be properly blended.

If the dog, however, refuses to be amused, the trainer lowers the cob an inch or two below the level of the dog's mouth, and forces him to grasp it in the new position. Lesson after lesson the cob is lowered little by little as the dog becomes proficient, till at length he will take it from the trainer's hand held at the level of the floor.

At this stage the dog in most instances requires extra patience in conducting his lessons. He has been habituated to associating the cob and hand together, and has looked to the moving hand as the thing to follow when ordered to "Fetch." Hence, when the trainer places the cob on the floor, uttering the command and taking his hand away, the dog is likely to follow the moving hand instead of grasping the cob. To overcome this, the trainer places the cob on the floor in front of the dog, utters the command and then moves his hand to one side an inch or two only. If the dog goes to the hand, it is then an easy matter to direct his attention to the cob.

As the lessons progress, the hand may be moved away to greater and greater distances, as the dog more and more learns that the cob is the matter under consideration.

He can grasp it with much greater ease and quickness, thereby advancing better in his training, if two sticks about three inches in length are placed at right angles in each end of it.

After the dog will pick up the cob when placed on the floor close in front of him, another stage may be attempted. The cob is tossed gently a foot or two in front of him, care being taken to have him see it when tossed. He is induced to go for it by kind inducement if possible; if he refuses, he is forced forward with the collar.

A longer and lighter check cord may be used at this stage, accordingly as the dog broadens in the scope of his work.

A great deal of difficulty will be encountered if the preceding lessons have been hurried or if they have been imperfectly taught, either or both of which are quite probable in the first attempts of the amateur. If progress is made in a proper manner, each stage is easy and certain, with the infliction of little pain or none at all. If the trainer cannot conduct the spike-collar lessons in a proper manner, it is much better for himself and infinitely better for the dog that the system be abandoned.

If at any time the dog shows a disposition to bite the cob, some slim, ten-penny nails should be tied half an inch apart, lengthwise to it, so that its surface is protected by the iron. This, against his teeth, is abhorrent to him. He will at first refuse to grasp it, but when forced to do so will carry it, and with exceeding tenderness.

Next he is given lessons in retrieving a dead bird. It is better to protect it with nails at first, both to prevent him from pinching it with his teeth, to associate it with pain to the teeth if grasped too hard, and to insure a habit of tenderness from the first to the last attempts in retrieving birds. He will require a number of lessons to perfect him in it.

Next he should be taught to refrain from going after the object till he is ordered to do so. It is better to make him "Drop," and so remain till he hears the order to "Fetch."

In the lessons teach one order at a time. Do not order the dog to "Fetch" and as he starts to obey do not command him to "Drop," or "Toho," etc. Such training balks and confuses him. One order and obedience to it are sufficient at one time. Good progress on the part of the dog is consequent to industry and good sense on the part of the trainer. If the good sense is absent, the dog should be held blameless.

Each part in detail should be perfected. The dog should be required to remain passive till he is given the command "Fetch," then to go directly to the bird, pick it up gently and quickly, and return in a direct line to the trainer. No nosing of the bird, nor dawdling on the way either when going to or coming with it, should be tolerated. The bird should be delivered to hand, and released instantly to the order "Give."

The retriever should be thoroughly proficient in all the yard lessons before any attempts are made at actual field work, and then great care should be exercised to guard against two dogs attempting to retrieve the same bird, or against interference with a good retriever by a partly broken dog. A thoroughly trained dog may be demoralized in a few moments by such bad management.

Some preliminary training may be given the dog which in a way will be of value in marking the flight of birds and in "seeking dead." The cob is shown to him, then thrown in the air far away, where he can see it and mark its flight. He is not permitted to go after it till he is ordered to "Fetch." He will then have some difficulty in finding it, and will rake the ground about with his nose in an effort to catch scent of it. The lessons may be varied by throwing the cob to the opposite side of walls, fences, bushes, etc., thus enabling the dog to see part of its flight, but preventing him from seeing it land. When assisting the dog to search for it, the trainer utters the command "Seek" or "Find," or whatever other command he may fancy, at the same time affecting earnestness in searching for it himself. In this manner, after a sufficient number of lessons, the dog will mark the cob's flight quite accurately, will find it with reasonable quickness and will learn the significance of the commands pertaining to searching for it.

These lessons should be given in moderation, as they have a decided tendency to develop the carriage of a low nose, a style of work which should be discouraged as much as possible in a dog used as a bird finder.

In respect to actual field work, after the dog is perfected in retrieving, the trainer should ever bear in mind that all retrievers are not alike even when perfectly educated, and that circumstances alter cases. Dogs vary greatly in strength. A dog, physically small and delicate, might be an excellent retriever of quail and woodcock and yet be a poor retriever of prairie chickens, owing to their extra weight.

The dog at best, owing to his construction, is not a good weight carrier. Moreover, when required to retrieve large birds on a hot day, he, if panting violently, may be forced to drop the bird so that he can breathe, etc. The shooter should have some consideration and charity for his dog under such circumstances. He has consideration for himself, as shown by his voluminous excuses for missing a bird, or didn't know it was loaded, or resting in the shade when uncomfortably warm, etc.

However well a dog may perform in his yard lessons, they canot be accepted as final data concerning his actual work afield. Carrying an object to hand is not all of retrieving. The dog must have a keen intelligence, so that he will understand how to work intelligently to the gun; he must have a keen nose so that he may be able to trail running birds to their hiding place and locate the dead ones; he should have a pleasant, tractable disposition and take pleasure in his work; he should be able to mark and remember the flight of wounded birds, and also be able to distinguish between the flight of a wounded bird and one which is not.

The finished retriever does his work expeditiously and accurately, because he knows what to do and how to do it. The poor retriever knows but little more than how to fetch a bird when he comes across it. All the intelligent cognizance of details is lost to him.

Retrieving ducks and geese is too laborious work for the average pointer and setter. Furthermore, their constitution is not sufficiently strong to withstand the shock and exposure incident to it, if they are used as retrievers of wildfowl for any important lengths of time.

Snapping Turtles.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., June 12.—How big do snapping turtles grow? One caught here was said to weigh 40 pounds. The species is exceedingly rare in this locality, no one ever having seen one before, as far as we can learn. It was caught a quarter of a mile from water in pasture land. As he would not eat after being coaxed for two weeks, he was taken back and turned loose where found with a dog tax check attached.

Will be glad to report further regarding geese at Little Magog Lake as soon as I can get good reliable information. JOS.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

19. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mas
20. New York, annual, New York Bay.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
22. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
22. Marine and Field, open, Gravesend Bay.
22. Mosquito fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
22. Manhasset Bay, third series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
22. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
22. Columbia, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
22. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, second race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
22. Savin Hill, Y. R. A., open, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
25. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
25. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
29. New York, cup defender class, Newport.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

1. New York, cup defender class, Newport.
2, 4, 6. Newport, Y. R. A., cup defender class, Newport.
2. Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
3. Columbia, City Point, Boston Harbor.
3. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
3-8. Brooklyn C. C., cruise, Gravesend Bay.
4. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
4. Shelter Island, club regatta.
4. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
4. Boston City, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, second club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., first open regatta, Gravesend Bay.
4 Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
4. Larchmont, annual regatta and schooner races for Colt cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
4. Pavonia, McInnis cup, Bayonne, New York Bay.
4. Canarsie, parade, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, annual, Bay Shore, L. I.
4. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4-5. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A., Lake Michigan.
4-7. Biloxi, club, Biloxi, Miss.
5-11. Atlantic, cruise, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Shinnecock Bay, club, Shinnecock Bay.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
6. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
6. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
6. Beverly, convention, Monument Beach.
6. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
6. Columbia, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, third race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
6. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
8. Norwalk, annual, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
8-9-10. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Moriches, club.
13. Mobile, club, Point Clear, Alabama.
13. Corinthian, third club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
13. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
13. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
13. Larchmont, open, first day of race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, race for Roosevelt memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
13. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
13-20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
15-19.—Interlake meet, Put-in-Bay, O.
17. Beverly, Buzzards Bay.
17. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
18, 20, 23. Newport Y. R. A., special races, Newport.
20. Columbia, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Westhampton C. C., club.
20. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
20. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
20. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Mass.
20. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Norwalk, club race, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
20. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fourth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
20. Trial race to select Canada cup defender, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Pass Christian, club, Pass Christian, Miss.
22. New York, cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
22. Harvard, cruise, rendezvous, Morris Cove, L. I. Sound.
22. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
23. New York, cruise to the eastward.
24. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
24. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
25, 26, 27. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
25-26. Erie, regatta, Erie, Pa.
27. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
27. Bay Waveland, club, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
27. Shelter Island, ladies' regatta.
27. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
27. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
27. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
27. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
27. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Manhasset, fourth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
29. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
29-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30-Aug. 3. Pan-American regatta, Buffalo, N. Y.
30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1-3. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
3. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
3. Southern Gulf Coast, Y. R. A.
3. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
3. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
3. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, Conn.
3. Moriches, association regatta.
3. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Robert Center memorial cup races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
3 Manhasset Bay, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
3. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
3. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
3-5-7. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
5, 6. Manchester. West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
7, 8. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
7. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
9, 10. Annisquam. Ipswich Bay, Mass.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Monument Beach.
10. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
10. Westhampton C. C., association regatta.
10. Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay.
10. Shelter Island, open.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Marion.
10. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
10. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Horsehoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
10. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, sixth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
10-15. Chicago, races for the Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12, 13. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
17. Shelter Island, club.
17. Moriches, open.
17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. New York, New York Bay.
17. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
17. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
24. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
24. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
31 Westhampton C. C., open.
31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
31. Shelter Island, Club.
31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
2. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach.
2. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
2, 3. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Lynn, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Gravesend Y. R. A., all classes, Gravesend Bay.
2. Norwalk, special, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
2 Sachem's Head, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
2. Pavonia, special, Bayonne, New York Bay.
2. Canarsie, ladies' day, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2 Chicago, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
3. Shinnecock Bay, open, Shinnecock Bay.
5, 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
12. New York, autumn sweepstakes, New York Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
21. America Cup race, Sandy Hook.
21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, June 16.—Last week Independence was put into the drydock at the Charlestown Navy Yard, her balance rudder taken off and the sternpost rudder substituted. This was done because it was found that the balance rudder jammed so in the port when it was being turned that after having been turned to a certain angle it was very hard to get the wheel further over. In other ways the balance rudder was success, but this feature would condemn it.

It simply shows that there are yet many experiments to be made before balance rudders can be used on large sailing yachts. That they can be used has been shown in the trials of Independence. If ball bearings were put at the bottom of the rudder sleeve, when it was first put in place, it is likely that there would have been no difficulty in turning the wheel in either direction, and a change in this direction would have overcome the fault at this time; but as the time is so short for the yacht to receive a proper tuning up, it was thought to be impracticable to experiment.

There is another thing which would tell against the balance rudder. Although it would perhaps be of great assistance in making quick tacks when sailing on the wind, it certainly creates a resistance when sailing off the wind, which does not help the speed of the yacht, and when any feature is not a help to a racing yacht, it becomes a detriment to her speed. It is true that the balance rudder is more powerful than the sternpost rudder in the proportion of its further position aft, but it is also true that the rudder kicks up more fuss under the water when the yacht is sailing off the wind, and it is expected that most of the work of a racing yacht will be away from the wind or sailing by it.

Another way of remedying the difficulty with the balance rudder, and giving the water a chance to flow properly around it, would be by attaching it to a skeg, but in the short time that is left before Independence gets down to hard racing, this was thought to be impracticable and, besides, it is doubtful if a skeg could be put on which would stay throughout one race unless it were made so heavy as to put too much additional weight on the wrong part of the boat. So, the sternpost rudder has been substituted, which will be easier to handled, and under which, it is expected, that Independence will work quick enough on the wind.

Another thing that has been discovered in the trials of Independence is that she has been a bit tender. Her rig is too lofty and she thereby sustains too great weight aloft. In all of her trials she has been sailed in very light airs, except, possibly the day on which she took her involuntary jibe. Under these conditions she appeared to be very satisfactory, but it was seen by those on board that she might be at a disadvantage if she should run up against a strong breeze. To reduce this weight aloft, 5ft. have been cut off the mast and 6ft. from the topmast. Two and a half feet will be cut from the head of the mainsail, from the leach to the luff, and a sweep will be taken out of the throat of the sail to make the head fit the gaff and also to get more draft in the luff.

When one thinks of reducing the total length of the spars 11ft. the thought generally follows that her rig will be greatly reduced, but such is not the case. Her headsails, of course, will be cut to trim right, but only enough for this purpose. In all only about 200 sq. ft. will be taken from the area of the lower sails. As the total area of the lower sails is 10,981 sq. ft., it can be seen that the reduction is very slight, and so far as sails go, would not be noticed by even the most expert. With the spars it will be different. The Oregon pine topmast, which has been substituted for the spruce one, and 6ft. shorter, will look very dumpy in proportion to the length of the mainmast. This appearance was noted in the old topmast, but in the new one it will be still greater, and the spar will appear very short indeed when she is under sail again.

If it had been possible, Mr. Crowninshield would have greatly desired to keep the rig as it was and put in extra ballast; but, as Independence has been floating very close to 90ft. on the waterline, this could not be done. In making the changes above mentioned, the weight of the rig aloft is reduced without materially changing the sail plan, and the weight thus taken is equivalent to many more pounds of lead stowed in her keel.

The conflict between the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. and the Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, has resulted just as your correspondent predicted early in the year. The conflict comes in the Y. R. A. classes. In both clubs classes are provided for the Y. R. A. 25-footers and 21-footers for June 17. The members of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. contend that they have tried to go half way with the Marblehead yachtsmen in the matter, but with no success. In consequence, the difference in the prizes offered by each club for the contested classes is of interest. The Burgess Y. C.'s race is a club affair. The prizes for the 25-footers is $10 and for the 21-footers $5. The race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. is an open event. The prizes for the 25-footers are $50, $25 and $10. Those for the 21-footers are $40, $20 and $10.

The Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. is making great efforts to have the annual open race on June 29 a success. The prizes are cash and of very substantial amounts. The feature of the races will be the admitting of yachts under 30ft. racing length. No yachts can be enrolled in the Eastern Y. C. which are not over 30ft., but for the open race two special classes are provided—one for yachts between 29ft. and 35ft. waterline, and the other for yachts between 24ft. and 29ft. waterline. In both of these classes a first prize of $50 is offered. If four or more yachts start in either class, a second prize of $10 will be given. In the larger classes the prizes run from $150 to $50 for the schooners and sloops, with proportionate second and third prizes should the entries warrant them. The Regatta Committee is trying in every way to reach the yachtsmen and there should be a good fleet of starters lined up at the races.

At Lawley's most of the yachts have been finished and have left the basin. The 86ft. steamer, designed by Arthur Binney for C. B. Borland, had her trial trip last week, in which she developed over fifteen knots. The Wiggin Y. R. A. 21-footer, which was designed by Fred Lawley, has been launched. She is a very clean looking boat, and should make a good showing in her class. The interior of the Eno 120ft. steam yacht is being finished up. The Crane 70ft. steam yacht is nearly plated. The Binney 70ft. steam yacht received her boilers last week. Fred Lawley has an order to design a 56ft. schooner for New York parties.

Most of the yacht clubs have taken advantage of the two holidays and the half holiday to make cruises. Some of them have arranged elaborate programmes with racing runs each day. The Boston Y. C. will cruise to Marblehead and Gloucester, the South Boston Y. C. to Marblehead and the Winthrop will go on a blind cruise. Most of the smaller clubs in Dorchester Bay are also on cruises.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Constitution's Breakdown.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For many years I have been a sailor, but I am not a yachtsman, and do not profess to know much about yachting. At the same time, I am greatly interested in the forthcoming contest for the America Cup, and read all that I can about the vessels likely to compete for it.

I am greatly impressed by the fact that recently several of these boats have been disabled in what appears to be moderate weather, and under circumstanecs which seem to show that they are carrying far too much sail and are fitted out with spars that are far too weak. Is it not the fact that, in the effort to turn out a vessel which shall win the Cup, designers are sacrificing everything to speed, and are trying to construct mere racing machines of no use nor interest to any one except for the purposes of this contest? Is this a desirable thing? Is it calculated to benefit the sport of yachting, or indeed to do any good thing—except gratify national pride?

It used to be said—and perhaps still is—that horse racing is carried on for the improvement of the horse, and perhaps incidentally the horse has been improved within the last 200 years by his use on the track, though I fancy something could be said on the other side of the question.

That the sport of yachting has a distinct service to perform for the country in training up men and boys to know something of the sea is undoubted, but are our vessels improved by the construction of modern type? Is our knowledge of naval architecture advanced by the building of racing machines like those of the present day?

QUERIST.

The Canada's Cup Challengers.

THERE are three Canadian candidates for Canada cup honors—Invader, built at Oakville, Ont., from the designs of Messrs. Sibbick Bros., of Cowes, England, for the Gooderham syndicate of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, the challengers for the cup; Canadian, built at Hamilton by Mr. J. H. Fearnside, Rear-Commodore of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., and Beaver the unsuccessful defender of the Canada cup in 1899, now owned and sailed by Dr. A. H. Garratt and others, of Toronto.

Beaver is already well known in the yachting world. She lost the cup to Genesee, but Canadians are still confident that had there been anything better than an eight-mile breeze for the cup races the Hanley centerboarder would have sailed home without the trophy. Beaver was designed by A. E. Payne, of Southampton, England, and is wonderfully smart in a breeze. She carried a tiny topsail in the Canada cup races, but has dispensed with this piece of canvas and added 300lbs. of lead to her ballast, reducing her to her original form—a plain jib and mainsail sloop, 45ft. over all, 29ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 4½in. beam, 6ft. 3in. draft and with a sail area of 1,335 sq. ft. She is sailing better in this, her third season, than she did in her first, and will prove an excellent trial boat in the forthcoming tests. The trial races will be held off Toronto Island, commencing in the last week of June or the first week of July. The Hamilton men favor the later date, but the Toronto men are afraid that it will not leave them sufficient time before the finals at Chicago.

Invader is, without doubt, the finest specimen of the 35ft. semi-fin keel sloop ever seen on Lake Ontario. A wondrful amount of cutting away has been done to her model. The after edge of the fin, instead of being straight, so as to carry the rudder stock, is curved away in. The lead bulb is longer than the base of the fin, projecting at least a foot beyond it aft. The ballast is in the form of a straight slab, the forward end being the wider and deeper. The overhangs are very long. There is a curious pinching-in apparent in the lines of the bow, and, viewed from below and slightly abeam, there appears to be somewhat of a hump in the quarters. This disappears when the boat is viewed on the level. The general profile of the craft is very pleasing, although she has rather more sheer than would be expected for the amount of her side. Her greatest freeboard is 34in. and her least is 20 in.

The sail plan is generous, the high peaked mainsail containing 1,105.5 sq. ft., according to the blueprint, while the jib has 378 sq. ft. The mainsail has a hoist of 31ft., and the boom is 38ft. long and the gaff 26ft. The base of the forward triangle is 21ft. 6in., the mast being stepped 15ft. from the stem head, and the bowsprit being 6ft. 6in. outboard. The mast is a beautiful hollow spar, with only a 7/8in. shell of wood left. It is so light that one man lifted it easily and only two men were required to carry it around.

Invader is 49ft. 6in. over all, 28ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 4in. beam, and 6ft. 6in. draft. Her sail area is 1,483 sq. ft. She has 6,000lbs. of lead ballast. She is built of British Columbia cedar, without a knot. Her frames are rock elm and her stem is oak. Her keelson and fin are of pitch pine. The covering board, coamings and deck fixtures are of mahogany. She has a balanced rudder.

The Duggan centerboarder Toronto, built in defense of the Canada cup in 1899, has been turned into a houseboat. Much of her gear has been used in fitting out Invader.

During the second week in June the new boat was sailed frequently by Com. Gooderham, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., and by the end of the week she was getting into shape. Her first spins were all light-weather trials. She met Beaver occasionally, and proved superior to her in sailing on an easy bowline and with a beam breeze. On a close haul, during the earlier trials, she was decidedly inferior to Beaver, the latter pointing as high and outfooting her. The improper set of Invader's canvas, owing to her not having her proper gaff and boom, was responsible for this. Some fear, however, has been expressed that the extreme amount of cutting away in Invader's fin has so reduced the area of lateral resistance that she slides to leeward a little more than a keel sloop should. While she draws 3in. more than Beaver, there is much less of her under water, her fin being very much shorter.

Canadian, the Hamilton boat, is a curious craft, with fairly sharp bows, slightly flaring sides, square bilges from stem to transom, a concave bottom, and a fin keel. Her bottom is not arched up very highly, the upward curve from the bilge to the keel being about 4in. Her deck has considerable crown, and she has an immense amount of room in her body. She is built of cedar, with an oak framework. Like Invader, she is sloop rigged. Canadian is what her name indicates. Her designer, the Rev. P. J. O'Brien, a Roman Catholic priest, is, if not a Canadian, a Newfoundlander. Her owner and builder is Mr. J. H. Fearnside, of Hamilton, a well-known Lake Ontario yachtsman. Her material—sails and rigging—are all products of the Land of the Maple. Father O'Brien claims great things for the concave bottom, and it is a fact that one of his yachts, built on this model, proved superior to Herreshoff creations. The principle appears to be that the water rushing under the concave bottom acts as a spring, lifting the yacht and driving her forward. That it has been successfully demonstrated in Canadian's case is perhaps saying too much, for the boat has not had a chance to show her capabilities yet. She has been taking trial spins under the canvas of the 35-footer Nadia, and has shown great speed. Perhaps the most prominent fact brought out so far has been that no matter how hard she is driven, she still parts and leaves the water with wonderful cleanness. Toronto men look upon Invader as sure to be selected as the cup challenger, but Hamilton men are just as confident of Canadian. As a matter of fact, both have been shown to be smart—that is all. There have been no opportunities of judging the two together. It is expected that Canadian's own canvas, which is being made by a Toronto firm, will be ready this week.

The approximate dimensions of the Hamilton craft are: Length over all, 47ft.; load waterline, 29ft.; beam, slightly over 10ft.; draft, about 6ft.; sail area, 1,400 sq. ft. The wildest stories have been afloat about the boat's model and dimensions. She has been described as a double-hulled craft with two centerboards, set in the bilges on the

CONSTITUTION.
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bias, and as a keel craft with a 2ft. curve to her concave bottom, a boat absolutely without accommodation, all of which was exploded at the opening of the doors of the building shed. All that can be said against Canadian is that she is not handsome.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Western Yachts.

Chicago Y. C. will this afternoon engage in an interesting little contest between some of the 35-footers, this being a sort of preliminary trial among those seeking honors in the trials for the Canada cup competition. Illinois, Prairie and Josephine are all in commission, and well tuned up, and all three of these yachts are expected to start this afternoon. Yankee, the boat built by a Chicago syndicate, is hardly apt to be in shape to race this afternoon. Prairie came down Wednesday from Kenosha and made so favorable an impression during her run that she is hoped to give Illinois a good rub this afternoon. The big fellows, Siren, Vencedor and Vanenna, will go over the new course of the club in an event to which considerable interest attaches. The owners of Siren want to get back at the victor, Vencedor, and there should be a hot race around the triangular course to-day. Vanenna, the old boat, which used to contest the Michigan City race so closely with Siren, has recently come into port after lying idle last year, and will take a hand in the triangular race this afternoon.

Columbia Y. C. will start a number of small boats for the regular club cup, among those Ripple, Wasp, Gironda, Albatross, etc. Sallie, Brier and Dolphin are recent arrivals of the Columbia fleet.

Jackson Park Y. C. pulls off its opening regatta this afternoon. Perhaps the main event will be the competition between Peeps II. and Arrow, which were close rivals in last season's races, and both of which have been carefully tuned up for this season's sport. Three P. M. is the hour set for the sport of the regattas this afternoon.

E. H.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, L. I.

Saturday, June 15.

THE first race of the series between the club knockabouts for the Center Island cup was sailed on Saturday, June 15. The wind blew strong from the southeast. The first leg of the course was a reach, the second a beat and the third a run. The course was sailed over twice, making nine miles in all. The summary folows:

Seawanhaka Knockabouts, Start, 3:15.

	Elapsed.
Marcia, Jacquelin and Dresser	1 57 10
Nakoda, J. L. Sherman	1 57 24
Vagrant, Low and Barnes	1 58 28
Triumph, H. Landen	2 03 25
Heron, F. R. Coudert	2 05 13

Marcia won, Nakodo second and Vagrant third.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

V.—Timbering and Planking (Continued).

HAVING set off the widths of the planks on the stem, midship mould and transom in No. 1 boat, and also on the stern-post and counter frame of No. 2, a batten should be placed over these points, and a fair line marked on all the other moulds and timbers. A very good plan is to start with the garboard, moving each ribband as you come to it if it crosses a seam, but be sure you do not take any of the ribbands entirely off, till you are ready to fit the plank, and do not touch the next ribband till the plank is on and nailed to the timbers, or you will have your timbers out of shape. I mention this now in case a ribband should be removed to make the spacing of the planks. If it is, it must be replaced carefully and fastened, till it has to be removed for the plank. By the way, in No. 2 boat be sure and make a seam come just at the junction of the stern-post with the counter-frame. There is a sharp twist here, and it is very difficult to fit unless the seam comes in the angle between the two.

Most builders dispense with the rabbet on the counter frame in No. 2 type, and let the planks run past the stern-post, and meet along the center line of the frame. This saves a good deal of trouble, and also some weight, but for an amateur, it is easier to get a tight joint where the rudder passes through the counter frame, if a rabbet is left as shown in the sketch, because the seam can be caulked if not very well fitted, but where the plank merely lies flat on the frame, and a hole for the rudder is cut through the plank, leaving an exposed joint inside the hole, it requires perfect fitting between plank and frame to prevent leaking, and if a leak should occur there, it is very difficult to stop.

The first plank to be fitted, is the garboard strake, or that next the keel. It is generally the most difficult, and should be most carefully fitted, as on this depends much of the strength of the bottom of the boat. To get the exact shape of the edge of the plank next the keel, which will have to fit the rabbet for the whole of its length, take two pieces of thin wood, about 5in. wide, and rather more than half the length of the garboard strake, roughly cut to fit each end of the rabbet, and tacked over the moulds and timbers, so that they overlap each other in the middle. Now take a pair of compasses and set them about an eighth of an inch wider than the widest gap between the edges of the two boards and the inner edge of the rabbet. With the compasses set to this distance, prick off a series of spots along the boards, say every six inches, till the turn of the stem comes, and there decrease the spacing between the spots (or 'spilings') to every three inches. Always keep one leg of the compasses against the inner edge of the rabbet, and be careful to mark the spilings at right angles to the board, or 'spiling batten' as it is called, and not at right angles to the rabbet line. The accompanying sketch shows how this should be done.

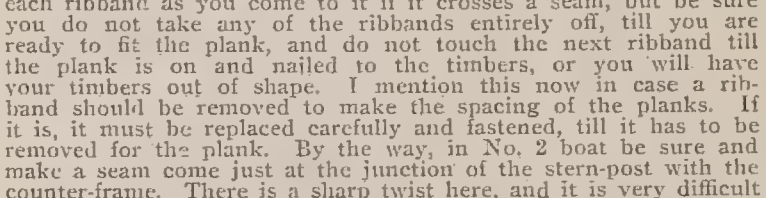

FIG. 21.—METHOD OF FILLING THE PLANKING.

If the spilings were taken at right angles to the rabbet round a curve, they would never give the true shape of the curve, but would give a smaller curve of similar shape and sharper turn, like two concentric circles.

When the spilings are all pricked off on the boards, take them off the boat and cut the edge to the spiling spots and try them up in place again, fitting the edge with a small plane till you have a good joint all along the rabbet. Then, with the spiling battens fitted carefully into the rabbet, nail them together where they over-lap each other, so that they are quite ridged like a single plank. They can now be taken off the boat again and laid on a piece of the planking and a pencil line drawn round the fitted edge. Mark off the width of the plank in the centre and at each end, but cut it an eighth of an inch outside both lines.

The plank should now be tried up in its place fitted to the rabbet in the same manner as the spiling batten; but greater care must be used, not only to insure a perfect fit, but also to avoid cutting away more of the edge of the plank than is absolutely required. The final fitting done by chalking the inside of the rabbet, and cramping and shoring the plank carefully to its place, tapping it close with a hammer along the outer edge. When the shores are removed, it will be found to be marked by the chalk where it has touched it, and these places should be planed off till it shows the chalk mark all along.

The outer edge should now be shot fair and to the correct width with a jack plane, and both sides of the plank planed up.

It is now ready for fastening in its place, and the rabbet must have a coat of either red and white lead and varnish, or some thick varnish out of an old can. The latter is best for a varnished boat, but the other is more durable.

Before fastening the plank in place, it should be tried up in place, on the other side of the boat; and if it is a fairly good fit, as it should be, it should be laid on another board and the opposite plank marked off from it.

Cramp and shore the plank into its place as before, driving it tight into the rabbet, and start nailing at the fore end, carefully boring to the full depth of the nails with a boat builder's piercer a little smaller than the nails.

Nail the inner edge first, taking care that the plank does not get away from the rabbet. The nails should be spaced about five times the thickness of the plank apart along the keel, and about three times the thickness up the stem.

After nailing the plank along the rabbet, the outer edge must be cramped and shored close to the timbers, and nailed to each with copper nails ¼in. longer than the total thickness of plank and timber. An intermediate nail should also be placed in the middle of the plank at each timebr, but care must be taken that these are not all in the same line of the grain of the plank, or it may split. In very wide thin planks the intermediate nails are increased in number; a good rule being a nail for every four inches in width in ½-in. planking, or spaced eight times the thickness.

For the rest of the planking it will not be necessary to fit the spiling batten itself to the edge of the last plank; but by using a spiling batten as long as the boat and about 3in. by ⅝in. with straight edges, the spilings for each plank in turn can be set off on the batten, and then planed off when done with.

In using this straight spiling batten, it must be laid quite flat on the timbers, without any twist edgewise; and so that it just touches the edge of the last plank, from which the spilings are to be taken. It will be found that in some places it is several inches away from the edge of the plank; so that the spiling, if taken with compasses as before, would not all come on the batten. To get over this difficulty, instead of using the compasses, the distance from the edge of the plank to the batten is taken at right angles to the batten, every foot or so, and written on the batten alongside the line on which it is taken. Where the distance is not to an exact sixteenth of an inch, it is usual to write it down thus:—3 7-16°, meaning 'full,' or just over the 7-16, while, if it is under the nearest sixteenth, it would be written 3 7-16-or 'bare.' Another sign is ↓ or 'hard off,' used where the edge is touching.

The great secret of getting a tight boat is well fitted seams, and these can only be got by careful spiling, and trying up the planks several times before fastening them, chalking the edge of the last plank each time, and planing off the chalk marks on the new plank till the chalk marks the edge all along, as explained previously.

If the seam is to be caulked it must be left open on the outside and tight on the inside so as to hold the calking. For ½in. planking a sixteenth of an inch is wide enough for the out-

side of the seam, but a first-class builder would not caulk such thin planking at all, but would fit the two edges perfectly water-tight without any stopping, only varnishing each seam as it is fitted.

This is rather beyond any amateur's powers, and is only done by one or two of the very best builders, so it will be best to caulk all seams.

From the foregoing description, it will be seen how important it is to make good seams, and it is really a matter of care and patience more than great skill. After the first difficulties are overcome seevral planks are sure to be spoiled at first, but that is of no consequence, as each failure teaches something, and the spoiled plank will always come in for some other part.

So far, we have been considering the planking as if each plank was in one piece, but this will seldom be the case in all the planks even in a long easy boat, while in a short hard bilged boat like a dinghy, there would be very few planks without a scraph, as not only would the curve, or 'sny,' of the plank be too great for the widths of the boards, but even if it could be cut cut in one piece the grain would run so short across the ends that the plank would be very weak and would sure to split in nailing. The waste of wood would also be very great, and it would be difficult to take an accurate spiling for such an extreme curve.

For these reasons, it is usual to scarph all planks where the curve or 'sny' exceeds the width of the widest part of the plank. The after end of the plank is fitted and nailed in place, as previously described, but before finally nailing in place; the scarph is made. The best form of scarph is that known as a "butt scarph,' and in this, the after end of the forward half of the plank overlaps the fore end of the after half, for about 2 in. The two ends are carefully tapered off so as to fit each other; the after end of the forward half plank being let into the other, about ⅛in. or more, according to the thickness of the planking, and the fore end of the after halt plank being tapered to a feather edge; this feather edge should come on a timber, so that when the scarph is nailed, the nails in the fore end of the scarph will go through the timber; those on the after end or 'butt' of the scarph being clinched inside on the plank.

It is most important that all scarphs should be very carefully fitted, as a leaky scarph is difficult to put right. All such joints should be made with a small iron plane, and when they are a good fit they must be well painted with thick red and white lead, or some similar preparation. The nails should be finer than those used in the rest of the planking, and great care used not to split the end of the plank, as the row of scarph nails should be only half an inch from the edge, and about an inch apart.

Where there is a sharp turn in the timbers, as at the bilge and on the quarters, the planks for these parts should be cut from boards a little thicker than the rest, so as to allow the center of the plank to be hollowed on the inside to fit the curve of the section, and it will also be rounded on the outside to correspond. The hollowing is done with a round soled plane, which is easily made from a small wooden smoothing plane by rounding the face and grinding the iron into a curve of about ⅛in. to the 2in. of width of iron.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Wilmer and Addison Hanan, owners of the English-built cutter Astrild, which burned and sank recently off Port Chester, will have the hull raised and inspected with a view to rebuilding her. Astrild is of composite construction, having steel frames, and there is a possibility that these may not have been seriously warped or damaged by the fire, which was caused by the explosion of a gasoline stove.

Mr. Philip T. Dodge's English-built cutter Eelin, which left Southampton on April 18, has arrived in good shape at the Greenport Basin & Construction Company's yards at Greenport, L. I. Eelin's sailing master reports that mild weather was experienced throughout the passage, and the boat could have carried her racing rig without any danger to herself. The yacht was almost home when the wind dropped quite out, and made it a drifting finish from Gardiner's Bay to Greenport, in which it took twenty hours to cover the twenty miles remaining. Sailing from Southampton on April 18, Eelin arrived at Bermuda on June 6 and weighed anchor for the last time the following day. Her final run with the exception of the last twenty miles was only a series of pleasant days' sailing.

Isolde, which was recently purchased by Mr. Daniel Bacon, N. Y. Y. C., arrived in New York on June 10 on the deck of the steamer Manitou. Isolde was built by the Herreshoffs at Bristol in 1895 for Prince Leopold, of Belgium, who afterward sold her to Baron Von Zedtwitz, at that time an intimate friend of Emperor William. Emperor William was the indirect cause of the Count's death by his yacht Meteor colliding with Isolde in the second day's racing of the Royal Albert regatta at Southsea, England, on Aug. 18, 1897. In the race that day were the large boats Ailsa, Britannia, Meteor and Satanita, and in the smaller class were the Saint, Niagara, Samphire, Audrey, Penitent and Isolde. The course was twenty-three miles long, which the large yachts were to sail over twice, and the smaller class once. When the big yachts had finished the first round and were starting on the second the boats of both classes became crowded together. Isolde was between Britannia and Meteor, and was fouled by the latter. The mast of Isolde was carried away and she heeled to such an extent that it threw all those on board into the water. One of the blocks of Isolde struck the Baron on the head before he went overboard, and though alive when picked up, he died at the club house at Ryde a few hours afterward. All the sailors were saved. Since the accident the yacht has been laid up at Southampton. She was a sister boat to Mr. Howard Gould's Niagara, and is 44ft. 3in. on the waterline, 66ft. over all and 12ft. 1in. beam.

The work of breaking up Defender is now progressing at City Island. The interior fittings are being removed, and as soon as that is done the hull will be cut into pieces small enough to be easily transported to Newark, where the metal will be sold.

Nevada, which was designed by Mr. Charles F. Herreshoff, Jr., started on June 15 in a match race for a special prize against Tutty, designed by Mr. A. E. Payne, and built in 1898, over a course of thirty-six and one-half miles. A fresh breeze was blowing at the time. Tutty outsailed Nevada on every point, and after a hopeless stern chase Nevada lowered her topsails and left Tutty to finish the race alone. Emperor William's Meteor beat Kariad by seven minutes over a forty-seven-mile course on the same day.

The three English boats built for Mr. Lorne Currie to try for the Seawanhaka cup have sailed trial races on Southampton Water, England. The boats are named Greyfriar, designed by Mr. Chambers, of Ipswich; L'Esperance, designed by Mr. Linton Hope, and Insula, designed by Mr. Harley Mead. The result of the trials has shown Greyfriar to be the fastest boat of the three. She has shown great speed in reaching, beating the other two boats easily. Greyfriar will be placed aboard the steamship Australasian, which will sail for Montreal on June 27. The racing crew will consist of Mr. Lorne Currie, Mr. Algernon Maudslay, Mr. Rivers Fletcher and Mr. Marmaduke Pike. Mr. Currie will sail for America early in July and give his boat some trials before the first race, which takes place on July 24.

CONSTITUTION AFTER THE BREAKDOWN.
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Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold launched a 48ft. cruising cabin launch on June 18. The yacht was built by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. for Mr. George A. Barker, of New York city, and is equipped with two 17 horse-power triple cylinder electro vapor engines. She is 48ft. over all, 43ft. 6in. on the waterline, 9ft. 3in. beam and draws 32in. The boat will be known as Idle Hour.

The sloop Quero, owned by Mr. Richard Derby, of New York city, was badly damaged by fire at Belfast, Me., a short time ago, and Capt. Dodge and the steward were seriously burned. The fire was caused by the explosion of an oil stove.

The Bath Iron Works, of Bath, Me., recently closed a contract for a large steel steam yacht, which it is stated is for Mr. A. S. Bigelow, of Boston, the owner of the steam yacht Ituna.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox are getting up plans for a cruising centerboard sloop for Mr. George Bullock, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The boat will be built this summer and will be used by her owner in southern waters during the coming winter. Next season she will be raced in the 51ft. class on Long Island Sound.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have recently placed contracts with the Burlee Shipbuilding Co., of Port Richmond, S. I., for two large steam yachts. The largest of these boats is for Mr. W. D. Leeds, of New York city. She will be 260ft. over all, 215ft. on the waterline, 28ft. beam and 14ft. draft. The boat was designed solely for deep sea cruising, and will have a large bunker capacity; her speed will be about fifteen knots. The other vessel is for Mr. Daniel R. Reed, of New York city, particulars of which have not been given out. Both vessels will be completed for the season of 1902.

Mr. J. Roger Maxwell's new cutter that will race in the 51ft. class was launched from the Herreshoffs on June 13. She will be known as Humma.

The new 43ft. cutter that was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and built by Mr. Frank Wood at City Island for Mr. W. L. Ward, of Port Chester, was launched on June 13. She was named Dorwina.

The English-built steam yacht Kethailes recently purchased by Rear-Com. Charles L. F. Robinson, N. Y. Y. C., arrived at Newport on June 10 after a fourteen days' trip from Liverpool. The yacht stopped at the Azores on May 31 for coal and made the passage from there to Newport in eight days. Com. Robinson has chartered the yacht for the summer to Mr. A. C. Burrage, of Boston. During the coming winter Com. Robinson will take his family on Kethailes to the Mediterranean. She is 167ft. on the waterline, 24.15ft. beam and 13.8ft. deep. She registers 479 tons Thames measurement. Her name has been changed to Wanderer.

The English-built steam yacht Katomba, which has been chartered by Mr. Larz Anderson, of Boston, arrived at New York on June 8, after a passage of fifteen days from Greenock, Scotland. The yacht is built of steel and has six watertight bulkheads and two decks. The vessel was built by the Ailsa Shipbuilding Co., at Troon, Scotland, from designs made by Mr. G. L. Watson, in 1898. She is 163ft. on the waterline, 24.15ft. beam and 13.75ft. deep.

We have received a copy of an excellent little book which is entitled "The Yachting Record." It is compiled and edited by Mr. A. F. Aldridge, of the Atlantic Y. C. The book will be invaluable to yachtsmen interested in racing, as the book contains the summaries of all the races sailed in New York Harbor and along the Sound as far east as Newport during the season of 1900. The book is very complete, and carefully indexed so that each boat's racing record can be easily found. The volume is well printed and bound in a dark green buckram. Copies may be secured from Thompson & Co., 9 Murray street.

Yacht Club Notes.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C., announces that the race that was arranged by the club for the 90-footers, to be sailed the latter part of this month, and for which Constitution, Columbia and Independence had been entered, has, on account of the accident to Constitution, which has necessitated changes in the racing engagements for these yachts, been indefinitely postponed.

Com. Frederick T. Adams, of the Larchmont Y. C., has appointed Gen. Thomas L. Watson Fleet Captain, vice Joseph H. Sterling, resigned.

Charles J. Neilson has resigned as Commodore, and J. C. Heine as Secretary of the Canarsie Y. C.

The New Rochelle Y. C. will hold its sixteenth annual regatta Saturday, June 22. The races will be for sloops and cutters of the 51, 43, 36, 30, 25, 21 and 18ft. classes; for yawls of the 43 and 36ft. classes; for 30, 25, 21 and 18ft. catboats; for the regular class of raceabouts, and also for the Newport special 30-footers, the Larchmont 25ft. one-design class and the Seawanhaka one-design class of knockabouts. The starting line will be off the entrance of Echo Bay. The 51-footers will sail a distance of twenty-two miles, going three times over the course, which lies from the starting line to the Gangway Buoy, across the Sound, to the Old Hen Buoy, at Hempstead Harbor, and back. The smaller sloops, including the special 30-footers, the yawls and the Larchmont class, will go twice over the course, making a sail of fourteen and two-thirds miles. The 25, 21 and 18ft. boats of all classes will go to the Red Buoy, at the southwesterly end of the Hen and Chickens Reef, thence to the Middle Ground Buoy, at Execution Reef, and home, the 25-footers sailing the course three times over—twelve and three-quarter miles—and the 21 and 18 footers twice—eight and one-half miles. The races will be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. The preparatory signal, the blue peter, will be set at 12 o'clock, after which the several classes will be sent away at intervals of five minutes. Entries will be received up

to noon Friday, June 21, by Charles P. Tower, chairman of the Regatta Committee ,at 21 Park Row. The other members of the committees are C. A. Becker, O. H. Chellborg, R. N. Bavier, W. E. Moore.

* * *

A new station, which will be known as No. 1, is being built by the Morse Iron Works, at Fifty-fifth to Fifty-eighth streets, South Brooklyn, for the New York Y. C.

* * *

The Royal Ulster Y. C. proposes a race in Irish waters before the annual yacht race meeting on the Clyde. It suggests that this should take place on June 18, 19 or 20, and offers two prizes of £100 each for a contest between Shamrock I., Sybarita, Meteor and Kariad, one prize to go to the first yacht and the other to the winner on time allowance.

The Largest Dory in the World.

The largest dory in the world has just been constructed at Whitcomb's ship yard at Provincetown, Mass., for Colonel Charles Ledyard Norton, of New York city. Everybody is familiar with the ordinary dory—a light, handy and safe little craft in any kind of weather. Of recent years the type has been used for somewhat larger craft, and the centerboard dory is a hummer before the wind. But the new craft fairly takes away the breath of the Grand Banks hand liners, who have lived in dories all their lives. It has been an object of great interest to the fishermen hereabouts, and all who have inspected the strange craft are united in the opinion that she could go around the world if necessary.

The owner and originator has styled the craft a "house dory," and that is what it will be when completed. Its dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 45ft.; breadth amidships, 14ft.; depth from gunwale to floor, 7ft. The "house dory" has the conventional flaring stem and tombstone of oak. To sawed knees of hackmatack the flooring or bottom of 2in. and the siding of 1¼in. hard pine planking are fastened. The half-round bilge of the famous Swampscot dory is wholly lacking, as is the graceful sweeping floor and sheer spring common to the average dory, but it is, nevertheless, an out-and-out dory.

The craft will be towed to Sandwich, where she will be equipped with a house, spars and sails by her owner. He will then take her around Cape Cod to Buzzard's Bay, where he will pass the summer in cruising.

The spacious cabin house will extend from stem to stern, the only break being in the after part, where a deep cockpit will be placed. The house will be highest amidships, the house roof sloping thence fore and aft to the line of the stem and stern. The cabin will be conveniently and comfortably furnished, for the owner intends to spend much of his time hereafter, both summer and winter, in the cozy interior. He will cruise in Northern waters during the summer and in the winter will probably cruise in Florida waters.

The "house dory" will be steered with a tiller. Her canvas will consist of two leg-o'-mutton sails spread on fore and mainmasts, and a jib.—New York Sun.

Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, June 17.

THE Larchmont Y. C.'s spring regatta was sailed on Monday, June 17. The race was scheduled for last Saturday, but owing to bad weather it was postponed until Monday. The breeze was light from the east in the morning, but about 2 o'clock the wind dropped entirely, leaving all the boats becalmed. After a wait of some time a light southwest breeze came up which eanbled the yachts to finish. It was a day of surprises and disappointments.

In the 75ft. schooner class were Quissetta, Amorita and Elmina, the new boat designed for the class by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey. These yachts were sent away at 11:35 o'clock. Quissetta got the best of the start and crossed the starting line first in the weather berth. Amorita, with a fine new suit of Ratsey sails, crossed second, and Elmina last. Quissetta rounded the first mark over six minutes in the lead, and on the next leg, with light sails set, she continued to increase her lead. Quissett awas nearly half an hour in the lead when the breeze dropped entirely, and she lay becalmed. After drifting around for some time a little air came slowly up from the southwest. Elmina caught the breeze first and took the lead and won the race by a small margin. Elmina was outsailed by Quissetta from the beginning, and it was only through a fluke that she won the race.

Larry Huntington's new 51-footer Huguenot was to sail her maiden race against Altair in K class. Just as the starting signal was given Huguenot was unfortunate enough to carry away her throat halliards. Mr. Cord Meyer, owner of Altair, very kindly offered to wait until repairs were made, but finding that there would be considerable delay, Altair went over the course alone.

In the 43ft. class Mr. Charles Lane Poor was on hand with Mira. This boat has been fitted with a suit of Ratsey sails which are perfect. Mira's only competitor was Effort II., Mr. F. M. Smith's new Herreshoff boat. Effort crossed the line first, but was soon passed by Mira, which boat easily outsailed her on every point from the start. At the end of the first round Mira was nearly twenty minutes in the lead, but she was unfortunate enough to share the same fate as Quissetta. When Mira lost the easterly wind Effort was way behind and caught the southwest breeze first and secured such a substantial lead that it was impossible for Mira to overhaul her. With all her ill luck, Mira was only beaten by 25 seconds. The summary follows:

Schooners—Class D.—Start, 11:35.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	6 30 18	6 30 18
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt	6 29 17	6 29 17
Elmina, F. K. Brewster	6 26 25	6 26 25
Sloops—Class K.—Start, 11:40.		
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.	5 45 56	5 45 56
Huguenot, Edward Kelly	Disabled.	
Sloops—Class L.—Start, 11:45.		
Mira, C. L. Poor	5 55 31	5 55 31
Effort, F. M. Smith	5 55 06	5 55 06
Sloops—Newport 30—Start, 11:53.		
Veda, Daniel Bacon	6 04 26	6 04 26
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 49 31	5 49 31
Hera, Ralph Ellis	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class N.—Start, 11:55.		
Empronzi, Alfred Peats	5 50 41	5 50 41
Mab II., C. V. Brokaw	6 07 33	6 07 33
Alerion, A. H. Alker	5 54 11	5 54 11
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	5 48 53	5 48 53
Raceabouts—21 ft.—Start, 12:00.		
Badger, Thorsen & Jones	4 05 51	4 05 51
Rogue, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	Did not finish.	
Viper, W. D. Hennen	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class Q.—Start, 12:05.		
Ox, R. N. Bavier	5 08 39	5 08 39
Sloops—Class R.—Start, 12:05.		
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.	5 02 43	5 02 43
Nike, Guy Forbes	5 01 01	4 57 57
Mistral	4 58 09	4 58 09
Hope, Adrian Iselin	4 54 57	4 54 57
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	5 22 07	5 22 07
Catboats—Class T.—Start, 12:10.		
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	4 42 46	4 42 46
Mongoose, II., Simeon Ford	4 38 08	4 38 08
Class V.—Start, 12:15.		
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	5 06 14	5 06 14
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 12:20.		
Bah, Phillips & Morgan	4 58 36	4 58 36
Arizona, G. A. Corey	4 49 49	4 49 49
Firefly, Guy Standing	4 56 23	4 56 23
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class P.—Start, 12:00.		
Rochelle, Edward Kelly	Did not finish.	

The winners were Elmina, Effort, Esperanza, Oiseau, Badger, Hope, Mongoose II., Arizona, Sailovers, Altair, Ox, Kazaza.

Corinthian Y. C.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Thursday, May 30.

There was a good wind from the west, smooth water in San Francisco Bay and bright sunshine for the sixteenth annual regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club, which took place on Decoration Day.

Forty yachts of all classes were etnreed on the propramme, most of which crossed the starting line between 11:45 A. M. and 12:40 P. M. The course was from off Powell street wharf to and around the Government buoy; thence to and around a stake boat to the northeast; thence returning to Presidio Shoal and finishing at the staritng line between stake boats.

The favoring conditions of wind and weather, the shimmering bay with its surroundings of blue mountains and headlands and verdant slopes, the bright sails of the yachts, with ships, steamers and larger craft afloat on the water, presented a splendid picture and delightful prospect. The battleship Iowa, covered with flags, was lying at anchor at the south, Alcatraz, opposite the starting point on the north, and to the west the natural wonders and fortifications of the Golden Gate. A salute in commemoration of the day was fired from the guns of Alcatraz shortly before the signal whistles for the regatta were blown by the little steamer bearing the regatta committee, and crowded with spectators and enthusiastic guests.

Yachts were classified into 20-foot class, 25-foot class, 30-foot class, 36-foot class and special class. The regatta was governed by the club book of 1897. The prizes given were flags, one for first and one for second of each class.

In the 25-foot class, Discovery, a clever spoon bow and fin keel boat that was built last year, made her début as a racer, and under the guidance of Capt. McFarland ran away from the Merope and five others.

In the 20-foot class, Joe Mattoon's Spider, which was recently imported from Japan, beat the former champion Kittiwake. The latter was considered invincible in her class and had never been beaten until the boat from Japan outsailed her.

The race between the Presto, sailed by Frank Stone; the Truant, sailed by ex-Commodore Pew, and the Æolus, handled by ex-Commodore Westerfeldt, was well sailed. The Presto won handily after a close sail throughout, but the Truant only beat the Æolus 22 seconds for second place.

The Spray won cleverly from the Neried, the Emma won the 36-foot class event by a narrow margin, and the Harpoon, after an exciting race, beat the Speedwell, Ariel and Mischief. The race was really between th eHarpoon and Speedwell, and although the Speedwell beat her in actual sailing time the Harpoon got the verdict by 45 seconds in the corrected time. The Harpoon belongs in a smaller class than the Speedwell, so she received allowances.

The judges were P. J. Martenstein, E. B. Leaming and W. P. Harrold. George W. Harrold served as measurer.

Following is a summary of results:

20-Foot Class, five nautical miles.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Spider	1 08 01	1 07 30
Kittiwake	1 23 13	1 12 13
Special Class, 9¼ nautical miles.		
Spray	1 55 35	1 52 52
Neried	1 57 33	1 57 33
25-Foot Class, 9¼ nautical miles.		
Discovery	1 49 40	1 40 40
Merope	1 53 52	1 51 36
May	2 02 10	2 01 21
Cupid	2 01 59	2 01 59
Ceres	2 29 25	2 29 25
Vega	2 20 20	2 20 04
Belle	Did not finish.	
30-Foot Class, 12 6-10 nautical miles.		
Presto	2 18 04	2 18 04
Truant	2 22 28	2 20 23
Aeolus	2 23 09	2 20 45
36-Foot Class, 12 6-10 nautical miles.		
Emma	2 16 56	2 12 22
Edna	2 16 56	2 12 47
Genesta	2 30 42	2 28 48
Neptune	2 30	2 30
Class 1—12 6-10 nautical miles; all over 36ft. racing length.		
Harpoon	2 11 48	2 08 51
Speedwell	2 10 41	2 09 48
Ariel	2 20 20	2 20 20
Mischief	2 21 49	2 21 49

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, June 15.

THE yachting season was opened at Cape Cod Saturday by the Beverly Y. C. The race was sailed in a cold northeast gale off the club house at Wing's Neck, and all yachts carried reefs. Four classes started. In the 25-footers was the champion May Queen and a new one, Kalama III., designed by her owner, David Rice, and built by Phinney, of Monument Beach. Kalama III. ran away from May Queen down the wind, but the old boat made it all back and more too when it came to windward work. In the 21-footers, the Herreshoff-designed champion Quakeress had things all her own way. She has recently been overhauled by Herreshoff, and was in perfect trim for the race. A new boat, designed by Herreshoff, Radiant, did not make much of a showing, but it was her first race, and it is expected that she will do better when she has been turned up. In the 18-footers, Eunice, designed and built by Huckins, of Onset, for W. O. Taylor, of Boston, proved a winner in her maiden race. She was led by Allison down the wind, but on the windward work she hauled into first place and kept it. Spider won easily in the 15-footers. The summary:

25-Footers.

	Length.	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	25	2 02 13
Kalama III., David Rice	25	2 03 13
21-Footers.		
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	21	2 09 09
Amanita, L. Bacon	21	2 13 50
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney	21	2 17 02
Radiant, C. M. Baker	21	2 17 48
Fourth Class Cats.		
Eunice, W. O. Taylor	00	1 45 14
Howard, H. O. Miller	00	1 48 45
Allison, Stewart McLoud	00	1 56 50
15-Foot Restricted Class.		
Spider, H. M. Stone	15	1 34 40
Next, Paul Jones	15	1 38 12

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Brooklyn Y. C.

NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, June 17.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. sailed its forty-fourth annual regatta over the regular courses on Monday, June 17. There was a good breeze from the southeast, and thirteen boats started. The yachts had a close reach to Old Orchard Shoal Light, a beat to Southwest Spit and a run home. The summary follows:

Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 11:05.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Gladys, E. F. Glover	2 25 40	3 20 40
Narcissus, A. Erdman	2 47 27	3 42 27
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 11:05.		
Akista, George Hill	1 51 59	2 46 59
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	2 08 56	3 03 56
Bonita, Haviland Brothers	2 06 51	3 01 51
Bess, Sydney Grant	1 49 24	2 44 24
Siren, C. F. Wigand	Did not finish.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 11:10.		
Susie, C. Ferguson	2 03 18	2 58 18
Squaw, H. J. Heath	1 58 29	2 53 29
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 11:15.		
Gracie E., W. N. Neidhardt	1 38 59	2 23 59
Elsie, C. F. Rosemon	1 51 50	2 36 50
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 11:15.		
Wraith, C. Tompkins	1 04 19	1 49 19
Catboats—24ft. Class—Start, 11:25.		
Martha M., R. B. Moore	Did not finish.	

The winners were Gladys, Akista, Squaw, and Gracie E. Sailover, Wraith.

Hull—Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, MASS.

Saturday, June 15.

THE race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. on Saturday was decidedly not a success on account of the lack of wind. The 25-footers Calypso and Flirt were given the outside course, and did not have wind enough to even get back into the bay. The race of the handicap class and the 18-footers started off well, but on the second round became a drift. In the 18-footers Aspinquid took the lead at the start and held it until after the second mark was passed, when Bonito went by her and held first place to the finish. Mildred won easily in the handicap class. The summary:

Class I.—18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Bonito, G. H. Wightman	2 47 37
Nothla, C. A. Cole	2 49 23
Oriana, Alfred Douglas	2 54 14
Malillian, B. S. Permar	2 57 35
Aspinquid, W. A. Corney	2 59 02
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	3 05 58
Handicap Class.	
Mildred, C. A. Coleman	2 42 35
Holly, Wm. Ware	Did not finish.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE first race of the special thirties was sailed on Thursday, June 13. There was a good breeze from the southeast and a smooth sea. The course was from Brenton's Cove to Bishop Rock and back, making it a run up the bay with spinakers out and a beat back. The start was at 3 o'clock. The time was:

		Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 30 00	2 30 00
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 33 50	2 33 50

On Saturday, June 15 Wawa and Carolina met again. The wind was light from the northeast. The course was the same as on Thursday. It was a beat out and a run home. The boats were started at twenty minutes past three o'clock. The times follow:

		Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	4 21 00	1 01 00
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 24 15	1 04 15

Burgess Y. C,

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, June 15.

THE Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its first race of the season Saturday, in a very light breeze from the northeast. In the 25ft. class Cheewink, designed by B. B. Crowninshield, for F. G. Macomber, Jr., won. Sintram, a four-year-old, designed by Herreshoff, won in the raceabout class, and Ugly Duckling, owned by C. F. Lyman, won in the special 16ft. class. There were nine starters in all the classes.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, June 15.

THE handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. on Saturday was spoiled by lack of wind. Soon after the start the breze all died away and many of the yachts failed to finish. In the 25ft. class Thordis had a walkover, Signet being withdrawn. In the 21-footers only Harriet and Privateer finished, Harriet beating Privateer by 2m. and 10s. Hector was the only 18-footer to finish. In the 15ft. class Caper won. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Central Division Meet.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 1.—June 22 and 23 have been selected as the dates for the Central Division meet, and the same will be held at the house of the Buffalo C. C. at Bay Beach, Ontario.

Saturday, the 22d, will be devoted to races and sports, and Sunday to cruising and sailing. The Buffalo C. C. have opened their house to all members of the A. C. A. for these days, which will make it unnecessary for you to bring anything with you but your gripsack and a desire to have a good time, unless you intend entering the races, in which event bring your canoe.

A camp fee of 50 cents per member will be charged to defray necessary expenses, and the rate for meals and lodgings will be $1.25 per day.

Boats leave the foot of Main street for Crystal Beach each hour, and 'busses run direct from dock at Crystal Beach to the club house.

On Monday and Tuesday, June 24 and 25, a schedule of twenty paddling races will be held on Park Lake, at the Exposition grounds. These races are open to all A. C. A. members, and are held under the auspices of the Central Division. Suitable prizes are to be offered, and we want to make this the best canoe race meet ever held. This can be done with the hearty support of our members.

If desired, accommodations will be secured for these two dates at rates ranging from 50 cents to $2 per night.

This meet will be well attended by members of the other divisions.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

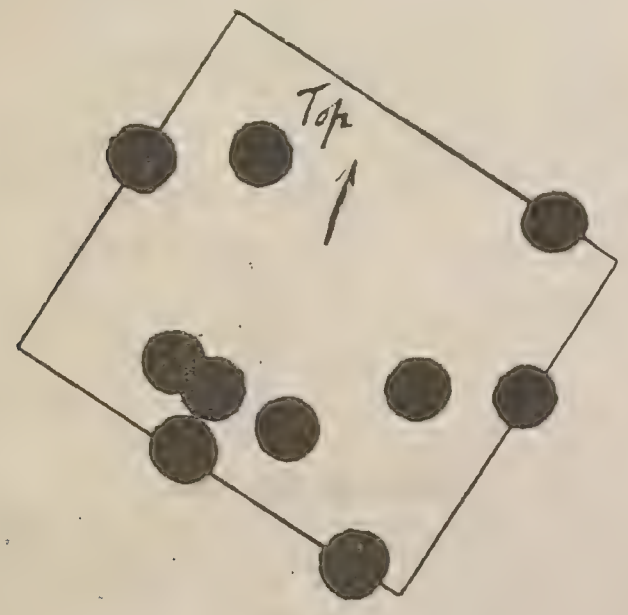
Fixtures.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Offhand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

National Rifle Association.

The National Rifle Association's official programme of the International and Interstate shooting tournament, to be held at Sea Girt, N. J., August 30 to September 7, inclusive, presents a list of the officers of the Association, a list of the officers of the tournament, the rules and regulations of the National Rifle Association of America (adopted by the New Jersey State Rifle Association), revolver and pistol shooting rules, an enumeration of the arms which may be used, a description of the different targets used, and a programme of the matches and their conditions. No. 1, the centennial trophy, Palma match, an 8 man team contest for the championship of the world, is open to riflemen of all countries. Distances 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. It will be shot on September 5. No. 2 is the Wimbledon cup match, to be



Target, full size, made with a .310 Greener club rifle, at 100 yards, Cricklewood, England.

shot on August 31. Open to all citizens and residents of the United States. Distance, 1,000. No. 3 is the Hilton trophy match, September 2, open to teams of the army and navy, under certain restrictions. September 4 is for the interstate military match. No. 5 is the inter-club match for the Schuetzen team championship of the United States. No. 6 is the President's match, fixed for September 7. No. 7 is the members' match. The matches of the New Jersey State Rifle Association number twenty-seven. The matches of the United States Revolver Association number three, of which Match A is the revolver championship, open to everybody, distance 50 yards, 50 shots on standard American pistol target. Match B is the "Military" revolver championship, open to everybody; distances, 25, 50 and 75 yards, five consecutive strigs of five shots each; entrance $5. Match C is the pistol championship, open to everybody. Distance 50 yards, 50 shots on standard American 50-yard pistol target.

The Pennsylvania Railroad will make a special reduced rate of one and one-third fares from New York, Washington, Philadelphia and intermediate points to Sea Girt and return, during the meeting. The secretary is Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Passaic, N. J.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 19.—Gloversville, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Gloversville Gun Club. Chas. A. Bogart, Sec'y.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.

June 20-21.—Amherst, Mass.—Amherst Gun Club's two-day tournament; $65 in cash and merchandise. H. B. Perry, Pres.

June 25-26.—Bristol, Tenn.—Tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company. John Parker, Mgr.

June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

July 3-4—Flint, Mich.—Second shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League. John Parker, manager; Chas. Caleb, Sec'y.

July 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—All-day amateur target tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. Harry Strong, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club. Magautrap. M. F. Dietrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Frankfort, N. Y.—Third annual target tournament of the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association. W. J. Weller, Sec'y.

July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—Open handicap shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4.—Ossining, N. Y.—Target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Champlain, N. Y.—Champlain Gun Club's tournament; all events open to amateurs; some events open to professionals. Wm. Fraser, Pres.

July 5-6.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's tournament. J. W. Nelson, Sec'y.

July 9-11.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Pine Bluff Gun Club. E. A. Howell, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—St. Paul, Minn.—Sixth annual tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, at Inter-city Shooting park; $340 added money. J. L. D. Morrison, 604 N. Y. Life Building, St. Paul.

July 15-17.—Columbia, Mo.—State Amateur shoot, under the auspices of the Columbia Gun Club. W. A. Vivion, Sec'y.

July 24-25.—Detroit, Mich.—Third shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Pastime Gun Club. John Parker, manager.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. J. Blistian, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; $1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.

Aug. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can.—First annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; $400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of the Virginia Trap Shooters' Association, under auspices of the West End Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds, $5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 10-14.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 16-19.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; $1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The management of the Lake Okoboji tournament have issued the following: "Bear in mind the big Lake Okoboji amateur shooting tournament at Arnold's Park, Iowa, Aug. 27, 28, 29 and 30. Come and enjoy the steamboats, sailboats, row boats, dancing, bowling, bathing and other pleasures this famous resort offers. Also bring your line and reel and try the black bass and pike fishing. The Arnold Park Hotel will be headquarters for the shooters, and every attention will be given them. C. W. Budd and F. C. Whitney, of Des Moines, will have charge of the traps and office, guaranteeing an up to date shoot. For programmes write Elmer Hinshaw, Okoboji, Iowa. All railroads make reduced rates during the summer months to this watering place. Ask your agent."

The spring tournament programme of the Magic City Gun Club, of Muncie, Ind., provides like competition for each day, July 3 and 4, namely, twelve events, of which one is at 10, nine at 15 and two at 20 targets; entrance based on 10 cents per target. It will be a strictly amateur shoot. Experts and known 90 per cent shooters barred. Magautrap rules govern. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Manufacturers' agents for targets only. Bluerocks, 2 cents. Local members barred from shooting for targets only. Purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Guns, etc., shipped to C. Stevens, captain, will be delivered on the grounds. Mr. T. H. Barton is the secretary.

The programme of the Central Gun Club's ninth annual tournament, July 5 and 6, provides ten target events each day, each at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance and $10 added. There are thirty cash average prizes, of which five are $15; five, $10; five, $8; fifteen, $5. High guns take the averages, and contestants to win averages must shoot in all events. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Professionals may shoot for fun and show their goods. Class shooting, 30, 25, 25 and 20. The added money amounts to $440. For further information address the secretary, Mr. J. W. Nelson, Duluth, Minn.

The London Field, in commenting on the Anglo-American match at targets, says: "The stakes are £500 a side, but this by no means explains the raison d'etre of the match, since the members of the American team collectively will be put to much greater expense than this on account of the distance traveled. The object is to determine whether or not the reputed skill of American clay bird shots will or will not prove superior to that of the home shooters. The members of the American team, following the custom of their country, will use cartridges carrying 1¼ ounces of shot, as against the home team using 1⅛ ounces, but the Americans will be restricted to the use of one barrel, the Englishmen being allowed both. A good deal of controversy has arisen on this point, many holding that the match is not a test of skill, but of guns and cartridges. Those who take a more general view of the circumstances attending the match prefer to regard the conditions as more akin to a case where the French and English methods of boxing are compared by bringing exponents of the two systems into the arena. From the point of view of the relative value of the two systems as a means of offense and defense much may be learned from such a contest. In the same way the two international teams of shooters have the same birds to shoot at. The contest will show which is the superior, American skill exercised on the lines of American trapshooting, or the skill of our home team shooting in the manner to which they have become accustomed by long usage and years of practice."

The Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club announces an open handicap shoot on its grounds, July 4. The programme presents fifteen events, each at 10 targets, and each with an entrance fee of $1.15. Shooters whose average is 60 per cent or under, 15 yards; 70 or under, 16 yards; 80 or under, 17 yards; 85 or under, 18 yards; 90 or under, 19 yards; over 90, 21 yards. The amateur breaking the greatest number of targets in events 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 will receive a sole leather gun case; second, Thurman shooting blouse; third, Powers cleaning rod. Money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent if less than twelve entries; twelve or more 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Professionals and paid men shoot for targets only. Targets included in entrance at 1½ cents each. Sweepstakes optional. Loaded shells for sale. Lunch served free. Take Main street cars for Dustin square. The club's secretary, Mr. S. G. Miller, mentions concerning the division of moneys as follows: "We have been dividing money by the Rose system, but to please a few of our visitors we are going to try percentage this time and rely on the handicap to equalize the shooters. I think well of the Rose system, but a man must shoot well all the time to keep even, and can't get ahead no matter how good a score he does make. For myself I would rather win or lose something than to struggle like a Trojan to only keep even."

A letter from Mr. Edward Banks to FOREST AND STREAM contains a paragraph which will evoke for him the profound sympathy of his hosts of friends. He writes: "On my arrival in Liverpool, I was met by a telegram telling me that my eldest brother had died on Tuesday, and was to be buried that day (Thursday) at 2:15 P. M. You can imagine how I felt after being so near home and not having seen my brother for fifteen years. I was all broken up and so was Mrs. Banks. I was able by dint of rushing through by train and carriage to just reach his graveside as the last hymn was being sung. My sister, who lives in India, had only arrived home the night before, the same time we arrived at Liverpool, but she was able to leave her ship the same night." Mr. Banks explained that his bereavement, as was natural, lessened his efforts in respect to writing an account of the international trapshooting preliminaries. His letter, published in another column, will be found to contain much to engage the attention of our readers.

Mr. J. W. Nelson, secretary, writes us as follows: "At the ninth annual tournament of the Central Gun Club of Duluth, Minn., July 5 and 6, the club will put up $440. There will be ten 15 bird events each day, with $10 added money to each event. Two dollars and forty cents in averages, $15 each to first five high guns; $10 each to next five; $8 each to next five, and $5 each to next fifteen high guns."

The Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y., renowned as manufacturers of the L. C. Smith guns, have issued a booklet of artistic excellence and comprehensive information in respect to the different grades of their guns, barrels, mechanism, shooting qualities, guarantees, etc. In it also is an excellent group portrait of the Messrs. Hunter, signed, "Yours for progressive gun making, the Hunter Brothers."

The Sherbrooke Gun Club, of Sherbrooke, Can., informs us that on each day—July 1 and 2—a separate list of merchandise and money prizes will be offered, for which both professionals and amateurs will be eligible. Ten targets, unknown angles, expert traps. First entry 50 cents; re-entries, unlimited, 25 cents. For this professionals shoot at 20 yards, amateurs 16 yards.

Mr. J. E. Applegate, of Freneau, N. J., and Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., shot a match at 100 live birds, 30 yards rise, on the grounds of the Middlesex Club at South River, N. J., June 13, for $100 a side and the price of the birds. The scores were: Applegate, 91; Van Allen, 90. A return match, same conditions, was arranged for Monday of this week.

Wheeling, W. Va., was fixed upon for the next State shoot of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, at a meeting of the association held on June 12. The officers then elected are: President, F. C. Percival; Vice-Presidents, J. F. Mallory, Hon. J. A. de Gruyter, F. E. Mallory, Jos. Y. McNaught, Dr. H. Clay Shaw and John B. Garden; Secretary-Treasurer, Ed O. Bower.

A live bird shoot was held at Columbia, South Carolina, June 11. Some excellent shooting was done. Holly, of Aiken, killed all his birds in the sweepstake events at 8, 10 and 15 birds. Col. Tom Martin and M. B. Worthen also shot in fine form. Several hundred of the dead birds were sent to the Methodist Orphan Asylum.

Mr. A. E. Perry, of St. Paul, under date of June 14, writes us: "July 10 and 11 St. Paul Rod and Gun Club will hold its sixth annual tournament at Intercity Shooting Park. Three hundred and forty dollars added money. For other information, address Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, 604 N. Y. Life Building, St. Paul, Minn."

The Hudson Gun Club, Jersey City, N. J., will hold an all-day shoot, commencing at 10 o'clock, June 30. There will be a race between teams of the Hudson and Fulton clubs. Refreshments will be served on the grounds. For further particulars address Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475, New York.

The New York State shoot will be held at Interstate Park, L. I., under the auspices of the N. U. G. C., September 10 to 14, inclusive. Interesting matter concerning it from Mr. Walter F. Sykes, president of the New Utrecht Gun Club, is published elsewhere in our trap columns.

In a contest for the diamond medal, at a recent shoot of the Cincinnati (Ohio) Gun Club, Mr. Charles M. Peters, son of Mr. O. E. Peters, president of the Peters Cartridge Company, won the medal with a score of 39 out of 40, 38 of which was a straight run.

The second match between Mr. J. E. Applegate, of Freneau, N. J., and Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., on Monday of this week was won by the former. Score, 92 to 91. The match was at 100 live birds, $100, 30 yards rise.

The press dispatches mention that Mr. W. R. Crosby won a $500 cup on Monday of this week, and that members of the team won $500. The cablegrams of last week stated that the competition on Monday would be at live bords.

There are some hints that the American team will remain abroad longer than was first contemplated, and that each member will buy a woodshed in which to take home his winnings.

At Colorado Springs, Colo., in a contest recently between Messrs. Garrett and Shemwell, at 100 targets, the former made the extraordinary score of 100 straight

The Frankford Gun Club won the second contest, at Summerdale, Pa., on Saturday last, for the championship of Philadelphia.

There is a rumor that the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, will give a shoot during the time of the Pan-American Exposition.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

The American Victory.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 15.—Western shooters received with general pleasure, though with little surprise, the announcement of the victory of the American team at Hendon. It is noticed with a certain degree of satisfaction in this city that our old friend, W. R. Crosby, seems to have led all the rest in the good work. He scored 93 per cent the first day, 95 the second, and was in the same category on the third. Paul North deserves the congratulations of his friends for having finally and successfully brought off this race between the American and English teams. The result upon the shooting system in England is apt to be a marked one. It is likely that the English shooters will take up the American style, which has proved itself so decisively superior. As to the interest given to target shooting on the other side, the result of the match should be most wholesome. The American shooters are lucky to be able to have so pleasant a trip, and those interested in the sport of trapshooting are all envying them their good fortune.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, June 15.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh trophy shoot of the season. S. E. Young and O. Von Lengerke divided honors in class A by breaking 23 out of 25, while W. H. Ford and Dr. J. W. Meek did the same on same scores, 23. Mr. L. Wolff captured the bakery in class C by scoring 19. The day was a delightful one for trapshooting and twenty-two members took advantage of it for an afternoon's sport. The trophy shooting is now divided in three series of seven shoots each, and the member reclassified for each series. To-day's shoot closes the first series. I will report the winners in each class next week:

Trophy shoot:

L Thomas	00111100011001111000011111—14
H N Delano	01100011111000111011111111—17
J McDonald	11110101010001101010010001—13
C S Dorman	10111010101011111101101110—17
P McGowan	01011010111111101011000110—16
A McGowan	01011010111111101011000110—16
J S Pollard	11111111110111111001111111—22
W Meek	10111111111111111111101111—23
T L Smiles	01101111111101111101111011—20
N H Ford	11111101110111111111111111—23
Outwater	10000010100100110010000001— 8
T Eaton	01111100111110111111111010—19
C H Rehl	11011110000001101110000001—12
J Wolff	11101110101100111111111111—20
F Wolff	11110011111011111101111111—21
J C Kisman	01000000110110100111101111—13
L Wolff	10111101111111110010111101—19
S E Young	11101111110111111111111111—23
A Hellman	11111110111010111111010111—20
A Marshall	11101011101111111100111011—19
T A Hagerty	10000000000110010000010001— 6
O Von Lengerke	11111111111101111111110111—23

DR. J. W. MEEK.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., June 10.—The scores of a match, close in competition and excellent in scores, between Messrs. D. B. Bonbright and O. Von Lengerke, are as follows:

D B Bonbright	22221222111211112222221222 22221111112112l1*21212122—49
O Von Lengerke	*22222222222222222222222 22222222222*22222222222222—48

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., June 15.—A large delegation from the Grand Crossing Club attended the Chicago Gun Club's shoot to-day. Everybody had a good time. Secretary Rupel was high man for the day. The targets were thrown hard, some over the fence, about 75 to 80 yards. Steck, of the home club, broke 24 in No. 2, the weekly event. Walters was second in the same event.

Weekly trophy, 25 targets:

Walters, 6	10111011111101111010111111—25
Steck, 2	11111111111111101111111111—25
Shelley, 6	10100101101001100101001101—18
Boa, 0	11111111010111111011111111—22
Barker, 0	10111111110111011111011011—20
Mack, 3	01011110111101111101001000—18
Rupel, 0	11111111111111111111111111—25
Mills, 0	01111111000001101110001l0—14
Boltman, 0	01011111100011111101001111—17
Buck, 4	11010111111000111111010 11—21
Lukin, 0	00000010010000000000001001— 4
King, 7	10000000000110111000111001— 9
Mackenzie, 0	00110010010011000101111111—13
Dunbar, 7	11011100111100000111001111—22
Parker, 0	11100010011011110011010111—15
A W Morton, 5	01001111001110111111010111—22
Dr. Morton, 4	00001011110111011010010001—17
Smith	10010011010110110000111101—13
Mrs Howard	00010110111000010011101010—12

Steck wins high gun medal; Walters wins handicap medal.

Monthly shoot; handicap in rise:

Walters, 16	11011111100011l—11
Steck, 16	11110111000011l—10
Shelley, 16	11101110011011l—11
Barker, 16	11101110011101l—11
Mills, 16	10010111110111O—10
Boltman, 16	11011100111011O—10
Buck, 16	11010110111111—12
Lukin, 16	00100000000000— 1
King, 16	00010000111010— 5
McKenzie, 16	11010111000111—10
Dunbar, 16	11010111110011l—11
Parker, 16	11110010000011l—11
A W Morton, 16	01101100011001l—12
Mrs Howard, 16	01101100011001l— 8
Mrs Shepard, 16	00000111000001l— 5
Shepard, 16	11100110011101l—10
Boa, 18	11111101110101l—12
Mack, 18	01000110001010l— 6
Rupel, 18	11111111110111l—14
Dr Morton, 18	00001011111111O— 9
O'Brien, 18	11110010101011l—10
Myrick	11111111101111l—14

Buck wins after shooting out A. W. Morton:

Buck	1111111111—10
A W Morton	1111110111— 9

Trap at Winchester, N. H.

WINCHESTER, N. H.—The following score was made at our regular weekly shoot, Thursday, June 13:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5p
Lesure	8	10	7	8	9	6
Slate	9	7	9	8	9	..
Swan	7	9	4	9	7	6
Gordon	5	6	5	7	4	..
Nelson	8	8	8	5	7	..
Burbank	9	7	8	6	4	4
Russell	8	4	2	0	2	7
Litchfield	3	4	5	3	6	5
Dickinson	4	4	4	3	9	5
Pettingille	..	1	3	..	6	..

F. D. LESURE, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, June 12.—Fourteen shooters decided that Wednesday, June 12, was just the kind of day which a trapshooter delights in, though not that kind of a day when the success of a shoot is told by the number of targets thrown. A shoot of like character is one that befriends a club more than any other, as those who had the chance of the pleasure of this afternoon are more than pleased to get there again and are always sure to bring others with them. One of the pleasures of the afternoon was the noticeable improvement in the shooting of two of our most steadfast attendants. Though not possessed with the amount of skill which comes to the lot of our expert, they secure just as much real fun, and no one ever begrudges a broken target on their ledger. Of the others, each took a hand in some of the good shooting, Ford distancing all the rest by breaking 48 out of 50 and 24 out of 25 in the match, showing the accuracy of a Heikes or Crosby. Second position was ably accounted for by Woodruff with 80 per cent for average, a 21 in the match, incidentally bettering a previous 16, which now puts him in the lead on totals one bird ahead of Frank, who has not availed himself of the chance to throw out any old scores. Scores below, all shooting handicap distance, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	15	5p	10	15	10	15	10	10	5p
Adams, 17	4	5	3	7	9	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banks, 14	6	4	4	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	9	7	6	9	8	13	8	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
Barry, 16	8	9	6	8	7	10	7	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
Fred, 16	2	2	..	2	1	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lane, 16	6	9	7	8	6	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams, 16	..	..	5	..	6	12	5	10	12	9	10	..	6	..
Poor, 16	..	..	..	..	5	8	3	7	6	7	..	..	..	..
Samuels, 16	..	..	3	6	9	5	7	9	7	11	7	7	7	8
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	7	10	6	5	7	9	12	8	10	8
Ford, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	10	9
Paine, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	7	9
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..

Prize match, 25 unknown, 15 singles, 5 pairs, distance handicap:

Ford, 16	1111111111111111	11 11 01 11 11—24
Woodruff, 17	1011111111111011	10 11 11 10 11—21
Lane, 16	1000110011111111	11 11 11 01 01—19
Paine, 16	0110111011l0011	11 11 11 10 11—19
Barry, 16	1011001110111101	11 10 11 01 10—17
Williams, 16	1111011110111011	10 01 10 10 10—17
Adams, 17	1100001101111001	10 11 10 10 10—14
Samuels, 16	1011110100110011	10 11 00 00 11—14
Poor, 16	1111101001001l0	10 00 00 00 11—11

West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association.

ST. MARYS, W. Va., June 14.—The fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, which was held on the grounds of the Mountain State Gun Club, this city, June 12 and 13, will always be remembered as one of the best tournaments ever held in the State. The weather was all that could be asked for, except, possibly, a little warm on the first day, and all seemed to enjoy themselves from start to finish. The affair was under the personal management of the Mallory Brothers, and it goes without saying that everything was done that would add to the comfort and pleasure of all those in attendance. It is no small matter to manage an affair of this kind, looking after every detail, and these boys are to be commended for the very able and satisfactory manner in which the shoot was conducted.

If there was a single hitch during the two days' shooting, it failed to reach the writer's ears, and they are of pretty good size, too. In the cashier's office—well, there is but one cashier in the United States that can look after this part of the work like Ed Foster, Jr., and that gentleman is Mr. Ed Foster, Jr., of Marietta, Ohio. Ed does not shoot much at the traps, but he is most certainly an expert in handling the clerical work at a shooting tournament. He not only posted all scores in less than five minutes after they were made, where all could see them, but also added the earnings of each one at the same time. Eddie, you are all right. The management was very ably assisted by Mr. Howard Sergent and Mr. Chas. North (who has a brother Paul), of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co. Mr. Sergent kept the squads on the move, and Mr. North did the same little trick so far as the magautrap was concerned.

The trade was represented by Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Co.; Mr. R. L. Trimble, of Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Luther Squire, of DuPont Powder Co.; Mr. Chas. North, of Cleveland Target Co., and Mr. Howard Sergent.

The best shooting for the two days was done by Mr. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, followed closely by Mr. Frank Alkire, of Woodlyn, Ohio, and Chas. A. Young, of Springfield, Ohio. The longest run during the two days was made by Ed O. Bower, of Sistersville, who started in on Thursday morning and got next to 81 before allowing one to get away.

Mr. F. E. Mallory, of Parkersburg, carried off the State championship badge by breaking 46 out of 50 targets. He was followed closely by Mr. Jos. Y. McNaught, of Sistersville, and Mr. John F. Mallory, of St. Marys, who were but one target behind. Mr. Allen, last year's winner, scored 44.

In the merchandise event, Mr. John F. Mallory, A. J. Stancliff, and J. C. Trees took the three guns, these being the three best prizes. Mr. Geo. R. Haswell, of Circleville, Ohio, is perhaps the happiest man in that village along about this time. He won the two bales of hay and two-bushel sack of chopped feed. George is all right when it comes to making hay, and can do it with a shotgun as well as with a rake.

At the meeting of the State Association Wednesday evening, all the old officers were re-elected. F. C. Percival, Esq., President, and Ed O. Bower, Secretary-Treasurer. The following are Vice-Presidents: John F. Mallory, St. Marys; Hon. J. A. de Gruyter, Charlestown; F. E. Mallory, Parkersburg; Jos. Y. McNaught, Sistersville; Dr. H. Clay Shaw, Piedmont, and John B. Garden, Wheeling. After quite a spirited contest as to who should get the State shoot for next year, Wheeling finally went straight and knocked the persimmon.

Tabulated scores for the two days follow:

First Day, June 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20		
Alkire	14	15	13	19	15	15	20	13	14	17	15	19	189	.945
Squires	15	14	13	19	14	14	17	13	15	19	15	20	188	.940
Fleming	14	14	13	19	13	13	19	15	15	19	14	20	188	.940
Rike	13	13	10	18	11	12	19	12	12	17	12	17	166	.820
Garden	11	14	13	15	11	11	17	10	12	16	14	16	160	.800
State	9	10	12	18	12	12	14	8	10	11	11	13	140	.700
Dowler	11	11	15	17	12	10	15	12	9	12	9	15	148	.740
Haswell	11	13	11	18	15	15	20	14	11	17	12	20	177	.885
Young	14	14	10	19	15	13	20	14	13	18	15	19	184	.920
Trimble	14	13	12	20	14	15	19	12	14	17	11	19	80	.900
Rex	15	13	15	19	12	13	19	14	14	19	13	18	184	.920
De Gruyter	15	13	15	17	14	12	13	15	14	13	14	19	174	.870
Fultz	13	11	13	17	13	7	17	13	14	16	15	16	165	.825
Jones	12	6	13	13	9	10	16	10	8	15	10	17	139	.695
Fields	12	9	12	19	9	11	15	11	14	18	14	14	158	.790
Trees	11	11	9	15	10	10	14	9	10	..	..	..	99	.683
Courtney	12	10	13	18	11	12	16	13	13	15	10	13	156	.780
Cole	13	11	12	18	9	13	18	12	13	17	13	19	168	.840
J Dinsmore	15	12	13	18	..	..	16	12	9	18	13	17	143	.715
Bibbee	13	14	13	18	12	13	19	15	14	14	18		182	.910
Mowry	11	15	14	15	10	14	18	10	11	18	13	14	163	.815
McNaught	12	9	12	17	13	14	16	12	11	17	13	16	162	.810
Tangney	10	11	13	11	12	11	11	12	11	18	12	18	150	.750
Stewart	10	11	13	17	11	10	10	13	12	13	9	15	144	.720
Hobbs	11	12	10	15	9	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	...	.696
Bailey	12	15	11	15	11	12	16	8	13	18	15	16	162	.810
Speary	14	14	13	17	12	12	18	11	13	17	14	16	171	.855
Alford	14	15	14	17	13	16	14	13	19	15	18		181	.905
L E Mallory, Jr.	12	12	13	16	14	10	19	11	11	17	15	16	167	.835
C Dinsmore	7	12	12	15	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	...	.712
F E Mallory	14	13	15	17	11	15	15	11	19	15	18		178	.890
S T Mallory	14	14	12	17	15	14	16	14	13	16	10	18	173	.865
Ed O. Bower	14	12	15	17	12	12	17	15	15	18	11	19	177	.885
J F Mallory	13	14	13	18	14	11	19	14	13	18	12	19	178	.890
Smith	14	14	15	19	11	13	15	14	13	20	10	18	176	.880
Allen	13	14	14	20	13	15	19	13	19	13	16		184	.920
Duffy	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
North	8	9	9	17	..	12	..	..	9	14	..	..	...	....
Schlicher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	16	12	17	...	....
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	11	15	..	...	....
H F Mallory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	...	....

Second Day, June 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20		
Rike	11	9	15	19	14	13	19	12	13	18	13	18	174	.870
Garden	12	8	11	13	11	9	15	9	9	10	12	8	127	.635
State	12	10	13	18	12	14	16	7	11	13	10	16	152	.760
Dowler	11	12	13	14	13	14	18	11	11	14	12	14	157	.785
Alkire	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	15	19	15	19	12	14	20	190	.950
Courtney	13	15	14	20	11	10	17	12	12	15	13	18	170	.850
Cole	12	12	10	16	13	13	18	11	13	18	14	19	169	.845
L E Mallory, Jr.	14	15	14	19	13	14	19	15	15	17	13	17	185	.925
Fleming	13	15	15	19	14	14	19	15	15	19	15	20	193	.965
Bibbee	12	12	13	18	13	15	16	14	15	17	10	18	173	.865
Fultz	14	12	9	14	14	9	19	11	13	14	8	16	153	.765
Jones	12	14	12	17	13	13	17	9	10	15	8	17	157	.785
Field	12	11	11	14	11	10	18	11	11	14	11	10	144	.720
North	10	10	10	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
Slayton	13	9	9	16	12	10	17	9	15	15	9	15	149	.745
Bailey	13	14	15	18	13	15	16	14	15	16	14	19	182	.910
Speary	13	13	13	17	14	14	19	14	14	16	13	19	179	.895
Alford	12	14	14	18	12	14	18	11	15	19	9	16	172	.860
Schlicher	14	13	15	13	15	11	16	13	15	16	13	16	170	.850
Allen	13	10	14	16	15	14	18	15	14	16	13	18	176	.880
Mowry	10	10	13	17	14	13	19	14	13	16	12	17	168	.840
McNaught	13	14	11	15	15	12	17	12	12	16	12	16	165	.825
Tangney	13	11	14	12	12	14	13	14	14	17	14	12	160	.800
Stewart	11	8	13	13	10	14	11	11	10	15	10	16	142	.710
Trees	10	10	12	14	8	12	14	10	11	12	10	11	134	.670
Haswell	10	13	14	17	13	12	18	15	14	20	9	17	172	.860
Squire	15	14	14	17	15	13	16	13	11	18	14	17	177	.885
Young	15	14	14	19	14	15	20	13	14	17	15	20	190	.950
Trimble	14	13	11	18	13	14	17	15	14	20	15	17	181	.905
Rex	14	10	13	17	14	14	18	13	14	20	13	18	178	.890
F E Mallory	14	14	15	19	11	15	19	14	14	17	12	20	184	.920
S T Mallory	10	14	13	17	14	13	15	12	13	19	11	20	171	.855
Ed O Bower	15	15	15	20	15	12	15	15	15	19	15	18	189	.945
J F Mallory	14	14	14	19	15	14	20	12	14	19	15	19	189	.945
W A Smith	14	14	15	15	14	14	18	13	14	19	12	16	178	.890
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	8	15	..	9	..	...	....

General average 90 per cent or better.

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Av.
Fleming	188	193	381	.952
Young	184	190	374	.935
Alkire	189	190	379	.947
F E Mallory	178	189	367	.917
Ed O Bower	177	189	366	.915
Squire	188	177	365	.912
F E Mallory	178	184	362	.905
Rex	184	178	362	.905
Trimble	180	176	361	.902

ROCK.

The New York State Shoot.

THE New Utrecht Gun Club has issued a letter as follows:

To the clubs comprising the New York State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish.

Gentlemen: The forty-third annual convention and tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish will be held under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Interstate Park, L. I., on September 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, 1901.

At the annual convention of this Association, held at Utica in June, 1900, it was decided that the convention and tournament in 1901 should be held under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club, in the city of New York.

Some months ago it was suggested to the writer that because of the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo, which would indisputably be a great attraction to a very large number of the trapshooting fraternity, and as our Buffalo friends were arranging for a shoot on a very large scale, to be held during the exhibition, it would be considered a very graceful act of courtesy on the part of the N. U. G. C. to waive the privilege of Buffalo, and also that such privilege, if accorded to Buffalo, would tend materially to insure the success of the Pan-American shoot then being arranged for.

Conceding this point, we took a vote by mail of all the clubs represented at the Utica convention, and, with one exception, all voted in favor of the transfer to Buffalo of the State tournament of 1901.

We communicated with our friends at Buffalo, and they were apparently enthusiastic over the proposed transfer. The negotiations, however, have been so unsatisfactory that we have been compelled to abandon them, and as stated, the annual convention and tournament will be held at Interstate park from September 10 to 14, both dates inclusive.

We have been obliged to make these dates later than usual, as there has not been sufficient time to arrange matters for June. The grand American handicap at targets will be held in July, and other tournaments already arranged for prevent our making August dates. Under the circumstances, we have decided that September will be best, and as all the seaside resorts are open at that time our fellow members of the Association may be assured of a good time.

Targets will be charged for at 2 cents and pigeons at 25 cents. The full programme of State and open events will be published as soon as it is completed, and will contain all information necessary. The tournament will be under the management of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner. Respectfully submitted, for the New Utrecht Gun Club,

WALTER F. SYKES, President.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, S. I., June 15.—The scores made at to-day's shoot of the Richmond Gun Club follow:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	10	25	25	25	10	25
G Bechtel	8	6	6	..	15	..	14	9	19
A A Duke	8	13	9	6	..	23	..	6	17
F W Schoverling	7	7	5	3	11	..	7	1	13
J Lewis	7	8	8	..	16	..	6	16	
G Decker	6	13	2	..	21	..	..	..	..
Vroome	..	..	2	..	6	..	..	2	..
Sommers	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	5	..
Curry	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	1	..
J Housman	..	..	..	..	3	13	9	13	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..

Team match: Richmond Borough vs. Richmond Gun Club, at 25 targets:

Richmond Gun Club:		Richmond Borough G. C.:	
Targets:	25	Targets:	25
G. Bechtel	17	Sommers	11
A. A. Schoverling	20	Curry	9
F. W. Schoverling	11	Vroome	6
Total	48	Total	26

A. A. SCHOVERLING,
Captain Richmond Gun Club.

Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sherbrooke, P. Q., June 8.—The members are unanimously of the opinion that the distance handicap system is a greater success than was suspected. The beginner, who is close up, is encouraged, and the chests of those who have been set back swell with pride, and all are pleased.

The gun cabinet series is being much enjoyed, and is just the thing to keep the boys regular in their attendance. Even the few who do not shoot in it are interested.

Bray, 19, 21; Craig, 19, 19; Thompson, 18, 19; Walton, 19, 17; Foss, 14, 16; Loomis, 17, 14; Ingalls, 14, 12; Friend, 12, 1.

June 15.—This was a perfect day, but a military inspection necessarily kept several whose duty lay in their country's service. The shooting was far above our usual average: Thompson, 18, 23; Craig, 19, 22; Walton, 19, 21; Bray, 20, 19; White, 18, 19; Loomis, 17, 19.

JOS.

Brantford vs. Galt.

HAMILTON, Ont., June 14.—An interesting team match took place to-day on the Galt (Ont.) Gun Club grounds between the Brantford and Galt Gun clubs, eleven men on a side.

There was a large attendance and several sweeps were shot off after the team match was finished. Mr. N. P. Leach was umpire. The match was shot over a magautrap, 50 targets each. The following are the scores in the team match: Brantford team: Hacker 49, D. J. Lewis 42, J. Brown 26, H. F. Westbrook 41, Fred Westbrook 48, C. J. Mitchell 44, C. A. Montgomery 49, J. Williams 38, J. Jack 24, Dr. Cutliff 30, C. Summerhays 42; total 433. Galt team: R. Patrick 33, H. Thomson 22, A. Newland 38, J. Dracey 37, R. C. Patrick 34, J. Wayper 48, E. Bowman 40, F. Bernhardt 30, O. Wilder 32, Peters 35, Ellis 35; total 384. Six of the Brantford team averaged over 93 per cent.—a big mark for amateurs.

S.

Soo Gun Club's Seventh Annual Tournament.

Sioux City, Ia.—The Soo Braves have long since established the tournaments as one of the regular events of each season, and about the middle of the month of roses as the proper time to hold the same.

The shooting park here is well equipped with houses, and two sets of expert traps, and large and roomy ground, yet the low scores made here deserve some mention.

There are some faults with many of the best grounds used for shooting purposes, a prominent one being that of shooting south, which is the case here. Again, the background is not the best. One set of traps throws the targets low and against green trees, and beyond that is the muddiest stream on earth, and it is not black mud, but yellow like unto gold. Take the glare of the sun, the reflection of the water, though at some distance, and those with very sharp eyes alone can get onto the fast flying mud pies.

The wind to-day was brisk and almost directly in face of the shooters, so that made the flight quite irregular.

The club has a large membership and is fortunate in having good, active officers. In John Otten, President; J. W. Boyd, Vice-President; W. F. Duncan, Secretary, and C. E. Ellis, Treasurer, there is a quartette hard to excel, while the executive committee is re-enforced by the addition of C. C. Hamilton, Oscar Hoberg and H. H. Hawman, while the honors of the field captain fall to the lot of that genial good shot, J. W. Gray.

The tournament was open to amateurs. Professionals and manufacturers' agents were barred from participating in purses, but all were invited to attend and show off their goods.

American Association rules governed, though modified.

All purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15. All fair birds were birds and the referee so decided.

There were twelve events each day, and $5 cash added to each one, and the events were all similar, being fifteen targets.

The Shoot.

The day was bright and warm, but a brisk wind, the Jonah for many of the boys, who began gathering early, and before the day was over there were over sixty who had taken part. They came from all the surrounding States, and so far as your correspondent was able to mix with the large crowd present the following names were gathered: F. A. Moss, Rock Valley, Iowa; H. G. Taylor, Meckling, S. Dak.; E. A. Leach, Sioux City, Iowa; E. D. Trotter, Kinsley, Iowa; J. H. Burk, Elgin, Neb.; Flory Moore, Lincoln, Neb.; R. M. Klein, Spirit Lake, Iowa; A. P. McDowell, Adair, Iowa; J. A. McKilvey, Hedrick, Iowa; L. C. Hafferty, Ollie, Iowa; L. A. Mikkelson, McLin, S. Dak.; E. D. Peck, Sioux Rapids, Iowa; E. Morrill, S. Omaha, Neb.; H. F. Brown, Sioux Rapids, Iowa; John D. Pollard, Chicago, Ill.; E. G. Rust, Pringhar, Iowa; L. G. Walker, Correctionville, Iowa; S. L. Sanders, Elgin, Neb.; W. J. Shear, Spirit Lake, Iowa; C. W. Lindsey, Cherokee, Iowa; D. L. Power, Newell, Iowa; Frank Craybill, Omaha, Neb.; E. D. Adams, Rockwell City, Iowa; H. C. Baumann, Rock Valley, Iowa; G. W. Watson, Kingsley, Iowa; John Redfern, Sloan, Iowa; M. D. Townsend, Omaha, Neb.; Dick Linderman, Lincoln, Neb.; Chas. H. Hunter, Sioux City, Iowa; H. P. Blasdell, Luverne, Minn.; J. F. Snook, Luverne, Minn.; E. C. Schultze, Luverne, Minn.; F. Knobble, Breda, Iowa; F. H. Crahn, Geddes, S. Dak.; M. Diefenderfer, Wood River, Neb.; Henry Steege, Waterloo, Iowa; John Baldwin, Jackson, Minn.; Frank Diworak, S. Omaha, Neb.; E. E. Amy, Springfield, S. Dak.; F. F. Slocum, Alcester, S. Dak.

The Shooting.

Henry Steege (a farmer) from the vicinity of Waterloo, Iowa, was best man to-day. When he had shot out half the events he had only lost six targets, but being quite unwell he got some medicine that affected his vision so that the flight of the targets went wrong to him and he lost eleven in the later events, yet, with a total of 17 to the bad, he was high man and was awarded a 500 mile book on the Great Northern Railroad. Second place went to D. Morrill, of Omaha, which was a neat little bunch of cash. The third high was decided between Ed Trotter and M. Diefenderfer, while W. Shears, of Spirit Lake; C. H. Hunter and J. W. Gray, of Sioux City, were on a tie for fourth.

This young man Shears is fast coming to the front. He must have taken some lessons in Fred Gilbert's back yard and some in Klein's front yard, as in the first four events he made three straight scores, yet with this good showing he fell away during the remainder of the day.

There were plenty of average prizes, the eight lowest men getting a fine distribution of merchandise. The scores:

First Day, June 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	T'ls
Patch	12	11	13	10	10	10	14	11	9	10	13	12	135
Hughes	12	13	14	13	12	14	10	14	11	13	14	13	154
Aney	11	10	14	14	10	14	11	8	13	11	10	10	126
Smith	12	12	14	11	11	10	12	14	10	13	14	14	147
Ellis	13	12	12	13	13	14	13	14	12	13	12	13	154
Boyd	9	11	12	11	14	12	14	11	14	11	14	13	146
Hunter	12	13	12	15	14	15	10	14	11	13	15	14	158
Hawman	11	12	12	13	12	13	11	15	13	14	11	11	148
Gray	12	13	11	11	12	14	14	14	14	14	15	14	158
Duncan	12	10	14	11	11	13	11	12	13	13	13	14	147
Buck	14	11	13	13	13	12	12	12	15	12	11	11	149
Sanders	12	13	13	13	13	11	14	13	13	11	13	14	153
Linderman	13	13	13	11	11	12	9	11	13	13	12	14	145
Townsend	12	12	12	14	13	12	13	12	11	13	12	15	152
Moore	12	14	10	13	15	9	12	15	14	14	15	13	156
Bleasdell	11	13	10	12	13	11	11	13	12	12	12	12	142
Otten	12	12	11	12	11	13	8	10	14	13	12	15	143
Slocum	11	14	13	13	9	15	12	10	12	14	14	12	153
Schwartz	12	12	14	13	12	14	13	13	9	14	11	14	151
Baldwin	13	14	13	13	9	13	9	11	14	10	7	10	136
Shears	15	15	12	15	12	12	13	13	13	12	13	13	158
Moss	13	13	13	15	12	12	11	11	13	12	12	12	153
Steege	13	15	14	15	14	14	14	14	12	12	14	12	163
Klein	13	13	13	11	9	13	13	14	13	11	9	14	146
Morrill	15	12	14	12	14	12	12	15	12	15	13	15	161
Adams	12	13	13	13	9	12	12	11	13	15	13	15	151
Devorak	12	12	12	10	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Jones	13	13	11	11	11	14	11	11	..	..	..	..	...
Redfern	11	11	9	9	7	11	12	..	7	12	..	..	...
McDowell	14	8	11	14	10	14	10	14	13	11	15	11	145
F. Crahan	12	14	12	14	13	13	14	11	12	14	12	11	152
Berg	10	8	10	14	10	9	5	12	6	6	7	12	109
Bachman	8	9	12	14	11	13	3	11	10	14	11	12	128
Peck	11	11	12	11	13	14	10	12	10	12	11	15	142
Rust	13	14	9	13	9	13	11	12	12	10	14	11	141
Snook	12	10	10	12	10	11	8	8	14	10	11	10	126
Brown	9	7	5	9	..	..	..	..	7	10	4	..	...
Pollard	11	12	7	11	14	8	10	12	14	10	14	9	132
Trotter	14	14	9	14	12	14	15	14	12	13	14	14	159
Crabill	9	13	11	15	14	15	14	12	15	12	11	11	152
Walker	13	12	12	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Power	9	12	13	13	10	13	14	12	14	13	13	11	147
Lindsay	10	11	10	11	14	13	14	14	11	13	11	12	144
Diefenderfer	13	13	14	13	11	12	14	13	14	15	13	14	159
G. E. T.	11	12	12	14	14	13	12	13	14	11	9	13	148
Monfore	14	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Keefe	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bottgere	11	13	..	11	13	10	11	13	13	14	12	11	...
McKelvey	8	14	12	14	13	12	12	12	14	14	12	9	146
Davis	10	9	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Mikkelson	11	..	..	14	14	15	15	13	13	13	13	..	...
Agersberg	11	..	8	12	6	8	11	8	..	..	..	..	...
Taylor	10	..	..	10	12	11	14	9	13	11	13	..	...
Brott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hamilton	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	...
W. Crahan	10	..	8	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Knobbe	6	..	..	..	11	13	12	13	11	11	10	10	...
Wilson	..	..	..	..	9	12	14	13	13	11	15	11	...
Danielson	11	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Reamington	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	...
Corvell	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	...
Leech	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	11	..	...
Gorman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	9	11	...

Second Day, June 12.

Weather quite an improvement over the first day. The straight face to wind had subsided and during part of the day was slight, yet during the afternoon it came from behind the shooters' stand and swooping down over the high bluff dropped the targets in a measure quite low. This with the tree and grass background made the targets very hard to locate.

Some fair scores were made, yet all agree that the conditions here are harder than those found at most tournaments.

Soo City Trophy Cup.

To-day we had a little variety added in for spice. It was the contest for the Soo City trophy. This has been up each year and is worth the winning, as the entrance paid in next year goes to the winner of this year.

There was a large entry, as shooters went into this event who did not shoot in others.

Thus, having nothing in view but to get the cup, as nothing but straight scores could win anything, it seems strange that ten men should land with 14; while only five got straight scores. These were: S. A. Smith; of Hartley, Iowa; Farmer Burk, of Elgin, Neb.; W. E. Meyer, of Sioux City, Iowa; Gus Steege, of Waterloo; and H. A. Taylor, of Meckling, S. Dak.

These gentlemen were at once called up to shoot off for the prizes. If a bookmaker had been present he would have gone broke on Steege, as he lost his first target; Burk and Taylor let their second hit the grass and Meyer fell down on the third. This will convey to the reader that these targets were not puddings.

Thus, in short order, Mr. Smith has possession of the cup for this year, and it will net him about $50 next year.

It was the fine shooting of W. E. Meyer that pleased the home crowd, and in fact everybody, as he was not expected to be in at the finish, yet he secured an Ithaca hammerless shotgun.

Taylor marched off with a fine Bristol fishing rod and Mr. Burk, the farmer from the sand hills, carried home a splendid Weber shooting jacket.

It seems that at times it does one good not to feel well, as Steege again came to the front with high average and won an elegant pair of $10 trousers.

Then came Hunter, of Sioux City; Townsend, of Omaha, and Shears, of Spirit Lake, who, tieing, divided $7.50 cash.

Third high was won by Dick Linderman and E. Trotter, while the cigars were won by Slocum, of Alcester; S. D. Moss, of Rock Valley, and Adams, of Rockwell.

There were good prizes for the eight lowest men, and there was a good line of merchandise. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	T'ls
Patch	13	13	13	14	13	10	11	14	13	10	11	14	149
Hughes	14	11	15	13	15	13	13	7	12	15	13	12	153
Aney	12	10	10	10	10	12	12	15	11	11	8	11	132
S. A. Smith	8	10	10	14	11	15	15	13	10	12	13	13	144
Ellis	14	11	13	14	10	14	12	10	13	13	14	14	152
Boyd	11	12	14	13	13	12	10	13	13	13	14	13	151
Hunter	15	15	12	13	13	14	14	13	14	14	12	14	163
Hawman	13	12	14	12	12	11	13	13	13	12	12	14	151
Gray	13	14	14	13	14	12	14	13	14	12	12	12	157
Duncan	14	13	12	14	12	11	14	15	11	14	14	13	156
Linderman	14	13	15	13	14	14	14	12	13	12	12	15	161
Sanders	12	12	15	14	12	12	13	14	13	12	13	14	156
Burk	12	13	15	13	14	10	15	11	12	13	11	12	151
Townsend	15	12	14	14	14	14	14	13	12	13	14	14	163
Moore	13	13	14	12	12	13	14	11	14	13	12	15	156
Schwartz	15	13	13	14	14	10	14	12	13	12	14	11	155
Otten	12	12	11	15	12	10	13	9	12	12	13	10	141
Blasdell	12	15	13	10	12	12	10	14	12	10	13	10	143
Slocum	14	11	13	14	14	15	12	13	13	14	14	12	159
Baldwin	12	11	13	9	12	12	12	11	12	12	12	13	141
Shears	14	14	11	15	14	14	11	13	15	15	14	13	163
Moss	15	14	13	13	13	11	12	14	14	14	13	13	159
Steege	13	14	15	12	15	14	15	12	14	15	15	10	164
Klein	12	12	13	12	11	12	13	11	14	14	13	14	151
Merrill	10	14	15	12	13	14	12	12	12	14	13	14	155
Diefenderfer	12	14	13	11	13	11	12	14	15	14	15	14	157
Trotter	14	11	13	15	13	14	14	13	13	14	12	15	161
McDowell	13	14	13	14	9	12	13	9	12	13	12	12	146
Power	14	11	12	13	11	10	14	11	12	13	12	14	147
Wilson	13	15	10	10	10	14	11	12	8	12	11	14	140
Meyer	11	10	8	11	12	13	15	12	14	9	10	11	136
Rust	13	11	9	12	12	12	13	10	13	11	13	13	142
McManus	..	11	10	13	10	14	12	11	11	13	11	13	...
Keefe	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	12	..	..	..	...
G. E. T.	10	11	15	13	14	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	153
Hogan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	12	...
Taylor	11	14	15	12	10	13	15	13	11	13	..	..	...
Adams	15	13	11	15	13	12	12	15	13	11	15	15	159
Crabill	12	13	13	11	9	12	13	14	12	15	12	11	147
Peck	10	12	12	14	11	14	..	..	12	10	14	14	149
Knobbe	11	10	9	9	9	11	11	6	9	10	10	9	114
Burns	14	13	11	9	10	11	5	7	14	10	8	12	124
Snook	12	12	11	11	6	12	8	11	12	12	12	8	127
McKelvey	12	12	13	13	13	14	11	12	15	14	13	12	154
Gorman	14	13	13	12	11	13	13	15	14	11	14	14	157
Leach	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	10	..	...
Baughman	9	15	9	12	13	11	13	15	..	..	..	..	...
Bottger	14	12	14	14	9	14	14	12	13	12	14	14	156
Crahan	12	14	13	9	14	11	12	12	13	10	10	9	139
Devorak	14	14	12	11	12	12	11	8	15	12	13	15	149
Walker	12	..	14	10	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Brott	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	10	..	..	..	...

Third Day, June 13.

Another splendid day for shooting and those who remained over had good sport with the saucers, yet there were but about thirty shooters present, and they shot out the programme by about 2 P. M. As there were a good supply of shells and targets on the ground the reader may suppose many would indulge in some sweepstakes, but not so; every gun was laid aside and soon as possible each man marched up the hill and away for the city. Here an observing shooter may pause and ask if a two-day target tournament is not quite the proper thing for the amateur shooter?

Steege shot better to-day, and so did others. Conditions were somewhat better. The wind was in front of targets and elevated them more than yesterday, so the three days average went to the Waterloo farmer, and he carried home a nice Stevens single barrel shotgun as a weapon for his boy. W. Shears, L. Sanders, J. W. Gray and D. Morrill were all bunched for second, while E. H. Hunter, F. F. Slocum, W. D. Townsend and C. D. Linderman were in for third. Ed Trotter and C. E. Ellis were equal in fourth.

This shoot was well arranged and carried out to the letter, about the only complaint being that the conditions were too hard. Targets thrown fast against dark trees in part, some quite low and angles sharp. To-day there were two events in which but one man each scored a 15; others had 2 straights. This will show a hard game. The management are on record as intending to make the shooting this year harder than former years, as heretofore complaints were made of throwing targets too easy, so now shooters can thus shoot and see which they like best.

The officers are first class men. W. F. Duncan was active, and was ably assisted by the captain, J. W. Gray, while several other members were ready at all times to assist when necessary.

Mr. M. J. Larson, in the office, was the man for the place, and got out the figures in quick time and with dispatch almost at the close of each event. The figures were posted on the bulletin board for the amount of cash each place was paying, so each shooter could make up his own receipts as the shoot progressed, and it gave better satisfaction than anything I have seen adopted.

What puzzles the shooters most, and what is strange, is that there were so very few straights made, and yet so many in the 14 hole. Straight scores paid well, although on several occasions the straight men drew down such sums as follows: $23, $20, $16, $10, $7, $6.50, $5.95 and $4.

There were representatives here talking up shoots to be held first at Waterloo, Iowa, this coming week, and then at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and next at South Omaha, Neb. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	T'ls
Patch	11	12	12	15	13	12	14	14	13	12	11	11	150
Hughes	14	12	13	12	14	13	15	11	15	13	12	11	155
Aney	11	11	14	10	13	12	10	10	7	12	9	13	132
Smith	9	12	11	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	12	11	140
Ellis	12	13	14	14	13	13	15	10	12	12	15	13	156
Boyd	11	13	11	14	13	11	13	10	6	15	11	12	140
Hunter	10	14	14	13	12	14	12	15	14	13	13	14	158
Hawman	12	12	15	11	14	11	13	11	15	13	13	13	153
Gray	14	13	13	14	12	14	14	14	14	14	11	12	159
Duncan	12	13	12	11	9	13	12	12	14	11	12	12	143
Linderman	13	13	14	11	14	14	13	14	14	13	14	11	158
Saunders	12	14	13	15	13	14	13	14	11	13	12	15	158
Burk	14	12	14	14	12	12	12	13	12	12	13	11	151
Townsend	12	13	15	15	14	13	14	11	13	11	15	12	158
Moore	14	13	12	11	13	13	10	12	14	11	..	..	...
Schwartz	8	14	13	11	14	11	14	13	13	15	14	11	151
Otten	13	11	14	13	9	11	11	12	13	10	13	9	139
Barr	14	12	10	13	14	8	12	11	10	14	13	13	144
Slocum	12	14	15	12	13	9	14	13	15	14	14	13	158
Baldwin	15	15	14	11	13	10	13	10	12	14	15	12	154
Shears	13	12	14	14	15	10	14	14	14	14	13	12	159
Adams	13	12	15	15	15	13	12	13	12	9	10	11	150
Steege	14	14	13	14	15	14	15	13	13	14	15	15	169
Klein	12	10	13	12	14	9	14	10	9	8	14	13	...
Morrill	14	12	13	12	13	14	12	13	13	15	15	13	159
Crahan	12	11	12	12	12	14	11	11	12	13	13	9	142
Diefenderfer	12	13	12	15	13	13	12	10	15	..	..	..	...
McKelvey	10	14	14	10	12	14	11	14	12	13	10	11	145
Bottger	14	12	12	14	10	15	13	9	14	..	11	13	149
Crabill	13	15	15	12	14	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	...
Devorak	11	13	14	13	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Trotter	13	15	12	14	12	12	13	15	14	11	11	14	156
Knobbe	11	9	12	11	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wilson	13	13	12	12	7	13	11	12	..	..	..	..	...
Brott	10	12	11	8	5	5	6	10	..	..	..	..	...

Rambler.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Applegate vs. Van Allen.

South River, N. J., June 13.—Herewith are the scores made this afternoon on the inclosed grounds of the Middlesex Driving Park, between Messrs. J. E. Applegate, of Freneau, N. J., and S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I. The birds were a most excellent lot for this time of year. The attendance was very large. The match began at 3:30 and ended at 6:10. The conditions were 100 live birds, 30 yards rise, $100 a side. Mr. S. Glover was referee.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

3 4 2 4 4 5 4 5 2 2 5 1 5 1 4 1 5 5 4 5 1 3 4 5 5
↖↗↘↖↖↗→↗↗↗↘↑↖↖↖↘←↖↘↖↘↖↖↘↘
J Appelgate....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0—23

5 1 1 3 3 2 2 4 4 1 2 5 1 1 5 4 5 2 1 4 3 5 4 3 2
↙←↙↑↗↘→T↑↙←↘↑↖→↖↙↑↙↑↖↘↑↑↖
2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 * 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

3 5 2 3 5 2 2 5 1 1 1 4 4 1 3 5 5 5 1 5 4 1 5 1 4
↖↑↗↙↖↑↖→↖↙↖↘←↓←↗↖↖↖↓↗↗↘↙↙
2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

5 1 2 1 4 1 5 5 2 5 4 1 4 1 3 1 5 3 5 3 1 5 1 3 4
↑↑↙↑←↑↑↑↑↗→↓↖↑→↖↗↑→↑↖←↓←←
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—21—91

5 1 5 4 5 5 5 5 2 2 5 1 3 3 5 2 5 5 3 5 1 5 1 3 4
↘↖↓↘↘↖↖↘↖↖↑↑↗↓T↖↘↖↘↖↗↘↘↓→
S M Van Allen..2 2 2 2 2 * 0 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

5 3 1 5 2 1 3 2 2 5 4 1 5 4 5 1 2 3 5 5 3 1 5 3 1
→↑→↗↘↑↑↘↖→→→↘→↑↑↙↗↙↗←↗↗←↖
2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0—22

2 4 4 5 3 2 3 2 2 3 4 3 5 5 5 1 5 3 3 2 4 5 4 5 3
↖↑↗↘↖↗↑↗↗↘↙↑↗↗↑↖↘↙↗→→→↗↑↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—23

5 3 2 4 4 3 5 2 2 3 4 5 5 4 5 1 1 1 2 5 5 3 4 4 4
↓↖↑→←↑↑↗↖→↖↖↑→←↑→↙↙→→↓←→↖
1 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—23—90

Miss and out event, $100, back one yd., each shot:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	N.o 4.
Waters, 30	2221222220	1110	122	122222
W. Hopkins, 30	20	1212	110	112110
Schorty, 30	222211111*	2211	111	122221
Morfey 31	2222122212	1220	0	12*

			No. 5.
Waters, 30	210	1121222	29..20
W. Hopkins, 30	1122212	2121222	
Schorty, 30	111221*	1110	30..1212121
Morfey, 31	2222112	222220	
Van Allen, 31	2222*	1222220	31..22122222
Glover, 31			31..21222220
Super, 28			28..11210

Pre-Vacation Handicap, 26 to 33 yds., $5; birds extra:

Morfey, 32	222222222*2222222222—19
Dr Hudson, 27	12021111111112221*12—18
Matzen, 27	02112222022222*22201—16
Schorty, 30	012211*1122121112122—18
Waters, 28	11212120021121212102—17
Super, 28	12020221022112221221—17
W. Hopkins, 29	11212210122222222222—19
Van Allen, 32	*2202202222222202222—17
Belden, 27	*0121222021221220122—16
*Hendricksen, 28	2022220222*021211212—16
*Dr. Longacre, 28	0222220002

*For birds only.

No. 1, 7 birds, 3 moneys, $4; same:

Van Allen, 31	2101111—6	1212222—7
Super, 27	2010111—5	1*11110—5
Schorty, 30	2201112—6	2222112—7
Matzen, 27	22222*2—6	2112222—7
Belden, 27	0222222—6	2112222—7
W. Hopkins, 30	2222112—7	1222112—7
Dr Hudson, 27		0120110—4

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., June 17.—The scores in the Hudson Gun Club's shoot are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	15	25	25	25	10	15	15	10
Schorty	24	12	23	22	23	9	12	13	..
Dudley	17	..	..	23	21	8	12	11	8
Duke	..	14	22	20	15	9	10	13	..
Doc. Gardiner	15	6	15	17	15	10	9	..	..
J. Jones	18	..	20	20	17	6	13	..	..
Hansmann	..	..	17	19	16	6	13	11	..
Wild	15	8	12	8	..	5	..	..	5
Van Dyne	17	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jas. Hughes	16	10	12	14	..	..	..	..	..
Whittey	..	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shields	..	12	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Banta	..	7	..	20	..	..	..	..	..
Uncle Al	..	10	12	11	..	5	8	..	..
Cannitz	..	7	18	14	15	9	..	..	..

Special match: Schorty and Dudley vs. Dr. Gardiner and A. A. Duke, the latter shooting at 55 targets against the former's 50. Schorty 23 out of 25, Duke 20 out of 27, Dudley 22 out of 25, Dr. Gardiner 24 out of 28. Score, 45 to 44 in favor of Schorty and Dudley.

Duke.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., June 15.—Herewith please find scores made June 8, 12 and 15. The attendance on all three dates was light, the first two dates due to a steam yacht regatta on the river, and the Yale-Princeton ball game, and the shoot to-day was knocked in the head by stormy weather. If there is a hoodoo connected with our affairs we expect to lay it when we lengthen out the club house. The plans and specifications are in the hands of the contractors, and just as soon as they get through we intend to have a housewarming, but ice instead of coal will be used at the festivities. The band has been engaged and you will receive an invite. The motto for the occasion will be, "Come early and avoid the rush."

June 8:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	25	15	10	10	5	5	5	5	15	10	10	10	15	25	10	..
Colville	21	11	8	6	4	5	3	4	13	1	5	2	..	..	8	..
J. R. Taylor	20	12	9	9	4	5	5	4	11	6	8	9	11	21	8	..
Widmann	..	8	8	8	5	4	5	5	12	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Mickie	..	12	8	..	3	5	2	1	10	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Rowan	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	12	4	3	5	11	18	..	3
Brokaw	..	..	..	6	5	2	3	2	5	..	..	6	9	17	6	..
Maddock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	6	12	17	9	6

June 12:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	10	5	5	5	15	15	10	5	5	10	25	..
Thomas	13	8	4	5	5	12	12	8	5	4	9	20	..
Taylor	14	9	4	5	4	10	13	9	..	..	6	18	..
Harper	..	9	4	4	3	10	12	8	5	2	..	..	..
Kingsley	..	5	4	3	3	11	11	7	4	1	6	20	8
Widmann	..	8	4	5	3	11	11	..	..	..	..	20	10
Cole	..	..	3	2	..	13	14	7	4	2	10	..	9
Croft	..	..	3	2	..	10	9	5	..	..	8	..	8

June 15:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	10	25	10	..
J E Thropp	9	11	14	8	22	9	23
Wilkes	9	10	11	9	21	8	21
Thomas	8	11	11	9	22	8	21
Satterthwaite	7	10	11	..	18	7	20
Applegate	7	9	10	7	19	6	19
Booker	6	8	10	7	..	4	12

Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.

The International Trapshooters.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON, June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is very little of material interest, from a trapshooting standpoint that can be written about the trip of the American team across the North Atlantic from New York to Liverpool in the year of 1901. Daddy Neptune was really on his best behavior, and did not bother the Canadian of the Leyland line to any great extent.

The day we started, Sunday, May 26, rain made things unpleasant and kept the crowd under cover for the balance of the day after leaving Sandy Hook. During the night a dense fog came up (or down) and the Canadian's whistle was a familiar sound for the next twenty-four hours. The sea, however, was smooth and no one had any reason to complain of mal de mer.

The following brief extract from the log of Captain Hill, our skipper, tells what we did each day, and what kind of weather we met with:

May 27, 277 miles; light southerly winds with dense fog.
May 28, 303 miles; brisk southwest winds with smooth sea.
May 29, 312 miles; light southwest winds becoming easterly, with a head sea.
May 30, 299 miles; light easterly winds with a head sea.
May 31, 304 miles; light easterly winds and head swell.
June 1, 304 miles; brisk northerly winds; sea smooth.
June 2, 308 miles; brisk northerly winds; sea smooth.
June 3, 311 miles; fresh southwest winds, moderate sea, with rain.
June 4, 306 miles; fresh southwest winds, becoming northerly, with heavy rain.
June 5, 315 miles; light easterly winds, becoming southerly, with fog.

The last entry given above refers to the twenty-four hours ending at noon on Wednesday, June 5. There were thus 155 miles to be covered before we could tie up in the Mersey at Liverpool. Fog kept us back, and a misty rain fell nearly until dinner time, 6 P. M., when it brightened up over Ireland and the sun came out, our pilot coming aboard just east of Holyhead on the north coast of Wales in a blaze of sunshine that was a great relief after the monotonous fog and rain of the day, during which the whistle of the Canadian made things wretched once more.

The pilot brought us that day's Liverpool paper telling of the mishap to Constitution, which naturally had the entire sympathies of the crowd. The number of the pilot boat was 4, thus causing grief to those who wagered a week's pay on the odd numbers.

We sighted the lights of Liverpool about midnight, or a little before and tied up shortly afterward. The tender came to us between eight and nine the next morning, and we disembarked from the Canadian, parting with the captain and his entire crew, from the skipper (Captain Hill), Mr. Rigby (chief steward), down to Archie, the lengthy lad who held the dual position of deck steward and officer of the smoking room, not without feelings somewhat mixed in character. The ship herself is as steady and as comfortable a boat as crosses the ocean; it takes a gale to move her, and even then she rolls with such an easy motion that it needs must be an interior out of kilter that succumbs to the unpleasantnesses of seasickness. In the heavy quartering sea of the 4th there were but few vacancies at table for each meal; and no case was serious enough to be called a real layout.

Some of the boys felt a little squeamish occasionally, but even then they met their trials with a stiff upper lip and a jest. Fred Gilbert, the chief jester of the bunch, and the ladies' man par excellence, was responsible for what I consider to be the best thing said during the entire trip. One morning, early in the trip, he was not feeling exactly like a morning glory and made no bones of his trouble; like some others, he preferred to eat his breakfast on deck. While promenading he met Captain Hill, who said to him: "Well, Mr. Gilbert; how do you feel this morning? What do you want for breakfast?" Fred's answer was: "Captain, if you'll just give me a few kind words and an orange, I think that'll do me all right."

Pools were sold on the daily runs for a couple of days, but Captain Money and Heikes, who were in partnership, broke up the game by winning both pools, netting about $225 each. Then ordinary "hat pools" were tried, but as the ladies did not win, their husbands took but little interest in that game and it died a natural death. Various amusements were in vogue in the smoking room, and on rainy days the sign of "standing room only" could have been hung out with a perfect regard for accuracy.

Rolla Heikes and Leroy, with banjo and violin, gave us lots of music, while Mr. Homer Lind, a tenor with a tuneful voice, kindly gave material aid in getting up and carrying out a concert that was held in the saloon and was well attended. Mr. Emil Werk also contributed much to the pleasure of the voyage, being ever ready to take his part in anything that was going. All in all, a more congenial crowd could not have been gotten together on shipboard.

Adam Heilman, of Pekin, Ill., and Jack Fanning were the authorities on things nautical, Mr. Heilman in particular being a very encyclopedia when it came to referring to incidents of the voyage. He swept the sea constantly with his glasses, and not a vessel nor a porpoise escaped his notice.

One pleasant feature of the trip was an afternoon tea given specially for "The Indians," the ship's chef baking a rich and decidedly edible cake, on the frosting of which appeared in pink the sentence: "Success to the Indians." In honor of the occasion, and to show their appreciation of such sentiments, the Indians broke up every game that was in progress in the smoking room and attended in a body. Before the session closed, the chief steward, Mr. Rigby, the instigator of the tea, was brought before "Chief Long Talk" (Tom Marshall), who, while thanking him in the name of the Indians for favors bestowed, called the attention of those assembled to the fact that the team was not a team of Indians, but that there were some Indians on the team. It was an all-American team, he said, the Indians being merely an organization formed for social and religious purposes. The afternoon tea was a success in every respect.

The landing at Liverpool was attended by no discomforts, and the custom house officials showed a degree of courtesy that was especially pleasing and satisfactory. Very little baggage was examined, and what was opened was examined with care and the articles displaced put back in practically their original positions. Paul North was not on hand to meet the team as had been expected, but his absence was explained by Mr. Izzard, a member of the English team, who came to meet us and told us that "The Only Paul" was laid up at the Cecil with a sore heel. With the price of hansom cabs so low, and with London "penny 'busses" running everywhere, not a member of the team can yet understand how Paul got a sore heel. It is better at the time of writing, but Paul on crutches is an unusual sight.

The Great Western Railway officials had arranged everything for the transportation of the team, their friends and baggage, to Birkenhead, a city just across the Mersey from Liverpool, and two saloon carriages were set apart for their use on the trip to London. The sun shone brightly and the trip was much enjoyed, the party going straight through to London, no stay being made in Chester, as was at first intended.

The first day in London was passed quietly, the boys going out to the grounds in a tally-ho about 2 o'clock. The distance from the hotel to the grounds is about eight miles, and as at present arranged—if the weather continues as fine as it is now—a tally-ho will take the party out each of the days of the match. I have not as yet an idea of what the scores were this afternoon, but a fairly official report says the boys shot "like a lot of dubs," a sentence that is not so very encouraging. Before I close this letter I will try and give something more definite as to the afternoon's work, not having been able for certain reasons to get out to the grounds myself.

Mr. R. A. Welch and Mrs. Welch called at the hotel this morning, Mr. Welch, indeed, being on hand last night. Clarence Nauman has been doing such good shooting that he has got all the Englishmen afraid of what may be in store for them when the team proper begins to get in its work.

Saturday morning, June 8.—While the shooting of the members of the team yesterday afternoon was not quite up to standard, it was good enough to be entirely satisfactory. Chan Powers started off with 20 straight, and Fred Gilbert also made a straight during the afternoon, but 19 out of 20 was not made very often, the background being hard and the lay of the ground deceiving. Beyond the traps the ground slopes away, so that targets appear to be rising much faster than they really are. Mr. Joynt, a member of the English team, was present, and shot along. He gave it as his opinion that we would have a walk-over, the shooting he witnessed being a revelation to him. As one of the boys put it later on in the evening, the shooting was also a revelation to each member of the team—it was so much below average.

The work done was curiously in-and-out, for after Powers had broken his straight he dropped about 8 or 9 out of his next 20. Fanning, too, started off well but did not shoot up to form later on. As I was not out at the grounds I can say but little, all being based on information received from those who were there.

To-day we leave the hotel at 12:20, as shooting begins at 1:30, a programme of sweeps being arranged for the afternoon; all events are high guns. One of the events is at 50 targets, and it looks probable that the bulk of the purse in that event will go to the team.

It has been arranged that the team race shall be shot in squads of five men, the English shooting in two squads by themselves, and the Americans in squads by themselves. As there are twelve men on our team, it will be necessary to select ten from that number and name them before the match commences, but the other two will also shoot along, the team for the next day being selected from the ten high scores on the list of twelve. Who will constitute the "ten" is something our captain has not decided upon as yet, or, if he has, I have not heard of the makeup.

Briellets as Postscripts.

Captain Money made an excellent parson, and conducted the service in the saloon on Sunday last in a manner that would have won him a generous round of applause had it not been for the solemn nature of the ceremony.

Dick Merrill, who missed the Canadian, got to England ahead of the party, taking the North German Lloyd boat to Southampton. His banjo was on board, but of course was silent, much to the regret of everybody.

An elaborate programme of music has been arranged for the benefit of the spectators at the international shoot.

Chan Powers discovered a box of twenty-five shells in his baggage, so he, Gilbert and Fanning gave an impromptu exhibition of shooting at lumps of coal, etc., from the after part of the main deck. Eeverybody appreciated the brief diversion, and though some misses were made, the applause was hearty. Captain Hill in particular was much impressed.

EDWARD BANKS.

Middlesex Gun Club, Welsh Harp, Hendon, N. W.

Programme of music to be performed by the Anglo-Viennese Band during the Anglo-American match for £1,000. Conductor, Mr. Howard Aynstey.

Tuesday, June 11.

1. March, "Onkel Sam".....Manas
2. Selection, "A Runaway Girl".....Jones & Monckton
3. Walzer, "Une Folie de Pesth".....Camilla
4. Morceau Mignon, "Salut d'Amour".....Elgar
5. Overture, "The Bohemian Girl".....Balfe
6. Walzer, "Wiener Luft,".....Ziehrer
7. Czardas, "Stynienne".....Michiels

Interval.

8. Marsch, "Unter dem Siegesbanner".....Von Blon
9. Walz er, "Fin de Siècle".....Waldteufel
10. Selection, "The Messenger Boy".....Caryll
11. Maypole Dance.....J. E. West
12. Walzer, "Sur la Bleu Donau".....Strauss
13. Overture, "Dichter und Bauer".....F. von Suppe
14. Galop, "En Vite".....Aynstey

God Save the King.

Wednesday, June 12.

1. March, "Washington Post".....Sousa
2. Walzer, "Hofball Tanze".....Fetras
3. Overture, "Raymond".....Thomas
4. Gavotte, "Summergold".....Wareing
5. Walzer, "Pinkante Blatter".....Czibulka
6. Selection, "The Belle of New York".....Kerker
7. Indulo, "Magyar Nepdal".....Kohout

Interval.

8. Marsch, "Schönfeld".....Ziehrer
9. Selection, "San Toy".....Jones & Monckton
10. Walzer, "Lieberstraumme".....Ertl
11. Salonstücke, "Die Erste Kuss".....Schmelling
12. Overture, "Les Coronnes des Diamans".....Auber
13. Walzer, "Morgenblatter".....Strauss
14. Marsch, "Flottenparade".....Eilenberg

God Save the King.

Thursday, June 13.

1. March, "El Capitan".....Sousa
2. Selection, "Merrie England".....Binding
3. Walzer, "Fontaine Lumineuse".....Waldteufel
4. Ballet Suite, "Song Dances" No. 3.....W. Bendall
5. Overture, "Tancredi".....Rossini
6. Walzer, "Geschichten aus dem Wienerwald".....Strauss
7. American Sketch, "Down South".....Myddleton

Interval.

8. March, "With Sword and Lance".....Starke
9. Walzer, "Wiener Berger".....Ziehrer
10. Selection, "The Casino Girl".....Englander
11. Lieder ohne Worte.....Mendelssohn
12. Walzer, "Sobre las Olas".....Rosas
13. Selection, "The Mikado".....Sullivan
14. March, "Kaiser Friedrich".....Friedermans

God Save the King.

The International Trapshooting Contest.

The great international trapshooting contest, between ten-man teams of American and English shooters, for $2,500 a side, was won by the American team in three contests, June 11, 12 and 13. On the first day, the weather conditions being unfavorable for good scores, the results were: Americans, 866; English, 801. On the second day, Americans, 877; English, 794. In the first 60 on the day, Crosby scored 58, Gilbert 56, Fanning 55, Heikes 54. The English team scored 794. A high wind and a dull sky were the weather conditions of the third day. Crosby broke his first 20 straight and 17 out of his second 20. Tripp scored 36 out of his first 40, and Elliott 37 out of his first 40. The totals of the day were: Americans, 843; English, 739. This decided the contest. The result was received with a show of the best of feeling, the ladies waving American and English flags. Speeches were made by the Hon. T. A. Marshall for the Americans, and by Captain Butt for the English. Sweepstake shooting was arranged for Friday and Saturday, and a live bird match for Monday of this week. The press dispatches mention that the English sportsmen arranged a special contest between the Americans at Hendon, last Saturday, the trophy of which was a valuable cup. The conditions were 25 targets. Messrs. Fred Gilbert and C. W. Budd tied on 23. In the shoot off Gilbert won. Messrs. W. R. Crosby, R. R. Merrill, R. O. Heikes and C. Powers tied on 21. In another event, for a second gold cup, between Americans and Englishmen, Messrs. W. E. Crosby and B. Leroy Woodard tied on 14 out of 15. In the shoot off at 15, the scores were: Crosby 14, Woodard 13. A live bird competition was arranged for Monday of this week.

The conditions of the international match were: $2,500 a side, and the winner of three in five contests to be declared the winner of the match and stakes. All gate receipts to be equally divided between the two teams. Teams to consist of ten men on a side, and each team to have the privilege of using an unlimited number of substitutes in the series of contests, but no change to be made in any one contest. Each contest to be at 100 targets per man, or 1,000 per team. Targets to be thrown not less than 40 yards nor more than 60 yards; and not lower than 6 feet nor higher than 10 feet. Each American contestant allowed the use of one barrel only; English contestants, two barrels.

In a contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the target championship of New Jersey, which took place at Freehold last Saturday, Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, the holder, was defeated by Mr. E. I. Vandeveer by a score of 35 to 33 out of a possible 50.

In the international match, between ten-man teams of American and English trapshooters, best three in fiive matches at 1,000 target per team in each match, the American team was victorious in three straight wins, on June 11, 12 and 13. On the first day the scores were: American team, 866; English team, 801. Second day: American team, 877; English team, 794. Third day: American team, 843; English team, 739. Total for the American team, 2,586 out of a possible 3,000. Total for the English team, 2,334 out of a possible 3,000, a difference of 252 targets. The American team averaged 862 per cent; the English 778 per cent.

Painting The Lily.

The New York Journal of June 13 contains an editorial on the recent contest between Messrs. Duryea and Morfey, or, rather, it is what might be called a heart-to-heart talk, with one side doing all the talking, and also furnishing the heart. As an instance of the general depravity, Mr. Hearst in the one-penny heart-to-heart talk aforementioned, says: "At the same time some American and English savages were enjoying themselves in a similar way in London. One W. E. Crosby, of Illinois, succeeded in killing or mortally wounding 95 birds out of a possible 100."

Mr. Hearst did not know that Mr. Crosby was shooting at inanimate targets in London, but such a trifle in respect to a matter of fact is of no importance to him when writing on a matter of sentiment.

Mr. Hearst, however, is not without charity and dogmatic philosophy, for he continues: "These things are not signs of individual depravity, but merely indications of a low state of development. Of course, if Thomas W. Morfey and Louis T. Duryea and W. E. Crosby had finely organized minds, and could picture to themselves the sufferings of a bird that flutters into a bush with a broken wing and lies there in agony all night, to be put out of its misery, perhaps, by a rat in the morning, their hideous sport would be as revolting to them as it is to other people."

Passing over such a novelty as "a bush with a broken wing," and an imaginary rat which devours an imaginary bird, let us consider an editorial in the same journal of June 15, on "The Girl Thief and the Struggle for Existence." Behold, Mr. W. R. Hearst seated at his desk, in forgetfulness of what he had written two days before. He says: "Scientists prove that the animal creation, exclusive of man and his protected animals, lives in a constant state of warfare. For every animal there is some other that seeks its death. The eagle kills the hawk, the hawk kills the smaller bird of prey, the falcon kills the kingbird, the kingbird destroys smaller birds, these destroy insects, the insects destroy plants, the plants choke each other to death in their desperate struggle for moisture and light. To a superficial investigation this system of constant struggle and violant death seems most atrocious. It would almost lead to the belief that nature is ruled by the spirit of evil. But careful investigation of conditions under which the animals live and die proves that there exists no such system of cruelty as would seem to be indicated. On the contrary, it is the very struggle for life in all animals that lends interest to life. There is an intense exhilaration, excitement and delight in flight as well as pursuit. The fox flying before the hounds is as excited and as deeply interested as the man who struggles to make a run with a football under his arm. There is the same physical excitement and pleasure in the flight of the bird pursued. There is every reason to believe that animals below man are absolutely ignorant of the nature of death, and death, when it comes to them, is so sudden and violent as to be practically painless. Millions of animals all doomed to violent deaths suffer far less than the one human being who dies in bed, perhaps after weeks of agony."

Then this inconsistent closet philosopher concludes as follows: "How marvellously is displayed the wisdom of nature, which transforms violent deaths of billions and billions of creatures from suffering to actually pleasant excitement, followed by almost instantaneous annihilation."

Mr. Hearst for one penny assures his readers that the pigeon suffers untold agony of mind and body when shot by a man, and that the man who so shoots is in a low stage of development. All other animals enjoy being pursued and killed, and are, as nature made them, in a high stage of development.

However, dismissing such school boy trash as too trifling for serious argument, it may be remarked that if the pigeon shooters of America and of the world are in a low stage of development simply because Mr. Hearst feels a bit squeamish on the subject, as becomes a lily of the valley, then many doctors, lawyers, clergymen, capitalists, noblemen, gentlemen, thousands of them, are so classed. It is possible, however, that being mostly polite and sensible people, they may not tell what they think of Mr. Hearst's stage of development.

As Others See Us.

The American team which is to try its luck with a representative team of English clay bird shots sailed for this country on May 25, but is not expected to arrive here until Wednesday or Thursday of next week, which will materially shorten the time available for preliminary practice. Mr. Paul North has already arrived, and is naturally hopeful that his fellow countrymen will succeed in dusting down the Britishers to perfection. We must confess, however, that although the American team is a very strong one, and has many points in its favor, the affair does not appear to us likely to be an easy walk-over for either side. It is true that our friends across the water have been able to get together a very strong team, and in this respect they have a much bigger field to select from. Proof of this may be gathered from the fact that one firm in America makes over forty million clay birds per year, and there are three or four other factories turning out a very large number. Clay bird shooting must therefore be very popular in America, and it would be surprising if under such circumstances exceptional shots were not here and there to be found. The conditions of shooting in the two countries are, however, somewhat dissimilar, and the difference may operate in favor of the English team. To wit, the English shooter stands at a greater distance from the trap than the American; the birds are sprung much more swiftly, and by the time the shooter has got on, the bird is a considerable distance from the gunner. Again, the American must kill with his first barrel or fail to count, whereas the Britisher has a barrel in reserve. Considerable interest is being centered on the meeting, and most of the Americans in London having been advised of the event will turn up to "barrack" for their comrades. We trust that English sportsmen will not be lacking in their patronage, but that they will turn up, too, in goodly numbers to support their kith and kin.—Shooting Times.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

JOS.—I have more than once seen quoted or mentioned "Grouse in the Gunroom." What is it?—a poem, sketch, story, or picture? The ideas the sentence gives rise to are attractive. I have seen a picture of a dog looking reminiscently at a gun. Is that it? Could you not print it, if a sketch or poem? Ans.: We do not know it. Some reader may.

SHELL LAKE.—Mr. H. J. Rodgers, of Marshalltown, Iowa, writes asking information regarding the fishing, hotel rates, etc., at Shell Lake, Wis., which is described to him as an excellent place for pike, pickerel and black bass.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Summer Homes.

IN the Lake Country of Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of most charming summer resorts. Among the list are Fox Lake, Delavan Lake, Lake Geneva, the Lauderdale Lakes, Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Palmyra, the Dells at Kilbourn, Elkhart Lake and Madison, Minocqua, Star Lake, Frontenac, White Bear, Minnetonka, Marquette, Spirit Lake, Okoboji, Big Stone Lake, etc.

For illustrated booklets "Summer Homes for 1901" and "In the Lake Country" send address with six cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

A Valuable Publication.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD 1901 SUMMER EXCURSION ROUTE BOOK.

On June 1 the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish the 1901 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of Eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine halftone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On and after June 1 this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon application to the general office, Broad Street Station, by mail for twenty cents.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1901.—No. IX.

MICHIGAN.

H. B. No, 104, Laws 1901, Sec. 4.—No person shall by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, expose or keep for sale, or directly or indirectly, upon any pretense or any device, sell or barter, or in consideration of the purchase of any other property, give to any other person any of the protected animals or birds mentioned in this act within the State of Michigan.

THE INSECT HORDES.

A CORRESPONDENT who is seeking a territory favorable for trapping asks us to tell him of a district of the United States or Canada that is free from outdoor troublesome insects which go in, on, around, under, through, across and over any mechanical or chemical obstructions which anybody places against them. This is a question which has vexed many another. How to get our shooting and fishing, and at the same time to avoid being driven mad by black flies or mosquitoes, is on occasion a most perplexing problem. The extremely interesting chapter on the natural history of the mosquito, which Mr. Edward A. Samuels published in our issue of last week, might be supplemented with another on the mosquito as an agency in preventing the settlement of certain districts by man, and as an active and very powerful factor in game and fish protection. An old Latin author discussing the insect pests of Asia says of the mosquito and the lion:

Among the sedges of Mesopotamian rivers and the thickets of underwood, numberless lions prowl—always harmless in the gentle and very mild winters there. But when the summer is inflamed by the sun's rays, they are driven mad by the dogday heat, in those regions burnt up with torrid fervor—and also by the bigness of the mosquitoes, swarms of which infest everything in those lands. Now these pests go particularly for the eyes—moist and lucid organs—and, lighting on the quivering eyelids of the lion, bite so that the beast, long tormented, comes to his end thus: either drowned in the streams, to which they flee for relief, or else losing their eyes, which they dig out by frequently scratching at them with their claws, they go mad with fury. If this did not happen, the whole Orient would be overrun with lions.

In something the same way Lieut. Schwatka once described in FOREST AND STREAM the fate of the grizzly bear when attacked by the mosquitoes of Alaska:

A fair wind made me think it possible to go hunting inland; but it died down after getting away two or three miles, and my fight back to camp with the mosquitoes I will always remember as one of the salient points of my life. It semed as if there were an upward rain of insects from the grass, which became a deluge over the marshy tracts—and over half the land was marshy. Of course, not a sign of game was seen except a few old tracks. Indeed, the tracks of an animal are about the only part of it that could exist here in the mosquito season—that is to say, from the time the snow is half off the ground until the first severe frost, some three or four months later. During that time, all the living creatures that can leave ascend the mountains, closely following the snow line, and even there they do not get complete quiet, the exposure to the constant winds being of far more benefit than the coolness, due to the to the altitude, while the mosquitoes are left undisputed masters of the valleys.

Had there been any game within good range and I had got a fair shot, I honestly doubt if I could have secured it, for these pests—not altogether because of their ravenous attacks on my face—and especially the eyes—but for the reason that they were absolutely so thick and dense that no one could have seen clearly through the mass in taking aim. When I got back to camp I was thoroughly exhausted with my incessant fight. I was completely out of breath and had to recover it in a stifling smoke from dry, resinous pine knots. It is not unlikely that a person, especially of a nervous temperament, without a mask, or taking refuge out on the broad river, or in a closed house, would soon be killed by nervous prostration. I know that the native dogs are killed by them under certain circumstances, and I heard reports from persons so reliable that, coupled with my own experience, I have never for an instant doubted them, that the great brown "grizzly" bear of these regions at times is compelled to succumb to them. The statement seems almost preposterous, but the explanation is comparatively simple. Bruin, having exhausted all the roots and berries on one mountain, or finding them scarce, thinks he will cross a valley to another range. Covered with heavy fur on his body, his eyes, nose and ears are the vulnerable points for the mosquitoes, and here of course they congregate in dense swarms. Reaching a swampy stretch, they rise in myriads, until his fore-paws are kept busy striving to keep his eyes clear, and not succeeding, he becomes enraged, and, bear like, rises on his haunches to fight. It is now only a mere matter of time until his eyes are so swollen by the attacks that he is perfectly blind, and wanders aimlessly about until he becomes mired in the marsh and starves to death.

How the reindeer of Siberia are compelled by the mosquitoes to migrate is told by Hartwig:

Millions and millions of mosquitoes issue from the swamps of the tundra, and compel the inhabitants to seek refuge in the dense and pungent smoke of the large heaps of fallen leaves and damp wood, which are kindled near the dwellings and on the pasture lands as the only means of keeping off those abominable insects. These tormentors, however, are not without use, for they compel the reindeer to migrate from the forests to the sea shore and the ice, thus exposing them to the attack of the hunters, and they also prevent the horses from straying on the plains and wandering beyond the protection of the smoke.

The game of Alaska and Siberia kept moving from place to place by their winged tormentors have their human counterparts in the Arabs of the desert, if we are to accept the account given by Stephen Bonsal in his "Morocco as It Is," where he relates an amusing disillusionment:

I had come upon a Berber chief and his suite of womankind by the great spring on the road to Mekinez where the River of Pearls springs out of a huge rock, clear and cold as though it flowed out from the heart of a glacier, and "after compliments," as we say in Morocco, I plied him with many questions, and as he was gracious and courteous, I even ventured to put a question which always before, at the sight of the picturesque Berbers, had died away on my lips as unseemly. "Why," I said to the venerable sheik, "are thy people as restless as the sea waves? Why do they roam backwards and forwards, having no home save their tent; no country but the world," and, as I might have added, "no purpose in life but unwittingly to furnish copy to the poet?" I paused for the reply with my ear strained with eagerness and greedy to learn the secret of their nomad life. Some lovely legend, I was sure; a story of some primeval curse that still rested upon them. The venerable sheik shook his head sadly. "'Tis true," he said, "we are as restless as the sea waves, and the world is our country; but this nomad life is our fate, our destiny, not our wish. Often we troop into some pleasant valley, and fain would we tarry and fatten our cattle and grow rich and prosperous like other children of men, O Siranna! But it is not so written. When our tents have been pitched for a few weeks, there always comes over us a plague of insects, and we must strike our tents and away." So another long-cherished illusion went by the board, and I can only think with amusement of the squadrons of brave Berbers hunted from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, and from the Mediterranean to the Sahara by the insects.

And as on the tundra and the desert, so in the jungle. Here is a graphic picture of the Malay forest as Swettenham describes it:

It may be added as a minor but unpleasant detail that this tangle of vegetation harbors every species of crawling, jumping, and flying unpleasantness; myriads of leeches that work their way through stockings and garments of any but the closest texture; centipedes, scorpions, wasps, and stinging flies, caterpillars that thrust their hairs into the skin and leave them there to cause intolerable irritation, snakes poisonous and otherwise, ants with the most murderous proclivities, and last, but not least, mosquitoes that, when they find a human being, make the most of their opportunity. I have not exhausted the catalogue of pests, but only given a sample of what any traveler will meet in a day's journey through a Malay jungle. There is a wasp called "the reminder," a thorn called "Kite's talons," and an ant known as the "fire ant." The names are as apt as they are suggestive.

Indeed, one has but to turn to any book of travels in the wilderness to find that the insect bane is everywhere a curse to brute and man, biting, stinging, poisoning and causing to flee or driving frantic.

SNAP SHOTS.

It should be explained that the territory which our Staten Island correspondent describes as having been stocked with quail is within the limits of Greater New York, and this is only one of many illustrations of the opportunities for field sports enjoyed by metropolitan citizens.

Mr. F. Von Hoffmann, who wrote so entertainingly last week of capercailzie shooting, gives to-day a graphic picture of stalking the blackcock. Both pursuits are such as to call into play the highest skill of the hunter and to tax his patience to the utmost. When the game is capercailzie or blackcock, the feat of shooting it from a tree or on the ground is one in comparison with which the wing-shooting of birds flushed before dogs is a minor achievement. Mr. Von Hoffmann is a practical sportsman and a practical forester, and his estimate of the adaptability of the game to be established in this country is entitled to a great respect. One provision of the Lacey Act empowers the Agricultural Department to introduce foreign game. A beginning might well be made with the capercailzie and the blackcock, for we have abundant territory which appears to be adapted to them.

It was an ancient custom of the Indian tribes to burn over tracts of land in order that the new growth might afford better feeding for deer, and this was a prolific agency of forest conflagrations. It might be thought that a white man would have more sense than to resort to the Indian expedient of improving deer shooting amid surroundings where a fire once beyond control could do incalculable damage; but we find in the annual report of Chief Fire Warden Andrews, of Minnesota, the case of a hunter who fired lands to make pasture for deer, and started a conflagration which required the strenuous effort of the fire fighters for eight days and nights to get under control. Of the 139 forest fires in Minnesota in 1900, thirteen were credited to campers and hunters.

The Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition which sailed from this country to undertake the discovery of the North Pole is notable for the completeness of its equipment and for the well-matured plan of campaign. The expedition will have two ships, the America and the Frithjof, which will meet at Tromsoë, Norway. Thence the America will go to the White Sea to take on 400 Siberian sledge dogs and twenty Siberian ponies, while the Frithjof will be engaged in securing a large supply of walrus, seal and bear meat. The two ships will join in Franz-Joseph Land. Then the Frithjof, having served its mission as a game supply ship, will return to Norway, and the America will remain to be frozen in, it is anticipated, by the middle of November. With the ponies and dogs the supplies will be moved north in bulk, and a series of shelters will be constructed of building material taken along, forming a line of permanent refuges, pushed further and further north. Thus carrying its provisions with it as it goes, the expedition will advance as far as possible until the Arctic night shuts down, and when spring comes a dash will be made for the Pole. Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, the leader of the expedition, was with the Peary party of 1893-4, and in 1897 went to Spitzenbergen to join Andrée, but was debarred from the enterprise because there was no room for him in the baloon. William Ziegler, who is bearing the financial burden of the expedition, is a New Yorker, who was a few years ago among the most active and best known of the sportsmen of Brooklyn.

The March number of the New Zealand Illustrated Magazine contains an extremely suggestive account of some capital fishing for rainbow trout in the hill streams. The fish—our American species—were introduced into these waters four years ago, and have multiplied and thrived prodigiously. Five-pounders and seven-pounders are not unusual for the rainbows in New Zealand, and a record fish of eleven pounds hints of the angling possibilities which the United States have contributed to the antipodes.

Senator Edward S. Stokes, of Cumberland county, N. J., one of the managers of the Geological Survey of the State, is engaged in developing a scheme of forest and game reserves in the Highlands and Kittatinny mountains, in the southern pine country and elsewhere. There is abundant territory in New Jersey which is well adapted to the purpose. Senator Stokes proposes to present the scheme to the Legislature at the next session.

We have been accustomed to regard tarpon fishing as a winter sport, whereas the fact is that it may be followed all the year around, and the elaborate paper Mr. Waddell has contributed to our angling columns on tarpon outfitting is not untimely. Tarpon fishing at Boca Grande, on the Florida Gulf coast, has been excellent this month, as demonstrated by the success of a party of Louisville, Ky., anglers, who have found the fishing at this season far superior to that of the winter months.

Our next number, July 6, will contain a full-page illustrated supplement, "The Home of the Bass," by W. P. Davison.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Yellowstone Park.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I return after an absence of eight months to find the Park travel in full swing. The past two years the hotels were not opened until June 15; this year, in anticipation of the Presidential party's visit, they were opened on the first by the new proprietors. New buildings are being put up and old ones much improved; this is very noticeable at the Mammoth Hot Springs.

Capt. Jack Pitcher, whom many will remember as Lieut. Pitcher at the Lower Geyser Basin several years ago, and again in command of several companies of Colombian Guards at the World's Fair, has been appointed acting superintendent. He arrived early in the season, and has everything running smoothly.

Capt. Chittenden, for the past few years in charge of improvements, came on unusually early, and has several large crews at work on roads and bridges, with the largest appropriation ever made for the Park, a sum considerably over $100,000, to expend after July first. The work now being done is on last year's appropriation. The list of improvements is too long for this letter.

There is a very interesting collection of animals at the Mammoth Hot Springs—six mule deer, three males and three females. The does have given birth to four beautiful fawns. These little creatures are attracting considerable attention, as are the six little antelope Capt. Pitcher has on hand, to say nothing of the young elk calves. Capt. Pitcher intends to add a few more animals to the collection in the inclosure in front of the hotel, where they will remain until after the close of the season. It is the intention then for them to reach the National Zoological Park, where they will add so much to that beautiful place. By the way, the Yellowstone Park is credited with many of the finest specimens in the National Zoo.

I won't repeat what I have said about the game in the Park for the past fifteen or sixteen years, but only say they have wintered very well, as it was an open, easy winter. Everything appears to be in very fine condition. I hear of no cases of game starving.

Capt. Goode tells me of his scouts reporting to him the fact that they saw and counted eighteen buffalo, five of which were calves. Tracks were seen that at first were supposed to be of another herd, but later the scouts concluded that they were made by part of the bunch of eighteen. There is probably one of the two bulls left on Snake River that have been reported from year to year. I saw one on a mountain side while fishing last year at the mouth of Lewis River, where it joins Barlow's Ford. No buffalo were reported in Hayden Valley. I will not say where the eighteen were seen. It's not thought best to advertise their whereabouts.

There have been showers or heavy rains almost every day for the past month. The Park is very fresh and green. The flowers do not appear as abundant this year. I do not see them in the usual masses. When we have warmer weather they may make up for their neglect. I had been bragging about the wonderful wealth of flowers one could see—acres of one kind, and the ground blue, yellow or pink, as the flower happened to be colored. I suppose it the usual thing. If I blow the least about the climate, weather, flowers or animals, and a friend comes here to see these wonderful things, they go back on me. I think I'll brag about our fine line of mosquitoes, gnats, wood ticks, no-seeums and many other bugs and biting things. We have a lot of them just now, and I think a little larger and better than anywhere else in the world. They can sting harder, oftener and longer than any mosquitoes in Jersey or any other country.

Before I got home I saw a few things in the papers about wonderful new geysers; now I can learn nothing about them. As far as reported by those familiar with them for the past twenty years, the geysers are doing about the same amount of business. When one takes a rest for a year or two, another takes up its work or heat. Changes are always taking place in Norris Geyser Basin, because the formation is so broken up that a powerful geyser cannot form a tube that will last. They soon become mud springs. Only little geysers like the Constant are able to keep up business. There is no geyser trust in Norris Basin.

The Great Geyser, said to have broken out in the Lower Basin, from the reported location, is thought probably to be one that at the time of the Cleveland-Blaine contest was in operation. The name was changed every day, and sometimes twice a day, by parties thinking they had discovered a new geyser, and naming it after their favorite candidate. It has possibly resumed activity for a short season. When the Grand went out of business for a year or two, it did look as though the geysers were dying out, but it came around again after a few years' rest, and is now very well behaved.

Capt. Pitcher has hopes of establishing a small fish hatchery in the Park. The place selected is at some never failing springs close to the road, where visitors could see the hatching going on. The object is to keep up the supply of the many kinds of trout now fonud in the Park, and restocking some of the streams they have left, especially the Gibbon River above the Virginian Cascades. This was stocked with rainbow trout. They have all dropped over the falls. Many of the streams where most of the camping is done have become fished out for short distances, and require more stocking than the usual number dropping down from above or coming up from below. The cost would be very low, as the building could be made of logs and be in keeping with the surroundings. As our native trout spawn in the spring, the whole operation would be conducted during the visiting season. Millions of eggs can be secured from the large trout in Yellowstone Lake in July, and as these are not infested with tapeworms, they could be planted in any waters desired. For one, I hope we shall have a hatchery. We have fine fishing now, but we could have better and still live. I trust the FOREST AND STREAM will favor it.

There is some talk of marking many interesting things fast disappearing. Capt. Chittenden wishes to mark and preserve the two camps, if there is any sign left of them, where the Helena and Radesburg parties were captured by the Nez Percés Indians in 1877; and some of the most interesting things about the Indians' trails, camps and fortifications. Also of Gen. Howard's march, where his wagon train was taken up Mary's Mountain, where the wagons were let down very steep hills by ropes passed around trees. Several such places remain with the rope marks still showing. I showed a party several trees last summer thus marked. And where the train crossed Cascade Creek, and points on Mount Washburne, where the train (or that part that crossed there) had to haul their wagons up pitches of about 60 degrees and let them down places almost perpendicular. There is left at the Monmouth Hot Springs the cabin at whose door a man was shot by the Indians, and many things of this kind that are now becoming historical are fast being obliterated by the road building and other improvements. Even the graves of men killed here cannot be found except by those who assisted at the burial. There is the story of a half-breed scout wounded on a branch of Blacktail, who crawled into the brush, his companion escaping. Afterward they came back to look for him, but he was never found, nor any sign of him. I never pass along that part of the trail or in that section but that I am looking for a bone or something by which I can identify the dead scout. That was within a few months of twenty-four years ago. Capt. Chittenden hopes to find a few of these interesting points this summer and mark them on the maps and ground. The weed-grown remains of the old Henderson cabin, burnt by the Nez Percés just outside the Park in 1877, can be seen by the tourist along the Cinnabar road; but not one in a thousand knows of it.

The waters were not so high this year as usual. The Yellowstone did not reach within 3 or 4 feet of high-water mark at Gardiner.

E. HOFER.

GARDINER, Mont., June 20.

Fishing at North Bay.

ALTHOUGH I have fished annually for many years in many waters I had never had the pleasure of real trout fishing until last August, when I found myself in the town of North Bay, a place of some 4,500 inhabitants, at the intersection of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railroads, about 250 miles north of Toronto. On the train I met a Michigan doctor, who made a very genial companion. He was prospecting for nickel and copper, so he claimed; but he was by far too enthusiastic an angler to do much prospecting when productive pools were lying idle for want of anglers to fish them. We hired a rig of Joe Mullin on Monday morning and started northeast toward Trout Lake, where we had learned there were abundance of bass, big 'lunge, pickerel, pike and trout. We drove over a very rough, corduroy road, and had a poor horse. At the Trout Lake Hotel we hired a boat. This hotel was formerly kept by Dick Jessup, a very interesting character, who had drifted here from the States. I had heard many times of Jessup and was disappointed when they told me he had gone back to the States—to Florida, I believe. Many hunters and anglers in the States remember him.

Dr. Dick wanted to row and I wouldn't quarrel with him. We had seen at the hotel on the jam of the door a record of some bass caught by the late Colonel Herron, of iPttsburg, years ago. The record showed one 6, one 5½, one 5, one 4½ and three 4 pounders, an average of almost 5 pounds to the fish. They showed us the island near which this catch had been made and we rowed directly to the place. I put out my troll, using a dark copper spoon bait, and caught two fine pike on my way over to the island. We fished where a large tamarack tree had fallen over into the water. We were continually getting our lines fouled on the pinetop, but this trouble was abundantly compensated for by the numbers and the beauty of the bass we were catching. They were of a greenish caste and very beautifully mottled. We were using frogs for bait. The fish at first seemed frantic to get the frogs. The water would boil around the bait, and two or three bass would follow their captive comrade clear to the boat side, where they turned tail and were gone. The Doctor got greatly excited as I drew a fish in, claiming he had also hooked one—a monster, as he put in when I reeled in a 3-pounder. I found it had first taken the Doctor's bait, then it swam around a pine snag and then took mine. This fouling the line caused the Doctor to imagine he had hooked a whale, for he felt the full force of my efforts to land my bass. I had hooked him in the lip and when I released him the fish swam over and soon freed the Doctor's line, and for this accommodation the Doctor gave him his liberty. We caught bass and wall-eyed pike here until we were tired catching them. Each one of us longed to get one of those very large bass, but were disappointed in this, and soon tried trolling for muscallunge. We had seen at the Queen's Hotel a 'lunge caught by Mr. E. C. Shepherd, the proprietor, that weighed 56 pounds. It had an unusually large head, and the fish must have weighed something near this figure. As we worked around a bay we came upon an old wood duck and her ten ducklings. Hoping to secure one, the Doctor gave chase; but the masterly way the old mother duck handled her little army of ducklings would have done credit to Dewey or Grant. When we had one separated and pretty well tired the old mother would appear to our rear and soon the young duck would appear behind us also, and when we had turned it would be well away and resting up. The mother duck's intelligence and cunning were really wonderful. We soon gave up the chase.

Five miles down we came to a small ledge of iron ore, reputed by the natives to be extensive and of great value. The Doctor was disgusted. The ore was of great purity, but in very small quantities.

A mile further down, near the lower end of the lake, we came upon five men camped on a small island. They were business men from Rochester, N. Y. They reported fishing poor—but as they were using flies and other artificial bait this was not to be wondered at.

We had dinner with them under a clump of pine trees. They had caught about 100 fine frogs the evening before and the cook had cooked them to a brown turn. One of them had shot a fawn, and we had some of it fried. I don't think I ever enjoyed a dinner more. These campers reported two moose to have passed Sunday night. When they turned their acetylene lamp toward them all that was left was an echo of crashing branches and a faint recollection.

On our way back we tried to buy some provisions from a settler, but all he had for sale was some jerked moose and very young onions. We bought some of both, but have never found any one who could eat the moose yet. The man said it would keep, and it did.

The Doctor decided to head for the hotel at the head of Trout Lake, trolling in the hope that we might catch a big 'lunge on our way back. We came next thing to catching one. Two men, who were connected with the Havemeyer Sugar Refinery in New York, were on their way down to the Ottawa River on a canoe trip. As they came by us the younger got a terrific strike and a most magnificent fish broke water within five feet of our boat, so near as to splash the Doctor, who was trolling in the stern of the boat. I could see the monster's capacious maw and great, cold, cruel-looking eyes. It shook that troll as a dog would a rat in his frantic efforts to throw it out of its mouth.

The young man hauled it to the canoe and his comrade tried first to shoot it and afterward to gaff it, and bungled both, when the younger lifted it in on troll. It was a beauty and would go 35 pounds. It almost wrecked the canoe when it was landed.

This excellent catch fired the Doctor with a noble ambition to go and do likewise, much to my chagrin, for I was pretty tired rowing. However, our efforts were not without reward, as I witnessed the strangest sight in all my experience as an angler. As we drew near a rocky point at the beginning of a weedy bay we were both astonished at an unusual performance of fish. Fish began jumping from among the weeds toward the deeper water, not by twos, but by dozens and scores. Several struck our boat, one bass lit fair in the Doctor's lap and he quickly brushed it out, and one fell in the bottom of the boat. The panic spread away up the bay, and a regular tattoo was beat on the waters by jumping fish. Whether a school of muscallonge hove in sight or our boat started the panic I was unable to determine. I once had the same experience in Ten Mile Creek, Pennsylvania, while fishing with Dr. Clyde Crumrine. We had no luck with bait and rowed near shore, on our way home, and a small bass jumped into the boat. The performance was repeated three times, and these were the

JOE'S HOME.

only fish we caught. The fish on this occasion evidently communicated their fright, causing consternation quite a distance up the bay.

In the next bay we had a great run of luck on pike. The Doctor hooked a small one; as he drew it in it broke water and spit the spoon out, and the spoon had hardly struck the water when a really splendid pike grabbed it. The Doctor landed it, only to return the captive to its native element again. I put in my troll and in an hour and a half we had caught twenty-three fine pike and pickerel, but no muscallunge. I rowed up a creek and rested. We here saw a pair of loons on land, the only pair I ever saw out of water. They looked like a pair of very awkward ducks on stilts, and their wabbly antics showed us how very much of a water fowl the loon really is. There was a pair of young birds near them in some reeds and the four then floated off and began fishing. It is nothing short of marvelous how far the loon can dive—surely 500 or 600 feet. He is the most skillful diver of all the water fowl. I met a settler who showed me a cap he had made of a loon skin. We afterward here saw near the water a large nest of coarse sticks, that I think was the nest of a loon. At 6 P. M. we arrived at the head of the lake, putting up at the hotel formerly kept by Dick Jessup.

After supper we gathered worms in a tomato can. Since we were on Trout Lake, the Doctor said: "There must be trout here. But the trout that have given the lake its name are the salmon trout, and at this season they are in the very deepest part of the lake, and this is saying a good deal, for Trout Lake has been sounded to 160 feet. It requires a couple of pounds of lead to sink the troll to the bottom. Early in the season they are in shallow water, but retire into deeper water as the weather grows warmer. The salmon trout aims to keep himself in the same temperature all the year around."

An old settler, who lives on the Government road, said: "There's lam lashins' o' trout in Dick Jessup's old meader in the crick;" and the next morning found the Doctor urging me to hurry so we might try for some trout before dinner. We walked out the corduroy road, known as the Government road, turned to the right, stopped at the bridge over the creek, and turned up the stream through a tangle of underbrush. We left our split bamboo rods under the bridge and cut short rods, so we could fish the small pools with some comfort, as the overhanging branches rendered the handling of even short rods quite difficult.

As to numbers, the trout were abundant, but as to size, that is different. We soon had 50 or 60 fingerlings apiece, and they were such game little fellows that we enjoyed the sport very much. The sand flies were so troublesome I couldn't stand the torture and came back to the bridge and let my bait float down gently under

the bridge. I tried again and got a fine 10 inch trout. At the lower end of the bridge I lost a better one. My line fouled on some brush. But I cast again and got one of 9 inches, and found more delight in these three than in the dozens of smaller ones. The well browned flakes of these trout was a pretty fair recompense for the torment of the sand flies—at least we thus squared accounts, as we enjoyed them at the hotel for dinner.

After dinner we drove to North Bay, up an old water-course, that at no distant period was a waterway that had connected Lake Nippissing and Trout Lake. We had supper at the Queen's Hotel, North Bay, and had the good fortune to meet Edwin C. Shepherd, the hotel proprietor's son, and one of the keenest sportsmen in Canada. He advised us to try trolling from a very long pier down on the lake front. We joined the crowd and were soon walking up and down the pier fishing with a small copper spoon bait. There were with us two gentlemen from Cincinnati, who had just returned from the south and had been fishing for tarpon, and were using tarpon tackle, and it looked strong enough to reel in a calf.

The fishing was at first slow, but finally they bit furiously. Many of the men and boys of North Bay were on the pier fishing, and when they got to biting there were fish jumping around on the pier everywhere.

Two boys, who were baiting with a large-winged grasshopper, were catching plenty of fine bass. They each had a string of a half dozen that would go 3 pounds apiece. The Cincinnati man, who had been fishing for tarpon earlier and had his tackle in use here, found it answered well on muscallunge. I found splendid bass, pike and pickerel fishing without having to go further than the Government wharf, at the lower end of town.

This was the day on which the Government agent was in North Bay to pay the Indians a pension of $7 per year, and the town was full of Chippewa Indians from the Bocage Reservation, a few miles west of North Bay. Among the lot was an Algonquin named Joe Reenie, from whom I learned that the same jealousies and envies annoy the Indians that prevail among the palefaces. Because he was not a Chippewa Indian the Chippewa chief at Bocage had protested Joe's claim as well as that of his mother and brothers; hence the usual $35 was not forthcoming to Joe and his family. Ed Shepherd and I sympathized with him and he became communicative when told we proposed to hunt trout on the morrow.

"You come to-morrow, I go along; I know place not far away, plenty good trout." We agreed to meet him at 6 o'clock at the pier and found him there with a monster birch bark canoe, and two large pails, in which to gather berries. We landed at the mouth of Du Chasney Creek (pronounced as a Dutchman would a Jew, Die Sheenie), and it is a beautiful stream, very similar to our mountain streams of Pennsylvania. We followed Joe over a faint trail around the hill, and heard his assurance—"Plenty trout, big, too, nice pool, not many go in." And in an hour and a quarter we came to the pool which

"PLENTY TROUT, NICE POOL."

E. C. Shepherd, who was my companion, photographed while I was crawling out on some driftwood.

The Algonquin's Secret.

We cast across the pool into a whirling eddy by the roots of some birches, and as my bait beat up and down—for I am not a fly-fisherman—I hooked a half-pounder of great beauty and soon had three others a trifle smaller. Below the rapids I had caught a dozen or more fine trout when Indian Joe came back with a pail of delicious red raspberries he had gathered beyond a marsh. He seemed a trifle disappointed that we had not done better; but I was delighted. He fried us some fish and boiled our tea, while we caught more trout. After dinner we worked our way to the upper De Chasney Falls, where we found still better trout than the best we had found here. We worked our way home and arrived at the mouth of the De Chasney in time to photograph the ambitious structure Joe had hewn from pine logs, and a trough roof, as seen in the picture. There was no floor. A ladder led up to the loft, where some deer skins and a bear's hide await the fur trader. Old Mrs. Reenie, Joe's mother, who stands in the doorway, is reputed to be about 90 years old, but still does her own gardening and tends to her cow and pigs. While Shepherd arranged the camera I reached in through a broken pane and lifted Joe's gun out and posed in the picture as a brave man with a gun.

UPPER DE CHASNEY FALLS.

On Thursday morning, at 5 A. M., we started on a journey of twenty miles northwest, along the Government road, to Anderson Lake. The various hangers on about the Queen's Hotel assured us this lake was the only place in Canada to go for trout, where you would always be sure of enjoying the real thing. We had a good horse and made good time, albeit the road was rough. The town soon faded from view as we reached the timber country. We held our course direct northwest past the city water tanks, and about 10 o'clock we unhitched the horse at the end of the road. Here we had to pack our stuff a mile and a half over an abomination of rough country, to the lake. Several fallen trees caused us annoyance.

On a nice dry knoll above the lake we cut some poles, leaned them on a large rock, and made ourselves a rude hut by covering with a good, thick coat of pine branches, making it as thick as possible to afford us some little protection against the mosquitoes. We made our bed by gathering pine branches. When our camp was well under way we had dinner. I have always found it the most prudent to get ready for sleeping before any fishing is done. Nothing is more unwise than to leave off until darkness the pitching the tent and providing a bed. After dinner we hunted up a boat that was hidden in a bay near camp. We rowed northeast along the shore to the mouth of Little Jocko Creek, the lake being formed by Little Jocko and Jocko, and is drained by Antoine Creek into Lake Nippissing. We tried at the mouth of Little Jocko. The soprt surpassed anything previous that I had experienced in the way of fishing. Shepherd caught three trout that would average 2 pounds apiece, and I caught numerous trout that would rate as record breakers in Pennsylvania. We could care for only a few, so we threw all others back into the water, that those who come after may enjoy just as good sport as did we. In this North Bay region there are many places where trout may be taken, and I visited many of these points, including streams on the north shore of Trout Lake, Four Mile Creek, De Chasney and other places, and there was nothing that compared with Anderson Lake. At sunset we came home and had supper and made some further preparation around the camp—reinforced the pine branches on the roof and sides of our brush tent, for angry clouds to the southwest foretold a rain that came about 10 o'clock. Shepherd pronounced it a fearful storm, and awful thunder and lightning, but compared with what I have seen in the mountains of Pennsylvania, where about thirty miles of the heavens seem to crack open with an appalling crash that would surely end all things human, this seemed tame. The rain fell steadily for hours and added to our comfort by keeping the mosquitoes away, although this house of leaves was too damp for pure delight.

The next morning the sun rose back of the big pines and his golden light filtered through, prophetic of a grand day to come. All morning we tried for trout, and though the fishing was not so good as the day before, nevertheless I did not complain. To single out any one battle with a big trout is difficult when so many experiences crowd in upon my mind, and I will not attempt it.

At 2 o'clock we harnessed the roan, worked our way back to the road, and started on our long journey to North Bay, thus ending an experience so full of delight that I shall dream of it by day and by night continually until I fold my rod and wrap up my reel to cross the dark river on whose banks so many of us tremble when we think there may be no mountain streams, no purling brooks, nor leaping trout on the other shores; still they would never call it "That better land" if it hadn't.

JAMES M. NORRIS.

ALLEGHENY, Pa., May 22.

Poke-o-Moonshine.

BOSTON, June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am indebted to Mr. Raymond S. Spears for his friendly and interesting response to my query about the meaning of the name Poke-o-Moonshine, as applied to some Adirondack and Maine mountains and brooks. The difficulty as to his suggestion that it is of Spanish origin is to know why the name should travel so far into the northeast of our country, and why it sholud attach itself to features of the landscape. I think the derivation from the word "pokerish" and with the idea of some one poking about in a difficult country in faint moonshine has a little more verisimilitude.

I like Mr. Spears' suggestion of a dictionary of wood terms. Many a term entirely familiar and well known in one locality is utterly unknown in another, as, for example, the word "logan," familiar to any person who knows the Maine woods, but, as Mr. Spears says, utterly unknown to him. Let me say for his benefit that so far from having any reference to a logging rock, or rocking stone, it refers to water, and particularly to a little bay or "dead water," such as is frequently found leading off from some sluggish stream in the Maine woods, and often necessitating a wide detour on the part of one who is following the bank of the stream on foot, in which case the person is said to have "got loganned."

I am thankful to Mr. Spears for his attempt to help me out with Poke-o-Moonshine, and hope that some one else will come to the front with the unmistakable meaning.

Let me add to this note that W. Wade, whose note on breeding the wild pigeon appears in the same number of your paper, seems to have very carelessly read both my own communication on this subject and the letter of Prof. C. O. Whitman which accompanied it.

Mr. Wade suggests that Prof. Whitman's poor success in breeding wild pigeons is due to the fact that his breeding stock is infertile from too intense inbreeding, and he advises Prof. Whitman to procure a cock pigeon from some other source than the one his stock came from.

Now Prof. Whitman's letter specifically states: "I have tried in many ways to obtain one or more new birds, so as to strengthen the reproductive power which seems to weaken as the result of long inbreeding. I am afraid it is almost hopeless, for only a few scattered pairs seem to be left in the country, and no one is likely to succeed in capturing a bird alive."

Again he says: "If I could get one new bird I should soon have a flock of fifty," and this last remark I repeated in my letter.

C. H. AMES.

The Final Argument.—"Yes, he's a fine dog, Uncle 'Rastus, and I'd like to own him, but your price is a little too high." "Bettah git 'im while yo' kin, Cunnel Hawkins. Mistah Peahpont Mawgan might want to buy him some o' dese days, an' den whah'd you be?"—Chicago Tribune.

Natural History.

Sometimes They Do.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In March and April of 1887 I was encamped with a small detachment on the Rio Grande River in Texas at a little railroad town called Langtry. The river here has high, vertical sandstone cliffs for banks, which have been sculptured into shelves and ledges by the wind or some other agency, and on these places, it is said, eagles formerly made their nests—in fact, when I was there the remains of old nests of some kind or other were still to be seen—for which reason this point of the river was called Eagle's Nest. When the Southern Pacific Railroad came that way and built the little station, it changed the name from one that was descriptive and appropriate, and called it after the professional stage beauty of the day, though the connection between this forlorn station and the Jersey Lily was difficult to understand. The necessity for maintaining troops in this vicinity was about equally obscure. In former days, whei troops were first stationed there, it was a favorite Indian crossing place, but in my time Indians in Texas existed only as a tradition, though there was some ocular evidence of their former existence in certain cayes near by, the rock walls of which were ornamented with many painted Indian pictures, representing, I suppose, some kind of history or record of their forays or predatory expeditions in that region. My time being consequently nearly all leisure, I spent many hours in listening to tales of doubtful authenticity by Judge Roy Bean, of the celebrated Chinaman decision. Roy kept a kind of store at the station, and as he had been in that country ever since the Mexican War and was also of a rather active imagination, his tales were quite interesting. Some day I may be reminded of some of them and jot them down for my friends of FOREST AND STREAM.

I also derived considerable entertainment out of a professional mountain lion hunter who had his camp a few miles up the river, on the Mexican side, and who frequently came in to visit and "booze" when there was a lull in the lion industry. His name was Julius, and he was to me an interesting character. It seems, or at least he claimed, that when once a lion gets into a flock of goats or sheep it must be promptly destroyed, or it will linger about indefinitely and visit the flock night after night and do enormous damage. Julius kept a small pack of hounds—three or four in number—and I suppose they must have understood their duty, as he was frequently sent for by owners of flocks—sometimes at a distance of many miles—to come and destroy an intruding lion, an undertaking which he usually accomplished in a short time to every one's satisfaction. Lion killing appeared to be his only vocation, as he had no other visible means of support, and the number of lions he must have killed in his time was something appalling to tenderfeet. I will not now attempt to give the figures, but he had certainly killed a lot of them, and his various exploits, as he used to narrate them to me, were very interesting. As these excursions necessarily took him far away from Langtry I was obliged to forbear going with him, as I would have liked, my duties not permitting me to leave my detachment by itself for so long a period, though he used to come regularly and endeavor to persuade me to go with him whenever he had a call. Many officers stationed at Langtry had disliked to have old Julius continually hanging around camp, but I enjoyed his narratives and always welcomed him, though it sometimes required some skill to get him to bring his visit to a close. Julius seemed to hold lions in the same degree of contempt as dangerous animals as does Mr. Wells, and according to the best of my recollection his method of killing them was to have the dogs overtake them and pull them down while he rode up on his pony, jumped off, and thrusting his Winchester muzzle right into their mouths, killed them always at a single shot. I may have misquoted him at this late date, but that is my recollection of what he used to tell me.

It is not, however, of Julius and mountain lions that I intended to write, but rather of beaver, my memory having been jogged by the recent articles on this subject in the FOREST AND STREAM. It seems that at that time the Rio Grande country must have been full of beaver. My attention was first called to that fact by the appearance one afternoon of a couple of trappers in the vicinity of my camp. They had an abundance of beaver pelts with them—I do not now recall the number, but it was something like seventy-five or a hundred. They shipped them at the station at Langtry, and that was how we came to find out about them, as they were rather of a reticient party and not given to proclaiming their affairs abroad. From the efforts of the inquisitive it came out that they had journeyed for miles along the river—at least that's what they said—and when they found favorable places they trapped beaver. Two of them traveled by row boat and trapped while a third journeyed by land in a cart with one horse and acted as a kind of tender to the boat, meeting it at favorable points, bringing supplies, and carrying their pelts to the railroad for shipment for them.

It was here that I saw my first beaver pelt, and to see the number these men shipped at the station one couldn't help gathering the idea that trapping beaver was rather easy. The arrival and departure of these men of course set every one to talking beaver, and for a while but little else was heard. Then, as now, one of the most deeply mooted points was whether or no beavers came out in the day time—about as many contestants appearing for one side of this question as for the other. I knew nothing about beaver myself, though while fishing in Texas streams at night loud noises were frequently heard that were attributed to the beaver by some of my companions who claimed to know about them. I was destined, however, soon to have the question of the beaver's diurnal appearance settled to my entire satisfaction. A few days after the departure of the trappers I had occasion to go over to Fielder's ranch on the Pecos River. The latter is tributary to the Rio Grande, about twenty miles below Langtry, and Fielder lived about the same distance up the Pecos, so in going there I had simply to cut across on the third side of the triangle to make it in about thirty miles or so. On the opposite side of the Pecos was a nice spring creek tributary, and as I had brought my fishing tackle along I crossed over and caught some nice bass. It had rained pretty well the night before and more or less during that day, so that on my return to the river I was surprised to see how it had risen since morning. It was now brimming full and rushing along like a mill race, its red waters sweeping down with them all sorts of drift and surface litter. While I stood gazing at its changed appearance, my eye was quickly caught by some objects near the other bank swimming and playing about in the water. The river was not wide at that point—probably not over thirty yards—and I could see these animals distinctly. They were three in number, and I had not the slightest difficulty in recognizing them as beaver, as the trappers had with them one unskinned beaver that I had examined quite closely, and as that had been but a few days before, I knew then just how a beaver ought to look—size, shape and detail—so I was positive that these animals were beaver. I stood and watched them with the greatest interest; they seemed engaged wholly with play, and though they remained nearly always in the water their gambols and antics reminded me more than anything else of kittens at play on a carpet, jumping over each other, cuffing and tousling each other about, and all apparently without the slightest fear of outside disturbance. There was an old log or something of the sort, upon which they would once in a while climb for a minute or so and then plunge off into the water again, and all go to playing as before. I stood and gazed at them for quite a time, and although they couldn't have helped seeing me as I stood upon the bank in plain sight—at least so it seemed to me—and at only a short distance away, they nevertheless paid not the slightest attention to me, but continued their play. Finally one of my men on the side opposite me noticed me standing there, and concluding that I wanted something came hastening over to see. At his approach, doubtless warned by his footfall, the beaver disappeared below the surface, and I have never seen one since. My recollection is that on that evening I told Fielder about having seen the beaver at not over a mile from his house, and that he told me that he saw them frequently in the day time; of this, though, I will not be certain, as I had not then adopted the practice of keeping a note book; but of one thing I am positive, and that is that they do sometimes come out in the day time.

WM. F. FLYNN.

PUERTO PRINCIPE, Cuba.

The Blue Heron.

Ardea herodias, Linn.

STATUESQUE, comparatively mute, the blue heron is a bird of silence.

True philosopher, he loves solitude and quiet. I would have you know, however, that he is no closet naturalist. Abroad with the sun, he spends his peaceful days in stately pacings along some favorite creek, often ankle deep in its waters.

Again you may find him poking about the broad reaches of quiet pools in some restful swamp till dusk closes in. Then with soft, slow, whish! whish! of broad fans he rises and floats off in the twilight to join his fellows at camp in some secret spot far in the woods.

Possessed of a very even temperament, this bird rarely gives way to excitement, though he is apt to forget himself when suddenly startled.

It is very difficult to take him unawares.

Extremely suspicious and watchful, he is ever on the alert, and only on rare occasions has it been my fortune to approach him within fair observing distance unseen.

A long neck gives his wonderfully keen eye great range of vision, while his hearing is so acute that you have to exercise the most perfect art of the still-hunter while making your approach under cover. A snapping twig, the careless rustling of the underbrush as you advance, is sure to attract his notice, and you will find his glistening eye at once turned in your direction.

His attention is riveted on the spot where you lie concealed, while the poise of his body indicates readiness for speedy departure should the suspicious sounds be repeated. Absolute silence is required if you desire to continue your observations in such a case.

Like as not, now that his suspicions are aroused, he will silently stalk off without any appearance of undue haste in his manner, only to take wing further away.

In any event you may as well change your base, for you will find it useless to attempt a closer acquaintance with him from that direction.

If, however, you have made an advance with due caution you will be well repaid for the trouble, in watching this silent bird close at hand.

Motionless he stands surveying the surroundings for minutes at a time, then with slow, stately stride, moves about the shallows with lowered recurved neck. A pause, a dart, and a small fish glistens between his mandibles. Again that wary look about him. All's well! A quick reversal of the morsel in his beak, a gulp and the tiny fish vanishes head foremost. Another cautious look around, and the slow walk is resumed.

In some favored locality, where day after day he has fished unmolested, he is apt to abate somewhat of his cautiousness. Should you be fortunate and arrive within close range undiscovered when he strikes and captures a fair-sized fish, you will be interested to see him play with it before devouring, much as a cat will tease and torture a mouse.

Walking sedately ashore, he will drop his prey on the sand, place one foot upon it and jab it spitefully again and again, with his dagger-like bill, whenever it flaps its tail or works its poor little gills in strangling. He may toss it in air and catch it as it falls, only to drop it, and presently resume his jabbing. When he thinks he has fooled it long enough, down it goes, and you will be surprised at his capacious swallowing ability. It may be he will hunch up uncomfortably for an instant as it goes down and tickles his throat, but the discomfort is momentary, and he immediately appears perfectly serene once more.

Gawky as this creature seems with his stilt-like legs, I have always admired a certain wild grace in his every motion, when undisturbed and free in his native haunts.

Should you come upon him unawares, which, of course, is possible, though not at all probable—owing to his unceasing watchfulness—his consternation is laughable. All fuss, feathers and legs, he flops up with a hoarse, guttural croak, "a soft sound," as Kipling puts it—legs and neck seemingly all mixed up, while the big wings fan the air like a windmill, the most undignified exhibition of complete demoralization that I know of.

Of wide range, the blue heron is found in all solitary localities—in swamp, salt marsh, along the meadow creeks or on the bog—in fact, wherever frogs, little fish and other small water delicacies abound.

He is useless for the table, and if let alone by plume hunters will long hold his place among us. His somber plumage harmonizes so perfectly with the grays of swamp moss, lichens and tree trunks, that he utilizes as a background for his stately poses and contrasts so pleasantly with the duns and browns of meadow and marsh, that it is a pity he should be so relentlessly killed.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

Some Notes on the Beaver.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. C. P. Ambler's entertaining article on "The Beaver at Home" will, I hope, call forth other accounts of daytime study of beaver. My own experience in this line is not extensive, but most interesting to me.

Once in the Yellowstone Park I watched a long time near some fresh beaver workings in the hope of seeing the workers, but my patience gave out before my curiosity was gratified.

Once with my old guide, T. W. Billings, of Brownville, Me., a noted beaver hunter in his younger days, when beaver were plentiful on the Allegash and Tobique, and whose fund of beaver stories was exhaustless, I hunted beaver on Randall Brook, up above the Eberne lakes in Piscataquis county, Me.

There was a report that beaver sign had been seen there, and Billings led Owen Chase, another Brownville guide and woodman, but who had never trapped beaver, and me in quest of them. It was a great adventure to me—and successful—and might be worth telling some time, but we saw no beaver by daylight till one morning we found one in our trap. We contented ourselves with this one, but I have never ceased to regret our capture of it.

I was excited enough at the time over our success. I brought out the 46-pound prize six miles on my shoulder without setting it down to rest, and thought myself very happy. We ate baked beaver a day or two afterward, and I have always counted it the finest meat I ever tasted in the woods. For years its soft pelt was the thing my toes first touched when I got out of bed in the morning.

But the animal was one of a single family that had worked its way down from the north and located where beaver used to be plentiful, but none had been seen for years, and they should have been protected instead of disturbed. We know better and do better now, I trust.

Some years later I learned of a colony of beaver living on Kennebago Stream, near the outlet of the well-known Kennebago Lake, in Maine, and twice I have made a pilgrimage to the place for the purpose of observing them. Both attempts were quite successful, and both times in daylight, late in the afternoon, I have watched beaver swimming about, carrying branches and sticks and now and then, when startled, diving with the resounding stroke of the tail upon the water—a very remarkable thing when it is heard for the first time. I am by no means sure that it is always a signal of alarm. I have heard it when it seemed to be done as much for amusement as for anything else, so far as I could discover. My method was that of still approach by canoe, and I am inclined to think that any one with a little skill and patience could secure my results. And let me commend to any one who wants to see in actual process some of the most wonderful of the "ways of wood folk" to try it. Going out in mid-afternoon, I have remained alone among the beaver and been utterly absorbed in their work till 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, and getting from it an exhilaration hard to describe.

At last accounts this colony of beaver was in a flourishing condition, protected and prosperous, and I believe there is no reason why beaver colonies may not, and entirely by natural process, be established on a thousand Maine lakes and streams if the same protection be granted them as at Kennebago Stream. The cut of the beaver house given in connection with Mr. Ambler's article is very characteristic and good. Let me here call attention to the very remarkable beaver group in the museum of the University of Vermont at Burlington. It is equal in its way to the famous group of bison put up by Mr. Hornaday in the Smithsonian Museum at Washington. It is studied with extraordinary care and mounted with a loving faithfulness to nature that is almost beyond praise, and is well worth much trouble to see it.

C. H. AMES.

BOSTON, Mass.

Pike and Perch.

THE attractive "Fur, Feather and Fin Series," published by Longmans, Green & Co., is still further enriched by the addition of a volume on "Pike and Perch Fishing," by Wm. Senior, with chapters by other anglers. Mr. Senior, better known by his pen name of Redspinner, and as the editor of the Field, should of all persons be best qualified to write on this subject, which is one in which he has had experience for lo! these many years. He is also especially well fitted to select his associates in the production of this volume, and the mere mention of his name is guarantee that the work is well done, and that here may be found all that is known concerning pike and perch fishing in British waters.

All the different methods of pike fishing in different waters are here given, happily introduced by a chapter, more or less historical in character, which is entitled the "Pike of Fable and Fancy." The chapters on the pike are twelve in number, while to the perch are given only four, and of these one is devoted to artificial perch-culture. The last eighteen pages of the volume treat of the cookery of the pike and perch, and are by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand.

In the chapter entitled "Some Foreign Relatives," an account is given of certain American species of the genus Esox and also of Mr. Senior's experiences in fishing for muscalonge in Canadian waters. The author is evidently incredulous concerning the size of the fish of this group commonly caught in North American waters, and is disposed to laugh at 40-pound fish, yet he himself landed, on his first and only excursion for muscalonge, one which weighed 24½ pounds and had a head 11¾ inches long.

It is to be understood that the waters treated in the volume before us are wholly British, but no angler of other lands is likely to read the book without being charmed by its style and interested in its subject. The volume is illustrated by nearly a dozen full-page cuts of great beauty.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Few Words About the Blackcock.

WHEN spring time comes and Mother Nature awakes from winter's slumber, putting on the first touches of her new summer garb—in forest and field, over hill and dale—everywhere a new life asserts itself. A feeling of longing steals into our hearts to go out into the woods and enjoy watching her mystic ways, listening to the cooing and love making of her children.

For my part, spring tide will always recall pleasant memories of past days spent among the gamy blackcock of Europe. There, according to the game laws, the hunter is permitted to hunt, or rather stalk, them from the first day of March until May 15, and again from Sept. 1 until Feb. 1.

I lay explicit weight upon the word "stalking," because it is not only considered more sportsmanlike, but because it affords far more pleasure, particularly so during the open spring season, when the cocks are engaging in fierce battles than during the later season, when shooting them over a slow, steady dog, which resembles the mode of hunting the members of our own grouse family. While we are fighting for forest and game protection, for their very existence, the European sportsman looks on with a feeling of loftiness of a long-time-ago solved problem, enjoying himself at this very moment in gathering the fruits of timely forest protection, the very nucleus of that for game.

One shudders at the thought of what would be the fate of our grouse if shooting the cocks during the strutting season was lawful. As long as the market-shooter and pot-hunter dwell among us, it would certainly mean their utter extermination. For that reason, while many of the former class would only be too glad if such a law were enacted, let the true sportsmen stand together and thank providence that such a law hasn't already been and probably will not be enacted for a long time to come. Still, who can tell? America has developed and made such rapid strides onward, all forestry matters and their great advantages for proper protection and propagation of game are daily finding more solid ground and recognition among our citizens, that it would be no surprise if within the first quarter of the century we may enjoy the same privileges of the European sportsman. But to attain this end, let it be our motto, "*Forestry means game protection.*" It is more than half its life; it is its very foundation. Let us endeavor to give our game a better chance for its existence by an intelligent, business-like management of our forest products—the game's feeding and cover grounds. If this is done it will remain with us and also permit the introduction of desirable species of European game animals.

Of these, *Tetrao tetrix,* the blackcock, or better, the black grouse, certainly is one. He is not as full of pretensions as his bigger brother, the capercailzie, who prefers piny mountainous districts to those of an undulating, generally more broken and open character of the blackcock.

During my rambles through Germany and Austria I have found him for the most part among hills clothed with a luxurious growth of hazel, willow, alder and birch, with an abundant undergrowth of ferns and heaths. Often also, particularly so in Saxony, one meets them in respectable numbers among broken stands of spruce, Scotch pine and white birch. The last seems to be an absolute necessity for his welfare; he is called therefore in Germany "Birkhahn," "Birkwild" (birchcock, birch game) because he is particularly fond of the tender buds, twigs and seeds of the birch. Besides this, he loves all wild berries and heaths, and in winter time, when snow and ice inclose the woods, he readily takes to the stubble fields, filling his crop with the seeds left for him by the generous farmer. There they often congregate in large number, and deserve man's assistance and protection.

Many a time have I gone out in the morning—a sack filled with a mixture of grain, wheat and corn, over my shoulder, 2 feet of snow on the ground and the thermometer way below zero—scraping the snow away at likely places and scattering the feed here and there. If they find such a place once, you may rest assured that they will return to it regularly every day until the pairing season begins. I remember once counting thirty-two birds on a place I had only prepared for them the previous day. If one is careful enough in the selection of these feeding grounds and the adjoining territory is in conformity with what they like best for their breeding ground, one may rest quite assured that a few will stay and breed in the neighborhood.

While the season to hunt the cocks begins with the first of March, not until the beginning of April is the real strutting (or better, fighting) season in full swing. I have generally done most of my shooting during that month, using the preceding one to determine their battle grounds, which in most cases are some open spots in the woods. Sometimes, though, a particularly sly old cock will select the middle of a large stubble field, where he is safe from any approach. When these battle grounds, to which they return almost every morning, are once located, a thorough knowledge of their habits and the way of stalking them is of course necessary for the hunter to be rewarded with a successful shot. They are extremely shy, especially during that time, with a keen eye, and are very sharp of hearing.

Some of the easy-going "big guns" abroad shoot them from blinds or holes sunk into the ground, after these places have been located by some one else. Personally, I have always preferred to stalk them, because it gave me more excitement and satisfaction to outwit one of these black fellows.

The blackcock, as is well known, is the only polygamous member of the family *Tetraonidæ*, at least to my knowledge. While I have observed the males of other species fight among themselves, I believe this is only done for the possession of one single hen.

With the blackcock this is different. He is not satisfied to pay particular attention to only one hen with a view to taking her as his spouse, assisting in the building of the nest and caring for her and her offspring afterward. Nothing of the kind. Rascal as he is, he openly invites all the hens of creation to come to his love call, and desperately fights for their possesion with any rival. These battles are as fierce as those we see among our domestic roosters, where feathers fly and blood flows; still, they seldom fight to a clean "knockout" like the domestic fowl. The older and stronger cock is invariably the victor, who thus surrounds himself with a regular harem, numbering often as many as five members, who stay with him and whom he attends at intervals of a few days from four to five times. After he has followed out his natural instincts, unfaithful as he is, he leaves his hens entirely to their fate. This is a most remarkable natural phenomenon, and I believe does not repeat itself in any of our feathered game.

For the benefit of those who may never have either seen or hunted these cocks, I shall with a few words narrate a little outing I indulged in only a few years ago, and which I shall not forget very soon on account of the rheumatism I caught at the time from crawling on hands and knees over wet ground and lying on my stomach in five inches of icy cold water, from which position I afterward sent that little leaden messenger on its destructive mission. But to the story:

I had previously located one of the "battle grounds" where at early dawn the daily tournaments were being held, but owing to the slight cover prevailing I had so far had to content myself with watching the performance from a safe distance. On the afternoon preceding that

THE BLACKCOCK'S BATTLE FIELD.

memorable morning I had been figuring it out, and had prepared myself an artificial line of approach to within shooting distance by sticking branches and twigs in the soft ground and arranging the whole so that it afforded the needed cover without being easily detected. Early the following morning found me within about 200 yards from the rendezvous, and in the very act of approaching, when swish! a cock came sailing over the tree tops, alighting right in the middle of the battle ground. To immediately get down on my knees was all I could do; but I hadn't thought of the boggy ground, and besides it had been raining during the night and everything was dripping wet. "Stick to it," an inner voice said—and I did, first suffering agony, then pleasure, to wind up afterward with two weeks in bed with stiff joints. What does the hunter care?

My getting soaked at that very moment, therefore, didn't keep me from crawling closer and closer, every once in a while playing "dead" so as not to disturb my game. The cock in the meantime had begun his peculiar cackling, whistling (or better, gargling) call, and doing his funny acts of jumping and running around like mad. At every repetition of this I drew nearer, until I must have approached to within about 75 yards, when swish! another cock came flying down, alighting within 50 feet of the first one. By this time I had become chilled to the bone, my stomach felt like a lump of ice, and I was trembling from cold, to which was added the excitement of the occasion. How I ever managed under these trying circumstances to hit my mark afterward I can only attribute to good luck and the fact that I stopped breathing while taking aim and pulling the trigger.

From where I lay I had a good view of the whole battlefield. The second cock was the smaller of the two, but immediately struck the fighting attitude.

To observe these passionate knights of the forest in their combats has always been a rare treat to me, and although on this particular occasion I did not occupy a very enviable position, I nevertheless look back to it with pleasure.

Raising and lowering their heads, with brownish-black eyes, over which they have a bare granulated skin of scarlet color—the plumage of steel-blue swelled out—brownish wings with white bar across trailing and with the black velvety forked tail spread like a fan—thus they charged each other, all the while calling, gargling and hissing.

One who has never before seen these birds thinks they are going to kill each other, so desperate and fierce are their onslaughts, which sometimes last a considerable time. On this morning, though, the larger cock had almost a "walk over." I counted only about half a dozen or so rounds, which grew weaker and weaker.

While the battle was at its height three hens (whose color is reddish-brown, mottled and barred with black) alighted close by, and I could not help comparing them with the seconds of a duel or the sponge holders of a fistic encounter. The moment the cocks espied them, their attacks were renewed with redoubled vigor, until the weaker one, brave as he was, had to retreat, leaving, as I found afterward, bloody spots here and there upon the field of honor. The proud victor now strutted, covered with glory, before the eyes of his admirers.

Former observations had taught me that in case no other cock comes right away to replace the beaten rival, the victor goes off with his prize or fold soon after. Being prepared for this, it took me but a few seconds to have my little 8 mm. "reliable" speak her deadly note.

Pr-rr-rr-rrr! went the hens. The knight lay struggling on the ground, shot through the neck. A bedraggled, soaked specimen of humanity, more rigid than nimble, jumped to his feet and rushed across to grasp his dearly bought prize—a fine, outgrown blackcock of 4¼ pounds.

These are the excitements and incidents of hunting the European *Tetrao tetrix.*

The establishment of these birds in our country should not be a very difficult matter. I repeat again proper forest management will give them what they need for their existence, shelter and feeding grounds. A continuous war against all rapacious animals must be recommended.

Besides, I have no doubt that if these gamy fellows are once successfully established they will offer a great field for speculation and interest. Who knows but that they will bring forth a hybrid at present unknown between themselves and some members of our own grouse family?

In Germany the crossing of the capercailzie with the black grouse has produced the Rackelhahn (*Tetrao hybridus*), a hybrid in size between the two, average weight 8 pounds, which has become a very desirable addition to the feathered game. Another hybrid—blackcock and Mongolian pheasant—has of late years been observed quite frequently in Silesia and Saxony. The possibilities therefore of a cross between the blackcock and say our pinnated grouse are great, and their introduction should be encouraged.

The only drawback is the stupidity and foolhardiness of the hens, which build their nests on the ground in any old place. I have found one of these nests not more than three feet from a road, over which at least a couple of dozen wagons passed daily and twice as many pedestrians. My pointer, who was at heel, pointed, otherwise I suppose I should never have known the hen's presence.

As I have remarked above, the cocks after the breeding period has passed live in harmony together in the backwoods, and do absolutely nothing, neither for the hens nor their young—a very sad case of natural family abandonment. While I could tell you still more about these gamy fellows, I must close for to-day and leave other matters of interest for some future time. With a hearty *Auf Wiedersehen!* then, to the brotherhood of true sportsmen,

T. VON HOFFMANN.

Currituck.

CURRITUCK, N. C., June 18.—Owing to the late seasons our spring bay bird shooting was a month later than usual. Dowitchers and robin snipe have made good sport up to yesterday, which is later than I ever knew them. There will be the largest crop of quail in this immediate vicinity we have ever had. There are at least fifteen pairs laying and hatching now on my farm of fifty acres.

Our crop of celery seems perfect this season, and should cause the ducks to be abundant in the fall.

J. B. W.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

No Protection for Illinois Quail.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 21.—Early this week there was hurrying in hot haste among the shooters of Chicago. Copies of the new game law were at hand for the first time, and sportsmen of this part of the State could hardly believe their eyes when they found that, owing to some unforeseen event or other, the new game law has left the Bob White quail of this State absolutely without protection, as also the woodcock.

We have had splendid crops of quail in this State for the last two seasons, last fall being an exceptionally good one. Yet there is nothing but the most criminal carelessness which could have explained the shocking negligence on the part of the legislators of this State. It might perhaps be called negligence on the part of the sportsmen of the State, but this would be too sweeping an accusation. As a matter of fact, the Legislature of the State of Illinois ought to be a body of men intelligent enough to look after this branch of the law-making requirements as well as those governing the erection of Government buildings and the local river and harbor improvements. There is not the slightest likelihood of there being a special session of the Legislature to rectify this egregious blunder, and hence we must go on for two years with absolutely no protection for the Illinois quail. It is a case inciting sportsmen to the most bitter recriminations.

Yet the sportsmen have none but themselves to blame, and perhaps hereafter they may learn to give better attention to their own concerns. It is not the fault of any one organization in this city or this State any more than it is the fault of any one of the sportsmen making up this, that or the other organization. As a matter of fact, the sportsmen of Illinois ought to have a representative at Springfield every session of the Legislature. This will require money, and more than that, it will require time and individual attention. There is no use wasting time in general and vague squealing over this matter now that it has happened. Yet the fact is none the more palatable for this. Illinois stands before the bar of the sportsmanship of the United States guilty of criminal negligence.

The New Illinois Game Warden.

Mr. A. J. Lovejoy, of Roscoe, Ill., the newly appointed Fish and Game Commissioner of this State, paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a very pleasant visit this week. Mr. Lovejoy is a man of fine stature and commanding presence, and if he is not willing and able to perform the duties of the office, then certainly "he deceives his looks," as they say in the backwoods precincts. He says that while he has not as yet had much experience in the matters of practical protection of game, he is no worse off than any one else who takes an office, and he modestly claims one advantage which has not been possessed by all the wardens of the great and glorious State of Illinois. He states that he does not intend to see how much he can make out of the office. He purposes to content himself with the salary of the office and does not wish to go out with a sandbag and a club and hold up people, be they game dealers, restaurant keepers or club members. He wants to give the people of this State a good, square, heel-and-toe administration in the office of the fish and game warden. To that end he is looking about for a deputy game warden to represent him here in Chicago. Although he is only a few miles out of the city, he recognizes the fact that he ought to have a man here at all times ready to telephone him at any time and ready to take the initiative whenever the proper time shall appear.

Realizing that the selection of this deputy is an important one, Mr. Lovejoy is taking his own time and looking over the ground very thoroughly. He has consulted with several friends in the city as to the best man to be found for this position, and the choice is perhaps practically concluded at this writing. It would be rather a violation of Mr. Lovejoy's confidence to state who this man is apt to be, but it is sufficient to state that the selection as it appears to-day bids fair to be satisfactory to those who really mean business. Just what it may mean to the game dealers of South Water street is something that remains to be seen. Let us hope that they will cordially hate and detest the new game warden appointed for Chicago. The probabilities are that they will do so.

The sportsmen of Chicago and of Illinois ought to give to the new fish and game warden their cordial and undivided support. There ought not to be any politics in these matters, for, though the appointment be a political one, there ought to be back of it among the people that cordial and honorable spirit of all true politics which accepts the nominee after he has been chosen. It is no difference if we have this or the other man whom we personally wanted to see in such and such an office. When a man has been chosen to an office, he is entitled to that office, and moreover should receive the aid and confidence of the citizens he represents. Mr. Lovejoy is going to give us a good, square, honest administration, and as such he deserves the sympathy and aid of every citizen of this city. He will get it, too, or at least that of every sportsman whose influence amounts to anything.

Don't Know About It.

The following pleasant note was received from Mr. Fred Irland, of Washington, D. C., but does not quite explain itself: "I hear," said he, "that you are going up Tobique way this fall with Ad Moore. You are to be congratulated. I was with our good uncle, Henry Braithwaite, on a bear-killing expedition this spring for seven weeks. We saw thirty-five moose, but not many caribou and deer, and we devastated the bear."

I am glad to hear that the bear have been devastated by Mr. Irland and Uncle Henry, and am also glad to reflect that they did not devastate all those moose. As to my going to New Brunswick this fall, it would be almighty good news if I could believe it. But one of these days I am going to have a hunt with big Ad Moore, just to see how it goes. This business of working is a most monotonous affair at best. Meantime, if anybody has lost a moose, I reckon that Ad Moore could locate that moose if anybody could.

The Virtuousest Place.

The keeper of a summer resort in the State of Wisconsin, who appeals very largely to the support of Chicago anglers, takes exception to the statement that all Wisconsin resorts sell "mutton" in the summer season or allow it to be killed by their guests. I am glad to hear from this virtuousest place, and am very willing to believe that the writer is really doing all he can to prevent this illegal killing of deer in the summer time. As to the general truthfulness of the assertion that the Wisconsin resorts either wink at or openly encourage the killing of deer by their guests, it is too well known to require further reassertion or comment. The letter reads as follows:

"You give all the summer resorts in Wisconsin a bad name. I believe there are exceptions. I sent a bill to the Legislature last winter myself to have the female deer protected. I would like to see the game laws enforced myself. I will not say that there has not been a piece of venison served on my table, but will say this much, that under the present laws if there is any mutton served on my table it will be from some packing house in Chicago. I tihnk myself that any man who will kill a doe and fawn at this season of year ought to be prosecuted. I believe I have done as much toward the preserving of fish and game as any other man in this part of the country. I will say furthermore that during fly time ten to thirty deer can be seen on the lakes of our resorts every day, and it is not necessary that their hides should be bulleted through."

Uses of Birch Bark.

Everybody knows what a useful material is the beautiful bark of the birch tree, and no one has ever lived in the North Woods who has not found it to subserve a score of useful purposes. A newspaper item of this week states that some carpenters were recently tearing down a house in an old city located in the Northeastern pine woods, which house had been built more than 100 years ago. In tearing down the house the carpenters found that it had been originally sheathed or lined with sheets of birch bark, which had been nailed over the cracks between the boards, the sheets being held by small hand-made wrought iron nails, heavy clapboards having been nailed in turn above the bark. This house was built in 1782, and it had always been warm and comfortable. Our ancestors may not have had tar paper and the like, but they had something which was pretty nearly as good.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

On Staten Island.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago in a personal correspondence we had I mentioned the fact that we were putting out some quail on Staten Island, and you wished me later on to report the result. The quail were put out by the Richmond County Fish and Game Protective Association early this spring. Some were let out at Tottenville, others at Prince Bay, Kreicherville, Huguenot and Green Ridge. I have heard encouraging reports from the vicinity of all these places. Here at Prince Bay we can hear the familiar call of Bob White any morning in several different places within a radius of two miles. Indications point to good results. The cover for quail here is excellent, though I am afraid there is not enough grain raised to carry the birds through the winter, but in that case we will feed them.

Our quail of course have their enemies here as well as in other places—for instance, the pot-hunter, the cat and the rising generation with their Flobert rifles, but the Richmond County Game Association has had good game protectors appointed for this end of Staten Island and the evil doer will have to be shy in his violation of game laws. Some time ago our worthy game protector for this locality, Mr. Van Tobin, took a man to court for shooting robins. The man said he thought it was a crow, but the judge thought $25 was about right for shooting that kind of a crow, and the culprit paid his fine without a murmur. Probably that man can go among his associates now and brag of his knowledge in ornithology, having paid a good price to find out the difference between a robin and a crow, but I don't think he will.

Staten Island is a great place. The woods are full of mighty hunters. We have men here who are howling to have the island stocked with rabbits. There are lots of rabbits here in any locality, and where a rabbit can thrive you can find them; but these same men, who want more, let their hounds run rabbits all the spring and summer and catch the young ones. The other day a man told me that his neighbors' hounds had chased an old rabbit under his piazza, and the old rabbit did not have hair enough on her body to wad a gun with. The fact is, the old rabbit had all her fur and hair somewhere in a nest to keep her little ones warm and dry, and she had led the hounds on a wild goose chase.

There are quite a number of young broods of woodcock around here now, but the first dry spell they will go, but not all will go that start. The island is so threaded with electric light, telephone and telegraph wires that a great many woodcock are killed in their flight.

Rail birds are nesting here now. Almost every night I hear them utter that sharp, piercing note peculiar to their brooding time. Last year at about this time I found a rail bird's nest, and the sitting bird was so fearless I could put out my hand and she would peck at the end of my fingers and scold in great style. Finally she would jump off her nest and circle around me among the reeds and cattails, uttering a most plaintive shriek. At last the village boys found the nest and kept bothering with it and finally took out the eggs and broke them, and I think killed the old bird. A neighbor and I talked to those boys in a kind and proper way, but the devil was born in them, and it was just as much fun for them to kill that bird and destroy her nest as to take their Flobert rifles and break incandescent lamps along the back roads.

Weakfish, have been here the past two weeks and some good catches have been made—that is, good for this time of year, and taking into consideration the weather. The fish are taken on what we call the flats. Here in Prince Bay they are mostly tide runners, but some very small fish have been caught, not more than 8 inches long. This seems strange, as we generally count on very large fish in on the flats. It is not a common occurrence here to catch anything of that size except out in the channel.

Last evening, June 18, Henry George, of this place, went out on the flats and caught only one weakfish in the two hours he was there, but this fish weighed between 3 and 4 pounds, and the fun he had with him in about 6 feet of water fully came up to Mr. George's most sanguine expectations. ***

PRINCE BAY, N. Y., June 19.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Shad Culture in Hudson River.

THE shad fishermen of the Hudson River seem never to be quite suited with the conditions which exist in the river during the shad season, and the laws which govern the fishing are also not to their liking. Last season the shad were so abundant that the fishermen were reported to have taken up their nets before the end of the season, as shad were too cheap, and this season there are complaints that shad are scarce before the season is over, though they were numerous during the early run of the fish. A specific complaint has been brought to my notice in the Catskill Examiner that is so full of errors and misinformation that it demands a reply from some one, and I quote from the article in part:

"The veteran fisherman, Jacob Conine, explained to an Examiner reporter what he thought was the cause of the scarcity of shad in this part of the country. As he has fished in these waters many years, and has made it a study by observation and reading, it is safe to say that he speaks authoritatively. This is what he said: 'Why is it that there are so few shad caught in this section of the country?' Well, for one reason, I will say this: Soon after the shad hatcheries were started along the Hudson River we noticed that our catches became less and less each year. We also noticed thousands of shad fry floating dead upon the surface of the water. Now those in charge of the fish hatcheries say that a fish does not look after its young, but leaves them to shift for themselves, and as soon as they have spawned they go away. Now, I know as a fact, from my own observation, that this is not true. Why, I have seen a bullhead dig a hole in the mud several inches deep and lay its eggs. They do not leave the spot for any length of time, but remain there until the fish are hatched. They stay with the little fish until they are large enough to look out for themselves. This is true of all kinds of fish. The small ones need looking after.

" 'Now, what do the men employed in the hatcheries do? They are paid $25 a night to fish for roe shad. These shad go on the flats or near the banks to spawn, and are caught. Those not needed in the hatcheries are put in barrels and sent away to be eaten. As soon as the young fish are hatched in the hatcheries they are dumped overboard, and the most of them die from neglect. If this thing is kept up, in a few years there will be no shad. Why, I have seen more fish taken from the river in one day than there is now in a season. In some streams fishermen may fish seven days in the week, but here we are permitted to fish but five days, and pay a license of $1 per net. In the State of Vermont the fish hatcheries are maintained for less than $7,000 a year. In New York State $100,000 will not pay the expenses, and a number have made themselves wealthy in the business.' "

It may be true, as the Examiner reporter states, that Mr. Conine has read and observed, but it is quite evident from his interview that he has not observed the habits of shad, nor has he read anything about them that is reliable, and the entire interview is the rankest balderdash that was ever put out seriously by a newspaper upon the subject of fish culture, and as for its containing facts, it deserves to rank with that other newspaper essay which declared that the United States Fish Commission was crossing the shad with the jellyfish to eliminate the bones; a cross which would be as fruitful as a cross between a window shutter and a bull pup. There is one fact in this wonderful interview, but it is not the one that Mr. Conine declares to be such from his observation, for in that he is utterly wrong. The bullhead does guard its spawn and brood its young after they are hatched, until they separate, and there are two other fishes that do the same thing, but the shad is not one of them, the other two being the black bass and sunfish. Because Mr. Smith plays golf on Sunday it does not follow that Mr. Robinson, who lives in the same block, is a devotee of the game and swipes the ball on the same day of the week. The shad does exactly as the hatchery men told him, spawns and leaves the spawn and resulting fry, if any, to fate, and this is no new thing with shad, for they have done it ever since men knew anything about shad. Can Mr. Conine produce any evidence that any one has ever seen, not thousands, but a single dead shad fry floating on the surface of the river? Shad fry are almost transparent, and in a glass of water held up to the light they are scarcely distinguishable by the unobservant, and one man drank a lot of them in the water he dipped from a can in the glass used for the purpose of examining the fry. It is not unusual for people to go into the shad hatchery at Catskill and with hundreds of thousands of shad fry in tanks level with their eyes, and glass on all sides, with a good light for background, ask where the young shad are. It is for this reason that I wonder if any one could see dead fry in the river even if they were there.

This is exactly what is done by the State in hatching shad for the Hudson River in the shad station at Catskill. One man from another State hatchery is sent there to take charge of this work, and two old shad fishermen are employed on the spot. This constitutes the State force. A professional shad fisherman, who has a seine hauling ground near the hatchery, receives $20 per day from the State. This man employs a crew of twelve men in seine hauling for shad and herring. When the seine is hauled two of the men from the hatchery are present and examine the fish, and if any ripe females are found they are spawned artificially. The only condition imposed by the State is that a given number of hauls must be made, if necessary, on each day that he is paid.

If the eggs of the spawning shad were not taken by the hatchery men they would be lost, as shad neters never

return to the river any shad taken in their nets. The $20 partly recompense the captain of the crew for the delay in overhauling his fish and for the extra hauls which may be demanded. The State does not barrel the shad or do anything else with them, for they belong to the netters and probably go where they would in any event, whether there was a hatchery or not, to market.

The eggs rescued from fish destined for market are taken to the hatchery and hatched. If there had been no market fishermen to net the shad, and they had spawned naturally, perhaps one or two per cent of the eggs would have hatched, but in the hatchery jars eighty to ninety per cent are hatched, and when the yolk sac is nearly absorbed, and the fish are ready to begin the battle for life that all fish have to begin at some time or another, they are planted in the river in just such places as the parent shad would have selected for natural hatching had they been consulted.

Should any one get the idea from the above interview that the State gets any large numbers of spawning shad by the arrangement I have mentioned, I will give the exact figures. So far this year the men at the aCtskill hatchery have secured 188 spawning fish. The largest number on one day was 25, the first day; the next day 24, and the next day 5. The lowest number in one day was 2, and except the first and second days the highest number was 15. From the 188 shad the men have taken 4,940,000 eggs which would have been lost by the fish going to market if they had not been rescued and hatched at the expense of the State.

The Real Reason.

If Mr. Conine does not know why shad became scarce in the river—for they are not now, his interview to the contrary notwithstanding—I will tell him. The shad fishermen of the Hudson netted the river for market, taking everything possible out and putting nothing back until a State Fish Commission was created to remedy the injury to the fishing caused by their shortsightedness. When the Commissioners, ex-Gov. Seymour, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, and Seth Green, made an examination of the river they reported to the Legislature that the entire shad crop of the Hudson was worth $7,000. Then the shad hatcheries began their deadly work, of which Mr. Conine complained, and when, in 1895, a census was made of the shad taken that year in the Hudson, it was found to be worth at the net $184,897.60, and shad had fallen in price from 75 cents to 20 cents for roe shad, and 10 cents for bucks. Over 4,000,000 pounds of shad were taken from the Hudson in that year as the result of maintaining shad hatcheries.

Some Actual Facts.

Recently I had occasion to obtain from the U. S. Fish Commission some figures to be used in a paper to be read before a society of natural sciences, and some of those figures fit in here, and I quote from a letter I received from Mr. W. de C. Ravenel: "The only fishery concerning which we have accurate data upon which can be based our estimate of results attributable to fish-culture is the shad fishery. In 1880 the catch of shad was 5,164,152, and its value was $995,790. The following figures show the catch of shad each year, its incerase over the catch of 1880, and the annual value of the increase:

	No. of shad caught.	Increase over 1880.	Value of increase.
1887	8,252,326	3,108,174	$395,642
1888	10,210,453	5,046,301	676,402
1889	12,324,106	7,159,954	782,496
1890	12,827,525	7,663,373	823,965
1896	13,124,013	8,019,861	660,050
1898	13,927,730	8,823,578	466,087

"The most noticeable feature of this comparison is that the price of shad has decreased to the consumer as the catch has increased (from 19 to 10 cents each) and the returns to the fishermen even at the reduced price are much greater than in 1880."

The Hudson River has not been a self-sustaining shad stream since it was depleted by the shad netters previous to the era of artificial propagation, and there has been a constant war against the shad men to compel them by law to take up their nets during a portion of each week to permit some breeding shad to ascend the river and spawn, and they have resisted every effort in this direction which was solely to preserve the shad for the future as well as for the present day. If the Hudson had been dependent alone upon the increase from the shad of the river there would be fewer shad in the river now, but the United States Fish Commission has made generous contributions of shad fry from the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers annually for planting in the Hudson, and thus the stock has been not only kept up, but increased. From 1882 to 1901, both inclusive, the shad in the river have furnished eggs which have produced in the hatchery maintained by the State of New York 52,057,100 fry to be returned to the river. During the same period the United States Fish Commission has contributed to the Hudson from other streams 108,444,000 shad fry, or more than twice as many as the river itself was able to provide, the total of 160,501,000 shad fry being the result of artificial shad culture in the hatcheries, and all of the egs which produced this great number of fry would have been lost had they not been rescued by the State and National Fish Commissions.

Mr. Conine says in conclusion, and as a final argument, that in the State of Vermont the fish hatcheries are maintained for less than $7,000 a year, and that in New York State $100,000 will not pay the expenses. In this he is as wide of the facts as he is in giving the habits of the shad. Vermont has one hatchery devoted to the propagation of trout and salmon. I am not sure, but I think no other fish are hatched in it, and the output from the hatchery does not concern this note. New York has eight permanent hatcheries, and if each had what is alleged to be the sum expended on the Vermont hatchery New York should expend $56,000 on the eight hatcheries. In addition to the eight hatcheries, there is the shad hatchery maintained during the shad season and a mascalonge hatchery maintained only during the mascalonge season; two whitefish egg-collecting stations maintained only through the season for taking whitefish eggs. For the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1900, the total disbursement by the State of New York for maintenance of hatcheries and hatching stations, collection of eggs and the distribution of fish and fish fry, amounted to $52,772.66.

It will be noticed that the disbursements include hatcheries and hatching stations—that is, the eight permanent hatcheries which are in operation all the year, the shad station on the Hudson, the mascalonge station on Chautauqua Lake, the whitefish stations on Hemlock and Canandaigua lakes, the collection of lake trout eggs in Lakes Michigan and Superior, the collection of wild brook and lake trout eggs in the waters of the State, the collection of lobster, smelt and tomcod eggs in the Sound and bays and streams of Long Island, the equipment and repairs of the State fish car, the expenses incurred in bringing the contributions of the United States into New York and in planting them by means of cars or messengers of the U. S. Fish Commission. For this outlay the State waters receive every year in the neighborhood of 200,000,000 fish, and it is generally conceded to be a good business investment for the State.

The declaration made by Mr. Conine in the last sentence of his interview I do not pretend to understand, and I doubt if he does. He says: "In New York State $100,000 will not pay the expenses, and a number have made themselves wealthy in the business." Which business? I really do not know how he wishes to be understood. If he means the men who hatch fish at the per diem of $1.50 to $2, he must be in error or the men would not continue to work in all temperatures of water and in all weathers at this rate, for it is not a job that the wealthy would cling to for any length of time, and I am forced to conclude that he must have thought that he was being interviewed upon some other subject than shad culture; but if he will persist in engaging in matters relating to shad, I would suggest that he take a partner by the name of Wm. Duncan, that I find mentioned in the Philadelphia Record under the head line:

"SERIOUSLY BITTEN BY A SHAD.

"WILMINGTON, Del., June 3.—William Duncan, aged twenty-six years, a Delaware River fisherman, was bitten by a shad and is now in the Delaware Hospital here, suffering severely. While hauling in his net ten days ago one of the fish, which was particularly vicious, seized his hand in its mouth and inflicted a painful injury. The fish had fine teeth, which cut the flesh. The wound was regarded as trivial, but in a few days the hand began to swell. Now it is inflamed and swollen much larger than the usual size, and serious results are feared. The injury is infected with a poisonous matter, and the outcome may be blood poisoning."

As the shad has no teeth, not even vicious shad, the firm might be Conine & Duncan; then if they could find the man who crossed the shad with the jellyfish, they could add "& Company," by taking him into the firm, and the only plant required would be a credulous reporter on the staff of the daily or weekly press, with a department devoted to fisheries.

The Other Side of the Shield.

Since reading the interview I have quoted above, I have heard from Capt. John Pindar, of Catskill, and as he has made his living for many years—I think all his life—as a shad fisherman, and is still in the business, it is fair to assume that he knows something about it. Capt. Pindar says: "My attention having been called to certain statements alleged to have been made by Jacob Conine in an interview, I desire to say that Mr. Conine's premises are false, and his conclusions are mistaken. So far this has been the best shad season in ten years, and last year on the lower Hudson was the best shad year in twenty years." Capt. Pindar contends that the fish that are growing scarce in the Hudson are those which are not cultivated artifically, like the sturgeon and bullheads. He underlines this statement: *"If it had not been for the shad hatcheries there would not be a shad in the Hudson to-day."* I once heard a shad fisherman declare before a legislative committee that the run of shad in the Hudson depended solely upon whether or not the fish came into the river from the sea, and the hatching operations had nothing to do with it. Capt. Pindar is not that kind of a fisherman, for he knows what he is talking about when he talks about shad fishing and the habits of shad.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Settler and the Loaded Cigar.

WE have a man out this way named Bassford, fond of a rod and a gun, but yet more fond of fun along the lines of practiacl joking than any man I know of.

He and a party named Boyd went fishing. They were to fish a secluded lake teeming with small-mouthed bass of gigantic size twenty miles away in the woods and unknown as a fishing spot to the outside world.

Taking a team and swinging a boat to the axles of the wagon, they started off for a long drive through the woods. Boyd had fished the lake before and knew the way, and all went well until nearing the end of their journey they came chock-a-block against a barbed-wire fence shutting off the road and extending off into the woods. It was evident that a homestead settler had taken up the land around the lake and was fencing things in to make it easier for him to find his cattle at ngihtfall.

A council of war was held, and it was decided to go through or over the wires, which, after some work, was finally accomplished, the fence wires benefiting nothing from the operation.

Ten rods along the road and they came to a clearing with the settler's shanty in view. The door swung on its hinges and out rushed a tall, raw-boned individual, who grabbed up a hoe and made straight for the wagon, swearing as only a mad Irishman can swear when occaison demands it. Here was a pretty how de do! Boyd, in a moment, saw that unless they could lick the settler it meant no fishing that trip.

Following the usual preliminaries in the way of arguments, recriimnations and general profanity, things getting warmer every moment, Boyd, after fumbling among his dunnage, yanked out a bottle of whisky and without further ado proffered it to the settler. Hostilities ceased at once. Bassford and Boyd were given the freedom of the farm and the lake, and wire fences were forthwith forgotten. What will whisky not do sometimes?

Boyd was a happy man. He had long boasted of this lake to the skeptical Bassford, and was now in shape to make his word good.

And here is where the devil got uppermost in Bassford. He had a loaded cigar in his pocket, and thinking of the ruction it would raise if scientifically smoked by that husky, long-limbed Hibernian, he forthwith handed it to him. It was duly lighted, and some moments elapsing before Byod took up the reins to drive to the banks of the lake, the cigar meanwhile got in its work, blowing into fragments and filling the settler's eyes and face with tobacco dust, powder and ashes.

Pen, pencil or cold type cannot sufficiently convey to the reader the luird situation that followed. When Boyd and Bassford were safely down the back track a mile or so nearer home than before the explosion, Boyd turned around to Bassford and remarked that "some day his durned fooling would be apt to get him into serious trouble." That particular fishing trip can be literally said to have gone up in smoke.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Food of Sea Lions.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to C. Hart Merriam's article in your issue of May 25 on the "Food of Sea Lions," permit me to submit a few comments upon his position and arguments, for I have been an interested reader of the correspondence between our State Fish Commission and the eastern authorities, as published in the last report of the Fish Commission. I am free to admit that up to the time of reading Dr. Merriam's article I did not believe that there were two sides to the question of the sea lions destroying fish; and while Dr. Merriam has called attention to a very interesting piece of evidence, I think he places too much stress upon one fact, while ignoring, in rather a free and unfair way, evidence which the Fish Commission of California had already published and of which he must have had knowledge, and of which he knew most of the readers of Science were in ignorance. He says in his article, "The local fishermen, the State Fish Commission and others assert without qualification that sea lions feed extensively upon salmon." From this one learns that the witnesses against the sea lions are first, the fishermen; second, the State Fish Commission, and finally "and others."

Now who are the principal witnesses against the sea lions and what are their qualifications, that they are to be dismissed in this sweeping was as "and others?" I do not recall its use by any man of standing as applied to such distinguished scientific gentlemen as Dr. David Starr Jordan and Dr. Charles H. Gilbert, of Stanford University, and Dr. Harkness, of the California Academy of Science, yet Dr. Merriam must have been familiar with the fact that the California Commission conferred with them, and had their indorsement, before they requested the right to kill on reservations. Dr. David Starr Jordan wrote in 1899: "In the case of the small, black, barking sea lion (*zalophus*) there can be no question. It enters the rivers and takes fish from the nets and is probably very destructive," and later "that the brown sea lion (*zalophus*) was a terror and a robber who deserved no support." Dr. Merriam must also have been familiar with the fact that Dr. Charles H. Gilbert had written, "My knowledge of the fish eating propensities of the California sea lion dates from 1880, when I assisted Dr. Jordan to take the census of the fisheries of the Pacific Coast. I then had a fairly extensive experience upon the fishing grounds, in company with fishermen, and I became convinced from my own observations and from conversations with these men, that the sea lion is enormously destructive of fish and fishing gear. I have seen these animals patrolling the gill nets; I have seen them eating fish. I am in favor of the reduction in the size of the herds of the sea lions on the California coast, and believe that such reduction will materially increase the fish supply in these waters." In the face of this evidence was Dr. Merriam justified in speaking of Dr. Jordan and Dr. Gilbert as "and others"?

In concluding his article, Dr. Merriam makes this remarkable statement: "It is not claimed that sea lions in their native element never eat fish, at the same time the only actual evidence we have on the subject fails utterly to substantiate the allegations of the fishermen." In view of the quotations already made from Dr. Jordan and Dr. Gilbert, I submit that they appear to me to be actual evidence and are not to be dismissed as failing "utterly to substantiate," for here on the coast we have learned to give full weight and consideration to the statements of the distinguished President of Stanford University and his able assistant, Dr. Gilbert. Here they are believed to be careful and learned scientists, especially versed in aquatic life, and we do not, when we find them arrayed upon any side of a controversy, speak of them as "and others." Out here we are more familiar with their names than with the name of C. Hart Merriam, for they have become Californians in the best meaning of the term, and we resent their being written of as "others" and their statements dismissed as "failing utterly to substantiate."

And finally Dr. Merriam states, "And is it not significant that in former years, when sea lions were much more plentiful than now, salmon also were more abundant? If the fishermen will look into their own habits and customs during the past twenty-five years, it is believed that the cause of the decrease of the salmon will not be difficult to find, and this without changing the decrease to the inoffensive sea lion." I cannot find that the State Commission has ever claimed that the decrease in salmon is due alone to the sea lion. Who believes that to be the case? "Before the Gringo came," who cared what damage the sea lions did to the fishes, or who knows how many of either there were in the waters? With the coming of the white man his demands changed the equation. Fishing for salmon began and has continued. The killing of sea lions for their hides, oils and whiskers was carried on for a time, the adult males only being killed. The carcass is now of no value and the hunters went out of business some years ago, since which time the herd, so far as any one knows, is as large as it ever was. What "actual evidence" has Dr. Merriam to substantiate his statement that "in former years sea lions were much more plentiful than now"?

I have written this note to resent Dr. Merriam's application of the words "and others" to the principal witnesses against the sea lions, and to ask if Dr. C. Hart Merriam is so great that he can in a journal of science class such distinguished scientists as Dr. David Starr Jordan and Dr. Charles H. Gilbert as "and others."

STEELHEAD.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, California, June 15.

Glenmere Lake.

Orange County, New York.

GLENMERE LAKE is on the main line of the Erie Railroad. It can be easily reached from three different stations: Greycourt, 54 miles from New York, 4 miles from the lake; Chester, 55 miles from New York, 3 miles from the lake; Goshen, 60 miles from New York, 4 miles from the lake. It is sometimes advisable to use either Greycourt or Goshen, as many of the express trains stop at either or both of these stations, while they run through Chester without a stop.

Glenmere Lake is undoubtedly the best pickerel water we know of, both as regards size and quantity of fish. We give a birdseye view may of the lake, an explanation of which will show why this lake is always so plentifully stocked. Were millions of dollars to be spent in producing a perfect breeding ground, Glenmere could not be improved upon. Running back from the island the lake has a long arm stretching up into the woods. This arm of water is very shallow and thoroughly matted with weeds—so much so, that very few or none of the large fish go up far beyond its edge. This arm of shallow water is called the Marsh. Along the edge of the Marsh the big fish make their beds and spawn. As soon as the fry make their appearance they instinctively take to the weeds and shallow water, where they are afforded perfect protection, so that hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of young fish live through their first year's existence, where in other less favored spots they would have become the food of their cannibal brethren. The young fish do not appear to leave this nursery of theirs until they are about the size of railroad spikes and sufficiently strong to have a chance out in the body of the lake.

During the spring and summer one of the best fishing spots in the lake is along the edge of the Marsh among the crandocks and the many clumps of weeds. The big fish lie here evidently awaiting the exodus of the little fellows. This ground cannot be trolled—the obstacles are too many and too thick—but excellent results can be obtained by casting. The farmers and local Waltonians always cover this ground very thoroughly by skittering. When we first commenced to regularly fish this water, we did great work casting with Skinner spoons. It took but a very short time for the local fishermen to find that a Skinner spoon was by far a better lure than their old-fashioned skitter bait. To-day they cannot be induced to use anything else; and really these local fishermen are experts in casting a spoon with their 18 and 20 foot reed poles.

Some short time since large-mouth black bass were planted in the lake; they are now becoming quite plentiful, averaging about a pound each. There is not the slightest doubt that within a year or two Glenmere will lead all other waters as a bass ground, as she does to-day as a pickerel water. Large yellow perch are so numerous that the water appears to be literally alive with them. The best rigs to use in Glenmere Lake are: For trolling, Skinner casting spoons, No. 3, silver and brass; for casting, Skinner casting spoon, No. 4½, silver and brass. In both cases a little piece of the white belly of another fish should be attached to the hook as bait. No feathers of any description should be used.

Now, with either Pat or Tom, the two hotel guides, we will take a turn around the lake, noting as we cast or troll along the shores the best points and holes. Starting from the boat house, we will hug the right-hand shore. As soon as our spoons are fairly out we expect to find one waiting for us under the shade of the willows, then another one or two from the clump of weeds where the road turns off to Florida. A little beyond this clump of weeds is an orchard on the shore. Just off the last apple tree down by the water is a deep hole. At this point we expect a big fellow, as it is a favorite spot of theirs. For about 100 yards from this hole the bottom is gravelly and the fishing only so so, but as soon as the fence is reached the fishing is again good and continues so to the head of the lake. About 100 yards out into the lake opposite the next fence are a number of clumps of weeds. We always get three or four trolling around and between them. From this weed bed up to the lower point of the bay is first-class water, both for trolling and casting. Some fine fish can be got by casting in among the weeds close to shore and alongside the cranberry bushes. All around the lower part of the bay is good casting ground. From the lower point of the bay to 100 yards above the upper boat house is the best stretch of trolling water in the lake. We have taken scores of double-headers just out from the big oak tree below the boat house, and again just off the boat house. We on one occasion took twenty-nine fish in thirty-one minutes in this stretch of water, and all good ones. It was almost an impossibility to get the spoon ten feet from the boat before a fish was on it, and often it was taken when only 6 or 7 feet from the boat.

From the boat house the lake takes the form of a large cove. Part of this water is available for trolling, but the bulk is casting water. Some of the biggest fish taken in the lake comes from the cove, and are generally taken by casting into the holes among the weeds close to the shore just above the boat house. On leaving this cove we will hug the opposite shore and pass down on the inside of the little rush island, where we generally get two or three fish alongside the rushes. On turning the corner of the bulrushes on shore we generally get three or four more victims for the box. When down at the end of the bulrushes turn up toward the Marsh, keeping as close to the rushes as possible. Some big fish are annually taken here. From the bulrushes down to the end of the big island is magnificent water. The fishing is in among the crandocks and cranberry bushes. Should the angler catch the fish well on the feed at this spot, there is no limit to his catch. Having before noted the fishing around the mouth of the Marsh, we will start into Peddler's Cove from the last bunch of cranberry bushes on the outside of the big island. Peddler's Cove is one of our favorite spots in the lake; there are always plenty of bass, pickerel and big perch in it. It is available for trolling, casting or bait-fishing. At the bottom and on the outside of Peddler's Cove there is a small island; the water is good all around it.

After leaving this island we round Catfish Rock and generally get a couple before our lines are straightened out for the run down the lake. The deepest water in the lake is off Catfish Rock (16 feet). The shore all the way from Catfish Rock down to the lower cove is good trolling water, and generally yields three or four fish. The lower cove generally adds three or four more to the box, and another three or four can be got along the shore from this cove over to the bathing pavilion. We round the pavilion and are at the boat house from which we started and in time for lunch. The reader may ask how many fish we have taken since we started; we will say that we have on many an occasion taken over 100 in once thoroughly working around the lake, as above described, and this between morning and lunch time; and during the day over 200. The fact is, the lake is overstocked. We have no hesitation in saying that if one-half of the fish were taken out the quality of the fishing would be improved, for then the percentage of large fish—3, 4 and 5 pounds—would be greater than now, but as long as the Marsh remains to foster and protect the young fish all the legitimate fishing in the world, no matter how many anglers fish the lake, will never materially reduce the quantity.

Has any of our readers a taste for frogs' legs? If so, let him take Pat on a warm, still night and go up into the Marsh. With the aid of a lamp or torch a big fat frog can be seen calmly sitting on every other lilypad. With a long bamboo pole having a couple of yards of copper wire and a big treble hook on the small end of the pole, the (frog) angler can in a short time get all he wants. If he be an expert in jabbing there is no reason why he should not return from the Marsh in two or three hours with a couple of hundred frogs. Pat is an expert in taking them off the hook. During a calm, warm afternoon they will also be found out on the lilypads. The outfit now will be Pat again, the same long pole, but instead of a wire and treble hook, a couple of yards of linen line and a single hook, with a piece of red flannel on it for bait. It requires a good set of nerves to witness their enormous jumps for the red rag without a shock. There is quite a lot of fun chasing frogs in the Marsh, in addition to a dainty morsel for dinner or lunch.

Tom is more of an expert fisherman than a frog hunter. He is of rather a peculiar race, his father having been a negro and mother an Indian. Tom is a magnificent specimen of manhood, standing over 6 feet high, and broad in proportion. Some of his admirable traits are: An untiring worker, ever ready, willing, obliging and polite, and a regular fish fox. Tom is worthy of any one's trust and confidence.

When an angler is going to fish Glenmere Lake, it is just as well to write the proprietor, Mr. H. H. Cable, whose post office address is Glenmere Lake Hotel, Florida, Orange county, N. Y., and let him know by what train he is coming and at what station he will get off. Mr. Cable will then send a rig to meet him. When at the lake it will be only a matter of five minutes before he will find himself pleasantly and agreeably situated, and perfectly at home. Although absolutely in the country, the hotel has telephone connection, so that any business man can have a talk with his office at any time he wishes.

Before leaving this very charming little lake, which is one of the many artistic bits of water that dot and adorn beautiful Orange county, we must take a glimpse of its more than beautiful surroundings. Glenmere Lake is on the borders of Goshen, a veritable land flowing with milk and honey. Some of the fairest lands conceivable are in the vicinity of Glenmere. It would seem that nature had done her very best to bestow her greatest gifts throughout this region. In driving from the lake to the village of Goshen, a distance of about four miles, we pass through a stretch of most perfect park-like land; nothing richer or more pleasing to the eye exists. From this rural gem we will take the opposite direction from the lake and pass through miles of forests and rugged mountains, until we look down on Greenwood Lake, a silver thread among the somber green lines of forest-clad mountains. This part of the country is wild and picturesque. Once more we will start from Glenmere and

drive on our way home to Chester Station, a distance of about three miles. We pass through a broken country up hill and down dale, through clumps of woods, and rich rolling meadow lands, and here and there skirt flat, black lands, locally known as onion patches, but which are in reality extinct lakes. These have been filled in during the past thousands of years by vegetable growths. How many thousands of years it has taken to thus obliterate these lakes geologists can best inform us. Many valuable and interesting remains of antediluvian animals are periodically unearthed in the cultivation of these peat lands. Probably the largest specimen remains of the giant mastodon ever brought to light was taken from one of these dark swamps, but a few miles distant from Glenmere Lake. As one looks over these dark fields, now under the control of human hands, one's mind naturally pictures the time when these grim antediluvian animals roamed supreme over these fair lands of Orange county. And when one thinks of their immense size and strength, it is easy also to picture the terrible pitched battles that were fought between them and other equally terrible monsters. Century upon century, thousands upon thousands of years have elapsed since the rolling lands of Orange county felt the heavy tread of the mastodon's foot. After the mastodon, man became the supreme power. Century upon century thousands upon thousands of years rolled on over the head of this newer and more perfect animal, who during these long periods was constantly changing and developing, until we come down to yesterday, when history steps in with its pages of print and paper to give us a little light on a few past hours of earth's existance, taking the place of tales told by water-worn pebbles, fossils, bones, stone implements and rude carvings.

Upon the arrival of the white man upon this continent the red man was found in possession and power. Again battles fierce and bloody were fought between the two races for supremacy. Once more it became the survival of the fittest. The red man with his fierce, cruel nature was supplanted with the gentler paleface, who with his intelligence and science remains bringing forth from the bowels of the earth nature's great treasures, which have been lying dormant since the Creation. But we must leave these fair hills, with their wooded slopes and green pastures; we must hie away from these dark swamps with their bony movements of bygone ages, for we are entering the sun glare of civilization, which dispels the shadowy mists of the past.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Unsatisfactory Western Angling Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 21.—Still we have only gloom and despair in this corner of the world. From cold and bleak east winds and chilly nights we have sprung all at once into a season of torrid midday temperattures and of all sorts of atmospheric vagaries. As a consequence, our trout have taken to the tall timber and have not send word of their whereabouts. Bass fishing, it is true, runs along, for there is no more obliging gentleman than your black bass. As to the muscallunge, the situation is about the same as that of the trout. Nobody has caught any trout worth mentioning. I have already told of the 22-pound fish which came down from near Conover, Wis., from Mr. Wheelock's party, and this still remains the largest fish reported for the season, and it would certainly seem as if the State of Wisconsin had gone entirely barren of muscallunge. Lake Vieux Desert turned out five good fish to the rod of Mr. Peck, of Chicago. He is of the opinion, as is general with anglers who are familiar with Lake Vieux Desert and its vicinity, that the lake does not contain many muscallunge, but when you do make a strike it is generally a very good one.

Mr. Harry Gobel, of the Hartford Building, this city, is one of the most patient of our muscallunge anglers who annually make a northern pilgrimage in the early summer. Harry went up to Lake Vieux Desert last week, but he came back without his 'lunge. He had some good bass fishing, but he did not care for bass. He got only one strike of any consequence, and caught a glimpse of the fish, which missed the spoon in some way, although it struck at the line and carried the spoon down into the water with it. This was the only fish of any size which Mr. Gobel saw during the trip.

Minocqua seems to be the best water, all things considered, for muscallunge this spring. I hear of one party who took six 'lunge at Carroll Lake this week, which water is just below Minocqua. The fish were not of any size, however.

Mr. H. L. Stanton, who, with Mr. Frank Willard, of this city, intended to take a muscallunge trip, probably in the Manitowish country this week, was, the last time I saw him, standing on one foot looking disconsolate and hopeless. "I always thought Willard was a thoroughbred," said he, "but here he is throwing me down for the first time in his life. He says he isn't sure he would get any muscallunge or he would be glad to go. Talk about being sure! It seems to me the only way he can get any muscallunge is to go out and try for them."

I advised Mr. Stanton to go alone, even if he had to walk every mile of the distance and fish by himself all the time. This business of trying to get together a party of anglers is one of the most heartbreaking experiences one can have. The only thing to do is to set a time for starting and then start on that date, rain or shine, whether the rest of the party are there or not. In this way you will always get what you start after.

Mr. Stanton, by the way, has returned from St. Louis to stay here permanently. Chicago is his first and only love, and he will join the ranks of anglers very gladly, nor could any man possible to be named be more welcome among them. He ought to put a "want ad." in the FOREST AND STREAM inquiring for a new fishing partner. I am sorry to hear of this about Frank Willard.

For the Mississippi River.

Mr. W. H. Comstock, whom I have from time to time mentioned in these columns for the past ten years as one of the first and most successful of our Chicago fly-fishers, came into the office this week looking for a good bass country. He said that he and a friend connected with the C., B. & Q. Railway wanted to go where they could get some really good fly-fishing for bass. This was easy. I advised him to get on a Q. train, go to Alma, Minn., and float down the river to La Crosse, Wis. This is not the time of year locally accounted to be the best for Mississippi River fly-fishing for bass. Yet it is almost certain that they will get fish enough to give them enjoyment. I have called attention to this fly-fishing for bass on the upper reaches of the Mississippi before now. It would be a revelation to a fisherman who has had all his experience upon the smaller streams of the Mississippi Valley. I trust Mr. Comstock and his friend will have an enjoyable time and believe that they will meet success.

Mr. Avery's Rainbow.

From an envelope this morning fell the following newspaper clipping:

"The mind of the imaginative fisherman cannot stretch a story beyond that which Waldo A. Avery can tell and substantiate, says the Detroit Journal. On exhibition in front of Joseph A. Marks' store on Woodward avenue is a rainbow trout, the largest seen in this town for years, and by some claimed to be the largest ever shown here. The fish measures a trifle over 23¼ inches from end of tail to tip of mouth, and is a trifle short of 6 incehs through in the thickest part.

"This trout was caught Saturday in the Au Sable River with a 4-ounce Leonard rod and with a No. 6 Cahill fly, and the weight, dead, is 4¾ pounds. The feat of landing such a heavy fish with such a light rod and slender hook can be appreciated when it is remembered that the wire used in a No. 6 hook is only about the same size as that used in the common house pin, and the whole hook could easily be laid upon a man's thumb nail. The fly—a mottled brown one—is hardly as big as a common house fly."

The above inclosure came with the following letter from Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., and it certainly would seem to indicate that Mr. Avery has had one of those great streaks of luck which is better than finding a pot of gold under the end of the real rainbow. A weight of 4¾ pounds is something of a staggerer even for the rainbow in Michigan. This little feat calls again to mind the increasing importance of the rainbow trout in all the angling plans of lower Michigan. It has come to stay, and it will as surely supplant the brook trout there as the latter did the grayling. Mr. Mershon wrote:

"The inclosed clipping from a Saginaw paper certainly explains itself. The remarkable feature of it is the size of the rainbow trout taken in the day time on a fly. I know there have been a great many far larger rianbow trout than this taken from some of the Michigan streams, but I always have understood that these large fellows have been taken either with a worm or a minnow, and generally at dusk or late into the night. But this one that Mr. Avery killed was taken on a fly, the paper says a No. 6, but I looked at the Cahill pretty carefully, and I should have said it was a No. 8, but that is immaterial. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and it was taken from a deep pool below an old abandoned dam on a little stream that puts into the North Branch of the Au Sable. He made a gallant fight, and I stood by and finally netted him for Mr. Avery, while George Morley looked on and admired the performance, so you see here again were three members of the Saginaw Crowd strictly 'in it.'

"I have not had any tremendous trout fishing this year. All of May was stormy, cold and disagreeable, with only an occasional day for decent fishing, and June has come off hot. We spent four days in camp last week and had a grand time. We got very few trout during the day, but just at evening for about three-quarters of an hour the rainbow trout would be jumping, and during that time we would take from four to ten, and that would end the day. We had several weighing from 1 to 2 pounds, but found very few fontinalis on the North Branch. I do not think it is a stream that it pays to fish late in the season. Of course the new law limiting the size to of 8 inches is a grand one, and every one seems to take kindly to it, and it is saving the fish.

"I have missed my salmon fishing this year, but I understand the run of fish is very poor, and no fishing has been done yet worth speaking of."

Trout Fishing with a Steam Launch.

Mr. C. Gus Brommer, of Chicago, wants a bit of advice as to where he and his friends can get some good trout fishing from their steam launch. His letter reads as below:

"I am one of a party of three young men comprising the Trio Cruising Club. We have a 16-foot launch which contains a reliable motor and has unusually large locker space. One of the features is two large lockers, which are built one on the forward and the other on the after deck and 15 inches high, which have a storage capacity equal to two small trunks. In short, we have had the launch remodeled to meet our requirements, and have embodied many conveniences not to be expected in a small boat, all calculated so as not to detract from its seaworthiness or spoil its lines. It is loaded with three guns with plenty of ammunition, a complete fishing outfit for three, a camera and sundries, besides a camping outfit, including a 7 x 10 tent, a camp cook kit, some provisions and many other little useful trifles.

"Now you have some idea of the extent of our outfit. But the real object of this communication is to advise you of our destination, which is northern Wisconsin and Michigan via Green Bay. Our aim is to run up some one of the larger rivers that empty into it. Which one shall we choose? We favor the Menominee River, but we are told it abounds with falls and rapids and we want to avoid them as much as possible, yet we anticipate them and expect to portage it around such obstacles when the portage required does not exceed more than a hundred feet or two, hence the abbreviated boat.

"We have plenty of time and wish to camp and fish at our leisure. What we want is good fishing, particularly for trout, a navigable stream for a craft drawing 2 feet of water, and we want to get as far into the interior as possible, and of course pleasant camping grounds, comparatively sanitary."

I should think that Mr. Brommer and his friends would find the Menominee River too full of rapids and falls for navigation. The Escanaba River, the Ontanogon, or indeed almost any of those Northern trout streams, according to my understanding, would in all likelihood be apt to offer similar inconveniences to a craft drawing 2 feet of water. There might be many reaches where the boat would do nicely, but there would surely be shallows and falls in parts of the streams which would render navigation impossible. I should think that the Flambeau River, the Chippewa or the Wisconsin, though not offering trout fishing, would present more attractions for a trip of this kind. They would offer excitement enough in certain passages of their rougher waters and would provide very interesting sport with wall-eyed pike, bass and even an occasional muscallunge.

He Reported His Luck.

All sorts of people come into the FOREST AND STREAM office and ask for information on all sorts of things. They learn where to go fishing, then they do go fishing, and perhaps they come back home. Perhaps they never do come back; at least, in nine cases out of ten there is no further information to the effect that they ever have returned. They nearly always fail to report their luck at the same place where they got their tip.

Mr. E. J. Pressler, of this city, is an exception to this ordinary rule, and I am glad to offer his note, which he leaves, mentioning his trip to the Prairie River: "I went in at Merrill," he says, "and stopped at Dudley's. The water was very low and clear, and low down on the river there is scarcely anything to be had now. You have to go away up and fish up stream. There are any quantity of small fish, but I kept nothign under 8 inches. I think I took in the four days I was there 250 fish, and out of this number I killed less than 60—I think 58. The water was very cold. There were a few warm days and a lot of flies then, and this probably gave us what good fish we had. One day I had been working up stream and had worked out a couple or three fish, when I heard a big native come tearing over the brush. He had a bait can tied around his neck, and had a dozen or fifteen big fish in his bag. This was the only bait-fisherman I saw, and he stopped at Bates'.

"The Prairie River is the most beautiful trout stream I ever saw. It is a perfect stream for fly-fishing. Major Daniels, of Denver (who is the same Major Daniels who first went up to the Prairie River on the FOREST AND STREAM recommendation) and Mr. Stevens, of Harvard, are making a scientific study of the fly hatches and trying their own flies in imitation to ascertain the effect. Indeed I would not have had any fish at all had it not been for the generosity of Mr. Stevens in offering me some of his flies.

"I just let you hear from me to prove that there is one man who would come back and report his success in return for information."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 22.—Anglers are having a second season's unusual experience with a run of very large bass. While my personal observation is not quite up to my past experience, still I am on the grounds every day and keep in pretty close touch with the fraternity; and I very much doubt if ever a day gave better results than yesterday. Omitting names of captors, the weights of the large fellows were 20½, 10, 23, 23, 27, 44, 35, 22, 20, besides a host of fish from 4 to 8 pounds each. This I believe will be regarded as a record day for large fish. The favorite bait is the skinner clam. And thereby hangs a secret, which, by the way, has become an open one. The past two years our beach has been fairly deluged with the clams, and the bass seeking them as they are broken up in the surf became a comparatively easy prey. Kingfish are very scarce, owing no doubt to a very cold prevailing current. A few weakfish are in our bays and rivers, but as yet are not biting freely. Fluke and plaice are plentiful, and can be taken in abundance everywhere.

LEONARD HULIT.

BAYVILLE, N. J., June 20.—Weakfish are biting slowly, but we expect them on full of moon. Were quite a supply of bluefish in the bay this week.

HERB.

Exposition of Fisheries at St. Petersburg.

CONSUL-GENERAL GUENTHER sends the following from Frankfort, May 8, 1901:

The Imperial Russian Association of Fisheries will hold an international exposition in February and March, 1902, at St. Petersburg, for the purpose of showing the condition of the fresh and salt water fisheries of the world. The expense of the exposition will be defrayed by the Association, the Crown, the municipal government, private contributions, and by charges for exhibition space and for the admission of visitors. Premiums will be awarded in the form of gold, silver and bronze medals, diplomas of honor and money prizes. The exposition will have nine departments, as follows: (1) Fisheries in general; (2) salt and fresh water fisheries; (3) implements used in the fisheries industry; (4) products of the fisheries; (5) manner and means for preserving fish; (6) arrangement of fish hatcheries; (7) fishing sport; (8) aquariums and their inmates; (9) scientific researches concerning the lives of fishes, etc.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

	Long Distance Fly. Feet.	Bait Casting. Per Cent.	Delicacy Bait. Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco	85	87 7-10	95 1-5
I. H. Bellows	100	84 9-10	94 2-3
H. Greenwood	85	86 2-5	89 1-2
H. G. Hascall	107	95 1-5	97 1-6
N. C. Heston	80	96 1-5	94 1-6
G. A. Hinterleitner	...	84 1-5	95
F. N. Peet	104	87 1-2	98 1-6
C. B. Robinson	...	79 1-5	71 1-3
G. W. Salter	...	93 9-10	84 1-3

Lake Pleasant.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., June 19.—We are in receipt of a telegram from Morley's, at Lake Pleasant, stating that John Uhlinger, of this city, had landed a 17¼ pound salmon yesterday. This is the largest trout captured this season on this lake. The fishing has been good for brook trout and quite a few landlocked salmon have been taken trolling during the past ten days.

C. M. R.

Tarpon Fishing.

Second Paper—Tackle and Outfit.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notwithstanding my failure to inaugurate a discussion on the question of "where to go tarpon fishing," I herewith send you, according to promise, my second paper of the series, which will cover the subjects of tackle and outfit. I hope that this paper will have better luck than its predecessor, and I desire to point out the fact that it is by no means too late to discuss the subject of "where to go," in case that any tarpon fisherman decides to repent his former negligence and to give his brother sportsmen the benefit of his experience. For instance, Mr. Ed vom Hofe might be induced to tell something about his numerous haunts in Florida.

The following is a list of tackle that I consider essential for any one who can afford it, and who desires to have everything that is necessary for a two or three weeks' outing on tarpon and other game fishes, with plenty of it not only for his own use, but also to provide occasionally a day's sport for a friend who has no tackle and who desires to try his hand at tarpon fishing.

Nothing is more exasperating than to run short of tackle and be unable to purchase more, so the true sportsman will provide himself with everything that he thinks may be necessary, and probably a little besides. For my part, I never on any fishing trip fail to break and lose a lot of tackle, and I always find some good fellow who wants to borrow an outfit either to try the sport for the first time or to replenish his failing stock. Moreover, the beginner invariably succeeds in breaking or losing something, so when I return from a trip I generally have to spend from $25 to $50 in order to replenish my outfit.

This list covers everything required for all other kinds of fishing that is to be found with the tarpon fishing, for the reason that on some days the tarpon are absent or will not strike, while other fish are obtainable; besides, some sportsmen like an occasional change from large to small fish. It is true that one can catch nearly all salt-water game fishes on tarpon tackle simply by changing the snells, but, as there is not much sport in "spearing minnows with a harpoon," it is better to adjust the tackle to the fish. Occasionally one gets left by so doing, because tarpon and jackfish will often go for small bait. When one of them gets hung on light tackle, there is an exciting time till something parts. I once for twenty minutes held a 6-foot tarpon on a light, 11-foot rod with a small bass reel containing 100 feet of strong line, the hook being a No. 2 mackerel, mounted on a 12-inch wire, and the bait a minnow about 2 inches long. In endeavoring to prevent the fish from towing the boat into the surf, I broke the rod, then the hook straightened out and the fish escaped. Such an experience is extremely exciting, and by no means disappointing, because the odds are fully 100 to 1 in favor of the fish.

List of Tackle.

1 long trunk for rods.
1 sheet iron box for tackle.
2 or 3 tarpon rods.
2 medium-sized rods for channel bass, etc.
2 light rods for small fish.
2 or 3 tarpon reels.
2 medium-sized reels.
2 small reels.
2 or 3 tarpon lines.
2 medium-sized lines.
2 light lines.
2 dozen tarpon snells.
2 dozen snells with medium-sized hooks.
2 dozen snells with small hooks.
1 dozen unmounted tarpon hooks.
1 dozen unmounted medium-sized hooks.
1 dozen unmounted small hooks.
3 dozen large bronze barrel swivels.
3 dozen medium-sized swivels.
3 dozen small swivels.
40 tarpon snell wires about 2 feet long.
40 lighter snell wires about 1½ feet long.
40 light snell wires about 1 foot or 1 foot 3 inches long.
1 gaff hook.
1 revolver with from 50 to 100 cartridges.
4 dozen heavy, detachable sinkers.
4 dozen smaller assorted sinkers.
2 or 3 large cork floats.
2 or 3 smaller floats.
1 old tarpon line, or other strong line for tying on reels and splicing cracked rods.
1 piece of beeswax.
1 small table vise.
1 pair strong cutting pincers.
1 pair smaller flat pincers.
1 pair round pincers.
1 piece of rubber belting about ¼ inch thick, large enough for half a dozen brakes.
1 piece of sheet lead.
2 flat files.
1 triangular file.
2 disgorgers.
1 stick of glue, or other composition for mending rods.
1 large strong knife for cutting hooks out of fish.
2 or 3 sheets of emery paper.
1 bottle of oil.
1 oiler.
1 leather case for carrying hooks, etc.
1 belt with socket for rod.
1 cushion for chair.
1 screw driver.
1 pocket tool box.
1 spool of fine copper wire.
1 ball of strong cord.
1 scale for weighing fish up to 50 pounds.
1 scale for weighing fish up to 300 pounds.
1 spool of strong linen thread.
1 bottle of vaseline for greasing steel.
3 or 4 thumb guards.
1 dozen finger guards.
1 line dryer.

The following is a list of outfit that is provided by the boatman at most fishing resorts; but the sportsman invariably should make sure each day that no item thereof has been omitted:

2 pair oars.
4 rowlocks.
1 anchor, with long rope and buoy.
1 chair lashed down near stern of boat.
1 club for killing fish.
1 large jug of drinking water.
1 drinking cup.
2 bailing dishes.
1 sail and mast, if desired.
1 live bait box, if desired.
1 piece of rope 10 or 12 feet long.
1 sheath knife.

Sometimes the boatman furnishes also a gaff and a cushion, but it is better for the sportsman to go provided with these.

The following list of clothing, etc., may prove useful to the uninitiated, and perhaps even to old sportsmen to use as a check on the things that they have collected for an outing. For years I have made a practice of providing typewritten lists of such things for my own use and for that of friends who intend joining me on my fishing expeditions. All agree that such lists are of the greatest convenience.

Clothing, Etc.

1 light-colored felt hat, and for hot weather, a Chinese scoop hat set out from the head.
1 rubber coat or poncho.
3 flannel shirts.
1 or 2 hunting coats.
2 or 3 pairs blue jeans or overalls.
1 vest or sweater, if cool weather be expected.
3 suits of underclothing suitable to the weather anticipated.
6 pairs socks.
1 pair hip rubber boots. These are not absolutely necessary, but sometimes are very convenient to have.
2 pairs ordinary walking shoes.
6 large bandanna handkerchiefs.
1 pocket knife, with corkscrew.
2 pairs leather or heavy kid gloves.
1 housewife, containing needles, thread, buttons, pins and safety pins.
1 toilet case.
1 shaving outfit, if desired.
1 package of toilet paper.
1 bottle of Jamaica ginger or Chamberlain's colic cure.
Any other medicines desired.
1 bottle of vaseline for toilet purposes.
1 box of matches.
Liquors or other drinkables, if desired.
Cigars and smoking paraphernalia, if desired.
Some light liteurature for stormy days.

In order to enable the novice to buy proper outfit, I append the following estimate of cost thereof. It is based on purchasing everything of excellent quality though not in all cases the most expensive article obtainable.

If one is going to a well-known resort, he can omit many of the items on the list, especially the duplicates, and rely upon local dealers to replenish for breakage and loss; but an old and enthusiastic tarpon fisherman sooner or later will provide himself with all the articles on the list, and more besides.

Cost of Outfit.

1 trunk	$9 00
1 tackle box	5 00
2 rods	32 00
2 rods	20 00
2 rods	10 00
2 reels	50 00
2 reels	24 00
2 reels	14 00
2 lines	8 00
2 lines	5 00
2 lines	2 00
2 dozen snells	12 00
2 dozen snells	6 00
2 dozen snells	3 00
3 dozen hooks	3 00
9 dozen swivels	4 00
120 wires	2 00
1 gaff	5 00
1 revolver with, cartridges	15 00
8 dozen sinkers	2 00
6 floats	1 00
1 vise	1 00
3 pairs pincers	1 00
Belting, sheet lead, etc	1 00
3 files and 2 disgorgers	1 00
1 knife, glue, etc	1 00
1 oiler, oil and emery paper	1 00
1 leather case	2 00
1 belt	2 00
1 cushion	1 00
Sundries	1 00
Scales, line dryer, thumb and finger guards	6 00
Total	$250 00

If it be desired to add one more first-class tarpon rod, reel and line, the preceding amount would be increased to about $300.

Let not the size of this estimate deter any one from trying tarpon fishing, because he can get along with a much smaller outfit, especially by going to some well-known resort like Aransas Pass, where tackle, generally "cheap and nasty," is procurable.

One might venture on going there with no outfit at all, counting upon hiring one at say one dollar a day, plus the cost of breakage; but this is always unsatisfactory. Or he might buy a rod, reel and line with a dozen snells and trust to luck for the rest.

And now let us go down the list and discuss the various items in respect to their quality, characteristics and price.

Trunk.

This can be bought in New York from a tackle store, but it will prove to be a rather flimsy article, and, consequently, short lived. It is better to have one made to order by a good manufacturer of trunks, giving instructions to have it built as strong and rigid as practicable. The dimensions on the inside should be 8 inches square and 6 feet 1 inch long. It should have substantial twin locks near the ends and two strong snap hasps, one on each side of the middle and about 1 foot therefrom. The interior should be ribbed with steel flats, countersunk, so as not to injure the rods, and should be lined with cloth.

My trunk made on this specification cost $9. It is large enough to contain all my rods, gaffs and snells, several reels, two guns in their cases, and a lot of small tackle and clothing. The latter prevents the heavier articles from moving about. The trunk should always be packed full, even if it be necessary to use paper for the purpose.

Tackle Box.

My tackle box is an ideal one, the plans and specifications therefor having been prepared by the widely known tarpon fisherman, Mr. R. M. Snyder, of Kansas City. It is made of galvanized sheet iron, strengthened at the corners by filleting, and provided at the sides with strong handles, to which is buckled a stout leather strap. The outside dimensions are: Length, 16 inches; width, 12 inches, and height, 10½ inches. It is divided into three tiers, and contains two shelves. The top one is 4 inches deep, and occupies the entire area. The other is 3 inches deep, 11¾ inches long and 10 inches wide. This leaves two fixed compartments, the deep one of which is divided into two spaces of 6 inches by 6 inches, and the shallow one into three spaces of 3½ inches by 12 inches. The large tray is divided into four spaces, each about 4 inches by 12 inches, and the smaller one into three spaces, each about 4 inches by 10 inches.

Any one wanting a truly first-class tarpon tackle box can do no better than to order one built according to these specifications. Mine cost $5. It is perfect in every way, except that it is a trifle heavy—a good fault for a box that has to be shipped as baggage from 6,000 to 10,000 miles per annum.

Rods.

No rods that I have yet found are quite good enough for tarpon fishing. Cane ones are absolutely worthless, for, even if they do not break, they bend so excessively as to make one continually uneasy whenever a fish is on the line. A rod jointed at the middle is a delusion and a snare. I have a couple of them of the San Antonio pattern, and although they have landed some big fish, they are not to be depended on. Their weak place is just below the joint, and they will all break there sooner or later.

The split bamboo tarpon rod may be a good one, but the only one I ever owned slivered under the strain caused by a 6-footer. It has since been wound over a couple of feet of its length, and continues to do good service.

The best rod that I have yet found is Ed vom Hofe's $16 greenheart with agate guide and tip; nevertheless I snapped one of them short off on my last outing, under the strain of a 25-pound jackfish. There is not enough material in tarpon rods, for they bend too much and break too easily. The sportsman should never have to consider anything but the strength of his line when fighting a fish.

A steel rod would be the ideal one for tarpon fishing if it could be prevented from rusting. I have never heard of such a rod, but would like to try one built like the Bristol steel rod, which, in my opinion, is the *ne plus ultra* of rods for bait-casting and trolling in fresh water. However, it will not withstand the rusting effect of salt water. The great advantage of a steel rod is that it never takes a permanent set or shows any bending after use. All wooden rods bend permanently more or less, especially those used in tarpon fishing, necessitating the constant reversion of the tip in the socket in order to bend it back.

If Mr. vom Hofe would add about 25 per cent. to the diameters of his $16 greenheart rod, he would effect a great improvement.

There is not much use in buying cheap tarpon rods. They nearly always fail quickly, and cannot be relied on to handle heavy fish, although it was on a little $8 or $10 Divine rod of mine that Dr. H. W. Howe landed the record tarpon of 223 pounds. Although a stout little rod, it was cheaply built, and I noticed that the silk windings came off after a few months' service.

The Bethabara rod is much talked of, but my limited experience with it leads me to believe that the wood is too brittle.

Lancewood, if enough of it be used, makes a fairly good rod. Dr. Howe has one of his own manufacture that is nearly strong enough to land a whale. He uses it to lend to tyros, chumps and greenhorns who want to see what tarpon fishing is like. One of them lifted on it a 4½-footer and threw the fish into the boat.

The medium rods for channel bass and other fish up to 25 or 30 pounds in weight should be jointed at the butt only, but the light rods for small fish may have several joints.

Reels.

A really good tarpon reel cannot be bought for less than $20, and I prefer to pay $25 or $30. My experience has been mainly with the Ed vom Hofe reels. His $20 rubber reel is pretty fair, but the one I have gets badly used up every year or two, and has to go back to the shop for repairs. His $25 reel (or $30 with the patent outgoing drag) is more durable; but the said patent drag is by no means worth the extra $5, as it is altogether too feeble, although I understand that he claims to be making it more powerful than formerly. In my opinion, an initial resistance of 4 or 5 pounds would not be at all too much for such a drag. No drag should operate with an incoming line for the fish alone will provide all the work that the sportsman needs.

Cheap reels are continually getting out of order, and are therefore unsatisfactory.

A good reel should hold readily 500 feet of line, and no more than this should be put on reels of ordinary size, unless the line be a fine one. It is very seldom that more than 300 feet of line are taken out by a tarpon, and I don't think I have ever seen one take more than 350 feet.

If Dr. Howe ever perfects his reel with the patent brake, it will run out of the market all of the reels that are being manufactured to-day; but he has been trying to have his reels constructed in Mexico, which is impracticable, and he is working on the cut-and-try method instead of by complete detailed plans and specifications, which is the way in which an engineer would tackle the problem.

The reel for the medium sized rod should carry readily not less than 300 feet of line, and should cost from $10 to $20.

The reel for small fishing should carry not less than 200 feet of line, and should cost from $6 to $10.

I have heard a great deal about the Kentucky reel, and that it has lately been adapted to tarpon fishing; but have never even seen one, so can pass no opinion on it excepting as to price, which is high—prohibitively so for many sportsmen, as it costs about as much as a first-class modern gun.

Lines.

Of all the lines that I have ever tried, but two have proved satisfactory—viz., the Genuine Hall No. 27 and the Empire City No. 36. These are both truly excellent, being strong, durable and reliable. The diameter of the Hall lines increases with the numbers, but the No. 27 is decidedly larger than the Empire City No. 36. The latter has surprising strength for its size. It landed Dr. Howe's record tarpon, after having been in constant use for three weeks. On the other hand, one of my No. 27 Hall lines landed a 350-pound jewfish.

Between these two lines there is almost no choice, except that a reel will spool more of the Empire City than of the Hall.

There is on the market a dark, olive-green line termed "Cuttyhunk," which is absolutely worthless for tarpon fishing. It untwists immediately, gets soft and breaks.

It is possible that there are other good tarpon lines besides the two I have mentioned, but they have never come to my notice. Some one was telling me lately of a

Hall tarpon line stronger and heavier than the No. 27. If such there be, I want one, as no line is too good for the silver king.

A spool containing 600 feet of good tarpon line is worth $4, but it does not pay to buy so much, because the ordinary reel will not hold it, even when it is dry, much less when it is wet. I find that I can buy a spool of 900 feet of Empire City No. 36 for about $5, thus making two good lines at a little more than $2.50 each. A length of 450 feet is ample, even after it has been shortened by several weeks' use.

For medium-sized fish, a No. 18 or a No. 21 Hall line is very satisfactory, or a shorter piece—say 300 feet—of Empire City No. 36.

For the small fishing there are many good, light lines, but it must not be forgotten that heavier line is needed in salt water than is required in fresh water, for two reasons, viz.: First, the greater deteriorating effect of salt water; and, second, the greater chance of hooking occasionally a large fish.

Snells.

The ordinary tarpon snell that one buys from a tackle store consists of a piece of steel wire 4 or 5 feet long with a hook at one end and a swivel at the other. This is not the proper thing at all, because at least three swivels are necessary to prevent the line from untwisting.

Again, the wire is usually too weak. The general idea that to have the wire as strong as the line is sufficient is all wrong, because the snell is often put to far greater strain than the line could stand. For instance, a taropn is often beached by the boatman grasping the end of the snell and hauling the fish out on to the sand. Many a weak snell has failed under such a condition, thus losing the sportsman's well-earned prey.

What is the best kind of wire to use for snells is still an unsettled question. The objections to steel are: 1st—If it has ever been coiled, it can never be made to stay even approximately straight, and a curved snell prevents one from striking the hook effectively into the fish. 2d—It is liable to kink and then snap off short. 3d—It rusts rapidly. 4th—It soon gets very brittle.

Brass wire has been used by Dr. Howe, and he has found it to be satisfactory, but my experience with it has been unfortunate, for the roll I bought proved to be too brittle to twist properly, so I had to take out the temper near the end of each length by heating about 3 inches of the wire in a gas flame. Several of these snells broke at the eye, so I now have four dozen of them to cut up and remake with better wire.

Next time I shall probably try copper, as it will need no annealing. I used a copper snell once, and it did not fail, although the wire was rather light.

Some tackle makers insert a short piece of chain between the hook and the wire, for the purpose of preventing the latter from being broken at the jaw of the fish. The idea is not a bad one, but the benefit from the chain is not equivalent to the extra price charged for it—some 20 or 25 cents per snell. I cannot remember ever having had a wire break for want of such a chain.

Hooks.

There is no really good tarpon hook in existence; some are better than others, but they are all bad, being lacking in strength, rigidity and toughness. The least objectionable kind is the latest pattern of the Van Vleck hook, but even these hooks fail continually by snapping off short or by corkscrewing. I have had as many as three broken or spoiled in a single forenoon.

There seems to be prevalent an incorrect idea that it is essential to keep down the amount of metal in the hook for fear of frightening the tarpon. My experience with that fish leads me to believe that it does not give a blank for anybody or anything. If a tarpon wants the bait, it will take it almost regardless of all condiitons, while at times nothing will induce the fish even to look at it. Some fishermen contend that the snell should be of very fine wire, so as to be nearly invisible, while, on the other hand in Florida they still-fish with leather snells a quarter of an inch square and with pieces of strong rope of fully that diameter.

The hook manufacturers ought to make some experimental hooks of about the ordinary size, but of much greater strength, and have sportsmen give them a thorough test. I feel confident that they would prove satisfactory, if made of the proper material.

Swivels.

The best swivels to use are the large size, bronze, barrel swivels. I have never known one to break or to bind because of the action of the salt water on the metal, while on several occasions brass swivels have failed me by breaking, and I have often seen them refuse to operate. The bronze barrel swivels cost 6 cents each, which probably represent a profit of several hundred per cent.

Gaff.

A gaff hook of polished steel with screw end, mounted on a good ash handle, about 5½ feet long, can be bought for $5 or less. It should have no barb, not only because it is unnecessary, but also because of the great tendency for it to break off. Portions of the handle should be wrapped with strong, coarse twine so as to give a firm grip for the hands.

Sinkers.

Lead sinkers should weigh from one ounce down. For tarpon fishing they should always be detachable, for a reason that will be explained in my next paper, which will treat of "how to fish."

An easy way to make them detachable is to fasten them to the snell by two or three turns of fine copper wire. Hollow cylinders of lead made for fish nets are excellent for this purpose, being of about the right weight and convenient for attaching the wire.

Floats.

These are not often necessary, but in some places they are essential, so one should be provided with them. The easiest way to make one is to tie some old tarpon line firmly around a piece of cork about 2 inches square and 3 or 4 inches long, leaving the ends of the line hanging for 3 or 4 inches so as to tie onto the snell by means of a how knot, in order that it may be untied readily.

Brakes.

The brakes sold with tarpon reels consist of a piece of leather a little narrower than the spool of the reel and about 2½ inches long, attached to the rear spreading bar of the reel in such a manner as to turn on it with considerable friction. Rubber belting is preferable to ordinary leather for this purpose, but the peculiar leather used lately on the Ed vom Hofe reels makes the best brake of this type. All of them, however, it is to be hoped, will be superseded soon by Dr. Howe's patent brake, which acts on the exterior of the spool instead of on the line. Pressure on the latter must tend to wear it out, especially when, as is occasionally the case, some sand gets into the spool.

There is an additional brake that I always use, consisting of a strip of rubber belting about an inch wide and 3 or 4 inches long tied to the rod some 12 or 15 inches above the reel seat. It is operated by pinching the line between it and the guard on the left thumb. It is very useful in relieving the right thumb from the long-continued strain of operating the main brake, and in preventing the reel from overrunning when one is attempting to shoot a fish.

Belt.

This can be dispensed with entirely when fishing from a boat, but when fishing from the shore it is truly essential. It should be broad and stiff, and the leather socket should be deep. A similar socket to be screwed to the chair seat has come into use lately. It ought to prove to be quite convenient, but as I have not tried it I cannot indorse it at present.

Cushion.

This should be about 15 inches square and 3 inches thick. It should be somewhat pliable, so that the butt of the rod can be placed between it and the wooden seat of the chair.

Scales.

There is a combination scale for weighing both large and small fish, and costing ony a dollar and a half. It weighs by one set of levers up to 300 pounds, and by another set up to 40. While it is all right for heavy fish, I do not think it is sufficiently accurate for small ones, so prefer to have also an ordinary spring balance, weighing up to 50 pounds, and costing not to exceed $2.

Guards.

Thumb guards should be crocheted from coarse cotton and finger guards from wool. They should be made large enough to go over a glove, and are needed on the left hand only.

I have evolved a combination of finger and thumb guards that works very effectively, enabling one to grasp the spooled line firmly with the tips of the fingers and thumb. It consists in running a crocheted string from the lower end of each tip to a point on the back of the hand just above the wrist, and from there running two other crocheted strings to tie around the wrist in front. This prevents the tips from working off during the struggle.

Boatman's Outfit.

The necessity for two pairs of oars and row locks is not only to have spare ones in case of a break down, but also to enable the fishermen to aid the oarsman when he cannot make headway against wind and tide.

The object of the anchor is to ease up on the oarsman when there is a strong tide running. The rope should be attached to a buoy in the boat, so that when a fish strikes, the buoy can be thrown overboard quickly, otherwise the fish might get out too much line before the anchor could be taken in. A fixed buoy in the stream, having an eye on it to run a line through, would serve the same purpose, but the movable anchor is better, as with it the position of the boat can be changed at will.

The chair should be a stout wooden one, having a back (but no arms) and a thick seat. It should be lashed very firmly to the boat so that it will not give in the slightest degree when the latter rocks.

A sail is useful sometimes in going from one place to another, but should never be employed when fishing.

The subject of bait will be taken up in the next paper.

Clothing, Etc.

A comfortable hat that will not blow off is a *sine qua non* for tarpon fishing, as is also a rubber coat or poncho.

A hunting coat is preferable to any other coat because of its numerous pockets, in which can be stowed almost all the tackle one needs to take in the boat.

Overalls are better than old pantaloons, because they can be washed.

Undershirts should always have long sleeves that will come down well over the wrists in order to protect the latter from sunburn.

Hip boots are useful if the shore is muddy, besides they can be worn with a rubber coat on a rainy day, so as to keep the fisherman perfectly dry and comfortable.

Gloves are truly a necessity, not only as a protection against sunburn, but also to prevent the hands from being skinned by the slipping of the reel handle.

If this list of tackle and outfit is not complete, I hope that some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will make it so, and if any one knows of any better tackle than that which I have described, he would do his brother sportsmen a good turn by telling what it is and where to get it, as well as its approximate cost.

Many readers will conclude that tarpon fishing requires too much apparatus. So thought a small boy at a railway station near Tampico last winter, who, seeing my companion and myself struggling with our burden of rods, gaffs, etc., and having with us only one fish (we had saved for ourselves but one out of the total catch), remarked, "What! All that stuff to catch one fish?"

Certainly, one can do without a great many of the things that I have mentioned herein, but to get the best possible results and to enjoy the sport to the utmost, he will sooner or later require them all.

And now a word of warning to the would-be purchaser of tarpon tackle. Don't rely on the judgment and experience of the tackle dealer or let him choose what you need, for some dealers will be pretty sure to foist upon you a lot of worthless stuff that they have on hand and could not sell to any one who knows anything about up-to-date tarpon fishing. On this subject I certainly know whereof I speak, for not only I myself but also several of my friends have been caught in that way. Specify clearly each article that you want to buy, its make and character, and let the dealer understand that you will accept nothing else.

In conclusion I want to impress upon my readers the importance of these three statements: Tarpon fishing is a man's game, and requires man's tools; no tackle is too good for tarpon fishing, and but little is good enough; and the idea of using very light tackle to give the fish a chance is a fallacy, because the chances are always in favor of the fish and against the fisherman.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

The Salmon Fishing Excursion.

THE salmon fishing excursion projected by the St. Lawrence Steamship Co. has been abandoned. The reason for giving up the trip was that the number of those applying for passage was insufficient to permit the scheme being put through.

Mr. George's Tarpon.

THE 213-pound tarpon killed by Mr. N. M. George, of Danbury, Conn., is now on exhibition at the store of Messrs. Wm. Mills & Son, No. 21 Park place, this city.

The Kennel.

Fixiures.

Sept. 2-5.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Industrial Exhibition Association.

TORONTO, Ont., June 21.—The following is a list of judges who will officiate at the coming bench show of the Industrial Exhibition Association, Toronto, the dates of which are Sept. 2, 3, 4, and 5..

Toronto immediately follows Buffalo, which is only a journey of three hours, and special arrangements are being made for through cars at greatly reduced rates for exhibitors.

The prize list, which has always been a most liberal one at Toronto, with the small entry fee of $2, will be on much the same lines as last year, and will be ready for distribution in a few days.

The judges are:

St. Bernards, Mr. J. S. Williams, Toronto.

Mastiffs, bloodhounds, Great Danes and dachshunds, Prof. Wesley Mills, Montreal.

Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, Chesapeake Bay dogs and miscellaneous classes, Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.

Foxhounds, dogue de Bordeaux, poodles, beagles and all terriers except Yorkshire terriers, Mr. James Mortimer, Hempstead (L. I.), N. Y.

All spaniels, pugs, Pomeranians and Yorkshire terriers, Mr. E. M. Oldham, New York.

Collies and Old English sheep dogs, Mr. Robt. McEwen, Byron, Ont.

Bulldogs, Mr. Tyler Morse, Danvers, Mass.

W. P. FRASER, Sec'y Dog Show.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

26. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
27. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
27-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
29. Boston, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
29. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
29. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
29. New York, cup defender class, Newport.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual race for Leland challenge cup for raceabouts, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

1. New York, cup defender class, Newport.
2, 4, 6. Newport, Y. R. A., cup defender class, Newport.
2. Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
3. Columbia, City Point, Boston Harbor.
3. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
3-8. Brooklyn C. C., cruise, Gravesend Bay.
4. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
4. Shelter Island, club regatta.
4. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
4. Boston City, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, second club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., first open regatta, Gravesend Bay.
4 Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
4. Larchmont, annual regatta and schooner races for Colt cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
4. Pavonia, McInnis cup, Bayonne, New York Bay.
4. Canarsie, parade, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, annual, Bay Shore, L. I.
4. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4-5. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A., Lake Michigan.
4-7. Biloxi, club, Biloxi, Miss.
4. Cohasset, knockabout championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
5-11. Atlantic, cruise, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Shinnecock Bay, club, Shinnecock Bay.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
6. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
6. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
6. Beverly, convention, Monument Beach.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter VI.—Floors, Shelf and Deck Beams.

As soon as the planking is finished, before clenching off the nails, the moulds will have to be removed. To do this the centerboard boat will have to be turned over keel down, but the other can remain on the stocks. Before turning the boat over, all the stays of the moulds and on the stem and stern of the boat must be cut adrift from their fastenings, and when that is done she can be lifted clear of the floor by about four men and turned over on two trestles. Four or five light strips of wood, called cross spauls, with cleats on their ends, should be fitted over the edges of the top strake between the moulds to hold the boat in to her beam, as if this is not done she will fly out several inches at each side directly the moulds are removed. This must be done on both boats. The moulds can now be removed, and the easiest way is to cut them across in one or two places with a saw; but if they are to be retained for future use, it will be a longer job to get them out whole, and great care must be taken not to injure the planking and timbers.

The planking being now finished, and all the through fastenings clenched properly over roves or burrs, the positions of the floor timbers should be set off from the construction drawing. The stations are usually marked F-F-F on the drawing, or else the floors are shown on the drawing in their places.

A thin wooden template is made to fit the inside of the skin and keel, etc., at each station, and from it the floor is made either in steel or a natural oak crook. The latter is the simplest for the centerboard boat, and the bow and stern floors in the keel boat, but the hollow sections amidships on the latter will require steel floors, as suitable crooks could not be obtained, and would be very difficult to fasten. These steel floors can be made by any smith, from the template, if it shows the bevel required. This is usually done by nailing small blocks of wood on the sides of the template, at about four places from the angle of the keel and garboard to the end of the arms. These blocks must be the exact width of the finished forging, and must show the angle or bevel of the planking with the template at each point.

When ordering the iron work, always give a correct template as well as a full sized drawing of each piece, and if possible let the smith have a look at the place where it is to go.

All iron work must be fitted in place and drilled, and the holes countersunk before being galvanized.

The oak floors are cut roughly to shape from the template, giving the edges the proper bevel when sawing out of the crook. They should then be tried in place, and if a fairly good fit, the inside of the skin and keel, at the floor station, should be chalked and the floor fitted exactly to its place in the manner described in the previous chapter for fitting the planks; and when it is a good fit, the sharp angle at the junction of the planking and keel should be partly cut away to leave a water course or "limber hole." This is constantly omitted, even by good builders, but is most essential if the boat is to be kept clean and sound, for if there is no proper water course the boat cannot be pumped out dry, and water will always lie in the angles of the floors. The limbers must not be cut too large, or the joggle over the keel will be cut away, and much of the strength lost; a fair proportion for most boats would be two-thirds the height from the inside of the plank to the top of the keel at the joggle, and about twice that amount in width.

A good rule for the sizes of wood floors is to make the siding equal to two or two and a half times the thickness of the planking, and the moulded depth on the top of the keel two or two and a half times the siding; thus for ½in. planking the floor at the top of the keel should be 1in. to 1½in. by 2in. or 2½in., according to the strength required at the different stations, the stoutest floors being at the mast step and amidships, and the lightest at the ends. All floors should run up to the turn of the bilges, and the arms should taper fairly from the keel to the end, which should be square in section, so that if the floor is 1in. sided, it would be 1in. by 1in. at the ends of the arms. Steel floors are usually of a flat section in small boats, such as we are now dealing with, and should be about half the thickness of the planking at the keel, with a width of about four times the thickness. For ½in. planking they would be 1in. by ¼in. at keel, and would taper to the ends of the arms to half those dimensions.

Paint well under each floor before fastening it in place.

The shelf, which is also known as the inwale in small boats, varies considerably in its proportions to the rest of the scantlings, according to the class of boat. For instance, in some very light boats of barely 3-16in. planking with bent timbers ¼in. by ¼in., spaced 2in. center to center, the inwales were 1½in. by ⅞in., tapered fore and aft to ⅞in. by ¾in., the boat being about 25ft. over all and 5ft. 6in. beam. In an ordinary strongly built boat of the same dimensions, but with ½in. planking and ⅝in. by ¾in. timbers, spaced 5in. center to center, the shelf would be about 2½in. by 1¼in., tapered to 2in. by 1in. at the ends. That is to say, that though the planking is nearly three times as thick and the sectional area of the timbers more than seven times as great, the shelf is barely double the sectional area of that in the light boat. The shelf of the latter, however, would be fastened inside the timbers below the level of the deck, so that it would not be cut away more than ½in. for the dovetails of the deck beams, the timbers not being let into it at all, while the inwale of the light boat would have all the timber heads let in flush, and the beams let in to their full depth, but only half way through the thickness of the inwale at the top, the dovetail being tapered to nothing at the bottom of the beam. By this method the inwale touches the deck and the planking, both of which are fastened directly to it. This is necessary with such light material, to tie the skin and deck edge together, as they are both too thin to fasten to each other in the usual way by nailing or screwing the deck to the top strake.

The term "shelf" is usually applied to the heavier class of work only, but I shall use it here to denote the form of construction in which the timbers and beams are not let in, using the word "inwale" in place of shelf, when the other method is required.

It is most important that the shelf should be quite free from knots or short grain, and for that reason Oregon pine is one of the most suitable woods; but for the inwale of a very lightly built boat American elm is better, as it will not fly so easily when cut across the grain to let in the timbers and beams. The only objection to American elm for all work of this sort is its weight and expense; but if Oregon pine were used in cases where the timbers are let in it would probably split in several places, especially between the dovetails of the deck beams. A light, tough mahogany is not a bad substitute for both the former woods in either class of work, but it is as expensive as the American elm, while not equal to it in toughness, and it is considerably heavier than Oregon pine, but is more durable and less likely to split.

As soon as the pair of shelves are cut out to the correct section and taper they will require steaming at the fore ends to the curve of the boat. To save time they are usually cut out, planed up and steamed before the floor frames are fitted, being bent round the outside of the top strake and cramped or lightly nailed in place to set to their proper shape by the time they are wanted. Occasionally the after ends will have to be steamed as well, in which case they must be done separately, one end being steamed and left to set all night before taking off the boat to steam the other end, unless you have a steam box long enough to take the whole length, which is hardly likely.

Before putting in the shelf the edges of the top strake must be planed down to the correct sheer line, and this takes a lot of careful work and a well trained eye or there will be "lumps" or "straights" in the sheer. Use a jackplane set fairly coarse at first and get well away to look at the sheer as you plane the edge. Be sure and get the sheer right now, as you cannot alter it much afterward. Don't touch the top of the transom till the deck beams are faired up.

When fastening them in place fit the fore ends against the inside of the stem and to each other, so that when the breast hook is fitted afterward the whole fore end of the boat will be a solid block, composed of stem, shelves, breast hook and planking, with the space between shelf and plank carefully filled up.

Get the shelf in place and hold it firmly with three of four cramps, driving it tightly against the stem and keeping the top ½in. above the level of the under sides of the deck beams. This level can be marked all around the inside of the boat before the shelf is fitted. For example, if the beams are 1½in. moulded at the ends the level of the top of the shelf would be 1in. below the sheer line.

Start fastening from forward, putting a through fastening through plank, timber and shelf at every other timber, each fastening being alternately in the top and bottom edges of the shelf.

When within a few feet of the after end of the shelf cut it to fit tightly against the transom in the same manner as the fore end fits against the stem. It will be tied to the transom with a quarter knee. There is often a lot of twist in the shelf here, especially in long counters like that of No. 2 design, and care must be used to get it in place, nailing it at every timber if required.

The bilge stringers are the next to go in, and owing to their length being equal to that of the boat, they cannot well be fitted after the deck beams are in place. These very essential portions of the frame are somewhat similar in section to the shelf, and, like it, are worked from end to end of the boat inside the timbers, to give longitudinal strength. Unlike the shelf, they are placed on edge, and are wider at the base, where they touch the timbers, than they are at the top. A good proportion for the section would be a moulded depth amidships, equal to four of five times the thickness of the plank, with a width at the base equal to one-third the depth and at the top edge equal to one-fourth the depth. The ends would taper in the same manner as with the shelf.

The stringers should be placed right in the turn of the bilge, just over the ends of the floors, which may be cut away to allow the stringers to lie flat on the timbers. Like the shelf, they should be thoroughly fastened at every other timber, and at each floor.

Where a stringer on edge would interfere too much with the internal room, a slightly stouter one may be worked on the flat, but it will not be nearly so strong.

Before cutting out any of the deck beams a mould must be made for the longest beam in the boat, and from this template all the beams can be drawn out on the boards from which they are to be cut, placing one inside the hollow of the next, so as to waste as little wood as possible, taking care that the wood is sound and straight-grained. Where head room is not an object, it is best to make the beams thin and deep in section with the ends of less depth than the middle, the moulding amidships being about four times the siding, the latter being the same as the thickness of the deck. If, however, every bit of head room is wanted, they may be square in section, but should in that case be of greater sectional area to make up the strength required.

The ends of the beams are fitted carefully to the inside of the planking at the stations shown on the construction plan, and they are dovetailed ½in. into the shelf with a long nail driven down through the beam into the shelf. When all the main beams are in place the fore and aft beams or carlines are fitted, the ends being dovetailed for half their depth into the two end beams, but the dovetail must not be cut more than half way across the beams. The half-beams from shelf to carline are fitted just the same as the rest of the beams, all joints being dovetailed.

The beams and carlines should be cut out about ¼in. deeper than the specified moulded depth, and when they are in their places they should stand ¼in. above the deck level. This is to allow enough wood to fair them off, which is done by laying a long batten on them from end to end of the boat, and planing off all lumps till the batten touches every beam and also the edge of the top strake at the sheer line if it is moved to either side. When the batten is first laid over the beams and transom it looks a hopeless job to get them fair, but if the high beams are chalked and then some of the surplus planed off and the batten again tried until they are fair there should be no great difficulty; but it takes a lot of time and patience. Having fixed and faired the beams, it is time to fit the knees and the shaped pieces from carlines to beam at the end of the cockpit, and for all these thin wooden templates must be made, and the knees, etc., cut out by them from the oak crooks as in the case of the stem. The breast hook is the most important knee in the boat, and should be at least equal in thickness to the shelf; the moulded depth will of course be taken from the specification (which will be published later), but it will to some extent depend on the grain and quality of the oak. In the case of boats where the shelf is below the sheer level, the top of the breast hook will also be below the deck level, and will have to have a packing piece on it to take the end of the deck. The positions and shapes of the knees are shown on the construction plan, and all these will be about the same thickness as the planking or a trifle stouter, and they should all have at least three through fastenings in each arm.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, June 23.—Independence has been somewhat handicapped in her tuning up by the necessity of alterations in her rig and in her steering gear. When she came out of the Charlestown Navy Yard dock with her sternpost rudder and gear substituted for the balance rudder, it was thought that there would be no further need of alterations, but on the first trial under the sternpost rudder it was found that the steering gear was not heavy enough. It was so light that there was practically no power in it.

During the trial several cogs of the steering gear, which was of the bevel type, were broken. This necessitated another change. It was decided to use the screw that has formed part of the gear for the balance rudder. In order to get the proper length on the rudder post, a piece was spliced to it, which ran up through the deck, just aft of where the bevel gear came through. On account of the rake of the rudder post, it was necessary to cut through one of the deck beams and also cut a new hole in the deck.

The after part of the screw fits into a socket on the rudder head and the wheel is turned with right and left threads, as in the gear of the balance rudder. Independence went out for a trial last Friday with this gear in place, and from all that can be learned, it will prove satisfactory. She was tried for the first time on that day with spinaker set. For the first setting it appeared to work very well, and it was run up and taken in fairly quickly; but on this point it would not be fair to make comparison, as the crew are not yet used to the sail, and the chances are that it will have to be set a few more times before men are regularly stationed on it.

On the day that she took her involuntary jibe, one of the bowsprit spreaders, or what is known as the "whiskers," was bent. This has been straightened up and the spreaders, which are hollow castings, strengthened with steel pieces. On Saturday Independence was taken down the bay for another trial, but it was so foggy that the trip had to be abandoned, and she was towed back to the dock by the tug A. W. Chesterton. She was to have gone out to-day, and it was expected that she would have an impromptu brush with the schooner Hildegarde, but the easterly wind that has been blowing for the past forty-eight hours drove in such a bank of fog that it was impossible to do anything. At one time she started from the dock, only to be driven back by a dense fog bank.

It is expected that Independence will start for Newport on Tuesday, and that the rest of her tuning up will be done in those waters. It will take several trials before the crew is permanently separated for work on different parts of the boat. If she can go out every day before she gets actual racing, she can be put into good condition, but in the event of an accident she may be seriously handicapped on account of being so far away from her builders.

In the local racing, it appears that the new Hanley-designed centerboard 25-footer Calypso is able to show her heels to last year's champion Flirt in anything except a very light air. There has been no opportunity of trying out both of these boats with Crowninshield's latest 25-footer, Chewink, owned by F. G. Macomber, Jr. Flirt and Chewink had a try out in the special race of the Eastern Y. C. last week. Flirt easily got away from the new boat, but that she did so seemed to be due to clever handling on the part of her skipper.

Chewink came up to enter the race of the Savin Hill Y. C. on Saturday, but there was no class for her, and Flirt and Calypso were having it out in Hull Bay. Calypso would have entered the race of the Eastern Y. C., but she carried away her mast off Pig Rocks, when headed for Marblehead Harbor.

In the 21ft. restricted class there have been changes of position in almost every race, and it is very hard to pick a winner at this stage. Opitsah III., designed by Crowninshield, and Eaglet, designed by Burgess, are both new boats, and have not yet had a proper tuning up. In the contest, hard after them is Zaza, which came out at the end of last season. She is short on the waterline, but there is considerable over all. She beat the class handily in one race, and it is likely that she will repeat the performance again.

In the 18ft. knockabout class, Bonito, designed by Crowninshield, seems to be able to get away with the class in all kinds of weather. She is a very pretty boat and is an even sailer. She is stiff enough for all that will be required of her, and, at the same time, she can gather speed in a very light air.

In the unrestricted 18-footers, Dauntless seems to have met her match in Circe II. This boat was originally a 21-footer, and raced for the Quincy cup under the name of Thelma. She was designed by Crowninshield. After the Quincy races were over her ends were pulled up and she now qualifies for the 18ft. class. Last year she raced with this class, but did not seem able to do much with Dauntless. In two races recently she showed up much better. In one of them she gave Dauntless a hard race, and in the other she beat her.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Canada's Cup Challengers.

THE third week of June showed several things about the Canada cup challenger Invader. For one thing, she is not so big as calculated—which is an unusual and pleasing discovery, for it was feared that she would go over measurement. When she was launched it was announced officially that she was going to draw 6ft. 6in. when rigged, and that her waterline would be 28ft. She was measured carefully by Com. Gooderham, of the R. C. Y. C., a few days ago. Her draft, in racing trim, was 6ft. 2in. The forward overhang measured 9ft. 10½in., and the after overhang 11ft. 10½in. Deducting these from the over all length, 49ft. 6in., the waterline was found to be 27ft. 9in.

Invader still sits a trifle by the stern, and a slight alteration in her ballast might improve her considerably. She carried more of a quartering wave than she should when traveling at a good pace, although she leaves the water very cleanly in comparison with many yachts of her size.

The Toronto men are making good use of their time. Almost every day Invader was out for a sail, and day by day she improved. Her first trials were sailed with a short gaff, made in Oakville, and Toronto's boom. The latter was long enough, but the gaff was too short to stretch the head of the sail. When the proper spars were shipped the work of getting the mainsail into shape began in earnest. The big sail was stretched and restretched, and by the latter part of the week the cringle in the peak of it was out at the gaff end and some of the bagginess had disappeared. The No. 1 jib was found to sag to leeward when set flying, so snaps were added to the wire bolt rope of the luff of it, and it travels on the forestay.

Invader's mishaps have been of a minor character. She carried away her staysail boom, as the paid hands call the light spar on the foot of the jib; on another occasion she carried away her jib halyards, and on another the strap of the jib sheet block parted. No serious damage was done, and mariners who viewed the hollow mast, with its ⅞in. shell of wood, with suspicion, are commencing to feel confidence in it. It was lifted out when the new gaff and boom were ready for shipping, and strengthened by additional bands of brass.

A new wrinkle in light weather sailing—new, at least, to the Toronto men—is being tested. Ordinarily the gooseneck of the main boom of the 35-footers is very close to the deck. With the patent hoist on the after side of the mast, however, the whole sail can be hoisted away up till the gaff is above the spreaders and the boom is away above the deck. This upward shifting of the center of effort of the sails should result in more power, and the experiments have been satisfactory so far. A corresponding hoisting up of the jib has not yet been attempted in the cup challengers, although this works well in the 16ft. skiffs, and these little boats are frequently to be seen with their jibs away up the stay.

Invader's first spin in anything like a good sailing breeze occurred on Friday, June 21. It was an exciting dash with Beaver, the only other Toronto 35-footer, and while it was of less than an hour's duration it was a good indication of the new boat's possibilities. The two sloops took a flying start, with Beaver a length astern, and worked out of Toronto Bay in three long tacks. There was a twelve-mile breeze blowing. Beaver, always a wonderfully stiff and weatherly craft, stood up like a church and rapidly outfooted and outpointed the Sibbick boat. The latter heeled to an angle of 45 degrees, but as soon as she obtained the bearance of her long lee side she heeled no further. Her mainsail was setting wretchedly, one-half of it being curved one way and one-half the other; it was either peaked too high or needed cutting, or the backdraft of the jib was spilling into it.

The boats had a two-mile thresh to windward, nosing out into Lake Ontario to a buoy south of the Eastern Gap, and when they came about and headed back for the harbor, Beaver had a lead of 3m. 10s.

Invader, with her canvas drawing properly, owing to the started sheets, showed what she could do on the reach. She tore through and over the water, any fuss she made being purely surface spray. In the half-mile dash through the piers she gained a minute. When sheets were further started for the run back to the moorings she continued to gain, but not so rapidly, and when the yachts finished she was just twenty-five seconds astern. There is no doubt that she can be improved sufficiently to make her half a minute to the mile faster by the wind. She does not make much lee way, she foots fast enough and she is stiff enough. The trouble so far has been with the canvas. This has been greatly improved, but, as the hymn says, "Yet there is room."

The new boat, which is regarded by Toronto men as sure to be selected as the R. C. Y. C.'s challenger, can do some wonderful work in turning. On one occasion

when the writer was aboard she was approaching a wharf and had too much way on. The tiller was put hard over and she turned a complete circle. She still carried too much way, and the tiller was kept hard over until she had turned another complete circle, when she was allowed to run alongside the wharf. The two circles were turned between another yacht and the wharf, within a space less than 20ft. longer than Invader herself. Less than a minute was occupied in the whole operation. Another instance of the yacht's quickness in stays was given in her Friday brush with Beaver. She swung from full to full once in seven seconds.

The trial races for the selection of the challenger will be held in Lake Ontario off Toronto Island, commencing on July 3. The best three out of five may decide the question, but the judges may order many more races. The judges appointed are Messrs. G. E. Macrae, A. G. Peuchen, F. A. Turner and F. J. Campbell, of Toronto, and Mr. E. H. Ambrose and Judge Monk, of Hamilton.

There is little likelihood of there being more than three contestants in the trial races—Invader, Beaver and Canadian, of Hamilton. There is some talk of Clytie, a Hamilton contestant in the Canada cup trial races of 1899. being entered, but it is not taken seriously.

Canadian, Capt. J. H. Fearnside's craft, is still considerable of an unknown quantity. Under an old mainsail, staysail and jib, containing about 500 sq. ft. less than her proper sail area, she gave Hazard, a wonderfully smart Herreshoff sloop, a good chasing. Nothing, however, could be deducted from this, her first performance. Canadian seemed tender, but about a ton of ballast will be added. Her proper canvas was shipped from Toronto on June 19. It consists of mainsail, staysail and jib, Capt. Fearnside favoring divided head sails. The combined area of the three sails is about 1,500 sq. ft. The new craft is certainly not a beauty, with her high-crowned deck, reverse sheer and concave bottom—which latter she shows very plainly when heeled. She possesses plenty of accommodation, however, and promises a fair amount of speed. So far she seems at her best in leeward work, but the additional ballast may change all this.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

New York Y. C., Fifty-fifth Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, June 20.

THE fifty-fifth annual regatta of the New York Y. C. was sailed down the bay on Thursday, June 20. The race was sailed in a strong breeze from the south-southeast that held true throughout the day, which was an ideal one for a yacht race. The race was one of the most successful ever given by the club. The breeze was so fresh that four of the yachts were disabled before the finish. Amorita broke her fore gaff when off the Hook. At the time she was the second boat in the race, but the accident ended her chances and she withdrew. Cymbra broke her steering gear soon after crossing the starting line. Altair carried away her topmast just off the Hook, and Mira shared the same fate soon afterward. When near the finish Quisetta lost her spinaker.

The most important event of the day was Ailsa's victory over Vigilant. Ailsa was built in 1895 from designs made by Mr. William Fife, Jr., and Vigilant was designed and built by the Herreshoffs in 1893 to defend the America Cup against Valkyrie. This was the first time these boats have met when rigged as yawls.

The sloops were sent away at 11:25 o'clock, Vigilant crossing at the weather end of the line a few seconds after the signal. Hester following, then Isolde next. Ailsa, Humma, Wasp, Effort, Carmita, Mermaid, Mira and Cymbra. Quisetta led the schooners, followed by Amorita, Katrina, Muriel, Elmina and Wayward. It was a close hitch on the wind to the Southwest Spit buoy, and all crossed on the port tack. Most of the smaller boats soon came about on the starboard tack and stood over to the eastward to get out of the tide. Vigilant made a hitch that proved unnecessary, but Ailsa stood on the port tack and was soon in the lead, which she held throughout the race. Quisetta never gave up her lead, although it was a bitter fight for position with Elmina. The following times were taken as the yachts rounded the Southwest Spit buoy:

Ailsa	12 11 55	Amorita	12 25 00
Vigilant	12 15 25	Elmina	12 25 31
Hester	12 16 40	Wasp	12 26 40
Isolde	12 18 24	Altair	12 27 31
Humma	12 22 50	Muriel	12 30 10
Quisetta	12 24 08		

From the Spit it was a reach to the Sandy Hook Lightship for the larger yachts, and from the end of the Hook a beat to the Scotland for the smaller craft. It was on this leg that Amorita had lost her fore gaff and Quisetta now had only Elmina to beat, as Muriel was never dangerous. Sandy Hook Lightship was rounded thus:

Ailsa	1 01 33	Isolde	1 16 17
Vigilant	1 06 10	Quisetta	1 21 20
Hester	1 13 13	Elmina	1 22 00

Humma made good weather of it going out to Scotland and led around that mark with Wasp and Altair following. With sheets started the boats stood back to Southwest Spit, and they rounded in the following order: Ailsa, Vigilant, Humma and Hester. From the Spit to the finish line it was a run. Ailsa set her spinaker to starboard and Vigilant followed suit shortly after. The times were:

Yawls—Class G—Racing Trim.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ailsa	11 26 33	2 34 39	3 08 06	3 08 06
Vigilant	11 25 27	2 38 43	3 13 16	3 13 16

Ailsa wins by 5m. 10s. Went around Sandy Hook Lightship, 33 miles.

Sloops—Class I—Racing Trim.

Hester	11 26 41	3 03 51	3 37 10	3 37 10
Isolde	11 26 39	3 09 47	3 43 08	3 33 18

Isolde wins by 3m. 52s. Went around Sandy Hook Lightship, 33 miles.

Sloops—Class J—Cruising Trim.

Wasp	11 27 16	3 01 39	3 34 23	3 34 23
Carmita	11 27 49	3 13 43	3 45 54	3 45 47
Mermaid	11 28 30	3 23 33	3 55 03	3 55 01

Isolde wins by 3m. 52s. Went around Sandy Hook ship, 26 miles.

Sloops—Class K—Racing Trim.

Humma	11 27 03	2 50 29	3 23 26	3 23 26
Altair	11 27 25	Did not finish.		

Went around Scotland Lightship, 26 miles.

Sloops—Class L—Racing Trim.

Effort	11 27 35	3 18 16	3 50 41	3 50 41
Mira	11 29 03	3 26 28	3 57 25	3 57 25
Cymbra	11 30 00	Did not finish.		

Effort wins by 6m. 44s. Went around Scotland Lightship, 26 miles.

Schooners—Class D—Racing Trim.

Elmina	11 32 26	3 08 29	3 36 03	3 36 03
Quisetta	11 30 38	3 07 59	3 37 21	3 37 21
Muriel	11 32 03	3 19 43	3 47 40	3 47 40
Amorita	11 30 51	Did not finish.		

Elmina wins by 1m. 18s., but is protested by Quisetta. Went around Sandy Hook Lightship, 33 miles.

Schooners—Classes D and F—Cruising Trim.

Katrina	11 31 38	3 19 34	3 47 56	3 47 56
Wayward	11 31 41	3 46 16	4 12 35	4 04 10

Quisetta wins the Bennett cup for schooners. Her protest against Elmina is in the matter of their class race and prize. Muriel, the other schooner entered for the Bennett cup, was badly beaten.

Hester wins the Bennett cup for sloops.

Ailsa's time—3h. 8m. 6s.—over the thirty-three mile course is claimed to be the record time over the course.

The Regatta Committee were Mr. S. Nicholson Kane, Mr. Newbury D. Lawton and Mr. J. Frederick Tams, the latter taking the place for the day of Mr. Chester Griswold, who is out of town.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Newport Y. R. A., through its Race Committee, Chairman H. B. Duryea, W. Kane and R. N. Ellis, has issued the following circular in regard to the four races for the 90ft. class of sloops, which will be sailed off here on July 6, 8, 10 and 12:

A cup will be given to the winner of each race provided two or more start. These races will be sailed under the racing rules of the New York Y. C., except as herein modified. Entries must be made in writing to H. B. Duryea, chairman, Newport Reading Room, Newport, R. I., before noon, Monday, July 1.

Time Limit—Unless the winner completes the course in six hours from the time of the starting signal the race will be declared off and the race will be resailed on the following day.

Yachts must display their racing numbers on both sides of mainsail.

The owner or his representative must be on board of each yacht in every race.

Each yacht must file her racing measurement with the chairman of the Race Committee before the start, and must be measured with full racing crew aboard, the measurer to state in the certificate the number of persons on board at the time of measurement. No yacht shall carry in a race more persons than are stated in her certificate, but nothing herein shall be held to modify Rule 8, New York Y. C. racing rules.

All measurements must be made by John Hyslop, 4 River View Terrace, New York city.

Sailing Instructions—Starting signals—First—11 A. M., warning signal, a gun fired or a fifteen-second blast of the whistle blown, and white rectangular flag hoisted.

Second—11:05 A. M., preparatory signal, a gun fired or a five-second whistle blown, and the blue peter hoisted.

Third—11:10 A. M., starting signal, a gun fired or a five-second whistle blown, and a red rectangular flag hoisted.

Fourth—11:12 A. M., handicap signal, a gun fired or a five-second whistle blown, and the red flag hauled down, which will be taken as the time of all yachts not having crossed.

Recall Signals—Code flag B will signal a postponement of the start till later in the day, in which case the warning signal will be given on the hour, or quarter, or half, or three-quarters past the hour.

Code flag W will signal a postponement of the race till the following day.

In case of a postponement or resailed race, the course will be selected and signaled as for a new race.

The New York Y. C. burgee over code flag will indicate the use of the club code.

Answering pennant will signal "Come within speaking distance."

Supplementary sailing directions giving the course to be sailed will be issued as early as possible.

* * *

The Regatta Committee of the Larchmont Y. C. announces that the annual regatta will take place on July 4. These races are open to all yachts enrolled in recognized yacht clubs, and there will be races for all classes, according to the classification of the club, as well as for raceabouts, special 30-footers, knockabouts and the club special 25-footers. The schooners of class B will race for the Colt cup. The winner in this class will have its name inscribed on the trophy, and in all the classes there will be a first prize if two yachts start, a second prize if there are four starters, and a third prize if there are five starters. The start will be made at 11:30 o'clock and yachtsmen will get their sailing instruction at the club house early in the morning. Entries close with the Regatta Committee at the club house on July 2.

The steamer Albertina has been chartered for the use of the members of the club and their guests, and will leave the foot of East Thirty-first street at 8 o'clock on the morning of the race and the club house at 10:30 o'clock.

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Wednesday, June 19.

THE third evening race of the East Gloucester Y. C. was sailed off the club house, Wednesday, June 19. The wind was very light at the start and petered out altogether before the race was finished. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Onda, Greenough	0 45 05
Rambler, Pomeroy	0 46 33
Alethea, Colby and Smith	0 49 09
Comet, Harvey	0 49 56
Angel, Cox	0 50 20
Kantelpit, Perkins	0 52 20
Spider, Flye	1 20 11
Sonny, Phelps	1 21 36

New Rochelle Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 22.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Saturday, June 22. Out of fifty-four entries, fifty-two boats crossed the starting line, and of this number forty-six finished. The breeze at the start was light from the southeast, and after a while hauled to the southwest and blew fitfully during the rest of the day.

All those measuring 30ft. racing length and upward were sent twice around a triangle seven and one-third miles in length. They went first to the Gangway buoy, then to Old Hen buoy and then to the starting line, which was at the entrance to Echo Bay.

The classes under 30ft. sailed around a triangle four and a quarter miles in length. They went to Hen and Chickens, then to the Middle Ground buoy off Execution Reef and then home. The raceabouts and 25ft. sloops and catboats sailed three times around this course and the others twice around. The last class started were the Larks belonging to the Pelham Country Club.

The 51-footers were started first. Humma had the windward position and Altair just under her lee. Humma drew ahead just after the start and was well in the lead at the end of the first round. On the second round Altair pushed Humma hard for first place, and at the finish was only 23s. behind. In the 43ft. class Mira, after being twice defeated, again won, beating Effort II., Cymbra and Dorwina, a new boat designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox to meat Mira. The yawl Scapha, which was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, won in her class, easily defeating Fleetwing. In the 36ft. class Leda won. Oshima San broke her bobstay and left her competitor to finish alone. The yawl Memory beat Sakana. The special thirties made a good race, Veda beating Esperanza. Oiseau won in her class. The times were as follows:

Sloops—51ft. Class—Start, 1:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.	4 42 48	3 07 48
Humma, J. R. Maxwell	4 42 25	3 07 25

Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 1:40.

Mira, C. Lane Poor	4 51 52	3 11 52
Effort, F. M. Smith	5 14 11	3 34 11
Dorwina, W. L. Ward	5 00 46	3 25 46
Cymbra, F. C. Henderson	5 14 30	3 34 30

Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 1:40.

Fleetwing, C. M. Fletcher	5 54 16	4 14 16
Scapha, J. Fallert	5 17 58	3 37 58

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:45.

Leda; H. L. Maxwell	5 07 44	3 22 44
Oshima San, J. T. Pratt	Lost her bobstay.	

Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:45.

Memory, R. N. Bavier	5 20 15	4 05 15
Sakana, A. B. McCreery	5 22 24	4 07 24

Sloops—Special 30ft. Class—Start, 1:50.

Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer	5 16 34	3 26 34
Veda, Robert Bacon	5 15 03	3 25 03

Sloops—25 to 30ft. Class—Start, 1:55.

Enpronzi, Alfred Peats	5 14 03	3 19 03
Alerion, A. H. Alker	5 18 41	3 23 41
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell	5 11 30	3 16 30
Marion, F. M. Smith	5 15 06	3 20 06

Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:55.

Dot, C. T. Pierce	5 14 21	3 19 21
Windora, John Green	5 19 09	3 24 09

Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 2:05.

Badger, Thorsen & Jones	5 11 12	3 06 12
Merrywing, H. M. Crane	5 07 53	3 02 53
Rogue, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	5 16 28	3 11 28
Snapper, A. B. Alley	5 18 37	3 13 37
Viper, W. D. Hennen	5 23 24	3 18 24

Sloops—21 to 25ft. Class—Start, 2:10.

Ruby, G. E. Edwards	5 48 49	3 38 49
Rochelle, Edward Kelly	6 14 42	4 04 42
Ojibway, D. P. Morse	6 13 50	4 03 50

Catboats—21 to 25ft. Class—Start, 2:10.

Grace, J. F. Lambden	5 53 35	3 43 35
Dade, F. M. Carpenter	5 46 41	3 36 41

Sloops—18 to 21ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

Rod, R. G. Sand	4 45 04	2 30 04
Ox, R. N. Bavier	5 24 38	3 09 38
Gazabo, H. Vulte	5 33 56	3 18 56

Catboats—18 to 21ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

Vera, Robert Smart	4 46 16	2 31 18
Arline, A. E. Rendle	4 53 57	2 38 57

Catboats—Class W—Start, 2:20.

Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	6 01 30	3 41 30
Hobo	not timed.	

Sloops—Class R—Start, 2:20.

Moya, Anderson Dana	5 06 22	2 46 22
Neola, C. D. Mallory	4 52 30	2 32 30
Nike, Guy Forbes	5 22 36	3 02 36
Opossum, H. M. Raborg	4 43 00	2 23 00
Cricket, H. Pryer	5 33 02	3 13 02
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	4 57 48	2 37 48

Pelham Country Club Larks—Start, 2:25.

Skidoo, M. G. St. K. Davis	not timed.
Yellow Jacket, George Robinson	did not finish.
Gloria, Charles Allen	5 41 55 3 16 55
Echo, Paul Allen	6 03 25 3 38 25
Halo, James Smith	did not finish.
Streak, E. Cunningham	did not finish.
Tom Boy, F. Halpin	did not finish.
San Toy, F. Halpin	did not finish.
Chop Suey, Paul Downing	6 19 31 3 54 31

The winners were Humma, Mira, Scalpha, Leda, Memory, Veda, Oiseau, Dot, Merrywing, Ruby, Dade, Rod, Vera, Kazaza, Opossum and Gloria.

Corinthian Y. C. Annual Regatta.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 8.

THE tenth annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was held on Saturday, June 8 at Essington in a brisk northwest wind that covered the river with whitecaps. The course was a twenty-mile triangular one.

The race for 36-footers was exciting. When Cherokee was rounding the mark, well in the lead, she lost her mast, and was towed to the anchorage. Pawnkis won, Grayling being second and Fidelio third.

The races for the special classes, which were to have followed the start of the larger boats, had to be declared off, as the water was so rough that it was not deemed advisable for the knockabouts to take any chances. The times were as follows:

51ft. Class Sloops and Yawls.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Narounya	1 42 28	2 47 28	2 47 28
Liris	1 42 39	2 47 39	2 45 05

36ft. Class Sloops and Yawls.

Cherokee	not timed.		
Pankewis	1 37 40	2 42 40	2 42 40
Grayling	1 41 37	2 46 37	2 46 37
Fidelio	1 43 36	2 48 36	2 42 53

Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Tuesday, June 18.

THE Atlantic Y. C. held its thirty-fifth annual regatta on Tuesday, June 18. The wind was light from the south-southeast at the start, but breezed soon afterward and continued to blow fresh up to the finish. There was a good entry list, and some twenty boats started. The committee sent the boats away in divisions, the schooners and the sloops Isolde and Isolt going to the Southwest Spit buoy, thence around Scotland Lightship and back the same way, 25½ miles. The 51-footers and others went to the Swash Channel bell buoy, then to Orchard Shoal Light, then to the bell buoy off Sandy Hook, then back to the Swash Channel buoy and from there home, a distance of nineteen miles. The others went to the Swash Channel buoy, then to Orchard Shoal Light, then to the Spit buoy, and then home, making a distance of sixteen and one-half miles.

One of the prettiest races of the season was seen in the 75ft. class for schooners. Three boats started, namely, Elmina, Quisetta and Amorita. These boats were sent away at 11:20, Quisetta crossing the line first with Elmina on her weather quarter and Amorita some distance astern. Quisetta turned out to windward in fine shape, making gains over her opponents on every tack. Quisetta rounded the Scotland Lightship at 1:11:30, and eased off her boom to port for the run back. Elmina was timed at 1:15:30 and Amorita at 1:21:10. When the two yachts turned the Southwest Spit buoy, the times were: Quisetta, 2:19:10; Elmina, 2:19:45. Quisetta crossed the line a winner, Elmina being 5s. behind. The luffing matches enabled Amorita to close up on the leaders, but she was beaten by 2m. and 24s.

The cutters Isolde and Isolt sailed a special race over the same course. Isolt was given full time allowance. Isolde took the lead at the start and won by 10m. and 27s. The 51-footers furnished another race of interest. Humma and Huguenot were raced against Altair. Humma led over the line, and at the Swash Channel buoy she had a lead of 1m. over Altair. At Old Orchard Shoal Altair had cut down Humma's lead to 45s. On the windward work Humma again drew away from Altair. The former won by 1m. and 40s. Huguenot was 19m. and 45s. behind Altair. The summary follows:

Schooners—ClassD—65 to 75 ft.—Start, 11:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quisetta, H. F. Lippitt	3 09 05	3 49 05
Elmina, F. K. Brewster	3 09 10	3 49 10
Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw	3 11 29	3 51 20

Corrected time—Quisetta, 3:48:05; Amorita, 3:51:12.

Sloops—Special Class—Start, 11:20.

Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	3 26 32	4 06 32
Isolt, C. W. Nason	3 45 58	4 25 58

Corrected time—Isolt, 4:16:59.

Sloops—Class K, 43 to 51ft.—Start, 11:25.

Humma, J. Rogers Maxwell	2 30 30	3 05 30
Altair, Cord Meyer	2 32 10	3 07 10
Huguenot, Edward Kelly	2 51 55	3 26 55

Sloops—Class K—Cruising Trim—Start, 11:40.

Ondawa, H. J. Roberts	3 18 18	3 38 18
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen	3 22 15	3 42 15

Corrected time—Mariquita. 3:42:09.

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Start, 11:30.

Leda, H. L. Maxwell	2 25 12	2 55 12
Akista, George Hill	2 53 12	3 23 12

Sloops—Special Class—Start, 11:30.

Selnada, J. Fred Ackerman	2 55 04	3 25 04
Siren, C. F. Wigand	2 53 23	3 23 23

Corrected time—Selnada, 3:23:31.

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Start, 11:35.

Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....First
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....Second
Apterix.....Third

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.—Start, 11:35.

Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.....Sail over

Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft—Start, 11:35.

Pebble, R. W. Speir.....First
Peanut, Calvert Brewer.....Second

The winners were Quisetta, Isolde, Humma, Ondawa, Leda, Siren, Song and Dance, Wraith and Pebble.

Savin Hill Y. C.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Saturday, June 22.

THE Y. R. A. open race of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed in Dorchester Bay Saturday, June 22, in a very light easterly breeze. There were five classes in which there were a good fleet of starters. The Thordis won easily in the 25ft. open class. The Opitsah II. added another victory in the 21ft. class, and, in the 18ft. class, the Circe II. defeated the Dauntless for the first time. In the Savin Hill and Dorchester one-design classes the racing was very close. The summary:

25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Thordis, W. U. Foster	1 34 09
Romance, Loring Sears	1 39 40
Widgeon, A. G. Horton	1 45 15
Eleanor	1 53 45

21-Footers.

Opitsah II., Sumner Foster	1 35 43
Eaglet, W. Starling Burgess	1 38 59
Zaza, G. P. Shute	1 39 46
Coquette	1 44 16

18-Footers.

Circe II., Fred L. Pigeon	1 27 42
Dauntless, Benner & Patten	1 34 32
Lobster, C. J. Hendrie	1 43 04

Dorchester Y. C., One Design Dories.

Hobo, T. W. King	1 37 05
Vera, Hjalmar Lundberg	1 37 12
Millie, C. J. Mead	1 39 52
Eaglet, A. D. Pratt	1 48 00
Boomerang, C. W. A. Bartlett	withdrew.
Armitra, E. C. Cutter	withdrew.

Savin Hill Y. C., One Design Sailing Tenders.

A. P. Hawes	1 59 52
J. E. Robinson	2 00 44
A. J. Horton	2 01 39
A. McGuinness	2 02 38
W. S. Scott	2 02 40
C. Loring	2 03 25
C. A. J. Smith	2 03 27
J. McBeath	2 05 27
C. Leach	2 05 38
A. B. Howland	2 10 35
H. Skinner	2 13 15
J. Wills	2 15 34
J. Turner	2 16 40
E. Keepers	2 20 15
Mr. Benson	withdrew.

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

Monday, June 17.

THE Beverly Y. C. held its first open sweepstakes race off the club house at Wing's Neck, Monument Beach, on Monday, June 17. There was a good breeze blowing from the southwest which kicked up quite a lively sea. In the 25-footers the May Queen again defeated the new Kalama III. The Quakeress and the Radiant, a new Herreshoff boat, had a hot scrap in the 21ft. class, the Quakeress winning out by less than two minutes. In the class for 17ft. cats, the Eunice, designed by Huckins, put another win to her credit. She was hard pushed by the Howard and less than a minute separated them at the finish. The racing in the 15-footers was very close, there being a little over two minutes between the first and the last boat. The summary:

25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 10 17
Kalama III., David Rice	2 18 10
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor	2 20 15

21-Footers.

Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 21 31
Radiant, C. M. Baker	2 23 24
Edith, E. H. Baker	2 27 33
Amanita, L. Bacon	2 31 54
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney	disabled.

Fourth Class Cats.

Eunice, W. O. Taylor	1 40 19
Howard, H. O. Miller	1 41 12
Allison, Stewart McLoud	1 42 31
Hod, C. B. Holmes	1 46 39
Maori, A. B. Hastings	1 47 20
Daisy, E. Stockton	1 54 20

15ft.—Restricted Class.

Teaser, R. W. Emmons	1 39 40
Next, Paul Jones	1 40 25
Spider, H. B. Stone	1 40 32
Varda, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 40 58
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons	1 41 57
Go Bye, H. Stockton	withdrew.

Marine and Field Regatta.

GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, June 22.

TWENTY yachts belonging to the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. raced on Saturday, June 22, under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club. There was a good breeze from the southeast. The larger boats sailed over a nine-mile course and the smaller ones over a six-mile triangle. The first leg of the course was a beat, the second a run and the third a reach. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class K—43 to 51ft.—Start, 3:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Susie, Cornelius Ferguson	did not finish.	

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Start, 3:20.

Akista, George Hill	5 20 00	2 00 00
Bonita, Haviland Brothers	5 26 00	2 06 00

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.—Start, 3:20.

Squaw, H. J. Heath	5 29 30	2 09 30

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Start, 3:25.

Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	4 48 30	1 23 30
Song and Dance, E. E. Luckenbach	4 53 30	1 28 00
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	did not finish.	

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.—Start, 3:25.

Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	4 52 00	1 27 00
Wink, C. B. Vaux	4 53 00	1 28 00
Corodo, A. Peters	5 02 00	1 37 30
Spots, F. H. Henry	Did not finish.	
Broncho, F. C. Moore	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft.—Start, 3:30.

Pebble, W. R. Speir	5 08 05	1 38 05
Peanut, Calvin Brewer	5 09 11	1 39 11

Catboats—Class V—Under 18ft.—Start, 3:25.

Martha, M. R. Moore	4 45 30	1 20 30

Knockabouts—Start, 3:30.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 06 40	1 36 40
Quinque, L. H. Smith	5 07 00	1 37 00
Flying Fox, Buckman & Cone	5 08 00	1 38 00
Jigagag, W. Hutchinson	5 08 10	1 38 10
Vixen, Baylor & Mahoney	5 09 10	1 39 10
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	5 10 06	1 40 06

The winners were Akista, Squaw, Cockatoo, Wraith, Pebble, Martha M., and Kelpie.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Monday, June 17.

THE first race of the Duxbury Y. C. for the season was sailed off the club house on Monday, June 17, in a light easterly breeze. Three classes started, the most interesting of which were the 18ft. knockabouts. In this class Oom Paul won by 1m. and 23s. In the 21ft. knockabouts Geisha won handily from Seconset. In the handicap class Dolphin won handily, finishing well within her handicap. The summary:

18-ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oom Paul, G. F. Cushman	1 3027	00 00
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros	1 31 50	0 00 00
Miladi, F. R. Adams	1 32 41	0 00 00
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 35 47	0 00 00
Lobster II, C. C. Clapp	1 40 05	0 00 00

21ft. Knockabouts.

Geisha, W. T. Whitman	1 29 45	0 00 00
Seconset, A. Holmes	1 32 40	0 00 00

Handicap Class.

Dolphin, N. Morton	1 36 15	1 27 45
Latona, Channing Foster	1 39 40	1 29 40
Fedora, Simmons	1 50 10	1 30 10
Pyxie, G. Wadsworth	1 51 30	1 36 30

Jubilee Y. C.

Monday, June 17.

BEVERLY, MASS.

THE first club championship of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off the club house Monday, June 17, in a light southeasterly breeze. There were two classes and only two starters in each. In class A Adina finished first, but lost to Elf on time allowance. In class B there were two scratch boats, Vega and Rita. Vega won easily. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elf, Charles Prescott	1 33 30	1 30 30
Adina, E. S. Foster	1 33 15	1 33 15

Class B.

Vega, Pickett Bros	1 43 15	1 43 15
Rita, D. W. Taylor	1 50 00	1 50 00

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Monday, June 17.

THE first championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead Monday, June 17, in a light southeast breeze. In the 25ft. class the Chewink won handily from the Cyrilla. In the handicap class the Oivana came in first, but lost to the Babs and the Elvina on time allowance. The Sintram had an easy win in the raceabouts, and the Raccoon finished first in the 16-footers, after a good race. The summary:

Second Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chewink, T. G. Macomber, Jr	2 06 55	2 06 55
Cyrilla, W. D. Turner	2 10 17	2 10 17

Class A—Handicap.

Babs, E. B. Alvord, hdcp 4m	2 10 11	2 06 11
Elvina, W. Bartlett, hdcp 10m	2 16 20	2 06 20
Oivana, R. Boardman	2 08 14	2 08 14
Yerico, H. E. Yerxa	withdrew.	

Raceabouts.

Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 04 03	2 04 03
Darthea, E. B. Lambert	2 07 08	2 07 08
Indian, J. J. Lawrence	2 07 48	2 07 48
Pompilia, R. C. Bobbins	2 09 22	2 09 22
Idol, T. K. Lathrop, Jr	2 09 32	2 09 32
Sally V., L. M. Percival	Withdrew.	

Fourth Class.

	Elapsed.
Raccoon, A. D. Irving	0 58 25
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	1 00 45
Gee Whiz, F. G. Macomber	1 03 40
Leopard	1 04 38
Cyclone, R. B. Wiggin	1 09 26
Kalitan, D. H. Follett	1 11 14

Quincy Y. C.

Monday, June 17.

QUINCY, MASS.

THE first race of the Quincy Y. C. for the season was sailed over the regular club courses on Monday, June 17. The breeze was from the eastward, light and fluky. In the Handicap class, Arbutus finished first and Hustler second, but on corrected time both came far down the list, Arbutus being last. Omeme won handily in the special class. The summary:

Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Whisper	2 45 15	2 48 15
Goblin	2 44 25	2 50 25
Tautog	2 48 30	2 51 30
Yum Yum	2 52 10	2 53 10
Hustler	2 43 37	2 53 37
Harbor Light	2 44 50	2 54 20
Ida J	2 43 38	2 54 38
Arbutus	2 43 35	2 55 35

Special.

Omeme	2 35 25	0 00 00
Cleo	2 39 37	0 00 00
Bob	2 52 37	0 00 00

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 22.

THE third race of the series for the Jacob cup was sailed over the course on Saturday, June 22. The course was fifteen miles in length. The wind was from the southeast. The summary follows:

Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 4:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bob, Phillips and Morgan	6 30 05	2 30 05
Arizona, G. A. Curry	3 31 07	2 31 07
Mist, J. W. Alker	6 32 20	2 32 20
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	6 14 10	2 41 10
Firefly, Guy Standing	6 50 01	2 50 01

A match race was arranged between Dr. Wallace's Lassie and Mr. H. L. Hoyt's Scintilla for a cup. Lassie parted her throat halyards and left Scintilla to finish alone.

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Wednesday, June 19.

ONLY one class showed up for the special open race of the Eastern Y. C. on Wednesday, June 19. This was the 25-footers in which the Flirt, the Onda and the Chewink started. On the first leg to windward, the Flirt had established a commanding lead in two tacks, and she had no trouble in keeping it to the finish. The Onda and the Chewink fought hard for second place, the Onda finally getting it. The summary:

Special Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee	4 34 33	4 32 28
Onda, John Greenough	4 43 33	4 37 46
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr	4 38 48	4 38 48

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 22.

THE club knockabouts sailed the second race of the series for the Centre Island cup over the club's inside course on Saturday, June 22. The wind was from the southeast, making the first leg a reach, the second a run and the third a beat. The times were as follows:

Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vagrant, W. G. Low, Jr., and H. M. Brown	5 19 08	2 14 06
Mistral, E. I. Low, Jr	5 21 17	2 16 17
Nakodo, J. T. Sherman	5 24 28	2 19 28
Maroia, De Le Roy Dresser, H. B. T. Jaquelin	5 24 47	2 19 47
Lucille, Henry H. Landon	5 27 38	2 22 38
Heron, Frederick R. Coudert, Jr	5 27 57	2 22 57

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Tuesday, June 18.

THE third match between Wa Wa and Carolina was sailed on Tuesday, June 18. The course was from Brento's Cove to Dyer Island and return. The wind was from the south, making it a run out and a beat back. Wa Wa fouled a lobster pot and withdrew, leaving Carolina to go over the course alone. The times follow:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones	3 10 00	5 35 00	2 25 00
Wa Wa, R. Brooks	withdrew.		

Hull—Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, MASS.

Open Race—Monday, June 17.

THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. was sailed off Point Allerton on Monday, June 17, in a light to moderate easterly breeze. Four classes were provided for and the talent was represented in all. The 25-footers sailed a course of 16¼ miles, which is longer than usually given. The 21-footers and the knockabouts sailed a course of about 9½ miles. Both courses were triangular, the 25-footers having a beat, a run and a reach, and the smaller classes a beat and two reaches.

In the unrestricted 25-footers Thordis had an easy time of it. She got away first at the start and was never headed, finishing with lots of room to spare. The restricted 25-footers went over the line bunched, Calypso opening up a lead soon after the start. She led all over the course. On the windward work Flirt and Early Dawn had a hot scrap for second place, but Flirt opened up clear water before the mark was reached. In the 21-footers Zaza, a last year's boat, took first place. Rambler, two years old, showed up well on the windward work, and was second at the finish. In the 18-footers, Bonito established a lead soon after the start, and held it all through the race, Aspinquid following her. These boats hung pretty well together all over the course. The summary:

Class C—Open 25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Thordis, W. U. Foster	2 58 33
Carrie M., N. C. Robinson	3 24 23
Acme, Hiram Patterson	3 34 28
Walrus, F. E. Grainger	3 53 17
Romance, Loring Sears	withdrew.

Class D—Cabin 25-Footers.

Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 43 55
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee	2 49 36
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 53 34
Little Peter, G. B. Doane	2 54 18
Marion, E. W. Gahol	2 59 00
Scud, H. W. Weeks	3 10 30

Class S—21-Footers.

Zaza, G. P. Shute	2 14 05
Rambler, S. M. Pomeroy	2 17 37
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster	2 19 16
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	2 21 36
Tarpon, S. M. Johnson	2 28 56
Privateer, John MacConnell, Jr.	2 29 55
Eaglet, W. S. Burgess	withdrew.

Class I—18-Foot Knockabouts.

Bonito, G. H. Wightman	2 25 34
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey	2 26 25
Malillian, B. S. Permar	2 27 10
Oriana, Alfred Douglas	2 29 28
Bacchante, Humphrey and Lauriat	2 29 45
Nethla, C. A. Cole	2 30 46
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	2 33 20
Barbara, A. L. Hayden	2 35 06

Club Race—Saturday, June 22.

The regular club race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. was sailed Saturday, June 22, in a very light easterly breeze. It was so light that the boats just finished within the time limit. The last part of the race was practically a drift and nothing of the actual sailing abilities of the boats were shown. The summary:

25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee	2 47 50
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 51 48
Little Peter, F. B. Doane	2 53 38

18-Footers.

Bonito, G. H. Wightman	2 32 57
Malillian, A. M. Permar	2 39 56
Oriana, Alfred Douglas	2 41 37
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	2 42 49
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey	2 43 49
Nethla, C. A. Cole	2 46 19
Barbara, A. L. Hayden	2 48 29
Bacchante, Humphrey and Lauriat	2 51 37

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dabster, G. P. Keith	2 36 03	2 23 03
Mildred, C. A. Coleman	2 34 04	2 34 04
Holly II, W. M. Ware	2 40 15	2 34 15

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Monday, June 17.

THE second club race of the Burgess Y. C. was sailed of the club house, Marblehead, Monday, June 17, in a light southeast breeze. In the 25-footers Chewink had no competitor and sailed a walkover. In the raceabouts Indian, designed by Crowninshield, won by 20s. This race was hotly contested. In the special 16-footers Raccoon, another of Crowninshield's designs, won handily. The summary:

Class D.

	Elapsed.
Chewink, F. G. Macomber	1 06 55

Class K.

Indian, J. L. Lawrence	1 10 40
Pompilia, R. C. Robbins	1 11 00
Sally V, L. W. Percival	1 11 35
Idol, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 14 15
Dorothea	Disabled.

Class C.

Raccoon, A. D. Irving	0 54 55
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Layman	0 56 40
Kalitan, D. H. Follett	0 57 30
Cyclone, R. B. Wiggins	1 01 37

Shackamaxon Y. C.

DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, June 16.

THE Shackamaxon Y. C. held its fourteenth annual regatta on the Delaware River on Sunday, June 16. The start was at noon, and with a northeast wind all the yachts made better time than in any previous year. The finish was close in all the events. The results were as follows:

Fourth Class Duckers—Start, 12.

	Buoy.	Finish.
Yarsme, George L. Pass	2 20 00	4 30 00
Ellen, R. B. Murphy	2 22 00	4 32 00

Third Class Duckers—Start, 12.

Catherine, John Casnet	2 20 00	4 28 00
Howard G., C. Stamford	2 25 00	4 35 00

Second Class Duckers—Start, 12.

Lottie W, L. Schemmerer	2 23 00	4 30 00
Annie, M. Schdensy	2 25 00	4 33 00
Freda K, George Kutz	2 28 00	4 35 00

Second Class Tuckups—Start, 12.

Emma, W. Flick	2 30 00	4 40 00

Dorchester Y. C.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Monday, June 17.

WHILE the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. was holding races for the larger classes of the Y. R. A. off Point Allerton on Monday, June 17, the 18-footers and the 15-footers and special classes were looked after by the Dorchester Y. C. The wind was easterly and light, and the racing was of the first-class order. Every race was close and at no time were the boats very far apart. In the 18-footers the champion Dauntless took first place, but she had to earn it. The 15-footer Vitesse had the same trouble in getting her prize. In the Dorchester one-design sailing dory class the racing was very close. The Savin Hill one-design sailing tenders were bunched all over the course and were constantly changing positions. The summary:

Class T—18-Footers.

	Act. Time
Dauntless, Benner and Patten	1 06 20
Circe II., F. L. Pigeon	1 06 51
Lobster, C. J. Hendric	1 12 40
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 15 16
Favorite, Burton Bird Byron	1 19 03

Class X—15-Footers.

Vitesse, W. J. Coombes	1 14 01
Toss, J. D. Sterns	1 15 13

D. Y. C.—One-Design Class.

C. W. Bartlett	1 32 51
Hjalmar Lundburg	1 42 53
A. D. Pratt	withdrew.

Sailing Tenders.

H. R. McCurdy	0 53 30
C. A. J. Smith	0 53 31
W. F. Scott	0 53 46
J. E. Robinson	0 54 38
A. McGuinness	0 55 21
J. Turner	0 59 04
H. Skinner	0 59 12
C. H. Leach	0 59 50
A. J. Horton	1 00 12
J. Willis	1 00 18
H. Loring	1 00 27
E. Keepers	1 00 31

Corinthian Y. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Thursday, May 30.

THE sixteenth annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Thursday, May 30. The course for the larger craft lay around Government buoy, thence to the one at Blossom rock, from there to a stakeboat anchored two miles away, on a line from Sausalito Point through Point Blunt, thence once more to the buoy at the Presidio Shoal and home to the starting line. The course for the smaller craft was simply an abridgment of the longer one. The summary follows:

20-Foot Class—5 Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spider	11 45 45	12 53 46	1 08 01	1 07 30
Kittiwake	11 48 45	1 00 58	1 12 13	1 12 13

Special—Yawls—9¼ Nautical Miles.

Spray	11 56 45	1 52 20	1 55 35	1 52 25
Nereid	11 57 45	1 55 18	1 57 33	1 57 33

20-Foot Class—9¼ Nautical Miles.

Discovery	12 06 25	1 56 05	1 49 40	1 49 40
Merope	12 06 05	1 59 57	1 53 52	1 51 36
May	12 07 05	2 08 50	2 02 40	2 01 21
Cupid	12 07 16	2 09 15	2 01 59	2 01 59
Vega	12 06 00	2 26 20	2 20 20	2 20 04
Ceres	12 06 50	2 35 55	2 29 05	2 29 25
Belle	12 07 15	did not finish.		

30-Foot Class—12 6-10 Nautical Miles.

Presto	12 16 50	2 34 54	2 16 56	2 12 22
Truant	12 16 35	2 39 03	2 22 28	2 20 28
Aeolus	12 19 01	2 42 10	2 23 09	2 20 45

36-Foot Class—12 6-10 Nautical Miles.

Emma	12 26 55	2 43 51	2 16 56	2 12 22
Edna	12 26 25	2 43 21	2 16 56	2 13 47
Neptune	12 26 50	2 56 50	2 30 00	2 30 00
Genesta	12 26 18	2 57 00	2 30 42	2 28 48

Class I.

Harpoon	12 35 24	2 47 12	2 11 48	2 08 51
Speedwell	12 36 14	2 46 55	2 10 41	2 09 48
Ariel	12 37 00	2 57 20	2 20 20	2 20 20
Mischief	12 37 58	2 59 47	2 21 49	2 21 49

California Y. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Thursday, May 30.

THE boats of the California Y. C. sailed an interesting race on Thursday, May 30. The starting gun was fired at 1:55, and, being a one-gun start, this was the starting time for all the boats. Thelma, flying Com. Marshall's pennant, was the first to get across the line, followed by Gypsy and Jessie E. An ebb tide helped the yachts during their beat to windward on the course, which was from the narrow-gauge Oakland pier to the Presidio Shoal buoy, thence to the Blossom Rock Buoy, then to Mission Rock, and back to the starting point, a distance of ten miles. The race resulted as follows:

36-Foot Class.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jessie E., sloop	31.21	1 55 50	3 42 32	1 47 32
Gypsy, yawl	31.71	1 55 31	3 44 26	1 49 26
Thelma, sloop	33.43	1 55 15	3 47 49	1 52 49

45-Foot Class.

Idler, yawl	36.98	1 56 30	3 56 46	2 01 46
Challenge, chooner	44.00	1 57 55	3 58 05	2 03 05

30-Foot Class.

Hope, sloop	27.08	1 56 40	4 10 10	2 15 10
Vesper, sloop		1 56 11	did not finish.	

Gold Trophy for Cup Yachts.

A CABLEGRAM, of which the following is a copy, was sent Monday to Sir Thomas Lipton; a telegram in the same words was sent to Thomas W. Lawson at Boston, and a copy inclosed in a letter to W. Butler Duncan, Jr.:

New York, June 17, 1901.—Sir Thomas Lipton, London, England: The Smart Set Magazine will provide a gold cup, value not less than $5,000, to be competed for after America Cup race, over same course, under auspices of well-known yacht club. Entry free to all yachts of class of Independence, Constitution, Shamrock, without regard to nationality or club membership. Two starters or no race. Cable reply prepaid.

W. D. MANN, Manager Smart Set.

Sir Thomas Lipton cabled the following reply:

London, June 17, 1901.—Mann, Manager Smart Set Magazine, New York: Cablegram received. Have instructed Barrie, my representative, to call upon you.

LIPTON.

Mr. Lawson replied as follows:

Boston, Mass., June 18, 1901.—W. D. Mann, Manager Smart Set: At any time previous to sailing her first race, July 6, I will be pleased to enter Independence for any prize offered by any American yacht club, to be sailed under any conditions made by any American yacht club, at any place, and I will have her at the starting line, barring accidents. I thank you for your telegram containing generous and enterprising offer.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

Western Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 21.—The Macatawa Bay Y. C. will, during the week of Aug. 18-24, after the Canada cup races, offer in competition two prizes for open trophies, any sailing yacht on Lake Michigan eligible, provided it belongs to a regularly organized yacht club. This prize is donated by Judge J. C. Everett, of Chicago, and J. C. Post, of Holland, Mich., and is to be called the Waukazoo cup. This is for a cruising race from Chicago to Macatawa Bay, Mich. The name of this trophy is weird enough to attract attention. Macatawa Bay, it will be remembered, is one of the numerous pleasant little resorts just across the lake from Chicago, and at this point during the summer time there is considerable sailing interest among the little fellows.

In the above competition time allowance will be figured under the rules of the Macatawa Bay Y. C. The winning boat will retain the trophy until July of the following year. It will require two wins to own the cup.

On Aug. 23-24 the above yacht club will hold its annual regatta. There will be entries in the 25, 30, 35 and 40ft. classes, with suitable prizes for each class. This club has a large new club house, with a good ball room, and is amply equipped for business in every way. The bay itself is a good cruising point. It lies 100 miles northeast of hicago, and is rather a lake than a bay, being six miles long and one mile in width, entered by a channel from the main lake about 200ft. wide. Mr. Charles Scates is chairman of the Regatta Committee, and will be pleased to hear from any desiring to make entry at his office, 732 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago.

Chicago Y. C. Season Prize.

The Chicago Y. C. will give a prize for the best season showing of any yacht during the summer competitions. A percentage plan will be established for the judging of boats, on the basis of 100 per cent. for first place, 66 2-3 for second and 33 1-3 per cent. for third, respectively for first, second and third places in any competition. The owner having the highest average at the end of the season will receive the prize, which is to be a handsome punch bowl. Any entry must sail seven races to qualify.

To-morrow is field day for the fleet of Chicago Y. C. Nothing important is on by way of a race, but there will be a general trial among the boats of all classes.

E. H

Boat-Stopping Apparatus in Norway.

A RESIDENT of Sweden, Count K. A. Posse, has invented a boat-stopping apparatus which will prevent collisions and facilitate the maneuvering of large vessels.

Recent experiments have been made on a steam launch accommodating 160 persons, with an engine of 30 indicated horse-power, making 9 knots an hour.

The new apparatus consists of shutters, applied on the starboard and port sides, about one-fourth of a boat length from the stern. These can be opened and shut by means of a lever applied on the deck and placed so as to be easily maneuvered by the helmsman. The shutters consist of two quadrilateral steel plates, with special packing boxes in the so-called shutter houses. Experiments showed that when the launch was going at full speed it could be stopped in fifteen seconds at half a boat length by reversing and extending the shutters.

The apparatus may be applied to any steamer. The invention has been patented in all the leading countries.

VICTOR E. NELSON, Consul.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

It is reported that the German Emperor has commissioned Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey to design for him a schooner yacht similar to Yampa, which yacht he now owns.

* * *

Mr. W. O. Gay, of Boston, owner of the 70ft. cutter Athene, is having the Herreshoffs build for him a steam yacht similar to Scout and Mirage. The boat is nearing completion.

* * *

The steam yacht which was built by Bayles, of Port Jefferson, for the Misses A. and J. Thayer, was launched on June 15. She was named Zoraya.

* * *

Mr. Frederick S. Flower, N. Y. Y. C., has bought the auxiliary schooner Vergana from Mr. Frederick H. Benedict.

* * *

The English-built cutter Astrild, owned by Messrs. Addison G. and Herbert W. Hanan, which sunk at Port Chester a fe wweeks ago after being burned to the water's edge, has been raised and taken to the Jacob yard at City Island, where it was found that it would be impossible to rebuild her. She will be broken up and the material sold.

* * *

The New auxiliary yawl Vanessa, owned by Mr. Robert W. Cumming, Atlantic Y. C., was launched from the yard of her builders and designers, the Gas Engine and Power Co. and the Chas. L. Seabury Co., at Morris Heights, on June 17. Vanessa is 76ft. 6in. over all, 52ft. on the waterline, 17ft. beam and draws 7ft. 6in. She was designed for cruising. Her gasoline engine is under the cabin floor.

Contract has just been signed by the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Seabury & Co., for the building of a steam yacht for a well-known yachtsman, a member of the New York Y. C. She will be of steel construction, and will be fitted with two Seabury triple expansion engines, twin screws and a Seabury safety water tube boiler. The principal dimensions are 117ft. over all, 95ft. waterline, 16ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. draft. The bow and stern of this vessel will be so arranged that they can easily be removed for passing through canals. The guaranteed speed is 17 miles per hour.

The old schooner yacht America, which won the America Cup in 1851, in the famous race around the Isle of Wight, is fitting up at East Boston. She will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the winning of the Cup by being present at the next races for the Cup.

The trial races for the Canada cup challenegr, which were to have been held on June 24 and following days, have been postponed until July 3. Invader, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; Canadian, of Hamilton, and Beaver, of Toronto, will take part in the trials.

The steam yacht Vinita, owned by Mr. George L. Carnegie, has been chartered by Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw, N. Y. Y. C., through the office of the Gas Engine and Power Company and Seabury & Co.

Mr. F. Gray Griswold, of Roslyn, Long Island, has had Mr. Ralph M. Munroe design for him a ketch that will be used for cruising in Southern waters. The boat was built by A. C. Brown & Sons, of Tottenville, Staten Island. She will be named Savalo, and is 66ft. over all, 52ft. waterline, 17ft. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft. Savalo is fitted with a 16 horse-power International engine. She is very roomy, having a large main saloon, two staterooms and a bath room.

We are indebted to Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, Secretary of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., and Mr. Everett Paine, Secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, for copies of their club books.

Canoeing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

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Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

New York C. C.,

Saturday, June 15.

THIRD race of Y. R. A., of Gravesend Bay.

Class M—Start, 3:05.

	Elapsed.
Bonita, Haviland Bros.	2 37 37

Class N—Start, 3:05.

Susie, Cornelius Ferguson	1 15 40
Squaw, H. J. Heath	1 23 33

Class P—Start, 3:10.

Song and Dance, Luckenbach	1 05 39

Class Q—Start, 3:10.

Bronco, F. C. Moore	1 03 34
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	1 04 24
Wink, W. A. Barstow	1 11 19

Class R—Start, 3:15.

Peanut, Calvert Brewer	1 11 33
Pebble, R. W. Speir	1 12 18

Class V—Start, 3:10.

Martha M, R. Moore	1 17 29
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	1 22 14

Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:15.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown	1 07 54
Quinque, Mr. Smith	1 16 10

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—John F. Finn, James A. Greer, James E. Simpson, F. C. Barrett, Walter M. Lamont, Clinton D. Nash, Watkins W. Roberts, Alfred W. Allyn, Harold Roberts, Lawrence C. C.; Harold P. Smith, Roger B. Conant, N. E. Stanwood, Wawbewawa Canoe Assn.; Frank S. Eeaton, J. Rodney Wood, Samuel E. D. Hartshorn, Innitou C. C.; L. G. Haskell, H. C. Woodward, Quinobequin C. C.; Paul B. Locke, Edward E. Cole, Winchester B. C.; Dr. J. B. Chandler, Corliss Malcolm H. T. Gall, Haverhill, Mass.; Chas. H. Spinney, Newton, Mass.; Walter J. Dennison, Glenwood C. C.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

June 20.—Waterville, Me.—Amateur target shoot of the Waterville Gun Club; $75 added money. Dana P. Foster, Sec'y.
June 20-21.—Amherst, Mass.—Amherst Gun Club's two-day tournament; $65 in cash and merchandise. H. B. Perry, Pres.
June 25-26.—Bristol, Tenn.—Tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company. John Parker, Mgr.
June 25-27.—Walla Walla, Wash.—Seventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. W. G. Campbell, Sec'y.
June 30.—Jersey City, N. J.—Hudson Gun Club tournament. Club race, five men to a team. A. L. Hughes, Cor. Sec'y
July 1-2.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.
July 3-4—Flint, Mich.—Second shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League. John Parker, manager; Chas. Caleb, Sec'y.
July 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—All-day amateur target tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. Harry Strong, Sec'y.
July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club. Magautrap. M. F. Dietrich, Sec'y.
July 4.—Frankfort, N. Y.—Third annual target tournament of the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association. W. J. Weller, Sec'y.
July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—Open handicap shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
July 4.—Ossining, N. Y.—Target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club.
July 4-5.—Champlain, N. Y.—Champlain Gun Club's tournament; all events open to amateurs; some events open to professionals. Wm. Fraser, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Sept. 2 and 3 are the dates fixed upon for the second annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association, at Richmond, Va., under the management of the popular expert, Mr. John Parker, of Detroit. All shooters are invited. Four sets of traps will be provided. The sweepstakes open to all amateurs. Targets 2 cents. Liquid refreshments free to all shooters. The Association's team and championship events will be the only events closed to the public. Mr. Franklin Stearns is president of the Association. Mr. J. C. Tignor is secretary-treasurer. The Association states that "last year this Association's tournament was attended by 130 shooters. This year's attendance will smash that all to smithereens, and break all records, as the Association alone numbers nearly 400 active shooters. A good time and plenty of shooting are guaranteed to all. Remember Labor Day and Richmond's hospitality. You want to shoot and you want to be treated right, so don't fail to come to the biggest shoot of the year. Address the secretary for catalogue and information." The clubs composing the Association are Chesapeake Gun Club, Newport News; Portsmouth Gun Club, Portsmouth; North Side Gun Club, Barton Heights; Blue Ridge Gun Club, Roanoke; Wytheville Gun Club, Wytheville; Ashland Gun Club, Ashland; Lynchburg Gun Club, and Oakwood Gun Club, Lynchburg; Staunton Gun Club, Staunton; Charlottesville Gun Club, Charlottesville; Norfolk Gun Club, Norfolk; Clifton Forge Gun Club, Clifton Forge; West End Gun Club, East End Gun Club, Deep Run Hunt Club and Lakeside Country Club, Richmond. Programmes will be ready about Aug. 15.

The English papers, as will be noted on reference to some excerpts from them published in another column, intimate that the American team had a real advantage in the greater load used, and had they been limited in that respect to the conditions governing the English team things might have been different. Incidentally, the thought suggests itself that had the English team been restricted to the same conditions which governed the American team, things might have been still more different. It is possible that the American team might be willing to shoot them a match on even terms. However, the loads of the American team are described in full in Mr. E. Banks' interesting account of the match, which is published in our trap columns.

The Marlin Fire Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., has now ready for distribution a catalogue for 1901, which will be mailed to any one on receipt of application accompanied with three stamps for postage. Besides giving a complete list of the company's famous products, illustrated in parts and in whole, there is a great fund of practical information of value and interest to shooters, both in respect to rifle and shotgun. The covers are a model of artistic excellence. The front cover portrays a camp scene—an Indian of fine physique standing alertly with rifle in hand ready for instand use. The covers are printed in nine colors, and in their production display a generous outlay of thought, talent and money.

An exchange states, in respect to the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, that "a general meeting of the club is called for Wednesday evening next, June 26, at President J. J. Reid's office, when the club will act on the advisability of holding a large tournament during the Pan-American season at the club's grounds, and if advisable dates will be set and the respective committees and arrangements perfected at once. The demand for a shoot at Buffalo seems to be coming in from all parts of the world, and the management, by the Audubon Gun Club, if it took hold, would guarantee an event second to none ever held in this country. The dates recommended by some of the prominent shooters would be early in August."

It is now a good time to study one's own ability at different marks in respect to target shooting. It is not a difficult task to find a great number of shooters, each of whom knows that he should be placed at the inside mark, while all others are strung back anywhere toward the horizon. It is, on the other hand, quite a difficult task to find a shooter whose personal opinion concerning himself is that he should be set back from the inner mark. However, if a shooter have any misgivings, it is well to get in some long-distance practice.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., announces that there will be a five-man team race, 25 targets per man, at its tournament, June 30. The programme provides seven other target events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance 65 and 75 cents, and $1.30 and $1.90. Targets 1½ cents. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Rose system will govern. Shells for sale on the grounds. Refreshments free. Take Turnpike car from P. R. R. Ferry to west side of Hackensack River Bridge to reach the grounds. A. L. Hughes, Cor. Sec'y.

The press dispatches mention that the American team last Saturday shot a match at Glasgow for £100 a side and won by a score of 973 to 882. Each team had the use of both barrels. Merrill, Crosby and Gilbert broke 50 straight. Crosby used his second barrel once; Gilbert used his twice, and Merrill used his six times. Crosby scored 99, Tripp, Heikes and Fanning 97 each. The highest individual Scotch score was 96. The Americans were much applauded.

Those who think that there are no new reasons for low scores, relieving the shooter from any unpleasant doubts concerning his lack of skill, should ponder over the following, taken from the Meridian, Miss., News: "The heavy rains had dampened the bluerocks to such an extent it was almost impossible for shot to break them, which accounts for individual scores being lower than usual."

The Washington, Ind., Democrat states that John L. Winston, of this city, broke 94 clay targets out of a possible 100 during the State tournament of the Trapshooters' League at Bedford, Wednesday, and by doing so won the State championship, the diamond medal of the Indiana Trapshooters' League and a handsome gold watch. Winston broke 94 targets out of 100.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, arrived in New York on Monday of this week, and forthwith energetically engaged in preparing the preliminary arrangements for the forthcoming Grand American Handicap at targets. He will be occupied two or three days with his official duties.

In a team race, fifteen men on a side, between the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., at Newark, on Saturday of last week, the Boiling Springs Club won by a score of 312 to 300. Each contestant shot at 25 targets.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel received a cablegram on Thursday of last week concerning the American team, as follows: "All sail twenty-ninth," which signifies that the members will sail for America on June 29, and arrive here in time for the G. A. H. at targets.

Keep in mind that the regular entries in the Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets close July 17 at 6 P. M. Penalty entries cost $5 more. Read the programme published in our columns. 2

Mr. John S. Wright has announced that he will give a delicatessen target shoot on July 10. Merchandise articles of beauty and worth will be in store for those whose merit with the scatter gun is equal to the occasion.

A correspondent informs us that a great trapshooting tournament will be held at San Antonio, Tex., by the Midwinter Association, of which Capt. Oscar Guessaz is the leading spirit.

Mr. Edward Banks informs us that he may remain abroad till July 16, when he will sail for America, and is due to land on July 26, his birthday.

At the Texas State tournament, at Dallas, last week, the team medal shoot was won by Messrs. Faurote and Dargan.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club starts a new series of prize shoots on July 4.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., June 20.—The members of the Eagle Gun Club, of this city, held a target shoot to-day on the Spring Valley shooting grounds, when the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	5p	10
Hill	2	2	4	5	2	3	6	7	6
Reed	1	1	4	4	2	5	6	4	4
Ressler	3	3	3	2	4	6	4	6	6
Focht	..	..	0	0	4	2	6	..	2
Smith	..	..	0	1	1	3	3	5	2

West Chester, Pa., June 20.—The monthly medal shoot of the West Chester Gun Club was held here to-day. The scores follow:

Monthly medal shoot, 50 targets: Henry 33, Howard 32, Mack 32, Peters, 37, Holland 32, Ford 41, H. Howard 39, Rodgers 37.

Phœnixville, Pa., June 15.—The shoot for the South End trophy was held here to-day, the attendance being very large, in spite of the rainy weather which prevailed throughout the day. The shoot for the South End trophy was for teams of five men each from gun clubs in Berks, Montgomery and Chester counties, and six teams entered. The Twin City Gun Club's team, of Royersford, and Spring City, composed of J. S. Johnson, captain; Hagey, Trumbauer, Buckwalter and Muller, broke 97 and won the trophy. The South End team, of Reading, was second. The best individual score in the event was made by Saylor, of the Pottstown team, who broke 23 out of his 25. The shoot was managed by Arthur A. Finke, of Reading, assisted by the tournament committee, composed of Messrs. Dotterer, Hodge and Erb. The scores of the team shoot follow:

Morristown Gun Club—Smith 21, Cassel 16, Gaylor 7, Parker 10, Dotterer 15; total 69.

Phœnix Gun Club—Lewis 14, Hodge 13, Pierce 16, Nyce 12, Muller 12; total 67.

Spring Valley Gun Club—Walters 12, Gerhert 18, Eshelman 13, Jones 10, Young 21; total 74.

Pottstown Gun Club—Saylor 23, Showalter 18, Benner 15, Slonaker 13, Seidel 10; total 79.

Twin City Gun Club—Johnson 21, Trumbauer 21, Hagey 19, Muller 16, Buckwalter 20; total 97.

South End Gun Club—Essick 19, Murphy 16, Ritter 17, Dietrick 10, Matz 18; total 80.

DUSTER.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 22.—Kelsey's fine performance was the feature of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club's shoot to-day, the day being the annual field day and merchandise shoot, which has been observed by the club each year for ten years. The committee had secured prizes enough for twice as many entries. The weather and day were ideal for trapshooting.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 events were regular sweepstake events, in which high honors were carried off by Kelsey, Hammond and C. S. Burkhardt. No. 6 was the first merchandise event, in which there were ten prizes, which were drawn in order as follows: F. D. Kelsey, Norris, E. W. Smith, E. F. Hammond, W. R. Eaton, Dr. Burke, C. S. B., Westwood, J. J. Reid, E. N. McCarney. No. 7 was another merchandise event at 25 targets, and was drawn as follows: E. F. Hammond, F. D. Kelsey, C. S. B., Talsma, Norris, E. W. Smith, Reynolds, Dr. Burke, McCarney, Westwood, J. E. Lodge, Eaton, J. J. Reid. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	15	25
Kelsey	10	15	0	15	15	15	23
Hammond	10	13	8	15	11	12	24
Eaton	3	11	9	9	..	11	12
Foxie	3	7	8	..	8	8	..
Burke	6	11	4	7	6	11	16
C S B.	10	9	9	15	12	11	21
Talsma	9	13	8	11	..	10	21
Reynolds	3	11	6	9	9	3	17
Westwood	2	3	4	..	..	11	13
Bush	7	10	8	11	13	..	..
Norris	..	13	9	..	..	13	21
E W Smith	..	12	..	..	..	13	19
McCarney	..	12	7	..	..	11	14
Kinner	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	..	..	5	9	8	11	9
J E Lodge	..	..	6	13	12	10	13

City Park Gun Club.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—The fifth shoot for the Peters Cartridge Company gun was held June 16, at the City Park Gun Club grounds. The day was an ideal one for bluerock shooting. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the men shot remarkably well. As a result seven of the entries tied for first place under the handicap system.

Mr. Sommer made the best score with 24 out of 25, dusting the missed bird very hard. Mr. Lhote on the shoot-off topped his rival by killing 15 straight, with added handicap. This made him winner in the day's shoot. The scores were:

			—Ties on 15—		
	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Saucier	23	3	25	12	0	12
Cocke	23	3	25	12	0	12
Kaufman	23	3	25	14	0	14
Macmurdo	21	3	24	..	..	..
Sommer	24	3	25	14	0	14
Wenck	17	1	18	..	..	..
Columbo	22	3	25	14	0	14
Lhote	20	6	25	13	2	15
Newman	20	5	25	11	1	12

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	5p
Kaufman	8	13	..	15	9	8	14	9
Saucier	10	14	..	..	15	9	15	8
Sommer	7	12	10	15	13	10	13	8
Cocke	8	10	..	14	10	9	14	10
Macmurdo	10	13	9	14	13	6	14	7
Lhote	..	11	7	..	..	..	..	4
Wenck	5	..	7	12	12	..	..	6
Newman	..	..	6	12	9	..	..	6
Columbo	9	13	9	13	..	..	..	..

L. GERTEIS, Capt. C. P. G. C.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Intercity Shooting Park, of Minnesota.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 21.—Dr. Bill, the hustling manager of the Intercity Shooting Park, midway between the two sturdy cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, writes breezily concerning matters out in his part of the world. It is quite worth while to note what he says regarding the tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club on July 10-11. There will be $350 added, the weather will be pleasant, there will be a rattling good crowd of fine fellows, and all in all no Western shooter should be without a ticket to this important Western event. Regarding late matters, Dr. Bill specifies as below:

"The weather interfered largely with the attendance this week. Every club day was of a disagreeable nature and kept the scores below the normal.

"The tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club to be held on these grounds on July 10 and 11 promises to be the target event of the year. The club will add $350 to a very attractive programme, besides offering the trophy of the St. Paul Gun Club, emblematic of the State championship, and the Hirschy team challenge trophy. The members of the club are taking active interest in this shoot, and will also see that the shooters are entertained evenings. We want all shooters to make some one hotel the general headquarters. We will no doubt secure rates and will announce same in programme.

"Scratch the business dates of July 10 and 11 off the book. Ship your shells to Frank Novotny, St. Paul; put your gun in the case, throw the strap over your shoulder and buy a ticket for St. Paul. You won't need to make it read, "Good for return," for we would like to have all trapshooters residents of the Capital City. Remember one thing, gentlemen, all the crack shots are in Europe, and this will be a shoot for amateurs only. Manufacturers' agents can show their hand, but cannot get next to the 'jack pot.'

"The Oak Grove Gun Club, of Minneapolis, are now making these grounds their home. Watch their scores, as well as watch them grow. They turn out a good crowd and can shoot a few.

"June 6, Minneapolis Gun Club Day.—Johnston and French are shooting a good race, and making all the boys step a few; 15 singles, unknown angles: Danz 10, French 10, Mrs. Johnston 10, Johnston 12, Hays 8, Shorty 6, Brown 10, Catermaran 11. Johnston won badge.

"Ten singles and five pairs: Danz 13, French 14, Mrs. Johnston 11, Johnston 12, Cat 11, Hoffman 9, Brown 15, Moore 10. Brown won senior badge, Danz won junion badge, Hoffman won amateur badge.

"Twenty-five singles, unknown angles: Danz 17, French 20, Mrs. Johnston 17, Johnston 17, Hays 18, Cat 20, Brown 19, Hoffman 12. French won badge.

"Twenty-five singles, unknown angles: Danz 18, French 20, Mrs. Johnston 13, Johnston 17, Hays 19, Shorty 12, Cat 18, Brown 15. Danz won badge.

"Saturday, June 8.—St. Paul Rod and Gun Club Day.—The first event was 25 singles, unknown angles, for the club cup. Score is with handicap. The second event is 25 singles, unknown angles for the Thompson and Day trophies, without any handicap allowance. In event No. 1 Ramaley won in the shoot-off, with Thompson. This was a very interesting race, as it required 125 birds to the man to determine the winner. This was a hard day for shooting, as the wind was strong and very gusty:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	25	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	25
Perry, 6	24	..	7	9	12	13	..	..	..	..	..
Gotzian, 3	19	18	7	8	11	12	20	20	18	20	20
Danz, 5	23	19	11	8	12	13	..	..	..	..	..
Fischer, 4	17	19	13	8	10	9	15	19	18	22	17
Alberts, 5	20	16	10	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ramaley, 3	25	22	13	9	13	14	22	22	23	23	23
Dezotell, 5	24	21	10	12	11	9	..	..	..	..	..
J C, 2	24	23	..	11	12	13	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson, 3	25	24	15	14	9	12	23	23	23	23	22
Spear, 7	23	10	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burch, 6	18	16	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
McKay, 2	21	23	12	12	13	12	21	23	2	..	..
Slocum, 2	21	22	12	14	13	13	..	..	..	..	..
Henry, 5	21	18	9	5	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
P Hanser, 2	25	20	14	13	14	13	21	22	20	18	..
Thorp, 2	22	16	11	13	13	14	23	..	..	..	..
Famechon, 3	24	20	15	13	12	14	20	19	..	..	..
*French	21	24	10	14	15	12	..	..	..	..	..
*Sig	21	14	12	13	10	11	..	..	..	..	..
Brown, 3	17	..	..	..	14	14	21	20	17	22	..
Novotny, 3	25	22	13	13	14	11	20	21	..	..	..
Wilkinson, 2	21	21	..	..	..	..	22	22	17	23	23
*Isle	19	19	..	..	..	..	16	19	20	20	21
*Hod	19	15	12	11	13	..	17	19	14	20	..
*Agnew	16	17	11	12	11	12	18	20	..	..	..
*Schmidt	8	12	5	9	9	11	16	17	..	..	..
Ross	6	12	7	7	9	10	20	18	..	..	..
Holt	21	18	12	12	13	11	19	20	..	..	..
*Swizer	17	20	8	10	10	12	15	19	..	..	..
Miller, 3	20	17	10	11	9	13	19	20	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	21	24	23	22
Byers	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	20	..	..	..

*Visitors.

Central of Duluth.

Just ahead of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club tournament comes that of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., $440 in cash added. This is the ninth annual tournament of the Central Gun Club. It is a sterling event, and ought not to be overlooked. A trip to the head of the Lakes, then dropping back to the Twin Cities at the close of the Central Gun Club tournament, would make a splendid combination for any Western—and indeed any Eastern—shooter in midsummer. These shooters of the Northwest are the salt of the earth, though they live by the unsalted sea, and the man who can spend a couple of weeks in Minnesota in early July is doing good for himself and his country. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, June 22.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the eighth trophy shoot of the season, or the first shoot of the second series. There was a strong hot wind blowing from the rear, which caught the targets, causing them to beat down quickly or jump in all sorts of directions, making the shooting very difficult. Consequently no high scores were made. Ford, Pollard and Midgley tied for Class A trophy on 21. Bernard and Dr. Huff tied for Class B trophy on 19. C. T. Keck, our one-armed amateur, won Class C on 14.

The attendance was good considering dark day and bad weather for shooting:

Eighth trophy shoot, 25 targets:

P McGowan .....1010111110011101111101011—18
A McGowan .....1111110101101011100111110—18
C P Richards.....1111111100101111111101110—20
N H Ford.....0111101111111101111110111—21
C T Keck.....0001101000111011101011110—14
J D Pollard.....1111101111011111110111011—21
T A Hagerty.....0011011110011100000010000—10
Dr J A Huff.....0110111101011111111110110—19
F G Barnard.....1111010111100011111111011—19
Midgley .....1111011111011101111011111—21
L Thomas.....1001001010111101010011101—14
J J McDonald.....0001000001010111001011101—11
Dr Meek.....1111111111101110001111110—20
W R Blair.....1000101111100111001100010—13
J Wolff.....1110100000101000000010110— 9
F Wolff.....1100110101011011011001011—14
T Eaton .....1011111011101111010101111—19
J C Kissick.....0101001000001110011111000—11
J Monigan.....0010001010000100001100100— 7
W T Johnson.....1100001110110100110011110—14
S E Young.....1110011110001001111111011—17
W A Jones.....1100111111011011110011011—18
L Wolff.....1111011100000101111011110—16
Wm Horn.....1110101111110010010010000—13
Drinkwater .....0010000101000010001110000— 7
Hellman .....1111111111010110010110110—18

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Watson's Park, Ill., June 19.—Two-man team race for birds:

Oliphant .....*20210220100*2011102—11
White .....222222222222*0222202—17—28
Levi .....22000100*2120*220022—10
Amberg .....1212212221212221012 2—19—29

June 22.—Granger vs. Peru, 25 birds:

Granger .....2012121202221202022220*20—18
Peru .....2022222212022222201011202—20

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, June 22.—Ed Steck won high gun trophy after shooting out Borroff. The same Steck cleaned up 15 straight in the monthly shoot, and won without tie.

Weekly shoot, 25 targets, handicap in targets:

		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Mrs Carson	1101111101011100011111101—19	6	25
Mrs Howard	1100100111101111011100111—17	10	25
Buck	0010111011111000111110010—15	5	20
Steck	1101011111111101111111111—22	2	24
Borroff	1101111111111011111011111—22	6	25
Mack	1011111111111111110110100—20	4	24
Dr Carson	1111111011111001111010100—18	0	18
Dr Burcky	1000000000000000100001000— 2	10	12

First tie, high gun:
Steck .....0110101111—7 Borroff .....0100111111—7

Second tie:
Steck .....1111111111—10 Borroff .....1100011111—7

Mack wins handicap trophy.

No. 4, 15 targets, handicap rise, monthly shoot:

Mrs Carson, 16.....111111110011111—13
Mrs Howard, 16.....110110001010011— 8
Dr Burcky, 16.....000000000000000— 0
Buck, 16 .....111101111010010—10
O'Brien, 16.....111101100111111—12
Steck, 18 .....111111111111111—15
Borroff, 18.....011111001011101—10
Mack, 18.....111110111111111—14
Dr Carson, 21.....111101111101101—12

Steck wins monthly trophy on straight score.

BLUE JEANS.

A Floating Tournament.

THE boys of the Mt. Sterling, Ill., Gun Club have won for themselves the fame of arranging something entirely unique in the history of Western trapshooting. On June 18 they gave an all-day tournament from the upper deck of the excursion steamer City of Peoria, Capt. G. M. Sivley, master, while the boat carried an excursion on the placid waters of the Illinois River from Beardstown to Montezuma Landing and return. Recognizing something good, the boys of all nearby teams who take pleasure in the sport of trapshooting, participated. Nobody was barred, and Messrs. Black Powder and Ten Gauge were there in plural and dual form. The programme called for ten 10-target events, three even moneys, and this combination was found very satisfactory. It was an unique game in many respects, a notable feature being the ever-changing background against which the birds went—sometimes the rippling river, anon a dark forest, again a lofty hill, a waving grain field, and occasionally the fleeting framework of a low-hanging bridge. Notwithstanding these conditions, some excellent shooting was done. Fred Parks, of Mt. Sterling, won the honors, and a handsome cup donated by the Peters Cartridge Company, with the handsome score of 95. "Old Man" Gilbert, of New Philadelphia, scored 94. Craig and Riehl tied for third with 93. Ed Scott got 91 and Estis 90. The long runs were made by Riehl, 61, and Estis, 56. Forty-five men participated in the events, and with extras, 450 targets were shot. The detailed scores are here given:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
E Scott	8	9	9	8	9	9	9	10	10	10	91
Kroft	9	9	7	7	9	8	10	8	9	8	84
Lippert	8	7	9	8	7	8	6	7	8	8	76
Estis	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	5	90
Gabel	6	5	10	8	6	9	9	8	7	5	73
Craig	9	8	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	93
McGill	7	8	6	7	7	9	6	8	7	6	71
Vandeventer	8	10	10	9	9	9	8	6	9	9	86
Pyott	8	6	9	5	8	10	8	8	2	..	..
Pfiel	7	7	8	9	8	9	9	9	10	8	84
J Scott	10	8	8	8	8	9	8	9	9	6	83
Parks	10	8	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	95
Morris	6	9	10	8	9	8	10	9	9	7	85
W Breidenbend	8	8	7	8	8	9	8	6	8	..	..
Wheelock	1	3	6	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
N Davis	8	8	6	8	9	..	..	9	8	..	..
Hedrick	8	8	9	8	8	10	10	9	9	9	88
Gilbert	9	10	10	9	9	10	9	8	10	10	94
Groves	10	7	6	9	10	9	9	10	10	9	89
Lightfoot	5	8	8	7	8	6	7	9	6	8	72
H Davis	8	8	9	..	8	9	8	7	7	..	..
Nye	9	9	9	7	9	8	7	10	9	9	86
Riehl	10	8	8	9	10	10	10	10	10	8	93
Wright	7	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carver	7	8	6	7	5	10	8	8	8	6	73
Hofstetter	..	6	9	7	9	3	8	7	8	9	..
Sikes	..	10	6	8	9	9	6	9	7	8	..
Loysdon	5	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Orr	6	6	..	6	5	..	..	3	..	..	..
Newingbau	..	7	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	6	..	9	8	8	6	8	..	..	..	..
Hendel	..	..	7	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
Spoon	..	5	9	..	8	8	..	10	..	..	..
Dunbar	..	9	8	6	10	9	8	..	4	..	..
Fore	..	..	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grammer	..	9	10	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
Merideth	..	..	5	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shoemaker	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	9	..	..	..
McDaniel	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
G Gabel	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hurdel	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Elliott	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lish	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bishop	..	..	..	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Curry	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

KILLMORE.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., June 15.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular weekly shoot to-day. All events were at 10 singles, except No. 6, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Av.
I T Washburn	6	9	8	9	8	6	9	8	21	9	.80
G Calkins	..	7	..	7	..	3	..	..	..	..	.52
C Blandford	8	10	9	7	9	8	6	9	..	..	.83
C Barlow	..	4	7	7	8	5	..	..	..	..	.62
S McBeth	..	3	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	.46
A Bedell	..	..	5	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	.76
A Rohr	..	..	..	4	6	4	4	..	..	..	.45
C Rutledge	..	..	..	..	5	6	0	..	..	..	.36
S Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	.10

Prize events:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
C Barlow	12	9	C Blandford	10	9
C Barlow	12	7	C Blandford	10	7
A Rohr	15	9	A Bedell	12	6
A Rohr	15	4	A Bedell	12	10

June 22.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made June 22 at the regular weekly shoot, together with the summary of prize events, which ended on this day. Bedell gets first prize with 87 per cent., a handy margin of 8 points over J. Curry Barlow, who landed second prize with 79 per cent. Bedell also gets a special prize for the longest run of breaks during the shoot. Genial Commodore Rohr shot a game race, making a tidy total of 71 per cent., which gave him third prize.

A new series of prize shoots will be started on July 4, when a good big shooting crowd is expected.

The conditions of this series of prize shoots were such that the contestants were obliged to shoot rain or shine—thus the small percentages.

All events were at 10 singles, except No. 4, which was at 5 doubles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Av.
C Barlow	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	.75
C Blandford	8	9	7	6	7	9	8	.77
A Bedell	..	4	9	..	8	10	7	.76
A Rohr	..	3	3	..	5	..	..	.36
W P Hall	..	8	6	10	7	..	..	.77
S McBeth	..	..	..	..	..	7	2	.45

Prize events:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Barlow	12	9	Bedell	12	10
Rohr	15	7	Bedell	12	10
Rohr	15	8			

C. G. B.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass. June 20.—The second shoot of the series between Gardner, Leominster and Fitchburg was shot at Gardner yesterday afternoon, and the local team came out ahead. The weather man hit it just right, except there was quite a variable wind. It would be difficult to get together three five-man teams which are more closely matched than these three. It is anybody's match until it is over.

This was the second of six shoots, two to be held in each place. A very beautiful cup is the prize to the winning team.

After two shoots the standing is as follows: Fitchburg has broken 412, Leominster 410, Gardner 400. This assures great interest in the coming matches.

The next shoot of the series will be held at Leominster on the afternoon of July 10.

Shoots of this nature are conducinve to the best of good fellowship, and as all the fellows are true American sportsmen in the best sense of the term these meets prove a very pleasant outing to all participating. May the best team win.

Gardner Gun Club.

Sawin .....1111111111111111111111111111111111111101011111111—43
Pain .....0111111111111111111101101111111111111111111011111—46
Leland .....1111101111011011111111111111001110011001000111111—38
Lenoir .....0111010100101110101101111110101100011111111111011110—34
Knight .....1111110110111110110111011111111110111111110111011111—42

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Leominster Gun Club.

P H.....1111111111111111111011111111111111101111110110101111—45
Andrews .....1111101111111101111111110101011111101111111111110—43
Burbank .....1110011111111101011101100111111111111111111111111111—43
Powers .....1001011011100011111111110111111011111111111111111110—40
Farrar .....1110011101110111101101001110111101111111111011110010—36

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Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

Taylor .....1111111001011111111011111010111010101111111011111—40
Russell .....1111101111111111100111001111000110101111111000111—37
Wilder .....1110110111111111100000011011111111111111111111110—40
Cutler .....1111111111111111111111011111111111111110111111111—48
Converse .....1101000111101111011001111101111111111111111011101010—37

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Shoot of June 14:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	5p	10	25	25
Wilder	9	8	10	9	8	10	6	10	23	7	8	..	..
Cutler	7	8	9	10	8	9	9	..	16	6	..	19	17
Converse	7	8	7	7	8	10	8	..	19	5	..	18	18
Donovan	7	5	8	9	8	10	5	9	14	7	..	..	..
Esty	6	7	7	4	4	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lamb	2	4	4	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Churchill	7	4	2	7	..	..	..	7	14	..	..	..	..
Bean	..	7	7	7	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dix	..	..	4	7	7	6	6	6	10	6	9	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	9	8	8	8	7	20	..	..	..	..
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	5	3	3	7	..	..	4	..	..
Dwight	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	6	13	7	7	..	..
Rob	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	18

I. O. CONVERSE, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., June 22.—The weather was warm and clear. There was a good attendance.

In the fifteen-man team race between the South Sides and Boiling Springs, the former came out victors by 312 to 300. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15
Feigenspan	10	14	14	13	14	15	14
Woodruff	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
Dawson	3	9	13	..	..	..	..
Engle	4	13	10	13	..	..	..
Whitehead	10	13	10	11	..	..	..
Geoffroy	9	12	15	14	..	..	..
Welles	10	13	13	15	13	13	11
Hall	9	13	15	12	15	15	..
Jack	7	13	13	12	13	..	..
Paul	7	10	13	9	..	..	..
Schneider	7	12	11	15	13	15	..
Goesser	9	10	13	9	..	..	..
Sinnock	7	12	10	14	11	14	..
Lenone	6	9	10	10	14	..	..
Yeomans	7	15	12	15	12	..	..
Terrill	9	10	10	11	11	..	..
Heinisch	..	13	12	..	..	..	..
Kling	..	12	13	11	13	..	..
Hayes	..	7	12	13	13	..	15
Koegel	..	11	12	..	..	..	..
Wilson	..	13	..	..	..	..	8
Williamson	..	12	10	..	14	..	..
Gardiner	..	11	13	12	15	10	11
Drake	..	13	13	..	..	..	..
Apgar	..	13	14	13	14	15	14
Axford	..	11	13	11	..	..	..
James	..	10	11	..	..	..	..
Frank	..	7	9	11	..	..	..
Jeanneret	..	11	9	..	11	..	..
Harrington	..	9	10	..	..	12	13
Huck	..	13	14	12	..	..	..
Cummings	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Sealey	..	9	10	..	7	..	..
Proctor	..	12	10	..	11	..	..
Fletcher	..	9	12	10	..	..	..
W Hassinger	..	11	12	12	..	..	..
Matzen	..	..	14	12	12	10	..
Cuthcurt	..	..	7	13	7	..	7
Morrison	..	..	10	10	7	..	3
Le Roy	..	..	10	12	..	..	..
Piercy	..	..	12	11	15	14	15
Dukes	..	..	14	13	13	14	15
F Hassinger	..	..	..	7	13	..	..
Jaques	..	..	..	..	..	8	11

Team race:

South Side—Koegel 19, Yeomans 21, Engle 17, Hayes 19, Hassinger 22, Geoffroy 20, Sinnock 24, Dukes 22, Whitehead 17, Piercy 23, Herrington 18, Wilson 22, Gardiner 22, Drake 23, Feigenspan 23; total 312.

Boiling Springs—James 17, Paul 18, Goesser 17, Axford 19, Frank 19, Jack 21, Schneider 24, Matzen 14, Collins 22, Lenone 18, Welles 22, Apgar 24, Woodruff 20, Huck 24, Hall 21; total 300.

Bellows Falls Gun Club.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt.—The Bellows Falls Gun Club held their weekly shoot on the club grounds, Drislain's field, Thursday, July 20.

Eight members of the Winchester, N. H., Gun Club paid us a visit, and we hope that they enjoyed themselves as well as we did on our visit to their opening. Below are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	25	5p	5p	25
Lesure	6	8	7	11	6	13	16	4	5	..
Slate	6	8	7	9	6	5	12	..	..	..
Nelson	8	11	5	11	9	11	20	8	..	..
Burbank	6	12	6	9	6	12	17	0	1	..
Ellis	8	8	8	11	8	11	13	6	6	N
Dickerson	6	8	4	6	5	6	10	4	1	..
Swan	6	10	8	10	7	13	20	..	..	..
Dr Russell	5	6	2	9	3	..	10	..	..	..
Ray	5	12	8	12	..	..	23	..	..	20
Norwood	9	12	7	14	..	13	21	9	7	17
Gibson	10	13	5	14	8	12	22	..	..	..
Underhill	8	13	5	10	10	11	20	9	8	..
Dr Knight	4	15	7	13	8	9	19	3	7	..
Fassett	..	..	..	..	8	13	17	..	..	20
Lawton	..	..	..	..	5	11	..	..	..	9
Capron	..	..	..	..	9	7	13	..	..	..
Shepardson	..	..	..	..	8	9	16	4	7	..

The first eight shooters were from Winchester, N. H., the remainder being from Bellows Falls.

Event No. 7 was a friendly match between eight members of the Winchester club and eight from Bellows Falls at 25 targets per man—200 targets to the team. The Bellows Falls team succeeded in scoring 160 to Winchester's 118. There was a very strong south wind, and that made the targets very tricky.

C. H. GIBSON, Sec'y.

The International Trapshooting Contest.

HOTEL CECIL, London, England, June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Anglo-American team race was concluded yesterday afternoon, with a result with which you have already been made acquainted by means of cable. From the very first the ultimate outcome of the match was scarcely in doubt. Some of the boys, it is true, were a little shaky occasionally because there was very in-and-out shooting on their part in the preliminary practice. The team, too, was very short on practice, for the members of it had had only two days in which to get acquainted with a ground and a system of throwing targets that needed careful study.

I have written you about what was done on Friday, the 7th inst., so shall now tell you what was done on Saturday. As usual the team drove out to Hendon in a tally-ho, and put in a full afternoon's practice. The main event was at 50 targets, and in this first honors were won by an Englishman, a Mr. "Paul," who scored 47, and took the whole purse, as everything here is "high guns" to win, "one high gun" being generally considered enough for each purse. As the entry fee was $2.50, with thirty-six shooters, Mr. "Paul" netted quite a pleasant little sum. I have mislaid the scores of the event, but I believe Gilbert, Fanning and Parmelee made 46; Tripp, who scored 24 out of his first 25, finished with 45; Crosby and Banks had 44, and Merrill and Palmer, another Englishman, had 43 each.

The members of the Middlesex Gun Club, under whose auspices and on whose grounds the international match was shot, decided to have no practice shooting on Monday, the day previous to the race, as they had much to do getting ready for the shoot itself. The Americans, therefore, again drove out to Hendon and took in a pigeon shoot at the Welsh Harp grounds. Parmelee and Gilbert were the last to stay in with an Englishman in the main event, Gilbert dropping out and leaving Parmelee to fight it to a finish. The American killed his 23d bird and won, the Englishman losing his bird in that round.

The conditions were against the birds, but their quality even under unfavorable conditions gave the visitors some idea of how good they might be if everything was with them. At first the Americans won quite a lot of money by laying the odds on the gun, which were asked by those who were backing the bird. Four and five to one were odds which were satisfactory to the Englishmen at the start, but before the end came, nothing less than seven or eight to one would be listened to. At one time, where there were eleven left in the tie, eight of that number were members of the American party; with the long odds last mentioned above, the previous winnings of their friends soon dwindled (and in some cases were wiped out) in short order, several dropping out in quick succession. As a whole, however, the boys enjoyed their first day with English bluerocks.

The International Match.

First Day, June 11.—This was an ideal summer day—not too hot, with a bright sky and brilliant sunshone. There was breeze enough to temper the heat and also to make the targets do some queer stunts at times.

Our tally-ho left the Cecil at 10:30, which gave us plenty of time for preliminary practice. Two 25-target events were shot, and in the second one Heikes made the first and only 25 straight that I've seen made under the English system of shooting. The wind died out somewhat, and good scores were expected when it came to the match proper. An adjournment at 1 o'clock for lunch curtailed the practice work, and probably spoiled some scores in the match, as lunch does not as a rule make most people shoot better. Then again quite a long time was consumed in arranging preliminaries, such as choosing referee and judges, and regulating the flight of the targets. These were thrown fully up to the limit and "towered" in a manner seldom, if ever, seen in the States. There was no low flight of a target, such as so closely resembles the flight of the American quail or English partridge. The targets went skyward more after the fashion of a black duck that jumps from its home in reeds when the gunner comes upon it suddenly. Of course such a flight gave the Englishmen a better chance to get in their work with the second barrel, and equally of course it handicapped the visitors, who had never, except since their arrival in England, looked over a gun at targets thrown in such a manner. The conditions called for targets to be thrown not less than 6 nor more than 12ft. high, 10yds. from the traps.

Capt. Money, who was selected as referee, tried to adjust things so that targets would be thrown at about a uniform height of 9ft., but the Englishmen kept them up to the maximum. It was apparently so impossible to get all preliminaries arranged that it was finally agreed that Captains Marshall and Butt, the chiefs of their respective teams, should get together and mutually agree upon everything. Capt. Marshall did not fuss long about anything, but let the Englishmen suit themselves, being anxious above all things to avoid any possible friction, and also to get the match started.

Winning the toss, the Captain went to the score with Tripp and Budd as his assistants in the first squad. The English captain put in Messrs. Ellicott, Palmer and Paul. The "Hon. Tom" led off with a beautiful miss, and the game was on. As the Americans in the first squad only scored 47 to 53 for their opponents, the English started out 6 in the lead. (I have omitted to state that the 100 targets were shot in strings of 20, squads of six men being up at the score; it was a walk-around in fact.)

The second squad was made up as follows: Merrill, Elliott and Parmelee as Nos. 1, 3 and 5 respectively; Messrs. Pike, Izzard and C. Morris as Nos. 2, 4 and 6. No change was made in the position of the teams as regards scores, each side adding 49 breaks to its total. Fanning, Heikes and Gilbert cut down the lead of 6 to a lead of 1, scoring 51 to 46, the latter total being made by Messrs. Johnson, W. B. Morris and Capt. Butt. Mr. W. B. Crosby, the last man on the American team, broke 19 to Mr. O'Connor's 16, and the Americans were 2 in the lead at the end of 200 targets. From this point the Americans kept on piling up the breaks until the scores showed that at the end of the 100th target for each man the American team had a lead of 65 targets.

Crosby was easily high on the American team with a total of 93 to his credit, Charlie Budd was second with 89, Heikes and Tripp tieing for third honors with 88 apiece.

For the Englishmen F. Izzard was at the top with 87, Messrs. Pike and O'Connor coming next with 84 each.

It is of special interest to note that the Britishers scored 172 second barrel breaks, this showing that the use of the two barrels is of some benefit after all. Adding 172 breaks to the 199 misses, we get a total of 371 times in which the Englishmen used their second barrels, which also means that they missed on an average 1 at least out of every 3 targets with the first barrel; in other words, their total of one barrel breaks was only 629 as against the Americans' 866.

Scores of First Match, June 11.

American Team.

T A Marshall	14	18	17	15	16—80
E H Tripp	17	18	17	17	19—88
C W Budd	16	18	19	19	17—89
R Merrill	16	15	18	20	17—86
J A R Elliott	16	17	18	15	20—86
F S Parmelee	17	17	17	20	16—87
J S Fanning	15	18	16	19	17—85
R O Heikes	18	15	16	20	19—88
F Gilbert	18	18	15	15	18—84
W R Crosby	19	17	19	18	20—93—866

English Team.

Ellicott	17	16	13	18	18—82
Palmer	18	14	15	16	16—79
Paul	18	14	14	13	14—73
Pike	17	17	17	14	19—84
Izzard	17	18	16	19	17—87
C Morris	15	12	16	18	17—78
Capt. Johnson	17	15	16	17	15—80
W B Morris	13	18	16	16	10—73
Butt, captain	16	18	16	17	14—81
O'Connor	16	17	14	19	18—84—801

Of the substitutes, or reserves, Powers scored 84 and Banks 68 on the American side, while Inglis scored 79 and Joynt 76 for the Britishers.

From the scores given above it will be seen that, as already stated, the Americans won by 65 breaks, with an average of .866 as against .801, a very satisfactory margin when their lack of practice is taken into consideration.

Guns and Loads.

T. A. Marshall—Parker gun. Targets: 3¼in. Trap shell, 3¼drs. Dupont powder, 1¼oz. No. 7½ chilled Tatham shot. Live birds: 3¼in. Trap shell, 3¾drs. Dupont powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled Tatham shot.

C. W. Budd—Parker. Targets: 2⅞in. Smokeless, 3¼drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Tatham. Live birds: 3in. Trap, 3½drs. Schultze, 1¼oz. 7. chilled Tatham.

Fred Gilbert—Parker. Targets: 2⅞in. Leader, 38grs. Dupont, 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Tatham. Live birds: 3in. Leader, 3½drs. Dupont, 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham.

F. S. Parmelee—Parker. Targets: 2⅞in. Acme, 42grs. L. & R., 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham. Live birds, 2⅞in. Acme, 45grs. L. & R., 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham.

C. M. Powers—Parker. Targets: 3in. Leader, 40grs. Dupont, 1¼oz. 7½ chillen Tatham. Live birds: 3in. Leader, 3½drs. Dupont, 1¼ 7 chilled Tatham.

R. O. Heikes—Parker. Targets: 3in. Smokeless, 3¼drs. E C, 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham. Live birds: 3in. Trap, 3½drs. E C, 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham.

E. H. Tripp -Parker. Targets: 2¾in. Smokeless, 3¼drs. Hazard, 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Tatham. Live birds: 3in. Trap, 3½drs. Hazard, 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham.

R. Merrill—Parker. Targets: 3¼in. Trap, 3¼drs. Hazard, 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Tatham. Live birds: 3in. Trap, 3½drs. Hazard, 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham.

B. Leroy Woodard—Parker. Targets: 2¾in. Smokeless, 3¼drs. Dupont, 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham. Live birds: 3in. Trap, 3½drs. Dupont, 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham.

W. R. Crosby—Smith. Target: 3in. Leader, 44grs. E C, 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Tatham. Live birds, 3in. leader, 48grs. E C, 1¼ 7 chilled Tatham.

J. A. R. Elliott—Winchester—Target: 2¾in. Leader, 40grs. Hazard, 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Tatham. Live birds: 2¾in. Leader, 43grs. Hazard, 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Tatham.

Edward Banks—Winchester. Targets: 2¾in. Smokeless, 3drs. E C, No. 2, 1⅛oz. 7½ chilled Tatham. Live birds: Same as for targets.

J. S. Fanning—Smith. Targets: 2¾in. Arrow and Leader, 42grs. L. & R., 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Tatham. Live birds: 2⅞in. Arrow and 2¾in. Leader, 42grs. L. & R., 1¼oz. 7 chilled Tatham.

Second Day, June 12.

The weather, which had been beautiful ever since we landed, changed considerably during the night, and rain and a cold wind was our lot the greater portion of the day. Early on it was fine, with gleams of sunshine, but several times while the squads were shooting in the match the rain fell almost heavily enough to put a stop to shooting altogether. Neither American nor Englishman would acknowledge that he would sooner get under shelter than stay out in the rain and wind and break targets, so the game went along, regardless of weather.

Our tally-ho attracted the usual amount of attention while on its way to and from Hendon. On the way home the Stars and Stripes, which streamed away behind us, was saluted more than once by people who evidently were glad to see their flag. One young fellow on the top of a bus waved his hat most enthusiastically as we came down Piccadilly.

As a result of the wretched turn in the weather, the number of spectators was even smaller than on the previous day, when there were far fewer than had been expected. Inanimate bird shooting is not popular enough in this country as yet to draw a big crowd, and it is extremely doubtful whether it ever will be. From a spectator's point of view, the smashing of clay pigeons is too monotonous.

There was again quite a delay in starting the team race. The way the English shoot targets is not the way we do it in America, where everybody is in a hurry to shoot, being afraid he won't get shooting enough even in the longest day. Afternoon tea, lunch and social intercourse are prominent factors in a day's target shooting over here, and truth to tell they do not go badly together.

When the race did start, Capt. Marshall followed his own example, which he set the previous day—he commenced the score sheet with a cipher, which spoiled its looks. Tripp broke his target, and saved the shell, which will go back to the States with him, accompanied by the shell with which he recorded the first tally for America in the first inanimate target match ever shot between representatives of England and America. Charlie Budd broke his target, and the race was fairly on. Out of the first 20 targets per man Messrs. Marshall, Tripp and Budd accounted for 50 to their opponents' 49, and the Americans were thus 1 break ahead. Gilbert, Elliott and Parmelee were the Americans in the next squad, and they also broke 50 out of their 60, Gilbert getting three-fifths of the total number; the three Britishers broke 51, so the two teams were even with 100 breaks apiece when the first 120 targets had been shot at.

Heikes, Fanning and Powers, (Powers was in Merrill's place on the team this day) scored 55 out of their 60, Fanning breaking straight, thus emulating successfully the example set him by Gilbert in the previous squad. As the three Englishmen in their squad only broke 47, the American team went to the front and never looked back again. Crosby started with a 20 straight, and increased the American lead by 5 targets.

As was only to be expected, the superiority of the American team being so manifest, the interest in the race lay solely in seeing how small or how large the margin of victory would be, and also how the Americans would finish among themselves. Crosby did some great shooting, landing with 95, while Gilbert, Heikes and Tripp finished with 93, 92 and 90 respectively. The improvement in the scores over those of the previous day may be traced to two causes. First, the wind was not so strong as it was on the first day, and the extra practice was also bearing good fruit. In short, the boys were catching on.

The scores in the race were as below, the Englishmen finding the target successfully with their second shell no less than 149 times:

English Team.

Ellicott	11111120111110012111	—17
	21111101021101110111	—16
	21111011112110121110	—17
	11111111110101111021	—17
	11012221211112112201	—18—85
Johnson	00012101111121111112	—16
	11201102111112110221	—17
	10211100001122021201	—13
	11010011112120112001	—14
	21201111111111112110	—18—78
C Palmer	10100111101111112111	—16
	00200000112202112220	—11
	00000110000111121101	—10
	02001110112111011111	—15
	11102111212111122111	—19—71
Pike	11111111111111111020	—18
	12120112011011011121	—16
	20211100221110201111	—15
	21111000111121211121	—17
	11121111111021100111	—17—83
Izzard	11111112111122111121	—20
	11021211110112111001	—16
	01121112112111211111	—19
	11111011101111122111	—17
	00211221021100111201	—14—86
Inglis	01111001101012110011	—13
	21100121201101111111	—17
	00210022201111001111	—13
	10110111001121112021	—15
	11112101011020022000	—12—70
H J Cave	11011111002101111101	—15
	21120211102121101122	—17
	00211111012100111111	—15
	11111101001001111111	—15
	11110111201111210111	—17—79
Joynt	12121111111111101110	—18
	11211102111111112011	—18
	21021110111111012111	—17
	21021110111111012111	—17
	12101111011011111112	—17—87
Butt	10011121101211110200	—14
	11011111111112001211	—17
	11011011012111121111	—17
	01001011121101011111	—14
	01001001220101121021	—13—75
O'Connor	01122111111012010011	—15
	01211120011112111121	—17
	11211102101102111101	—16
	11011011110111121011	—16
	02001121122111101122	—16—80—794

American Team.

Marshall	01111101011111111110	—16
	11011011011110101111	—15
	11111111111111111111	—20
	11100011011110111101	—14
	11111101111111111101	—18—83
Tripp	11111111101011011111	—17
	01111111011111111111	—18
	11101111111110111101	—17
	11111111111111111111	—20
	11111110111111111101	—18—90
Budd	11111111011111101110	—17
	11101111111110111110	—17
	11100111100111001111	—14
	11111010111110101111	—16
	10111111111011111110	—17—81
Gilbert	11111111111111111111	—20
	11111111011111101111	—18
	10111111101011011111	—18
	10011111111011111111	—17
	11111111111111111111	—20—93
Elliott	11011110111101111011	—16
	11111111111111110101	—18
	11110111111101101111	—17
	11111111101111111110	—18
	11111100011111111111	—17—86
Parmelee	11010111111100101101	—14
	11110110111111111111	—18
	10101111111110101111	—16
	11111011111111101111	—18
	10111111111011111111	—18—84
Heikes	11111111111111101111	—19
	11101110111110111111	—17
	11111111110111111110	—18
	11111111111111111111	—20
	11110111111111110111	—18—92
Fanning	11111111111111111111	—20
	11111011111110111111	—18
	11111100111111011111	—17
	11011111101111111111	—18
	10111111110011101111	—16—89
Powers	11111011100101111111	—16
	11111010111111111111	—18
	11111111111110110110	—17
	11111011100111101111	—16
	11111011110111011111	—17—84
Crosby	11111111111111111111	—20
	10111111110111111111	—18
	11111111111111111111	—20
	11110111111111111101	—18
	11111111011111111111	—19—95—877

As usual, to fill out the last squad, two substitutes from each team shot along, Banks and Merrill being the American substitutes, Brown and Musgrove the English. The latter will be better known to American shooters as J. M. Postans, who came so nearly winning the Dupont cup at Baltimore last fall. The scores of the substitutes were:

Banks	10111111011001111111	—16
	11101111111110111101	—17
	01111110110011111111	—16
	11011111110111110111	—17
	10111111101101110111	—16— 82
Brown	02122002012110100110	—12
	00000000200102110101	— 7
	20010102100010020111	—10
	11001011101000112121	—13
	02011010100011020112	—11— 53
Merrill	11110111010111111111	—17
	11111111100011111100	—15
	11111111111001101111	—17
	11111111101111111111	—19
	11111100111111111111	—18— 86
Musgrove	10110110112121121211	—17
	01112012112001101012	—14
	20101111100111111112	—16
	10110211111112112111	—18
	11002010101010101011	—11— 70

Third Day, June 13.

The weather on this day was simply execrable, considering that it is now about the middle of June. The thermometer, according to reports in the daily papers published this morning (Friday), went down to 42! The sky was overcast, and the wind blew like the mischief. Overcoats—winter overcoats—and thick rugs were absolutely necessary to one's comfort while driving out to the Welsh Harp at Hendon on the top of the tally-ho.

Scores of course suffered considerably, but still the Americans kept up a capital gait, finishing with an average of nearly 85 per cent. Crosby again was high with 90 breaks, while Heikes with 88 was easily second, Gilbert coming in third with 85. Pike with 83, C. Morris with 82 and Izzard with 80 were the only men on the English team to break 80 per cent. or better. The totals at the finish were 843 for the visitors as against 749 for the English.

The use of the second barrel was again beneficial to the British totals, for the records show that 150 targets were broken with the second shell. For the sake of ready comparison, I have prepared a table showing just what the English did with their first and second shells during the entire three days' contest. The table will be found further on in this report.

American Team.

Marshall	11101111111111001111	—17
	11101101101111111111	—17
	11111101011111111111	—18
	11111011111011011110	—16
	11011011110011101111	—15—83
Tripp	10111110011111111111	—17
	11111111111111011111	—19
	11111011111001111111	—17
	00011101001110101110	—11
	11111111111011011111	—18—82
Budd	01111111111111111101	—18
	11111101111010111101	—16
	11110111111101111010	—16
	11011111111101111111	—18
	11110111111010110101	—15—83
Powers	01111111011111001111	—16
	11110111111011110101	—16
	10111111110111111110	—17
	11111111011111110110	—17
	11011011111111011111	—17—83
Elliott	11111111111110111111	—19
	11011111111111111110	—18
	11111001010111011111	—15
	01100011111101111111	—15
	11111011111010101111	—16—83
Parmelee	11010101111111101110	—15
	11111111111111111111	—20
	01011111011111110111	—16
	11111011110111111110	—17
	11010111110111101111	—16—84
Heikes	01110111101111111111	—17
	10110111111111111011	—17
	01011110111111011111	—16
	11011111111111111111	—19
	11111110111111111111	—19—88
Fanning	11111011011011110111	—16
	11111101101010011111	—15
	10011101111100111111	—15
	11111111110110011101	—16
	11111111111111111111	—20—82
Gilbert	11011001111001111111	—15
	11111111011111011111	—18
	11111111111111111011	—19
	00111111101101011111	—15
	01111111111101111111	—18—85
Crosby	11111111111111111111	—20
	11111111110011011111	—17
	11111111111101111111	—19
	11101011111111101111	—17
	11101111111110111110	—17—90—843

English Team.

Butt	11110010101110110111	—14
	10200201010110112011	—12
	11021121102112001111	—15
	10211011210011111210	—15
	11001002010111211110	—14—71
H J Cave	01011101101101110111	—14
	11010010101111011202	—13
	21111210020111112100	—15
	01010021011011001112	—12
	02111111210112212202	—17—71
Ellicott	11001011001011111110	—13
	01120110110111121111	—16
	11111211001120111101	—16
	12211100201102111102	—15
	12100110111212111210	—16—76
Pike	01110120121212211101	—16
	11121111111111111111	—20
	11120110111122111111	—18
	11200001111111010120	—13
	10211120011111101112	—16—83
Joynt	11011121111001111110	—16
	11100211211101000111	—14
	11201221111110111101	—17
	12121011000211121110	—15
	01011111111011000212	—14—76

Paul	0002111110011011210 2	—13
	1010111110001010210 1	—12
	1122020110211011113 1	—16
	0160011001100121010 0	— 9
	2210120111221110122 1	—17—67
C Morris	1011110101122111013 1	—16
	1101212111111110100 1	—16
	1211121111111110111 1	—19
	1111210221011110211 1	—17
	2012101110011111002 1	—14—82
Palmer	0111022212200110111 1	—15
	0211111021021101210	—15
	0112101111011011020	—14
	1101000111100211001	—13
	1211010010220010100	—11—68
Johnson	1111210201010112112 2	—16
	1110011110221210012	—15
	0011012102110110121	—14
	1202111010110101020 1	—13
	1011111011021111111	—17—75
Izzard	0112121121011111121	—18
	1111102101122111111	—18
	2121110111111001111	—17
	0021111121102211002	—15
	0212110021200101010	—12—80—749

Separating the teams for ready reference, we have the following:

American Team.		English Team.	
Marshall	53	Butt	71
Tripp	82	H J Cave	71
Budd	83	Ellicott	76
Powers	83	Pike	83
Elliott	83	Joynt	76
Parmelee	84	Paul	67
Heikes	88	C Morris	82
Gilbert	85	Palmer	68
Fanning	82	Johnson	75
Crosby	90—813	Izzard	80—749

The American substitutes were Banks and Leroy, who scored 74 and 78 respectively; the English substitutes were W. B. Morris and Williams, who scored respectively 65 and 54.

General Averages.

In the list of general averages it is only natural to place both teams and men in order of merit; so here goes:

	1st match.	2d match.	3d match.	Total.	Average.
American Team.					
Crosby	93	95	90	278	.926
Heikes	88	92	88	268	.893
Gilbert	84	93	85	262	.873
Tripp	88	90	82	260	.866
Fanning	85	89	82	256	.853
Elliott	86	86	83	255	.850
Parmelee	87	84	84	255	.850
Budd	89	81	83	253	.843
Powers	..	84	83	...	....
Merrill	86	..	..	...	....
English Team.					
Izzard	87	86	80	253	.843
Pike	84	83	83	250	.833
Ellicott	82	85	76	243	.810
Johnson	80	78	75	233	.777
Butt	81	75	71	227	.756
Palmer	79	71	68	218	.726
Paul	73	..	67	...	....
C Morris	78	..	82	...	....
W B Morris	73	..	..	...	....
O'Connor	84	80	..	...	....
Inglis	..	70	..	...	....
H J Cave	..	79	71	...	....
Joynt	..	87	76	...	....

N. B.—Mr. O'Connor would have most certainly been a member of the English team in the third match had it not been that business of a legal nature prevented him from being in attendance on the third day.

Statistical Data of Interest.

Below are some statistical data which will undoubtedly be of interest to those who have taken the trouble to read thus far what I have written in reference to the Anglo-American team race:

The British team in the first match scored as follows:

First barrel breaks, 629; second barrel breaks, 172; misses 199.

In the second match 645 first barrel breaks, 149 second barrel breaks, and 206 misses. In the third match 599 first barrel breaks, 150 second barrel breaks, and 251 misses, making a total of 1,873 first barrel breaks, 471 second barrel breaks and 656 misses.

The Americans on the other hand, using one barrel only, broke 866 in the first match, 877 in the second match and 843 in the third, making their grand total 2,586, showing a total of misses of 414.

The grand average of the American team was .862 as against .781 for the English, the Americans thus being on average rather more than 8 targets in a hundred better than the English.

Postscripts Innumerable.

Capt. Money by special request of both teams acted throughout the entire series as referee. Messrs. Emile Werk and Frank Harrison were judges for the American team. Messrs. A. A. Carter and W. F. Cave acted in a similar capacity for the English. George Jones and Emmet Gale were reputed the official scorers, although the scores kept by D. F. Pride and B. Leroy Woodward were understood to be checks on the others.

Mr. A. H. Gale, secretary of the I. B. S. A., was a busy man indeed, having his hands full to keep things moving. I. B. S. A. is short for Inanimate Bird Shooting Association.

In a letter yet to be written I shall try and give a fairly lucid idea of the pulling apparatus; it's too complicated a matter for me to tackle in a hurry. Suffice it to say that the puller has to keep his hands and wits busy all the time to be able to pull correctly, even for such a leisurely method of shooting as is in vogue over here. In America, with the American system of rapid fire, a puller who had to handle the apparatus and indicator used at the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club would be off his base in a jiffy. It is only right to state that the pulling during the Anglo-American match was done skillfully and accurately by a very intelligent young man, who attended to his business strictly all the time.

In order to see how the angles of the targets were dealt out by the indicator used, Fred Elliott, Jim's son, kept tally all the first day. His figures showed that the American team had 287 left-quarterers, 198 straightaways and 515 right-quarterers; the English team had 385 left-quarterers, 320 straightaways and only 295 right-quarterers. As the right-quarterers on the Middlesex Gun Club's grounds are decidedly harder than any other target, the American total score stands out even more prominently than it otherwise might seem to do. Charlie Budd drew 61 right-quarterers, but he just ate them up, as his score of 89 tells plainly.

The team race being started so late each day, and being shot quite leisurely, it was very late every evening when we started home on our eight-mile drive. Remember, we've a sun over here which does not go to bed until 8:15 every night. Making all due allowance for the difference in time, some of the boys were still eating dinner when New Yorkers were beginning to think of theirs. What time they got to bed is not to be told, but apparently neither their interiors nor their skill with the shotgun were impaired in the least.

"Half crowns," "florins," "two-bob pieces," etc., are just now worrying the boys a whole lot. Billy Crosby wanted to make a bet the other day with Mrs. Crosby about something or another. This is the way he put his proposition: "I'll just bet you one of those things, two of which make a dollar and a quarter!" (He referred to a half crown of course.)

Tom Marshall is a good captain, but he is not at his best when settling accounts with his men. On a certain division the other morning he found himself just "nine dollars out, darn the luck!"

Fred Gilbert has been as usual the life and soul of the party. The only times when he wasn't full of jokes were the brief intervals after he returned from recording totals of 15 out of 20!

Heikes pegged away and finished second in the list of those who shot on all three days; his average of 893 means a whole lot of work.

Ernie Tripp, "the gentleman from Indiana," ought to be able to get anything he wants from his Indianapolis friends and neighbors after the excellent shooting he has been doing over here.

The driver of our tally-ho made good music on his bugle, and was especially busy in that line on the way home every evening.

The Englishmen did not seem to use good judgment in the way in which they fired off their first barrel. Too often they seemed to think it was best to snap at the target as soon as it appeared, trusting to the second barrel to land it for them if it was missed with the first. Later on—that is to say on the last day—most of them shot their first barrel with better judgment. This will be noted in some instances most particularly.

Owing to the peculiarly climbing flight of the targets the Americans had to shoot much more deliberately than usual. Their time in fact would be called very slow in the States. Then again the ground sloped rapidly down in front of the score, making it hard to judge either speed or height.

Mr. O'Connor was the snappiest shot on the English team; he put in his first and second so rapidly that it was almost like sending 2½oz. of shot after a target in one long stream.

American machine-made guns and the ammunition brought over by the visitors attracted a great deal of attention. Both guns and ammunition, handled as they were by the right people, gave a capital account of themselves. "Pump guns" were quite a curiosity apparently, being examined carefully and interestedly by quite a number of people every day.

During the proceedings on the third day of the match the Englishmen got together and subscribed £40, about $200, to purchase a cup, to be competed for on Saturday of this week (tomorrow, the 15th) by members of the American team only. The conditions are to be 25 targets, one man up, unknown traps and angles.

On Tuesday night, the 18th, the American team will be the guests of the English at a banquet to be given at the Café Royale. It will be a big affair, and it is whispered about that certain presentations are to be made during the evening. What those presentations are to be can only be made known later.

The team leaves Thursday of next week for Glasgow, where a match at 100 targets is to be shot for £100 a side ($500) with a team of Scotch inanimate target shooters.

When the third and final match had been decided, some little speechifying took place in front of the club house. Messrs. North, Marshall, Gale and Butt, as well as Capt. Money, made a few remarks. Mr. Gale showed his muscular development by carrying Capt. Money in his arms and placing him on a chair, the Captain resisting the while.

Some new books will be published after the team gets back to America. Some of them will be "What I Know About the English Coinage," by T. A. Marshall; "My Life On the Ocean Wave," by "T. Bill" Crosby; Fred Gilbert is planning a series of publications embodying his life's history to date; the titles selected are "Fritz, the Farmer," "Fritz, the Shooter," and lastly "Fritz, the Sailor."

The whole team and its accompanying friends were highly gratified on Tuesday and Thursday evenings to receive congratulatory cables from President J. A. H. Dressel, of the Interstate Association. Little things like that tell mightily when you're away from home.

FOREST AND STREAM of the 8th arrived to-day, but I can't find out who has got my two copies! No one will own up.

Jim Elliott bought a nice new Russian leather pocketbook yesterday, and made everybody smell it because it "smells so nice." He has not got that pocketbook now, for some one picked his pocket last night. Jim says he expects to get it back, for "it only had a half crown in it and a few of those things they call shillings."

The aggregation of mascots brought by the Americans are now looked upon with some reverence by our British cousins. Rabits' feet, little "St. Joes," pocket pieces and even alligators are likely to be the rage at English trap shoots in future. One of the baby 'gators I brought up from Jacksonville last April watched every shot with interest on the first day.

Later—Saturday Morning.—Last night Paul North and Mrs. North entertained the members of the American team and their friends at a banquet given in the Pompadour room of the Hotel Cecil. Mr. Ellicott, a member of the English team, was also present. The banquet commenced at about 9 o'clock, and it was just about midnight when the last speeches had been made.

The weather to-day is perfectly lovely, and all the boys are looking forward to a good stiff race for the $200 cup put for competition among the members of the American team this afternoon. This cup has already been referred to above.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Interstate at Cleveland.

THE Interstate Association's tournament at Cleveland, O., given for the Cleveland Gun Club, June 19, 20 and 21, was a distinct success. Over fifty shooters were in attendance on the first day, among whom were the famous Messrs. L. J. Squire, of Cincinnati; E. D. Rike, of Dayton; R. S. Trimble, of Covington, Ky.; F. E. Mallory, of Parkersburg.

Wednesday, Ftrst Day, June 19.

The weather was all that could be desired, and the arrangements were complete, all of which were conducive to good sport and competition. The tournament commenced at 9:30 o'clock, and was concluded for the day at 3:15 in the afternoon, a half hour at noon having been taken for lunch. Two special events were shot also. This indicates that the competition, under Mr. Elmer E. Shaner's able management, progressed with smoothness and expedition. The high score of the day, 168 out of 175, was made by Squires. Of the Cleveland shooters Green was high with 165 out of 175. The competition is noticeable for the steadiness with which the contestants as a whole shot through the entire programme. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20
F E Mallory	13	14	13	14	14	19	13	18	19	19
S T Mallory	11	13	10	10	13	14	17	15	15	17
E O Bower	15	14	13	15	14	19	14	18	15	18
F A Smith	11	11	14	13	13	16	12	19	18	19
T S Bibbee	10	15	14	13	14	17	15	16	20	19
Atkinson	12	12	15	15	13	19	20	17	18	17
H P Shaner	11	12	14	12	13	16	18	16	17	16
Watson	12	11	15	14	11	19	16	17	19	17
Fleming	14	12	15	14	14	20	18	18	16	19
Pills	13	13	14	13	14	18	18	20	19	18
Rike	14	14	14	14	14	20	20	18	17	17
Mackie	12	15	12	14	12	17	19	18	17	18
Sanford	13	15	13	12	14	18	17	18	19	19
Lang	13	15	13	12	14	18	17	18	19	19
Scheafer	11	13	11	11	11	16	17	17	16	16
F C Merrill	12	13	14	12	10	13	10	18	9	18
C Vermilya	11	9	14	11	7	13	15	15	13	14
Sim Glover	15	13	14	13	15	19	18	20	19	19
G Cochran	14	12	12	13	9	17	15	18	16	16
C J Jessop	12	11	10	10	7	15	14	16	17	15
Bailey	12	13	15	14	13	20	17	15	18	16
Squires	14	14	15	12	15	20	19	20	19	20
Patrick	12	14	15	14	14	17	19	18	19	17
Trimble	13	14	14	12	15	17	18	19	19	17
Alkire	15	12	15	13	14	20	19	18	20	18
J R Hull	11	13	13	11	12	17	11	17	17	14
James	14	15	14	11	14	17	18	18	18	20
Dale	15	15	13	13	13	16	13	15	19	16
Red Wing	15	15	13	13	15	19	16	13	15	19
Harris	13	14	15	14	13	20	18	19	18	20
McQueen	13	13	14	13	14	17	18	15	16	19
Snow	12	15	14	13	15	19	16	19	20	18
E W Hull	13	11	13	13	12	17	18	17	16	17
Mingo	14	13	14	14	14	17	20	18	16	17
Hopkins	11	8	11	9	10	14	17	11	17	15
C E Albane	10	14	8	10	..	..	18	16	17	..
H M Brown	12	13	13	15	12	18	17	17	16	18
Vail	12	14	12	10	11	17	20	17	18	20
Gallup	13	12	15	11	10	14	11	18	13	16
Call	12	14	9	10	10	..	..	..	..	..
Courtney	13	14	15	10	15	18	16	18	16	16
Alex	15	15	13	12	13	18	17	17	19	19
Green	14	13	15	15	13	20	18	19	19	19
Mack	14	11	12	11	7	16	17	17	13	13
Gladstone	12	10	12	9	10	16	16	16	19	17
Leathers	9	11	12	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Prechtel	14	14	13	11	12	19	18	18	19	18
J I C	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	17	20	18
Cramer	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	10	13
Tucker	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	18	..	..
Grady	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

Thursday, Second Day, June 20.

The special event for the diamond badge, value $200, failed to fill. The competition again was noticeable for the steady shooting throughout the programme, and the good scores. Mr. Shaner received much praise for his efficient management.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20
F E Mallory	13	13	14	14	12	19	18	15	17	17
S T Mallory	11	11	12	12	13	19	15	12	17	19
Ed Bowers	14	12	11	14	13	20	18	20	18	17
W A Smith	13	11	14	14	10	19	17	16	17	18
J S Bibbee	15	12	14	14	12	18	18	15	19	20
Atkinson	12	14	11	13	13	18	20	17	18	18
Shaner	13	13	14	15	9	16	13	13	18	17
Watson	14	12	12	14	14	19	18	19	18	16
Fleming	15	12	13	14	14	18	18	17	19	16
Rike	14	15	13	13	15	19	16	15	15	16
Pills	14	12	10	15	13	10	14	16	18	19
Mackie	13	15	13	14	13	18	20	15	19	18
Sanford	15	11	12	15	15	20	19	15	16	19
Lang	14	13	12	15	15	19	20	15	20	19
Schaefer	13	7	12	15	12	17	16	17	17	17
Courtney	14	11	12	13	11	19	19	16	18	18
Naylor	10	11	11	12	8	17	16	13	13	..
Mack	13	12	13	12	11	15	19	12	14	16
Glover	14	13	14	15	12	18	20	16	19	19
Gladstone	10	5	8	8	9	15	17	10	9	14
Bailey	13	10	13	14	13	18	17	15	18	15
Squires	13	15	15	14	15	19	20	18	19	20
Patrick	12	14	15	15	14	20	20	16	17	18
Trimble	13	13	14	13	14	18	17	18	14	18
Alkire	14	15	14	14	15	20	19	17	18	20
J I C	14	13	15	15	12	17	18	16	19	16
Snow	15	12	14	15	13	18	20	20	19	18
Alex	15	12	15	14	12	20	18	18	17	19
Green	14	11	15	14	14	17	20	17	20	18
Mingo	14	13	13	15	14	17	19	19	20	17
Prechtel	14	14	15	12	14	20	18	17	19	19
James	15	15	13	15	15	19	17	20	18	20
Dale	12	11	13	14	12	16	17	17	17	14
Red Wing	14	11	10	15	12	19	18	15	17	15
Harris	14	12	14	11	14	17	17	16	16	18
E W Hull	14	8	11	15	13	17	18	14	14	15
W J Leyar	11	9	10	14	10	14	17	13	17	17
J T Leyar	4	9	13	10	8	18	4	..	..	..
Cochran	12	15	13	15	11	18	19	17	18	18
Jessop	12	8	10	14	9	16	18	13	13	18
White	12	11	12	15	13	18	18	16	16	15
Karley	11	11	11	7	10	13	17	15	11	..
McIntyre	10	11	9	12	10	15	18	13	13	..
Merrill	13	10	11	14	11	13	16	11	14	15
Bob	12	11	9	13	13	13	14	16	..	..
Hopkins	14	11	14	13	11	17	18	18	17	13
Brown	11	13	15	14	11	16	18	17	17	19
McQueen	14	14	15	13	14	19	19	18	17	18
Vail	14	13	15	13	14	17	19	17	18	19
H Davis	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cathan	14	10	12	13	10	15	10	10	..	..
G Freeland	..	..	..	15	11	17	19	..	14	..

Friday, Third Day, June 21.

The special for the silver cup at 25 targets resulted in a tie on a straight score between Messrs. Green and Mingo, which was won in the shoot-off by the latter, score 21 to 20. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	25
F E Mallory	15	14	15	14	14	20	16	19	19	19	23
J T Mallory	10	9	11	15	10	17	16	10	17	17	..
E O Bowers	14	12	14	14	14	17	17	19	15	16	20
W A Smith	12	13	14	13	12	16	13	16	18	19	w
Bibbee	13	11	13	13	14	18	18	18	18	18	..
Atkinson	14	17	14	13	14	19	19	19	19	19	24
H P Shaner	13	9	8	12	10	16	16	13	15	18	w
Watson	12	12	14	15	13	18	17	17	16	19	23
Fleming	15	14	14	13	13	19	20	17	20	18	..
Pills	14	12	14	14	14	17	19	16	17	15	..
Rike	14	12	14	13	17	19	18	17	18	18	21
Mackie	14	13	14	13	14	19	19	19	18	17	..
Sanford	12	13	12	14	12	18	19	18	17	20	24
Lang	13	12	15	14	15	20	19	20	15	15	24
Schaefer	15	10	13	13	13	17	16	17	19	15	w
Courtney	14	14	15	13	14	18	16	16	15	13	..
Fort	14	12	12	11	14	18	18	14	18	18	..
Mack	14	14	13	13	12	19	16	15	17	15	20
Glover	14	15	15	15	19	19	20	19	20	19	25
Gladstone	11	11	10	9	10	13	20	18	15	12	..
Bailey	14	12	11	13	12	14	14	17	16	13	..
Squires	14	14	15	14	13	19	19	17	19	20	..
Patrick	14	14	15	14	12	19	19	17	18	19	23
Trimble	15	14	14	14	15	19	18	14	19	20	..
Alkire	15	13	12	14	15	19	19	17	19	19	..
Thomas	13	14	13	13	13	19	18	20	17	18	..
Snow	15	12	12	14	13	20	19	20	18	17	22
Alex	14	13	15	10	15	18	16	18	18	17	19
Green	14	13	15	15	12	20	20	17	20	20	19
Mingo	15	10	14	13	11	19	19	17	19	19	25
Prechtel	15	13	13	14	13	17	18	17	18	19	..
James	15	13	14	14	15	18	17	18	20	20	22
Dale	12	14	14	9	12	15	16	12	19	15	23
Red Wing	14	13	13	11	12	18	15	19	14	16	w
Harris	15	15	14	12	11	16	17	15	17	14	23
Hopkins	14	14	12	13	14	15	15	19	19	16	w
McQueen	14	13	13	13	14	17	16	20	19	20	22
E W Hull	14	11	12	15	9	18	19	20	14	19	..
Cochran	14	10	11	14	10	19	18	15	..	..	..
Jessop	15	12	12	12	11	16	18	11	16	18	..
Phil	14	15	14	13	14	19	19	18	19	19	..
Vail	14	10	10	13	12	16	20	18	19	19	w
Rhodes	14	13	15	14	13	19	20	19	18	18	..
Rex	11	12	9	12	11	11	..	..	..	..	..
Wehner	7	9	13	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
J R Hull	..	..	..	12	11	18	19	20	16	16	..
White	..	..	..	11	12	18	16	16	13	10	..
Bob	..	..	..	13	11	18	18	13	17	13	..
J I C	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	19	19	18	..
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	9	..	..

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, June 19.—The regular Boston Gun Club weekly prize shoot was held on their grounds to-day, the usual coterie of shooters being present and making things hum. Every one left his shooting togs at home this time, and was out for the best possible enjoyment. Spencer's two straights and Barry's two 9s on pairs stand out prominently for the afternoon, both showing just how a target should be centered to call it broken. The infielders again drew forth lots of amusement, the real brush shots showing their heels to the everyday trapshooter in a very dicisive manner.

The prize match continues to increase in interest, though at present Woodruff is having things all his own way, now leading by 5 birds, which is a good lead, when shooting an average close on to 85 per cent., as a daily occurrence. Frank continues to hold on to second place, though as yet not availing himself of the chance to throw out low scores. Though a new shooter, no one exhibits any more enthusiasm an good fellowship, and it is the hope that we may be favored with more of the same caliber. Spencer is just at present taking things easy in third position, evidently waiting his chance to gain a few birds on the last heat. Lane follows, only 1 target to the rear, hoping for one more good chance to be with us, and all say he is welcome. In the prize events of to-day Woodruff and Barry take care of first position cojointly with 21 each, Horace second with 19, Spencer and Lane fourth with 17.

Scores follow; all events unknown, distance handicap, except event 8, which is infielder.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	15	5p	10	10	15	5p	10	10	10
Adams, 16	7	9	5	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	7	9	8	8	14	7	7	..	10	5	..	..	..
Lane, 16	5	5	6	6	11	6	8	7	9	5	..	..	..
Barry, 16	6	8	9	..	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	7	9	8	9	12	7	6	8	12	4	..	5	4
Benton, 14	..	..	6	4	7	5	8	8	10	6	..	..	..
Chaffin, 14	..	..	4	5	6	4	5	7	13	6	..	..	..
Poor, 16	..	..	..	4	11	5	1	..	2	..	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	7	8	5	10	10	4	9	..	10	7	7	10	9
Ford, 16	8	7	8	8	10	7	5	9	8	5	5	7	4
Samuels, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	7	9	8	7
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Fredericks, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4

Prize match, 25 unknown—15 singles and 5 pairs—distance handicap:

Woodruff, 17	1111111110111 1	11 10 11 01 01—21
Barry, 16	1111101101111 0	11 11 11 11 01—21
Horace, 18	0101111111111 0	11 10 10 11 10—19
Spencer, 18	0101101111011 1	10 10 11 10 11—17
Lane, 16	1101011101011 1	11 10 10 10 10—17
Poor, 16	1111011101110 0	00 10 11 01 10—16
Ford, 16	1100111000110 1	00 01 01 11 01—13
Benton, 14	0001111110000 1	01 11 01 00 10—12
Chaffin, 14	0010111110000 0	00 11 00 10 10—10

Interstate Association's Target Handicap.

THE second annual Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets, July 16, 17, 18, and 19, at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., $1,000 added, has a programme as follows:

Introductory.

The programme of the second Grand American Handicap target tournament, herewith presented, is not materially different from that of its predecessor, held last year. That programme was so happily devised that it won the approval and support of the shooters to an unexpected degree.

A majority of the events are open to amateurs only, while in the events which are open to all, a handicap obtains, thus maintaining an equity throughout between amateur and professional, or amateur, semi-amateur and novice. This is specially noticeable in the trophy events, in which a distance handicap, of scope sufficient to allow the establishing of a true equity, is one of the conditions.

The Grand American Handicap target tournament is given by the Interstate Association, and is the greatest event in target competition, as its fellow event, the Grand American Handicap at live birds, is the greatest event of the world in live-bird competition.

The Grand American Handicap target tournament of 1901 will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., July 16 to 19.

The mammoth Casino, with its four sets of live-bird traps arranged in a straight line, occupies an inclosure of forty acres under grass, the whole of the forty acres being as level as the proverbial billiard table. The traps face due east, and the background is unobjectionable. The target traps are placed within the boundary lines of No. 1 and No. 2 sets of live-bird traps. No 1 contains a magautrap and the set of traps, Sergeant system; No. 2 contains another magautrap and the five expert traps. All four sets are in front of the Casino and easily accessible from the broad piazza.

To reach Interstate Park from New York city take Thirty-fourth street ferry, East River, to Long Island City; thence by Long Island Railroad to Interstate Park station direct; or Brooklyn Bridge to Long Island Railroad—Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn—thence by train to Interstate Park station direct.

Conditions governing Grand American Handicap at targets: 100 bluerocks, unknown angles; handicaps 14 to 25yds; high guns—not class shooting. The number of moneys into which the total purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. Entrance $10, the price of the targets being included.

In addition to first money the winner will receive a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

Regular entries must be made at the cashier's office, on the shooting grounds, before 6 P. M. Wednesday, July 17.

Penalty entries may be made after July 17, up to the commencement of the event, by paying $12 entrance—targets included.

Division of moneys in the Grand American Handicap at targets:

High guns win. The Interstate Association adds $200 to the purse, and presents the winner of first money with a sterling silver trophy, commemorative of the win. The total amount of the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received, as follows:

1 to 10 entries, two moneys—60 and 40 per cent.

11 to 20 entries, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

21 to 30 entries, six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.

31 to 40 entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent.

41 to 50 entries, ten moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.

51 to 60 entries, twelve moneys—20, 16, 13, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.

61 to 70 entries, fourteen moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, and 2 per cent.

71 to 80 entries, sixteen moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

81 to 90 entries, eighteen moneys—15, 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, and 2 per cent.

91 to 100 entries, and over, twenty moneys—14, 12, 9, 8, 7½, 6½, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that two places are created for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to one hundred.

Division of moneys in the Preliminary Handicap and the Consolation Handicap (high guns win):

The Interstate Association adds $100 to the purse in each event. Fifty dollars will be deducted from the net purse in each event to purchase two trophies, one for the winner of first money in each event. The purse will then be divided in accordance with the number of entries received as follows:

1 to 10 entries, two moneys—60 and 40 per cent.

11 to 20 entries, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

21 to 30 entries, six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.

31 to 40 entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent.

41 to 50 entries, ten moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.

51 to 60 entries, twelve moneys—20, 16, 13, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.

61 to 70 entries, fourteen moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, and 2 per cent.

71 to 80 entries, sixteen moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

81 to 90 entries, eighteen moneys—15, 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, and 2 per cent.

91 to 100 entries, and over, twenty moneys—14, 12, 9, 8, 7½, 6½, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that two places are created for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to one hundred.

First day, July 16.—Five events at 15 targets, five events at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2 to each event; $20 is added. All events at unknown angles. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Second Day, July 17.—Five events similar to those of the first day. Event No. 6, Preliminary Handicap, is open to all; 100 bluerocks, unknown angles, $7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds.; high guns—not class shooting; $100 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, $50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

Third Day, July 18.—Five events at 15 and 20 targets, similar to those of the first day. Event No. 6, Grand Americon Handicap at targets, is open to all; 100 bluerocks, unknown angles; $10 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds.; high guns—not class shooting; $200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the total purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

Fourth Day, July 19.—Five events similar to those of the first day. Event No. 6, Consolation Handicap, is open to all; 100 bluerocks, unknown angles; $7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds.; high guns—not class shooting; $100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets will have 1yd. added to their handicap. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money the winner will receive a trophy, $50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

Regular entries must be made at the cashier's office before 6 P. M. Thursday, July 18. Penalty entries may be made after July 18, up to the commencement of the event, by paying $10 entrance, targets included.

Object of the Tournament.

The aim of the Interstate Association, an organization that was formed and incorporated "for the encouragement of trapshooting," in giving this tournament is to foster a sport that is deservedly popular; to bring together experts, semi-experts and novices; to safeguard the interests of both, and to show how a large trapshooting event should be run.

Special mention must be made of the fact that the Interstate Association adheres to its usual rule of barring paid experts and all who come under the head of manufacturers' agents from participating in the purses in the regular events. All such are welcome to shoot "for targets only" in those events. In the handicap events, however, the Association makes special conditions, fully set forth elsewhere, feeling satisfied that the ability of its handicap committee is such that all will be placed on an equal footing, and each shooter will have an equal chance to win one or other of the trophies offered for special competition in those events.

Handicaps.

The system of handicapping which is perhaps the most generally used is that of giving extra allowance of targets to the weaker shots. This is at the best very unsatisfactory, it being very difficult to adjust handicaps on an equal basis under such a system.

Another system of handicapping is that by which an allowance of "misses as breaks" is made to those who are less expert than their opponents. This system is easier to handle in a fairly equitable manner than the one above described, but it is still somewhat unsatisfactory.

The Interstate Association decided last year to discard them both and handicap by distance only. Success proved its wisdom. The distance handicap will be used again this year.

Committee on Handicaps.

It has always been the custom of the Interstate Association to exercise the greatest care in the selection of its handicap committees. Each member of such committees must possess certain qualities that unfortunately are to be found in few men. The choice of a duly qualified handicap committee is therefore always a matter of difficulty.

The Interstate Association is fortunate in the extreme, in that it is in a position to announce that the following four gentlemen will act as its committee on handicaps for the second annual Grand American Handicap target tournament, July 16-19: Bernard Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM; W. R. Hobart, of American Field; Will K. Park, of Sporting Life; Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Having received assurances from each of the members of the above-mentioned committee that his services will be at the disposal of the Interstate Association for the purpose of awarding handicaps in each of the three main events on the programme, the Association feels that this particular portion of the work of running the tournament is in the hands of men who will worthily and in a thoroughly satisfactory manner discharge the arduous duties imposed upon them.

The committee will meet in the Casino at Interstate Park on the evenings of July 16, 17, and 18 to award handicaps for the Preliminary Handicap, the Grand American Handicap at targets, and the Consolation Handicap respectively. Entries for these events close at 6 P. M. on the day previous to that for which it is scheduled.

Announcement.

Shooting will commence each day upon the arrival of the train which leaves Long Island City at 9:20 A. M. and Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, at 9:25 A. M.

The Interstate Association's rules will govern all points not otherwise provided for. Special attention is called to Rule 22, which does not permit a shooter to open his gun in case of a misfire.

No guns larger than 12 gauge allowed. Black powder barred. Bluerocks will be thrown 50yds.

The standard bore of the gun is No. 12, and in the handicap events all contestants will be handicapped on that basis. Shooters using guns of smaller caliber must stand on the mark allotted to them.

Winners of money in any event must apply to the compiler of scores for orders on the cashier for the money due them. No money will be paid out by the cashier except on receipt of such an order.

Rule 10 of the Interstate Association's rules, relating to caliber and weight of gun, is not in force at this tournament. No guns larger than 12 gauge allowed; weight of guns unlimited.

The Interstate Association adds $1,000, of which amount $100 will be reserved to purchase a sterling silver trophy for the winner of first money in the Grand American Handicap at targets.

All purses in the regular events will be didived according to the Rose system, into four moneys at the ratio of 8, 5, 3, 2.

Contestants are requested to make entries for the entire programme each day. Money will be refunded in all uncontested events, and the shooter has but to notify the cashier of his intention to withdraw.

Price of targets, 2 cents each, included in all entrances.

In the handicap events all ties must be shot off, at 25 targets per man, and the original distances contestants stand at will govern.

The official score will be kept on a score board in plain view of the shooter. It will be the duty of the shooter to watch the score board and see to it that the right result is recorded. In case of error it must be corrected at once, as no appeal will be allowed after the shooter has left and passed on to the next set of traps.

Admittance to Interstate Park will be free to all during the entire tournament.

A warm and substantial lunch will be served each day in the Casino for the sum of 50 cents.

Bank checks, drafts or bills of exchange will not be received at the cashier's office, nor will any check, draft or bill of exchange be cashed during the tournament. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

A separate locker will be assigned to each shooter desiring one, there being a sufficient number to accommodate all, no matter how large the number of entries may be.

One important feature in connection with the lockers is that they are large enough for a gun to stand in when the gun is put together, thus permitting a contestant to keep his gun under lock and key at all times when he is not using it. The lockers are also amply sufficient to accommodate the other belongings of a shooter, such as gun case, shells, traveling bag, etc., and no two lockers have the same key.

Lockers will be rented to those who desire them at $1 for the week's shooting. Each applicant will be required to deposit $2, of which amount $1 will be refunded on return of the key when through with the locker.

Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express must be prepaid and sent to Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y. Mark your own name on box that goods are shipped in.

Special attention is called to the schedule of events arranged for each day of the tournament. The conditions of the handicap events merit—and will of course receive—more careful study than usual.

In the handicap events the purses will be divided among the high guns, the number of high guns being governed by the number of entries.

No expense will be spared to make the shoot run smoothly. The most expert and competent help will be secured, and the office force will be large and capable.

Four sets of traps will be used; two will be magautraps; one a set of three expert traps arranged on the Sergeant system, and the fourth will be five expert traps, placed in a straight line, 5yds. apart. All shooting will be at unknown angles.

Further information relative to the tournament will be cheerfully furnished by the manager, whose home address is, Elmer E. Shaner, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Wollaston Trap Club.

WOLLASTON, Mass., June 18.—The Wollaston Trap Club held a shoot on Bunker Hill Day, June 17. There were ten events of 10 targets each on the programme. Woodruff was high man with 86. Whitmarsh was a close second with 85.

In the prize events, a total of 50 targets, Woodruff took first prize with 45. Whitmarsh and Paolucci tied on 42, Whitmarsh winning the shoot-off. Prescott took fourth with 39.

Events 1, 4, 7 and 9 were at unknown angles. Events 2, 6 and 10 were at regular angles. Events 3 and 8 were at reverse angles. Event 5 straightaway. Events 4 to 8, inclusive, were the prize events. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Baker	7	4	6	8	8	9	7	5	..	..
Barry	10	9	7	8	8	7	8	5	9	7
Prescott	9	8	8	7	9	8	8	7	7	8
Elwell	8	6	7	5	8	7	7	4	9	7
Paolucci	10	9	6	7	10	10	8	7	9	..
Whitmarsh	8	10	8	10	9	9	7	7	7	10
Muldown	7	5	5	6	8	8	4	4	3	..
Woodruff	7	9	9	9	10	9	9	8	9	7
Poore	7	6	8	6	8	8	5	4	8	7
Fred	3	..	..	2	6	6	0	3	3	..
Nowelle	..	5	..	9	10	7	6	6	9	.
Thomas	..	..	8	8	7	9	5	7	3	..

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Dixie Gun Club Tournament.

THE first annual shoot of the Peters Cartridge Company's amateur tournament, under the auspices of the Dixie Gun Club, of Pensacola, Fla., took place on June 13 and 14, at Kupfrian's Park, and was a very successful affair.

The shoot was most ably managed by that popular and genial Indian, the only Jack Parker, of Detroit, assisted by that prince of good, genial fellows, Maurice Kaufman. Enough cannot be written in praise of the able and efficient manner in which the shoot was conducted. If you ever have the pleasure of meeting "old man" John and "old man" Maurice you will never regret it.

The trade was represented by Messrs. John Parker and Maurice Kaufman, of the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati; Mr. Lincoln, of the U. M. C. Co., and Mr. S. Kelly.

The highest average for the two days was made by Mr. Wm. Yates, captain of the Dixie Gun Club, closely seconded by Mr. B. Forbes, of Pensacola. After the shoot a rousing vote and three cheers and a tiger were given to Messrs. Parker and Kaufman for their courtesy and ability in the management of the shoot, by all wishing to have the pleasure of meeting genial Jack Parker again.

Mr. Jack Parker gave an exhibition of how he could wrestle, and he is almost as good at that game as he is in the management of a shoot. Ask Jack who caught the shark.

The following visitors participated in the shoot: W. T. Vass, Tom Chamberlain, Chas. S. Vincent, T. O. Goodbrad and Chas. Debrier, of Mobile; J. H. Fuller, Sr., J. H. Fuller, Jr., Yancey Lovelace and T. Miller, of Brewton; Chas. Kupfrian, of Millview, and Barker and Marshall.

First Day, June 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Beers	11	14	13	9	13	16	11	11	16	21	135
Robinson	12	12	16	11	11	16	13	11	15	19	136
Morgan	10	13	12	13	7	15	10	11	19	11	129
Turton	10	9	18	12	8	14	8	12	17	16	124
Kupfrian	11	13	13	13	11	18	11	11	14	22	137
Yates	14	14	18	15	15	19	15	14	19	25	168
Chamberlain	14	13	16	12	14	17	14	11	17	22	150
Debrier	14	10	18	14	13	16	10	13	17	19	144
Vass	14	14	18	13	13	20	13	13	19	22	159
Lovelace	9	13	14	8	10	16	6	10	14	17	117
Miller	10	11	11	10	9	14	5	4	12	17	103
Burke	12	9	20	14	15	17	14	14	19	21	155
Goodbrad	12	11	11	13	13	15	13	11	18	22	139
Vidal	13	15	19	14	12	13	14	13	17	18	148
Skelly	13	13	17	13	14	18	15	14	19	21	157
Parker	11	11	13	15	14	17	14	14	17	23	149
Kaufman	12	13	19	12	14	16	13	14	18	24	155
Lincoln	13	12	15	11	14	13	12	13	16	22	141
Dubrisson	14	14	17	13	13	19	11	6	16	20	143
Muldon	15	14	18	12	15	17	14	13	19	25	162
Hooton	11	12	18	11	14	16	8	8	14	21	133
J H Fuller, Jr.	12	11	9	7	9	10	9	8	11	10	96
Forbes	14	15	20	14	14	19	13	13	15	18	155
J H Fuller, Sr.	10	9	16	8	10	12	12	8	12	17	114
Bruce	..	..	16	12	13	13	12	12	15	16	109
Pinney	..	..	..	15	12	20	12	9	12	21	101
Browner	..	..	..	13	12	17	11	12	7	14	86
Wolfe	..	..	..	10	9	14	12	9	11	10	81
Duval	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	9	11	16	52
Moreno	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	11	18	42
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11

Second Day, June 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Burke	13	14	15	10	13	15	15	14	18	23	150
Skelly	12	14	18	12	14	18	15	14	20	24	161
Forbes	12	14	19	14	15	18	15	14	20	25	166
Goodbrad	11	11	19	11	14	16	6	14	19	25	146
Vidal	13	15	18	12	13	18	13	13	20	17	152
Chamberlain	12	14	14	14	14	18	15	15	18	23	157
Vincent	12	11	16	13	15	15	12	11	16	22	146
Debrier	14	14	16	13	12	19	13	12	18	24	155
Lovelace	14	13	17	11	11	15	12	11	15	18	136
Muldon	14	13	20	14	13	19	12	12	18	21	156
Robinson	14	11	13	10	13	19	11	11	18	21	141
Beers	14	12	16	11	12	16	10	15	16	20	142
Morgan	12	12	16	12	13	11	12	12	14	20	134
Turton	8	9	5	8	11	12	10	10	19	19	111
Yates	13	12	18	14	14	18	13	15	18	24	159
Wells	14	14	15	13	12	16	13	12	..	..	109
Parker	14	14	19	12	12	16	12	13	19	20	151
Kaufman	14	14	18	14	14	17	15	14	20	22	162
Lincoln	11	13	12	6	13	13	13	14	18	23	136
Miller	10	12	11	7	14	15	12	14	17	19	131
Kupfrian	14	12	15	10	12	12	11	12	16	21	135
Bruce	13	14	17	12	13	16	12	13	17	..	127
Hooton	12	11	13	9	13	15	11	14	18	24	140
Merriwether	5	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Marshall	12	13	13	11	10	15	..	..	..	..	74
Pinney	..	..	18	11	15	16	14	15	20	25	134
Fuller, Jr.	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Fuller, Sr.	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	12	16	42
Moreno	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	7	..	..	26
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	12	..	..	38
Brawner	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	11	..	..	35
Duval	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	..	..	8
Wells, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	12
Norman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	10

V. J. VIDAL, Sec'y.

Keystone Shooting League vs. Baltimore Shooting Association

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 19.—There was a great team race between the Keystone Shooting League and the Baltimore Shooting Association at Philadelphia to-day. The conditions were 100 bluerocks; 50 at five unknown traps and five at the magautrap. The weather was fair. The scores were 1,362 to 1,306 in favor of the Keystones. The scores follow:

Keystone Shooting League.		Baltimore Shooting Association.	
Sanford	22 23 24 23—92	Hawkins	24 21 25 24—94
Fisher	25 23 22 25—95	Dupont	20 19 23 23—85
Wolstencroft	20 24 21 21—86	Storr	23 24 22 24—93
Landis	23 23 25 22—93	Duval	18 22 21 18—79
Stevenson	23 25 23 22—93	Malone, Sr.	25 20 17 22—84
Ridge	22 21 23 24—90	Peters	22 22 24 24—92
Van Loon	22 20 20 20—82	German	18 22 21 24—85
Ross	19 21 19 20—79	John	23 22 17 14—76
Budd	21 22 22 22—87	Lupus	21 21 22 21—85
Eames	22 23 19 17—81	Robbs	15 17 17 12—61
Davis	23 22 24 23—92	Hicks	19 22 23 18—82
Sterling	24 21 19 20—84	Baughman	20 18 21 20—79
Cartledge	21 19 18 20—78	Leland	19 23 21 20—83
J Jones	18 19 17 16—70	Thomas	21 16 20 19—76
Downs	18 19 19 15—70	Tracey	17 18 22 19—76
Luther	21 22 23 24—90	Malone, Jr.	17 20 20 19—76
	1,362		1,306

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For illustrated booklets "Summer Homes for 1901" and "In the Lake Country" send address with six cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Swimming Shoes.

If the human biped had been constructed with web feet he would have made a better swimmer. Art can improve on nature. The Hester Swimming Shoe, advertised elsewhere, is designed to increase one's swimming power. They would be good shoes to wear on Staten Island ferry boats.—*Adv.*

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